The Altoona Tribune.

ALTOONA, PA.

THURSDAY, MAY 27, 1858.

☞ Where parties are unknown to us, our rule for advertising is to require payment in advance, or a guarantee from known persons. It is therefore useless for all such to send us advertisements offering to pay at the end of three or six months. Where advertisements are accompanied with the money, whether one, five or ten dollars, we will give the advertiser the full benefit of cash rates.

☞ Our thanks are due Hon. Anson Burlingame, Wm. F. Bigler, and others, for valuable public documents.

Death of Gen. P. F. Smith.

This distinguished American General, whose untimely demise, at Fort Leavenworth, was announced by telegraph last week, has been in failing health for some years. He spent the greater part of last summer at the Logan House, in this place, in the hope that the pure mountain air and and a removal from the exciting scenes of city life would restore him to health again. Nor were his hopes entirely vain. When he took his departure, late in the season, he appeared much recuperated both in spirits and health. At the time of his death he was Commander-in-Chief of the Utah forces, and was preparing to march from Fort Leavenworth.

Gen Smith was born in Philadelphia in 1798. He was a graduate of Princeton College, and was versed in the law, which he practised in New Orleans up to 1836, when he volunteered his services in the Florida war. He here exhibited such unmistakable military talent that, at the instance of Gen. Taylor, he was raised to the command of a regiment of mounted riflemen at the commencement of the Mexican war. For services at the battle of Monterey, he was breveted Brigadier General. At Contreras, Chepultepec, and other actions, General Smith much distinguished himself, being noted chiefly for cool courage and readiness.

The death of Gen. Smith was not unexpected at Washington. The War Department endeavored to dissuade him from claiming the command, on account of his feeble health, and only desisted when he urged professional consideration which could not be disregarded.

J. Edgar Thompson, President of the Pa. R. R. Co., and the President of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, & Chicago R. R. have tendered to the friends of Gen. Smith, the free use of their roads and cars, properly arranged, to convey to Philadelphia the remains of the deceased, and such persons as may accompany the same.

The remains of Gen. Smith were expected to arrive in Pittsburg yesterday and to be forwarded to Philadelphia by the Express Train this morning.

The Mormons.

Recent despatches from the Valley of Salt Lake, announce that the Mormons are preparing to vacate the Valley with the intention of taking refuge in the White Mountains, and that Col. Cummings, the new Governor of Utah, had been invited into Salt Lake City. That this is true we have no reason to doubt. Brigham Young has discovered ere this that he cannot successfully resist the United States troops on the open plains of the Valley, and he now desires, by convincing a disposition to lay down arms and leave the country, to secure a position among the mountains where he can protract the struggle and continue to harrass those who may be disposed to settle in the Valley. With an indictment for treason suspended over him, it is not likely that Brigham will submit peacably. And it is not to be desired that he should. It has already cost the goverment an enormous sight of money to equip and send forces to that Valley, for the express purpose of driving out or bringing into subjection the band of outlaws who were quartered there, and we think this is no time to treat with the authors of the rebellion. They should be brought to punishment at any cost. If they are permitted to take up their abode in the White Mountains it will require a standing army in Utah to hold them in check and protect those who emigrate thither, from the States. The character of the Mormons is too well known to admit of the supposition that they would live on amicable terms with civilized people. The President is believed to be in favor of bringing the rebels to punishment at any cost, and to have communicated his determination to Brigham, through Col. Kane. We hope to hear something more definite from that country ere long.

Henry William Herbert.

This gentleman, better known as a writer for "Porter's Spirit of the Times," under the *nome de plume* of "Frank Forrester," committed suicide at his room in the Stevens' House, Broadway, New York, one day last week, by shooting himself in the breast. He was an Englishman by birth, and a gentleman of fine education and rare literary acquirements, and his writings have earned for him an enviable fame. He was the author of a number of works on horses, dogs, fishes, and all kinds of sporting. The New York *Commercial* gives the following account of the cause and circumstances of his death:—

"He had, it appears, for some weeks been very depressed in spirits, owing to his separation from his wife, to whom he had but a short time been married. What caused the separation is not known, farther than that some woman had made mischief between them, as is alleged in a letter from the deceased.

