

THE DEMOCRATIC WATCHMAN.

"BOTH LIBERTY AND PROPERTY ARE PRECARIOUS, UNLESS THE POSSESSOR HAS SENSE AND SPIRIT ENOUGH TO DEFEND THEM."

BELLEVILLE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1857.

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Miscellaneous.

Erroneous Conviction Upon Strong Circumstantial Evidence.

In the year 1793 a young man who was serving his apprenticeship in London to a master sail-maker, got leave to visit his mother to spend the Christmas holidays. She lived a few miles beyond Deal, in Kent. He walked the journey, and on his arrival at Deal, in the evening, being much fatigued, and also troubled with the diarrhoea he applied to the landlady of a public house who was acquainted with his mother, for a night's lodging. Her house was full and every bed occupied, but she told him that if he would sleep with her uncle, who had lately come ashore, and was bedridden of an Indianman, he should be welcome. He was glad to accept the offer and after spending the evening with his new comrades he retired to rest.

In the middle of the night he was attacked with his complaint, and waking his bedfellow, he asked him the way out. The boatman told him to go through the kitchen, but as he would find it difficult to open the door into the yard, the latch being out of order, he desired him to take a knife out of his pocket with which he could raise the latch.

The young man did as he was directed and after staying half an hour in the yard, he returned to bed, but was much surprised to find his companion had risen and gone. Being impatient to visit his mother and friends, he also arose before day, and pursued his journey, and arrived at home at noon. The landlady, who had been told of his intention to depart early, was not surprised; but not seeing her uncle she went to call him.

She was dreadfully shocked to find the bed stained with blood, and every inquiry after her uncle was in-vain. The alarm now became general, and on further examination, marks of blood were traced from the bed room into the streets, and at intervals down the pier head. Rumor was immediately busy and suspicion fell of course on the young man who slept with him, that he had committed the murder, and thrown the body into the sea.

A warrant was issued and he was taken that evening at his mother's house. On being examined and searched, marks of blood were discovered on his shirt and trousers, and in his pocket was a knife and a remarkable silver coin, both of which the landlady swore positively were her uncle's property, and that she saw them in his possession on the evening he retired to rest with the young man. On these strong circumstances the unfortunate youth was found guilty.

He related all the above circumstances in his defence, but as he could not account for the marks of blood on his person, unless that he got them when he returned to bed, nor could he account for the silver coin being in his possession, his story was not credited. The certainty of the boatman's disappearance; the blood at the pier, traced from his bedroom, were too evident signs of his being murdered; and even the judge was convinced of his guilt, that he ordered the execution to take place in three days.

At the fatal tree the youth declared his innocence, and persisted in it with such affecting assertions that many pitied him, though none doubted the justice of his sentence. The executions of those days were not expert at their trade as modern ones, nor were props or platforms invented. The young man was very tall, his feet sometimes touched the ground, and some of his friends who surrounded the gallows contrived to give the body some support as it was suspended. After being cut down, those friends bore it speedily away in a coffin, and in the course of a few hours animation was restored, and the innocent saved. When he was able to move, his friends insisted on his leaving the country and never returning. He accordingly traveled by night to Portsmouth and entered on board of a man-of-war, on the point of sailing to a distant part of the world; and as he changed his name and disguised his person, his remarkable history was never discovered.

After a few years of service, during which his exemplary conduct was the cause of his promotion through the lower grades, he was at last made a master's mate, and his ship being paid off in the West Indies, he with a few more of the crew were transferred to another man-of-war, which had just arrived, short of hands, from a different station. What were his feelings of astonishment, and then of delight and ecstasy, when almost the first person he saw on board his new ship was the identical boatman for whose murder he had been tried, condemned, and executed five years before.

Nor was the surprise of the old boatman much less when he heard the story. An explanation of all the mysterious circumstances then took place. It appeared the boatman had been blind for a pain in his side by the barber, unknown to his niece, on the day of the young man's flight at Deal; that when the young man had awakened him and retired to the yard, he found the bandage had come off his arm, during the night, and that the blood was flowing fresh.

