Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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The Drum Thieves.

Tune—Camptown Races.

We have two racers on the course, Du, Dah,
We're bound to beat the Woolly Horse, Du, Dah,
Our Wooly friends have won'drous powers, Du, Dah,
In stealing things at midnight hours, Du Dah, Du,
Chorus—We're bound to drum all night,
We're bound to drum all day,
'Till we drum that thieving rascal up
That stole our drum away.

They stole our drum from Fisher's shop—
They thought they'd make our music stop.
In eighteen hundred and fifty-two
They tried to spike our cannon, too.
Chorus.

They thought they'd beat us "locos" then
But we made the cannon roar again;
The most they do is steal and brag,
They lately stole another Flag.
Chorus.

They tried to steal our platform, too.
But did not get this trick quite through;
They only got the rotten plank
And down to the bottom they all sank.
Chorus.

Sam is dead and with them sunk,
He was so rotten that he stunk—
Now Sambo man's their woolly crew
For some are black and others blue.
Chorus.

Old Buck will run o'er bush and breaks,
He'll clear the course and sweep the steaks.
The Woolly horse must run behind,
Because he's like his party, blind.
Chorus.

The Elephant's too slow to travel,
Poor old chap must scratch the gravel.
For Filmore now there is no use,
And Donelson's a poor excuse.
Chorus.

But we'll send their mongrel crew,
The black and white, the green and blue,
Far up the stream they call SALT RIVER,
And leave them there to shake and shiver.
Chorus.

DAVID W. PENCIL.

Napier Township.

Read!!

AN APPEAL FOR THE UNION.

Ex-Secretary Walker has recently written a letter on the impending crisis in our political affairs, which has produced, and is still producing a powerful impression upon the public mind. It is written with all the clearness, earnestness, and force for which the writer is distinguished, and abounds in passages of heart-stirring eloquence of the purest and most elevated character. The crowded state of our columns alone prevents us from giving insertion to the entire letter, which occupies a pamphlet of sixteen octavo pages. The character of this remarkable production may be inferred from the following thrilling and patriotic appeal, which closes the letter.

"Let those of the North who tell you there is no danger shrink from the fearful responsibility they have assumed ere the evil day shall come upon us. They tell us there is no danger—that they have heard this cry before of danger to the Union; but there is no peril.—None in 1820, none in 1833, none in 1850, and the warnings of Washington were a delusion. Why, then, did they call Henry Clay, the great pacificator, and announce that thrice he had saved his country? How saved the Union if it never was in danger? But it was imperilled, and it was saved by measures adopted by votes of the North and the South. But now the Union between the North and the South, so far as the votes for the sectional candidates of the so-called 'republican' party is concerned, *is already dissolved*; for no man anticipates a solitary electoral vote for those candidates in any State in the South; but this controversy is to be settled exclusively in favor of and by the exclusive vote of the North; and the rights, wishes, and interests of the South are to be wholly disregarded.

"Beware, my countrymen ere it is too late how you adopt these perilous counsels. Give no vote that puts the Union in the slightest peril. Make no such fearful experiment.—Friends of the Union, of all parties, our enemies have combined; they have fused, and under their united efforts the pillars of the Constitution and the Union are rocking to their base, and we may have assembled in November next for the last time under our country's flag, and as citizens of a common Union. The enemies of the Union have united, and why should we be seperated? The flag of the North 'American' party as they call themselves, is trailing in the dust, and is replaced by the Black 'Republican' standard. Your leaders have surrendered the American flag, and taken in exchange the African banner. They have capitulated at discretion; they have surrendered your candidates and principles, and demand your votes for the candidates and platform of the Black Republican party. Friends of the Union, come and unite with us to save the Union! Come, without any surrender of principles on your part or ours, to the rescue of our country. In my inmost soul I believe that James Buchanan is the only man on whom, in sufficient force, the friends of the Union can unite to save the country.

"Come Democrats, come Whigs, come friends of the Union of every party—come to the rescue of that Union, which James Buchanan loves so well, and to preserve which the patriot statesman of Pennsylvania has given a long life of devoted service. Come, my brothers, give me your hand; let us save the country first, and then settle, at some future election, the administrative measures about which we now differ. Come in the name of our common country, now in the agony of an approaching convulsion!—Come in the name of the Constitution and the Union, now subjected to imminent peril!—Come in memory of the commingled blood of the North and the South poured out on the battle fields of the revolution! Come in the name of liberties of the world, which would be crushed by the fall of the American Union! Come with the farewell warnings of Washington on your lips, and imprinted on your hearts—not in sectional array of the North against the South, but in the glorious panoply of our whole country, from North to South, from East to West! Let the thirty-one columns wheel into line, and with the same inspiring battle-cry, pealing from rank to rank, re-echoing from State to State. THE UNION—TO THE RESCUE! Let us together march to the polls, as our fathers did in the hour of peril, to the music and flag of the Union."