"Yesterday Mr. Herbert, sent for his friend, Mr. Anthon, and requested him to remain with him as long as possible, as he was lonely and depressed. He told Mr. Anthon that he intended to commit suicide, and had the matter all arranged. He first thought of committing the act over the grave of his first wife, in the cemetery at Newark, but altered his intention in that respect.

"Mr. Anthon remained with him, sitting up with him till 2 P. M., trying to prevail upon him not to commit the rash act, but he seemed determined. While they were in Mr. Herbert's parlor, together, at the above mentioned hour, Mr. Herbert retired (apparently for a moment) to the bed room adjoining, when Mr. Anthon heard the discharge of a pistol.

"In another moment Mr Herbert came reeling out of the room, exclaiming, 'I told you I would do it,' and fell upon the floor. The charge having entered his breast and passed through his lungs, he died in a few minutes of hemorrhage. He left letters addressed to the press, to the Coroner, and to Mr. Anthon."

Editorial Life.

There is so much truth in the following, from the pen of Capt. Maryatt, that we must be allowed to quote it. But few readers ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor, especially if he makes any pretentions towards keeping up with the times, and who feels his responsibility. The Captain says:

"I know how a periodical will bear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing: the labor is not manifest; nor is it in the labor, it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected and printed, than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus, an endless repetition of toil, and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, demanding all the exertions of your faculties, at the same time that you are compelled to the severest drudgery. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

This is true to the letter, and the experience of every man who has ever had anything to do with newspapers will fully substantiate it. Let any one who desires to test the truth of these remarks, take a bundle of papers and sit down to select and write articles for a newspaper. One trial, we think, will be sufficient to convince them of the responsibility of the task. And yet, if an editor does not tell his readers all that everybody else says and does, and a good deal more, he is considered a "poor excuse."

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JUNE.—This excellent publication which has won its way so rapidly into public favor, and may justly be styled the best periodical in the Union, is already on our table. It contains no love-sick noveletts, and may, therefore, be unpopular with that class of readers, but it is filled with the best articles from the pens of the ablest men in the country—Historians and Statesmen—and is consequently popular with those who desire substantial and instructive reading. "The Catacombs of Rome," and "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," which have run through several numbers, and are still continued, are alone worth the subscription price. Price $3 per annum. Philip, Sampson & Co., Boston.

FIENDISH MURDER.—The Sandusky *Register* of this morning, 20th, is furnished with the following account of a murder perpetrated in Townsend. The account says:

"It seems that James James, a cousin of Isaac June, harbored an old grudge against the latter, and having prepared himself for revenge by constructing an infernal machine with powder and some other material, and arming himself with a revolver and knife, called at June's house Tuesday morning, at an early hour, saying as he came in, 'June, I am in time to take breakfast with you.' He was invited to do so, and sat down to the table as coolly as if on a friendly visit. After the meal was done, and June's workmen had left, he rose and locked the door, putting the key in his pocket, and drawing his revolver, said, 'June, *I have come here to commit a murder*, and am going to do it.' As he said this he presented and snapped his revolver, which missed fire. June then seized him, and a tremendous scuffle ensued between June, aided by his wife, and the miscreant; the latter by this time cutting right and left with a sharp knife. Mrs. J., perceiving that her husband was being cut piece-meal, quit her hold, burst through the pannel of the door and shouted 'murder.' On the arrival of the neighbors aroused by her cries, it was found that the murderer had succeeded in disembowling June, who died in a few hours."

☞ The news from Illinois and Indiana is, that those States are pretty much drowned out. The prairies are full of water. The constant and heavy rains have beaten down the grain, and rendered corn planting impossible. Ohio is little better off.

