

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.



The following beautiful lines, from the "Dublin University Magazine," will remind the reader of the last scene in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress":

BEYOND THE RIVER.

Time is a river deep and wide,
And while along its banks we stray,
We see our loved ones o'er its tide
Sail from our sight away, away.
Where are they sped—they who return
No more to shut our longing eyes?
They've passed from life's contracted bourne
To land unseen, unknown, that lies
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess
How beautiful that realm must be;
For gleams of its loveliness,
In visions granted, oft we see.
The very clouds that o'er it throng
Their veil, unraised for mortal sight,
With gold and purple tints glow,
Reflected from the glorious light
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere;
The mourner feels their breath of balm,
And soothed sorrow dries the tear;
And sometimes hither ear may gain
Entrancing sound that hither foams
The echo of a distant strain,
Of harp and voices' blended notes,
Beyond the river!

These are our loved ones in their rest—
They've crossed Time's River—no more
They heed the bubbles on its breast,
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore.
But these pure love can live, can last—
They look for us their homes to share:
When we in turn away have passed,
What joyful greetings wait us there,
Beyond the river!

What I Live For.

By G. LINNERS BAKER.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too.
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task my God assigned me,
For the bright hopes left behind me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who've suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The noble of all ages,
Whose deeds crown history's pages,
And Time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine;
To feel there is a union
'Tiswixt nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
To gain truths from fields of fiction,
To grow wiser from covet's assistance,
And fulfil each grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted minds foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For the cause that lacks assistance;
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

The Great Plague.

In Dickens' Child's History of England, vol. two, we find the following, respecting the Great Plague that prevailed in the seventeenth century in the city of London:

"For this was the year and the time of the Great Plague in London. During the winter of 1664, it had been whispered about that some people had died here and there of disease called the Plague in some of the unwholesome suburbs of London. News was not published at that time as it is now, and some people believed these rumors and some disbelieved them, and they were soon forgotten. But in the month of May, 1665, it began to be said all over the town that the disease had burst out in St. Giles, and that the people were dying in great numbers. This soon turned out to be awfully true. The roads of London were choked up by people endeavoring to escape from the infected city, and large sums were paid for any kind of conveyance. The disease soon spread so fast that it was necessary to shut up the house in which people were, and to cut them off from the living. Every one of those houses were marked on the outside of the door with a red cross, and the words 'Lord have mercy on us!' The streets were all deserted, grass grew in the public ways, and there was a dreadful silence in the air. When night came on, dismal rumblings used to be heard, and those were the wheels of the death cart, attended by men with veiled faces, and holding cloths to their mouths, who rang doleful bells, and cried in a loud and solemn voice—'Bring out your dead.' The corpses put into these carts were buried by torch light in great pits, no service being performed over them—all men being afraid to stay for a moment on the bank of the ghastly graves. In the general fever, children ran away from their parents, and parents from their children. Some who were taken ill, died alone and with out any help. Some were stabbed or strangled by hired nurses who robbed them of all their money and stole the very beds on which they lay. Some went mad, dropped from their windows, ran through the streets, and in their pain and frenzy, threw themselves into the river. Those were not all the horrors of the time—

The wicked and dissolute, in wild desperation, sat in taverns, singing roaring songs, and were stricken as they sat, and went out and died.—The fearful and supernatural sights—dying swords in the sky, gigantic arms and darts.—Others pretended that at night vast crowds of ghosts walked round and round the dismal pits. One madman, naked, and carrying a drazial full of burning coals upon his head, stalked through the streets, crying that he was a prophet commissioned to denounce the vengeance of the Lord on wicked London. Another also went to and fro, exclaiming—'Yet forty days and London shall be destroyed!' A third awoke the echoes of the dismal streets, by night and by day, and made the blood of the sick run cold, by calling out incessantly, in a deep hoarse voice: 'Oh the great and the dreadful God!'

Through the months of July, August and September, the Great Plague raged more and more. Great fires were lighted in the streets, in the hope of stopping the infection; but there was a plague of rain, too, and beat the fires out. At last the winds that usually rise at that time called the equinox, when day and night are equal, and a low wind, began to blow and carry the wretched town. The deaths began to decrease, the red crosses slowly to disappear, the fugitives to return, the shops to open again, pale, frightened faces to be seen in the streets. The plague had been in every part of England, but in close and unwholesome London it had killed one hundred thousand people."

