

THE WYANDOT PIONEER.

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WHOLE NO. 400.

THINKS I TO MYSELF.

I saw her again, but a few days ago,
When Kossuth came down to the city:
The name of the lady I never did know.
But, thinks I she's uncommonly pretty,
And witty,
And clever, no doubt, as she's pretty.
Thinks I to myself, I have seen her before—
Pins feet, and black eyes, and black hair;
But I could not tell where as I thought it more,
And hang me if I could tell where;
I declare
I could not tell how, when, or where,
But now both the time and the place I remember,
I remember her pleasing address;
At a certain hotel in the month of September,
We met in the doorway, I guess;
Yes, yes,
Thinks I, she's the person I guess.
Thinks I, she would make a good partner for
me.
But she's married or spoken for, I suppose,
Still, if that's not the case, and if I had no wife,
Thinks I to myself, it'd propose.
If it wa'n't for all that I'd propose.
But I'm married; thinks I to myself 'tis a pity,
I'm tied, and can not undo it;
Yet, thinks I, there's no harm in writing this
ditty.
Though 'tis well that my wife doesn't know it,
Old poet!
'Tis well that your wife don't know it.

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

A Thrilling Narrative.

It was in the year 1832, toward the close of November, a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a roadside inn, situated between Hornberg and Kottwell, on the frontier of the Duchy of Baden.

Two travelers, driven by the bad weather to shelter in this humble hostelry, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of the hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travelers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyments of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had for their only domestic a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself. Housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet de chambre to the stray visitants in the best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active German girl fulfilled the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travelers having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group that had collected round the stove, Father Hoffkirk, the minister, their host, and some neighbors who had entered by chance. The conversation turned upon the fearful and murderous events of which the neighboring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirk was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was a little more than gun-shot from the inn-door; it was a tradition, unfortunately, but an ancient gibbet which still remained on the identical spot gave an air of gloomy veracity which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings.

All the guests were still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirk had caused, when one of the travelers before mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off, at that moment, to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fears of the company.

A long silence was the only reply. Suddenly the young girl Krettel, who was quietly spinning in the corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place in case of danger, but this fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel only required that the inn-door should be left open until her return, and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she had really visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however, after a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her—that the object of fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her she had been noticed. By a movement as swift as thought, she unloosed the horse, leaped on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued, but redoubling her speed, she reached the inn yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small

leather valise was attached to the saddle; but Father Hoffkirk would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the Burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the inn-keeper, his wife and their guests all set off for the neighboring town, where they intended, after the service, to acquaint the Burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being in her situation, but this young servant maid, having seen the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed when there came a knock on the outer door. It was a traveler on horse-back, who asked leave to rest for a little while. Krettel at first refused, but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him. Beside, the man was well dressed and alone, so there was little to fear from him. The stranger wished to take his horse to the stable himself, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected.

While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners, inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and in short, asked so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him of her late adventure, and ended by confessing herself all alone. She instantly felt a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with singular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying. The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length. At last after a few unimportant questions, the traveler, desired the servant girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey, but on reaching the cellar, found that the stranger followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they reached the foot of the stairs she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up against the wall. The man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this movement, remounted the steps, agile and noiselessly, closed and bolted the door upon the pretended traveler, and then barricaded herself in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes enclosed in her retreat, when a fresh knock resounded at the inn door, and she perceived there too ill-looking men, who asked her what had become of a traveler who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar. Nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject. On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall.—The poor girl trembled with fear, for she knew that they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story. In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and here fell on a musket, which hung from the wall, a relic of her master's youngest days. She seized it, and pointing the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to ascend.

The two robbers—for that they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms where, expecting no resistances, they brought no weapons, and, confounded at such intrepidity, went away, uttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and friend coming in sight accompanied by the brave Burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. The wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the Burgomaster, especially, lavished on her the warmest thanks for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber, whom Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind. After a hard resistance he was bound and secured, and soon after recognized as the chief of a band of robbers, who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men, wandering without a captain, were quickly taken or dispersed. The Burgomaster decided that the horse and valise, which contained a large number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of a banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

On Tuesday last a fatal accident occurred on the railroad near Scottsville. A son of Mr. John C. Beraw, about thirteen years of age, was engaged in carting gravel. The horse became restive, and, making a sudden plunge, threw the little fellow under one of the wheels of the cart, which passed over his head and killed him instantly.—*Lebanon Star.*

The Catastrophe at Niagara.

