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Z. RAGAN, Editor and Proprietor.

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## Biographical.

From the Life Illustrated.  
**JOHN CHARLES FREMONT.**

Colonel Fremont, who has just been nominated for the presidency by the Republican Convention at Philadelphia, was born at Savannah, Ga., on the 21st Jan., 1813. The family residence, however, was in Charleston, S. C., where he was bred and educated.

He is of French descent on the father's side, and the mother was a Virginian, who was early left a widow, with the care of three children, and with extremely limited means. Being the eldest, he was surrounded by privations which early called forth all the strength of his indomitable courage, will, and heroism.

In 1828 he entered the junior class of Charleston College, and on leaving which he engaged in teaching mathematics as a means of support for his widowed mother and two younger children.

In 1833 he obtained a post on the sloop of war *Natchez*, and served on board of her two years and a half.

On returning he adopted the profession of surveyor and railroad engineer, and was employed in the survey of a route from Charleston to Cincinnati. Shortly after, at the recommendation of Mr. Pointsett, then secretary of the navy, he was appointed chief assistant surveyor under M. Nicolle, a distinguished French sailor in the United States service, in an exploring expedition over the North western prairies, during the year 1838 and 1839. While absent he received the appointment of second lieutenant in the Corps of Topographical Engineers.

On his return to Washington, and while preparing maps and a report of this survey, he formed the acquaintance of the family of Col. Benton, which resulted in the marriage of one of his daughters in 1841. This, however, required of the gallant young officer about as much heroism as any act of his life, for it is understood that Col. Benton, the bride's father, was opposed to the match—for Fremont was almost unknown, and had nothing but his commission and his talents to recommend him. But he who had in him the spirit to brave the steps and snows of the Rocky Mountains, was not to be daunted in an affair where youth and beauty beckoned him onward. So he sought in Washington a clergyman of his own profession, viz., that of the Protestant Episcopal Church to unite them in marriage; but they all refused, because Col. Benton, then being in his palmy days of power in the Federal city, no Episcopal or other leading clergyman thought fit to risk his disapprobation by solemnizing the marriage of his daughter in opposition to his will. In this dilemma a lady, who was a Catholic, offered to find the priest who would knit the knot and ask no questions. This offer being accepted, she brought in a priest of the Catholic Church called father Horsburgh, who performed the ceremony.

The daring young lover, who thus braved the veteran senator of Missouri, soon taught his venerable father-in-law to respect him for his talents and noble deeds, and to look upon him with pleasure and pride. She, whose grace and beauty could thus tempt our hero, has proved herself worthy of the risk he ran, and evinced that her judgment and discrimination in respect to her own choice were not inferior to her fascinations.

In May, 1842, the United States, having approved his plan, and accepted his proposition to penetrate the Rocky Mountains, he set out with a mere handful of men on the first of his three great exploring expeditions. This lasted five months and resulted in the exploration of the famous "South Pass," one of the great high ways to California and Oregon. He examined with great care and skill its geological, geographical, botanical, and other peculiarities, and stood on the Wind River Peak, the highest summit of the Rocky Mountains.

His report of this expedition was read the world over with the highest interest, and at once established the character of its author as a man of science, bold and venturesome, and unrepining modesty.

Not yet satisfied, Fremont was eager to explore the vast tract of wilderness over which the white man's foot had never trod, which lay between his first route and the explorations of Commodore Wilkes on the Pacific coast, and thus to lay open to civilized man the unknown expanse on both sides of the Rocky Mountains.

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established the geography of the western part of our Continent.

In 1844 he was again at Washington, planning another expedition, even while preparing his report of the last, and in the spring of 1845, Fremont, now a captain, set out on a third expedition, designed to survey more particularly the regions which he had previously visited.

While engaged in this expedition, and before he had heard of the commencement of the war with Mexico, he was induced by the entreaties of the American settlers in the valley of the Sacramento, whom the Mexicans threatened to drive out of the country, to put himself at their head. Thus led, they defeated the Mexicans. Fremont put himself into communication with the naval commanders on the coast, and soon, in conjunction with Commodore Stockton, obtained complete possession of California, of which, on the 24th of August, he was appointed by Stockton military commander. The fighting, however, was not yet over. The Californians rose in insurrection; but the arrival of Gen. Kearney, with his dragoons from New Mexico, enabled the Americans, after some hard fought battles, to maintain themselves in possession. Pending these operations, a commission arrived for Fremont as lieutenant colonel—a promotion which neither he nor his friends had solicited, but which he gladly received as a recognition on the part of the government of his intervention, on his own responsibility, in the affairs of California.

