

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



PARODY.

'Tis the last cake of supper,
Left steaming alone,
All its light brown companions
Are buttered and gone,
No cake of its kindred,
No cookie is nigh,
No steam on the platter,
Or near its mate lie.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To meet a cold fate,
Come lie on my plate!
Since kindly I'll butter
Since thy mates are all eaten,
Thy steaming side o'er,
And think on thy sweetness,
When thou art no more.

Thus all cakes must follow,
Three times every day,
When breakfast is ready,
They vanish away,
When hunger is mighty,
And sickness has flown,
No cake can inhabit
The table alone.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, Nov. 2, 1855.

G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor.

The Adjutant Generalship.

We were slightly of opinion that this question had been finally settled when we opened the Chambersburg *Whig* of the 24th ult., (and we are even yet inclined to believe it is) when an article of upwards of a column in length presented itself to our vision, which, if we had not been satisfied that we were wide awake at the time, might have induced us to believe that our opinion had been based upon a dream instead of a reality. Our friend (for we consider every man a friend in his country, at least, who aids to crush out Know-Nothingism), Col. McClure, in the article alluded to, undertakes to review the decision of the Supreme Court on the subject above alluded to, although, in his own language, "he had not seen the opinion of the Court"—and, in doing so, he seems to make his strong point in the declaration that the members of the Supreme Court are pettifoggers! Now, we do hope that this dreadful anathema may not come to their ears, lest it might shock their nerves so much as to prevent them from attending to their judicial duties, which all will admit would be a great loss and disappointment to those having business in the Court over which they preside. No one, certainly, can be so reckless and hard hearted as to show them this "pronouncement" of the gallant Colonel who "craped" his door on the evening of the election in memory, or honor, of the death of the old *Whig Party*.

The gallant Colonel thinks that because we were appointed to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Gen. Keenan, we could only serve out the balance of his term. Can the Colonel tell the difference between a Goose and a Crow? If he can, we think he might decipher the difference between "vacancy" and "unexpired term." After thus expressing his gross ignorance in construing the plainest word in the English language, no one would suspect the Col. of having much legal knowledge, so that it was not necessary for him to plead his stupidity on this point.

On one occasion, a certain CHARLES B. PENROSE advised and counseled a certain JOSEPH RITNER to "treat the election as though it had not occurred;" after having been beaten by the gallant DAVID K. PORTER by about 10,000 majority, and the said Joseph said, "I will." The result of that onslaught upon popular opinion is familiar even to the children of the Commonwealth. Penrose jumped out of the Senate Chamber and hid himself among the tombstones when the tug of war came, and Ritner was driven from the Executive Chair as a base usurper amidst the shouts and execrations of an insulted people. We had supposed that this was the last time Pennsylvania would ever be disgraced with such an attempt to place the laws of the land at defiance in "high places."—But it seems we were mistaken, for we now find another "Solomon" counselling the Governor of Pennsylvania to treat the solemn decision of the highest judicial tribunal of this great Commonwealth with scorn and contempt, and act in defiance of their solemn judgment; and, if we had another Ritner in the Executive Chair, he would no doubt take the advice of our friend McClure.

Now, we would suggest to our neighbor McClure that there is a Constitutional way of doing things that might conflict quite strongly with the interests of his special friend Thomas J. Power—and that is that the present or succeeding Legislature might take it into their heads to make the office of Adjutant General

elective by the people as is the Auditor General and Surveyor General, who have a hundred fold more intimate relations with the Governor than has this office. It was the impertinence and arrogance of Governor Johnston, through such advisers as Col. McClure, that induced a Democratic Legislature to take the appointment of the above two offices, (strictly Cabinet appointments,) from the Governor, and place their selection in the hands of the people—and, if our judgment does not greatly fail us, a certain JOHN CESSNA, Esq., attorney at Law, and ex-Speaker of the House of Representatives, (and one of the most efficient we ever had) drew up the Bill, and, when passed, Gov. Johnston did not dare to veto it! The office of Adjutant General has little or no connection with the Executive—and no office in the Commonwealth might be more justly given to the people for their choice at the ballot-box. So that Thos. J. Power of Postage Railroad *notoriety* (vide all the *Whig* now K. N. papers) may yet have to try his K. N. propensities upon the good nature of the PEOPLE. The Governor might appoint as many Adjutant Generals as he has appointed "Aide-de-Camp with the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the Militia," but we think the law of the land, the incoming Legislature, and the successor of Hon. Eli Sifer, as State Treasurer, will at least know how to discriminate so as to determine who is the proper officer. We think Gov. Pollock has too much good sense even to thank Col. McClure for his simple and childish advice—for the man who will attempt to review and condemn the decision of the highest Court known to the Commonwealth, without having even read or seen it, in many countries would be considered nothing short of a lunatic. We trust the country will survive the shock of this mighty production—and that the military will pursue the even tenor of its way, as in days gone by.

