

# Bedford Gazette.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



From the American Volunteer.  
"I'm Sinking but not Dying."  
Last words of the Rev. H. Tarring, of the  
Baltimore Conference.

By PAUL CARY.  
The fat had gone forth, "Thy work is done,  
And now prepare thy spirit for the last,  
The fearful struggle."  
Obedient to the call, the man of God  
Advanced, and stood beside the dark cold sea:  
And for a moment, as the angry tide  
Came quickly up, and laved the pilgrim's feet,  
It threatened to engulf him.  
He paused an instant, then with steady nerve,  
And faith in God, which as an anchor sure,  
Is firm and steadfast, prepared to meet it.  
Down he stepped—down in the icy waters,  
And as the billowy surge rose high and strong,  
And poured its briny spray upon his head,  
His voice was heard above the angry waves,  
In tones that fell upon the listening ear,  
Like some soft cadence from the other world,  
"I'm sinking but not dying."  
"In this mysterious sea that all must pass,  
I only shall put off this mortal coil,  
Surrendering back to earth its kindred dust;  
But my enfranchised soul shall rise, to seek  
Its level, in a purer atmosphere,  
Already I behold the eternal hills,  
Where stand in ranks the ransomed of the Lord.  
They crowd upon the banks like witnesses,  
And watch with anxious looks each struggle fierce.  
With shouts, they urge me on to victory,  
A victory over death.  
And there I see my Saviour—he who called me  
From the death of sin, and bade me go  
To herald forth the story of the cross,  
And seek to win for him immortal souls;  
In this last deadly strife, I throw myself  
Within his arms, which in love extend;  
And though my body sinks like lead, I feel  
Beneath me still his mighty hand, so strong,  
So powerful to save.  
And rising by his might alone, I sing—  
With ransomed powers: "Where is thy sting,  
Oh! Death, Oh! Grave, where is thy victory."

## OUR CHILDHOOD.

BY GEO. P. PERINCE.  
Thy sad, yet sweet, to listen  
To the soft wind's gentle swell,  
And think we heard the music  
Our childhood knew so well,  
To gaze out on the even,  
And the boundless fields of air,  
And feel again our boyhood's wish  
To roam like angels there!  
There are many dreams of gladness  
That cling around the past—  
And from the tomb of feeling  
Old thoughts come thronging fast—  
The forms we loved so dearly  
In the happy days now gone,  
The beautiful and lovely,  
So fair to look upon.  
Those bright and gentle maidens  
Who seemed so formed for bliss,  
Too glorious and too heavenly  
For such a world as this!  
Whose dark, soft eyes seemed swimming  
In a sea of liquid light,  
And whose locks of gold were streaming  
O'er brows so sunny bright.  
Whose smiles were like the sunshine  
In the springtime of the year—  
Like the changeable gleams of April  
They followed every tear!  
They have passed—like happy—away,  
And their loveliness has fled—  
Oh, many a heart is mourning  
That they are with the dead.  
Like the brightest buds of summer,  
They have fallen with the stem—  
Yet, oh, it is a lovely death,  
To fade from earth like them!  
And yet the thought is saddening  
To muse on such as they,  
And feel that all the beautiful  
Are passing fast away!  
That the fair ones whom we love  
Grow to each loving breast  
Like the tendrils of the clinging vine,  
Then perish where they rest.  
And can we but think of these  
In the soft and gentle spring,  
When the trees are waving o'er us,  
And the flowers are blossoming!  
And we know that winter's coming  
With his cold and stormy sky—  
And the glorious hours so young  
Is budding but to die!

