

of his may have carried that significance unmistakably for years. Thank God, there is a day of sure judgment coming, when conventions and shields of usage will save no man from the due vengeance of truth upon smooth and plausible duplicity!

In due time Mr. Waring recovered. If there was any change in his manner to Jo, it was too slight to be seen, though it was felt, and was, after all, the carelessness of a person certain of his foothold in her good grace, rather than the evident withdrawal of attention, which I could have pardoned even then, had it been the result of honest regret for past carelessness, and stern resolution to repair that past. Whatever it was, Jo perceived that her ideal man was become a real man; but, with a tenacity of nature for which in my fate-telling I had not given her credit, she was as constant to the substance as she had been to the dream; and while she lost both health and spirits in the contemplation of Arthur Waring's fitful and heedless manner toward her, and was evidently pained by the discovery of his selfish and politic traits,—to call them by no harsher name,—it was incessantly touching to hear the excesses she made for him, to see the all-shielding love with which she veiled his faults, and kept him as a mother would keep her graceless, yet dearest child from animadversion and reproach.

In the meantime I heard often from Letty. No good news of her husband, but that her child grew more and more a comfort, that her friends were very kind, and always in a tiny postscript some phrase as this: "I try to be patient, Sarah," or "I don't scold Harry so much as I did, dear." I hoped for Letty, for she persevered.

That summer we saw less than ever of Mr. Waring; he was very busy at the mill in order that it might be far enough advanced to resist the inevitable spring freshets; and besides, we were absent from the Valley some weeks, endeavoring to recruit Jo's failing health at the sea-side. But this was a vain endeavor; that which sapped the springs of her life was past outward cure. She inherited her father's delicate and unreliable constitution, and a nervous organization, whose worst disease is ever the prey of doubt, anxiety, or regret. As winter drew on, she grew no better; a dim, dreary abstraction brooded over her. She said to me often with a vague alarm, "Sally, how far off you seem! Do come nearer!" She ceased to talk when we were alone, her step grew languid, her eye deeper,—and its bright expression, when you roused her, was longer in shooting back into the clouded sphere than ever before. She sat for hours by the window, her lovely head resting on its easement, looking out, always out and away, beyond the hills, into the deep spaces of blue air, past cloud and vapor, to the stars. Sudden noises startled her to an extreme degree; a quick step flushed her cheek with fire and fluttered her breath. How I longed for spring! I hoped all from the delicate ministrations of Nature; though the physician we called gave no hope of her recovery. Mr. Waring himself seemed struck with her aspect, and many little signs of friendly interest came from him. As often as he could, he returned to his old habits; and while the pleasure of his presence and the excitement of his undivided anxiety wrought on her, Jo became almost her old self for the moment, gay, cheerful, blooming,—alas! with the bloom of feverishness and vain hope.

So spring drew near. The mill was nearly finished. One day in March a warm south-wind "quieted the earth" after a long rain, the river began to stir, its mail of ice to crack and heave under the sun's rays. I persuaded Jo to take a little drive, and once in the carriage the air reanimated her; she rested against me and talked more than I had known her for weeks.

"What a lovely day!" said she; "how balmy the air is! there is such an expression of rest without despair, such calm expectation! I always think of heaven such days, Sally!—they are like the long sob with which a child finishes weeping. Only to think of never more knowing tears!—that is life indeed!"

A keen pang pierced me at the vibration of her voice as she spoke. I thought to soothe her a little, and said, "Heaven can be no more than love, Jo, and we have a great deal of that on earth."

"Do we!" answered she, in a tone of grief just tipped with irony,—and then went on: "I believe you love me, Sally. I would trust you with my heart, if need were. I think you love me better than any one on earth does."

"I love you, enough, dear," said I; more words would have choked me in the utterance. Soon we turned homeward.

"Tell John to drive down by the river, said Josephine,—I want to see the new mill."

"But you cannot see it from the road, Jo; the hemlocks stand between."

