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WESTERN UNION.

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From the Oquirrh Spectator.

LOUISA WILLIAMS;

OR THE

ORPHAN BOUND GIRL.

A TALE OF THE QUEEN CITY.

BY MRS. P. FARRER.

CHAPTER V.

The appointed hour had arrived in which Louisa was to make her escape. Henry had completed his preparations, and was already waiting her in the little arbor; yet hour after hour passed, and still she came not. Had she changed her mind? certainly not, or she would have apprised him of it; perhaps she had been detected the previous night, and was now confined to her own apartment. He kept his eyes fixed upon her window, but could detect no object within he now became seriously alarmed, lest some evil had befallen her. Yet, it might be, that she was watched so closely that she had no chance of making her situation known. He hoped another night would explain all; but night after night he repaired to the little arbor, in hopes to gain some intelligence of her, and each day for more than a week he ascended the hill which overlooked Mr. Langley's mansion, in hopes he might catch a glimpse of her while engaged in her domestic employment. Yet day and night was he doomed to be disappointed. At length one day while reclining beneath the shade of an old oak, which grew on the brow of the hill, he saw a female engaged in washing at first sight he thought it was Louisa; but on a closer examination he found that she was mistaken, for she was evidently much older. "She must be a washerwoman from the city," thought he, "I will watch her, and ascertain what has become of Louisa."

Henry kept his station until near sundown, when he saw the woman depart, and as he had anticipated, take her way towards the city. He was soon on her track, keeping within sight until he saw her enter a small wood colored tenement in one of the back streets. After waiting a few moments to decide on the most proper course to pursue, he approached the door and applied for admittance. He was ushered into a neat, though scantily furnished room, by a little girl some seven or eight years of age; of whom he enquired for her mother. While he was speaking, an elderly woman entered from a back apartment, which proved to be the one whom he had so closely followed. She might have been some forty years of age, though being of a ruddy complexion, she looked much younger. A remarkable neatness pervaded the entire arrangement of the room, which reminded the observer of better days, although the occupant was now compelled to answer to the cognomen of washerwoman.

Henry bowed as she entered, and felt reassured by her prepossessing appearance, and pleasant salutation of "good evening." She kindly requested him to be seated; when, after a few common-places remarks, he enquired if she was the person he had seen that day at Mr. Langley's. Being answered in the affirmative, he then proceeded to enquire if she had any knowledge of a young woman, charge of Mr. Langley, who he believed was absent.

"Is it Louisa Williams that you mean?" asked the woman.

"Sure, then, an' if that's what ye'd be after knowin', I am as ignorant as yourself. The lad told me she was gone to the country."

"Pardon my anxiety, madam, but I have reason to believe she is now either in that house, or secreted somewhere in the city."

"Troth, man, an' surely you are not in earnest?"

"I am," replied Henry, "and as I have already told you, I have sufficient grounds to justify such a conclusion."

"Indeed and what for, on the girl be consiled? sure and none can speak a harmful word of the poor creature?"

"But I believe her to be confined against her will," said Henry, who now felt sure he might be more explicit.

"Holy mother, and ye don't mean to be after sayin' that poor Louisa is shut up in Mr. Langley's house?" exclaimed the woman, who now began to understand Henry's meaning.

"That is my firm conviction."

"Do tell me what has the poor thing done, that she should be treated like a criminal?"

"She has done nothing to merit such treatment, believe me madam, but I have been informed that her guardian is sometimes cruel towards her."

"You are right; I have been acquainted with Louisa ever since she was no bigger than my Mary Ann there," pointing to the little girl who had admitted Henry, "and a sorry time she has had of it, poor thing. It's little besides hard work, and hard knocks she has had all her life; and now to think the darlint must be shut up there. O, it is too bad! but can ye give her no assistance, man?"

"That is what I wish to do, my good woman,

but I may require your aid should I make an attempt."

"Troth an ye shall not ask it long, then, for Margaret McCarty will not be backward when a friend needs her assistance. But can ye not tell me, man, for what reason you think they have shut her up?"

"I fear that I have been in some way connected with it, although unintentionally," said Henry, slightly coloring, "they wish to prevent her seeing me."

"Hoot, man, I see it all now," replied the good woman, "it's you that would be after gettin' Louisa for a wife; and a blessed wife would she see her nicely settled!"

