

The Yazoo Democrat.

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VOLUME I.

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 23, 1858.

NUMBER 8.

Professional Cards.

D. W. SANDERS,
Attorney at Law,
LEXINGTON, HOLMES COUNTY,
Mississippi.
September 11th, 1858.

HAMER & HENDERSON,
Attorneys at Law,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
I will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to them in the Circuit and Probate Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Courts held at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BURRUS & ARMISTEAD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
YAZOO CITY, MISS.
Sept. 1, 1858.

W. S. EPPERSON,
Attorney at Law, Yazoo City, Miss.
And Commissioner for Louisiana and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson, Collections promptly attended to.
Sept. 1, 1858.

J. T. RUSSELL,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Yazoo City, Miss.
I will practice in the courts of Yazoo and adjoining counties and the Superior Court at Jackson, Collections promptly attended to.
Sept. 1, 1858.

R. S. G. PERKINS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Yazoo City, Mississippi
I will practice in the Circuit Courts of Yazoo, Holmes and Madison, and the Superior Court at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BROOKE & MEDES,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW, VICKSBURG, Miss., will continue to practice their profession in the Circuit, Chancery and Probate Courts of Warren county, at Vicksburg, Washington county, at Greenville; Bolivar county, at Wellington; Issaquena county, at Tallula, and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Jackson.
Sept. 1, 1858.

BANKS & HARRIS,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,
Land and Collecting Agents,
QUITMAN, WOOD COUNTY, TEXAS.
I have been so arranged as to be enabled to locate Lands, investigate Land titles and collect claims in any portion of Texas. Will also purchase land certificates for Texas land.
Sept. 1, 1858.

DR. A. F. MAGRUDER,
Having located permanently, professional services to the citizens of Yazoo City and the adjacent country.
Office, the front room over Taylor's Store.
October 1, 1858.

DR. J. H. WILSON,
Offers his services to the citizens of Yazoo City and vicinity.
Office at P. B. Cook & Co's Drug Store. He can be found at night at the residence of Mrs. Cardine.
Sept. 1, 1858.

DRS. HOLMES & YANDELL,
Have associated themselves in the practice of Medicine, and respectfully tender their services to the citizens of Benton and surrounding country.
Benton, Miss., Sept. 1, 1858.

HENRY LAURENCE,
DENTIST.
Office on Main Street, Yazoo City.
REFERENCES:
Drs. Leake & Barnett, Yazoo City.
E. Townsend, M. D., Philadelphia.
F. B. McClellan, M. D., New Orleans.
W. Smith, Dentist, New Orleans.
H. Knapp, Mobile.
C. Nott, M. D., Yazoo City, September 1, 1858.

CARSON ERWIN,
SURVEYOR & GENERAL LAND AGENT
I will pay particular attention to the Surveying, Examination and Location of Land in Issaquena, Sunflower and adjoining counties, and the counties of Crittenden and Mississippi in Arkansas.
Will act as general land agent for paying taxes, redeeming lands from tax sale, and for buying and selling all lands in the above named counties.
Special attention given to making out correct Maps of Lands.
Business letters addressed to the care of W. J. Barrett, Yazoo City, will receive prompt attention.
Sept. 1, 1858.

PETER B. COOK & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS
Paints, Oils and Glass, Garden Seeds, &c
Yazoo City, Sept. 1, 1858.

Lighting Rods, Pumps & Gutters.
The undersigned is prepared to furnish and put up in the best manner, and at short notice, Lighting Rods, Gutters and Pumps of all kinds.
Any orders left at Harrison & Hyatt's, or at the Telegraph Office, will be promptly attended to.
P. PAUL,
September 18, 1858.

Poetry.

(From the Memphis Morning Bulletin.)
THE DESTROYER.
The sweep of its pinion is over our land,
The shadow grows darker from mountain to strand
As the breath of the tempest or oceans deep swell
The murmur increases, of death and farewell.

Black as the unruffled night that has slept,
And long the dark mystery, silently kept,
O'er the waveless Asphaltites, buried in gloom,
Is the shadow it casts of the coffin and tomb.

Shall we yield up our homes—shall we yield up
our friends
As the wing of the dark angel cruelly bends?
Our smiles cannot lure him, our gold cannot buy—
We must fetter his pinion—to yield is to die.

We must fetter his pinion, or flee from the wall,
That floats on the wing of the soft Southern gale,
Its whisper of death settles cold round the heart,
And we turn to our homes with a shudder and start.