THE RESULT IN PENNSYLVANIA!

The election in this State closed on Tuesday, the 14th instant, and the Democracy have achieved by far the most brilliant victory ever known in the political annals of the country.—We have a majority on the joint ballot in the Legislature; in the Congressional delegation we have made a gain of ten members: we have elected our Commissioner, our Auditor General, and Surveyor General, by a majority of over three thousand. This is a victory over one of the most wicked coalitions and corrupt combinations. Seldom, if ever, were more discordant materials brought together to defeat the Democracy of the Old Keystone—and never was a more unholy "union of factions" more signally defeated. The friends of the Constitution and the Union rallied around the standard of Democracy with an enthusiasm and devotion, beyond all praise, and worthy of all imitation—and notwithstanding the contemptible "union"—that miserable bargain and sale of cliques—the noble hearted Democracy have achieved an equally splendid and decisive triumph.

The result is gratifying to every lover of his country. Especially so, because attained when every adverse influence was exerted in its fullest power. They prove that to meet those influences with patriotic determination, is certainly to defeat them. They make it our duty so to meet them in the approaching and final contest. They give us an assurance that if met again, they can not again be defeated.

It is in our power, by the exertion which the crisis demands, largely to strengthen, in every county in the Commonwealth, the Democratic vote—to increase the present democratic majority, and to diminish those of our abolition opponents—every citizen must, from his own knowledge of his own neighborhood, be well assured. Let him then assay himself resolutely and promptly to the task. Let it be the individual duty of every man who loves the Constitution of his country, personally to promote the success of the democratic electoral ticket, and he will confer a lasting benefit to his country. Immediate, complete, effective organization, in every neighborhood, in every school district, in every township, in every county—that which unites all in a common effort, diffuses information, inspires confidence and insures triumph—is demanded from us all, for the brief period to elapse before this contest ends. Is there a Democrat in Pennsylvania, who in his sphere, will neglect to give his aid to effect it? To ask the question, is to receive the answer.—To act in the spirit of that answer is to secure the vote of our State, by a majority, not merely such as that of the late election, but such as numbers and in moral and political influence will give to her voice the weight long accorded to it, with ready assent, by the whole country.

That the struggle is one involving principles vital to the preservation of the Union and the Constitution no language of ours is needed to declare. No previous Presidential election has surpassed or even equalled it in importance.—The true color, and character, and object of the party which strives to place John C. Fremont at the head of the Republic are not matters of mere speculation, or assertion, or partizan allegation. They are matters of record. They are presented by the American people in an authentic, tangible, indisputable shape, in the proceedings of the last Congress, led on by Giddings, Burlingame, Campbell and other rank Abolitionists.

On no other State does the importance of this contest devolve more than on the citizens of Pennsylvania. To guard our country from the bloody influence of the abolitionists and disunionists effectually depends upon the people of the Old Keystone. Be not wanting to the occasion. The result of the election just passed by, affords the auguary—nay, the certainty of triumphant success. Let no impulse of patriotic zeal be unheeded. In that event, the glory will attend on the Democracy of Pennsylvania of having secured a triumph, not inferior in its ultimate consequences to any which their energies have secured.—*Pittsburg Union.*

AWFUL PUNISHMENT.—The Chinese Repository tells of a strange kind of death punishment which was inflicted on a Chinese criminal who had committed a dreadful murder. He was wound with cotton, saturated with tallow, places being left for him to breathe. He was then dipped like a monster candle, until he presented a mass of tallow. In this way he was stuck up on his father's grave, lighted, and kept burning until his body was consumed by slow degrees.

Speech of Fletcher Webster!

the only Son of Daniel Webster, delivered at Lancaster, the home of James Buchanan!

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—Thank God I can say so still! I am happy to meet you. I thank you for the flattering manner in which you have received me. It gives me joy, citizens of Lancaster, to meet here many distinguished gentlemen who will address you, and from whose words of eloquence and wisdom you will derive new resolution in support of your patriotic cause, but it particularly gives me joy to meet here the son of an illustrious statesman now no more. (Applause.) He also told you, and he told others of your fellow-citizens in other places, that he was a quiet farmer, living upon his place in Kentucky.

