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THE MATCH GIRL OF KENTUCKY.

BY FRANCIS S. OSGOOD.

"Six for a fip! matches matches!" The voice was clear and glad as the wind's, and Russell Hartley turned to see from whence it proceeded; a little bare-footed girl, about ten years old, with the sunniest, sweetest face he had ever seen was tripping just behind, and, as he turned, she held up her matches with such a winning, pleading, heavenly smile in her blue eyes, that he bought nearly all she had at once.

Her hair fell in light waves rather than curls, nearly to her waist, and a hole in her little straw hat let in a sunbeam upon it that turned it half to gold.

In spite of the child's coarse and tattered apparel, in spite of her lowly occupation, her manner, her step, her expression, the very tone of her voice unconsciously betrayed a native delicacy and refinement, which deeply interested the high-bred youth whom she addressed. Impelled by an irresistible impulse, he lingered by her side as she proceeded.

"What is your name, my child?" he asked.

"Virginia, sir, what is yours?"

"Hartley—Russell Hartley," he replied, smiling at her artless and native simplicity; "and where is your home?"

"Oh, I have no home, at least not much of one. I sleep in the barns here," and again she looked up in his face, with her happy and trusting smile.

"And your mother?"

"In an instant the soft brow was shadowed and the uplifted eyes glistened with tears.

"I will tell you all about it, if you will come close to me. I don't like to talk loud about it," she replied in low faltering tones.

Russell Hartley took her little sunburnt hand in his, and bent his head in earnest attention.

"We had been on the great ship ever so many days, mother, and father and I, and all the other people; and one night we were in the room that called the ladies cabin, and mother had just undressed me and I was sitting on her knee singing me the little hymn she had taught me, and she had her arm around my neck—mother loved me all so dearly—and she was so sweet and good, nobly will ever be so good to me again!" and here the little creature tried to repress a sob, and wiped her eyes with her torn apron. "Well, she had a very pretty hymn—

Oh! the Apollo walked the wave,
As when he walked the land,
A power was near him winged to save,
For Jesus held his hand.

Why should I fear when danger's near?
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand.

Though on a dizzy height, perchance,
With faltering feet I stand,
No dread shall dim my upward glance,
For God will hold my hand.

But oh! if doubt should cloud the day,
And sin beside me stand,
Then firmest, *LEST I LOSE MY WAY,*
My Father, hold my hand!

All at once there was a dreadful confused sound; a rumbling, crashing, shrieking noise—a terrible pain, and then—I awoke up, and there I was on a bed in a strange room, and some people standing by the fire talking about a steamboat that had burst her boiler the day before, and I found that I had been washed on shore, and that Mr. Smith had found me and taken me home to his wife, and she had put me into a warm bed and tried to rouse me; but she couldn't until I woke up myself the next day. And when I cried for my own sweet mother, they looked sad, and said she was drowned, and I should never see her again.

ble far in the distance, singing: "Matches! matches! six for a fip! Who'll buy my matches, ho!"

Russell Hartley kept that sweet picture in his soul, undimmed through years of travel, and change, and care. He visited with enthusiasm the noble galleries of painting and sculpture in England—France and Italy, and many a gem of art was enraptured and hallowed in the music tablets of memory, but there was none to rival the gem of nature—the matchless little match girl of Kentucky, with her fair hair streaming on her scanty red cloak, the glad and innocent smile in her childish eyes, and the lovely beam stealing through the hole in the old straw hat to light as a message from heaven the lovely head of the orphan girl. The beautiful ray of light—made more beautiful by his chosen resting place, giving and receiving grace, it seemed a symbol of the Father's love for the poor motherless wanderer. It was not only the hole in the hat that let in the sunshine—it was her poverty and her lonely lowly state, that made her especially the child of His divine pity and tenderness; and they, like the sun-beam, changed to gold her daily care, and soiled through every cloud that crossed her little heart.

Seven years flew by—on butterfly wings to joy and thoughtlessness, on laden ones to sorrow and "thopes deferred"—and our Virginia, now a lovely girl of seventeen, had earned money enough by her bewitching way of offering matches for sale, to introduce herself as a pupil to one of the first boarding schools of the country, not to commence but to finish her education; for with a passionate love of books, she had found means to cultivate her tastes and talents in many ways.

