

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



THE MOTHER'S SORROW.

BY RALPH.

Little Nellie sleeps so quiet;
With the flush yet on her brow;
And the little hands are folded,
And her eyelids silent now.

And the eyelids droop so sadly,
O'er the cheek so pale and chill,
Oh! it pains my heart to breaking
Thus to see her lie so still.

I shall miss her in the morning,
When bird voices fill the air,
I shall miss her voice at evening,
When shall come the hour of prayer.

I shall never hear her lisping
"Keep me till the morning light,"
She has gone from earth to Eden,
Where the day is ever bright.

I shall never hear the patter
Of her little feet again,
Up and down the hall and stairway,
Like the gentle fall of rain.

I shall miss her ever, ever,
As along life's path I go,
And my heart is burdened ever,
With this sad, this mighty woe.

Yet I trust again to press her
To my heart in clasp eternal,
Where the grave and death are never,
And the path is everernal.

"YEARS AGO."

The joys of youth, how soon they die—
The dearest ever first of all—
Another heart, another friend,
Thus one by one they fall.

But life must change from day to day—
And though its course be slow—
How little is there often left
To tell of years ago!

But oh! when days have fled and gone—
When hearts have changed and brows are gray,
How sweet the fond remembrance then
Of moments past away!

How true the charm, when like a spell,
The scenes we pride to know,
We yet are loved by one;
Then with that heart to speak again
Of all we would forego!

To live anew the faded past
As in those years ago?

ONE BY ONE.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what they can teach.

Hours are golden links—God's tokens—
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken,
Ere the pilgrimage be done.

Prohibition in Michigan.—The Detroit Free Press, after speaking of the failure of coercive temperance laws in other States, says:

"Let us look at home. In Michigan, prohibition was first adopted and the coercive law passed by the black republicans as a matter of votes; it has since been abandoned, and the law emasculated by them, also as a matter of votes. Everywhere else the black republicans have treated prohibition as a matter of votes.—They have made the great temperance reform a football for the very worst party uses."

Rev. Mr. Kalloch preached in Rockland, Me., on Sunday last. The crowded condition of the church is cited as evidence of the confidence with which the citizens regard Mr. K.—**Exchange.**

If Brigham Young had occupied the pulpit in the place of Mr. Kalloch, the crowd, we suspect, would have been still larger.

Two young girls in Patterson, New Jersey, were arrested on Monday, convicted and fined for stealing flowers from a cemetery. Much pains had been taken by a mother to ornament the grave of her son, and just as the flowers were blooming most beautifully, they were all taken away by these thoughtless young girls.

Among the distinguished strangers in St. Louis on the 9th inst. were Chevalier Bosch Spencer, Belgian minister; Count de Sartiges, French Ambassador; Mr. W. Corcoran, of Washington; Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr., of Boston, and Gov. Izard, of Nebraska. They arrived on Sunday and took lodgings at Barnum's Hotel.

We learn from the Boston Transcript that Mrs. Patton, the woman who so heroically navigated a ship into California after her husband lost his mind, is now dangerously ill in that city with typhoid fever, consequent upon the fatigues and exposure incident to the voyage, and her untiring devotion to her husband. Capt. Patton, we regret to add, has lost both his sight and hearing.

Governor Bragg, of North Carolina, under a resolution passed by the Legislature of that State, contracted with W. J. Hubbard, of Richmond, for the casting of a bronze statue of Washington, after the one now in the Capitol of Virginia. The work is to cost \$10,000, and when finished is to be placed in front of the Capitol at Raleigh.

WHAT BAYARD TAYLOR THINKS OF TRAVELLING IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Bayard Taylor has returned to Stockholm from his northern trip, and in a letter to the Tribune, dated February 16, thus sums up the relative pleasures of travel in the Arctic and in tropical zones:

"It was precisely two months since our departure in December, and in that time we had performed a journey of 2,200 miles, 250 of which were by reindeer, and nearly 500 inside of the Arctic Circle. Our frozen noses had peeled off, and the new skin showed no signs of the damages they had sustained—so that we had come out of the fight not only without a scar, but with a marked increase of robust vitality.

