

# Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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## Select Poetry.



### A WINTER SERMON.

Then dwell in a warm and cheerful home,  
O'er which the sun in sad languor wanders,  
While houseless wretches round thy mansions roam,  
On whose unsheltered heads the torrent plashes.

Thy board is laden with the richest meats,  
O'er which thine eyes in sad languor wander,  
Many a hungry soul is at thy banquet-seat,  
Or least on fragments which thy servants squander.

Thy limbs are muffled from the piercing blast,  
When from the fireside corner thou dost saunter,  
Many a child is at thy feet, and many a man,  
With which the frosty breezes toy and dally.

Thou hast soft smiles to greet thy kiss of love,  
When thy light steps resound within the portal,  
Some have no friends save him who reigns above,  
No sweet communion with a fellow mortal.

Thou sleepest softly on thy costly bed,  
Lull'd by the power of luxuries unnumbered,  
Some pillow on a stone when they have slumbered,  
Never again to wake when they have slumbered.

Thou think of those, who, formed of kindred clay,  
Depend upon thy doles thy bounty scatter;  
And God will bear them, or thy welfare pray—  
They are his children, though in rags and tatters.

Gen. Bowman.

I have been requested to send you the subjoined proceedings, emanating from a meeting of the TRUE Democracy of Cambria county, for publication in the Bedford Gazette. You may rely upon the fact that four-fifths of the party in Cambria are sound to the core. With few exceptions, you find no person figuring in the disorganizing meetings held here except broken down political hacks, and those who have not yet got warm in the party. The meeting held in Ebensburg was a combination of the fog ends of factions, and a sheer burlesque upon the democratic party. The Democracy of Cambria are now without a paper in which to give expression to their sentiments.

### The true Voice of Cambria.

Summitville, Cambria co. Feb. 10, 1857.

Pursuant to a regular call, the Democracy of Summitville, Cambria county, met at the School House in the Borough of Summitville, on Monday evening, Feb. 9, 1857.

The meeting was organized by the appointment of the following officers:  
President—Wm. McConnell.  
Vice-Presidents—Peter Dougherty and John Stalach.  
Secretaries—Joseph A. Parrish and Wm. O. Keefe.

On motion of Peter Dougherty, Esq., a committee of five was appointed to draft a Preamble and resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting.

The following gentlemen were appointed:  
James McCullough, Samuel Black, Daniel Christy, John Comerford and M. M. Adams.  
The committee retired, and after full consultation, returned, and through their chairman, James McCullough, Esq. reported the following resolutions, which were enthusiastically adopted:

Whereas, Having seen an account of a meeting held in Ebensburg on Saturday, January 31st, purporting to be a meeting of the Democracy of Cambria county; and being well aware that said meeting does not express the sentiments of a title of the Democracy of this county; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we repudiate the action of said meeting, and deny that the sentiments expressed in that meeting are the sentiments of the "Hardy Sons of Thunder," and that we will prove by our action in the next democratic county convention.

Resolved, That we disapprove of the course pursued by our representatives, John Cresswell, Jr. and G. Nelson Smith, in the late election held in Harrisburg for United States Senator, in direct violation of democratic usages, and worthy of the reprobation of every true democrat in the country; and for that act they will not be forgotten.

Resolved, That all the bolters from the Democratic caucus for U. S. Senator, have proved themselves disorganizers and rewards to the democratic party, and that the reward due to them will follow them to their political graves.

Resolved, That we approve of the high-minded, honorable, and democratic course pursued by our Representative, Col. Wm. C. Ramer, for the manly course in which he carried out our wishes in the late election for U. S. Senator.

Resolved, That we feel deeply the degradation placed upon us by the election of the political huckster, Simon Cameron, over our tried and faithful Forney, whose democracy cannot be surpassed by any man in the United States.

Resolved, That we denounce the three Judases, Lebo, Wagonseller and Manear, the tools used by Cameron to betray an honest constituency. Their names will be handed down to infamy and disgrace, and their memory will become a by-word and a terror to all villains of their kind.

