

# Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

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## Select Poetry.



The following beautiful and touching poem, so expressive of the great worth of a good woman, was placed in our hands after a warm and animated discussion upon this subject, by a young lady of this place. After reading it we were compelled to acknowledge, that woman, in her proper sphere, is a great blessing.—[N. P. L.]

### The Worth of Woman.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

Honored be woman! she beams on the sight,  
Gracious and fair, like a beam of light;  
Scatters around her, wherever she strays,  
Roses of bliss on our thorn-crowned ways;  
Roses of Paradise, sent from above,  
To be gartered and twined in a garland of Love.

Man, on passion's stormy ocean,  
Tossed by surges mountain high,  
Counts the hurricane's convulsions,  
Spurs at reason's feeble cry.  
Loud the tempest roars around him,  
Loud still it roars within.

Woman invites him with bliss in her smile,  
To cease from his toil and to be happy while;  
Whispering woefully—come to my bosom—  
Go not in search of the phantom of power—  
Honor and wealth are distant—come!  
Happiness dwells in the temples of home.

Man, with fury stern and savage,  
Persecutes his brother man,  
Reckless of the bliss or woe,  
Action, action—still his plan,  
Now creating—now destroying,  
Careless wishes tear his breast;  
Ever seeking—never enjoying;  
Still to be; but never blest.

Woman, contented in silent repose,  
Enjoys in its beauty life's flowers as it blows,  
And waters and tends it with innocent care;  
Far nobler than man with his treasures of art;  
And wiser by far in the circles confined,  
Than he with his science and lights of the mind.

Coldly to himself suffering,  
Man disdains the gentler arts,  
Knoweth not the bliss arising  
From the interchange of hearts,  
Slowly through his bosom stealing,  
Flows the genial current of love,  
Till by age's frost congealing,  
It is hardened into stone.

She, like the harp that instinctively rings,  
As the night breathing zephyr soft sighs on the strings,  
Responds to each impulse with ready reply;  
Whether sorrow or pleasure her sympathy try;  
And tear drops and smiles on her countenance play,  
Like sunbeams and showers of a morning May.

Through the range of man's dominion  
Terror is the ruling word—  
And the standard of opinion  
Is the temper of the sword.  
Strife excites, and pity blushing,  
From the scene departing flies,  
Where, to battle madly rushing,  
Brother upon brother dies.

Woman commands with a milder control—  
Serenes by enchantment the realms of the soul.  
As she glances around in the light of her smile,  
The war of the passion is hushed for a while;  
The discord, content from his fury to cease,  
Reposes entranced on the pillows of peace.

## THE BEDFORD GAZETTE.

Bedford, Aug. 10, 1855.

### HOPELESSLY DIVIDED!

We make the following extract from the News, of the 2d inst. the leading K. N. paper in Philadelphia! The Crush is coming. DEMOCRATS, stand firm under!

"Concerted and harmonious action between the Americans and Whigs throughout the State is now hardly possible, however desirable, and for this the Americans are in fault. Had they abandoned their secret convales, and at an early day determined upon making open nominations, and permitting every one to participate in making them who desired to act with their organization, there would have been no movement made to re-organize the Whig party, and, as a consequence, the Americans, with the aid and support of Whigs, would have triumphed in the State. Going on, however, in their exclusive policy, expecting the Whigs to support their candidates, and yet refusing them any participation in selecting them, has produced a deep feeling of hostility to their secret organization, even among those who, though not belonging to it hitherto, acted with them and supported their nominees. A Whig State Convention has accordingly been called, to nominate a candidate for Canal Commissioner, and active efforts are being made in all parts of the State to re-organize the Whig party, and to rally the Whigs in support of their own distinctive organization. In Washington, Allegheny, Erie, Lebanon, Chester, Delaware, Lancaster, Franklin, Huntingdon, Mifflin, Blair, Cambria, Bradford and other counties, steps have already been taken to form distinctive Whig county tickets. The Loco Focos, on the other hand, are already hard at work, and through much embarrassed by feuds and dissensions, will make a desperate struggle to regain their lost ascendancy in the State.

