

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. ROWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, FEB. 9, 1855.

VOL. XXIII, NO. 25.

Select Poetry.



Daily Duties.

Our daily paths! with thorns or flowers,
We can at will bestow them;
What bliss would guide the passing hours,
If we but rightly knew them.
The way of life is rough at best,
But briars yield the roses;
So that which yields to joy and rest,
The hardest path discloses.

The weeds that oft we cast away
Their simple beauty scorn;
Would form a wreath of purest ray,
And prove the best adorning.
So in our daily paths, 'twere well
To call each gift a treasure,
However slight, where love can dwell
With life-renewing pleasures!

The Farmer's Life.

The Farmer's life is the life for me—
I own I love it dearly;
And every season, full of gloom,
I'll take its labor, cheerily;
To plow or sow, to reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh, sir—
All one to me, I plainly see—
'Twill bring me health and cash, sir.

The Lawyer leads a harass'd life,
Much like the hunted otter;
And 'twixt his own and others' strife,
He's always in hot water.
For foe or friend, the cause defend,
However wrong, must he, sir,
In reason spite, maintain his right,
And daily earn his fee, sir.

The Doctor's styled a gentleman,
But this I hold but humbug;
For, like a favored waiting man,
To every call he's coming.
Now here, now there, must he repair,
Or starve, sir, by denying,
Like death itself, unhappy elf,
He thrives by others dying.

The Farmer's life then let me live,
Obtaining, while I lead it,
Enough for self, and some to give
To such poor souls as need it.
I'll drain and fence, nor grudge expense,
And give my land good dressing;
I'll plow and sow, and drill in rows,
And hope for Heavenly blessing.

VISION OF HELL.

Following him as before, down, down, down,
I entered into another vast apartment,
lighted by a most flattering but dubious and unsatisfying
gloom. Taking my seat, as usual, I felt
the pressure of his two fingers again on the op-
posite side of my head.

What now? he inquired.
Ay, I know not what, said I. It is not hope,
nay! it is hope; but how strange! It does not
resemble such hope as mortals have, and yet it
carries its features well. It is a hope in doing
wrong. It is entered in whatever may oppose
itself to good. Sin, rebellion, treason to Heav-
en, mutiny, and rage and fierce revenge, and
plots of deep and subtle purpose, such as may,
perchance, succeed against the Almighty and
hurl him from his seat—this is now my hope;
and yet this hope, stilled by reason, maddened
by fear, condemned by conscience, is pushed
on to powerful despair. Despair is powerful.
It is the insanity of hope; and insanity is often
stronger than sanity. It sometimes breathes
resistless valor into timid breasts. It causes the
fearful fawn to turn upon its pursuer, and makes
a vulture of the dove. Come, then, fell des-
pair, be thou my hope! and heaven shall yet
trouble when thou shalt marshall all thy rage.
Nay, but he is Almighty, I am not; he is all
good; I am not; all my powers and passions
war, by turns, upon my purpose, which is noth-
ing but loss of every expectation but that of
eternal woe! Come woe, come ruin, come
whatever lies next above annihilation, which I
covet, but cannot have, and bury me in deep ob-
livion, where no thought of life, no ray of
light, no beam of goodness, no hope of mercy,
no look of love, may ever reach me more! Nay,
Oh, God! I will live! This last, deepless,
deathless element survives to torture me forever;
and forever I am doomed to live the black
death of unchangeable despair.

Now thou hast pricked the worm which coils
eternally about my heart to sting my soul for-
ever, and pierce me with undying pangs. This,
with thy other tortures, would alone be hell—
That thou dost carry in thee. It is thyself,
from whom thou canst never make one brief
remove. Always to be thyself is hell. Fire,
and all physical tortures, would be harmless
here. Depraved by sin, with thy memory har-
rowing up thy recollection of better days, with
thy imagination filling thee with the most
fearful shapes, with thy best affections centred
in the love of sin, with thy anger raging against
the essence of all good, and, worst of all, with
thy deathless conscience forever damning thee
with its intolerable rebukes—this last one is
hell. This is Hell we feel; and thou shalt sink
deeper into it, while the cycle of eternal ages
roll!

Is there, then, no reprieve?

None.

Is there no speculation, no tradition handed
down, of some period, however far away in the
depths of revolving ages, when some change for
the better may arrive?

None whatever.

Is there no hope that the souls, worn out with
pain, will sink beneath its load and die?

