From the Jacksonville Republican.

Funeral of General Gaines.

The body of General Gaines, under the immediate charge of his late Aid-de-Camp, Lieut. Patrick Calhoun, and a number of other friends was received in Mobile by the steamer Oregon. The body was received, in accordance with the arrangements made by the municipal authorities, and conveyed to the Armory, where it was kept under the charge of a guard of honor. During the day funeral guns were fired by the Artillery at short intervals. At 6 o'clock, P. M., a procession composed of the Volunteer Regiments—the Officers of the Brigade in uniform, the Masonic Fraternity and other citizens, was formed under the command of Major General McCoy, and followed the body to the Episcopal State Church. The procession was most imposing, and well conducted—all the companies, as well as the several staffs, deserving the highest praise for the alacrity with which they turned out, and their excellent bearing on the occasion.

The body was borne in front, on a splendid *Catafalyere*, prepared for the occasion, with an obelisk, surmounted by a golden eagle draped in mourning. The car upon which it was placed was drawn by six black horses, while a fine charger, suitably caparisoned, was led in the rear. The procession marched to the sound of appropriate funeral airs, finely played by the Creole Band.

The streets were lined by crowds, who had turned out to witness the ceremonies. The church was filled to overflowing by ladies and gentlemen. The body was conveyed into the aisle and placed in front of the pulpit, covered by the star spangled banner.

The address of the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, was a eloquent and appropriate tribute, to the character and memory of the illustrious deceased. He detailed, in graphic style, the principal incidents of his life, and did full justice to his exalted virtues and services.

After the discourse, the procession was reformed, and conveyed the body to the place of sepulture, in the "Old Grave Yard." We did not witness these final ceremonies, and cannot therefore describe them.

The whole of the proceedings testified the high regard felt for the memory of the illustrious deceased, by the citizens of Mobile, and the melancholy pride which they feel in having his honored remains deposited in our city. How long we shall expect to see a suitable cenotaph, erected by our city, over the grave, to point out the spot where lies one of the purest patriots, most gallant soldiers, and distinguished officers, our country has ever possessed.

This distinguished soldier was the oldest officer in the American army, and his career was marked, throughout, by the most useful and brilliant services. His original commission, as ensign, bore date the 10th of January, 1799. A few years after, he was selected to make a topographical survey, through the wilderness from Nashville to Natchez, for the location of a military. This hazardous duty he performed to the satisfaction of the Government. In the year 18[illegible] when it was found that Spain refused to deliver up the territory between the Mississippi and Perdido, including Mobile and Baton Rouge, and obstructed the American trade with the Gulf, the President determined to appoint a military collector of customs for the "District of Stephen's," and selected Lieut. Gaines for that office, to which soon after, was added the duties of Post master at Fort Stoddart, with a supervision as agent over the other post masters and mail contractors, and carriers, in the extensive section of country from New Orleans to Augusta, Georgia, the greater portion of which was then a wilderness. While in the discharge of these various and complicated duties, he was instrumental in the arrest of Col. Burr, on the Tombecbee, and had him carried to Richmond, Va., for trial.

Gen. Gaines had now risen to the rank of Captain; but begun to tire of the dull employments of a peace establishment in the army, and, obtaining permission from his commanding General, Wade Hampton, retired from the service, and turned his attention to the Law, a profession which he had studied before entering the army. He entered upon the practice in the counties of Washington and Baldwin, in the then Mississippi Territory, with flattering auspices; but the declaration of war against Great Britain in 1812, called him again to resume his sword.

In this war, Gen. Gaines won his brightest laurels. He was particularly distinguished in the action of Chrystler's Field, and he was severely wounded by the burstinng of a shell. The important services by which he gained his high reputation for gallantry and soldiership form conspicuous passages in our military history. He received in rapid succession, promotions as lieutenant-colonel, colonel, adjutant-general, brigadier-general, and major-general,—the last, the highest rank authorized by law, and particularly complimentary from being conferred as *war-brevet*, expressly stating the fact that it was conferred on him "in consequence of his gallant and meritorious conduct in battle." The General Government awarded him a vote of thanks, with a gold medal, and the States of New York, Virginia and Tennessee, each voted him a gold mounted sword.