☞ In a communication to the Legislature of California, Gov. Weller stated that 25,000 dead letters were destroyed every quarter at San Francisco. The Governor's brother is Postmaster at that place.

Letter from Blairsville.

BLAIRSVILLE, Pa., May 22, 1858.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—To me it seems a long time since I last wrote to you, although but two weeks have elapsed. It may seem to be but a short time, nevertheless, when we consider the many changes that have taken place, we must necessarily come to the conclusion that we can not measure everything by days and nights.

Since writing to you, I have paid a somewhat abrupt visit to Blair county, and its political excitement is still haunting me. Whilst there I met some highly valued friends, and I may be excused for saying that I found no change in them. This I am aware can not always be said, for there seems to be implanted in humanity an everlasting changeableness, and the exceptions to the rule must only find application to those who are indeed "true and tried."

I visited my old home at Springfield Furnace, where I was met with smiles and welcomes that cheered my heart. What associations thronged my mind and clustered around my heart when I passed the old school-house, it would be vain to endeavor to tell. But they are gone, gone to join the millions that have gone before.

Martinsburg was the town I sought, and without an apology for your town, or any other, it is the most pleasant town in Blair county.—Do you say that its streets are not elegantly paved—that its architecture is not grand? You will remember they do not enter pleasure as ingredients. In the hearts and not the houses do we look for that small portion of Heaven that infinite goodness allows to linger upon earth.

On Monday, 24th inst., an event will take place, which, in importance, far exceeds all the political conventions you may get up, and be of a thousand times more benefit than all the "shrieks" that were ever uttered for "bleeding Kansas." I refer to the opening of the "Normal School." Great praise is due to Superintendent Dean for his efforts to get up this school. During the past eight or nine months, his energies have been directed to the accomplishment of this object, and it depends upon the teachers of Blair county to say whether his labor shall have been spent in vain. Let those who croak about the uselessness of the County Superintendent, and the *salary* he gets, look upon the increased value of the public schools under his care, and the amount of labor he has bestowed upon them, and then forever hold their peace. I swing my hat three times three for the County Superintendency and Superintendent Dean.

Having a little extra time on Monday, I visited, in company with Mr. Dean, the schools of Professor Miller, (formerly of Williamsburg,) Messrs. Fendal and Mitchell and Miss Hoover. The first is the "High School" of Hollidaysburg, and is under the care of the *best teacher in the country*. The schools were all in a prosperous condition, and the teachers certainly well qualified for their offices. Success attend them.

In Altoona I visited Mr. Ewing's "Select School," and although I remained but a short time, I formed an exalted opinion of that gentleman. Next I visited the school taught by my old friend, Miss Kate Gwinn. Kate understands her business and knows how to attend to it. Go and see how obedient her pupils are, and how much they love her. This will speak better for her than I can. And what do you think I should do next? why nothing else than stumble in upon "Stans," whom I found surrounded by a family (not his own) of scholars, and I believe that he is doing his duty. I also had the pleasure of meeting my late antagonist, "Mac." May his pathway be strewn with flowers.

I see you still have some thieving in your town. The attacks are certainly very bold. Should the villains ever be found out, no punishment would be too severe.

In my wanderings I have crossed and recrossed the great (?) North-Western Railroad, and as often as I see it I cannot resist the thought that the management of it has been one of the most unscrupulous systems of fraud and violation of confidence, ever known in Pennsylvania. The people of this section feel that they have been, in a great measure, robbed of their substance. And I do not wonder at it. I have learned that the Directors who live in this place have become so disgusted with the meanness and subterfuges of those in the east, that they can not meet with them with the least degree of satisfaction. It is probable that the people of Philadelphia would like to hear from their $700,000 worth of N. W. R R–ism. From the general feeling hereabouts, I am inclined to think that some of those who have been interested in the management of this road would do well not to make themselves acquainted through Western Pennsylvania.

