

MONDAY EVENING, MAY 23, 1853.

OUR MARKETS.

We have often said, and repeat the claim, that Northern Missouri is one of the most fertile districts of country in the United States, and perhaps in the world.

But while we insist upon the truth of these facts we are sorely puzzled to account to strangers and to ourselves, why it is, that almost every day, we see arriving at our wharf, delivered for sale, and for the consumption of our people, almost every article (except hemp, tobacco and wheat) which our rich and thrifty agriculturists ought to produce and furnish.

It is well known that our family grocers, in order to a supply for the demands of the city, are constrained to go or send to our more frugal or more industrious neighbors of Illinois and Iowa, or to St. Louis, for large quantities of the above mentioned articles.

We also import largely of another product of the field; but on this, except as to the quality, we manage to make up the difference in exchange. We import largely of whisky of a good quality. This we mix, or "rectify," and send back to them, at a less price than we pay.

Both, perhaps, may be pleaded; but we hope that, when our plank roads are finished, and when the railroad shall be put in motion, that instead of importing we shall be able to obtain supplies for home consumption and for export.

A horse broke away from a buggy on Wednesday and ran up Pine street. As he neared Ninth street, a lumber wagon crossed before him, but without pausing in his full stride he dashed at it in the true "steepie chase" style, cleared it and the driver who was sitting between the wheels, in the most gallant manner, and went on at an unabated pace, to the astonishment and fear of pedestrians generally.

Remarking upon an article in the Bloomington Republican, the Hannibal Messenger says:

Wishing however to show that this city was hostile to Palmyra, the Bloomington Republican charges the Journal of this city with misrepresenting Mr. Pratte, and alleges that Mr. Pratte in his opinion said there is hostility in Hannibal towards Palmyra. Mr. Pratte has been represented (and truly we doubt not) to have said that hostility existed in Palmyra towards Hannibal.

The noise made by the passage of a bombshell through the air, is thus described by a private soldier who served in the Mexican war:

It was here that I heard for the first time the singular and diabolically horrid sound which a large shell makes when passing within a short distance; I don't mean when it explodes, (as that exactly resembles the noise made in firing a gun,) but when it passes within a few, or it may be fifty or a hundred yards; the noise seeming equally loud and discordant in either case.

Several negroes got to quarreling in the street yesterday, and went out of town to have a set-to, but were separated before much damage was done.

It is especially to carry weapons of any kind—especially a brick in your hat.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1853.

THOMAS McDANNOLD. HANNIBAL AND ST. JOSEPH RAILROAD. The work on this road has been commenced in a manner which gives an earnest of the early realization of the hopes of the country, long deferred.

Twenty-five miles of the grading, masonry and bridging at each end, have been sub-let to the most experienced and energetic contractors; and now, on this, our eastern section, may be seen lines of men, teams, tools and encampments, from end to end.

Many begin to look, with apparent astonishment, at the heavy embankments and deep cuts, which they really believed, and openly said, could not and "never would be commenced." With these heavy embankments and deep excavations vanishes the faithless spirit which was so long an incubus upon the energies of the few who had to contend against private and sectional opposition, and the want of public confidence.

But success has crowned their efforts, and they have obtained ample means and the men, if not paralyzed by unparadonable mismanagement, to build and equip one among the longest and most important roads in the Union. This is no local boast, but a conclusion justified by facts, which a short time will verify!

The Road and its equipments will cost Five Millions Dollars. The expenditure of this money in the country will revolutionize the manner and character of our business; and will galvanize into life and action, the dead carcass of public enterprise in the district of its route.

Meantime, we hope, at an early day, that the Directors will make and report such an exposition of the affairs of the Company as will enable the distant and scattered stockholders to understand their condition and prospects.

Is there any man now going to foreign courts to whose absence the country objects, as being a public loss? This is from the St. Louis Democrat, the political and personal organ of Col. Benton.

OUTRAGEOUS.—Another affray took place at the Brewery, near the city cemetery on Sunday evening, between about a dozen Germans, and an equal number of Irishmen, in which two or three on either side were severely cut, by throwing tumblers and other missiles.—Alton Telegraph.

The time of the murderers Vanzandt and Shawney is growing short. They are doomed to die on next Wednesday week.—Saint Louis Democrat.

A few days since, in the columns of the New York Daily Tribune, we noticed an account of the arrest of a ruffian in that city, who had "unhappily punished (we quote the Tribune's language) his boy, a lad about thirteen years of age, by burning his feet with a red hot iron.

From the Louisville Papers of the 20th. The river was slowly falling yesterday, with 6 feet 9 inches water in the canal last evening. During the previous 24 hours the river receded 3 inches. On the falls there were 4 feet water.