Being alarmed, he arose to go to the barber, who lived across the street; but a press gang laid hold of him just as he left the public house. They hurried him to the pier where their boat was waiting, and a few minutes brought them on board a frigate, then under way for the East Indies, and he omitted ever seeking home to account for his sudden disappearance. These were the chief circumstances explained by the friends thus strangely met.

The Burdell Murder.

THE FIFTH ACT IN THE TRAGEDY—Mrs. CUNNINGHAM ATTEMPTING TO PALM OFF A CHILD—SHE IS ARRESTED.
The general report that Mrs. Cunningham, whom every body has supposed to have been pregnant for months, was safely delivered of a child this morning, who would claim as heir to the Burdell estate, created a good deal of excitement throughout the city, which was increased by the announcement that Mrs. Cunningham was under arrest, for what cause was unknown.

The following statement of the facts in the case, which were procured at the District Attorney's office this morning, and elsewhere, by our reporters, will shed some light upon the mystery, and disclose the history of a crime almost without parallel in this city.

Dr. Uhl has been in attendance with Dr. Cadin of Brooklyn, upon Mrs. Cunningham. Dr. Uhl had been led to believe that Mrs. C. was soon to bear a child. She had presented all the external appearance of one about to be a mother—as he expressed it, "growing larger and larger every week." But Dr. Uhl remarked about a month ago, that as yet there was no positive evidence of pregnancy, and told her that under the circumstances he thought it his duty to make a medical examination. Mrs. Cunningham appeared very reluctant, and put the matter off from time to time. Finally she told him plainly that she was not pregnant at all; that she had been playing a game, and she (Dr. Uhl) must help her out with it.

Dr. Uhl, previously to this time, had had confidence in the lady, but this bold preparation took him completely aback. He immediately consulted counsel, and upon legal advice stated the whole matter to District Attorney Hall. Mr. Hall told him it was his duty to carry out the matter in order to develop a great crime, and supply the proof for the criminal's conviction. Dr. Uhl finally consented.

He told Mrs. Cunningham that he was acquainted with a California widow, who was feared, about to be confined; and it would be necessary to dispose of the child altogether, as the lady was going on to join her husband in California.

Mrs. Cunningham was delighted. It was arranged that neither party was to know anything of the other. The "widow" was to be confined at a house in Elm street, and the infant to be taken thence to No. 31 Bond street.

Mr. Hall then imparted the matter to Dr. De la Montagne, and engaged him to assist in the counterplot, whenever the critical time should arrive. Yesterday morning Dr. De la Montagne went to Bellevue Hospital, and with the consent of Governor Daly, selected a babe of Elizabeth Anderson, a beautiful little blue eyed girl, born on Saturday last. The mother kissed her baby, and consented to part with it on condition that it should be well taken care of and returned within twenty-four hours.

Dr. Uhl visited Mrs. Cunningham by appointment at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and told her she was prepared to carry out the thing at once; that the California widow was about to be confined at No. 190 Elm street, and she must be prepared to receive the little stranger with proper ceremony. Then she said she would be confined that night, if he would produce the child by nine o'clock. He was to come over at ten o'clock, and she would send a woman to bring the child in a basket.

No time was to be lost. Mr. Uhl hired a room of a respectable laborer seller at No. 190 Elm street, and immediately set down suitable furniture from his own house, including the basket for the baby. Dr. Uhl took possession of the premises, and he hardly got possession when Mrs. C. was seen passing the house and eyeing it closely.

Policemen were now judiciously posted, and everything was arranged. The greatest difficulty was to procure an "after-birth." Dr. Montagne immediately posted to Bellevue Hospital, and succeeded in getting what he wanted, as well as the assistance of an intelligent Irish girl, named Mary Ragan, who was to act as nurse to the fictitious widow. A physician was also engaged to be in bed with a night cap on, and to be the graner for the "widow." This party arrived at 190 Elm street just in season.

Officer Wm. B. Walsh, of the Court of Sessions, was posted in the street opposite, and Inspectors Speight and Dilkes in Bond street. The physician who was to personate the "widow," assisted Dr. Montagne in certain operations necessary to give the child the appearance of a new-born babe, and then went to bed. Some private marks

were also made on the child's hand, with nitrate of silver. A messenger was sent to 31-Bond street.