[The Keystone Club, escorted by the Wheatland Club of Lancaster, at 4 o'clock, here filed into the square, having just arrived from Philadelphia. The Club was preceded by the Pennsylvania Cornet Band, *and numbered about* 4000 *Democrats*. As this large body of men marched up to the meeting, the enthusiasm was unbounded. The sturdy yeomanry of Lancaster received the citizens of Philadelphia with shout after shout of joy, and as they gazed upon the banner at the head of the Club, bearing the inscription, "Philadelphia salutes the home of Pennsylvania's favorite Son," they pushed forward to embrace their brethren, and give them a heartfelt welcome.]

MR. WEBSTER—When I was interrupted, I was referring to the distinguished gentleman who preceded me. He told you he never was in political life. I am myself no politician and no orator. I have made but one political speech in sixteen years. I only desire peace and the protection of the laws, and prefer the quiet comforts of my home to the excitement of political strife. What brings me here? What brings me, a citizen of Massachusetts, on this platform with the gentleman from Kentucky, to meet you the citizens of Lancaster? What motive, what common cause has drawn us, without concert or combination, or correspondence, voluntarily here, but the education and the principles we received from our great fathers, who have gone before us—to love and stand by the Union. (Great applause.) Why, gentlemen, believing as we do, that the perpetuity of this Union is threatened, and seeing the dreadful storm impending over us, which may burst upon us with destructive fury if we had sat down listless and folded our arms, you would have expected, and we would have expected our fathers to rise from their graves and denounce us. (Cheers.) We are but discharging a sacred duty which we owe to our God, our country, and the glorious principles for which our fathers battled, when we come forward and lend our aid to the only party which can save the Constitution and the Union. (Cheers.)

My friends, I am no orator, but I will with your permission, have a little plain talk with you. I need not tell you that I have been a Whig, and I suppose it is equally unnecessary for me to say that I am not ashamed to own it. No doubt there are a great many before me who hold a similar position with myself. All of you certainly could not have been originally Democrats or there never would have been a Whig vote in Lancaster county. (Tremendous applause.) Well, to you original Democrats as well as to the old line Whigs with whom I lately acted, I would address myself for a few moments, and give you the faith that is in me for being here, on this platform to-day, and the reasons which have influenced me in my determination, and which I suppose have influenced other persons equally disinterested.

Fellow-citizens of Lancaster! At the opening of this campaign politics had become so involved and intricate that I did not know where I stood, and my first inquiry was where to go. The Whig party in Massachusetts, as in the country, was entirely dispersed. It only carried four States at the last Presidential election, and was so utterly defeated that it never seemed likely to recover sufficiently to make another nomination. In the upper branch of the Legislature of Massachusetts there was not one Whig, and but one in the lower branch. I believe the Democratic party had but one representative in the Legislature also, and the question was which of the two great parties had the majority, which was decided at last in favor of the Democracy, their representative weighing the most. [Laughter and applause.] My inquiry then was where to go? The Whig party was disbanded and swept from the face of the country by such a tornado of popular misapprehension as was never before witnessed in the United States from the foundation of the government to the present day. A party nominating Mr. Fremont upon sectional grounds entirely, in a convention at which no Southern gentleman could by any possibility be present, and upon principles of bitter hostility to the South. The Fremont Convention declared a dissolution of all political connection with the South by their nomination, and therefore no Union man could act with them! I held on like a prudent man, until the Democratic party made its nomination at Cincinnati, and when the telegraphic voices communicated the intelligence that Mr. Buchanan was nominated as the representative of principles which my father had spent his life in advocating, the lightning was not half so long in bringing the news, as I was in taking my position. (Enthusiastic applause.) As soon as the issues of the campaign were clearly defined, when the question of Union or Disunion was deliberately presented to the American people, and it became evident that bold and shameless demagogues who controlled Fremont and the Republican party had determined to make a fearful struggle to succeed in their treasonable designs, it became the duty of every man who loved his country to array himself under the banner of that party in whose ranks he could do the most service, and render the most assistance in defeating fanaticism, and maintaining the Union and the Constitution entire. (Renewed applause.) I know that the Republican leaders deny that disunion would follow in the event of the election of Fremont. We do not charge that it will, but we may well be apprehensive of the success of an idea which is hostility to one section of the Union, and a determination to deprive that section of all its rights under the Constitution, and may well implore the people of this country not to lend their aid to a party which would bring the Union into such imminent danger. Fellow-citizens, if you see a man blowing a coal, do you not conclude that he is doing so to lighten a flame, and is it not an insult to our common sense for these men to tell us that they do not mean disunion when they are progressing in this manner? There are some among the Black Republicans, no doubt, who do not mean disunion, but hovering upon their flanks are the Phillipses, Parkers, Pillsburys, Garrisons, Greeleys, Burlingames and Wilsons, shouting them on like Indians upon the prairies, driving masses of buffaloes into a pitfall, and these men, honest and true, are deluded into the snare, and flying from imaginary danger in the rear, are rushing into absolute death in front. (Applause.) In this critical state of affairs, I deem it my duty to do what I can to defeat the doings of these bad men, and to preserve the peace and prosperity which we are now enjoying under an equal government, and which I solemnly believe can only be done by the election of Jas. Buchanan. (Cheers.) I never doubted the result. With such principles and such a leader, the Democratic party must succeed, and after the 4th of November next, our national flag will still float as it has ever floated triumphantly over the Republic, without one stripe erased or a single star obscured. (Enthusiastic applause.)

