



MOUNTAIN SENTINEL.

ANDREW J. RHEV, EDITOR.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Thursday July 31, 1851.

THE "SENTINEL," has much the largest circulation of any paper published in this county—and as an advertising sheet offers superior inducements to merchants and business men generally. Those desirous of making use of this medium for extending their business, can do so by either sending their notices direct, or through the following agents: John Crouse, Esq., Johnstown. V. B. Palmer, Esq., New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

Democratic County Committee.
M. Hason, James M. Dermot, N. Nagle, John Wherry, Richard White, Thomas H. Porter, Thos. Gallagher, P. J. Little, George Murray, Samuel Brawley, John Anderson, John Adams, John Deelin, Elisha M. Luckett, Lewis B. Dunmire, G. Walters, George N. Smith, T. L. Heyer, Andrew Sprunt, Charles Dillon.

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.
FOR GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM BIGLER,
OF CLEARFIELD COUNTY.
FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
SETH CLOVER,
OF CLARION COUNTY.
FOR JUDGES OF THE SUPREME COURT.
JOHN B. GIBSON, OF CUMBERLAND.
JEREMIAH S. BLACK, OF SOMERSET.
JAMES CAMPBELL, OF PHILADELPHIA.
ELLIS LEWIS, OF LANCASTER.
WALTER H. LOWRIE, OF ALLEGHENY.

Democratic County Nominations.
ASSEMBLY,
JOHN KEAN,
of Summerhill.
PROTHONOTARY,
WILLIAM KITTELL,
of Ebensburg.
ASSOCIATE JUDGES,
HARRISON KINKEAD,
of Ebensburg,
GEO. W. EASLY,
of Johnstown.
TREASURER,
REES J. LLOYD,
of Ebensburg.
COMMISSIONER,
WILLIAM PALMER,
of Summerhill.
AUDITOR,
ROBERT HAMILTON,
of Johnstown.

State Central Committee.
APPOINTED BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE READING GUBERNATORIAL CONVENTION.
WM. DOCK, of Dauphin, Chairman.
WM. ROSS, of Luzerne.
WM. DEAL, of Philadelphia.
THOS. J. POWER, of Beaver.
J. ELLIS BONHAM, of Cumberland.
JAS. BURNSIDE, of Centre.
FREDERICK K. BOAS, of Dauphin.
GEO. W. DOWMAN, of Bedford.
JAS. L. REYNOLDS, of Lancaster.

Hon. James Buchanan, Ex-Gov. Porter and family, Speaker Matthias and others, are expected at the Summit on Saturday evening, and will probably be in Ebensburg on Monday next.

We met Gen. Bowman, the able editor of the Gazette in Bedford. He enjoys good health and when he strikes the Whigs they feel it.

Father Mathew
Was to have left Pittsburgh yesterday morning for Cleveland, from whence he goes to New York, and will return here in September. His noble efforts in the cause of Temperance have been the theme of so much praise that all we could say on the subject would be entirely superfluous; but we cannot but express the hope that the years of his life may not soon draw to a close, and that he may have allotted to him by a kind Providence the health and vigor so necessary for the continuance of his glorious work. Not less than six thousand persons took the pledge from him while in the "Iron City," and if they are but true to themselves they will never break it.

The Investigator
Is the title of a new Democratic Campaign paper published at Harrisburg by R. H. Adams. It has been started to investigate the political character of Gov. Johnston, as also to repel the slanderous attacks made by his organ, the Harrisburg American, and judging from the numbers before us it will do so in an eminent degree. This paper is so cheap and contains so much valuable information that every democrat should have it. It will be furnished twice a week for the low price of 30 cents from this time until after the election.

Bedford Springs.
"The statesman, lawyer, merchant, man of trade,
Pants for the refuge of some rural shade,
Where all his long anxieties forgot
Amid the charms of a sequester'd spot,
Or recollected only to gild o'er,
And add a smile to what was sweet before,
He may possess the joys he thinks he sees,
And lay his old age 'pon the lap of ease."

