

# Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, AUG. 31, 1855.

VOL. XXIV, NO. 3.

## Select Poetry.



### The Angels in the House.

BY S. R. ALDRICH.

Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,  
And lit up in soft embrace;  
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,  
Were placed against my face.  
Three pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,  
Looked upon me with delight;  
And with lips kissed me a sweet good night,  
Three little forms from heaven!

Ah, 'tis well that little ones should love us;  
It lights our fate when dim,  
To know that once our pure Saviour bade them  
Bring "little ones" to him!

Said he not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,  
And led them to his breast?  
Is not sweet to know that when they leave us,  
"These angels are not 'thine'?"

### THE ELDEN TIMES.

Old Time has hurried me swiftly on  
Upon Life's rapid river,  
And scenes of pleasure and childish joy  
I now have left forever.  
I've named star from my olden home,  
I've been in cot and palace,  
I've joined the dance, and in waltzing song,  
I've quaffed the rosy chalice.

I've stepped in beauty's glittering bowers,  
And felt her charms around me,  
And I smiled as Fortune bore me on—  
At the transient spell that bound me.  
But away off it flitting back  
Unto the hours of childhood;  
I sigh for friends of the olden time,  
The cottage and the wildwood.

I'm thinking oft, at the sunlight hour,  
Of hallo'd ties now broken;  
And then I recall the parting scene,  
When sad adieu were spoken.  
I think now, over some humble graves,  
Sweet roses now are blowing;  
And in the walks by the brooklet's side,  
The wild, rank weeds are growing.

### North Carolina.

In *American Heart*.—Where is there a purer, or nobler, or a more intense American heart than in North Carolina, among the honest farmers of the country? Where does the fire of a true Americanism burn brighter than in old Mecklenburg, the very cradle of independence, and how has she recorded her verdict? By an increased majority for Burton Craige, a man with a heart big enough for humanity—a genuine, liberal, unprosperous American heart; such a heart as throbs freely, generously, for all that is true and right, untrammelled by petty prejudices.

There are not five hundred foreign and Catholic voters in the State, and the majority for the Democratic party as shown by the recent vote, is about seven thousand. Even supposing that every foreign-born citizen, every Catholic citizen in the State voted for the anti-Know-Nothing candidates, there still remains a clear majority of over five hundred native born Protestant citizens against the party which arrogates to itself the exclusive appellation of "American."

Now, is it not an insult to the people of North Carolina for a defeated minority to stamp the great majority of their native-born Protestant fellow-citizens as "anti-American"? Shall a faction denounce the people of the good Old North State as "anti-American," as the "foreign and Catholic party"? Is the verdict of North Carolina nothing? Is the solemnly-recorded vote of a vast majority of native-born Protestant citizens nothing? Has not the State spoken, and is she not American? Is North Carolina a foreign or a Catholic State?

How long is this insulting trumpery to be persevered in? How long is it to be endured? How long will the respectable members even of that party sustain their organs in such arrogant nonsense?—*Wilmington Journal*.

GUANO A PREVENTIVE OF YELLOW FEVER.—A correspondent of the Norfolk Herald suggests that guano be tested as a preventive of yellow fever. He gives the following as the reason of his suggestion:—I take leave now to state a fact which was related to me by Capt. H. H. Cooke, U.S. Navy, whilst he was in command of the sloop-of-war St. Louis, on the coast of Brazil, during the awful rage of yellow fever there some years back. He stated to me that the crews of the merchant vessels were swept off in the most awful manner, and every ship-of-war in Rio, save the St. Louis, shared the same fate, and she, if my memory holds good, did not lose a soul. This he attributed solely to a quantity of guano he had purchased for his own farm, as an experiment, when he returned home. There was not more than one or two barrels of it, and such was his faith in it, as a preventive, that he had it sifted about on the

## YORK COUNTY.

The Democrats of York County, at their Convention, last week, nominated one of the best tickets ever selected in that County. Their *pledge* will be found in the following card:

The undersigned, candidates nominated by the Democratic Convention of York County, do hereby solemnly declare, and to this declaration pledge our sacred honors, that we are not members of the Know-Nothing order, or of any other political organization except the Democratic party, to which alone we belong—and that we will not, during the term for which we may be elected, attach ourselves to any political party out-side of the Democratic party, and will faithfully conform to its usages in any position in which we may be placed. Those of us who are nominated for Senator and Representatives do especially pledge our sacred honor, that we will unite with and be governed by Democratic legislative caucuses, and give our hearty, earnest, and so far as in us lies, effective support to the nominees of such Democratic caucuses—and further, that we will leave no means, fair and honorable, untried, to procure the repeal of the liquor law passed last winter, commonly known as the "jig law."

