

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.



Work for Heaven.

If thou hast thrown a glorious thought
Upon life's common ways,
Should other men the gain have caught,
Fret not to lose the praise.

Great thinker, often shalt thou find,
While folly plunders fame,
To thy rich store the crowd is blind,
Nor knows thy very name.

If thou art true, yet in these lurks
For fame a human sigh,
To Nature go, and see her works,
That bandmaid of the sky.

Her own deep beauty she forgets,
Is full of gems and seeds;
No glorifies herself, nor sets
Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between,
She loves untrodden roads to tread,
Her richest treasures are not seen
By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for
Reward; from out their chase
All selfish ends, and ask no more
Than to fulfil thy place.

Time's Changes.
The more we live, more brief appear
Our life's succeeding stages;
A day to childhood seems a year;
And years, like passing ages.

The gladness current of our youth,
Ere passion yet disorders,
Stays, lingering, like a river smooth
Along its grassy borders.

But as the care-worn cheek grows wan,
And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars that measure life to man,
Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
And life itself is rapid,
Why, as we reach the falls of death,
Feel we its tide more rapid?

How may be strong; yet who would change
Time's course to slower speeding?
When one by one our friends have gone,
And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indefinable sweetness;
And those of youth a sacred length,
Proportioned to their sweetness.

How to Promote Peace in a Family.

1. Remember that our will is likely to be crossed every day, so prepare for it.

2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect too much.

3. To learn the different temper and disposition of each individual.

4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom we should have a care.

5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.

6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to overcome evil with good.

7. If from sickness, pain, or infirmity, we feel irritable, to keep a very strict watch over ourselves.

8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness or sympathy suited to them.

9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.

10. To take a cheerful view of everything, of the weather, and encourage hope.

11. To speak kindly of the servants—to praise them for little things when you can.

12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to part self last.

13. To try for "the soft answer which turneth away wrath."

14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves: "Have I not often done the same and been forgiven?"

15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.

16. To be very gentle with the young ones, and treat them with respect.

17. Never to judge one another harshly, but to attribute a good motive when we can.

HEREDIC CONDUCT OF A CHAPLAIN.—We clip the following from a late English paper:

"An act of great heroism took place recently at Malta by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, chaplain to the forces. A Mr. and Mrs. Evans, with their son, a fine boy about eight years old, on their return from Upper Egypt, were crossing in a boat from Valetta to Vittoriosa, when the little fellow, in endeavoring to catch hold of a piece of stick, overbalanced himself, and instantly sunk before the eyes of his parents. Mr. Robinson, who was following in another boat, seeing what had occurred, immediately jumped into the sea, and succeeded in bringing him apparently dead into it. It was very rough and windy, and as he did not take off even his coat, he was completely exhausted. Mr. Evans, the father of the boy feeling much gratified for what the reverend gentleman had done, sent him a check for \$2,500, which was at once returned. But what makes the story the more romantic, but not less true, is, the two gentlemen who have so unexpectedly become acquainted with each other are relatives and members of branches of the same family, but, in consequence of differences which took place many years ago, they had not seen each other since their childhood, and each was ignorant of the other's residence in the island until this singular introduction.

Two American Steamers Lost.

Full Particulars of the Destruction by Fire of the American Steamship Osprey, in Kingston Harbor, March 26th—Destruction also by Fire, of the American Steamer Henry Wells, on the Tigue River.

From the Kingston (Jam.) Journal, 27th.

We have learned of the loss of the American steamer Henry Wells, together with the total loss by fire, in this harbor, of the Steamer Osprey.

Between three and four o'clock a fire broke out on board the Osprey which lay moored at the head of Messrs. Porteous, Carson & Co.'s wharf, for the purpose of taking in freight.—The fire which had broken out, apparently amidship, soon spread from stem to stern.