On the arrival of Kearney a dispute arose between him and Commodore Stockton as to whom belonged the chief command. Kearney ungenerously sought to cast upon Fremont the delicate responsibility of deciding which of the contestants had the right of command. This he very wisely declined to do, stating his readiness to obey either if they would agree between themselves; at the same time he decided to continue to obey the chief under whom he had been prosecuted, until the right of priority of command should be settled.

Kearney, though dissatisfied, did not seek resentment until they reached Fort Leavenworth on their way home. Here he arrested Fremont on a charge of disobedience of orders, and brought him before a court martial for trial. This court held that Kearney, and not Stockton, was the rightful superior in command, and, as a matter of form, found Fremont guilty of the charges, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. They had no right to consider the fact that it was impossible for Fremont to know which had the right of command, and that had he obeyed Kearney instead of Stockton, he might with equal reason, apparently, have leared an arrest by Stockton.

That this convention had nothing to justify it but the cold, technical fact of not knowing which of two rivals to obey, is evinced by the fact, that President Polk tendered to Fremont a new commission of the same grade as that of which he had been deprived; and he refused to accept it, and, like a man of genius, conscious of possessing a higher diploma than a president could give or a court martial take away; returned to private life, and at once set about the completion of his great labors for the good of an empire, by planning a fourth expedition, and that on his own account.

This he directed to the discovery of a passage across the Rocky Mountains south of the South Pass, which he thought might serve for a railroad to California. It needed but this line to complete the surveys he had so successfully made, and though stripped of government patronage, he resolved to finish his work unaided.

He mustered thirty-three hardy mountaineers, who gloried in him as their leader, and, with one hundred and thirty three mules and the necessary equipment, started from Pueblo, on the upper Arkansas, through perils scarcely equalled in Siberia or the Alps. Being misled by his guides, all his mules and a third of his men perished in the snow and cold of the Sierra San Juan, and he arrived on foot at Santa Fe, with barely the breath of life in him, with the loss of everything. Nothing daunted, and by no means disheartened, he refitted and started again on his perilous but glorious march; penetrated the country of the fierce and remorseless Apaches, met many savage tribes; and he was aided or overpowered, not a hundred days from the glittering banks of the Golden Sacramento.

Having arrived among his friends, they were not slow in reversing the decision of the court martial toward their gallant deliverer, by sending him to Washington as the first senator of the Golden State.

This was a just tribute of a gallant people to integrity, heroism, and self-sacrificing philanthropy in their hour of greatest need, and may be quoted in favor of the youthful hero as of higher authority on the score of justice than the formal, yet unwilling verdict of the court martial.

He was elected to the short term of two years, at the expiration of which he

returned to California for the purpose of developing the estate which he had purchased on an early visit, called the Mariposa Grant, which has since become so famous for its richness in gold, and in consequence of the protracted litigation which selfish usurpers upon his estate have thought fit to prosecute. The government, with singular ingratitude, resisted his claim, but he has obtained repeated decisions in his favor in the Supreme Court of the United States, and is now triumphed over all opposition, and is now doubtless the most wealthy man in America. He obtained this wealth, however, not by the tricks of trade, but by that sagacity which taught him to pay more for property in the wilds of California, which he had helped to conquer, and to which he had explored a pathway, than any of his friends thought it was worth, and which led the miserable Mexican proprietors to chuckle over the capital bargain they had made out of the roving Yankee.

Fremont had not only lost his commission, and, of course, his emoluments arising from it, but he now found himself annoyed by claims against him for supplies which, during the campaign, had been furnished the United States on his private credit. During a visit to London he was arrested on one of his claims, and it was only after great delay that the government of the United States was finally induced to relieve him further annoyance by the payment of these debts.