### W. H. WELSH,

SAMUEL MANEER,

ISAAC BECK,

JAMES RAMSEY,

A. G. BLACKFORD,

A. WENTZ,

ANTHONY DRESSENBERG,

JOHN RIEMAN,

KILLIAN SMALL.

### Old Mother Cumberland.

The Democrats of this County also made their nominations last week, having selected for their candidates the very best men in their ranks. The following is a portion of their resolutions:

Resolved, That the passage of the law by the last legislature, commonly known as the "jig law," is calculated to increase rather than allay the evils of intemperance. After the people had decided against prohibition, it was a stretch of power in the Legislature to disregard the people's opinion; and whilst we most earnestly approve of temperance and sobriety, we are at the same time opposed to the "jig law," and think said law should be wiped from the statute-books.

Resolved, That we hail with hope and joy the recent brilliant victories of the Democratic party in the States of Virginia, Tennessee, North Carolina, Alabama, Iowa and Texas, believing that these overwhelming victories are but a prelude of others soon to be achieved in our own and other States.

Resolved, That we continue to have undiminished confidence in the patriotism, integrity and Democracy of President Pierce and those composing his administration. The economical manner he has conducted the affairs of government since his induction into office, is evidence of his sagacity and statesmanship.

Resolved, That the act of our last State Legislature, increasing the members' pay from 300 to \$500 for the session, was an outrage upon the people, and as dishonest as it was outrageous. We demand the repeal of said act, and, in the event of the election of Messrs. Harper & Anderson, instruct them to vote for its repeal.—None but Know-Nothing legislators would ever have dared thus to attempt to rob the people.

Resolved, That we urge upon our Democratic brethren of this county, the importance and necessity of an early organization. To oppose successfully a party that conceals its schemes in the dark and burrows under the earth, we must be fully organized, and prepared to stand shoulder to shoulder in defence of the Constitution and laws.

Resolved, That we have full confidence in the Democratic nominee for Canal Commissioner, the Hon. Arnold Plumer, and shall yield him our hearty support.

D. K. N. TICKET.—The representatives of the different K. N. Councils, met in secret conclave at Harrisonville, on Friday last, and placed the following Ticket in nomination:

Assembly—Wm. W. KIRK, of Bethel.  
Commissioner—J. B. ALEXANDER, Wells.  
Auditor—JOB FISHER, Bethel.

If the gentlemen accept the empty honor of being defeated by the Democracy this fall, we shall have something to say of each of them.—Messrs. Kirk and Fisher have heretofore belonged to the Democratic Party, and by their nomination by the Know-Nothings it is sought to break down and divide the party in old Bethel. We assure our Know-Nothing friends that they are slightly mistaken in their calculations.—The sterling Democracy of Bethel will sell their birthright for a mess of pottage? Mr. Kirk is by far the most unpopular and obnoxious man in the Township, and has repeatedly been defeated for small township offices. He will be most soundly thrashed at home in the present canvass. He has for years been a standing candidate for office, and having been disappointed he seeks to vent his spleen on his former friends. We are sorry for the man, and are satisfied that he will live to regret his present conduct. His apostasy will not break down the Democratic Party—he cannot injure it, but will rather add strength to it, by having it—but it will most effectually and certainly use him up.—Mark our words!

The true Democracy of this County have been fighting RENEGADES for some years, and have always signally triumphed, as they will over this unholy combination.

P. S. We have been informed that Mr. Fisher was nominated without his knowledge or consent, and that he has no fellowship with the women-burning crew. We hope for his sake that this is true.—*Fulton Democrat*.

A Shark upwards of seven feet long and weighing between three and four hundred pounds, was caught in the lower Bay of New York on Saturday last.