As there were no hopes of saving the Osprey, great anxiety was manifested to remove her from the vessels in her vicinity, as well as from the neighboring wharves. Some dissatisfaction was evinced by the inhabitants, at the Harbor Master not being present to give orders to scuttle the burning vessel, and thus render her impotent for mischief to other property.

We have learned, however, that the Harbor Master was not to blame; for though he was not on the spot, his lawful deputy was, and would have scuttled the vessel, but for the representation of the Captain, that such a proceeding would affect his insurance seriously.— Besides, as the sparks from the burning vessel were carried rearward, no immediate danger, beyond the Osprey, was apprehended, Capt. Robinson, the Harbor Master's Deputy, very properly, under such circumstances, adopted the better expedient of towing the vessel out into the stream. For the accomplishment of this purpose, the Captains of the R. M. C. steamers Derwent and Prince, respectively sent their boats, well manned. On these boats arrived alongside, it appears that the crews ascertained that several valuable instruments, and other effects belonging to the ill-fated vessel, were left in the cabin, which was in a blaze of fire. But British sailors are not to be daunted, and are seldom content to do their work whether of mercy or destruction, half-way. Seizing their buckets, they leaped on board, and gallantly dashed into the cabin, splashing water on the blazing mass. We are happy to say that they succeeded in their perilous task, and rescued from destruction many valuable articles.—They made fast the painters of their boats to the stern, and commenced towing the Osprey in a South-eastern direction into the stream. By this time, the steamer was in a blaze, fore and aft, and her destruction was inevitable. So intense was the heat that the bottom part of her funnel was growing red. The Captain and his officers maintained their post gallantly to the last—the Captain giving his orders as coolly as if he was acting on the most ordinary occasion. At length, from the vessel having shifted her position, the flames were blown by the land wind into the faces of the group that remained on board, when the Captain gave orders to take to the boats. Accordingly, they left the vessel in the order prescribed by nautical chivalry, the Captain being the last man to leave, having been immediately preceded by the First Officer.

The vessel, being impelled by the boats ahead, slowly moved up the harbor passing the several streets that run into the sea in succession. A little after daylight the masts of the Osprey went over the side. She had now arrived opposite the Royal Mail Company's wharf, and about midway to the Palisades, where she remained burning till five minutes after ten o'clock, when she sunk, leaving only the top of her funnel above water.

It is a gratifying fact to be able to mention, that the loss to shippers from this part, consequent on the destruction of the "Osprey," is by no means so great as was first apprehended. Messrs. Finke & Co. have suffered to the extent of 165 bags of pimento. Mr. Sanguinetti, we learn, has lost some coffee, but we have not ascertained the quantity. But, perhaps, the most unfortunate person, who shipped goods from this port is Mr. Henry Morris, the hair dresser, in Harbour street. This young man has been in the habit of going over to New York, with small ventures of fait, returning with articles of perfumery and other goods, by means of which he contrived to gain an honest livelihood. Lately he has experienced repeated losses, in both branches of his business; and now he has added to his previous misfortunes the loss of fruit, &c., prepared for the New York market, of the value of £60—a sum of more consequence to a poor, honest, hard working man than ten times the amount to a man of large capital. We have also learned that shippers of goods at Santa Martha and Carthagena will lose large sums, unless their shipments were insured—the vessel having been richly freighted with valuable dyewoods and caoutchouc. One person alone had the value of £800 of the last named article on board. Solomon de Cordova, Esq., of this city, who had taken passages for himself and family for New York, in the Osprey, had a fortunate escape. He sent his baggage to the wharf on Monday evening, but, luckily, it was left on the wharf, with the intention of taking it on board on the following day. We learn also, that several shippers had similar narrow escapes, from the same cause.

The crew of the Osprey, and the passengers from other ports are now ashore. The poor fellows are much to be commiserated—many of them barely escaping with the clothes in which they stand. At an investigation held at the Court House, yesterday, sufficient transpired to show that the fire originated through the attempt of a fireman, name Thos. Wall, to steal whiskey from a cask which was kept in the forward saloon, by which means the spirit became ignited by the flame of a lamp, which Wall appears to have taken with him to see his way.

