

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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Select Poetry.



A SUMMER RAMBLE.

BY WM. C. BRANT.

The quiet August noon has come,
A slumberous silence fills the sky,
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

And mark you soft, white clouds that rest
Above our sails, a moveless throng;
The cattle on the mountain's breast
Enjoy the grateful shadow long.

Oh, how unlike those merry hours
In early June when earth laughs out,
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout.

When in the grass sweet voices talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell.

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens and wraps the ground,
The blessings of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be to-day,
The only slave of toil and care,
Away from desk and dust! away!
I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,
Among the plants and breathing things,
The sinless, peaceful works of God,
I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come, thou, in whose soft eyes I see
The gentle meaning of thy heart,
One day amid the woods with me,
From men and all their cares apart.

And where, upon the meadow's breast,
The shadow of the thicket lies,
The blue will flowers, then gatherest
Shall glow yet deeper in thine eyes.

Come, and when mid the calm profound,
I turn those gentle eyes to seek,
They, like the lovely landscape round,
Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade,
And on the silent valleys gaze,
Winding and widening, till they fade
In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear
Still as its spire, and yonder rock
At rest in those calm fields appear
As chiselled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mount the scene o'erlooks,
There the hushed winds their sabbath keep,
While a near hum from bees and brooks
Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well may the eager deer that when,
Worn with the struggles and the strife,
And heart-sick at the wrongs of men,
The good forsake the scenes of life;

Like this deep quiet that, awhile,
Lingers the lovely landscape o'er,
Shall be the refuge whose holy soil
Welcomes him to a happier shore.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN MANCHESTER, PA.
A fire broke out on Saturday afternoon, about 3 o'clock, in the paper mill of Howard & Co., Manchester, which, before it was stopped, proved one of the most destructive that has ever visited that village. The fire originated near the roof, from sparks from the chimney, and the building being composed of wood—filled with the most combustible materials—it spread with great rapidity. In a few minutes the entire structure was in ruins, and the adjoining property—three small frame houses and saw mill of Messrs. J. & A. Patterson—was also in flames, and beyond all efforts to save them. A large quantity of saved and unsaved lumber, scattered around the two mills, was likewise destroyed.

The frame houses were inhabited by families of workmen employed in the mill, named Chandless, Wylie, and Potz, who, however, managed to save the largest part of their furniture. The heaviest sufferers by the calamity are Howard & Co., their loss being estimated at \$16,000 or \$18,000. On this there is an insurance of \$3,000 in the Delaware Mutual, and \$1,500 in some other office. Messrs. J. & A. Patterson will lose about \$9,000, the total value of the property consumed. We understand that their policy of insurance expired only a few weeks ago, and from some cause they neglected to get it renewed. They had another saw mill immediately adjacent to the one burnt, which, however, was not injured. About fifty men were employed in the paper mill, who, of course, are all thrown out of work for the present.—Pitts. Post, Oct. 2.

MELANCHOLY BEREAVEMENT OF THREE CHILDREN.—A sad and fatal accident occurred in Harrison Township, this county, on last Sunday, the 31st instant. Mr. Asa Crockett was in the woods, near his house, engaged in felling timber. The butt of a tree which he had chopped down hung to the stump, and in passing under the trunk for the purpose of getting to the other side, it fell, striking him with tremendous force on the temple, crushing his skull in a shocking manner. His three children were with him at the time, the eldest of whom is nine or ten years old. Instead of alarming the neighbors, they stayed with their father till after dark, when death put an end to his sufferings. The accident happened about 10 o'clock in the forenoon. The little children slept in their cabin that night by themselves, and when inquired of the next morning by a person who came to their cabin, where their father was, replied that they had "no father now"—he was out in the woods dead. The body was pointed

out by the children, and an inquest held, and a verdict rendered in accordance with the above facts.—Ohio Northwest, Sept. 6.

WHO LIT THE LAMPS?

Upon the rocky coast of Cornwall, there stood some years ago, and may be standing yet, an old-fashioned light-house. It was placed amid some dangerous rocks and was found a great blessing to mariners frequenting that coast, in directing them in dark and stormy nights. Many were the shipwrecks it prevented and many were the blessings that were breathed forth to heaven by the sailors for its guiding and cheering light.

You would have thought that every body would have been glad that the light-house stood upon these rocks and rejoiced in the good it did. But they did not.