No, never! Every moment gives it new capac-
ity to suffer woe. There will come a time
when thy grown heart shall hold more torment
than all the suffering sons of cursed Adam ever
knew by poverty, disease, misfortune, flood or
fire! Thou shalt afterwards carry more pain
than all Hell itself now knows. Thy being's

law is growth. Hast thou come here with a
heaven-formed character, heaven itself could
not now furnish thee a measure of thy future
joy; but, with a mind bred to sin, there is
naught before thee but the deeper and deeper
depth of insufferable agony and despair! Look
thou upon those awful depths, where shapes
of misery thicken and blacken as thy vision
travels down. Behold them descending towards
the bottomless abyss of woe! Mark the dial-
face of that massive clock above thee, whose
pendulum ticks ages instead of seconds; and
every time the hammer of it hits the doleful bell,
the words forever! FOREVER!! FOREVER!!!
roll and reverberate through the deep caves of
Hell. As I lay this crown upon thy head,
which shall touch thy faculties into ten-fold
life, harrowing them all up to their horrid work,
I leave thee as thou didst first desire, to wander
thy way down alone!

No sooner had the crown fairly settled upon
my head, than every power and propensity of
my perverted nature rose into a rage of activity
which I had never known before. If the
excitement of a single faculty under the success-
ive touches of my instructor, could cause me
such insufferable agonies, what words shall ex-
press the repeated hails of their combined and
concentrated action! Like one on fire with delir-
ium, I ran down the rapid descent, hall to
hall, flight after flight, determined, as soon as
possible, to reach the lowest level of the strange
edifice, and thence plunge at once into the last
abyss of ruin; but when that awful verge was
gained, and the plunge made, I found myself
descending through regions of thick darkness to
an unknown and perhaps unexisting bottom,
a horror so terrible took possession of me that I
awoke from the frightful vision, which, in spite
of the cold snow upon which I was lying, had
caused great drops of perspiration to stand upon
my forehead.—Sketches of the three-fold Life
of Man.

An Elopement.

A gentleman named Storer, from Ohio, while
on a visit to some friends in the vicinity of Eliza-
bath-town, a few miles above this city, eventu-
ally became enamored of Miss S., a lady residing
in the neighborhood. Previous to his depar-
ture for home, he made a proposition of mar-
riage, which was accepted by the lady. The
father of the lady, on being informed of the cir-
cumstance, withheld his assent, and forbid the
gentleman access to his house. A close watch
was kept on the motions of the love-lorn lass—
notwithstanding her declaration that she would
let the matter drop, and think no more about
it. Nothing remarkable was observed in her
conduct for some time—when one evening af-
ter tea she betrayed an uneasiness of manner,
and was dressed with greater taste and pre-
cision than was usual on ordinary occasions; this
excited and confirmed the suspicions of the fam-
ily; but she repaired to her room in company
with a younger sister as usual. She did not re-
turn, however, until some time after her sister,
and then gently laid down without undressing,
where she remained about an hour—when,
thinking her companion in the land of dreams,
and her lover in the woods, she crept stealthily
away, and at the "witching hour of night," was
about taking leave of the paternal roof, when she
was hailed by her sister, who, although feign-
ing sleep, had been wide awake. The romantic
lady was not to be impeded by trifles, and
borne on the wings of love, disappeared in a
neighboring wood. The father and brother
were aroused and started in pursuit; but not find-
ing the fugitive they proceeded to Elizabeth-
town, about a mile distant, and stopped at a hot-
el to which it was presumed they would re-
pair. The landlord informed them that there
were no young lovers in his house; and they
were about departing, when the enamored
twain appeared. Here was a crisis. The angry
father and son—the ardent and gallant and his
sweet captive, met face to face. But no weapon
was used, no blustering indulged in. The old
man gently admonishes his wayward child of the
madness of her conduct—reminds her of a home
of ease and plenty—and requests her to return.
The daughter asks her parent to forgive any
wrong she may have done, but expresses her
unyielding determination to marry the young
man. The clergyman was sent for, and the
sorrowful old man would have remained to wit-
ness the ceremony which consigned his child to
the guardianship of another, had he not been
constrained by his son to depart.

The parties were united in wedlock between
two and three o'clock in the morning, and a
few days after left for the home of the groom
in the State of Ohio. The lady's parents are
very respectable, and in easy circumstances. The
young man is said to possess nothing but a fair
character and a good constitution.—Pittsburg
Union.

