Daily Morning Post.

HENRY HASPER.....THOMAS PHILLIPS
Harper & Phillips, Editors & Proprietors.

PITTSBURGH:

TUESDAY MORNING.....JUNE 14.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

CANAL COMMISSIONER,
THOMAS H. FORSYTH,
of Philadelphia County.

AUDITOR GENERAL,
EPHRAIM BANKS,
of Mifflin County.

FOR SURVEYOR GENERAL,
J. PORTER BRAWLEY,
of Crawford County.

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PITTSBURGH AND STEUBENVILLE RAILROAD.

We are highly gratified to learn that the Grand Jurors of Allegheny county yesterday recommended the Commissioners of the county to make a subscription of $500,000 to the capital stock of the Pittsburgh and Steubenville Railroad Company. That this act will meet the hearty approbation of the people of the county we do not entertain a single doubt. Every friend of this great Pittsburgh Railroad will heartily rejoice because of the positive certainty we now have of the work being speedily completed. The County Commissioners will, of course, promptly make the subscription. When finished, this will be one of the most important railroads in the United States, as it will be the connecting link between the East and the great West.

CHARTIERS VALLEY RAILROAD.

This road is now under survey, and we understand that the engineers will make their observations on the proposed route as far as Cannonsburgh during the present week. This road is of great importance to our manufacturers and business men, and cannot fail to be of vast advantage to our whole community. It will open an immense avenue of trade which has heretofore, to a great extent, been blocked out from us, and bring the patronage and products of one of the richest portions of Western Pennsylvania immediately to our city. The rapid progress of this road is now, in part, in the hands of the Grand Jury of this county, and we hope they will not hesitate to give a helping hand to an improvement which will be of such vast benefit to our citizens.

HUZZA FOR THE LADIES!

The Postmaster General has shown his gallantry by appointing quite a number of ladies Post-*masters* in various parts of the country. In addition to this we observe that in some places ladies are running for offices and are beating the men all hollow! Miss Olivia Ross has been elected Register of Deeds for the eastern district of Lincoln county, Maine. The fair candidate received 496 votes against 245 for all others.

Woman's Rights and Bloomerism triumphant! We would like to see one or two of the fair sex on the Democratic ticket in Allegheny county, so that they might *beat* some of the old women on the Whig and *Aunty* Masonic ticket! We are certain of one thing,—that the ladies would pay for all the tickets and other printing they would order, which is more than certain "lords of creation" can boast of!

☞ The editor of the *Gazette* declines to inform the tax payers, in his paper of yesterday, how much that paper has received for publishing the Auditors' Reports since the organization of the county. He boasted that the *Gazette* has published them every year during that long period, except the present, and it can readily be supposed that that concern must have drawn a handsome pile from the pockets of the people for that kind of service.

Since he commenced the investigation of the ingratitude of the whig Commissioners, we think he should, on the principle of common honesty, express some gratitude on his part towards the democratic Commissioners who gave him the printing when they had the power to do so. If he is inclined to do justice to them, we would again request him to state, in the same article, how much the *Gazette* has received for publishing the Auditors' Reports since the organization of the county. When the people see it, they can understand how absurd it is for the editor of the *Gazette* to complain of a want of county patronage, and to growl because we got a small share of it.

DEATH OF GEN. RILEY.

Brigadier General RILEY died at Buffalo on Thursday evening. He was a gallant soldier, having served his country with distinguished honor in many wars. From a biographical sketch in the New York *Evening Post*, we learn that Gen. R. was a native of St. Mary's county, Maryland, where he was born about the year 1790. In 1813 he entered Forsyth's regiment of riflemen, and in the spring of that year joined the army at Sackett's Harbor. In 1821, he was attached to the infantry, with the rank of captain, and in 1823 was promoted to the grade of brevet major for his brave conduct in a battle with the Anichorees Indians, on the Mississippi frontier. In 1829, as a reward for his valuable services and heroic conduct in guarding the Santa Fe traders on their march to and from St. Louis from the Indians, he was presented with a sword by the Legislature of Missouri.

In 1831 he engaged in the Black Hawk war, and remained with the army in that field until the termination of hostilities. In 1837 he received a full Major's commission, and in the next year proceeded to Fort Gibson. In 1839 he was made a Lieutenant Colonel, and went immediately to Florida, where he participated in the protracted and sanguinary conflicts with the Seminoles, and won, by his valor the brevet of a Colonel.

In July, 1846, he entered upon that campaign in Mexico in which he did such gallant service, and achieved his brightest laurels. At Cerro Gordo and Contreras he commanded a brigade, and was among the most prominent and active officers in both engagements. His assault on the entrenched camp of Valencia, at the latter place was one of the most brilliant incidents of the war.