There were a set of wicked men who looked upon the light-house with angry eyes, and often wished some storm would sweep it quite away. They longed to see the vessels wrecked, that they might gather some of the spoils that came from their destruction; and they therefore hated the light-house that thus deprived them of their treasures. These wicked men were called "wreckers," and when stormy nights came on, they might be seen looking out for their prey, and even building large fires upon the shores to deceive the ships, and lead them out of the way, and get them dashed to pieces on the rocks.

Still the light-house stood, watched over and kept by the merciful eyes and arms of a kind, protecting God.

It was inhabited, at the time I am writing about, by a good man and his little girl; and it is about this little girl my story must be told. She had a very pious mother, who when she died had given her holy counsels, and left her a large favorite Bible as her property. You may be sure that the last words of her dear mother were not soon forgotten; while the Bible she had left was looked upon with no little reverence and love.

The light-house was so placed upon the rocks, that at low water, when the tide was out, you could walk from it to the shore; but at high water no body could get to it, as no boat could ride in safety among the rocks and breakers. All the food the inmates needed and other things they used, were thus brought to them, or fetched by them at low water, and the good man of the light-house had often to go on shore for them.

One day he had gone as usual, leaving the little girl alone in the light-house, when some of the wreckers seized him and determined to prevent him going back to light his lamps, in the hope that some ship would be wrecked. The poor man was in great distress when he was a prisoner of these wicked men, and begged hard to be allowed to return. But in vain; there they kept him till long after the tide came in, and the dark night had gathered and it became impossible for him to return. At last they let him go, and he stood upon the shore in great distress. The night was gradually becoming a very stormy one. The wild winds roared furiously. The rain fell in torrents. The thunder rolled terrifically. The sea dashed furiously around the light-house, sometimes covering it entirely with its waves. What was he to do?

The lantern at the top of his house was all dark. He could see some ships in the distance, and he trembled lest they should be wrecked for want of his lamps being lighted. He knew his little girl was all alone and too little to do anything to help the difficulty; so there he stood in deep distress, while around him were the savage wreckers, glorying in the success of their wicked scheme, and looking for a large booty for the morning, when all of a sudden the light-house was lighted up, and its bright and glowing rays shot far across the troubled sea. The sailors far off were delighted as they caught its beams; and the good man himself was overcome with surprise, while he exclaimed, "Who has lit the lamps?"

Very distressed indeed was the little girl, when she found her father did not return as she expected. She watched the tide come rolling up and covering the rocks, so cutting off all the way to the shore. She heard the wind get up, and trembled as she felt it rock the light-house. She noticed the dark night setting in, and saw the storm beginning to rise. She looked out, and then she caught a glimpse of the ships in the distance, and knew that if the lamps were not lighted they would probably be wrecked, and in her distress began to think what she should do. At last a text of Scripture, one of her mother's last words, came into her mind—"Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee." So down she knelt and prayed earnestly to God to help her in her trouble, and rising, walked to see if she could light the lamps herself. She saw the long stick with which her father lit them. Down stairs accordingly she went, and with great labor dragged up a table and climbed on it, and tried again but still she could not reach the lamps. Down again she went to get something more to stand on, when her eye fell on her mother's large Bible, which she carried up with great labor to the lantern and placed it on the table. But now perhaps she thought it would be wrong to stand upon the Bible she so much revered, and she paused a little before she did it, and to pray to God to help her light the lamps. Then climbing up she stood tip-toe on the book, and to her joy found that she could just reach the lamps. In a minute all the lamps were lighted, and the lantern blazed out, to the joy of the sailors in the ships, the surprise and gladness of her father, and the shame and disappointment of the wicked wreckers on the shore. Such is my story. It is quite true; and as I have told you, I have been thinking of other mariners and wreckers than those on the coast of Cornwall. I have been thinking of a world of people all in danger of missing their way, and being forever ruined by the results of folly

and sin. I have thought of wreckers in the shape of wicked men and youths, who would faint blight and destroy those by whom they are surrounded. And I have thought of the Church of God, with the light of truth, and the means of presenting the way of peace and safety in her possession as a light-house to the world, in which even a child may help to kindle the lamps, and save some poor voyager for eternity from destruction and from woe.

Look around you, dear child, and see if you cannot light some lamp of truth and love, which shall help to save and bless your fellow-men.

LAMP OF LOVE.

Gale on the Texas Coast.

Immense Destruction of Property.

MATAGORDA DESTROYED.

* AWFUL SHIPWRECKS, &c., &c.