## Political Clergymen.

From the Norristown Register.  
We would not willingly say a word or publish a line derogatory of a Profession—or that would lessen the influence in their sphere, of a class of persons, whom we respect as highly as we do the Clergymen. We are a believer in an hereafter—in an Immortality of the Soul, and we regard their calling as in the highest degree sacred. We regard with peculiar respect the profession, established by the Divine Redeemer himself, whose duty it should be to do good and to save souls, and which under the existing condition of things forms such a necessary component in the economy of the world. There is a tendency however of late on the part of men of this kind, professing to have been called to the holy work of the ministry as their peculiar lot, to forsake it and again turn into the world. This is especially the case in way of seeking and being elected to office. Hardly an exchange reaches us that we do not find an account of some clergyman having been elected to a political office. In this State one has been elected to Congress; in that State another is a candidate for Governor, and in still another, a third has been elected a State Senator, and thus it goes. We can hardly reconcile this state of things, especially in view of the fact, that in almost every religious periodical that we see, we find statements to the effect that there is a pres-

ing want of young men for the ministry—that there are many destitute places, and that the "harvest is ripe with the gathering, but that the laborers are few." We say that we cannot reconcile these things. It seems to us that as such is the case there must be something wrong in the matter. Have these men mistaken their calling—or is the clergy seeking to obtain place and power? These are questions that naturally arise in the mind on account of the tendency just contemplated and are worthy of serious consideration. It has been said that respect in a large degree is wanting among people for this class of persons, and that irreligion and infidelity are largely on the increase. It is however hardly any wonder if such should be the case, when things are looking in the direction that we have just seen. If clergymen will forsake their calling and enter into the political arena, and other worldly pursuits, it can hardly be expected that much respect will be entertained for them. They are thus inflicting a dangerous blow upon themselves, and upon the cause of their Lord and Creator. Without pursuing these reflections any further we annex below some remarks of our contemporary, the West Chester Republican, upon a "Secularized Clergy," which contain a vast amount of truth and are worthy of perusal.

They read thus:  
"It is a singular feature of the present state of politics in this country, that hosts of clergymen are being returned as members of State Legislatures, or of the national Congress, and some are even now being candidates for Governor. It has always been a grave question how far a clergyman should interfere in the exciting political questions of the day. He has certainly all the rights of any other citizen, and may exercise those rights in such a way or manner as may seem good to him. His great mission however is to win men from sin to holiness, and to make his influence felt, he should not excite in the minds of those whom he comes in contact, prejudice such as would tend to destroy his usefulness. He is to beware of placing a stumbling block in his brother's way. It is well known that political animosities are exceedingly bitter and hard to eradicate. No clergyman can go into the political arena, particularly as a candidate, without a tendency to create these unrelenting feelings. The question then arises, whether he does not overstep the line of duty, when he goes beyond the simple depositing of his vote in the ballot-box. We believe he does. We take the broad ground, that no clergyman having the one great idea of his profession truly at heart; will ever be found anxious to mingle in the strife of politics. He can make himself so much more useful in other positions—can so condemn the evil and applaud the good a thousand times more effectually under other and more congenial circumstances, that we are persuaded he commits a fatal error when he leaps into the political conflict.

The error is a fatal one to himself, and acts injuriously against every member of the sacred profession. We profess to know something about clergymen, and our knowledge is gained from actual contact. We know of no style of man for whom we entertain such a high regard, as for a sincere and devoted Christian minister, and we care not in what denomination he may be found. We know of no style of man for whom we have such sovereign contempt and pity, as one who has put on the clerical garb, and dishonored it. It is our experience that secularized clergymen, in no cases out of ten, is a very good for nothing fellow. We know of no instance where a clergyman has gone out into the world and engaged in secular pursuits, but that he has sunk down, and down in public estimation. People may go to hear him preach on a Sunday, possibly from habit, but his influence is for the most part lost. We do not wish to be understood that a clergyman should avoid all kinds of manual labor—that he should not till his garden, or his few acres of ground. Far from it. These occupations are ennobling, and tend to give him increased usefulness. Our idea is, that where a clergyman puts a secular pursuit above his profession—where he goes out into the world and chaffers for gain; or worse than this, mounts the hustings and bellows for fame or popular applause, he is a man that may preach from the pulpit until the crack of doom, without benefitting the world in any particular. Indeed such characters do not long trouble the pulpit. Elect one of them to an office, and he will pretty soon sink the black coat and white cravat. In the present legislature of Massachusetts it is said there are about sixty clergymen! There is no right minded man, but will say these sixty clergymen are out of place. They have deserted a Master under whose banner they have sworn to fight until death. Some well-meaning people will argue that such a mixture of clergy with the laity will produce pure legislation. We do not believe it. The immortal Willerforce accomplished more in the English parliament than all the Bishops in the house of lords had done for centuries. We have not the slightest faith in an individual who abandons so sacred a calling under the pretext that he can do more good in the position of a legislator. The platform on which stands the devoted minister of our holy religion, is above and beyond all other positions of usefulness that the world knows of. If he forsakes that, he steps downwards, never upwards, because he loses his immortality. We have no faith in a secularized clergy. They not only lose their influence, but they palsy the energies of those whose hearts are absorbed in the great work of directing men to their true and substantial happiness.