From the evidence of Daniel Stransbury Murphy, the pastry cook on board, it would appear, that between three and four o'clock yesterday morning, Wall was seen drawing whiskey out of the cask in question, through a spile hole, while an uncovered, lighted lamp stood in dangerous proximity to the flowing liquor.— On hearing the liquor flow, Murphy made some stir in his berth, where he was, to see what was the matter, which seems to have alarmed Wall, who dropped the can, the contents of which was ignited by the flame of the lamp, while in his hasty retreat, Wall forgot to replace the spile. The alarm was given, and attempts were made to stifle the burning spirits with blankets and mattresses—but all to no effect. The lashings of the cask were cast loose, when the cask exploded, severely burning three officers—Messrs. Rose, Wade and Wood. The flames then spread rapidly, and led to the complete destruction of the vessel.

Two other men—one, the boatswain, of the rather unusual and romantic name of Robinson Cross, and Charles Reynolds, a fireman—were implicated; but no evidence against them having been adduced, they were discharged. Wall was remanded till to-morrow, half-past 12 o'clock, when the investigation will be resumed.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—The last number of the North Californian says:

"A party of eight men started on Thursday last on a prospecting tour, the result of which was one of the most important discoveries ever made in the country. In crossing Table Mountain they observed in many places the ground seemed hollow, and in one place on striking up on the ground with a sledge, the echo was given back with such distinctness that led them to believe that there would be little difficulty in breaking through. Having procured proper implements they set to work. After going the depth of four feet, one of the party who was using a crowbar was seen suddenly to fall upon his face; upon examination a hole was found about four inches wide, through which the bar had slipped and sunk into the bowels of the mountain. The aperture was immediately enlarged, but it was found that owing to the brittleness of the rock it was exceedingly dangerous working around it. The parties have taken up about 3,000 feet around the hole, and are busy getting windlasses, &c., to prospect it further. A correspondent states that both gold and coal have been found there, and promises us further information."

A CURE FOR EPILEPSY.—Some years ago a person was crossing one of the public squares in the city of Oporto, when a woman near by where he was passing, was suddenly attacked with epilepsy. Immediately some one in the crowd cried out "Cover her face with a black handkerchief." Another witness of the accident untied his black cravat and threw it over the face of the sufferer, whose convulsions all at once ceased as if by magic. The restoration was so perfect that in a few minutes she was able to get up alone, thank those who had relieved her, and walk away without assistance.

The eye-witness who related to us the above was sometime afterwards director of a House of Industry in Oporto. Last year one of the pupils in this establishment, named Vidal, nineteen years of age, and subject to this disease, had a severe attack of it almost under the eyes of his teacher. In one of the intervals of his suffering, he suddenly recollected the cure that had been wrought by the black cravat. "It is merely an isolated case," said he to the physician of the establishment; "I have no great faith in the remedy, but it is so simple that we can at least try it." A black cravat was thrown over young Vidal's head, whose spasms immediately ceased, his system regaining its normal state of repose as if by enchantment.

Twenty times in succession young Vidal was cured of similar attacks almost instantaneously, and his parents took care to have a black handkerchief of some description always at hand. The patient was not cured, but at all events he was relieved, not only of pain, but from all the dire results that usually attend the progress of this cravat disease.

The cravat used in the above instance was a silk one. Is it the silk that produces the result? Is it the color, or is it both these causes acting together? It is an easy subject for experiment, and one that ought not to be neglected.

