

Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



The Orphan Beggar.

A TRUE STORY.

A little boy, an orphan too,
Whose fingers and cold were blue,
With weary drops in either eye,
Ready to start at any sigh,
With timid steps approached the door,
(Some scanty pittance to implore.)
Whose brazen knocker, smooth and bright,
Macked all the efforts of the night;
His little hands its place supplied,
And open flew the portal wide.
A clergyman of modern date,
Less famed for kindness than estate,
Now eyed the boy from top to toe;
And listening to his tale of woe,
Said, "Take this crust, 'tis mouldy too;
But still, 'tis good enough for you."
The boy received it with good grace,
And turned about to quit the place.
"Stop!" said the priest, "an orphan boy
Should not pursue such bad employ."
Answer me this, pray, can you read?"
"Ah! no sir, 'tis a truth indeed."
"Not read! why then you cannot pray?
I'll teach you, after me thus say:
Our Father who in Heaven art?
(Our Father) touched his little heart."
"Oh, be your Father, then, and mine?"
"Yes," said the reverend divine;
"God is the father of us all—
Of rich and poor, of great and small."
With feelings undisguised, the boy
Summed up the whole in this reply:
"Ye're brothers—let it not be said
You ever gave me mouldy bread."

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, Nov. 23, 1855.

G. W. Bowman, Editor and Proprietor.

The Know Nothing Oath.

Extracts from the Address on Know-Nothingism delivered at Lancaster, Pa., on the 24th of September, by Col. JOHN W. FORNEY.

There can be no offence more harrowing than that of perjury. The vow taken in the sight of God, and broken in the sight of man, corrodes in the conscience forever. Perjury is the appellation which compels the corrupt witness to speak the truth, and the whole truth. Perjury is the keen vengeance which pursues the shrinking guilty soul through all the avenues of life, and is satisfied only when that soul escapes to its God. But who would have believed, before this midnight conspiracy afflicted our country, that a political party would assume the right to enforce its extra-judicial oaths by holding over its victims the terror of perjury? Who ever heard before that a man's hope of redemption was lost because he would not, or could not fulfil a vow to proscribe his fellow-beings? because he would not drive home the steel whetted to assassinate the reputation of his uninitiated friend?—because he had fled from the recesses of an underground lodge, which had been dedicated to intolerance and wrong? And yet it is notorious that the admitted member of this order is "obliged to obey its decrees on a penalty of being denounced as a wilful traitor to his God and to his country," and that he is next assured by the high priest of the conspiracy that for the violation of his oaths "the deep and blighting stain of perjury will rest upon their souls." I have already specified some of the works to which he is committed from the moment he enters one of these caves of persecution, and which he must accomplish, or be denounced as a traitor to his God and his country. It is a new thing in the history of American parties to see men assuming obligations to proscribe others, their equals, and often their neighbors, and consenting to the imputation of perjury should they fail or falter in this pious pastime.

Men have taken oaths to destroy their country's oppressors, and Heaven has approved the act. The august ceremonial which inaugurated and completed the Declaration of Independence was made in the sight of an approving God, and if ever such approval was given, it consecrated the immortal vow. But are our fellow-freemen, whom we meet in the daily walks of life, oppressors and enemies, that we should crawl into corners to take oaths against them, falling in with the sin of perjury to rest on our souls? No good angel blesses such irreverence; no virtue is to be saved by it; no right protected, and no wrong made right.