We, at an early day, as early as May last, endeavored to impress upon our American friends, the importance, if not absolute necessity of changing their tactics, and urged them by all the arguments we could, to abandon their exclusive and secret policy, and to open wide the door to all who might desire to co-operate with them, but who could not and would not do so as long as they remained a Secret Order. Many

of our Whig contemporaries, and a number of those of the American party, did the same thing, but our joint advice was disregarded, and those who had the control of the organization determined to continue to pursue an exclusive policy, which, we are satisfied, and we doubt not, many of them now are, has not only driven off hundreds but thousands from their support. It is in truth, as the *Village Record* states, that the opposition to the Americans, among the Whigs who now seek to effect a distinctive organization, is not to the principles proclaimed in the abstract; but to the secret meetings and the alleged arbitrary dominion of the majority over the minority. Freedom of thought and freedom of action are the life of republicanism; the opposite is despotism. No free people will relinquish their independence."

### From the Chambersburg Whig. RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

It is now only a question of time as to the demise of the Chambersburg Council of Know-Nothings, under the lead of STURMBAUGH, EYSTER, SREALLY & Co., and also as to the death of their little croaking organ. It matters little whether they die now—in four weeks, in four months or four years hence, for they are to all intents and purposes dead already. The Council is deserted, for the very good reason that reputable men cannot now go there without being implicated in the villainy we have so thoroughly exposed; and we know that scores, who even yielded a passive obedience to the Order until the little croaker swept its black shadow of dishonor over the whole organization by revealing its secrets to shelter its falsehoods on other issues, have publicly announced that they can no longer be connected with such a Council or such an organ. They have therefore withdrawn—some by formal communication addressed to the President, and many more without honoring the organization so much as to own that they owed it any allegiance. They think, and justly too, that the Council as a body has forfeited all claims upon honorable and upright members, by the deep, damning evidence of guilt that blots its records, and they now leave it to the creatures who are the authors of its infamy. President STURMBAUGH may still reside regularly for a while over the ruins he and his kindred spirits have wrought, but the deserted hall cannot again be thronged with honorable men; on the contrary the great mass of the party will vindicate themselves by seeking the first opportunity to crush the leaders, who have involved the organization in disgrace to gratify their fiendish malice or advance their business and political interests. It is therefore morally and politically dead—dead!—and the most charitable inscription we could place over its remains to tell that it once existed, is—"The untimely victim of heartless villainy!"

The little organ, too, has seen its days of half prosperity and must soon wither into the nothingness its weakness invites, and which its awkward scoundrelism will yet welcome as a refuge from the returning wave of justice. It has lent itself to every disgraceful action that this Council has been guilty of—and naturally enough, too, for the Council was its nurse and shield, and it had to obey its masters. It did not pretend to claim the support of an intelligent public on its own merits; but it was ever the whining beggar in the Council room, through its avowed confidential friends, and relied upon the decrees of the Order to force obnoxious members to save it from an early and unhonored grave. It was the hired apologist of the assassins who dragged the names of honorable men before the Council, without authority, for the avowed purpose of sacrificing them here and disgracing them abroad by an official falsehood; and it was the cringing mediator that put forward irresponsible lickspittles to strike down others, against whose moral, personal or political standing no plausible objection could be urged, merely for the purpose of making the party number to its passing necessities.