We this week present an illustration of one of the most fearful and heart-rending occurrences, so far as a single individual was concerned, which has for a long time transpired. The event is another of those terrible incidents which occasionally arouse to an unusual degree the spontaneous interest and sympathy of thousands.

It appears that, on the 18th ult., three men who were employed in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, ventured out into the river in a boat, which soon passed beyond their control, and was swamped in the rapids. Two of the men were carried immediately over the Falls; the fate of the other was for a while delayed.

The rapids of Niagara commence three quarters of a mile above the Falls. They have a descent of over fifty feet. The immense volume of water rushes onward, with white crested breakers, and a dashing and furious torrent, tossing from 10 to 30 feet above the main body, until they reached the principal precipice. Years ago, we often stood upon the shore, and gazed for unwearied hours with mingled admiration and awe upon the scene they presented; to one who has never beheld them, the terribly critical position of the man who struggled for life for twenty hours amid their rage, can hardly be made to appear in anything like its true aspect of desperation and horror.

Joseph Avery, the unfortunate man, succeeded for a time in arresting his passage down the river, by clinging to some logs which seemed, providentially, to lie in the course the current was carrying him. They were about half way between the bridge which crosses the American branch of the river to Goat Island and the cataract. There were two of these logs, crossing each other, and firmly wedged in between the rocks, one of which rose a few feet above the surface of the water. Directly in front of him there was a precipitate fall of some four or five feet, while on either side the water rushed by over the uneven rocks with the greatest rapidity. In this hazardous situation he remained, although he would now and then let himself down from the log to which he clung the greater part of the time, and seek, as it would seem, to relieve his weariness by walking a few steps upon the rocks, which were only a slight distance below the surface of the water. As the tidings of his danger spread, crowds of people flocked to the scene, so that for hours thousands of eager witnesses of the sad spectacle thronged the bridge and the shore, anxious and yet unable to relieve a fellow being from his position of terrific peril. He was most insecurely lodged in the very centre of the stream, where the current boils, and foams and whirls on at a rate of not less than forty miles an hour. It was utterly useless to attempt to draw anything like a boat or raft against the violence of the current. Various expedients were suggested and given up as impracticable.

The only thing which appeared to promise a feeble hope, was to float a boat to him from the bridge by means of ropes, and in case he was successful in entering it, to drift it across, if possible, by the same means, to a small island midway between his resting place and Goat's Island. One boat was let down, and was swamped and swept away. Another was hazarded, but one of the ropes became so entangled around the log, that it was impossible for the well-nigh exhausted sufferer, to extricate it. He had now been confined in that perilous place for sixteen hours, and the pressure of the tide upon the boat was so great that it is not to be wondered at that his remaining strength was insufficient, desperate and agonizing as were his efforts, to detach the rope.

These endeavors proving of no avail, a raft was constructed, composed of two beams connected by planks firmly nailed across, to one end of which a barrel was fastened; the other end was furnished with ropes, crossing each other in various ways by means of which, it was thought, Avery might lash himself securely to the raft.—With this raft there was also attempted to be sent to him a tin box, in which food and spirits were placed. When this structure was let down from the bridge and the lower end came in contact with the water, it was instantly hurried away.—Precaution had not been taken to wind the rope attached to the upper end of the raft around some post or other stationary object, and although the men who had hold of the rope clung to it to the severe wounding of their hands, they were yet compelled to let pass through their grasp.—And the raft was lost. All this time, Avery had continued his exertions to disconnect the rope from the log to which the second boat attached. His powers of endurance did not yet seem to be entirely exhausted. After some considerable debate and delay, another raft provided.—Upon this was fastened a life boat, which had just arrived from Buffalo. This raft was more cautiously let down than the preceding one; and he succeeded in placing himself upon it. Undoubtedly at that moment, for the first time in many weary hours, he felt some sense of security. None can know how fondly he whispered of deliverance near at hand—how the thought of a gain meeting those whom he loved sent a thrill of joy through every nerve of his being. At that moment, the crowds gathered upon the bridge and along the shore, responded to his un-

uttered hope by a universal and triumphant shout! The waving of hands, and hats, and handkerchiefs betokened their general joy.

