



The Jeffersonian.

Thursday, June 16, 1853.

WHIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR CANAL COMMISSIONER,
MOSES POWNALL, Lancaster County
FOR AUDITOR GENERAL,
ALEX. H. McCLURE, Franklin Co.
SURVEYOR GENERAL,
CHRISTIAN MYERS, Clinton Co.

Fourth of July.

The anniversary of our National Independence is again rapidly approaching, and warns us, if we wish to make any public display in honor of the day in Stroudsburg, to be up and doing, and make the necessary arrangements. A meeting should be forthwith called, and the Committee appointed to carry its Resolutions into effect. If we wish to have an *Oration* on that day, it is time that we looked about us for an Orator. To prepare a good address is a work of some labor, and in justice to the Speaker, he should have sufficient time allowed him to write an address worthy of himself and of the occasion.

The California Harvest.

The advices from California to the 7th May state the farmers there were then busy in cutting and curing their grass, the crop of which is very abundant. The grain harvest will commence in about a fortnight, and continue for nearly three months. Wheat, barley and oats promise an abundant crop. Potatoes had advanced to 15 cents per lb. by the quantity. Onions selling at 40 a 50 cents per lb., by which farmers would get three hundred dollars for five ordinary sized gunny bags of onions. \$25 per 100 lbs. had been offered for 1,000 beets, to be delivered in lots by January 1st, but the holder asked and expected \$30.

Important to Supervisors.

The Indiana (Pa.) Reporter of a late date, publishes a decision of some importance to road Supervisors, made by Judge Barrell in the case of *Petticoat vs. Blacklick Township*. The evidence in the case showed that a deep rut had worn into a road passing through said township, making it impassable. In passing over the road Mr. Petticoat's horse tramped into it, it being frozen over but not sufficiently to bear the weight of the horse, and in attempting to extricate himself the beast broke his hind leg above the knee. Mr. Petticoat brought an action for the recovery of the price of the horse. The Judge in his charge to the Jury held that it was the duty of the Supervisors to pass over and examine the road to see whether it is in a passable condition; that it is not necessary, as is generally supposed, that they should be notified that a road had become impassable by obstructions or otherwise; that where a road has a bad location, as through marshy ground, etc., they should be more vigilant in observing the condition thereof; and they are only excusable where acts of Providence, such as storms and floods, preclude the possibility of instant repair.—The Jury rendered a verdict in favor of Plaintiff for \$80 and costs.

The Crops and the Weather.

We glean a few items from the *Tribune* which may not be uninteresting. "In some parts of Florida rain has not fallen for ten weeks, and the cotton crop is not yet up, some not even planted. Most of the Southern papers complain of a general drouth. In Lancaster co. Pa., the wheat fields, which promised a bountiful increase but a few weeks ago, now appear seriously damaged by the fly; not more than half-crops are expected. In Lycoming county, the fly has also made its appearance, entirely destroying some fields. Where this destructive insect has not made its appearance a large harvest is expected. In Berks co., the fly has not made a general attack; only here and there a field has suffered. In Dauphin co., only one third of a crop is expected, and in the vicinity of Greenville, Ohio, many fields will not pay for harvesting. In the Mohawk Valley, N. Y., every thing looks unusually promising."

Free Soil Democratic Convention.

This body met at Harrisburg on the 1st inst., and continued in session two days.—The following nominations were made: William M. Stephenson, of Mercer, for Judge of the Supreme Court; Dr. Robert Mitchell, of Indiana, for Canal Commissioner; Neville B. Craig, of Allegheny, for Auditor General; and L. E. Carson, of Montgomery, for Surveyor General.

The second trial of Ann Wheeler at Milwaukee, for the murderer of John W. Lane, whom she accused of being her seducer, has been brought to a close, and the jury, after being out for four hours rendered a verdict of "not guilty," on the ground of insanity.

Anges Anderson, a young woman, indicted for the murder of a man named Taylor, who had deceived and abandoned her, has been tried at Augusta, Georgia, and acquitted.

Benjamin Loder, Esq., has resigned the Presidency of the Erie Railroad, in consequence of impaired health. Samuel Marsh, Vice President, is at present acting as President.

For the Jeffersonian.

The School Master not abroad this time!

A School Teacher, in Hamilton township, who thought he had been teaching the "young ideas how to shoot" long enough, determined to make his fortune by selling books. The following is his order:

To eleven Family Bibles
Ditto to ten Mexican Wars
Ditto to five Histories of the World
Ditto to one General view of the World
Ditto to one Commentary
to one Christian Philosopher
to one Millers & Millrights guide
to one book the lives of Eminent Mechanics

Observe that two of the Mexican wars are to be in the German language.