It tells of the manly form, shrouded and still,
He died as he lived, with an unbroken will—
The dark wing of pestilence swept o'er his form,
Like a hero, he died in the pan of the storm.

It tells of another—and beauty's bright dowry,
Had crowned the queen of many an hour—
With the song on her lips, and the light in her
eye,
She throws back her tresses and lays down to die.

It tells of a low, gentle voice, whose tones
Mingled often and kindly with death-stifled moans,
From her labor of love, she is called to ascend—
And they're lost her, the dead and the dying,
their friend.

It tells how the spirit of darkness crept in,
And frowned on the babe, with the soft, dimpled
chin—
It quivers and darkens, and clings to the breast,
That can soothe its sad moaning no longer to
rest.

The low muffled drum, and banners reverse,
Follow close in the wake of the coffin and hearse,
The bells tolling sadly from steeple and dome,
Tell of victims by scores, going home, going home.

The murmur is ruffling the breast of the streams,
The flap of its pinion, we hear in our dreams,
Below us, above us, around us—oh, tell,
Will the Destroyer cast over our city its spell?

No sentinel stationed to sound the alarm,
No guard on the outpost to shield us from harm!
And still moping on like a giant this shape,
'Tis folly, mad folly to think of escape
MEMPHIS, September 25th. ESTELLE.

WILT THOU LOVE HER STILL?
Wilt thou love her still, when the sunny curls
That over her bosom flow,
Will be laced with the silver thread of age,
And her steps fall sad and low?

Wilt thou love her still, when the summer's smiles
On her lips no longer live?
"I will love her still,
With right good will!"

Wilt thou love her still? then our cherished one
To thy sheltering arms we give.
Wilt thou love her still when her changeful eyes
Have grown dim with sorrow's rain?
When the bosom that beats against thee own,
Throbs slow with weight of pain?

When her silvery laugh rings out no more,
And vanish her youthful charms?
"With free good will
I shall love her still!"

Thou wilt love her still? then our dearest one
We give to your loving arms.
Remember, no grief has she ever known,
Her spirit is light and free;
None other, with faltering step, has prest
Innermost shades, but thee!

Then wilt thou love her still, when the thoughts
of youth
In their blushing bloom depart?
"Through good and ill
I will love her still!"

Then wilt thou love her still? then our darling take
To the joy of thy noble heart!
Remember, for thee does she smiling leave
The friends of her early days—
No longer to meet their approving looks,
Nor their fond, unfeigned praise.

Forgive her, then, if the tears fall fast,
And promise to love her well.
"I will love her still
With right good will!"

Thou wilt love her still? then with peaceful trust
We your sobbing sorrows quell.
When her father is dead, and the emerald sod
Lies soft on her mother's breast;
When her brother's voice is no longer heard,
And her sister's hushed to rest—
Wilt thou love her still? for thee she looks,
Her star on life's troubled sea!
"I will love her still
Through good and ill!"

With the marriage vow on her youthful lip,
Then, we give our child to thee.
MOTHER'S COMING.
Jane and I sat by the hearth,
Watching the embers of the fire;
Her head was on my shoulder laid,
Her heart was drawn a little higher.
I asked her just for one short kiss,
And felt my ears so fiercely humming—
She looked and blushed, and softly said:
"Do it quick! my mother's coming!"
My arms around her then I flung,
And felt our hearts together beating;
A smothered shriek—a little smothered—
Told of two souls together meeting.
Years have fled, and I enjoy
Happiness beyond all summing;
I kiss her now when'er I like,
And never heed her mother's coming.
(Albany Argus.)

DIABOLICAL EXHIBITION.

In the year 1834, said to us yesterday a distinguished legal gentleman of New Orleans, I visited Paris in the course of an European tour, that my Americanism might be polished down by a little attrition among the gentle particles of Parisian society. I found the world of Paris in a very considerable state of excitement, in consequence of an extraordinary performance which was nightly exhibited by an Eastern juggler, and which was nothing more nor less than the apparent decapitation of a man in the presence of an audience, and under the very noses of a committee of medical gentlemen who stood only so far distant as to escape the long two-edged sword with which the juggler smote off the head. I went to see this exhibition, which took place in a theatre, in company with several American gentlemen. The theatre was crowded with between two and three thousand spectators, and the curtain was up, displaying a common table, six feet long, upon the stage, at the very edge of which I obtained a seat, having gone very early.

