

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



### A CHURCH IN THE AIR.

Once wandering through the land of dreams,  
In search of something new,  
A church—twice on a Sabbath morn—  
My curious notice drew.  
And thinking I should see the mode  
Of Christian worship there,  
I entered just in time to hear  
The closing hymn and prayer.

And when the hymn was given out,  
With what a finished face  
I watched a lady clad in silk  
Bend forward from her place,  
To share her book with one whose robes  
So scanty were and mean,  
No maiden form of earthly mould  
To greet her would be seen.

And yet I saw not that the deed  
Lessened a single grace,  
But rather that a sweeter look  
Beamed on the maiden's face,  
And while I pondered in my mind,  
How such a thing could be,  
The whole assembly joined to sing  
Some time-worn melody.

And yet the music of that choir  
Right pleasant was to hear,  
Though nothing in the strain I found  
To please a critic's ear;  
But childhood joined its ringing tones  
With those of falling age,  
And rich, and poor, and old, and young  
In that blest work engage.

And here no fashionable airs,  
The tedium to beguile,  
Are set to solemn hymns of praise,  
And sung in open style.  
And well, thought I, the church of God  
This mockery might spare,  
I ceased—and every head was bowed  
In reverential prayer.

And all in spirit seemed to join,  
Nor could I well forbear,  
For Christ and not the minister,  
Was most apparent there.  
His words of charity and love  
Did the whole world embrace,  
Entered by the love of sect,  
That modern Christian grace.

And little did I care to know  
If Old the School, or New,  
From whence the soul of such a man  
His rich instruction drew.  
His teacher none could well mistake,  
One only can impart the spirit,  
Lessons of wisdom that can guide  
A sinful human heart.

Too soon that fervent prayer was o'er,  
The benediction asked,  
And slowly down the spacious aisles  
The congregation passed.  
Slowly, as one might turn his back  
Upon the gates of heaven,  
After a taste of angel's food  
Unto his soul was given.

And how kind greetings were exchanged,  
With many a friendly word,  
And Christians met, as Christians should,  
Who served one common Lord.  
One heart, one mind, one earnest will  
Seemed to inspire the whole,  
As went with freedom told  
The welfare of his soul.

Strange though it seem, no single word  
These curious folks did say,  
Of "politics," of rise in stocks,  
Or gossip of the day.  
Not only did they "wash up shop,"  
And lock the office door,  
They turned the key on worldly thought,  
Till holy time was o'er.

The sermon, while a group discussed,  
I listened in amazement,  
And marvelled at the words they used,  
When speaking in its praise.  
They did not call it "great" or "deep,"  
"Ingenious," "witty," "smart,"  
Or "thank their stars they had a man  
After the people's heart."

But whispered low, with moistened eyes,  
How precious was the word;  
How full of hope the promises  
Their strengthened souls had heard;  
And murmured blessings on his head,  
Who, laboring by their side,  
In all simplicity and truth,  
Preached Christ the crucified.

I heard, and could not silence keep,  
"Three happy souls," I cried,  
"Am I in heaven?" With sudden start  
My eyes I opened wide—  
Looked round a moment in amaze—  
Saw my mistake with pain,  
And never since have dared to take  
A nap in church again.

**THE PLAGUE AT BAGDAD, IN 1834.**  
I pass over a variety of adventures following the events to which the preceding pages refer, to revisit, on the next year, the City of Bagdad. The plague still raged there; and what a change had that brief period brought about! After I had quitted the City on the former occasion, the waters gradually subsided, but left many stagnant pools, the nuisance of which combining with the effluvia arising from the bodies cast into the town ditch, produced a fever, almost as deadly in its effects, when the hot weather set in and the plague had ceased, as the latter disease, itself.