The above lines of the poet can be elucidated fully by a trip to that delightful watering place Bedford Springs. There you meet with persons of all ages and conditions in life, some of them visiting this renowned spot for health, others for pleasure, the young and gay full of vivacity and sprightliness, high in expectation of a blissful future, and the aged and feeble, now in "the sear and yellow leaf of life," looking forward to a brighter and better world, and awaiting, though not without fear, the hour that calls them from us.

We paid our first visit to the Springs last week, and after a rough ride, (thanks to the Hollidaysburg and Bedford turnpike,) which we imagine made us ten years older (but of course the young ladies will forget this,) we arrived at the Springs safely on Wednesday evening, just in time to participate in the Grand Fancy Dress Ball which was announced as part of the bill of fare for that day. We needed water to wash away the dust that had accumulated on our fair form, and after an invigorating bath in the pure cold water we dressed for the occasion, not in gaudy attire, nor in the weeds of mourning, nor with any pomp or semblance of outward show, but adorned ourself in all our accustomed mountain simplicity, and chose rather to be a "chiel among them takin' notes," than to wear the sombre dress of Hamlet, the mailed coat of Harry Percy, or the buckles and breeches of Tom More, the "Irish Lion." We entered the room at a measured step to the music of the band, the air being as we took it the "Rogue's March," and were struck at first sight with about eleven pair of jet black eyes, whose piercing glances looked completely through us, and our dear little heart beat like a watch running a hand race. We paused to contemplate that scene and as

"We gazed upon the dance, where ladies' light
Of mirrors and of lamps,"
the most delicious sensations seemed to steal o'er us, and we knew a hundred hearts beat happily and in unison with each other. However, the Fancy part of the ball we considered a failure, there being but a few persons in character. We would moreover state that Miss T—n of Philadelphia, in the Bloomer Costume, looked we might say divinely, and her appearance has almost made us a disciple of the style, a la Turk.

Miss L—e of Lancaster, as a Swiss peasant girl attracted universal attention and personated the character distinguishingly. Miss S—g of St. Louis acquitted herself as a French grisette in an excellent manner. Miss G—n of Virginia as a highland lassie gained much credit, and Mrs. V—e of Philadelphia as the Maid of the Mist received much praise for the excellent manner in which she sustained the character. Mr. S—r of Baltimore as Rob Roy Macgregor done admirably, Col. V—e of Philadelphia as Wm. Penn was quite effective, Col. L—n of Philadelphia as the Hunter of Kentucky could not fail to please, Mr. C—n of Pittsburgh as a divine done the character full justice, and Mr. C—l of Philadelphia as Rolando was excellent. But the card of the evening was Mr. M—n of Lewistown, who personated the character of Josh Doolittle from "away down east," and was the observed of all observers. Everything passed off pleasantly and the refreshments served up at 12 o'clock at night received kind and considerate attention, after which the company retired to sleep to dream of anticipated pleasures on the morrow.

Thursday, breakfast came mail-like on the table, owing of course to the fatigue of the servants from the previous evening, and the sun was high in the heavens ere the appetites of many were satisfied. Many, however, both young and old, were early up and took their accustomed walk to the top of the mountain before breakfast, from which there is a beautiful and extensive view. After breakfast the bowling-alley was crowded with "braze women and fair men," and the pins and balls suffered considerably. We took a game with a young lady but was badly beaten—Didn't expect any thing else. The pistol gallery was also resorted to by many and the tinkling of the bell by a lady fell upon our ears like music "upon a bank of violets," and kindled rapture in the coldest eye."

In the afternoon we visited the town—paid our respects to our lady friends, and engaged a young lady, (not for life,) but for a ride on horseback. Procuring several gallant steeds, "who pawed the ground with restless feet," we proceeded on our winding way and were well pleased with the adventure. Dancing again on Thursday and Friday evenings, having in the meantime a pleasant buggy ride with one of the belles of the Springs, a walk to the mountain, baths, pistol shots, &c., &c. On Sunday forenoon Rev. Mr. Lyman, of Pittsburgh, had divine service in the Ladies' Drawing Room, and the valuable assistance rendered by the choir of ladies and gentlemen, added much to the impressiveness of the exercises.

