

Gallipolis Journal.

"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE.]

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THE LAST GOOD NIGHT.
Close her eyelids—press them gently
Over the dim and leaden eyes,
For the soul that made them lovely
Hath returned unto the skies;
Wipe the death-drops from her forehead,
Sever one dear golden tress,
Fold her icy hands all meekly,
Smooth the little snowy dress;
Scatter flowers o'er her pillow—
Gentle flowers so pure and white—
Lay this bed upon her bosom;
There—now softly say, Good-night.

Though our tears flow fast and faster,
Yet we would not call her back,
We are glad her feet no longer
Tread life's rough and thorny track;
We are glad our Heavenly Father
Took her while her heart was pure,
We are glad he did not leave her
All life's trials to endure;
We are glad—and yet the tear-drop
Falls; for, alas! we know
That our friends will be lonely,
We shall miss our darling so.

While the twilight shadows gather,
We shall wait in vain to feel
Little arms all white and dimpled,
Round our necks so softly steal;
Our wet cheeks will miss the pressure
Of sweet lips so warm and red,
And our bosoms sadly, sadly
Miss the darling little head,
Which was wont to rest there sweetly;
And those gentle eyes so bright,
We shall miss their loving glance,
We shall miss their soft Good-night.

When the morning sun is shining,
They will take this cherub form,
They will bear it to the church-yard,
And consign it to the worm;
Well—what matter? It is only
The clay dress our darling wore;
God hath robed her as an angel,
She hath need of this no more;
Fold her hands, and o'er her pillow
Scatter flowers all pure and white,
Kiss that marble brow, and whisper,
Once again, a last Good-night.

AN ADVENTURE IN TEXAS.

During the recent war between the United States and the Indians of Texas, a great number of volunteers joined the expedition. One of these, Captain Ferguson, of Kentucky, became celebrated for his hardihood and success in the terrible hunting of the Indians. The following incident will convey some idea of the character of the man, and also of the war still waging in the New World, between civilization and barbarism:

A small band of volunteers, among whom was Captain Ferguson, spent several days exploring Texas, and had wandered far into the interior without meeting a solitary Indian track. Tired of this pacific journey, they resolved to separate and seek adventures singly before returning to the camp.

Accordingly, the following morning Captain Ferguson, mounted on an excellent horse, left his companions and directed his course across a vast prairie, towards a cluster of hills hemmed in by thick woods which bounded the horizon. Arrived at the foot of one of the hills, the Captain perceived a troop of wild horses slowly advancing towards him. Suddenly they broke into a gallop; a manoeuvre which appeared suspicious, and induced our hero to watch them closely.

They soon gained the level ground, and the dull sound of their hoofs striking the soil, became distinctly audible. The captain looked, and saw clinging to the flanks of each horse, an Indian suspended horizontally by an arm and a leg.—This is a common stratagem among the Indians, but luckily for Ferguson, he was still at a considerable distance from these unpleasant looking cavaliers.

Perceiving, by the sudden rapidity of his flight, that they were discovered, the Indians climbed nimbly on their horses, and pursued our hero at full speed, shouting their terrible war cry.

Looking back, Ferguson observed that his enemies spread themselves across the prairie, with the evident intention of cutting off his retreat to the hills. He saw that his only chance of safety consisted in gaining the woods, whither his pursuers durst not follow him, lest they encounter the out-posts of the American troops.

He did not again look behind, but with his eyes eagerly fixed on the yet distant goal, he spurred on his horse to its utmost speed. The animal stumbled, and the cry of the Indians became more distinct; but the noble animal rose again, and with a loud neigh, as though conscious of the peril that menaced his master, he made a prodigious forward bound, and cleared the space which divided him from the wood, with the speed of an arrow.

As Ferguson had foreseen, the Indians, fearing to enter the woods, came to a sudden halt. Although now comparatively out of danger, he did not esteem the neighborhood perfectly safe, and therefore pursued his course for five or six miles, without drawing bridle.—Evening was closing in when he judged it proper to pause. He tried in vain to discover where he was; but he was not a man to vex himself for trifles, so he quietly resolved to pass the night in the open air, and defer till the morning the task of finding his way. A clear stream bordered with shrubs ran near, and Ferguson, having unbridled his horse, wrapped himself in his cloak and laid down on the grass.

