

Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.



The Landlady's Daughter.

FROM ILLAND.

There came three students over the Rhine—
Dame Weller's house they entered in;
"Dame Weller has than good beer and wine?
And where's that lovely daughter of thine?"

"My beer and my wine are fresh and clear—
My daughter is lying cold on her bier—
They slept within the chamber of rest,
Where lay the maiden in black robes drest.

The first he drew from her face the veil;
"Thou'rt not then alive, thou maiden so pale,"
"How saidst thou with that sudden brow—
"How dearly would I love thee now!"

The second, he covered the face anew,
And weeping he turned aside from the view;
"Ah, me! thou that hast on a cold bier,
The one I have loved for many a year!"

The third once more uplifted the veil,
He kissed the lips so deadly pale;
"The loved I ever, still love I thee,
And thee will I love through eternity!"

And that kiss, that kiss, with Promethean flame
Thou'rt with new life the quivering frame;
And the maid arose and stood by his side,
The student's own loved and loving bride!

A Pretty Lyric.

We'll part no more, Oh, never!
Let gladness deck thy brow,
Our hearts are joined forever
By each religious vow.
Misfortune's clouds have vanished,
That caused our bosoms pain;
And every care is banished,
No more to come again.

Hope's star is brightly burning
Within its brilliant dome,
And tells of joy returning
To cheer our mortal home.
It shines through gloom to gladden,
Dispelling grief and care,
For sorrow ne'er can sadden
While it remains there.

'Mid flowery vales we'll wander,
And by the laughing stream,
Our bosoms growing fonder
'Neath Love's enchanting beam.
In yonder cot reposing
In plenty, side by side,
Each more fresh joys disclaiming,
Through life we'll gently glide.

For the Gazette.

COMMON SCHOOLS, NO. 3.

We propose to say something about School Houses and furniture; to point out some defects, and to suggest something by way of improvement.

When we contemplate an erect a dwelling house, we always seek out a proper location; and after this is done, we consider in good taste to subserve the purpose of beauty as well as comfort and convenience. The plan and locality of such a house, is properly matured before the foundation is laid. The object is to be satisfied in all that which belongs to the house, in order to subserve all future purposes.

In plenty, side by side,
Each more fresh joys disclaiming,
Through life we'll gently glide.

A suitable locality should always be kept in view, for the different spots of children. As much care and respect should be had in the erection of a school-house, as in the case of a dwelling-house or a church. Good materials should be provided, so that a good name can be built. It should be built so as to be convenient to the community, where the people can with ease send their children. The ceiling should be a good height, say twelve or more feet, fixing the top part of the window-sash, so as to let it down in preference to hoisting the lower part of the window. With this fixture the room will be properly ventilated, and thus keep up a proper life to study.

The house should be properly furnished in order to give the children comfort. The benches should have backs to them, and the desks and benches should be a proper height. If too high, they will render the child miserable; they should then be so made in order to let the feet rest upon the floor. This will give comfort and cheerfulness to study.

There should be maps, charts, and by all means a black-board in every school-house. We do not see how the intelligent teacher is to get along without them. If maps and charts cannot be obtained, a black-board at least should be seen in every school-room. It belongs to the school-house, and is an important part of the furniture. We are aware that many do not regard the black-board of any use, therefore they discontinue its use altogether. We have known parents and directors object against the use of a black-board. When teachers make efforts to introduce one into the school, such as to buy books are to be used in communicating instruction, and not the board. Any method that will tend to advance the pupil, should not be discarded on the ground of some introduction differing from the old, but should be hailed with delight and find a hearty concurrence by all, when intended to awake the slumbering energies of the mind, to behold a brighter day.

ST. CLAIR.

INDIAN BRIDGE.

RELATED BY DANIEL WEBSTER.