The Burning of the Steamer E. K. Collins.

The mails bring us the particulars of the loss by fire of the steamer E. K. Collins, near the mouth of the Detroit, on Monday last, a brief account of which came by telegraph a day or two ago. The fire undoubtedly originated from the steerage passengers emptying their pipes filled with burning tobacco into the light wood-work of the decks. When the fire was first discovered, it spread with such rapidity that every effort to check it proved unavailing. Mr. Cary, a passenger, says:

"He was sitting in the upper forward cabin reading when the alarm of fire was given between 10 and 11 o'clock. Mr. C. was probably the only passenger up and dressed when the fire broke out, and he immediately passed down the cabin gangway to the main deck. As he reached that deck he saw the smoke in the cabin below the main deck, but it had not reached the door leading from that cabin to the main deck. Mr. C. immediately ran up through the cabin and up the arch to the hurricane deck to the pilot-house, and told the wheelman that the boat was on fire, and begged him to put her ashore. The request was made three times, and the last time Mr. C. begged the wheelman for God's sake to put her ashore and save the lives of the passengers; and to enforce his request, pointed the wheelman to the flames then bursting out around the smoke-pipes up on the deck where they were. The wheelman made no reply, and the boat was not put for the shore, or if the attempt was made, it was after the engine had been stopped and her headway about gone. Mr. C. jumped down upon the lower hurricane deck, and then went down to a stanchion to the main deck, where he found a life passenger stool, and seizing that he got down over the outside of the bow as low as he could, where the fire reached nothing but his left hand, with which he held on.

Mr. C. got off his coat and boots, and while doing so a number threw themselves overboard, one man knocked Mr. C.'s hat off as he went over. Many were saved by getting assistance from the shore. One wholesouled Irishman succeeded in saving no less than three women, by swimming ashore with them clasping his neck.

Mr. C. held on as long as able, and until his hand was so burned that he was forced to leap, taking his stool with him, which sustained him until he was picked up by a boat from shore, and placed upon the propeller Fintry. When Mr. C. was on the main deck, before he found his stool, he heard the order given by some one to port the helm or the wheel, and looking up saw two persons standing in front of the wheel-house, and the smoke completely circling around the wheel-house, and he thought the wheelman was trying to turn the wheel, but from what the engineer afterward stated, the engine at that time must have been stopped. A Mrs. Morris was picked up by the same small boat, having floated with a life-preserver, put on by her husband. Mr. M. was also saved.—The boat picked up at that time three or four persons.

Sleep and Death.

The Angels of Sleep and Death, locked arm in arm, wandered o'er the earth. It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a lofty hill that overlooked the habitation of man. A mournful stillness reigned around, broken only by the evening bells whose sound came only from distant hamlet. Silent and speechless as their wont, these beneficent guardian angels of mankind lay in close embrace, till night's dark mantle fell around them. Then the Angel of Sleep rose from his mossy couch and scattered with noiseless hand the invisible seeds of slumber. The evening wind carried them to the silent dwellings of the weary husbandmen.—Soon sweet sleep enfolded in its gentle embrace the inmates of the rural cottages.—On the gray-haired sire, whose tottering steps it supports, to the infant in its cradle. The sick forgot his pains, the mourner his sorrow, the poor his cares. All eyes were closed. His task being finished, this benevolent Angel again lay down by his sterner brother's side. "When morning breaks," cried he, with happy innocence, "all the world will bless me, as their friend and benefactor.—Oh! what joy, to do good in secret and unseen. How happy are we, invisible messengers of the good spirit! How beautiful is our quiet office!" Thus spake the Angel of Slumber.—

The Angel of Death gazed upon him in silent sadness, white tears, such as immortals weep, stood in his large dark eyes. "Ah!" said he, "would that I, like you, could rejoice in cheerful thanks; but the world calls me its foe and joy-destroyer." "Oh! my brother," answered the Angel of Slumber, "will not every goodman, upon awakening, recognize in thee his friend, and gratefully bless thee! Art thy not brothers and children of one father?" "So be spake.—The tearful eyes of the Angel of Death shone with a gleam of pleasure, while he pressed his his gentler brother more tenderly to his heart.

Destruction of a Town.

