

LATE FOREIGN NEWS.

The Royal mail steamship Arabia from Liverpool, on the 6th of October, passed Cape Race at noon on the 14th. There is not much of interest in the dispatches further than what has been previously announced. The following items contain all that might be considered worthy of note:

ENGLAND.

The Liverpool cotton market on the 6th was buoyant, with a slight advance. Breadstuffs were quiet; the weather being more favorable. Provisions generally steady.

The *Daily News* says that the Great Ship Company have dispensed with the services of Captain Hall and McClellan, the Chief Engineer and the Manager. The detention of the ship during the winter at Milford Haven, may have something to do with this.

FRANCE.

The funeral service for the papal troops lately slain was celebrated by the archbishop of Paris, at Notre Dame, on the 5th inst.

Several French Bishops have issued pastoral letters protesting against the acts taking place in Italy.

Rumors were revived that the Emperor would go to Warsaw, having received an invitation, but the *Pays* and *Patrie* publish a denial.

The idea of installing the Pope in Jerusalem, has been broached by the French press. They say it is no further from Jerusalem to Jaffa, than from Rome to its sea port, Civita Vecchia; a railroad would place Jerusalem within one hour of the Mediterranean, and it would be very nearly as convenient for the Catholic world, as Rome is now. It would add also very much to the advance of Christianity in the East. The French army in Syria can easily take possession of Palestine if the Sultan should refuse a demand for it; in fact, they say it would be the easiest way to settle the Roman question.

ITALY.

It is stated, that Garibaldi had sent a dispatch to Naples, dated the 1st. inst., announcing victory along the whole of his lines, and that the Royal troops were being pursued.

The *Dietto*, of Turin, publishes dispatches, dated Naples 2d, stating that the Royal troops had been repulsed from Caserta, and were surrounded. The Garibaldians had made 2,000 prisoners.

A summary of the Pope's allocution at the consistory of the 28th ult. is published. He reproves and condemns in the strongest terms the detestable and sacrilegious attack of the King and government of Piedmont upon the States of the Church. He protested and would not cease to protest against their acts, which he declares to be null and of no effect. He eulogizes his defenders, and calls on the European Powers for assistance. He deprecates the disastrous and pernicious policy of non-intervention, and calls on the powers to examine seriously its dangerous effects. He concludes by expressing his conviction that Catholic Princes and people would come to the assistance of the Father of the faithful, who is attacked by the fratricidal arms of a degenerate son.

It is reported that the Emperor Napoleon, in a reply to the Pope, maintained non-intervention principles, and while promising to maintain order in the Holy See, his desire was to consign Rome to the protection of a genuine Italian power.

Victor Emmanuel had issued an address to his soldiers at Ancona, extolling their bravery and the righteousness of their cause, and concluded by saying that he assumed the command, as he desired to be foremost where there was danger.

In the Sardinian Chambers of Deputies Caddello demanded the production of all the documents relating to the entry of the Sardinians into Umbria and the Marches. Count Cavour refused to comply.

Cavour also declared that there existed no public document nor private treaty, that no conversation nor negotiation had taken place, that no Power had made any proposition involving a single inch of Italian territory, and pronounced the statements to the contrary to be utterly false.

The Papal Government was making fresh enrolments and promising large rewards to the remaining Papal troops concentrated at Tivoli.

The Spanish Government had demanded a Congress of the Catholic Powers, with a view of guaranteeing the integrity of the States of the Holy See. The French Cabinet admitted the expediency of such a Congress, but said recent territorial changes demanded a general European Congress.

HUNGARY.

In the Synod recently held at Graw, the Cardinal Primate declared that he had no objection to the clergy wearing the national Hungarian costume.

SYRIA.

The *Moniteur* says the affairs of Syria have entered on a new phase. Military action will now be exercised by our troops. Some other chiefs have been arrested and tried at Beirut. The Caimakau of Druses is now among the prisoners. These measures have produced a kind of panic among the Druses of the mountains, and their attitude is more undecided. Measures have been taken for the protection of the French manufacturers.