At the given time, the juggler, a singular-looking man, came upon the stage, with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to his shoulders and bearing a long, heavy, two edged sword. He upset the table on the boards, and showed that there was no concealed drawer or other recess, and placed it in the blaze of the footlights near the edge of the stage. In a few words he stated what he was going to do, and requested some of the audience to come forward and stand upon the stage, that they might see there was no deception. A number of the medical gentlemen who had been chosen to investigate the matter, if possible, took their position upon the stage, and soon after the victim, who had been sitting in the parquette, mounted the stage, removed his coat and cravat, turned back his shirt collar, and lying down on his back on the table, elevated his chin to more expose his neck to the headsman's weapon. The juggler then raised his keen and fearful looking sword, and giving it a wide sweep, brought it down—I say brought it down upon the neck, for no one could see that he did not, even those within three feet of him—upon the neck of the subject with great force!

Blood spurted high into the air, some of it falling on our party, and deluged the stage, while the most fearful sound—a something between a groan and a shriek of horror—from the whole assemblage shook the building, and numerous women and some males fell fainting in their seats, and were borne out by the ushers of the house. The juggler raised his sword again, repeated the blow and the severed head fell upon the floor! Taking it by the hair he held it up to the audience for full five minutes, until the blood ceased to flow from the severed arteries, the lower jaw had fallen, and the face had assumed the appearance of a corpse; and then throwing it heavily upon the stage he requested the committee to examine it, which they did, passing it from hand to hand. They then examined the body upon the table, from the headless neck of which the blood had not yet ceased to drop upon the floor of the stage; they lifted the limbs and let them fall with the dumb inertia of lifeless matter, and, of course, pronounced the man dead to all intents and purposes.

After they had concluded their investigation, the juggler informed the audience that he was going to put the man's head on again, and restore him to life. Taking up the head he laid it on the table, fitted the two parts of the neck to each other, and began to mutter and make signs over the corpse. In about five minutes the decapitated man slowly turned his ghastly and ailing, together horrible face—white as snow—toward the audience, and an excitement followed exceeding, if anything, that which occurred when the first blow of the sword fell. In a few moments the eyelids gradually opened and displayed the eyes wearing a glassy, corpse-like stare; by degrees, a life-like speculation came into them, some color returned to the face, and, after stretching his limbs, the man arose from the table, resumed his coat, and walked down from the stage and mingled with the crowd.

The exhibition was over. The neck of the apparently decapitated man bore a red mark and scar around it, like the cicatrice of a newly-healed wound. All this I saw with my own eyes, which were as effectually deceived as those of tens of thousands of other persons. I could, in no way consistently with reason, account for any feature of this horribly thrilling feat of trickery. I have never heard of the trick being performed by any other man, and very possibly it originated and died with him. However, it is scarcely more unaccountable than many feats performed by the adroit Eastern jugglers.

A YOUNG PRINTER ELOPES WITH A WASHINGTON BELLE.—A Washington (D. C.) correspondent writes:
We had a little excitement the other day in an elopement case. A young journeyman printer in the printing office of Thomas, Buell & Blanchard, ran off with the daughter of our Judge of the Orphan's Court, two or three days since. The printer was poor, but perfectly honest and respectable. The girl moved in the higher circles of life—and was but sixteen. The Judge and his son came to the printer's working office—with pistols and raw hide, say some—and were very indignant; but upon learning that the couple had gone through the ceremonies correctly—getting a license and being married according to law, they were pacified, and both doubtless concluded to make the best of it.

The Legislature of Georgia has appointed a liquor inspector, whose duty it is to smell out strychnine and other poisonous drugs used in its manufacture.

CRUEL TREATMENT OF A WHITE SLAVE BY HER WHITE MISTRESS.

About the 1st of July, a woman named Mrs. Foster, residing about four miles this side of Fulton, went to the Orphan Asylum, and through the recommendation of respectable citizens, obtained a little girl named Mary Bennett, about ten years of age, whom she said she wished to bring up. The matron told her that the girl was addicted to fibbing, and had been caught in attempts to appropriate things that did not belong to her. The woman guessed she would get along with her. She took the girl, and last week brought her back. The girl was thin and emaciated, and according to the woman's own story, had received the most cruel treatment.