JUST AS WE EXPECTED.—The following is an extract from a letter received by an old farmer in Connecticut from his son, who lives in Kansas. The letter was dated Lawrence, March 1, 1856:

"I suppose you hear a great deal in Connecticut about 'civil war' and 'outrages' in this territory, not one half of which is true, and the other half will bear reducing greatly before you swallow it. It is rather a rough country to begin in, and the people, perhaps, somewhat different from those we meet at home in Connecticut; but I have experienced nothing but kindness at their hands. There are some bad fellows here, as there are everywhere; but they are not all Missourians, by a long shot. The trouble here has grown out of the abolitionists—I mean the political ones—whom I think can bluster and brag here as they do in Massachusetts, and are doing the territory more harm than any body else. The story about its not being safe here for a northern man, is all game. Business is good, and those who attend to it can do well enough here."

A WARNING TO LITTLE GIRLS.—The Boston Journal says:

"We understand that a little girl named Trask, connected with one of the primary schools in East Boston, died a day or two since from excess of exertion in jumping rope. It is said that she jumped about two hundred times without stopping. She was immediately after taken ill, and died the next day. This is not the first death from the same cause which we have had occasion to record, and should be a warning to children not to indulge in excessive exercise."

Execution of Bousfield for Murder—Horrible Scene.

From the London Post.

On Monday morning, William Bousfield convicted at the March Session of the Central Criminal Court, of the murder of his wife and three children, was executed in front of the jail of Newgate.

On Saturday, the prisoner made a most desperate attempt at self-destruction. It appears that in the afternoon, the prisoner was visited by two of his sisters. They were very much distressed, as may be conceived, under the circumstances; but the prisoner exhibited a good deal of indifference, and very little passed at the interview. After his sisters had left him, Bousfield was seated upon the edge of his bed, which is close to the fire place, the officer being quite near him, when he suddenly started from his seat and threw himself head foremost upon the grate. The officer immediately rushed upon him and dragged him from his perilous position, and, with assistance, his clothes, which were on fire, were pulled off, and he thus escaped from receiving material injury. The prisoner had a good deal of hair under his chin, and this had ignited, and the mouth and lower parts of the face were severely burned. Mr. Gibson, the surgeon of the jail, was at once sent for, and he found that all that could be done was to apply cooling lotions to the face, to relieve the pain, and these were continued almost constantly during the remaining period of the wretched man's existence. It appeared that from this time the prisoner refused to take any sustenance; and the only nutriment he received from Saturday afternoon to the time appointed for his execution was a small quantity of milk, that was almost forcibly administered to him with a spoon.

As early as six o'clock, on Monday morning, Mr. Sheriff Rose, accompanied by his brother and deputy, Mr. A. J. Rose, was in attendance; and Mr. Sheriff Kenedy, and Mr. Under Sheriff Stone shortly afterwards arrived at the jail.—The Rev. Mr. Davis had been with the wretched man from an earlier hour, but all his endeavors to induce him to receive the consolations of religion were ineffectual. He appeared, indeed, in an almost totally prostrate condition, and Mr. Weatherhead, the newly appointed Governor of Newgate, directed that some wine should be given to him. When the authorities, whose painful duty it was to superintend the execution, were admitted to the room where the wretched man was confined, he was found sitting on a sort of couch that formed his bed, with his head buried in his breast, and apparently utterly unconscious of what was passing around him. Calcraft, the executioner, at once proceeded to pinion the culprit, and when this had been completed the prisoner vomited for a considerable time, and the whole of his physical powers appeared to have left him. There can be no doubt however, from what subsequently occurred, that a good deal of this was assumed, in the hope, possibly, that some of the usual precautions would be neglected, and that he might thus be enabled to carry out the plan he evidently contemplated of creating a scene on the scaffold. Fortunately, however, notwithstanding the apparently prostrate condition of the prisoner, he was securely pinioned, and his subsequent desperate proceedings on the scaffold only had the effect of increasing his own sufferings.

