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NEW SERIES.

Select Poetry.



From Graham's Magazine. THE CITY OF THE SKIES.

And I, John, saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down from God out of Heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. Revelations, chap. xxi, 2d verse.

In Patmos isle, a vision came
To John, beloved on high,
A city fair, far in the air,
Above the azure sky.
A home, he sure, that city gives
To him who happy dies,
Sweet place of rest, to mortal blest,
The city of the skies!

No scene of town we're sought to paint,
That air-passed place doth know,
No weed of world nor fragrant flower
Within its gardens grow.
What! lovely flowers not blooming there,
Nor shrubs whose sweets we prize?
Be sure, 'tis true, all strangely new,
The city of the skies!

No sighs for dear, departed friends,
There choke and clog the breath,
For in the New Jerusalem
There's no such cause of death!
It is a bride in white robes cloth'd,
With sweetly radiant eyes,
Fresh from the perfect hand of God,
The city of the skies!

Its lofty jewell'd battlements,
Watch'd by angelic host,
Have names of followers of the Lamb
Engraved upon each post;
Their bonds by golden-rood mark'd out,
Twelve thousand furlongs rise,
And it is long and broad alike,
The city of the skies!

The walls of purest Jasper are,
While streets of gold in mass
Shine forth intensely beautiful,
Like plains of polished glass.
A home, he sure, that city gives
To him who happy dies,
Sweet place of rest, to mortal blest,
The city of the skies!

Foundation strong of Jasper walls,
With precious gems bedeck'd,
Send back to gates of priceless pearl
The glories they reflect.
No beams of sun, nor beams of moon,
To glorify such give rise,
God and the Lamb illumine,
The city of the skies!

The night which oft we deem so fit
For hapt romantic sleep,
With moon and stars in calm blue sky,
The poet loves so well—
Is never known within the walls
That round the city rise,
That happy rest, to mortal blest,
That city of the skies!

The crystal wave of life's pure stream
With current deep and calm,
Their sources find in heaven sweet,
Of God and of the Lamb!
On river's bank, in golden streets,
The trees of life arise,
That monthly yield the luscious fruits,
On city of the skies!

Tis beneath those trees the blessed room,
Feeling no fear of rod,
Which often here in wretched world,
Permitted is, by God,
For sorrow never can exist,
Nor shape of anguish rise,
To him who treats thy happy courts,
Bright city of the skies!

Round throne of God, and throne of Lamb,
Ever a seraph throng,
With swelling tone and sweet accord,
Chant forth the glad "Glorious song."
As gaze they on God's glorious face
With rapture beaming eyes,
For God them sees face to face,
Sweet city of the skies!

The world wherein our lot is cast
Supplies a faithful guide,
To lead us on with trusting step,
To blessed Jesus' side,
For if we will the mercies use
And well the tears and sighs,
We'll reach thy snow-white gates of pearl,
Dear city of the skies!

Give ear! ye denizens of world,
A Saviour's blood is free,
Bathe, freely, bath your aching hearts
In that redeeming sea.
Then when you pass death's portal dark,
Will greet your wandering eyes,
With sparkling wall and glittering gates,
The city of the skies!

A BROTHER'S DEVOTION.—Arison, the murderer, under sentence of death at Cincinnati, has a young brother, who has been almost constantly with him from the time of his arrest, standing by his side throughout his prolonged trial, and afterwards administering to his wants in his lonely cell. The Times, of Wednesday, says:

He is now engaged in circulating a petition, praying the Governor to commute the sentence of death by the scaffold to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. Stationing himself at the delivery door of the office during the day, and visiting the hotels in the evening, he has already obtained upwards of four hundred signatures to the petition. Few when they know it is a brother who asks, and look upon that countenance so expressive of suffering and anxiety, refuse to affix their names. Thus the column of signatures looms up, and the brother will soon know how effectual is this, his last act of kindness, in behalf of his mother's only other son; the playmate of his boyhood, and the playmate of many a day's toil who now is the lonely occupant of a murderer's cell.