From the Hollidaysburg Standard.

### Cambria County.

Some of the new and fishy Democrats of Cambria county have been coming down to our place, and reporting that the Democracy of that county, unanimously, sustain the course of our Senator, and their representative. This, it must be observed, is one side of the question; but we are satisfied that a majority condemn

their course, but have no means to let the world know it, as they are without an organ. The *Echo* is under the control of Smith, and the *Sentinel* under the control of the Whites, who have wood claims to pass the Legislature, and consequently dare not but approve of the acts of those upon whom they rely to aid them in pushing the claims through.

A Democratic meeting was held in Johnstown on the 26th, the proceedings of which are published in the last *Echo* and drawn out in such a manner as to convey the idea that the Democrats there sustain the course of Smith and Cresswell. An eye-witness, however, informs us that the meeting was about equally divided, although the Smith men, by a pre-concerted effort had things pretty much their own way. When the resolutions were read, the chairman put the question in the affirmative only, not allowing those opposed to them the privilege of voting. One of the latter called for a division, but the chairman declared the meeting adjourned. This thing of allowing but one side to be heard is an excellent method of manufacturing public opinion, but it will not win, in the end, as Mr. Smith will no doubt discover long before next fall.

C. L. Pershing, Esq., has retired from the editorial control of the *Echo*. We annex his card, published in the last number of that paper:—

TO THE PUBLIC.—For many reasons not necessary to be stated, I have withdrawn my name as editor of the *Echo*. To prevent any wrong impressions from going abroad, I may state that the friendly relations which have always existed between Capt. Smith and myself remain unimpaired.

C. L. Pershing.

Mark how carefully Mr. Pershing wishes his withdrawal. The "friendly relations existing between him and Captain Smith remain unimpaired," but he does not endorse his course. He feels and knows that it was not Democratic, and these are the reasons not necessary to be stated. The captain may think himself sustained at home; but should he ever come before the Democracy of Cambria and Bedford for office, or even Cambria alone, we think he will find Jordan an exceedingly hard road to travel. The principles avowed, or ground assumed, that he was not bound to be governed by any caucus, would come home to him with a force and vigor that he little dreams of now, while laboring under the pleasing delusion that he is sustained.

From the Hollidaysburg Standard.

### The Ebensburg Meeting.

We have been considerably amused at reading the proceedings of a "Democratic" meeting held at Ebensburg on the 21st ult., which appears to have been conducted with great spirit by Michael Dan Magellan, R. L. Johnston, John Fenlon, and other eminent Democrats. A string of resolutions, sustaining Smith and Cresswell, and denouncing Gen. Bowman, were adopted. The former will no doubt be pleased that these eminent (!) Democrats have sustained them, while that "fishy" Democrat, Bowman, cannot but feel mortified at the manner in which he has been rebuked! Michael Dan and Johnston made speeches, which, we regret to say, are not published. They would probably be mollifiers to Gen. O'Neill, Maj. Maguire, and other Democrats, both of Blair and Cambria, who these worthies a year or two ago denounced from the stump as Portage Railroad speculators, plunderers, &c.

Michael Dan, Johnston and Fenlon, became Democrats last fall through the force of circumstances. It is highly gratifying to be able to record the fact that they have made such rapid progress in their Democratic studies as to be able to teach life-long Democrats their duty and instruct them that it is right for their representatives to violate and trample upon the usages of the party.

The very first resolution in the series adopted opens as follows:

Resolved, That the Democracy of Cambria repose unlimited confidence in the ability and integrity of James Buchanan.

The Democracy of Cambria county may repose confidence in the integrity of James Buchanan, but those who conducted this meeting did not, or the meeting would never have been held. Why, all the stock in trade that the bolters produced was the alleged want of integrity exhibited by Mr. Buchanan in favoring the election of Forney to the exclusion of other Democrats. Nay, more—the third resolution of this meeting of model Democrats censures Mr. Buchanan for using executive interference "officially," too—in behalf of Col. Forney. One would scarcely believe for a moment that a man of integrity would be guilty of the interference imputed to him. The bolters themselves doubted the integrity of James Buchanan, or their protest belies them.

