

Bedford Gazette.



BY GEO. W. BOWMAN.

Freedom of Thought and Opinion.

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NEW SERIES.

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Select Poetry.



The Closing Year.

There is great beauty and much genuine poetry in the following lines by Phœnix on the closing year:

One! gone forever!—like a rushing wave,
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earthy being and its low tones,
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Arising to an echo.
The gay Spring
With its young charms has gone—gone with its
leaves,
Its atmosphere of roses—its white clouds
Swarmer like seraphs in the air—its birds
Telling their loves in music—and its streams
Leaping and shouting from the up-piled rocks
To make earth echo with the joy of waves!
And Summer, with its days and showers, has gone,
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud,
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers, and budding trees,
And overhanging sky—and its bright mists
Resting upon the mountain tops, as crowns
Upon the heads of giants. Autumn, too,
Has gone with all her deeper glories—gone
With its green hills, like altars of the world,
Lifting their offerings to their God—
Its cold winds straying 'mid the forest aisles
To wake their thousand wind-harp—its serene
And holy sunsets hanging o'er the west,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven—
And its still evenings, when the moonlight sea
Was ever throbbing, like the living heart
Of the great universe. Ah—these are now
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep,
And they are gathered to the embrace of Death,
Their solemn herald to eternity!

MURDER OF THE U. S. MARSHAL.

One of the most cowardly and heartless acts of murder that we have been called upon to record was committed Saturday evening in a public thoroughfare in one of the most frequented sections of the city. The victim, William H. Richardson, was a gentleman highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in this city, and occupied a high official position in the State. From all we are able to gather, it appears that Mr. Richardson had some trifling difficulty with a man named Charles Cora. Mutual friends interposed in the matter, and it was supposed that the difficulty had been amicably adjusted.

About 6 o'clock last evening, Messrs. Richardson and Cora were noticed standing in front of McAllister's building on Clay street, below Montgomery. Several persons, to whom both parties were known, were standing near by, and presently Mr. Richardson was heard to remark: "Well, is it all right?" Cora replied: "Yes." They continued to converse in a low tone for some minutes, and by this time Cora had taken hold of the coat collar of the other with the left hand. Richardson suddenly exclaimed: "What are you going to do? Don't shoot me; I am unarmed." At this, Cora produced a small single-barreled pistol, and before he could be prevented, shot Richardson through the heart.

The action was so sudden and unexpected, that the witnesses were for a moment paralyzed, and Cora held his victim against the wall of the house for the space of a few seconds, and then suddenly relaxed his grasp, walked away, but was arrested and placed in the custody of Officer Russell, who hastened with him to the Police station. Richardson was taken into the drug store of Messrs. Keith & Co. at the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, where he expired almost immediately. An immense crowd immediately congregated in that vicinity, and it was found necessary to take the body of the murdered man to some more secluded place, and it was finally taken to the private office of the Clerk of the U. S. District Court. By this time a very large and excited crowd had assembled, completely blocking up the passage of Montgomery street, for a distance of two blocks.

At this time there could not be less than three thousand persons present. The utmost excitement prevailed. The fearful cry of "Hang him! hang him!" was raised. The public pulse beat at a feverish rate, and it is more than probable that if the culprit had been within reach, he would have been executed on the spot. Several persons addressed the assembly in favor of hanging Cora at once, while others counselled submission to the laws, and spoke in favor of the maintenance of law and order. It was finally put to the vote—a storm of eyes and noses followed. It was found impossible to decide whether there had been a majority in favor of or against hanging without recourse to law. The assembly shortly afterwards broke up into little knots, in which the enormity of the crime which had just been committed was discussed in a very excited manner. Others rushed to the station-house in order to ascertain what disposition had been made of the prisoner.

In the meantime, Cora was conveyed to the Station house, and on being searched, two Druggers were found on his person, one of which had but recently been discharged. When the crowd began to gather about the station house, the officers became alarmed for the safety of their prisoner, and determined upon placing him in the county jail, for greater security. He was accordingly removed there. During the whole of these proceedings, Cora displayed the utmost coolness, and seemed never to have lost his presence of mind. During the walk from the station house to the county jail, he appeared somewhat agitated, and apprehended that he might be taken out of the hands of the officers by the excited people, frequently looking back to ascertain if he was pursued.