The coast of Texas was visited by a most disastrous gale, commencing on Sunday, the 18th, and lasting until Thursday night, the 21st inst. In the Lavaca and Matagorda Bays there was much suffering and loss.

At Lavaca not much damage was sustained. At Indiana the schooners Atlas and Fanny Mott were both driven through the wharves, and subsequently went on the beach, where they now lie. The Mott will be a total loss; the Atlas, probably, will be gotten off.

Saluria and Deckro's Point did not escape, but were even greater sufferers than on the bay above them. Many houses in both places were entirely washed away, some unroofed, and others taken off the blocks, there not being a single house that escaped serious damage, and quite a number being raised to the ground.

The schooners Alida and S. Belden, which had arrived on Sunday from Mobile, and were lying at anchor opposite Deckro's, were dragged into the reef, were capsized and totally lost, with both entire crews.

The U. S. schooner Fairy, belonging to the Light House Department, was beached, and is a total loss—crew saved.

The gale visited Matagorda with almost unparalleled fury, destroying nearly all the buildings in the town. Four lives were lost in the town, Mrs. Duffrey, Mr. Merriman, and a negro woman and child.

The steamboat Kate Ward was entirely wrecked near the town, Capt. Ward, his brother and nine of the crew perishing. But three only escaped by clinging to one of the wheels and were taken off on the 22d.

Schooner Tom Paine, Capt. F. Huls-mann, owned in Matagorda, was totally lost, with the captain and crew.

A vessel from Sabine, with lumber, lost on the peninsula; crew saved.

Crops of cane and cotton are blown down and nearly ruined. In fact, it is said not a bale of cotton is left in the country.

Quite a number of small crafts are reported lost with all their crews.

Trespassers and the houses on the peninsula opposite, were all swept away, except Col. Lewis' and two others not recollecting. Several lives are reported to have been lost, among which were two children of Capt. John Rogers, an old and much esteemed planter, who were killed by the house being blown down upon them.

An eyewitness to the devastation of Matagorda, says that he never could have conceived of such a sight as he witnessed between 4 and 5 o'clock on Monday morning; house crashing and breaking up, their materials flying through the air, women and children screaming and running whither they knew not, seeking protection, and when found, only to be driven forth again after a short lapse of time to find a new one, and in many instances in nearly a denuded state.

Corpus Christi and other places westward remain yet to be heard from, as also the country.—N. O. Pionier, of the 20th.

Greyhounds of Africa.

Nothing evinces more the aristocratic tastes of the Arabs of Sahara, than their treatment of their greyhounds. Here, as in all other Arab countries, the common dog, whatever the utility of his employments in protecting the tents and flocks, is still regarded as contemptible and troublesome servant—a disagreeable necessity. The greyhound alone, as the companion of his chivalrous pastimes, is treated by the Arab with affectionate attention and respect. While, therefore, the faithful watch dog is driven forth from the tent, treated as a vulgar brute, and allowed to seek his food among the offal and bones that have been thrown out, the greyhound sleeps in the men's apartment, on a carpet beside his master, or even on his bed. He is abundantly and carefully fed with koskoos and in summer, cakes are made for him of milk and stoned dates, which are said to be highly tonic. If a thorough bred animal, he will not drink out of a dirty vessel, nor will he taste milk in which any one has put his hands. He is defended from the cold with coverlets like the horse, the Arabs having no objection to his being sensitive in this respect—it is an evidence of high blood.—They delight in decking him with ornaments, and make for him collars of cowry shells, to which they attach talismans to secure him from the blight of the evil eye.

At the age of four days the pups are removed from the mother, and fed with goat's or camel's milk, mixed with dates and koskoos.

At the age of three or four months, the education of the greyhound is begun by the children starting jerboas, or small deer, and inducing him to give chase. He soon becomes fond of this pastime, that he will bark round the holes, to induce the youngsters to renew the sport. The next game on which he is tried is the hare, then the young gazelle. At the end of a year he attains his full strength and is advanced to be the companion of the tent, who

teaches him to hunt the full sized gazelle. The Arab talks to him as a human being. "Listen to me, friend; thou must bring me some venison, I am tired of eating nothing but dates; whereupon the dog leaps, wheels about, and intimates as plainly as possible, that he understands his master's wish, and is abundantly willing to comply.