For the slightest offense she would whip her in the most severe manner, and if this failed to make her cry, she would place the little girl's fingers on the stove, and hold it there until it was crisped and burnt, and the child would cry. At other times this human tigress would seize her by the cartilage of the nose, between the nostrils, and pinch her in the most cruel manner, and that, to use the old hag's own words, "would bring the tears into her eyes;" and when the girl returned to the asylum, the marks were still there, and her fingers all crisped and burnt.

She gave her but half enough to eat; and when one day she put a tin of apples into the oven, telling the girl she might have one if she would watch them until they were done, the girl devoured the whole of them. When the woman came back, and asked the girl what she had done with the apples, the girl told her that she had eaten them. She then gave her a cruel whipping, burnt her fingers, and otherwise mistreated her, and this not being enough to satisfy her, actually kept her on nothing but bread and water for two weeks, making her eat in the shed and sleep on the floor.

The woman had two or three boys, who always gave her a slap or a kick whenever she came near them. This is the woman's own story. The ladies at the asylum represent the girl as being very smart, active and intelligent. Such brutality should not pass unnoticed, and she should receive a lesson that will inculcate a little humanity in her miserable soul.—*Osagean Platitidian.*

THE NICARAGUAN QUESTION AT WASHINGTON.—THE PARAGUAY EXPEDITION, &c. The New York Herald of the 5th has the underneath dispatch from Washington:
Senator Jerez, Minister from Nicaragua, had an interview again to-day with the Secretary of State. He has disavowed, in the fullest manner, the intention of his Government to insult or give offense to the United States in the Bolly negotiations, or in language used with respect to the Government or people of this Republic. In fact, the firmness of the Administration and the tone of the dispatch of our veteran and able Secretary of State to General Lamar have opened the eyes of the Nicaraguans. The Martinez Government has completely backed down, and will probably behave better in future. Should this be the case, our Government can afford, upon proofs of sincerity, to be lenient, and to receive Senator Jerez as an accredited Minister.

The dispatch of General Cass to Lamar, important portions of which were published in the Herald, has been spoken of by a statesman of most eminent position in our country, as one of the ablest papers ever sent from the State Department.
General Herran, New Granadian Minister, arrived here to-night from New York. General Herran left Washington a few days ago, having, as it is understood, arranged his affairs to be absent some time. It is thought his presence is required by the State Department. There is evidently a shaking of the dry bones just now.

It is said that Commodore Shubrick, in command of the Paraguay expedition, has an understanding with the Navy Department to return in some months, to be at the head of the Light-house Board.
It is thought that Lieut. Maiffit, being disappointed in not going to Paraguay in command of the Dolphin, in consequence of the trial of the captured slave, and for his conduct in making that capture, will be sent to St. Domingo to look after affairs there.

A TEXAS BOOK.—History of the Mier Expedition.—Dr. Wm. M. Shepherd and Judge F. M. Gibson are going to write a history of the Mier Expedition, and connect with it in publication many legends of early transactions in Texas which have never been given to the public. The Doctor kept a journal while he was prisoner in Mexico, and thus had in his possession all the data necessary for the prosecution of that portion of the work. The manuscript was unfortunately burnt in California. The facts are, however, indelibly impressed upon his memory, and he will have no great trouble to place them in a readable shape. Judge Gibson is a fine writer, and bore a conspicuous and honorable part in all the trying scenes of his captivity—he is eminently qualified to perform his part in getting up the contemplated book.

When this work makes its appearance, the public will have before them an authentic and full history of the Mier expedition, and graphic accounts of many thrilling incidents which transpired during the early settlement of this country. It will be looked for with anxiety, and read with interest by the people of Texas, especially the old pioneers who participated in our struggles for liberty and independence.

No doubt the gentlemen above mentioned would be obliged to any one for data relative to the subjects they intend treating. They have a vivid recollection of all the principal events, but some of the particulars may have escaped them and can be supplied by their former comrades.—*Austin State Gazette.*

WHO ORIGINATED THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH?

We invite special attention to a letter in another column from Mr. Tal. P. Shaffner, in which the claim that Mr. Cyrus Field put forth in behalf of himself and his "brother Dudley" at the dinner at the Metropolitan Hotel, of being the originators of the Atlantic Telegraph, is flatly disputed. It will be recollected that shortly after Mr. Field's statement at the municipal banquet, there was so much objection made to it, that the very respectable American directors in this city saw fit to issue a card in which they endorsed Mr. Field's claim. Now, we have no desire to raise any controversy, for at present the cable is scarcely worthy a controversy, but we believe that justice ought to be done and the integrity of history sustained. If Mr. Cyrus Field be laboring under the amiable but erroneous impression that he was the originator of the Atlantic Telegraph, when such is not the case, we shall be doing an act of justice to him as well as the world to do away with the idea.