GONE BACK.

INSCRIBED TO MRS. G. CLEMENTS ON THE DEATH OF HER BABE, AGED TEN HOURS.

BY E. H. MILLS.

It cheered us but a moment,
Then sought its homeward track;
For a wise eternal purpose
To God it has gone back.

Gone back from sin and sorrow;
Gone back from pain and woe,
Without one recollection
Of griefs that mortals know.

Gone back to scenes of glory
From this terrestrial earth,
To a Royal Father's mansion—
To its place of holy birth.

Even while we gazed upon it—
The fairy, fluttering thing—
Death brought a changeless summons,
And lo, 'twas on the wing.

Ah! fold its small hands meekly
Across its tiny breast;
In purity and beauty
It hath gone again to rest.

God gave and God hath taken
Back to himself again;
We'll say, with chasten'd feeling,
His will be done: Amen.

A Heroine of Seventy-Six.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

I don't like to hear the noise of those hammers. The dull song of laboring picks breaks upon the ear with monotonous regularity. They are making tracks for a railroad in this old town. I am not pleased with the "improvements," as some call it, for a pleasant farm-house and its surrounding fields that sloped from high and undulating hills had vanished forever before its nod. The great genius of enterprise, with its ugly shears of commerce, is clipping at the poor wings of poverty and romance, till, I fear, by-and-by, they will only have power to flap along the ground, their ethereal faculties chained down to stock-taking and invoices.

I am sorry the house has gone, for there are some recollections connected with its history for the sake of which it would be pleasant could it have been spared. An old farm-house, surrounded by fields of waving grain and corn, in the autumn time, and overhung by the branches of various trees, golden with the fullness of time, is a sight of picturesque beauty in a rich valley, especially if a fine old mountain looms up in the back-ground, or a deep shade of forest trees stretches away into the clear mellow atmosphere beyond.

In that one before us, (I am now speaking as if it stood in the old spot,) the widow of the noble Captain Pierpont lived some twenty years ago. The lady was a fine specimen of old-time women; dignified, even commanding in manner, with a fresh bloom upon her cheek, artistically-moulded forehead, and a deep, earnest expression in her bright eyes. She was a woman of refined and cultivated intellectual powers; a woman, who in youth had known no stint of wealth, whose mind was stored with classic lore, who had never, till she emigrated to the wilderness of the New World, soiled her fingers with even household work.

Father and husband were both dead. The bones of the former reposed in another country, beneath a marble monument; the latter had now slept two years in the little burying-ground beside the wooden church in sight of the red farm-house, and a small grey stone marked the spot where his ashes mingled with the dust.

One day, during the hardest campaign of our soldiers, Madame Pierpont was alone at the farm. Pomp, a negro servant, had gone on some errand which would detain him until night-fall, and Alek, the hired man, had wounded his hand in the morning with an ax, so that he was quite disabled and obliged to return to his home, about a mile distant, which, by the way, was the nearest home-stead to the old red farm-house. The widow's four brave sons, of age varying from eighteen to twenty-six, had started but two days previous for the field of their country's battle.

While the widow realized that in all probability, some, perhaps all, of her treasures would be smitten with the ruthless hand of war, her cheek was still unblanched, and holy hope sat in the repose of her beautiful features. Only now and then she turned to open the Bible before her and read a few consoling passages, and straightway resumed her work with a trusting smile. Ah! patriotism found an endearing home in many such gentle breasts.

Suddenly from the distance came a sound like the trampling of horses feet, and a great cloud of dust belokened the approach of travelers hurrying to their destination. The widow moved to the door, and, shading her eyes from the intense sunshine, watched their progress. They drew nearer, and in another moment three horsemen drove up before the door. They wore military costume, and were all fine-looking men. The foremost gentleman by far exceeded the others by his imposing figure, and the greatness of his countenance. It needed no introduction to assure the widow that this was George Washington. With that character which always characterized him, he bowed gracefully to Madame Pierpont, as he blandly asked if he could find rest and refreshment.

