PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING, BY WILLIAM H. COUNCELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE, or TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid within one month of the time of subscribing, or the renewal of subscription—A failure to notify a discontinuance is considered as a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLII. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1859. No. 41.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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AN OLD BALLAD.

The following eccentric ballad is somewhat modernized from one given in the "Songs and Carols, printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection." It was written about the year 1450:

"I have a young sister
Far beyond the sea;
Many are the presents
That she sent me.
She sent me a cherry
Without any stone,
She sent me a pigeon
Without any bone:
Without any thornes
She sent me a briar,
She bade me love my lover
And that without desire.

"How can a cherry
Be without a stone?
How can a pigeon
Be without a bone?
How can a briar
Be without a thorne?
And who e'er loved without desire
Since true love first was born?

When the cherry was a blossom
Then it had no stone,
When the dove was in the egg
Then it had no bone:
When first the briar sprouted
Never a thorne it bore;
And when a maiden has her love
Oh, then she longs no more."

MISDIRECTED REVENGE.

BY RICHARD CRAMSHAW.

Years ago this was; out and away off from the dense settlements of civilized men; among the scattered habitations of those hardy daring souls who dared to meet the savage full in his path; before whose strong right arm the forest giant fell, and the lurking panther bit the ground, or, howling, fled and hid himself amongest the shadows of his den. Association with scenes of struggle and blood gave these men much of the brute nature with which they came so constantly in contact. The savage was foe too subtile to be dealt with openly—his white antagonist proved himself to be full as keen and wary as the red man. No moment of his life could he safely say was fraught with danger of its loss—his vigilance became unceasing, and his courage always at command. His thoughts and movements were free and unfettered, and it neccessarily followed that his passions seldom were under the control which iron law throws round the dweller and occupant of cities. In short, man, in the wilds and pathless forests of the West, lost much of the attributes of his fellow-man of the paved street and crowded mart, and approximated more to the unreasoning Indian and the untamed brute. His love was fierce, burning, eager and overwhelming—his hate furious, unappeasable and destructive to the death.

Of this nature Mike Barclay might be cited as a representative.

Yet there were amongst these children of the West those, who thought their associations were the same as his, lost not their identity with all that is refined and humanizing, so completely as he did.—They, too, could battle sternly for their log built homes, and tred the courts of Nature with a like free step; but their instincts were not of the same animal nature as were his, and they could find reparation and pleasure in the calm delights of home, where he sought the shelter of a roof, for nothing more than the mere animal requirements of sleep or food.

Chauncey Bird was an instance of such men as these.

These two men were rivals for the hand of Helen Randolph.

Mike Barclay was, in height, say five feet eleven; of a rugged, compact built, bull neck, upright figure, and firm tread.—Exposure to sun, wind and storm had reddened his uncovered neck, and given him strongly-marked features of the swarthy hue of the Indian. He had what might be termed a fine, grey eye, but it seldom looked you clear and full in the face. Stiff, wiry, reddish-brown hair covered his mouth and hid the expression of the first-named features. But when excited or angered the grizzly moustache was seen to rise up and encircle the nostrils, so that they emitted the breath with a hard, rushing sound, similar to that of a chased and badgered animal. Even in repose, the face, altogether, had a hard, set look, not unlike the aspect of an untamed beast, ready, at a moment's warning to rise furious and maddened, and tear the subject of its suddenly aroused anger.

Chauncey Bird was not quite so tall nor of so large and massive a frame as Barclay; yet though not cast in so herculean a mould, he was the superior in a physical point of view. This might be accounted for by the fact of his being far more temperate in his living and regular in his habits. He did not swallow bad corn-whiskey in preference to water, nor choose for a couch the damp foot of a tree, rather than a buffalo in a comfortable cabin. He had strength and health, and he took care that they should be preserved as long as nature kindly would allow. There were other differences in the two men. Not only externally were they unlike, their minds as well were opposite. While Barclay was revengeful, unrelenting in his hate, and eager for the taste of blood, Bird was, though fierce and brave when aroused, gentle of heart as any child. He was likewise the younger of the two, Barclay being forty-two or thereabouts, Bird not more than thirty-three or four. A pleasent, genial face—a large, dark eye, which lit up the countenance, like a lamp; a mouth small, and low-shaped, and generally upright and straight forward bearing, were attractions more to the taste of a refined nature, such as was that of Helen Randolph, than the rude attractions and coarse attempts at homage paid her by her older admirer, and she made no secret of her preference for the manly Chauncey Bird.