The New York Tribune says Know-Nothingism is on the wane, as result show. Wherever the friends of open political action were thoroughly organized, they have beaten the midnight plotters by large majorities.

THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, May 25, 1855.

The Secret War among the Secret Party.

The factions which have been gathered, like so many poisonous reptiles, into the capacious bosom of the miscalled American party, have finally begun to assail each other with venomous ferocity. As yet, the war is conducted in secret; but daily events indicate that it will presently be utterly impossible to restrain these embittered differences, and that the disclosure, when it comes, will present a strange contrast between the outside varnish that hides, with deceptive polish, the festering internal corruption. These factions are like Milton's hell-hounds: "They bark and howl within, unseen." When they break forth, with their "hideous peal," then shall we see more clearly the dangers of this conspiracy against a nation's peace. Every sign of the times, however, points to its rapidly approaching decay. Its sudden success will shortly be equalled by its sudden overthrow. The torrent of fanaticism, swollen so rapidly and so unexpectedly, and at one time threatening to sweep down before it every safeguard of society, and every element of religion and morals, has already partially subsided, and will soon go back to the foul source from whence it came. The onset of bigotry is about to be avenged in a speedy and disastrous reaction; and those who are even now rejoicing at the prospect of receiving rewards for their vile deeds will, instead, be forced to gather the harvest of the wrongs they have inflicted upon a happy people. "They have sown the storm, and they must reap the whirlwind." The evidences of their fastening overthrow multiply with every day. Let us take note of such as are most prominent and apparent.

A large class of the know-nothings are clamorous for public action. They have, like Mr. Patton, of Virginia, grown ashamed of their own secret plottings. They are disgusted with the mandate which compels them to crawl, like Italian braves, with muffled faces, along dark and dirty alleys. They are sick of the task of threading unlighted stairs, and of shunning the passer-by, as if guilt and crime absorbed their souls. They feel the reproach at their hearts, that this seeking after concealment, this hiding from the day, is not an American practice, but is copied from those dark times when the dagger of the assassin was whetted in the dens of the depraved, and when the affront of the morning was avenged by the hidden blow of the night. Like Ajax, they cry, "Give us but light, and we will ask no more." Thus far, however, they have appeared in vain against the spirit of darkness. Every new effort only adds new tortures to their condition; but still they clamor that the cloud shall be lifted off, and that they may go out among their fellows without the brand of humiliation upon their brows.

Another class are restive under the hideous oaths they have taken. These are the men who have boasted of their love of God, of their affection for their fellow-creatures, of their veneration for morals. They have grown tired of deceit, and sore under the yoke that oppresses them. They realize that the bonds they have assumed are at variance with high and holy duties; and that it is in vain to protest exclusive party and patriotism when their secret vows compel them to strike their brother for his faith, and to wound their own country because of its constitution. They recoil from being any longer forced to vote for every demagogue or Know-nothing who can manage to corrupt a majority of the order, and they long to be released from obligations which crush out their manhood, and fill them with agony.

Still another and a larger body of those who have been entrapped into this conspiracy have become weary and repentant of the crusade to which they are committed upon all who do not worship God after a particular fashion. They did not contract for so cruel and so exceptionless a proscription. They did not contract to break down every Catholic, and, instead of such a citizen, to take to their confidence and their affection the atheist, the deist, and the Mormon.

The peculiar hatreds of Catholicity, moreover, are alarmed at the idea that they are bound to persecute their fellow-Protestants born in another land; and they find at last, but too late, that the fanaticism to which they are bound can haunt the follower of Luther with quite as much bitterness as the follower of the Pope—both being equally guilty in the eyes of the know-nothing leaders, so far as the one is an adopted citizen, and the other a Catholic—Protestantism being helpless to save the first, and Catholicity being powerful to disfranchise the last!

