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BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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Select Poetry.



The Stars.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Those beaming stars who are they? I have dreams
That they were blossoms on the Tree of Life,
Or they hung back from the outspread wings
Of God's archangel—or that you blue skies,
With all their gorgeous blazony of gems,
Were a bright banner waving o'er the earth
From the fair wall of Heaven—And I have sat
And drank their gushing glory, till I felt
Their electric tremblings with the deep
And strong vibrations down the living wire
Of countless passions—and my every pulse
Was beating high, as if a spring were there
To buoy me up, where I might ever roam
Mid the unfathomed vastness of the sky.
And dwell with those high stars, and see the light
Pointing down upon the blessed earth, like dew
From the bright urn of Naiads!

Beautiful stars!
What are ye? There is in my heart of hearts,
A faint, that heaves beneath you, like the deep
Beneath the glories of a midnight moon!
And list—your Eden tones are floating now
Around me like an element—so low,
So wildly beautiful, I almost dream
That ye are there the living harp of God,
O'er which the incense winds of Eden stray,
And wake such tones of mystic minstrelsy
As well might wander down to the dim world
To fashion dreams of Heaven!—Peal on—peal on,
Nature's height anthem—for my life has caught
A portion of your purity and power,
And seems but as a sweet and glorious tone
Of wild star-music!

Blessed, blessed things!
We are in Heaven and on Earth. My soul
Flees with the whirlwind's rush, can wander off
To your immortal realm, but it must fall
Like your ancient Pleiad from its height,
To dim its new-caught glories in the dust!
The earth is beautiful—I love
Its wilderness of spring flowers, its bright clouds,
The majesty of mountains, and the dread
Majesty of ocean—of they come
Like visions to my heart—but when I look
On your unfading loveliness, I feel
Like a lost infant gazing on its home,
And weep to die, and come where you repose
Upon your boundless Heaven, like parted souls
On the eternity of blessedness.

ADVERSITY—A TEST OF CHARACTER.

The rugged metal of the mine,
Must be tried before the surface shine.

We, some weeks since, offered a few remarks
in relation to the influence of Prosperity in
the development of character. Adversity is
another test, and with many its fiery ordeal
is suited to elicit all the energies of the human
mind and soul, to call forth qualities which, but
for misfortune, would have remained dormant,
and to indicate faculties of a high and ennobling
nature. Its influence is least tempting
and seductive, it is calculated to stimulate and to
nerve, to revive the faint of our nature in Providence,
and induce the poor-minded to dwell
with philosophy upon the trials of this life, and
with hope and confidence, not only upon the
future with regard to things of time merely, but
with reference to those of the dim and distant
period which commences with the close of our
mortal being. How many of the eminent by
intellect and patriotism would have remained
in comparative obscurity, had they been surrounded
by all the superfluities of fortune, had no
necessity existed for exertion, had their
minds become torpid, indifferent to patriotic
impulses, and the welfare of their fellow-men!
What more glorious to the eye of true philosophy,
than a virtuous and godlike mind, conscious
of rectitude of purpose, yet struggling on,
year after year, amidst the clouds of darkness
and Adversity! To be satisfied and joyous
where all smile around us, satisfied with ourselves
and with others, grateful to God and
loyal toward our fellow-creatures, is comparatively
easy. But to pursue the right path
through every vicissitude, to resist vice when
fortune lowers most darkly, to turn aside from
temptation when hunger gnaws and friends
grow cold, to listen amidst every difficulty
and danger to the still small voice of conscience,
and to be governed by its dictates, indicates
true greatness, real self-denial, and unbounded
faith in the ways of God to man. But what
moral strength is required, what a resolute and
self-possessed spirit, to stand up firmly and resolutely
as waves after wave of sorrow and affliction
is dashed against us, as friend after friend
grows cold or becomes false, as hope after hope
fades away, and we feel that life and strength
are also drawing to a close! How many sink
under the ordeal, how the weakness of man's
nature is seen in these trials! How many perish
in body and soul, and go down to the grave
summarily, unhonored and unsung! Look
through our country at the present moment—
Victims may be met in every street, men who
were once prosperous, but who, struck down
by some sudden blow of misfortune, or by
a series of vicissitudes, have in vain endeavored
to rally their energies and are every hour becoming
more degraded in body and in mind. The contrast
between their hour of fortune and their day
of trouble, is indeed strong. Then, too,
many of them were proud and haughty, and
careless alike of their duties to God and man—
Now abject in spirit, they cringe and falter,
and are lost to that glorious principle, which
teaches that a human being, whether rich
or poor, whether prosperous or otherwise, if he
be honest and upright, is alike entitled to respect
and esteem. But there are others again, who
when the world went well with them, were
generous and benevolent. They expended be-
yond their means—they had too much confidence
in friend and neighbor, and they became
victims. These are indeed entitled to sympathy
and kindness; and their only friends should