Fellow-citizens of Lancaster, and my old Whig friends, there are other considerations which influence me in giving my support to the leader of the Democratic party in this contest. What are the qualifications requisite for a President? It will require very little observation to convince you that the most brilliant talents do not qualify a man for the Presidential chair, but the longest practical experience consistent with the greatest bodily vigor that can be found in any one person, are required to execute the duties and endure the fatigues of the office. Why, gentlemen, a President may be chosen by an almost unanimous vote, and having the support of every journal in the country, and before he has been in office one week, there will be an opposition raised to his administration. In the first place he has to make his appointments, and in making them, he will surely do as Louis Napoleon did, make nine enemies and one ungrateful man. Very well, the first thing brought to his notice is that a newspaper which formerly supported him, say the Freeport *Eagle*, has out upon him. [Laughter.]—Naturally surprised and indignant, he inquires the cause, and is told that he did not give the editor or his brother an office for which he applied. The Freeport *Eagle* is then discarded, and thus goes on one paper after another arraying itself against the President until he will not open a paper until he knows it is friendly. This is a fact. To be President a man should possess a vast knowledge of men and things, which a long experience in public life can alone give, in order to fit him for a wise selection of advisers and a successful administration of public affairs. The experience is the result of a lifetime; and when we find a man who possesses it, together with undying love and devotion to the Union, we have found one who is qualified for the Presidency, and whom for our country's sake and our own we should elevate to that exalted position. Now, gentlemen, there is no man living who has so much ability and such long and varied experience in public affairs, as your countryman, James Buchanan. [Tremendous applause.] Mr. Benton has been as long in public life, but has been almost always in one branch of the National Legislature; but Mr. Buchanan has served long in the House of Representatives, long in the Senate, has been on foreign service abroad, and for one term served in the Department of State, always reflecting honor upon his State and country and credit upon himself. [Cheers.] Where can you find any one now living who can say as much for himself or has any one to say it for him? We should all feel proud of our leader and of his eminent qualifications for the office for which he is a candidate. If we look over the history of the country, we will hardly turn over a page of it, for the last forty years, in which the name of Mr. Buchanan does not appear. (Applause.) There he stands for the last forty years, side by side with the greatest and most illustrious men of the country. (Renewed applause.) If any one of his distinguished compeers were now living, if the great sage of Ashland, if Calhoun, of South Carolina, or Webster, were still in the midst of their countrymen, to advise and guide them, they would be the first to do justice to his great and unsurpassed talents, and use their herculean energies in securing his success in this crisis.

[Cheers.]

SCENE ON A R. R. CAR.—On one of the Rail road trains coming into this city on Wednesday, a curious scene was witnessed. Two young Fremonters had secured seats together, but having occasion to leave the car for a moment at a station left their coats in the seats. A colored pair came in, and the male suggested the propriety of removing the coats and taking possession of the seat, which she very deliberately did. The young men soon returned and informed the lady that the seat was taken.—She replied that she was aware of that, for she "*took it.*" Some words passed between them, when a Buchanan man shouted that nobody but a border ruffian would treat a colored lady in that way; and declared that it was an insult to Fremont and Freedom, to question her right to the seat. About this time the man came along taking the vote. He asked the young men, who still lingered near their seat, for their votes. They declared for Fillmore, one adding that he should hereafter "*sustain the Fugitive Slave Law.*" We think he was prejudiced against color.—*Milwaukie News.*

Pulpit Politics.