"Never mind, Sally; I shall just walk through them; don't deny me! I want to see it all again; and perhaps the arbutus is in bloom."

"Not yet, Jo."

"I can get some buds, then; I want to have some just once."

We left the carriage, and on my arm Jo strolled through the little thicket of hemlock-trees, green and fragrant. She seemed unusually strong. I began to hope. After much searching, we found the budding flowers; she loved most of all wild blossoms;—no scent breathed from the closed petals; they were not yet kissed by the odor-giving south-wind into life and expression; but Jo looked at them with sad, far-reaching eyes. I think she silently said good-bye to them.

Presently we came out on the steep bank of the river, directly opposite the mill. A heavy timber was thrown across from the shore to the island, on which the workmen from the west side had passed and repassed; it was firm enough for its purpose, but now, wet with the morning's rain, and high above the grinding ice, it seemed a hazardous bridge. As we stood looking over at the new mill, listening to the slight stir within it, apparently the setting to rights by some lingering workman of such odds and ends as remain after finishing the great whole of such a building, suddenly the cool wind, which had shifted to the north, brought on its swift a most portentous roar. Nearer and nearer it swelled, crashing and hissing as it approached. Josephine grasped my arm with a convulsive energy, and at that instant we perceived Mr. Waring's plain cap pass an open easement. She turned upon me like a wild creature driven to bay. I looked up-stream,—the ice had mixed with flood-wood and timber, and, bearing above all the uprooted trunk of a huge scyamer, was coming down upon the dam like a battering ram. Jo gasped. "The river is broken up, and Arthur is on the island," said she, in a fearfully suppressed tone, and, swifter than I could think or guess her meaning, she had reached the tim-

ber, she was on it,—and with light, untroubled steps half across when both she and I simultaneously caught sight of Mr. Waring running for dear life to the other and stronger bridge. Jo turned to come back; but the excitement was past that had sustained her; she trembled, she tottered. I ran to meet and aid her. Just then the roots of the great scyamer thundered against the dam; the foot bridge swept down toward us. She had all but reached the end of the timber,—I stood there to grasp her hand,—when the old tree, whirled down by the torrent, struck the other end of the beam and threw Josephine forward to the bank, dashing her throbbing, panting breast, with all the force of her fall, against the hard ground. I lifted her in my arms,—She was white with pain. Presently she opened her eyes and looked up, a flash of rapture glowed all over her face, and then the awful mist of death, gray and rigid, veiled it. Her head dropped on my shoulder; a sharp cry and a rush of scarlet blood passed her lips together; the head lay more heavily,—she was dead. But Arthur Waring never knew how or for what she died!

Five years have passed since that day.— Still I live at Nook Cottage; but not alone. Of us three, Josephine is in heaven. Letty is still troubled on earth; her husband tests her patience and her temper every hour, but both temper and patience are in good training; and if ever Henry Malden is reclaimed, as I begin to see reason to hope he will be, he will owe it to the continual example and gentle goodness of his wife, who has grown from a petulant, thoughtless girl into a lovely, unselfish, religious woman, a devoted mother and wife, "refined by fire." For me, the last, whenever now I say, as I used to say, "Three of us," I mean a new three,—Paul, baby, and me; for Jo was not a prophet. Four years ago, while my heart-ache for her was fresh and torturing, a new pastor came to the little church of Valley Mills. Mr. Lyman was very good; I have seen other men with as fine natural traits, but I have never seen a man or woman so entirely good. He came to me to console me; for he, too, had just lost a sister, and in listening to his story I for a moment forgot my own, as he meant I should. But I did not love him,—no, not till I discovered, months afterwards, that he suffered incessantly from ill health, and was all alone in the world. I was too much of a woman to resist such a plea. I pitied him; I tried to take care of him; and when he asked me if I would like the office of sick-nurse, I told him I liked it well enough to wish it were for life; and now, when he wants to light my eyes out of that dreary expression that tells him I am reliving the past, and thinking of the dead, he tells me, for the sake of the flash that follows, that I offered myself to him! Perhaps I did. But he is well now; the air of the Tannix hills, and the rest of a quiet life, partly, I hope, good care also, have restored to him his lost health. And I am what Jo said I should have been,—a blessed mother, as well as a happy wife. The baby that lies across my lap has traits that endear her to me doubly,—traits of each of us three cousins; Josephine's hair on her little nestling head, Letty's apple-blossom complexion, and my eyes, except that they are serene when they are not smiling. I ask only of the love that has given me all this unexpected joy, that my little Jo may have one better trait,—her father's heart; a stronger, tenderer, and purer heart, than belonged to any one among "Three of us!"