not forget them in this their day of gloom—their spirits should be cheered, their hopes brightened. Momentary adversity, however, should not be permitted to overwhelm any man. It is the destiny of most of us, to meet with some serious and frightful reverse, at some period of life. Who can single out from among his friends, individuals who a few years back were apparently crushed and prostrate, but who with the indomitable spirit of hope and enterprise, still toiled and struggled on, and finally succeeded? It should be remembered that the most chances against us that have been experienced, the better the prospect for the future. No one should despair. In a country like this, new expedients and chances are constantly presenting themselves. While health and life remain, hope should not be abandoned. We know not, ourselves, indeed, until we have been fully tried. Many a man has been driven into a new occupation by necessity and has triumphed fully, who a few years would have pronounced himself utterly unfitted for such a sphere. Adversity not only tests the truth of friendship, but it tests our own nature. It proves either the weakness or the strength of the human character. It forces us to depend on our energies, and to make many an effort which under other circumstances would never be attempted. Its uses are sweet and beneficial, for they show in a distinct and palpable form, the utter insignificance of man, the utter mutability of human affairs, and the necessity, at all times and seasons, of looking to the great source and centre of all that is good and perfect. We should remember, moreover, that in many cases—

“Heaven but tries our virtue by affliction.
As oft the cloud that wraps the present hour
Serves but to brighten all our future days.”

EARTHQUAKE AT SAN SALVADOR.

The night of the 16th of April, 1854, will ever be one of sad and bitter memory for the people of Salvador. On that unfortunate night our happy and beautiful capital was made a heap of ruins. Movements of the earth were felt on the morning of Holy Thursday, proceeded by sounds like the rolling of heavy artillery over pavements, and like distant thunder. The people were a little alarmed in consequence of this phenomenon. But it did not prevent them from meeting in the churches to celebrate the solemnities of the day. On Saturday all was quiet, and confidence was restored. The people of the neighborhood assembled, as usual, to celebrate the Passover. The night of Saturday was tranquil, as was also the whole of Sunday. The heat, it is true, was considerable, but the atmosphere was calm and serene. For the first three hours of the evening nothing unusual occurred; but at half past nine a severe shock of an earthquake, occurring without the usual preliminary noises, alarmed the whole city. Many families left their houses and made encampments in the public squares, while others prepared to pass the night in their respective court yards.

Finally, at ten minutes to eleven, without preliminary of any kind, the earth began to heave and tremble with such force that in ten seconds the entire city was prostrated. The crashing of houses and churches stunned the ears of the terrified inhabitants, while a cloud of dust from the falling ruins enveloped all in a pall of impenetrable darkness. Not a drop of water could be got to relieve the half-choked and suffocating, for the wells and fountains were filled up, or made dry. The clock tower of the Cathedral carried a great part of the edifice with it in its fall. The towers of the church of San Francisco crushed the Episcopal Oratory and part of the palace. The church of Santiago to Domingo was buried beneath its towers, and the College of the Assumption was entirely ruined. The new and beautiful edifice of the University was demolished. The Church of Merced separated in the centre, and its walls fell outward to the ground. Of the private houses a few were left standing but all were rendered uninhabitable. It is worthy of remark, that the walls left standing are old ones; all those of modern construction have fallen. The public edifices of the government and city shared the common destruction.

The devastation was effected, as we have said, in the first ten seconds; for although all succeeding shocks were tremendous and accompanied by fearful rumblings beneath our feet, they had comparatively trifling results, for the reason that the first had left but little for their ravages.

Solemn and terrible was the picture presented on that dark, funeral night, of a whole people clustering in the plazas, and on their knees crying with loud voices to Heaven for mercy, in agonizing accents calling for their children and friends, which they believed to be buried beneath the ruins! A heaven opaque and ominous; a movement of the earth rapid and unequal, causing a terror indescribable; an intense sulphurous odor filling the atmosphere, and indicating an approaching eruption of the volcano; streets filled with ruins or overhung by threatening walls; a suffocating cloud of dust almost rendering respiration impossible. Such was the spectacle presented by the unhappy city on that memorable night!