There is an honest difference of opinion in relation to the course pursued by the seven Democrats who refused to be governed by the usages of the party, even in Cambria. We miss, in the published proceedings, the names of many staunch old Democrats who have grown gray in the cause. Where were they? Their absence proves that they do not endorse the course of the bolters; and for White, Michael Dan, Johnston and Fenlon to speak for the entire Democracy of the county, is a cool piece of presumption which will be rebuked when the proper time arrives.

Magellan, Johnston, and Fenlon—the three Whig orators, who, for years, have belched forth from the rostrum the vilest abuse against Democratic men and measures—they are the men who set themselves up as empires to pass judgment upon the usages, that for years have governed the party. Verily, we live to learn!

"New occasions teach new duties,  
Time makes ancient good uncouth,  
He must upward still, and onward,  
Who would keep abreast of truth!"

The following modest request we find near the wind up of the proceedings:

"It was then moved and unanimously agreed to, that all newspapers in the State, supporting Democratic principles, be respectfully requested to publish the proceedings and resolutions of this convention."

Before consenting to comply with this request, we shall consult those veteran Democrats, Johnston, Magellan and Fenlon, in order to ascertain where we stand! We are satisfied that we are with the majority of the Democratic party—but it would seem that the old Jeffersonian doctrine that the majority shall rule, has been ignored by a vote of 8 against 57!

### THE TWO FACES:

One for Home, the other for Company!

#### A CAPITAL STORY.

Of course we never mean to be personal, but yet we know that the following Life Lesson must find application somewhere, else it would never have been written. Or, like the preparations of the universal physician, it may be laid up for use in case of disease, or even taken as preventive.

Mrs. Abby Leeman was thirty years old, and had been married just ten years. She had an excellent husband, and three good children.—She was naturally a kind, excellent woman, and meant to do right; she had one fault; and small as it seemed to her, it occasioned much unhappiness in the family circle. She was not always happy at home, nor was she always pleasant, though for the life of her she could not tell what had occurred to ruffle her feelings. She had everything about her calculated to bring joy, and her every reasonable wish was answered. But after all, she often wore a sour face, and her tongue would run on in strains far from sweet or accordant.

"What is the matter, Abby?" asked her husband, as he returned one evening from the store and found his wife with a sour face on.

"Nothing," was the answer, given rather moodily.

"But something must be the matter. You never look so when you are happy."

"How can I help my looks? Can't I look as I feel without disturbing you?"

"Pshaw, Abby—don't talk so," the husband said, at the same time placing his arms about her neck and kissing her. "Now tell me what has happened."

"Nothing has happened more than usual," uttered the wife still unpleasantly. "Who wouldn't be sorer, I'd like to know, stuck up here from morning until night with two squalling young ones to look out for all the time."

"Squalling young ones!" repeated Albert Leeman, while an expression of pain passed over his features.

"There look at that!" cried the wife, pointing to where her youngest child, a girl of four years, was just climbing up to the tea-table after the sugar-bowl. "Get out of that, you little brat!—there—take that!—now let me catch you up there again! Stop that crying—stop it I say! You touch that sugar again, and I'll give you such a flogging as you won't want!"

The poor child tried in vain to hush its sobbing, and instinctively crept to its father's side. He placed his arm around the little one and raised it to his knee, and in a moment more its red-laden, inflamed cheek, where the mother's blow had fallen, was pillowed upon the father's bosom.

"Oh, yes," said the wife, "now you'll get the beat. I'd like to have you have charge of 'em all day; we'd see how much patience you'd have."

"I would at least remember she is my child," said he somewhat reproachfully, "and also bear in mind the simple fact that the young dispersion may gain all its impulse from the example it receives at the hands of its guardians."