But I will ask whether the profane oath I have quoted, and the equally profane assumption of punishing the violation of such an oath should not call down the thunders of indignant protest from every christian pulpit in the land? Instead of turning thoughts upon the imaginary dangers of a distant prelate, whose power to affect our happy institutions would be as ineffectual as the attempt of the naked King of Morocco to capture Gibraltar; instead of inciting a political party in its work of denunciation and disfranchisement—as has been the case with too many of the professing followers of the meek and lowly Saviour—I humbly refer them to the spectacle of vast multitudes of men wallowing in the most reckless glories, in the most abandoned persecutions, and arrogantly assuming the right to punish rebellion to their standard, by hurling the anathema of perjury, as if delegated viceregents of God on earth. Surely no American citizen, however deeply prejudiced against an opposing creed, can for a moment be misled by the plea that this midnight order, with all its professions, has advanced true religion. The ritual and platform of the order do but declare their belief in "Supreme Being" as an essential preliminary. But there is great reason to fear that the managers want

nobody else to worship God save themselves, and that their idea of a Deity is of one who expects to be propitiated by acts of deceit and shame. A party which excludes a Catholic and admits a Mormon, which does not hesitate to follow the lead of many whose deeds and words are at war with every idea of religion—such a party cannot long delude any portion of intelligent citizens with empty professions of piety.

Nay, if there be perjury anywhere, those who violate an obligation like the following, in the Pennsylvania Bill of Rights, will have some trouble to purge themselves:

"That all men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship God Almighty according to the dictates of their own conscience: that no man can, of right, be compelled to attend, erect or support any place of worship, or to maintain any ministry, against his consent: that no human authority can, in any case whatever, control or interfere with the rights of conscience, and that no preference be given to any religious establishments or modes of worship."

"That no person who acknowledges the being of a God and a future state of rewards and punishments shall, on account of his religious sentiments, be disqualified to hold any office or place of trust or profit under this Commonwealth."

I beg you to contrast this with the oath of the midnight order. We are told it is perjury in a know-nothing to violate that oath. And here is an obligation more solemn, more binding, more essential to society, which in some of its parts is set at naught by thousands of know-nothings—and this, too, without complaint or condemnation from those ministers of the Gospel who belong to the order, and who themselves practice the evil they should condemn in others.

It has been said that, while the adopted citizen takes an oath to support the know-nothing, takes an oath to violate the American Constitution. And the fruit of this recklessness is full of terrible significance. A direct result of the secret obligations of the order may be found in the bloody tumults of Louisville, and in the excesses of the know-nothings in other large cities.

To such an extent has public indignation been excited against the profane and familiar resort to extra-judicial oaths, and the invariable appeal to force and fraud at the ballot-boxes, that in portions of the Union the order has deliberately discarded alike its secrecy and its obligations. This has been the case in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana and South Carolina.

The very fact that the oath of the order tends to bring into contempt the higher obligations imposed by the Constitution and the laws proves it is not binding upon those who are deluded into an assumption of it. But it is no less clear that in many places, this oath, imposed with all the forms of midnight secrecy, has had a disastrous effect upon those who have accepted it.—So far from contributing to the strength of the order, it has been one of the principal causes of its rapid decay. Resorted to for the purpose of consummating the schemes of men who could not obtain advancement from other parties, but who were able to pack majorities in these secret societies, it becomes a galling yoke to the more respectable members, and, as may be well conceived, has ended by driving out the best and leaving the lodges in the control of the worst. Nay, take a member of this order, one who is known to have accepted its obligations, and suddenly demand of him whether he is attached to it, and observe with how much confusion and shame he will attempt to deny, or indirectly admit the fact. That ministers of God, should, in the ostensible desire of promoting the spread of the doctrines of Christianity, embark with those who are committed to those obligations; that they should cheerfully assume companionship with men besotted in intellect and led captive by vice and fraud; and that they should sit silent and see not only their Catholic fellow beings, but their own neighbors, even those concurring with them in religious belief, who do not belong to the order, stricken down or marked out as it were, for execution, almost pass comprehension. It cannot be doubted that the manner in which these obligations have been insisted upon, and the violence with which the demands of the pledged midnight majority have been consummated, has contributed to change many of these lodges into Pandemoniums upon earth: controlled, not by intellect and virtue, but by men who have become skilled in the practices at first so bitterly denounced by their leaders and now almost entirely abandoned by the old parties. Oaths employed to sanction and strengthen practices like these are null and void in the sight of Heaven as soon as they are taken; and the frequency with which they are repudiated by those who have reluctantly assumed them shows conclusively that the idea of their binding efficacy is being rapidly dissipated.

