

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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## Select Poetry.



### "Abide with Us!"

"Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
For the day is passing by,  
So the shades of evening gather,  
And the night is drawing nigh,  
Tarry with me, tarry with me,  
Till the dreary night is past.

"Many friends were gathered round me,  
In the bright days of my youth;  
But the grave has closed above them,  
And I linger here the last;  
I am lonely, tarry with me,  
Till the dreary night is past.

"Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;  
Yet the spirit's eye would find  
Rest upon Thy features:  
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?  
Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
Let me see Thy smile again.

"Dull my ear to earth-born music;  
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer,  
Feeble, tottering my footsteps,  
Sink my heart with sudden fear;  
Cast Thine arms, dear Lord! around me,  
Let me feel Thy presence near.

"Faithful memory paints before me  
Every deed and thought of mine;  
Open thou the blood-filled fountain,  
Cleanse my guilty soul within;  
Tarry thou forgiving Saviour!  
Wash me wholly from my sin.

"Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,  
Farer now the glowing west;  
Swift the night of death advances—  
Shall it be the night of rest?  
Tarry with me, O my Saviour,  
Lay my head upon Thy breast.

"Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,  
Lord I cast myself on Thee;  
Tarry with me through the darkness  
While I sleep still watch by me,  
Till the morning, then awake me,  
Dearest Lord to dwell with Thee."

## SPEECH OF HON. C. R. BUCKALEW, Before the Democratic State Convention, March 4, 1856.

Mr. President and gentlemen of the Convention—It is scarcely a fit thing to set cold meats before a company after a feast; but sir, this is an occasion when the feeble may stand up, and even the ill come forward. I have but little to say, and as I have been much in the habit, of recent years, of speaking to business questions and confining myself to the question, I shall do so at this time.

Mr. President, this Convention is composed of one hundred and thirty-three members. It is full. No delegate is absent from his place in this Hall. Upon the first vote for the selection of a candidate to be presented by Pennsylvania to her sister States, one hundred and twenty-eight gentlemen are placed upon the record in favor of a distinguished personage not now resident within the limits of our State, although a native of it, nor within the limits of the United States or contiguous territory, but located beyond those thousand miles of dreary water, and then discharging with distinguished ability the duties attached to the position which he holds. No intrigue attaches to this nomination. It has not been begotten in caucus nor in the brain of any human being who expected therefrom personal advantage or promotion. Whatever may have been said of previous conventions in this Commonwealth or elsewhere—whatever of reproach or of doubt may have heretofore attached to any transaction in which our proud and gallant party has been concerned, this transaction, this event, stands upon an elevation where reproach doth not assail it. (Great applause.)

Sir, from whence comes this nomination by the Convention here assembled? It comes from the hearts and the judgments of the people of Pennsylvania. (Cheers.) That is the quarter from whence it proceeds, and here is the proof of it. One hundred and twenty-eight votes of this body, lacking but five of the entire number, were given with promptness and alacrity for the nominee of the Convention. Four gentlemen voted under the pressure of instructions for another, but immediately afterwards, after technical duty was discharged, they enrolled themselves along with their colleagues for the candidate nominated. One gentleman only did not join in the nomination, but he is just as certainly committed, and just as sure eventually to be enrolled with the others, as any future event can be certain. He voted for the nominee of the Cincinnati Convention. We have him here! (Applause.) Mr. President, this has been the action of the Convention.—This much has been done and well done. It has been accomplished at the right time and in the right way. It has proceeded from just and proper motives, and is emphatically sanctioned by, and based upon, the judgment and conviction of the people. Now, sir, what next? Another duty of this Convention will be to select gentlemen to represent our Commonwealth—our State—in the Convention at Cincinnati.—They will go there charged with the message which we have prepared. And what is that message? It is to ask of the assembled Representatives of the thirty odd States of the Union, to concur with us in this work which we have begun, in all honesty and in all earnestness; with deep conviction of its justice, of its wisdom, and of the necessity which has suggested and which sanctions it. We have spoken here, and our speech has been put upon record. And there has been sent trembling along the wires,

