

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

TERMS, \$2 PER YEAR.

NEW SERIES.

BEDFORD, PA. FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 23, 1855.

VOL. XXIII, NO. 32.

Select Poetry.



THE SABBATH.

BY SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook, and blown the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil poor child of Cain,
Thy seventh the slave of Want may be,
Thy seventh thy limbs escaped the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender was the law that gave
This holy respite to thy breast;
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the centinel glide,
What image charms to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide,
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth,
This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with justice rule,
Shall share the altered world!

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man,
But subjects man to power.

Yet on one day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile shall surely cease,
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may rank divide the poor,
Oh, Dives, from the banquet hall!
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!

GOING INTO MOURNING.

The following is from Mrs. Moor's "Life in the Clearings."

"And then, this absurd fashion of wearing black for some months and years for the dead; let us calmly consider the philosophy of the thing, its use and abuse. Does it confer any benefit on the dead? Does it afford any consolation to the living? Morally or physically does it produce the least good? Does it soften our regretful pang; or dry one bitter tear, or make the wearers wiser or better? If it does not produce any ultimate benefit, it should be at once discarded as a superstitious relic of more barbarous times, when men could not gaze on the simple, unveiled face of Truth, but obscured the clear daylight of her glance under a thousand fantastic masks.

The ancient were more consistent in their mourning than the civilized people of the present day. They sat upon the ground and fasted, with rent garments, and ashes strewn upon their heads. This mortification of the flesh was a sort of penance inflicted by the self-tortured mourner for his own sins, and those of the dead. If this grief were not of lasting nature, the mourner found relief for his mental agonies in humiliation and personal suffering.—He did not array himself in silk, and wool, and fine linen, and garments cut in the most approved fashion of the day, like our modern beaux and belles, when they testify to the public their grief, for the loss of a friend or friend, in the most expensive and becoming manner.

Verily, if we must wear our sorrow upon our sleeve, why not return to the sackcloth and ashes, as the most consistent demonstration of that grief which, hidden in the heart, surpasseth show.

But, then, sackcloth is a most unmanageable material. A handsome figure would be lost, buried, annihilated, in a sackcloth gown; it would be so horribly rough; it would be so horribly rude; it would wound the delicate skin of a fine lady; it could not be confined in graceful folds by clasps of jet, and pearl, and ornaments in black and gold. Sackcloth? Fought!—away with it. It smells of the knotted scourge and the charnel house." We, too, say, "Away with it!" True grief has no need of such miserable provocatives to woe.

The barbarians who cut and disfigure their faces for the dead, showed a noble contempt of the world, by destroying those personal attractions which the loss of the beloved had taught them to despise. But who now would have the fortitude and self-denial to imitate such an example? The mourners in crape and French merino would rather die themselves than sacrifice their beauty at the shrine of such a monstrous sorrow.

How often have I heard a knot of gossips exclaim, as some widow of a gentleman in fallen circumstances glided by in her rusty weeds, what shabby black that woman wears for her husband! I should be ashamed to appear in public in such faded mourning."

And yet, the purchase of that shabby black may have cost the desolate mourner and her orphan children the price of many a necessary meal. Ah, this putting of a poor family into black, and all the funeral trappings for pall-bearers and mourners, what a terrible affair it is! what anxious thoughts! what bitter heart-aches it costs!

But the usages of society demand the sacrifice, and it must be made. The head of the family has suddenly been removed from his earthly toils, at a most complicated crisis of his affairs, which are so involved that scarcely enough can be collected to pay the expenses of the funeral, and put his family into decent

mourning, but every exertion must be made to do this. This money, that might, after the funeral was over, have paid the rent of a small house, and secured the widow and her young family from actual want, until she could look for and obtain some situation in which she could earn a living for herself and them, must all be sunk in conforming to a useless custom, upheld by pride and vanity in the name of grief.

"How will the funeral expenses ever be paid?" exclaims the anxious, weeping mother. "When it is all over, and the mourning be, there will not remain a single copper to find us in bread." The sorrow of obtaining this useless outward show of grief engrosses all the available means of the family, and that is expended upon the dead which might with careful management, have kept the living from starving. Oh, vanity of vanities! there is no folly on earth that exceeds the vanity of this!

There are many persons put off their grief when they put on their mourning, and it is a miserable satire on mankind to see these somber-clad beings in festive halls mingling with the gay and happy, their melancholy garments affording a painful contrast to light laughter, and eyes sparkling with pleasure.