When the dog perceives a herd of thirty or forty gazelles, he trembles with joy, and looks wistfully at his master. "Ha! young Jew," says the Arab, "thou wilt not say this time that thou hast not seen them." He then unties an ox-skin, and refreshes the body of the dog with a sprinkling of water. The impatient animal turns on him an imploring eye, he is loosed on the game, and bounds away; but yet conceals himself, crouches down if he is perceived; makes a zigzag course; and it is not till fairly within reach that he darts, with all his strength, choosing the finest of the herd as his victim.—When the hunter cuts up the gazelle, he gives the dog part of the loin; if he were offered any other refuse, he would reject it with disdain.

A thorough bred hound will hunt with no one but his master; and he manifests due self-respect in his choice of a prey. If on losing him his master has pointed out a fine large gazelle, and he has succeeded only in taking a small and middling looking one, he seems to feel the reproach that attaches to his failure, slinks away ashamed instead of claiming his accustomed share. He always accompanies his master when visiting, and shares whatever hospitalities he receives. By his intense cleanliness, the firmness of his manners, and the respect for the usages of society, he shows himself worthy of the attentions thus bestowed upon him.—When the Arab returns after a somewhat prolonged absence, his dog makes a single bound from the tent to the saddle, and welcomes him with caresses.

The greyhound of Sahara is very superior to that of the coast. He is tall and lank-colored, has a thin muzzle, black tongue and palate, large forehead, short ears, muscular neck, very short hair, no pouch, dry limbs, and the muscles of crop well marked. A pretty good one is considered worth a fine camel; but those which take the largest gazelles will bring as much as a horse. A family hound, however, is never sold; an Arab would as soon think of selling one of his sons. When he dies, it is a time of mourning in the tent; women and children weep and lament as for a member of the family.

From the Boston Traveller.

Remarkable Freaks of Lightning.

NEWBURYPORT, Friday, Sept. 8, '54.

One of the most remarkable freaks of lightning ever known in this vicinity, and the most singular we ever read of, happened in Byfield on Wednesday evening last, during the thunder storm. The house of Mr. Henry Rogers, located upon a slight eminence, entirely free from trees and shrubbery, was struck by lightning and almost totally destroyed, without the slightest injury to the inmates. As near as we could judge, the lightning entered the roof, near the centre, and tore therefrom on each side about one-third part of the whole surface. The house was one story, and directly beneath this place was a bed on which were sleeping three children. So near were they to the roof that the bed posts of the bedstead came within a foot of the boards, which were thrown to the ground, north and south. The charge then passed to the east part of the house, tearing off the entire end, and throwing fragments over forty-eight yards into a neighboring field; it then entered a bedroom, split the head and foot-boards from a bedstead occupied by two young men, shattered the posts, tearing the paper from the walls, thence passing into another room, taking from under a feather bed, on which was lying Mr. Rogers and wife, a straw bed, and scattering the straw in every direction. Every pane of glass in the house was broken; and some of the fragments thrown thirty-six feet in a southerly direction. The lightning then separated, taking a southerly and northerly course, throwing a privy upon a stone wall, passing through a barn in which were animals and a quantity of hay, then along the road, splitting from a rock upon a stone wall a piece weighing twenty pounds, throwing it some ten feet into the road, and passing into the earth. Mrs. Rogers was the only person awake. She heard the report, which she says was very loud, and saw the destruction going on, which she represents as bewildering and incomprehensible. The lightning must have passed within a few inches of the heads of the young men, as the head and foot boards, which were shattered, could not have been more than that distance from their heads. Everything in the house was in the most singular confusion. Articles were passed from one room to another, cards from a rack were found behind a mirror which hung opposite, a piece of meat which hung in the cellar was found on the second floor, and a pouch of powder was found perfect in the road. The stove was shattered and broken crockery were drove in all directions, fragments of furniture pierced the partitions, and everything mysterious in its disposition. The clock was stopped at three minutes to eleven—the pendulum was displaced and has not been found. Had a keg of powder exploded in the cellar, it would not have made a more perfect wreck. But yet, strange as it was not one of the seven inmates was injured. A scientific friend, whom we intend to visit the spot with us, enjoins upon us to present it as one of the most remarkable illustrations of the protection afforded by a feather bed from the effects of lightning, as it is his opinion that this alone saved them from instant death.

Crowds of people have visited the spot, and are still going, and the house is looked upon here as one worthy the attention of the curious.

A FEARFUL FALL.—A young man and young woman were found among the rocks, near the Falls of Paterson, on Monday morning, where they had lain all night, having fallen down a precipice on the night previous. The woman had both her legs and one arm broken, and the man had his back and ribs broken, and was otherwise injured.

Extraordinary Case.