From this time, General Gaines devoted himself to the military service of his country, aiding in perfecting the army, and erecting our national defences. He was always distinguished for his scientific knowledge as a soldier, and suggested many valuable improovements and experiments. In the Florida war, he took a brief but active part, and was anxious to have shared in the dangers and honors of our war with Mexico, but the demands of the service required his presence elsewhere.

General Gaines was always passionately devoted to this country. He loved her honor and prosperity above his own life. To the special qualities of a soldier, which he possessed in the most chivalrous degree, he added the attaintments of the scholar, particularly in all branches appurtenant to his profession. His many able reports and communications to the Government, evinced his intellectual abilities, and the temper of his patriotism.

The death of this great man will be regarded as a national loss. Though he has gone full of years, at the allotted end of life; yet his presence in our midst suggested the noblest lessons of patriotism, and patriotic service.

By the citizens of Mobile this national loss will be particularly regretted. As we have shown, General Gaines was intimately connected with our early history, and the fortunes of this city. His first marriage was with a daughter of Judge Harry Toulmin, our recent Post master. His brother, George S. Gaines, one of our oldest and most valuble citizens, was like the General, a participant in all the movements which acquired Western Alabama, and the adjacent parts of Mississippi from the Indians, and this city, with the country west of the Perdido, from Spain. They were the earliest American pioneers into this section of the Union, and may be regarded as among the "Fathers of Mobile." General Gaines leaves here, a large number of relations, besides the whole community, to lament his death, and do honor to his memory.

From the National Intelligencer.

Miss Maria Edgeworth.

The last steam-packet from Liverpool brought us the news of Miss EDGEWORTH's death. She died on the 21st of May, at her residence in Edgeworthstown, county of Longford, Ireland, above eighty-two years old.

Few persons, in our time, have been permitted to do so much to bless and to benefit mankind; fewer still to persevere in their labors to the end, and live so long to witness the good they had done. In every quarter of the world—and here in the United States more than in other countries beyond the limits of the British Empire—the hearts of many will be saddened by the intelligence as with a sense of personal loss. To many of us she the friend of our childhood, who took us gently by the hand, and led us in the paths where those who most loved us wished we should go. To many of us, in our riper years, she has lightened the heavy hours of solitvde or of sorrow. To all who have listened to her she has been a safe counsellor, speaking in tones of cheerful encouragement, and urging us to whatever is honorable and good, by precepts of winning wisdom, and by fictions so faithful to life that they seem to have the force of living example. To all indeed, who have thus known her—and who can count their number? her death now comes like a bereavement.

But all who have loved or admired her will be consoled to learn that her old age was serene and happy; that she enjoyed to the last not only extraordinary powers, but all the pleasures of life she had most valued—and that she died on the spot which was always her home, surrounded by those whom she entirely loved and trusted, and followed by the blessings of her suffering countrymen, for whose relief she made her latest literary exertion, and to whom she never ceased freely to devote her substance and her strength.

Under all the circumstances the warm and trusting spirit that pervades whatever she wrote was present to sustain and strengthen her. A few years ago, after a dangerous illness, she said in a letter to a friend, "And now it is all [illegible] God, not only for my [illegible] truth, and w[illegible] affectation of sentiment, I declare that, on the whole, my illness was a source of more pleasure than pain to me; and I would willingly go through all the fever and weakness to have the delight of the feelings of tender, warm affection, and the consequent unspeakable sensations of gratitude. When I felt that it was more than probable that I should not recover—with a pulse above 120, and at the entrance of my seventy-sixth year—I was not alarmed; I felt ready to rise thankful from the banquet of life, where I had been a happy guest. I confidently relied upon the goodness of Creator." And again, a few weeks since, she wrote: "Our pleasures in literature do not, I think, decrease with age. Last first of January was my eighty-second birthday, and I think that from books I had as much enjoyment last year as I ever had in any year in my life." And thus she went onward, doing good and enjoying the good she did, until, after only a few hours of illness, she was called to close her long and happy life, which, to an extraordinary degree, had been given to the cultivation of what was best and gentlest in her own nature and in the hearts of all whom she could reach, either by her modest personal example, or by the manifold influences of her genius.

