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

TERMS.

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 — as failure to notify a discontinuance is considered A a new engagement.

The Easton Gazette.

VOL. XLI. EASTON, MD., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1858. No. 7.

ADVERTISEMENTS,

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For the Easton Gazette.

LINES

FOR THE FIRST PAGE OF AN ALBUM.

My daughter! on this gilded leaf
Will oft return thy pensive gaze
When other eyes have ceased to read
Thy father's long forgotten lays;
Each faded line will then impart
The record of that Father's heart.

What tho' no other trace be left
Than this poor offering here I bring?
Enough that mid these gathered leaves
'Twill be to thee a treasured thing:
Something to muse in silent hours,
When he who wrote shall write no more.

Enough that these few words shall stir
The memory of thy happier years,
When youth's gay dreams have pass'd away,
And life's fair page been dimm'd by tears;
Enough that for one hour thy brow
Will beam with all that gilds it now.

A Father's hopes, a Father's prayers,
Dear daughter, with these verses go!
Oh! may Religion's heavenly ray
Illume thy path of care below,—
And light thee to a world of bliss,
Where those may meet who part in this!

Ion.

For the Easton Gazette.

"OH, WOULD I WERE A LAUGHING BOY AGAIN."

BY HARRY GRENVILLE.

O, would I were a laughing boy again,
Life is not what oft I fondly thought,
I'd live my childhood gaily over again,
Discarding scenes that one I longing sought;
Again I'd love in happy childish glee
And the joyous sports of earlier years,
With a heart free as the mountain wind as free,
And a mind undettered by worldly cares.

Now dark brooding fancies hang o'er my soul,
And dim spectral shapes my vision distort;
Around me the waves of misfortune roll,
Within lurks a demon my power can thwart.
Where once was enshrined love's magical form,
And happiness reared its temple of light,
Now rages the wrath of misery's storm,
And hang the dark clouds of sorrow's deep night.

A heart once awake to friendship's bright joys,
On whose altar kindled love's flame ne'er waned,
Now cankered and worn its own life destroys,
And yields unresisting,—its life blood drained.
Tho' the features are clothed with mirthful smile,
Tho' rings the laugh clear as from a light heart,
The mark is but worn to deceive and beguile,
And conceal from the world the keen barb'd dart.

The sick brain whirls, the blood runs madly wild,—
Than thus to live, to die at once were best,—
Oh, mother earth, receive thy stricken child,
For I am weary and I fain would rest,
And pallid death, thou grim old monster, fierce,
I count thy darts, and seek thy pangs so dread,
Earth will receive the form thy arrows pierce,
And pillow on her breast my aching head.

St. Michaels Jan. 23d, 1858.

From the Parlor Casket.

A FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE:

OR,

DOING A COUNTRY MAGISTRATE.

BY HAZEL GREEN, ESQ.

A few weeks since, the usually quiet town of R——, Illinois, was thrown into quite a state of excitement in consequence of the arrest and committal to jail of a fugitive slave. It was not exactly the arrest and committal either, that caused the excitement, but rather a report that had got in circulation, representing that there were several other negroes hiding around in the woods, and that a reward of one hundred dollars a head, was already offered by a planter in the South, for their apprehension. Such a sum of money was not to be winked at in the midst of hard times, and consequently there were any number of fellows out on the scout looking for them

Some evenings after the arrest of the negro, Mr. P., a young lawyer of the place, plucked me to one side and said:—

"Mr. Green, we have gotten up a little batch of fun for to-night, and we'd be pleased to have you go along and enjoy it with us."

After making several inquiries, and learning that they were going to the residence of Squire Brill, some three miles in the country, for the purpose of trying a new and very important fugitive slave case, I consented to accompany them.

About nine o'clock, P. M., my friend, the lawyer, called around and informed me that all was in readiness. It was one of Autumn's loveliest nights, and so we started to foot it out to the old Squire's. Just at the outskirts of the town we found some twenty or thirty persons in waiting for us with the negro in custody. He was a large, strapping fellow as black as a dandy's boot, and about as ragged as he well could be.—His hands were securely tied behind him, and a rope was passed several times around his body and legs. In this disabled condition he was made to walk between two constables, each with a Colt's revolver in his hand.