with the swiftness of lightning, to the remotest corners of the confederacy, this voice, thus uttered. What next? As a business question—what next is to be done? Why, sir, we are to convince our party friends in other States that we are right, and that duty and policy require them to go with us. That is the point to which our common and united efforts should now be directed. And of what can we assure them to induce them to go with us in the action proposed? Why, we can assure them with united voice and without hesitation, that the electoral vote of this State will be given to the candidate whom we have named. We can tell them with entire truth, that members of the opposite party by hundreds and thousands have been considering the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, and stand ready to endorse it. If he be nominated, they are with us. I know many such. I have heard, and others have heard, many such voices of late, of active members of what was recently the Whig party. This nomination, therefore, has strength vastly beyond the limits of our own party. It grasps and collects the suffrages of honest, independent, patriotic men, who have never before been with us.

What more need we urge upon the Democratic party of other States and those representing them? Why, sir, we can point them to the fact, that at this moment, from the Atlantic coast westward, through all the Central States, where the battle of the Constitution is to be fought out, there is no man who can be named as the peer and equal, on grounds of fitness, of the candidate whom we have named. The distinguished citizen of Michigan, long and favorably known to our people, is not before the country in connection with this subject. Excepting one or two, of all the great men who commenced public life thirty or forty years ago—of all that band of worthies that have distinguished the history of our own State, or of the general government, from these Middle States, and especially from Pennsylvania, there is not one proud, bold head yet above the waves. [Applause.] Some of them have been struck down by the hand of death—some have fallen away from us in the pressure of hot contests, and from apostates at first, have become open and eventually insignificant enemies. [Applause.] And some have been found otherwise unfit for, or unworthy of the continued confidence and respect of the people. But, sir, through all vicissitudes, when our glance has gone abroad in search of the faithful and the great, one figure has fixed attention and commanded respect. There has been with him a steady virtue and a mental power, that have confounded his enemies and fixed him firmly in the affections of the people.

When we have looked, of recent years, for one who stood up like a whole man in former times, and yet stands up; who has travelled through the storm and the tempest with unimpaired power and popularity, but one man meets the expectant gaze, and that man is James Buchanan. [Applause.] Sir, our people have been thinking of this thing for some years.—They have thought upon it earnestly, they have turned it over in their minds as they pursued their avocations in their respective neighborhoods, and they have expressed here to-day, through their delegates, the conclusions to which they have come. May we not trust that this voice, thus intelligent and thus decided, will be respected by our sister States when they assemble in council in June next. Yes, sir, there is no other candidate in the central portion of the Union who can be presented as the fair and equal competitor of the choice of this Convention, no other man about whose name such recollections, such evidences of fidelity and ability are gathered, as his who is now proposed as our standard bearer in the coming campaign, and who will secure to us, if nominated, a signal triumph.

But what more? When I read, either backwards or forwards the history of our Commonwealth, I perceive, and afterwards recollect, one important and striking fact; and it is this: that while the little coast bound State of Massachusetts and the State of Virginia, inferior to our own in many respects, have often furnished incumbents for the Presidential chair, our own State has been entirely overlooked, if not forgotten. We have occasionally reminded our brethren of the other States of some moderate and modest pretensions which we hold to on this subject, but for one reason or another they have never yet received their attention, and they have not acceded to our wishes.