We left for home on Monday morning and in the evening was once more in Cambria enjoying an atmosphere ten degrees cooler than that of Bedford, satisfied with our visit, with the exception that we do think the proprietor, although a very clever and gentlemanly man, should provide better for the accommodation of his guests, have more servants, get all the frame buildings, especially Crockford, re-painted and repaired, re-build his bath house on a more extensive scale, build a new bowling saloon, get good balls and pins and make a plank road half way to Hollidaysburg. So ends the chapter.

We met at the Bedford Springs the following prominent Democrats and were more than pleased with the kind manner in which they received us, for which we feel exceedingly obliged. Hon. James Buchanan, Col. Samuel W. Black, Ex-Gov. Porter, Hon. Wm. Dock, Hon. Ellis Lewis, Hon. J. S. Black, Mayor J. B. Guthrie, Messrs. Reynolds, Mathiot, Reigart and Keenan of Lancaster, Hon. John Cessna, Hon. Job Mann, Maj. S. H. Tate, Col. Henry C. Laughlin, Hon. T. Ives, Col. J. C. Vandyke, Chambers McKibben, Esq., Mr. Sullivan of Washington City, Col. A. H. Coffroth of Somerset, Hon. H. P. Laird, and J. Turney, Esq., of Greensburg, Col. F. K. Boas, of Harrisburg.

An editorial in reference to Judge Ellis Lewis, one of our nominees for the Supreme Bench, whom we met at Bedford, is unavoidably crowded out but will appear next week.

Messrs. G. W. Todd, J. C. O'Neill, Jos. McDonald, Wm. S. Campbell, Charles Albright, E. Shoemaker Jr., and the ladies accompanying him have returned from Bedford Springs looking much improved in health and appearance. So with us.

A terrific hail storm visited Clearfield township on Saturday last, destroying nearly all the grain and grass crops, and killing cattle, horses, sheep, &c. Several barns were blown down but no person injured. The particulars we could not learn.

Capt. Jacob Zeigler has enlarged and otherwise improved the Butler Herald, and it is one of the best country papers in the State. If Zeigler does not be well supported in his efforts to give his patrons a splendid paper, and is not elected to the Legislature from that county, we will exclaim, Alas! for the judgment of the Butler county folks. He will not be so unfortunate.

A young gentleman of this county, two weeks ago, through the columns of the Sentinel, over the signature of "Amicus," advocated the new mode of dress now being worn in many parts of the country, more familiarly known as the "Bloomer Costume," to which we have received the following in reply, and for the enlightenment of the people of Cambria on this subject give it publicity.

[FOR THE "MOUNTAIN SENTINEL."]

"Bloomer or No Bloomer."
This is the great, engrossing topic of the day—and the name of the lovely "Innovator" bids fair to become immortalized among the mighty "Progressionists" of this, the golden age of great discoveries. Such, dear Editor, is Fame. One wins it with the pen or the sword—another enables lovers a thousand miles apart to whisper their "sweet nonsense" by lightning—another again gives to the world a new light and draws it from a drop of water—and now a woman is to be made immortal for daring to wear her petticoats eighteen inches shorter than anybody else!

We do not deny that this is an age of progress; but not every age its follies? Dress is not a subject of slight importance. It will ever be one of the great criterions in the "eye of the world" by which a stranger is judged. Nations have their established costumes—and it becomes their distinctive mark, so soon as they are beyond the limits of their own country.—The wealthy and the poor—the aristocrat and the civilian are everywhere to be distinguished from each other. Mrs. Bloomer proposes a complete and sudden transformation of the present dress worn by ladies. It is no longer a change of style, but we might almost say of principle. It is undeniably "pretty" for a Harlem-girl or a ballet-dancer; but no less unsuitable for an enlightened woman, however becoming on the fiftieth wife of a Grand Turk.