A hundred boys were shut up in the college, many invalids crowded the hospitals, and the barracks were full of soldiers. The sense of the catastrophe which must have befallen them, gave poignancy to the first moments of reflection after the earthquake was over. It was believed that a 4th part of the inhabitants had been buried beneath the ruins. The members of the government, however, hastened to ascertain as far as practicable the extent of the catastrophe, and to quiet the public mind. It was found that the loss of life had been much less than was supposed, and it now appears probable that the number of the killed will not exceed one hundred, and of wounded fifty. Among the latter is the bishop, who received a severe blow on the head; the late President, and the wife of the Secretary of the Legislative chambers—the

then broke down the fence, went over and picked up the dead horse, and deposited him in the road, where he had first met him.

He killed one other horse, and pursued another, who fled to the barn; the elephant followed, but at the door was met by a fierce bull-dog, which bit his leg and drove him off. Once on the route, the keeper being ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got into the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story, and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast. The elephant finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry; here he was secured with chains, and carried over the ferry to Fall River. A part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes.

Elephant Hunting.

Mr. Baker, in his "Hunting in Ceylon," relates the following incident: He had discovered in a large plain, which was covered with huge lemon grass, to a height of ten or twelve feet, a herd of ten elephants; and in company with his brother had shot five of them. We give the story in his own language:

"I had one barrel still loaded, and I was pushing my way through the tangled grass towards the spot where the five elephants lay together, when I suddenly heard Wallace shriek out, 'Look out, sir! Look out!—an elephant's coming!'"

"I turned round in a moment, and close past Wallace, from the very spot where the last dead elephant lay, came the very essence and incarnation of a 'rough' elephant in full charge. His trunk was thrown high in the air, his ears were cocked, his tail stood high above his back, as stiff as a poker, and screaming exactly like the whistle of a railway engine, he rushed upon me through the high grass with a velocity that was perfectly wonderful. His eyes flashed as he came on, and he had singled me out as his victim."

"I have often been in dangerous positions, but I never felt so totally devoid of hope as I did in this instance. The tangled grass rendered retreat impossible. I had only one barrel loaded, and that was useless, as the upraised trunk protected his forehead. I felt myself doomed; the few thoughts that rush through men's minds in such hopeless positions flew through mine, and I resolved to wait for my till he was close upon me before I fired, hoping that he might lower his trunk and expose his forehead."

"He rushed along at the pace of a horse in full speed; in a few moments, as the grass flew to the right and left before him, he was close upon me, but still his trunk was raised and I would not fire. One second more, and at this headlong pace he was within three feet of me; down dashed his trunk with the rapidity of a whip thong, and with a shrill scream of fury he was upon me."

"I fired at that instant; but, in the twinkling of an eye, I was flying through the air like a ball from a bat. At the moment of firing, I had jumped to the left, but he struck me with his trunk in full charge upon my right thigh, and hurled me eight or ten paces from him. That very moment he stopped, and turning round, he beat the grass about with his trunk, and commenced a strict search for me. I heard him advancing close to the spot where I lay as still as death, knowing that my last chance lay in concealment. I heard the grass rustling close to the spot where I lay; closer and closer he approached, and he at length beat the grass with his trunk several times exactly above me. I held my breath, momentarily expecting to feel his ponderous foot upon me. Although I had not felt the sensation of fear while I had stood opposed to him, I felt like what I never wish to feel again while he was deliberately hunting me up. Fortunately, I had reserved my fire until the rifle had almost touched him, for the powder and smoke had nearly blinded him, and had spoiled his acute power of scent. To my joy I heard the rustling of the grass grow fainter; again I heard it at a still greater distance; at length it was gone."

A FURIOUS ELEPHANT AT LARGE.—It has already been mentioned that an elephant broke loose from his keeper on the 5th inst., on the way from Pawtucket, R. I., to Fall River.—It was the large elephant Hannibal, of the Broadway menagerie weighing 3,500 lbs. The Providence Journal says:

When about seven miles from Pawtucket he became furious, turned upon his keeper, who had to fly for his life and take refuge in a house, got free and rushed along the road, destroying everything in his way.—Meeting a horse and wagon belonging to Mr. Stafford Short, he thrust his trunk into the horse, and lifted horse, wagon, and rider into the air. He mangled the horse terribly, and carried him about fifty feet, and threw the dead body into a pond. The wagon was broken to pieces, and Mr. Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. A mile further, the elephant, now growing more furious, attacked in the same manner a horse and wagon, with Mr. Thomas W. Peck and his son. He broke the wagon and wounded the horse, which ran away. Mr. Peck was pretty badly hurt in the hip.