The *Rochester Union* says that the Rev. J. Watts, pastor of St. John's Methodist church, preached a Fremont sermon on Sunday. He opened by offering a sort of apology for what he was about to say, urging that the times did not permit of silence. A number of the members of the church left the house on the announcement being made, including ladies. At the close of the sermon, or previous to the dismissal of the congregation, Mr. W. gave notice that somebody would deliver an Abolition lecture at Corinthian Hall on that (Sunday) evening. The same paper "improves" the occasion of the great Democratic triumph in Pennsylvania by the following seasonable advice and reflections:

"We trust the Pennsylvania election will restore our 'Republican' friends to their senses—the political clergy to an observance of the decencies and proprieties of their station—and the rabid, both lay and clerical, to a recognition of the rights of a common humanity and a common destiny in those who differ with them on political issues. These latter have treated Democrats as the enemies of the human race and the proscribed of God. They have scoffed at the idea that a Democrat can be a Christian or a lover of his country; they have treated him as an outlaw, whose opinions, principles, and sensibilities it were a merit to treat with scorn and contempt.

"We trust that such men will now be restored to reason. We desire to consider, as we have always considered, the mass of our countrymen as one in patriotism and purpose—as all equally deserving the confidence of their fellow-men and the favor of their God. While we severally differ in our views of public policy and our preferences for men, let us assiduously cultivate sentiments of mutual confidence and respect, nor ever permit ourselves to doubt that the great mass of our countrymen are good patriots and good citizens, seeking to promote the public welfare, though slightly variant instrumentalities and antagonistic organizations."

Gov. Pollock taking his Position.

The agony is over. The world is at length enlightened. Gov. Pollock has shown his hand. He has avowed himself a Woolly-head and an admirer of the Woolly-horse. The fusionists had a ratification meeting at Harrisburg on Tuesday, after the adjournment of the Convention, when Gov. Pollock delivered an address approving their action and beseeching his friends to vote the ticket. He would not, perhaps, have found courage to take the step but for the encouragement of the "choice-spirits" he found present—Thaddeus Stevens, Charles B. Penrose, Ex-Gov. Ritner, and others, who have gone through the wars, and in whose leadership His Excellency has faith. But is it not sufficient to excite alarm among the honest men of every party, when these political gamblers, who have earned for themselves an immortality of infamy, gather in their old haunts at Harrisburg to plot, deceive and betray the people. It was these very men who instigated and practiced the stupendous frauds of former years—these men who proclaimed their purpose to "treat the election as though it had not been held"—these men who never knew political honesty—and it is these men who now, after having been hidden for years in their own corruption and loathsomeness, come forth again rank with infamy to plot treason to the Union, and to seek to persuade the people to follow their leadership. But it will avail them little. Those only will act with them who are thorough Abolitionists and Disunionists at heart, and the perfidy of Gov. Pollock in consorting with them will consign him hereafter to hopeless obscurity and the contempt of the great mass of those who elevated him to his present position. The people, forewarned as to the plottings of Stevens, Penrose, and Ritner, will take good care to defeat their treasonable designs.—*Philadelphia Argus.*

THE BLOODY VICTORY IN BALTIMORE.

In order to show what was done in Baltimore at Tuesday's election, we copy the following extraordinary statement of facts from the Baltimore Republican and Argus, of Wednesday evening:

"In the 4th Ward Know-Nothingism reigned triumphant, as will be seen by reference to the returns of that Ward. Scarcely a naturalized citizen was suffered to cast his vote there; peaceable Democrats, whilst standing near the polls conversing in a quiet, friendly manner, were set upon by huge-fisted desperadoes, and driven away from the neighborhood. One young man, a Democrat, was saved from being roughly handled by police officers McCartney and Barton, who effectually protected him from the meditated onslaught. These two gentlemen, indeed, so far as we observed, in that instance at least, acted with a fairness and impartiality worthy of all praise, especially as so few parellels to their conduct was observed during the day.

Such was the force of the Know-Nothing shoulder-hitters, however, in the Ward, that we doubt whether the police—notwithstanding their inclinations—would have been enabled to let the Democratic voters deposit their ballots. In the First Ward the "Blood Tubs" of Laudenslager's Hill, very officiously took possession of the polls, and it was only according to their imperial will and pleasure, that a Democrat was suffered, occasionally, to deposit a vote. Scores upon scores of Democrats were driven away without being suffered to vote by these precious custodants of the elective franchise. In the Eighteenth Ward, early in the morning, the chiefs of the Know-Nothing regions held an out-door caucus, and very modestly resolved that the Democrats should not be allowed to vote until their own party had been enabled to cast their ballots in full. This very reasonable determination was adhered to as far as possible, as the unusually small Democratic vote cast in that Ward yesterday, will indicate most conclusively.