"Laying aside mere beauty," say the Bloomerites, "the promotion of health and comfort are the chief advantages of the new dress." The evils of any custom arise from its abuse. We are not aware that the women of countries where the long dress is worn are less robust and healthy than those of any other. That a few silly girls who move in the circles of fashion should impair their health by wearing an immoderate quantity of clothing is not an argument properly applicable to the whole sex. The true sphere of woman in life does not require those peculiarities in dress that are indispensable to a man. But hear the opinion of a lady on the subject who has tried the costume, but finds in it no improvement; she says "we lately resolved to give it another trial; made one of a prettier material calculated for summer wear, and wore it for several days, at home and visiting amongst the neighbors; and now we give it up, convinced it is a mistake. If the trousers are loose at the ankle, they go flip flap; if gathered to a band and falling over in a puff, they go slip slap, as one walks. If there is a rume to fall down on the top of the foot, it gets in the mud, and is as ugly as the longest skirt. If it is drawn up to be convenient, as much of the foot and ankle is exposed as need be in a skirt short enough for all convenience, and long enough without trousers. Then, the trousers, all of them give a general appearance of deformity—of droopsical legs. Next, with a skirt that falls six inches below the knee, one cannot have the upper part of the trousers made like the drawers worn by women and children. They must be like men's pantaloons, or at least those worn by boys of three or four years. The undergarments must be worn inside of these, and they supported by straps over the shoulders, or a body to which they are fastened by half a dozen buttons, round the waistband.

"Where the convenience of such a dress would be, is difficult to imagine; and as for its healthfulness, there is not one in five hundred, if it were generally worn, who would use either straps or a body to support the trousers, but would make notches in their sides and hang them upon the hip bones, just as they now do the skirts, and as men lately did their pantaloons, until the Surgeon at West Point had to protest against the fashion as a fruitful cause of disease amongst the cadets. Trousers worn

without resting upon the shoulders are much worse than skirts, because of the strain in sitting, and this strain is much greater with women than men, on account of the difference in their form."

We do not advocate the present mode of dress from any foolish partiality for established customs—but of no innovation can we approve which tends to detract from the modesty of the woman and the dignity of the lady. And since it is clearly proved that neither health nor comfort are advanced by it, no lady of good taste would lay aside the graceful and dignified long dress for the doll baby attire of Mrs. Bloomer. Its novelty is its chief attraction—and women, especially, find a great charm in everything that is new. They will do far better however by "leaving well enough alone."

If indeed a time is to come when women shall enjoy all the privileges of men, (and we don't believe any such thing,) that time must be very, very far distant. Let us but for a moment imagine with some of these fair visionaries that we have lived to see that day. The first thing we behold is one of these ladies walking into a bar-room. Without a blush she calls for her "drink"—swallows it without winking—lights her segar—and starts out to promenade the streets, or sits down very coolly to play away her husband's money at the gaming table.

Where, meanwhile, is that unfortunate fragment of mortality—Man? There we find him at home, in the nursery, singing "by-a-baby" to the youngest child on his knee—while another is scrambling up the back of his chair, and amuses itself by pulling half the hair out of his head—a third one has just fallen with his nose against the floor—while a fourth one with a deafening racket brings down a shelf out of the cupboard, and amid the crash and the noise—the squalling and the shrieking, the disconsolate man drops the baby, dashes his hat over his eyes, and rushes out of the house like a madman, cursing in his heart the first woman that ever took it into her head to cut short a petticoat!

Closing my cursory remarks with the description of this "heart thrilling scene," I beg to remain, dear Editor,

As ever yours,
SANCHO.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Obituary on Richard the 4th.