At first I felt a little disgusted with the proceedings, and was about half inclined to give them a [illegible] of my mind; for I thought that they were making [illegible] altogether more display than was necessary; but when I saw the town Magistrate, and several of the best citizens in the crowd, I reflected that they could not be doing anything more than was right, and so I concluded to hold my peace. The crowd moved on at a lively pace, all talking, laughing and enjoying themselves, apparently to the fullest extent; and as might have been expected, I was soon in the thickest of them enjoying myself also. In the course of our trip I happened to drift up alongside the darkey, who turned to me as familiarly as you please, and said:—

"Hello! Haze, is that you?"

"Yes," replied I, astonished almost beyond description. How on earth could a Louisiana negro know anything about me, who had never been farther South than Cairo, in my life. I was completely dumbfounded." Felt like I could crawl into an auger hole, but didn't know why. To add to my discomfiture, several members of the company beheld my astonishment, and burst out into a loud laugh; which caused the thought to strike me that they were impressed with the idea that I was an abolitionist, and had been sneaking around through the woods with the negro, and had there formed his acquaintance. Even the negro could not refrain from laughter, but let himself out in a regular set, ha, ha, ha! That laugh did the business. It sounded as "familiar as household words." I could not be mistaken—it was none other than the laugh of my very particular friend Jack Anderson. A new light began to burst upon my vision. The whole thing was a hoax. A very few words made all plain to me.—Squire Brill, to whose house we were going, had ridiculed to a great extent, the decision made in the former fugitive slave case, by Squire Haims. Squire Haims was one of the best men in the world, so the boys about town took it upon themselves to play off this trick upon Squire Brill, and let him make a decision to his own liking.

About eleven o'clock we arrived at our place of destination. Squire Brill had retired, but we called him up and informed him that another negro had been caught, and that as there had been some dissatisfaction expressed in relation to the late decision made by Squire Haims, Squire Haims had refused to sit on this alone, and so it was thought best to bring it before him.

Without further ceremony the old fellow hauled on his dignity, complained about his eyes being very sore, untolded his docket, turned over a few leaves of an old law book, and then announced that he was ready to hear the case. The case was opened in due form, lawyer P. prosecuting, and lawyer H., who also made one of our company, defending. Long and fiery speeches were made. H. preached up Abolitionism, and threw out some pretty strong hints which did not sit well with the old Squire, who was a prominent democrat. Several times he called him to order, and more than once threatened to inflict a fine if he was again willfully and knowingly guilty of casting insinuations at the court.

After a trial of about two hours in length, the case was rested, and Squire Brill decided against the negro: and ordered that he be committed to the county jail to await a due course of law. A *mittimus* must next be made out. His Honor being afflicted with sore eyes, could not do it well, so he called on lawyer P. Of course P. did not refuse, and so in a short time the instrument was made out, signed, handed over to one of the constables, and we were on our way to town.

Next morning, bright and early, Squire Brill mounted his horse and started for town, that he might meet with his friends and boast over his decision, as he did in every case that came before him. When he arrived at the little log grocery immediately in the suburbs of town, he thought he would stop as usual and take a little, merely to whet up his ideas. The grocery keeper was very glad to see him and "fussed about" till he fixed him up an unusually fine drink. He swallowed it, and was about to proceed on his way, when his kind friend behind the counter whispered:—

"Their little bill is just ten dollars and seventy cents."

"Whose little bill?" asked the Squire.

"Why, those gentlemen you sent here last night, of course."

"Gentlemen? I sent no gentlemen to you."

"I guess you did," said the vender, good humoredly.

"It's a lie!" thundered his honor waxing wroth.

Without further words the grocery keeper handed him a slip of paper, upon which he made out to read as follows:—

"P. A. Shaw—Please let the bearers have what they wish to, any amount not exceeding twenty dollars, and I will pay it the first time I come to town.