The name of Fremont, said an able cotemporary in 1852, is identified forever with some of the proudest and most grateful passages in American history. His twenty thousand miles of wilderness explorations, in the midst of the inclemencies of nature and the ferocity of jealous and merciless tribes, his intrepidity in the most appalling dangers, his magnetic sway over enlightened and savage men, his vast contributions to science, his controlling energy in the extension of our empire, his lofty and unselfish ambition, his magnanimity, humanity, genius, sufferings, and heroism, make all lovers of progress, learning, and virtue rejoice that Fremont's services have been rewarded by high civil honors, ex-haustless wealth, and the admiration and gratitude of mankind.

He has been singularly fortunate in all he has undertaken, and in all his trials and successes he has been equally fortunate in securing for himself and his conduct the universal approval of the press and the public on both sides of the Atlantic, and no man perhaps, since the first incumbent, ever received a nomination for the presidency and entered the canvass with a clearer record or more universally praiseworthy antecedents.

Former Vindication of Americanism by Forney's Washington Union and Brownson's Romish Review—Read the News.

Whilst the priest-ridden journals and politicians of the foreign party are vainly endeavoring to show something hideous in the principles of the American party, it is always pleasant to calm their nerves by administering to them a little medicine from the hands of their own doctors. Immediately after the fall election of 1854, Doctor Brownson of the Romish Church, furnished us with the following vindication of our platform so far as it applies to foreignism:

"As a general rule, we think the true policy of a nation is to preserve political—we say not civil—citizenship to persons born on its territory, or to citizens temporarily resident abroad, and to distinguish foreign-born individuals, as a reward of eminent services. We do not believe it sound policy to make it valueless, and encourage a neglect of its duties."

"Every independent and sovereign nation has the right to preserve its own nationality, its own identity; and to defend it, if need be, by war, against any foreign power that would invade it, and then, a *fortiori*, to close its political society, if it sees proper, against all foreign immigrants, who in its judgment, would endanger it, or not prove advantageous to it. In so doing, it exercises its own inherent right of every Sovereign State, and persons born citizens or subjects of any other State, having no right to complain; for naturalization is a boon—not a natural and indefeasible right—a boon—not in the sense of a simple gratuity, for the sole advantage resulting to the nation, as some of our friends have supposed we must have meant, although we admit expressly to the contrary—but a boon in the sense of a grant, as contra distinguished from a indefeasible right, and therefore, a concession which a nation is free to make, or not to make according to its own views of policy or humanity, without violating any principle of natural justice."

A pretty good pill that from Doctor Brownson. About the same time Drs. Forney and Nicholson, of that tormented paper, (the Washington Union), administered the following severe rebuke to all violent opponents of Americanism like

themselves. It deserves an extensive circulation as the other, and both ought if possible to be printed in indelible letters upon the foreheads of our priest-ridden editors. Read and see if we are not right:—

In taking its position, it should be carefully borne in mind that the Democratic party neither assumes that the naturalization laws as they now exist are perfect, nor that foreigners have not, on some occasions, subjected themselves to just censure, nor that the Roman Catholic religion is based upon the true Christian creed. Citizenship is a boon granted to foreigners, by the liberality of our institutions, and this fact cannot be too carefully weighed and appreciated by our foreign citizens. They should constantly remember that the higher privileges conceded them have been granted upon the reasonable expectation that they would surrender their distinctive native nationalities, and become fused and assimilated to our native citizens in all their feelings, sentiments, and devotion to our liberal institutions. It becomes then now, in view of the late significant expression of popular feeling, to consider well whether, in their past conduct, they may not have given occasion to much of the opposition which exists against them.

Native Americans are justly proud of their high prerogatives and they are naturally jealous of anything like foreign influence upon their institutions. In these sentiments and feelings we participate to the fullest extent, and it is because we do, that we so earnestly repel the imputation that the Democratic party has pursued, or will ever pursue, "an incendiary policy," in order to effluinate the foreign vote. Naturalized citizens ought to see, in the immense increase of foreign immigration within the last few years, legitimate reasons for an earnest investigation by native citizens of the probable influence of this increase of foreign population upon our institutions. This is a fair and legitimate subject for discussion; and if it shall result in the conviction that our naturalization laws are defective, and require to be amended or reformed, the naturalized citizen ought neither to be surprised nor complain. It may be assumed as a fixed fact, that the Native American population will never consent to any modification of the principles which characterize their institutions; from whatever quarter they see danger of this kind, they will prompt to meet it. When the suggestion is made that this danger lurks under the religious creed of the Catholics, it is right and proper that the truth of the suggestion should be shifted to the bottom and to such an investigation none will contribute more than the Democracy.