On the same day Riley distinguished himself by his assault on the hacienda at Churubusco, and was again honored with the compliments of Scott and Twiggs. Being retained with the division of the latter officer, at the gates of the Tacubaya road, Riley was not present at the battles of Molino del Rey and Chapultepec, but contributed in his position to the capture of the Mexican capitol. His splendid services throughout the campaign were rewarded with the brevet of Brigadier General, which rank he held at his death.

As a man he was endowed with virtues of character which won for him the warm regard and admiration of all who ever enjoyed his friendship and intercourse; while as an officer he was idolized by his men, respected by his associate officers, and possessed a reputation in the army as high and honorable as that of any of the many eminent men who compose it. His mortal career is ended. His fame is a part of the proud history of his country, and will not die while an American heart is left to remember it.

THE WOOL MARKET.

If our readers are not well posted up in regard to the wool market, it certainly is not our fault, for we clip out every item on that subject which we find in our numerous exchanges from all parts of the country. Below we give a fresh lot of extracts.

At Steubenville, Ohio, the most inferor qualities of wool, says the *Herald*, are readily bringing from 35 to 45 cents ℔ lb. The clip is slow in coming in, bringing remunerate prices, and from 5 to 15 per cent. advance on former purchases. The *Union* of the same place says that 45@50 cents is offered for ¼ and full blood.—Sellers ask 55@60. This variance induces growers to hold on to their clips. We learn that the same diversity of views prevails generally throughout that section.

The *Sentinel* states that considerable wool has been purchased in Cadiz during the past week, at prices ranging from 40 to 55 cents ℔ lb.—The market, however, is unsteady. John Haverfield, near Cadiz, shore 104 lbs. of wool from a 2 year old buck, last week. Mr. H. is an extensive wool grower; he has taken fleeces off 4,000 sheep, and has been offered 55 cents ℔ lb. for his clip.

At New Lisbon, buyers are paying from 45 to 55, according to grade. Some choice lots have been sold at even higher figures.

A farmer in Licking county, Ohio, late last fall, bought 40 sheep for $66. He sold his wool this spring to J. L. Birkey, Newark, for $68.—He has an increase of his flock 39 lambs; has lost none in the meantime. The cost of keeping he reckoned at over $10. This is not an extraordinary case either. The wool was of an ordinary quality. The Ohio *Statesman* claims that Licking county is the greatest wool county in the Union. It even exceeds Washington co., Pa.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: On Saturday, the first fleece wool of the season made its appearance. We did not learn the amount received, though it was not very large. The price paid was 37½c. This week the season will commence, and quite large receipts may be looked for, if the present fine weather continues. Our advices from other parts are not very full this week.

The Wellsburg (Va.) *Herald* says that the clip has commenced coming in, buyers are disposed to stand off, yet give considerable advance over last year's prices, and throws out the following which will cause some little stir perhaps among the wool dealers in the west:

"It may not be generally known that there is no better market, especially for fine wool in the Union, than at Wellsburg, yet such is the fact. Wool raised within scope of our circulation, compares advantageously, as a mass, with any raised in the world, 75 cents to $1 ℔ lb, is no unusual price."

The Philadelphia *North American* of Saturday says.—The new clip comes in slowly, and the market remains quiet, with rather a better feeling to notice on the part of holders, who are firm in their views. The week's sales reach some 50@60,000 lbs, mostly in small lots and at full prices, among which 12,000 lbs No. 1 pulled at 40c; a lot of Western do at 43c, and a small lot of fleece, hardly full blood, at 60c, all on the usual credit.

The Venango *Spectator* states that Wool is selling in Venango county at 37½@40c ℔ lb.—part cash and part credit, "for the Spectator."

We learn from the St. Louis *News* that the new clip is just beginning to arrive, and that it meets with ready sale and full prices. The largest lot that has come to hand, as yet, was 37 sacks or bales, about 7000 lbs, by an Upper Mississippi boat. It went directly forward.—Another lot of about 3000 lbs was shipped from Boonville, and was taken, as we learn, from the small but very fine flocks of the southwest. This entire lot, we believe, was sent forward by one dry goods firm at Springfield.

It is thought that the great drain upon the flocks for the California market has materially reduced the quantity of wool in this and adjoining States, and although it can have no great effect upon the entire clip of the country, still it may very sensibly reduce the imports and exports of our own city. The market here opens active, with several buyers who are paying from 35@40 cents for the usual samples brought to market; but for extra fine, full blood merino, cleaned and well prepared, from 35@55c ℔ lb can be obtained. These are excellent prices, and should stimulate our country friends in some sections of the State, to try their hands at wool-growing.

NEWS OF OUR OWN STATE.