The *dramatis personæ* being introduced, let them come forth and act the parts assigned them on the great stage of life in this far Western wild.

Mike Barclay, after an indifferent day's search for game, was slowly wending his steps towards home, to cut some consolation in the whiskey jug, or in the society of the choice spirts who now and again assembled in his cabin. The disappointment attendant on his toilsome journey, together with other sources of annoyance, tended little to the maintenance of an amiable frame of mind. Mike Barclay was in a savage mood, and needed but a trifle to turn the current of his wrath in full and dangerous fury on the first who crossed his path.

He now neared an opening in the wood, which displayed to view a fair green glade, and there, straight before him, and within easy shot, a splendid buck was grazing upon the fresh green grass and tender shoots that spread around him in rich profusion. His brow cleared in an instant, and Mike Barclay's nearest approach to a smile spread itself athwart his swarthly visage. With the caution of an experienced hunter, he shifted his position as far as possible from the direct current of the wind that the game might not be startled too soon by the scent of the foe, and then, slowly and cautiously, sheltered behind an intervening tree, he took deliberate aim at the tempting prey.

Has even wandered about for a whole day, reader mine, and tasted not from dawn to sunset? Hast ever none so in the free fresh air of the country—thy companions, healthy limbs and wholesome exercise? Thou hast? Then it is thy judgement on the present state of Barclay's interior organization sound, reliable, and to the purpose. You will say he must have been exceedingly hungry—you are right—he was.

Carefully—oh? very carefully did his eye measure the distance, the precisely fatal point of aim, and the true and unerring sight of his well-tried rifle. He was a good shot and he knew it, but this was a rather more than ordinary occasion, and such a prize as this must not be lost for the want of a little extra caution; besides, the animal, to the experienced eye watching him, was a safe and certain prey as he stood at present, and that position would not be altered, Mike well knew, for the moment.

The deadly tube, then, was in exact aim for the victim—the knee was firmly planted, and the shoulder rested easily yet steadily against the tree; the finger was upon the trigger, and the muscular force necessary, upon the instant about to be applied, when—crack, crack! echoed through the glade; and, by a rifle bullet from some unseen source, the noble buck lay stretched upon the turf!

Mike Barclay sprang furiously to his feet, a fierce oath burst from his lips as he saw himself thus cheated of his prize, exactly in the moment of its being grasped. A figure at this moment emerged from the woods out into the glade, and quickly advanced toward the prostrate buck. As the face was turned full toward Barclay, he saw it was the very man whom, of all others, he would have least forgiven an injury.

A moment, and he stood confronting him with one foot planted upon the body of the buck, fire flashing from his eyes, and the heavy moustache wreathing itself around the nostrils, through which the laboring breath came thick and fast.

"Chauncey Bird, stand off! This buck is mine!"

'Yours, Barclay!—pray how do you make that out?'

This was asked in an easy, good-humored tone, as though the speaker were rather more amused than offended at the decided assertion.

'Because I choose to call it mine!' was the insolvent rejoinder to the others half laughing query.

'You are joking, Barclay,' said the other quietly.

'Am I?' was the answer, in a growl.

'Of course you are. Why, you don't mean to say that you have a claim to that which you never drew a trigger on?'

'Claim or no claim, this is my game, and you lay a hand upon it, if you dare!'

The smile that had wreathed itself about the mouth of the youngest of these two, by degrees disappeared and in its place there came a nameless look of stern determination. It boded a rising storm.