The italics in the above are ours, but the words are the words of the Washington Union of 1854. The fact that the Union has since "eaten its words," and left nothing undone to depreciate and degrade the American character, and persuaded ignorant foreigners to believe that it is their duty to slay every native they came across, with no friend present to defend him, does not destroy the force of what it said in its lucid moments. In justice to the American party, the above extracts from Forney's Washington Union and Brownson's Romish Review, should be placed in the hands of every voter in the country, and inquiries made everywhere why the "Democracy" are not now contributing to the "investigation" that was then promised by the Washington Union—Ball, Clipper

More Help.

The Mohawk Courier, following in the wake of the New York Evening Post and the Buffalo Republic, refuses to support the nominees of the Cincinnati convention. It is one of the oldest Democratic papers in the State of New York.

The Albany Register, last year a leading supporter of the American State ticket, has raised the Fremont flag.

The Hartford Courant, the leading State paper of the Americans of Connecticut, hoists the flag of Fremont and Dayton.

The Miner's Journal, a paper of great influence among the miners of Schuylkill co., Pa., takes down the Fillmore flag and hoists Fremont.

The Bloomington News Letter, formerly a Border Ruffian organ, has sold out and is to be a Republican paper in the future.

The Worcester (Mass.) Palladium, a long established Democratic paper, hoists Buchanan.

The only German paper in Cincinnati that hoisted the names of Buchanan and Breckenridge, is the Volkfreund, a daily Catholic journal.

The three American journals in New Hampshire—the Concord Reporter, the special organ of Governor Meself, the Manchester American, and the Portsmouth Ballot—have all declared for Fremont.

Thus every day brings us intelligence of changes in the press in favor of Fremont.

## THE FINNISH BLUEBEARD.

Miss Selma Bumbury, in her "Summer in Northern Europe," tells the story of the Finnish Bluebeard as follows:

"Once upon a time there lived in Finland a very wild and wicked young man, who, after a long course of profanity and licentiousness, crowned all of his bad deeds by becoming a Finn-Bluebeard. He married three young women almost at once, shut them up in a wicket basket, and burned them. No one knew the fate of the three poor girls; they had disappeared. That was all. One morning the young man was found stretched on the threshold of his door, dead, his body covered with dark blue spots. It was clear he had spent the night with the Evil One, and been overcome. They buried him, however, with the rites of the church. The next morning the sacrarian, going early to ring the Angelus, saw, to his horror, the dead body of the young man whom they had buried, standing erect in a niche in the outer porch of the church. He ran to the priest, who, believing some one had raised the body from its tomb, buried it again. But up rose the corpse once more, came back to the porch that night, and appeared in its niche the following morning. Three times they reburied it; three times he rose again. At last the good man perceived that other powers were engaged in this, and he suffered the corpse to remain unburied in a niche. Finally, only a skeleton was there, and no one passed it without the sign of the cross. Years passed away, and the story might have been forgotten, if the skeleton in the porch did not tend to keep its memory fresh. Perhaps it was a desire to get rid of such a monitor to his conscience, that led another wild young man to resolve to have it displaced from its niche. Instead, however, of trying to do so himself, he engaged the services of a young girl, whose innocent mind made her devoid of fear. By the promise of a good reward, he prevailed on her to go one evening to the church and carry away the skeleton. She reached the outer porch, advanced to the niche, and approached the thing that had been so long erect there. But lo! instead of extending her arms, the skeleton stretched out his. More horrible still, it spoke. It told her she must be squeezed to death in those dreadful arms, since she had dared to violate the repose of the dead. Her prayers and cries moved even a skeleton to pity her, and in its hollow voice it said,

"If you will save yourself, you may save me also. Go, then into the church; there you will see three young girls kneeling before the altar. They are my three brides, whom I burned in one day. For that crime I am compelled to remain here. I can neither rest in the grave, nor enter the threshold of the holy temple. Here I must remain forever, unless I obtain their pardon. For fifty years I have waited for this occasion of employing some one to ask them to pardon me: go, now, and do so."