From the Chicago Press, Nov. 8.

Horrible Tragedy in Chicago.

Last evening, about seven o'clock, two discharges of a pistol were heard in West Randolph street, between Peoria and Sangamon streets, and Alderman Elithorpe, who was near by, rushing to the spot, found Edgar E. Ingersoll, tender of the Randolph street bridge, with a pistol shot in his breast, and his wife also shot in the breast, staggering away, while the instrument of death was still in the murderer's grasp.

Mrs. Ingersoll was taken to the house of Mr. Shaw, corner of Randolph and Peoria streets, where Doctors Freer, Brownell and Hollister were called to her assistance, and at last accounts she was still alive, with a possibility of recovery. She was shot in the left breast, between the third and fourth ribs.

Ingersoll was conveyed to the West Division Police Station, in the Market House, and attended by the same physicians, but he never spoke, and died about 8 o'clock. He was shot in about the same place that his wife was. The pistol was one of Allen's revolvers. In his pocket were found \$33 in gold, and a

letter, of which the following is a literal copy. It shows that his action was premeditated.—It was written in pencil, on both sides of a small piece of paper, and is intended for a brother residing in this city, who has a carriage shop on Canal street:—

CHICAGO, Nov. 4, 1855.

DEAR BROTHER CHARLES:—I would like very much to see you but time will not permit I will ask one favor of you and the last. I beg of you to see that Lizzie and myself are buried together. I wish you to take Ida Amelia Ingersoll in your care and give her my gold watch that she may have it as a present from her father. I am very sorry to think I am about to commit this evil deed but my feelings are more than I can express. Lile is sweet but I had sooner part with it than be separated from one that I love so dear no one can know my feelings there beyond my reach to explain I shall fetch this to a close by Bidding you adieu Give my love to father and mother and Brothers

Your Brother. EDGAR E. INGERSOLL.

Upon his person was found two cheap publications, with the following titles, which appear to have been recently purchased and read.—From these the miserable man may have received the idea of his desperate crime, or by them wrought up to its commission: Miss Jane Clark, the Buried Alive; Or, Confessions of a Suicide. Published by H. M. Rulison, Queen City Publisher's House, 115 1/2 Main street.

The Wonderful Adventures and Horrible Disclosures of a Louisville Policeman. Written by Himself.

The little Ida Amelia referred to in the letter is an infant of about a year and a half old. She is indeed brought to a sad orphanage.

It appears that the principal actors in this tragedy have been on terms of disagreement for some time. She had commenced a suit for a divorce, Messrs. Rae & Bro., Masonic Temple, being her counsel. Ingersoll had just returned from Cincinnati, where he had found her brother, Charles I. Morrison, and brought him here to endeavor to effect a reconciliation between them. Last evening he called for her, and they went out for a walk, and on their return, and just before reaching her residence, he fired.—What their conversation was no one knows, but it is probable she persisted in her determination to live apart from him.

From the Chicago Press, Nov. 9.

Further Particulars of the Loss of the PROPELLER DELAWARE.

Part of the crew of the propeller Delaware came to this place yesterday on the steamer Arctic, to accompany the body of the late master of the wrecked vessel, Captain D. H. Dixon, on his way to his friends near French Creek, not far from Buffalo. From the saved who are here, we learn the following additional particulars:

The propeller left Port Washington about eleven o'clock on Sunday night, and soon after that time the fury of the storm commenced.—While laboring in the sea, she sprung a leak, and the water gained on the pumps so fast that they were obliged to head her for the shore.—The water extinguished her fires, and she then drifted with her gib set, until she struck, about six miles south of Sheboygan.