From the York Gazette, York County Senator.

Perhaps no man ever nominated for office by the Democracy of this county, more faithfully discharged his duty to the party than did William H. Welsh, Esq., in the campaign which has just been brought to a close so triumphant to his party, to himself, and to his colleagues upon the Democratic ticket. He has borne the Democratic flag to every part of the county—he has visited every township and village, in most of which he has publicly addressed the people, boldly, frankly, eloquently and truthfully presenting the principles upon which he was willing to stand or fall, and fairly stating his own views upon measures of public policy. It cannot be doubted that in many places the majority for the Democratic ticket has been enhanced by the thorough discussion of the questions at issue, and the personal exertions of him who was emphatically our standard-bearer in the fight. Looking back at the fiery ordeal of calumny and vituperation through which he passed, he having been peculiarly the target at which the poisoned shafts of the enemy were aimed, we may be well proud of the verdict of the PEOPLE. Their confidence in him—his disproof of the foul slanders with which he was assailed—their rebuke of the forgers and utterers of the calumnies—are spoken trumpet-tongued in the magnificent majority of 936!

SHOCKING ACCIDENT ON THE HARLEM RAILROAD.—NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—Last night some fire placed a rail across the track of the Harlem railroad, just beyond the switch at Williamsburg depot, and a milk train coming south about two o'clock, was thrown from the track with prodigious force.

From the position in which the engine now lies, when it struck the rail, it must have leaped from the track, and been pushed some fifty feet beyond the obstruction, turning a complete somersault in its progress. The fireman and engineer were both killed instantly, one having his head completely severed from his body.—They were both brothers, named Patrick and Barney Rourke, both having families dependent upon them. Their bodies were placed in a house at the depot and locked up to await the coroner's inquest.

There seems to have been a singular fatality attending the death of one of these unfortunate men. He had been running for the last four months on another part of the road, and this was his first trip in that time to New York, where he intended remaining for a few days for a holiday. No clue, that we could hear of, has yet been obtained to the perpetration of this foul deed.

DEPREDACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.—ROCHESTER, Oct. 15.—For some months past valuable articles of merchandise have been missed from packages carried as freight over the Central Railroad.

The goods were eventually found to have been abstracted while they were in transit, by persons having access to them by virtue of their position.

These losses have fallen upon the Railroad Company. Suspicion recently pointed towards the conductors and brakemen on the freight trains.

These men have for some time been in the employment of the Company, and were considered honest and faithful.

On Saturday a visit was made to the residence of two conductors, residing in this city, Wm. Hooper and Geo. L. Lyon, and to the boarding house of Samuel Huntington, brakemen. A very large quantity of goods were found.

The residence of other employees in other parts of the State have been likewise visited with a similar result.

From the New York Tribune, Oct. 19, THE FREELOVE MEETING, IN NEW YORK.

IMMENSE ATTENDANCE.

Interference and Arrests.

The "Club" last evening, in consequence of the publicity of its designs given by the *Tribune*, on Tuesday last, was very largely attended. There could not have been less than five hundred persons present. Most of the ladies of the club, anticipating a great crowd of all sorts of people, staid away. Not more than fifteen or eighteen were present. Mr. Andrews was confined to his bed, having had a severe attack of hemorrhage of the lungs. Those of his lady friends who had called to see him, he had exhorted to attend the club, and to be firm and brave, whatever might occur; he feared that this night the crisis would come. They must remember that they were struggling now for the freedom of their sex in all time to come.