Famine succeeded; but still the vials of wrath had not been emptied on this devoted City. The Sultan's army on the northern frontier had been calmly watching the progress of the disorder, and shortly after it had ceased, they invested the City. For some time the Mamelukes bravely defended it, and then they were compelled by starvation to surrender. They were all slaughtered, and the city given up to pillage. More than two-thirds of the town was now therefore in ruins, and from complicated disorders the population had dwindled from 150,000 to 20,000.

I made my way in comparative solitude, driving my horse before me, for he was too much exhausted for me to remount and ride. I had no money, and could not, moreover, find fodder to sustain him; so I was reluctantly compelled to part with him for five dollars to a Bedouin. Very much did I regret the necessity of parting with an animal which had carried me nearly 3,000 miles.

Of the scanty population 500 continued to die daily. The residency was still held there; but a strict quarantine forbade my gaining admittance there, and I put up for the night in a stable near it. An old gardener was the only person I met there, and he was bemoaning his father and two sons. I was not aware of this second visit of the plague; but, having got into the city, and having no friends, I could not again quit it. I therefore took up my lodging in an old Khan, where I lived economically retired, as my income compelled me to do.

When all symptoms of the raging pestilence had disappeared, and the waters of the river, which made a second visit to the city, had again subsided to their former level, I quitted my dwelling to seek, as I strolled forth amidst the now desolate city, such of my friends as small the number to receive my greeting! Whole streets were depopulated by the one calamity, and overturned by the other. I entered several of the dwellings which yet remained standing. What varied, what hideous scenes presented themselves to me! In some, the reputed wealth of their former possessors had attracted the robber hordes to which I have before alluded, and all of value had been carried off. Several struggles had taken place, between the invaders and the possessors, for that which perhaps in but a few brief hours would probably be less than dross to either.

Just within the entrance hall of a Georgian merchant, with whom I was acquainted, there lay the bodies of a slave and one of these robbers. In the left hand of the latter was a rich kalkan. The slave, in intercepting his progress, had been shot through the body, but had afterwards, it would appear, retained sufficient energy to plunge his dagger into the heart of his opponent. They had both fallen together, and must have expired at nearly the same time, for they lay side by side—the countenance of the robber turned upward and hideously distorted, that of the slave placid and mild, although his right hand still retained its hold of the home-stricken dagger.

I traversed my way through those apartments that had escaped the spoiler. I wound through halls and along passages which had formerly resounded with the busy din of human voices and human feet. Now how changed the scene! No sounds follow the ear but the almost noiseless echo of my steps. Silent now and deserted was that banquet hall; more melancholy still the reflection that it was not again doomed to be filled by those guests who had taken their departure but yesterday night, to return with renewed zeal on the morrow. They had retired to partake their last repose.

The bright and brilliant hue of costly divans was not dimmed by the accumulated dust of months. A few chequons, their bows partially filled, were reclining against the cushions; beside them were left the half-finished coffee-cups, with their flange covering of gold; and the fancy could not but picture the host, on the first symptom of the malady, rising suddenly and staggering to his couch, from whence death alone was again to summon him.

There was an Armenian merchant with whom I was acquainted, who had the good fortune to possess a daughter, the most lovely being I had ever cast eyes upon. She was rather above than below the middle height; but her form was of such exquisite proportion, that her superior height was not perceived till she stood by the side of others. Her hands and feet were extremely small; her neck long and tapering. When intelligence of the plague first reached Bagdad, I had seen her stand over her younger sister, to whom she was passionately attached, and with arms folded over her breast, her eyes cast upwards, and flashing through their jet darkened fringes, as she fervently invoked heaven's blessing and protection on her; and then thought I had never beheld a countenance more truly or justly entitled to be called heavenly.

Some months had elapsed after our first acquaintance, before I was made aware that Miriam was but waiting the return of a young countryman from Aleppo, to be united to him; and preparations were in progress for that event, when plague for the present put a stop to all. The family established a quarantine; and I had since heard no more of them.