Monday morning, soon after daylight, Joseph Greenhalgh, 1st engineer, Henry Inman, wheelman, and S. Minegar, fireman, launched the propeller's life-boat from the upper deck, and placed the only woman on board in it, with her child. She was a passenger, and another passenger (probably her husband) got into the boat with her. John Jones and two others, names unknown—all three deck hands—also got into the boat, making nine in all, and started for the shore. The boat had proceeded but a few yards from the vessel before it capsized, and all were drowned except Greenhalgh, Inman and Minegar a male passenger.

The others determined to remain on the vessel, except W. C. Hill, cook, who got into the yawl, which was stove, and drifted with it to the shore in safety. No one else would venture in it with him.

Captain Dixon perished Monday afternoon from cold and fatigue. He was lashed to the stern, and after he was dead, as the waves would have dashed him to pieces against the vessel, and the survivors could scarcely hold themselves on to the wreck, the mate took the captain's money from his pockets and cut the body adrift. It was recovered on the shore. The mate delivered the money into the hands of the Sheriff of the county.

James Brennan, porter, fell from the rigging of the propeller on Monday, and was drowned. Five passengers were drowned whose names were unknown. The following is the most complete list of lost and saved which we can make out:

LOST.—Captain D. H. Dixon; John Jones, deck hand; James Brennan, porter; two deck hands, names unknown; five passengers, names unknown.

SAVED.—Mr. Austin, 1st mate; Mr. Williams, 2d mate; Henry Shiner, 1st engineer; Joseph Greenhalgh, 2d do.; H. N. Allen, wheelman; Henry Inman, do.; P. Shea, steward; W. C. Hill, cook; M. O. Brien, fireman; S. Minegar, do.; J. Felt, deck hand; Conn Minur, watchman; one deck hand, name unknown.

During the day (Monday) the government life boat at Sheboygan was manned by two sailors and seven citizens of the place, and came down to the rescue. They were compelled to make ten trips before they could get off the last survivors. The last trip was made about four o'clock Tuesday morning, the gallant men who manned the boat having repeated their efforts at intervals all Monday night. They would go out, and if the boat filled they would return, bail it out, get rested and warmed, and try it again." Such noble heroism should not pass unwarded, and we doubt not the gallant men will be well remembered.

The crew state that thieving and robbing of

the dead was practised by the populace on shore. While on the propeller, the crew had lashed their clothing to portions of the wreck, and let them drift ashore. They are appropriated by some of the inhabitants, and the destitute seamen were obliged to hunt them and take them from the thieves by force. One of the engineers got out a search warrant, and recovered most of the plunder. The cargo was fast coming ashore, but upon such a large extent of coast that it was impossible to keep people from stealing barrels of beef and flour.

SAD BURNING CASE.—An inquest was held by Coroner Hilton on Sunday, at No. 206 Delancey street, on the body of Rosanna Morgan, a child of 10 months, who died from the effects of burns received two weeks before. The mother of the deceased said, on her examination: "I left my little daughter, Rosanna, sitting on a little chair, before the stove; my little son was sitting by her side; he is about three years of age; I went down stairs, and was gone about ten minutes; on my return, I heard deceased scream, and, entering the room, I found her clothes on fire; there was a piece of paper on fire on the floor; from what I could learn, my little son had lighted the paper at the stove, and it burning his fingers, he dropped it in front of his sister, setting her clothes on fire. She was badly burned, and lingered up to 11 o'clock Saturday night, when the poor little thing died." N. Y. Times.

"A woman is either worth nothing, or a great deal. If good for nothing, she is not worth getting jealous for; if she be a true woman, she will give no cause for jealousy. A man is a brute to be jealous of such a woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one, but a double fool to cut his throat for either of them."

Extraordinary Railroad Disaster.

A Train Blown off the Harlem Track by a Hurricane—Two Men Killed and Seventeen Injured.