"Oh, yes, that's it. Of course, I'm always wrong." And then Abby Leeman put her apron to her eyes and began to cry.

Of course, the husband could say no more.—He had often, very often, suffered all this before, and he had tried to make his wife see how much real unhappiness she was making for herself; but she would not listen; or, if she did, the impression was not lasting. In fact, she had no patience with her children, and the single ruffle of a moment was sure to make unhappiness for her. She loved her husband fondly; and her children she loved, too. She was proud of them, and for their comfort she would sacrifice any amount of personal convenience.—Many and many an hour of blissful joy did she pass with her husband when the sky was clear, but a cloud was sure to bring a storm. For years not a day passed that had not seen some unpleasant passages between herself and children, and she would not understand that her very mode of treatment—the disposition she manifested, and the language she used—was surely warring the minds of the little ones.—In pain and anguish, her husband had tried to show her this, but she would not listen; and then when she was calm and reasonable, Albert could not find it in his heart to destroy the peace by such allusions.

On the present occasion supper was eaten almost in silence. The husband was pained, and the wife angry. The child once cried for a lump of sugar, and the mother jerked a piece upon her plate with the words:

"There, take it! You want everything you set your eyes on."

The little one ate the sugar in silence, while the mother felt more dismal still from this new outburst. And thus matters went on for an hour, and at the end of that time the door bell rang, and some company was introduced. It was a neighbor and his wife. In a moment, the whole expression of Abby's face was changed. Smiles took the place of frowns, and her words were as sweet as could be; and during the whole evening she was as happy and gay as though a cloud had never rested upon her brow.

"Abby," said her husband, after the visitors were gone, "since we have been married, have I not done all in my power to make you hap-

py? Have you ever expressed an earnest, heartfelt wish that I have not gratified?"

"I don't know," replied the wife, rather reluctantly.

"Yes, you do know," replied Albert; "and what I wish to know is this: Why you could not strive as much to make me happy as you will to make those who are not dependent upon you for happiness. When I came home this evening, worn and fatigued with the labors of the day, why could you not have met me with a smile and a cheerful welcome?"

"Because I didn't feel like smiling," was the answer.

"But you smiled the moment Mr. Bixber and his wife came in; and that, too, when your feelings were anything but pleasant a moment before. Can you do for their comfort what you are not willing to do for mine?"

"I do the best I can, I am sure," sobbed Mrs. Leeman, beginning to cry. "I wish you'd found a wife who could have suited you better than I do. I never can suit you—never!"

Abby was in tears, and her husband could say no more. He could only wish that she would understand him. Oh! how often, when she was kind and good, did he wish she would always be so; and again when she was making company so happy, how frequently did he pray that she would always do the same for him.—She was a neat, tidy, industrious woman, and only her own family knew of this dark trait in her character.

In the same town with Abby lived her only sister, who married a young man named Charles Frye. Charles was some eight-and-twenty, and Lydia, his wife, Abby's sister, three years younger. This young man was a carpenter by trade; strong, healthy, generous and of superior intellect and intelligence. His business was good, and though he wore a paper cap and upon ten or twelve hours a day, yet he was laying up money. Lydia Frye was unlike her sister in one respect. That sweet smile which visitors found upon her face never faded in her husband's presence, and the words which the stranger heard her speak to her child were never more harsh when alone with her little one.—She loved her husband as she loved her child, and never did she knowingly speak a word which could bring a cloud upon a member of her household.

And between these two sisters there was an estrangement. Several times Lydia had expostulated with Abby on account of her fractious treatment of her children, and once she had even gone so far as to put her arms about her sister's child and protect it from the mother's rage; and it unfortunately happened that on that very evening Mr. Leeman asked his wife why she could not be as kind and good, always as her sister was. Then, added to this, Abby shortly afterwards learned, through a meddling neighbor, that her sister had given her husband, Albert, some advice as to how he might best punish his fractious wife. This clipped the climax in Abby's mind, and from that time there was no intercourse between the sisters.