"Once upon a time there lived a man in Contocook by the name of Bowen—Peter Bowen—not a man of large substance, but still what we would call in New Hampshire a fore-handed man. Living on the frontier, he necessarily became much in contact with the Indians—sometimes in hostile contact. Fearless, and abounding in resources, he had gained a name among them, and there were few of their braves who would have cared to meet him single handed. Not naturally quarrelsome, he had avoided unnecessary hostilities with the savages, and, indeed, had gained no little of their good will by many acts of generosity, for with no people more than with them, were bravery and liberality held in high estimation.

Sabatius and Plausawa were the two principal chiefs of the tribe, the smoke of whose wigwags arose nearest the settlements of the English colonists. The first was of a sullen and vindictive disposition, and, when excited by drink, intractable and savage. Plausawa was of a milder temperament, and felt better disposed toward the English. He had interchanged kind offices with them, and warned them more than once of plots against their safety.

At this time there was a truce between the Indians and the colonists, and both parties had engaged to punish any violation of it. If an Indian should be killed by an Englishman the colonists promised to treat it as a capital crime, and the Indians, on their part, made a corresponding stipulation. There was peace between the crowns of France and England, and their respective colonies affected to keep it at least in name.

Relying upon this present good understanding, Sabatius and Plausawa one day made a hunting excursion upon the shores of the Merrimac, in which they were very successful. They were encountered, late in the afternoon, loaded with the skins of the animals they had killed, by two Englishmen, somewhere near Boscewon. Sabatius had procured drink from the settlers, always too eager to barter it for furs, and was in a quarrelsome humor. Plausawa, therefore, cautioned these men against any attempt to trade with him, and advised them to go home. "There are others of the tribe about," he said, "who would support Sabatius in any hostile demonstration." As they were departing, Sabatius cried out to them, "I have evil in my heart, and if you do not leave our territories, and abandon them forever, we will take the matter into our own hands. We will drive the pale faces into the big water." One of the men replied, "there's no fighting now between us—English and Indians are all brothers." They had not gone far on their homeward road before they met Peter Bowen, and telling him of the threats of Sabatius, endeavored to persuade him to accompany them home. Bowen laughed. "Threatened men," he said, "I would not prize a life held at the mercy of these savages. I will meet them in friendship or fight, as best suits them." The Indians had got into their canoe before he overtook them, and were going up the river. Bowen hailed them, and urged them to go to his house, where they would have a frolic, and pass the night. After some reluctance on the part of Plausawa, they assented, and accompanied Bowen to his house in Contocook. Bowen had many a deep carouse with the Indians, and understood how to manage them.

He sat before them, drinking cups and bottles of rum; and leaving his wife—a woman as fearless and courageous as himself—to entertain them, went out of the room on the pretext of going to the well for water. But while he was absent he drew the charges from their guns, which they had unsuspectingly left behind the door in the entry. The night wore on, and their raptures were deep and oft repeated. At first the Indians were greatly pleased—laughed at Bowen's stories, and called him brother; but by degrees, as they drank more deeply, they began to grow quarrelsome, aimed the English and threatened their extermination. Bowen affected to treat the threats as jokes, but had all the while a watchful eye on their motions. At last the sun rose, and the Indians said it was time to go home. They had not drank so much but that they could walk as well as ever—the rum had only affected their brains. Bowen consented to take his horse and carry their baggage to the place where they had left the canoes. On the way Sabatius proposed to run a race against Bowen mounted; but the latter, judging from Sabatius's manner that some mischief was intended, at first declined to run, but finally, on much urging, consented to run, taking, however, good care to let the Indian outrun the horse. Sabatius seemed much pleased with his victory, and laughed heartily at Bowen for owning so sorry an animal. For awhile they travelled along after this in apparently good humor, till Sabatius, as they were nearing the river, turned around to Bowen and said, "the pale face must walk the wood with us"—that is to go with them as a prisoner. Bowen replied, in seeming unconcern, that he could not walk the wood, for Indian and Englishman were now brothers. Whereupon Sabatius proposed a second race, and that Bowen should unload his horse and start a little before him, "because," he said, "the horse of the pale face could not run so fast as Sabatius." This Bowen refused to do, but consented to start at the same time. They started, but the horse had not got far ahead of the Indian before Bowen heard a gun snap, and looking around, saw the smoke and the gun pointed at him. He turned and buried his tomahawk in the Indian's head. He then went back to meet Plausawa, who, seeing the fate of his friend, took aim at Bowen and fired; his gun flashed. Then he begged Bowen to spare his life; pleaded his innocence of Sabatius's intent, and called