The public debt of the borough of Easton, as per the report of the borough Auditors, is \$33,775.06.

A rumor is in circulation, it is said, that Judge Barrett came into this judicial district merely for the purpose of serving out Judge Eldred's term, and that he will not consent to be a candidate for the office at the ensuing election. The rumor, we are requested to state by one who professes to know, is entirely destitute of foundation.—*Carlson Co. Gazette.*

Rates of Postage.

It is not easy to keep always in mind the required amount of postage on letters, &c., under the law now in force. The following convenient table of rates gives the information required at a glance, and which we present to our readers with the suggestion to cut it out, and put it in some convenient place, to save the trouble of asking and of having to answer questions about it:

Letters—Each half ounce, under 3000 miles, prepaid, 3 cents; unpaid, 5 cents. Over 3000 miles, prepaid, 6 cents; unpaid 10 cents.

All printed matter in general—Anywhere in the United States—first three ounces 1 cent; each subsequent ounce, 1 cent. If not prepaid, double these rates.

Newspapers and Periodicals—Paid quarterly or yearly in advance—first three ounces, one-half cent—each subsequent ounce, one-half cent. And, if not weighing over 1 1/2 ounce, in the State where published, one-fourth cent each; and weekly paper in the county where published, free.

Small newspapers and periodicals—published monthly or oftener, and pamphlets of 16 octavo pages or less, when sent in packages, weighing at least 8 ounces, prepaid, one-half cent an ounce.

Books—Bound or unbound, weighing not more than 4 lbs., may be sent by mail. For each ounce, under 3000 miles, prepaid 1 cent; unpaid, 1 1/2 cent; over 3000 miles, prepaid, 1 1/2 cent, unpaid 3 cents.

Fractions over a single rate charges as one rate.

Periodicals, in the same sense used above, are publications issued once in three months or oftener.

A Maine Woman Elected to Office.—The Eastern District, in Lincoln county, has chosen a lady for Register of Deeds, in place of Hezekiah Coombs, deceased, over Sylvester, the regular Democratic candidate. The returns show the election of Miss Olive Rose, of Thomaston, formerly an assistant to Mr. Coombs. She beat her male antagonist more than two to one.

Daring Robbery!

A high-handed outrage was perpetrated a few nights since in Berlin township, Wayne county, says the *Dawn*. In the name of James Austin, a stage driver. The facts appear to be as follows:

Austin called at the house of Mr. Thomas Norris and asked for a drink of cider, and subsequently, the loan of a dollar.—These demands were acceded to, when he impudently demanded five dollars more. The old gentleman, alone, and enfeebled, dared not refuse. This new grant, instead of satisfying Austin, only stimulated him, when he demanded an additional twenty-five dollars, threatening the old man's life if he refused it.

By some means Norris got Austin out of the house and fastened the door; whereupon, the latter made an attempt to get in at the windows, breaking one or two. The old man having a loaded gun, warned him to desist or he would shoot him.—Austin still persisted in his attempt to enter the house, and the old man fired, thinking to frighten him away. Supposing from the silence that Austin had cleared, the old man secreted his money about his person, shouldered his gun, and set off to give the alarm. Before he had proceeded far, Austin waylaid him, and wresting the gun from him, felled him to the ground. His cries drew a neighbor to the spot, when Austin decamped. To crown his audacity, Austin had the old man arrested the next day for threatening his life, and succeeded in swindling him out of about fifty dollars to release him. Austin has since been arrested and lodged in jail to be tried at the next Sessions—(if he does n't dig out!)

One hundred and seventy-six chickens, of the Cochon, China, Shanghai, and other rare breeds, have been sold at auction at New Orleans, for \$1,572 55. Two Hong Kong geese sold for \$20, and two white Bremen geese for \$12.—*Columbian (S. C.) Daily Banner.*

From the Daily News.

The Execution of Arthur Spring, THE MURDERER OF ELLEN LYNCH AND HONORA SHAW.

Some Account of his Life, by Himself. His last Words Upon the Gallows.

The dread sentence of the law was carried into effect on Friday last, upon Arthur Spring, murderer of Ellen Lynch and Honora Shaw, in the yard of the county prison, in Philadelphia, in presence of a large concourse of persons.

SPRING'S LIFE AND CONFESSION.