SHORT DRESSES AND LONG DRESSES.—The sun runs low and so does cash. The days are short; so is money. But women's dresses are as long as ever. When will the hard times soften, we should like to know? Not, we fear till the w-ather mellows. Nor then neither, if the rest of the world are to become snobs because brokers' wives and daughters want to be mista-

ken for duchesses. But that manoeuvre, to be successful, will require something more than chalk, whalebone, French hats, and twenty yards of silk. We liked the plan of the party who sent their calico dresses to clothe the poor. We go further. Let them and others investigate their silk wardrobe. They will find that those rich dresses would not suffer in beauty, and would gain considerably in convenience, by putting the scissors to the bottom of the skirts. There is superfluous stuff enough in that quarter to deck the entire poor of New York in silk. It is an unaccountable absurdity that ladies should attempt to walk the streets in dresses designed only for those who get about in carriages, and which we have seen borne up in the mouths of little dogs. The latter—we mean the ladies not the dogs—should set the example of appearing when on foot only in short dresses, adapted for walking. By this politic practice they would establish a marked distinction between pedestrians and carriage-riders. To the latter the flowing trains should be confined.—This superior grade would strongly tend to bring about a harmony between realities and appearances, now so much needed; and the honors of the train would be coveted as eagerly by the ladies as those of three bills are now by Turkish pachas. And then, what comfort in this arrangement would be enjoyed by the sex! They could perambulate, like gentlemen, in all weathers, and yet be in the fashion. The worship of this goddess we would by no means urge them to desert. Where else could they bestow their labors and devotions? No; nothing so absurd is recommended as to purchase even so valuable a pleasure and advantage as that of free and convenient locomotion, by the sacrifice of the adorable object of all their anxieties and most of their occupations. We counsel only a change of the forms, not of the object of devotion—for that is always to fashion. Is it too bold an expectation that short clothes will be the rage for the walk, and long ones for the ride? It is hoped not. We are conscious that reason and good sense are strongly in its favor; but we trust the recommendation may not be rejected on that account.—Newark Advertiser.

## Frightful Scene in a Ferry Boat—Rescue of 200 Passengers.

Yesterday morning, about 8 1/2 o'clock, the Jeffersonville ferry boat started to cross the river with fully two hundred passengers on board, most of whom were destined for the Jeffersonville and Ohio and Mississippi railroads, by Cincinnati and the East. After getting out a short distance into the river, the boat was caught by a floating mass of ice, which could neither penetrate nor resist. Despite the utmost exertions of the boat, with all the power of steam, it was slowly borne backward by the ice, and finally lodged on the Falls at the head of the middle chute, in about two feet water.—The boat grounded broad side to the current, with the ice breaking over her bow, and piling up in frightful masses against her, to the terror and consternation of the two hundred human beings crowded together on her deck. In addition to the people on board, there were three or four horse omnibuses, one mail wagon, Adams' Express wagon, with two horses, a two horse baggage wagon, and two country wagons and horses.

The ferry-boat was fully half a mile from this shore, and three or four hundred yards from the Indiana shore, with a rapid current, and the river, full of floating ice. It was soon runneth through the city that the boat was wrecked on the rocks, and the lives of two hundred persons, including many women and children, most of them citizens of Louisville and Cincinnati, were in imminent peril, and the wharf was soon lined with hundreds of persons, all anxious to render assistance, but no one knowing how it could be given.

