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BY MYERS & BENFORD.

WHOLE NO. 2756.—VOL. 53.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LITTLE SYBIL.

In a shady nook, at the foot of a mountain at Bedford, may be seen a little, dilapidated log cabin, once the dwelling of little Sybil, whose widowed mother was enfeebled by sickness, and was at the same time miserably poor, though thought her, though then only twelve years old, how she might possibly contribute to the support of her mother and little brother, who, to crown their misfortunes had gone perfectly blind.

The Mother found it difficult to live. Sybil was too young to labor. Yet the little she contrived to do was their principal dependence. She possessed a face, in which all the attributes of juvenile loveliness seemed to struggle for the mastery; her eyes shone with the brightness of a gazelle's, and her black hair hung down her shoulders in ringlets of nature's own curling. To these were added a voice of surpassing sweetness and power—which, unimproved by any culture, struck on the ear with an impression that instantly awakened an interest in the hearer to know more of its fortunate possessor. This good-hearted little girl, sick with the distresses of the mother, taking her blind brother by the hand, set out one evening for the fashionable Hotel at the Bedford Springs, to commence the avocation, of a little minstrel. She had previously learned all the verses sung by an old colored servant, who was in the habit of bringing the scraps left at the table of that hotel to the poor widow. Taking her station with becoming modesty, on the portico in front of the hall door, she commenced, in a tremulous voice, a verse of that sweet little song,

"Joys we've tasted may sometimes return." then in the zenith of its popularity. No one stood at the door but herself and little brother—the evening was rather cool, and all the inmates of the Hotel were sitting in the drawing room and halls which communicated with the main entrance, at which Sybil was standing, one hand grasping that of the little blind one, who stood in mournful silence, listening to his sister's song, unconscious of the sublime feeling which impelled her to breathe it.

The Hotel is still a favorite resort for visitors from all parts of the United States, for the medicinal qualities of the Springs in which the vicinity abounds, the delightful pure mountain air, or for pleasure and the gratification of the love for the beautiful and varied scenery. At the moment Sybil began her song, as many as fifty were sitting in the hall within hearing of her voice. She had not proceeded more than a stanza when, all conversation was suspended—the company looked at one another in mute surprise, delighted yet unwilling to lose a single note, by giving utterance to it. The voice was evidently that of a young girl, its extreme melody ravished them with delight, and they could scarcely refrain from pressing in a body to the door to see the little fairy who had so entranced them. Presently the voice ceased and all rushed to the door. They found the songstress, but she was in tears—a crowd gathered around her, and the efforts to go through with her song in the presence of so many fashionably dressed ladies, whom poor Sybil had not dreamed of seeing, the thought of her sick mother, her blind brother, and the new vocation, altogether affected her gentle spirit with a load of mingled grief and terror, that the moment she finished her beating heart found relief from its sorrows in a flood of tears.

Many pressed round her with impatient curiosity and delight, to see, speak to, and reward the little fairy who had so unexpectedly enchanted them. For some moments, Sybil was totally bewildered. A gentleman hastily snatching of the little blind fellows had handed it through the dense crowd of ladies and gentlemen, and received the contributions of a delightful audience. When this ceremony was concluded, the same thoughtful gentleman taking the blind one by the hand, ushered them into the drawing room, and as the light fell full upon the sightless eye balls of the child, a feeling of commiseration ran through the company, which vented itself in solid gratulations. Sybil now, the chief object of notice, in a room crowded with strangers, felt her heart die within her, at the terror of her situation. But kind words and gentle tenderness, dissipated in a degree, her embarrassment, and in reply to the numberless enquiries, made of her by the ladies, she detailed, but without complaining, the distress of her mother's family. Although the company were inflamed with curiosity to hear another song from Sybil, yet perceiving the extreme trepidation into which their applause had thrown her, they contented themselves with exacting from her a promise to return the following evening, and then deputed a servant to accompany her home, with instructions if he found her mother as she represented, to leave with her money amounting to ten dollars, which they had cheerfully contributed for Sybil. I need not say that everything was found exactly as the sweet little Sybil had represented, and the money was consequently placed in the sick woman's hands. On the following evening Sybil again visited the Hotel at the Springs. The company had prepared for her, impatient for the musical feast about to be presented to them. Instead of one song, Sybil went through the long list she had continued to learn, and as each one closed, the increased satisfaction of those present was audibly expressed.