A. Brill, J. P.

September 2, 185—."

In the midst of a volley of bitterest curses the money was paid over, and ere another minute had passed, the old Squire had mounted and was on his way home, blessing, in a left handed manner, everybody in general, and lawyer P., who had made him sign the above order instead of a *mittimus*, in particular. From that date up to this he has not been heard to speak a word against the decisions made by other Justices: in fact he has not been seen in town since.

We believe the following is not as new as a nail, as the Germans say, or as new as a splinter, as the Danes say, or all beating new, as the French say—but it is a good story, and may be told when an excuse is squeezed up for any occasion.

A Good Excuse.—There is a society in existence which, like most other associations of the kind, has a standing rule that all members who come late, or absent themselves, shall be fined a certain sum, unless they are able to give a sufficient excuse for tardiness or absence. On one occasion a member came in after hours, and the chairman asked his excuse for being late.

"Really, sir, I was not able to get here before. Domestic trouble—perplexities of mind—I cannot say which will die first, my wife or daughter."

"Ah!" said the chairman, expressing much commiseration for the father and husband. "I was not aware of that. Remit the fine, Mr. Secretary, the excuse is a good one."

The member consequently took his seat. The next morning another member met him with feeling, and asked him how his wife and daughter were!

"In excellent health,' replied he.

"How?" "I thought you said you did not know which one would die first?"

"I did: and am still in a quandary—time, however, will decide the question.'

Good, but Icy.—A correspondent of the Vicksburg Sun, writing from Bolivar county, tells of a chap at Napoleon, Ark., who was drinking at a counter, and withal being tolerably tight, after several ineffectual attempts to raise the glass to his lips, succeeded in getting it high enough to pour the contents inside his shirt collar, set the glass down with the exclamation, "that's good, but a little too much ice Mr. Barkeeper."

WONDERFUL.

An Englishman, travelling on the Mississippi, told some rather tough stories about London thieves. A Cincinnati chap, named Case, heard these narratives with a silent but expressive humph, and then remarked that he thought the Western thieves beat the London operators all hollow.

"How so?" inquired the Englishman, with surprise. "Pray, sir, have you lived much in the West?"

"Not a great deal. I undertook to set up business at the Des Moines Rapids a while ago, but the rascally people stole nearly everything I had, and finally a Welsh miner ran off with my wife."

"Gracious!" said the Englishman, "and have you never found her?"

"Never to this day. But that was not the worst of it."

"Worst! Why, what could be worse than stealing a man's wife?"

"Stealing his children, I should say," said the implacable Case."

"Children?"

"Yes. A nigger woman, who had none of her own, abducted my youngest daughter, and sloped and joined the Injuns."

"Did you see her?"

"See her? Yes. She hadn't ten rods the start of me, but plunged into the lake and swam off like a duck, and there wasn't a canoe to follow her with."

The Englishman leaned back in his chair and called for another mug of 'alf-and-'alf. While Case smoked his cigar and credulous friend at the same time moistened remorselessly.

"I—I shan't go any further West—I think," at length observed the excited John Bull.

"I should not advise any one to go," said Case, quietly. "My brother once lived there, but he had to leave although his business was one of the best in the country."

"What business was he in, pray?"

"Lumbering—had a saw mill."

"And they stole his lumber!"

"Yes, and his saw logs, too."

"Saw logs?"

"Yes; whole dozens of black walnut logs were carried away in a single night."

"True, upon my honor, sir. He tried every way to prevent it: had men hired to watch his logs, but it was no use. They would whip them away as easily as if there had been nobody there. They would steal them out of the cove, and even out of the railways."

"Good gracious!"

"Just to give you an idea how they steal out there," sending a sly wink at the listening company, "just to give you an idea—did you ever work in a saw mill?"

"Never."