"I shall confess, however, that, interesting as the journey has been, and happily as we have endured its exposure, I should not wish to make it again. It is well to see the North, even after the South; but, as there is no one who visits the tropics without longing ever after to return again, so, I imagine, there is no one who, having seen a winter inside the Arctic Circle, would ever wish to see another. In spite of the warm, gorgeous, and ever-changing play of color hovering over the path of the unseen Sun—in spite of the dazzling auroral dances, and the magical transfiguration of the forests—the absence of true daylight, and of all signs of warmth of life exercises at last a depressing influence on the spirits. The snow, so beautiful while the sunrise-setting illumination lasts, wears a ghastly monotony at all other times, and the air, so exhilarating, even at the lowest temperature, becomes an enemy to be kept out when you know his terrible power to numb and destroy.

"To the native of a warmer zone this presence of an unseen destructive force in Nature weighs like a night-mare upon the mind. The inhabitants of the North also seem to undergo a species of hibernation as well as the animals.—Nearly half their time is passed in sleep; they are silent in comparison with the natives of the other parts of the World; there is little exuberant gaiety and cheerfulness, but patience, indifference, apathy almost. Aspects of nature which appear to be hostile to man often develop and bring into play his best energies, but there are others which depress and paralyze his powers. I am convinced that the extreme north like the tropics is unfavorable to the best mental and physical condition of the human race.—The proper zone of man lies between 30 and 55 deg. north.

"To one who has not an unusual capacity to enjoy the experiences of varied travel, I should not recommend such a journey. With me the realization of a long cherished desire, the sense of novelty, the opportunity for contrasting extremes, and the interests with which the people inspired me, far outweighed all inconveniences and privations. In fact, I was not fully aware of the gloom and cold in which I had lived until we returned far enough southward to enjoy eight hours of sunshine and a temperature above the freezing point. It was a second birth into a living world. Although we had experienced little positive suffering from the intense cold, except on the return from Muoniovara to Haparanda, our bodies had already accommodated themselves to a low temperature, and the sudden transition to 30 deg. above zero came upon us like the warmth of June.

"Mr. friend, Dr. Kane, once described to me the comfort he felt when the mercury rose to 7 deg. below zero, making it pleasant to be on deck. The circumstance was then incomprehensible to me but is now quite plain. I can also realize the terrible sufferings of himself, and his men, exposed to a storm in a temperature of 47 deg., when the same degree of cold, with a very little wind, turned my own blood to ice.

"Most of our physical sensations are relative, and the mere enumeration of so many degrees of heat or cold gives no idea of their effect upon the system. I should have frozen at home last winter at a temperature which I found very comfortable in Lapland, with my solid diet of meat and butter and my garments of reindeer.—The following is a correct scale of the physical effect of cold, calculated for the latitude of 65 deg. to 70 deg. north:

- "15 degrees above zero—Unpleasantly warm.
- "Zero—Mild and agreeable.
- "10 deg. below zero—Pleasantly fresh and bracing.
- "20 deg. below zero—Sharp, but not severely cold. Keep your fingers and toes in motion, and rub your nose occasionally.
- "30 deg. below zero—Very cold; take particular care of your nose and extremities; eat the fattest food, and plenty of it.
- "40 deg. below—Intensely cold; keep awake at all hazards, muffle up to the eyes, and test your circulation frequently, that it may not stop somewhere before you know it.
- "50 deg. below—A struggle for life."

There is a family residing in this city, named Connell, from Ireland, who are laboring under the most singular and perplexing delusion.—They say that remittances have been sent to them from Ireland, and that the letters have been taken out by other persons and riddled.—The amount is variously estimated at between \$1,900 and \$2,500. The most singular part of the story is that when ever a court is held in our city they imagine that their own case occupies pretty much the whole time of the judges and counsel. The brother of the woman who claims to have been defrauded out of the money attends the courts, and actually supposes that the lawyers are speaking to his case. The decisions are taken by him as confirming his own rights.—*Trenton True American.*

The Lake Superior Chronicle has received information confirming the report which that paper published on the 14th of April last, of the murder of Mr. A. McEwen by the Indians. The body of the murdered man was found in Wood river, near where the road to Taylor's Falls crosses it.

Terrible Calamity.

Burning of the Steamship Louisiana in the Gulf of Mexico—Thirty-Nine Lives Lost.

An extra of the Galveston News, of the 31st ult., furnishes full details of the sad catastrophe, from which we make the following extracts:

"We have to record one of the most dreadful calamities that has ever happened in this country. The steamship Louisiana, Captain Shepherd, is now a total wreck, having been burnt some six or eight miles south-east of this city, in the Gulf, about one o'clock, A. M.