It was a mistaken and untimely triumph. The next instant, to make himself the more secure, he was climbing into the boat, when the raft was thrown against the boat, and he was precipitated into the raging current. He struggled amidst the waters, and seemed at first to be making headway towards the island. But his strength soon failed, and he was borne backward into the more impetuous part of the current, and then downward, rapidly and more rapidly, until he approached the fatal edge of the cataract; and then, gathering his energies into one desperate spring he threw himself from the waters, flung his arms wildly upward, shrieked a terrific farewell, fell again into the waves, and was dashed into the awful abyss! Sickness fell upon a thousand hearts, and they learned anew the lesson of man's weakness.—*N. Y. Ill. News.*

AN EXQUISITE STORY BY LAMERTINE.—In the tribe of Negdeh, there was a horse whose fame was spread far and near and a Bedouin of another tribe, by the name of Daher, desired extremely to possess it. Having offered in vain for it his camels and his whole wealth, he hit at length upon the following device, by which he hoped to gain the object of his desire:

He resolved to stain his face with the root of an herb, to clothe himself in rags, to tie his legs and neck together so as to appear like a lame beggar. Thus equipped, he went to wait for Naber, the owner of the horse, who he knew was to pass that way. When he saw Naber approaching on his beautiful steed, he cried out in a weak voice,

"I am a poor stranger; for three days I have been unable to move from this place to seek for food. I am dying—help me, and Heaven will reward you."

The Bedouin kindly offered to take him upon his horse and carried him home—but rogue replied,

"I cannot rise; I have no strength left."

Naber, touched with pity, dismounted, led the horse to the spot, and with great difficulty set the seeming beggar on his back, but no sooner did Daher feel himself in the saddle, than he sets spurs to the horse, galloped off, calling out as he did so—

"It is I, Daher; I have got the horse and am off with it."

Naber calling to him to stop and listen. Certain of not being pursued, he turned and halted at a short distance from Naber, who was armed with a spear.

"You have taken my horse," said Naber, "since Heaven has willed it; but I do conjure you never to tell any one how you obtained it."

"And why not," said Daher.

Because," said the noble Arab, "another man might be really ill, and men would fear to help him. You would be the cause of many refusing to perform an act of charity, for fear of being duped as I have been."

Struck with shame at these words, Daher was silent for a moment, then springing from the horse, returned it to his owner, embracing him. Naber made him accompany him to his tent, where they spent a few days together, and became friends for life.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.—The Indianapolis Journal gave the following particulars:

Mr. George Lingenfelter, shoemaker of this city, aged about sixty years, met his death last Wednesday evening, in the following horrible manner. In the county jail there is a step-ladder leading from the room John Freeman occupies to one below. The opening leading down is covered with a heavy two-ply wooden door, bolted and barred with iron, which weighs several hundred pounds. This door when it is raised and leaned against the wall is so delicately poised that very little exertion is requisite to throw it down, and so great is its weight that two men are usually required to raise it.

Mr. L. lost his balance while near this stairway, and in falling caught hold of the upraised door which fell, crushing his head and one hand and killing him instantly. His body had fallen through, thus leaving his whole weight suspended by his head and hand. John Freeman, who was the only person in the room, when he saw the accident rushed to the door, and with the utmost superhuman strength which excitement gives a man, raised the door without help, and when he did so the body fell through and lodged on the step-ladder, in which one leg caught. The unfortunate man did not breathe or struggle after he was raised.

Got me there.—An examination committee about to test the capacities of an individual for school teaching, put the following questions to him.

"At what time did France produce her greatest general?"

"At what period?" pausing and scratching his head—"at what—ah! you've got me there!"

"Before or after Christ. Before or after Well old losses, you've got me again!"

An old maid is an old boot—of no use without a fellow.

What kind of pigs cannot be driven?—Pigs that are led.

Reserving the Right of Passage.