"Well, one day my brother bought an all fired fine black walnut log—four foot three at the but and not a knot in it. He was determined to keep that log anyhow, and hired two canny Scotchmen to watch it all night. Well, they took a small demijohn of whiskey with them, snaked the log up the side of the hill above the mill, built a fire, and then sat down to play keerds, just to keep them awake, you see. 'Twas a monstrous big log—bark two inches thick. Well, as I was saying, they played keerds and drank whiskey all night, and as it began to grow light, went a straddle of the log. About a minute after daylight George went over to the mill to see how they were getting on, and the log was gone!"

"What were the Scotchmen doing?"

"Sitting on the bark. The thieves had drove an iron wedge into the butt end, which pointed down hill, and hitched a yoke of oxen on and pulled it right out, leaving the shell and the Scotchers sitting a straddle of it, fast asleep!"

The Englishman here rose, dropped his cigar stump into the spittoon, looked at his watch, and said he thought he'd go on deck and see how far we'd be down the river before morning.

Young Men.—I love to look upon a young man There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me. I silently ask, what will that youth accomplish in after life? Will he take rank with the benefactors or scourges of his race? Will he exhibit the patriotic virtues of Hampden and Washington, or the selfish craftiness of Benedict Arnold? If he have genius, will he consecrate it, like Milton and Montgomery, to humanity and religion, or, like Moore and Byron, to the polluted altars of passion? If he have mercantile skill, will he employ it like Astor, to gratify his lust of wealth, or to elevate and bless humanity, like some of our merchant princes? If the gift of eloquence be hidden in his undeveloped soul, will he use it, like Summerfield, in favor of religion, or like Patrick Henry, in battling for human rights? or, will he, for mammon's sake, prostitute that gift to the use of tyranny and infidelity? Will that immortal soul, which beams with intelligence and power in his countenance, ally itself with its Creator, and thus to rise the sublime height of destiny? or, will it wage war with truth and duty, and thus sink to degradation and death? As I raise these great queries, I at once do reverence to the high potentiality of his nature, and tremble for his fate.—*Daniel Wise.*

When the American flag was unfurled from its staff in Tampico, an aged Spaniard was heard in zeighing with lugubrious earnestness against the pertinacity with which the flag had pursued his fortunes:

"I was de Spanish Consul in de Louisiana but soon dat flag he was raise over me dare. I live den in de Texas, but dat flag he follow me dere. Says I, I go where dat flag never come; I come to Tampico, but here is dat flag again. I believe if I go to de devil, that same flag will follow me dare."

In Cambridge, Mass., A. G. Patten was put on trial for stealing a hen, but the evidence showed that the fowl was a rooster, and the accused was discharged.

The Word Selah.—Every one who has read the Bible, has frequently come across this seemingly unmeaning word standing at the end of a verse, apparently disconnected from everything which has preceded it.—The following information in regard to its meaning from the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, will be very acceptable and of much importance to many of our readers.

"The translators of the Bible have left Hebrew Selah, which often occurs in the Psalms, as they found it, and the English reader often asks his minister or learned friend, what it means. And the minister or learned friend has often been obliged to confess ignorance, because it is a matter in regard to which the most learned have by no means been of one mind. The Targums, and most of the Jewish commentators, give to the word the meaning of *eternally forever*. Rabbi Kimchi regards it as a sign to elevate the voice. The authors of the Septuagint translation appear to have regarded it as a musical or rythmical note.—Hender regarded it as indicating a change of note; Mathewson as a musical note, equivalent perhaps to the word repeat. According to Luther and others, it means *silence!* Gesenius explains it to mean, "Let the instruments play and the singers stop." Wocher regards it as equivalent to *sursum corda*—up, my soul! Sommer, after examining all the seventy-four passages in which the word occurs, recognizes in every case "an actual appeal or summons to Jehovah. They are calls for aid and prayers to be heard, expressed either with entire directness, or if not in the imperative, "Hear, Jehovah!" or, Awake, Jehovah! and the like still earnest addresses to God that he would remember and hear, etc. The word itself he regards as indicating a blast of the trumpets by the priest. Selah, itself, he thinks an abridged expression, used for Higgaion Selah—Higgaion indicating the sound of the stringed instruments, and Selah a vigorous blast of trumpets.