The coroner's jury, which subsequently sat upon the body, returned a verdict of premeditated murder against Cora.—From the San Francisco Herald.

News From the Salt Lake.

We find the following in the Salt Lake News of the 10th October:

On the 22d September, a Utah Indian asked a Mormon named James Wiseman Hunt to go with him from the fort to the herd, a short distance off, to see a horse that Hunt had bought of him. They started, the Indian on horseback and Hunt afoot, and when about a mile from the fort, the Indian directed Hunt to the cattle, a little way off from the horses, and while he was turned, shot him in the back, the ball ranging down diagonally and lodging in the thigh.

One of the herdsmen close by started to give the alarm, and the other drove the herd on to the fort. In a short time several of the herdsmen went to bring in Hunt, and when about half way back, the Indians fired upon them, wounding Prest. A. N. Billings in the fore finger of the right hand. Three or four of the party fell a few paces in the rear, and by occasionally firing upon the pursuers, they all succeeded in reaching the fort without further loss or injury.—Brother Hunt lingered about thirteen hours and died.

Within an hour and a half after their return, some Indians on the bluff near by told the men in the fort that they would kill the two men who had previously gone out, and were then returning, and immediately fired seven rounds, killing, as they afterwards stated, brothers William Debra and Edward Edwards, the two who were out.

During the same day, the Indians burned the hay, and turned off the water that supplied the fort. At daylight the next morning, the Indians began to gather round in great numbers, and there being no prospect of a speedy reconciliation, the remaining thirteen brethren, by the advice of friendly Indians, took their horses and started for Mantz, leaving their enemies quarreling over the cattle and spoils in the fort.

Frightful Butchery in Canton.

Our Hong Kong dates are to Sept. 15.

According to the *Friends of China*, Canton was the scene of frightful butcheries. On the 10th of September, a rebel chief was cut into two hundred pieces, and five hundred poor wretches were executed with him. The correspondent of the *China Mail* writing from Canton, says:

"By a report obtained from good authority, it appears that over 70,000 have been publicly executed in Canton since Feb. 15, or Chinese New Year. About 27,000 were put to death at Shaung-ku, and 20,000 at the taking of the fort at Blenheim Reach. In many places houses have been erected, where suspected persons are allowed to commit suicide, and thus protect their posthumous reputation. On the 9th of September, one of the leaders, named Kane Sin, was put to death by a lingering process, having been sawed in 108 pieces. This leader threatened the northern part of the city last autumn and winter. More than 500 others were executed the same day.

In the North China Herald, of the 8th of September, there is a detailed account of a cruise against the Northern pirates, in which the British ships Bittern and Paoushan destroyed eleven junks—six they set on fire, four sunk, and one surrendered without being fired into, and was handed over to the mandarins at Tang-chew-foo, the captain of her giving most important information.

The *China Mail*, of the 15th September, furnishes the following later intelligence, from the North China Herald, of the 8th:

The *Peking Gazette* reports repeated victories over the Rebels at Ch'au-chow, Fung-ch'uen, on the borders of Kwang-se, at Hoo-men, and Lung-ch'uen, in the northeast of Kwang-tung; the recovery of Poh-lo, a district-city east of Canton, and the expulsion of the Rebels from Kwan-yang, who seized upon Tunggan, where the Imperial troops are besieging them.

There is no intelligence from the Allied Fleets in the North—except that Admiral Sibley has detached a force under Com. Elliott, sufficient to cope with the Russian Fleet, should he again have the luck to fall in with it; while the Admiral himself, fortunately, perhaps, winds up another season in the mazes of Japanese diplomacy.

A FAMILY POISONED BY EATING DISEASED MUTTON.

