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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



John C. Fremont.

Att—John Anderson My Jo.

Our trial now is over John,  
Your nomination's won,  
You'll find out to your sorrow, though,  
Your troubles just begun.

John you can ne'er be President,  
Old Benton gives you gas;  
If Carson won't be with you  
To help you through the grass.

The woolly heads are weak, John,  
The K. N.'s gone to stix;  
Old Beck's will back you sorely,  
In eighteen fifty-six.

John, you know you're no statesman,  
And 'tis no use to talk;  
The Californians found you out  
And quickly made you walk.

You're very much like Barnum, John,  
A chum of yours I'm told—  
Your stock in trade is humbuggery  
And California gold.

That Mariposa claim, John,  
Came very good, no doubt,  
But 'twill never make you President,  
With every Kansas shout.

Your session in the Senate, John,  
Was long enough to pay;  
You only worked for Fremont,  
The Californians say.

The Rocky Mountain woolly horse,  
Which Barnum got you here,  
Is dead—but John, procure and wear  
The woolly hide—'twill do.

A woolly horse! oh dear, John,  
But another if you can,  
And lead him straight, and travel too,  
And lead your woolly clan.

Be happy, take it easy,  
In spite of Giddings' plannin',  
If Keystone gives the President,  
I'll hold him—JAMES BUCHANAN!

## HENRY CLAY ON BLACK REPUBLICANISM.

We invite the careful attention of our readers to the following letter of HENRY CLAY, written some thirteen years ago to REV. WALTER COOPER. It is one of the most suggestive letters ever read, and particularly interesting at this crisis. It points out clearly the tendencies of Black Republicanism, and in a few pertinent phrases gives an outline of views, which, had he expressed them at length would have doubtless formed one of the greatest speeches of his life. Read the letter:

ASHLAND, Sept. 2, 1843.

My Dear Sir:—Allow me to suggest a subject for one of your tracts, which treated in your usual and condensed way, I think would be attended with great and good effect. I mean Abolition.

It is manifest that the ultra of that party are extremely mischievous, and are hurrying the country to fearful consequences. They are not to be conciliated by the Whigs. Engrossed with a single idea, they care for nothing else.—They would see the administration of the government precipitate the nation into absolute ruin, before they would lend a helping hand to assist its career. They treat war, and denounce most, those who treat them best, who so agree with them as to admit slavery to be an evil. Witness their conduct towards Mr. Rogers and Mr. Adams, in Massachusetts, and towards me.

I will give you an outline of the manner in which I would handle it: Show the origin of slavery. Trace its introduction to the British Government. Show how it is disposed of by the Federal Constitution. That it is left exclusively to the States, except in regard to fugitives, direct taxes and representation. Show that the agitation of the question in the free States will first destroy all harmony, and finally lead to disunion—perpetuate war—the extinction of the African race—ultimate military despotism.

But the great aim and object of your tract should be to the laboring classes in the free States against Abolition. Depict the consequences to them of immediate Abolition. The slaves, being free, would be dispersed throughout the Union; they would enter into competition with free labor; with the American, the Irish, the German; reduce his wages, and so confound him, and affect his moral and social standing. And as the ultras go both for disunion and amalgamation, show that their object is to unite in marriage the laboring white man and the laboring black woman, to reduce the white laboring man to the despised and degraded condition of the black man.

I would show their opposition to Colonization. Show its humane, religious and patriotic aim. That they are to separate those whom God has separated. Why do the Abolitionists oppose Colonization? To keep and amalgamate together the two races, in violation of God's will, and to keep the Blacks here, that they may interfere with, degrade and debase the laboring whites. Show that the British Government is cooperating with the Abolitionists, for the purpose of dissolving the Union, &c. You can make a powerful article, that will be felt in every extremity of the Union. I am perfectly satisfied it will do great good. Let me hear from you on this subject.

HENRY CLAY.