When the ceremony of pinioning had been completed, the prisoner let his head drop on his breast, and he appeared to have already felt the pang of death. Eight o'clock, the fatal hour for the execution, having arrived, the prisoner was raised by four men, and in that manner conveyed to the scaffold. As he appeared totally unable to stand, it was considered that the best course to be adopted to place him in a chair under the beam, and he was sustained in that position by one of the assistants while Calcraft fixed the rope in its proper position. The Rev. Mr. Davies accompanied the wretched man, but from his apparent state it seemed useless to perform the usual offices of religion. When the signal was given, the chair in which the wretched man was still seated, of course gave way with the drop, and consequently the fall was not near so great as it is under ordinary circumstances; and at this dreadful moment the prisoner attempted to carry out the desperate struggle for life, which he had evidently contemplated. The sound of the falling drop had scarcely passed away, when there was a shriek from the crowd of "He's up again!" and, to the horror of every one, it was found that the prisoner, by a powerful muscular effort, had drawn himself up completely to the level of the drop, and that both his feet were resting upon the edge of it, and he was vainly endeavoring to raise his hands to the rope. One of the officers immediately rushed upon the scaffold and pushed the wretched man's feet from their hold; but in an instant, by a violent effort, he threw himself to the other side, and again succeeded in getting both his feet on the edge of the drop. Calcraft, who had left the scaffold, imagining that all was over, was called back, and he seized hold of the wretched criminal, and it was with considerable difficulty, that he could force him from the scaffold; he was again suspended. The short relief the wretched man had obtained from the pressure of the rope by those desperate proceedings, had probably enabled him to breathe; and, to the astonishment and horror of the spectators, he a third time succeeded in placing his feet upon the platform, and again his hands vainly attempted to reach the fatal rope. Calcraft, and two or three men, then again forced the wretched man's feet from their hold, and his legs were held down until the final struggle was over. While this fearful scene was being enacted, the bells of the different neighboring churches were ringing merrily up on the announcement of peace, offering a sad contrast to the melancholy proceedings.

SAD PICTURE OF ANCE BEAUTIFUL AND HAPPY WIFE.—The following appears in a late number of the Buffalo Courier:

The Mrs. Howard to whom we alluded in our last was rearrested yesterday morning, only a short time after her discharge from the watch-house.—She was found by a policeman in a stable—of course, grossly intoxicated. After being taken before Justice Davis, she was sentenced to the Penitentiary for thirty days as a vagrant.

"The history of this unfortunate creature is a melancholy one. Some may censure, but we are disposed to pity her. Less than a year ago she was living in New York with her husband, who held a position of honor and trust, in one of the large mercantile houses in that city. She was admired for her beauty and intelligence, moved in an exalted sphere, and was surrounded by friends and relatives who respected and loved her. Last fall her husband was sent upon a collecting tour, and she accompanied him. On their way either her husband fell in with a company of 'confidence' or 'patent-suff' men, and was induced to join in their nefarious business.

"In this city his guilt became known. He was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to the State prison, at Auburn, for a term of years, where he now remains. This fact becoming known to her family and friends, they at once disowned her, leaving her alone in the world, and surrounded by the disgrace which her husband had brought upon her. In her desperation she resorted to the wine cup, and is now a poor, dissolute, drunken wretch—fit only for pity and compassion. Her trunks, which were filled with fine clothing and other articles, are detained at a hotel as security for the payment of bills contracted by her husband. Her jewelry was long since left at a pawn-broker's, and she is without friends, without a home, without money, without everything that was once hers. Lost, lost, lost!"