Horrible Tragedy.

TWO LITTLE BOYS MURDERED BY THEIR FATHER.—We learn from the *Bayonet* that a most shocking affair occurred at Maine, Broome county, on Friday last. Oliver Howard, a tanner about 30 years old, deliberately cut the throats of his two sons. His wife had gone to visit her mother, and took her two little girls with her, leaving her two sons, aged 7 and 5 years, at school. The following additional items of this horrid deed we take from the *Bayonet* of the 19th inst: We have been furnished, by John Congdon, Esq., Coroner, with the following particulars in regard to the murder of the two little boys by their father, Oliver Howard, as revealed by the evidence given at the inquest over the bodies on Saturday morning last: Howard's wife having been unwell for some time past, went to her father's house, near Kattleville, on Thursday, taking with her the two girls—the two boys being left at home with Howard's father. About 3 o'clock Friday afternoon Howard went to the school house and took his boys from school, saying that he wanted to take them home; he stopped at a house on the way, the lady of which asked the boys if they would not like to have something to eat.

They answered yes, and the woman went into another room to get something for them, but when she returned the boys and the father were gone. A sister of Howard was at the school house when he took the children away and, fearing something wrong followed to her brother's house, but could not get in.—She then went and got a Mrs. Cummings and another woman, and they returned with her to the house. They called Howard and asked to be admitted; when he replied that he would kill them if they attempted to enter.—One of them then looked in at the widow and saw one of the boys lying on the floor dead. The neighbors were then called and Howard soon after opening the door, was arrested. After he was in custody, and had admitted his guilt he related to a physician present how he killed the boys. He first took the oldest one between his knees, and holding him by the chin with one hand he drew the razor across his throat with the other. The boy at first fell to the floor, but afterwards got up and walked across the room before he died. The other boy was then killed in the same manner.

This is the most horrible affair we have ever been called upon to record. The verdict of the Coroner's Jury was in accordance with the facts as related above. The bodies of the murdered boys were taken on Saturday to Kattleville for interment, their mother being too sick to go to Maine. Their names are Royal and Alfred—the oldest seven years old and the youngest five.

STRIKEN BY LIGHTNING.—On Tuesday the 13th instant, Danville was visited by a very severe thunder storm. It seems that the storm was confined to a very small section of the country, and its course was marked by the sad havoc it made,—blowing down trees, prostrating corn; and, in some places, severely damaging the grain. The barn of Mr. John F. Herr, in the North Ward of Danville, was struck by lightning, and two valuable horses were instantly killed. A large tree was also struck near the Montgomery Mansion and very much shivered, otherwise doing no injury.

# Bradford Reporter.

E. O. GOODRICH, EDITOR.

## TOWANDA:

Thursday Morning, July 29, 1858.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, in advance.—Four weeks previous to the expiration of a subscription, notice will be given by a printed wrapper, and if not received, the paper will in all cases be stopped.

CIRCULATION.—The Reporter will be sent to Clubs at the following extra rates: 5 copies for.....\$5 00 15 copies for.....\$12 00 10 copies for.....8 00 20 copies for.....15 00

ADVERTISEMENTS.—For a square of ten lines or less, one dollar for three or less insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion.