There never was a political question agitated in this country more pregnant with momentous

importance to the well being of the nation than this slavery question, especially in the shape which it has now assumed. We speak not of it with reference to Kansas. True, the attention of the people of the North is artfully drawn exclusively to that territory. A loud cry of "Free Soil" and "Free Labor" is set up and the sympathies of the people solicited for its condition. We will not pause here to dwell upon the ready and complete answer to all this.—The Senate has adopted a Pacification Bill, which amply provides for the peace and the happiness of that territory,—which secures to its inhabitants every right which they should enjoy—and which fully guarantees to them the privilege which the inhabitants of all the States and all the Territories should possess, of deciding the character of all their institutions for themselves. If there have been wrongs and outrages in Kansas, this Senate Bill will prevent their recurrence. If there have been just causes of complaint, it removes them. The Democratic party favor that bill—they wish to restore peace to the Territory, and secure equal and exact justice to all its inhabitants—but the Black Republicans bitterly oppose it. The Democrats wish to avoid difficulties in Kansas, and to create peace and harmony there—the Black Republicans show, by their acts, that they desire to stimulate disorder, revolution, anarchy and bloodshed.

But no man who wishes to comprehend fully the bearing of the present slavery agitation must imagine, for a moment, that the state of affairs in Kansas is the only or the principal feature connected with it. That is but an incidental consideration. The main questions rise in importance above the fate of a thousand new and sparsely populated territories. They concern the peace and the welfare of the millions of happy people who inhabit all the States.

Whatever may be the degree of solicitude with which we regard Kansas, and the Democratic party, (in conjunction with the National Whigs,) has shown by the Pacification Bill, that it alone is truly mindful of its wants, and it alone anxious to provide a remedy for its condition: let no man forget that his first duty is to examine closely the bearings of the Black Republican agitation upon himself and upon his own immediate interests and locality.

Since the time HENRY CLAY wrote the letter published above, the Abolition party has assumed fearful proportions. It has enlisted in its service an army of agitators, whose voices incessantly bellow forth fulminations against the Constitution and the Union; and their persistent efforts have at last aroused in many quarters a responsive feeling. And now all the veteran warriors of the crusade upon the South—all the disaffected and soured politicians who have imaginary wrongs to redress—all the elements of Disunion and Abolitionism, have united together in a sectional organization, under the leadership of FREMONT with the avowed purpose of putting him in the Presidential Chair, upon no other platform of principles and with no other idea of governmental policy than that of attacking and ousting the South, and placing the whole power of the government in the hands of open and avowed Abolitionists.—It is true there are specious disguises in which this design is veiled. But look at the men who lead off the movement for FREMONT and the leading presses which advocate him. Abolition is the one great thought of their lives—anti-slavery sentiments and hostility to the South, the moving principles of all their acts. They live, and move, and have their being politically, by and through anti-slavery agitation. Their success in the Presidential contest would be the success of Abolitionism, and the government in their hands a mere engine for the enforcement of Abolition views.

Now, reader, at this point pause and reflect upon the consequence. We will not ask you here to think of the tendency of such a result upon the South, but to the people of the North. Turn for your answer to the letter of HENRY CLAY. Let the fearful words by which in his wisdom he so truthfully and so pointedly expressed the inevitable result sink deep into your heart. "DISUNION—PERPETUAL WAR—THE EXTINCTION OF THE AFRICAN RACE—ULTIMATE MILITARY DESPOTISM"—this is the fearful banquet to which Black Republicanism under the garb of philanthropy invites us, according to the testimony of the immortal CLAY! But his warning did not end there. He wished to "arouse the laboring classes in the free States against Abolitionism," because the slaves, being free, "would enter into competition with the free laborer." "REDUCE HIS WAGES," he confounded with him, and finally that the object of the Abolitionists was "to reduce the white laboring man to the despised and degraded condition of the black man." There are now desperate appeals being made to the free laborers of the North for their support of the Abolition candidate FREMONT, but will they not heed the warning CLAY has given, and which a moment's reflection will convince them is correct? We wish to heaven that every laboring man in the North, and above all in the border State of Pennsylvania, could be brought to see this question in its true light. Let it be pressed home to them by all their true friends. Let them escape ere too late the fatal net which their worst foes have set for them. The white laboring man have no deadlier enemies than the Abolitionists, and the experience of thousands of them will establish this assertion. Yet under the pretext of aiding free labor in Kansas, they would cajole them into an effort to destroy irrevocably their own best interests. Under cover of the infamously and notoriously false charge that Mr. BUCHANAN spoke in favor of a reduction of wages, they would inaugurate a movement which would cripple and destroy forever the prosperity of laboring men.