Yesterday morning, about half past 6 o'clock, the Express train from Albany met, in the vicinity of Chatham Four Corners, with one of the most extraordinary disasters, it has ever been our lot to record. It appears the train had left Albany at 4:30 A. M., and arrived at Chatham Four Corners at 5:28, with three passenger cars and a baggage car. After stopping at Copake—a station about thirty miles below Chatham Four Corners—the train arrived at the place known as the Taconac or lower range of Berkshire mountains, the boundary line between Massachusetts and New York. This part of the road is very much exposed to a high wind, owing to a narrow valley between two mountains, which, when the wind is east, concentrates it, and the most fearful gales are experienced on this part of the road when the wind at other places is even moderate.

During the whole of Monday night the wind was very high and a heavy rain was falling, and as the train was passing a fearful gust came up from the valley, and the doors of the baggage car were blown in, and in a moment the car was hurled off the track, and rolled down an embankment some forty feet deep. The coupling which attached it to the engine snapped in a moment, but the passenger cars were jolted off the track, and were blown by the wind after the baggage car.

The scene that followed was fearful. The cars rolled over three times, and came to the bottom of the embankment with a heavy crash. At this time of the morning it was pitch dark; the rain was falling heavily, and the groans and shrieks of the mutilated passengers were heard with dreadful distinctness above even the noise of the tempest.

The conductor, Mr. R. J. White, who was in the middle car, extricated himself from the ruins as soon as possible, and succeeded in despatching the engine to Millerton, the next station below, where aid was procured, and the wounded and the dying cared for. Fortunately there were but thirty passengers in the train; and of these, strange to say, some twelve were uninjured.

The following is a perfect list of the injured as we could obtain.

DEAD.—Francis W. Rathbone, paper manufacturer of White Mills, Chatham Four Corners. The truck had fallen upon him, and was dead when found.

Harvey Gaylord, brakeman, residing in Chatham Four Corners. He was fearfully cut in the head, and three of his ribs broken in such a manner that his entrails protruded. He survived some hours, and died during the day in great agony.

INJURED.—Joseph C. Shelly, baggage master, of White Plains, hurt in the back by the fall of the coupling.

Mrs. Van Vechten, of Pittsfield. This lady had four cuts on the head, yet with great bravery, she disregarded herself and attended to the other wounded until she fainted from loss of blood.

R. J. White, conductor, of New York, cut in the leg; not serious.

Mr. Perkins, of Tioga county, hurt in the head.

Mrs. Soutes, hurt in the back.

Mr. Story of Chatham Four Corners, and Mr. Marshall, of the same place, hurt in the head.

Mrs. Coburn, of Chatham, severely injured in the head.

Mr. and Mrs. Coburn, her son and his wife, slightly.

Judson Barnes, of Chatham, brakeman, hurt in the head.

Mr. Duncan, of Chatham, brakeman, not serious.

James Hart, a conductor, slightly wounded.

English Billy, a news-boy of New York, cut in the head.

Three gentlemen, names unknown, one going to Millerton, another to Croton Falls, and the other to Duckman's Station, all slightly in-

jured.

A lady going to Croton Falls was also injured.

The wounded were taken to Millerton station and there kept until word was sent to their relatives.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Herald.

From Norfolk.

The streets of our usually quiet city presented quite an excited appearance on Wednesday evening. The different bells were pealing forth a strain of alarm, and from many throats came the hoarse cry of "Fire! Fire!" The citizens and various fire companies were out in force to witness the spectacle, and to aid in extinguishing the flames, which were bursting through the roof and windows of a brick tenement, unoccupied, on Princes Anne road. The fire though in itself of but little importance, yet was the occasion of much thought to a reflecting mind, by the circumstances connected with it. It will be remembered that this is the first night fire which has occurred in Norfolk since the burning of Barny's row; the latter was at the ushering in of the epidemic, the former at its exit.

What unparalleled events have transpired since then! What a mournful interim! The heart bleeds at the thought—for now we have time to think. During the interim it was all work; but now as our absent ones return, and we are asked, "How is my friend?" the answer has to be returned, "dead!"