As the vast masses of ice came thundering against her side, roaring and crashing around the apparently frail vessel, great pieces tumbling upon the guards, it was a matter of astonishment that some consternation prevailed the throng of passengers on board. The large number of ladies and children, naturally timorous, had their worst apprehension of danger aroused. The fears were farther heightened, when they had gathered together in the cabin, by the proposal of the two clergymen, Bishop McIlwaine, of Ohio, and Rev. Dr. Schen of this city, that prayer to God for the preservation of the lives of the passengers should be offered up. Regarding this as an indication of extreme peril, and fearing that each blow given by the large cakes of ice would destroy the boat, the proposition of the clergymen was only answered by shrieks and lamentations. Prayer was then offered up—the agitated assemblage became in a measure subdued, yet sobs and sighs were mingled with the inter-cessions, and the most solemn scene was presented.

At this juncture, Mr. Dunning, clerk of the Jacob Strader, who had a son on the boat, offered a hundred dollars to whoever would make the effort to reach the stranded boat with assistance. Mr. Thomas Armstrong, the engineer of the Fashion, at once volunteered to go. Mr. Killum, the mate of the Strader, then proposed taking the life-boat, which was acceded to, and Captain Sommers had it launched from the deck, and these daring souls, assisted by a stout carman, pushed the life-boat over the ice into the current, and after running the greatest risks from the floating ice, succeeded in reaching the ferry-boat in safety, and relieved the minds of the hundreds on the boat, who saw by this welcome arrival, that assistance was at hand, and the people on shore were mindful of their safety. The life-boat rounded in on the lower side of the ferry-boat; Mr. Killum jumped on board and took the son of Mr. Dunning, placed him in life-boat, and then took off Mrs. Joseph Dar, of Cincinnati, together with her sister, a young lady. The boat, with this burthen, was cast loose to the mercy of the current, and by dint of hard labor and perseverance, it was safely brought to the Kentucky shore, and its pas-

sengers restored alive and well to their anxious friends. The noblest feat of all and best assistance was rendered by Capt. Jas. F. Hamilton and Pinckney Varble, both falls pilots, who volunteered to take to the relief of the wrecked people a flat boat or float, capable of sustaining seventy-five persons. Capt. Hamilton had a boat belonging to Gill, Smith, & Co., tendered for his use, which was taken, and after providing a stout line, sweeps and a crew, they started forth on their errand of mercy. Mr. William Steele, clerk of Gill, Smith & Co., was a willing volunteer to the expedition, and did good service on the trip. By skillful management, the boat reached the ferry, a line was thrown out and caught, and the boat safely landed on the lower side of the ferry, when the gallant crew were received with glad shouts by the excited crowd of sufferers, who had been watching their progress with the greatest solicitation. Some fifty or sixty persons, including ladies and children, were taken off, and Capt. Hamilton cast his back loose upon the falls, and was safely landed at Shippingport, opposite Capt. Jim Porter's tavern. The flat rubbed pretty hard while crossing the reef of rocks known as the "backbone," but skillful pilots were at the helm, and no accident occurred. After reaching terra firma the rescued people gave vent to their joy in loud cheers for Captain Hamilton and his brave crew.

In the meantime the yaws from the steamer Virginia and Queen of the West were manned, and together with a number of skiffs proceeded to the ferry-boat and brought off various squads of people and landed them on Corn Island, from which they had to make their way over the ice to the banks of the canal to be safe. Mr. Killum, mate of the Jacob Strader, made a second trip with the life-boat and took off the express messengers of Adams & Co., together with their valuable packages, and landed them at Jeffersonville. The express wagon and horses, and the omnibus teams, were all left on the ferry-boat to the mercy of the ice and waves.

Capt. Hamilton, after landing his first cargo, immediately returned to the city with Mr. Varble, and purchased a small flat boat for seventy dollars, manned it, and again went to the rescue of the people on the ferry-boat. He went alongside without accident, and had the proud satisfaction of saving some seventy more persons, all of whom had been left on the boat. They were safely landed at Shippingport, without one cent of remuneration being demanded. Among the persons on the boat were the Rev. L. W. Schen, of this city, and Bishop McIlwaine of Cincinnati, who tendered money to Capt. H., which he refused. Resolutions of thanks were proposed to him and his crew, but owing to the excitement of the moment they were not drawn off.