The Paris correspondent of the Columbus Journal translates the following extraordinary and incredible story from late German papers:

A very rich old lady, the Countess de K—, had by her first marriage, two twin sons, whom she loved fondly. After having trembled a long while for their existence, she decided to quit Germany, her native country, where she possessed, independent of a vast and magnificent chateau, an immense property under rent. She traveled; consulted the most eminent physicians, and finally fixed her residence in Italy. There, under the influence of a beautiful sky, the two boys grew up, but they preserved the excessive nervous impressibility which had, since their infancy, put their lives in peril. The two boys had between them a remarkable resemblance; they both engaged in the culture of arts, but especially to painting. At sixteen years of age, they were already cited as masters; but at this epoch a new crisis appeared: the same symptoms; the same pains; the physicians decided that to prevent the return of these nervous crises, the young men should be separated. They obstinately refused to be separated, but they consented to the painful separation. It was left to chance which one should leave the maternal roof, and it fell on Alfred.

Alfred K. started on the tour of Greece and Egypt; the journey was to continue a year. Alfred wrote regularly every day to his mother and brother; he sent them his drawings and his pictures. But what was remarkable, the young man who remained in Italy lived so perfectly the life of his brother, that he designed and painted exactly and simultaneously what his brother designed and painted after nature.—Each time that a package arrived from Athens or Alexandria, the paintings, the aquarells that they contained had already their duplicates in the studio of the brother—duplicates so faithful that the artists themselves could find no difference.

One day, returning from a journey in Upper Egypt, Alfred K. died and the physicians sent to the family a detailed account of all the circumstances which attended the death of the young man. The same day, at the same hour, and under circumstances, and with symptoms precisely identical, the brother who remained in Italy died, pronouncing the same words as his brother had pronounced.

The desolate mother, who was yet young, being but sixteen years older than her sons, returned to Germany, where her husband occupied a high position under government. Two years after her return, she gave birth a second time to two twin boys, who resembled, trait for trait, the twin sons whom she had so unfortunately lost. They received at their baptism the names of their deceased brothers. All the circumstances which had presided at the development of the first children, were reproduced precisely with the second; the same nervous proclivities; the same mysterious sympathies. Again the mother was advised to travel. This time she went into Spain; the boys exhibited the same taste for the arts, particularly for painting. At the age of sixteen, and day for day with the first brothers they fell sick. Their separation was ordered, but this time the mother resisted energetically; she was vanquished, however, by the persistence of their malady and the continued persuasion of the physicians, who declared that they would die if they remained together, on account of their extraordinary resemblance, of their nervous organization, which absorbed mutually the principles of their existence. The mother consented that one of them should make a voyage into the south of Spain.

Chance again designated the one who bore the name of Alfred. The same phenomenon of intuition was reproduced. The one designed at Madrid or Barcelona what the other painted at Cadiz, and with the same wonderful resemblance of touch. The day that Alfred was ready to start home to rejoin his mother and brother, he fell sick and died at the same hour that his brother died at Cadiz in the arms of his mother, and both pronounced at the same time the words which their deceased brothers pronounced eighteen years ago.

Espartero, the Spanish General-in-Chief.

His strongly marked eyebrows, the steady regard of his eye, his slightly closed lips, and the width of his chin, announce that no oscillations are to be looked for in him when once his will has been declared. Espartero commands respect by other physical and moral qualities. Of middle height, sixty years of age at least, but not looking more than fifty, he bears on his lofty forehead, in his black eye, and on his lips turning readily to a smile, a great appearance of kindness, frankness, and courage carried to recklessness. By the services which he has rendered, he is the first of all the living Spanish commanders. He is a good comrade for his soldiers, and when he saw the troops suffering from want of supplies, Espartero often engaged his private fortune towards the contractors. It is in that way that, being a rich man when he assumed command, he was infinitely poorer when he laid it down. His fortune comes from his wife, the daughter of a rich banker; and she never hesitated to give her signature, when it was called for, to serve the army. Of an honest but obscure family, he has had always the good sense not to deny his origin. One day during his regency, there was a grand soiree at Buena Vista, and an uncle and two female cousins of the Regent were announced. The uncle was a small contractor for roads in Mancha, and his daughters dressmakers. The Duke at once went to meet his relatives, received them most kindly, and left every one struck with that democratic pride which showed itself so grace-

fully in the palace of kings. There is nothing in all this, certainly, which amounts to absolute proof that Espartero will be equal to the mission assigned to him. And yet a man's antecedent conduct is one of the elements that serve best to enable the world to form a judgment of his future conduct.—Paris Siecle.