## From the Raleigh Standard.

### THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY.

Never has the democratic party occupied so proud and so responsible a position as at present. Great in its principles, great in its actions, and great in its results, it has heretofore been called to battle against an open, bold, and independent enemy, and one that claimed its respect; but now it is opposed by a party (if we may call it a party) that attempt to overthrow the freedom of the elective franchise, and bind its deluded victims by solemn oaths to become the slaves of its leaders—a party that aims to subvert religion as well as political freedom, and to set up in their stead bigotry and intolerance, thus flying full in the face of the constitution and totally disregarding that instrument, the very life of the Union, and without which the Union would be a burden and a curse—a party that makes falsehood, perjury, and deception the chief requisites for membership, and lays its very foundations in the exclusion of truth—a party that appeals only to the prejudices and evil passions of our nature, and has not one ennobling quality in its whole composition—a party secret in its oppositions, concocting its schemes in the night, thoroughly organized and powerful for evil, guided as it is by unscrupulous, reckless, broken-down politicians and desperate office-seekers, who have staked all their hopes of personal aggrandizement in the movement, and would rather reign over the ruins of our republic than serve in its entire fabric—a party whose members are fired by its leaders with a fanaticism such as disgraced mankind in the darkest period of the dark ages, and the results of which have already begun to manifest themselves in bloody riots and devastating conflagrations—a party that has elevated none to office in the free States but abolitionists of the darkest dye, and has found its greatest strength in the Slave States in the sections where free-soilism has taken root—a party that is one thing in Massachusetts, another in Louisiana, another in Georgia, and still another in North Carolina, with as many shades and hues of coloring as can be found between black and white, and all united on but two points—the offices and the spoils.

This is the piebald, hybrid combination against which the democratic party is called to do battle for the preservation of our constitution and the rights guaranteed by it. We trust it will be equal to the emergency, for we believe the hopes of liberty now hang upon it. A large portion of northern democrats have always been sound and conservative, while northern whigs (now know-nothings) have long been rotten to the core. Our friends there have been proscribed beneath the wheels of this worse than Juggernaut car, but they will rise again, and the "sober second thought" will unite with them thousands of honest and duped men. We do not believe that the indomitable democracy of Pennsylvania and New Hampshire will ever again be beaten down. Whiggy stunted the ears of our people with a tornado of excitement in 1840, and dazzled their eyes with the glare of military glory in 1848, and in each instance acquired a brief supremacy, more disastrous to it than its defeats. Thus will it be with the know-nothingism. Once in power, as in Massachusetts, it will disgust all honest, right-minded men, and its very success will work its destruction.

Do not despair of the Union. Democracy has placed it upon its foundations so firmly that a short reign even of Know-Nothingism cannot shake it from its base. We hope never to see that reign—we believe we never shall see it; but even if it comes, we shall not lose hope. As in times of temporary defeat heretofore, the democratic party will rally with redoubled strength to prop the tottering edifice of our liberties, and victory will again award its patriotism. But now is the time to drive this detestable ism from our midst. If snaked among us and was in full vigor before we knew it existed. It came in the dark, and cannot bear the light.—Already have Virginia, North Carolina, Alabama, and Tennessee dealt it death blows. We believe it has received its death-wound, but it will make a spasmodic effort next summer, and we must prepare to meet it. From its past course, we know it will stop at no means in the future to accomplish its ends. Let us keep up our organization—let us remain united and watch for and expose its tricks, and we shall achieve a triumph which, in coming years, will make our children proud of their fathers.

### Correspondence of the Carlisle Volunteer.

#### "Sam" Killed in Shippensburg.

SHIPPENSBURG, Aug. 20.

Ed. of Volunteer.—In March last the Know-Nothing carried this Borough by an average majority of 25 votes, and elected a Town Council that was very unpopular outside of the order. Five months experience under our new rulers did not change public opinion, but seemed rather to intensify our hostility to their measures; so that when a vacancy occurred in Council the Citizens were anxious for another contest. On Tuesday last a special election took place, which was entered into with all the warmth and bitterness that usually characterize local elections.

The Whigs and Democrats went cordially to work with a "fusion ticket," and defeated "Sam" by a majority of 43 votes! The Know-Nothings selected their best man, and made a great display by nominating him in the public square by acclamation, amid loud cheering, and the notes of a brass band.

But "Sam" was sick. The older and more thoughtful members of the order would not vote. It is more than probable many of these men will never vote the Know-Nothing ticket again. The novelty of the thing has passed.—The appeal to the religious passions and prejudices of the people, by persons who falsely profess to be very great patriots, is beginning to be understood, and will in time work its own cure, by the withdrawal of many of their best members. The election of a member of Council

in Shippensburg is in itself a matter of but little consequence, but "straws show which way the wind blows."