The great city of Brookville, in Jefferson, from whence so many distinguished gentlemen hail, contains twenty stores and four eating houses—four Churches—five blacksmith shops—two Cabinet shops—Tin Wagon Maker shops—one Foundry—two Tin shops—five Shoe shops—four Tailor shops—five Taverns—two Flour Mills—one Carding Machine and Filling Mill—two Saw Mills, one being driven by water power and the other by steam—two Tanners—two Printing establishments—seven Physicians—twelve lawyers, and two resident Ministers. From these statistics, says the brilliant luminary, *The Star*, "a person can judge of the extent of the business carried on in Brookville. It is improving rapidly and bids fair to be a very considerable place before many years, even if Col. Alexander of the Clarion Democrat will not let the Allegheny Valley Railroad come this way. But we still feel confident that it will pass over the Redbank route, and that this will be a principal point on it, being about midway between Pittsburgh and the New York State line."

The Mercer *Democrat* of Saturday last states on Sunday last a Mr. James Johnson of Springfield township, Mercer county, was on his way to church with his family consisting of himself his wife and three children in a two horse buggy, his horses took fright about a mile south of that borough; Mr. Johnston, his wife and one of his children were thrown from the wagon with such violence that the little girl aged about ten years died in about two hours after. Mrs. Johnston was so severely injured that but little hopes are entertained of her recovery. Mr. Johnston was also very seriously injured, but is likely to recover. Two of the children remained in the wagon and escaped uninjured as the horses were soon stopped by the lines becoming entangled in the wheel.

The Erie *Observer* announces that Mrs. Rebecca Brawley has been appointed Post Mistress at North East in that county. The commission for her deceased husband, R. S. Brawley, Esq., was being made out when the Department heard of his death—hence the appointment of the widow. We have no doubt it will give satisfaction!

HON. F. B. STREETER.

The Montrose *Democrat*, published at the home of the Hon. B. F. STREETER, recently appointed Solicitor of the Treasury at Washington, is highly pleased because that distinguished democrat has been selected to fill so honorable and responsible a position. The Editor is sure that the President will never regret having made this appointment. "As a just recognition of a section of Pennsylvania more important to the Democratic party than almost half the remainder of the State—because of its steadfastness to the cause,—it comes at a time peculiarly fortunate for the interests of the party and the Administration. It evinces a spirit of liberal fairness towards a hitherto proscribed section of this Commonwealth, and a disposition to deal justly by men and majorities."

☞ The *Gazette* is out in favor of the re-election of Dr. CAROTHERS as State Senator. If we *are* to have a Whig Senator from this county, we do not known of a gentleman whom we would rather see in that position than Dr. C. Although not a talking member, he is very attentive to the interests of his constituents. It is the intention of the Democracy of Allegheny county to have a Senator of their own at Harrisburg next winter.

For the Post.

PITTSBURGH AND CLEVELAND RAILROAD.

MESSRS. EDITORS—*Gentlemen:* Having been absent from the city for some time, I was surprised to find on my return that there was a hesitancy on the part of the Grand Jury of Allegheny county, and, apparently, on the part of the press of this city, as to the propriety of subscribing $200,000 to the Pittsburgh and Cleveland Railroad.

Now, gentlemen, in my humble opinion, to refuse the required aid would be not only acting illiberal towards the Company, but quite suicidal to Pittsburgh and Allegheny county interests, for the interests of the city and county are identical—they cannot be separated; whatever has a tendency to increase the population of Pittsburgh increases the demand for the products of Allegheny county, the manufactures of the city, and enhances the value of real estate. I observed above, to refuse would be illiberal towards the Company; I now add, it would be ungrateful; because the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad Company struggled through many difficulties unaided by us, and opened the first railroad communication to the Lakes, thereby opening to us the vast trade of the Northwest and Lake country; it also turned a great portion of the travel from Cincinnati, via Cleveland, through this city which would have passed through Buffalo to New York city. We have lent a helping hand to every other improvement of the kind terminating here, and to refuse the aid of our credit (for no money is asked) to procure means to complete a link in this road, between Wellsville, in Ohio, (only four miles from the State line,) and Rochester, in Beaver county, Pennsylvania, would be highly unjust. This link, when completed, will give to us not only an uninterrupted railroad communication with the Lakes, but, through its branches and connexions, with all parts of Ohio and the great West. I have been informed, since my return to the city, by a gentleman holding a high and responsible office in the State of Ohio, and a resident of Columbus, that there will be railroads within twelve months from this date running through seventy-six counties of Ohio, out of ninety-eight, her whole number. And you will see, gentlemen, by casting your eyes over the map of Ohio, that this road will connect with an immense number of railroads. It has been said by some that this road would be a rival to the Pittsburgh and Steubenville road; but such is not the fact, it will only be a co worker with that road to pour into our city the wealth and business of the mighty West. It will take up at Bridgeport a vast amount of business that the Steubenville road could not reach; so, likewise, above Steubenville, the same; and downward trains, especially, would, below Wellsville, carry business to the Steubenville and Pittsburgh road. It stands in relation to that road as a cross-road, and not as a parallel one. The Pittsburgh and Steubenville road, in connexion with the Steubenville and Indiana road, is designed as a straight-through way from East to West, passing through central Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The Cleveland and Pittsburgh road, through its branch to Bridgeport, will bring us the business of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Southern Ohio. So, I apprehend, there can be no rivalry between these two important roads, and our true policy is to act liberally towards both of them, as, ultimately, we will be the gainers by the completion of both roads. Having read, in Saturday's *Journal*, a very appropriate article on this subject, I take the liberty of extracting a portion of it:

"This road is now completed from the city of Cleveland to the town of Wellsville, on the Ohio river. It is under contract, and will soon be finished, from Wellsville to the town of Bridgeport, in Ohio, opposite the city of Wheeling. At Bridgeport it is connected with the Marietta and Cincinnati Railroad, which is now all under contract, and which road, remote as it appears to be, was designed for much importance to Pennsylvania interests, that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company were anxious to, and did, subscribe to the amount of seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars ($750,000.) This road, at Marietta, in Kentucky, is connected with roads now in progress of construction from Marietta to Nashville, and to Memphis on the Mississippi river. This road also connects, at Bridgeport, with the Central Ohio, finished, which is now completed to Newark, and Zanesville, at which place the Cincinnati, Wilmington, and Zanesville Railroad terminates. This latter road is the straightest and lowest route of any road of equal length, now building in that State, and, when completed, will enable us to reach Cincinnati in the almost incredible short time of nine hours.

"The twenty miles between Beaver and Wellsville is all that is necessary to complete this grand link. The county of Beaver has already subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to the work, and they now ask us to come up and help them to pour their share into the common treasury. We have already spent over three millions of dollars on this road. It is paying, in its unconnected state, a handsome revenue per cent. The Board of Directors have, by a resolution, agreed to pay for over the interest of the bonds that may be issued by the county of Allegheny, for which the whole road is pledged, and to pay into the County Treasury the excess of six per cent. The talk of this road being a foreign corporation is all humbug. It is chartered by our own Legislature, is in our own State, and by the terms of its incorporation all the money raised in the State must be spent within its borders; besides we will have two directors in it.

"These roads are under the management of men eminent for their energy and skill. They ask from us, as a community, that we will lend them our credit, in order that they may make permanent improvements that must tend to increase the general wealth and prosperity of every man in the community. Precedents are not wanting for this. Almost every city and corporation in Middle States is striving to secure to themselves the trade and travel to its borders. Shall we, favored by the best natural position, and the most unbounded natural wealth, drive from our doors the men who are seeking to pour wealth, commerce, and people into our lap? We hope not. We hope that an enlightened Grand Jury and Commissioners will favor all these projects, and urge and assist, by every possible means, the early completion of the Cleveland and Pittsburgh Railroad."

A PITTSBURGHER.

Items of News and Miscellany.

It appears that great excitement exists in Chicago in relation to the alleged presence of mad dogs in the city. Petitions are in circulation praying the Council to out-law all dogs running in the streets, and pay a bounty on each dog killed.

The Cooperstown *Republican* says the subscription in aid of the Cooper monument is progressing. Something in the neighborhood of $1,000 is already subscribed, with a good prospect of being speedily increased to $3,000.—The monument is to be on the summit of Mount Vision.

In the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention on the 9th, the secret provision was adopted by a large majority. Also, that for the election of all state and county officers, of a judicial character, by the people.

The members of the Savannah, Geo., Fire Department are paid 42½ cents per hour while in active service. Besides this, when an alarm of fire is sounded, the first man at each engine house receives a premium of $1, the second 50 cents, and third 50 cents.

"A man in Detroit advertises for a partner in the nursery business. This is a new way of advertising for a wife.

Time has made some change in the appearance of the Niagara Falls within five years.—The table-rock on the Canada side has nearly disappeared, and only a small vestige of the once celebrated projection now remains. On the American side, near to the observatory, another piece of rock has been carried away, on which a portion of the bridge from Goat Island rested. This bridge once extended out some distance beyond the stone tower, but it now scarce projects beyond.

PUBLICATIONS.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The July number of this highly popular and well conducted monthly has already reached us by mail. Its contents are unusually interesting. The illustrations are exceedingly beautiful, especially the leading engraving; "Would you like to have a mate?" Graham's motto is "Excelsior!"