A young Kentuckian, once came to Boston for the purpose of learning the science of medicine. He was tall and athletic, shrewd, apt, and intelligent, with a 'sprinkling of waggishness. He was inducted into the Charity Hospital, and a room in the third story given him as a study. On entering into his new quarters, he was introduced to a young French gentleman occupying the room, also a student. The young Frenchman, it seems, was very frank in his manners, courteous, yet cold, and he thus addressed his companion:

"Sir, I am indeed pleased to see you, and hope that we may prove mutually agreeable; but, in order that this may be the case, I will inform you that I have had several former room mates, with none of whom I could ever agree; we could never pursue our studies together. This room contains two beds; as the oldest occupant I claim the one nearest the window."

The Kentuckian assented.

"Now," said the Frenchman, "I'll draw a boundary line between our territories, and we shall each agree not to encroach upon the other's rights," and taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, he made the mark of division, midway from one side of the room to the other. "Sir," he added, "I hope you have no objection to the treaty."

"None in the world, sir," answered the stranger; "I am perfectly satisfied with it. He then sent down for his baggage, and both students sat down with their books."

The Frenchman was soon deeply engaged, while 'Old Kentuck' was watching him, and thinking what a queer genius he must be, and how he might 'fix' him.

Thus things went on until dinner time came. The bell was rung; the Frenchman popped up, adjusted his cravat, brushed up his whiskers and moustaches, and essayed to depart.

"Stand, sir!" said the stranger suddenly placing himself, with a toe to the mark, directly in front of the French student, "if you cross that line you are a dead man."

The Frenchman stood pale with astonishment. The Kentuckian moved not a muscle of his face. Both remained in silence for some moments, when the Frenchman exclaimed:

"Is it possible that I did not reserve the right of passage?"

"No, sir, indeed you did not; and you pass this line at your peril."

"But how shall I get out of the room?"

"There is the window, which you reserved to yourself; you may use that; but you pass not that door—my door, which you generously left me."

The poor Frenchman was fairly caught. He was in a quandary, and made all sorts of explanations and entreaties. The Kentuckian took compassion on him, and thinking that going out of the window was not 'what it was cracked up to be,' said to his new friend:

"Sir, in order that we may be mutually agreeable, I'll rub out that hateful chalk line, and you pass."

The Frenchman politely thanked him, and since the settlement 'boundary question,' they have been the best friends.

INHUMAN AND DIABOLICAL.—A correspondent of the St. Louis Republican, writing from Jasper Co., Mo., details the following horrible story of crime:

On Friday night, the 15th July, two negroes, one belonging to Mr. Scott, went to the house of Dr. Fiske, who lives four miles from Carthage, and one stationed himself in the corner of the field, and the other went to the house and told the doctor that his master (Mr. D.) was very sick, and wanted him to come over immediately. The doctor took up his hat and started, the negro following; and so soon as they reached the spot where the runaway was stationed, both negroes fell on him, one with a club and the other with an ax, and killed him. His head was completely split open with the ax. The villains then went to the house, and both ravished the wife. They then killed her, then killed the child, then robbed the house, and set fire to it and burned it up. Dale's negro has been taken, and confessed these facts. Here was every crime that human beings could possibly commit at the same time—murder, rape, robbery and arson. The cup of iniquity is full to the brim. The atrocity of the deed is unparalleled in the annals of crime. Dale's negro produced \$240 that he had taken from the house, and said that the other had got five pieces, but did not know whether they were silver or gold. At last accounts, the people of Jasper were scouring the country in search of the runaway, and so sure as they catch him, they will relieve the courts of all trouble with them by burning both at the stake.

MARRIED AGAIN.—Mr. Carey H. Boatright was married last Sunday to Miss Lucinda Ward, both of this city.

This is only the tenth time that Mr. B. has taken a 'rib.' He is decidedly a man of connubial tastes—wedded to the joys of domestic life rather than the cheerless aspect of widowhood. He is actually afraid to slap a child in the street for fear it is his own. No wonder the population of Indianapolis is increasing so rapidly.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Passengers are to be forwarded from Montreal to New York, for three dollars by the Montreal and New York Railway Company.

Milton.