A Filibuster—The Career of a "Fast" Young Man.—Among the disheartened filibusters who were sent home in the Saratoga by Com. Paulding, the name of Edwin P. Biles stands conspicuous.—The owner of that name is a Philadelphian, and his career has been so strange that we are tempted to give a sketch, embodying the principal incidents of it.

Mr. Biles is the son of a worthy carpenter, now residing in the Seventh ward.—About four years ago, the young man, then just verging on twenty-one, was employed as a clerk in the house of Hoskins, Heiskell & Co., of this city. He was entrusted with the most responsible duties, and, for three years, was esteemed worthy of all confidence. His salary was in the neighborhood of $1,000 per annum. He was, however, addicted to some amusements, requiring no slight expenditure. Among these may be classed racing, gambling, &c. He was, in fact, the personification of a "fast" young man: but as the accounts of the firm appeared to be always correct and regular, no complaint could be instituted.

Having served through the Mexican war, the young man was very fond of the military, and while acting as clerk was a Lieutenant Colonel in one of our city regiments. A parade of the military was to have taken place about June 1, 1857 and in expectation of this Mr. Biles ordered a complete uniform from Mr. Horstman.—A very valuable uniform it was, too. Just about the time that was completed, the firm by whom Mr. Biles was employed discovered that there were some slight errors in the books, and proceeded to an investigation. Suddenly our hero became *non est*, and Mr. Horstman mourned the loss of his uniform, while Hoskins, Heiskell & Co. found false entries in their books to the amount of about $25,000.

For some time the whereabouts of Mr. Biles were unknown, but at length he turned up with Gen. Walker, where he held the rank of Lieutenant. At the time of his arrest by Com. Paulding, he was acting as Adjutant, and was in the height of his glory. Shortly after his arrival at Norfolk in the Saratoga, he was seized, on a process issued from the Philadelphia Police Office, by Detective Russell, and is now in company with that officer on the road to this city.—*Phil. Eve. Jour.*

EVENING HOURS FOR MECHANICS.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil. Hearken to the facts.

One of the best editors the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper in Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker in Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the London Times was a weaver in Edinburgh; the editor of the Witness a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee, and another was a watch maker in Banff. The late Dr. Milne, of China, was a herd-boy in Rhyne. The principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler in Huntly, and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India was a tailor in Keith. The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham Railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glasgow, and perhaps the very richest iron founder in England was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clark, her Majesty's physician, was a druggist in Banff, Joseph Home was a sailor first, and then a laborer at the mortar and pestle in Montrose; Mr. McGregor the member from Glasgow was a poor boy in Rosshire. James Wilson, the member from Westburry, was a ploughman in Haddington, and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule. These men however, spent their leisure hours in acquiring useful knowledge.—They could not reach the eminences they did hanging around hose and engine houses or wasting hours away in taverns.

For the Easton Gazette.

LETTER TO M.

It was eleven o'clock on Monday morning before the laggard accommodation train came up. I was impatient to be gone and rejoiced to find myself once more in motion, behind the puffing and snorting, "iron horse." For a few miles the scenery tho' wild and mountainous did not excite my special attention, for it did not yet reach the measure of my anticipation. I was not weary of mountains, and gorgeous coloring, who could ever be? But I felt sure something more was in waiting Nor was I disappointed. I was in the rear of the last car, a most advantageous place for reviewing a railway panorama, and the magnificently arrayed mountains, the winding river, the jutting cliff, the fearful precipices passed before me as in a vision. These, receding in the distance, and while receding presenting new combinations, and ever increasing beauty and wildness, others came into view, in their turn receded, and so hours passed on.

The day was one of the most glorious bounteous Autumn ever bestowed. The very atmosphere seemed as loaded with coloring, as on a summer's eve, with the perfume of flowers, and the blendid hues, produced a softened, mellowed light which but for the exhileration of rapid motion, and the ever-changing scene, would have been as deliciously intoxicating to the senses as the mingled perfume of the many blossoms.