On Wednesday last a colored woman committed suicide at this place, by tumbling herself into the Conemaugh River. Cause, I believe, is unknown.

The military of this place are making extensive preparations for the entertainment of their visitors at the encampment. I would like to see the Logan Rifles and the Altoona Guards in attendance. They would certainly have a good time. The people of this place are generous, clever and sociable, and always endeavor to render strangers comfortable.

But I suppose I had better whistle "down brakes" for the present. I will therefore close by expressing my regret that Mr. Allison has bid farewell to the "Tribune." I wish him God-speed in his new life. May our new friend, Mr. Dern, find in Altoona a happy home, and in the patrons of the "Tribune" staunch friends.

ALPHA.

PRISON POETRY.—Lines inscribed on the walls of a cell in Newgate, in 1821, by the much lamented John Vartie, a short time prior to his execution, for what the English laws deemed a capital offence, viz.: "Forgery." Much effort was used to save him—but of no avail. He was a fine, young and educated man:

"Thou guilty wretch whom justice calls,
To breathe within these dreary walls,
Know guilty man this very cell,
May be to thee the porch of hell;
Thy crime confessed, by God forgiven,
Mysterious change—it leads to heaven."

Here is a change. In another cell an unconquerable scamp wrote as follows:

He as prigg what isn't his'n,
When he is catch'd he's sent to pris'n.

PEN AND SCISSORS.

☞ Terrific—the late storms in the West.

☞ Good—Mrs. Haines & Costley's ice cream.

☞ The "Pennsylvania House," at Patterson, on the P. R. R. is offered for sale.

☞ On a *strike*—the shoemakers, in Cincinnati. Won't the pegs catch it now?

☞ Why is a dandy like a venison-stake? Because he's a bit of a buck.

☞ An excellent paper—"Porter's Spirit of the Times."

☞ Very general—Accounts of robberies in different parts of the country.

☞ Cabbage—a plant that is very popular among tailors with large families.

☞ The Legislature of Oregon, at its last session, divorced sixty couple.

☞ The man who courted an investigation says it isn't half so good as an affectionate girl.

☞ Books have been opened to receive subscription to the stock of the Bedford Railroad.

☞ The boom, at Lock Haven, was cut a few nights since, and about 7,000 logs let out.

☞ Books speak to our minds, friends to our hearts, heaven to our souls, and all else to our ears.

☞ An impostor with a false wooden leg is taking the rounds of the interior towns in this State. Look out for him.

☞ The bar of Leavenworth, Kansas, now numbers over 100 members, and it is said to possess much legal talent.

☞ The *Whig* announces Maj. J. D. Leet, as a candidate for nomination, by the Democratic party, for Congress.

☞ Sure as shooting—the defeat of the American and Republican tickets, without a union.

☞ Where twenty persons have stomachs but one has brains; hence, brewers grow rich, while printers remain poor.

☞ Numerous—appeals from publishers of country newspapers to delinquent subscribers. Ours receive none.

☞ Col. T. C. MacDowell of Hollidaysburg it is thought will be elected President of the Central Bank.

☞ The State Canals were formerly transferred to the Sunbury & Erie Railroad, on the 19th inst., by Gov. Packer.

☞ William Williams, convicted of the murder of Daniel Hendricks, was executed at Harrisburg on the 21st inst.

☞ Mr. Albert Smith once wrote in a hotel visitor's book, his initials "A. S." Some wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

☞ A person looking at some skeletons the other day, asked a young doctor present where he got them. "We *raised* them," was the reply.

☞ Mr. Green, son of Gen. T. J. Green, late of Texas, recently married Miss Eilery, daughter of Mr. G's lady by the former husband. Her wealth is estimated at $10,000,000.

☞ Lemuel Todd, Chairman of the Union State Committee, has issued a call for a State convention, to be held at Harrisburg, on the 8th of July.

☞ Cross—A Hollidaysburg chap at Mabie & Crosby's Circus for not exhibiting in that "one horse" town, and because the agent didn't give him a free ticket.