The gate, as I now approached the house, was closed: I struck my staff against it several times without attracting attention, and, with a conclusion that its inmates had shared the fate of too many others, I was turning away with a sigh, when the wicket opened slowly, and the feeble voice of the old merchant bade me enter. I grasped him by the hand; he spoke not; but, beckoning me to follow him, slowly tottered up the stairs. I looked around—he was alone.

"Your daughter Miriam?" said I, in a faltering voice. The spell was broken—the old man threw himself on a chair and gave vent to a flood of tears; as these chased each other down his venerable beard, he sobbed so piteously, that I was fearful it would put an end at once to him and his sorrow. What a mockery it would have been to have offered words in consolation! I remained gazing on him in silence. To my great relief, he at length calmed himself in a measure, and in broken sentences conjured me to forgive a father's weakness.

"You," said he, "O Frank, are the first person I have seen, except those who for months were immured within these baleful walls. But I am unequal to the task of talking now." He clasped his hands, and a slave appeared, who seemed scarcely less astonished at my presence than was his master. The old man sent

him for pipes and coffee; and, after we had again seated ourselves, I gained from him the particulars of the following affecting incident: "For three weeks," said he, "by adopting the most rigid precautions, we succeeded in shutting out the pestilence, although the neighborhood around resounded with the groans and shrieks of those who were suffering themselves, or wept the fate of others. One morning, however, I went into Ammina's (the sister of Miriam) room, and found that some animal had reposed the previous evening on her bed. Fully aware that it was but too often that disease is by such means communicated, I nevertheless said nothing. Some days elapsed, and already I had cherished hopes that my fears were groundless, when one morning too fully convinced me that the poor child was infected. She complained of a cold shivering, which, as she retired to her pallet, followed by a burning heat, and intense pain about the pit of the stomach, while dimness and lustre were strangely combined in her full but fixed eye.

"The malady could not for an instant be concealed from the anxious eye of Miriam; and, despite the prayers and entreaties of her father and friends, the heavenly girl tore herself from their arms, and rushed to the chamber of her beloved sister. There, by the side of the poor little sufferer, sat Miriam, watching her every look—now moistening her parched lips, bathing her pallid but burning brow, dressing the loathsome ulcers, or quietly striving to soothe the ravings of delirium. She neither ate, drank, nor slept; she breathed the same breath with her, and lived but for her sister; and when, after five days and five nights of intense watching, the pure and gentle spirit of the sufferer fled, Miriam uttered no shriek—manifested no outward emotion; but slowly and calmly performed the last sad offices. Rising then, from her solitary task, she gazed on those wan and pallid features she was about to behold for the last time, threw her whole soul into a glance, and waving aside those who at the door of the apartment had in much wonder watched her every action, she quitted the room. Entering her own chamber, she threw herself on the couch and buried her face in the pillow; but there followed no sobs or tears—only at first a gentle shivering, and then violent convulsions. It was now her lover's turn to display his self-devotion. His voice, it was evident, soothed her; and, after remaining some hours by her side, he was happy to perceive that first a drowsiness, and then a happy insensibility stole over her. Exhausted by long watching, she slept soundly, and awoke with the usual fever, but in perfect possession of her senses. Her lover held her hands within his own; looking at him fixedly and tenderly: 'Leave me, my beloved,' said she, 'ere yet it be too late; for already I feel the burning poison traversing my veins—no human aid can avail me; but fly, thou dearest, farewell!'

"But let me not dwell on the details of a disorder the most terrible to which poor human nature is subjected: its torments of pain, thirst and heat—its coldness, vomiting, and utter prostration of spirits—its pestilential ulcers. Suffice it that, where she had walked in beauty like the night of cloudless climes and starry skies; there now she lay prostrate, her body covered with spots black and livid.

"For many hours she had been totally insensible to all that was passing; and all around, save her lover, had despaired of her recovery. 'Let us trust in God,' said he; and his piety was rewarded. One morning, as he had pressed her forehead, he felt a slight moisture—a quick perspiration followed—the crisis of the disorder was passed—her reason returned, and in a few days she was perfectly restored to health."