At daybreak he resumed his journey, following the course of the stream.—When he had gone about four miles, he found the corpse of one of his companions. The poor fellow had been scalped, and Ferguson's first thought was that all his friends had probably been surprised, and massacred singly. Indeed, the numerous hoof-prints of horses, some shod and some unshod, indicated plainly, the recent passage of both white men and Indians. Slowly and

cautiously he followed these traces without making any discoveries; until towards the middle of the day, having climbed up a slight eminence, he saw on the plain, at about a mile's distance, a large Indian encampment.

At the same moment the Indians perceived the Captain, and leaped on their horses. Cursing his own imprudence, Ferguson turned bridle, and began as quickly as possible to retrace his steps. Arrived at the outer border of the wood, he saw on the plain which he was about to cross, a dense cloud of lurid smoke extending on either side as far as the eye could reach. It was a prairie on fire. What was he to do? To return was death; to go forward, destruction no less inevitable.

In this terrible emergency, Ferguson did not lose his presence of mind, but continued to advance rapidly in the direction of the fire. When he met the black advanced guard of smoke, behind which the flame wound and darted like some monstrous hydra-headed serpent, Ferguson checked his horse and dismounted. He tore his mantle into pieces, fastened one as a bandage round his horse's eyes, and another so as to envelop the animal's mouth and nostrils;—then he covered his own face in a similar manner. This was the work of a few moments—precious moments, for the yells of the advancing Indians became fearfully distinct. His preparation made, Ferguson remounted, and facing his horse towards the fire, spurred him on with the energy of despair. The noble beast bounded onwards, the fierce flames enveloping him and his rider;—but the arm of the latter was of iron strength; he held up his horse, and impelled him through the fire. A few desperate bounds, and the torture was over.

The fresh cool air—the how delicious it was! Ferguson tore off the bandages which covered his own head and his horse's, and threw himself on the ground. He is saved! he has accomplished an unparalleled exploit! But above the roaring and cracking of the flames, he heard the triumphant cries of his pursuers, who think they have precipitated him into the ocean of fire. He made an effort to give back a defiant shout, but his voice died on his lips!

Half suffocated, both horse and man had scarcely strength to move across the blackened plain; yet Ferguson knew that without water they must inevitably perish. He therefore summoned his remaining energies, and crept on, leading his horse by the bridle. All the poor creature's hair was singed off, and large pieces of his hide came away at the slightest touch.

Tormented by a raging thirst, Ferguson dragged himself towards the farthest extremity of the plain; and there, he perceived a band of wolves advancing with savage howls. This new peril roused both the horse and his rider. A clear, fresh stream was flowing by;—into it plunged the animal, and Ferguson also dipped his head into the delicious bath. Its restorative effect was magical. He recollected that the wolves in these vast deserts are accustomed to flock towards a prairie on fire, in order to prey on the animals escaping from the flames. The Captain examined his horse, and found with pleasure that the poor creature was much recovered, and even neighed in reply to the wolves' howling. More moved by this plaintive neigh than he had ever been by a human cry, Ferguson gently caressed the head of his steed, and then mounting, urged him towards the forest. The wolves meanwhile were crossing the stream in hot pursuit, the hoarse yells sounding a thousand times more terrible than the whistling of bullets on the battle-field.

A cold shuddering seized Ferguson. "If my horse should fall!" he thought. But, thanks to his vigilance, and the feverish energy of the animal, they gradually gained on their pursuers, for the speed of a prairie wolf is much less than that of a fleet horse.

But the powers of the noble creature were nearly spent, his breathing became rapid, and his head drooped. Yet he still made a wondrous effort to gain the forest, for, with the instinct of his kind, he seemed to know that safety would be found among the trees.

At length the wood was gained. Ferguson gave a joyous shout, for now he could take refuge in a tree. Tying his horse to a lower branch, our hero climbed one quickly, and loaded his carbine and pistols, with a faint hope of defending the poor animal from the wolves' attack.

From the lofty branch on which he had taken up his position, Ferguson watched the monsters' approach—they were of the fiercest species, white, with glowing red eyes; and he saw that all was over with his faithful horse. They rushed on their victim—Ferguson fired among them; but in a moment the animal was devoured, and the empty bridle left hanging on the branch.

