

BABY SHOW—SPLENDID PREMIUMS.—A communication in a Georgia paper announces the fact that the executive committee of the Southern Central Agricultural Association have determined to offer some very handsome premiums on babies at the next meeting of the Fair! This is a new feature in Agricultural shows. The first premium—a silver pitcher, costing \$50—is to be awarded to the "handsomest and finest" baby, two years old; the second premium—a silver pitcher, costing \$35—is to a similar baby two years old; and a \$10 gold goblet for a fine handsome baby only six months old.

Locomotives.—We see by the *Locomotives* of last week, that Mr. T. J. Scott, has disposed of his interest in that establishment to Mr. W. H. Faust, who he recommends to the patrons of the paper as a gentleman, well qualified to fill the station which he now occupies. We wish the new firm, KEENEY & FAUST, success in business.

U. S. Marshal.—It is reported that the U. S. Marshal of the Western District of Pennsylvania has received authority from the President to call out the troops to assist him in enforcing the decrees of the Courts in the Erie matter.

John Mitchell's paper.—The following paragraph is taken from John Mitchell's paper, the "Citizen," published in New York. He says:

"Once again rosy morning dawns upon the earth. The 'Peace and Order' established in Europe at the point of five million bayonets begins to grow nervous. The nightmare of five years loosens its clutch upon the breast of the nations, and we see daylight and hear the cheerful cockerel.—

Many a time in this long, dark unrest, misnamed Peace, brave and just men wished they were dead; the righteous cause, they said, is crushed hopelessly for our generation—that which is crooked cannot be made straight, and that which is wanting cannot be numbered! But courage! courage!—

The unweary sun chases his own shadow still; and it is well to be alive, and not dead, when the dawn is breaking, calling us to the work and the play of life again."

"Rosy morning" does very well, but what shall we do with a nightmare losing its "clutch"? We protest against putting anything of the horse kind to any such purpose. Nightmares may kick, but we insist that they shall not clutch.

I. J. Hubbard.—I. J. Hubbard, conductor on the N. A. & S. railroad, between this place and Michigan City, is just that kind of a man, and just the conductor the traveling public like to meet with. We would rather travel round the world with such a conductor, than to ride to the first station with a sulky bull-head, who imagines, because he is a railroad conductor, he is some pump-kid.—*Lev. Courier.*

We have had the pleasure of riding with Mr. HUBBARD, and endorse every word of the above.

MR. MITCHEL'S POSITION ON THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—The following explicit announcement appears in the second number of John Mitchell's paper—*The Citizen*:

We are not abolitionists—no more abolitionists than Moses, or Socrates, or Jesus Christ. We deny that it is a crime, or a wrong, or even a peccadillo, to hold slaves, to buy slaves, to sell slaves, to keep slaves to their work by flogging or other needful coercion. "By your silence," says Mr. Haughton, "you will become a participant in their wrongs." But we will not be silent when occasion calls for speech; and as for being a participant in the wrongs, we for our part, wish we had a good plantation well stocked with healthy negroes in Alabama.

As a further evidence of the spirit of this paper we copy the following reply to the London Times, who intimates that the Irish rebels used vitriol as one of the weapons of warfare.

"In war everything that will either kill, hurt, burn, or blast an enemy is good. Bless your innocent heart vitriol is nothing. If there had been, as there ought to have been, an insurrection in Dublin, in 1848, and if the women in the upper stories could have rained hell fire upon the enemies of their country, they would have watered the Revolutionary garden, till it blossomed like the rose."