Their levity, however, must not be mistaken for hypocrisy. The world is in fault, not they. Their grief is already over,—gone like a cloud from before the sun, but they are forced to wear black for a given time. They are true to their nature, which teaches them that "no grief with man is permanent," that the storms of to-day will not darken the heavens to-morrow. It is complying with a lying custom that makes them hypocrites; and as the world always judges by appearances, it so happens that by adhering to one of its rules appearances in this instance are against them.

Nay, the very persons who, in the first genuine outburst of natural grief besought them to moderate their sorrow, to dry their tears, and be comforted for the loss they had sustained, are among the first to censure them for following the advice so common and useless. Tears are as necessary to the afflicted as showers are to the parched earth, and are the best and sweetest remedy for excessive grief.

To the mourner we would say, weep on; nature requires your tears. They are sent in mercy by Him who wept at the grave of his friend Lazarus. The man of sorrow himself taught us to weep.

We once heard a very beautiful volatile young lady exclaim, with something very like gloze in her look and tone, after reading a letter she had received by the post, with its ominous black bordering and seal—"Grandmama is dead! We shall have to go into deep mourning. I am so glad, for black is so becoming to me!"

An old aunt, who was present, expressed her surprise at this indecorous avowal; the young lady replied, with great naivete—"I never saw grandmama in my life. I cannot be expected to feel any grief for her death."

"Perhaps not," said her aunt. "But why, then, make a show of that which you do not feel?"

"Oh, it's the custom of the world. You know we must. It would be considered shocking not to go into very deep mourning for such a near relative."

The young lady inherited a very nice legacy, too, from her grandmama; and, had she spoken the truth, she would have said, "I cannot weep for joy."

Her mourning, in consequence, was of the deepest and most expensive kind, and she really did look charming in her "love of a black crape bonnet" as she skipped before the glass, admiring herself in it, when it came home from the milliner's.

In contrast to the pretty young heiress, we knew a sweet orphan girl whose grief for the death of her mother, to whom she was devotedly attached, lay deeper than this hollow tinsel show; and yet the painful thought that she was too poor to pay this mark of respect to the memory of her beloved parent, in a manner suited to her birth and station, added greatly to the poignancy of her sorrow.

A family who had long been burdened with a cross old aunt, who was a martyr to rheumatic gout, and whose violent temper kept the whole house in awe, and whom they dared not offend for fear of her leaving her wealth to strangers, were in the habit of devoutly wishing the old lady a happy release from her sufferings. When this long anticipated event at length took place, the very servants were put into the deepest mourning. What a solemn farce—we should say, lie—was this!

The daughters of a wealthy farmer had prepared everything to attend the great agricultural provincial show. Unfortunately, a grandfather to whom they all seemed greatly attached, died most inconveniently the day before, and as they seldom kept a body over the second day in Canada he was buried early in the morning of the one appointed for their journey. They attended the remains to the grave, but after the funeral was over they put off their black garments and started to the show, and did not resume them until after their return. People may think this very shocking, but it was not the laying aside of the black that was so, but the fact of their being able to go from the loneliness of the grave to a scene of gaiety. The black clothes had nothing to do with this want of feeling, which would have remained the same under a black or scarlet vestment.

A gentleman in this neighborhood, since dead, who attended a public ball the same week that he had seen a lovely child consigned to the earth, would have remained the same heartless parent dressed in the deepest sables.

No instance that I have narrated of the business-like manner in which the Canadians treat death is more ridiculously striking than the following:

The wife of a rich mechanic had a brother living, it was supposed, at the point of death. His sister sent a note to me, requesting me to relinquish an engagement I had made with a

sewing girl in her favor, as she wanted her immediately to make up her mourning, the doctor having told her that her brother could not live many days.

"Mrs. ——— is going to be before-hand with death," I said, as I gave the girl the desired release. "I have known instances of persons being too late with their mourning to attend a funeral, but this is the first time I ever heard of it being made in anticipation."

After a week the girl returned to her former employment.

"Well, Anne, is Mr. ——— dead?"

"No, ma'am, nor likely to die this time, and his sister is so vexed that she bought such expensive mourning, and all for no purpose?"

The brother of this provided lady is alive to this day the husband of a very pretty wife, and the father of a family, while she, poor body, has been consigned to the grave for more than three years.

County Land Law.