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But the "People's Rights" should be cared for; and the gentlemen ought to be ducked, ridden on a rail, tarred and feathered, and politely requested to bundle up his "dudd" and make himself scarce.

PRESCRIPTION FOR KILLING RATS.—A gentleman of St. Joseph, Michigan, says—"I can give you a remedy for killing rats, that I know, from experience, to be effective. Mix some unslacked lime with corn meal, and place it where the rats may accidentally find it. They will soon become very thirsty, and upon drinking water the lime slinks and swells the rat till it kills it. In the Bahamas Isles, sponge is fried and placed in their way; they eat it, drink, swell, burst and die. The lime and meal should be of the first one part, and meal two parts, well mixed together.

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The neighbors alarmed, going in, found her on the floor in a dying condition, the husband standing over her, with arms extended, exclaiming, "Oh! my wife, my wife—I have cut her throat"—the child was screaming on the steps. The wife expired in about 20 minutes. An inquest was held this morning, and the Jury returned a verdict of "Death by the hands of her husband, he being in a deranged state of mind." (Hawke has been arrested and committed. He was honest and industrious, ordinarily, but for some time past, has been in an extremely depressed state of mind. Intending suicide, he had written a letter, saying "the world was against him and as he could not live happy there, he wanted all his family to go to Heaven.")

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A friend has sent us a Sacramento Daily Union, from which we clip the following: Crime in Sacramento. When the gold excitement first broke out in California, an old and respectable gentleman moved from Missouri to this city, with a portion of his family. A son-in-law accompanied him, who, however, left his wife behind. By their united efforts, in a variety of employments, they amassed sufficient wealth to gather many of the comforts of life around them, and render their circumstances easy. The old gentleman had a second daughter, which he brought with him. In the last year she has bloomed into voluptuous womanhood, and exhibited the possession of personal charms, which led her to be at once admired and courted by those who formed her acquaintance. The son-in-law residing under the same roof with her, was not slow to make this discovery, and his lecherous eye scanned her glowing form with a view to its despoilment. The arts employed to accomplish his designs, it concerns not the reader to know, nor propriety to make public. Suffice it to say, he was too successful in their exercise, although not sufficiently discreet to conceal his success from the knowledge of the heart-stricken father. Satisfied of the improper intimacy existing between his children, the old gentleman wrote secretly to his married daughter in Missouri, and sending her ample means to defray all expenses, requested her to repair immediately to her husband. With this view she purchased a ticket on the steamer connecting with the Golden Gate, on her last inward trip, but by some accident was prevented from joining the vessel, and was compelled to await the sailing of the Tennessee, from which, after being wrecked, she arrived safely with her child—a little girl aged two or three years—and sought her parent's abode, as she had been instructed. The knowledge of her coming had previously reached her husband's ears, who was very much disconcerted by it, and who expressed his disapprobation of the circumstance in the strongest terms.

Singular to state, the mother took sides with the guilty pair, and leaving her husband, with whom she had resided for thirty-six years, and for whom she had raised the daughters in question, departed with the son-in-law and his paramour on an excursion to San Francisco, from whence, after residing a fortnight or so, they returned to Sacramento, sought a retired portion of the city, and set up a distant household. The betrayed wife with her little girl, remains with her father—both broken-hearted; while the guilty son-in-law, the seduced younger daughter, and the despicable old woman, sustain the separate establishment alluded to. Comment on such a picture of crime is unnecessary; and

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The neighbors alarmed, going in, found her on the floor in a dying condition, the husband standing over her, with arms extended, exclaiming, "Oh! my wife, my wife—I have cut her throat"—the child was screaming on the steps. The wife expired in about 20 minutes. An inquest was held this morning, and the Jury returned a verdict of "Death by the hands of her husband, he being in a deranged state of mind." (Hawke has been arrested and committed. He was honest and industrious, ordinarily, but for some time past, has been in an extremely depressed state of mind. Intending suicide, he had written a letter, saying "the world was against him and as he could not live happy there, he wanted all his family to go to Heaven.")

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—A few days since we noticed that two men were killed by lightning near Portland, on the Missouri river. Their names were Hiram Coats and Thomas Quick; Davidson Harrison and John Carns were severely shocked, but will recover. They were raftsmen, and lived in Calloway county.