The clergy are finally enlightened as to the fact that the know-nothings are not the saints of the land, and more than one follower of the meek and lowly Jesus revolts from the consequences of the oaths he has taken when he sees his new companions brutalized in their secret meetings; hears their profanities; observes their treachery and their intrigues; their heart-burnings and deceit between each other; and then when he goes out into the open day and marks the contrast between the outrages of his brethren at the ballot-boxes, their disorderly interruptions at public meetings, their riots on the holy Sabbath, and the quiet and uncomplaining spirit of the men and women they pursue and proscribe;—such a man feels at his heart the keen rebuke that always punishes over-zeal and uncharitableness. And so the clergy long for deliverance from "these hated bonds."

Already has California, through her State know-nothing organization, extinguished the proscriptive religious element which has been the life and the soul of the order in the Atlantic cities and States! Here, then, is a difference that strikes at the very root of the whole structure of the secret conspiracy. Without this feature the whole movement would have been a mere phantom of the hour.

How many thousands of those who have become committed to this party, however, are also at war with the know-nothing obligation against emigration! They already fear the effect of this sweeping exclusion. They cannot answer the argument that emigration is useful to our country and they dare not meet the fact that a horde of disfranchised aliens in our midst would be hurtful to the country in all its relations, social and political.

Finally, it is notorious that the difference between the know-nothings of the South and their confederates of the North is a deadly and an extinguishable one. State organizations in New England have avowed abolition doctrines as part of their settled creed; and wherever in the free states any formal attempt has been made by the know-nothings to disavow abolition national principles, excitement and confusion have been the result. The very last demonstration in proof of this was at Chicago, Illinois.

Such is the present condition of this new party! Torn by dissension, deserted by those who have tasted of its exactions, and grown tired of its proscriptions; with the fundamental articles of its creed defended by the faithful in one region, and denounced by the faithful in another; with its doctrines denied by those who profess to advocate them—how can such a combination survive the onset of an intelligent, manly, and resistless antagonism? How can it be national, when in the South its oracles defy the abolitionists and in the North its leaders assail the South? How can it be consistent, when on one hand its terrors are let loose upon the Catholic, and on the other upon the Protestant? How can it be moral, when it persecutes the believer in the Pope, and forgives the unbeliever in God? How can it be a compacted organization, when one State proclaims toleration and the other repudiates it? How can it command respect, when one portion of its followers acts in the dark and another clamors for public action? How can it be permanent, when the clergy that have built it up fly before the excesses of its followers?

Demagogues may combine for party and for plunder, but a political combination to be permanent and to be salutary must stand upon the rock of principle. It would be as vain to look for good results from any organization whose rank and file have no common, definite, and well-settled policy and creed, as it would be to see the Christian church maintained while its followers denounced the Bible.—Washington Union.

WHO ARE FOREIGNERS?

We find in the South Carolinian, an able article on the Know-Nothing movement from which we extract the following instructive statement of facts:

"Has any mind shed greater lustre on illustrious Athens than Aristotle? Aristotle was a foreigner, and came to Attica when seventeen years old. Has there been any Spaniard more Spanish than Columbus? Columbus was a Genoese. Has there been a Frenchman more French than Napoleon, and Cuvier, and Constant? Napoleon was an Italian; Cuvier, by birth and education a German; Constant a Swiss. Who carried Netherlands through the direct war of Independence on record, and who founded the great Republic of the Netherlands? William of Orange, a German. Has England ever had a more English King than William the Third, the Netherlands? Has Germany ever had a more German leader than Eugene of Savoy? Who was Catherine of Russia, that made her the great power? She was a German woman. Has Oxford ever had a greater professor than Erasmus, of Rotterdam! The very country in which the Know-Nothings now revile the 'foreign,' was discovered by Cabot, a Genoese, in the service of England. The promontory of the American Revolution was Montgomery, an Irishman; so was Barry, called the father of the American navy; and John Paul Jones, the bold and early captain, was a Scott. Were Dr-Kalb, Lafayette, Hamilton, Gallatin, no Americans? Mark the list of signers and see how many were 'foreigners.'"