Below will be found the law passed towards the close of the last Congress, giving lands to soldiers and others who served in the armies of the United States since 1790.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That each of the surviving commissioned and non-commissioned officers, musicians, and privates, whether of the regulars, volunteers, rangers or militia, who were regularly mustered into the service of the United States, and every officer, commissioned and non-commissioned, seaman, ordinary seaman, marine, clerk, and landsman in the navy, in any of the wars in which this country has been engaged since seventeen hundred and ninety, and each of the survivors of the militia, or volunteers, or State troops of any State or Territory, called into military service, and regularly mustered therein, and whose services have been paid by the United States, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant from the Department of the Interior, for one hundred and sixty acres of land; and where any of those who have been so mustered into service and paid, shall have received a certificate or warrant, he shall be entitled to a certificate or warrant for such quantity of land as will make, in the whole with what he may have heretofore received, one hundred and sixty acres to each such person having served as aforesaid: *Provided*, The person so having been in service shall not receive said land if it shall appear by the muster rolls of his regiment or corps that he deserted, or was dishonorably discharged from service: *Provided*, further, That the benefits of this section shall be held to extend to wagon-masters and teamsters who may have been employed, under the direction of competent authority, in time of war, in the transportation of military stores and supplies.

Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That in case of the death of any person who, if living, would be entitled to a certificate or warrant, as aforesaid, under this act, leaving a widow, or if no widow, such minor child or children, shall be entitled to receive a certificate or warrant for the same quantity of land that such deceased person would be entitled to receive under the provisions of this act, if now living: *Provided*, That a subsequent marriage shall not impair the right of any such widow to such warrant, if she be a widow at the time of making her application: And *provided*, further, That those shall be considered minors who are so at the time this act shall take effect.

Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That in no case shall any such certificate or warrant be issued for any service less than fourteen days, except where the person shall actually have been engaged in battle, and unless the party claiming such certificate or warrant shall establish his or her right thereto by recorded evidence of said service.

Sec. 4. And be it further enacted, That said certificates or warrants may be assigned, transferred, and located by the warrantees, their assigns, or their heirs-at-law, according to the provisions of existing laws, regulating the assignment, transfer, and location of bounty land warrants.

Sec. 5. And be it further enacted, That no warrant issued under the provisions of this act shall be located on any public lands, except such as shall at the time be subject to sale at either the minimum or lower graduated prices.

Sec. 6. And be it further enacted, That the register and receivers of the several land offices shall be severally authorized to charge and receive for their service in locating all warrants under the provisions of this act, the same compensation, or percentage, to which they are entitled by law, for sales of the public lands, for cash, at the rate of one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. The said compensation to be paid by the assignees or holders of such warrants.

Sec. 7. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act, and all the bounty land laws heretofore passed by Congress, shall be extended to Indians, in the same manner and to the same extent, as if the said Indians had been white men.

Sec. 8. And be it further enacted, That the officers and soldiers of the revolutionary war, or their widows or minor children, shall be entitled to the benefits of this act.

Sec. 9. And be it further enacted, That the benefits of this act shall be applied to, and embraced those who served as volunteers at the invasion of Plattsburg, in September, eighteen hundred and fourteen; also, at the battle of King's mountain, in the revolutionary war, and the battle of Nickojack against the confederated savages of the South.

Sec. 10. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act shall apply to the chaplains who served with the army in the several wars of the country.

Sec. 11. And be it further enacted, That the provisions of this act be applied to still-living men and to those who served as volunteers at the

attack on Lewistown, in Delaware, by the British fleet, in the war of eighteen hundred and twelve-fifteen.

An Act to Repeal the Tavern License Law.

Sec. 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly met, and it is hereby enacted, by the authority of the same—That, from and after the passing of this act, all laws relating to inns, taverns, and retailers of vinous and spirituous liquors, within this Commonwealth, be, and the same are hereby repealed, and thereafter it shall be unlawful to keep or maintain a tavern, house, room, or place, where vinous, spirituous, malt, or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof, are sold or drunk.

Sec. 2. That if any person or persons, within this Commonwealth, shall keep for sale and sell, or in connection with any other business, or profitable employment, give, receive (therefor any price, profit or advantage, by any measure whatever, and at the same time voluntarily afford a place or any other convenience or inducement, by which the same may be used as a beverage, any vinous, spirituous malt or brewed liquors, or any admixture thereof, by, he, she or they, and any one aiding, abetting or assisting therein, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and subject to indictment, and upon conviction, shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the jail of the proper county; for the first offence, for a term not less than three, nor more than six months; and for a second offence not less than six, nor more than twelve months; and in either case to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars.