The family of Mr. Fox, residing at 147 First Avenue, were accidentally poisoned by eating diseased mutton, purchased by Mrs. Fox, on Wednesday of last week, at Washington Market. It appears that the leg of mutton was boiled on Thanksgiving day, but not partaken of until the following Saturday, when Mrs. Fox, her two daughters and a female visitor partook of some soup which had been prepared from it on that day, and were soon taken sick. Drs. Dawnes, O'Rork and Brady were called in and administered medicines which gave relief, but the cause of the sickness was not attributed to the mutton. On the following Wednesday the meat remaining was made into a hash, and partaken of by the whole family, all of whom were immediately taken sick, and on the following day Mrs. Fox died. Before her death she stated where she had procured the mutton. Coroner O'Donnell was notified of the occurrence yesterday, and proceeded to the house for the purpose of investigating the case, but owing to the impossibility of procuring the necessary witnesses, he was obliged to adjourn the investigation until to day. Dr. O'Rork made a post mortem examination of the body, but found no poison. The contents of the stomach will, however, be subjected to a chemical analysis. Efforts are being made to ascertain from whom the diseased meat was purchased. Mr. Fox and three of his children, and the visitor in question, are now seriously ill from the effect of eating the meat.

The Expedition for Camels.

The Washington Star contains a letter from Major Wayne, U. S. A., the officer in charge of the expedition of this Government to procure camels to be brought hither with the view of experimenting for their future employment in U. S. military transportation, especially on our great Western deserts. The letter is dated Constantinople, Oct. 31, and gives an interesting account of the writer's visit to the Crimea, and his kind reception by several English officers. He found there both the Bactrian two-humped camel, and the Arabian, or one humped; but the latter alone seemed to be used for the purpose of military transportation, and to these there are objections. Major W. further says:

Col. McMurdo informed me that in the expedition against Sinde he had in service about twenty-five thousand camels, and that from his experience he esteemed them highly; so much so, that he had then at Sinope, three thousand of them, in addition to the few now in use in the Crimea, in readiness for the campaign next spring. The loads they will carry depend much, he said, upon the service in which they are employed—rapid movements naturally requiring light burdens—but their average loads, under favorable circumstances, he stated to be about six hundred pounds, and these they will carry easily, without pushing, twenty-five or thirty miles a day. He mentioned the interesting fact, which I do not remember to have heard before, that during the expedition against Sinde, General Napier organized a most efficient corps of one thousand men, mounted upon five hundred dromedaries—two men to each dromedary—the men sitting back to back, one facing the head, the other the tail, and both armed with rifles and sabres. The man facing the head was the animal's groom and driver, and the manner of using the corps was as follows:

Upon arriving at the scene of operations the dromedaries are made to kneel, in square, under charge of their five hundred drivers, forming as it were, a base of operations, from which the other five hundred operated as infantry. As the advanced body moved, the square or squares, if more than one was formed, if required, were also moved; and in case of extremity, the square offered a cover under which the one thousand men could find comparative shelter behind the animals, who were prevented from rising by a hobble on the fore leg, and use their rifles most effectively. This corps, Col. McMurdo informed me, could be readily marched 70 miles in any direction in twelve hours, (5-6 miles per hour,) and rendered throughout the campaign most efficient service.

Gen. Simpson also bore testimony to the value of the camel in the same campaign, and said he preferred them to the best English horses.—Major Wayne had abandoned his contemplated visit to Persia, as before he could return the roads would be blocked up with snow. He would proceed next to Syria or Egypt, for dromedaries, and then back to Smyrna for burden camels, in the expectation of commencing his return home sometime in the month of February.

WEAR A SHAWL.—If you want to be in fashion, wear a shawl; if to ladies, an attraction, wear a shawl; if to sheep and cows, a terror, or like shanghai in full feather, or even rags upon the heather, wear a shawl; if your hips are badly moulded or your shirt and vest unfolded or unpleasant to behold—wear a shawl! If you're courting some fine lassie, wear a shawl—you might wrap your lassie in it—in your shawl.—It's like charity on pins, and hides a multitude of sins—although it causes grins—does your shawl. If you want to be a dandy, wear a shawl—or have a cover handy—wear a shawl.—In a word it is a most useful article—as you may wrap your feet, head, body, knees, make a seat, a blanket, a bed, a muff, a pillow, a wrap, or a Scotch plaid of your shawl.—In our perambulations through the city, we notice some very tasteful articles of shawls for gentlemen. They are most fanciful in style and color, and can only be excelled by the fanciful manner in which they are worn. Wear a shawl by all means—or if you can't wear a shawl—wear a blanket—or wear something ridiculous and be in fashion. Such is the advice of the local man of the Petersburg Democrat.