The Lofty and the Lowly.—The Washing-
ton Union indulges in the following sensible re-
marks:

Who is he, no matter how exalted his posi-
tion, who has no relatives among the humblest?
The writer himself has seen members of the im-
mediate families of two Presidents of this repub-
lic toiling for their support in the severest of
employments; and it is probable no man has oc-
cupied the White House who has not been aw-
ared that many of his kindred, unless relieved
by himself, were reckoned among the poor, if
not the honest of the land. The only brother
of Clay was a cabinet-maker. Webster, the
giant of Statesmen, and the ornament of his coun-
try, had a brother-in-law who never learned to
read until after completing the period of three
score and ten; and a majority of the first States-
men of the present time are the energetic and
ambitious sons of poor, but honest parents. Ev-
erett, who will never blush to hear it, was dis-
covered in his younger pursuit of knowledge,
under difficulties of poverty—though they pre-
sented to him but slight impediments on the
road to renown.

AN ALLEGED BIGAMIST IN TROUBLE.—A
man who was once a resident of Raleigh, and

who is quite extensively known on account of
other species of duplicity and fraud, was in
Washington city last summer and fall, living in
the finest style, driving the most elegant estab-
lishment of which the city could boast, and ob-
taining a great deal of money. In the meantime
an acquaintance was formed with a lovely young
lady from New York, and their intimacy final-
ly ripened into courtship, and on the 10th of
October last they were married in New York.
Thus far matters had gone on very smoothly,
until recently some suspicious circumstances
gave rise to inquiries being made of one of our
citizens as to his character, &c., when lo! the
crushing, blasting truth was made known that
he had a lawful wife and children in this city,
whom he had deserted and basely betrayed and
scandalized. These facts being received, the
base deceiver was arrested, and is now lodged
in Delaware county jail, N. Y., awaiting his
trial upon the charge of bigamy; and irrefuta-
ble testimony has been and will be collected and
forwarded proving his first marriage in this city,
several years ago.—Raleigh N. C. Age.

Bloody Fight between a Californian and a
Grizzly Bear.—Last week a young man left
St. Andrew for a stroll over the hills, taking
with him only a pistol and a knife, and in his
wanderings came on a large grizzly bear,
which, after a short struggle, struck him to the
ground, throwing him on his pistol side, there-
by rendering it impossible to use that weapon
in defence. He was able to draw his knife,
which he used pretty freely on old bruin, and
was shortly enabled to regain his feet, when he
pitched so bravely into his savage assailant that
the grizzly hauled off for a breathing spell.—
This was also an advantage to the young man,
which he so successfully employed as to be in a
better condition to continue the fight.

The amicable lasted but for a short time—
the grizzly was cautiously coming up to renew
the battle, when the young man, with knife in
hand, although severely wounded, charged upon
the monster with a whoop and yell, burying
the knife in the animal's neck, which being
more than he had reckoned on, and not at all
agreeable, old grizzly turned tail and trotted off,
fairly beaten in a stand-up fight of his own
seeking. The brave young fellow then beto't
him of his pistol, the contents of two barrels of
which he discharged into his retreating foe.
This is the second fight this young man has had
with bears. He was found by his partner very
much cut and torn, and removed to San An-
drew, where his wounds were dressed, and he is
now in a fair way of recovery. We are sorry
the name of this brave fellow has escaped our
memory—he is well known in San Andrew,
where he resides.—Calaveras Chronicle, Decem-
ber 2.