to mind the many kind acts he had done to Englishmen, the lives of many of whom his intercession had saved, but all in vain. Bowen knew very well that there would never be safety for him so long as the friend of Sabatius lived. One must die, and to secure himself it was necessary to put Plausawa to death, and as the latter turned to fly he struck his tomahawk into his skull. The dead bodies he hid under a small bridge, ever after called Indian Bridge, where they were discovered the next spring.

The colonies at this time were desirous of being on good terms with the Indians, for whenever war broke out between them, the latter were always aided by the French in Canada. The sudden disappearance of men of such note as Sabatius and Plausawa occasioned the borders no little alarm; for some time their deaths were undiscovered, and when the manner of it became known, serious apprehensions were felt of Indian retaliation. Bowen was arrested and placed in Exeter jail; and the Indians were assured that proper punishment should be inflicted upon him, according to the terms of the treaty. But the people of the vicinage assembled hastily in a large force, broke into the jail, and released the prisoner. In those days killing Indians was no murder; and, in this case, Bowen's friends maintained that the act was committed in self-defense, so, perhaps, it might be considered, on Bowen's account, with rebating circumstances. The fact that the Indians had large quantities of furs in their canoes, which Bowen appropriated as *opium spolia*, threw some suspicion upon his proceedings. However, he returned quietly to his home; and as the French War, called in Europe the Seven Year's War, soon after broke out, no further notice was taken of the act; and Bowen died at a good old age.

But the extraordinary circumstances attending the transaction was its effect upon Bowen's son—a youth at the time of some dozen years. Either remote at his father's death, or apprehensions of Indian revenge, kept his mind in continual agitation, and he grew up a reserved, wayward, incomprehensible person. He shunned intercourse with his fellowmen, guarded his house with redoubled bolts, and slept with his gun beside him. Soon after he had arrived at man's estate, his anticipation of Indian revenge had become a monomania. He heard their voices in the sigh of the winds, the rustling of the leaf announced their stealthy tread, and he saw their dusky forms in the waving grain. He dared not leave his house for fear of an ambush, nor look out of the window lest a bullet of the lurking foe should hit him. Mortal fear sat at his table, pursued him like a phantom through the day, and in the deep watches of the night started him from his unwholesome slumbers. This became after awhile, unendurable; and he at last determined upon an act of seeming desperation. Consulting or informing none of his friends, he left his home, journeyed into Canada, and surrendered himself to the tribe of the murdered man as an expiatory sacrifice. The Indians, barbarous often in the treatment of their captives, seldom maltreated a voluntary prisoner. They took Bowen into their tribe, and the mother of the slaughtered Plausawa adopted him as her son. He became acquainted with their customs, joined their expeditions, participated in their forays, and, indeed, became one of them. In his old age, however, a desire to revisit the scenes of his childhood overtook him, and the Indians, intruding no obstacle to his wishes, he left them, his Indian mother being dead, returned to Contocook, and died in peace among his kindred and neighbors, to whom his adventurous life furnished a never failing theme of interesting conversation.

MORE FRAUDULENT FINANCIERS CONVICTED.