The issue was clearly and distinctly made—the party must force its members by decrees and resolutions to support it, independent of its merits, and so debase itself as to strike systematically at the business prosperity of others, which was earned by patient toil, or the little thing must die; and humiliating as was the petition to come from creatures professing manhood, the few unscrupulous leaders who controlled the Council stooped and crawled to accommodate it. It hoped thereby to live, and grew vain and insolent on the Council's alms; but now the Council is about to pay the inevitable penalty of its prostitution, and the recoil sweeps the little organ in its course. It is virtually dead—dead! Hundreds who have been influenced by various considerations to support it, have sickened at its insolence and revolted at the indelible mark of infamy that has been stamped upon it by the irresistible power of truth; and plead, beg and wriggle as it may, that sense of honor and justice that is intuitive in the popular heart, will quietly but surely and speedily visit it with that disgrace it has so blindly courted. It may make convulsive demonstrations of life, but they will prove only the violent throes of dissolution. Its oath-bound friends in this place, who gave it life at the cost of honor, have been driven from their own works by the stern demands of justice, and without them it has no tribunal at which to cringe and plead its wants—no refuge from the poisoned shaft it aimed at others, but which has been returned with ten fold force to rattle in the heart that sent it.—It is dead—dead!—and the only inscription that even charity could give to tell that it had existed, is—"An untimely victim of its own heartless villainy!"

We need not point the moral of this lesson—it is too clearly apparent to admit of doubt.—However dishonor and injustice may seem to triumph for a season, there is a retributive stroke that must surely follow in their train; and never less this truth felt more keenly than by the little croaker and his fellow tricksters who

have been partners in its crimes. Knowing as we do that the great mass of the Know-Nothing party, as well as of any other party, are sincere in their convictions and honest in their purposes, we doubt not that they will be startled at the disgraceful intrigues of their leaders in this Council and of their accredited organ, but the evidence is too overwhelming to admit even of palliation, and they will join in the general revolt and pronounce the death sentence that popular indignation has passed upon them, to be but a feeble vindication of public and private rights after such an unbroken series of moral and political atrocities. Let the dying live in peace, and let the dead repose—truth, honor and justice have been fully vindicated!

### From the Chambersburg Whig.

The Philadelphia North American, Daily News, Bucks County Intelligencer, Norristown Free Press, Delaware County Republican, Lancaster Examiner, York Republican, Carlisle Herald, Gettysburg Sentinel, Lewistown Gazette, Easton Whig, Beaver Argus, Pittsburg Gazette, and a number of other Whig journals, have recently given unmistakable signs of hostility to a secret, sworn political party; and the result most likely will be a distinct Whig State organization and Whig organizations in a majority of the counties. Should this be the case, as every indication now points to, the Democracy are morally certain to elect their State ticket and an overwhelming majority of the next Legislature. We see no hope that anything short of defeat, and it may be annihilation, will make the leaders of the Know-nothings give up their hopes of spoils; and thus, with the great mass of the party honest and earnest in their desire to promote the principles of the Whig and American parties, they are likely to be disgracefully defeated by the demagogues who have managed to get positions as leaders, and who are determined to rule the organization for their own personal benefit or destroy it.

### Sam has his Misgivings.

The Charlestown (Virginia) Free Press, a devoted champion of "Sam," has the following gloomy paragraph:

"The folly of their opponents often restores to the democracy the ascendancy which the faithlessness and corruption of their leaders had lost. Just so it is likely to be in the next presidential canvass, unless the great body of conservatives in the country shall unite upon some scheme of sound national policy. In the late know-nothing convention at Philadelphia a proposition was adopted which most unquestionably defeated the opposition, and gave ascendancy again to the democracy. It is the proposition to insist upon the restoration of the Missouri Compromise—a matter totally impracticable, except on sectional grounds, which must destroy the Union itself. Ex-Governor Johnston seems to have been the master-spirit in this movement, and he will effect precisely the same result which he did in 1852 by the introduction of the slave question."