'Enough of this nonsense, Mike Barclay.—Remove your foot!'

This was said quickly—sharply—imperatively.

The forest ranger moved not, but, the glance of a demon was in his eye.

Like the spring of a panther in its headlong, passionate fury came the dash of Chauncey Bird upon him and ere he could cast aside his rifle and gain hold upon his antagonist, down he went, whirled like a heavy stone to the earth, where he lay, senseless and motionless, and for the time, bereft of life completely.

When he recovered and looked dizzily around him, there was no sight of Chauncey Bird, nor of the disputed prize.

But his rifle still lay there on the ground close to his head.

He took it up, looked earnestly at the priming, and a red, baleful glow was on his swarthy brow as he strode in the direction of the forest.

It was night. Save two persons, all within the cabin of old Sam Randolph had retired to rest. He boasted a mansion of greater pretensions than the generality of his neighbors—inasmuch as it was divided by single partitions into separate rooms.—In one of these slept Randolph and his wife; in the main sitting room of the house were these two waking ones, Chauncey Bird and Helen Randolph.

The fire on the rude hearth glowed mellow and pleasant, and gave these fully as much, and more light, even, than they would absolutely have required, had their secret wills been fathomed.

Helen sat farthest from the out door upon a bench—which served them both looking pensively into the fire. Chauncey, with one arm thrown gently about her waist spoke in a low tone of the future. She listened, well pleased, and smiled happily as she followed his cheery words.

The fire-light played in her eyes, and added a rosier tinge to the blush already on her cheek. Her soft, neatly arranged hair set off the pretty oval of her face to the best advantage. One little hand was placed confidingly in his; and the other played needlessly with the white corner of her apron.

Truly a pretty sight.

All hopeful anticipation for the future no thought but happy ones of the passing present. No time for fear or death this—none.

And yet, *if* she but knew—oh, fate! if she but knew!

A sound at the window drew the attention of them both. It seemed to rattle slightly. It was only a wooden aperature, opening and closing with a small shutter, hung on a leather hinge, and fastening within with a wooden bolt.

'I thought I heard a noise at the window,' said she.

'Doubtless the wind,' was the reply.—The night was somewhat tempestuous; and even as they spoke the rushing wind rattled in fury through the trees without.—They looked at one another with a satisfied nod—and the subject was forgotten.

There was a booding voice in the wind but she could not hear. If she but knew—oh, fate!—if she but knew!

Wrapped up in themselves, they were preoccupied with their whispering thoughts again.

What's this? Here—this? This knife-blade, slowly passing through the window-crevice—and lifting with steady touch the wooded bolt? It moves upward till it meets the obstacle—it presses against it—the window is held at the will of the invisible one without, while an indistinct face looks peeringly into the room.

Look up, Chauncey Bird—look up for *her* sake! You have not an instant to spare! Before it is too late forever! Chauncey Bird look up! Is there no power on earth—in heaven—to make this man look up?

None!

But there is a power hovering vengefully wickedly over the fated roof; and even now—now, as Chauncey Bird leans forward it swoops upon its prey.

Bang!

A scream of agony—a fair, young form writhing upon the floor—blood flowing from her innocent white breast—those dear features, gazed upon but now so fondly, working convulsively in the struggle with death—rattling in the throat—a stiffening in the delicate limbs.

Murder has been done! Another branded Cain wanders forth upon the earth—accursed, abhorred of God and man!

Suspicion fell, of course, upon Mike Barclay. The friends, aroused from their sleep to look upon this unmanly and most cowardly murder, took their instant way toward his dwelling.

He was at home—oh, yes!—and fast asleep.

What was he accused of, that his house should thus be entered, at the dead of night and himself thus rudely questioned?

Of murder!

He commit murder? He cast back the foul assertion! Who—who was it that he was accused of having murdered?

'Helen Randolph!'

As the name fell from their lips, Barclay turned deadly pale; and for a moment, gazed around him, spell-bound. At length, he found breath. In a hoarse whisper he spoke.