The hue and cry against foreigners belongs to Pagan antiquity, when one word served for foreigner and enemy; but no Christianity, one of whose earliest writers has gloriously said: *nostra civitas totus mundus*. The very word Christianity rebukes Know-Nothingism. The term Free Trade has a far wider meaning than a mere economical one. It applies to all merit, truth and intellect. Let every one stand and fall by his own individuality, and take the best of everything where you find it best. So did your forefathers: so your gospel demands it. When Sir Harry Saville founded, in 1619, his Savilian Professorship, at Oxford, he prescribed that the best man that could be gotten, no matter whence, should always be taken, so that he was a man of good fame and honest repute. And this ought to be the rule in all spheres, but most especially in our own land."

From the Mobile Register.

A WORD TO PROTESTANTS.

It is a saying, both old and true, that the "blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." No form of religion has ever been put down by persecution of its professors. The sword, and the stake have failed to extirpate heresy, and though you may, in the name of Deity, kill, burn, or send to their last account, every man, woman and child known to entertain so-called heretical religious sentiments, the faith for which men have died is sure to appeal to human sympathies, and the blood shed for it to water and manure a moral soil for its fructification and growth.

As human nature is the same in all times, and is governed by the laws of cause and effect, we regard it as a fact, well established by philosophy and experience, that the crusade now being preached and waged against Catholicity is destined to eventuate in the growth and expansion of Roman Catholic sentiments in this country. We say it, not with a feeling of grat-

ulation or triumph, but as a fact for the observation of those Protestants who are conscientiously of the belief that it is not good that Catholicity should spread on this continent.—We give it as our deliberate judgment, that in so far as conscientious Protestant Christians have given countenance to the initiation of a religious warfare, which was never intended to war and disgrace the beauty of republican American toleration, and have backed the know-nothing movement from religious and sectarian motives, they have done the very thing to frustrate and thwart their own purposes, and have been most efficient and faithful servants of the Pope of Rome. We submit this thought, without argument, to the consciences and judgments of disinterested Protestants.

We do not, ourselves, understand know-nothingism to be a religious party—far, very far from it—we only wish it had a little more piety. It is a political party, to all intents and purposes; political in its origin and in its objects. It owes its birth to a prurient itching on the part of restless politicians, who, together with their principles, have been discarded and repudiated by the American people, to get possession of the powers and patronage of the government. It sprang up at an opportune moment, when old parties seemed in a condition of disintegration, and politics in a state of transition. The religious element was merely adroitly thrown in as a makeshift, a tub to the great whale of unenlightened, uncharitable, sectarian intolerance.

We appeal to the fruits of the tree for the proof. What eminent or pious Protestant Christian has been elevated by its victories? We cannot name one. What Christian virtue has been illustrated by its history? What principle inculcated and so nobly practised by the Saviour has been vindicated? Its history is the unflattering record of heart-burnings, suspicion, envy, hatred, and malice, and "all uncharitableness," of blood and riot at the ballot-box, of invasions of the domestic sanctuary, of private schools and nurseries, of reckless legislation, of proscription of good and the elevation of bad men. Its result has been to draw a line of hostility between two classes of citizens, native and adopted, both equally citizens under the constitution and laws. It has brought ridicule and reproach on that Protestantism whose purity it has linked to its material, worldly and sensual car. It has presented the absurd spectacle in Virginia of attempting to terrify eight hundred thousand Protestant citizens of that State with the idea that their liberties and their altars were in danger of being swallowed by the seven thousand Roman Catholics in that State—reversing, as Major James Garland has remarked, the narrative of Scripture, and making *Jonah swallow the whale*, instead of the whale performing that pleasant operation for Jonah.

