

# Bedford Gazette.

BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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## Select Poetry.



### THE FARMER'S GIRL.

Up in the early morning,  
Just at the dawn of day,  
Straining the milk in the dairy,  
Turning the cows away—  
Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
Making the beds up stairs,  
Washing the breakfast dishes,  
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
Hunting for eggs at the barn,  
Cleaning the turkeys for dinner,  
Spinning the stocking yarn—  
Spreading the whitening linen,  
Down on the bushes below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where the red strawberries grow.

Starching the "fixing's" for Sunday,  
Churning the snowy cream,  
Raising the sails and the strainer  
Down in the running stream—  
Feeding the geese and the turkeys,  
Making the pumpkin pies,  
Joggling the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone,  
Beauty of form and feature,  
Thousands might covet to own—  
Checks that rival spring roses,  
Teeth the whitest of pearls,  
One of these country maids are worth  
A score of your city girls.

Correspondence of the Daily Pennsylvanian.

### Important Letter from Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16, 1855.

Information received in this city by the last steamer, shows that Lord Palmerston's attempt to drag the United States, through the London Times, has occasioned an unheard-of excitement in Great Britain. The feeling of the people of England has risen to a high pitch against the reckless Premier, who is known to be a man of violent prejudices against our country and who supposed he would make a "ten strike" by sending his fleet to Central America, and by accompanying that demonstration with an insulting article in the London Times. But the English people have shown more of a sense of honor than he expected, and they have exhibited a disposition that the war against the Russian Autocrat should be continued, now that they have got into it. My information is that they are resolved not to be embroiled in a conflict with the United States; and Lord Palmerston, I would not be astonished, may rue the day when he committed the fault of making this trial of public opinion.

It is said that to such an extent has the action of the government been repudiated, that a great change of tone has come over the London journals, particularly those who speak the sentiments of the Court. As an evidence of the manner in which the Government has acted, I need only say that the London Times came out and distinctly charged that the Government of the United States, and Mr. Buchanan, the American Minister, had made certain professions of friendship to the British Government in regard to the war with Russia, and afterwards backed out from their professions; hence upon those professions the Times argues that the British Government was justified in attempting to precipitate difficulties, if this could be done.

It is one thing for Great Britain to fight Russia, and that has been a dear conflict, as the results have shown, but it is quite another to attempt a war with the United States, and this too at a time when Europe is looking to our granaries—when our cotton is essential to the occupation of millions of British subjects, and when our trade constitutes the leading commercial interest of England.

Cotton and flour, you will perceive, have advanced, which result may be attributed to the wonderful reaction in public sentiment, occasioned by the course of the London Times.

Meanwhile the administration of President Pierce, conscious of having done nothing to merit this ebullition on the part of the British government, maintains a proud position before the world. It has resisted all violations of its own neutrality laws in the case of Cuba and Central America—it has done this in the face of a considerable public opinion in our own country, and you may rely upon it that it will sturdily repel all attempts to interfere with our national interests that may come from any power—even from the whole world combined.—Never before have we been more nobly in the right than at the present time.

DEMOCRAT.

Last year the Democrats had but one member in the Massachusetts House of Representatives; this year they have chosen thirty. An increase in the same ratio for the year to come, would eradicate the combined force of "Sam" and "Sambro" from Massachusetts.

GENERAL CASS.—A visitor to the residence of this veteran statesman writes: "I spent a forenoon with Gen. Cass. The old man still lives in the autumnal glories of a well spent life: is hale, hearty and worth four millions. His career has indeed been successful. He speaks in forbidding language of our national prospects, and is strong in the belief that disunion will yet carry its banners over the Republic."

### From the Albany Evening Journal, 15th. A Mystery and a Tragedy.

Some days since, a man and a woman took lodgings at the Hudson River House, Lydius street, kept by Mrs. Lamb. The man represented himself as a chemist, in quest of employment, though for the want of employment in that line, he engaged himself, as he said, in repairing clocks, he being away from the hotel the greater part of the day. He gave his name as Job Ibbotson, and appeared to be well acquainted with a man who arrived at the hotel the same day as himself, but who appeared to have no legitimate occupation.