The crowd came in, and the room was filled almost to suffocation. Most people had to look behind the crimson curtains at the mammoth stove described in the *Tribune*, and some of them contemplated it as though it was a tremendous engine to blow up society with.—Your reporter was a novice at the club, and was among this number. Others, however, after a careful and searching scrutiny into all faces and behind all curtains, whispered to their friends that the whole affair was a humbug, and they didn't believe in Free Love at all. After desperate efforts on their part to get their quarter's worth in stalling, and wondering when the performance was to come on, Mr. Henry Clapp mounted on a platform at one end of the hall, and made a speech. Your reporter learned that this speech-making was a device of Mr. Andrews to drive away the crowds of men whom it was supposed the expose in the *Tribune* would bring. Whatever may be thought of Mr. Andrews as a practical man generally, no one can deny but that this was a most ingenious and effective expedient. As the speech was intended to be a bore, and the smaller room was rendered endurable by the withdrawal of people to hear the speech, your reporter made himself as comfortable as possible, in that room, in conversation with some ladies to whom he had been introduced. A few straggling words which reached his ear enabled him to know what was going on. Mr. Clapp gave an account of the origin and growth of the league, and told how it was transformed into the club; a better history was given in our issue of Tuesday. Mr. Clapp told all outsiders that they had been fooled by the press, and would not find anything of the kind which had been anticipated; in fact, that they had been cheated by the newspapers out of twenty-five cents. Most of those present cheered this declaration of their own assiduity, evidently determined to cheer something. So closed the first speech.

Mr. Albert Brisbane then took the platform, and made a few remarks on the same subject, stating that Mr. Andrews' object had been to organize amusement for the people; to get up a place for them where they could come at a small expense, find rational amusement instead of going to grog-shops and gambling-houses.—He proceeded to make some remarks on the sovereignty of individuals, and exulted considerably over the fact that the time had come when the great principles of Free Love could be discussed. He adverted to the opposition which Temperance and Anti-Slavery met with in their early days, and rejoiced that the doctrine of Free Love also had passed its time of persecution. He mentioned incidentally to those who came out of morbid curiosity that the free love which they desired they could find in Mercer street.

The speeches, to a considerable extent, had the desired effect many people having left, and the hall began to be comfortable again, when suddenly it was noised about that the police were at the door and about to arrest this party en masse. The effects produced by the announcement were various. Men scattered like sheep, and very soon there was an equilibrium between the sexes. Masculine Free-Lovers were among the missing and more than one of the ladies was obliged to accept the arm of a reporter. The lady of the chief of the league remained until all had gone. When asked to go, and when threatened by the police with arrest, she said, "My Willie is here—he will have to stay until all are gone; I cannot go and leave him." The passage down stairs was tolerably well lined with policemen, and the ladies found no great difficulty until they arrived at the side walk. Here the entrance was beset by several hundred rudies, among whom there was no policeman, as usual.

The crowd yelled and hooted like demons, but readily made way, so that there was little difficulty in passing through them. It was long before the crowd disappeared, even after all had gone and the door was locked.

SCENE AT THE STATION HOUSE.

A crowd of two or three hundred persons followed Captain Turnbull and officers Cunningham, Roach, McGinnis, Van Buren and Beach, with their prisoners to the Eighth ward Station House, where the scene was of a most exciting nature. The prisoners were marshalled before the bench, and their names as follows taken by Captain Turnbull, and entered, and their offences, upon his register:

Albert Brisbane, disorderly conduct.
Thomas Harland, assault and battery, and keeping a disorderly house.

John Henderson, interfering with officers in discharge of their duty.

Benjamin Henderson, attempting to rescue prisoner.

The majority of the persons in the Station House were personal friends of those arrested, although there were several among the crowd who seemed to wish the affair a great joke, and acted in such a manner that the captain was obliged to call them to order.

Among the property handed over to the captain was the sum of one hundred and eight dollars and thirty-nine cents in gold, silver and bills, by Mr. Harland, the receipts of the institution up to the time of the arrests.

The complaints having been made and entered upon the register, the prisoners were taken below and locked up in separate cells; after which the Station-house was cleared of those persons having no business there.