A Singular Physiological Fact.

The transference of vitality which appears to take place when young persons are habitually placed in contact with the aged, is not nursery fiction. It is well attested by very competent authorities. "A not uncommon cause," observes Dr. James Copeland, "of depressed vital power, is the young sleeping with the aged. This fact, however explained, has been long remarked, and is well known to every unprejudiced observer. I have on several occasions met with the counterpart of the following case: "I was, a few years ago, consulted about a pale, sickly, and thin boy, of about four or five years of age. He appeared to have no specific ailment, but there was a slow and remarkable decline of flesh and strength and of the energy of the functions; what his mother very aptly termed a gradual blight. After inquiry into the history of the case, it came out that he had been a very robust and plethoric child, up to his third year, when his grandmother, a very good person, took him to sleep with her; that he soon afterward lost his good looks; and that he continued to decline progressively ever since notwithstanding medical treatment. I directed him to sleep apart from the aged parent, and prescribed gentle tonics, change of air, &c. The recovery was rapid. But it is not in children only that debility is induced by this mode of abstracting vital power. Young females married to very old men suffer in a similar manner, although seldom to so great an extent; and instances have come to my knowledge where they have suspected the cause of this debilitated state. These facts are often well known to the aged themselves, who consider the indulgence favorable to longevity, and thereby illustrate the selfishness, which, in some persons, increase with their years." Every medical practitioner is well aware of the fact, and parents are generally advised not to allow their infants to sleep with aged persons."

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The Dog that was too faithful for his MASTER.

BY WILLIAM WHITFORE.

In the bleakest and most marren portion of the county of Derbyshire, England, there lived a long time ago, a man and his wife of the name of Pollard. The former was the keeper of the turnpike gate, and he had only been married some two or three months, when the circumstance occurred of which we are about to speak. The small toll house in which he lived was situated at a point where three roads met, and in a place where the scenery was singularly wild and dreary. It stood in a deep hollow formed by two chains of high hills, whose sides were covered with nought but a continuous surface of dark brown heath, or occasional bushes of prickly goose. Not another house was to be seen for miles and the only evidence of life were in the few flocks of sheep which were here and there browsing along the mountain's side: or the mail coach and a few carrier's wagons, which at intervals passed along the road. The only person who ever paid a visit to the toll-house was a butcher named Godfrey, who called every Saturday, for the purpose of supplying the Pollards with fresh meats.

Mr. Pollard had lived in his present abode during several years previous to his marriage—and being of a courageous disposition, and having become accustomed to the loneliness of his place of residence, he was but little affected thereby, but his wife, who had ever been accustomed to living in a populous town and being withal of a timid nature, now lived in a constant state of alarm and dread—more particularly whenever her husband paid a visit to the neighboring town for such necessaries as they required. And what tended to increase this feeling of alarm to a still greater extent, that part of the country was at that time infested by a band of lawless men, who almost nightly robbed and murdered some unfortunate cavalier, or broke into and plundered some farm-house:—nor could the utmost vigilance of the authorities succeed in detecting them. Of these men she lived in daily dread, lest they, discovering that her husband was possessed of a large sum of money—the saving of former years—should seize an opportunity, when he was away from home, and murder her to obtain it. She frequently pressed her husband to give up his station, and remove to some safer place of abode; but he invariably laughed at her fears, assuring her that there was not the least danger, as none but themselves were aware of the fact of his possessing the money in question. One day in December he received a letter, informing him that his father was lying at the point of peath, and earnestly wished to see him before that event took place. This letter gave him great uneasiness, for, apart from the grief it occasioned at his father's situation, if he went he could not possibly return before the next day, as his father's residence was more thirty miles distant, and his wife would be obliged to stay and take care of the house. He must go, however—he could not refuse his father's dying request. [illegible] imparted his intention to his [illegible] forgo his resolution, during [illegible] and used the most endeavors to soothe her and calm her fears, that he could venture to proceed on his journey.