Religion upon this, the religion of Christ has nothing to gain from these elements of discord. Its triumphs are those of peace, of gentleness and humility, and not those of sectarian fury and warfare. Let the true and heartfelt disciples of its "meek and lowly" Master see to it that the divine purity of His cause is not polluted and desecrated by being harnessed to a political juggernaut. Vital piety will not gain by the connexion, though religious bigotry may be appeased and gratified by bloody sacrifices to its ill and unchristian spirit. Religion will be but as dust thrown from the chariot wheels of a worldly political party, rushing to the accomplishment of worldly and selfish ends.

THE WAY TO GET RID OF A KNOW-NOTHING LEGISLATURE.—The infamy of that notorious body known as the Know-Nothing Legislature of Massachusetts may be judged of from the following, which we clip from an exchange. It says:

"The people of Boston have introduced the small-pox among the members of the Legislature to disperse them. There are signs of a speedy adjournment."

A HUNGRY CARPET-BAG.—The Buffalo Express, relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for N. York at an early hour in the morning, without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining room, and placing his carpet bag upon a chair, sat down beside it, and commenced a valorous attack upon the viands placed before him. By and by the proprietor of the establishment came around to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated "Dollar, sir?" "A dollar!" responded the eating man, "a dollar—thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one—h?" "That's true," said *Meanness*, "but I count your carpet bag one since it occupies a seat." (The table was far from being crowded.) Our friend expostulated, but the landlord insisted, and the dollar was reluctantly brought forth. The landlord passed on. Our friend deliberately arose and opening his carpet bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed upon it, saying: "Carpet bag, it seems you're an individual—a human individual, since you eat—at least I've paid for you, and now you must eat." upon which, he seized everything eatable within his reach, tops, raisins, apples, cakes, pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of his brother passengers, and discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took his seat in the cars. He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars.—There was at least \$8 worth in the bag—upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit. So much for *meanness*.

TWO WOMEN BURNED TO DEATH.—The Wilmington (N. C.) Herald of April 23d says:

"A distressing rumor comes to us that whilst two white women were absorbed in resisting the encroachment of fire in the woods on the line of the Wilmington and Weldon road, the other day, so rapid was its progress that they were completely surrounded, and before they discovered their situation all means of escape was cut off, and they perished in the flames.—At another point, another barely escaped her life by forcing her way through the flames into an open field, and thence into a pond of water."

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A Story of Lord Morpeth.

About the year 1846 or 1847, Lord Morpeth travelled through the United States. Among other places he paid his respects to the Garden City, passing through here on his way from St. Louis to Buffalo via the upper Lakes. He put up at the Lake House in this city, then kept by that prince of caterers, good fellows and capital shots, William Rickards. His Lordship, since then Earl of Carlisle, enjoyed two or three days shooting on the prairies with Bill, and expressed himself highly pleased with the sport. He was also very much struck with the position and advantages of our city as a commercial center, predicting that in a few years it would become one of the most important inland cities in the United States, Cincinnati not excepted.

But to our story. His Lordship on Sunday desired to visit a place of worship, as was his custom, and asked if there were not an Episcopal church in the city. Mr. Rickards answered yes, and directed him to that which he attended himself, at the same time requesting Major F— to show his Lordship into the best pew in the church. The Major thought Mrs.—'s, one of the leaders of the town at that time,—the most proper one, and accordingly seated his Lordship in it. It must here be premised that his Lordship was dressed in a plain suit of gray cloth, such as is worn by English gentlemen while travelling. His head was topped, not with an Earl's coronet but with a clip hat he had purchased the day before at friend Smith's, the hatter. In fact, altogether, his appearance was anything but indicative of high life and lordly presence.