The next man in the path was Mr. Pearce, who was riding with his little son in a one-horse wagon. He was coming towards the elephant, and being warned by Mr. Barney, turned around and put the horse to his speed, but the elephant overtook him, and seizing the wagon, threw it into the air, dashing it to pieces, and breaking the collar bone and arm of Mr. Pearce. The horse, disengaged from the wagon, escaped with the fore wheels, and the elephant gave chase for eight miles, but did not catch him.—The elephant came back from his unsuccessful pursuit, and took up his march again on the main road, where he next encountered Mr. J. Eddy, with a horse and wagon. He threw up the whole establishment the same as before, smashing the wagon, killing the horse, and wounding Mr. Eddy. He threw the horse twenty feet over a fence, into the adjoining lot,

then broke down the fence, went over and picked up the dead horse, and deposited him in the road, where he had first met him.

He killed one other horse, and pursued another, who fled to the barn; the elephant followed, but at the door was met by a fierce bull-dog, which bit his leg and drove him off. Once on the route, the keeper being ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got into the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story, and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast. The elephant finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry; here he was secured with chains, and carried over the ferry to Fall River. A part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes.

Fearful Encounter with a Burglar by a London Jeweller.

Mr. John Richards, a rich London jeweller, had a fearful romantic adventure, which is described in one of the papers. While sitting in his parlor on a Sunday night with his wife, he thought he saw a face at the window. Quick as thought he put his wife from him and darted across the room, flung open the casement and gazed into the night, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" asked his wife anxiously.

"Why I thought I saw a man! exclaimed he. Then stepping to the door and opening it he called and inquired of his servant—"Are the outer gates closed?"

"I secured them myself, at nightfall."

"Well, see that the doors are barred, and—good night."

An hour elapsed, and the servants had retired to rest; his wife had sought her chamber.—Above the staircase on the second story of the house a powerful alarm-bell had been erected, and from it diverged wires that passed down the walls, and were skilfully and secretly attached to the principal chamber doors, leaving it in the power of the occupant of the room to set on or loose at will the springs connected with the wire above the door, but should the door be accidentally moved or an entry attempted by a strange hand, the entire machinery was instantly set in motion, and the alarm effectually spread.

Richards went to the door to set the spring; but before doing so he opened it, and looked for a moment through the staircase window, when a light sharp crack startled him, and he listened.

There was a stealthy footstep on the landing! Now again all was still. His suspicions were aroused; he thought of the face at the window, and he shut the door. He drew a pistol from his breast—a weapon that he always kept, and waited, and listened, with his glance fixed upon the handle of a door—and, as he looked, he distinctly saw it move.

"Who's there?" he demanded in a loud tone, and grasped the pistol firmly.

The burglar finding the door locked and resisting his efforts, threw his whole weight heavily against it, and burst violently into the room. The alarm wire was broken by the shock, but the bell rung out a fearful peal. The man was masked, and in his hand he held a horrid weapon, which was leveled at Richards; but the unexpected bell unnerved his arm, the doubtful light cheated his aim, and the bullets whizzed through the hair of Richards, while the large mirror was crashed into atoms.

"Help! help!" he exclaimed, as he dashed away the chair that was before him. The assailant saw his failure, and in an instant drew a knife from his girdle, with his left hand, and, uttering a Spanish oath, rushed upon Richards with the butt-end of his uplifted pistol. Swift as thought, the jeweller darted from the spot and his assailant, unprepared for the movement, was carried by his own force beyond the mark, and stumbled. Like a tiger Richards sprung upon him, and struck him in the back with his pointed; the keen blade passed through the lungs into the heart, and the wretched robber fell heavily upon the earth—a corpse.

In a moment the room was filled, and the frightened wife clung to her husband and thanked God for her safety. On examining the body he was recognized as a Spaniard, who had but a short time before sold Mr. Richards some very valuable diamonds. He had been driven to desperation at the gaming table. Mr. Richards was acquitted of all blame in killing the monster.