ONE OF THE LATE HEAVY ROBBERIES.—Our readers will remember that some months since the silk store of L. B. Curtis & Co., on Chester street, between Second and Third, was feloniously entered and robbed of goods to the value of eight or ten thousand dollars. The following from the New York Herald of yesterday has relation to that robbery:

Charge of Rescuing Stolen Goods.—Joseph and Moses Ehrick, of No. 275 Tenth street, were taken into custody yesterday afternoon, by Sergeant Jordan, of the Lower Police Court, on the charge of receiving stolen goods. The complainants in this case, Lewis Curtis and others, of Philadelphia, allege that on the 8th of March last, their place of business was robbed of \$7,000 worth of silk and satin goods, by some burglars; that they have discovered a part of the stolen property in the house of the accused, in Tenth street, and believe it to have been received by them with a full and guilty knowledge. The defendants say that the goods in question were bought by them some six months ago, and therefore could not possibly have been in Mr. Curtis' store on the 8th ult. The prisoners were committed for examination, by Justice Connolly, of the Lower Police Court.

Another account says:—An extensive haul of stolen goods, some of which belong to a Philadelphia firm, has been made by our police.—Some time ago the police were led to believe stolen goods were concealed in a house on Tenth street, Brooklyn, and made a descent.—They ascertained definitely that goods which had been stolen from the dry goods store of L. B. Curtis & Co., Philadelphia, on the 7th of March last, were secreted in the house, and having telegraphed to the above firm, procured assistance, and proceeded to the premises, which they searched from top to bottom. The goods recovered filled three large trunks, and consisted of silks, satins, gloves, pocket handkerchiefs, silk vestings, one piece with the manufacturer's name, 42.518, blue with white edge; a lot of gold watches, several hundred silver spoons, knives and forks, and a variety of burglar's implements for breaking locks, &c. The goods were all brought to the office of the Chief of Police in this city, where some members of the Curtis firm identified several pieces. It is supposed that the goods are the proceeds of many robberies in this and other cities. The Ehricks were arrested, and are in custody awaiting further developments. The value of the goods recovered is about \$10,000.

STRANGE DEATH IN THE CARS.—On board the train of cars which left Philadelphia for Pittsburg on Wednesday night last, one of the passengers, James P. Williams, of New Brunswick, New Jersey, came to his death in the following very strange manner. His wife was sleeping beside him, and his son, a small boy, on the seat in front of him. When about two hours out from Philadelphia, it was observed that his head hung down quite outside, and on being pulled in he was found insensible, apparently dying, the blood flowing profusely from a severe contusion or wound on the head. At the next station he was taken off the car, and soon after expired. His wife was in the deepest agony of mind, and telegraphed to her relatives in New Brunswick to come to her relief. The deceased, with his wife and child, was on the way to Chicago, on a visit to his wife's father. The supposition is that the wound was inflicted on passing a water tank, or some car standing on the other track. It is another admonition that passengers should observe the advice painted on the doors of the cars, to avoid putting their heads or arms out of the windows.

A MISTOLD STORY.—In Rogers' 'Table Talk' there is this anecdote:

"Lord Ellenborough was once about to go on a circuit, when lady E. said that she should like to accompany him. He replied that he had no objection, provided that she did not encumber the carriage with bandboxes, which were his utter abhorrence. They set off. During the first day's journey, Lord Ellenborough happening to stretch his legs, struck his foot against something below the seat. He discovered that it was a bandbox. His indignation is not to be described. Up went the window, and out went

the bandbox. The coachman stopped, and the footman, thinking the bandbox had jumbled out of the window by some extraordinary chance, was going to pick it up, when Lord Ellenborough furiously called out, 'Drive on!'

"The bandbox accordingly was left by a ditch side. Having reached the county town where he was to officiate as judge, Lord Ellenborough proceeded to array himself for his appearance in the Court House. 'Now,' said he, 'where's my wig—where is my wig?'—'My lord,' replied his attendant, 'it was thrown out of the window.'"

The true story is, that the lady's maid, spying Lord Ellenborough's wig-box among the luggage in the hall, bethought herself what a shame it was that his Lordship's foggy wig should be so substantially and securely lodged, while her mistress' beautiful cap should be entrusted to a fragile bandbox. Whereupon to redress this wrong, she took the wig out of its box, substituted Lady Ellenborough's cap, and clapped the wig in the bandbox. Passing over Westminster bridge, Lord Ellenborough discovered the bandbox, and, in spite of the prayers of Lady Ellenborough, ordered the footman to pitch it into the river.