"I hope you may live to have your wish realized," replied Henry, "but let our first thought be to release her from confinement, should our suspicions prove true."

"Tell me then, honey, what is it ye would be after havin' me do to help you? for indeed I would know the worst that has happened to the poor creature."

"Do you go there again?"

"Next Tuesday I am engaged to wash for them again."

"Is it possible that I must hear this suspense another long week?" thought Henry, yet he saw no other alternative.

"It seems a long time to wait, Mrs. McCarty, but we shall be compelled to abide the time I suppose."

"But sir, are there no laws in America? why not have the poor child released now?"

"We have laws in abundance, but a great lack of moral courage, when an attempt is made to enforce them on the very wealthy, to protect the poor and friendless, and besides, we have no positive proof that Louisa is in confinement; therefore any hasty means might retard, instead of hasten her release."

"Surely, an ye have the best right to know, as I am but a poor lone woman. But what would ye have me be doing?"

"I will tell you," said Henry; "I wish you to note in particular every movement about the house; enquire when Louisa is expected to return, as if you believed her absent; but avoid any interest about her. But my strongest hope is, that you will have an opportunity to examine the house and ascertain if any of the rooms are fastened; but this will require the utmost caution, even if you should have an opportunity of so doing, for should you excite the least suspicion all would be lost, for you well know the influence of the persons with whom we have to deal."

"Ay, and the injustice, too! for it's me they have stripped of my last penny, and have compelled me to go out by the city's work to earn bread for myself and the children," said the poor woman, as she brushed away a tear that stood in her eyes.

"Is it possible that you, too, have felt their merciless grasp?"

"Indeed, an you may well say that; my poor husband, heaven bless him! had laid by a little from his hard earnings, and thought to provide a home for his family. He purchased a lot with a small, but comfortable house upon it, from Mr. Langley; and worked hard to make his payments, according to agreement, and had been spared a little longer, poor soul, his wife and children would now have had a home of their own to shelter them, but you see the dear good soul died a few weeks before his last payment was due, so I was obliged to use the money to pay the necessary expenses incurred by his illness and death. But I thought Mr. Langley would be indulgent to the poor widow and her fatherless children, and I could soon earn the money myself. But holy mother! can you believe me, the very day my poor husband's last note was due, I was requested to pay the full face of it, or give up the property. For you see the unfeeling wretch that he is, had bound my poor Jimmy to pay each note on the day it came due, or forfeit the whole property. In vain I plead for a few months, but he was deaf to all my entreaties; I begged for my poor children; not a bit would he hear me, but enforced his demands, and I was driven from my home, a lone woman, to seek such employment as I could, to save the little ones from starvation."

Henry was forced to bite his lips frequently, while listening to this recital of hard-hearted cruelty, which the poor woman had been compelled to suffer from the merciless villain, who he believed even now was inflicting a darker crime, and deeper misery, upon the beloved object of his solicitude. He had, before he listened to similar reports, but never had heard the facts from one of the sufferers until now.

Truly, thought he, it is

Man's inhumanity to man,
Which thousands thousands mourn.

After some further arrangement of their plans and a solemn promise of secrecy contracted, Henry took leave of his new found acquaintance, and proceeded to his father's house, highly gratified with his day's success. Slowly the week wore away, while he spent the larger portion of each day, upon the hill side which overlooked Mr. Langley's mansion. Still he made no discoveries, either to confirm or weaken the opinion he had already formed. There appeared to be a settled gloom pervading the entire premises, which seemed in harmony with his own spirits. Joyfully did he hail the appointed washing day in hopes he should gain some clue to the mystery. That day he sought the cool shade upon the brow of the hill, at an earlier hour than usual, and left it not until he saw the last piece hung upon the line, and Mrs. McCarty depart for home.

CHAPTER VI.