**THE KNOW NOTHING PLATFORM.**—The Washington Globe discusses the Nativist Platform in a style peculiar to itself. The plain blunt sense and irrepressible humor of John C. Rives are visible to the naked eye, all over the subjoined paragraphs:

The first clause solemnly acknowledges the existence of an "Almighty Being who rules the Universe," which, until we saw that confession of faith we supposed acknowledged everywhere, by all men and parties and factions—by the American party even, until this manifestation of a solicitude to show to the world that whatever else it may be, it is not atheistical. This is an instance of overdoing the thing—of overacting a part; for this solemn announcement seems to be as much the child of hypocrisy as the child of religion. Why assert so solemnly and so formally what nobody would have questioned if they had been silent, unless sacred things are to be invoked for unhalloved purposes, or unless conscience, which makes cowards of all men, was not smiling then and there on the Know-Nothing oracles? The draughtsman of that first clause must be a reader of Shakespeare, we think, and had in his mind that celebrated police officer Captain Dogberry, who in "Much Ado About Nothing" says some things singularly coincidental with the first clause of the platform:

"Dogberry—Masters, do you serve God?  
"Conrad and Borachio—Yes, sir, we hope.  
"Dogberry—Write down—that they hope they serve God—and write God first; for God forbid but God should go before such villains!"

So the platform makers wrote God first, and like Conrad and Borachio would fain make the world believe they serve him also. We do not apply the word *villains* to the Know-Nothings, but we observed. For some of them whom we know we have personally much respect for their political opinions and for their platform none.

### Know-Nothingism in 1800 and 1855.

We continue our extracts from Duane's *Aurora* of 1800. The American people cannot too seriously reflect upon the warning which these extracts afford, and especially upon the similarity between the enemies of Jefferson and the enemies of the democratic party at the present day:

From the *Aurora*, December 27, 1800.

While we were forbidden even the consolation of complaint by the terrors of a sedition law, and talent, integrity, and learning were kept at a distance from our shores by an alien law, public virtue shrank no more be scouted, nor public economy counted a crime.

From the *Aurora*, December 19, 1800.

General Lafayette is said to be coming hither as the ambassador of France. The King of

Great Britain was the true and sole cause of Lafayette's incarceration in a German dungeon. It was done at that tyrant's special request. We can, therefore, easily account for the uneasiness indicated at a man so honored, and who had so large a share in the battles of our independence, coming hither as the messenger of amity and peace.

The hatred of Lafayette in England is one of the best foundations upon which to insure him credit. The writer of this article heard Cornwallis in the remote region of Bengal utter an ejaculation at the misfortunes of Lafayette; that Cornwallis, who is so extolled for virtues, one of which he does not possess, either in private or in public, said, on hearing of his unhappy situation: "Poh! I'm glad of it; I'm glad of it that fellow, always meddling in troubled waters, is now paying for American adventures; I wish they'd hang him!" was uttered to Colonel (now General) Murgrove, in the hearing of more than twenty persons, several of whom afterwards expressed their contempt for the littleness and unsoldierly temper which it betrayed.

From the *Aurora*, October 25, 1800.

What has produced these changes? A naturalization law twice as long as that which the King of Great Britain imposed upon us. The proposition of Mr. Rose and others to commit the powers of Congress in regard to the votes of the presidential electors into the hands of the Chief Justice of the United States and six senators and six representatives, without control.—The evidence to Mr. Jefferson's attachment and great utility to the cause of religious liberty, which has been particularly influential in Maryland.

### Correspondence of the Lancaster Intelligencer.

The campaign in Kentucky is beginning to wax warm, and the excitement is running high. Hundreds are daily leaving the dark-lantern order, and by the day of election they will be few and far between, who acknowledge their connection with such a corrupt and anti-American banditti. The Louisville Courier—(a few weeks since the organ of the Know-Nothing party of Kentucky)—has withdrawn all connection and support from the order, and now daily "pitches in" to the midnight gang with all the bitterness and sarcasm its editor can command. It says the Know-Nothing war upon the Catholic religion is a war upon American Freedom, and the columns of that journal can never be used for such a crusade. And as to the political bearings of Know-Nothingism, the Courier—notwithstanding its editor was one of the first, in the State, to pull the wool over the eyes of its readers, and help build up the foul, intolerant, proscriptive, anti-Christian and unconstitutional order, thus delivers himself in withdrawing from the party he assisted in giving life and notoriety. The editor says:

"The political bearings of Know-Nothingism are intolerant, bigoted, proscriptive, and denational. They sharpen the dagger for every one who either cannot, or will not pronounce Shibboleth according to their method. But we cannot help believing that when the people come to understand the intolerant, proscriptive, and persecuting principles and practices of these enemies of civil and religious liberty, they will sweep their present organization from political existence, as the often sweep away unendurable evils. All men who claim to be free should show their freedom by breaking the collar these men have fastened on their necks."