We feel more keenly our losses—losses that time alone can repair, and many of them in the healing of which time will be powerless, and in thinking of the time through which we have just passed, we are reminded of the noble spirits that have been tried by an ordeal that leaves no dross. Spirits we are justly proud of at home and abroad—some of them—aye! many of them—have laid on the altar of humanity all they had to give—their lives. Such men as Woodys and Fungson can never be forgotten; eulogies cannot be heaped too profusely upon them, and there are others whose names will live forever beside theirs, in characters of living light, never to be washed out, however profusely the rains of time may fall.

It will be remembered that among the first who came to the relief of our sick and dying, was Miss Andrews, of Syracuse, New York; her was the first letter received from those who have been alleviating the sufferings of our sick, by kind attention. Some called her wild and insane. The proud reputation which she has won, the noble self-sacrificing devotion she has manifested, winning for her the reputation, shows whether she was insane or not. The attempt of the Syracuse journals to claim her as a native resident of that place, is evidence that by them, at least, she is not so considered. But I must not go on thus. Those who have been proven and found worthy are not unknown, and I need not reiterate the praises that have been so often expressed before. Some may say I have made—to use a homely expression—a mountain of a molehill. I have but written a portion of the thoughts suggested by the fire alluded to.

Among the new cases of fever I am pained to notice Crawford Johnson. This young man deserves much credit. Some time since he returned to Norfolk, against the express desires of his employers, Ryley & Erbech, tobacco dealers of Norfolk; but his mother was here, and every paper he read, bore the names of dear friends in the list of the dead. Those constant recitations of distress were too much for him, and he returned to contribute his mite to their relief.

Last evening was quite an era among us; our wharves, until now deserted, presenting a lively aspect. Six steamers came up at 8 o'clock today. They were as follows:—The Roanoke, from New York; Pennsylvania, from Philadelphia; North Carolina, from Baltimore; Curtis Peck, from Richmond; Coffee, from Hampton; and Star, of Norfolk. They all brought quite a number of our people. The Roanoke brought 150.

The Howard Association, I learn from one of its members, will close operations at their store on Tuesday, on account of the oppression resting upon them. Many of those who return come without money, so that their burthen is greatly increased, and they are unable to bear up against the tide. The destitution of our poor is past description. What they are to do during the winter, now almost upon us, I cannot tell. Awful indeed will be their situation.—Never before did any people present so destitute a condition to the charitable of other places, and I trust they never will. It requires that one should be among us to fully realize our position.

There have been no deaths for two days past. Health has fully returned.

I had hoped to be able to give you information but of a pleasing character for some time to come, but it was not to be so. I have mentioned one new case of fever, and said to my fellow-citizens abroad, "Come back!" but I am compelled to-day, (3d of November,) to reverse it, and say, "Stay where you are." Some excitement has been created by the re-appearance of the dreaded disease. The weather for the past two or three days has been wet and warm; this morning a warm sun came out, but it has become cloudy again. The bad state of the weather has resulted in the development of five new cases since I wrote the first part of my letter. Two of them are Germans.

I did not expect to write to-day, but the information was important.

Steady cold weather alone can subdue the disease which has so strongly infected our atmosphere.

Nonotk.

Three Men Drowned.

As the steamboat John Potter, Capt. Simpson, was coming up from Amboy, about 7 o'clock, last evening, when off Governor's island, a boat full of men was observed about two hundred yards ahead, crossing her track. The en-

gine was stopped, the whistle blown, and the helm put hard aport, so that the steamer swung almost around, but the men in the boat still rowed across the bows of the Potter, and at length came in contact with her, upsetting the boat and throwing its occupants into the water. Much alarm prevailed among the passengers of the Potter, but Capt. Simpson immediately manned and launched the life-boat from the hurricane deck, and put off in search of some of the unfortunate men who had drifted off with the tide, while those on board the steamer rescued four persons and took them on board. After some time the life-boat returned with two others who had been picked up at a considerable distance from the scene of the accident. The boat contained nine men; seven of them riggers from the ship S. H. Talbot, and two White-hall boatmen. The riggers say the boatmen were drunk, and persisted in running against the steamer. The names of the persons saved are: Daniel W. Hall, master rigger; George Callaghan, John Craig, Chas. Mercer, Wm. McNelly, Patrick Shanes, drowned; Leo Pope, one of the riggers, was drowned, as it is supposed were the two boatmen; although it is hardly possible that some of these may have been picked up by some vessel. The occurrence is purely attributable to the recklessness of the boatmen.—N. Y. Tribune, 5th.