The girl tremblingly opened the door of the church; the whole nave was lighted up as if for grand festival; and the soft tones of a plaintive chant resounded throughout it. At the foot of the altar, three young girls were kneeling, covered in a long white veil. The chant was by them. The poor mortal girl approached her spiritual sisters, and tremblingly carried pardon for the skeleton at the porch door.

"No, no," chanted the three spirits, "no pardon for him."

The messenger returned with the fatal reply.

"Yet once more ask them, if not for my sake for yours to pardon me," said the skeleton, in answer, "else shall you die."

"She repeated her prayer to the three spirits with this addition.

"No, no; there is no pardon for him."

"Yet once more try if you can prevail," said the skeleton.

"Again she went, and falling on her knees, cried to the three spirits.

"Pardon him, pardon him for the sake of the Saviour!"

"He is pardoned, he is pardoned!" repeated each spirit.

The chant ceased; the lights went out; the three spirits disappeared, and the skeleton moved away from its niche, sunk down in its grave, and lay there ever after."

A newspaper is the looking-glass of the commerce of a town. Its advertising columns reflect the energy of its business men or its opposite quality. Invariably he who advertizes most, is not deficient in other qualifications, will ultimately be most successful, and that town which has man of such men will soonest command a position to draw trade to it. Let an individual, with the best and most complete assortment, sit down and wait for customers, and he will not succeed. Let him, on the contrary, make every new acquaintance he can personally, with those with whom he may personally associate, and by advertising for those he cannot see, and in all his acts show life and energy.

## Magendie on Medicine.

An American medical student, writing from Paris to the American Medical Gazette for June, asserts that he once heard Magendie—one of the most eminent French physicians and physiologists—commence a lecture somewhat in the following words:—

"Gentlemen—Medicine is a great humbug. I know it is called a science—science, indeed! It is nothing like science. Doctors are mere empirics, when they are not Charlatans. We are as ignorant as men can be. Who knows anything in the world about medicine? Gentlemen you have done me the honor to come here to attend my lectures, and I must tell you frankly now, in the beginning, that I know nothing in the world about medicine, and I don't know anybody who does know anything about it. Don't think for a moment that I haven't read the bills advertising the course of lectures at the Medical School; I know that this man teaches anatomy, that man teaches pathology, another man physiology, such a one therapeutics, such another materia medica—*Eh bien! et apres?* What's known all about that? Why, gentlemen at the school of Montpellier, (God know it was famous enough in its day,) they discarded the study of anatomy, and taught nothing but the dispensary; and the Doctors educated there knew just as much, and were quite as successful as others. I repeat it, nobody knows anything about medicine. True enough, we are gathering facts every day. We can produce typhus fever, for example, by injecting a certain substance into the veins of a dog—that's something; we alleviate diabetes, and I see distinctly, we are approaching the day when phthisis can be cured as easily as any disease. We are collecting facts in the right spirit, and I dare say in a century or so the accumulation of facts may enable our successors to form a medical science; but I repeat it to you, there is no such thing now as a medical science. Who can tell me how to cure the headache? or the gout? or disease of the heart? Nobody. Oh! you tell me doctors cure people. I grant you, people are cured. But how are they cured? Gentlemen nature does a great deal. Imagination does good deal. Doctors do—devilish little—when they don't do harm. Let me tell you, gentlemen, what I did when I was head physician at Hotel Dieu. Some 3 or 4,000 patients passed through my hands every year. I divided the patients into two classes; with one, I followed the dispensary and gave them the usual medicines without having the least idea why or wherefore; to the other, I gave bread pills and colored water, without, of course, letting them know anything about it—and occasionally, gentlemen, I would create a third division, to whom I gave nothing whatever. These last would fret a good deal, they would feel they were neglected, (sick people always feel they are neglected, unless they are well drugged—the fools!) and they would irritate themselves until they got really sick, but nature invariably came to the rescue, and all the persons in this third class got well. There was little mortality among those who received but bread pills and colored water, and the mortality was greatest among those who were carefully drugged according to the dispensary!"