But time is wanting, and my powers would fail to do justice to so much beauty. Your imagination is vivid, and you must picture to yourself every possible combination of mountain, river, and rock, and every shade of color from the deepest of brown, to the richest of crimson—the brightest of gold, to the most delicate of salmon, with the azure sky over all and the glorious sunshine which sometimes rested upon the summit of a mountain like a crown of glory, while all beneath lay in sombre shade. It was beautiful to watch this. It carried the thought higher than the mountain tops to where light and glory ever dwell, though there is no need of any sun there. All through this, mile upon mile, there was scarcely a sign of human habitation—scarcely an indication of the presence of man, except an occasional log-cabin, and the stupendous pieces of masonry—walls, bridges, and tunnels, over which, and thro' which, the rushing and roaring train dashed, as if conscious of its incongruity amid such scenes, and hurrying to leave them to their primitive repose and peace—a fiend through the realms of Paradise.

Then we literally climbed one of those many colored mountains. It was fearful—terribly so. At the foot, a monster engine was attached to the rear of the train, and with only the glass window between me and it, as we commenced the ascent, it seemed indeed a fiend, with eyes of fire, and breath of smoke, compelled by some charm or spell, to do the will of man, and shrieking and groaning in impotent rage.—As we were alternately pushed and dragged up the terraced grades, it was marvellous to me, who was never before placed in such close proximity to an engine, and who had never beheld so huge a one, to see with what apparent ease, it was managed. What a triumph of mind over matter, thought I. I watched the reversal of the engine at every angle of the zigzag terrace, until we reached the top: when lo! on looking down, before commencing the descent upon the other side, another train, or a portion perhaps of our own was already half way up. It was a novel and an interesting sight, to me, you may be sure. But this was not all. Turning to the other side of the car, behold still another train, nearing the bottom! One upon the summit, one ascending one side, another descending the other! I had never imagined any thing like it.

But I have given you but a faint description of what seemed to me then so wonderful and fearful. More than two months have elapsed, and though the picture in my mind is not, and never will be effaced, I find that I am more willing it should exist merely as a picture. Had that been the end of my journey, I should doubtless have given you an enthusiastic description enough; but other things have occurred since: other sights been seen and my ardor has died way. We were detained a little after the descent was accomplished, by the change of engine, and some other arrangements, and improved the time in looking about us. We were in a narrow defile, which unless at noon-day must be always in deep shade, and with the quantities of coal on every hand, and the sooty faces, and the blackened garments of the workmen about it was sombre and dismal enough, to have been the workshop of Vulcan and his Cyclopean assistants We seemed almost to have descended into the regions of Tartarus, and as the train moved on, we did not regain the glorious light of the other side. The mountains seemed clustering closer and thicker about us, and as the sun descended in the West, the shadows became deeper and darker, and mountain, tree, and stream were lost at last, in the gloom.

There were but few passengers, and during the day we had become quite sociable, almost confidential A Miss, planter and his wife were returning from the east, with their son—a boy of perhaps fourteen years. He was going home from college at Paughkeepsie to spend a two weeks' vacation and very naturally was in a fever of impatience to get there, before his holiday should have expired A western Virginian was returning from the same city, after having taken his son to the college in which he himself was educated, and to which twenty-one years ago, he traveled by stage, accomplishing in about two weeks the journey, which now consumes less than thirty-six hours' time. This gentleman possessed an inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and entertained me greatly with accounts of Western Va. peculiarities—provincialisms, habits, customs, &c. He deplored the want of the means of education, the consequent ignorance of the people, and the lack of refined society, in a country rich with every natural advantage, but spoke hopefully of the gradually awakening mind of the people, and the constantly increasing facilities for communication with the outer world.