The lovely and lonely little orphan had struggled with hunger and cold, and fatigues, with temptation in most alluring, beguiling forms, and evil in a thousand shapes, yet she had kept the heavenly sunshine of her soul pure and unclouded through it all. She had never tasted money as a gift or bribe.—She had assisted from her little store many a child of misfortune, still humbler than herself, and with faith, truth, and purity—an angel guard around her—by the light of her own innocent smiles, she glided like a star through the gathering clouds unharmed, unstained, unshadowed.

In the words of our beautiful poet:
"Peace charmed the street beneath her feet,
And honor charmed the air;
And music—the music of her own sweet heart and silver voice, went always with her thro' the world."

It was on the evening preceding that on which the annual ball of the school took place. The young ladies were discussing round the school-room fire the dresses they were to wear. Virginia, a little apart, listened to them, and half-wondered she had a fairy mother, like Cinderella's, to deck her for the festival.—Pearls, diamonds, japonicas, satins, lace, velvet! She said that none of these! She had only the plain white dress in which she was crowned Queen of May the spring preceding. It was very plain, not even a bit of trimming around the throat.

"And what are you going to wear, Miss Linden?" said one of the aristocratic of the school, turning with what she fancied to be an imperial air, towards the young stranger.

"Virginia blushed, and said simply, "My white muslin."

"And what ornaments?"

"Virginia smiled. "Oh, I can find some bright autumn leaves for a wreath."

Innocent Gray would have given her diamond necklace for such a blush and smile, for her own snow-white cheek was never illuminated; but she entered nevertheless at the white muslin and garlands of leaves, and declined no further question.

Virginia's delicate and sensitive spirit felt the gaze intensely, and she left the room with swelling heart and tearful eyes. Once safe, however, in the asylum of her own little chamber, peace descended like a dove into her soul, and after undressing she knelt in her night robe by the side of her bed, and said her prayer, and sang her childish hymn:

I'll know no fear when danger's near,
I'm safe on sea or land,
For I've in heaven a Father dear,
And he will hold my hand.

Doubt and danger were nearer than she thought, but her little hand was held by One who would not let her fall. As she rose from her devotions she saw for the first time, a box on the table by the bed. It was addressed on the cover, simply, "Virginia." She opened it wonderingly, and found a set of exquisite pearl ornaments for the arms neck and head.

Her little heart beat with girlish delight. She hurried to the glass and wound around her hair a chain of snow white gems, less fair and pure than the innocent lilies beneath. Next she bared her graceful arm, and placed a bracelet there. How exquisitely the delicate ornaments became her childish loveliness! She thought she had never looked so pretty—not even when she used to deck her hair with wild flowers by the clear pool in the woods; and she could wear them to the ball! But who could have sent them? Again she looked at the box, and this time she saw a note peeping beneath the cotton wool on which the gems had rested. Virginia's fair cheek flushed as she read—

"Let innocence accept the gift of love,
"HARRY GREY."

Had the bracelet been a serpent with its deadly sting in her arm, Virginia could scarcely have unclosed it with more fearful haste. The chain was snatched from her head, and both with the note replaced in the box; and then the fair child threw herself again on her knees and buried her face in her hands. After a silence of some minutes, broken only by faint sobs, she sung once more in low tremulous tones, the hymn

which seemed to her a talisman for all evil, and then calmly laying her head on the pillow, and murmuring the name which was music to her soul, sunk into the soft and deep slumber of innocence and youth.

For nearly a year had the young libertine Harry Grey pursued her with his unhallowed passion, aided as he vainly imagined, by his costly and tasteful gifts but there seemed a magic halo around the young Virginia through which no shadow of evil could penetrate. Besides the native delicacy and purity of her mind, there were two other influences at work in the beautiful web of her destiny to prevent any course of dark thought mingling in its tissue; one was her spiritual communication with her mother, and the other the affectionate remembrance of Russell Hartley—the only being in whose eyes she had ever read the sympathy for which her lonely and loving heart yearned always.

It was evening again. The young ladies had assembled, dressed for the ball, in the drawing room—all but Virginia. "Where is the sweet child?" asked an invalid teacher, to whom she had endeavored herself by her graceful and affectionate attentions.

"She was so long helping me and sister dress," said a little shy looking girl, "that she has been belated."

"I will go and assist her," said the principal of the school, pensive with this proof of tender-heartedness on the part of her pupil.