The pair were united before I quitted Bagdad, and very many pleasant hours did I spend in their society.—*Mr. Wallsted.*

*From the Kansas Herald of Freedom, Oct. 21.*  
**SETTLE IN KANSAS.**  
Five hundred thousand settlers can be accommodated with the best lands in the world by locating immediately in this Territory. The soil is of the richest character, varying from eighteen inches to five feet in depth; the climate is salubrious, the thermometer rarely or never rising above 105 degrees in the shade. In Pennsylvania, where we resided during the last summer, it stood for days in succession at 105 deg. from ten o'clock in the forenoon to three in the afternoon. The winters are comparatively mild with us, though subject to frequent changes, on account of the high altitude of the country. The productions of Missouri, Kentucky and Ohio grow here in abundance. Apples, peaches and pears seem well adapted to the soil. Mr. Walker, the intelligent provisional Governor of the Wyandot Indians, and formerly of the northern Ohio, says he raises annually the most luscious peaches he ever saw. Melons grow of mammoth proportions.

The agriculturist who seeks a new home in the West should not stop to make a location until he has visited this Territory. The organized emigration of the world is now turned towards it, and it possesses advantages on this account which are not offered by any Western State.

In December last, the Superintendent of Indian affairs for the Indian territory, in his annual report said, in substance, "Aside from the government agents' troops and missionaries, there are not at this time, three white inhabitants in all that region lying west of the Missouri, and embraced in the limits of Kansas and Nebraska." But ten months have passed since then, and now, instead of a population enumerated by a monosyllable, there are many thousands settled all over the country, and hundreds are pouring in daily, selecting and staking out farms, which they propose locating with their families.

We confidently predict that in less than a year from this time, we shall number fully 100,000 souls. The times indicate it. In all the northern States; indeed, in nearly every

country, there are movements Kansas-ward, and frequently the numbers are so great as to derivate the value of property, particularly real estate. And why not? Lands in many parts of the north, not favorably located for a market, or peculiarly productive, command from thirty to fifty and seventy-five dollars per acre.

Here the government price is but one dollar and twenty-five cents, and the titles are from the government, hence no question as to their validity. The cost of turning over the prairie ranges from two to three dollars per acre. The first crop—usually of corn—will pay the expenses of culture; then the farmer with his hundred acres of the richest land in the world, perfectly subdued, and capable of raising any species of vegetation, finds it costing but from three hundred and seventy-five to four hundred dollars. It is in a condition which twenty years of hard labor in a timbered country cannot make it; and he finds himself enabled to produce a luxuriant crop of vegetation with nearly one third the labor required on "hardpan" soil of most of the northern and middle States.

It is true many of the conveniences of a timbered country are wanting here; but these can all be supplied by the hand of labor. "But," says the enquirer, "what will be done for fences? You have no timber, or not sufficient, to be used for fencing purposes, and it appears to me impossible to get along in such a country." In some of the western States they have got along very well without timber, and here, in Kansas, we expect to get along still better. The Osage Orange, is used for hedges, grows in three years and produces a natural fence capable of turning aside the largest animals. The severity of the winter in more northern latitudes makes this useless to the prairie farmers of Iowa and Wisconsin; but here it will increase in value from year to year, and is worth more than a dozen rail fences, which cost such an immense amount of labor to erect.

It is objected that our market is too far removed. To those who are not at all acquainted with our position in the Republic, the objection is insurmountable; but to those who have observed that we have an excellent water communication with all parts of the world; and in two years, at the farthest, we shall be banded with iron, and a railroad connecting us with Boston and New York, along which the steam horse will be propelled at the rate of from thirty to forty miles an hour, the objection is worthless. The whole valley of the Mississippi will furnish us a market, as will the government trains which cross the plains to New Mexico and Rock Mountains to Utah, California, Oregon and Washington Territory. Besides this, we expect a large home market; for mechanics have already commenced pouring in by thousands, and the numerous articles which are imported into other States will be manufactured among us. Agricultural implements of every species, which are usually made in the eastern States, will be constructed in the Kansas Valley. We are already talking of our commercial city, which we claim is to rival the growth of any western town. Chicago, with its population of 70,000 in twenty-two years, will find her growth less rapid than the great City of the Plains, which is to be the half-way house between the Atlantic and Pacific and the commercial emporium of North America.