Never in the history of "Dogology" have we been called upon to record the death of any dear departed one that we found the finer feelings of our heart so repugnant to, as that we are about to make mention of, but duty and a sense of our obligations to humanity forbid us to let it pass unnoticed and without any further preliminaries we proceed to mention the subject of this sad and mournful notice. "Richard Buchanan," more familiarly known by the appellation of Dick, died this morning at the Ebensburg house, after a short but painful illness, caused by the administration of poison by some fell demon let loose from Plato's realms who envied his reputation and popularity.

As a dog he was all that the most fastidious could desire, watchful, vigilant, generous and fat to a fault. It is worthy of note that while dogmatically in pursuit of a swine he always stopped to consider the cause and effect of his bite and if upon mature deliberation and a thorough investigation he discovered it would injure his reputation or be detrimental to hog or man he would stop short and acting upon the principle that "discretion is the better part of valor," would quietly return and resume his snooze beneath the beams of the "ruddy King of day."

When he did bite he left a shining mark, and many a hog (could they speak) would testify to his unprecedented severity on unmentionable parts. Long will the proprietor of the Ebensburg House remember him for his officious kindness in saving many pieces of meat from spoiling and the "staff of life" from being thrown out "to waste its fragrance on the bosom air." What adds solemnity to his death is the fact that his master was unfortunately absent from town and consequently was forbid the sad privilege of closing his eyes in death. How the heart-rendering news will be received by him "can be better imagined than described." "Twere vain to attempt to describe his many virtues, language being inadequate to the task, and thought itself, in its most unbounded flight, can but ill conceive the merits of him whose character we have so feebly attempted to portray. In this poor dog the elements of greatness were so mixed that it could be truly said, "we ne'er shall look upon his like again," and although he has gone to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne none of the canine race returns," his memory will still be enshrined within our hearts "unmixed with baser matter."

"A dog he was, in every degree,
Not excepting, dog fidelity."
RICARDO.

Ebensburg, Sunday evening, July 27.

"Alas! Poor Harry Clay!"

The New York Herald gives Gov. Johnston the cold shoulder in the following pointed paragraph, which also administers to Whiggery a severe rebuke for its desertion of the gallant Harry Clay:—

"John Tyler shed briny tears—'tears of heartfelt sorrow'—when at Harrisburg in 1840, Mr. Clay was set aside to make room for Gen. Harrison. And when, in 1848, Old Hal was superseded by Old Zack, it was enough to make 'angels weep,' let alone John Tyler. But what are we to think of this Lancaster proceeding. Scott nominated as the 'most deserving,' and not a word for CLAY, the idol, the life and soul of the whig party for thirty years! Oh! black ingratitude of shuffling gamblers for the spoils, what a DIRTY business is this—what a low, contemptible game, the game of USING SCOTT, as a DECOY DUCK for GOV. JOHNSTON! But we shall have LAME DUCKS enough (defeated whigs) before this business is over."

Glorious Letter from Col. Bigler.

From the Pennsylvanian.
The following extract of a business letter from Col. Bigler, received by Mr. Martin, we publish with much pleasure. It is *multum in parvo*; brief, but comprehensive. This is the ground upon which the Democratic candidate for Governor stood from the beginning. It is precisely the ground he took in his Lockhaven speech. There is no double-dealing in Colonel Bigler. He is with his party on the great issue, and speaks no two languages. Every patriotic citizen will read this letter with sincere gratification:—

CLEARFIELD, July 22.

GEO. H. MARTIN, Esq.:— * * * *
And now for a word or two on political matters. I observe that the *North American* is still in doubt about my position in reference to the great question now agitating the country. It assumes what is incorrect in reference to the law of 1847. I did not vote for it; I took no part in the proceedings of the Senate on the subject, nor could it, in my opinion, have become a law, if its full bearing had been perceived at the time. But if I had even advocated its adoption, that fact would not influence my present position in reference to it. As I intend, however, to say to the people in different parts of the State, in a short time, publicly, what I know and think on this subject, I shall not trouble you with details; but suffice it to say, that this law never should have been passed, and that should I be elected Governor next fall, regarding many of its provisions as unconstitutional and unjust in their operation, I shall not hesitate to urge their repeal; nor have I ever hesitated to say that, in my opinion, the bill now in the hands of Governor Johnston, ought to become a law.