The wolves, with gaping throats, and their white tusks grinning horribly, remained around the tree, for the horse had scarcely furnished each with a single mouthful. On the Captain's slightest movement they jumped up, as if to seize him before he could touch the ground. Ferguson enjoyed a sort of feverish pleasure in killing a number of them with his carbine. But night was closing in, and, quite exhausted, unable to reload his arms, he was forced to close his eyes, lest he should fall from his green fortress.

Then a deep roaring was heard in the

neighboring prairie. At the sound, the wolves pricked up their ears, and darted off simultaneously in pursuit of a new prey. In a short time Ferguson opened his eyes, and descried in the plain on the border of the wood, an enormous buffalo, surrounded by the ravenous wolves, who were tearing him to pieces, despite his furious efforts to escape.

The Captain, profiting by their fortunate diversion, descended from his trees, and hastened to kindle the dried branches scattered on the ground. He shortly succeeded in surrounding himself with a rampart of fire.

Feeling then comparative safety, he roasted one of the dead wolves, and ate a small portion of the flesh, notwithstanding the natural repugnance inspired by such unclean food. Being somewhat strengthened by his strange repast, he collected a supply of wood for the night.

In about an hour afterwards the wolves returned to the charge, but Ferguson, thanks to his flaming fortification, was in such perfect safety, that despite the continued howling, he slept profoundly until morning.

On awaking, he found that the wolves were gone, in pursuit, doubtless, of some easier prey; and the Captain was able to resume his journey on foot, carrying with him his pistols, his cutlass, and his carbine.

After a week of incredible fatigue and privation, he arrived in safety at the American camp; but no tidings were ever heard of his unfortunate companions. They probably had either been massacred by the Indians, or devoured by the wolves. As to Captain Ferguson, he was seized with a fever which confined him to bed during many weeks. When convalescent, he happened one day to look in a mirror, and started back affrighted. His beard remained black, but the hair of his head had become white as snow.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS OF A NEW KIND OF BAIL IN THE KISSANE AFFAIR.—A continuation of the history of the proceedings in the Kissane forgery and Martha Washington cases remains to be written.

We proceed to narrate some recent occurrences in connection with efforts made and plans designed, not yet executed, which it may be important that the public should know.

Some two weeks since, Judge Warren, of the probate court, was sounded as to the character of the securities he would demand, if application was made to him for the release of Kissane on bail in the forgery case. The information obtained from the judge was such as was noted by us at the time, and satisfied the parties applying, that no "straw bail" would be accepted; the attempt to offer bail of that kind the parties saw would be useless, as the judge would not accept it. The release of Kissane from jail on that charge must be so effected that the bail peace of his former securities in the Martha Washington case should be met at the same time, as they were for ten thousand dollars each, and twenty thousand dollars is some money in these days.

Money then must be actually on hand as a capital to work on, and even ten thousand dollars would not last long in the rapidly consuming state of expenses of the numerous fed and unfed hangers-on to this unfortunate man.

On Thursday last, Kissane fortunately came into the possession of ten thousand dollars, paid him by Henry Lewis, in regular transactions in his late pork business.

The question now to be resolved was, how that sum could be so invested as to effect Kissane's release on the two great charges, and pay the hungry crew of adroit contrivers who are generously aiding the active minded Kissane himself.

The judge will only receive that man for bail who can produce before him indubitable proofs of having the tide deeds to over ten thousand dollars' worth of property, unincumbered, in this county.

Can any person be produced who will temporarily invest the ten thousand dollars of Kissane, in real estate, go his bail in both cases, then, when Kissane is free, pay a respectable forfeit, deed back the land to the original proprietors, and receive back the money, to be divided among kind friends of distinguished merit.

This is an important matter, and, if successful, would be worthy, as a stroke of financial scheming, of a mind capable of loftier aims. It came into the possession of the prosecutor, Mr. Pruden, that application had lately been made to Mr. Kemper, on Walnut Hills, for the purchase of ten thousand dollars' worth of his property; that a deed, on payment of the sum, in cash, was to be made to a non-resident of the State, which it was agreed should be recorded, and, if in the course of a week, the wife of the non-resident should not be satisfied at the sale, the deed should be returned, sale cancelled, and \$500, or some such sum, reserved from the purchase money, and the remainder returned. In the meantime, if two important bail-bonds, for release of a distinguished party, could have been signed on the strength of the temporary possession of the ten thousand dollars' worth of real estate, and actual release made, it would have been demonstrated that some things can be done as well as others, and that the public press, which has lately been interfering

in what was not their business, had been completely circumvented. The Kemper project was not completed, but another substituted, as will be seen by what is narrated hereafter.