JOB WORK.—Executed with accuracy and despatch, and at reasonable prices,—with every facility for doing Books, Blanks, Hand-bills, Ball tickets, &c.

MONEY may be sent by mail, at our risk,—enclosed in an envelope, and properly directed, we will be responsible for its safe delivery.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY COMMITTEE.—The Republican County Committee will meet in the Court House, MONDAY, AUGUST 2, 1858, at 1 P. M. A full attendance of the members is desired. July 29. E. O. GOODRICH, Chairman.

RAILROAD DIFFICULTIES.—The N. Y. & Erie and the Central Railroads having got at loggerheads, for some weeks the former has been carrying passengers from New-York to Buffalo for \$5, and to Danbury for \$6.10. Various attempts have been made to reconcile the difficulties, but without success. As a last resort a railroad Convention was held at Cleveland last week to take the matter into consideration. The conclusion arrived at was to make a general reduction on all the thoroughfares leading West, to correspond with the low fares on the N. Y. & Erie, and to refuse all business relations with the latter road, such as receiving tickets, billing freight, &c.

The fight is a very pretty one as it stands, with nobody interested except the stockholders, and nobody benefited but the public.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" for August, is one of the best numbers of that very excellent publication. We take great pleasure in recommending the *Atlantic* to such of our readers as desire a publication of a high order of merit. The articles by the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" are alone worth the price of the work. PHILLIPS, SAMSON & Co., Publishers, Boston.

We hope the teachers and friends of education, will not forget the meeting at Scranton, which is to commence on the tenth of August. We are authorized to say that the Scranton road will pass delegates both ways for one fare. Those going should state to the agent of whom they obtain certificates, the fact that they are delegates to the meeting of the Teachers' Association.

A friend of ours, a few days since, measured a head of oats taken from the field of Capt. C. H. CORNIN, of Albany township, and found its length to be plump eighteen inches. This, he assures us, was not a picked head, but was taken off by a person standing by the edge of the field. Let us hear how many of our farmers can beat the Captain on long heads.

PIC NICS—we observe by our exchanges—are just now the rage all over the country. Some of our citizens, to be in fashion, or for other reasons, "got up" an affair of the kind on Saturday last in a beautiful grove near the mouth of Towanda Creek. A lovely summer day breathed its softest breath upon "fair women and brave men"—DITTRICH'S brass band discoursed its best music—edibles and bibables were in profusion, and every one as "merry as a marriage bell." More rational enjoyment or a pleasanter time could hardly be experienced.

MARBLE YARD.—Attention is called to the advertisement of F. H. BALDWIN, who has commenced at this place, the manufacture of Tomb Stones and Monuments. Mr. B. is already well known to many of our citizens, having for some years been engaged in furnishing his manufactures to this section, and needs no recommendation from us. His endeavor is to punctually and properly fill all orders—to accomplish which he will keep constantly on hand a large stock of the "raw material," and employ none but the best workmen.

DROWNED.—A young German, a blacksmith in the employ of Mr. SEEBICH, was drowned on Monday evening last, while bathing in the river at this place. Deceased was a good swimmer, and it is supposed was seized with cramp. Some boys in company with him, only became alarmed, when he sunk to rise no more. His body was recovered a few hours afterwards. He was about 19 years of age, and has parents residing at Dushore, Sullivan County.

Col. C. F. WELLES, President of the North Branch Canal Company, has constructed a telegraph line from Athens to the N. Y. & E. R. R. at his own expense. A small share of like enterprise here would place us in telegraphic communication with the "outside world" generally.

The repairs upon the lower part of the North Branch have so far progressed that several boats laden with anthracite coal passed this place last week, on their way north. We trust they are the *avant couriers* of a large number to follow.