SINGULAR DEVELOPMENTS.—The Raiguel
Robbery.—Arrest and Confession of the Of-
fender.—On Saturday, before All. Kenney, a
young man named Henry Wilson Williams,
was charged with highway robbery, in knock-
ing down Mr. Jacob Raiguel in July last, and
robbing him of a gold watch and chain. A
few weeks after the commission of the offence,
a young man known as Dock Ennis, was ar-
rested from the description given by Mr. Rai-
guel and another gentleman who had seen him,
and he was tried before Judge Kelly and con-
victed, though quite a number of witnesses
swore to have been elsewhere at the time of the
robbery, as fixed by Mr. Raiguel. A motion
was made for a new trial in the case, and it was
granted. Ennis was liberated, and was not
tried a second time. A few days ago a gold
watch was left at a watchmaker's in this city
for repair. It curiously enough happened that
out of the several hundred watches which in this
city, it was sent to one who knew it to be Rai-
guel's from his having put cases on it. Mr. R.
was apprised of the fact, and after a consulta-
tion with Mr. Reed the matter was placed in
hands of officers Seed and Summers, of the
Mayor's police, who, with the aid of officer
Hickman, of the Thirteenth Ward, traced it to
Williams, the prisoner. He soon after the rob-
bery had sold it at an auction store in Spring
Garden, and it had passed through the hands of
two or three. On Saturday, Williams made a
clear breast of it, confessing that he did the
deed, and professing some little contrition. At
first he implicated Ennis, but afterwards disav-
owed that he had any connection with it. Mr.
Raiguel was examined before the Aldermen, on
Saturday, and gave a detailed statement of the
robbery as far as he could recollect the circum-
stances. The weapon used by the robber to
knock Mr. R. down was a slung shot of a dead-
ly character, being a heavy paving stone tied
up in a handkerchief. The injuries of Mr. Rai-
guel were so serious that his life was despaired
of for several weeks. Williams is about the
built man of Ennis, but of different features and
complexion. He is a brother to the young
butcher, who, twelve years ago, murdered a lad
in the High Street market. The worst feature
in the case is, that he was not compelled by
his necessities to the commission of crime. He
was committed to answer the offence, \$3000
bail being required.—Philadelphia News.

Graphic.

Mrs. Swishelm, in the Pittsburg Gazette,
thinks that the sterner sex had better devote
their attention to their own ridiculous fashions
in dress, rather than to find so much fault with
the ladies. The gentlemen of Pittsburg must
be rather a comical looking set, if Mrs. S.'s por-
trait of them is correct. She says:—"Here,
for two winters, they have been stalking around,
looking for all the world like so many pumpkins
with two corn stalks stuck in the blossom end,
and a bit of stem left on the other—in coats just
the length of a farmer's wamus, a half yard too
wide stuffed with wadding, and drawn up
around their ears—sleeves like meal sacks, and
pantaloons as tight as fiddle strings. To see
them handle their drum-sticks in this outfit was
a natural curiosity. This winter the still-like
supporters mysteriously disappear; pantaloons

are invisible, and coats bid fair to rival ladies'
skirts in the sublime art of street sweeping."

TAMPERING WITH JURORS.

This offence, called in law "Embracery," is
it appears greatly on the increase in this State,
and every Court in the commonwealth should
exert all the power with which it is vested for
its suppression and punishment. It is a too
common practice for parties having suits pend-
ing in our Courts, to intrude themselves into
the company of men whom they know have
been summoned as Jurors, and to converse with
them upon the merits of their case, thus at-
tempting to bias their opinions and warp their
judgments. This is altogether wrong, and is an
offence of the deepest dye against the rights and
interests of every citizen, and which, when
brought to the notice of the Court, should be
punished in the most exemplary manner. Our
Courts, too, should strictly prohibit the publica-
tion in the newspapers of the names of the Ju-
rors, Grand and Traverse, as the publicity thus
given them enables unprincipled and designing
litigants the more readily to accomplish their
own sinister and interested purposes.

An offence of this description was lately com-
mitted in Berks county, in this State, and the
offender prosecuted therefor. From a report of
the trial, we give an abstract of the opinion of
Judge Jones:

Commonwealth vs. J. D. Kauffman. This
was an indictment of embracery, or attempting
to improperly influence a Jurymen. The case
was one determined the annual value of a farm,
in which Jacob Forney was Plaintiff. Lydia For-
ney—the mother-in-law of John D. Kauffman,
was defendant—the defendant asserted it was
worth \$600. Kauffman remarked with a view
of two of the Jurors, standing by the Court
House, hearing it, that he would not give one
hundred a year for it. For this he is found
guilty of the charge preferred. The Judge gave
this wide application of the law in such cases.

From the moment that the name of the juror
is announced in the papers, yes, from the time
it is drawn from the wheel, his person is con-
secrated to the purpose of justice. The law draws
around him an invisible cord which no man
may pass but at his peril. It is as complete the
moment he is selected as when he is impelled.

This institution is attacked by any attempt
to influence or prejudice a jury. The defend-
ant in this case is charged with such an attempt.
To speak of a case accidentally in the presence of
jurors without knowing their character, is no
offence; but if the defendant knew they were
jurors, and knowingly used language in their
hearing calculated to influence their verdict,
the offence is complete. No one is permitted
to speak to or at a juror. It will not do to sit
down in a tavern and discuss a case in the
hearing of jurors, although not a word may be
addressed to them. Any attempt to influence
their minds is an offence in the eyes of the law,
and punishable.