It may not be improper to say that Judge Warren, of the Probate Court of Hamilton county, knows a thing or two of himself, and was pretty "sharp set" when he knew two or three more things, told him by the prosecutor. With much suavity and great adroitness, the Judge was felt as to the valuable bail which was contemplated to be offered; not "straw bail," but bail on genuine real estate; but the crafty managers saw they could not pull the wool over the eyes of Judge Warren, who, though a Judge, does not sit on a "wool-sack."

On Friday last, however, by some kind of legerdemain, which, by straightforward interrogation, seems to be difficult to exact from the party himself, one Jephson P. Duke, a friend of Kissane, who is a young man of general good character, having married a daughter of Dr. Mosher, of Latonia Springs, back of Covington, having been formerly a clerk in this city with Gross & Dietrich, R. W. Lee, and Lange, and now a clerk in a locomotive establishment in Covington, Ky., where he has been employed since April last, at a salary of \$500 per annum, suddenly comes into the possession of two deeds of property, which he swears before Esquire Bell to be worth \$16,000.

It being feared that even so apparently satisfactory an exhibit would not satisfy Judge Warren, particularly when a Pruden had been stirring him up with a long pole, it is no doubt considered more profitable to commence on Judge John McLean, of the U. S. Court, first. Jephson P. Duke, of Covington, Ky., and two unmistakable deeds of city property, which he will afterwards describe, were presented to Judge McLean; oath was made that it was free and unincumbered, and the collateral name on the bond was given of Samuel Smith, late partner of Kissane. The Judge accepted the bond, and the U. S. Deputy Marshal was authorized to release the prisoner on an order to be given by the Judge, on full satisfaction shown to him that this matter was all right. But the matter must now be arranged to release Kissane on the forgery case. Warren, the Judge, on Monday, seems to be in fact more rigid in his requirements even, than Warren the Judge was on Saturday.

On Monday morning, Judge Jacob Flinn returns to Cincinnati from an eastern tour, and if Warren won't work right, application must be made to Judge Flinn. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Duke made affidavit before Esquire Bell that he was worth in real estate, \$16,000, in order to qualify him as security. Judge Flinn, before whom the application was to be made, agreed to give the prosecutor, Mr. Pruden, an opportunity to interrogate Mr. Duke as to the circumstances of his coming into the possession of his property; and on interrogation, he answered that on Friday, August 4th, he had given a certificate of deposit for \$4,500 to William Speer, former proprietor of the Grey Eagle coffee house, on Fifth street, which had conveyed to him lot No. 53 in Wade and Ramsey's subdivision, on the north side of Sixth street, in the western part of the city, and another certificate of deposit for \$5,500, to Levi Dunbar, who was recently convicted of renting a house used for gambling, on Fifth street, who had, on same day, conveyed to him lot No. 29 in Carr's subdivision of lots in this city, and also a lot on the corner of Taylor and Carr streets.

The further interrogations by Mr. Pruden, as to how, when, and of whom he obtained the certificates of deposit, Mr. Duke declined to answer; and while denying that he had made any arrangement by which the property should be transferred to original proprietors, after bailment was effected, he acknowledged that, if bail thereon had been accepted, he would have used his discretion, whether he would have sold the property to Mr. Kissane, or anybody else he saw proper to.

In the meantime, it having been made known to Judge McLean that matters did not look right, he re-instructed the U. S. Deputy Marshal to continue Mr. Kissane in his custody.

This development altered the plans of the parties no doubt, as although yesterday evening it was intended to offer Mr. Duke and Mr. Smith to Judge Flinn, it was not done; and matters stand in statu quo, with this exception, that Judge Warren and Mr. Pruden are entitled to the warmest commendation of the friends of justice, the public, for the course pursued by them, and certain parties are now advised that any further connection or connivance detected will be heralded by a fearless and independent press, strike where it may.