Execution of John McCarron.

John McCarron, convicted of the murder of James O'Brien, in the village of Boonville, on the 17th day of July, 1853, was executed in the jail yard in the village of Rome, this morning.

The arrangements for the execution were all carefully made in proper order. Sheriff Crocker and assistants gave the utmost attention to every minute. They felt a humane anxiety that the melancholy affair should be conducted with as entire freedom as possible from the disagreeable features which are almost inseparable from capital executions.

McCarron's wife, four children, two brothers, and Father Beecham, the Catholic clergyman in Rome, were with him during a considerable portion of the morning, and all remained until within a few minutes of the execution. But the awful solemnity of the occasion seemed only to be felt by his friends, it was not by himself.

About 12 o'clock the death-warrant was feelingly read by District Attorney Utley; McCarron listened to it with a stupid, silly smile, or perhaps a leer peculiar to him.—While every spectator was more or less moved, his nerves were steady and his spirits apparently unshaken by the immediate prospect of an ignominious death. During the reading, his wife was crying in agony; just as the reading was commencing, she sprang forward to denounce the District Attorney for his part in securing the conviction of her husband, but she was stopped by Rev. Mr. Beecham. After the reading of the death warrant, McCarron's shook hands with Mr. Utley and was led to execution.

On being stationed under the rope, a prayer was read by Rev. Mr. Beecham, while McCarron silently moved his lips, as if repeating it. That done, he was asked if he had anything to say. He answered that he had. He then began to talk of the murder in a disconnected manner. He had previously confessed the crime, but neither confessed nor denied it now. He said he had been brought there through villainy—talked of having been led to drink—of the murdered O'Brien having slandered his wife, &c. He would perhaps have said much more than he did, but was interrupted by the priest, who besought him to think of Jesus.

The black cap was then drawn over his face. The signal was given in a moment after, and the drop fell. His neck was broken. There was no muscular contraction until he had hung for a few moments. There were then only a few twitches of the arms. After hanging twenty-five minutes, he was taken down, laid in a coffin, and his body delivered into the hands of his friends. We understand it is to be interred in this city.

The crowd about the court house numbered three or four hundred. The behavior was respectful.

Breach of Promise Cases in Virginia.

Two suits for breach of promise are reported by the Richmond *Wig.* The first was in Chesterfield county. An elderly gentleman named Phaup, rich in this world's goods, and experienced in the charms of wedded-life, made himself agreeable to a widow lady named Vaden, whose years were nearly three-score. It is intimated, indeed, that he was stimulated by the rosy god, but with that we have no concern; certain it is, from all accounts, that he wooed and won her. His dream, however, was of brief duration; for when he awoke to a sense of his situation, he declared that before he would be sacrificed on the altar of Hymen, he would swing high upon the gallows, like Haman. Mrs. V., however, was not so easily trifled with.—She brought a suit for breach of promise against the gay deceiver, laying the damages at ten thousand dollars—a rather high price for balm to soothe the wounded heart that had braved the storm of so many winters. However, the case was tried, argued by eminent counsel, and decided in favor of the defendant. Of course he is delighted, and the lady inconsolable.

In the other case, which was tried a week or two since at Charlestown, Jefferson county, the result was different. Miss Hezzini Beal had sued Mr. Jesse Miller, for breach of marriage promise. After three days spent in the trial, the papers were given to the jury, who returned after an hour and a half's deliberation, with a verdict for the plaintiff of \$8,000. The case elicited much interest, and was conducted with great ability by the counsel on both sides.