There is in the letter of HENRY CLAY matter for all to think of deeply and seriously. It comes home to the dearest interests of every man. It touches the tenderest chords of the human heart. It appeals to all that men hold justly

dear as patriots and lovers of the Union—as friends of humanity—as well-wishers of the human race—and his fearful warning should ring in the ears of every laboring man as a frightful alarm bell, to warn him ere too late, against a fearful doom of horror and destitution.—*Pennsylvaniaian.*

## HIGHLY IMPORTANT

Letter from WM. B. REED, Esq.

PHILADELPHIA, July 26th, 1856.

GENTLEMEN—Absolute inability to speak in the open air will prevent me from uniting in your Mass Meeting on the 7th of August, for I am very sure you will not be able to compress within any room built by hands all who will be with you in doing honor to Mr. Buchanan. Franklin County, if I mistake not, was his birth place. Thence he started to win his way in life, and there, and the adjacent States, amongst whom he was born, will gladly and resolutely come forward to sustain him now. The intelligent, thrifty men of your County, descendants of the robust Scotch, Irish and German pioneers of the Cumberland Valley, will not be wanting at a crisis when civil and religious liberty and the Union of the States are endangered. To the multitude which will be sure to assemble there, I could not speak—much as I wish it—but my written words of sympathy and encouragement—of earnest anxiety for the success of the Democratic ticket at both the approaching elections, (one scarcely less important than the other) I cannot withhold. I shall have my own reward if they influence a single reader. Take them, I beg you, for what they are worth. They are at least sincere and disinterested.

I have some associations with Franklin County which are peculiar. I have had friends there, in public and private life, who still live, and are dear to me, and as my seniors, honored me by their counsel. Many of them have passed away—though some are still surviving. I was in the Legislature, on the same side of politics too,—for I am not ashamed of my antecedents, and you would despise me were I to deny them—with David Fullerton and Thomas McCulloch—and I am very sure, if they were alive now, they would be neither Know-Nothings nor Abolitionists. I served long with Thomas Carson, of Mercersburg, an honest and independent man,—and if there be any one whose private worth and dignified public integrity, I have been taught especially to respect, it is his who still lives honored and esteemed among you—George Chambers. They are the personal associations which affect me. May I allude to some others?

I remember, years ago, on a bright summer's afternoon, toiling up the turnpike road on the Cove Mountain, in your county, and when I reached the summit, turning to gaze on a beautiful scene ever gladdening my eye—the valley of peaceful beauty which stretches off to Maryland and towards the Potomac. It is a familiar scene to most of you. To me it was new, and its impression has never faded from my mind. As far as the eye could reach, there was fertility—the signs of tranquil industry; all was beautiful—all was peaceful. I looked, as if they were the abode of a happy and united people. The political line separating Pennsylvania from Maryland, traced by those old-fashioned surveyors, Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, was visible to no eye. The trees on which they marked it had long been felled or disfigured. Maryland, as I saw it, was by it, but, except in the eye of the law, no one knew it or cared about it. I have often, in my painful thoughts are thrusting themselves upon me—recalled that scene of actual beauty and united interest, and realized that it would be what your condition will be—what must be the condition of every corner of this Commonwealth lying on the Maryland line: Chester, Lancaster, York, Adams, Franklin, Fulton, Bedford, Somerset, Fayette and Greene; if disunion be forced on us, and the tracture be, as it would be, between what are popularly but falsely called the free and the slave States, *between us and Maryland.* I wish every man could have a fair and honest view of a frontier in which of civilized life. Its daily, hourly vexations and dangers—its line of custom-houses to keep the smuggler in and out—the crowds of fugitives from justice and labor, instilling every avenue and concealed in every thicket—the murders, bloody line which disunion would bring and flying with the fresh blood on his hands to-day and to-morrow—the bickering, the strife, the hot blood of contentious dispute—all this, would be the daily doom of every Southern county of this State; and across the beautiful valley I have spoken of would be distressingly visible, the actual, broad, perhaps bloody line which disunion must trace. This is true, though hard to conceive. Pennsylvania, and you, citizens of Franklin county, have so long reposed in the very centre of the Union, that you cannot understand how you can be come a frontier and how you will suffer when you do.