A LOCOMOTIVE WITHOUT RAILS.—We abridge the following from the Courier des Etats Unis:

"A Paris Journal gives an account of the invention of a locomotive destined to run on ordinary roads, by Mr. Alexander Levoi. Yesterday we saw this locomotive, attached to a couple of cars, rolling up the street, turning the most abrupt corners, and advancing and retreating with the greatest ease. The locomotive has a ten horse power, and is mounted on four wheels, with broad felons. The inventor seems confident of success."

Those Forged Bank Notes.

Investigations, yesterday, we understand, disclosed the fact that forged notes on the Champaign County and Forest City Banks were in circulation. Some of them had been received by certain banks and bankers of our city. A prudent caution will induce all persons who are not very familiar with the signatures of the Register and of the President and Cashier of the State Stock Banks, to refuse their notes until the mystery in which this whole matter is now involved shall be dispelled or a new plate shall have been engraved and new notes issued.

We will take this occasion to say, in advance of any authoritative statement, that we believe no spurious notes, with genuine signatures of the Register, have yet been discovered. His signature has always been forged, and generally in a masterly manner, such as would deceive most persons, and even imposing on the Register himself for a time. The matter has been undergoing a thorough investigation ever since the discovery was made that forged notes were in circulation; and a public announcement of its results has not been made, only because no public good could have been subserved thereby, and because parties supposed to be perfectly innocent and honest would have been placed in a false position by it. The forbearance of those who have consented to be unjustly censured themselves, rather than do anything which would interrupt or in any way interfere with the thorough investigation of the stupendous fraud which appears to have been perpetrated, will, we hope, be duly appreciated by the public. In the meantime, we can assure our readers that the investigation is going on, and that nothing will be left undone to ferret out the guilty parties, and bring them to justice. We hope the public curiosity will soon be gratified; but it is much better that it should not be so in the present, if its gratification should obstruct the investigation now in progress or enable the guilty parties to evade the punishment they so richly deserve.

NEGROES BURNED AT CARTHAGE.—We noticed last week the recent horrible tragedy near Carthage. At that time the negro belonging to Scott had not been taken. He was caught in the Prairie, about fifteen miles from Carthage—taken to the town and tried, and was pronounced guilty, although he refused to make any confession. The negro belonging to Dale had previously confessed the whole matter. They deceived Dr. Fish from home by pretending that Mr. Dale's child was sick, and they had been sent for him. He had gone but a little way when one of the negroes knocked him in the head with an axe and killed him. They both went to the house—one of them knocked Mrs. Fish down with his fist, and after brutally accomplishing their desires on her, killed her with the same axe that killed her husband—choked the child to death—set fire to the house in two places, and left.

The citizens of the surrounding country determined to give a warning to all future transgressors of the kind, took the negroes out of the hands of the officers, and burned them on Saturday last, about 10 o'clock. They both made confessions after being chained to the stake, but the Scott negro afterward denied any knowledge of it. They died in about two minutes after the fire commenced burning.

Springfield (Mo.) Advertiser.

A CURIOUS SERMON.—An English paper contains the following curious discourse, said to have been lately delivered by an eccentric preacher, at Oxford:

"I am not one of your fashionable, fine spoken, mealy mouthed preachers, I tell you the plain truth. What are your pastimes? Cards and dice, fiddling and dancing, gazling and guttling! Can you be saved by dice? No! Can you fiddle yourselves into a berth among the sheep? No! You will dance yourselves to damnation among the goats! You may guzzle wine here, but you'll want a drop of water to cool your tongue hereafter. Will martyrs fight, and bet, and deal, rant, and swear, and shuffle, and cut with you? No! The martyrs are no shufflers. You will be cut down in a way you little expect. Lucifer will come with his mowers, reapers, and his sickles and forks, and you will be cut down, and bound, and pitched and housed in hell! I will not oil my lips with lies to please you! I will tell you the plain truth. Ammon, and Mammon, and Moloch are making Bathoson hot for you Profane wretches! I have heard you wrangle and brawl, and tell one another, 'I'll see you d—d first!' But I tell you, the day will come, when you will pray to Beelzebub to escape his clutches, and what will be his answer? 'I'll see you d—d first!'"

"How rapidly they build houses now," said Cornelius to an old acquaintance, as he pointed to a neat, two story house—"they commenced that house only last week and they are already putting in the lights."

"Yes," rejoined his friend, "and next week they will put in the liver."