### Desperate Indian Fight in Texas.

The "Charles Morgan," with later dates from Texas, arrived at New Orleans on the 21st.—The following is among her items:

On Saturday evening, June 30, some fifteen Indians surrounded the house of Mr. Westfall, who is well known to most of our citizens, and who lives in the Leona, some 35 miles below Fort Inge, and in this county. The attack was made immediately upon Mr. Westfall while he was absent from the house, leaving at the time no occupants in it but a Frenchman named Louis, and a large dog.

It seems that the Indians had been lying in wait for some time, and took this opportunity to attack him. Mr. Westfall, however, succeeded in getting back to his house, wounded in a dangerous manner—the ball striking him in the left breast and high up, and coming out at his back under the opposite shoulder. He fastened the door, and the Indians then commenced an attack on the house.

Louis and Westfall now exchanged shots with them in rapid succession; but Westfall was fast falling from loss of blood. Louis approached an aperture in the wall in order to make sure aim, and was shot through the heart. The faithful dog, on seeing Louis fall, and the blood streaming from his body, became frantic with rage, and rushing out of the small aperture, sprang among the Indians, seized one and tore every garment from his body, and was on the eve of killing him, when he was shot and overpowered by the demons in human shape that surrounded him.

Poor dog, he has nobly sacrificed his life in defence of his master. Well may the poet say:  
My dog, the truest of his kind  
With gratitude inflames my mind.

Westfall, overpowered by the loss of blood, could only support himself now by holding to the wall of the house; but nothing daunted, he tore a large aperture in the wall and stuck his gun out, in order to keep up appearances.

The Indians, no doubt, thinking they would have a long siege, and many of them being severely wounded, left, taking with them all the horses belonging to the ranch. It was now night, and Westfall remembers of crawling to his bed, which was the last consciousness he had until Sunday evening, when he found himself lying on his bed covered with blood that had come from the wound and from his mouth, but he was not able to come from his bed until Monday, when from the stench of the dead body in the room, he found something must be done.

With great efforts he succeeded in dragging the dead body about 20 feet, but could get no

further. At sunset on Monday evening he started towards Fort Inge for assistance; but succeeded that night in getting only four miles—and on Wednesday evening he arrived at a house in the vicinity of Fort Inge, where he procured assistance and is still alive, and his physician has strong hopes of his recovery.

Mr. Westfall is a man of strong frame and extraordinary constitution, which accounts for his remarkable escape. He is a terror to the Indians, and is known on the frontier by the name of "Leather Stocking." The Indians without doubt were the Lipans, who commit their murders, plundering, &c., and then take shelter in Mexico.

### A Tragedy at Coney Island.

A sad accident occurred on Wednesday, at Coney Island, N. Y., where a number of persons from Williamsburg were bathing. The *Herald* says:

"All passed off pleasantly until a cry was raised, 'the undertow!' 'the undertow!' and on looking towards the ocean the company saw with dismay five of their party drifting out to sea. Great confusion immediately prevailed, and efforts were made to procure a boat, but none could be found for a mile either way along the beach. No other resource being left, the doors of the bathing houses were torn off and shoved out after the persons in the water, and two of them were saved thereby.

But the most melancholy part of this story remains to be told. It appears the difficulty originated by a young lady named Mary Ann Elliott getting beyond her depth, and feeling the undertow taking her out she screamed out, 'if any sinking, save me!' Her father, Rev. John Elliott, who was in the water, seeing the danger of his child, swam towards her; but before reaching the spot where she was, he was also taken with the current and drifted out to sea and soon sank. He rose once to the surface and threw his arms wildly in the air, then sank again and was seen no more.