One day Albert came home with the pleasing intelligence for his wife, that her father would be there the next morning, and that he intended to settle down with them and find a home. Abby was in ecstasies. She loved her father, for he was a good man, and had ever been kind to his children.

On the following day, Moses Gorham came. He was an old man now, past sixty, with white hair, and mild, benevolent look; and Abby was very happy. Her father told her he had finished his travels, and meant to settle down with one of his children for the remainder of his days.

"Oh, of course you'll come and stay with us," Abby said. "We've got the most room, and best able to keep you."

"Ah, my child," returned the old man with a smile, "I am better able to keep myself. But I can tell you better about that after I have been here a spell."

At the end of a week Mr. Gorham informed Abby and her husband that he had that day deposited in the bank twenty thousand dollars in their name, and that they might draw it as they pleased. He thus wished them to enjoy a part, at least, of their patrimony, while he lived.—Of course the reader can imagine how this announcement was received. But the old man did not stop long to bear their thanks, for he had the same errand to deliver to Lydia and her husband.

He found Charles Frye and wife both occupying a chair when he entered. Lydia sitting in Charles' lap, and the children in her's. He told them what he had done, and it was some time ere one of them could speak. But Charles was the first to break the silence.

"Mr. Gorham," he said in a low and tremulous voice, "accept your generous offer, and the more readily too, because I know it comes from the hand of love. But, sir, I could not have asked it—I could not have expected it—on the ground that I am your son-in-law. No, no, for in this noble woman you have given me a treasure such as few men possess. Oh! you cannot know what a heaven on earth my home is while—while—my wife—"

But Charles had undertaken a work he could not perform. The words stuck in his throat, and the speech ended in a flood of tears. His gentle wife sank upon his bosom, and the old man went to the window and pretended to be looking at something in the street, notwithstanding it was very dark out there, and that he had his handkerchief before his eyes all the while.

Another day passed away, and during the most of that time the old man remained with Abby. After this he began to see the cloudy disposition manifest itself. He was pained and shocked. He spoke with her, but she pretended she could not help it. Another week passed on, and during that time Mr. Gorham spoke with his child touching her fault; but still she did not amend.

Saturday evening came, and Abby Leeman

was in the chamber. Her oldest child, a girl, came up and told her that grandpa was going away; that he had got his trunk to the door.—She started for the sitting room at once. In the hall she stopped, for the door was ajar, and she heard her father's voice. It was in a pained tone, and it struck to her soul.

"No, no, Albert," she heard the old man say, "I cannot remain here; I had intended to make my home with Abby, for she is my oldest living; but I cannot bear it. Nearly every day my heart is made to ache by the harsh, unkind words I hear spoken to our little ones. Oh! such good, kind, sweet children! and I love them so! But Abby will not listen even to me. Once I might have borne it; but now, when my heart is lonely and from recent bereavement, I cannot bear it. I will come to see you, and you shall have the old share of love. And I fear she is not always kind to you."

"Has Lydia told you so?" asked Albert.

"Lydia?" uttered Mr. Gorham in surprise.—"She told me? Ah, you don't know her, if you think so. No, no, she has only told me what a good and faithful wife Abby was. But I can see as my presence grows more common, the restraint wears off, and Abby begins to show me the face she often keeps for home. I speak this to you Albert, because I would not lie to you. But—but—I will see you again. I will see you and Abby again!"

Abby listened to him no longer. With a wildly beating, bursting heart, she hastened to her room, and threw herself upon her bed, and there she lay for a long time. When her husband came up, she was sick, and he asked her what he could do for her, she said she would be left to herself. In a moment, he mistrusted that she had heard some part of her father's remarks, and left her.