☞ A young man in New York advertised for a wife. In less than two hours, we are told, eighteen married men sent in word that he might have theirs.

☞ Waked up the Mifflin folks—The Lewistown *Democrat's* report that the P. R. R. Co. intend removing their machine shops from Patterson to Lewistown.

☞ The letting of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad from Williamsport to Farrandsville, will take place in Lock Haven, on the second of June.

☞ It is currently reported in literary circles that Cæsar, when asked by Brutus how many eggs he had eaten at breakfast, answered, "*Et tu; Brute.*"

☞ Michael Tracy, a conductor on one of the through freight trains from Patterson to Columbia, had his hand badly crushed a few days since, while engaged in coupling his train.

☞ Judge Taylor gave notice at the last court that he would hereafter fine all witnesses who were not present when their names were called.

☞ "Do you know who I am?" said a police officer to a fellow whom he seized by the throat. "Not exactly, sir, but I reckon you are the *malignant collarer!*"

☞ Rev. Theodore Parker said in a recent sermon that you couldn't transport a lady or a barrel of flour from New York to Boston without springing a hoop.

☞ "Is your master at home?" "No Sir, he's out." "Is your mistress at home?" "No Sir, she's out." "Then I'll step in and sit down by the fire." "That's out too Sir."

☞ A dutchman being called upon for a toast, said, "Here ish to the heroes who fit, pleed and died at the battle of Punker Hill—of whom I am one." Drank standing.

☞ We learn from the Carlisle *Democrat* of last week that Mr. John Allen, of North Middleton township, in that county, has a field of Clover out in "*full bloom.*"

☞ Use for a Devil.—As a sailor saw a lot of policy and lottery-office holders going to prison he was heard to remark: "If the devil don't catch them fellows, we might as well have no devil."

☞ At Mantilla, township of Mariposa, N. Y., lives an animal named John Keith. The creature a few weeks since, ate, swallowed, or devoured, seven dozen and four raw eggs, shell and all, in less than 24 hours.

☞ An exchange has discovered that Scottische is a corruption of the words "Scotch itch," and that the famous dance owes its name to a person afflicted with the plague aforesaid. Awful!

☞ Wm. M. Beeten, Esq., who has occupied for several years, the position of Cashier of the Carlisle Deposit Bank, in consequence of ill health, has resigned his situation in that institution. Mr. N. C. Musselman has been elected to fill his place.

☞ We are pleased to learn that a splendid silver tea service is about to be presented to the estimable lady of our old friend and first instructor in the "art preservative of all arts," Col. A. K. McClure, as a tribute to him for his services in effecting the sale of the Public Works.

☞ We notice that the trustees of the Agricultural Society of Hillsborough county, N. H., have placed on the committee on darning and *patching*, John H. *Patch*, Joseph *Patch*, Timothy *Patch*, and Edward *Patch*, all of different towns. If this isn't a *patched* up Committee, we should like to see one.

☞ She ought to be ashamed.—In a recent description of a new counterfeit, an exchange paper says that, on "the right end is a female with a *rake*." We don't dispute the fact, but really consider the female lost to shame, to appear in public with such a disreputable character

☞ Rumored—that Mr. Rarey, the American horse tamer, uses a file of Congressional speeches to subdue the refractory animals put under his charge. After reading about a quarter of an hour the quadruped gives in, promises an entire amendment of morals and manners if he will only stop.

Terrific Storm at the West.

The gale of Thursday evening was, in some portions of the State, of unprecedented violence. It covered a large extent of territory, and everywhere its track is marked with painful damage to property, and, perhaps, as further intelligence will show, loss of life. It seems to have crossed the Mississippi near Oquawka, and to have extended eastward, at least as far as McLean county, were we hear of some of its disastrous effects. In the west there was much hail accompanying the wind, and everywhere a great fall of rain. We hear that at Lexington, on the line of the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Road, the storm was terrific. In a letter below we are told of its freaks with the up-train, and an informant at our elbow says that nearly every house in the village was unroofed or blown down. The air was loaded with the wreck which was made; the heavens were black with clouds which were pouring out destruction, and more than one who was there felt that the end of all things was at hand. If Lexington has escaped without great loss of life, the fact is most wonderful of all.