FIRE AT WELLSBURG, N. Y.—A destructive fire occurred at Wellsburg, on Saturday night last, by which seven buildings were consumed, supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

FOREIGN NEWS.—The Canadian screw-steamer *Indian* arrived at Quebec, from Liverpool, on Saturday afternoon. Her news is to the 14th inst. The most interesting item is the return of the *Agamemnon* to Cork, and the renewal of the attempt to lay the telegraph cable. The squadron was expected to sail for the mid-ocean station on the 17th. Advice from Arabia give details of a horrible massacre of Christian residents of Djidda, the seaport of Mecca. On the 19th of June the Mahometan population suddenly rose, and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter of foreigners. The French and English Consuls perished in the massacre. Others were saved through the interference of the British man-of-war *Cyclops*, which carried off numbers in its small boats, not, however, without having to fire on her pursuers. In reply to an inquiry in the House of Commons, Government stated that three vessels-of-war had already been dispatched to the scene of slaughter. The Queen has officially announced her acceptance of the invitation to be present at the Cherbourg fetes.

THE AUGUST ELECTIONS.—The elections for members of the Thirty-sixth Congress commenced in August next, and an interest is imparted to them from the fact that, if, at the next Presidential election, the people should fail to elect, the House of Representatives to be chosen will have to make the choice. In Missouri, the election will be held on the first Monday of August. On the first Thursday in August, North Carolina will elect a Governor and members of the State Legislature, which latter elect a United States Senator in the place of Mr. Biggs. The candidates for the post of Governor are the Hon. Duncan K. McRae and Judge Ellis, both Democrats.—Alabama, Texas, Arkansas and Tennessee, hold elections in August, but do not this year choose either State officers or members of the next Congress.

We learn from the *Sanbury American* that on Thursday week William Conard was arrested for placing obstructions on the Northern Central Railroad track, below Shamokin creek bridge. Mr. Conard owns a farm on the hill, and complained that the company had rendered the wagon-road up almost impassable. There were several persons with him, who kicked off the obstruction about which time the watchman came up. He now says that he did it in fun, knowing that the watchman was near. But as the road had been obstructed before at that point, and as Mr. Conard had said some hard things of the company, he was bound over in the sum of one thousand dollars to appear at the next sessions.

TRYING IT AGAIN.—The advices from England by the Indian represent that the Atlantic Telegraph Company intend to make another trial to lay the cable across the ocean. The vessels were to start on 17th, and by this time are in mid-ocean, again at work running off the cable. It must be confessed that the hope of the company keeps up well under all the discouragements they have experienced, but they probably think they will never again have the chance of trying the experiment under such favorable circumstances, with the best ships of two Governments at their service.

INDIANA POLITICS.—The Anti-Lecompton Democrats of Indiana, unlike those of Illinois, are uniting with the Republicans of that State in one grand phalanx to overthrow the Pro-Slavery party, led on by English, Foley, Niblack, Hughes, Gregg, Fitch and Bright. The present prospect is that a clean opposition delegation will be elected to Congress.

PROMISED DEVELOPMENTS.—It is stated that Secretary Stanton, now on the stump in Kansas against the English bribe, will, if called upon, publish a letter of Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania, in which the aforesaid Bigler denounces the President and cabinet for renouncing the doctrine of popular sovereignty.

A little son of JOHN LAUGHLIN, proprietor of the Bridge Street Hotel, fell into the river on Monday last, and was barely recovered in time to save his life. The precipitous banks of the river make it a dangerous play-ground for children.

Edward H. Ruloffe was sentenced, at the General Term of the Supreme Court held at Delhi last week by Judge Gray, to be hung on Friday the 27th day of August, at Owego, for the murder of his child. The execution to take place between the hours of 10 A. M. and 12 P. M.

The Tioga County Agricultural Fair, will be held at Owego on the 28th, 29th and 30th of September. The Premium List is made out and published in the Owego papers.