NEWSPAPER DOWNFALLS.—May theirs be a life of single blessedness—may their path be carpeted with cross-eyed snakes, and their nights haunted by knock kneed tom cats!

AN AMERICAN FEMALE, called by the romantic name of Miss Kate Irvine, has commenced at Sheffield, in England, the arduous task of walking 800 miles in as many consecutive hours, for (it is said) a bet of \$500. The lady pedestrian is described to be about 30 years of age, tall, and of rather possessing appearance. Her carriage is remarkably erect. She wears the Bloomer costume—a straw hat, a jacket of thin black material, a light vest, with bright buttons, a tunic silk skirt, and light boots. She started for the first mile at 6 o'clock in the evening, and accomplished it in 12½ minutes. The average time of each mile up to Thursday evening, varied from 12½ to 13 minutes, which, for a woman, may be considered really wonderful. Nearly 300 persons paid a visit to the fleet-footed American on the first day.

JAMES SHIRLEY was hung at Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, on Friday. At 1 o'clock the prisoner, habited in his shroud, accompanied by Revs. John Stillings and Lloyd Knight, descended from his cell to the jail-yard, and walked with a firm step to the scaffold, which he ascended unassisted, and took his seat on a stool. After singing and praying by the Clergy, they took leave of him. Thomas C. McDowell, Esq., the prisoner's Counsel, also took leave of him, when Shirley remarked that if any one else wished to take leave of him they might do so. All the prisoners present in the jail-yard then shook hands with him, after which the Sheriff asked him if he had anything to say.

"I have nothing, excepting that I hope to meet all these gentlemen present, in Paradise hereafter. I die better than I thought I should. This is not the backing up of the spirit of the man; it is the spirit of God that enables me to do so; I never was a bad man naturally; I wish to say the cause of all this is Intemperance."

The cap was then drawn over his face, when he called out, "Sheriff!"—The Sheriff turned to the culprit, when he continued, "I will also say that you, Sir, are a gentleman; God bless you!" The Deputy Sheriff then asked him if he had any confession to make. He replied, "No, I have nothing to say on that subject." At 27 minutes past one o'clock the drop fell, and James Shirley was launched from time into eternity.—All signs of life ceased at 8 minutes after the drop fell.

A FEARFUL ACCOUNT.—Mr. Everett, late Secretary of State, is generally known as a gentleman of extensive information, and one who will not "speak without book" on important subjects involving statistical facts. From a computation of his it appears that the use of alcoholic beverages cost the United States directly, in ten years, \$120,000,000; has burnt or otherwise destroyed \$5,000,000 worth of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison and 100,000 children to the poor-house; caused 1,500 murders and 5,000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

THE LATE DUEL IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Washington Star says that the late duel between Messrs. Dunovant and Davidson Legare, in the vicinity of Charleston, grew out of some difficulty about a lady to whom the former is said to be engaged. Legare challenged, and Dunovant accepted the challenge, choosing pistols, distance three paces, the first fire to be determined by losing up. Dunovant won it, and of course, shot his antagonist through the heart, his pistol being within five or six feet of L's breast.

THE GARDNER CLAIM.—The Grand Jury have brought in an indictment against John Charles Gardner, for committing perjury as a witness on the trial of his brother, Geo. A. Gardner, after a protracted argument. Bail was set at \$4,000.

Mr. Bradley renewed his motion for a continuance of the former Gardner case. The District Attorney objected, stating that intelligence had been received from the Government Commission in Mexico, dated July 5, saying that the exploration had been partly completed, and would probably be finished soon; and their return is daily expected, the motion for a continuance was deferred until next week.

HORSE MACKEREL.—Mr. Wm. Alexander, while fishing yesterday near Rock Cod Ledge, about 13 miles from Portland, caught a horse mackerel, weighing 800 lbs., 10 feet long, and 7 in circumference. He took him with a cod hook, and worrying him out, he finally secured him. There being no one with him in the boat but his little boy, he had to tow him to a schooner, near before he could take him in. It is a splendid fish, resembling in all its parts, a mackerel, but on a giant scale.—Portland Argus.

Capt. W. F. Litch, well known to fame, having signaled himself by his Expedition to the Dead Sea, and his more recent Exploration of the interior of Africa, will address the Literary Societies of Washington College, Pa., at the Fall commencement.