A Thrilling Disclosure.

Five gentlemen arrived in San Antonio, Sept. 4th, who just returning from California, having come by the overland route from Mazatlan, on the Pacific—their names and places of residence are as follows:

Richard M. Head, Bibb county, Georgia; J. W. Cole, Holly Spring, Miss.; James Scofield, Hamilton county, Tenn.; David Spring, Fort Smith, Arkansas.

From these persons we learned the following painful disclosures: In the city of Durango, Mexico, they learned in a private manner that there were some Americans in the city prison, and they afterwards got permission to visit them. They found them in a large stone dungeon, of so filthy a description that it was almost impossible for visitors to remain in the entrance way but a few minutes. The Americans in confinement were three in number, and their names and former places of residence were as follows: William Shirley, Broom county, New York; William Rodgers, Stark county, Ohio; John Gaines, Dayton, Montgomery county, Ohio.

These men have been in this filthy dungeon four years and three months, and during two years of this time they were chained down to the floor, in total darkness, where they could not see any person but the one who fed them their starving allowance. At the end of two years the huge chains around their ankles and wrists had worn the flesh off to the bone, and such was their horrid condition, that their chains were removed to save their lives and keep them in misery the longer. The flesh is partly healed over these wounds, leaving the most heart-sickening scars, which were all seen by the five persons whose names are mentioned above.

They state that they were imprisoned on the charge of murdering and robbing a man for his money; and they state also, that from some facts which they are in possession of, the person who committed the murder escaped. They have written letters to the American Minister in Mexico several times, and they have reason to believe that he has never received them.

Our informants learned from many respectable Spaniards in Durango, that it was impossible to get evidence to convict them; and the great mass of the people believe them innocent. The youngest of the prisoners, John Gaines, of Dayton, Ohio, is only 17 years old. The interview which our informants had with them was a heart-bruising scene, and on taking their leave, they begged them in the most feeling manner to relate their circumstances to the American people, and if possible, to send them relief.

The above statement is of the most reliable character—these persons witnessed it with their own eyes, and they are persons of undoubted veracity, and some of them have been long known to some of our citizens.—N. Y. Express.

RECOVERED FROM THE WELL.—The two men still remaining in Hanna's well, near the paper mill, as we went to press on yesterday evening were dug out in a short time after. W. Shipley Spence was found one foot below the elder Robinson, taken out alive yesterday morning. He was dead when found, had probably been killed by falling with his side upon one of the platforms, as his ribs were broken and his body bore other evidences of injuries. Young Robinson was found at the bottom of the well in an erect position the gravel packed close about him, which had likely smothered him to death in a few moments after the casualty, which was a shocking one.—Steuvenville Herald.

On Thursday, the 7th inst., Mr. Peter Livick, living about three miles from Steunton, died of dysentery. In the afternoon of the same day, one of his children died, and father and child were both buried in the same grave the next day. A few weeks previous, two other children died of the same disease, and one since his death. In the course of one month the father and four children had died.

AN UNNATURAL SON.—An old man, named Warner, a German, who resided near Greenville, died last week, and it was rumored that he came to his death by foul means, but the facts are that the old man died on Thursday, when he was taken by his son and placed in an outbuilding, a short distance from the residence, where he remained until Sunday morning, when he was taken by his son, placed in a trough, a hole dug about eighteen inches deep, a few feet from the house, and the body covered up. The old man's son, on being interrogated as to why he did not bury his father sooner, replied that he felt like being sick himself, as he had symptoms of the ague—and he had a clearing on hand—and his fences were on fire—and the pigs were in the corn, and he had not time to attend to it until Sunday morning.—Dayton (Ohio) Gazette, 11th ult.

ELOPEMENT OR ABDUCTION.—A daughter of Mr. Charles Sanders, keeper of the Rail Road House in Dean street, Albany, left home on Sunday, saying she was going to church, since which time nothing has been heard of her by her parents. She is about 14 years of age. A Frenchman boarding at the house left about the same time, and is supposed to have enticed the girl away.

A DOCTOR KILLED BY HIS OWN MEDICINE.
—Dr. George Buchanan, of Hillsdale, Ohio, killed himself the other day by an over-dose of morphine, while suffering from an attack of cholera morbus. It would seem that he was a little inclined to give large doses of that medicine, as he had a short time before been arrested for malpractice, in causing the death of a child by it.