He is now at the Assize town; the Court is filled, and waiting for the presiding judge; the Chief Justice, robed, asks for his wig; the attendant opens the wig-box, and lo! instead of the wig there is perched coquettishly in its place a lace cap with smart pink ribbons, appearing partly to challenge the Chief Justice—'Try me!' The truth flashes on Lord Ellenborough; he had cast his wig on the water.

STRIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.—On Saturday morning, many residents of the Eighteenth Ward were startled by the sudden and unexpected death of Mr. John S. Davison, which occurred at his residence in Vienna street, near Queen, about 10 o'clock. Some eighteen months ago, the deceased lost his youngest daughter, a lovely and interesting young lady, after a very brief illness, and her demise had so much effect upon the father, that he soon after exhibited occasional fits of melancholy. Up to the time of his death these attacks continued at intervals, and fearful that something serious might happen when excited from the terrible disease, the family managed to keep everything from him that might be used for self-destruction. Up to Saturday, they succeeded in doing this, but by some management or other, he secured a razor for the purpose of shaving himself, and while performing this operation, it is supposed one of the fits came on, and he inflicted the fatal wound. For several months previous, he suffered greatly from dyspepsia, which at times aggravated his disease, but for many days before his death he appeared quite well, and free from the spells of insanity. While shaving himself his wife passed through the room and he was not disturbed, as he was supposed to be entirely sane. A few minutes after leaving his room, Mrs. D. went down stairs, and scarcely had she reached the first floor, when she heard a heavy fall, and quickly running up stairs, found her husband with his throat cut. Mr. D. died in half an hour after. He was fifty-six years of age, and ever regarded by those who knew him, as a most exemplary man. The funeral services will take place on Wednesday, at Kensington, M. E. Church, of which he had been a leading and devoted member for upwards of thirty years.

TAKE A PAPER FOR YOUR WIFE.—A friend, says an exchange, told us a story in relation to one of our subscribers, which contains a good moral for husbands, and also furnishes an example for wives which is not unworthy of imitation under similar circumstances:

The subscriber referred to said it had been his intention to call at the office, pay up his arrears, and discontinue the paper.

His wife very properly asked:

"Why do you intend to discontinue the paper?"

"Because," said the husband, "I am so much away from home on business, and have so little time to read, there seems to be little use in my taking the paper."

"Yes," replied she, "it may be but little use to you, but it is great use to me. I remain at home while you are gone. If you discontinue the paper, I will go straight to town and subscribe myself."

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday night, as a party of gentlemen were con hunting, in the vicinity of Furtle-Creek, one of their number, a young iron named Stephen Sample, separated from the rest. In a short time, John Montgomery, who was in the main party, saw something white moving in the distance, and communicated to the father of young Sample, who stood beside him. The old man said: "Shoot, John—I think it's a polecat." Montgomery fired, and in a moment after the entire party were bending over the bleeding body of young Sample! The ball had entered his head near the eye, and he shortly afterwards expired. The white substance which attracted the attention of Mr. Montgomery, was the shirt breast of Mr. Sample.—Pittsburg Union.

POPPING THE QUESTION IN PERT.—"Proposing in PERT is very romantic. The suitor appears on the appointed evening with a gayly dressed troubador under the balcony of his beloved; the singer steps before her flower-bedeked window, and sings her beauties in the name of her lover. He compares her size to that of a palm tree, her lips to two blushing rose buds, and her womanly form to that of the dove. With assumed harshness the lady asks the lover: 'What are you, and what do you want?' He answers with ardent confidence: 'The dove I adore; the stars live in the harmony of love, and why should not we, too, love each other?' Then the proud beauty gives herself away; she takes her flower-wreath from her hair and throws it down to her lover, promising to be his forever.