She softly opened the door of Virginia's room and almost started at the charming picture which met her eye.—Robert in white, with her singularly beautiful hair falling in fair, soft curls about her face, which was lighted up by a smile of almost rapturous hope and joy the young girl stood in an attitude of enchanting grace, raising both hands, to adjust and the braids behind, a half wreath of glowing and richly tinted autumn leaves.

"Let me arrange it for you my child," said the lady, approaching, and Virginia bent her head modestly to her bidding, and then, hand in hand, they descended to the drawing room. Many of the company had arrived—the doors that led to their room had been thrown open and Virginia was almost dazzled by the splendor of the scene into which she was thus suddenly ushered. She blushed beneath the eyes that were riveted upon her as she passed.

"An angel!" "a grace!" "a muse!" whispered the gentlemen to each other. There was one among them—a noble, but chivalric young man—who did not speak his admiration. An undefinable something in the heavenly beauty of that face had touched in his soul a chord which had not vibrated for many years before. Virginia knew him at once. The richest curls of twenty had now assumed a darker tinge, the eye a something softer fire, and flexible grace had given place to a manly dignity of mien, but there was no mistaking the sequel in the glance of Russell Hartley.

And Virginia was doubtfully the belle of the ball. Gay, but gracefully so, for her sportive mood was softened and restrained by a charming timidity that endeavored her loveliness tenfold, she looked and moved like one inspired.

She had met Hartley's admiring gaze, she was almost sure he would ask an introduction, and she felt as if her feet and heart were suddenly gifted with wings.—She floated down the dance like a pet through the air, and then Russell approached and was introduced.

The sunny smile of the little match girl shone in her eyes, as she accepted his arm for a promenade. "Surely I have seen that look somewhere," he exclaimed, half aloud.

"Matches! six for a fip!" murmured Virginia, looking merrily up in his face, and the mystery was at once explained.

Innocent Gray's diamond necklace was worthless dross in comparison with the wreath of autumn leaves, and all her brother's costly offerings could not have purchased the smiles which accompanied the gift.

Reader, if you ever come to Kentucky, come to me for a letter of introduction to Mrs. Russell Hartley. She is looked up to, respected, and I am sure you will enjoy her graceful and cordial attention, and the luxuries of her elegant home, all the more for remembering that the distinguished and dignified woman to whom you are making your very best bow was once the little match girl of my story.

Mammoth Remains.

The Niles (Mech.) Republican, of the 9th inst., relates that during an afternoon of last week they were shown a fragment from an enormous jaw which had just been found about five feet from the surface of the ground, by a man residing in Wayne township Cass county.

In the jaw was a grinder which measured 7 inches in length, and four inches across the top. The portion found which is evidently but a small portion of the whole jaw—weighs 141 pounds. The point of a large tusk was also found some 18 inches long, partly petrified, the balance showing most beautiful ivory. Some five years since, a portion of the jaw of the same animal was found, near the same place, which weighed upwards of 80 pounds; also a rib as long as a common scythe, which grew in the animal edgewise.

FIRST AND LAST.—Mr. Ashcraft, the contractor laying down the rails on the Cincinnati, Wilmington and Zanesville Railroad from Morrow to Wilmington a distance of about twenty miles were told, laid down the rails for the first railroad for general public services in the world; that between Liverpool and Manchester, twenty-eight years ago

GAL-EOPATHY.

BY JOHN G. SARR.

I saw a lady yesterday
A regular "M. D."
Who'd taken from the Faculty.
Her medical degree:
And I thought if ever I was sick
My doctor she should be!

I pity the deluded man,
Who foolishly consults
Another man, in hopes to find
Such magical results.
As when a pretty woman lays
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder, once,
A kind of chronic ailment
That all the doctors in the town,
With all their vaunted skill,
Could never cure, I'm very sure,
With powder nor with pill!

I don't know what they call it
In their jargon terms of Art,
Nor if they thought it mortal
In such a vital part:
Tonly know 'twas reckoned
"Something lay round the heart!"

A lady came—her presence brought
The blood into my ears,
She took my hand—and something like
A fever now appears.
Great Gaea—'twas all aglow,
"Though I'd been cold for years!"

Perhaps it isn't every case
That's fairly in her reach;
But should I ever be ill again
I'll fervently beseech
That I may have for life or death,
A lady for my "doctor!"