SHOCKING CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.—About three weeks since Mr. John Crookson, foreman of Semple's foundry, was bitten by a mad dog. The wound was healed up, and nothing further thought of it, until Thursday evening last, when he complained of feeling unwell. Yesterday morning he was taken with convulsive spasms, which gradually increased towards noon, when he became so violent as to require the strength of six or seven people to hold him. His appearance was shocking in the extreme, foaming from the mouth, his eyes protruding from his head, and his limbs wildly and convulsively tossed about, as the spasms seized him. Ever and anon he would shriek for water, and again retreat those around him not to drown him. A little after noon, the worst symptoms presented themselves, and shortly after one o'clock, the poor fellow died in the greatest agony. Drs. Bassett and Avery were in constant attendance, but all the remedies applied appeared to produce no sensible effect. Mr. Crookson was a young man of about thirty years old, very industrious and much respected. He leaves a young wife and two children to mourn his untimely end. This is the first death of the kind that has taken place in this city during the season, but if what we hear be true, viz: that the same dog bit several other persons, more deaths of a frightful nature may be anticipated. The city press called repeatedly for the enforcement of the dog ordinance before the council took action on it, and it is much to be regretted its admonitions were not heeded.—*Cin. Commercial*, 3d.

THE ALLIED FLEETS IN THE BALTIC AND BLACK SEAS.—We have received the following details of the most recent operations in the Baltic, at Hangoe Roads, on May 23d:

The allied fleets, with the commander-in-chief, arrived on the 20th ult., and anchored within range (extreme) of the enemies guns.—The walls and embrasures were crowded with the Russian soldiers, who stood at their quarters as they approached. They did not fire.—The ships and forts thus remained, silently watching each's movements, until May 22d, when the programme was altered for one of a more exciting character.

Three forts protect the entrance to the harbor, massive structures, composed of huge blocks of granite, casemated, evidently armed with guns as well as mortars.

The principal fort, called Gustavus Sparck, sweeps the approach to the harbor with a long tier of guns en barbetta, and also from casemated batteries beneath. Two other forts, Doman's Holm and Gustavus Adolphus, to the eastward of the central fort, rake the entrance, and are pierced with embrasures looking to seaward.—The shore all around is covered with masked batteries, raised in commanding positions, concealed by trees and branches, and not very readily distinguished.

In the afternoon of May 22d, the B. S. Dragon, Captain Wilcox, was ordered to take up a position close by an island. She immediately opened fire. The first shot (the experimental one) was good in direction, but fell a very little short; the second struck the fort about the centre of the wall; the succeeding ones commenced ploughing up the turf forming the breastwork on the summit for the walls, and sending the facines and sand bags flying into the fort in profusion. After the second or third shot the fort replied. The ship and fort thus continued the engagement for about three and a half hours, during which several of the Dragon's shells burst right over the centre of the fort, and must have caused severe loss.

The Magicienne was ordered, somewhat later in the day, to a corresponding position on the opposite side of the small, narrow, rocky island in question, and opened an effective fire upon one of the masked batteries on the land side, into which she threw several shells. The battery replied with shell, and it is thought, with hot shot, but the Magicienne was evidently out of range. The Basilisk next joined the group.—The Dragon alone had any casualties—one man was killed and another wounded. She was struck three or four times.

The Arrogant and Hecla took a fort of four guns, and after a spirited engagement with the Russian troops, on the banks of a narrow river, succeeded in capturing a beautiful bark.

Advices by a letter are of date 28th, from Copenhagen. They state that on the 21st, Sir Charles Napier lay before Hangoe Point and was prepared to bombard the fortress of Gustavsværn. Admiral Plumridge, with the flying squadron, had been sent on special service to the Gulf of Bothnia.

Admiral Corry lay at Gottska Sandos. Stockholm letters of 23d mention nothing of Napier having captured Gustavsværn.

The Lifetime of Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live. "Thirty years," replied Nature: "will that be agreeable to thee?" "Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while! Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine, from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed by anything, but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray!" Nature was moved with compassion, and presented but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted, and the dog came forward. "How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?" "Is it thy will that I should?" replied the dog. "Think how much I shall have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking, and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl!" Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years. The ape then appeared. "Thou wilt doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and the dog—Life will be pleasant to thee." "Ah no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings ever rain down, I shall have no spoon! I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years." Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days. "Wilt thirty years content thee?" "How short a time!" exclaimed man. "When I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life will seem to me most desirable, I shall die! O Nature, grant me a longer period!" "Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the ass beside." "That is not enough," replied man. "Take likewise the twelve years of the dog." "It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more?" "I give thee then the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more!" Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors cheerfully, and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen of the ass come next, burden upon burden is heaped upon him, he carries the corn that is to feed others; blows and kicks are the rewards of his faithful service. The twelve years of

the dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner, and growls. When these are gone the ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—*Translated from the German.*

The Blind Restored.