The Execution of Gorman.

As the day draws near for the execution of this unfortunate man—who was convicted of the murder of Charles Johnson, and is to be hung on Friday—the interest in relation thereto increases, and hundreds are making use of all sorts of expedients to witness the disgusting spectacle. The Sheriff's office is run down with applicants, but it is the determination of the Sheriff to admit no others but those whose presence may be necessary. The City Guard have been notified to be in attendance in the yard of the jail, and twelve policemen, with an assistant captain, from each of the districts of the western portion of the city, are to be detailed without the walls to preserve order.—The gallows to be used is the same on which Reilly was hung four years ago.—From the N. Y. Tribune, Dec. 19.

THE NOVELTIES OF UTAH.—A private letter from Provo city, Utah county, U. T., (fifty miles from Great Salt Lake,) contains the following items of intelligence:

We live in sight of snow the year round.—We can, as it were, pick flowers with one hand and gather snow with the other. It is warm in the valleys; healthy, pleasant and fruitful, with seldom any rain, but we have plenty of mountain streams to irrigate our fields and gardens, so that the latter do not suffer for want of moisture. We have no fever and ague; there is always a mountain breeze which affords us a very pure atmosphere. Groceries are very

high; coffee and sugar sell at fifty cents per pound; calico is from twenty to thirty cents per yard, and other things are in proportion. We have been very busily engaged in making sugar, which is manufactured from a sort of honey-dew or sugar coating, which falls on the leaves of the cottonwood trees, and resembles the frosting on cake. There have been several thousand pounds of sugar made from this substance within a few days, and it sells readily at forty cents per pound.

OCCUPATION.—The following thoughts on occupation we extract from Mrs. Stephens' "Old Homestead."

Occupation! what a glorious thing it is for the human heart. Those who work hard seldom yield themselves entirely up to fancied or real sorrow. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully looks upon its own tears, waving the dim shadow, that a little exertion might sweep away, into a funeral pall, the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master. When troubles flow upon you, dark and heavy, do not with the waves—wrestle not with the torrent!—rather seek, by occupations, to divert the dark waters that threaten to overwhelm you, into a thousand channels which the duties of life always present. Before you dream of it, those waters will fertilize the present, and give birth to fresh flowers that will become pure and holy, in the sunshine which penetrates to the path of duty, in spite of every obstacle. Grief after all, is but a selfish feeling; and most selfish is the man who yields himself to the indulgence of any which bring no joy to his fellow man.

THE GRAVE OF MADISON.—A correspondent of the *Fredericksburg News*, in Culpeper county, Va., gives a melancholy picture of the illustrious Madison. He lies with his family in a grave yard a short distance from his house, upon his estate of Montpelier. The family cemetery is surrounded by a brick wall, and the gate is entirely down. The correspondent says that not a stone marks the great man's resting place; dark, running green box wraps it with verdure, and the tracery of branches from an old chestnut tree, relieving itself against the warm azure sky, nod and wave over the mound.—"Tis a solemn, calm, and peaceful spot. The correspondent adds that Mrs. Madison's remains are in the vault of the Congressional burial ground in Washington. Her husband was to be interred by the side of her husband, but her son has never fulfilled her request.

PIG HUNT IN THE CRIMEA.—"Carl Benson" sends the following account of an extraordinary hunt, cut from an English paper:

Soon after getting into the village I saw a most ludicrous pig hunt. I heard a shot fired, followed by the furious squealing of a pig, so I rushed on with my servant (whom I had taken with me, with his musket) before I came up to the French, I heard pop, popping, in all directions, but the pig seemed to have a charmed life, and was only wounded. I came up to him standing at bay, in the middle of a pool of water, and took a deliberate shot, but missed him. My servant then fired and missed him. I rushed on to get another shot, but fell flat on my face in the mud.