SPECIAL ELECTION AT SHIPPENSBURG.—A special election for a member of the Town Council was held at Shippensburg on the 14th inst., and resulted, after a warm contest, in the election of John McCurdy, Esq., an Irishman by birth, by a majority 42 over his Know-Nothing opponent. Shippensburg has heretofore been one of Sam's strong-holds, but the election of Mr. McC. has considerably damaged his future prospects in that locality.—*Carlisle Dem.*

### Attack by Cattle on a Red Wagon.

Extract from one of Col. Claiborne's letters from the pine woods of Mississippi, published in the New Orleans Delta:

"I set out for Augusta, bowling merrily along in a blood-red buggy. The road was beautiful, roofed over with trees and vines, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was only one drawback—the myriads of flies of every species that swarmed around and ravenously cupped the blood from the ears, neck, and flanks of my horse. It is what is appropriately termed here "fly-time," that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges beat it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can venture into the woods with impunity. Now the "cattle from a thousand hills," and even the wild deer, seek the abodes of men, and huddle around some smoking pipe, or stand in some open field to escape their periodical torments. On a sudden change of the road, I found myself in one of these stamping grounds, and a simultaneous roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger. It is well-known that the Spanish matadors provoke the wounded bulls of the arena by flaunting the molata or blood-red flag before them.—It was the color of my equipage that excited the bellowing herd. They snuffed the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore up the earth with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The fierce phalanx blocked the road, and the part of discretion was to retreat. The moment I wheeled the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and their tramping feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward, frantic with terror, and as they plunged, on every side crushing down everything in their course, going and tumbling over each other, filling the woods with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the fearful chase.

The contest now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture I threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor, they passed to fight over it, and tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I tossed out a cushion, the infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and came rushing on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A monstrous oak with forked top, had fallen near the road, and into this I plunged my horse breast high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six charges from a revolver; two bottles of Sevell Taylor's best were shivered in their faces; next a cold turkey, and finally a bottle of scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker. This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round, scenting the blood that had been spilled, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp. I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until sunset, when they would disperse, as in "fly time" cattle graze at night. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle drivers, who, galloping on on stony but muscular horses, and with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the herd to their "cow pens," for the purpose of marking and branding.—This is done every year in "fly time." The cattle ranging, scattered thirty miles around, are now easily found, collected at their stamping grounds, and are driven to a common pen or pond, where the respective owners assemble and put their marks and brands on the increase of the season. Thus this Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose.

ANECDOTE OF WEBSTER.—Among the many anecdotes told of Mr. Webster, there is one which though reflecting slightly upon his negligence of pecuniary matters, is still very Websterian in its wit:

On one occasion it is related that he was the guest of the Southern Senators and Representatives in the City of Washington, and they passed many compliments on him, and alluded frequently to his being like the Southerners in his habits and feeling, and that it was all an accident that he was born in New Hampshire. At last Mr. Webster arose:

"Gentlemen," said he, "it has been stated that I resemble the Southerners in many respects—and I must confess that, now it has been mentioned, I think I do. The Southerners love a good glass of wine—so do I. This is one thing in which I resemble the Southerners.—The Southerners are also good judges of beauty, and I will again confess that I am a lover of the beautiful. This makes two points of resemblance; but there is a third in which I more closely resemble them. The Southerners, it is said, never pay their debts, and the same has been said of me. In these particulars, gentlemen, I feel I am like the Southerners."

Shouts of laughter followed this sally of wit and good humor.

### CARRIED THE JOKE TOO FAR.—The Toronto (Canada) Patriot says:

"Two Americans, on Wednesday morning, wishing to secure a free passage from London to Niagara, received a small bounty, and enlisted to serve in the Foreign Legion. They were

furnished with free tickets through to Niagara, and immediately left on the cars for that place; but the recruiting officer, hearing of their intention to stop at Paris, take the Buffalo and Brantford railway, and get their passage free to the land of liberty, gave notice to the conductor by telegraph to keep an eye on the gentlemen.—When at Paris they attempted to carry out their designs but were arrested and carried on. Probably they will see Sebastopol before they return. They were respectable in appearance, but carried the joke a little too far."

## LOUISVILLE RIOTS.

From the Reading Gazette and Democrat.

We have been permitted to copy the following extracts from a letter written by a gentleman of this city, now travelling in the South, who happened to be an eye-witness of the recent deplorable tragedy in Louisville. He relates some facts which have not been given in the accounts heretofore published; and as he is an American, born and bred, it may be taken for granted he does "nothing extenuate, or set down aught in malice."