Shortly after Capt Speight saw Mrs. Cunningham leave her home; followed her into a Fourth Avenue car, where she was recognized by the Conductor and some passengers, who spoke to Capt. Speight about her. She was disguised in a quasi-nun's dress. The Captain followed her into Elm street, until she disappeared into the lager-beer saloon.

He then returned to his post. In a few moments Dr. Uhl came out and asked the officers opposite whether they had seen the woman leave the house. She had passed out so quietly that they had failed to perceive her.

The officers next repaired to No. 31 Bond street, where they learned that Mrs. Cunningham had gone out, but had not returned, and that a man with a white hat had gone in. [This was Dr. Cutler, of Brooklyn, who was assisting Mrs. C. in good faith.] Dr. Montagne at once went to the corner of the Bowery and Bond street, where he met Mrs. Cunningham in the nun's dress, with a large basket in her hands, in which he had placed the baby. She went into her house.

It had been arranged between her and Dr. Uhl that she should send in urgent haste to his house. Accordingly he had appeared and went. He soon came out and walked down the street. The officers then went up, by the District Attorney's directions, rung the bell and entered. They were met by two women at the door, who informed them that Mrs. Cunningham was very sick and could not be seen. They found her in bed with the baby by her side—one of the "nurses" giving her warm drink, from a dish over a lamp, from time to time.

Dr. Montagne asked if that was Dr. Burdell's baby. Mrs. Cunningham replied, "certainly, whose else could it be?" The officers at length told her that she must be arrested, that the game was played out. She was apparently under the influence of opium, in order to create artificial paleness. One of the nurses was taken to the station house, and the other remaining at No. 31 Bond street with Mrs. Cunningham in charge of the officers.

To-day affidavits were submitted before Justice Fairbank, and warrants were issued for the arrest of Mrs. Cunningham, her nurses, Dr. Cutler and others.

Original Essays.
[For the Democratic Watchman.]
To A Young Husband.
BY NELLIA MORA.

It is presumed that the one you have recently induced to become your life companion is the best deal of your affections. No one dares think you would be so thoughtless and cruel as to marry one on whom you have not bestowed all your affections; for it would be wiser than absurdity to do so. I suppose you have considered the sorrows as well as the joys of married life; for there is no cup of joy that has not bitter ingredients—no roses without their stinging thorns. You must expect to labor for the one you have chosen, to shake her comforts and ease, and to be content with her caresses and tender words, or, strictly speaking, the artificial part of life. These may tend to make life more pleasant, and are marks of your unblemished love, but no more.

You have taken the delicate fragile flower from its native soil, and it requires great care to keep it in a flourishing condition. You have transplanted her to a strange home, but by her own consent, 'tis true, yet you must tenderly watch over her, and guard her from the dangers and hardships of life. Think of what she has undergone for your sake, and will it not nerve you to undying action? She has left a youthful and parental home—the care and guardianship of fond and loving parents. She can no more seek their advice, and hide under the sheltering wings of their affection. She has outgrown the strong cords, stronger than the seven green withes, which bound Sampson, that bound her to loving and faithful brothers and sisters. She has forever severed the chain that bound her to her youthful companions, and can no more enjoy their society in the capacity of associate. She has forsaken, for your sake, the home of childhood, and the young maiden's glories—left the church she once sat in to hear the tender voice of her affectionate minister,—her seat there is vacant, and the minister, so much loved, has been left behind; also; her voice there no more ascends in praise to God, in union with those of her young associates, and friends. Fond classical associations, too numerous to mention, have been broken up, and now she is by your side alone. And does she not deserve all your love and tender care? I say, she does. Then nobly bear the cares and vexations of life for her, and never, no never, speak angrily to her, nor give her one unpleasant look. You certainly could not thus wound her feelings, after all her self denial. Be kind and considerate; convince her of your nobleness, sincerity, and affection; by your daily actions; let not the bitter frowns of the world rest upon her, without your efforts to remove them. At the holy marriage altar you vowed to protect her from the dangers and trials of the outer world; and see to it, that you live faithful to your promise—Be faithful to the trust committed to your care. Place

implicit confidence in her; for there are few women's hearts that are undeserving of their husband's entire trust, and these few are not anything else than false hearts. And for your self denying efforts, and loving labors, may you be richly compensated by her approving smile, and cheerful gratitude. And I feel almost sure you will, for few return evil for good, in that capacity at least. And if you could read her heart, you would see language inscribed there, if not in words, in meaning, something like this:

"Oberly I have forsaken Home and friends to follow thee. One last farewell view I've taken Of the scenes so dear to me
Unto thee my heart is given, All thy hopes and fears are mine, Though thy brightest joys be riven, For a world of love is thine. I will share thy joy and sorrow, Every care I'll smile away, So that each succeeding morrow Shall be brighter than to-day
Though my breast throbs with emotion, From my home and friends to part, Yet a woman's deep devotion Binds me to thy loving heart. Safely, under thy protection, I will dwell, close by thy side, Giving thee the true affection Of a fond devoted bride"

If this is the eloquent language of her heart, what in this life can you not find bravery enough to do for her? Nothing in life can be so dear to you as the object of your affections. And, oh! do not let mammon steal away those affections. Let it not, serpent like, creep in and destroy the germinating seeds of your young affections, ere you are aware of its insidious influence. Yield not all thy soul to what has no true loveliness in it, so unlike domestic felicity and its innumerable attractions. Let these keep thy affections ever green and fresh, and never give room for the painful conviction to enter her heart, that you love the interests of wealth, or vanity, or pleasure, more than her who has sacrificed her all for you, and you alone.

"Nay, turn not from me that dear face— Is it not thine, thy own loved face— The one, the chosen one, whose place, In life or death, is by thy side."
PROFESSOR HILL, August, 1857.

[For the Democratic Watchman.]
Forbearance.
BY MARY.

Oh why say why, so little charity— So little kind forbearance with our weak And erring brother's failings— Little true Forgiveness—earnest trust! Alas! it would be more to him than all the world beside A tear of sympathy—a look of love— One kindly effort to support, anon. His feeble frame—a cheering word of hope— Ah! how of passion, could—blat—wealth and gold Turn not coldly away from the erring one, thou knowest not how that smitten heart yearns for one sympathizing glance from the proud, self righteous worldling; how it longs to return to the highway of virtue, from which it has wandered, only in weakness.

We are all mortals alike, only some of us must pass over more rugged ground than others, and if the weak steps of our brother falter, we should rather suffer him to lean upon us, than pull him down and tread over him. Perhaps we would fall more quickly than he, if placed in his footsteps. Speak gently—smile kindly—lead him back tenderly in the way of truth and happiness. Kind forbearance, and persuasion will do more towards reclaiming the fallen than your rebuffs and persecutions, your pride on housed and dens of human torture. Talk to them rationally, and appealingly: show confidence in their honor, and if there remains one spark of manhood it will kindle into a shining light to guide him onward, on the way to virtue and to God.

Deal kindly with that little one—forbear with his child fiddler—see if you cannot not in some way gladden his little heart—he will never forget it, the remembrance of it will linger fondly, ay, it will be a joy to him, and a sweet comfort when the cares and anxieties of manhood press him, and when age with its attendant train of evils still heavily upon him. "I do not beat my children," said a fond father, "the world will beat them enough."

Smile kindly and encouragingly on the weakly contentment of that dull, despairing scholar. Thou knowest not where the influence may end. There throbs a heart under that ragged jacket, as susceptible of feeling, and as replete with benevolent and virtuous principles, as that upon the richest satin; and in that mind may slumber talents, which, if exposed to genial influences, will unfold their hidden powers, wide, and fill the world with the measure of his greatness.

Deal gently,—forbear lovingly—it may change the current of a course of life for better ends. Smile tenderly on the lowly, let them feel that the vital essence of humanity is not extinguished amid the heedless impetuosity in the pursuit of earthly glitter. Alas! what are we, that one worm of the dust should stand aloof from the other, and with scornful lips, utter "Touch me not, I am better than thou?" No; think not the moment lost in which thou turnest aside from thy sure and even path to aid a weary traveler on an erring wanderer, nor those kindly words as they spring away, those words of sympathy and looks of love, forgiving and forgetting every error. Oh, let all thy intercourses with the rough, bustling world be subdued with christian charity, and forbearance. It was the blessed Savior's mission, one of loving kindness. And thou wilt find that the truest and the sweetest happiness consists in making others happy.