The Study of the Natural Sciences in Common Schools.

The following is a report presented to the Ohio State Teachers' Association, by F. Merrick, A. M., Professor in Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware.

Should the natural sciences, Mineralogy, Botany, Zoology, etc., be taught in common schools? In answering this question in the affirmative, I would not be understood as asserting the practicability of giving a thorough knowledge of these several departments of science, in an elementary course of instruction. No one, however, would urge, as a valid reason against teaching a child to spell and read, that a thorough knowledge of language could not be obtained in schools of this grade. The same might be said of almost any other study.

These schools are not the place for completing a course of study in any department; they are elementary only. The question is, what studies should be begun here? I would urge that the natural sciences should, whether the pupil passes into a school of a higher grade or not; and I would have them commenced in a very early part of the course.—In favor of this, I suggest very briefly a few reasons:

1. It corresponds to the order of nature. Our first knowledge is acquired through the senses. Things attract attention before abstract truths; "what," precedes "how" and "why." This is too obvious to require argument or illustration.

2. These subjects are adapted to the tastes and capacities of children. This, indeed, implied in the preceding proposition, but deserves a separate consideration. It must be borne in mind that I am speaking only of the most obvious facts of natural science—chiefly the names and most common characteristics of things—a new extension of the knowledge acquired by the youngest children. "What is this?" asks the little boy of his mother, as he holds up a shining pebble in his tiny fingers.—"A stone," is the reply. He is satisfied. He has a name for the object, and he will not forget it. The question is repeated in reference to a pebble of a very different color and lustre, and he receives the same answer. The little fellow is somewhat puzzled, for he sees they differ in some respects; but he is sure to mark some points of agreement, and so good a philosopher is he, that when the question is repeated a very few times, he will hardly mistake a chip for a stone. He has taken his first lesson in Mineralogy, and no college senior could have learned it better.

Why not let him take another? True, he may not be more than two or three years old, but what of that, if he can keep on. Here is down by the brook, picking up pebbles. He has collected quite a good cabinet. Here are some round flat ones; and though almost black he calls them dollars—his sister calls them plates. In playing with them the flat stones get scratched. They see well how it was done, and now for a lesson in drawing, until mother must see what pretty marks, or "houses," (as they ludicrously enough call them,) her John and Mary can make. "Very pretty," says mother; "but where did you get your slates?" "Oh!" says John, "they are stones." "Yes," replies mother, "but there are different kinds of stone, and that which you have been marking is called a slate-stone." Now look at

his eye. See with what a searching look he turns from the slate to the one with which he has been scratching it.—He sees that they are not exactly alike, and he marks the difference. No danger of his calling the latter a slate. He called them both stones, but he is now learning that there is a difference between stones; and he eagerly inquires "what stone is this, as he holds up the little scratcher. "Quartz," is perhaps the reply. The next day, as the children come from the brook, Mary has her apron full of slates," and John has his pockets filled with "quartz;" but his specimens of quartz are any thing which is not slate. Now he has to learn that there are other kinds of stone besides these two. But we must stop or we will make a mineralogist of John before we get him to school. And so we might, with the same ease, make him and his little sister botanists. It is really delightful to see with what interest and kindled children will pursue these and kindred studies, and what rapid advancement they will make in them.—They readily become familiar with what is addressed to the eye, and remember names with great facility.

3. Another argument in favor of these studies, is their usefulness. They are well calculated to develop the mind; their moral influence is undoubtedly salutary, and the knowledge they afford is highly valuable.

This knowledge is important to persons of all callings—to none more so than the cultivators of the soil, who constitute the great mass of those benefited by the common schools. They are eminently useful also in furnishing to all an unending source of rational enjoyment. He who can read intelligently the book of nature will always find its pages full of inviting truths.—Here the pleasant and the useful are most happily blended. Let the youth of our land acquire a relish for scientific studies, and there would be far less demand for sickly romance. Less leisure time would be spent in frivolity and dissipation. Communion with nature would be preferred to trifling gossip. Manly thought and action would often be substituted for idleness and idleness.