Sir, the time has come when this favor ought no longer to be refused to this noble State of ours. [Applause.] The time has come when a fair claim of right arises on our behalf, and when it is our duty, founded upon self-respect, to urge it with zeal and a determination that it shall be acknowledged. There are reasons why Pennsylvania should be listened to by the other States. In the most critical moment of every political engagement, of every political contest, since the foundation of our general government, to what point of the Union has the anxious, strained gaze of the Democratic party been turned? Whither? Why, sir, in a letter of Mr. Jefferson's—written in the dark and stormy days when he lifted up that flag which those who came after him have held up since—he wrote:—"Let but Virginia maintain her position and Pennsylvania stand firm upon her basis, and our Union will be perpetual and our prosperity boundless." [Great applause.] Yes, sir, there was then an anxious, patriotic eye turned from the heights of Monticello towards Pennsylvania, in hope, for the rescue of principle from the contests of faction. Away back, half a century ago, the sagacity of Mr. Jefferson discovered in this State the foundation upon which Republicanism could safely rest: he pronounced his judgment that so long as she stood with Virginia upon solid principles everything was well, and the prosperity of the country secure and certain. It has been so since. In every party emergency, when the cause of the Republican or Democratic party looked dim and doubtful, when faint hearts failed, when the treacherous fell from us, and the feeble halted in their course, Pennsylvania was looked to as the point from which redemption must come. Sir, we have ordinarily been faithful to these expectations. Time after time, when the battle was doubtful, and threatened to go against our party, Pennsylvania came forward and grasped victory from the jaws of despair. We have also in other respects performed our duty to our sister States and to the Union. No State stood forward more promptly to form the Constitution and Government of the United States: to establish solid benevolent and patriotic principles as the base of this structure which has become the admiration of the world. We have, sir, assisted our sister States when their interests were involved or their rights in jeopardy. To protect the Virginia frontier and Kentucky settlements against the treacherous savage, our soldiers rushed into the wilderness under "Mad Anthony Wayne." In the war of 1812, in the western wilderness, along the Northern Lakes and upon the Atlantic seaboard, Pennsylvanians were found laboring and suffering to uphold the common interests of the States and maintain the honor of the national flag. Sir, there are many here to whom I may appeal as witnesses, that in the more recent struggle in which our nation was involved, on a distant soil, under a tropical sun, from the shores of the Gulf far away into the interior of Mexico, the Pennsylvania volunteers plodded their weary way fighting when required, suffering when suffering was to be endured, and zealously assisting to uphold the American character for fortitude and prowess before the civilized world. Why, sir, upon an appeal from Simon Snyder, the Democratic Governor of this State, at a time when Massachusetts refused her jails to the general government for prisoners of war, our Legislature opened ours wide for national use, and gave an additional evidence of that patriotic spirit which I trust will always be characteristic of our people.

We have been very much complimented, sir. We have received compliments without number. This State has been literally loaded with them. She has been complimented during her whole history, for half a century, for her steadiness of purpose, her devotion to the Union, the valor of her sons, and for all those public virtues that elevate a State and make her admired and respected among the nations.

Have you not heard it said just before an important national election, that was Pennsylvania goes so goes the Union, as goes Pennsylvania so is the result; and the hearts of our brethren in other States have been made to dance with joy when Pennsylvania has gone as they desired her to go. Yes, sir, they have rejoiced exceedingly, and been deeply grateful for our efforts, devotion and zeal. I speak in all kindness, with a proper appreciation of these compliments which have been showered upon us.—We have been assigned a very important position in what is designated as the "federal arch" (an expression which I confess I have never exactly comprehended.) This State has been called the keystone of that arch; which holds it in place, and without which it would crumble into ruins; without which every thing would go to destruction connected with it. We have been told that upon this state has rested the Republican system of Government; that it has constituted the base of it, and that our steady and solid population are to be relied upon under all circumstances. All this is well enough, and agreeable enough, but we can afford to dispense with further compliments, and therefore, what we now ask of our sister States of the Union, is this: that waiving all pleasant words, the language of kindness, politeness, or gratitude, they give us the request that we are about to make of them. [Loud and long continued applause.] We ask them to do this as no special or self-love to Pennsylvania, but as a thing in its own honest, honorable, and without reproach, and above all, as one in which their welfare and our own are jointly and mutually interested.