HARRIS TOWNSHIP, CENTRA CO., PA.

Brigham Young a New Yorker.

Both Brigham Young and Heber C. Kimball are New Yorkers. Brigham lived near the line dividing Ontario and Monroe counties, in the town of Victor, at the time he became a Mormon. He had always manifested a proclivity to religious fanaticism, or rather that he was a lazy rascal, good for nothing except to howl at a camp meeting. He lived in a log shanty, with a dilapidated, patient, suffering wife, surrounded by a host of tow-headed children. Occasionally he made up a lot of axe handles and trading them off for sugar and tea, in other fits of industry, he would do a day's work in the hay field for a neighbor, hoe the potatoes in his own little patch, or pound clothes for his wife on a washing day. But his special mission was to go to camp meetings and revivals, where he managed to get his daily bread out of the more wealthy brethren in consideration of the union with which he shouted "go-to-rah!" On such occasions Brigham took no thought of the morrow, but cheerfully putting on his old wool hat would leave his family without flour in the barrel or wood at the door, and telling his wife that the "Lord would provide," he would put off for a week's absence.

Poor Mrs. Brigham managed by borrowing from her neighbors with the small hope of paying, chopped the wood herself, and with an old sun-bonnet, Navarino style—went to the spring after water, thoroughly convinced that her lot was that of the castles, and that her husband was, to use a western expression, an "ornary cuss," in which sentiment all who knew him joined. People were getting very tired of Brigham when Mormonism turned up. He was just the man for the religion, and the religion seemed expressly adapted to him. He became an exhorter, held neighborhood meetings, ranted and howled his doctrines into the minds of others as weak as himself, and finally went West with the rest of them, where he has developed his powers until the poor, miserable, rustic loafer is Governor of a territory and the chief prophet of a great religious sect. He has just the mixture of shrewdness and folly which is required for success in fanaticism or quackery. A man must be half fool half knave to be a successful quack.

Heber C. Kimball was a man of more respectability. He was born a fanatic, and if he were not a Mormon would be something else just like it. In his church—he was a Baptist originally—he was one of those peevish fellows who want resolutions passed at church meetings, withholding fellowship from somebody else, and insist upon having a political codicil added to the Bible. We believe he had some property. He has much more talent than Brigham Young, but is inferior to him in the elements of quackery. He has very respectable relatives now living in the part of Monroe county from which he started.—Buffalo Com. Adv.

A Man Proposing to Marry another Man.
ANTI-MORMON EXAMINATION.—Some time ago, it will be remembered, a singular case came up in the Richmond (Va.) Courts, in which a young man by the name of Lipscomb, sued another young man, named Thomas Linton, for breach of promise.

Linton, it seems, was of such remarkable feminine appearance, that his friends easily persuaded Lipscomb that he was a female in disguise, and so enamored did he become of Linton as to ask and receive a promise of marriage, which, of course, the latter was unable to fulfil. But on attempting to explain why he could not "Come to time," the fond "Lover" wouldn't believe a word of it, and in the full belief that his innamorata was a woman and nothing short, he sued for breach of promise. The case created much excitement in Richmond.

An examination by five experienced physicians was ordered by the Court, so that there should be no possibility of mistake, and they reported that Linton was undoubtedly a man; so Lipscomb lost his lady love and his lawsuit.

Linton has recently arrived in this city, and such was his womanish appearance that suspicion was created as to his sex, and the Guards were about to arrest him, and would have done so but for the interference of a person who knew the young man.

Last night, Linton again got into trouble, through falling into the hands of a party of young men who believed him to be sailing under false colors, and were about to have an examination to test the matter. A gentleman cognizant of the history of Linton, happened to be present, and upon his representation Linton was set free. Feminine beauty would seem to be anything but a desirable gift for a man.—Washington (D. C.) Star, July 24th.

Mr. Moran, President of the Erie Railroad, receives \$25,000 a year salary, but according to the New York Mirror, "The head man in Stuart's sugar refining business received, for several years, a salary of \$30,000. But he resigned his place for more profitable employment."

A Minister Robbing the Dead.