The most common objections to the introduction of these studies into common schools, by those who have given attention to the subject, is the want of suitable text books, and teachers qualified to give instruction in them. Let the demand be made, and teachers will qualify themselves; and, if qualified, text books would hardly be needed. If used, it should always be as far as possible in connection with natural specimens. Every neighborhood furnishes a sufficient variety of plants for elementary study of botany. The same is true, though not to the same extent, of minerals; and when they cannot be conveniently collected, they can be obtained by exchange, or at a trifling expense.—Small school cabinets, containing most of the common minerals, can be purchased at from one to five dollars.

It may be objected by some, that the general study of the natural sciences in common schools would favor the tendency to materialism, which is at present so widely manifesting itself. There is force in this objection, for much of the materialism of the present age is undoubtedly to be attributed to the engrossing attention which has been given to physical science. This, however, might be prevented by a more useful, and therefore more scientific, mode of instruction than has usually been adopted. Let the young student of nature learn to recognize in the properties, relations, and laws of natural objects, the exhibitions of wisdom and skill which everywhere abound. Let him understand early the relation of second causes to the center and source of all causation—the great First Cause. Let all nature be to him, as it is in fact, a text book on Natural Theology. What God has joined together, let him not be taught to put asunder by studying matter out of its relation to mind; and then no studies will perhaps, be more likely to preserve the mind from the extremes upon which it is always more or less exposed.

Plot and Murder on the Central Railroad.

The Constables in Washington township having a warrant against a man who was working on the Central Railroad, in that township, proceeded to make the arrest this morning accompanied by Mr. Ward, a respectable citizen. In attempting to arrest the man, a portion of the laborers attacked the Constable and Ward, and beat the latter so severely that his recovery is despaired of. The Constable escaped.—When Ward was first knocked down he drew a revolver and fired three balls, all of which took effect, and one of the Irish laborers is shot through the body, producing a mortal wound. Another Irishman was shot through the shoulder and another was slightly wounded, and made his escape. When the facts were made known here the Sheriff proceeded to the place, and has succeeded in arresting three of the assailants. It is stated that ten or fifteen were engaged in the assault upon Mr. Ward. The Irishman who was shot through the body, Sheriff left, but both of them, it is thought will not live long.—[Zanesville paper.]

The Poor Professional Man.

It is said that the gods look down with delight upon an honest man struggling with misfortune; and this, because the gods know how difficult it is for men to preserve their honesty under the constant temptations and attacks of troubles and embarrassments. It is very easy for well fed and well clothed virtue to look with disdain upon the vices of the poor, when they themselves are free from the temptations of want and misery; but let them change places, give their rampant virtue the test which the poor man's has to undergo, and we venture to say they would come from the trial no better men than those whom they now so thoughtlessly, if not cruelly, condemn.

The man whose fortune has never lifted him above the level of the bare necessities of life, does not feel his condition with that sensibility which the man of experience who, to use a common phrase, "has seen better days," and our sympathies are very often misplaced, in lamenting their apparently unhappy lot, whilst another class, who really need the consolations of friendship and the helping hand, but too rarely enjoy the one or the other—we mean the poor, professional man.

The onset of a professional career is less sustained by means independent of pursuit, is always anxious and discouraging. Unlike the tradesman or the merchant, who displays in his shop window the rich goods he may have in store, and at once commands public attention, the professional man can only display the richer treasures of his mind and experience here and there, bit by bit, unless some fortuitous circumstance should call forth a brilliant display of both. He cannot, like the merchant, either run about to seek or ask for business, for the world would have but little confidence in the man who commended his own skill and knowledge to their patronage. He cannot, like the other, safely say his goods are the best the market affords. No; he must sit in his office and await the slow coming support of the public; but what "distant minutes tell he o'er," as he counts his slender means, and sees not as yet, in the prospective of the future, one spark of hope. With the position, education, and feeling of a gentleman, he is compelled to maintain himself far beyond his means, and this adds to the crushing cares which already depress him.—"Very true," cries the merchant, "always live within your means." Very true, and a very good practice when your success does not so much depend upon nice observation as in the case of a professional man.

You may sell a bale or a cargo of cotton without a coat at all, or a ready suit, but it would never do for the doctor or the lawyer unless already established in practice, to appear at the bedside of a patient or in presence of a court in similar attire. People do not recognize talent in threadbare clothes. Genius must not wear a crownless hat or darned stockings, if it hopes to gain admission to polite society.—N. O. Delta.