But we were rapidly approaching Wheeling, and the train at last came to a standstill. The doubts which had been entertained about being able to proceed were removed, and we entered the ferry-boat for the other side of the river. And here at Bellaire was my first view of the Ohio—These western waters have always been mingled with my dreams of future travel. Was I disappointed in the Ohio? Not yet, for in the darkness, the red beams of the ferry house lights shimmered on the water below, but faded to penetrate far, and the opposite shore was invisible. Every thing around was black, massive, indiscernable, except when a faint glare, or a momentary gleam of light, partially revealed the outline of some huge building, or brought an answering flash from the troubled water beneath us. It seemed almost like enchantment. But we entered the boats' saloon, all gilt, and glass, and glitter with a roasting fire in an air-tight stove, though the weather was like May, and were speedily borne across. We were given forty minutes before the starting of the train, to reach a hotel, take supper, and secure a place in the car But my Miss. friends decided to remain. The gentleman confessed to a very "shaky" feeling, and thought a nights' rest needful, though the boy was anxious to get on, and the lady for her son's sake.—I would not stay, but bade them "good bye," and was again by myself among the crowd.

I shall remember Ohio as a thoroughfare for babies. There were no fewer than a dozen in the car, between Bellaire and Columbus. But they behaved remarkably well—in fact slept most of the time. The "pater familias" of one group amused the other passengers very much, by his grimaces and odd noises when his baby cried. He actually surprised, if not frightened the rather obstreperous juvenile into quiet.

Well, the night wore away, and sunrise found us rapidly approaching the Queen City of the West. I made no stop or stay, but was taken immediately to the U. S. mail steamer, "Moses McLellan," where I had a fair daylight view of the Ohio. I will not say more than that at first my respect was considerably lessened: but as the carriage descended the smooth, sleeping bank to the water's edge, and I was told that the space now occupied by vehicles of every description, and men of every hue, was at other times many feet under water—nay, that the lower stories of the buildings, now apparently holding themselves aloof and aloft, as if in scorn or fear, were sometimes submerged, and the occupant able to leave them only in boats from the windows, and as I endeavored to picture the scene which must be presented when the river was thus armed with its destroying and terrifying power, my old faith which had been for a moment shaken, was re-established, and I was willing it should continue to occupy its lofty place in my imagination—second only, in the way of rivers, to the "Father of Waters," to swell the tide of whose might, it was fast speeding its way.

But here again, I must leave you for the present, and my first experience on the Western waters, may perhaps form the subject of another letter.

Adieu. ADELE G.

Note.—The above is a continuation of the letter which we gave on the 16th, and should have appeared before, but the omission was unavoidable. It will be recollected our correspondent was stopping at Oakland for a time when she penned the first part of her article.—[Ed.

Frightful Tragedy.—*One Man Killed by a Negro, and Another Fatally Wounded.*—A few days since, Mr. C. A. Vancleave, a wealthy farmer of Marion county, Ky., corrected a negro woman for some offense. The husband of the slave, who was also owned by Vancleave, hearing of it, on Thursday addressed his master in an impudent manner concerning it, and finally raised an axe, threatening to split his head open. Vancleave sent for his son Henry, and Dan'l Thompson, a neighbor, to assist him in striping the black rascal for his misconduct. They came, and the negro was tied up, but afterwards untied so as to take his coat off.

The moment he was at liberty, he quickly drew a huge butcher's knife from his bosom, and, with a savage yell, rushed upon his young master Henry, and plunged it to the hilt in his breast. He then turned upon Thompson, and inflicted a terrible stab in his right side. After having thus satiated his deep vengeance in blood, he was secured without resistance and lodged in the county jail at Lebanon. Henry Vancleave expired in a few minutes after the blow, and Thompson is in a critical condition from his wound. The murdered man leaves a young wife and child to lament his untimely death.

When the facts became known in Lebanon it was with great difficulty that the calm and law-abiding citizens could restrain the populace from lynching the murderer upon the spot.

A Mr. Hate has recently been married in Chicago to Miss Catharine Wrath.

We hope the groom will not endeavor to fulfil that portion of scripture which urges him to "flee from the *Wrath* to come."

If you want to make a printer mad, ask him to give or lend you a paper. You must remember that they have to pay for their papers.

Brigham Young has increased his harem of seventy five white wives by adding to it fifteen young and lovely Indian squaws.

A late traveller says it is so cold in the northern part of Greenland that it freezes the fire out.