LADY'S BOOK.—Godey's Lady's Book for July has also come to hand, sparkling and bright as a summer's morning. This number commences the 24th year of its age; but notwithstanding it is advancing in years, it is fresher and prettier now than on the day it was ushered into this "breathing world." Long life to Godey!

☞ A writer in the National Intelligencer says:

It may not be amiss to inform distinguished politicians East of the mountains, that buffalo do not roam wild on the banks of the Ohio, and that the Indians rarely give the people here any trouble.

The fogies who read the Intelligencer may need that information.

From the Pennsylvanian of Saturday.

THE SCENE OF YESTERDAY.

The wretched criminal expiated his crime upon the gallows, at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock yesterday morning. At an early hour an idle crowd gathered in the vicinity of the Prison, anxiously peering at the massive walls, as if some miracle would make the stones transparent. At 9 o'clock, the Sheriff and his jury arrived. At about half past 9, the gentlemen appointed as deputies were admitted at the north gate of the prison, and took their positions assigned by the Marshal of the Police. At about a quarter before 11 o'clock, the deputies were formed in a line on the north pavement of the upper carriage way, preparatory to the movement of the melancholy procession. At 11 o'clock, the cortege moved from the corridor of the prison. A death like stillness pervaded the assembly—nought was heard but the slow, and measured step of the procession in connection with a hymn sung by the clergy, "who had been attending the unfortunate man. As the procession neared us, we observed that the guilty criminal faltered in his step, and at one time we thought he would give way under the excitement.

At the head of the train were two clergymen—behind them the hangman, in a grey suit and masked, in company with George F. Alberti.—Then came the prisoner, supported on either side by those ministering comforts, the Rev. John Street and Rev. Mr. Kensil. Next came the Sheriff's jury, followed by the deputies. Thus they passed to the scaffold that was to end the earthly career of a man, lost to all those qualities of heart that ally men to angels.

The criminal ascended the platform with trembling steps, followed by his spiritual advisers and the Sheriff. He stood in the centre of the scaffold. When the hymn was finished, the Rev. John Street addressed the prisoner in the following language:

"ARTHUR SPRING, you have been convicted of the crime of murder, and are about to expiate that crime upon the gallows. Are you guilty of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch?"

To this the prisoner answered in a clear and bold manner:

"Sure and I'm not. All I have to say is, that night I went to bed at 7 o'clock, and did not get up until 9 o'clock next morning."

Mr. Street then said:

"Arthur Spring, the Grand Jury of the Courts, after due consideration, have presented you as the murderer of JOSEPH RINE. Are you guilty or not?"

He answered with much emphasis:

"*I am not.* I never saw the man. I do not know him from any other man."

Mr. Street then said, "Arthur Spring, as you are about to appear before your God, I ask you, had your son anything to do with the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch?"

He replied in a clear and forcible manner, "he had no more to do with it than I had."

The clergy, sheriff and prisoner then kneeled upon the platform, and a touching prayer was offered to God for the salvation of the poor wretch by the Rev. Mr. Kensil. He alluded in a feeling manner to his children, and prayed God to take them into his fatherly embrace and care. During this appeal to the Throne of Grace, the criminal was much affected, shedding tears and biting his lips. After prayer, the preparations were made for the execution. When his hat was taken off and the cap was about to be drawn over his face, he made an effort to speak. He declared his son's entire innocence of the murder for which he was about to die. This was uttered in a low tone. Mr. Street then announced, in a loud voice, that "Arthur Spring declared his son's entire innocence of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch. Let it go to the corners of the earth that this boy's skirts are free of the blood of these women."

Immediately after the cap was drawn over the prisoner's face, the hangman advanced and took off his neck-cloth, turned down his shirt collar, and adjusted the rope about his neck. The clergy and the Sheriff then bid him farewell, and the latter left he said in a loud voice, "Good bye, Sheriff." These were the last words uttered by the prisoner. He stood for a few moments in perfect composure, the thumb of the left hand in the button hole of his coat—not a muscle moved—no indication of fear was visible, and at precisely fifteen minutes past 11 o'clock, the drop fell, and the wretch was launched into eternity. He died without a struggle—two or three respirations were all the motions visible.

After hanging 27 minutes he was pronounced dead, cut down and removed to a small building in the prison yard where a cast of his face was taken. His features were to no way disturbed—he looked as if he had died calmly and without pain. His remains were enclosed in a walnut coffin and given to the care of Rev. Mr. Street. An examination of his brain will be made tomorrow, by Drs. Kirkbride and McClintock.

Late from Utah—Proclamation of Gov. Young against the Mexicans.