There was a time, before the Union was framed, unless my tradition be correct, when a band of British soldiers retired they carried on an extensive trade amongst themselves, by stealing horses at the South; passing them along the line to the North where they could not be recognized, and exchanging them for other stolen at the South. The long narrow valleys and secluded corners of the Blue Mountain, afforded a convenient route and secure hiding places. These were no shabby villains; they wore the finest dresses, sported the best horses and could display more guineas and jewelry than any others in the settlements, and though the source of their sudden wealth was suspected, no one dared to prove it against them. When not engaged in stealing they resorted to counterfeiting Continental money, and sauntering round the towns passed it on travellers. If any one resisted or threatened to bring them to justice, his barn or crops were destroyed by fire. This is the story and why may it not be history again? It is the Union and the Constitution alone which prevent it—and you are asked to put them at risk.

This is no rhetorical exaggeration. It is the sure forecast of an inevitable truth—and I exaggerate as little when I say, that never until now, have I felt the danger of disunion to be imminent. I tremble, in no imaginary panic, but on sober conviction, when I think how near may be—how sure in one event it must be. Let me in temperate and guarded language say why I think there is danger and how Mr. Buchanan's election alone can avert it.

There now lies before me as I write, a few words of prophetic wisdom, written long before the present division of parties arose, which are very striking. They are the words of John C. Fremont's father-in-law: "The substitution," says Mr. Benton in the early pages of his "Thirty Years," of geographical parties discriminated by the slave line would, of course, destroy the just and proper action of the federal government, and lead eventually to a separation of the States." "If," wrote Mr. Madison nearly forty years ago, when the danger was very far off, "a state of parties should arise founded on geographical boundaries, what is to control these great republican masses from awful shocks against each other?" Now if these be words of wisdom, if such are to be the probable consequences of geographical parties strictly drawn, may not the trial of the Union be at

hand? In speaking of geographical parties, no sane man means to say or ever has said, that the mere fact of the candidates for President and Vice President on a ticket, being from one section of the country, makes a party sectional or geographical. Our political history shows this is not so—and it may admit of some question, (Mr. Fremont's residence being rather ambulatory,) whether his is in this sense a sectional party now. No one knows exactly where the Vice President is to hail from. But that which makes a party sectional and geographical, is the principle which underlies it, the influence that controls it—the aggregate merit that composes it; the flags that are flying over it; and looking at them now, when there is a party more intensely and magnificently sectional, more offensively geographical than that which in the last campaign of counterfeits, dared to call itself Republican. I have not time, nor is it the way convenient to say facts, to point to the proof of this, so far as individuals are concerned. There is not a leading Abolition agitator in Pennsylvania who is not enrolled in the Republican ranks. You know it in your own neighborhood. I see it in mine. The campaign is conducted on purely Abolition principles, and those principles are avowed to be hostility to Southern interests and insult to Southern feelings. Nay, further: so confessed is this sectionalism, that this Republican party does not pretend to ask a single electoral vote, or venture to circulate an electoral ticket south of Pennsylvania. It is meant to be an absolute triumph of the North over the South. Nothing less will satisfy those who control it.

Now when it is said or foretold that to this the South cannot submit, and that in this refusal, the Union breaks asunder, I appeal to candid and conservative men in the North, is there not reason in it? The converse of the proposition could be stated, would the South certainly not, and that which is called disorganizing rebellion and treason now, would be honorable resistance then. It is painful to write or talk about such things, but we cannot shut our eyes to them. An Executive administration elected on the principles of the Republican party, and influenced by its spirit, could not organize itself—and when the hour of distraction and disunion comes, it will require a wiser and calmer intelligence than fanaticism can furnish to compose the storm—a hand stronger than that of an adventurer to hold the helm.