On the 8th and 9th of the present month, Spring gave to the Rev. Messrs. Street, and Kensil, who were in attendance upon him, a narrative of his life and what he wished to be understood to be his dying declaration in regard to the murders imputed to him. In it he states that his father was a Presbyterian and his mother a Catholic; that he came to this country at an early age, and worked at laboring for some time; he then started a store in Market street, a confectionary in which for a period he did remarkably well, but he finally lost considerable on perishable fruit which he bought. Though he was married in Ireland, he married soon after his arrival in this country a Miss Margaret Carr, by whom he had six children. After alluding to his reverses of fortune, and to his removal to New York, he details particularly the account of his arrest and conviction in New York for robbing a man named Dillon, of which he protested his innocence. It happens that his son Arthur was charged with theft in that city, also, of which the father said he was innocent, for the robbery was committed by the man alleged to be robbed. He then goes on to reiterate the same story as told by him on other occasions. We give this in his own words as copied from the *Argus*.

"On the night of the murder I went to my bed at 7 o'clock. When I went up stairs the boy followed me. I had my coat off. 'Are you going to bed?' said he. I took my handkerchief from my pocket, and he tied it about my head.—So I went to bed, and he went down stairs; and after he went down stairs the little girl came into my room. I looked and I heard the door open, and I thought it was the boy come back again. She went out, and the boy came back in about five minutes, and said he had been delivering some books for Mary Ann Maguire. He asked me for the liquor, which he put up in the bottle in the evening. I told him it was where he left it. So I said 'don't deliver the liquor to-night.' He said, 'I am going there anyhow.' This was after he had delivered the books. 'I promised her (Mrs. Shaw) I would take it to her,' said he. I promised it to her last night, when I was on her lap. He reached there about eight o'clock, and she received him and took him into John W. Carroll's room. She said she had a young man and a young woman up stairs and my boy stood in the front room until about five minutes past eight, when they went away. Then he and Mrs. Shaw had a drink together, so he started and said he would go and see where father was, and said, 'I will be back again,' and at half-past eight he reached where the boys were, and there he remained playing dominoes until a quarter to ten o'clock, and then he came back to Maguire's, and stopped in the bar-room until 12 o'clock, and then he told Maguire, 'father is in bed.'"

So Maguire closed up at 12 o'clock.—He then started down to Mrs. Shaw's, and Mrs. Shaw was a crying, and told him she had liked to set the house on fire, and Mrs. Lynch had come down stairs and hollered and pulled her off the settee, and said you are going to set the house on fire. Mrs. Lynch put the fire out.—This was the time the neighbors thought the murder was committed. So my son and Mrs. Shaw went to work and finished the bottle. He then went for the money in the trunk. Mrs. Lynch heard him at the trunk, and followed him down stairs. He then left and ran out and came home, and came up stairs to me, and told me what he had done, as above stated. He asked me for my pocket-book. I said, 'Have you not one of your own?' He said 'Mine is too large.' I asked him what he wanted with it, and said that he could find it in my pantaloons' pocket.—There was nothing said about the money then.

The boy left the room, and I did not see him or know where he was until morning. When I got up in the morning, there were three new shirts on the table. He told me to put on a new shirt, 'for the shirt is broke and bloody from the fight with Carroll.' I said, 'No, my shirts are clean enough;' but he insisted on it, and I took off my two shirts and folded them up, and put them under the table. In the morning I was called, about 7 o'clock, to breakfast. I then asked my boy, 'Where did you get those shirts?' He said he got the money that was in that trunk. I asked him how much? He said he did not know. I told him I could be suspected. 'No,' says he, 'I can prove you was in bed.'"

The boy was very uneasy, so after breakfast I went into the bar-room, and played dominoes with Tom Maguire.—My son went out; I did not know where he went. It was raining hard. Some time after he came back, wet from the rain. John Maguire said to him, 'this is a bad day to be out.' He seemed to be uneasy, and in about half hour the officers came and asked for a man by the name of Spring. I said, 'I am the man.' They arrested me, and I asked the officers what I was taken for. They then informed me that it was for the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch.

Although the boy brought home the money, he never told me that he murdered the women, neither do I believe he had any hand in it, nor do I believe he knew anything about the murder, for if he had, he would have told me that night. These are my dying words. About Christmas time I frequently went to Mrs. Shaw, and was on very intimate terms with her.

In regard to the murder of Mr. Rink, I have no knowledge whatever; I never

saw him, nor was I ever in his store neither do I know where his store was, except that I heard where it was through the papers.