"In short, in every Ward where the Know-Nothings, aided generally by their police, could show an aggressive front, they never failed so to do, and stopped every Democratic ballot that they possibly could, by hook, by crook, by threats or by intimidations."

Col. John W. Forney.

The Washington *Star* pays the following compliment to the Chairman of the Democratic State Central Committee in Pennsylvania:

Too much praise for the result of the recent contest in Pennsylvania cannot be awarded to the State Central Committee of that State, and its indefatigable and able Chairman, Col. John W. Forney. They worked as men never before worked in a political canvass, and infused throughout the whole State, among the active men of the Democratic party, their own untiring and unconquerable spirit. For the last six weeks, at least, they hardly took time to eat their meals. They were as familiar with the condition of affairs in every precinct of nearly every county of the great Commonwealth as any Democratic politician at its immediate centre could be, and were at all times competent to every emergency of its position or requirements. Never before have we entertained so high an impression of the abilities of Col. Forney as forces itself on our mind as the result of our knowledge of the history of that Committee's labor and efficiency in this remarkable canvass though we had previously seen him tried in many a political fiery furnace, indeed.

The Union Safe!
ALL DEMOCRATIC!

The Union-loving men are carrying everything before them!

☞CONNECTICUT has gone Democratic!

☞DELAWARE has gone Democratic!

☞FLORIDA has gone Democratic!

☞MICHIGAN has gone Democratic!

☞SOUTH COROLINA has gone Democratic!

☞INDIANA has gone Democratic!

☞NEWARK CITY has gone Democratic!

☞PENNSYLVANIA has gone Democratic!

☞OHIO; in this State, although the vote is not all in, enough is known, to show that the Democrats have gained many members of Congress.

Wilson Reilly.

Several weeks ago we declined to defend Mr. REILLY against the attacks of his enemies, saying he would carry every county in the District, and that would be vindication enough for any man. We prophesied truly. Mr. Reily has carried every county in the District. His majorities are as follows:

Adams:	41
Franklin,	43
Fulton,	262
Bedford,	123
Juniata,	40
	509

The Value of a Fine Lady.

Once I assisted at the *soiree dansantee* of the Countess of Fritterfield. The most brilliant star in that galaxy of fashion was the young and lovely Marchionness of Fiddledale. I saw her dancing in the hall. Around her snowy brow were set five hundred pounds; for such would have been the answer of any jeweller to the question, "what are those diamonds?" With the gentle adulations of her bosom, there rose and fell exactly thirty pounds and ten shillings.—The sum she wore in the guise of a brooch of gold and enamel.

Her fairy form was invested in ten guineas, represented by a slip of lilac satin; and this was overlaid by thirty guineas more in two skirts of white lace. Tastefully disposed down each side of the latter, were six half crowns; which so many bows of purple ribbon had come to. The lower margins of the thirty guinea skirts were edged with eleven additional guineas, the value of some eight yards of silver fringe a quarter of a yard in depth. Her taper waist, taking zone and clasp together, I calculated to be confined by forty pounds sterling.—Her delicately-rounded arms, the glove of spotless kid being added to the gold bracelet which encircled the little wrist, may be said to have been adorned with twenty-two pounds five and sixpence, and, putting the silk and satin at the lowest figure, I should say that she wore fourteen and sixpence on her feet. Thus, altogether, was this thing of light, this creature of loveliness arrayed from top to toe, exclusively of little sundries, in six hundred and forty-eight pounds eleven shillings.—*Jos. Hume.*

HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.—AN OLD MAN BURNT TO DEATH.—On Friday afternoon last, a horrible accident occurred in the village of Evansburg, Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, by which an old man named John Slough, a resident of that township, was burned to death. He was out riding with his daughter; the latter got out of the carriage in Evansburg, to do an errand—leaving her father sitting in the carriage. During her absence the old gentleman struck a match, for the purpose of lighting a segar, but which he accidentally dropped among the straw in the bottom of the carriage, and immediately caught fire. The fire communicated to his clothing, and before assistance could be rendered, they were entirely burned from his body. He lived but a short time afterward.