The *Corning Journal* informs us that a Mr. De Witt of Elmira, while on the Camp ground at Addison on Tuesday evening listening to a sermon, had an attack of bleeding of the Lungs, from which he died in twenty minutes. He had previously suffered from similar attacks.

NEWS FROM KANSAS states that the respectable General Calhoun has given certificates of election to all those members of the Legislature elected under the Lecompton Constitution. The Free State party will have a majority in both branches of the Legislature.

It costs \$25 an hour to light the new Hall of the House of Representatives with gas.

## The Atlantic Telegraph Cable—The Shipping of the Electric Current.

Everything connected with experimenting with the cable, and the existing failure, is interesting, and we therefore publish the following extract from a letter, dated on board the *Niagara*, July 5:

June 26th, says a writer to the *Journal of Commerce* we made our stern fast to the *Agamemnon* with a hawser, spliced the cable, and commenced paying out; but before 3 1/2 miles had been paid over the wheels, a riding of two parts in one of the grooves occurred. In trying to adjust it, the cable was thrown from off the wheel and parted.

The second attempt was made the same day. Everything went well until we had paid out 43 1/4 miles, when the electricians reported "no signals, continuity interrupted." We cut the cable and stood back to rendezvous, fully expecting to find it had been broken on board the *Agamemnon*; but it proved not so. On board of her they knew no more where it was broken than we did. This was considered very discouraging, and the theorists had a wild and lively time with their conjectures; but to this day it remains unknown, and ever will remain a mystery. The cable may not have been parted at all, but only the insulation of the copper wire destroyed. The effect either way is the same. The third attempt was made on the 25th, the splice being made, and cable commenced paying out at 7:30 P. M. All went well for 25 1/2 hours, during which we had gone 109 miles, and expended 145 1/2 miles of cable, when the electricians made a similar report to the one above described—"no signals." We were reluctantly obliged to cut again, and go back to Cork, as had been agreed upon if we went over 100 miles without accident. It under 100, we were to return to our place of rendezvous; over that distance to Cork, as the British vessels would not have coal enough to renew the attempt.

Our further proceedings will depend upon the report from the *Agamemnon* and the decision of the Board of Directors.

Should the cable have parted, or the continuity been interrupted in the same mysterious manner as on the second of our attempts, it is thought no new effort had ought to be made with the cable. If, however, it has parted in a manner to be accounted for, and guarded against, we shall renew the experiment when the ships shall have taken on board a sufficient supply of coals.

There is now, I think, but little chance of success with the cable, but notwithstanding the undertaking will yet be achieved in some way, and the experience of this Company will not be thrown away.

It was noted by those who watched the paying out of the cable, that after leaving the ship it took many turns before it reached the water. The number of turns the cable took opposite to the twist was eleven in the distance of one hundred feet, which is the distance between the stern and the surface of the water. Now, it is asked, if it takes so many turns in a hundred feet, will not the outer wires be wholly unaided before the cable reaches the bottom, and will not the whole strain be brought upon the gutta percha and the conductor?

At the second break, some thought the difficulty was created from the brakes, the prejudice against which existed from the first experiment, when the cable was broken by defective machinery; but this part of the machine on board the *Niagara* was perfect, and realized all the expectations formed of it. It was the belief of this class of persons that the weights on the brakes, which never exceeded nineteen hundred pounds, produced a heavier strain than the cable was calculated to bear, and that it stretched until the inner core or electrical conductor parted, thus destroying the continuity.

The Press and the Cable.

Our New York cotemporaries comment at length upon the lamented disaster of the failure to connect the two continents. The *Express* states that a thorough-going, old-fashioned citizen, who bears a national name, though not fame, says it was not designed, after the Declaration of Independence was adopted, that there should be any closer union between Old England and America! Providence, he says, is against the union! If that citizen is a prophet, then it is all up with the connection—but as Providence has tolerated clipper ships and quick steamers, we do not think any one has a right to invoke its name against so great an event.