Among them was an elderly gentleman, from the neighborhood of Philadelphia, who, during the whole of Sybil's performance, seemed affected in a remarkable manner. The tears ran down his face, as he listened, and his whole heart seemed opened by the magical influence of the sounds he heard. When Sybil was dismissed—well rewarded again—this gentleman accompanied her home. He came, he said, to the mother, to offer her and the children an asylum on his farm! Again and again did he embrace Sybil, and fold her in his bosom with the fondness of a parent, and assured the widow

ed mother that she should no more feel the gnawings of the monster, poverty. They went with the gentleman—a house ready for them—everything they needed was provided—and the sunshine of a happy life beamed on their heads with invigorating warmth.

The rest is soon told. As if to reward this gentle and most affectionate child, for her filial devotion, the son of their mutual benefactor offered her his hand in marriage! And six years after she appeared in the character of a ballad-singer—and became the wife of one deserving the love of so affectionate a heart.

I have been upon the farm they occupy; I have seen the uninterrupted happiness they enjoy; and record the story of Sybil as a new incentive for the young to be good, and virtuous, and under no difficulties whatever to despair.

ANNE CARLTON.

From the Ladies' Wreath WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MARY J. HARPER.

Truly it has been said, "there is no country where woman has so much freedom and so much influence as in America; no country where she has so perfectly the respect, esteem and confidence of the other sex." If her influence is so great, how important that it should be exerted in favor of virtue and religion, that she may early instil into the youthful mind those lofty principles of truth and justice which distinguish a people. How few recognize that she is silently shaping the destiny of our great nation. When the master intellect of the man dazzles the multitude, how oft the gentle teachings of the mother are forgotten! She who moulded his plastic nature, and planted within his soul the germs of true greatness, rarely receives from the giddy throng of worshippers a tribute of praise. She must fold around her the purr of a virtuous and conscious word, and calmly await a glorious reward from Him who "suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed." When she is regarded as the friend and companion of man, we behold the most perfect accomplishment of her high and holy mission. It is not in the gay hall room or crowded saloon, where, the devotee of fashion she shines a brilliant star, that her beauty, the moral beauty of the soul is exhibited; but by the quiet fireside of home, her lowliness enhanced by the cheerful performance of the sacred duties of wife and mother. Within its hallowed precincts she should find her highest happiness. Before its holy altar she should kneel in adoration, and lift her heart in gratitude to that Being who has bestowed on her the greatest earthly blessing, the love and confidence of man.

Noislessly and meekly must she labor, that her gentle counsels and holy precepts may fall upon the youthful heart like early morning dew. Gently and lovingly must she win the soul of man from worldly care, and cause him to listen to her words of affection. The silvery headed sire has oft leaned upon her sustaining arm, and found in her love and care a refuge from the storms of life; her hand has supported the drooping head, and wiped the death damp from the sufferer's brow; her voice bade him look beyond this vale of tears to a blissful home beyond the skies.

Oh! blessed thought! to woman now is given. The work of leading others home to heaven.

Wherever corroding care or blighting sorrow have entered, she follows, bearing with her the bright winged messenger of hope, or the healing balm for the bitter waters. Who can fathom the depth and purity of woman's love! It shines upon the dark shores of time as the polar star of man's existence—his anchor in the hour of danger, his unfailing support in adversity—for then it is that woman's weakness is made strength. Next to trust in a loving Father "who doeth all things well," man's confidence and hope may rest in woman's faith. How oft has she won the wanderer from the paths leading down to death, and gently led him to bask his soul in the sunshine of eternal peace and joy, and not until the sands of life have all run out, will her labor cease, or her mission be entirely fulfilled.