One day, little Nellie looked pale and sick, and cried a great deal with pain. It was the youngest—the "baby." Abby was fractious, but she did not speak as harshly as usual. She had tried to reform since her father left, a week before, but she allowed a spirit of anger to come into her soul on account of the course he had pursued, so her trial did not amount to much.—When Albert came home, the child was worse; and by this time it had become so sick that the mother was sorry that she had been so harsh through the day.

Mr. Leeman went for the doctor, and when that man came, he said Nellie had the scarlet fever. All night the little one suffered much, and its cheeks and brow seemed on fire. On the next day she grew weaker and sicker; then Abby feared that she might die. Oh, what a thought!

Sabbath night came, and little Nellie had grown very white and thin; during the whole day she had been calm and quiet. Could she be dying! "Oh, God, spare my child! spare my child!" the frantic mother prayed upon her knees.

The clock had just struck nine, when Nellie raised her eyes, and they looked very strange.

"Mamma—good mamma," she whispered, "kiss little Nellie."

The mother pressed her lips upon her child's brow and kissed her fervently.

"Mamma—you love little Nellie; and you love George and Mary."

The mother could not speak. Just then Albert entered the room.

"Papa—papa—one kiss for little Nellie. Love little Nellie always. Love George, and Mary, and love mamma."

When Abby Leeman next looked upon her child the spirit had fled! The little sufferer was free from earthly pain. One moment the mother gazed upon the broken casket, and then she sank down upon her knees and wept as though her heart would break. Her husband knelt by her side; he placed both his arms about her neck, and with one deep burst of passionate grief, she pillowed her head upon his bosom.

On the next morning, Lydia came and took care of the little Nellie. She dressed it sweetly, combed its golden hair back, and when she placed it in the coffin, she spread new and fragrant flowers all around it. She had done all this when Abby entered.

The sisters were alone by the dead child. The bereaved mother gazed awhile upon the lovely face of the little sleeper, and then she turned to her sister.

We will not tell the thoughts which dwelt in Abby Leeman's mind upon this occasion; nor will we tell of the long hours she spent upon her knees in prayer while all others of the household slept.

"Love George and Mary! Love little Nellie always! Love Mamma!" Oh! how these words rang in that mother's soul. And how other words came back upon her, too—harsh, unkind words which had been spoken to the cherub which had gone! But she found a balm in the solemn resolution she took to herself never to be unkind again.

And the resolution was sacredly kept. Albert and Abby mourned for the departed one, but they left, too, that the gentle spirit of the heaven-born child was dwelling still with them, making a paradise of their home, and leading them on in joy and peace.

Ere long the old man came to live awhile with his eldest child, and from that time he divided his months equally between them, and he could no more feel that one home was pleasanter than the other, but were alike, joyous, peaceful and happy. When he now looked upon Abby's happy, smiling face, he knew that she had no other face for domestic use. The beaming, genial countenance that welcomed the visitor to her dwelling, was never laid aside. His sunshine was for her husband and children, and the cloudy brow was put away forever.

The bill which has been pending before the Arkansas Legislature for several weeks, and which had for its object the removal of all free colored persons from the State has been defeated.