Sec. 3. That if any two or more persons conspire together, by which one may sell and the other afford the place, or other convenience for drinking with intent to evade the provisions of this act, he, she or they, or either of them, indicted together or separately, upon conviction, shall be sentenced to undergo an imprisonment in the jail of the county, not less than four nor exceeding eight months, and be fined not exceeding one hundred and fifty dollars.

Sec. 4. That it shall be the duty of every constable, of every town, borough, township, or ward within this Commonwealth, at every term of quarter sessions of each respective county, to make return on oath, whether within his knowledge, there is any place within his bailiwick, kept and maintained in violation of this act, and it shall be the especial duty of the president judges, of all the said courts, to see that this return is faithfully made: and if any responsible citizen, of any county shall make known to such constable, the name or names, of such person or persons, who shall have violated this act, it shall be his duty to make return thereof, to the court; and upon his failure so to do, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon indictment and conviction, shall be sentenced to imprisonment in the jail of the county, for a period not less than one nor more than three months, and pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars.

A NODDY DEED.—During the night of November 26th last, in a thick snow storm, the wind blowing a heavy gale down the lake, the water chilled and making ice fast, the Canadian schooner Conductor, Capt. Hackett, struck on the bar outside of Long Point cut, on the island side, beat over and filled with water immediately, some distance from the shore, the sea making a complete breach over her, driving the crew to the rigging for their lives. In the morning at daylight they were discovered clinging to the wreck, by Mrs. Margaret Becker, a Trapper's wife, the sole inhabitant of that end of the island, her husband being over on the main land. She immediately went down abreast of the vessel on the beach, and built a large fire of logs, made some hot tea, and prepared some food for them in case they reached the shore, and to refresh and encourage their drooping spirits by showing them succor was at hand. All that long day, with the tempest raving around her, did that heroic woman watch the suffering seamen clinging to the rigging of the wreck.

Just at nightfall the Capt. called to the Mate, who was on the other side of the rigging, that they would all perish if they had to remain in the rigging another night, and that he was going to attempt to swim ashore; if he succeeded, they could follow him; if he drowned, they could cling to the rigging and run their chances. He leaped and struck out. As he reached the undertow and backwater, his strength failing, and chilled and benumbed with cold, he would certainly have been drowned, had not the woman gone to his rescue. She waded in through the surf up to her neck, grasping him and dragging him out safely. The balance of the crew then followed him one by one, with the same result, this noble woman breasting the sea, and meeting and dragging them out singly as they came ashore; being, in the main, instrumental in saving the whole crew. Such noble conduct deserves more than a passing notice. She is a woman of the most humble position in life, but showed herself on this occasion a true heroine, and possessed of the noblest qualities of heart and soul.—*Buffalo Com. Adv. Feb. 25.*

A FEARFUL ADVENTURE.—A Boy Falling One Hundred Feet.—Last Saturday, a thrilling incident occurred at Patterson's Falls, in Sparta, about five miles north of this village. A little boy only four years old, son of Mr. I. Patterson, left the house of his parents about two o'clock, and wandered to the head of the falls, half a mile distant. He not returning at five o'clock, a search was made in the direction of the falls, when at once the worst fears of his parents were realized.

He had gone over the brink of the frightful precipice, as his track in the snow gave evidence, which covered the more abrupt juts of the falls. In the distance below a dark speck was all that could be seen, and nothing could be heard except the sepulchral roar of the water. After considerable difficulty the summit of the

falls was effected. The dark speck proved to be the hole produced by the fall, from which he was thrown into the snow about three yards to the left. He had fallen one hundred feet, and finding he could not retrace his steps, he ventured further, passing over three other falls less dangerous, where he was found nearly frozen.—*Danville Democrat.*

DEATH FROM TAKING ETHER.—Mrs. Michael Farley, of Lynn, died yesterday from the effects of ether administered by Dr. Davis, dentist. Batteries were used to bring her to, but with no effect. She leaves a husband and two small children.

The dentist was about to extract it in the regular way, when the woman requested to have ether administered. To this objection was made by Dr. Davis, he stating that it would cost her seventy-five cents more. She pulled out some money, stating that she had enough to pay, and persisted that the ether should be given her.—The doctor then inquired of her as to her state of health, if her lungs were in any way affected, &c. She replied in the negative, when he proceeded to comply with her request.