The pig then got into the middle of the French again, who fired one after the other, missing him, and firing as usual without caring the least in what direction, so that one heard the not very pleasant "ping" of the Minie balls going in all directions (I think one servant who went in, of ours, got a slight scratch on the hand from a slug out of one of their pieces.)—Well the undanted pig rushed on, followed by the French, stabbing at him by their bayonets and cutlasses, and falling over on their faces afterwards. You never saw such a scene: at last, in doubling back, some one again wounded him, and immediately about 20 soldiers' cutlasses and soldiers' bayonets were dashing into him.—As they carried him past in triumph, he looked more like a pincushion than anything else.

REMARKABLE DREAMS.—The belief that dreams are prophetic is held by many worthy and sensible people. Perhaps none of us have escaped the influence of what we call a "bad dream"—the heavy dread of some undefined calamity pursuing us through the day following the dream, perhaps many days afterwards. The familiar proverb "dreams go by contraries" administered! almost invariably as some kind of consolation under these circumstances, shows how deep-seated and universal is the superstition of it. The "astrologers," or fortune-tellers who infest our large cities, make their interpretation of dreams a large and profitable share of their business. The practice of laying a piece of wedding cake under one's pillow is still extant, and many other illustrations might be given of the common belief in the prophetic power of dreams.

Cases of remarkable dreams fulfilled, books and newspapers are full—most of these stories, of course, are apocryphal. When the facts are admitted, mental philosophers explain them by saying that a strong mental emotion is embodied into a dream and is fulfilled by some natural coincidence. The case related of the lady who dreamed of the loss of her husband in the Arctic and whose dream was fulfilled both as to the time and as to some of the circumstances of the events may be explained, by the fact of her nervous anxiety and that her husband's absence at sea predisposed her to dream of a wreck, &c.—But authenticated cases are cited which hardly admit of this explanation, and Abernomb himself admits that analysis of an extensive collection of well authenticated facts would unfold principles of very great interest.

One remarkable case we are tempted to cite both from the authority on which it rests, and as an illustration of a class. It is related by De Quincey in his "Literary Reminiscences," lately re-issued in this country. A lady of family and consideration, being on the eve of undertaking a distant visit, dreamed that on reaching

the end of her journey, and drawing up to the steps of the door, a footman, with a very marked and forbidding expression of countenance, his complexion pale and bloodless, and manner sullen, presented himself to let down the steps of her carriage. This same man, at a subsequent point of her dream, appeared to be stealing up a private stair-case, with some murderous instruments in his hands, towards a bedroom door. This dream was repeated twice. Some time after the lady, accompanied by a grown-up daughter, accomplished her journey. Great was the shock she felt on reaching her friend's house, corresponding in all points to the outlines of her dream, equally bloodless in complexion, and equally gloomy in manner, appeared at her carriage door. The issue of the story is—that in a particular night, the lady grew unaccountably nervous; resisted her feelings for some time, but at length, at the entreaty of her daughter, suffered some communication to be made to a gentleman resident in the house, who had not yet retired to rest. This gentleman, struck by the dream, and still more on recalling some suspicious preparations, as if for hasty departure, in which he had detected the servant, waited in concealment until three o'clock in the morning at which time hearing a stealthy step on the staircase, he issued with fire arms, and met the man at the lady's door, so equipped as to leave no doubt of his intentions: which possibly contemplated only robbing of the lady's jewels, but possibly also murder in case of extremity.

A story something like this is related in Abernomb's Intellectual Powers, but in the case cited above, the names and residence of the parties were known to De Quincey; and the story, so well authenticated, is the most striking and remarkable, (particularly the circumstance of the anticipation of servants' features, which De Quincey notes in contrast with Abernomb's anecdote) which we ever met in connection with this class of mental phenomena.—*Albany Express.*

INDIAN WAR IN OREGON.