The following statement relative to the affair was made by Captain Turnbull to our reporters:

The captain says his attention (last evening) was attracted to the place by a large crowd at the front door, among whom he recognized several suspicious characters. He immediately sought Capt. Kissner of the Fourteenth Ward, and consulted with him on the subject, which consultation resulted in a determination to visit the place, as they both had during the day heard rumors that a disturbance was anticipated at the club in the evening. They accordingly went up, but were stopped at the door. Having stated who they were, the door-keeper told them that it was only a private party, and that they had no business there in their official capacity. They then paid twenty-five cents each and were allowed to enter. They proceeded to the head of the room where Mr. Brisbane was making a speech, using language in violation of all decency. After listening a short time to his remarks, they returned to the rear of the room, when he heard a scuffle in the hall, and upon going out found Mr. Cockerlar and Mr. Harland, the door-keeper, clutched. Captain Turnbull asked Harland if his name was Wheeler, to which Harland replied in the negative and that he was only the door-keeper. Upon complaint of Cockerlar, Mr. Harland was then arrested on charge of assault and battery. At this time Mr. Brisbane came into the hall, when he was also apprehended for disorderly conduct. Mr. Henderson made some impertinent remarks, when the captain told him to go on, or he would arrest him; but the former replied that he could not take him. Henderson then called for his friends, and Capt. Turnbull called upon the citizens for assistance. Henderson and his brother were then arrested, the former, as was alleged, for interfering with an officer in the discharge of his duty, and the latter for attempting to rescue a prisoner.

Mr. Harland told our reporter, on a visit to his cell, that the first disturbance which he saw was from a man who came up to him and attempted to pass him without paying the usual charge. He stopped him, and the man, who proved to be Mr. Cockerlar, a "shadow," as we were informed by a policeman, caught Mr. H. by the collar, and there were some blows. Mr. Harland called upon Capt. Turnbull, who was near by, to arrest the intruder, and was himself immediately arrested.

SPITTING.

Will the time ever come when the spittoon, that disgusting reminder that people spit, will be removed from our parlors, steamers and cars? Those who chew tobacco should feel a delicacy in having this one of the lower vices made apparent by the use of the *case de tabac*, as few others rarely avail themselves of this convenience. The habit of spitting is probably one reason why the Americans are so meager in person. They spit themselves to death, and then talk wonderfully about their climate—swell the number of those who die by consumption, and look like scare crows during the period of their natural life. Women and girls rarely spit—from an instinctive sense of its indecency, but men look solemn, talk grave, and spit.—They finish a sentence in conversation by a spit, just as we close a paragraph in our editorial with a period. Boys, as soon as they are installed into a broad collar, spit. They practice in order to do this well—shooting forward the body and the underlip till they become masters of the art, and able to hit a spittoon at the greatest possible distance. If spitting must be done, the pocket handkerchief is the only legitimate medium, and this can be used in a manner as little obvious to the spectator as possible. Those who have this habit inveterately established should carry an extra handkerchief that the one "wisely kept for show" may be as little objectionable as possible.

Seriously, our secretions, if healthful, are never offensive, and never in due quantities—the habit of casting the saliva from the mouth causes an extra secretion which must in its turn be ejected, and thus nature is severely taxed to supply the waste; the gums shrink, the teeth fade, the throat is parched—brought first, and finally consumption, or some other decay of a weak organ, comes in to close the scene.

An Arab would run a man through who should presume to spit in his presence. The bird never spits—the load squats to the earth, and the serpent secretes saliva as deadly poison. If we weep passionately the saliva is bitter—it is pungent and scanty in the action of the baser motives, while love renders it sweet and abundant. The saliva is associated with our whole animal economy, and follows closely upon the action of our minds, sympathetically, intimately with all its moods.

Sensitiveness inclines us to swallow down our saliva, while disgust disposes us to spit it out. The secret of rose moutons the lips more than the tongue; lemons cause the mouth to be filled with saliva. The sight of one hateful to us dries the mouth, while, on the contrary, one who is agreeable moistens it. Hence those who weep much have dry lips, while those who suffer without tears have not only dry lips, but an acrid mouth. There is a beautiful philosophy in all this, and those who waste the secretions by spitting, lose not only the action of these glands, but unquestionably weaken the fine sensibilities associated with them. Show us a man who spits, and you show us a man of uncertain characteristics, and one whose sensibilities are not to be trusted. Do away with spitting, and nature will do her work genially and he will be beautiful him, whereas now she is obliged to continually patching him up.—Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

Influence of a Newspaper.