Mr. President, they will do it. Sir, the Convention that is to meet in June next, will do it. I venture to pronounce this upon evidence that appears conclusive to my own mind. I venture to pronounce it upon information received from other quarters of the Union. I venture to pronounce it, because it is so reasonable and just a thing, that I believe the Democratic party will not miss doing it. I believe it will be done, because it is seen, and can be seen, by all intelligent members of our party in all parts of the Union, that the nomination of Mr. Buchanan gives us a political position so broad and strong, that all the power of the combined political opposition in the country cannot prevail against us. Be it understood, then, in the first place, that Pennsylvania, in this nomination, is in earnest; in the next, that she is thoroughly united; and, in the last, that in her judgment, it would be unwise, and possibly disastrous, for other States to refuse a concurrence in her action.

I have spoken suddenly and impromptu, and have addressed myself simply to the duties of the occasion imposed on members of this Convention and those chosen by them to represent the popular will. I say to all, there is a public, national duty upon us to unite in securing the nomination of Mr. Buchanan, at Cincinnati. The reasons for it are many and weighty; but I have only glanced at some of those most prominent and obvious. Suffice it to say, our hearts and judgments sanction this whole movement. Together, heart and soul, without opposition, without divisions, ay, sir, without a protest, we went into this thing, and we ask that the other States, for their own interest and honor, as well as ours, and for the success of our party, may join with us, and permit the people of Pennsylvania to show what kind of a majority they can give for a Pennsylvania Candidate for President of the United States. (Great cheering.)

Fillmore and Donelson are kicked about like old boots by about three-fourths of the K. N. presses.

## LETTER OF REV. JOHN CHAMBERS, To Gen. Geo. W. Bowman, Editor of the Bedford Gazette.

PHILADELPHIA, March 10th, 1856.  
Gen. G. W. Bowman.—I received a marked copy of the Bedford Gazette, containing my letter of the 19th of January, addressed to a member of the Legislature, with your comments upon the same. I thank you for having put before your readers the truths contained in that letter, however rudely set forth; you have aided our cause, and helped to rebuke the whiskey-loving Democrats. The letter, when written, was not designed for publication, but was the sudden and honest outpouring of indignation, to find the Democracy of Philadelphia, as represented in the House, bound hand and foot, and sold to the "Liquor League." The letter happened to be seen by a strong enemy of the "Juggers" and the "Jugites," a most ardent friend of God, humanity, temperance and correct principles, and by his agency it found its way into print.

I have no regrets to express or apologies to offer for its publication. It is the truth however rugged and however offensive to the Jugites. You, my dear sir, know; every honest man in the State knows and feels; every Democrat, not sold to the band of the Liquor League, regrets that the party born of the loftiest percentage, of the union of humanity with principle which God himself has enunciated, has been defiled by the embrace, last fall, of the rum-power of Pennsylvania. The fruits of the iniquity are to be found in the votes of the members of the House, upon the bill to repeal the Restraining Law of last session. I tell you, General, that there are thousands of the noblest Democrats in this State, who are not only indignant, but who repudiate the union with the rum-power, and as free men, having the right of free speech, will not be gagged, overriden or put down. Hard words will not conquer them; the cry of "fanatic" will not intimidate them; and nothing but an honest and quick return to the true principles of our party will prevent their outcry in the ears of all the people.