Scarcely had the washerwoman deposited her sun-bonnet in its accustomed place, ere Henry was by her side. The case in question required no preamble, therefore after requesting him to be seated, Mrs. McCarty commenced relating her day's adventure. "Troth man, and I begin to think you are right in supposin' that poor dear Louisa is shut up there, as though she had not as good a right to her liberty as the best of us; for ye see I had eyes, and was wide open the blessed day, at ye told me. After Mr. Langley had done breakfast, I saw Mrs. Langley collect some fragments from the table,

which she took in one hand, and a cup of water in the other, and quietly steal up the stairs I crept softly after her, and heard her ascend a second flight, and sure as I be sitting here, I heard a door unlock, and as I thought, voices. But ye see I did not care to listen, lest I should be detected, and hastened back to my work. In a few minutes Mrs. Langley came below. Her face was colorless, her lips firmly closed, and her whole frame seemed terribly agitated, as if she had been quarreling. Indeed an had I nothing more I would have made sure she was there; but will ye believe me? while the family were eating their dinner, I hid by me aul shoes and went softly up the stairs, and sure as ye be a living man, there was the door bolted and barred; faith an it was as much as I could do to keep me from tearing it down entirely; but I remembered what you told me and thought I would let you open it your own way; so I hastened down again, and surely no one but ourselves are the wiser of it."

"You done perfectly right," said Henry, "for I see I have a long account against that man, which I must begin to square off immediately; but when do you go there again?"

"One week from to-day."

"Most Louisa's sufferings be prolonged another week?" thought Henry, "I have half a mind to go and demand her release this very night; but I fear I could get no assistance. For the tale is too horrible for credence; and none may dare question the integrity of the wealthy and influential."

"By no means; but let the poor girl remain shut up there another week, surely?" exclaimed Mrs. McCarty, whose indignation had become so keenly aroused, it seemed doubtful if she could retain it seven days longer.

"I fear there is no other alternative," replied Henry, "yet I regret the time must be so long ere she can be released."

"Why not at once and demand the girl's release? surely an I would be with ye."

"The demand would not be complied with, and we have no means of enforcing it," replied Henry, "but before we could get the proper authorities to stir in the matter, she might be removed beyond our reach, and thereby lengthen her captivity."

"It may be so, yet right; but sure I shall have no rest day or night, until my eyes are blessed with the sight of the poor creature, and the good woman, becoming somewhat resigned to the unwelcome procrastination."

"It is better to be on the safe side; and besides a week will give us time to have all our plans and preparations matured."

"And what would you be doing next?" inquired the woman.

"Do you know of any place about the house where I could secret myself until the family are asleep?" asked Henry after a few moments' deliberation, as to the course he must now pursue.

"Let me see," said Mrs. McCarty, musingly; "yes, now I have it, there is a small closet under the stairs; but troth an it would be but a sad place for a gentleman to squeeze himself into, if there would be room enough and the rubbish."

"We will dispense with comforts, at least until Louisa is removed from her prison. Next the next time is, can I by any possible means get into that closet undisturbed?"

"Sure an I can think of but one way," replied the woman, after a moment's consideration.

"I doubt not, but what your ingenuity will prove equal to the dilemma, by what you have already achieved. Let me hear your plan, for I am all impatience."

"Here it is, then. I will not be done washing until it is quite dark; you will hide yourself among the bushes, where you can see the kitchen window, sure, and ye must not move until ye see the light passed three times in quick succession past the window, then meet me at the north east corner of the house, and I'll be after managing the rest; remember ye must not speak, but follow me without making a bit of noise; do you hear?"

"I understand you, and think your plan an excellent one, and will endeavor to follow it to the best of my ability; but tell me how I am to reach the room with the bolted door?"

"Sure an ye can do that same, by walking up two flights of stairs, then turn to the left. But it is softly ye must step, for ye will pass Mr. Langley's bed room."

"Depend upon it, I shall be very cautious," said Henry, "and need sanguine of success. I will see you again, and we can over our matter; meantime I'll be preparing for the adventure."

"If ye spend the greater portion of this week in making preparations for the eventual night to which ye hoped to remove Louisa forever from the control of her cruel guardian, and place her in her proper sphere. Through Mrs. McCarty's assistance, he had suitable clothing prepared for her wardrobe, and neatly removed from the city. Yet they alone remained in the secret. They found so much to do, that the treader was soon guided past, and then washing day arrived, they found they had barely time to complete their necessary arrangements."