But besides the letter of Mr. Shaffner, we publish an article from the Liverpool Post giving an account of a recent pamphlet issued by Mr. John Watkin Brett, an English director, and one of the largest shareholders in the Atlantic Telegraph Company. This also directly clashes with Mr. Field's statements, and leaves the unavoidable impression upon the mind of the reader that the zealous Mr. Field has been so busy in carrying out what other people have conceived, that he has simply mistaken the doing of the thing for its conception. At all events, the directors in this country, who have endorsed Mr. Field as the "originator of the Atlantic Telegraph," can no longer say the statements to the contrary are anonymous. They are now not only vouched for, but come from the most respectable source.—*N. Y. Day Book.*

A SPECIMEN OF RECIPROCIITY.—A few years since, our government, in a fit of remarkable good nature, made a treaty with Great Britain which gave to Canada all the benefits of commercial intercourse with us without any compensating advantage to us. And how do the Canadians appreciate our liberality? First by affording a hiding place and shelter to every lazy vagabond negro who gets tired of the wholesome restraints of southern life. But lately they have gone even farther than this. The other day a mob of black and white negroes forcibly abducted from the cars a negro who was in charge of his master, and who earnestly entreated to be allowed to remain. He was, however, pulled from the train and subsequently, it is said, brought before a magistrate at Chatham, G. W., where he again begged and entreated to be sent to his master. Instead, however, of complying with his request, he was remanded back to the vile negroes of Canada.—There he is now, a prisoner against his will. We should like to know, in consideration of such circumstances, what is the duty of our government? Is there no readers! Have the Canadians the right to forcibly interfere with servants of American citizens—to steal their property while passing through their Territory? It is time we had another reciprocity treaty. Let the present one be repealed, and let our government refuse all intercourse with the Canadas until they agree to respect our rights and institutions. That will bring them to terms.
[New York Day Book.]

WANTED, A SOUTHERN STATESMAN.—Some of our Southern cotemporaries have broached the novel inquiry, have we a statesman among us? The answer depends entirely upon our estimate of the essential attributes of statesmanship. If to constitute a statesman, it is only necessary to have sufficient capacity to comprehend the principles, and industry to master the practical details, of government in all its departments, then is not the South by any means deficient in good statesmen. If, besides these qualities, a large experience in the public councils, a habit of philosophical research, an extensive range and variety of information, a prudent forecast, and a sagacious judgment are necessary ingredients in the character of the statesman, then is the South not without an adequate supply of genuine statesmanship. But, if to work miracles in government, to be a professor of political thaumaturgy, to know how to make all men perfectly happy, rich and contented, and help all the women to good husbands—in short, to perform every kind of prodigy in governmental science, is to be a statesman, then is the South without such a rare commodity—and all the world beside, save the famous Atlantic and Utopian Republics.—*Richmond, Va. South.*

PASS HIM AROUND.—It will be remembered that some two months ago, a fellow named J. O. Motley arrived here with a woman named Molly Harris. It was ascertained by telegraph that he had a wife and children in Danville, Va., and had left them penniless, taking up with a negro woman. Chief Ray and Officer Bigh caught him at Jeffersonville, and found that he had \$1,400. They made him give up \$800 of this amount, which was forwarded by Adams Express, directed to his wife. The officers, having informed Motley what disposition they intended to make of the money, he at once returned to Danville, and on receipt of the money, demanded it as the husband of Mrs. Motley. It was delivered to him, and he immediately left for parts unknown.—*Louisville Journal.*

CURE FOR ERYSIPELAS.—A correspondent of the Providence Journal says that in nine-to-nine cases out of every hundred, cranberries applied as a poultice will effectually cure the erysipelas. There is not an instance known where it has failed to effect a cure when faithfully applied, before the sufferer was in a dying state. Two or three applications generally do the work.