After she had inhaled from the sponge a while, he asked her if she could feel the pain in the tooth, and she replied that she did. He then held the sponge to her nostrils for a further brief period, noticing nothing unusual, and he went to get his instruments. On his return he found that her mouth was set. He immediately proceeded to give her air, and took other means to restore her. Mr. James Bullum, a well-known citizen came in, and physicians were sent for; but nothing availed; she revived for a moment, breathed a little, and then died.

A CORNER'S INQUEST was held and a post mortem examination of the body took place, when it appeared that the lungs of the deceased were considerably diseased, and the report of the examining physicians was that she no doubt died of congestion of the lungs, brought on by the inhalation of ether.

The female who accompanied the deceased having substantiated the statement of the dentist, as to the persistent desire of the deceased to inhale ether, the jury returned a verdict exculpating him from all blame in the matter.—*Box. Trav.*

Be a Gentleman at Home.

There are few families, we imagine, anywhere in which love is not abused, furnishing a license to impoliteness. A husband, father, or brother, will speak harsh words to those whom he loves the best, and those who love him the best, simply because the security of love and family pride keeps him from getting his head broken. It is a shame that a man will speak more impolitely at times to his wife or sister, than he would dare to any other female, except a low and vicious one. It is thus that the holiest affections of man's nature prove to be a weaker protection to woman in the family circle, than the restraint of society, and that a woman usually is indebted for the kindest politeness of life, to those not belonging to her own household. Things ought not to be so. The man who, because it will not be resented, inflicts his spleen and bad temper upon those of his hearthstone, is a small coward, and a very mean man. Kind words are the circulating medium between true gentlemen and ladies at home, and no polish exhibited in society can atone for the harsh language and disrespectful treatment too often indulged in between those bound together by God's own ties of blood, and the still more sacred bonds of conjugal love.—*Springfield Republican.*

SAGACITY OF A HEN.—A Spanish hen which was a great favorite with her mistress, was accustomed to be fed with a dainty meal every time she laid an egg. Chucky found this out and would go to her nest and sit there a few moments, and then come forth chuckling as loud as if she had performed a great feat, and for a day or two got her usual reward; but on an egg being found on several occasions, it was suspected that Mrs. Chucky was playing false; and her usual feed being withheld, it was found that for two or three times together on the same day, she would repeat the same dodge of going and sitting for a short time on her nest, and then come forth chuckling as loud as she could for her expected reward.

We have heard it rumored that the colored population intend rising in arms against the whites in this county, during the coming holidays, next month—we presume it is nothing but a rumor; but it behooves every citizen to be on his guard about the matter, as we see negroes running around the town very frequently; and it is a common thing for them to have guns and ammunition in their houses, although the law forbids it, without an order from the Circuit Judge. It is well known that an attempt of this kind was made some years ago, by the negroes of this county; therefore it is the duty of every officer in the county to see that they are without guns, &c.—*Cambridge (Md.) Democrat.*

On Christmas day, Mr. T. W. Bates while doing the exploit of sticking a bar of lead down his throat, let go his hold, and it descended into his stomach. The physicians of this place, not knowing but Bates was trying to hoax them made a slight examination at the time, inasmuch as he had made but little ado about it, and at times denied having swallowed the lead at all. A few days after, the victim, having swallowed some acid substance, the lead began to corrode, and he became very sick. The physicians were then called in, and it was soon found that every other attempt to extract the lead would be unavailing, save opening the stomach. This being resolved upon, some five or six physicians were called in on Wednesday last when Dr. J. Bell, of this place, performed the operation, probably the first on record, of opening the stomach and extracting the lead. The bar was eleven inches in length, and about one-half the length showed the action of the acid upon it. The patient at last accounts was getting along finely, with a prospect of speedy recovery—the inflammation

caused from the lead while in his stomach, being the greatest difficulty to contend with at present appearances.—*Wapella (Iowa) Intelligencer.*

STRYCHNIA AND ITS ANTIDOTE.—In the last number of the Medical and Surgical Journal, published in Richmond, we notice an article in it on the above powerful and sudden poison by Dr. Tewkesbury, of Maine. He says:

"The frequency with which strychnia is used for poisoning purposes has attracted the serious attention not only of medical men but the public generally. The deadly certainty with which it acts, the ease of administration, and the difficulties which surround every attempt to prove with positive certainty its presence in the stomach, all unite to give this drug a dreadful notoriety.