In the meantime the lady in whose pew the stranger had been seated, made her appearance. She advanced upon the aisle, rustling in silks and sparkling in magnificent jewels. She laid her gloved hand, in which was the gilt-edged and magnificent bound prayer book, upon the pew door, and looked full in his Lordship's face.—The glance was turned as fully, but no movement was made on the part of the occupant to pass out and allow the lady to pass in, this not being the custom in England. The lady at length opened the door, making an almost imperceptible motion of the head backwards. His Lordship took the hint, politely passed out, and as politely bowed the lady in, who swept by him with a magnificent display of hauteur in exchange for his very deferential manner. She did not deign to glance at the very common looking person a second time, but seated herself, with her head leaning on the front of the pew, in the customary attitude of polite adoration. His Lordship stood a few seconds, looking somewhat puzzled. He glanced to the right and left, but seeing no movement made on the part of any of the occupants of the neighboring pews, concluded the lady had only acted according to the etiquette of the country, and accordingly reentering the pew, took his seat very modestly and quietly. The services proceeded. His Lordship, although without a book, (the lady never once proffered hers) responded in a deep, sonorous and mellow voice; a voice which had often before charmed the ears of all who heard it in the Upper House of the British Legislature, and which now for the first time resounded in the church of St. J—.

The lady returned home, and the next day related the circumstance to a fashionable friend who called upon her. She had been annoyed by a very shabby looking person, whom old Major F., the Sexton, had shown into her pew. It was too bad the Major did not know any better than to show such an odd looking person into her seat. She should take the first opportunity of speaking to him about it; indeed, she thought she would be compelled to purchase a lock and key for the door, which would in future exclude all such intruders. "Why," said the visitor, with an expression which had a tinge of malice in it, "did you not know who that gentleman was?" "No," responded the other, "show should I know who the person was? Some farmer from Rock River or the Wabash valley probably." "No, indeed," answered the visitor. The gentleman whom the Major was so thoughtful as to show into your pew was no less a personage than Lord Morpeth, now travelling in the United States. Lord Morpeth, frantically screamed our fashionable lady, at the same time throwing up her hands while an expression of absolute despair flashed over her face: "Lord Morpeth, oh! why was I such a fool? Had I known it, I should certainly have treated him as his station merited. Besides I should have had Mr.— ask him to our party this evening. He would have been such a lion! But lack-a-day I've been such a fool: to mistake an English nobleman for a country farmer. What will the B's and O's and the H's say when they learn of it, as they certainly will. I shall never hear the end of such an unlucky *faux pas*."—Chicago Democrat.

THE VINEGAR-FACED GENTRY.—That very able and ubiquitous sheet, "An Exchange Paper," gives the following very plain statements, which we commend to the "afflicted."

"There is a class of men in every community, who go about with vinegar faces because somebody feels above them, or because they are not appreciated as they should be, and who have a constant quarrel with what they call their destiny. We hate such people. They are a nuisance and a pest. They make all within their influence uncomfortable. These men have usually made a grave mistake in the estimation of their abilities, or are unmitigated asses. Wherever this fault-finding with one's condition or position occurs, there is always want of self-respect.—If you are a right down clever fellow, wash the worm-wood off your face, and show your good will by your good deeds. If people feel above you, why not return the compli-

ment and feel above them. If they turn up their noses because you are a mechanic, or a farmer, or a clerk, turn up your nose a notch higher. If they swell when they pass you in the street, swell yours—lf. Deliver us from the whining fools who go around like babies telling how people abuse them, and whining because society will not take them by the collar and drag them into decency."

Alone at the Judgement.

At that solemn tribunal, each man will be as transparent before the searching eye of the Son of God, as if that man and Jesus were the only twain in the whole universe; such will be the intense light of the day, that the lost will call out for the hills to cover them, and the mountains to overshadow them; that they cannot bear the intensity of that unutterable splendor; and such will be the dread silence of that moment, that each man will hear the very pulsation of his own heart, and if that heart be unregenerate, each pulse will sound a death knell to his hopes and prospects forever. There is no escape in the crowd; and there is no escape by wealth; there is no escape by talent; there is no escape by any way; for "how, if we neglect so great salvation," says the apostle, "shall we escape?"—Dr. Cumming.