"I—I am not guilty of murder! I would have laid down my own life rather than a hair of her head should have come to harm! I've not been near her house these three days!"

The gray haired man, who had called the murdered girl his child, pressed forward and confronted him.

"Mike Barclay—in the face of heaven, I demand you to answer me? Are you not the man who slew my child?"

The other looked full and deliberately at the questioner.

"In the face of heaven, I swear that I am innocent of that girl's death!"

"And in the face of Heaven, I charge you with a black and damning lie!" exclaimed a voice close in his ear.

He turned, and, as his eye fell upon the speaker, he started as though stung by an adder.

"*You—and here?*" he gasped.

"I am here! Nay, more—I am come to revenge the death of her I love, and whom you have so maliciously destroyed. I demand the death of this man!" he exclaimed, turning to those assembled in the hut. "He *is* the murderer of Helen Randolph!"

"What proof of it have you?" shrieked Barclay.

"The proof is here!" and, as he spoke, he held up a glittering bowie-knife to the gaze of all.

"This, *this* is my proof. He has not been near the house for three days past; and yet here, unstained by rust, is his own knife, with his name full upon the blade!"

It was even so. There were the two tell tale words—"*Mike Barclay!*"

Stunned—overwhelmed—taken completely by surprise—he had not one word to utter for himself. He could only sink helplessly to his knees, and gasp forth:

"'Tis true—'tis true! I am the man who fired the shot, though it was not meant for her!"

"Who then, was the intended victim?" demanded her father.

The murderer merely pointed to Chauncey Bird; then hid his face within his hands.

There was a look of keen intelligent meaning that passed upon the instant across the faces of those rough men assembled there in the cabin of Mike Barclay.—The oldest of them all advanced.

He stood a moment without speaking—merely fixedly looking upon the faces around him one by one. Then he broke the silence.

"What is your decision men?"

"Death!" they murmured, one and all.

It was morning. The earth looked glad and beautiful; while nothing in Nature told of these two scenes, now transpiring so near each other, under the same blue sky.

This is one of holiness and silence

A young girl, laid apparently to rest upon an humble couch, and sleeping thereon a calm and peaceful sleep. No wind of heaven can ever visit that marble cheek, and bring with it a shudder or a chill. No sorrows now can move that heart—no terror dwell within that placid bosom. The summer's heat and winter's cold are alike indifferent to her, for she hath departed to the land where there is but one season, and that an everlasting spring. She found shelter in the courts of heaven and slumbers on the bosom of her God!

Another scene.

And this one also of death; but very, very different from the last.

This is one of retributive horror; stern Western justice, mercilessly dealt.

The giants of the forest wave in melancholy cadence to and fro, and murmur a solemn requiem for the disembodied spirit. Hard by, the glistening river dashes against the rocky shore; and seems to whisper as it passes on, the tidings of the hour. Even birds seem stricken with a nameless terror—and their twittering song has lost its joyousness.

There, on that tree!—horrid *death* is hanging between ground and sky—the murderer follows his victim through realms of space.

Let the curtain drop upon this horror! shut the hideous sight out forever from view.

Mike Barclay's race is run. He hath sown the wind—he hath reaped the whirlwind!

Electioneering.

Governor P———l, of Kentucky, tells a couple of good ones on himself. When on a canvass preceeding his election, he stopped at a cabin on the wayside in the eastern mountains of the State for a bite of dinner. The good housewife served him a better repast than he expected, tender and juicy fresh venison being one of the courses, followed by a tempting display of pastry. Cutting into one of the pieces and tasting the same, he was entirely propitiated, and he paid his compliments to the lady by way of making an inquiry:

'Madam,' said he, 'this is a very delicious pie; but upon my word I don't know what the fruit is in it—pray tell me if you please.'

'Why, stranger, where did you come from?' demanded the dame in turn.

'Well I am from the lower part of the State, but no such fruit as this grows there. Indeed, madam, I am ignorant of this fruit, and beg you will inform me what it is.'