In regard to the murder of Mr. Hope, I never knew the man or heard of him until after I was in prison. This is all I have to say.

THE EXECUTION.

In order to lay all the particulars of the execution before our readers, we proceeded to the prison early yesterday morning. It was about half past eight when we reached there, and we found few persons either within or without the prison. None of the public functionaries had yet arrived. The few minutes we had to spare were devoted to the inspection of the interior of the prison, which we found to exhibit its usual cleanliness and good order. The keepers were all at their posts, and nothing except a few more than the number of visitors usually found within, indicated that anything unusual was to be enacted. We found the prison inspectors, Mrs. Crowell and Fletcher, attending to their duties, and learned that they had been there from six o'clock, A. M. We learned from these gentlemen that the condemned had slept well that night. The Rev. Mr. Street and Rev. Wm. Alexander having divided the night with him. To Mr. Carroll, who visited him at an early hour in the morning, he said that he felt very comfortable and willing to die—that he should go to the gallows like a man. At the same time he shed tears copiously, showing that he was fully sensible of his situation. The Rev. Messrs. Street and Kensil remained in his cell till midnight, during which time Arthur was asked how he felt. He answered "I never felt better in my life; I never murdered no person and I expect to die a Christian; I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, that he alone can forgive my sins, and wash my soul in His blood—and that He alone can save me, and I never did believe anything else. I also believe in the Resurrection of the body, and in a judgment to come, and life everlasting after death, and that every man must give an account of every action of his life, whether it be good or evil, and in a place of happiness for the good, and a place of misery for the wicked."

To a question put to him with the open Bible in his hand, "Do you feel that God, for Christ's sake, accepts you and forgives you?" He answered, "I trust he does, and death does not trouble me." To a question put to him, "Do you, in the fear of God, before whom you will appear in a few hours, forgive every one who has in any way injured you?" He answered "I do, and I trust He will forgive me, as I forgive them."

In the course of the conversation the prisoner asked Mr. Street if he believed him guilty, and he answered he did, whereupon Spring said that he could not tell all the murders he knew without implicating his son. Afterwards he denied all knowledge of the murders. Spring, among other things, said that he did not intend to die as soon as was thought—that he intended to eat a good dinner before he left. This was said in a jocular manner altogether unsuited to the solemnity of the scene. He then related an anecdote of two men in the old country who had made a wager as to their swimming powers. When they met, one had a loaf of bread under his arm, the other a wallet on his back. The one with the wallet asked the other what he was doing with a loaf of bread. He replied that he expected to be gone for several hours, and that he had provided a meal; the one with a wallet was asked what he was doing with it, to which he replied that he expected to be gone for a week and had made ample provision. Spring regarded this as good joke, and said that he was going on a long journey and he would go well provided.

At about 9 o'clock, Marshal Keyser arrived with a large force, and a portion of his men were stationed at the north avenue to prevent those not duly authorized from passing around to the space where the gallows was erected. Also U.S. Marshal Wynkoop and Deputies, His Honor the Mayor of the city, several of the city and county magistrates, and representatives of the municipal corporations.

The weather could not have been more pleasant, except that the sun became a little warm before mid-day.

The Sheriff arrived between nine and ten o'clock, accompanied by his Deputies, and his arrival, as is usual, created some excitement.

Wm. B. Reed, Esq., the District Attorney, reached the prison at an early hour, bringing a letter from Governor Bigler, in answer to one sent him, to know if there was any hope of pardon or respite and the answer was decidedly in the negative. The criminal maintained his composure during the reading of the letter, and at the close, protested his innocence in the strongest terms.

From ten to eleven o'clock, the number within the prison walls was increased to not less than five hundred persons—some estimated the number at considerably more. After half-past ten, it having been whispered that the execution would take place about eleven, the excitement within increased, but all was order and quiet, few talking above the ordinary tone of voice. At a few minutes of eleven the Sheriff's principal deputies commenced to arrange the procession.

The Sheriff at this time was with the prisoner, together with the Clergymen in attendance, as follows:—Rev. John Street, Rev. R. T. Kensil, Rev. William Alexander, and Rev. Mr. Allen. Then religious exercises were gone through with appropriate to the occasion, in which Spring joined.

At precisely 11 o'clock, all things being in readiness, the condemned was brought from his cell in company with the clergyman aforementioned, the sheriff, Mr. Reed, the keeper of the Prison, the executioner, and the Marshal of Police.