FROM WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—The Indian bureau to day received a letter from Dr. Foreney commensurate of the report of the Indians robbing the mail 350 miles from Salt Lake City. He says no attempt was made to kill the conductor, drivers or guard. That the Indians on the Humboldt have been committing depredations for ten years, and that this is the first outbreak during the present season.
Gen. Johnston, at the request of Gov. Cummins, sent a military force of 150 men for the protection of the mails and travelers.
The steamers Fulton and Harriet Lane will leave Norfolk to-morrow on the Paraguay expedition.
Secretary Thompson has gone to Philadelphia on business, and will remain there several days.

ATTACK OF THE INDIANS ON A PEMBINA TRAIN.—The *Fraser River Party.*—We find the following letter from J. McFetridge, Collector of Customs at Pembina, in the St. Paul Pioneer and Democrat.
"It is with regret that I have to announce the murder of three of our people by the Sioux of the Plains. They were on their way from St. Paul, and were within one day's march of Pembina, when the party (only four in number) was attacked by a party of nine Sioux. Three of our men were instantly killed and scalped; the remaining one of the party luckily made his escape.
"I think it is high time that the government should do something for our part of Minnesota. As for the Fort which is now being built on Red River, near Point Graham, it is no more protection to our traders than is Fort Riley.
"The Sioux of the Plains have hung around Pembina and St. Joseph all summer, and as the most of our people were either at St. Paul or on the Plains, laying in provisions for the winter, the few, who were left at home to make hay and take care of the cattle, were afraid to go out.
"The Sioux killed and scalped a man within twenty feet of his own door, at St. Joseph, in the month of July.
"These are facts, and should be attended to, as there are a great many of our people moving down the river to the Selkirk settlement on account of the danger from the Indians, and the failure on the part of the government to protect the settlers."

MR. BUCHANAN'S MESSAGE TO THE QUEEN. The Milwaukee (Wis.) Sentinel says:
Exceptions having been taken by some members of the Jewish persuasion to one particular paragraph in the telegraph dispatch sent by President Buchanan to Queen Victoria, Dr. Isidor Kalische, rabbi of the Ben Jeshurun congregation in this city, wrote to the President for an explanation. Yesterday Dr. Kalische called upon us to read the President's reply, and requests its publication in the Sentinel. It is as follows:
WASHINGTON CITY, Sept. 11, 1858.
My Dear Sir: I have received your favor of the 5th inst., and permit me to say, that in the construction of my answer to the Queen, I think you are somewhat hypercritical. Most certainly I never intended, by using the expression, "All the nations of Christendom," to cast any reflection upon the Jews. Such an idea never entered my mind. Both as President of the United States and as an individual, I have ever been the advocate of religious liberty, and the perfect freedom of conscience. For many of your persuasion I entertain the highest personal regard, and I would be the last man in the world, either in an official document or a private letter, to use any expression derogatory to their character, or calculated to wound their feelings.
Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES BUCHANAN.
Rev. Isidor Kalische, Milwaukee.

THE BALLOON RACE.—Day fixed and Terms agreed upon.—The balloon race between two of the most celebrated aeronauts in the world, Mons. Godard and Prof. Steiner, will take place on Monday, the 18th instant. The inflation of the balloons, each containing 35,000 cubic feet of gas, will commence at 9 o'clock in the morning, and the ascension will take place at 4 o'clock precisely. A committee of five well known citizens have been chosen, who are to act as judges, &c. They will decide whether the weather in the morning shall justify the inflation of the balloons. When the inflation has commenced the aeronauts must go. Each may take up a passenger, at his own discretion. The success of either will be in relation to distance, not height. Arrangements will be made for each aeronaut to send down, at every town passed, in a parachute, a "log," or note, containing the name of the balloon which passes, and any incident occurring on the trip, which will be sent by telegraph, so that the citizens here and elsewhere may be continually posted of the whereabouts of the aeronauts, and the success attending their aerial flight. Mons. Godard and Prof. Steiner each expect to be up three or four days.
[Cincinnati Gazette, Oct. 8.]

COMETS AND GOOD WINES.—By a somewhat remarkable coincidence, it has been remarkable that the years distinguished by superior vintages, and the quality of the vintage has risen in proportion to the brilliancy of the comet. Indeed, so marked has this fact become, as to assume the character of a brand—"Comet Brand"—as indicating a superior vintage. This year the vintage is very superior, both as to quantity and quality, and we have a comet.—*Wilmington Journal.*

A friend relates the following: A mile or two from town, he met a boy on horseback, crying with the cold. "Why don't you get down and lead him? 'No' said the boy, 'it's a b-b-bored horse; and I'll ride him if I r-r-eeze.'"