A Marriage License Fraudulently Obtained.
—A Scene in Court.—The Richmond Enquirer
gives the following as the sequel to the
Schonberger case, which has afforded so much
food for gossip in the Virginia papers:

The case of Lewis Schonberger, ex Patrick
Jordan, to obtain possession of his (S.'s) wife,
alleged to be forcibly and unlawfully detained
by J., the father, came before Judge Clopton,
on a writ of *habeas corpus*, on Saturday last at
the State court-house. Mr. Elliott, clerk of
Henrico county, testified that he had issued a li-
cense for the marriage of Schonberger to Miss
Jordan, on the authority of a written order from
S., presented by a man named Hughes, who
solemnly swore that Miss Jordan was twenty-
one years of age; and the Rev. Philip Courtney
stated that the parties came to his house, on
Church Hill, on Sunday night, the 21st inst.,
and were married under said license. Thomas
P. August, Esq., counsel for the bridegroom,
maintained the informality and trickery in ob-
taining the license, and the failure to obtain the
consent of the parent, did not vitiate or render
null and void the marriage; and W. W. Crump,
Esq., counsel for the father, claiming the child
on the ground that she was only eighteen years
of age, argued that a parent, under the laws of
Virginia, was entitled to the services and guar-
dianship of his infant child until he had given
his consent to the marriage, or until she had
been married under a legal and legitimate, and
not a false and corrupt license.

Judge Clopton, after the argument of coun-
sel had been submitted, read the law governing
his powers in the case, and said he had no diffi-
culty in deciding the marriage, notwithstanding
the manner in which the license was obtained,
was a valid one, and that, consequently, the
husband was entitled to the possession of his
wife. He therefore directed that she be given
into his charge. Schonberger immediately
approached her, placed her arm under his,
and they left the court-house together, surround-
ed by a large crowd of persons who had been
anxiously awaiting the result of the contest.—
Thus, it appears, that although Jordan is a
hard road to travel, Schonberger, by the aid
of perjury, has succeeded in getting over it."

The Enquirer adds:
"When Judge Clopton announced his deci-
sion in favor of restoring to Schonberger his
wife, a shout of exultation went up from the
large crowd such as we have never before wit-
nessed in the halls of justice. The applause
was as noisy and disorderly as it was disgraceful."

Diabolical Outrage at Sandlake.—The Albany
Register says a negro took lodgings at
George Miller's tavern, West Sandlake, Rens-
selaer county, on Saturday night last, and af-
ter the inmates had retired armed himself with
the foot-round of the bedstead in his room, and en-
tering the apartment in which the bar-tender—
Mr. Josiah Siperly—was sleeping in bed with
George Smith, committed a violent assault upon
them. He struck Mr. Siperly so hard with the

stick he had armed himself with that he knock-
ed out a number of his teeth. He struck the
other man on the side of the face, and broke his
jaw. Probably thinking he had killed both, he
then left the weapon, and, breaking through
two doors, entered a room where a man and
his wife were sleeping. The man heard his
approach, and, seeing him enter, sprang from
his bed and clutched him by the throat. The
female shouted murder; the landlord and the
whole house were aroused; and presently the
bar-tender, armed with the round of the bed-
stead with which he had been assaulted, rushed
in, and was about to strike the scoundrel with
it, when he was restrained by Mr. Miller, and
the scoundrel was secured. He was taken to
Troy. His object was, no doubt, to murder and
then plunder.

The Cores of a Crowned Head.—In the
course of his last letter to the *Courier des Etats*
Unis, its Paris correspondent, E. Gallairdet,
has the following:

"The Emperor has sought a diversion from
the pressing cares which the precarious situa-
tion of the army in the East has caused him—
He has shut himself up—invisible to the whole
world, save his ministers—in the Palace of St.
Cloud. He, who is ordinarily so calm, cannot
now, it is said, conceal his irritation. Nobody
dares to approach him. The Empress seems to
have lost that supreme influence with which
her grace, her sweetness, and her beauty have
hitherto invested her. In the midst of contin-
ual and violent rains, St. Cloud has become to
her a dreary abode. She desired to return to
the Tuileries, but her august husband for thir-
teen days resisted her wishes. To him solitude
was a necessity. He recovered his serenity
and consented to return to the Tuileries, when
he learned that Austria had joined the allies.—
His diplomacy has borne him a great triumph—
he sees that France returns to him which at
one time seemed so far away."