Fraudulent financing is getting to be considered disreputable and becoming dangerous, whether in the form of forgery, stealing, or illegal and dishonest banking. One C. Mailand James has just experienced the uncertainty of human affairs, and the wholesome operations of the law, in a conviction which he has suffered in the criminal court at Chicago, Illinois, and a sentence of ten years' imprisonment for fraud. He, with a coadjutor named Hyde, set up the exchange business in Chicago. They had an agent in the same city who procured the printing of a large number of bills of the denomination of \$1 and \$2, purporting to be bills of the American Exchange Bank of the District of Columbia, and bought by the above firm. Their agent paid these bills out in the business of a mercantile house in which he was employed, and sent them to a distant part of the country, to avoid, of course, unpleasant calls from holders seeking the redemption of the bills. The bills would, however, come back for redemption, and the little trouble the financiers experienced in this was unavoidably increased by suspicious and rumors that there was no bank of such a name in the District of Columbia. These rumors becoming convictions, the bankers were indicted. One ran away, but the other was tried and convicted, and is now serving the State by serving time in the penitentiary. Those recent convictions will go far to satisfy those disposed to be rogues and sharpers, that there is danger in the business—that the public are no longer disposed to look leniently upon crime which evinces cunning, or to treat fraud as anything else than rascality, however successful it may prove in its operations. "Honesty is the best policy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

CUBA.—The Zanesville *Journal* gives the following forcible reason for the acquisition of Cuba: "We pay \$19,000,000 per annum of tax on sugar—good sugar—the best of sugar.—Now, the Island of Cuba is worth about \$123,000,000, but suppose we were to give \$190,000,000 for that Island. You see, we could pay for it in few years, with the sugar tax alone, and the beauty of the calculation is, that at the end of those ten years we need have no more sugar tax, plenty of sugar, and a very fine Island to boot."

INDIGNATION MEETING AT MARTINSBURGH.

The citizens of Martinsburgh Borough, North Woodberry and Houston townships, Blair county, held a meeting at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, Jan. 17, to express their indignation at the treachery of men who, pretending to be Democrats, have by their actions openly betrayed their party.

The meeting was called to order and the following gentlemen were selected as officers: President—MAJ. THEO. SNYDER. Vice Presidents—DAVID MORELAND, D. S. BERKEY, THOS. KURTZ, WM. L. SNYDER. Secretary—DR. A. J. CRISSMAN.

On taking the chair, the President explained the object of the meeting.

On motion of David Hagy the following gentlemen were appointed by the chair a committee to prepare resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting:

DR. A. J. CRISSMAN, P. GALLAGHER, J. C. EVERHART, DAVID HAGY, L. A. OLLEIG, JEREMIAH HAGY.

After deliberation the following resolutions were reported and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the course pursued by Henry D. Foster, John Creswell, and other persons elected as Democrats to the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in disregarding the usages of the Democratic party, and in refusing to vote for the caucus nominee for U. S. Senate meets with our unqualified disapprobation, and that we regard them henceforth as not belonging to the Democratic party.

Resolved, That the God-forsaken creatures, Geo. Wagonseller, Wm. B. Lebo, and Samuel Meneer, deserve the contempt of all honest men, and should receive the reward of traitors.

Resolved, That as Gen. Cameron's character and abilities, we respectfully refer his friends—both Know Nothings and Black Republicans, to the circular issued by F. R. Jordan, David Taggart & Co., about two years ago, as a dishonest man, not qualified by education or talent for any position whether public or private.

Resolved, That we approve of the nomination by the Democratic party, of Col. J. W. Forney, who, although stricken down by traitors, will rise again, nearer and dearer to the Democracy than ever.

Resolved, That these proceedings be published in the Democratic Standard, Bedford Gazette, Huntington Globe, and Pennsylvaniaist.