Spare the Birds.

The swallows are the natural enemies of the swarming insects, living almost entirely upon them, taking their feed upon the wing. The common martin devours great quantities of wasps, beetles, and goldsmiths. A single bird will devour five thousand butterflies in a week. The moral of this is that the husbandman should cultivate the society of swallows and martins about his land and out buildings.

The sparrows and wrens feed upon the crawling insects which lurk within the buds, foliage, and flowers of plants. The wrens are pugnacious, and a little box in a cherry tree will soon be appropriated by them, and they will drive away other birds that feed upon the fruit, a hint that cherry growers should remember this spring, and act upon.

The thrushes, blue birds, jays and crows, prey upon butterflies, grasshoppers, crickets, locusts. A single family of jays will consume 20,000 of these in a season of three months.

The woodpeckers are armed with a stout, long bill, to penetrate the wood of trees, where the borers deposit their larvae. They live almost entirely upon these worms.

For the insects which come abroad only during the night, nature has provided a check in the nocturnal birds, of the whippoorwill tribe and the little barn owl, which take their food upon the wing.

How wonderful is the provisions of Providence for the restraint of the depredators that live upon the labors of man; and how careful we should be not to dispute that beneficial law of compensation, by which all things are preserved in their just relations and proportions.

AN AWFUL PICTURE.

The Rev. M. Gwecham, a member of the "London Wesleyan Mission," recently returned from a visit to Africa, and in the course of a sketch of the moral and social condition of the negroes inhabiting the Gold Coast and its vicinity, he furnishes a truly awful picture. Thus:

"Scarcely has one of their barbarous and bloody customs been abandoned, from the earliest period of which anything is known of them. They still pave their court-yards, palaces, and even the streets or market places of their villages or towns, with the skulls of those butchered in wars, at feasts, funerals, or as sacrifices to 'Bossum.' Still their wives and slaves are buried alive with the deceased husband or master. When Adahenzen died, two hundred and eighty of his wives were butchered before the arrival of his successor, which put a stop to it only to increase the flow of blood and the number of deaths in other ways. The remaining living wives were buried alive! amidst dancing, singing, and h-wailing, the noise of horns, drums, muskets, yells, groans, screechings; the women, marching by headless trunks, bedaubed themselves with oath blood. Their victims were marched along with large knives passed through their cheeks. The executioners struggle for the office, while the victims look on and endure with apathy. They were too familiar with the horrid sacrifice to show terror, or to imagine that all was not as it should be. Their hands were first chopped off, and then their heads sawed off, to prolong the amusement. Even some who assisted to fill the grave were hustled in alive, in order to add to the sport or solemnity of the scene. Upon the death of a king's brother, four thousand victims were thus sacrificed. These ceremonies are often repeated, and hundreds slaughtered at every rehearsal.—Upon the death of a king of Ashantee, a general massacre takes place, in which there can be no computation of the victims.

"At their 'Yam Customs,' Mr. Bowditch witnessed spectacles of the most appalling kind. Every cabocero, or noble, sacrificed a slave as he entered at the gate. Heads and skulls formed the ornaments of their possessions. Hundreds were slain; and the streaming and steaming blood of the victims was mingled in a vast brass pan, with various vegetables and animal matter, fresh as well as putrid, to compose a powerful Fetiche. At these customs the same scenes of butchery and slaughter occur. The king's executioners traverse the city, killing all they meet. The next day desolation reigns over the land. The king during the bloody saturnalia, looked on eagerly, and danced in his chair with delight!

"The King of Dahomey paves the approaches to his residence, and ornaments the battlements of his palace with the skulls of his victims; and the great Fetiche Trae, at Badagry, has its wide-spread limbs laden with human carcasses and limbs. There the want of chastity is no disgrace, and the priests are employed as pimps. 'Murder, adultery, and thievery,' says Bosman, 'are here no sins.'"