You will remember sir, and not mistake the facts—that we had no vote last year upon the Restraining Law, but the year before the people voted upon Prohibition. Philadelphia, by some five thousand majority proceeded to all the world her disgust of the liquor traffic, and it will not do to call the union of the Jugers and Jugites with the Democracy, such an expression of the popular will in this city as to justify the votes of the representatives of Democracy in the House of Representatives. I can tell you, General, that many of the noblest Democrats here, are heartily sick of the Jugers—that they are determined that these fellows shall be unhorsed, and they will exert an open and a determined opposition to the further role of the Liquor League. I appeal to you sir, if it is not a burning disgrace, a brand of infamy, that a great party shall be so entangled and so wronged. To see well educated, intelligent, respectable Democrats, prostrate before some miserable, blaspheming, Sabbath-breaking, law despising rum-sucker, who could not spell Whiskey if you were to give him the Stat—this is enough to arouse the slumbering manhood of the most greedy office-hunter—and to make high toned gentlemen turn with disgust from the polls.—At the crack of the whip of the Liquor League is the whole Democratic party expected to enter upon the rum course, and to do its best for success? Pardon me, but that is the road to ultimate ruin and disgrace, as well for parties, as for men. The whole thing is bad; and no casuistry can make it better, or deceive the people for a single year. If a sworn divorce is not consummated, the present organization of the Democracy is prostrate in this State. When a man loses his self-respect he is ruined, and so when a party drifts from the moorings of high principles and allies itself for expediency sake to falsehood and shame, the knell of its fate has already sounded! Purge the Democratic party of Pennsylvania of this foul alliance, and we shall sweep the State this fall like an avalanche—omit to do it, and we are disgraced as well as beaten.

Now I ask you, General, not as a citizen only, but as a member of a Christian church—which you are: How is it, that a man may make rum, sell rum, get drunk on rum, beggar himself and family by the use of rum, and blast his prospects for time and eternity by rum—and there is not a word of reproach, and no charge of fanaticism? It matters not how many families they impoverish or destroy, how many wives and widows' hearts may be broken, how many of our noble youth may be ruined forever—it is not Democratic to oppose all this certain misery! It is anti-republican and awfully unconstitutional, to prevent those invaluable auxiliaries of poverty, crime and death, from carrying on their pernicious business. What a farce is all this which a great party attempts to play before the calm scrutiny of the masses? There is no man, however steeped in rum, that does not in his secret heart know better. But the moment the Temperance Democrats (and thank God their name is legion in any well defined issue in this matter) attempt to stay the burning tide of death, we are denounced as fools, fanatics and madmen!

And yet, on the side of law and order, virtue and good morals, and religion, stand the large body of these denominated men, while party papers throw up their caps in favor of the violation of the law, and openly cheer its daily infraction. We think we have reason to be proud of our position and of our company.—Tell us, General, when and where the Temperance men of this State set the laws at defiance? Was it in the time of the whiskey boys, when Gen. Washington had to put down insurrection by the fear of bayonets? Or in our own day who but the rumites set at defiance the Sunday Law and the Restraining Law? Come, General, speak out—let us have the facts. I know, from the many delightful chats I have had with you,

that your judgment and conscience are with us. You cannot, as a good citizen, father, and Christian, support the Juggers—you condemn the whole tribe of Jugites in the most unmeasured terms. Truth is eternal—tell your readers what you think. In the long run candid speaking is the most profitable; and you will find in an approving conscience a larger reward for honest dealing, than any number of drunken huzzas from the Liquor League. I have no doubt but that before a year goes by you will be willing to forego all gratification that the article would then afford you, for the small matter of never having written it. Should I see you at Bedford this summer [hope you will] we will go over the matter in a friendly way, [that's the way to talk] and comparing the past in the light of your article, with that time, we shall see who has anchored upon sound principles.

So much upon the question generally, upon which we appear so much to differ—and now for a few plain words, upon what relates to me personally. Did you think, my dear General, that your words would carry any terror to my breast [no! never!] when you wrote the following foolish sentence? "Mr. Chambers most cordially invites the contempt of every Democrat (Whiskey Democrat) in Pennsylvania—and if he is not gratified in his request it will be owing to the good sense [Christian virtue] of the people [true!] and not to any wisdom to be found in the [Mr. C's] letter." [Very true!] You will pardon me, sir, [certainly] but the last thing on earth that I count, is the favor of the salutes of the Liquor League. Their contempt is the highest form of their recognition to which I aspire. [Did Christ seek the contempt of sinners, or did he try to save them by mild words and charitable deportment?]