Lieut. Dryer, of the 4th Infantry, arrived in this city day before yesterday, directly from the Dalles, on the Columbia river. Lieut. D. was the officer left in command at the Dalles while Major Haller marched with his party of 102 men against the Indians of Washington territory, and was forced to cut his way back, of which we have published accounts. Information was received at the Dalles that immediately after Haller's retreat, some other tribes of Indians, before that time neutral, joined the war party, and now it is estimated there are at least 4000 warriors prepared for hostilities. Major Raines, of the 4th Infantry, with ten companies of troops—eight regulars and two volunteers—being about 800 men, was intending to march from the Dalles against these Indians on the 2d of November, and expected to meet the enemy about four days march from that post, when a battle no doubt would be fought. It will be a hard battle, as the Indians will make one determined stand, as they are well armed with the Hudson Bay Company and American rifles.

The Indians are supposed to have plenty of ammunition, as on the dead body of one killed in the fight with Haller, sixty rounds of ammunition were found. The savages have no doubt been preparing for this war for two or three years back, as they have driven their horses and cattle up into the English possessions north of Washington Territory.

Fatal Accident.

COPAKE, Columbia Co., N. Y., Dec. 7, 1855.

A distressing accident occurred near Copake Flats on Thursday last. Mr. Cornelius Winters, who was digging a well, had excavated to the depth of about twenty feet, when the bank fell, completely covering him. Some persons present immediately removed the earth from his head, and he was found to be alive and capable of speaking. The neighbors at once assembled, and proceeded so far in rescuing him from his position, that the whole upper part of the body was free, and the unfortunate man was able himself to render some assistance toward his extrication, when the bank again gave way, covering him to the neck. Renewed efforts were made to set him at liberty, but at the very instant of seeming success, the earth fell upon him for the third time, killing him instantly. The sides of the well were then properly curbed, and the body of the man was recovered Friday afternoon.

SMALL BILLS.—The Boston *Courier* says that the plan of prohibiting, by Legislative enactment, the circulation of small bills under the denomination of five dollars, is gaining favor with the public, and if carried out, would probably do more to check the inflation of paper money than almost any other financial measure that could be adopted. A sounder condition of the currency would be better for the solidity of the banks, safer for the public, and preventive, to some extent, of sudden re-vulsions.

ANOTHER ELOPEMENT.—The southern section of the city has been in a considerable state of excitement for several days past in consequence of the disappearance of a well known citizen under circumstances which are to say the least, not very reputable. A few weeks since the wife of the party in question left the city for the purpose of visiting her friends in the country. Soon after she left, the husband disposed of certain personal property, and subsequently drew several thousands of dollars from bank, and disappeared from the city. At the same time a young lady also disappeared. A few days since the wife returned to her home, when she found a letter bearing her address and enclosing a check for \$500. He stated that he was going west for the purpose of purchasing a farm, but she has heard nothing of him since, nor was she apprised of his intention before his departure. The parties have heretofore held a respectable position in society.—From the *Baltimore American*, Dec. 11.

A Thrilling Adventure.

We copy the following letter from the Lancaster (Pa.) Whig:

Jersey Shore, Pa., Nov. 20, 1855.—Mr. Editor: In the early history of this country, we read of many remarkable adventures and thrilling episodes in the lives of hunters and pioneers, that appears quite marvelous; but probably there are none possessed of more deep and thrilling interest than the following, which occurred recently: The hero of this adventure, Arvine Clark, Esq., is a highly respectable citizen of the borough of Jersey Shore, and in the employ of the "Farming and Land Association," as agent, which is establishing a new colony near the site of the Ole Ball settlement. Being an experienced woodsman and an old hunter, he is peculiarly fitted as an agent to explore the wilds of that region. The story was related to the writer by Mr. C. himself, and may be relied upon as being correct.