Ibbotson continued to pursue his self-styled occupation of repairing clocks, at least he absented himself from the hotel and invariably returned in company with his acquaintance.—Wednesday evening, the 5th inst., his wife, in company with Mrs. Evans, went out for a walk, and while returning was taken very sick. Dr. Barent P. Staats was called, and in answer to his question as to whether she had taken anything, she answered that her husband had given her some pills which made her very sick.—Dr. Staats gave her some medicine and left.—The next morning Mrs. Lamb gave Ibbotson a dish of coffee, and at dinner time a cup of tea to carry to his wife; but he gave her neither. Mrs. L., soon after being attacked, sank into a state of stupor, appeared to be partly conscious of what was going on around her, but could only answer interrogatories in monosyllables.

She continued in this state until Monday, when Ibbotson appeared at the office of the Overseer of the Poor, and requested a permit to allow his wife to go to the Alms House.—This request Mr. Herbert refused, as Ibbotson was respectfully dressed, and gave no reason why she should become a county charge. That afternoon he procured a carriage, and taking his wife into it, carried her to the Alms House, and representing that the lady was very sick, and asserting that Mr. Herbert had a permit made out which he would go and get, obtained her admission. He left but did not return.—Mrs. Ibbotson, when received at the Alms House was unable to speak, being stupid as if from the effects of drugs. She lingered until yesterday morning when she died. Her son, a lad of 17, called at the Alms House a few moments before she died, but departed very suddenly, and it is known left for Boston in the afternoon train. Almost immediately after her death, Mrs. L. commenced turning black and swelled to an enormous size.

The circumstances attending her death and those attending her case subsequent, with the singular conduct of Ibbotson, coming to the ears of Police Officer Hale, he determined to arrest Ibbotson, which he accomplished last evening, having apprehended him at his hotel, when he returned to tea.

Ibbotson was conveyed before Justice Parsons and interrogated at some length. He gave a very confused and contradictory statement, and among other things said that he was a silversmith; that he was with his wife at Providence, R. I., at the time an extensive robbery was perpetrated upon a jewelry store in the day time, in May last; that his wife saw two men there whom she knew to be the parties who committed the robbery; that soon after they went to New York, and from there came to this city; and the two robbers also came upon the same boat, and were now in this city, one of them being at a hotel where he stopped, and the other dying from consumption somewhere in the city, but where he could not tell, and that he (Ibbotson) believed that they had drugged his wife, &c.

The charge of drugging he stoutly asserted to be his belief, and stated, as their motive, that they desired to get her out of the way, as two of the Providence police were or had been, in the city in pursuit of them.

There is not the least shadow of doubt but that there is deep black villainy at the bottom of this transaction, and at whose door it lies is yet very uncertain.

A foul, sickly atmosphere pervaded the room he had occupied at the hotel, which was increased by the opening of a large tin box, containing a quantity of watch-repairers tools, some letters and papers, and a tumbler which had contained some mousie-drag. Among the papers was a marriage certificate of John Whitman, of Hopedon, England, by C. Rogers, curate. Also, a letter purporting to have come from his son and daughter, Joseph and Phillips Gros, Boston, directed to him in New York.—The remainder of the letters were of a business character in regard to employment, except two petitions for relief—stating that he was in indigent circumstances—that his wife had died of a disease of the heart, and that was unable to bury her.

A coroner's jury was summoned this morning, and a post mortem examination was instituted, the result of which has not been made public.

### MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

About five miles from Paris, on the Winchester road, lived two brothers, (mechanics), Henry and Rudolph Stolsenburg, who have a negro woman hired to cook and keep house for them.

Shortly after eating dinner on Monday, the 6th inst., the two men and woman were seized with violent sickness, vomiting, purging, and intense abdominal pains. A suspicion of poison arose in the minds of the men, and one of them, with much difficulty, staggered to the door and called to Messrs. John and Henry Clay, who were going home from town, to send for a physician. A messenger was immediately dispatched (about 4 P. M.) for Dr. R. of Paris, who arrived at the place about six P. M.

Before the arrival of Dr. R., the Messrs. Clay had investigated the matter, and found that they were poisoned by cooking their dinner in a copper-bottomed stew-kettle, in which the remains of their breakfast had stood till dinner.

Upon examination, Dr. Ray found a coating

of acetate of copper (verdigris) covering a great part of the bottom of the stew-kettle, and he is confident that this was the cause of the melancholy event.