The danger is before us and around us. As a citizen of the North, I have sought to conceal it myself, but it will not do so at my bidding. I do not draw this inference from the language of extreme men; but when I hear a Senator from Kentucky—a Whig Senator—a moderate and conservative man, within this month, in his place in the Senate, say—"I have never paid much attention to the talk about a dissolution of the Union; but I have often thought on this subject, and my conviction is that the election of Fremont, or any man of that party, is the death knell of the Union" (speech of Thompson, *National Intelligencer*, July 17.) When such words as these are uttered, not by the heated South, but by the temperate North, we have a right to say there is danger and very great danger too. The South on this subject of the Presidency, is not violent or loud, but its silence is very ominous and most impressive.

Mr. Buchanan stands before the nation—and this is the greatest crisis in his life. He is the representative of the conservative man, and should be the representative of the representative of the principle which alone can avert their evils, that of repression and extinction of all agitation on the subject of slavery, let it come from what quarter it may. He has said in simple and earnest language that the great crisis in his life is the good of the nation, come to an end, the representative of the end to be, by the strong moral power which a national man can exercise, and at a time when the relations of the Union are not disturbed but harmonized and reconciled by the expression of the popular will, rebuking decisively fanaticism of any sort—and that he will not be the man to do this. He is bound to give. Without this cooperation, Mr. Buchanan may strive and strive successfully to stay this noisy current of political agitation. With it, his success is easy and the peace of the nation is secured. It is the conviction of this—aside altogether from personal regard that has brought me and thousands like me to his support.

For a Pennsylvania man—for one whose earliest lesson was reverence for the great principle which William Penn enunciated, and whose habits of thought and education make him adverse to secret or intolerant political organization, there was no other path open. That into which some inconsiderate people are now so ready to rush, is known as the "American" organization, can have no attraction for me or any conservative man. Believing, as I do, that Mr. Fillmore took more than one initiatory oath in a Know Nothing Lodge, by which he bound himself to proscribely politically his fellow-citizens of the same faith, and those who happened to have been born abroad, and to conform his opinions and regulate his political action by the decision of a secret, oath-bound, political club, I cannot vote for him. My antipathy to this secret and unconstitutional organization is no new feeling; it spoke it out long ago; I shall never change it. As one of the leaders of this party of intolerance, as one who gave to it the authority of his name and past position, I hold Mr. Fillmore responsible for a deep wound to the cause of political morality. If there is one thing about which the people of this country are and ought to be sensitive, it is their right to worship God as they please. They claim to worship God under such forms of ecclesiastical discipline as they choose to enforce upon themselves,—with such ceremonial, simple or elaborate, as they please, on such days and in such places, as they choose for themselves, and this great privilege of religious duty the Constitution guards and protects. It is equally the privilege of all. There is not a Protestant who is not as much interested in guarding this constitutional right as the Catholic Christians whom Mr. Fillmore, and his secret confederates, have sworn to proscribely. It was, I repeat, the worst wrong ever inflicted on political morality in this country, when the secret oath-bound associations of religious intolerance were created. It was a sad spectacle when a statesman like Mr. Fillmore, joined them.

Regretting once more that I am unable to be with you, and to say what I have thus written, I am very respectfully, your friend,

WILLIAM B. REED.

## A Touching Incident.

The saddest story that we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours reader, whom his mother one bright morning rigged out in a beautiful jacket all shining with gilt and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss Cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped him from the earth and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagle had abandoned its nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

## The Fremont of Debate.

The clamor raised by the friends of Fremont on account of the alleged violations of the freedom of debate by southern men has induced the Plaindealer to reproduce from its columns of 1850 an incident in the short senatorial career of Colonel Fremont which forcibly illustrates his fitness as the candidate of the shriekers for free speech. It is as follows:

THE FOOTE AND FREMONT DIFFICULTY.—The difficulty between Senators Foote and Fremont, grew out of the circumstance that Foote charged Fremont in the Senate, with seeking legislation in reference to the gold mines for the sake of his own private advantage, which Fremont pronounced false. Afterwards they met in the antechamber, when Fremont struck Foote and brought blood. They were immediately separated by Senator Clark. Subsequently Fremont addressed a note to Foote, demanding a retraction of the language used by him in debate, to be signed in the presence of witnesses, and a challenge note was left if he refused.