The *Tribune* thinks the present machinery for laying the wire can never succeed, and wonders at the want of wisdom and recklessness of the capitalists engaged in the enterprise. Nevertheless, it says, by land or sea, Greenland and the North Atlantic, Oregon or Siberia, the telegraph must be made.

The *Times* says the experiment does not give even an approximation to the success of the enterprise. It hopes, however, for an effort, and declares that England and America never had an antagonist worthier of their resources than the winds and waves of the Atlantic.

The *Courier* says that "Although two failures stare us in the face, it is not in the nature of things that this great enterprise should lack another and yet another trial, each failure eliciting new suggestions for consideration, and setting new lessons to be learned, until even failure itself shall bring final success." This is the general feeling and encouragement of the Press of the country, mingled with a hearty sympathy with those who have failed in the enterprise.

The *Sun* also says that "defeat will not prevent renewed efforts to accomplish an object so universally desired; and science, and the indomitable perseverance which characterizes the two nations united in the most wonderful task ever undertaken, may yet triumph over the obstacles which the waves and the depth of the ocean oppose to its consummation."

AN INCIDENT.—At a meeting in Bloomington, Illinois, Judge Douglas spoke to an audience of two thousand persons. As soon as he retired loud calls were made for the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Mr. L. held back for a little while, but the crowd finally succeeded in inducing him to come upon the stand. He was received with three rousing cheers—much louder than those given to Judge Douglas. He remarked that he appeared before the audience for the purpose of saying that he would take an early opportunity to give his views to the citizens of that place regarding the matters spoken of in Judge Douglas's speech.—"This meeting," said Mr. Lincoln, "was called by the friends of Judge Douglas, and it would be improper for me to address it."—Mr. L. then retired, amid loud cheering.

## News from all Nations.

—On Thursday night, at York, Pa., a large blacksmith shop attached to the extensive works of Messrs. Bilyer & Small, near the station house of the Northern Central Railroad, was consumed by fire, and about \$500, but insured.

—A New York poet, on the contrabands of Awful Gardiner, goes thus:—  
We sing and shout our grateful thanks,  
That Awful Gardiner's joined our ranks?  
That as the lamp holds out to burn,  
There may be chance for Patrick Burns,  
And as his mercy's all endured,  
We may even hope for John Van Buren.

—We notice in the Chambersburg papers a letter from Col. A. K. McClure, declining the Congressional nomination. The *Repository* intimates that he will be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature.

—Minnesota, it is evident from the intelligence received from that quarter, will go next Legislature by immense majorities. The movement has been the ablest and most substantial men of the new State.

The *Chicago Democrat*, a Republican journal of Democratic antecedents, urges, in an extended and able article, the re-nomination of Colonel Fremont as the candidate of the Opposition in 1860.

A few years ago, Mr. McWright, formerly Ticket agent of the Central Railroad at Baltimore, became blind from transacting business through the wire screens in front of his desk. The company has now paid a new room for him, rent free.

A murder which happened a year ago, has just been found out at Onarga, Ill. The murderer was D. J. Stanley, and the murdered man, F. Tolson, who was detected by wearing the watch and chain of his victim.

Good wheat was sold four miles from Bristol, Tennessee, on the 20th of June, at 17 cents per bushel, though the place is connected directly by the road with Lynchburg and Richmond.

The officers of the army of Utah are required to keep a journal, in which the geographical and topographical facts coming under their observation are all carefully noted.

Robert Galloway, a respectable farmer, residing near Bentleyville, Washington county, Pa., was found dead in a field near that place, on Thursday week. He was observed by some farmers, sitting against a tree; who, upon reaching him, found that he had been some time dead.

We hear it stated that the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas has been invited by the board of managers of the Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society to deliver the annual address of the forthcoming State fair, and that he has accepted the invitation.

A number of robbers have recently been committed in Pittston, Luzerne county, and some half dozen persons have been arrested on suspicion. Among the places robbed were the boot and shoe establishments of W. C. Blair, and the clothing store of John Bonner.