Even the fierce and fiery ordeal to which your editorial subjects my letter, rather inspires me with a prouder feeling, for having done my duty in a plain, blunt way. There is so much in your comments to show that your self-consciousness in the truth of what I say, interferes with your logic to make out a case for the rum power, that I pity the man as much as I scorn the cause he endeavors to uphold. That was very tough writing, my dear General—that leader of yours—and its italics—though very plentiful—do not strengthen its arguments—though they point a moral. The saddest of all sights is to see a strong man sinking in the mire and hastening his own death by his own struggles.

Democracy, General, may well cry out "Save me from such defilements." If the banner of the Liquor League is raised over the fortress, the present defenders of her stronghold are traitors indeed. I have not so learned Democracy, and it must please even you, sir, to know that thousands who act with me believe that Democracy will survive the treachery of last fall, which is so lamely defended and so badly white-washed in your columns. Sir, I was born a Democrat—have lived all my life a Democrat—and, with the help of God, will die one. The truth of our principles will survive the vile stab of the friends of the rum-power. The first vote I ever cast was for that model of a man and a Democrat, ANTHONY JACKSON. His opinion of liquor drinking was not so exalted as yours. I shall never forget an evening spent in the White House with the old Chief, at which time I introduced three of my boys to him. When he found that they would not touch or taste wine, the glorious old man rose and put his hands up to his forehead and said: "God bless you my lads and keep you forever in such a purpose—follow in this course and you are safe. It is more than twenty years since I drank a glass of liquor!" There is a sentence worthy of italics; study it my dear General. Now I am a Jackson Democrat, and a Jackson temperance man, and there are thousands who stand in that circle, to whom the contempt of the Jugites, outside of it, is as harmless as the slander of a disunion abolitionist, or the anathema of a fore-sworn Know Nothing. They do not throw off their pure Democracy like an old garment, to cover themselves with the rags of the rum-seller. They feel that "the common good of the common brotherhood"—"the greatest good of the greatest number"—are cardinal maxims of Democracy, and they do not believe that legal protection to a few rum-sellers, that many may be ruined, is the proper interpretation of the creed. They deny the authority of the new expounders, and ignore their doctrines. I go in for the Democracy of ANTHONY JACKSON, and with such noble examples of its teaching as are shown in the public life of such men as N. B. Brown, of the Senate, and the Speaker of that body, in contrast to the slaves of the Liquor League, in the other branch of the Legislature. You have a right to your choice, General, and I have a right to mine. The planks of my platform are of Hickory—the creed is the eternal principles of Truth, and "the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

I will thank you for a copy of your paper containing this letter. Yours, &c., JOHN CHAMBERS.

## A YOUNG LADY BURNED TO DEATH.

The Detroit Free Press of March 2 says: One of the most melancholy casualties recently occurred in this city which sink the minor evils of life into nothingness. Miss Evelyn Hillock, who resided in the family of Mr. Francis Palms, was literally burned to death through strange and unaccountable inaction of those about her. Her clothing took fire by contact with the stove, and, though the means were at hand to extinguish the flames, absolutely nothing was done until fatal injury ensued. Mr. P., but just aware of the occurrence, rushed into the house and attempted in vain to smother the flames by wrapping her in an overcoat, burning his hands severely in the act. At last he succeeded in confining her until water could be dashed upon her. After lingering through three weeks of agonizing torture, borne uncomplainingly, death released the sufferer. All that remained of the fair and blooming woman was a mass of offensive decomposition.

## LATEST NEWS.

Two Weeks Later from California—Earthquakes in California and Japan—Jeddah destroyed by an Earthquake—Thirty Thousand Lives Lost!

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.

The steamship Prometheus has arrived, with San Francisco dates to the 20th ult. She left San Juan on the 5th inst. The steamship Northern Light left on the same day for New York, with 300,000 in gold.

The ships Skylark and Flora Temple, from New York, and the Ringleader and Wings of the Morning, Mameluke Wild Ranger, from Philadelphia, have arrived at San Francisco.