Mr. Foote declined to sign the paper, but addressed a note in reply to Fremont, disclaiming any intention of giving any personal offence in the language used by him in debate.

The friends of both parties considered this satisfactory to Fremont, but, at his instance, the note of Mr. Foote was submitted to Colonel Benton, who consented to the arrangement. The following card is the result:

WASHINGTON, September 28, 1850.

A CARD.—The undersigned are authorized to state that the difficulty between the Hon. H. S. Foote and the Hon. J. C. Fremont, growing out of certain expressions used by the former in relation to the California bill in the Senate last evening, has been adjusted satisfactorily and honorably to both those gentlemen. Signed,

A. C. DODGE,  
WM. GIVEN,  
HENRY W. SIBLEY,  
RODMAN M. PRICE.

## LETTER FROM MARTIN VAN BUREN.

In answer to an invitation from the Tammany Society to celebrate the 4th of July with them, Ex-President Van Buren has written a long and able letter, giving his views in relation to the Presidential election and the political questions connected therewith. He was opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, but argues that its restoration now, if practicable, could effect no good purpose. In relation to the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, he says:

"Mr. Buchanan, in his letter of acceptance, pledges himself to the people, 'should the nomination of the Convention be ratified by the people, that all the power and influence constitutionally possessed by the Executive shall be exerted in a firm but conciliatory spirit, during the single term he shall remain in office, to restore the same harmony among the sister States which prevailed before the apple of discord, in the form of slavery agitation, had been cast into their midst.' He knows that this pledge can be redeemed but in one way, and that is by securing to the bona fide settlers of the Territory, if matters should be allowed to remain as they now stand, the full, free and practical enjoyment of the rights intended to be granted to them by the organic act, including that of free suffrage, and none will understand better than he, that nothing short of the substance of those rights would answer the purpose, or satisfy the excited and vigilant scrutiny of those who will watch every step that is taken in the matter.—Doubts were at once thrown out—I know not from what quarter—in regard to the power of the Executive to give this security; but affairs now in progress show that these doubts, if they ever existed, have been dispelled. The Constitution makes it the express duty of the Federal Executive to see that 'the laws are faithfully executed,' and he is clothed with powers adequate to its performance.

"Will Mr. Buchanan, if elected, redeem his pledge? I believe he will, and therefore I will cheerfully support him. All that can be asked of him is to do equal and exact justice to every section of the country—to exercise the high powers with which he will be invested to secure the object in view, as well because it will be right to do so, as because there may be reason to fear that the existence of the government itself may depend upon his securing it.—So much has been said in regard to the dangers with which the Union is threatened, as to require no inconsiderable effort on the part of an earnest man, to touch upon the solemn theme, for fear he might be suspected of a desire to prostitute it to comparatively petty purposes.—But all must admit it to be certain that there never was a period in the history of this republic when sectional animosities were so rife, or had, to so great an extent, inflamed the masses of the people. If the confederacy shall prove strong enough to withstand the torrents of bitter water, it will afford the best evidence that the love of union is as deeply impressed upon the American heart as its most sanguine friends have imagined it to be. I see good grounds for hope that such may be the happy issue out of our present alarming condition, in the prospect of Mr. Buchanan's election. He is neither an untried man nor one of ordinary stamp. He has for a long time been favorably known to the public service, and comes before the country with a character already formed, and a mind thoroughly trained in the school of experience. In regard to the future action of such a man, his constituents are not left to conjecture and hope, but may form positive opinions. He has established a foreign reputation, in regard to which he cannot fail to be solicitous. He has, with characteristic good sense relieved himself from the imputation of being influenced by a desire to conciliate any special or partial interest, with a view to re-election, and his acts from misconstructions, which the suspicion of being so influ-

enced might engender. That a man with such antecedents, and occupying such a position, acting in a matter of sufficient interest to attract the attention of the world, and in the presence of a free and intelligent people, among whom he was reared and expects to spend the evening of his life, can fail to perform his entire duty when the path that leads to it is so plain that 'the wayfaring man, though a fool, could not err therein,' is a consummation that I am very certain can never be realized."