A letter in the Madrid Tribune of September 17, gives an account of a terrible and extraordinary catastrophe that had occurred at Doroca, a small town in Arragon, situated in a rich and fertile valley, abounding in corn and wine.—From its situation, in a deep hollow, completely surrounded by mountains, this place is peculiarly subject to inundation; and, as a remedy, a tunnel was cut in 1560, by a Frenchman named Pierre Bedell. The tunnel is a magnificent work, 2340 feet long, 24 feet wide, and 24 feet high. The enterprise was patronized by the Pope, and assisted by alms from all Christendom. Previous to its achievement the waters that flowed at wet seasons from two leagues of mountain, rushed through the streets of the town on the way to the river.

It appears that on the 11th of September, at three in the afternoon, an immense water-spout, rising from the lake of Gallocauta, remained for a considerable time hovering over the shore, about a league from Doroca. When it burst the whole district was converted into a lake. The waters poured down in the direction of the tunnel in a stream much larger, it is said, than the Ebro or Tortosa, and, seen from an elevation, appeared like moving mountains of liquid. The dimensions of the tunnel, which has a very decided slope, were insufficient to allow the passage of the vast mass, which then moved past, forming a spacious sea. This extended itself towards the town, at two hundred yards from which it was arrested by the causeway that has frequently saved Doroca when menaced by perils of a similar nature, but less magnitude.—Above this causeway the waters rose, heaping themselves upon it say the account, to the height of three yards, and then plunging down on the unfortunate town.

The gateway, although an unusually large one, was not large enough to allow their entrance, and another great lake was formed against the walls, which presently began to crumble under its pressure. "What then occurred," says the letter, "is an inexplicable thing. The waters fought with and overthrew those houses whose position opposed their current. They carried away the fountain of San Pedro, and opening great trenches and bursting open the doors, of the Pocado and of several shops, they spread through squares and streets, inundating wine cellars, ware houses, and the first floors of the houses; in some reaching up to the very roofs. Throwing down walls and abandoning everything, the inhabitants fled to the mountains, whence they looked on at the horrible catastrophe.

The loss has been incalculable. In the vaults water has replaced wine, the contents of the shops are spoiled, and many houses are crumbling away. In the plain around the town the inundation has destroyed everything. A young woman of twenty was carried away by the torrent, and many children and adults are missing. In the first moments the anxiety was horrible. None thought of anything but counting their families, and seeing if any were absent. The animals that have perished are innumerable; among them many of the farm horses of the unfortunate peasants. It is horrible. "God have mercy on us!"

AN INGENIOUS SWINDLER.—An unsophisticated drover, just from the country, made complaint yesterday, at the Mayor's office, of having been swindled out of \$1100. It appears that the drover had on Saturday, disposed of his horses for the amount above named. On Sunday he met a man in this city, with whom he went over to Camden. When they arrived on the other side, they met a third party, who was unknown to the drover. They had not proceeded far, when the two men got into a quarrel, and appealed to the countryman as arbiter.

When the pretended difficulty was healed, the man whom they met at Camden pulled a ball out of his pocket, saying he was an agent of the Emperor of Russia, authorized to procure a number of bomb shells, to be manufactured in this country for the use of his highness' army in the present war, and that the ball was a model of a shell which had been given him. The stranger asked his friend to try to pop the ball, which was done, and a piece of paper thrown out in the presence of the man. The man who held the ball then bet that it contained a piece of paper. The other party replied that he had no money; but he would bet his gold watch that no paper could be found.

The ball was opened and the paper found. This led to other betting on the part of the two accomplices, when the losing one said that all he now had was a check for \$1500, which he would change when he came over to the city, or perhaps, he said, the other gentleman (meaning the drover) would cash it for him. The drover replied that he had \$1100. The would-be borrower then said that he would take the \$1100, and the rest when they came to Philadelphia, where he would not have the least difficulty in getting the check cashed.—The poor drover took the check, and gave in exchange his \$1100. They all then started to take a little walk, which was directed by the two way scoundrels into the country, where they contrived to slip the drover.

The unfortunate countryman came to Philadelphia, and made his complaint at the mayor's office. Officers were immediately sent in search of the thieves, but without success.—Despatches have been sent to various cities and

no means left undone to secure the heartless swindlers. The drover says that he owns a small farm, which will be all swept away by this sudden turn of fortune.—*Pennsylvanian.*

BROAD TOP RAILROAD BONDS.