In short, sir, my views are in entire accordance with the sentiments adopted at the Reading Convention, and I had not supposed that a disposition could be found anywhere to regard them otherwise. I am for all the compromise measures, and in favor of a thorough and efficient execution of them as they are, and against all future Congressional agitation of the questions settled by them.

With sentiments of high regard, I remain, dear sir, yours,
WM. BIGLER.

The One Term Candidate.

The Berks County Press, of last week, makes the following forcible remarks:
Gov. JOHNSTON is expected to address the whigs of Berks at their annual county meeting, which comes off on the first Monday of August next.

Two or three matters of importance will claim his serious attention at this meeting, all of which are still fresh in the minds of those who heard him on a former occasion.

1st. His solemn and distinct pledge to be a candidate for ONE TERM.

2d. His indignant abuse of Gov. Shunk for exercising the VETO power, and his sacred promise never to use it in thwarting the action of the People's Representatives.

3d. Defeating the action of the Legislature and the wishes of the people by suppressing an act in regard to fugitive slaves, and thus vitiating the great principle of adjustment adopted by Congress to save this glorious Union from destruction.

4th. His frequent exercise of the PARDONING power by which convicts and criminals of the deepest dye and indisputable guilt have been let loose upon society.

These are facts that should be thundered in his ears wherever he goes, and for which the people will hold him to strict accountability.—From the number of convicts recently pardoned, Gov. Johnston must expect a strong support from the Penitentiary in the approaching campaign, but all honest men will shun such associations.

Tenth Judicial District.

The Democratic Judicial Conference of the tenth district, composed of Armstrong, Indiana and Westmoreland Counties, met in the borough of Saltsburg, on the 22d instant, and nominated by acclamation the Hon. Jeremiah M. Burrell as the Democratic candidate for President Judge of the District. The nomination, (which we have looked upon for some time past as certain) is one of those that do honor to our party, as well in consequence of the abilities of the nominee, as manifesting the determination of our party to sustain the men who had longest and most faithfully struggled with them, and who had been borne most indubitable marks of the hostility of our opponents: for, as a general rule, we cannot go wrong in nominating for office the men most strenuously objected to by our opponents on account of their political opinions. Judge Burrell shares, in an eminent degree, the political enmity of our opponents; (having been placed under the ban by them whenever in their power, (and as we believe him to be "honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution," and also faithful in the discharge of all his social duties, we hope and expect to hear of his election by a triumphant majority.

The True Doctrine.

The *Upland Union*, the organ of the Democracy of Delaware county, in speaking of the contemplated ratification meeting that is to come off at Radnor, on the 2d proximo, says:

All meetings of Democrats devoted to the ascendancy of democratic principles, and inflexibly bent upon the support of nominations made in conformity with party usages, carry with them salutary influences, and confirm the weak and wavering, who are liable to be misled by disorganizers. We encourage Democrats to attend the ratification meeting—keep the flag of democracy flying, and from indignantly on any and every attempt to withdraw support from the Democratic State ticket. Our motto is, "Stand up to the rack, fodder or no fodder."—The man who encourages opposition to the regularly nominated ticket, or any part of it, is the enemy of democratic ascendancy, and is giving "aid and comfort" to the triumph of federal whiggery.

Later from Havana—The Cuban Revolution.

NEW ORLEANS, July 25.—The steamship Falcon has arrived at this port, from Havana. She brings the California Mails, and later accounts from Havana.

Private advices state that a revolution had broken out in Matanzas, and in Santiago de Cuba.

Large bands of the insurgents were in the mountains, and it was supposed the insurrection would spread rapidly.

A fight between a portion of the insurgents and a corps of government lancers, resulted in the defeat of the lancers, and they afterwards joined the enemy.

The government was beginning to manifest considerable alarm.