How great is her influence at the present day. Although no brave and daring Amazon mounts the war steed and rushes to the battle plain, yet she has fought and nobly conquered many of the great moral evils of the day. She goes with the bold pioneer of the west, bearing tidings of "peace on earth, good will toward man." She wends her way to that distant land where the golden dream of centuries is almost realized. The cold snows of the north, or Africa's burning sands deter her not from her purpose. She is found in the remotest regions of the world, a companion of the man of God in his noble and disinterested work.

Expelled from the Church for voting for Buchanan.—The Grand Rapids (Mich.) Inquirer contains a full report of the trial, conviction and expulsion from the church, of Deacon P. G. Stebbins, of the town of Alpine, in that county. He was the first Deacon of the church to which he belonged, the Free-will Baptist, and the charge against him was that he sustained slavery by voting for Buchanan. He was also charged with deception, because when asked if he was going to vote for liberty or slavery, he said liberty. Stebbins admitted the facts charged, but defended himself by saying that the Democratic ticket, which he did vote, supported the most liberal principles of any ticket now in vogue.

Pardon of Horatio Maloney.—We learn that Governor Pollock has pardoned Horatio Maloney, who was convicted, about six months ago, of manslaughter, for the killing of Samuel Manigle, in Locust street, above Eighth, and sentenced to the lowest term, two years imprisonment. Those who best know the circumstances attending the killing of Manigle were of the opinion that it was a wilful murder.

Lady Killed by a Rocket.

In Chicago, on the 4th, a lady, Mrs. Sarah A. Smith, was struck dead by a rocket, which entered the centre of her forehead, and apparently exploded in the cavity of the skull, scattering her brains in all directions. The rocket entered a third story window. The Press says:

The unfortunate woman had just entered the room to meet her husband who was to go to walk with her. Seeing him look out of the window with two other persons, she stepped softly up to the group; just then the explosion took place and the rocket came hissing on its errand of death. The first knowledge that Mr. Smith had that his wife was in the room, was seeing her when he turned lying a ghastly and bleeding corpse upon the floor.

The rocket was of the largest class, and still protruded from the wound. Of course death was instantaneous, and the wife and mother who had so gaily joined her husband not two minutes before, was a lifeless corpse.

The casualty was caused by the careless exposure of fireworks for sale in front of the store of Page & Co. Some smaller fireworks were accidentally ignited, the front windows were broken, a large stock of rockets and Roman candles took fire, and the missiles took all conceivable directions of flight to the imminent peril of all lookers on.

HOME.

"Home, thy joys are passing lovely— Joys no stranger heart can tell."

What charm rests upon the endearing name—my home! consecrated by domestic love, that golden key of human happiness. Without this home would be like a temple stripped of its garlands; there a father welcomes, with fond affection; there a brother's fine sympathies comfort in the hour of distress, and assist in every trial; there a pious mother first taught the infant lips to lip the name of Jesus; and there a loved sister dwells, the companion of early days.

Truly, if there is aught that is lovely here below; it is home—sweet home! It is the oasis in the desert. The passing of our days may be painful; our paths may be checked by sorrow and care; unkindness and frowns may wither the joyousness of the heart, and efface the happy smiles from the brow, and bedew life's way with tears, yet, when memory hovers over the past, there is no place where it delights to linger, as the loved scene of childhood's home! It is the polar star of existence. What charms the mother, by and from her native land in a foreign port or tossed upon the bounding billows, as he paces the deck at midnight alone—what thoughts fill his breast! He is thinking of the loved ones far away at his own happy cottage; in his mind's eye he sees the smiling group seated around the cheerful fireside. In imagination he hears them uniting their voices in singing the sweet songs which he loves. He is anticipating the hour when he shall return to his native land to greet those absent ones so dear to his heart.

The Laugh and Smile of Woman.