We have been furnished with a pamphlet containing a statement made by the Directors of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain Railroad Company, in reference to the condition and prospects of their road.

By the act incorporating this Company, permission is given to the managers to issue bonds to such an extent as is necessary to complete and stock the road; and, in pursuance of that authority, as we learn from the pamphlet before us, the Board of Managers are now about to issue bonds to the amount of five hundred thousand dollars, and they therefore make their present statement in explanation of the amount of credit to which their work is entitled. To secure the payment of these bonds, the Company have mortgaged their road, with all its franchises, including two thousand acres of valuable coal land, to Thomas E. Franklin, Esq., of Lancaster county, Hezekiah Easton, Esq., of Franklin county, and Jesse Gудley, Esq., of Philadelphia, in trust for the benefit of the bond holders. This is the first issue of bonds made by the company, and being, as is known, adequate to complete and stock the road, no more will be at any time issued.

The bond holders will therefore have as security for the payment of their bonds, thirty-five miles of road, with all its superstructure and equipment, and two thousand acres of valuable coal land, making together a security of four million and a quarter to a million and a half of dollars, nearly three times the amount of bonds they propose or intend to issue.

From the information already in our possession, particularly in reference to the capacity and extent of the coal region penetrated by the improvements of this Company, we are perfectly confident in making the statement that the securities of it will prove among the most safe and substantial of any that are likely to be found in our market for some years to come.—The coal and iron region, for the development of which this improvement is being constructed, embraces an area of eighty square miles, whilst the product from it is of such a character, as to secure for it at once a most commanding position in the market. The peculiar quality of coal to be obtained from the Broad Top region, can be found in no other locality within the same distance from the markets where it is consumed; and the already large and increasing demand for a coal of that quality, warrants the conviction that the business to be done by this Company will be regulated entirely by its capacity for transportation; and, as the road now in course of construction is of the most substantial character, and the bed is graded for a double track, the estimate of business and profits made by the Directors are, of course, entitled to credit.

The following estimate of the position of the Company, after the completion of their road, which we extract from the pamphlet before us, and which was furnished to the stockholders on the 26th of September, will show at a glance the high character of the bonds which the managers are about to issue, and which will doubtless attract the immediate attention of capitalists:

Estimate of the net receipts of the Company after the Road is in operation one year.

Transportation of 300,000 tons of coal at a net profit of 25 cents per ton,	\$75,000 00
Profits on transportation of iron, fire clay, lumber, produce, merchandise, &c.,	15,000 00
Rent of mines of Company, say 50,000 tons per annum at 25 cts.,	12,500 00
Profits on passengers and miscellaneous,	7,500 00
	110,000 00
Interest on 500,000 Bonds at 7 per cent,	35,000 00
10 per cent. on 350,000 stock,	35,000 00
	70,000 00

Estimate of the Revenue after the Road is in operation three years.

Transportation of 600,000 tons coal net,	\$150,000
Rent 100,000 tons from Company's mines at 25 cents,	25,000
From all other sources,	45,000
	220,000
Deduct interest of bonds,	35,000
	185,000

Leaving a balance of more than 50 per cent, to stockholders.

The bonds which it is proposed to issue will bear an annual interest of seven per cent., and as they are convertible into stock at the option of the holder, and have interest coupons attached, payable in Philadelphia, their value is still further enhanced. The present high price of coal, and the constantly increasing demand for the article, are circumstances which render the encouragement of new works for bringing coal to market a matter of very great interest, as well as of duty; and in this view of the case, we should not be surprised to see these corporations which are now dependent on a variety of uncertain contingencies for their supplies, turning their attention to this Company, and the region in which it is to operate, in such a substantial manner as might quicken the development of both.—*Daily News.*

From the N. O. Picayune.

IMPORTANT FROM CUBA.

The Assassination of Castaneda.

HAVANA, Oct. 14, 1854.—Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, nothing of importance had occurred in our orderly and quiet city until the night before last, when it was disturbed in its propriety by one of those most cowardly assassinations, which occasionally occur amongst our benighted populace. This was one of more importance than usual, as the unfortunate victim, Jose A. Castaneda, was the individual who captured Gen. Lopez, and against whom vengeance was sworn at the time. Soon after he received the reward, (\$6000,) which the Government offered for the capture of Lopez, he went to Spain, kissed the Queen's hand, and received the honored cross of distinction, for his gallantry, and he has but lately returned. He had been watched constantly for the fatal opportunity, and on the evening of the 12th, between the hours of 7 and 8, he was playing a game of billiards, at a coffee house called Marti y Belona, outside of the city, and as he was in the act of striking the ball with his back towards a blind on the piazza, he was shot through the blind, two balls entering the back of his head, which almost instantly killed him; and although there was a great number of people present, the assassin made good his escape.