An estimable old lady, Mrs. EGOLF, well-known in our borough, a few days ago gave us the particulars of an operation performed on her eyes for cataract, which we think is worthy of general circulation, in order that those similarly afflicted may also find relief. Her statement simply was, that some fifteen years ago, she unfortunately lost the sight of one of her eyes; and within the last two years, that of the other—being then perfectly blind in both eyes. Whilst thus sitting in the midst of darkness and gloomy despondency, she was advised to go to Harrisburg and consult Dr. GEORGE DOCK, relative to her case. To this she acceded, and had an operation performed on each eye by that gentleman, without the least pain. So perfect was the success of these operations, that now, but a few weeks since she left her gloomy home, she returns with sight in both eyes, her aged heart gladdened to ecstasy, and overflowing with gratitude toward her deliverer.

The above case is one of peculiar interest.—She is seventy-four years of age. The cause of her blindness was a bad form of cataract—one that none but the boldest and most skillful Surgeon would have undertaken, requiring to be cut out with the knife—an operation which we believe Surgeons call "extraction." And possessing, as Dr. Dock certainly does, a high rank among his professional brethren, and a merited, widespread reputation as a skillful Surgeon, we think this another laurel worthy of his enviable wreath.—*Carlisle Democrat*.

A Reasoning Fox.

We often find the reasoning of man contrasted with the instinct of brutes, in a manner indicating that the reasoning faculty is peculiar to our race. Pope seems to have thought he was conceding their full claim to the sagacity of the animal creation, when he allowed half reasoning powers to the elephant; yet even the groveling creature which he places at the lower end of the scale, sometimes manifest a species of sagacity, more easily explained by assigning to it a portion of the comparing power, than in any other manner.

A careful observation of the actions of the inferior races, would probably lead to the conviction, that few, if any of them are destitute of the reasoning faculty. The objects to which their reasoning extend being fewer than those which engage the human intellect, their range of ratiocination is much more limited; hence, the conclusions to which their reasoning leads, are probably less frequently incorrect than ours.—The complicated character and ample range of our ratiocination, no doubt often involve us in error, from which the simple and direct argumentation of the brutes are free. Hence the apparently superior accuracy of instinct to reason. It is well known that the animals which are not too powerful or fierce to be domesticated, are susceptible of instruction; hence it is clear that their acts are not all instinctive.—*Friends' Review*.

"A certain Jagare, who was one morning keeping watch in the forest, observed a fox cautiously making his approach to the stump of an old tree. When sufficiently near, he took a high and determined leap to the top of it; and after looking around awhile hopped to the ground again. After Reynard had repeated this knightly exercise several times, he went away; but presently he returned to the spot, bearing a pretty large and heavy piece of dry oak in his mouth; and thus burdened, and as it would seem for the purpose of testing his vaulting powers, he renewed his leaps on the stump. After a time, however, and when he found that, weighed as he was, he could make the ascent with facility, he desisted from further efforts, dropped the piece of wood, and coiling himself upon the stump, remained motionless as if dead. At the approach of evening, an old sow and her progeny, five or six in number, issued from a neighboring thicket, and pursuing their usual track, passed near to the stump in question. Two of her sucklings followed somewhat behind the rest, and just as they neared his ambush, Michel, with the rapidity of thought, darted down from his perch upon one of them, and in the twinkling of an eye bore it in triumph to the fastness he had providently prepared beforehand. Confounded at the shrieks of her offspring, the old sow returned in fury to the spot, and till late in the night made desperate attempts to storm the murderer's stronghold; but the fox took the matter very coolly, and devoured the pig under the very nose of its mother, who at length with great reluctance, and without being able to revenge herself on her crafty adversary, was forced to beat a retreat."—*Lloyd's Scandinavian Advertiser*.

THE LATE RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN CANADA.—The Buffalo Commercial has the following particulars of the fatal accident on the Great Western Railway, near London, C. W., on Friday last.

The baggage car was entirely smashed to pieces. The second-class car was very badly broken. The first-class car was not much injured. In the second class car were a number of Norwegian emigrants, who, it is reported, were travelling East by mistake. The scene in the car was very horrible. Six persons—five men and one woman were instantly killed, and four others so much injured as to die the same night. In the first class car several persons were slightly injured. One gentleman, residing in the interior of New York State, was standing on the platform, from which he jumped down the embankment, and the cars falling on him killed him instantly. We have not yet learned his name. The persons injured were taken to London and Hamilton, and their injuries attended to.