Advices from Salt Lake to the 20th of April, have been received. Gov. Brigham Young has issued a proclamation ordering out an armed force to reconnoitre "a horde of Mexicans," who had entered the Utah territory for the purpose of inciting the Indians to make aggressions on the inhabitants. The Governor is also down in a savage manner upon apostates, and warns them not to court prosecution, lest they should get too much of it. The Governor bursts out in indignant denunciation of the apostates, and relates one of his dreams, as follows:

"Who broke the road to these valleys? Did this little nasty Smith and his wife? No; they stayed in St. Louis while we did it, peddling ribbons and kissing the gentiles. I know what they have done here; they have asked exorbitant prices for their nasty stinking ribbons, (voices, 'that's true.') We broke the roads to this country. Now, you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you. I will tell you a dream that I had last night. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters; they had turbans upon their heads, and these were also hanging in tatters. The rags were of many colors, and when the people moved, they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention; said they to me, 'we are Mormons, Brother Brigham.' 'No, you are not,' I replied. 'But we have been,' said they, and began to jump, and caper about and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said, 'you are no Saints, you are a disgrace to them.' Said they, 'we have been Mormons.' By and by along came some mobocrats, and they greeted them with, 'how do you do, sir, I am happy to see you.' They kept on that way for an hour. I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eyes a disgrace to Mormonism.

Then I saw two ruffians, whom I know to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where one of my wives and children were. I said, 'you that call yourselves brethren, tell me, is this the fashion among you?' They said, 'O, they are good men, they are gentlemen.—With that I took my large bowie knife that I used to wear as a bosom pin in Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying, 'go to hell across lots.' The other one said, 'You dare not serve me so.' I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both, if they would behave themselves they should yet live, but if they did not I would unjoint their necks. At this I awoke. *I say rather than that apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheath my bowie knife, and conquer or die.* (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) *Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,* (Voices generally, 'go it, go it') *If you say it is right, raise your hands.* (All hands up.) *Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this, and every good work.*"

An Agreeable Operation.

An observing correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who has been writing from Vienna, gives the following amusing description of the mode of leave-taking among the people out there:—

On parting with my friends in Vienna, I was initiated into the mysteries of an Austrian leave-taking. It consists of an endless series, an indefinite prolongation, a labyrinthine maze, of hearty huggings, warm embraces, affectionate squeezings, and cordial kissings. As long as the "lip service" is confined to "lovely woman," 'tis by no means disagreeable, but when a burly individual whose face fairly bristles with hair, whose cheeks, whose chin, whose lips, present one phalanx of stiffly pointed lances, encircles you in his arms, and imprints on each side a salute that nearly takes the skin off, and makes your face tingle with pain for an hour after, the sentiment, the poetry, the effervescence, the fragrance of the thing, vanishes entirely, and it is converted into a most nauseating penance. But to refuse your Austrian friend this farewell salutation, would be to offend him mortally. I was doomed to undergo this excruciating ordeal of friendship several times, therefore I speak feelingly on the subject.—I have often been amused at the mutual efforts of two natives to penetrate the thick "chopparal" of each others faces, in order to find a clear space sufficiently large to implant a token of their brotherly affection. What is better calculated to provoke a smile than to see this, with us feminine mode of greeting, exchanged in the street between two hairy patriarchs of sixty or seventy winters?

Excitement at Montreal—Gavazzi's Lecture—Attack upon Zion Church—Riot and Loss of Life.

MONTREAL, June 10, 1853.

The Montreal *Herald*, of this morning, contains the following particulars of the riot and melancholy loss of life at Father Gavazzi's anti-Catholic lecture at Zion Church, last evening.

As advertised, Signor Gavazzi met a numerous audience in Zion Church, at half past six o'clock, P. M., yesterday. Many of our most respectable citizens, with their families, were present. About half past seven o'clock we went to the door of the church, where we found Captain Ermatinger with a strong posse of police, some twenty or thirty men. At this time and for about half an hour after, groups of wild, rugged looking men were assembled round the door of the church and at different points between the church and McGill street. We mixed freely among the people, and conversed with more than one of those who were considered the leaders of the Irish Catholic party. We were assured by them that they had only come to the ground to use their influence to prevent a disturbance, and that we might rest satisfied the lecture would pass off quietly. We were not, however, satisfied with the aspect of affairs, and remained on the ground. At about a quarter to eight o'clock a band of ruffians, we learn—for, masked, in company with George F. Alberti.—Then came the prisoner, supported on either side by those ministering comforts, the Rev. John Street and Rev. Mr. Kensil. Next came the Sheriff's jury, followed by the deputies. Thus they passed to the scaffold that was to end the earthly career of a man, lost to all those qualities of heart that ally men to angels.