The Pacific Railway will be completed during the next ten years. It must necessarily pass along the southern bank of the Kansas and up one of its principal tributaries to the south pass in the Rocky Mountains. While this road is being constructed the surplus products of the farms which fancy sees already covered with "growing grain and golden-rinded fruit," will be needed to supply the wants of its laborers, and money will be required in return to meet the incidental wants of the Kansas farmer.

Again we say, send on the five hundred thousand farmers, mechanics and artisans, and we will plow them the most beautiful farms, and the richest country, in all the bounties of nature, which the sun of heaven ever shone upon.

**GREAT RAILROAD SPEED.**  
*Three Hundred Miles per Hour.*

A paper was lately read by Judge Meigs, before the American Institute Farmer's Club, at New York, upon the subject of rapid railroad travelling, in which he said: "I have, with others, admired the progress made in velocity on railroads up to even one hundred miles an hour on straight rails, which has been done in England. But I entertain views of railroad velocity far beyond any yet ventured to be expressed. The Emperor of Russia has taken the first great step towards what I deem the ultimatum of railroad travel.

"Instead of cutting a narrow alley through the country, or going around everything in the way of a straight line—he has cut a broad way five hundred miles, from St. Petersburg to Moscow—he has made it all the way two hundred feet wide, so that the engineer sees everything that comes on the road!

"Such is part of the future; the railroad from point to point a mathematical line; the rails ten times stronger than any now used; the locomotives on wheels of far greater diameter, say twelve or fifteen feet; the gauge of a relative breadth; the signals and times perfectly settled; the road, walled on both sides, during the transit of trains having the gates of the walls all closed. Then instead of one hundred miles an hour! we shall more safely travel three hundred miles an hour! I will not pretend to say more—one hundred seems far enough; so did twenty, a few years ago; and now, on very straight rails or some straight runs, we do travel sixty miles an hour in this State, and in England, one hundred miles have been accomplished.

"Mathematical precision and time will solve this problem—a passage from New York to San Francisco in ten hours!"  
[We have no doubt of one hundred miles per

hour being perfectly practicable railroad speed, by the building of such railroads as those described by the Judge, and this opinion we expressed in the columns of the scientific American some years ago. But three hundred miles per hour inclines us to the foggy side of the question.—This speed would require a piston velocity 33,000 feet per minute, of eighteen-inch stroke, if the driving wheels were twenty-four feet in circumference, (nearly eight feet in diameter—whoppers) they would have to make 1100 revolutions per minute. As the wheels cannot turn around without steam, the query with us performs this feat, as the boiler would have to evaporate about a ton of water per minute—sixty in an hour. So far as it related to the final velocity of steam in a vacuum, the speed of three hundred miles per hour could be obtained, but how can such a quantity of steam be evaporated in a locomotive boiler, in this space of time? Judge Maig's may perhaps be able to answer us. With respect to the velocity of bodies, our ideas are bounded by what has been performed before our eyes—the flight of the swallow, the pigeon, the eagle; and when we look to the heavenly bodies and calculate the awful velocity with which they are unceasingly wheeled through space, the mind is struck with solemn awe at the mighty power of the great Creator, who has made huge Jupiter to revolve once on his axis in ten hours, and through space at the rate of 4685 miles per hour, or fifteen times the velocity of a locomotive, running at the rate of three hundred miles an hour.—*Scientific American.*