WRECK OF THE BARK ARGYLE.—Another
melancholy shipwreck, attended with great
suffering and loss of life, has just occurred on
the coast of New Jersey. At midnight, on the
night of Sunday, the 28th, the bark Argyle,
Capt. Burton, came ashore about five miles to
the south of Squan Inlet. The bark struck
several times, very heavily, on the outer bar,
and then swung round, stern toward the shore.
The Captain and crew exerted themselves to the
utmost to get her off, but all their efforts proved
unsuccessful. The heavy sea broke constantly
over her deck, and both Captain and crew were
soon compelled to take refuge in the rigging for
their lives.

All through the black night the Bark beat
with tremendous violence upon the bar, and
every wave that rolled in shore threatened to
engulf all on board.

At length day dawned, and the fearful situa-
tion of the mariners was discovered by the coast
people, who, with their accustomed humanity,
promptly proceeded to the rescue. The life-
boats were soon brought to the beach, but owing
to the tremendous sea then running, it would
have been madness to launch them. So the
survivors were obliged to stand on the beach, list-
ening to the harrowing cries of the shipwrecked
mariners for help, without being able to go
to their aid, save at the cost of their own lives.
Gradually the suffering men, worn out with
fasting and the perishing cold, and exhausted by
the fierce buffeting of the waves, one by one,
loosed their hold, and dropped into the boiling
sea, or were washed from their places of re-
fuge by the great waves, and perished in the
sea, while those who longed to assist them were
forced to look impotently upon their sufferings,
debarred from doing ought but sympathizing
with their distress, or mourning their dreadful
death.

When our informant left the beach, at 3 o'-
clock P. M. of the 29th, four of the crew and
one passenger had been drowned. One man
came ashore, manifesting signs of life, and he
was subsequently resuscitated. The remainder
of the ship's company—numbering five persons
—were alive on the wreck, but no hopes were
entertained by the people on shore of their ul-
timate safety. The bark had broken up, her
masts had snapped off, and these poor starved
and half-frozen beings had crawled out upon
the bow-sprit—the only place of refuge left to
them. The sea was continually washing over
them, and momentarily threatening to swallow
up the last fragment of the devoted vessel, and
the last members of her hapless crew.

Mr. J. S. Forman, agent of the underwrit-
ers, and Mr. J. W. Morris, Coast Inspector,
as well as many other competent coastmen and
wreckers, were speedily on the spot, after the
situation of the bark became known; but as in
too many cases, the appliances provided by the
Government for the saving of life, proved worth-
less. Nothing could be done but to stand and
look on the destruction of life and property in
utter helplessness.—N. Y. Tribune.

Another "Infernal Machine" at Cincinnati.
A diabolical attempt was made on Monday eve-
ning to destroy the family of Cyrus Swish-
helm, at Cincinnati, the particulars of which
the Enquirer gives:

"On the evening in question, Mr. Swishelm
and family, consisting of five persons, were
seated around the fire, when a huge ball descend-
ed the chimney, and bouncing into the fire,
rolled in a bright blaze into the middle of the
floor. It was made of cotton saturated with
turpentine, and during its brief contact with
the fire had become ignited. Luckily, a pail
of water was standing near, and Mr. Swishelm
catching the burning ball in his hand, instantly
immersed it in the water and extinguished it.
Upon opening the ball it was found to be filled
with gunpowder and slugs, and fortunate indeed
was it for Mr. Swishelm and his family that
the water was near, as otherwise he says he
would have hurled it into the fire, in which
case, in all probability, it would have been his
painful province to have recorded another event

as horrible in its details as that which transpired
at the Marine Hospital.

A SAD, SAD SCENE.—The New York Jour-
nal of Commerce, of Wednesday morning last,
thus touchingly alludes to the closing scene of
the late terrible calamity near that city:

"Yesterday afternoon the remains of Sarah,
Grace, and Mary, daughters of Mr. John A.
Haven, were consigned to their last resting
place. The funeral services were held at the
house of Mr. J. M. Hopkins, son-in-law of Mr.
Haven, at Ft. Washington, a short distance from
the scene of disaster. Friends and relatives of the
bereaved family filled the house to its utmost
capacity. A large number arrived in the 1 p. m.
train from New York. The distressing event
had overshadowed the vicinity with the
deepest gloom. Sympathy drew to the place
many strangers to the family.