Our citizens were aroused by the unusual fire alarm, as the fire was in full sight. The first intelligence was the arrival of a boat from the unfortunate steamer, about sunrise, bringing some dozen passengers, our fellow citizen, Mr. Grover, being among the number.

Mr. Grover says that he had a berth on the starboard upper deck—that the first alarm was persons asking where the fire was: about one o'clock he stepped out of his room and discovered smoke, but no fire—passed around the stern of the harbor side, where he saw from twelve to twenty persons preparing to launch the quarter-boat. A moment after the flames burst up amidships; returned to the starboard side; saw a few lowering down the quarter-boat on that side; went to his room, picked up his shoes and coat, and returned and slid down with others into the boat on the harbor side. The engines were still running, but fortunately the boat was lowered down without firing.

After getting adrift they looked to discover if they could find any person to take on board, but could see nobody. There were twelve in the boat. Mr. G. learned from one on the boat that the tiller-ropes was broken—was probably burnt off, in consequence of which the steamer was unmanageable at the commencement of the fire. The first efforts of the Captain and officers appeared to be to reach the fire engine but did not succeed. All the communication between the forward and after part of the boat was cut off by the fire, which must have broken out near the furnace.

The harbor boat was being launched when we went into the other. He saw persons on the forward part of the steamer throwing things over—the hatch doors, &c., for the purpose of saving themselves. The working of the engine saved the steamer to leave the boat rapidly, so that those on the boat were unable to see or hear distinctly. The boat landed on the beach, near the point, about sunrise.

The steamship Galveston, reached her wharf about half past seven A. M., and among others, brought Mr. Chas. H. Hughes, the purser of the Louisiana.

Mr. Hughes confirms Mr. Grover's statement as regards the origin of the fire, which broke out in the fire room, twenty minutes past one. He states that the passengers were all asleep when the fire broke out; that the harbor boat capsized, and thinks some six or eight persons were lost at the time. Mr. H. and the engineer, Mr. Finn, jumped overboard on the hatch door, which they had thrown over. He says at that time, there were some thirty around him on boards and furniture which they had thrown over.

The Galveston and other vessels subsequently picked up a number of other persons. Several vessels were then employed to ply through the Gulf in hope of picking up others that might be floating about.

There was a large mail on board, and we hear of several large sums of money also lost, belonging to passengers, together with one hundred and fifty beavers that were on board.

A SNAKE TALE.

Says the lawyer: "Animals sometimes very nearly approach reason in their cunning."

"I got interested in the study of serpents down in Arkansas, where I spent the most of a year. I don't know why, but I was constantly watching them in new situations, and surrounding them with novel expedients. Of all kinds I experimented most with rattlesnakes and copperheads.

"One afternoon I seated myself on a little knoll in the woods to smoke and read—for I always had a book or newspaper with me—and had been enjoying myself for some time when I espied a copperhead making for a hole within ten feet of where I sat. Of course I threw down my book and cigar, and proceeded to try a new experiment. As soon as I stirred the rascal made a rush for the hole; but I caught his tail as he got nearly in and jerked him some twenty feet backward. He threw himself in a coil in no time, and waited for me to pitch in. But I concluded to let him try his hole again.—After a while he started for it, stopping when I started, to coil himself up; but as I kept pretty quiet he recovered confidence and again went in. Again I jerked him out. No sooner did he hit the ground than he made a grand rush for the hole in a straight line for my legs!—But that didn't work for I got out of the way, and gave him another fling!

"This time he lay still a while, appearing to reflect on the course to be taken. After getting his head a little way in, he stopped and wiggled his tail, as if on purpose for me to grab it. I did so; and quicker than a flash he drew his head out and came within a quarter of an inch of striking me in the face. However, I jerked him quite a distance, and resolved to look out the next time. Well he tried the same game again, but it wouldn't work—I was too quick for him.

"This time he lay in a coil half an hour, without stirring. At last, however, he tried it once more. He advanced to within five feet of the hole very slowly, coiled again, and then the rascal got the start of me by one of the cutest things you ever heard of.

"How was that?" we all exclaimed, in one breath.

"Why," said the narrator, sinking his voice to the acme of solemnity, and looking as honest

and as sober as any man could look; "why he just turned his head toward my hand, and went down the hole tail first!"

From the Blair County Whig.
John H. Wintrobe.

A majority of the citizens of this Representative district elected John M. Gibson and John H. Wintrobe to the late Legislature. The estimation by which the former is held in Blair County, is so palpable, that it needs no notice at our hands; the latter, in the feelings of the people of Huntingdon county, is well told in the following article from the last Huntingdon Journal.