The markets have slightly improved, and the mines are yielding largely.

A shock of an earthquake occurred at San Francisco on the 15th ult., and caused some slight damage. It was felt throughout the State.

The appointment of Mr. McDuffie, as U. S. Marshal of the District, has caused much indignation. He is charged with being a professional gambler, and strong petitions have been signed for his removal. It is supposed that President Pierce has been imposed upon, or made the appointment by accident.

The Indians are still committing outrages in Oregon and Washington territories. Numerous volunteer companies were mustering to act against the marauders.

The question in relation to a State government for Oregon, is to go to the people by a special election, to be held in April.

## Central America.

Gen. Walker has seized all the boats belonging to the Transit Company, and after annulling the charter, has granted a charter to another Company.

It is said that Costa Rica has not received Col. Schlessinger, and there is strong opposition there to the foreign party in Nicaragua.

Col. Kinney has published a letter in substantiation of his claim in Central America.

## From Japan.

The schooner Page arrived at San Francisco from Japan, brings most distressing intelligence. It is reported that the city of Jeddah was destroyed by an earthquake on the 11th of November. One hundred thousand houses it is estimated were demolished, burying about thirty thousand human beings beneath the rains.

## Later From Mexico.

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.

The steamer Texas has arrived with Vera Cruz dates to the 6th inst.

Affairs at Puebla changed but little. Tamarez was still there, and 8000 government troops were soon expected to carry on the siege. The Revolution had been crushed in other parts.

The Constituent Congress has elected Comonfort President for one year.

MARRIAGES EXTRAORDINARY.—We copy without vouching for the truth of the following. It appeared in a late number of the Maysville (Ky.) Eagle:

"In Bracken county, Ky., Esquire Schofield, recently united in marriage a boy aged fifteen years weighing seventy pounds to a lady aged twenty-one years, and weighing one hundred and fifty pounds. In the same house, at another time, when a younger magistrate, the father of the aforesaid youthful bridegroom was married to a younger sister of the fat bride. The old man was sixty-five, and the girl was seventeen years old.

The boy-and-husband is brother-in-law to his father, and the old man's wife is step-mother to his brother-in-law. The house where these marriages occurred is a little cabin, constructed of round logs, and located in a deep hollow between two lofty hills, where the sun is visible only four hours each day.

Arrest of Alleged Mail Robbers at Cumberland.—We learn from the Baltimore Sun that at the instance of Col. James L. Maguire, the efficient United States Special Mail Agent, two men named George Newell alias Annville, and Lloyd Dowden, were arrested at Cumberland, Md., on the 26th ult., by the Deputy Marshal for that town, on the charge of committing depredations on the mails passing through the Cumberland post office.

THE FAVORITE SON OF NEW YORK.—The New York Express will have it that Fillmore is "the favorite son of New York." One of the "favorite's" brothers (the Albany Knickerbocker) thus speaks of his strength at home:

"Fillmore's nomination is one of the weakest for this State that could possibly have been made. According to Hammond, he was nominated against the expressed wish of two-thirds of the Hindoo members of the legislature, against the expressed wish of a majority of the State officers, against the expressed wish of more than two-thirds of the delegates from the State in the convention."

Mr. Buchanan's Return.—The Pillsburg Union says a gentleman of that city has a letter from Buchanan, dated the 15th of February, in which he says that he had not yet decided whether he would return home immediately after the arrival of Mr. Dallas, or pass the month of March on the Continent. He felt indisposed for a trip on the ocean during the month of March, it usually being the roughest time in the year for crossing the Atlantic.

The Georgia Telegraph, K. N. says:—"Our Georgia know-nothing friends may console themselves that, if the second Philadelphia convention has ignored slavery and the 12th section, and kicked the Georgia platform to the dogs, it still avails a belief in the 'existence of a Supreme Being.' That is some comfort, and every little helps in a dry time."