"Rev. Dr. Bellow offered the first prayer.—
The remaining services were conducted by Rev.
Dr. Osgood. His remarks were short, but deeply
touching and sympathetic, and the silent re-
luctance of grief responded to his words of con-
dolence. Scarcely an eye was dry. Strangers
who perchance had never felt the sorrows of
personal bereavement were constrained to drop
a tear for others' woes. Said an old gentleman,
'I have lived sixty years, but never in my life
have I witnessed so solemn a scene!' Then the
tears trickled down his cheeks.

"It was a mournful occasion. The bearers
took up the three coffins one by one. On each
lay a fresh wreath of flowers—flowers so soon
to fade. Ah, it was sad to see the fond father,
with grief bowed down, surrounded by the
weeping remnant of a happy home, following
his lifeless idol to the grave! For how many
long years, warmed by the brightest hopes, had
he toiled for them! A life's golden dream had
fled.

"They buried them together in one grave in
the family enclosure—strewn over them a few
fresh flowers bedewed with tears, replaced the
sods, and left them there alone. Then the
bright sun gleamed out for a little time from
the clouds that had made the whole-day gloomy,
and shone, as to dispel the grief and cheer the
desolate hearts of the bereaved mourners."

THE GUILLOTINE.—The Paris correspondent
of the Cincinnati Gazette says:

"A great improvement is said to have been ac-
complished lately in the operation of that hu-
manely French instrument, the guillotine. For
a long time attempts have been made to dimi-
nish the horrors of the guillotine by rendering
more rapid the process of preparing the criminal
after his arrival at the instrument, and for re-
ndering the fall of the knife more rapid and more
certain. At the execution of a man a few
mornings ago, at the Place de la Roquette in
this city, the system was put into operation
with the most happy, and, it might be added,
most frightfully rapid results. A particular
arrangement of the leather straps enables them
to be the criminal in a second, and holds him
perfectly motionless. Sliding boards, fitted into
the grooves between which glides the instru-
ment of death, accelerate its fall, so that the
execution takes place with the most frightful
rapidity. By this new method there is no dan-
ger of being obliged to strike a second time,
as sometimes happened with the old method, nor
is there any possible delay in a moment where
minutes are centuries."

KANSAS.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way."
Many friends have, of late, applied to us for
information in relation to the prospects in Kan-
sas. What information we could gather, we
have been careful to publish. The following
may be regarded as coming by authority, and
we think may be relied upon as correct:

Governor RANNEY writes from the Shawnee
mission, Dec. 22, as follows:

"This is a most lovely and promising coun-
try. There is no finer under the sun, and next
summer it will be a nice harvest for all kind of
building mechanics and laborers. Last season
stone masons and carpenters got \$2 25 and \$2-
50 a day, and laborers \$1 25 and \$1 50. A
legion of them will be needed early in the
spring and all summer. If you have any to
spare, send them along. We shall pay out in
the Territory near a million of dollars in build-
ing, and a man can be earning the highest wages
and securing a good farm at \$1 25 per
acre at the same time. The Government alone
will spend \$100,000 or \$150,000 in stone build-
ings at Fort Riley. The stone mason, carpen-
ter, brickmaker, bricklayer, plasterer, laborer,
limeburner, &c., can lay the foundation of a
fortune here the first year. Send them on. I
know they will not repent it. Klotz is pre-
paring to build a large hotel. We have as yet
had nothing I would call winter, and I doubt if
it will be any colder. Spring opens about the
1st of March, and mechanics, &c., should be
here at that time. There are some twenty
towns laid out, the greater part of which must
be built up, to say nothing of farmers' houses,
&c., &c."

DEATH OF THE BRIDAL DAY.—The Baltimore
Sun of the 22d contains the following:—"Dr.
Cunningham, Coroner, was, on Saturday morn-
ing, called to hold an inquest on the body of a
gentleman who died under very peculiar cir-
cumstances. Mr. D. Thomas, (aged about 60),
who resided at No. 248 Ann street, was mar-
ried on Friday night, and retired to rest with
his bride. In about an hour afterward, she
heard him breathe in a singular and unusual
manner, inducing her to think something was
wrong. She arose to see what was the matter,
inasmuch as he replied to no question, and found
him breathing his last. The jury rendered a
verdict of "Death from organic disease of the
heart."