The Red Wing Gazette, of Minnesota, says one of its citizens recently returned from a trip to the Spirit Lake scene of the late massacre, and mentions a case of brutality which would almost justify the presence of Judge Lynch. It is that of a person, who, soon after the massacre, took possession, in other words, "Jumped" the claim of Mr. Gardner, whose daughter was taken captive by the savages. On the claim was a good log house, (into which he moved) furniture, &c. A few rods in front of the house, Mr. Gardner and his family, in all nine persons, had been buried in one grave, with temporary head and foot stones to mark the spot. This person, to obliterate all traces of the former owner, enclosed the grave with his field, and drove his plow over it, in connection with the rest of the field. The Gazette very truly says, "A deed more atrocious was never committed by the most blood-thirsty savage. His name is Prescott—his profession, a minister of the gospel—one of the thousand other scoundrels who were writing such heart-rending stories from Kansas, of the outrages committed upon themselves and neighbors, by the border ruffians."

A MOONLIGHT SORNER.—The following is certainly the most touching moonlight scene we have ever read: "After waiting for some time in the oceanic walls, Caroline and myself stepped out unobserved on to the balcony, to enjoy a few moments of solitude so precious to lovers. It was a glorious night! The air was cool and refreshing. As I gazed on the beautiful being at my side, I thought I never saw her look so lovely. The full moon cast her bright rays over her whole person, giving her an almost angelic appearance, imparting to her flowing curls a still more golden hue. One of her soft, fair hands rested in mine, and ever and anon she met my ardent gaze with one of pure love. Suddenly a change came over her soft features; her full, red lip trembled as if with suppressed sobs; the muscles of her face lessened more became convulsed; she gasped for breath; and, snatching her hand from the soft pressure of my own, she started suddenly away, turned her face in her fine amebic handkerchief, and—sufficed!"

CRADLING EXTRAORDINARY.—One day last week, Michael Cromer, of Merceburg, Franklin county, Pa., cut ten consecutive hours ten acres of wheat, in thoroughly workmanlike manner. It turned two hundred and sixty-two shocks, or three thousand and twenty-four sheaves, being nearly three hundred and three sheaves per hour, and over five per minute during the whole time of cutting. This is, perhaps, the most extraordinary cradling ever done in this country. In amount it is considerably beyond the average of reaping machines. At the close of the performance, Mr. Cromer did not appear to be much fatigued, and expressed his ability and readiness to undertake the cutting of an adjoining lot of seven acres the following day.

RETURNING.—Nineteen wagons, containing upwards of a hundred Mormons, direct from Salt Lake, passed through our city to day, on their way back to the States. They have abjured the Mormon doctrine, practiced in Utah, and express great dissatisfaction at the state of affairs in that country. They report having had great difficulty in getting out of the Mormon Territory, being compelled to travel cautiously from one settlement to another, and finally to separate and leave in small bands to prevent suspicion and avoid the watchful spies of Brigham Young.—Omaha (N. T.) Exchange.

FREE LOVE.—one of the isms of the opposition—has got to an awful pass in Ohio. At a recent Convention in Ravenna, one delegate said, "Although she had one husband in Cleveland; she considered herself married to the whole human race. All men were her husbands, and she had an obdying love for them." She said also, "What business is it to the world whether one man is the father of my children or ten men are? I have the right to say who shall be the father of my offspring." This universal affection breed is crossed with spiritualism and individuality.

Some two weeks since, a stranger was seized with an attack of mania potu, while passing along one of the streets in Middletown, Pa.; only two months having elapsed since he commenced the career of a drunkard. The opinion is that the strychnine and other deadly poison which the liquor dealers of the present day are using so freely, will effect a revolution in the detestable traffic one way or the other, it will either kill all who drink it, or save them into reformation.

The Washington Star gives currency to the rumor that the President received from Brigham Young a letter expressing gratification at being about to be relieved from the labor and cares of federal office, and suggesting himself that the Marquis will tempt all the federal officers he may send to the Executive wall, provided they prove to be honest men, who stand only to the legitimate discharge of their official duties. His letter is further said to be replete with abuse, and the returned Territorial U. S. functionary is said to have been very angry.

Some genius has conceived the brilliant idea to press all the lawyers into military service, in case of war—business men "Changes" are so great that no one could stand them.