"Dr. T. then proceeds to mention instances of his being called to see persons who had taken willfully and by mistake doses of strychnia, and that he had given them about two teaspoonfuls of saturated solution of camphor with manifest effect and prompt relief. He also tried it by way of experiment on dogs and found that whenever he could administer the camphor speedily enough he was successful in preventing the poison from causing death."

A SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN.—N. Powers, of Fayette county, Iowa, lately drove into Dubuque with a load of game, consisting of 1,000 quails, 1,000 prairie chickens, 100 rabbits, eight deer, five wolf skins, and two bear skins.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT AT MEREDITH, N. H.—A frightful accident occurred at Meredith, N. H., on Tuesday last. Whilst the people were balloting in the Town Hall, the floor suddenly gave way, precipitating some three hundred persons into the stores beneath, a distance of 18 feet. Forty persons were taken out with their limbs broken and otherwise injured, four of whom are not expected to recover. The affair produced a most intense excitement.

A GIANTESS IN A FIX.—They have a giantess in Maine. She is seven feet six inches in height. The Portland Argus tells the following anecdote of her: "While she was passing through the kitchen of a farm house one day, with a large pan of milk in each hand, her hair caught upon a hook which projected two or three inches from the ceiling, and held her fast. She could neither stoop to set the pans down nor raise her hands to disengage her hair, and was compelled thus to remain until her cries brought others to her assistance."

A correspondent of the Boston Post travelling in the west, tells this story:

Railway travelling would be far more wearisome than it is, but for the little scenes that occasionally occur in the cars, to relieve the monotony of the day. These are often very amusing, and sometimes quite dramatic. One of these I will endeavor to rehearse, though with small hope of giving you a correct idea of the affair. It happened then on the route between Albany and Buffalo, last week, all the seats in the car in which I was seated, were occupied by two persons, save two or three which were tenanted by one passenger each, and one of these was a blooming, well-dressed maiden of eighteen or twenty years. At a way station, in came a woman, "fair, fat and forty," handsomely dressed, but with a bold, vulgar expression of countenance, and bearing in her arms a "bouncing big baby." As she pushed along, looking for an eligible seat, her eye fell upon the one occupied by the damsel aforesaid, and she immediately went up to the spot and prepared to sit down; but the occupant, with a pretty toss of her head, told the matron she would "find a seat further on." She started accordingly, and seating herself in a remote part of the car, looked back to the aristocratic lady, and exclaimed, loud enough for everybody to hear, "Accommodation, certainly! I hope, my nice young woman, you'll have a dozen young 'uns yet, and every one of 'em as heavy to hold as this!" It was a terrible anathema; the maiden blushed to the very ears at the mere mention of such a thing (in public), and the ill-suppressed laughter of the audience was itself too cruel a punishment to allow its object any idea of severer retribution.

SINGULAR RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—Last Saturday morning, as the express passenger train on the New Albany and Salem Railroad was going south, and when about seven miles from Michigan City, met with a singular accident.—The train was descending a grade at a velocity of thirty miles per hour, when the baggage car suddenly jumped from the track, and went down an embankment, while the rest of the train ran on nearly half mile before it could be stopped. The baggage car contained about twenty persons, who all escaped serious injury except one man, named Roberts, employed on the telegraph line; he received internal injuries of such a nature, that his recovery is regarded as impossible. It is difficult to assign a cause for the car leaving the track; a stick of wood from the tender may have fallen under the forward truck. Those in the passenger cars felt only a slight shock as the baggage car broke away from the train.—*Chicago Dem.*

TESTIMONIAL TO A BRAVE WOMAN.—It will be remembered that Margaret Baker rescued the crew of a vessel from death by drowning, during a storm on Lake Erie, in the month of November, the particulars of which we published at the time. Captain Dorr, who furnished us with the particulars of the rescue at the time, has now been instrumental in donating a handsome family Bible, on the covers of which appears an inscription embodying the facts on which the gift is made. The story will thus be handed down to her posterity, and will be a rich inheritance. Captain Dorr intends, also, to procure a quantity of clothing to accompany the gift, which we understand will be acceptable. The whole story from beginning to end, is an honor to human nature, and stamps this woman as one of the heroines of the Great Darling School.—*Buffalo paper, 10th inst.*