A school teacher who has been engaged a long time in his profession and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes to the editor of the *Ogdensburg Sentinel* as follows:

I have found it to be the universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages, who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excelling in pronunciation, and consequently read more understandingly.
2. They are better spellers and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography, in almost half the time it requires others, as the newspaper has made them familiar with the location of the important places, nations, their governments and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians, for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspaper, from the common place advertisement to the finished and classical oration of the statesman, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text, and consequently analyze its construction with accuracy.
5. They write better compositions, using better language, containing more thoughts, more clearly and connectedly expressed.
6. Those young men, who have for years been readers of the newspapers, are always taking the lead in the debating society, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness in their use of language.

SUICIDE BY A BOY.—The Mensha (Wis.) Advocate of the 13th inst., gives the following account of the commission of suicide by a boy only twelve or fifteen years of age:

Young Kelsey imagined himself to be whipped and abused too much by the village boys, and on Monday evening he told his mother he would stand it no longer—that he would hang himself. No attention was paid to the threat, and on Thursday morning he was whipped for some trivial offence, after which he sent him to the woods to procure some good switches, to be hereafter used on him for bad behavior. He was accompanied by a younger brother. After going into the woods a short distance, he sent the brother back home for a rope in order as he said, to bring a large bundle. On his brother's return, young Kelsey was stiff in death. In the absence of his brother he placed some blocks on the ground, placed one of his suspenders around his neck, and tied one end to the limb of a tree, kicked the blocks away, and hung in that position until found dead. This is indeed a sad affair, for one so young to take his life by his own hands. Those who have seen the corpse, say that even in death his countenance exhibits the picture of determination and courage.

THE LATE TRAGEDY NEAR CUMBERLAND, Md.—The *Cumberland Telegraph* has an account of the terrible murder of Dr. Hadel and Henry Graff, but it contains very few facts not already mentioned in the *Sun*. The *Telegraph* says that Miller, the accused, had been a frequent visitor at Dr. Hadel's, and this caused him to be suspected as the author of the bloody deed. The suspicion was further confirmed by the fact that a box, belonging to him, and found at the house where he was arrested, was discovered, on being broken open, to contain the doctor's hat, articles of his clothing, medical books with his name in them, and a lot of valuable medicines, together with the key of his office. The office of the deceased was also found in great disorder, having evidently been robbed on Sunday night. Subsequently the body of Dr. Hadel was discovered. The features, says the *Telegraph*, looked very natural, and were at once recognized. It was found lying by the side of the turnpike, about four miles from town, and near the spot where the railroad of the Cumberland Coal and Iron Company crosses the turnpike. The *Telegraph* describes the public excitement, in consequence of this double murder, as truly intense, but fortunately, it has been resolved to allow the law to take its course. The grand jury commenced the examination of witnesses on Wednesday, and it is supposed that the accused will be tried by the circuit Court now in session. Miller is a small man, and appears very delicate—has black hair and large black whiskers, covering almost his entire face. He is a German, and has been but a short time in the country, and speaks but little English.

A SINGULAR TRIUMPH of affection and art is related by the *Portsmouth (N. H.) Chronicle*. Jonathan Dearborn, of that place, lost an interesting little daughter of eight years, of whom no likeness remained except such as was pictured in the memories of friends. A brother of the deceased, a mere boy, insisted that a good portrait of his little sister might be obtained from such a description as he could give the artist, and in spite of remonstrances he started for Boston with the purpose of carrying out the idea. His plan was to visit all the picture galleries to which he could obtain access, and by selecting one feature from one picture and another from another thus got a combination that should answer to the picture that was so vividly impressed upon his memory. And, strange to say, after numberless discouragements and two outright failures, the enthusiastic boy succeeded even beyond his own ardent expectations, and the satisfaction of returning home with a portrait that was recognized as a most beautiful and correct likeness of the dear lost one.—*Rep.*

THE LAST SNAKE STORY.—The *State Rights Democrat*, published at Elba, Alabama,

narrates the following:

"Two gentlemen were lately in the woods, when their attention was attracted by an uproarious noise of hogs. Thinking that something uncommon was to pay, they repaired to the spot, and found that the hogs had been in a fight with a very large rattle snake. The fight, from appearances, had been a long and desperate one. The snake was torn to pieces, three hogs dead, and a fourth dying. They say that, as the last hogs would groan, the snake would raise his head, being unable to do anything else.—The snake and fourth hog soon died. They report that for thirty yards around the grass and ground were torn up. The snake was six and a half or seven feet long. The hogs, in the fight, had demolished all the rattles except two!"