As soon as the last ray of twilight was extinguished, Henry repaired to his hiding place, to await the signal from Mrs. McCarty; who happily did not disappoint him; for he had lain but a few moments in his place of concealment before he saw the appointed signal. For just at that hour, as good luck would have it, an unexpected guest arrived, which detained Mr. and Mrs. Langley, in the parlor. His crept quietly from his hiding place, and joined the washerwoman at the appointed spot; who cautiously led the way through the back entrance to the hall, where throwing open a small door, she motioned him to enter, which he was only enabled to do in a stooping posture. After affecting his entrance, he proceeded in the quietest manner possible, to stow himself away among old boots, shoes, hats, and a variety of other castaway clothing, such as is only found stowed away in the houses of miserly people, who take more pleasure in occasionally hauling over their heads, than in handing it over to the poor and needy, when it has become comparatively useless to themselves. The hope of soon tracing Louisa from her persecutors, reconciled him to his unpleasant quarters. He could distinctly

hear the old fashioned clock repeat the hour, as one by one they departed never more to return. At length the hour of twelve ushered in a new day, and with it, increased hope to him who had thus far carried his plans into successful operation. Excepting the rats, which held their nightly revels, all was now quiet. Each member of the family had long ere this sought their pillows to indulge in the blessing of sleep; if indeed such an indulgence could be imparted to those who could perpetrate such horrid cruelties. Cautiously pushing open the door he listened attentively for some minutes; but hearing nothing save the afore-named rats, he ventured to leave his concealment, and stealthily groped his way up the stairs. He tried in vain to stifle the beating of his own heart, which threatened to arouse the sleepers; so intense was his excitement, as he drew nearer, to the object of his devotions. Safely he reached the bolted door, and quietly removing the obstruction which had so long held Louisa from his embrace, he stood within her prison. On entering he paused to take a survey of the apartment; which he was enabled to do very accurately as the moon was already high enough to throw its full glare through the little sky-light. We shall not attempt to portray the mingled sensations of joy and indignation, as he beheld the object of all his deep solicitude, reclining upon a miserable pallet in one corner of the room. Necessarily he approached and bent over her sleeping form; but Oh! how changed since last he saw her. The face then so beautiful, was now pale and emaciated; those brilliant orbs were now sunk deep within their sockets, and looked as though they were past weeping. As he stood silently contemplating the object before him, a man so heart piercing, escaped her, that he felt the blood chill through all his veins. He could wait no longer; but placing his lips close to her ear while he gently laid his hand upon hers, he whispered her name. She partially awoke, and withdrawing her hand, she exclaimed in a strangely altered voice.

"I never will consent, starve me! kill me! if you will, but never will I consent to marry David Grant."

"Merciful heavens!" mentally exclaimed Henry, "and this is the bark dead they are committing. Surely Providence has sent me hither to snatch the victim from her cold-hearted persecutors, and I shall succeed. They have perjured their souls; but heaven forgive upon the deed."

He again bent over, and slightly shook her, as he repeated her name.

"Who calls?" said she, as she sprung up and gazed wildly around, "is it you, Henry? or am I dreaming?"

"You are not dreaming now, dearest Louisa; but do not speak or they will hear you," whispered Henry, as he threw a cloak about her trembling form, and placed a cap upon her head, "quick now, and let us be gone."

Henry, placing one arm around her waist assisted her in descending the stairs, and in a moment more they might have been seen gliding through the shrubbery towards the open street.

(To be Continued)

Interesting to California Adventurers.

To justify our giving place to the following communication, it is enough to say that the writer is known to us; that what he says is of his own experience and knowledge; and that, so far from having any hostility to the welfare of California, his own interest is, to some extent, identified with it.—National Intelligencer.

TO THE EDITORS.

I have been a resident for upwards of a year in California, and what I assert, is based upon actual observation. But in the first place, a word or two in regard to the amount of gold brought by the *Crescent City*. Without positively saying that this amount did not come, I am free to say that I entertain serious doubts. My doubts have their origin in having a short time ago read an article in one of the New York city papers headed arrival of—the name of the steamer I do not recollect—“one million of gold dust!” Reading the article through, I found that this vast amount, but twenty-two thousand five hundred was on manifest, the balance in the hands of passengers; they amounting short of two hundred. Hence we had two hundred nappy souls returning from El Dorado the possessors of one million of dollars, minus only twenty two thousand five hundred! Doubtless this was the most favored body of men that ever traversed the blue waves of old Neptune for many a long day. Would that such were really true! But who has witnessed the almost destitute condition of so many disappointed and suffering humanity returning home, and not regard this statement as a humbug? It would be quite interesting to know by what chemical process the fact of the money being “in the hands of the passengers” was determined. It is a well known fact that merchants and usury demand do not make remittances to any great extent by private individuals; and hence I conclude that this money was “in the hands of the passengers.” It was then one. How infinitely more fortunate was the luck of these men than that of the eighty who have just returned to St. Louis, “destitute,” as it were, with but hardly twenty thousand dollars, giving to each, if equally divided, little over two hundred dollars; while in the other case we have every man “loaded down to the guards” with the “fullest kind of a pile.” It would be more mercantile, and certainly more satisfactory, if the actual amount on manifest was simply stated, for as to one knowing what is “in the hands of individuals,” is out of the question. Now, I incline very strongly to the belief that the

case I have mentioned is not an illiberal commentary upon other arrivals.