Rudolph died the next morning, after great suffering. Henry and the woman are in a fair way of recovery.

Dr. Ray very properly adds that this should be a warning to all house keepers, who should forthwith dispense with all copper vessels in preparing their food: not one should be used for any purpose except, perhaps, heating water.

All the salts of copper are very poisonous, and particularly the acetate (verdigris) and this salt is easily and very quickly formed in copper vessels in which greasy or salt food has been cooked.

It may be stated that the health of a whole family may be greatly impaired by the use of copper vessels in the preparation of their daily food, even though they may not take enough each day to poison them outright—they nevertheless suffer what is called a "slow poison."—Paris (Ky.) Citizen.

### Indian Battle at Ash Hollow.

A Thrilling Narrative, by one who saw it.

A Syracuse paper prints the following letter, from an officer under General Harney, giving an authentic account of the great battle with the Sixtus, Indians, in the "far West" Territory, in September, an imperfect report of which has been heretofore published:

CAMP ON BLUE RIVER CREEK, 190 miles west of Kearny, Sept. 6.

We arrived for the second time at Ash Hollow, on the 2d of September, and found by signs that the Sioux were not far off. We sent out spies that night and found that from 300 to 400 warriors were on Blue Water, five miles north of Hollow. Accordingly, we started at two o'clock on the morning of the 3d, with four companies of mounted men, and companies A. H. I. and K, of the 6th infantry, on foot. We arrived near camp just at daylight, which was in a valley between the hills, and the Blue Water running through the center, the most lovely place I ever saw. The infantry were placed in their front, and we in their rear. They were ready for us, having espied our movements in the night, by their watches. They came out, and their Chief talked some time to General Harney. But it was no use. General Harney said that he came there to whip them, and that they must fight. All this time the young warriors were daring us by shaking their fire-sticks at us. As soon as the firing was over, the charge sounded loud and shrill, and at them we went, hammer and tongs. They were nearly all naked, and fought like devils.

In about ten minutes we started them, and with a hellish yell they started, helter skelter. The footmen with their rifle bullets, brought them down fast, and the dragoons and mounted artillery all joined in the charge, and kept it up in a noble and gallant style. The commencement, charge, and from the first fire to the last, was over four hours, and not a tree nor a bush in the way. After the battle we counted over ninety dead warriors, besides the dead they carried off. It is estimated that a hundred and sixty at least were killed, and some say over two hundred were slain. We lost but five killed, viz: Fitzpatrick and Carroll, Co. G, 4th artillery, Capt. Pink, and privates Lyall and McDonald, of Co. K, 2d dragoons. Also 12 wounded in the dragoons. I don't know how many of the infantry were wounded. Sergeant Healey, of Co. G, is wounded in three places.—Sergeant Kittlass' horse was shot not three steps from me; in short, it was a hot and desperate fight. We took over 3,000 pounds of dried buffalo meat, 18 lodges, 40 ponies and mules, 38 squaws, and a raft of children. We are here now near the battle ground, and have so much plunder, taken from the Indians, that we can't move yet. We go to Fort Laramie, and expect another fight soon; God prevent it, for there is no fun in it—but if it must come, let it. We also lost several horses, killed and wounded. The dragoons numbered 180, and infantry 170, in all 350 men, and over 200 warriors, all well armed with rifles and bows.

We are nearly naked for clothes, shoes, &c. I don't know when we shall come home; I think about the middle of October. It is a very hard tramp. I have suffered some, and the duty of the men is very hard.

### A Dreadful Crime.

When a crime of universal horror, and which has hitherto been a matter of rare occurrence, appears to have become a regular and a frequent thing, it is high time that it attracted separate legislation and peculiar punishment.—Of such a character is the taking occasion to plunder the sufferers on the occasion of some terrible calamity, such as a railroad or steamboat disaster. And this enormity has, of late, become a settled thing—a matter requiring the most vigilant investigation and the severest correction. At the time of the Camden and Amboy disaster, we noted in several contemporary papers accounts of the plunder of the dead and dying—we have more than once known it to be the case in lesser accidents—and we now learn from the St. Louis Republican that at the time of the late accident at the Gasconade bridge, numbers of wretches were on hand who, in place of aiding the wounded, began at once to strip them of their watches and other property. The Republican marvels whence those vultures came in such numbers, remarking that a terrible storm of thunder and rain was raging at the time, "but there they were, ready to rob the dead and to pick whatever valuables could be found, in the general confusion which followed for hours afterwards."