We learn from a passenger on the train from St. Louis, that great damage was done by the tornado at the junction of the Peoria and Oquawka roads with the St. Louis, Alton and Chicago Railroads. Both station houses were unroofed, five or six empty freight cars were blown from the track, dwelling houses were unroofed, moved bodily twenty or thirty feet, or entirely demolished, and yet, amid all this wide spread disaster, he could learn of no one severely injured.

From one of our citizens, who was in Peoria at the time, we learn the following particulars of the ravages of the great storm at that place. The hurricane struck the city at about five o'clock in the evening. In the twinkling of an eye, fifteen or twenty houses were unroofed, every church spire in the city blown down, three canal boats loaded with lumber sunk, and the steamer Olin, with twenty-one passengers on board, made a complete wreck, her cabin being blown entirely away. And what seems really miraculous, is the fact that but one life was lost in all this furious disorganization of matter and utter demolition of structures. It is said that a little child was lost from off the wrecked steamer. The lumber in the yards was blown all over the city, the gas lamps were all blown down, and the signs were sent flying in every direction; windows and gable ends were smashed in, whole trains of cars were blown off the track, and the beautiful college building upon the bluff utterly demolished. Our informant was obliged to take refuge in the Court House Square, to avoid the general destruction which threated the city, and to escape the flying signs, boards, boxes, and other missiles with which the air was filled.

The storm was severe along the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. At Galesburg it was terrible. The engine house of the Railroad Company and two churches just completed, were blown down, and a number of dwelling houses were unroofed. Three cars standing on the track were blown off and turned upside down. The amount of the damage at Galesburgh is estimated at $40,000. No lives lost.

The steam mills were ruined at Oquawka and ten houses unroofed, besides other damage done. Damages estimated at from $10,000 to $15,000. So far as ascertained, no lives were lost.

At Galva a large two story dwelling house was rendered a complete ruin; a portion of Mr. Babcock's dwelling was also blown down. Nearly all the out-houses in the village were upset. The wind carried large boxes, lumber, barrels, &c., into the air, as if they were paper. A large church was moved from its foundation about a foot. The storm raged hardest between six and seven o'clock.

At Mendora the storm was also furious, and when in progress the railroad engine house caught fire and was consumed, together with the locomotive Rocket.—*Chicago Tribune.*

TWO MILLIONS OF TONS OF SILVER.—The ocean holds dissolved two millions of tons of silver. To three French chemists the discovery is due. They took two gallons of water from the coast of St. Mary, a few leagues from land, and analyzed it in two ways. A portion of the water they acted upon by the usual test for silver, and the presence of the precious metal was clearly ascertained. The remainder of the water they evaporated, and the salt they obtained they boiled with lead. This gave them a button of impure lead, which they subjected to what is termed cupellation. This grand word denotes a very simple process. The button is placed in a tiny saucer made of lime, and is submitted to a heat sufficient to melt lead, but not high enough to affect the silver, should any be present. The lead soon begins to melt, and as it melts it is sucked up by the porous saucer, or cupel; grows smaller and smaller until no lead remains, and in its place is a little speck, far brighter than the boiling lead. The cupel is then taken off the fire, and as it cools, the red hot spark cools too, and you have a homœopathic globule of silver, very much like one of those small pills that druggists delude smokers into buying to take away the smell of the tobacco. The operation is very simple, and is the ordinary mode of procuring silver from the ore. Analyses are being made in this way every day at the mint. When the presence of silver is doubtful, the work is most exciting. An English ore was so tested the other day, and sure enough, after a few minutes watching, shone forth a bright speck about the size of a pin's head. The ore proved a rich one, and we shall most likely soon hear more of it.—*Leisure Hours.*