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 8th.

There are several things connected with the Louisville riot, which I have to make you, and your friends acquainted with, before you can understand it. The polls of the city were all in the hands, that is, taken possession of, by the K. N.'s from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M., and at each poll from one to five hundred were stationed. An American could walk the gauntlet without molestation, by taking a pistol or knife in hand, and politely saying "Gentlemen, I am determined to vote." It is said that about one hundred Germans and Irish voted with arms in their hands, or prepared with arms; this is about the number that did vote; and the foreign vote is more than one-third of the whole. If, however, a poor timid voter would come with his white ticket, and no one to protect him, he was sure to go away without his vote or perhaps his life. What I mean by the white and yellow ticket is this: The Democrats, as usual, printed their tickets on white paper. The K. N.'s had yellow paper—a large ticket, and carried it in their hands and on their hats. Some Democrats and strangers carried yellow tickets to protect their persons. Last Spring the K. N.'s by a similar yet not so bold a move, carried the municipal election. The Irish and Germans, who then attempted to vote, were driven from polls and a number seriously injured, and their houses sacked.—Since that time, a large number of houses, in the upper and lower part of the city, are far rent, and rent cheap—the result of rioting last Spring. This spirit again began to show itself more than six weeks ago. Germans and Irish were beaten most cruelly when met out of the city, alone or with their wives, dragged through brick-ponds, and some have been found dead. No effort, I am certain, has ever been made, to bring these villains to punishment. Geo. D. Prentice, with his *Journal*, has been the prime mover and chief instrument in this tragedy. On the morning of the election, he used such language to his K. N. friends, (already sufficiently excited and with the blood of innocent women, whom they had shot and stoned in the German district a few nights before): "Go ahead K. N.'s and raise as big a storm as you please."—"Let foreigners keep their elbows to themselves to-day at the polls," &c. &c. "Keep the Irish and Germans down. Show them that Americans are determined to rule America."

Similar, yet more inflammatory and incendiary articles appeared in his *Journal* throughout the canvass. Again, the mayor, council and police, are oath-bound, and dare not even attempt to make an arrest, without it is a poor foreigner. They have given comfort and aid and have countenanced the mob-rule which governed the city, and disgraced the citizens to long. It is as true as the sun shines at noon-day, that not a murder was committed yesterday in this town, but what has been perpetrated in the presence of a police officer, or the victims' cry for help has been heard by them. Early in the morning, there were several Germans driven from the upper poll—First ward, one of them killed, and one or two seriously injured. The party of Germans afterwards retreated into a Brewery near by, closely pursued by the mob. One of the Germans had a gun, and fired (and I believe it so happened) killed an innocent man. The Brewery was surrounded—the torch applied, and six or eight perished in the flames. Several houses adjoining were gutted, and all suffered to burn to the ground. It is said, that some of the mob, had casks of Ale or Beer sent to their homes from that fire. Does the mayor or police not know who they are? This part of the day's tragedy I did not see, but received the above facts on the spot, after the ruin had been made complete. Immediately after this fight, the cry of fire, reports of fire-arms, and dense crowds, became quite general along Jefferson st. from one end to the other. The mayor and his marshal I saw several times driving from one poll to the other in a buggy, hurraing for the second ward, and saying, "That they were doing it up brown," and so they did; for every foreigner had to fly the course. Soon after, there was a cold blooded murder committed at the Court House, in the very centre of the city, and within a short distance of the mayor's office. I do not know whether he was a German or Native, but I am certain that he had not the yellow ticket. The disgraceful pursuit commenced a short distance from the place of rioting. About twenty followed him first with stones, then fired several shots. The poor fellow staggered and retreated under the K. N. speaking stand, in the Court House yard. I thought he was safe there, but all would not do. He covered his face with his hands and begged for God's sake to save him, but the oath required it, and they milled up his head, and not satisfied with that, a fiend came