We think the warmest thanks of the community are due Capt. Hamilton and his assistants for their gallantry and disinterested devotion to the dictates of humanity. The gratitude of the rescued people is surely theirs, and we think the ferry company should promptly step forth, to defray the expenses of Capt. H., and remunerate his crew for their great services.

Many of our citizens offered any pecuniary aid that might be desired in rescuing the people and one of them offered to pay for a steamer if it could be taken to the ferry-boat. Of course it could be of no use, and was not taken.—Louisville Courier, 1st February.

## Horrible Massacre.

Information has been received of a tragical occurrence on Board the British ship Berenice, the master of which (Capt. Comdy) with his wife, chief mate, and others, have been massacred by the crew, who afterwards set fire to the ship and destroyed her, to prevent detection.—The Berenice sailed from Shanghai on the 15th of July, 1852, with a cargo of tea for Sydney. The crew, shipped at Singapore, consisted almost entirely of men from different parts of Netherland India. During the voyage, two of the sailors, believing there was gold to a large amount on board, spoke of it to their comrades, and a plan was forthwith concerted for taking possession of the vessel, (then near Amjer) and assassinating the Europeans who were on board.

The ringleaders, as far as could be proved, were the Serang, or boatsman's mate, known as "Alic," and seven of his tribe. Mr. Roberts, the mate, was enticed to the fore-part of the ship by Alic, where he was instantly murdered. Capt. Comdy, the commander, who ran to his assistance, met with a similar fate; as also three seamen, who interferred to save the captain's life. Mrs. Comdy was taken from between decks, whether she had flown for refuge, and thrown overboard. A French passenger, name unknown, who had joined at Shanghai, was not found on board; neither were three Bengalese and Andoyana men who were among the crew. They must either have thrown themselves into the sea, or have been thrown overboard by others. This tragical scene completed, the murderers threw the bodies overboard, washed away all traces of blood, and then commenced searching for the gold supposed to be on board. All the money on board, however, consisted of about 100 florins, and 40 Spanish dollars.—The plunder was equally divided by Alic, and it was agreed among them to set sail for Tuban, there to abandon the vessel, after having set fire to it. The ship gained Tagal, which was taken for Tuban by Alic and his party, she was set on fire, and they took to the boats. Several were left behind, and were burned in the vessel. Finding their mistake on gaining the bights of Tagal, they were compelled to get rid of most of the plunder by throwing it overboard. They, however, by their plausible story, deceived the authorities of the place who showed them every feeling of compassion, and provided them with means.

Afterward the discovery of the wreck of the burning ship, and the bodies of some of the crew, excited suspicion; and after a searching inves-

tigation before the magisterial officers of the place, the whole diabolical affair was elicited by some of the suspected confessing to the charges brought against them. The ringleaders, nine in number, were brought to trial in September last, when the entire of them were found guilty. Five of the prisoners were sentenced to 20 years' banishment, and the others were executed on the 13th of last October, in the public square in the principal part of Tagal. The things which during the trial helped to convict the prisoners, were a gold watch and chain, and some ornaments and clothing, belonging to the late captain and his wife.

## Reported for the Pennsylvania.

### Sunbury and Erie Railroad.

The Board of Directors of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad Company held a meeting yesterday, and Gov. BIGLER was inducted into office. On taking the Chair, the Governor made the following remarks:

### Managers of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad.

Gentlemen:—Without solicitation, or the slightest agency on my part, you have called me to the Presidency of your Company, and I would have you believe that I am deeply sensible of the compliment implied in this expression of your confidence. I have appeared here to-day for the purpose of making my acknowledgments to you, and through you to the Stockholders of the Company, for this unexpected distinction, and to enter upon the duties of the station.