### Horrible Murder in New York.

One of the most atrocious murders on record came to light on Saturday, in New York. Dr. Harvey Burdell, an eminent Dentist and Surgeon, residing in Bond street, was found, about eight o'clock in the morning, lying dead on the floor of his office, in the second story of his house. He was last seen alive late on Friday afternoon. When the death was first ascertained, it was announced in the afternoon papers that he had died suddenly from the bursting of a blood vessel. But a coroner's inquest has revealed a shocking condition of affairs. It seems from the evidence, that Dr. Burdell was very wealthy, being worth about \$100,000. He was a bank director, and an active man among the medical fraternity. He owned the house he lived in, which was a large and handsome four storied brick building, with marble steps, doorway, window frames, etc. The interior was superbly furnished. He had been divorced from his wife. The basement was occupied as a kitchen and dining room. The first floor had two reception rooms, and the second floor had the doctor's office and bed room. The house was kept ostensibly as a boarding-house by a Mrs. Cunningham, with whom boarded the Doctor, her two daughters and two single gentlemen. The Doctor only slept and breakfasted there, taking his meals at the Metropolitan Hotel. It being proved in evidence that the Doctor and Mrs. Cunningham maintained a suspicious connection, and that they had quarreled and talked about parting, Mrs. C. produced before the jury a certificate of marriage with Dr. Burdell, which was attested to by the officiating clergyman. When the body of the doctor was found it was perfectly saturated with blood, as was also the carpet of the room, the doors, walls, chairs, etc., being covered with blood, showing evidently that a desperate struggle had occurred. The body contained fifteen deep wounds, made with a knife eight inches long in the blade; one of these wounds severed the carotid artery, and must have completed the murder. The others were stabs in various parts of the body and cuts upon the hands, face, etc., as though the murderers had cut him as he warded off the blows or seized the door knob. Around his throat was the mark of a cord, which must have been drawn tightly, and the lungs were found to be full of air; so that it is clear the attempt was first made to strangle him with a rope thrown over his head from behind, after the manner of the street garrote. From the appearance of the room, he seems to have been sitting in his chair, looking over his papers, when some one came from behind, evidently from the closet door. The design probably was originally to strangle him, and then carry out the body, and leave it somewhere in the street, as though done by the garrote banditti. From the room, the marks of blood were traced up along the entry and stairs into the fourth story, into a store-room where lay a man's bloody shirt and night shirt, and a bloody shawl. From there the blood was traced into the front room of the same story, where, upon the door, the stains had been carefully covered with spermaceti. A grate in that room had contained a fire during the night, which had evidently been extinguished suddenly by pouring water upon it, as the coal was only partially consumed, and the mantle, &c., were covered with ashes. In this story the murderers had evidently cleaned themselves.

It appeared in evidence that the doctor was jealous of one of the male boarders, a Mr. John Eckel, whom he seems to have detected in secret with Mrs. Cunningham. On Tuesday night Mrs. Cunningham went with this man down into the basement, and told the servant girl to go to bed. She went. The next morning Mr. Eckel did not appear at breakfast, tho' he usually did so. The knife found in the room where the murder was committed, is said to have belonged to him. Mrs. Cunningham confessed, in her evidence, the sending the servant to bed, and also admitted that Eckel was with her. The minister who married her could not identify Burdell as the man to whom she was married, and said that he supposed at the time that the person wore false whiskers. Burdell's name was wrongly spelt in the certificate.

It has been ascertained that on the morning when the murder was discovered, Mr. Eckel left the house at an early and unusual hour and proceeded to his place of business. Mrs. Cunningham followed in a carriage, and he stood talking with her half an hour or more at the carriage door, opposite his factory. He was seen to give her a roll of bills. This transpired before breakfast.

The Deputy Coroner, in the course of his investigation, found Mr. and Mrs. Stevens residing at No. 87 Mercer street, who were intimate friends of Mr. Burdell. Mrs. Stevens had been in the habit of visiting Dr. Burdell for the purpose of having her teeth fixed, and for medical relief for two years or more. Dr. B. had frequently spoken to her of his affairs, and remarked that Mrs. Cunningham desired to force him into a marriage.

She also referred to Eckel, calling him Van Dolan, as having been frequently spoken of by the Doctor. Dr. Burdell had frequently expressed himself as being afraid to remain in the house at night.

The Doctor had told Mrs. Stevens that he feared for his (Burdell's) life, and had also spoken of Mr. Eckel, alias Van Dolan.

George V. Snodgrass, one of the two male boarders in the house, testified that the bloody shirt found in the store-room, belonged to a friend of his in the country, whose name it bore—that he had borrowed it while visiting at his friend's residence. It had been thrown into the store-room to be washed. He swore that he went down stairs that night about eleven o'clock.

Nothing definite has yet been ascertained as to who is the murderer.

In Illinois a rabid dog bit \$3000 worth of cattle in one night, all of which died.