The public hospitals in San Francisco are full to overflowing with the destitute and sick, and but for this provision of the Town Council, I know not what had been the fate of many an emigrant.

It is high time that men would pause and count the cost ere they leave a comfortable living at home, and enter upon an experimental system in California.

The most skeptical cannot but see that individual enterprise in the mine; barely, in most cases yield but a living, while thousands are doing worse than nothing in San Francisco. The thing has been overdone, and a reaction has taken place. Lying in the upper and back parts of San Francisco, which I purchased one year ago (and were then regarded as great bargains) would not fetch one-half the amount paid; and many a poor fellow rues the day when he invested his all in “city property,” more especially in that which he calls, the most valuable being “beach water and swamp lots;” for here business has concentrated, and in all likelihood will remain.

To capitalists, with powerful machinery, the mines may be worked to great advantage. To capitalists of business qualifications, who understand the *modus operandi* of speculating upon the necessities of their fellow-men, San Francisco presents a wide field for operations. The owners of steamers can also “pile” up. A limited number of good mechanics may do well in San Francisco while enjoying good health, (and the place is not unhealthy,) but wo to the man who finds himself in California without money, a trade, or good friends to take him by the hand—he, I say, will curse the day he ever set foot on the soil; and yet how very many just such persons are blindly wending their way thither!

I have painfully witnessed much poverty, misfortune, disappointment, illness, and crime in that land, and until a better state of affairs exist (which will be a work of time) California is “not the land” for your obedient servant.

A. D. W. C. B.

A “Small Telegraph”—Wonderful Discovery.

The Paris correspondent of the Literary Gazette, writes:

I have an astounding announcement to make to you: the marvels of the electric telegraph are annihilated, and the means of instantaneous communication between man and man, at any distance whatsoever, even at the extremities of the earth, has been discovered! Yes, the last and most majestic of human discoveries, has fallen from its height almost at the very moment at which it dawned on the world, and it is replaced by one a thousand-fold more glorious, and which, if it only partially realize the promise of its commencement, will totally change the face of the world! and the means by which this wonderful thing is done, are even more wonderful than the thing itself; snails, aye, snails—galvanic and magnetic influence! Do not think I am hoaxing you; it is on the authority of the *Presse* that I speak, one of the most important newspaper organs of Europe, in talent, character, and circulation, and it is not to be believed that such a journal would be a party to an impudent and stupid attempt to bamboozle the public. In its numbers of Friday, the 25th, and Saturday, the 26th ultimo, there are two *feuilletons*, signed by N. Jules Allix, No. 92, Rue Richelieu, roundly, formally, positively, asserting that the secret of affecting instantaneous communication, without regard to distance, and, consequently, without continuous time, as in the electric telegraph, has been brought to light; nay, more, that on the 3d of this present month, a question asked at the said 92 Rue Richelieu, received an almost immediate reply from the depths of America! and that this was chiefly by the instrumentality of snails! The inventors or discoverers of the alleged marvel, are a M. Benoit, of the department of the Heault, and a M. Bat, of America. After many years observation and experimentalism, they, it is asserted, have ascertained that certain descriptions of snails possess peculiar properties or sympathies, which cause them to feel, no matter at what distance they may be, the sensation, or commotion, when acted on in a particular way, by galvanic and magnetic influences.

Placed in boxes in such a way that on being touched, they agitate particular letters, the operator has only to make snail A give a kick (sic) and snail A in a corresponding box, which box may be in the backwoods of America, or the deserts of Africa, repeats the kick, and so on for every letter of a required word. The snails must, of course, previously be put in sympathetic communication, and the boxes, with all their apparatus, which is rather complicated, must be alike. The shock which the snail in box B feels, is said to be caused by an electric or magnetic fluid, carried by the earth with extraordinary rapidity, and in a manner unknown to man; in other words, it is the electric telegraph, without the connecting wire. All this seems absurd, does it not? But I am describing the thing as it is said to be.