The peril of Miss Elliott was also seen by a Mr. Thomas Gibbons, the affianced husband of the lady, who immediately waded and swam to where she was struggling in the water, and succeeded in holding her up for some time. The greatest excitement prevailed at the moment the tragedy was being enacted, and no one seemed able to offer any assistance. The couple were borne out rapidly and those on the shore gave them up for lost, when it was seen that Mr. Gibbons had secured a piece of timber, and had seized it for support, but it was not large enough to uphold both, and Mr. Gibbons disengaged himself from Miss Elliott and told her to grasp the suspenders of his bathing dress behind, while he held on to the wood. This she did for a time; but, with a true woman's devotion, seeing that her lover was sinking, and fearing that he would drown, she suppressed in that moment of peril, when the horrors of death were clustering around her, the selfish instinct of her nature for life, and let go her hold, though he begged her for God's and her own sake to never mind him, but herself. She soon sank and was seen no more. Mr. Gibbons was fortunately drifted towards a point on the Island where he found a foothold, and was dragged ashore by means of ropes.

Two other persons, Mr. Henry Boyd, jr., and a Miss Eastman, were also caught in the same current, but fortunately managed to secure one of the boards floating about and were towed towards the shore. Miss Eastman had sunk once or twice, and was so overcome by terror and her injuries that it is feared she will not recover. She was taken to the Ocean House, and now lies there in a dangerous condition. Mr. Boyd escaped unhurt.

This melancholy affair caused deep feeling on the Island, and the self-devotion exhibited by the unfortunate girl was the theme of many an admiring eulogy. She was quite young, and said to be of rare beauty of person and amiability of disposition. It will be a heavy blow to her relatives in Williamsburg. Her father, who was a local preacher in the Methodist church, and was much respected for his many virtues.

### Ship Impeded by Dead Locusts.

The following incident is related by Mr. J. S. Buckingham, in his recently published "Autobiography":

"At length the wind shifted to the southwest, and then south, with a suffocating heat this being the sirocco of the Levant; and blowing over the great Libyan and Numidian deserts, comes charged with hot and sulphurous vapours, causing a most disagreeable sensation of a stifling and oppressive kind. On the third day after this shift of wind, and when we were well up abreast of Sicily, but nearer to the African shore, we were surprised one morning at seeing all the headmost vessels of the fleet arrested in their progress of each ship as she came up with it, till the entire convoy formed an almost straight line. On looking over the ship's side, there was seen a thick mass of brown matter which it was difficult to sail through with all canvass spread; it appearing to be between the consistency of oil and tar, or melted butter and honey. Buckets full of it were drawn up on deck for inspection, but all that we could perceive was that it was some animal matter in a state of decay, and emitting a most disagreeable odor. Sending the buckets deeper, however, by attaching weights to their bottom, so as to bring up some of the lower strata, we perceived the legs, wings, and half-putrid bodies of brown locusts in a less advanced state of decomposition than the brown oily mass of the surface; and we concluded, of course, that the whole mass was composed of the same material.

Desirous of learning the extent of the space occupied by it, I went to the fore-top-mast cross-trees with a glass, and sweeping the horizon ahead and on each side of us, I perceived that it extended as far as the eye could reach to the east, north, and south, which presented one solid and unbroken mass of smooth brown surface; while to the west the open sea presented the

deep blue which distinguishes the waters of the Mediterranean. The conclusion was, that some vast flight of locusts, passing from Africa to Europe, had encountered a contrary wind in their passage, and had fallen exhausted into the sea, and were there gradually decaying in the state in which we found them. Such flights of locusts have from time to time been recorded in history, as marking the devastation everywhere caused by their numbers.

We were heartily glad to get through this mass of animal putrefaction by a strong breeze from the west, to which every ship crowded all the sail she could spread; and by daylight on the following morning we had the gratification of being once more in the pure element of water, which seemed doubly beautiful after the brown surface we had so recently traversed.

From the Chicago Tribune, July 27.