GENIUS.—That is a fine passage in Bunt's speech on behalf of Meagher for high treason: "I said the prisoner standing at your bar was a man of genius. I said truly—his life, his eloquence, his words, his acts, his virtues, his very faults, attest it. Genius, that beat, but too often most fatal gift of God to man. Generous and indignant should be the judgment of the world upon the indiscretions to which it prompts, remembering the virtues and the greatness by which they are redeemed. Genius has its lofty virtues, but it has also its great faults. If it has the daring that achieves great things, it has also the wild impulses that forget the calculations of prudence. It brings with it fire from Heaven, it brings with it, too, the penalty that of old belonged to the man who stole that forbidden flame—to the possessor, the vulture and the rock, to others, misery and wretchedness. Most assuredly, to the man who has this gift, it brings torture, and the brilliancy which dazzles the world, consumes, with restless agony, the heart in which it burns. But if there be one attribute of genius, which more than another distinguishes it, it is the reckless enthusiasm with which, in the utterance of language, it throws itself into the cause which it espouses."

Since the 2d of June, nearly 500 dogs, of all ages and conditions, have been captured by the legally appointed dog-catchers of Philadelphia, and given to a man in Jersey for the manufacture of oil, buttons, &c. Hitherto the city man was compelled to pay \$2 a cart load to get them out of the way, but now they are taken from the general depot free of charge by this enterprising Jerseyman.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—We have a bit of news from Holland, which, coming at this time, excites a good deal of attention. A man at the Hague, becoming tired of his wife, attempted to poison her in the following manner:—They sat down to dinner, and while she left the room, or her back was turned, he put poison into her soup. Not daring to trust himself in her presence, he feigned some excuse, and left the room. But wonderful Providence, when she came to the table, a spider had dropped from the ceiling of the room into the soup plate. She was especially afraid of spiders, and her husband had often laughed at her for it. So she carefully took the spider out with the spoon, and finding that she could not bring herself to eat after it, she, in the absence of her husband, changed the plates, and ate his soup. After a while he came back and devoured what he supposed to be the pure soup. He was immediately taken with convulsions and expired. Before death he confessed that he had poisoned the soup, and that it must have been put before him unintentionally by his wife. Now how narrow was the escape of his wife, not only from being poisoned but from being hung. If the man had died without confession, the woman must have been immediately arrested. Poison would have been found in the man and in the soup plate. She gave him the soup. Here would have been circumstantial evidence enough to have hung her, and an innocent woman would have expired but for the confession.

APOLOGUE.—A poor laborer, in a certain village, died, after a long illness; and having escaped the turmoils of existence, presented himself at the gates of Heaven, where he found he had been preceded by a rich man of the same locality, who had just died, and having previously knocked, had been admitted by the Apostle Peter. The laborer, who stood without, was enchanted by the ravishing sounds of singing, rejoicing, and sweet music which appeared to hail the entrance of the laborer; and having knocked in his turn, was also admitted. But what was his astonishment at finding silence, were seraphic sounds had so lately been joyously uttered! "How is this?" he demanded of Peter; "when the rich man entered, I heard music and singing; is there then, the same distinction between rich and poor in Heaven as on earth?" "Not at all," replied the Apostle, "but the poor come to Heaven every day, whereas it is scarcely once in a hundred years that a rich man gains admission."

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—An anecdote is told of a gentleman in Monmouthshire, which exhibits the pride of ancestry in a striking point of view. His house was in such a state of dilapidation, that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger, whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyridd, made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighboring houses, and among others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?" "That sir," returned the gentleman, "is the house of Werndee, a very ancient house; for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line, the Lord Herberts of Chisbury, the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton; the Earl of Hunsdon; the Houses of Irowan and Lanarth, and all the Powells. Out of this house, also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort." "And pray sir, who lives there now?" "I do sir." "Then pardon me and accept a piece of advice; come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it."

A few days since, Daniel Linden aged 16, shot and mortally wounded a boy of the same age, named John Boyle, in a quarrel about a girl. Both were going to school at Paris, Eastern Illinois.

The softest pillow is a good conscience.

He who sows brambles must not go barefooted.

The streets in Paris are the widest in the world.

Fruit will be scarce commodity this season.

Indigestion and industry are seldom found united.

Why are dog like surgeons? Because they are bone-setters.

A life without rest is painful, like a long way without an inn.

A forward and talkative young man is not likely to become a great man.

Poets seldom make good astronomers. They so love women they cannot see the other heavenly bodies.