A. J. CRISSMAN, Sec'y.

ABUSE OF THE PARDONING POWER.—A few of the black-republican journals of New York appear to be heartily ashamed of the wanton and wicked abuse of the pardoning power by their late governor, Myron H. Clark. The New York Times says:

"We have before announced, as an item of news, that one of the men whom Gov. Clark pardoned out of the State prison had committed an assault with a stung-shot upon a man whose life was considered in danger. The man has since died, and the coroner's jury have rendered a verdict that he came to his death by wounds inflicted by three men, one of whom was Bernard Rooney. This is the man who had served out less than two years of the ten to which he was sentenced for a rape, when Gov. Clark let him out of the State prison, just before going out of office himself. We shall, we fear, soon hear of other acts of violence from some of the other felons whom the governor in his ill-advised clemency set at liberty."

SCARCITY OF OYSTERS.—The ice and the Sheriff have made Oysters very scarce in Baltimore. The Baltimore American, Jan. 11, says:

Since the blockade of the harbor by ice, so far as it has prevented the arrival of oyster boats, those that have become very scarce, and are now selling at enormous high prices, eight dollars per barrel of two bushels having been paid for them within a day or two past. Yesterday morning it was announced that a cargo of twenty-five hundred bushels had arrived, and in a short time the wharf was filled with those eager to purchase, when the Sheriff appeared and took possession of the whole cargo. It appeared that some eight or ten days ago, Mr. C. T. Malthy loaded a schooner with shell lime to be sold down the bay, and with the proceeds of the sale the captain was to purchase oysters to be delivered to Mr. M. He obtained the load, but on coming up the bay found the navigation obstructed, and returned to Norfolk, where he offered the oysters for sale. They were then purchased by Messrs. Smith & Seth, who sent them on to this city in the shell. As soon as they arrived Mr. Malthy laid claim to them, and upon the refusal to surrender them, he caused a writ of replevin to be issued, and with that took possession of them, to the discontent of a large number who had anxiously awaited their arrival in the anticipation of a fast. Just now oysters are very precious, and though they would command a large price, the supply is not one twentieth equal to the demand.

FROSTED FEET.—The following is a simple, and said to be an effectual remedy against frosted feet, and one that will afford immediate relief. If the present cold weather continues some of our readers doubtless will have occasion for a remedy of this kind. Heat a brick very hot and hold the foot over it as closely as you can without burning. Cut an onion and dipping repeatedly in salt, rub it over the foot. The juice of the onion will be dried into the foot, and a few applications is certain to cure the most severe frost bites.

Love and Death—A Terrible Tragedy in Illinois.

The *Aurora Beacon* publishes the following particulars of the late lamentable affair at Monmouth, Warren county, Illinois. They were communicated to the *Beacon* by a gentleman who was in Monmouth at the time of their occurrence:

Mr. William Crozier, a very respectable young man of Monmouth, a man of good character, good morals, and a member of one of the churches, became deeply attached to the daughter of Mr. Wm. Fleming, of the same place, which attachment was strongly reciprocated. But alas for the young man, although possessed of an excellent character, he was poor. This was sufficient to array the father, who was reputed to be wealthy, and the sons, against him. They all bitterly opposed his aspirations for the hand and heart of the young lady, and sought every opportunity to show their feelings and express their contempt for the poor young man. It is reported that he had been accosted by the old man Fleming even in the streets, and taunted him with his want of wealth.

"Ah! young man, you are getting up in the world! You would like to marry old Fleming's daughter, and get some of old Fleming's money wouldn't you?"

The young man, though stung to the very quick of his sensitive soul, would put up, in silence, with the graceless insults, and not taunt back again, restrained by the deep affection for the daughter. To still, if possible, the love of the young lady, her father determined to send her away to Pennsylvania, so that by absence and distance, he might estrange her acknowledged affection for the young man. In accordance with this resolution she was sent, but on taking the cars, she was heard to express her intention yet to marry Mr. Crozier, in spite of the unkind efforts of her friends to prevent it. After the young lady had been gone some time, there were some movements on the part of Crozier, which led the Flemings to suspect that he intended to follow her to the seclusion they had provided for her. This led to the terrible tragedy.