SOMEBODY'S DEAD.—There's crape on the door; somebody's dead. Yes, within his fallen another chip from the block of humanity, and the axe-man, Death, is swinging his weapon for another blow. There, the bell is tolling somebody's dead, slow rolls the sounds, and how they resound, reaching clear into the heart of the thoughtful! The coffin maker is fixing a coffin; somebody's dead. The beautifully polished box must soon moulder and rot; the worms will crawl over it, worms, the only witnesses of mortality drooping away, departing from shape and substance. There goes the hearse; somebody's dead. Ah, that's the last ride and the passenger will not come back, the stay away is eternal. Somebody's dead all the time; mankind are dying; and earth is our producer and consumer, and will tie no crape upon the door, and no black in mourning for our loss. While we are dying, she smiles, and laughs, and dances forward in her perpetual joy.

☞ An old lady residing at Concord, Ohio, by the name of Guthrie, came to her death, some ten days ago, from eating leaves of the pie plant for "greens." A physician was called in, but was unable to counteract the effects of the poison. She died in a few hours after partaking of the greens. Who can explain why it is that the leaves of the rhubarb are poisonous, and produce death, when eaten, while the stems of them are nutritious and harmless?

☞ The Hightstown, N. J. *Excelsior* gives an account of a curious freak of nature, in the shape of a log containing three different kinds of wood—white oak, maple and hickory—all grown together in the most perfect manner.—The outside of the log had the appearance of white oak, and only after cutting off the end could the strange amalgamation be discovered.

A Tale of Terror.

A very singular and rather a marvelous story has recently appeared in a Vienna journal. It appears that as a farmer of Orsinovi near that city, was lately returning home from market, he stopped at a roadside public house, and imprudently showed the inn-keeper a large sum which he had received. In the night the inn-keeper, armed with a poignard, stole into the farmer's chamber and prepared to stab him, but the farmer, who from the man's manner at supper, conceived suspicions of foul play, had thrown himself on the bed fully dressed, without going to sleep, and being a powerful man, he wrested the poignard from the other, and using it against him, laid him dead at his feet. A few moments after he heard stones thrown at the window, and a voice, which he recognized as the innkeeper's son said, "The grave is ready! This proved to him that the father and son had planned his murder, and to avoid detection, had intended burying the dead body at once. He thereupon wrapped the body in the sheet and let it down from a window, he then ran to the gendarmerie and stated what had occurred. Three gendarmies immediately accompanied him to the house, and found the young man busily engaged in shovelling earth in to the grave. "What are you burying?" said they. "Only a horse which has just died." "You are mistaken," replied one of them, jumping into the grave, and raising the corpse. "Look!" and he held up a lantern to the face of the deceased. "Good God!" cried the young man, thunderstruck. "It is my father!" He was then arrested, and at once confessed all.

INCENDIARY CLOCK.—The Akron (Ohio) Beacon gives the following description of an infernal machine found in a warehouse in that village, on removing a stock of implements. A large box was discovered, which from its size and appearance excited the suspicion of the finder, and he plunged it into the canal before opening it. The box was found to contain the running works of a brass clock, so adjusted and fixed that a revolution of the stem would draw a bunch of friction matches, connected with a train of tissue paper and fine shavings, over the tube of a lamp wick. An oyster can, cut and fitted with a leather top, and filled with camphene, was placed under the clock, being the lamp to furnish the blaze. The can was enclosed in a large box, which contained combustibles. A bottle of camphene was near, and some quarts of friction matches. When adjusted and the lamp lighted, the clock would have run several hours, (according as it was wound up,) and gradually drawn the matches into the blaze, when the combustion would have been instantaneous. There can be no possible doubt that the whole contrivance was for the purpose of incendiarism, but the ulterior motive is a mystery.