THE CONDEMNED.

Arthur Spring, the condemned, was dressed in a straw hat, (under which was the cap to stroud his face), dark bang up coat, dark vest, and gray pants. His

arms were pinioned behind him, and he walked, with a firm step, between the clergymen.

On the way to the gallows, the clergymen sang a hymn, but the prisoner made no effort to join in.

THE EXECUTION.

The jack-ketch on this occasion was a negro, as we were informed, who wore a grotesque mask, representing a blooming youth. He was dressed in the prison garb, had his hands gloved, and wore a cap much like that of Spring.

PROCESSION TO THE GALLOWES.

Mr. Anthony Freed took the right of the procession to the gallows. He was followed by the executioner. Next the prisoner, with the Clergymen and sheriff. Then followed the Marshal and police board, wearing their badges. Next the Sheriff's Jury and Special Deputies.—Then came the reporters of the press, and after these the citizens who were invited to witness the execution.

On the way to the gallows there was considerable confusion and disorder among those who were placed so as to fall in at the close of the procession, but who wanted to break the line, and be among the first on the hanging ground. The Marshal's Police finally restored order, but not without much effort.

THE SCAFFOLD.

The prisoner was the first to ascend the scaffold, followed by the clergymen, the Sheriff and Marshal of Police. The hangman did not go up until after religious exercises were over.

The Sheriff's Jury, the Police board, the Reporters, and various functionaries, were ranged in a circle round the gallows. The condemned bore himself with a good deal of coolness. The parties being all arranged on the scaffold, the proceedings were as follows:

Rev. John Street said:—Arthur Spring, you have been convicted of the murder of Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Lynch. The execution of that sentence is now to take place. I have not ceased to warn you of the necessity of repentance, and your making your peace with God. Are you guilty of the murder of those women?

Arthur Spring with much feeling, replied, No, sir! no, sir!

Rev. Mr. Street, (resuming)—it has also been alleged, and the Grand Jury have brought a true bill against you in regard to the murder of Mr. Rink—Are you guilty or not guilty of that murder?

Arthur Spring—I never saw the man in my life.

Rev. Mr. Street—I have but one more question to ask you. Before God, who sees you, and in whose presence you are soon to stand—is your son, Arthur Spring Jr., entirely clear of the murder of those women?

Arthur Spring—I believe that he is, I believe that he had nothing more to do with it than I had.

Rev. Mr. Street.—May God have mercy on your soul. It is all I have to say. Mr. R. T. Kensil—(those on the scaffold kneeling down,) prayed as follows: Almighty God, the Father of our spirits, the Redeemer of our soul, whose eyes are now upon us, who knows the secrets of all our hearts, we would approach the mercy seat on this solemn occasion through merits and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ, and humbly beseech Thee to look now upon this condemned man, who is to pay the penalty by the forfeiture of his life. We humbly beseech Thee, O Lord God, as thou art acquainted with the secrets of his heart, and as Thou wilt knowest who was the murderer of those for whose death he is now to suffer, if he is guilty. [The condemned here shook his head violently.]

Rev. Mr. Kensil (continuing)—to move his heart. Do Thou, oh Lord, so move him that he may declare, before God, his Maker, whether he is the guilty man or not. And, oh Lord God, we humbly beseech Thee compassionately to look upon him in mercy, to forgive his sins, and receive him to Thyself. We would pray for our Heavenly Father to extend His mercy to that boy and those girls, his children! And, oh may the spirit of the Lord guide them, and may they find mercy among mankind, and may they find mercy in God! We pray Thee to take us all into Thy heavenly keeping; prepare us for the events of Thy providence; receive this man and, finally, all this multitude here, in Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Rev. Mr. Street—He tells us that his son is entirely innocent of the murder.—He made that statement last night at midnight to me in his cell, and he now declares before this multitude that the stain of blood is not upon the skirts of his boy.

Arthur Spring—Gentlemen: I will go further and say—

Here he was drawn into conversation with those around him.

Rev. Mr. Kensil then advanced to the front of the scaffold and said:—He wished to say, 'Gentlemen, and I will declare it for him.'

Arthur Spring approached his side, and in a clear tone of voice spoke to those before the gallows as follows:—'Gentlemen, I went to bed that night about seven o'clock, and never got out of my bed until I was called to my breakfast in the morning. I never knew anything of the murder until the officers told me of it.'