The above exhibition of human folly is one of every day practice, and may well every day practice. Who so bold as to aver that fashion is not our greatest tyrant? Who can say that society is not in a wrong position? But the moral poison stops not. It even invades the cottage of the honest hard-working man, and many poor families have we see ruined by it—the honest poor aping the foolish rich!—Is there to be no end to this absurdity and extravagance? Thomas Jefferson made it a rule—and a golden rule it was, too, "Never buy anything but what you absolutely need, and never upon credit!" How many fellows that truly live maxims? Verily there is more of intemperance to reform in gewgaws and other extravagances amongst us than liquor drinking twenty times told.—Cin. Times.

RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA IN COPENHAGEN.—The latest foreign papers contain to give shocking accounts of the cholera at Copenhagen.

The lower orders divide their day between work and funerals; the reckless are to be heard frolicking in taverns, and shouting, "let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The rich have applied, within the past few days, to the number of 15,000, for passports to leave the place. The Hereditary Prince and his consort have resolved on staying in Copenhagen, to serve as an encouragement and example. A committee has been formed for preventing the extension of the cholera. They cause all the wretched inhabitants, of still more wretched tenements, to be brought into better dwellings; feed and clothe them. The police have dispersed a number of rascals, or poor lodging houses. The women and children are found, in almost all cases, destitute of body and bed linen.

Be Yourself.

Insist on yourself; never imitate.—Your own gift you can prevent every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him; No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias, or trowel of the Egyptians, or pen of Moses, or Dante, but different from all these.—Emerson.

American Patriotism.

Col. Sleigh an English officer, in his book of travels, says: "The Americans are truly a patriotic people—they dearly love their country; her honor each man feels is centered in himself. A national disgrace is by the Americans deemed an individual reproach. The success of a countryman as a Senator, an author or a soldier, even although he be not of the highest rank, is a source of pride and self-congratulation."

Well, so it is. Phrenologists would call this "the organ of Self Esteem largely developed." And if any nation on earth hath it in abundance, we certainly have. Glad of it, too, it is a divine law, and that man, or that country without it, must be poor indeed.

But its beauty don't stop here—it is only the ante-chamber, and highly progressive in its character. Patriotism furnishes the key to a larger apartment, beautifully described by the poet as "Next, all human race!" What a wide and glorious field for American patriotism—to be the shield and protector of freedom over all the earth! This is evidently her mission, and heaven-appointed, too, and gloriously will she fulfill it, or we are much mistaken. "Blessed be thy arms, Young Soldier!"

Cure of the Yellow Fever.

It has been discovered in Caracas, Venezuela, and the fact considered of so much importance that our Consul there has communicated it to the Secretary of State at Washington, that the *verbena* is a certain cure for the yellow fever. It has been thoroughly tested. Numbers have been completely cured after a consultation had declared that the cases were quite hopeless, and that the patients must die in a few hours. The remedy is the juice of the pounded leaves of the *verbena*, given in small doses three times a day, and injections of the same every two hours until the bowels are emptied. The *verbena* is a wild shrub, to be found growing almost everywhere, and particularly in low, moist ground.

Great Guano Island Discovery.

Between Mauritius and Calcutta, in the Indian ocean, the captain of a British vessel lately discovered a large island of guano. The deposit is reported to be immense, the island being twenty miles long by seven broad, and thus forty times the size of Ichoaboe. There are no strong ocean currents near the island, and it is said that loading stages can be erected with great facility in the creeks and bays along its coasts.

A Fortune Waiting.

A large legacy has been left the heirs of Thomas Gay married in Virginia, and died, leaving an only daughter, whose children are supposed to reside in Virginia or Kentucky and these are the parties wanted. Mr. JOHN LIVINGSTON 157 Broadway, New York, is the person who has the matter in hand.

Death of a Family.

The Courier gives a melancholy narrative of the ravages of yellow fever in the family of Capt James Smith, of Louisville. His family was in New Orleans at the time the epidemic broke out there, he went down to bring them away. On his arrival he found his wife and two children dead and two of his other children and his aged mother stricken with the disease, with but slight hopes of their recovery. He took his remaining child, James Price, a boy of fourteen and started for Louisville. The boy died on the way, and was buried below New Madrid.—The father was overcome by grief and was landed at Paduch in a precarious condition.—Cincinnati Commercial.

A recent writer says that Pythagorus was a great dandy. He wore a white robe with Persian trowsers, and a golden cross on his head.