On Thursday morning, Dec. 11th, Mr. Wm. Fleming with his two sons, Henry and John, and a lawyer who was employed by them for the occasion, proceeded to the Baldwin House, in Monmouth, where young Crozier boarded, and between the hours of 8 and 9 in the forenoon, requested an interview with him at his room. He went with them, as requested, and when he had entered the room, the elder Fleming locked the door. There they remained, our informant said, from about 9 o'clock, A. M. to 2 P. M., locked in. During the time they were thus locked in, every effort was made by the Flemings, both father and sons, and by the lawyer, to induce Crozier to sign a writing as they should dictate, renouncing the young lady in question forever. This he resolutely refused to do, in spite of threats and persuasions, which were freely used. A sort of compromise writing was finally agreed upon and signed, which was satisfactory to the father, but not to the sons. They declared they would have revenge by lashing him with a whip they brought for the purpose, and which they proceeded to execute.

After they had struck six or seven blows Crozier determined to resist with all his might. A desperate scuffle ensued. One of the Flemings drew a pistol and fired at Crozier with intent to kill. Just as he fired, however, the lawyer struck the hand which held the pistol up, and the charge lodged in the ceiling instead of the head of the young man. Crozier then assailed the assassin with a jack-knife, stabbed him, and instantly killed him. Meantime the report of the pistol alarmed the house, and the brother of Crozier being there, rushed to the rescue. Finding the door locked on the inside, he burst it open, and with one blow knocked down the elder Fleming, who opposed his passage. As soon as the door was burst open, the brother who was last wounded passed down into the bar-room, fell and expired.—The blow which felled the elder Fleming left him for a time senseless.

Thus in attempting by force to compel young Crozier to accede to their tyrannical demands, two brothers were slain by the person assailed, and the third person roughly handled.

When the deed was done Crozier voluntarily surrendered himself to the proper officers for examination, and was, we understand, acquitted on the ground of justifiable homicide in self-defense.

When it was suspected that Crozier was going to follow Miss Fleming to Pennsylvania, another brother was despatched post haste, to bring her home, and when the fatal tragedy occurred they had not returned.

A MISERABLE SWINDLER.—The Philadelphia *Ledger* tells the story of a Mr. E., who was admitted as a free patient in the Massachusetts General Hospital about five months since, and while lying on his bed of sickness managed to secure the confidence and affections of his nurse, a Miss T. The unsuspecting woman revealed to her loved patient the fact that she had saved out of her earnings over \$400; and this financial statement induced Mr. E. to make a declaration of his love, which was joyfully received and also reciprocated by the nurse. As soon as the patient became convalescent, a week before Christmas, the wedding came off, and the "happy pair" took lodgings at one of our best hotels. On the morning after their marriage the husband proposed to his wife that it would be more convenient and safer to have her little fortune, then represented in bank bills, changed into gold. The wife assented, and handed him the bills, which he left the hotel with, and has not been heard of since. By this rascally swindle the wife has been left completely penniless, not having money enough to even pay the hotel bill. The swindler had been previously married, but was divorced from his wife on her application.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING ON THE PLAINS.

A letter from the St. Louis Republican, dated St. Joseph, Missouri, December 30, says:

"We have information of the return of a hunting party from the Little Blue in a most deplorable condition. They were Mr. James Stringfellow, Mr. Van Dorser, and Mr. Morrell—the first from Atchison, Kansas Territory, and the two latter from South Carolina. Gen. Matthews saw them after their hair-breadth escapes, and gives me the following thrilling narrative:

"When they reached the Big Blue they fixed their encampment, but finding only a few buffalo, they left their camp in charge of a negro belonging to Mr. Van Dorser, and proceeded over to the little Blue. On the first evening they were overtaken by a storm of wind and snow, and lost their way. They wandered for eight days without fire or food. They blew the tubes out of their guns in their efforts to kindle a fire, and then threw their guns away. The feet of Van Dorser and Morrell became so frosted, and they were so exhausted from fatigue and starvation, that Mr. Stringfellow, who had some mountain experience, was scarcely able to get them to move along. He encouraged them by every means, until they finally reached a habitation, and were saved. Mr. Morrell and Mr. Van Dorser, however, will lose their feet, and Mr. Stringfellow some of his toes. Their sufferings were beyond description, and they will be ill for some weeks to come. The negro, who remained in camp, is uninjured, although he suffered a good deal from the severity of the cold, and anxiety for his master and friends. They are all now safely lodged in Atchison.

The general also informs me that a rumor reached him that two surveying parties, one of which was Sam Parsons, who is well known in your city, had been murdered by the Camanche Indians. The country in which they were operating is near the Sac reservation, in the southwestern part of the Territory, and near the Arkansas line. These Indians and the Camanches have frequent conflicts. A short time ago the Sacs made an incursion into a Camanche village and killed several of their people and stole many of their horses. A little while after, when the Camanche warriors returned from their hunt, they made a descent upon the Sacs, and on their way they massacred the two parties of United States surveyors who were unarmed and taken wholly by surprise.

Gen. Matthews was running some lines himself in that part of the country during the summer, and thinks the report probably true.—He also states that only a portion of Caldwell's party had got in from Western Kansas, and the better is that the remainder are frozen to death.

"In my last letter, of the 30th ult., I told you of the sufferings of the general and his party. They were not far from Caldwell's party. They, however, after great exertion, under which they almost sank, reached this city, and have been so admirably nursed as to be nearly well again."

HORRIBLE SUPERSTITION.

Flogging a Reputed Witch to Death.

The Brownsville (Texas) *Flag* notices a case of superstitious barbarism which almost surpasses belief. It is said to have occurred in Matamoros, Mexico, about a month ago:

It seemed that a young lady of Matamoros was taken sick, and an old lady of the neighborhood, said to have some skill in the virtue of herbs, was solicited to visit and administer to the patient. From some cause or other the old lady failed to attend, and suspicious reports were circulated that the old lady had bewitched the young one. The authorities were petitioned to compel the attendance of the old one.—Officers were sent take her before her supposed victim, and these miserable ignorant wretches reported that they, on several occasions, repaired to her domicile, and could not find her at home, but found instead a suspicious looking black cat. After several efforts, however, they found the old woman at home, instead of her black cat, and she was taken to the presence of the invalid. But her herbs failing to restore the sick to health, and the middle-aged black cat persisting in following its owner, and being by the neighbors found in the room of the invalid instead of her mistress, fixed the opinion fast in the minds of these ignorant people, that the old woman and black cat were one and the same person—that she being a witch could take the form of the cat and assume her own shape at will—that the invalid was a victim of her diabolical art. With these convictions, it is said they sought out the unfortunate old creature, and actually tied her up with thongs, and cruelly flogged her to death as a witch. In justice to the civil authorities of Matamoros, we are happy to state that they were not a party to the tragic part of this singular transaction, and that they were prompt in arresting the actors.

How they Treat Fresh Convicts.—On the arrival of a convict at Sing Sing he is first submitted to the chief keeper, Mr. Stewart, who decides in which shop he will put him.—Should he possess an alias, it is inserted opposite his name in the "Book of Aliases," which work has now become of considerable size. He is then taken to a room in which he is undressed to the skin, and then placed in a large tub of water and washed all over. This arrangement must be highly disagreeable to those individuals who have been accustomed to spend their time amongst the great unwashed, but most exceedingly mortifying to such as have been cleanly in their habits. Some of the latter occasionally object, but they are handled roughly in return, and forced to go through the ceremony.—The superfluous dirt being removed, they are then weighed and measured: a suit of striped cloth is then furnished them, and they take their place among the initiated.