"OUR REPRESENTATIVE.—We recommend to our fellow-citizens, the propriety of getting up some substantial testimonial of their high appreciation of the laborious efforts in their behalf, of their late Representative Dr. John H. Wintrobe. We suggest, further, that said testimonial consist of a patent leather medal, with a medium sized hole therein, in which shall be placed a piece of red tape. Said medal to be presented to said gentleman immediately. Or if this be not approved by said constituents of said Wintrobe, then, we suggest a testimonial of thirty (30 cent) pieces of silver. This would be more appropriate and we are led to believe more acceptable. We offer this suggestion on the ground that a faithful servant deserves a kindly mention." Aside from all jokes, we cannot, for the life of us, see how a community could be humbugged in working up such material to Legislators. Has the county no better? To be sure she has, and let her hereafter use it. The nomination of such men will weaken our strength—as the past proves—until localism shall triumph; it must be stopped. Since Mr. Wintrobe has now some leisure, he can enlighten the people of the county on his refusing to support the opposition candidate for the State Treasuryship. The reasons he gave us, we did not consider ourselves authorized to publish.—Events have since transpired, which bring us again to the original question. "Will Dr. Wintrobe explain" to the public. We have been beset by many good men throughout the county for the reasons given us. We now reiterate that those reasons are unsatisfactory from events which have since transpired.

A pair of pretty posies, truly.

GOVERNOR POLLOCK AND THE MAIN LINE BILL.

R. H. Canan, Esq., of Johnstown, writing for the Harrisburg "Patriot and Union," is placing Gov. Pollock in rather an unenviable position on the Main Line Bill question. He is but saying what we have always asserted, that the Governor is a weak, imbecile, vacillating, hypocritical demagogue—a disgrace to the position he was accidentally selected to fill. Thank God his term of office is nearly out and his management at an end.

The writer referred to, in company with other gentlemen called upon Pollock, with a view of pointing out the objectionable features in the bill, hoping thereby to induce him to interpose his Executive power. He says:

"After supper I went with them to see the Governor. We found him alone in his room at his boarding house, and had a long interview with him. He treated us very kindly, and apparently listened with great attention to our suggestions and arguments. He admitted that there were many objectionable features in the bill, that if he could had the framing of it he would have had it differently done—that he had doubts as to some of its provisions being constitutional, but that the people were so anxious for a sale that he believed the present bill would be sustained by a majority of over one hundred thousand, and that he felt disposed to sign the bill. Although I felt confident he was mistaken as to the people being in favor of the bill, yet I believed the governor honestly thought so, and when I came home on Saturday, as many of you know, I contended very earnestly that if the Governor signed the bill it would be from the honest conviction of his mind that the people were in favor of it. I supposed that he would keep the bill until the last hour, in order to learn more fully the will of the people.—When the news came on Monday that the bill was signed, my confidence in the integrity of the Executive was still unshaken, but when I received the information on Monday night that the bill was signed and the proposals for the sale in type at the time of our interview on Friday night, I came to the conclusion that if the Chief Magistrate of Pennsylvania, could so well act the HYPOCRITE, he could do worse, and I shall no longer spend my time in so useless a task as attempting to convince the people that Governor POLLOCK acted from pure motives in signing a bill, containing, according to his own testimony, many objectionable features, and many provisions not in accordance with the Constitution that he solemnly swore to support."

The Way they Get Rich in the West.—A friend of ours just returned from Kansas, where he has resided two years, tells of high prices of provisions in that region. Flour, last month, was selling at \$14 per barrel, molasses \$15 a gallon, pork 25 cents a pound, and other things at the same rate. The crops last year were poor, winter severe, killing many cattle, and the army of emigration so large as to devour all before them. To the question, how did you live?—the answer was prompt.—Live, said he, live on cracked corn, corn for breakfast; corn for dinner; and corn for supper. I have just learned to live; and if I had practised here for ten years, should I have been a rich man.

New Haven Municipal Election.—New Haven, June 3.—At the municipal election held here yesterday, the Democrats carried all branches of the city government by about 500 majority.

Give him a Trade.