"Our horses are wearied; we have ridden

since this morning and would fain recruit," he added:

"Certainly, gentlemen, and welcome," she replied, smilingly, throwing open the inner door as they dismounted.

"Our poor beasts," said one of the officers, patting his smooking horse. "I would they could be attended to immediately. Is there a groom or servant about your house, Madame, who could rub down and feed them? I will reward him liberally."

"We would ask no reward in this household, sir," replied the widow; "if you will lead them round they will be cared for."

"Make yourselves perfectly comfortable, gentlemen," said the widow, "and excuse me while I prepare your refreshments. You must be hungry as well as fatigued."

In another minute the widow was in the stable unsaddling the poor horses—work to which she was not accustomed, but which she nevertheless could do in time of need, being a woman of strong muscular frame and great energy. She knew it must be done by herself or not at all. As for men and horses, they were completely jaded out. She with straw rubbed the animals down with her own hands, led them into stalls, and prepared and gave them food. After changing her dress, the widow returned again to the parlor, where the officers, having unbuckled their swords and doffed their caps, sat conversing together, evidently enjoying a delightful rest. As the widow stepped over the threshold of the room, one of the officers was remarking to his companions—

"He was one of the best men, and as fine looking a fellow as ever volunteered."

"Do you speak of young Pierpont?" asked another.

"Yes, he fell yesterday, pierced by three balls, poor fellow; it was a hard fate for such a boy."

For one moment the cheek of the widow was blanched, the heart of the mother shocked, but she spoke almost calmly as she asked:

"Which one was it, sir?"

"Henry Pierpont, if I am not mistaken. Was he known to you?"

Was he known to her? Oh, the torment that followed that question! Henry! Her noble firstborn! He who had taken the place of the dead at their board, and, with a gravity beyond his years, carried out the plans his father left unfinished. And now his blue eyes were closed forever! His bright locks rolled in the dust! Oh the thought was anguish! A deathly paleness came over her, but she rallied with a great effort, and said as calmly as before, as she turned her whitened cheek away:

"He was my son, sir."

They did not see her face as she walked quickly and firmly out of the room.

"Now, God forgive me! I feel as if I had done a cowardly thing," muttered the officer, while his lips grew pale with emotion. "Coming here to partake of this woman's hospitality, I have cruelly stabbed her to the heart."

"You are not to blame, my friend," said Washington in his deep tones, in which was blended a sudden pathos. "Neither, if I read her aright, would she recall the child bravely fallen in his country's cause. This is no common woman—her very face speaks of her soul's nobility. Mark me, when you next see her she will be fearless; no word of sorrow will issue from her lips. Our mothers, our wives—I am proud to say it—are heroines in this trying period. And this," he continued, pointing to the Bible, "this is the secret of their greatness; whenever you behold that volume opened, bearing evidence of constant perusal, there you will find women capable of any emergency. I repeat it, when we meet again, she will be calm and fearless, although a mother bereaved of her child."

And so it was. Madame Pierpont had schooled her grief for the time into a sudden and sacred submission, and when the officers were called into another room to partake of the smoking viands she had prepared, they found her collected, unchanged in her manner, and serene countenance. The officer from whom the news had so rudely burst, was lost in admiration of her conduct, and was often heard to say, subsequently, that he venerated women more for her sake.

Toward night the trio departed, thanking the kind woman with grateful hearts for her courtesy. They found their horses ready saddled, and were forced to conjecture that Madame Pierpont had herself performed the duty of ostler.

General Washington kindly took her hand before he mounted his charger, and addressed her tenderly and affectionately. Tears came to the eyes of the officers while they listened, but, though an increased pallor overspread the widow's face, she murmured:

"I am thankful, thankful to my God, sir, that He has deemed me worthy of demanding my firstborn in this glorious struggle. He was ready, sir; ready for life or death."

