

Dallas Herald.

LATIMER & SWINDELLS.

"Our Country—May she always be right; but right or wrong—Our Country."

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The "Hard Shell Baptists" are a well-known sect in the South and Southwest. They are not related, that we know of, to the Hard Shell Democrats in this State. They go down to the Bible, temperance, and education societies, and missions to the heathen, and all other schemes for converting the rest of mankind. Of course they are opposed to slavery, and speak as they are suddenly moved. A Georgia correspondent writes to the *Drawer*, and relates the following of one of their preachers:

"Two of them were in the same pulpit together. While one was preaching he happened to say, 'When Abraham built the ark.' The one behind him strove to correct his blunder by saying out loud, 'Abraham wasn't there.'"

"But the speaker pushed on, heedless of the interruption, and only took occasion shortly to repeat, still more decidedly, 'I say, when Abraham built the ark.'"

"And I say," cried out the other, "Abraham wasn't there." The Hard Shell was too hard to be beaten down in this way, and addressing the people, exclaimed, with great indignation, 'I say, Abraham was there or thereabouts!'"

To the same Southern correspondent we are indebted for another reading of a passage which has been variously construed. It will be recollected that in our July number we told the story of the preacher who understood the passage, as he heard it read, "Now these eight did milk a bear." Our friend says:

"This brought to mind the story of the good old dame who was playing her distaff, and listening devoutly to her daughter reading the Bible at her side. She was reading in the book of Genesis, and being not yet perfect in the art, she would now and then miscall a word. So it chanced that she read, stammeringly, these words: 'Now these eight did milk a bear.'"

"What, what's that?" said the old lady, "read that again." "The good daughter complied, and looking more carefully, read, 'milk a bear.'"

"Ah, that will do," said the mother, "they might milk a bear, but to milk a bear, my daughter, is impossible!"

Nothing is more common than to hear the foreigners in this country boasting of the vastly better and cheaper things they used to have in that blessed land they came from; but the truth comes out very readily in this conversation we overheard in Market the other day: An Irishman asks a Long Island woman the price of a pair of fowls, and is told, "A dollar."

Defence of the Frontier.

The Washington correspondents for the press—our own among them—speak with a tone of confidence of the disapproval of the Administration of the crossing of the Rio Grande by Capt. Callahan and his party, and intimate that proceedings will be instituted against them by order of the Government, for a violation of the neutrality laws. Some reports from Texas—called official, but which we hope are not entitled to that designation—are said to call for these proceedings, and to characterize the Rangers as engaged in a filibustering enterprise. This is in the tone of the official bulletins of the Mexican generals, who, on the first intelligence of the crossing of this party, imagined they saw the van guard of an invading army, and issued proclamations for a concentration of all the available force of both contending factions, for the defence of the whole line from Eagle Pass down to Matamoros, against an army of terrible Texans. Mexican persons appear to have infected some loyal persons on this side of the line, who have hastened to impart their imaginings to Washington, and hold up Capt. Callahan and his Texans as lawless invaders of a peaceful neighboring country. The word selected to stigmatize the party is that they are filibusters—a word which has come to signify, in the newspaper vocabulary, something akin to robber on land and pirate on sea; but employed chiefly for the purpose of casting odium without any definite idea of the particular offence intended to be charged.—Filibustering, in its usual signification of these times, consists in an armed incursion into another country, with designs against its Government, to overthrow it by foreign invasion, or to assist some domestic insurgents in a civil conflict against the regular authorities.—The Texas Rangers have no such purposes; neither directly nor indirectly did they have any revolutionary purposes against any one claiming authority in Mexico; nor did they have any understanding or complicity with any of the factions which are contending with each other in that distracted country. Nothing in their proceedings countenances such an imputation; and the absurdity of it becomes more transparent when we see that all parties in Mexico denounce the expedition; and the anti-Government party, to which only their services could be valuable, was the first and foremost in denunciation, and most filled with terror as well as wrath. On the lesser ground of mere plunder the party is equally above suspicion. The freebooting side of filibustering, in its obsolete sense, is utterly alien to the character of the men or their leader.—He is not a roystering blade, as many have hastily conjectured, indulging roving propensities at the head of mere adventurers, but a citizen of solid character and substance, leading a citizen force on a duty which he and they believe to be demanded by the immediate exigencies of self-defence, and justified by national and natural law.

The ground which they take, and which the State of Texas will take for them, as we understand, is that they were in pursuit of Indians who had crossed from the Mexican side, and were in the constant habit of crossing; committing fearful ravages in the American settlements; burning their houses, destroying their stock and murdering their families. It will be contended that the Mexican authorities did not, or could not restrain these incursions from their side of the river; that from the weakness of the Government they were unable to control the fierce hordes that found shelter on their territory; and from their antipathy to Americans, rather favored and protected them. It will be shown that they even shared in these forays; that Mexicans disguised as Indians helped to burn and murder; and it will be urged on in further evidence, that the two factions, Mexicans and Indians, were harmoniously blended in fighting the Americans, who had crossed only to punish the Indian robbers. These are the defences to be put in for Capt. Callahan and his party, and they will be sufficient if established, as we believe they can be, to rescue them from the charge of filibustering in any sense. We presume it will not be disputed that it is lawful for any nation to cross into the territory of a neutral in the immediate pursuit of a band of robbers, distinctly traced where it has been sufficiently established by experience that the sovereign lacks the power to restrain the marauding bands, or refuses to exercise it. It is a national right of self-protection which no Government can renounce.