If Education is the great buckler of human liberty, well developed industry is equally the buckler and shield of individual independence. As an unfaultering resource through life, give your son, equal with a good education, a good honest trade. Better any trade than none, though there is an ample field for the adoption of every inclination in this respect. Learned professions and speculative employments may fail a man, but an honest handicraft trade seldom or never—if its professor chooses to exercise it.—Let him feel, too, that honest laborcrafts are honorable and noble. The men of trades—the real creators of what is most essential to the necessities and welfare of mankind—cannot be dispensed with: they above all others, in whatever vocation they may be held by their more fastidious fellows, must work at the oar of human progress or all is lost. But few brown-handed trade-workers think of this, or appreciate the real position and power they compass.

Give your son a trade, no matter what fortune he may have or seem likely to inherit. Give him a trade and education—at any rate a trade. With this he can always battle with temporal want, can always be independent—and better independence with a moderate education, than all the learning of the colleges and wretched temporal dependence. But in this free land there can be ordinarily no difficulty in securing both the education and trade, for every youth, thereby fitting each and all to enter the ranks of manhood defiant of those obstacles which intimidate so many tradeless, professionless young men. None are the peculiarities of fortune, that no mere possession can be counted so absolutely secure or protective to man. Hoarded thousands may be swept away in a day, and their once possessors left with neither the means of independence or of livelihood.

He was a wise Scandinavian King who decreed that his sons must learn useful trades or be cut off from their expected princely fortunes. They demurred, but obeyed the decree. The eldest as the easiest trade to learn applied himself to the basket-making. In time he reigned in his father's seat. In time, also, reigned came upon, and overthrew him, and he fled disguised, wandering companionless, save his wife and children, his sole resources for livelihood a recurrence to his humble, but honest and useful trade.

The sons of the rich as well as the poor, should be strengthened by this possession. It is a weapon of assault, of defence, which once fairly seized, can never be taken from a man's grasp. Think of it, parents: examine your boys' "stumps," or rather study the "bent of their minds," and tastes,—and as of the best and most lasting services you can do for them, apply them to the learning of honest trades.

From the New Haven Register.
A GLORIOUS RETROSPECT.

The triumphs of the Democratic party of the United States, from its earliest organization to the present time, may challenge the history of political organizations for a parallel. By the strength and purity of its principles, it has maintained a triumphant supremacy during the most of the time since the adoption of the constitution. If it has occasionally failed, it has risen the mightier, for its temporary check; if the violence of attack, by its opponents, has in a few instances caused public sentiment to hesitate on the propriety of measures proposed by the democratic party, it has been sure to receive a heartier approbation, when the sober second thought" had thoroughly digested the propositions. It has thus, against efforts the most powerful, and means both abundant and unscrupulously applied, established as the permanent policy of nations its own views of finance, and tariff, and State sovereignty, and the still more perplexing question of slavery, on a satisfactory, just, and permanent basis. It has carried creditably through wars which have burdened the treasury or cramping the people.—But all this has been without effort—determined and persistent effort! At every step has the democratic party been assailed with the most outrageous abuse, the most merciless opposition. Its men, as well as its measures, have had to pass through storms of insult, obloquy, and misrepresentation; but, being right, their faith did not waver—being right, they were successful! It is the ordeal through which every "party of progress" is called to pass, and therefore is not to be regarded in the future any more than it has been in the issues of bygone days.

The history of the Maine Law crusade is fresh in every mind. The democratic party opposed it as "unwise and unjust." For this they were stigmatized and abused without stint, and in violence of the contest the democratic party was overthrown! But a few brief months have proved the democracy were right, and now all are forced to admit it!

Awful Death.—One night recently a servant girl in Auburn, New York, went to sleep leaning a light burning, which by some means set fire to the bed. Her screams aroused the family, but the bed was in flames, and before they could be extinguished the girl was burned to death, and her body almost reduced to a heap of cinders.

We understand (says the Boston Traveller) that among the numberless invitations that have been extended by the Bunker Hill Monument Association to be present on the 17th of June, Mr. Benjamin Smith, of Wayland, has been entirely unnoticed. Mr. Smith is ninety-four years old, and was a fier in the revolutionary army. He was in Boston on the 4th of last July, by invitation, and was received with marked honors.

Saved By a Cat.—Rome, it is said, was saved by the cackling of a goose. So a few nights since a family in Charleston was saved from death by fire through the "quintous cries of a

domestic cat," by which they were awakened from deep sleep at the dead of night. The fire was the work of an incendiary, and designed, it is believed, to destroy the whole family, who, as it was, barely escaped with their lives.

MASSACRE OF THE SONORA EXPEDITIONISTS.