'Up for Governor,' said the astonished woman, 'and don't know huckleberries!—*Well I mistrust you ain't fitted for office.*'

The Governor would have relinquished the track but his party wouldn't let him off, and he was elected in spite of his ignorance of huckleberries.

On another occasion he stopped for supper at a cabin not so well provided as the former. The poor woman of the house had neither sugar, tea, nor coffee, and spread before him a dish of clabber, uttering a profusion of apologies and regrets that her house was so ill provided.

'Why madam,' said he, with truth, 'I prefer this to tea or coffee or even strawberries and cream; and often take it in preference on hot evenings like this, when at home. It requires no apology for I could not be better suited.'

'Now Stranger,' responded the doubting lady, 'are you lying just because you are a candidate, for I've heard them candidates is the lyinest critters on yerth.'

The Governor could only vindicate his truth by bolting a second dish of clabber.

SONS OF MALTA.—'Jeems' was recently initiated into the order of the Sons of Malta, and graphically describes his introduction into the "vale of mystery," as follows:—

You are first grabbed and thrown into a tub of cold water, and forthwith several large men begin to stick pins into you.—Hauling you out of the tub of water, they rush you into another department, and now *new men* make a lunge after you, dressed in disguise, and immediately commense pouring hot molasses into your hair and boots. Meanwhile a stream of cold water is flooded on to you, and a man dressed in black, thrusts a snuff box in front of your nose, and all at once you begin to seeze vociferously, and the eager crowd begins to laugh and hurrah. Shoving you further along the chief men and bottle-washers grab you by the nose, hair and coat-tail, and in this way rip every bit of dry goods loose from your person, and again the crowd roars with tumultuous laughter at your nude state, with five or six men holding on to your hair and toes, forcing you up a soaped pole with pins and sharp sticks. You now begin to think you are forsaken by all of God's people and the devil has certainly got possession of you, knocking you on the head so that you see stars as numerous as they are in the milky way. You are handled in this kind of tantalizing way for two hours, when the officers give you a large dose of liverwort and tar, and then let you go. Fun!

SUICIDE FROM SELF-DISGUST.—G. P. Shaw, who had a store at Cedar Creek, 12 miles west of Bastrop, Texas, committed suicide some time since by taking laudanum. He had been drinking, and some persons had painted him all over with green paint, and sewed him up in a sack. On awaking and not succeeding in washing the paint from his hair, mortified at his condition, he committed the fearful act.

By the late freshet in the Lehigh, the whole of the village Mauch Chunk, Pa., was overflowed.

It is stated that the crew of the steamship Great Eastern consists of 60 able bodied seamen, 90 seamen riggers, 200 engineers and firemen, steward's staff 100—making, with officers, about 500.

A MAN LIVING FOR WEEKS ON BARK AND GRASS.—An English paper says:

On Sunday, the son of a shoemaker, named Blyth, residing in St. Faith's, Norfolk, while walking in the plantation of Mr. Joshua Reynolds, in that parish, found there a man named Back, a vagrant, who states that he comes from Wishbeach. Back lay upon the ground in a state of great exhaustion, and called to the boy for assistance, telling him he was dying of starvation.—The boy, who says he saw the man in the same place three weeks before, when he took him to be a keeper, at once went to the village and gave the alarm. A number of the villagers immediately started for the spot, and finding the man too weak to stand put him in a cart and drove him to the Union House.

On stripping him, it was found that the side on which he had been lying was covered with sores; and the man states that about five weeks ago he was taken ill and went into the plantation, which he had been unable to leave. He had subsisted during that time on grass and the bark of the trees which grew close by where he lay. He says he remembers lying on the ground during the whole of the terrible thunder storm that occurred a few weeks ago. It is said that hundreds of persons have visited the plantation since the man was found there, and that the place where he gnawed in the barks of the trees are plainly visible.