### Distressing Suicide.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 13.—Mr. Charles W. Stewart, long known as the assistant door-keeper of the House of Representatives, was found last evening dead in the Speaker's room, he having committed suicide by taking strychnine. Mr. S. was in and about his residence, on Missouri avenue, during the forenoon, apparently in good health and spirits. Between one and two o'clock he left and walked towards the capitol. On his way he was met by a friend, who inquired after his health and that of his family, to all of which Mr. S. returned satisfactory replies. It appears that on his application at the apothecary store of Dr. Schwartz for strychnine, he was refused, (although he averred it was to kill rats,) the clerk stating that he could not have it unless prescribed by a physician. They, however, furnished him with a drug for the purpose he stated. The endorsement on paper found in the spittoon near where his body was found, leaves no doubt that he obtained the fatal dose from another apothecary shop, and that it was strychnine.

Mr. Stewart had also procured from Dr. Gardner, on Capitol Hill, a phial of laudanum. It further appears that thus provided with the means of self-destruction, he proceeded to the Speaker's room in the House of Representatives, deliberately placed a cushion on the settee, wrote a memorandum stating the amount of some debts due him, and ending "my love to my family for the last time"—and then (probably in a glass of champagne—he took the horrible draught, laid himself down, and was soon an inhabitant of eternity. A single blood stain on his face was the only evidence of convulsions. An inquest was held which rendered a verdict according to the above statement. It is said that \$138 were found upon his person.

An interesting wife and six small children, as well as other relatives and friends, mourn over this shocking occurrence. The heart-rending cries of the former last night and this morning were sufficient to melt a heart of adamant. What induced this young man to self-destruction, surrounded as he was by comfortable circumstances, and daily charmed by the sweet voice of such a wife and such lovely children, must remain a mystery.

### Healthy Women and Early Marriages.

The following remarks, by Dr. C. M. Fitch, in a lecture a few evenings since, contain some very useful truths and suggestions. Speaking of the hereditary causes of consumption, the Doctor remarked:

"I believe it to be utterly impossible to find a perfectly healthy child born of delicate, sickly parents. The unsound constitution of the parent is usually transmitted with increased intensity to the offspring, and no character of morbid pre-disposition is more surely and more unfailingly transmitted than a pre-disposition to pulmonary consumption. When we consider the influence that the mother's health must exert on the health of her children, it is strange that so little attention should be paid to the physical education of girls. Why from the hour of her birth is a female child to be subjected to one eternal imprisonment? Why is she to be cooped up within doors, confined to patch work and nursing her doll, and taught to consider it quite unladylike, to move faster than the dignified gate of some animated dowager. Turn your girls out of doors, let them play at ball and trundle the hoop, and laugh and shout as much as they please, they will be finer ladies for it at thirty, even if not quite so graceful at fifteen. By the laws of Lysurgus, the wise and immortal law-giver of the Spartan Republic, the most especial attention was paid the physical education of women, and no delicate, sickly women on account were not allowed to marry. Supposing a provision like this was carried into effect here! What an army of unmarried ladies we should very soon see!"

If a young man wants to choose a wife, let him invite the lady he has in view, to take a walk, a very long one, and when he comes back, if he finds his companion obliged to go to bed with a headache, let him look somewhere else for a wife, unless he is fond of paying Doctor's bills."

Speaking of early marriages, the Doctor remarked:

"In this country very few ladies are fit either physically or mentally to become mothers before they reach the age of twenty-one, twenty-two, or twenty-three, but so precocious are our young ladies, that if they happen to pass twenty without having made definite arrangements, they begin to consider themselves old maids, and before a school girl is fairly out of short dresses and pantalettes, she is looking up a beau."

Among the ancient Germans, than whom a finer race of men, physically, perhaps never existed, it was death for any woman to marry before she was twenty, and were this law to be enacted and rigorously enforced among us, the amount of suffering, the actual amount of human life that would be saved thereby, is past all computation.