The *Janesville Independent* says that the Southern Railway Company ordered some detectors put on their trains to see whether the conductors reported correctly, and that there is a stampede in consequence, three having resigned.

William T. Porter, the well known editor of "The Spirit of the Times," and more recently of "Porter's Spirit," died in New York on Monday morning July 19th.

It is asserted that there is not a country in the Union that produces from her own soil more wealth than Washington county, Pa. Its ordinary year yields \$250,000 of wool, \$300,000 wheat and flour, \$500,000 of \$500,000 cattle, sheep and hogs, making a total of \$1,550,000.

The Masonic ceremonies in Cincinnati on Wednesday last, upon the occasion of laying the cornerstone of the new Masonic temple, were quite an imposing affair.

The *Syracuse Standard* says the fine miter er has enabled the coarse salt makers to secure at an unusually large crop up to this time, and it is of superior quality. The fine salt works have also made a large proportion of the amount intended this season.

The Hon. Joseph R. Chandler, our newly appointed Minister to Naples, left Philadelphia on Tuesday, to take passage from New York.

A slave boy, named Godfrey, was lost at Mobile, Alabama, on Friday last. His age was thirteen years, and his crime the killing of a child twelve years old. He split his head open with a hat-belt when it attempted to get hold of the string of his kite.

The dwelling of Dr. G. W. Haldeman, Manchester township, York county, Pa., was broken up on the night of the 14th inst., and robbed of \$15,000 in bank bills, a check for \$500 on the York bank, and a few other watches.

The enormous overflow of waters "down south" has given the alligators a widely extended territory. The New Orleans (La.) Pleasure states on an plantation over one hundred of these amphibious monsters have been killed.

At the Railroad convention held at Cleveland, July 11, it was resolved to make the through passenger fares from all points the same as by the New York and Erie road. Freight, however, are raised a dollar per ton higher than the New York and Erie road.

A few days since, a man in Preston, C. W., while perspiring very freely from excessive heat, fell into an ice house, and died in a few minutes.

Loefner, the Cincinnati murderer, is endeavoring to starve himself. On the 15th inst., he had not eaten nor spoken for five days. He refuses to partake of food.

Charles Stantz, a pauper in the Franklin county (Ohio) poor house, received intelligence that an uncle, who had lately died, had left him \$100,000.

Secretary Thompson, of the Interior Department, now on a visit to Mississippi, had a handsome reception at Oxford, for a few days since.

There are said to be from 600 to 700 rioters now at Old Point, Va. Gov. Wise is negotiating with Cobb's Island, Va.

One day last week, a young man named Lewis Noble, residing near Butler, Pa., fell off a hay-wagon striking upon a pitch-fork which had fallen off and was standing upright—landed down, running the prongs of the pitch-fork through his body. He died in a few days after the accident.

The *Eutaw (Ala.) Whig* says there is living in that place at this time one of the soldiers of the old French Empire. He was in the battles of Marengo, Jena, and Waterloo—went through them all unscathed, and emigrated to America when Napoleon was exiled to St. Helena.

A lamentable accident occurred on Wednesday afternoon at David's Island, near New York by which three young ladies attached to the Attorney street Church were drowned while on a Sunday School excursion.

The *Augusta Constitutionalist*, the Democratic organ in Georgia, has come out very emphatically against proscribing Douglas Democrats, and particularly against the Buchanan bofers in Illinois.

The Waverly House, Reed's Bakery, and the residence of Mr. Alex. Stowell, were destroyed by fire, at Elmira, on Sunday morning, the 11th inst.

Frogs are now a regularly quoted article in the New York market. The last report says, they are in demand and sell at one dollar per dozen. They are fast becoming a favorite dish, and the demand for them is becoming constantly greater.

The population of Altoona is set down at almost four thousand. A flourishing little town it is.