Blind Milton approaches nearly to that true conception of a right-minded hero which must ever be esteemed. What a picture have we of that sublime old man, as sick, poor, blind, and abandoned of all his friends, he still held fast his heroic integrity—rebuking, with his unbending republicanism, the treachery, cowardice, and servility of his old associates. He had outlived the hopes and beatific visions of his youth—he had seen the loud-mouthed advocates of liberty throwing down a nation's freedom at the foot of the shameless debauched, and perjured Charles II.—crouching to the harlot-thronged court of the tyrant, and forsaking at once their religion and their republicanism. The executioner's axe had been busy among his friends: Vane and Hampden slept in their bloody graves; Cromwell's ashes had been dragged from their resting-place, for, even in death, the effeminate monarch hated and feared the conqueror of Naseby and Marston moor. He was left alone in age and penury and blindness, oppressed with the knowledge that all which his free soul abhorred had returned upon his beloved country. Yet the spirit of the stern old republican remained to the last unbroken, realising the truth of his own 'Samson Agonistes':

"Patience is the exercise
Of saints, the trials of their fortitude,
Making them each their own deliverer,
And victor over all
That tyranny of fortune can inflict."

True, the overwhelming curse had gone over his country; harlotry and atheism sat in the high places, and the curses of wansons and the jests of buffoons regulated the measures of a government, which had just ability enough to deceive, just religion enough to persecute. But, while Milton mourned over this disastrous change, no self-reproach mingled with his sorrow.—To the last he had striven against the oppressor, and when confined to his narrow alley, a prisoner in his own mean dwelling, like another Prometheus on his rock, he still exhibited an unshaken defiance.—Who that has read his powerful appeal to his country, even when it was on the eve of welcoming back the tyranny and misrule which, at the expense of so much blood and treasure, had been thrown off, can ever forget it? How nobly does liberty speak through him! "If," said he, "ye welcome back a monarchy, it will be the triumph of all tyrants hereafter over any people who shall resist oppression, and their song shall then be, to others. 'How sped the rebellious English?' but to our posterity. 'How sped the rebels your fathers?' How solemn and awful is his closing paragraph:—'What I have spoken is the language of that which is not called amiss 'The Good Old Cause.' If it seem strange to any, it will not, I hope, seem more strange than convincing to backsliders. This much I should have said, though I were sure I should have spoken only to trees and stones, and had none to cry to but the prophet, 'Oh, earth, earth, earth!' to tell the very soil itself what its perverse inhabitants are deaf to—may, though what I have spoken should prove to be the last words of our expiring liberties—which Thou suffer not who didst make mankind free, nor Thou next who didst redeem us from being servants of sin!"

ACCIDENT AT SHARON SPRINGS.—We learn by a private letter from Sharon Springs, says the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser, that during the storm on last Saturday night a stage containing eight passengers was precipitated into a deep ravine on the edge of the road near that place. The writer says:

The night was very dark. The late rains had made the bank of the ravine soft and slimy, and the driver could not see his way, for he had no lantern. The wheels slide down in this soft place, and to get out the driver whipped his horses; they gave the stage a sudden jerk, which tore out the ring-bolt and separated the body of the coach from the box and the horses. It rolled over three times before it reached the bottom, a distance of eighty six feet. Three persons were badly hurt.

THE DEAD ALIVE.—A little girl about ten years of age, the daughter of one of our most esteemed citizens, was taken sick a few days ago, and on Monday evening, to the poignant grief of her parents, apparently died. The usual preparations were made, the room darkened, and the body inclosed in a shroud, with the intention of burying it yesterday afternoon. But yesterday morning the apparently dead girl revived, and terribly frightened at the situation in which she found herself, with her cries alarmed the household. She is since, we learn, doing well, and our readers may imagine the feelings of the family from this astonishing incident.—*Norfolk News.*

About four weeks since a Mr. Beyington, of Oberlin, O., was killed by a stallion. The horse was seized with a fit of madness, caught the man in his mouth, and threw him into the air. When he struck the ground, the horse jumped upon him with his fore feet, seized him by the head, and broke his neck short off, severing the jugular vein with his teeth.

A duel was fought on the 2d instant, inst., near Charleston, S. C. between John Dunavant of Chester, and J. D. Legare of Charleston, in which the latter was shot through the heart.

The amount of Hemp raised in the Western States, as near as can be ascertained, is 29,000 tons per annum, of which Kentucky raises 15,000 tons, and Missouri 10,000. Kentucky alone is capable of producing 100,000 tons per annum.