INTERESTING FROM UTAH.—Washington City, May 23.—The *Union* publishes a letter from Fort Bridger, April 10th, stating on the authority of Mr. Gilbert, formerly merchant of Salt Lake City, that Gov. Cumming and Col. Kane were met by him in Echo Canon, forty-five miles this side of salt Lake, on the 17th of April. About twenty Mormons accompanied him. On his way to Salt Lake City from California, Mr. Gilbert met large numbers of wagons heavily loaded on the way, it is supposed to the White Mountains, near the borders of New Mexico. Nearly one hundred wagons were leaving the city daily, and so far as the women and children were concerned, the city was nearly depopulated. It is supposed that a large portion of them are secreted on the City Creek, above Salt Lake, in the mountains, where it is known that they have large caches of provisions. In conversation with Brigham Young, he was told that if the army would give him time he would leave, but otherwise he would send them to hell across lots. The correspondent adds, we are awaiting news from Gov. Cumming with much interest and anxiety. His early return to camp is not looked for by many, as he took with him large supplies.

JUDGE SHAW'S DECISION.—The effect of Judge Shaw's decision, which allows any one in Massachusetts to destroy spirituous liquors as a nuisance, has been to excite rumsellers to retaliation. A shameful outrage was perpetrated in the town of Westminster, by some drunken rowdies, who "broke into the Orthodox Church, tied the bell-rope into knots, took the pulpit Bible, obscenely besmeared it, and laid it on the door steps of the pastor's residence. They broke into a paint-shop of two friends of temperance, and poured out the varnish and oil upon the floor. They went to the premises of a leading temperance man, and cut down twenty-seven beautiful trees, and they also girdled quite a number of pear trees of another temperance man."

☞ The Richmond (Va.) *Whig* says that Richmond can boast of having within its limits, the largest flouring mill in the world. The superstructure rests upon a solid foundation of granite, the base of which is seventeen and a half feet thick. The average thickness of the brick walls, forming the first four stories, is three feet two inches. The great mill is twelve stories in height, fronts ninety-six feet, and is one hundred and sixty-five feet deep. Each floor contains about 14,560 feet; including the two floors in the roof, the total would be about 155,000 square feet—or rather more than three and a half acres.

A STRANGE DISEASE.—A singular disease has made its appearance at Jefferson City, Mo.—The *Inquirer* of that city gives the following account of its symptoms:—"The unfortunate patient, as soon as the word abolitionist is mentioned in his hearing, begins to swear, jump, kick, hop, skip, rear, charge, tear, cavort, snort, rip, tumble, sneeze, cough, spit, whoop, stutter, squeal, howl, moan, groan, bellow, bewail, lament, despond, turn pale, look savage, froth at the mouth, roll his eyes, stamp his feet upon the ground, wheel round and round, fall down, get up again, and then does all that over again. O, horrible!"

☞ The bombs thrown under the carriage of Napoleon, in Paris, were entered at the Calais custom house as a new machine for the generation of gas, and the inspectors considered them of so little value that they charged no duty upon them. Orsini charged them with fulminating powder, which he carried from London in his satchel in damp paper. He dried it in front of a stove, with a watch in one hand and a thermometer in the other, liable at any moment to be blown into eternity by its explosion. Five only of the bombs were used of eighteen made, and the anxious inquiry at Paris is: *where are the other thirteen?*

☞ The Lockport *Courier* says a young lad, son of Widow Stevens, who lives on Chestnut street, in that village, one day week before last, got into difficulty with a neighbor's boy, which resulted in his being threatened with arrest, which so frightened him that he ran himself to death. It is said that he ran from Lockport to Johnston's Creek, thirteen miles, without stopping; and that he there slept in a barn and caught cold. The next day he ran to Rochester, where he was taken sick, and died in a short time.

☞ The Cincinnati *Gazette* notices a new steam-boiler, which is so constructed that it accurately indicates the quantity of water therein, and when it reaches below a certain point sends forth a shrill, loud blast, which can be heard throughout the landing.