The criminal ascended the platform with trembling steps, followed by his spiritual advisers and the Sheriff. He stood in the centre of the scaffold. When the hymn was finished, the Rev. John Street addressed the prisoner in the following language:

"ARTHUR SPRING, you have been convicted of the crime of murder, and are about to expiate that crime upon the gallows. Are you guilty of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch?"

To this the prisoner answered in a clear and bold manner:

"Sure and I'm not. All I have to say is, that night I went to bed at 7 o'clock, and did not get up until 9 o'clock next morning."

Mr. Street then said:

"Arthur Spring, the Grand Jury of the Courts, after due consideration, have presented you as the murderer of JOSEPH RINE. Are you guilty or not?"

He answered with much emphasis:

"*I am not.* I never saw the man. I do not know him from any other man."

Mr. Street then said, "Arthur Spring, as you are about to appear before your God, I ask you, had your son anything to do with the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch?"

He replied in a clear and forcible manner, "he had no more to do with it than I had."

The clergy, sheriff and prisoner then kneeled upon the platform, and a touching prayer was offered to God for the salvation of the poor wretch by the Rev. Mr. Kensil. He alluded in a feeling manner to his children, and prayed God to take them into his fatherly embrace and care. During this appeal to the Throne of Grace, the criminal was much affected, shedding tears and biting his lips. After prayer, the preparations were made for the execution. When his hat was taken off and the cap was about to be drawn over his face, he made an effort to speak. He declared his son's entire innocence of the murder for which he was about to die. This was uttered in a low tone. Mr. Street then announced, in a loud voice, that "Arthur Spring declared his son's entire innocence of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch. Let it go to the corners of the earth that this boy's skirts are free of the blood of these women."

Immediately after the cap was drawn over the prisoner's face, the hangman advanced and took off his neck-cloth, turned down his shirt collar, and adjusted the rope about his neck. The clergy and the Sheriff then bid him farewell, and the latter left he said in a loud voice, "Good bye, Sheriff." These were the last words uttered by the prisoner. He stood for a few moments in perfect composure, the thumb of the left hand in the button hole of his coat—not a muscle moved—no indication of fear was visible, and at precisely fifteen minutes past 11 o'clock, the drop fell, and the wretch was launched into eternity. He died without a struggle—two or three respirations were all the motions visible.

After hanging 27 minutes he was pronounced dead, cut down and removed to a small building in the prison yard where a cast of his face was taken. His features were to no way disturbed—he looked as if he had died calmly and without pain. His remains were enclosed in a walnut coffin and given to the care of Rev. Mr. Street. An examination of his brain will be made tomorrow, by Drs. Kirkbride and McClintock.

Late from Utah—Proclamation of Gov. Young against the Mexicans.

Advices from Salt Lake to the 20th of April, have been received. Gov. Brigham Young has issued a proclamation ordering out an armed force to reconnoitre "a horde of Mexicans," who had entered the Utah territory for the purpose of inciting the Indians to make aggressions on the inhabitants. The Governor is also down in a savage manner upon apostates, and warns them not to court prosecution, lest they should get too much of it. The Governor bursts out in indignant denunciation of the apostates, and relates one of his dreams, as follows:

"Who broke the road to these valleys? Did this little nasty Smith and his wife? No; they stayed in St. Louis while we did it, peddling ribbons and kissing the gentiles. I know what they have done here; they have asked exorbitant prices for their nasty stinking ribbons, (voices, 'that's true.') We broke the roads to this country. Now, you Gladdenites, keep your tongues still, lest sudden destruction come upon you. I will tell you a dream that I had last night. I dreamed that I was in the midst of a people who were dressed in rags and tatters; they had turbans upon their heads, and these were also hanging in tatters. The rags were of many colors, and when the people moved, they were all in motion; their object in this appeared to be to attract attention; said they to me, 'we are Mormons, Brother Brigham.' 'No, you are not,' I replied. 'But we have been,' said they, and began to jump, and caper about and dance, and their rags of many colors were all in motion, to attract the attention of the people. I said, 'you are no Saints, you are a disgrace to them.' Said they, 'we have been Mormons.' By and by along came some mobocrats, and they greeted them with, 'how do you do, sir, I am happy to see you.' They kept on that way for an hour. I felt ashamed of them, for they were in my eyes a disgrace to Mormonism.