It was Saturday morning when he started, and one of the dreariest days of the season. The snow lay thick upon the ground, and still continued to fall heavily, causing the face of the surrounding scene to look more wild and lonely than ever. As Mrs. Pollard sat in the small front apartment of the house, her fears gradually increased more and more, as her imagination conjured up a thousand dread forbodings, and almost fancied that each sound of the wind whistling through the valley, was some one even now about to break into the place. Time sped, when at length Godfrey, the butcher, approached: her terror had attained to such a height that she determined to endeavor to stay in the house with her until her husband's return.

This Godfrey was a tall, powfully built man, about 45 or 50 years of age, and with a rough countenance by no means prepossessing. He resided in a house some five or six miles, and which was at least that distance from any other. He had occupied it for years, followed his present business, and disposed of his meat by taking it it in his wagon to the different families in the vicinity. Mrs. Pollard had been unacquainted with him until the time of her marriage; but the familiarity arising from weekly visit to her house, and the cordiality with which her husband invariably received him, now inspired her with more confidence towards him, than from his looks she would otherwise have done.

'I am so glad you are come!' said Mrs. Pollard as he butcher entered her dwelling. 'John has gone to see his father, who is not expected to live, and will not return until tomorrow; and I am nearly frightened to death for we have got more than a hundred sovereigts in the house, and if any of these robbers were to come, they would murder me. Won't you stay and keep me company until John comes back?'

During the first part of this address, Godfrey did not appear to listen with much apparent interest; but the moment Mrs. Pollard mentioned the money, his face assumed an expression of singular import, and his grey eyes flashed quick glances from beneath his pert and shaggy brows, as though something had suddenly moved him. 'I am sorry,' he replied—and speaking in a low deliberate tone—'but I cannot possibly stay—I have got to call at two or three more places with meat yet; and before I could return it would be midnight. But I tell you what I will do—there's Dash—a better dog never lived—I'll leave him with you: and I'll agree to forfeit my head if he lets any one enter the house while he is there."

With many thanks, Mrs. Pollard accepted his offer; for she had often heard her husband speak of the courage and sagacity of the animal in question.

'Stay here,' said Godfrey, now, as he looked at his dog, and pointed within the room with his finger, "and see that you don't let any one come near.'

The dog, which was a very large one, one of the breed called "mastaff,' answered this command of his master by wagging his tail two or three times, and looking up in his face with an intelligent expression; and the next moment crouching down by the side of Mrs. Pollard, stretched himself at full length upon the hearth, as though at home.

When the butcher had departed, Mrs. Pollard began to caress the dog, and for a long time endeavored to attract his attention, but in vain; he continued to lie mute and motionless, as though devoid of life. This circumstance raised her fears anew; for she began to think that if the dog lay thus passive now, he would do so if any one chanced to come to the place. Again she renewed her caresses, and finally offered him a piece of meat; but still with the same success, the dog would neither appear to recognize her presence, nor would he touch the meat.

The toll house consisted of two rooms, with only one door entrance, and which was used as a bed room, and was lighted by a small window at the foot of the bed. The front had two windows; a tolerably large one near the door, and a small lattice, whose diamond shaped squares of glass were encased within thin plates of lead. To none of the windows were there any shutters, with the exception of the one in the bed room.

At the usual time, Mrs. Pollard retired to rest, but in vain endeavored to sleep; the dog still remaining in the same immoveable position as when his master left him.