Gen. Concha had had an interview with him on that day, and it is said, gave him an appointment as captain of a partido. Concha feels this as an insult to him, and has offered a large reward for the apprehension of the assassin. Yesterday afternoon he was buried. At the time of starting, a mob collected, and showed a determination to prevent, if possible, the interment. A guard of soldiers was ordered out to protect the remains on the way to "Campo Santo," which was followed by an immense crowd, yelling, throwing stones, &c., and it was with great difficulty that the grave was reached.

Several of the civil guard were badly injured—a number of the rioters were arrested, and no doubt will be severely dealt with. This Castaneda was despised by every one; his character was always bad, and once his life was saved by Gen. Lopez, when he was president of the military commission, by his casting vote. Such was his gratitude, that he hunted the poor man out with dogs in his hour of distress, to get the reward for his precious head.

Last evening the grand serenade came off in the Plaza de Armas. There were about 100 musicians and singers present, who performed and sung from 8 o'clock until 10. The square and surrounding streets were crowded—at least 15,000 persons being present. Ladies in their volantes, surrounded the square four deep, and, altogether, it was one of the greatest shows of the kind we have ever had. All seemed pleased, and the scene ended without mishap to any one.

Gen. Pezuella and his family left for Spain in the Spanish Steamer Celon on the 12th. He leaves behind him but few friends.

There is nothing new in the politics of the Island. Everything remains very quiet, and no trouble of any kind is now apprehended, and that tranquility may continue is the wish of all honorable men.

The Captain General goes on endeavoring to improve in every way he can. He has a great work before him, and by degrees he will no doubt do much good.

The Excitement at Denton.

DAVE THOMAS, THE MURDERER, HUNG BY A MOB.—We stated yesterday that Dave Thomas, the negro who murdered Mr. Wm. H. Butler, in Carolina Co., Md., on the 27th ult., had been tried at Denton and convicted of "murder in the second degree," and that the verdict had caused so much dissatisfaction as to induce many citizens to threaten a resort to lynch law on Thursday last, the day on which the prisoner was found guilty. The prompt interference of the law, however, prevented the threat from being carried into execution at the time. But, it appears, the vengeance of the populace was only temporarily stayed. We learn from a letter of a correspondent we received yesterday, that a large and excited crowd assembled about 12 o'clock on Sunday night, proceeded to the jail, broke it open, took the prisoner out and hung him from a plank which they nailed to a window on the outside, in the second story of the jail building. He was suspended until life was extinct, when he was cut down and his body conveyed back into the jail. Nor did the mob stop here. They then released and set at liberty two other prisoners, one of whom had been sentenced to the penitentiary.

We learn from another source that the sheriff was seized and tied by the mob before they proceeded to their murderous work. This is one of the most dangerous outrages ever perpetrated in Maryland.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Convenience in Eating.

A correspondent of the *Morning Star* gives the fashion of eating in India, as follows:

"The manner of cooking and eating among the natives of India, strikes a stranger as very wild and simple, especially if first observed on the numerous rude little boats, which are always floating around, and following inward bound ships. On the evening of our first day on the Hoogly, we sat on the side of the vessel, which overlooked many of these boats, and with much curiosity observed the preparation and eating of the evening meal. First of all, the native who acted as cook put a quantity of rice into a small basket, not water-tight, and reaching it over the side of the boat, allowed it to get nearly full of water, when he shook it long to clean the rice, and then placed it on a vessel set on a rude furnace, and left it to boil, and in the mean time prepared some vegetable or rice, but in a very small quantity. When the rice was cooked, it was poured into an immense brass dish, and the fish and vegetable which had been fried, were

put at the side; and the eaters, sitting flat upon the boat, surrounded the dish. They conveyed the food to the mouth with the right hand, holding the head a little forward, and the quantity of rice consumed was really astonishing. When the eating was finished, a small brass dish was passed around to drink from, after which a little water was poured upon the eating hand, to wash it, from the same dish, and the meal was finished; and so far as our subsequent observation extended, this is substantially the manner of cooking and eating among the common people generally, both at home and on journeys, and it is certainly very convenient.