## Great Sufferings among the California Passengers, by way of Nicaragua—One Hundred and Twenty Deaths.

The True California gives the following account of the dreadful sufferings endured by the passengers who left New York in April last for California, by way of Nicaragua:

The steamer *Orizaba* left New York on the 8th of April, with some five hundred passengers, for California, by way of Nicaragua. On the 16th she arrived at San Juan, and the passengers disembarked. By means of open boats they started up the river, during a soaking rain. The exposure caused them much suffering.—When they arrived at Castilla, they were informed that the transit across the country was closed; and after two days' delay, during which they were constantly exposed to the weather, they were told if they chose, they could return to New York; but only fifteen minutes were allowed them; and as they were compelled to abandon their baggage in case they concluded to go back, three hundred of the passengers determined to push on.

They were taken to Granada, where they were detained a month, notwithstanding that an epidemic was prevailing there. Here the most fearful disease commenced to rage among them. In four weeks, seventy nine of the three hundred were buried. During this time they suffered every privation—many were without means, and those who had money were compelled to put up with extortion and robbery at every hand.

On the 20th May, in the evening, news reached Granada of the arrival of the *Sierra Nevada*, at San Juan del Sur, and three hours were given the surviving passengers, sick and well, to get on board the Lake steamer. At the time, it was pouring rain and pitch dark. The sick were carried down, in the best manner possible, all getting thoroughly drenched. Upon reaching the landing of the Lake steamer, they were kept in the rain until they had exhibited their tickets, which detained them several hours. Finally, all were crowded on board, but before morning, three of the sick died, and were sent on shore.

On the Lake steamer, the scene is described as having been dreadful. The passengers were crowded together like sheep in a pen. There was scarcely room for the sick to lie down.—For nineteen hours they were thus confined, suffering every torture of body and of mind; several poor wretches gave up the ghost on the boat, and others died while attempting the journey from the Lake to San Juan. After they embarked in the *Sierra Nevada*, the sickness broke out again, and during the passage from San Juan to this boat thirty-three deaths occurred.

Awkward.—A young and very handsome lady was a few days since a passenger in an omnibus in New York, in which was a party of Spaniards, who began in their own language a rather particular discussion of her charms.—They continued it without restraint until they reached their destination. In getting out, one of them happened to step upon her dress. What was his astonishment to hear her very quietly inform him of the fact in frightful good Castilian. The astonishment and embarrassment, chagrin, excuses and apologies, are all in that long catalogue of things which "can only be imagined."

Married Women, with brutes for husbands, may find their legal rights considerably extended by the following, which is contained in an act approved by the Governor of Pennsylvania on the 11th ult:

Section 3. That whenever any husband shall have deserted or separated himself from his wife, or neglected or refused to support her, or she shall have been divorced from his bed and board, it shall be lawful for her to protect her reputation by an action for slander or libel, and she shall also have the right by action to recover her separate earnings or property: Provided, That if her husband be the defendant, the action shall be in the name of a next friend.

A GOOD SIGN IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The New Bedford Express, which was started as an American organ, refuses to be transferred to the Fremont party, but runs up the names of Buchanan and Breckinridge, and is battling manfully and efficiently for their success. The editor says that the democrats are cordially sustaining him, and that amongst his warmest supporters are many who have heretofore acted with the whig and other parties; but being national men, with hearts too large to love only fifteen of the thirty-one States, like Noah's dove, could find no resting-place outside the democratic ark.

ALL RIGHT IN KENTUCKY.—The Louisville Times of the 15th instant assures us that Kentucky is as safe for Buchanan and Breckinridge as Mississippi or Alabama.

The Louisville Courier, a whig paper, thus speaks in its issue of the 14th of the prospect in Kentucky. It says:

"If the election were held to-day, Buchanan's majority in Kentucky would probably reach ten thousand; but when the fact becomes, as it will, more and more clear that Buchanan is the only chance to defeat Fremont, there will, we predict, be a general stampede, and we shall not be surprised if his majority in Kentucky reaches double or treble, or even quadruple, that number. We speak seriously, deducing effect from cause."