Whether, as it is stated in some of the publications regarding this tragical affair, Col. Crabb had pledged from the present Governor of Sonora, and from influential citizens of the State, that he and his party would be allowed to settle peacefully, or whether the expedition was of a wholly illegitimate character, there is no imaginable justification of the inhuman, wholesale butchery of the expeditionists, after they had laid down their arms and surrendered themselves to the Government forces. It was also as impolitic as it was inhuman. It is stated by an eye-witness that for six days the Americans defended themselves against overwhelming odds. Driven into one of the principal houses in the town, (Cavorca), harassed, exhausted, and probably without food, they maintained their position, until an arrow, bearing a lighted brand, fired into the thatch of the house, set it on fire, and the whole interior of the roof was soon in flames.

Further resistance was unavailing, and the survivors, fifty-one in number, marched out unarmed and surrendered to the Mexicans. Next morning the whole body, one lad of about fifteen years excepted, were shot in squads of five and ten each. In the first executions it was found that the calmness of the Americans discomposed their executioners, who shot too high or too low, in many cases only wounding their victims. The backs of the fated men were then turned to the troops, and then they fired with steady and deadly aim. Col. Crabb was reserved for a separate death. He was taken to the front of the house where he fought, his face turned towards a pillar, his hands tied and drawn above his head, and standing thus, was shot from behind. A Mexican then cut off his head with a knife, and carried it across the street, to the office of the Juez, where it was placed on a table, to satiate the gaze of his captors and butchers.

But the merciless crew were not satisfied with this fearful vengeance. Four men, sick, had been left at Sonora by Crabb. They occupied the house owned by E. E. Dunbar, Esq., on the American side of the line. On the 18th of April, at night, a party of twenty-five Mexicans came up from San Juan, went to Dunbar's house, took these poor sick men out of bed, tied them, and at dawn of day carried them to the foot of the hill, shot them like dogs on American soil, and left them to rot. A party of Pagan Indians, more merciful, buried them. This violation of American soil is, at least, an outrage which our Government cannot overlook. We fear however, from the feeling prevailing in California at the sailing of the steamer, that the Californians will not await the slow action of the Government, but take the task of retribution into their own hands. Indeed, some of the journals predict that Sonora will be American territory within less than six months. The massacre at Cavorca, and the more revolting act which accompanied it, may lead to consequences of which the Mexicans dreamed not in the hour of their savage triumph.—*A. V. Sun.*

WELL SAID.—A western lady who was not long since a New-England girl, writes to the Tribune from Iowa with reference to the recent discussion of the subject of Cookery, a letter from which we make the following pungent extract, commending it to the reflections of whomsoever it may concern:

"Believe me that we (women) are not so much slaves to the tyranny of husbands, dinners, children, and servants, as to ourselves, and false and social customs. We are afraid of each other. We don't live in reference to comfort, or to our own means, but to what people say of us or think of us, and to overtop this one or the other. I have seen and know women fitted to adorn any society in this country or any other, that did their own work, took care of their own children, kept bright households, and had happy husbands, and still found time to keep up with the current literature, write memorandums, and copy poetry. It is not necessary, but artificial labor that makes our women drudges—eternal house cleanings, beginning in March, and lasting till May—again in September, and lasting till Thanksgiving. It is a pride of appearance of being thought good liver and crack house-keepers—for, let women say what they will, they are as jealous of this as poets (or politicians) are of each other."

A VILLAGE DESTROYED.—The Ogdensburg (St. Lawrence county, N. Y.) Sentinel says that on Monday morning of last week, the village of Brasher Iron Works, in that county, containing a thriving and busy population, was destroyed by fire. Before night the whole village, the foundry, machine shop, saw mills, and every dwelling in the place except six was consumed as with the besom of destruction. A fire that had previously raged in the woods was driven by a wind from a point or two south of west, like a hail storm, upon the doomed village. In one hour forty-three buildings and from \$75,000 to \$100,000 worth of property was reduced to ashes, and forty families made homeless and houseless, without food or clothing and without the means of employment. The Sentinel states that the call for aid has not been unheeded. Villages in the immediate vicinity have done nobly for the relief of the sufferers.—Of the sufferers, Mr. L. W. Skinner, of Ogdensburg, is mentioned as the greatest, the loss of his firm being \$75,000 over insurance.

We hear nothing, says the Panola (Mississippi) Star, but the most favorable account from the wheat crop of our country. It appears that after the cold weather passed by, the wheat took a new start, and we are informed that the crop was never better than it will be this year.