In doing this, allow me to assure you that I am not unmindful of the difficult nature of those duties, nor without serious apprehensions as to my own fitness to discharge them. I can, however, promise to do my best. I have no other public or private business to engage my thoughts, and when the service shall have been fairly commenced, I shall consider my time and energies as pledged to the promotion of the great enterprise in which we are engaged. But these, added to your efforts and abilities, will, I fear, amount to but little without the confidence, good will, and material aid of the people of Philadelphia.—This great city, in her corporate capacity, with her enterprising and wealthy citizens in their individual sphere, in a spirit of mutual confidence and good-will, must come to the aid of this great work, if it is to be successful. It will require all these favorable indications to inspire me with confidence, and in absence of these I shall not feel qualified long to hazard my name and energies in connection with the enterprise. Philadelphians and the people of the interior, on the line of the road, and at its western terminus at the Lake, should feel that the construction of the Sunbury and Erie road is their scheme, and intended for their peculiar benefit. For myself, I have ever regarded the enterprise as eminently Pennsylvanian; not only because the whole extent of the road is to be found within limits of our State, but because the inevitable consequences must be to add to the population, prosperity and general welfare of the Commonwealth, and to no part of it in a greater degree than to the city of Philadelphia. Indeed, I think it highly essential to her future triumph as a commercial city. That by the construction of this work, we incidentally advance the growth and happiness of surrounding States, and create a new avenue through which the vast products of the west will reach the Atlantic cities, to the great profit of the producers, we should rejoice. Divided as are the States by geographical lines that fix the limits of municipal government, it sometimes, indeed, it frequently happens that their interest and growth are identical and inseparable. So far as this may be the effect of the Sunbury and Erie road, we shall be authorized to hope for aid from both Western and Atlantic States. That the coal, lumber, and other products of the prolific region through which this road is to be located, will be consumed by the citizens of other States, is but the stronger inducement to furnish for these treasures an avenue through which to escape from the parsimonious grasp which nature has thus long kept upon them. It is by expectation that one State becomes rich in competition with another, and this is especially true when, as in the case in view, those expectations are so largely natural products, deriving but little of their value from labor.

But I trust the time has gone by when it is necessary to prove by reasoning—by facts and figures, that the Sunbury and Erie Railroad is a feasible and politic measure. All these questions have been well settled. The advantage it will have in distance and in ease of grades over any line now in existence, or that may hereafter be constructed, connecting the Atlantic Cities with the Western Lakes, must dispel all doubts as to its utility and success when completed. Regretting deeply, as at all times I have done, the conflicts and differences that have arisen, from time to time, between the friends of this enterprise, I have rejoiced to discover that there has been but one opinion as to the policy of prosecuting the work to a speedy completion. In reference to these unhappy differences, which have, at least, occasionally cast a doubt over the enterprise, if they did not actually retard its progress, it may be proper for me to remark, that with their origin, progress and final settlement, I have had nothing to do. I have no other than an official connection with those now engaged in the promotion of this work and am free to look upon the past and the future with an impartial eye—as I shall be in the administration of the affairs of the road to do justice to the Company on the one hand, and those in its employ, on the other. If I properly understand my own feelings, I am mainly constrained to an assumption of the duties of the Presidency of the Company, by the confidence I have in the utility and high character of the enterprise itself. Without these motives, and the assurance of that aid and success demanded by a reasonable expectation, and so necessary to sustain a good repute, all other

inducements, desirable though some of them may be, would not be sufficient to engage or retain me in the service.

I shall now enter upon the duties; but before performing any important official act, I shall feel required to make myself somewhat familiar with the exact condition of the affairs of the company—with the details of its operations—its resources, liabilities and obligations.

From the New York Herald.