After the religious exercises on the scaffold were over, the Rev. Mr. Alexander took a black handkerchief from the prisoner's neck, and Jack Ketch being at hand, the straw hat was lifted off of Spring's head, and the white cap drawn over his face; the rope was then adjusted, and the prisoner's hand was shaken by the clergymen, the Sheriff and the Marshal.

or three twitches of the shoulders, and all appeared to be over.

At precisely 17 minutes of 12 o'clock he was pronounced dead and cut down. The body was removed to one of the rooms of the prison to await the order of his son.

The crowd outside was quite large, and great efforts were made to scale the walls. One person did get on the wall, and maintained his place to the end. The horse tops and the trees in the neighborhood were all crowded.

The Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society has issued a pamphlet containing the list of premiums and regulations for the third annual exhibition, which will be held in Pittsburg in the latter part of September. The list of premiums is very extensive and liberal. There is no distinction in regard to the residence of exhibitors. All articles of exhibition must be directed to the care of Mr. Oliver P. Shiras, Pittsburg.

Easily Pleas'd.

The Lancaster Whig says, that that city was lately visited by an Irishman from Philadelphia, in quest of a wife.—He sought several places in vain, to meet an object worthy of his adoration, and finally called at the Poor House of the county, when Fate and a woman smiled upon him. His spontaneous affection was reciprocated; and the two made one.—On Wednesday last, the parties left for Philadelphia—to take up their residence. The prize won with so much ease, is of more than ordinary value, as the groom at once becomes the father of three promising children.

The Greatest Curiosity.

A curiosity greater than any ever exhibited here, has just been discovered by a hitherto respectable inhabitant of this city. It is a man that saw the saw that sated the pine plank that produced the dust by which a friend was enabled to "plank down the dust." He has been gaged.

Wool and its Prospects.—We are at a loss what to advise our friends about wool for the coming clip. It is the opinion of those who are the best informed on the subject, that wool will command a higher price early in the season, than it will three months from this time, and the more judicious and careful dealers are reluctant to buy this season. Time must determine the corrections of this opinion.—We quote wool as follows: Common grades, 35 cents; half and three-fourths blood, 40 cents; full-blood Merino, 50 cents; the average price of this country wool, 40 cents.—*Syracuse Central New Yorker, May 26.*

Nondescript Reptile.

The New Bedford Mercury mentions a nondescript species of reptile, in the possession of a citizen of N. B. In its general appearance it resembles a frog, except that it has a long tail. It has two horns in its forehead, and its mosaic skin of beautiful colors is also covered with spikelets. Its little eyes are bright and selfish. This beautiful stranger came all the way from Brazos, in a vessel recently arrived.

Great Speed.

We have been informed that a locomotive, despatched from Laporte to Chicago for physicians to attend Mr. Doxater, ran the entire distance and back in one hour and forty minutes. The distance is fifty-eight miles each way, making a speed of one hundred and sixteen miles in one hundred minutes.—*Constantine Mercury.*

Illinois Peach Crop.—The editor of the *Alton Telegraph* says: We have been engaged for some days past in trying to relieve our trees by picking off the superabundant fruit, removing overcharged limbs &c., and have found it an almost interminable task. In many cases small shoots, less than one inch in length, are burdened with four or five peaches, and though countless thousands have fallen or been removed from almost every tree, they are still much too full for perfect safety.—Other fruit is also very abundant in this neighborhood.

An amusing scene took place on the steamer Baltimore, just as she was leaving for Cleveland. A rough looking genius came aboard with a bull dog at his heels. Walking directly into the office, the individual says to the clerk: 'Stranger I want to leave my dog in this here office, until the boat starts; I'm afraid somebody will steal him.' 'You can do it,' said the clerk, 'take him out.' 'Well, stranger, that's cruel, but you're both disposed alike, and he's kinder company for you.' Take him out,' roared the clerk. 'Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching—here, Bull, sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp,' and the individual turned on his heel, saying—'put him out stranger if he's troublesome.' The dog lay there when the boat started, watching the clerk, who gave him the better half of his office.

A Dangerous Horse.—An old man named Develin, father of Charles Develin, residing in North Sixth-st., New York, was nearly killed by a savage horse belonging to the son while going into the stall to feed him. The horse first caught hold of his right side with his teeth, lacerating it and breaking several ribs, and afterwards caught hold of his arm and tore up the flesh in a frightful manner.—Several persons were present, but could not succeed in making him loose his hold until he received several heavy blows over the head with a club. The owner was recently fined \$25 in consequence of the horse attacking a person while passing him.