Then I saw two ruffians, whom I know to be robbers and murderers, and they crept into a bed where one of my wives and children were. I said, 'you that call yourselves brethren, tell me, is this the fashion among you?' They said, 'O, they are good men, they are gentlemen.—With that I took my large bowie knife that I used to wear as a bosom pin in Nauvoo, and cut one of their throats from ear to ear, saying, 'go to hell across lots.' The other one said, 'You dare not serve me so.' I instantly sprang at him, seized him by the hair of the head, and bringing him down, cut his throat, and sent him after his comrade; then told them both, if they would behave themselves they should yet live, but if they did not I would unjoint their necks. At this I awoke. *I say rather than that apostates shall flourish here, I will unsheath my bowie knife, and conquer or die.* (Great commotion in the congregation, and a simultaneous burst of feeling assenting to the declaration.) *Now, you nasty apostates, clear out, or judgment will be put to the line, and righteousness to the plummet,* (Voices generally, 'go it, go it') *If you say it is right, raise your hands.* (All hands up.) *Let me call upon the Lord to assist us in this, and every good work.*"

An Agreeable Operation.

An observing correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, who has been writing from Vienna, gives the following amusing description of the mode of leave-taking among the people out there:—

On parting with my friends in Vienna, I was initiated into the mysteries of an Austrian leave-taking. It consists of an endless series, an indefinite prolongation, a labyrinthine maze, of hearty huggings, warm embraces, affectionate squeezings, and cordial kissings. As long as the "lip service" is confined to "lovely woman," 'tis by no means disagreeable, but when a burly individual whose face fairly bristles with hair, whose cheeks, whose chin, whose lips, present one phalanx of stiffly pointed lances, encircles you in his arms, and imprints on each side a salute that nearly takes the skin off, and makes your face tingle with pain for an hour after, the sentiment, the poetry, the effervescence, the fragrance of the thing, vanishes entirely, and it is converted into a most nauseating penance. But to refuse your Austrian friend this farewell salutation, would be to offend him mortally. I was doomed to undergo this excruciating ordeal of friendship several times, therefore I speak feelingly on the subject.—I have often been amused at the mutual efforts of two natives to penetrate the thick "chopparal" of each others faces, in order to find a clear space sufficiently large to implant a token of their brotherly affection. What is better calculated to provoke a smile than to see this, with us feminine mode of greeting, exchanged in the street between two hairy patriarchs of sixty or seventy winters?

AMUSEMENTS.

THEATRE.

LESSEE AND MANAGER.....JOSEPH C. FOSTER.

☞ Doors open at 7¼ o'clock; performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.

PRICES OF ADMISSION:

Private Boxes	$1,00	Dress Circle	50 cts.
Parquette	50	Second Tier	25

☞ Seats may be secured at the Box Office, during the day, without extra charge.

☞ All hands obey for the benefit of Mr. J. PROCTOR.

THIS EVENING, June 14th, 1853, will be performed the Nautical Drama of the
BLACK SEA GULL: OR, SHARKS ALONG SHORE.

Chance.....Mr. Proctor.
Old Squalls, a man-of-wars-man.....Mr. Brelsford.
Porcupine Pritchles.....Mr. Ryan.
Felicity Stockton.....Miss Wheeler.

To conclude with the
MOUNTAIN DEVIL.

Strapado.....Mr. Brelsford.
Desperetta.....Mr. Proctor.
Juliets.....Mrs. Gilbert.

MASONIC HALL!

GRAND CONCERT!

SIGNORINA BALBINA STEFFENONE,
PRIMA DONNA ASSOLUTA, from her Majesty's Theatre, in London, and from the Italian Opera of New York, Havana, Mexico, &c. &c., has been lately to announce that she will give her FIRST and ONLY
GRAND CONCERT!
IN PITTSBURGH, on TUESDAY, June 14th, 1853, at the above Hall. For which occasion she has expressly engaged the eminent and favorite vocalist,
Mad. AMELIA PATTI STRAKOSCH,
And the wonderful Violinist,
PAUL JULIEN!
The most extraordinary phenomenon for his age, (11 years,) first premium and honorary member of the Medical Conservatory, Paris. He is considered the greatest Violinist now living, and the wonder of the age.
Conductor and Director, MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS.

☞ The price of admission to all parts of the house has been fixed at $1,00. Seats can be procured without extra charge, beginning on Monday, June 13th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at Mr. Hieber's Music Store.

☞ With every admission ticket will be given a certificate, bearing the number corresponding to it in every seat. The certificate has to remain in the hands of the original holder, and establishes the ownership to the seat.

☞ On the evening of the Concert there will be a number of Ushers in attendance, wearing rosettes, whose duty it will be to show visitors to their seats.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Fantasie Dramatique, on popular Airs from "Lucia di Lammermoor," composed and executed by MAURICE STRAKOSCH.
2. Brilliant Cavatina, from Verdi's celebrated Opera Ernani, sung by SIGNORANI BALBINA STEFFENONE.
3. Pentacle de Concert, on Airs from "The Child of the Regiment," composed by Artot, performed by PAUL JULIEN.
4. "Home, Sweet