### Attempt at Wholesale Murder—Arrest of the Villains.

About a week ago the superintendent of track repairs from Laporte to Chicago, Mr. Oakley, finding one section of his boat was not kept in proper shape, determined to dismiss the whole gang of men on the section, and accordingly did so, and from the talk of the men when discharged, promptly reported to the general superintendent, Col. James Moore, at Adrian, he was afraid there might be trouble on the section near Baileytown, Indiana.

Col. Moore immediately communicated his suspicions to Pinkerton & Co., who forthwith concentrated their detective force in that neighborhood, under the personal supervision of Pinkerton himself. From the movement of things on Monday evening last, Mr. Pinkerton was led to place an additional force of railroad men along the track from Miller's station to Calumet. The night was dark and rainy, just the kind of a night for such demons to go to work.

Stealthily the watch stole along the track—every nook and cranny was carefully searched, and under a bridge at Baileytown a claw-bar, such as is used for drawing spikes, was found. As one had been missing upon this section when the men were discharged, who, when questioned by Mr. Oakley as to where it was, denied all knowledge of it, Mr. Pinkerton took up a position so as to watch if any one came for it.

About eleven o'clock two men were observed to come cautiously up the track; a short conversation in whisper was held, and one of them took the claw-bar from his hiding place and proceeded with his confederate east upon the track, closely followed by Mr. P. and the others barefooted. The country in this region is wild and unsettled, and on arriving at a favorite place near where the track crosses the Calumet river, undoubtedly selected by them for its dangerousness, they went to work with the bar, drew the spikes and slid the rails on one side, making a perfect switch.

During the time they were at work, Pinkerton and his men lay within a few feet of them. As they started to return, one of them observing something dark to lay by the track, stopped to pick it up. It proved to be only Mr. P. himself, who immediately sprang to his feet and seized the villain by the throat. The fiend fought lustily, but the other men coming up, P. passed him over to them and put after the other, who, with speed of lightning was fleeing west upon the track.

Finding he was going to be distanced, Pinkerton, as dernier resort, fired upon him, when the villain halted and fired at Pinkerton, and again fled, but this time ran directly into the hands of the reserved force, placed west on the track, and who, hearing the firing, were hastening to the scene.

He was immediately captured and brought back to where the other prisoner was, when, slipping out of his coat and leaving it in the hands of the officer, he wheeled upon Mr. P., struck him a violent blow, knocking him into the ditch, and ran up the bank like a bird and disappeared in the woods, and although closely followed by the men, aided by the darkness made his escape.

He is probably dangerously wounded, as blood was found next morning upon the track and in the wood. The wound is supposed to be somewhere about the body, as P's hands were all covered with blood in the scuffle. The other prisoner fought violently until securely ironed, when he was conveyed to Calumet, a little over three miles.

He proved to be an Irishman, named Peter Welsh; says the one who made his escape was also a discharged track hand.

Welsh strongly protests his innocence, although seen in the very commission of the act. An express and mail train was due at the point where the rails were moved, within half an hour, and it is truly fearful to calculate what might have been the loss of life if the depredations had not been discovered.

On the arrival of this, a man was dispatched by Mr. P. to Chicago, to his partner, Mr. Buckner, who dispatched some more detectives to scour the woods lying between the Michigan Southern Railroads, and at daylight an energetic effort was made in every direction from Calumet to find the ruffian.

At the latest reports he had been tracked to Michigan city and thence west. Skillful officers are on his track, and there can be but little doubt of his arrest in a few days.

Welsh has been committed by Squire Thomas, of Calumet, to Valparaiso jail for ten days to await an examination and give time to secure his comrade.

The track upon the Michigan Southern road is now perfectly safe, and the arrest of this scoundrel and the careful watch that is constantly kept upon this road, will prevent any further trouble on the road.

Hon. Neal Dow has recently been made life member of the "Seamen's Friend Society."—*Boston Telegraph*.

He ought to be called a *death* member since he lately caused the death of a sailor.—*N. H. Patriot*.