But when they had gone, and she returned to the silence of that lone house, the mother wept exceedingly bitter tears. Draw we the curtain before her sacred anguish.

Farewell, old Pierpont House, with your carpet of mallows, and old-fashioned flowers in old-fashioned pots standing upon the stoop. I feel sad at the thought that I shall never again see its door wreathed in vines, whereon hung clusters of luxuriant grapes; nor its windows on the lower floor, all opened, with the white curtains of snowy muslin with a dreamy undulating motion in the pleasant breeze.

—The iron merchants of Boston have unanimously agreed to continue through the winter, closing their stores at 2 p. m. on Saturdays.

CLIPPINGS.

—The Swedish community at Bishop Hill, Ill., is in a very prosperous condition. They number 7,000 persons and have 12,000 acres of land. Their principal crop is broom-corn, of which they sow about 3,000 acres. This yields them about 750 tons, worth \$100 per ton. They annually manufacture about 5,000 dozen brooms, and sell the rest of the crop. They also have 2,000 acres of wheat; 2,000 of corn; 1,000 of grass; and 2,000 of other crops. Notwithstanding this flourishing condition, the community system is not popular. A portion have already seceded, and a general division is in contemplation, to take effect the coming winter.

—A firm in Amherst, Mass., are "manufacturing" about 1,500 lbs. daily, of "artificial" leather, from scraps of that material and old pieces of rope. The process of manufacture is similar to that of paper.

—A living turtle was seen lately at Hunterdon, N. J., with inscriptions on his back as follows: "T. bius Nevius, 1737," and "Joseph Hagaman, 1771." He is said to have been seen a dozen times a year every year since the last date.

—From the first of October to the first of April, 312,000 barrels of oysters are eaten in New Orleans, costing about \$624,000.

—Henry Kennedy, of Baltimore, has been fined \$5 for gathering willow switches, for basket-making on Sunday.

—Hon. Robert Toombs has announced himself, in a late political speech, as a candidate for the Presidency of the sovereign State of Georgia, in the event of Lincoln's election.

—Snow fell in Luis county, N. Y., Oct. 15th, eight inches deep.

—A hurricane, Sept. 25th, blew down three barns and some 500 maple trees, between Quebec and Taftsville, Vt.

—A. H. Ketchum, of Holland Patent, N. Y., has in his garden a squash, weighing 162 pounds.

—"Died by the visitation of God," was the verdict of a Catskill (N. Y.) Coroner's Jury, after an inquest on the body of a woman who, with the help of her husband, drank a gallon and a half of whisky in one day.

—A banker in Manchester, England, in order to avoid the legacy duty, recently gave a dinner to his sons, sons-in-law, daughters, and daughters-in-law, and put a £1,000 bank note under the plate of each.

—A business altercation in Boston recently, led to a street-fight between a well known merchant and a broker, one of whom got the other into "chancery," and punched his head in model P. R. style, when one of the bystanders put a stop to the sport.

—The Waco (Texas) *Democrat*, says a man was found hanging to a live oak limb, in the vicinity of that town on the 1st inst. A coronor's inquest was held over the body, and the verdict of the jury we have understood to be, "We suppose the body that of John T. Garner, and we suppose he died for want of breath—there being no hopes of his becoming a better man."

Save your Paper Rags.

The inhabitants of Utah are requested to gather up and save their worn out wagon covers, and every description of cotton and linen rags for paper making, and deliver them, from time to time, to the Bishops of the several Wards, or the "News" and "Mountaineer" Offices or their agents, for which, when clean, they will be allowed five cents a pound. The rags can be sufficiently cleansed in pure water, without soap.

It is expected that, in a few months, all who wish can receive paper in exchange for rags.

9-11 EDWARD HUNTER, Presiding Bishop.

General Notices.

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