Cool Impudence.

There is a gentleman residing in Western New York, whom in default of his real name, we will call him Colonel. He had one son, Ned, rather a graceless youth, full of all the wild pranks in which students generally excel. Being at home during vacation, he corresponded regularly with his chum, who by agreement was to keep him 'posted up' in regard to everything that transpired with him worthy of note. Of course he was very careful to keep all of his precious epistles from the eye of the Colonel, and as Ned was 'Colonel, Jr.,' it became necessary to watch the mail arrivals closely, as his chum wasn't very particular in adding that distinguishing feature to his name.

One day he roared round to the Post Office, as usual, and found to his dismay that Joe, the groom, had taken the letter and left for home. He started at a gallop, but was unable to make up the time, for Joe arrived a head. Hoping that nothing very bad would come of it, he marched into dinner as cavalierly as possible. One glance at the Colonel's face revealed to him that he was in for it.

The substantial being disposed of, as usual the lady mother left the room, and left Ned and the Colonel sipping their wine. Leisurely pulling the letter from his pocket, the Colonel passed it to Ned and asked him what he thought of it.—Ned quietly perused it, its contents being an account of his chum's doings, both lawful and unlawful and ending by urging him to come to him without delay.—Ned finished it in silence, and handing it back to his father, said:—

"Well, sir, considering your age and station in life, I think you keep very bad company!" and before the Colonel had recovered himself sufficiently to reply, he vanished from the apartment.—*Dutchman.*

English Ignorance of America.

In a recent debate in the English Parliament, Sir Robert Peel stated that the number of States in the American Union was thirty-three; and a Cabinet Minister called the late 'old Patriot' of America, John Randolph, 'astatesman of Massachusetts,' and quoted him as having said that 'if you wish to make the inhabitants of a State a set of scoundrels, you had only to give them secret voting.' In a recent English journal, we noticed an account of the political movements of the 'State' of New Orleans. One of our citizens was asked, a short time since in England, if 'there were many persons in Boston who could speak the English language?' Dr. Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, in his last letter from London to that journal, remarks, 'We must not forget that the masses of English people are exceedingly ignorant of our country—its geography, its people, their institutions and usages, their Government, the relations of our State Governments to each other and to the Federal Government, and their relations severally to slavery. Many intelligent persons believe that this evil is diffused throughout all that States. An English lady of high position lately asked an American whether he saw much of it in Massachusetts? At a considerable dinner party, the other day, an English gentleman remarked to one of our countrymen that he had understood that the great vegetable for making soup in the States was pumpkin! Were you to tell many respectable people here that Massachusetts is the capital of Philadelphia, they would not know that you were quizzing them.'—*Evening Transcript.*

MURDER.—Capt. HORACE MILLER, of the canal boat *Austin*, was shot and instantly killed, between 7 and 8 o'clock, a few days ago, on the tow-path, near the Crawfordsville depot, two miles south of Lafayette, Ia., by an old man named OWEN NORRIS, whose only provocation was a rebuke from the Captain for using gross and obscene language to the Captain's wife. He persisted in the use of obscene language, when the Captain gave him a push or slight kick with his foot. He walked off a few steps, and the Captain gave orders to the hands to loose the boat and go ahead. At this moment NORRIS raised his gun and fired, the shot entering just below the shoulder of Captain MILLER, severing a large artery leading to the jugular vein, producing death in fifteen minutes. He is on the direct road to the gallows.

The Aztec children are now in London and are creating quite a sensation. The scientific men regard them as children of parents of ordinary size, but of a degraded race producing probably, many such dwarfish specimens.

The Richmond Va. Whig proposes as a substitute for the Maine Law in that State an amendment to the constitution, prohibiting any person from holding office would not take an oath that he would not drink any alcoholic liquors while in office, and that he had drunk none for twelve months preceding.

A submarine telegraph cable, on the St. Louis and New Orleans telegraph line was laid across the Ohio river at Paducah on the 26th ult. It is composed of a large iron wire, covered with three coatings of gutta percha.

The amount of Hemp raised in the Western States, as near as can be ascertained, is 29,000 tons per annum, of which Kentucky raises 15,000 tons, and Missouri 10,000. Kentucky alone is capable of producing 100,000 tons per annum.