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED.—The Western *Christian Advocate* of this week contains an obituary notice, by Rev. A. Wright, of the Ind. M. E. Church, of Isaac Hamblin, Sr., who died at his residence near Bloomfield, Ind., a few months since, aged about 86 years. Mr. Hamblin was a man of deep piety and unquestionable veracity. He was in the battle of the Thames, and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed:

He says he was standing but a few feet from Col. Johnson when he fell, and in full view, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having seen him before the war, and having been a prisoner seventeen days, and received many a cursing from him.—He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was Harrison, as he often heard the chief swear that he would have Harrison's scalp, and seemed to have a special hatred toward him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded; in the fall he lost his sword, his large pistols were empty, and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle at him, and when he saw him fall, he threw down his gun and bounded forward like a tiger sure of his prey. He aimed at the chief over the head of his horse, and shot near the center of his forehead. When the ball struck, it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air, as soon as he struck the ground, a little Frenchman ran his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground.

SOMETHING ABOUT WHALES.

From the fact that the whale lives in the water, has fins, and is shaped like a fish, many persons are led to believe that it is classed among fishes. But this is not true. Science has ascertained it to be a viviparous animal—*order cetucea (marine mammalia)* It differs very materially from fishes. In the first place, the fish receives its supply of air from the water, through a very delicate membrane, which operates as a strainer, allowing the air to pass into the lungs, while the water flows out through the gills; hence, the fish can remain under water for a long time without coming up to breathe, while the whale is obliged to come to the surface often to obtain fresh air.—The blood of fishes is cold—that of the whale is warm. The whale, unlike the fish, does not reproduce its species by eggs, but brings forth only one young one at a time, and at intervals at about a year. It has two breasts and suckles its young till they are a year old. The Greenland whale lives almost entirely upon the *medusæ*, which floats in myriads upon the surface of the Northern seas, and in some respects resemble the muscle. They are about the size of a large bean, and contains much oily matter.—Some centuries ago the whale was described as being sometimes more than two hundred feet long, but at present they are seldom found to exceed seventy-five or eighty feet in length.

TOBACCO FOR BOYS.

A strong writer administers a wholesome dose to the boy chewers and smokers, assuring them that tobacco has spoiled and utterly ruined thousands of boys, including a dangerous precocity, developing the passions, softening and weaking the bones, and greatly injuring the spinal marrow, and brain, and the whole nervous fluid. A boy who early and frequently smokes, or in any way uses large quantities of tobacco, never is known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular, as well as mental energy.—We would particularly warn boys who want to be anybody in the world, to shun tobacco as a most baneful poison.

BONES AND WHEAT.—According to Sir Robert Kane, the distinguished chemist, one pound of bones contains the phosphoric acid of 28 pounds of wheat. A crop of wheat of 40 bushels per acre, and 60 pounds per bushel, weighs 2,400 pounds, and therefore requires about 86 pounds of bones to supply it with that essential material. The usual supply of bone-dust (3 to 4 cwt. per acre) supplies each of the crops for four years with a sufficiency of phosphoric acid, which is given out as the bones decompose. It may therefore be conceived what would be the effect of a double dressing of bones, renewed each year from time to time, by additional doses, all giving out the phosphoric acid by the slow process of decomposition.

HORRIBLE BARBARISM IN THE MARQUESAS ISLANDS.—Captain Brown, of the Morning Star, furnishes to the Honolulu Advertiser some information as to the murderous doings of the natives in the island of the Marquesas group. He says:

We anchored on the 4th of June, and found the people of Fatuhiva, as usual, at war, that is, butchering each other. I think the natives of this island are the worst in the group. They are great warriors when they can find their victims asleep. About the time of our arrival the warriors of Oomoa made a decent upon Hanavavi, three miles distant, just before day, and although the assailants numbered eighty, they ventured to attack but a single house. Its inmates rushing out, only to be shot down. Two men and two women fell, and their severed heads were carried off in triumph. A child, two years old, was taken alive from the arms of its murdered father who was taken endeavoring to escape with it. The mother made her escape, and begged in vain for her child. It was taken to Oomoa, cruelly tortured and finally strangled, and given, as some of themselves said, to the devil, to propitiate him and gain his favor and assistance in battle. A chief strutted about the beach and claimed the honor of having killed a woman, whose head our people saw salted down in a tub. He came on board and asked me for flints. I said, "No, if I give you flints you will use them to shoot women." He finally said he would shoot only men. I asked him if I could visit the *tabu* ground, where they had placed the little dead girl. He said they had a *goff* up there, meaning a god; that no one who ate with woman could be allowed to visit the place, which is a beautiful cocoanut grove, upon a hill quite near the anchorage, and from which the fruit is never taken.