A woman has not a natural grace more bewitching than a sweet laugh. It is like the sound of flutes on the water. It leaps from the heart in a clear sparkling rill, and the heart that hears it feels bathed in the cool, exhilarating spring. And so of the smile. A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape. It embellishes an inferior face and red-ens an ugly one. A smile, however, should not become habitual, or incipidity is the result; nor should the mouth break into a smile on one side, the other remaining passive and unmoved, for this imparts an air of deceit and grossness to the face. A disagreeable smile distorts the lines of beauty and is more repulsive than a frown. There are many kinds of smiles, each having a distinctive character; some announce goodness and sweetness, others betray sarcasms, bitterness and pride; some soften the countenance by their languishing tenderness, others brighten it by their brilliant and spiritual vivacity. Waving and pointing before a mirror cannot aid in acquiring beautiful smiles half so well as to turn the gaze inward, to watch the reflection of evil, and is illuminated and beautiful by all sweet thoughts.—Porter's Spirit of the Times.

HONOR THE GOOD.

The true basis of distinction among men is not in position nor possession—it is not in the circumstances of life, but the conduct.

It matters not how enviable a position a man occupies, nor how much wealth he has in store, if there be defects in his behaviour he is not entitled to that consideration and respect, due to one who is his superior in a moral point of view though he possesses neither riches nor honor.

It is not that which gives us place, but conduct which makes the solid distinction. We should think no man above us but for his virtues, and none below us but for his vices.—Entertaining this view we would seek to emulate the good, though it be found under a coarse exterior; and pity the evil, though it be clothed in the finest garb and dwell in luxury. We would never become obsequious in the wrong place.

Call no man low nor vulgar because he tills the soil, or stands before the work bench; for in point of true worth and real manhood he may be much superior to the President of some bank, some eminent broker, or the nabob who dwells in your marble palace.

The virtuous and right-minded sons of toil are Nature's noblemen. They are lovers of good, lovers of truth, lovers of each other, and lovers of God. They were not born to shine; nor to be the recipients of empty honors, but they were born to be men, the heaven of earth and a bulwark.

Caught in a Trap.

It was lately that a strange event occurred in the village of Hampignolles, France. One of the inhabitants had dug a pit for the purpose of catching a wolf, and after covering it, put on the top, to attract the animal a living goose.—Another inhabitant of the village saw from a distance the goose. The obscurity not permitting him to distinguish the trap, he approached and fell to the bottom of it. The pit was eight or ten feet deep and the sides were perpendicular.—Great was his astonishment, and yet greater was his embarrassment, at finding himself in that position; and it was not until after having for some time called for help that he resolved patiently to wait for daylight and meanwhile make himself as comfortable as possible. But hardly had he taken this resolution when he felt a heavy weight fall on his shoulders. This was a wolf, which attracted by the bait, had also been caught by the trap. You can easily imagine the fright of the unfortunate man. At length day broke and to the poor companion of the wolf it seemed time for it to break, for the night had appeared to him terribly long. The owner of the trap came early to see what he had caught, and found his neighbor in the pit. He drew out the unfortunate man more dead than alive, but he was less generous to the wolf, which he killed notwithstanding his exemplary conduct through the night.

Singular Accident—Supposed Murder.

We learn from the Hollidaysburg Standard that the car inspector, while performing his duty on the arrival of the fast line west, at Altoona, on last Saturday night, noticed a piece of maulin and a quantity of blood upon the engine and cars, which led him to suppose that some one had been run over by the train. A party immediately proceeded down the road on an engine, and after running about a mile and a half, discovered a pair of shoes and a coat, and immediately afterward the head of a man lying near the track, retracing their steps, the headless body was found under a bridge. The body was conveyed to Altoona immediately, and on Sunday morning Coroner Pugh summoned a jury, and an inquest was held. The jury returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death on the Pennsylvania railroad, by being run over by the fast passenger train westward, having been lying on the track from some cause unknown to the jury. The body of the unfortunate man was identified as that of Malvern Roehl, of Elizabeth Furnace, Blair County.