with a pitch-fork and ran it into his stomach.—This fiend afterwards paraded up and down the Court House yard, with his pitch-fork shoulder-arms for nearly one hour until his services were required elsewhere. Do the city authorities not know who they are? I cannot give you all the incidents that happened, and that I saw during the afternoon. Toward evening they moved down to Chapel and Market street.—An Irishman kept a grocery, and his house had a triangle marked with chalk on it. They gutted his house completely, divided the liquor, cigars and tobacco, & threw him out of his house with such violence as to injure him fatally.—After they had completed the destruction of furniture and windows, they sent him to jail to make it appear that he was the guilty party.—He died in jail last night. From there they gathered around a Mr. Quinn, one square below on Main street. Mr. Quinn has always been called a peaceable, good citizen—he was worth about \$100,000. He had several fine three-story houses, and had Irish tenants in them. When the crowd collected, they knew what would come next. An Irishman (perhaps) imprudently fired, and a man fell in the crowd. If they had not fired, I think the result would have been the same. Near 7 o'clock, they fired the house in different places. They stood guard ("Let none but Americans stand guard to-night!") so that none of the inmates of the large house could escape. The 10 or 12 two-story houses adjoining in the block, were all entered and women and children and furniture, promiscuously dashed out of doors and windows. The men had to fly in this part of the block as best they could. A poor Irish woman was lamenting the loss of one of her children; several of us tried to find it for her. Just as I was going near the house Mr. Quinn lived in, two men, dressed in female apparel, to avoid detection, came out of the house (the greater part of the house was then on fire) to make their escape. Both were recognized and both shot dead not far from where I stood. Mr. Quinn then tried to make his escape, but was shot and thrown back into the flames, and suffered to remain there until his body was nearly consumed. On the other wing of the house, a woman tried to save her husband by rolling him into a feather-bed, and another woman helped to remove him from the house. They discovered the trick, and then the devils took him and hanged him; they then took one out of a house on the opposite side of the street, and hanged him too, and applied the torch to his house. Several more were killed—some said burned up, not permitted to leave their houses. There were 12 or 14 houses destroyed in this district. They had a twelve-pounder standing in the street, and 12 or 15 with muskets marching up and down the street—some said the mayor sent the "Guards" there to keep the peace. I hope it is not so. At about 12 o'clock or midnight, two fires were kindled in the upper part of the city—the sky was in a lurid blaze, the moon looked red, and the time had come when many thought the city's doom was sealed. Just at this time, they marched up Third street towards the *Times* and Democrat Offices, yelling like devils let loose from hell:—"Down with the *Times*! down with the *Democrat*!" Here an unexpected check was made. A few gray-headed citizens stood there, but said not a word. The mob hesitated—one of the leaders said, "Boys you have done nobly to-day, you elected the ticket and honorable men too, and you had better go home now." It is not known how many have been murdered, but it is known that neither sex nor age has been spared. The Democratic editors dare not give a full account of this transaction. The mayor dare not arrest the ringleaders, but every honest citizen knows the cause—the prime leaders and the fiends who acted at their bid. It is still dangerous for any man to give an opinion, as they have their caves-droppers now at every Hotel, printing office, and public place of resort. You can have no idea of the state of things, and of the public mind. They know that the city authorities are of them, belong to them, and are with them. Who has a right to give an opinion? God only knows where and when it is going to stop. "Let none but Americans stand guard to-night!" I have witnessed it. May I never see it again.

In the first ward at Louisville, on Wednesday week, two K. N.'s were elected to the council although there are known to be six or eight hundred anti-K. N. majority in the ward. The Democrats choose to let the Know-Nothings have the government of the disgraced city all to themselves. The few Democrats in the city council have resigned. In the fourth ward, in which there are about 800 voters, Silas Sisson, K. N., was chosen to the council by 57 votes, only four persons voting against him.—*Phila. Argus*.

ERYSIPELAS.—A writer in one of the newspapers, in reply to the question:—"Will cranberries cure erysipelas?" says—"A lady visited our family a few days since, and stated that her daughter had the erysipelas quite bad. We called to mind the remedy recommended by the New Haven editor. On returning home in the evening she found the disease was spreading rapidly, and had assumed a frightful appearance. She immediately had a poultice made of cranberries, which seemed to arrest it at once, and the second poultice effected a complete cure."

When the know-nothings were beaten in Virginia it was the open ballot that did the work, according to their newspapers. They have tried the secret ballot in four other States, and the result is new disaster to their hopes.—Desperate at the prospect, they now seem to have resolved—vide the Louisville tragedy—that nobody shall hereafter vote but themselves.

Thirty members of the Know-Nothing Lodge at Coosa, Ala., have published a card of withdrawal in the Montgomery Advertiser. They declare to have done so, because satisfied, upon due reflection, that the tendency of the Order is anti-republican; that the obligations imposed on its members are contrary to the spirit of American institutions and dangerous to a free government.