Mrs. Partington says, after dissolving the matter over in her mind, she has come to the decision to seek out some quiet country retreat, in order to pervade the oppressive heat of the season, and hereafter lead a more dysentery life.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A Miss Read, of West Boylston, took chloroform, a few days ago, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted, and after the operation was performed, she was attacked with severe pain in the head, became unconscious, and apparently died. Her friends supposing her dead laid her out for burial, and began to prepare for the funeral ceremonies; but their grief was unexpectedly turned to joy and astonishment, on finding that the supposed dead began to revive. She eventually recovered the full possession of her faculties; but what is still most singular in her case, as we are told, she suffers violent pains in the head as regularly as evening approaches, and at length, and about the same hour each night, falls into a swoon, very similar to that which, in the first instance, was supposed to be the sleep of death. This case certainly presents a most remarkable escape from premature burial.

Worcester Transcript.
"You say, Mrs. Smith, that you have lived with the defendant for eight years. Does the court understand from that that you are married to him?"
"In course it does."
"Have you a marriage certificate?"
"Yes, your honor, three on 'em—two gals and a boy."

MINING IN EAST TENNESSEE.—The mineral resources of Tennessee are beginning to attract the attention of European capitalists. Some of the copper ores of that region have been sent to London and analyzed, and a company in that city have sent out an agent to examine and purchase mining lands.—This agent has purchased three tracts in East Tennessee—one of 160 acres, for \$150,000, another of 180 acres for \$75,000, and another for \$30,000. A few years since these lands were entered at from 50 cents down to one cent an acre. With the copper are found gold, silver, lead and zinc, but not in quantities sufficient to justify separation.

HOGS.—From present appearances the number of hogs the next season will be large, particularly in Kentucky and Ohio. We hear of a contract for a large number of hogs in Indiana, at \$2.90 gross, to be delivered at the pens in the fall. A trader offered yesterday to deliver 1,000 hogs, between the 20th of November and the 20th of December, to one of our packers at 44 cents net. The contract was not made. Louisville Courier, Aug. 4th.

AMERICAN HYPERBOLE.—A physician called upon to testify in regard to the physical effects of a severe whipping, given to a servant girl, said, "Gentlemen of the jury, if a jackass had the skin of an alligator for an overcoat, and a piece of boiler plate underneath, and that jackass were to be flogged one-half as bad as that woman whipped that child, all creation couldn't save that jackass from dying."

GENTLEMEN.—"John, what is a gentleman?" "Stub toe boots, short tailed coat, and a high shirt collar." "What is the chief end of a gentleman?" "His coat tail." "What is the work of a gentleman?" "To borrow money, to eat large dinners, and to petition for an office." "What is a gentleman's first duty to himself?" "To buy a pair of plaid pantaloons and to raise a huge pair of whiskers."

The English papers state that since the abolition of slavery in Jamaica, not only have 600 estates been abandoned, and the blacks become generally indolent and extremely poor, but they are also fast relapsing into their old superstitions which they brought from Africa, and that they are now seen paying their devotions to snakes, toads and old ragged puppets.

Whilst the officers were in the act of destroying 250 gallons of liquor, condemned under the Liquor Law, at Northampton, Mass., on Friday last, some boys thoughtlessly set it on fire, and four of the by-standers were very seriously burned; one named Cummings, perhaps fatally.

GOLD DISCOVERIES IN OREGON.—A letter to the Newark Advertiser, dated Port Orford, Oregon, May 1st, says:

I am now washing out gold at the rate of ten dollars an hour. Two others, by the side of me, with the assistance of a squaw, (for an Indian man is not worth his food,) are making \$50 per day. We will have thousands of inhabitants here in a few months, as gold is everywhere in this vicinity. All the soldiers in the garrison are at work, making from \$20 a day upwards, but none less than \$16.

How many fond mothers and frugal housewives keep their pretty daughters and their preserves for some extra occasion, or some "big bug" or other, until both turn sour. This seems to us marvellously poor economy.

The True Democrat makes the following terrible announcement:—"The chambermaid of Jones' brick-yard having 'given the mittin' to the bar-keeper of Madison's ferry, the 'disappointed lover' took 'horrid revenge' by stabbing himself with a sword fish."

Blow his requiem on the bass drum and build him a marble monument with a salt barrel.—Sen. Reg.