It is the belief of the majority of the citizens of Altoona that the man was murdered, and then laid upon the track to ward off suspicion of foul play. The grounds for this belief are that there was no evidence of intoxication; that there was wounds upon the body which might have been made with a pistol ball or knife; that the affair happened in the vicinity of a house of bad repute; and the affirmation of a man that he had walked over the spot a few minutes before the train passed, and saw nothing of the body. The citizens have commenced an investigation of the matter.

STORM AND FRESHET AT ALBANY.—A despatch from Albany this morning the storm and freshet which visited that city on Saturday;

"A little before noon one of the most terrific rain, hail, thunder-and-lightning storms ever experienced here visited us. State street and all the parallel streets leading to the river were flooded. State street looked like the rapids of Niagara. The torrent tore up paving-stones, and carried away boxes and barrels, whirling them towards the Hudson like so many straws. The storm lasted three quarters of an hour, entirely suspending business and travel. The stores and cellars on Beaver and State Streets, Maiden lane, Broadway, &c., are flooded, and an immense amount of damage has been done. Treadwell's iron foundry on Beaver street suffered considerably. There has been a great flood in the neighborhood of Cuba. There are two bad breaks on the Genesee Valley Canal.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In view of the pending gubernatorial canvass in Pennsylvania, the Democratic Central committee of the State have just issued an address, in which the issues made by the black-republicans are met and discussed with marked ability. We make room for the following extracts:

"A desperate attempt was made last year to carry the Presidential election upon a Kansas agitation, in which the same class of actors appeared that did in the Missouri agitation of 1820—men ready to risk the Union for any chance of establishing their party, and wriggling themselves to the head of it." But a just judgment was pronounced upon these people and their project in the election of Mr. Buchanan, and they will soon be obliged to select some other topic upon which to disturb the public tranquility, and struggle for the attainment of power. Their spasmodic attempts to keep up excitement without any practical or useful object in view, but simply that they may thrive upon discord and passion, are even now receiving by the public with a feeling bordering very nearly upon contempt.

"The American people are practical and sagacious. They will require some practical good to appear in any movement to which they are invited; and when due time has elapsed for reflection, they will try parties and party measures by the standard of principle and not of professions. The Wilmet-Proviso was utterly extinguished by Webster on the 7th of March, 1850, in the demonstration of its utility, and was therefore delivered over to history as an imposture; and approval of the Kansas-Nebraska act of 1854 has been growing more and

more general in its conformity to sound principles has been examined and established. That unnecessary things shall not be done, and that the citizens of each political division of the county shall determine their local institutions, are, in fact, propositions so reasonable and just that it is surprising they should ever have been questioned.

Singular Accident.

The Harrisburg Telegraph says that on Wednesday night last a Canal boatman, named Tomach, a resident of Loyalsock, Pa., while lying asleep on the deck of his boat, came into a collision with a bridge near Highspire, which struck him on the back part of the head, and knocked therefrom the parietal bone, which was found shortly after as free from extraneous substance as if it had been extracted by the hands of a demonstrator of anatomy. The wounded man of course, was instantly aroused by the concussion, and what is most remarkable rose to his feet perfectly unconscious of the extent of the injuries he had received by the collision. The slight pain in the back of his head gave him no trouble whatever, and it was only after he had dressed himself, and one of his comrades had found the bone on deck, that he was made aware of the unfortunate mutilation of his skull. After this discovery the wounded man was taken to Highspire, when Dr. Rutherford, of our city, was summoned, who, after washing the man's brain and replacing it, and arranging the splinters of the subject parts of the skull in a proper manner, informed him that that was all he could do for him. With this, the wounded man departed, in a perfectly rational state, to his home at Loyalsock. We doubt if the experience of any member of the medical profession can show a similar case to the above.