Did the case admit the supposition, we should suppose that the wretches in question had purposely caused the accident for the sake of plunder. If so, it was most ingeniously done, for as

the bridge was new, the disaster would of course be attributed to its incompleteness.—The question is, however, of the frequency of this most unnatural, fiendish and wolfish crime of plundering the dead on such an occasion, and the necessity of establishing some punishment by law, in the different States for an offence which, from its horror, seems to demand a punishment equal in severity to any now within the scope of retributive justice.

It is not merely because the crime thrills by its terrific hard-heartedness that we would advocate for it separate legislation. We believe that a desire to plunder the sufferer is at the bottom of many railroad accidents and the cause of many deaths. Every week—we might almost say every day—we find among our exchanges the account of some "fiendish attempt" to cause a calamity by placing logs on railroad tracks, or by taking up rails. Why more calamities do not occur, or how it is that so many are detected in time to prevent them is a marvel and a mystery.

As civilization progresses, vice advances also, and new forms of wickedness and new phases of depraved humanity advance with it. Unfortunately justice, though she has iron hands, has also leaden feet, and her delay is invariably a cause of suffering. But we sincerely trust that this repetition of such soulless, fearful depravity, on such occasions as these accidents, will excite more attention than it has hitherto done, and that the result may be some adequate punishment. Of all the revolting pictures in fiction we can recall nothing more terrible than the description in Bulwer's Last of the Barons of the camp followers who plundered the dead—but in no work of fiction can we remember to have seen any account which, reduced to probability, ever equalled in atrocity this, of prowl among the wounded and dying in their last agonies, for the sake of paltry, petty theft.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

### Attempt to Ruin an Unprotected Female.

A few weeks since, a girl named Ida Schreiver, arrived from Hamburg at the port of Yarmouth, Me., en route for this city in search of some relations by the name of Jacobs, whom she supposed were living here. The captain of the vessel that brought her to this country, some days after her arrival at Yarmouth, placed her in charge of a railroad conductor named Eaton, and about ten days since she arrived in this city, and he took her to the National Hotel, and on the same night led her to a house of ill-fame in Greenwich street, and there attempted in her seduction, but failed in this purpose; and after conducting her back to the hotel, introduced her to a runner connected with one of the California steamship lines, and then abandoned her. The runner conveyed her to his apartment in Greenwich street, and there repeatedly attempted to effect her ruin, but she also failed to accomplish his purpose.—During this time no efforts had been made by either of her relatives to ascertain the whereabouts of her relatives, and yesterday she called upon Mr. Jacobs, of No. 407 Broadway, in hopes that he was the long-sought individual, but this proved not to be the case. Mr. Jacobs, however, interested himself in her behalf, and with the aid of Policeman Martin soon ascertained that the relative in question is master of a merchant vessel and at sea. Arrangements were then made to send her back to Yarmouth, there to remain until the arrival of the relative, and she started yesterday afternoon, under the protection of a gentleman.—N. Y. Tribune.

### Alleged Murder in Baltimore Co.—Arrest of the Accused.

During a late hour on Tuesday night, Lieutenant Wright, of the middle district watch, brought to that station a man named John T. Pattison, upon the charge of the felonious and wilful shooting and murdering of John Grasslin, on the afternoon of the same day, on the Bell Air road, about three miles from the city. Justice Lawder was called to the case, and received the testimony of Kasper Kroninger, a man who testified that a few minutes previous to the affair, he and the deceased were quietly walking along the road, when they were suddenly accosted by the accused, who, without the slightest provocation, took his gun and deliberately fired, the ball striking the deceased, and as he supposed, killing him instantly. He further stated that Pattison again snapped the gun at witness, but it failed to discharge. Witness then ran and gave the alarm to several persons in the neighborhood, who proceeded to the spot where the firing took place, and discovered the lifeless body of the deceased.