From the N. Y. Express, Oct. 19.

HORRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

About 2 o'clock this morning the police of the First Ward were alarmed by the cry of fire from the house No. 12 State street, and hastening to the place, found on the piazza, in front of the house, a man, woman and two children endeavoring to escape.

The children were handed down to some of the police, while others, with a few neighbors, broke in the front door to release the remaining inmates of the house, but, as soon as practicable, search was made and several persons brought out, among them one woman, who was sent to the hospital fatally burned. It was nearly fifteen minutes before the arrival of the firemen, meantime there were twelve or fifteen persons in the house.

The first floor was occupied by Mr. Maconey, wife and child. On the second floor lived the family of Henry Lubbs, who gave the alarm. The third story was occupied by Oliver D. Vandenberg, wife, two children, and the mother and sister of Mrs. Vandenberg; Mrs. Catharine Peacock, aged 50, and Miss Mary Peacock, aged 19.

The fourth floor was occupied by Mrs. Brown, wife of one of the mates on a Savannah steamer. A little boy, aged 9 years, her nephew, was with her on a visit. In the attic were two servants of Mr. Lubbs, one named Julia Reas, and a German girl Mr. Lubbs says they called Frederica. Miss Becker, a sewing woman, who boarded with Mr. Lubbs also slept in the attic.

All those on the first and second floors escaped. The dead and injured are as follows:—Mrs. Peacock, aged 50 years.
Mrs. Brown, 20 years.
Mrs. Brown's nephew, 9 years.
Almeda Vahlenburg, 5 years.
Frederica one of the servants of Mr. Lubbs.
Miss Becker, aged about 35, at the Hospital; fatally injured.

Mrs. Vandenberg, arm broken.
The bodies of Mrs. Peacock, Mr. Vandenberg's child, and the servant girl are burnt to a crisp. Those of Mrs. Brown and the little boy but slightly burned—probably died of suffocation.

The fire originated in the basement, in what manner is not known. The flames and smoke rushed up the stairway, so as to cut off all escape by that channel, and the inmates had not sufficient presence of mind to go to the roof.—They probably thought the roof of the adjoining buildings were too low for escape.
Mr. Brown, the husband of one of the dead, is expected home to-morrow, in the Savannah steamer. The little boy was visiting Mrs. B. for a few days; his parents reside in Patterson, N. J. Much credit is due to the 1st district police, and to Mr. Fritz and other neighbors, by whose strenuous efforts so many persons were saved.

The building was owned by B. Aymar, 34 South street. The damage to the building is about \$2000; covered by insurance. The united losses of tenants, none of whom were insured, is about \$3000.

THE MASSES.—The *Memphis Bulletin* thus speaks:

"The great mass of both parties—ninety-nine out of a hundred—are equally patriotic and honest in their convictions. Let the hour of trial come—let it be clearly seen that the country is in danger—and who sober and seriously doubts the fidelity and loyalty of American citizens to come to the rescue? Native and naturalized—Protestant and Catholic—Jew and Gentile—would then be found, as they have ever been found, rallying around the same standard, in defence of the same cause, the holy and sacred cause of home and family hearth.—The boom of the first cannon-shot fired by the foe, no matter whether he be a civil or ecclesiastical potentate, will hush into the silence of the tomb all minor dissensions. To suppose otherwise is to suppose human nature changed in all its instincts; or to make a new estimate of the character and influences of our free institutions.

"Pending an election, orators and editors make a show of getting up a whirlwind of feverish excitement; but with the close of the day's voting, the country settles back into the work of developing its mighty destiny, by all the means and appliances of an unfettered, progressive civilization.

THE ELECTIONS STILL TO COME IN 1855.—Louisiana votes on Monday, November 5, for State officers and five representatives to Congress. Mississippi, Monday, November 5, State officers and five representatives to Congress.—New York, Tuesday, November 6, State officers, but no Governor or Lieut. Gov. Wisconsin, Tuesday, November 6, State officers. Massachusetts, Tuesday, November 6, Governor, State officers and legislature.—Maryland, Wednesday, November 7, six representatives to Congress, two State officers, legislature, &c. In Tennessee, Alabama, California, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania, the legislatures in each State elect one United States Senator.