It is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed.

Senator Clemons's Speech at Huntsville.

Of this speech, the *National Intelligencer* remarks, that, “Good wine needs no praise, and this speech requires no eulogy.” It was delivered at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 4, 1850. We have room for but one extract:

Not quite twelve months since, I saw for the first time, the tomb of Washington. Clouds and darkness then hung over the land. Disunion was a familiar word. Most of us had lost confidence in the friendly disposition of our Northern brethren, and were looking forward to a violent termination of the pending controversy. I stood upon the spot where the remains of that great and good man repose, and asked to whom will he belong when we are divided? It was not for the South he alone fought; not for the South alone he sprang a kingly diadem. The South, indeed, gave him the nation, but he gave to the whole land liberty and independence, and all alike are the heirs of his glory. The pilgrim from Bunker Hill, as well as he from Camden, has a right to visit that sacred spot, and kneel and worship there. His awful shade would rise to rebuke the section that dared appropriate him to itself. We cannot divide him, nor can we divide the trophies gathered on the bloody fields of the revolution. Many a soiled banner, which once waved above a haughty foe, is now to be seen at the capital of the republic, and the American can look upon them and not feel his heart beat quicker and his step grow prouder and firmer, is unworthy of the name. All these were jointly won, and belong to us in common. In our own times we have created for our children a bond of amity which I fervently pray may endure forever. On more than one glorious field New England and South Carolina together faced the cannon's mouth and mingled their blood in a common pool. From the mouth of the Rio Grande to Baena Vista every hamlet is vocal with the story of American prowess. From Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico, all along the route the dauntless Spaniard trod—upon the very fields of his fame—American valor and American science have eclipsed even the wild romance of ‘The Conquest,’ and Hernando Cortez had yielded the laurel crown to Windfield Scott. It was not by the North or the South that this bright page of our story was written. Side by side they braved the pestilence; side by side they won victory after victory, and annihilated in one campaign the military power of a mighty nation.

No one ever thought of asking there whether the eyes of his comrade had first opened to the light of day in Maine or Louisiana. No one inquired from what section came the hand that staunchly his bleeding wounds or held the cup to his fevered lips. It was a brother's hand, no matter whence it came, and asked no response but a brother's love. If there were nothing else to bind this Union together, these are ties that no wise and good man would willingly sever.

Fort Kearney and Laramie.

We enjoyed a few moments' conversation yesterday evening (says the Pittsburgh American of November 18) with Lieutenant Ours, of the United States Army, just arrived from the Plains. He had been situated at Fort Kearney, and describes that country as inhospitable and barren—that nothing will grow about Fort Kearney; that the rain is constant from about the first of April to the first of July every year. What is then left undrowned out, is burnt up by the subsequent drought; that the only timber is dwarf and gnarled cotton wood growing along the edges of streams; that the soil here is sandy and incapable of cultivation, and that the progress of the works has been arrested with a view of being abandoned by the Government. We also learn from him, that Fort Laramie is similarly situated in the midst of a vast waste plain; that cultivation of the soil has been attempted, but frustrated by the drought and high winds, the latter blowing even potatoes out of the ground.

These forts are on the route to Oregon—Fort Kearney about three hundred miles beyond Independence, and Fort Laramie about three hundred and fifty miles further on towards the South Pass, from which it is distant three or four hundred miles.—The great expense of supplying these posts with provisions and forage, will induce their abandonment by the Government, and a substitution of a horse patrol on the route for the protection of emigrants, &c. as more efficient and economical.

In England an old lady who had been deaf for eight years lately recovered her hearing by her first trip on a railroad.—The noise of the train passing under the bridge “caused something in her ear to give way,” and she recovered her hearing.

STRANGE PHENOMENON.—An English brig, the *Elien Anne*, was lately struck by a meteor to stone while in the British channel. The report was like a musket charge, and the planking of the deck was torn up and perforated in several places as if by musket shot. No signs of a thunder storm were to be seen or heard, though the day was dull and lowering, with a fresh breeze. The occurrence is said to be very rare in the British channel, though frequent up the Mediterranean.—*Nat. Intell.*