A private letter has been received here from a highly influential American merchant in Havana, stating that the Spanish Government is endeavoring to smother the particulars of the recent outbreak at Puerto Principe, in order to prevent creating a sensation in the United States.

The insurrectionary movement is represented as being quite formidable. Americans have been for some time past drilling the insurgents.

It is said that a ship from New York, with arms and ammunition for the insurgents, had succeeded in landing her cargo. Several others are daily expected to arrive.

Two Spanish officers of high rank had been imprisoned on suspicion of favoring the insurgents.

It is reported that an American had been garroted on suspicion of being concerned in the insurrectionary movement.

SAVANNAH, July 25.—The steamship Isabel, Captain Rollins, arrived to-day from Havana, bringing dates to the 21st inst. The accounts of the revolution at Puerto Principe are fully confirmed. The patriots had had several engagements with the Spanish troops, in one of which the troops were repulsed with a loss of 300 killed and wounded. The Spanish soldiers were deserting in large numbers and joining the patriots.

The Governor of Matanzas has informed the Captain General that the citizens are preparing to raise troops in order for his relief.

NEW ORLEANS, July 25.—We learn from a person who had escaped from Cuba, that the report of the uprising at Puerto Principe, is correct. The movement was premature, and failed principally for want of arms. Much dissatisfaction prevails in the mountainous parts of the Island. A great blow for liberty, it is thought, will be struck in November.

Tremendous Storm and Whirlwind at Honesdale.

HONESDALE, Pa., July 29.—Last evening our village was visited with a very violent storm, accompanied by a terrific whirlwind, which swept across the upper part of the place, taking in its course the large dwelling house of Mr. West, a portion of which was deposited on the opposite side of the river. Another portion was seen by several of our citizens high up in the air, sailing before the wind over "Irving Cliff," which is more than 300 feet high, and nearly two miles distant from the locality of the house!—A large quantity of the bricks were scattered over the fields along the track of the whirlwind. Mrs. West, child and servant, were in the house at the time the wind struck it, and fortunately escaped unhurt. A large quantity of glass was broken by the hail, and the crops in all directions are levelled with the ground.—The thunder and lightning were very severe.—Mr. West's damage is estimated at \$2,000.

Serious Accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

HARRISBURG, July 26.—The passenger train of cars from this place, on the Central Railroad, ran into a freight train at Huntingdon, yesterday afternoon. The engineer and firemen on the passenger train saved themselves by jumping from the engine. The baggage car was broken to pieces.

Thomas Mitchell, baggage master, had his leg broken and was otherwise seriously injured. A passenger going to Altoona to work in a blacksmith shop, had his skull fractured. The blame for the collision rests entirely with the freight train.

A Child Sentenced to the Gallows.

On Friday, the 18th inst., a boy but eleven years of age, was convicted in Baltimore City Court of murder in the first degree. The murder was one of intent, and not the result of an accidental blow, and the Jury, with the evidence of a clear intent to kill could not do otherwise than convict him capitally. The prisoner, George Long, who killed the little boy George Rumpf, his junior by some two years, did not seem to know what was going on around him, but amused himself during the trial catching flies and scratching his head, and sometimes falling off into a dose, with his head leaning against the bar. He seemed to think the trial a very dull affair, and did not seem to understand the affect of the verdict. The Jury and Attorney General, as well as the Court, immediately, however, joined in a recommendation to the Governor to commute his sentence to imprisonment for life—all agreeing that he should be put out of the way of an opportunity of again exercising his bloody propensities.

The Crops of Great Britain.

A late London letter says—"Good accounts of the prospect of the crops in Great Britain and Ireland, continue to be received. There has rarely, however, been a year in which the changes of temperature have been so violent.—The excessive heat experienced a short time since, has been succeeded by intense cold, with heavy showers. Under circumstances so peculiar, it will be impossible, therefore, to rely upon the promise of the harvest just at present."

AN OLD ADVERTISEMENT OF 1858.—Wanted, a stout active man, who fears the Lord and can carry two hundred weight.