On the 4th of November last, Mr. C. was exploring the route for a new road to the settlement, through a wild and gloomy wilderness.—As the shades of evening drew on he commenced to retrace his steps, as he supposed, through the lands of Wm. Silver, of Philadelphia, but he was disappointed and lost his way. He became alarmed, and as the dusky shades of night were setting around, he found himself in a dense forest, at least eight miles from the settlement. Becoming very tired from rapid walking, he sat down upon a log to rest a moment and contemplate his situation. His attention was suddenly arrested by a rustling in the bushes close by, and on cautiously looking around, he beheld a huge bear coming towards him. To draw up his trusty rifle and shoot the beast was the work of a moment. Bruin gave a fearful and awful roar, which awoke the echoes of the gloomy solitude, and then was still. Fearing that the bear was only wounded, Clark hastily reloaded his gun with two balls the last in his pouch, and discharged them into the body of the monster, when he cautiously approached and found that he was dead. He describes the roar of the bear, as he received his death wound as terrific, and calculated to make the stoutest heart quail with fear.

A dark and gloomy night was setting down on him—he had no bullets for his gun—was far in the wilderness without food or shelter, surrounded by wild animals. He had no matches to kindle a fire—his situation was desperate, and to add to his further discomfort, it commenced raining. What was to be done? To remain there without a fire was exceedingly dangerous. With these reflections he continued to grope his way through the laurel, hoping to find a path that might lead to some hunter's habitation, but in vain. The night was dark as Egypt, and the howling of a pack of wolves greeted his ear. Being an old man, he soon became exhausted, and found that he would have to remain there for the night. Coming to an aged hemlock, he seated himself at its foot for the night. Could he obtain a fire he would be comparatively safe. The effort was made by collecting some dry materials, and loading his gun with powder, fired the charge into a dry cotton handkerchief.

It was a failure! As the gun was discharged, another bear, apparently within twenty feet of him, gave a hideous and awful roar that made Clark's hair stand on an end. Bruin was terribly frightened by the discharge of the gun, and hastily scampered off, much to the relief of Clark, who now began to fairly realize the danger of his situation.

Here he remained not daring to fall asleep, About two o'clock in the morning, to add to the horrors of his situation, the yell of a panther was heard. The bear approached—came nearer every few minutes, uttering a screech that froze the blood in his veins! As a last resort to defend him from the savage attack of the animal, he reloaded his gun, putting in some three-cent pieces and steel pens, (for he had nothing else) which he hoped might do some execution. The animal came so near that the glare of his eyes in the darkness resembled two balls of fire! Clark expected every moment to receive the fatal spring. There he remained, without daring to move; with the fiery eyes of the panther upon him! In this dreadful situation, expecting every moment to be torn in pieces, he remained till break of day; when he was relieved from danger and the animal disappeared. Hungry, weary and excited, he left for the settlement, where he arrived about noon, and related his thrilling adventure. A party proceeded to the place where the bear was shot, and brought in his carcass, which proved to be a large one. It was dressed and forwarded to New York. It was several days before Clark fairly recovered from the fatigue, the fear, and excitement of that night, which will never be removed from his mind.

THE GREAT FIRE AT MEMPHIS.—The following incidents are furnished by the Memphis papers:

"Three gentlemen jumped over from the outside of the Callier—none never rose to the surface, one came up but sunk after a few ineffectual struggles, and the third was picked up by a yawl after having floated half mile down the river. He was nearly exhausted, and completely numbed with cold, and, in fact, has not yet recovered from the effects. A young lady about sixteen jumped into the river, and was saved by a gentleman who plunged in after her, and seizing her by the hair brought her out. A negro was seen floating by the wharf-boat, and although boxes, barrels, and a rope were thrown to him, he was too paralyzed to avail himself of the means of succor, and sank before he reached the stern. Several were saved by life-preservers, but others were rendered powerless by fear, and plunged into the river. One poor negro, on being told to jump into the river replied he could not swim. He was told to jump and he would be picked up by the yawl; he took the leap, and never rose to the surface."

"We are informed that a person who desires to remain unknown has addressed to the chief of the Russian legation a check for four thousand dollars to be transmitted to government. The unknown donor, who only signed the initials M. Y., states in his letter that, full of admiration for the gallant defense of Sebastopol, he sends this liberal sum of money to be distributed among the widows and orphans of the Russian soldiers who fell bravely fighting for their homes against foreign aggressors.—*Wash. Union.*"