The night was more chilly and dreary than had been the day. The falling of snow had given place to a heavy storm of commingled sleet and rain, which the wind now blew against the casements with terrible force—almost appearing as though it would raise the house from its very foundation. It seem- a fitting night for deeds of blood! Mrs. Pollard lay in her bed trembling, as her terror at each repitition of the keen blast continued. Stories of robbery and bloodshed increased, which she had heard years ago, now rushed through her mind with vivid distinctness; and her imagination increased their enormity a thousand fold.

She lay thus unable to sleep, until as near she could guess, about midnight, when she thought she heard the sound of a single footstep outside the house. She partly raised herself, and bending forward, listened for a continuance of the sound with eager intentness. She soon heard the step again, and this time distinctly. They now appeared to be quite near. She now listened for the dog's raising some alarm—but not the slightest movement did he seem to make. Her terror suddenly raised to a great extent, at the animal's not taking notice of the noise outside. Another moment, and she heard a sound as of some one removing the glass out of the small casement in the other room, immediately followed by the sharp click of the handle, which fastened it on the inside, turning round. Still the dog gave no sound or indication of what was going on.

Mrs. Pollard was now almost frantic with excess of fear, feeling assured that she must undoubtedly in a few minutes be murdered. The perspiration streamed from her in large, cold drops, and her tongue seemed powerless to utter a single cry.

As we said, the dog had as yet given forth no sign of recognition; but when, a moment after the noise of the handle's turning round, as one seemed to be forcing [illegible] he gives a low growl, followed by a sudden spring. A shrill cry of agony immediately echoed through the house, so keen and startling as almost to chill the blood in Mrs. Pollard's veins. The cry was followed by the sound of fierce struggling, mingled with sharp cries, which each moment became weaker and weaker, as of a human being in the very extremest of mortal pain and anguish; and the deep mouthed baying of the dog. At length the struggle ceased, and all became still as death.

When daylight appeared, Mrs. Pollard rose and dressed with as much speed as the weakness and terror of the night had occasioned would permit. She then sat down by the window, to await the appearance of the first person who might pass, for she could not summon sufficient courage to enter the other room alone. In a short time a teamster approached, whom she hailed; and as soon as he had stepped near to where she was seated, told the story of the previous night's adventure.

He instantly ran round to the side on which was the lattice casement, and the next moment returned, with horror depicted on his countenance, as he exclaimed—"My God, what a sight I have seen." He then got in by the window at which Mrs. Pollard had been seated, and led the way to the other room.

And what an object was then presented to their view? Hanging on the sill of the casement with the head and shoulders protruding through into the interior, was the body of a man, whose throat was litterally torn to pieces! It was the body of Godfrey, the butcher! In his right hand he held a large, the blade of which was covered with blood, for he had stabbed the dog several times during the struggle. And fierce that struggle must have been, for in his left hand was a quantity of hair which he had torn from the neck of the dog. The latter, at the moment when they entered the room, was sitting erect on his haunches beneath the place where his master was hanging, gazing with a fixed look upon him; and the blood was still flowing from the stabs he had received.

Godfrey had formed the resolution of robbing and murdering Mrs. Pollard, and had left his dog with her as a means of effectually warding off all suspicion from attaching to himself; never for a single moment doubting but that his dog would permit him to enter the house unmolested. The faithfulness and intelligence of the animal was thus the instrument of punishment on his master for the enormity of his crime he had intended to commit. The teamster dressed the wounds of Dash, and then pursued his journey. Nor did Mrs. Pollard now feel any further fear of staying alone, until the return of her husband, after such a proof of the courage and sagacity of her brute protector. Dash recovered from his wounds, and was ever kept by them with as much care as tho' he had been their child, nor could any amount of money which might have been offered for his possession, have tempted them to part with him.

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R. HAWLEY.

Columbia S. C. March 6, 1849. 6 tf

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ROBERT H. NICHOLLS, Rector.

May 1, 1849. 15 4w.

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