HAILSTORM AT RICHMOND.—Struck by lightning.—During the heavy shower of rain yesterday afternoon, a large quantity of hail fell, some of them the size of Sparrow's eggs. So sudden and severe was the pelting storm, that several horses attached to vehicles, attempted to run off, and one attached to Mr. Charles Phillips' barouche, did get away and broke the shafts. While a negro girl in the service of Mr. John Hillard, corner of Adams and Clay streets, was in the yard cleaning knives, she was struck by lightning and instantly killed.—The peal of thunder which followed was a terrific one, causing the windows of the houses in the neighborhood to rattle as if jarred by an earthquake. The girl was a valuable one, and belonged to Mr. George, of whom Mr. Hillard hired her.—Richmond Dispatch, 23d.

AN INCIDENT AT A FIRE.—The Memphis News gives the following incident at a recent fire in that city:

Several warehouses destroyed were filled with whiskey. As soon as the two banks caught fire there was a stream of whiskey, brandy, ale, rum, and gin that commenced flowing down the broad gutters toward Main street. The liquid current caught fire. The blue lambent flames floated down the broad thoroughfares of our city, and were fanned for nearly a mile by the fresh breezes from the Southwest. We saw a negro endeavoring to extinguish the fire that he might get a drink.—He brushed the floating fires up the stream and dipped into it his dense nose and flat lips; the dam above gave away, and there came a flood of alcohol, the negro was overwhelmed, his head took fire, and the last we saw of him he was travelling at railroad speed, like a torch light procession, down Jefferson street.

Are Negroes Citizens?

On the 18th of December, 1851, Mr. Clay introduced a resolution in the United States Senate, in regard to the Anthony Burns fugitive case in Boston, where a mob of negroes sought to prevent the execution of the law. He is thus reported in the Congressional Globe,—"But, sir," said Mr. Clay, "this is not all.—By our own race? No, sir, by negroes; by African descendants; by people who possess no part, as I contend, in our political system; and the question which arises is, whether we shall have law; and whether the majesty of the Government shall be maintained or not; whether we shall have a government of white or black men in the cities of this country."

Now, if "African descendants" have no part in our political system, how can they be citizens of the United States? Mr. Clay was not attacked for expressing such opinions, for at the time they were uttered, nobody but a few ultras doubted their judicial and constitutional correctness.

MOSQUITOES IN FLORIDA.—The Key West correspondent of the Charleston Mercury, in his letter of the 10th inst., speaking of mosquitoes, which, since the late heavy rains have become very troublesome on the Key, says:

In the everglades these pests of southern life are frightfully abundant. At Fort Dallas they are so plentiful that both officers and men have the guard on duty pass their whole time under bars. The sentry is provided with a mosquito veil or rather bag, thrown over the head, and kept out from the face by a hoop; woolen clothes, boots and gauntlets by gloves protect the limbs and body from their murderous attacks. Persons who have not experienced this beauty of southern life will scarcely believe that horses and cattle are actually bled to death in a single night; and woe be to that soldier or seaman who, by means of liquor, loses command of himself—add falls to the ground, helpless and unprotected—these insatiable vampires will fasten their fangs upon him, and draw from his besotted body what turbid blood remains.

ALIVE IN THE COFFIN.—A remarkable case of improper haste in burying the dead has occurred in Hamilton county, Ohio, where Wat

Eckman, said to be a wealthy man, was taken violently ill on the morning of the 15th, and died, apparently, on the afternoon of the same day. The next morning the body was coffined and jolled in a market wagon to a church where a funeral service was preached. The choir was not singing the last hymn, when they were interrupted by sounds and kicks on the inside of the coffin. Great consternation prevailed among the congregation, and a stampede was made for the door. The clergyman came down from his pulpit, ordered the coffin to be opened, when it was found that the supposed deceased was not only alive and kicking, but was struggling manfully to free himself from his confinement. The blood was flowing freely from his mouth and nose, but in a few minutes he was able to speak. At the last accounts he was able to walk about his room.

TAKING OUT AN EYE TO MEND IT.—The Leipsic Journal of Science, Literature and Art, publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. GRAEFF in diseases of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument, examines minutely the interior, takes it out and performs any necessary surgical operation, and replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision. A young girl had long been afflicted with the most excruciating pain in the left eye, the cause of which the most learned could not understand. Dr. Graeff found in the centre of the ball a little worm which he removed, and restored the poor creature immediately to health and perfect sight.