SUPPOSED MURDER. The almost lifeless body of an unknown man, supposed to be an Irishman, was found on Biddle near Judge Carr's residence, on Saturday, with a hole in the top of his head about two inches in length, and which bore the appearance of having been inflicted with a stone or large stick. Near the spot there was a quantity of stone recently dressed, and the supposition is that the unfortunate man had been working on it and had been killed by one of his fellow workmen. He was placed on a dray and taken to the Health Office, and from thence to the Sisters' Hospital, where he died in half an hour after his admission. He had on a laborer's dress, was about five feet ten inches in height, and was tattooed on both arms. There is every reason to believe that this man was the victim of a deadly attack, and we trust to hear of energetic measures being taken to ferret out the guilty man or men.—(St. Louis Democrat.)

TRAGEDY IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—On Friday last, near Myrathonton, South Carolina, Mr. John D. Sims had an altercation with his overseer, when the wife, of the later, being armed with a pistol, threatened to shoot Mr. Sims. Being armed with a double barrel gun, Sims immediately shot her down. Enraged at this, the overseer ordered his son to bring his gun to attack Sims, when the latter leveled his gun and killed the overseer.

A friend has sent us a Sacramento Daily Union, from which we clip the following: Crime in Sacramento. When the gold excitement first broke out in California, an old and respectable gentleman moved from Missouri to this city, with a portion of his family. A son-in-law accompanied him, who, however, left his wife behind. By their united efforts, in a variety of employments, they amassed sufficient wealth to gather many of the comforts of life around them, and render their circumstances easy. The old gentleman had a second daughter, which he brought with him. In the last year she has bloomed into voluptuous womanhood, and exhibited the possession of personal charms, which led her to be at once admired and courted by those who formed her acquaintance. The son-in-law residing under the same roof with her, was not slow to make this discovery, and his lecherous eye scanned her glowing form with a view to its despoilment. The arts employed to accomplish his designs, it concerns not the reader to know, nor propriety to make public. Suffice it to say, he was too successful in their exercise, although not sufficiently discreet to conceal his success from the knowledge of the heart-stricken father. Satisfied of the improper intimacy existing between his children, the old gentleman wrote secretly to his married daughter in Missouri, and sending her ample means to defray all expenses, requested her to repair immediately to her husband. With this view she purchased a ticket on the steamer connecting with the Golden Gate, on her last inward trip, but by some accident was prevented from joining the vessel, and was compelled to await the sailing of the Tennessee, from which, after being wrecked, she arrived safely with her child—a little girl aged two or three years—and sought her parent's abode, as she had been instructed. The knowledge of her coming had previously reached her husband's ears, who was very much disconcerted by it, and who expressed his disapprobation of the circumstance in the strongest terms.

Singular to state, the mother took sides with the guilty pair, and leaving her husband, with whom she had resided for thirty-six years, and for whom she had raised the daughters in question, departed with the son-in-law and his paramour on an excursion to San Francisco, from whence, after residing a fortnight or so, they returned to Sacramento, sought a retired portion of the city, and set up a distant household. The betrayed wife with her little girl, remains with her father—both broken-hearted; while the guilty son-in-law, the seduced younger daughter, and the despicable old woman, sustain the separate establishment alluded to. Comment on such a picture of crime is unnecessary; and

it is only in compassion to the silent grief of the deserted wife and father, that we are restrained from making known the names of all the parties concerned in the transaction.

CERIOSITY.—A Mr. Koch has arrived here with the bones of a mastodon, sea serpent, or something of the mammoth eel species. They are said to kick the beam at the enormous weight of eighteen tons.—St. Louis Democrat.

A HEARLESS SCAMP.—A poor industrious Irish woman arrived in this country with her children leaving her husband on the other side of the Atlantic. By hard work and constant, she saved up sufficient to pay his passage over and to this city, where he soon turned out to be thoroughly worthless. A few days since he got possession of some \$400 which she had amassed, and went off with it. She traced him to a steambot at the levee, and applied for a warrant for his arrest, but as the law could not touch him, he being her husband, the worthless scamp started, and the poor creature was left lamenting. It is our opinion that she is much better without such a rascal.—St. Louis Democrat.

POUL MURDER. We learn that an atrocious murder was committed in the neighborhood of Clinton, Henry county, on Tuesday night of last week. The circumstances as we learn them, verbally are as follows: An Irishman whose name we do not now remember, having purchased a farm in that vicinity some time last Winter was living alone as a bachelor. Another man calling himself Nickols fell in at the Irishman's some time this spring and continued there under the pretence of buying the farm. On the night of the murder about 8 o'clock they both left a near neighbors house for the Irishman's dwelling. Soon after midnight the Irishman's house was discovered by the neighbors to be on fire, upon arriving at the burning house a man could be discovered through the flames burning up on the bed—the next morning on examining the remains it was discovered that one person only had been consumed in the building, supposed to be the Irishman. Nickols no where to be found and his horse and saddle also gone.