A party was then organized for the purpose of arresting the accused, which proved successful, after a vigilant search of more than three hours. The body of the deceased was removed to a dwelling in the vicinity, and preparations made to give the remains a respectful burial.—Justice Lawder upon hearing the evidence, which was not very definite on account of the want of an interpreter, promptly committed Pattison to jail to answer the above charge at Court. Dr. Stevens, coroner, yesterday morning went out to the place for the purpose of holding an inquest over the body. A post-mortem examination was held, when it was discovered the lead of the gun had passed in the right side, between the upper portion of the liver and the lower portion of the lung, lacerating the parts, and carrying away the arteries of the heart and lacerating that organ. The jury rendered a verdict of death from the discharge of a gun in the hands of a person whose name was not known at the time, supposed to be John T. Pattison. The accused is well known. His residence is in Mott street, and he is a plasterer by trade.

SENTENCED TO DEATH.—Private William J. Dunn, of company G, mounted rifleman of the U. S. Army, was recently tried by court-martial at Fort McIntosh, Texas, and sentenced to be hung for mutiny and the murder of Sergeant

John Williams, of the same regiment and company, by shooting him with a revolver, at Lampa Creek, El Paso road, Texas, on or about the 30th of June last. The sentence will be executed on the fourth Friday next succeeding the reception of the President's confirmation of it at Fort McIntosh.

SHOCKING MURDER.—A letter from Mount Pleasant, Tennessee, to the Jackson Whig, gives an account of an awful tragedy near Mount Pleasant on the 19th ult. On the morning of that day, Denson R. Moore, a planter and while intoxicated, took a revolver and went into the yard, where, seeing his daughter, he deliberately fired at her, but missed her. His son, a young man, seeing the act started to prevent another shot at his sister, when Moore turned and fired at the young man, killing him instantly. The wretched man then went into an adjoining inclosure, and concealing himself in the grass, inflicted a deep cut on each arm, severing the arteries, with a view of taking his own life. The blood was stopped however, and the murderer was saved, probably, for a more terrible fate. There was no cause assigned for the horrible deed other than the "maddening effects of liquor."

### THE BOY AND MAN.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago there was in the city of Boston a portrait painter whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England and try his fortune there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, and whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The King and his cabinet seeing what a learned man he was, and the influence he had acquired, felt it important to secure his services for government. They raised him from one post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor to England—the very highest post of honor to which a subject can attain; so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England. About 60 years ago he was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his bread.

Now John is at the head of the nobility in England; one of the most distinguished men in talent and power in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world. This is the reward of industry. The studious boy became the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness he probably would have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school when other boys were idle; he studied in college when other young men were wasting their time; he ever adopted as his motto: "ULTRA PERGRUM" (press onward), and how rich has been his reward!

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day at school deciding the question whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning, over the follies of your mispent boyhood.

### The Jug Without a Bottom.

On the bridge that crosses the Grand Rapids we met a hale old man and his wife, with eleven sons, seven daughters, and thirty-seven grand-children, with numerous horses, calves, sheep, and furniture of antiquated appearance; among which were to be seen cradles for babies, cradles for grain, spinning wheels, pots and kettles, and almost everything requisite for a settlement such as fifty blood relations will make in Grand River country. After the train stopped, we made some inquiries, and asked the old gentleman what use could be made of a bottomless jug, which was carefully stowed away among his domestic equipments, and received the following reply:

"Why, sir, I am a man of many years, and have worked other people's land all my days, and paid from four to nine bushels of wheat per acre for doing it—and have all the time used a jug with a bottom in it, by which all my profits have been wasted, and I was sick of feeding both landlord and rumseller—so I sent seven of my boys to Mexico to fight for their country. They all got back safe, and bought seven sections of land; that will be mine without rent. And now you see that this shall hold all the whiskey and rum that will be used in my whole family while I have control of them. Old General Taylor told my son John that a jug without a bottom was the best kind of a jug to put liquor in, and I believe it."

Good.—A man who is very rich now, was very poor when a boy. When asked how he got his riches, he replied: "My father taught me never to play till my work was finished, and never to spend my money till I had earned it. If I had but an hour's work a day, I must go that the very first thing, in an hour. After it was done I was allowed to play with much more pleasure than if the thought of an unfinished task obtruded upon my mind. I early formed the habit of doing everything in turn, and it soon became perfectly easy to do so. It is this I owe my prosperity." Let every boy who reads this go and do likewise.