Gen. Cass at Chicago.

This venerated statesman made a speech in Chicago on Friday evening, the 20th inst., to a large meeting of Democrats, who had engaged the North Market Hall for that purpose. He defined his position on the subject of slavery, and examined fully the subject of the much abused squatter sovereignty, as embodied in the Nebraska and Kansas act. He stripped the question of all the misrepresentation which Abolitionism and Know Nothingism have thrown around it, and was more than ordinarily eloquent and powerful. He read opinions of Seward, Everett and others, that slavery could never enter those territories, and referred to the great national sentiments of Webster and Clay, and feelingly eulogized the exalted virtues of the latter. He called the attention of the members of the Whig party to the patriotic exclamation of Clay, that he would cease to be a Whig when the party became Abolitionized! He feared the party had become Abolitionized!

The old General was loudly applauded, and three cheers were given over and over again. FRED. DOUGLASS, the negro, was in attendance, but behaved himself throughout with the utmost respect, although a number of Abolitionists present made an effort to get him to reply to the veteran statesman.

The *Chicago Times*, in speaking of the disgraceful conduct of the Abolitionists, says—

The negro, however, who yesterday, at Aurora, expressed his astonishment at the want of decency displayed by his abolition brethren, refused promptly to interfere with the rights of the gentlemen who had engaged the room. He said that if a negro, he knew what the proprieties of life were, and hoped that his white associates would not disgrace him or his cause, by prolonging their disorderly conduct. He then left the room.

For half an hour afterwards, the mobites kept up their yells and screams, now cheering Pennsylvania and now cheering their negro associate. The Democrats still held the hall, and their chairman, Col. Hamilton, passed their full determination to keep it till they adjourned.

Mr. Kerfoot, a Whig, we believe, mounted the stand and asked the yelling crowd to hear him; after much exertion he was allowed to say that he hoped the gentlemen who had rented the room would be allowed to conclude their meeting, after which, if it was desired, others could do as they pleased. This much, he said, was due to propriety and order. The crowd, however, would listen to no such appeal. They refused to let the meeting adjourn. Things assumed a fearful aspect just now. We thought there was more than a prospect for violence. The great body of the meeting had dispersed. The members of the Democratic club present, took possession of the stand, and avowed their determination to protect it at all hazards. The abolitionists gathered round, and threatened, but did no violence. In the midst of the threatening storm, those having the custody of the hall turned off the gas.

The Know-Nothing and Abolition gentry then wreaked their revenge on the furniture in the hall, seizing and breaking the chairs and throwing the fragments out at the windows, and about the room, striking in their erratic course both friend and foe. At last, Abolition rowdism has been baffled in Chicago.

A DELICATE SEARCH.—The St. Louis Herald states a case of a young lady of the most undoubted respectability, who entered a shoe store in that city, and asked to be shown some gaiter boots; a number were shown to her which she examined and tried on. While the attention of the storekeeper was occupied with another customer, several pairs of gaiters disappeared. The lady concluding not to purchase, he was compelled to accuse her of secreting his shoes; she denied, and he insisted, and proceeded to search, and found several pair suspended by hooks which were attached to the lady's garters. He took from the hooks those belonging to him, and left there several others, which had no doubt been taken from other stores. She was allowed to depart.

PURE TRUTH.

We know not who is the author of the following admirable sentiments, but they are so well expressed, and so fitting to the times, that we venture to call attention to them:

PURE TRUTH.—This, flowing from the sacred fountain of the Holy Scriptures, should run from beginning to end—uncontaminated with error, undisturbed by human systems, clear as crystal, like the river of life. There should be nothing in it of the *Shilleboth* of a sect; nothing to recommend one denomination, or to throw odium on another; nothing of the acrimony of contending parties against those that differ from them; but pure, good natured christianity, in which all the followers of the Lamb, who are looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life, can unite with pleasure, as in one great common cause. Nor should any worldly scheme be interwoven with the truth, or attempted to be concealed under its folds! Here should not be seen the slightest vestige of any carnal end, in any form or for any purpose, however laudable some may think it; nothing but divine truth unmingled, unadulterated, and pure as it came from heaven, fit for the whole human race to imbibe.