DEATH OF THE WIFE OF SENATOR FESSENDEN.—The Portland (Maine) Argus of July 24 says: We regret to announce this morning the death of the wife of Hon. W. P. Fessenden, one of our senators in Congress. This and occurrence took place at the Glen House, among the White mountains, about 2 o'clock yesterday morning Mr. Fessenden was awakened by a remark of his wife that she felt very fatigued. In a few moments Mr. F. spoke to her, but obtaining no answer, he felt her pulse and found no sensation; she was dead. Although Mrs. Fessenden has been in feeble health for some time past, death came at an unexpected moment, and she was called suddenly away. Mrs. Fessenden was the youngest daughter of the late James Deering, Esq., of Westbrook.

THE CINCINNATI TRAGEDY.—Loefner, who killed his wife in Cincinnati, and afterwards murdered Mr. Horton, and then cut his own throat and wrists, is still living and likely to recover. He still persists, the Cincinnati Commercial says, through the medium of a pencil and slate, in the statement which he made on the afternoon of the murder, insisting that he had discovered Mr. Horton and his wife in a criminal act, and so far from feeling repentance for what he has done he glories in his revenge, and professes that he would pursue the same action were he again placed in like circumstances. Previous to killing his wife, he had an altercation with her in the course of which she struck him with the blade of a knife across the nose, and there is a slight cut which would appear to endorse this part of the story. He then, according to his own statement, forced her to swallow poison after which he strangled her with a handkerchief. He appears to gloat with savage delight in the reminiscences of his crimes, and while giving his pencilled detail a fiendish grin illumines his saturnine countenance. He has a nervous, bilious temperament, a dark, swarthy complexion, more resembling that of a Spaniard than a German, and a powerful, well-developed frame.

THE MURDER OF MR. BABBITT.—The New York Herald of Saturday says: "Mrs. Julia Ann Babbitt sends us a communication full of melancholy interest, containing the results of an inquiry lately made by her relative to the circumstances attending the murder of her husband. The letter is dated at Crescent City, Iowa, at which place Mrs. Babbitt had arrived after a fatiguing and perilous journey from Salt Lake City to Independence, and thence to Fort Laramie, Fort Kearney, and Ellsdsale Iowa. At the three first named places Mrs. Babbitt had communications from travellers, French traders, friendly Indians, and the United States officers commanding the forts. Their joint testimony shows that Mr. Babbitt, in company with Messrs. Rowland and Sutherland, started from Fort Kearney for Fort Laramie about the 6th of September last, and that they were murdered and robbed by a party of Cheyenne Indians. Some of Mr. Babbitt's jewelry & other valuables have been seen since with the savages. Mrs. Babbitt fully acquits any white man of a participation in her husband's death, and repudiates the idea that he was murdered by the Mormons."

DISASTROUSLY AVERTED.—On Wednesday of last week, a farmer living on the line of the Indianapolis and Cincinnati road, above Greensburg, saw a tree fall across the track, and knew that within fifteen minutes the express train would sweep over it from behind a curve that shut the obstruction from sight until it would hold up. What should he do? His voice would not reach—he could make no sound heard above the roar and clang of the machinery. He knew that red was always the sign of danger, and ran to the house for red cloth, but there wasn't a scrap of red to be found, until his wife tore off her red flannel petticoat, with which her husband got beyond the curve in time to wave before the startled engineer, and save—God knows how many lives.

A FAMINE IN CHINA.—The Friend of China, of the 9th of May; received by the last Overland Mail, says that the famine prevailing in that country, exceeds all that the oldest living men ever witnessed. The rebels are making progress the capital of the province of Kwang-Si, Kwei-Lung, having fallen into their hands. In the province of Kwangtung, the famine is so severe that even the women are forming themselves into bands of robbers, have seized the sword and gone forth plundering in order to obtain sustenance.