## A Deliberate Attempt to Murder a Lady.

A most deliberate attempt to murder a young lady in Broadway, was made by some unknown man on Monday evening last, which up to the present is wrapped in mystery, although strict inquiry has been made into the affair by the authorities. About 6 o'clock on the above evening, Mrs. Eleanor Mary Josephine Bishop, wife of Nathaniel Bishop, of No. 291 Broadway, while sitting in the back parlor, alone at the piano, was fired at by an unknown person, who entered the room stealthily, and on firing the weapon hastily made his escape. The report of the pistol alarming the domestics, they rushed into the apartment and found Mrs. Bishop lying on the floor quite insensible. Her husband, Mr. Bishop, was immediately sent for, and on arriving at his residence found his wife in a fainting condition, but happily uninjured. The ball had missed the mark. Restoratives were immediately applied with success. On recovering, Mrs. Bishop stated that while playing on the piano, the unknown, a tall man, entered the parlor door; being dressed with a large cloak and his face covered with a slouch hat or sombrero, she could not recognize his features; that regarding her for an instant, he drew from under his cloak a pistol, and presenting it towards her discharged the weapon at her head. Mrs. Bishop thinking that she was mortally wounded, fainted, and fell from the music stool to the floor, where she was found by the domestics, as already described. The manner in which the entrance of the unknown to the house was effected is not exactly ascertained, but he either must have opened the hall door with a false night key, or else stolen quietly up stairs by the basement entrance. About 3 o'clock on the same day, a tall man, dressed in a similar manner to the person who fired the pistol at Mrs. Bishop, called at her residence, and inquired if she was in the house; but she being away from home, went away without saying whether he would call again or not.—The description given of the afternoon visitor, corresponds exactly with that given by Mrs. Bishop of the person who attempted to take her life.

On an examination of the premises it was found that the ball discharged from the pistol had passed through the window of the back parlor, immediately over the head of Mrs. B. when she was sitting at the piano, and passing from thence lodged in the wall of the house in the rear of the premises. The coolness with which the attempt to murder Mrs. B. was made, is really surprising. The gas was found to have been shut off in the hall, so as to render recognition almost impossible, even though the assassin should be surprised.

The determination of some party yet unknown, to take the life of this lady is clearly evident, for it is scarcely six months since she was fired at by a man at Tarrytown. On that occasion she was celebrating the anniversary of her twentieth birthday, (the 20th of September,) along with a party of friends at the house of her brother, Captain Fletcher, commander of one of the Liverpool packets; and on the evening, as well as the one in question, the intended assassin escaped, no clue having ever been found to his identity or whereabouts.

This attempt made on the life of Mrs. B. together with that made at Tarrytown, has thrown the family into the greatest state of alarm, and it is very doubtful whether the lady will have sufficient nerve to venture abroad after night-fall until the arrest of the unknown is effected. No cause can be assigned for the intended murder of either Mrs. B. or her husband; consequently they cannot justly suspect any one of having been a party to such a cowardly attempt at assassination. It is hoped, however, that in a few days some clue may be obtained leading to the discovery of the unknown, or in some manner clear up the dark and fearful mystery that seems to hang over the life of Mrs. Bishop.

## Singular Presentiment of Death.

A most singular presentiment of death occurred a few days ago in the family of Mr. George Fisher in Reisterstown, Baltimore county. His little son, Fillmore, aged about four years, awoke in the night and called to his mother to know if she was awake. He then told his mother he was going to die. He told his father the same thing, and when told he was dreaming, replied that he was awake, and knew he was going to die. The parents thought nothing more about it, and the child slept comfortable until morning. When he awoke in the morning he repeated his presentiment to his parents; and as soon as breakfast was over insisted on being allowed to go and tell Mrs. Walters, a neighbor, that he was going to die. His mother told him that he had better go and see his grandmother if he was going to die. He made a visit to his grandmother, and also to Mrs. Walters, after which he returned to his home. During the afternoon of the same day his mother was called out of the house for a few minutes, and when she returned she found the little fellow awfully burned by his clothes having taken fire. As soon as the fire was extinguished he said to his mother, "I told you I was going to die." A Physician was called in, who dressed his injuries, telling him that he would soon be well. He said, "no Fillmore is going to die;" and during the night the little boy breathed his last. This is a most extraordinary presentiment, and during the whole day he spoke of dying, though he had enjoyed excellent health. The boy is said to have been a very sprightly and interesting child, and was beloved by all who knew him.—Balt. Amer.