An Eccentric Will.—Mr. Railing, of New Hampshire, England, was among the victims of the last railroad accident, between Brighton and London. His heirs, after having paid him the customary funeral honors, did what all heirs do in similar cases, opened the will of the deceased to ascertain what share each was to have in his posthumous liberality. As he had never given a penny to either of his relatives, during his lifetime, they expected to be the richer now that he was no more. One may imagine the surprise caused by the first line of the will:

"This is my testament, I give and bequeath all my goods, present or future, movable or immovable, in England or on the continent, to that railroad company on whose road I have the happiness to meet with death—that blessed deliverance from my terrestrial prison."

Further on, the testator gives his reasons for his bequest. The idea had taken firm possession of his mind that he was destined to die a violent death, and the most desirable one in his view was that caused by the explosion of a locomotive. He traveled, therefore, constantly on the railroads in England, Belgium and France. There was not a station where he was not known. All the conductors were familiar with his peculiar costume. He had narrowly escaped death several times. Once, he was shut up in a car under water; another time he was in the next car to the one that was shattered, and he described with the greatest enthusiasm those terrible accidents, when he saw death so near without being able to obtain it. Disappointed in Europe, he went to the United States. He made frequent excursions on the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Ontario, and the Niagara; but, notwithstanding their frequent explosions, he returned with a whole skin. He was destined to be crushed under a car of the mother country. It is said that the relatives will attempt to break the will, on the ground of insanity, but it is probable that the railroad will win the suit in spite of the proverb that the murderer never inherits from the victim.

MURDER IN BALTIMORE.—The Baltimore Sun notices a very shocking murder of a Mrs. Noble, residing about five miles and a half from Baltimore, near the Philadelphia road.

Since last Sunday, a Mrs. Noble residing in the above vicinity, on a little farm, with her husband and three children, was missing, and the children becoming somewhat alarmed at the absence of their mother, acquainted the neighbors of the fact, when Justice Lewis Franklinberger was informed of the case. He immediately set to work for the purpose of discovering the missing woman. The body of the woman mutilated in a most horrible manner, was discovered in a large tub, upon which had been placed a large stone, and across the top a plank. A large number of persons were in search of the murderer, who, it is alleged, is the husband of the unfortunate woman. His name is Frederick Noble, and when last seen was walking along the road conducting to Baltimore, having a pack bundle on his back.

ATROCITIES IN MEXICO.—The Mexican papers speak of the atrocities committed by the Indians:

"The most horrible of the unnumbered atrocities of the Indians lately are one in which they made a hole beneath the chin of a young man, through which they passed a cord, passing it through the mouth, so hanging him up by his chin to a tree, and making him a target for their arrows! Another, in which the wretches cut some pieces of flesh from the haunches of a poor infant, roasting them and eating them, while the agonized little creature still lived. And another, in which they devoured the greater part of a human body.

"Robberies are getting very rife in the city of Mexico. A man was lately assaulted and robbed at 6 o'clock in the evening by a band of eleven, in Corpus Christi street, and who suddenly sprung out upon him from Lopez alley. Three of these robbers were mounted.—There had nevertheless, been many robbers executed during a fortnight, over which our news extends."

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF A RAILROAD TRAIN.—A few days ago, when a train on the New York and Erie Railroad was halted by two or three men, the engineer, supposing them to be intoxicated, paid no attention to them and dashed on at full speed. When nearing the bridge, however, he discovered that all did not appear right, and immediately reversed the engine and put on the brakes, and succeeded in stopping the train just as the fore wheels of the locomotive run on the bridge. The bridge gave way under the locomotive and fell about three feet, and caught upon some timbers, which sustained the weight until the locomotive was lifted and backed off. One minute more, and the whole train must have been precipitated a distance of some sixty feet, into a rocky ravine. About two hundred passengers were on the train. The bridge was being repaired, and was supported by temporary props, which could not possibly have borne up under the train. It was truly a wonderful escape.