REVIVAL IN A PENITENTIARY.—For some time past the Keeper of the Kentucky State Prison has been in the habit of lecturing the inmates every Sunday morning. Several of the prisoners gave such evidence of concern on the subject of religion that induced the keeper to write to the Rev. J. D. Black, of Scott county, and other ministers, to visit the prison, on the third Lord's-day of December. Mr. B. arrived on Saturday evening, and on Sunday morning repaired to the prison chapel, a room about forty by sixty feet. At the hour of 11 they met again, and after the preaching of a short discourse, an opportunity was given for those that wished to designate themselves as seekers after religion. Several came up and made a public profession of their faith, while many were discovered weeping in the congregation. That same afternoon, at 3 o'clock, seven persons were baptised in a pool within the prison walls. The circumstances attendant upon this revival are rather extraordinary.—*Cin. Com.*

An itinerant minister.—An itinerant minister was one day preaching to a "pack of hardened sinners," when he made use of the following original and rather striking simile: "My hearers," said he, "I can compare you to nothing but a parcel of 'knotty hickory butts,' the Gospel is the wedge, and—throwing himself in the attitude of a woodman—"by the grace of God, I'm the beetle to drive it into you!"

VERMONT.—The Vermonters are justly proud of their State. The Rutland *Herald* breaks out as follows:

There is but one city in the State and not one soldier. We have no theatres nor mobs. We have no police, and not a murder has been committed in this state within the last ten years. We have no museums, opera-houses, nor crystal palaces, but we have homes, genuine homes, that are the centre of the world to its inmates, for which the father works, votes and talks—where the mother controls, educates, labors and loves—where she rears men, scholars and patriots.

Mr. L. E. Wayland.—Mr. L. E. Wayland, land-lord of the Eagle Hotel, has now a neat and comfortable omnibus running from the Depot to his house, or any place in town where passengers may desire. This is quite an accommodation to the traveling public, as the road from the Depot into town is horrid in a muddy time. Mr. W. we believe keeps the best accommodations of any house in the place. So say those who ought to know.

Read the advertisement.—Read the advertisement of John W. Burk, in this week's paper and give him a call.

Passenger in the Winfield Scott.—A passenger in the Winfield Scott, recently wrecked on a barren island on the Pacific coast, gives the following account of the occurrence, and general plunder which followed:

"The island is some four miles long, with two natural bridges running under it, but without anything to sustain life. The part of the island where the steamer struck was the only part where it was possible to have landed, as the whole island is perpendicular to the sea, being from two to three feet high.

On the 5th, the steamer California, coming up the coast, discovered the smoke on our island, and ran in and took the ladies and the purser up to San Francisco. She returned the 9th, just in time to prevent trouble, as we had got down from a scanty allowance of bread to one potato per day, and the water had become salt.

What occurred during our six day's sojourn on the island, was outrageous in the extreme. The passengers had been put ashore as fast as possible, no baggage being allowed until all were ashore, when the baggage was sent. Trunks came broken open, carpet-bags cut and their contents extracted, clothing lost and strewed about—money "cared for," and such a general robbery was never before perpetrated. I had a carpet-bag, with nine hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars' worth of shawls, &c., & all I got of it is my memorandum book, and a letter containing my ticket, which I changed off for one to New Orleans."

HARD TO HANG A MAN.—A recent murder trial in Waukesha county, Wisconsin, illustrated the great difficulty of getting a verdict in a capital case. One Hugh Drum was indicted for the murder of his mother. The evidence was clear and positive, and such as left no other alternative to the jury than an acquittal or a verdict of murder in the first degree. There was no chance for any alternative result. It appeared that the mother was possessed of eighty acres of land by a former husband, a portion of which would fall to Hugh in case of her death. A quarrel ensued with regard to this land, and it was proven that the son had threatened her life. On the Saturday previous to the murder, Hugh left his work of making shingles, without telling those with him where he was going.

Monday afternoon, his step-father, while at work in the field, heard a bullet whistle by his head; he saw smoke near an old stub, and saw the prisoner running from it. That night he got a man to stay with them at the house. About 8 o'clock in the evening, the two men were sitting in the house smoking, and Mrs. Sullivan stepped out, leaving the door open. They heard the report of a gun and a scream, "Oh! I am shot! I am shot by my son Hugh!" She was lying about three rods from the door. Sullivan went out and brought her in, when he repeated several times: "My son Hugh came up to me and said, I might put him in irons, but he would lay me low, and he put the pistol so close to my breast that it burnt me!" Hugh immediately fled, and was arrested in Peoria. In defiance of this testimony, the prisoner was acquitted. This is certainly the most outrageous verdict on record.—*Quincy Whig.*

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