### A Good Wife!

The good wife! How much of this world's happiness and prosperity, says Mr. Burnsap, is contained in the compass of these two short words? Her influence is immense. The power of a wife, for good or for evil, is altogether irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must be forever unknown. A good wife is to man wisdom, and courage, and strength, and hope and endurance; a bad one is confusion, weakness, discouragement, despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, energy, economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, folly, and extravagance at home. No spirit can long exist bad domestic influences.—Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant.—He delights in enterprise and action, but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a wholehearted. He expands his moral force in the conflicts of the world. His feelings are easily lacerated to the utmost point of endurance by perpetual collision, irritation and disappointment. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be to him a place of repose, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews his strength, and again goes forth with fresh vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of the world. But if at home he finds no rest, and is there met by a bad temper, sullenness or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, complaint, and reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks in total despair! Let woman know, then, the ministers of the very fountain of life and happiness. It is her hand that deals out, with overflowing cup, its soul-refreshing waters, or casts in the branch of bitterness, which makes them poison and death. Her ardent spirit breathes the breath of life into all enterprise. Her patience and constancy are mainly instrumental in carrying forward to completion the best human designs. Her more delicate moral sensibility is the unseen power which is ever at work to purify and refine society. And the nearest glimpse of Heaven that mortals ever get on earth is that domestic circle which her hands have trained to intelligence, virtue, and love, which her gentle influence pervades, and of which her radiant presence is the centre and the sun.

### The Saints in the Wilderness.

According to the last advices from Utah, the Salt Lake Saints were experiencing the effects of a financial crisis. Some of the brethren sent out to expedite the emigration had run governor Brigham into debt about fifty thousand dollars, which shows that Utah is in pretty good credit.—This holders of the drafts called on the banker, hunted him up for the cash-shelf, as he expressed it, "they could find time to save their beads," which troubled him so much that he went incontinently and preached a sermon on the subject, being, "from this time forth do not fret thy gizzard." In this curious address he declared that he will pay them when he can and not before. The poor, he said, had got the money, they must have confidence and wait. Brigham does not appear to have any desire to repudiate, for he offered, at the conclusion of his address, to sell sixty thousand dollars worth of property to pay off these claims, at the same time he gave a hard hit to the brethren who still owed the church. He wanted these persons to apostatize, for they were sure, he said to take advantage of their brethren and leave in the end.

HEAVY ROMBERGS.—On Tuesday a man who had been for several years in California, arrived in this city and put up at the Irving House.—He had with him \$2,100 in gold which he left in his trunk instead of depositing in the safe of the hotel. His room was entered by means of a false key the same evening, and every dollar carried off by some unknown thief. The police were immediately notified, and are now endeavoring to find the offender, but their success is doubtful.

On the same evening an aged gentleman was passing through West street, in the vicinity of Washington Market, when his breast pocket was cut out and \$2,100 in bank bills, and a certified check for \$800 carried off. So dexterously was the operation performed, that he was unaware of it until informed by another person. The money stolen was nearly all he possessed, and he was so affected by the loss that he fainted in the street, and remained senseless until a physician was called and restored him. His residence is in the interior of the State.—N. Y. Cour.

### HORRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT.

At 7 o'clock last evening, as an engine was backing up towards the depot across the bridge, Mr. James Parsons—brother of ex-Alderman Thomas Parsons—who superintends the saw-mill at the east end of the bridge, was struck down by the locomotive, and dragged or rolled the whole length of the bridge, mangled dreadfully, and his head so mutilated that it was impossible to identify the body by the features. It was dark, and the accident was not discovered until the engine had passed into the depot, leaving the body by the side of the track. Several persons who came up to the spot immediately recognized the remains as those of Mr. Parsons. Search was made, when it was ascertained that he had probably just stepped out of his office, at the northeast corner of the bridge, and was immediately caught by the backing engine, thrown upon the track, and carried along by the wheels. His hat was found near his office, and his cane some 30 feet from it. The first blow must have killed him, as the brain was scattered near the spot where he must have received the shock. A lady who was crossing the bridge at the time, stated that she saw the man rolling under the car wheels. The body was picked up near the switch house, just beyond the eastern entrance to the depot.