At Hivaoa, Captain Brown found the missionaries all very well, but anxiously awaiting the arrival of the packet. Wars, quarrels, murders and cannibalism still abound throughout the groupe; yet such is the power of religion, that the houses and persons of the missionaries are respected by all classes of the natives.

Civil war continues to prevail as formerly among petty rival chiefs.

The French have withdrawn all their forces and officers from the Marquesas, leaving only a flag flying on one of the islands. One or two priests also remain there, but otherwise no signs of French authority remain.

TROUBLES IN HAYTI.—*The Assassination of the President's Daughter.*—Letters have been received by the Boston Traveler, which confirms the news of the assassination of Cora, the daughter of President Geffrard; she was shot through the head by the conspirators from the garden of the palace, while she was seated at a table reading a prayer book. It is said she was the victim of a plot, of which a party recently arrived at New York was the supposed head—for the overthrow of the President—but it has wholly failed. The guilty parties, who are followers of Soloque, have been arrested in great numbers, and will be brought to condign punishment. The unfortunate girl, who thus tragically perished, was but nineteen years of age and had been married only two months. In assassinating the daughter the conspirators thought that the distracted father would have hastened to the bloody scene, and they had ambuscades arranged on the way from which they would fire at the President as he hurried by, and then the villains would have had full power to seize the capital and ensanguine the whole country. Fortunately for the father he suspected something of the kind, and did not expose himself.

OYSTERS AS LARGE AS SPADES—*Great Excitement.*—We notice yesterday the discovrey in Long Island Sound of a monster oyster bed, but had no idea, it seems, of its real worth, which is now set down at five millions of dollars. A Norwalk paper says:

One vessel, last week, took up *seven hundred* busheles in a single day! The bed seemes to be almost inexhaustible, and must contain many *millions bushels.* We were shown samples of the oysters yesterday as large as an ordinary garden spade, the meats from which looked more like beef tongues than the ordinary bivalves. There were on Sunday two steamboats and about 150 sail vessels on the ground, dredging nearly all day. Nothing has ever equalled the excitement hereabouts among the fishermen and marine speculators since the great Ring End oyster war some thirty years ago, when the long toms, etc., were brought out and charged to the muzzle to fire upon the New Haven marauders. This bed is in water from 6 to 8 fathoms, and there is no telling what the effect is to be on the oyster market or palates of epicures.

SUPER-PHOSPHATE OF LIME.—As bones are not soluble in water they require to be decomposed with an acid in order to make them give out their phosphates rapidly, when applied to the soil. A very simple method of rendering bones soluble is described in the *Rural Register*, (Baltimore, Md.) as follows:—The bones are first broken into small pieces with a hammar and are put in at the rate of three bushels to half a hogshead of water, then 75 lbs. of vitrol are added. In this they are suffered to remain from two to four weeks, being stirred up occasionally with a stick, then the contents of the hogshead are placed in a large iron cauldron to which a moderate fire is applied, when the whole becomes a perfect jelly. This is now mixed with a cartload of rich earth, or ashes, and half a barrel of plaster, and forms a rich compost for an acre of land, for any crop. The cost for an acre is, bones 75 cents, vitriol $1.87, plaster 56 cts., total $3.18. Bones in any form never fail to show their striking effects on clover or other grasses.

Astronomy is the oldest of the sciences; it was first studied by the shepherds, while watching the flocks at night.