Texas has suffered too long and terribly from the weakness or maliciousness of Mexican borders, not to make out a case of the right to take redress out of the hands of the faithless or imbecile authorities on the other side of the river, much stronger than that which served to justify General Jackson in his pursuit and punishment of the Seminoles and their abettors within the territories of Spain. The only ground of complaint against the proceedings, as authorized and sanctioned by Texas, will turn upon the point whether Texas has a right to defend herself, or the Texans a right to protect and defend themselves, or must wait for the United States to do it for them; and forbear the exercise of these rights of self-protection, whatever may be the emergency, waiting for the interposition of the United States. The nice pointed legal construction we are not disposed to discuss; but it is very clear that the weakness or neglect of our own Government in providing for the frontier defences is but an additional grievance to the Mexicans in harboring and concerting with the robber gangs; and that such an increased demand upon the energy and promptness of Texas herself, to employ her own means for her own defence, make an additional cause for repulsing the imputation that they were so employed as filibusters or robbers, whom the United States is bound to pursue with the rigor of the law, in compliance to Mexico. We trust no such attempt will be made without the proof of an entirely different state of facts from that which we have gathered from official papers, and other sources we deem authentic, of the state of the frontier.

"What are you?" asked a railway passenger of an oblique official. "The conductor." "What's your name?" "Wood." "Wood?" exclaimed the querist, "that cannot be. Wood is a road-conductor."

A Fire Hunt—The Longest Shot on Record.

We know that many of our readers understand what is called "fire-hunting." Some of them may not; therefore, we will briefly explain it. On dark nights—when there is no moon—the deer hunter who wishes to knock over an old buck, takes with him a companion who carries over his shoulder an iron pan or basket, attached to a long wooden handle, a hatchet, and a sack filled with short pieces of "lightwood" strapped to his back, and with his gun the hunter stiles forth into the forest. Pieces of the "lightwood" are kindled in the pan, which gives out a great blaze and throws a bright light far into the woods around. Deer food at night quite as much as by day, perhaps more; and their eyes have a peculiar "shine" by firelight. When they are so feeding, and the glare of light from the pan "shines" their eyes, the man with the gun fires in the direction of the eyes, generally aiming two or three inches below them, according to the distance at which the eyes are judged to be.

This brief explanation of "fire-hunting" we presume is sufficient. Now for our story—for we have one to tell. A few weeks since, in a part of Alabama where there is an abundance of almost all kinds of game, a friend of ours had the good fortune to go out on a fire hunt after deer with a party well posted as to the woods, the best ranges, "shining," shooting, &c. At half-past 8 o'clock "Sawney" with his young master and our friend, set out for a hunt in which they were sure of success. The guest, who has a great passion for all sorts of hunting, and who rather prides himself on his skill in sporting, was elated at the idea of bringing down a fine buck, posted with Sawney, who at first carried the fire-pan, that for every pair of eyes "shined" in the hunt he, Sawney, should have four bits.

This was something Sawney had not anticipated, and the poor darkey was quite elated by it. "Well, massa, I gwine to shine de eyes, sure, and I s'pect you have to give me a dollar and half provided you does what you says, I shine de eyes certain. But s'pose you miss 'em! How will dat be?" "I don't often do such a thing with this shooting iron. I'll hit every pair of eyes I shoot at to-night—no matter how far off. Whether I do or not you shall have the money."

And off the party started into the midst of the dense woods. The light from the pan gleamed far and wide through the wild forest. Onward and still onward trudged the night hunters; over huge logs, through thickets of brushwood, vines, tangles and briars, up hill and down hill, across wet bottoms and along dry ridges, now amongst the "turpentine orchards," and then amidst oak, beech and gum; through fields and around fences.

More than one hour was thus spent, during which our friend lost his hat a dozen times—to say nothing of two or three fall-downs, sundry scratches of his hands and face, and being almost out of breath from the brisk exercise he had to undergo in keeping up with Sawney, now more than ever intent on "shining" for the sake of the promised "shiners."

But in all this time no eyes were discovered. The party halted, and Sawney applied himself to refreshing his fire-pan and sack. "This gave opportunity to rest while and take observation. "Ain't you lost, Sawney?" asked his young master, looking about rather anxiously. "Where are the seven stars? Where are we?"

"Well, massa Ben, I just be look for myself," answered the darkey, "and I no see 'em; but I knows where we is good enough; we is in de woods," he continued, with a grin that showed his snowy "ivories." "And is that all you know about it?" "Yes, Massa Ben. Dis nigger is lost, sure. And now I gib de gentleman four bits herself if he git us out de scrape."

The gentleman informs us that notwithstanding his perplexity at this juncture, he was forced to laugh heartily. "Well," said Massa Ben, "this won't do—'I'm going to get out of this fix, at any rate. Give me the light." And suiting action to word, he shouldered the pan and took a "bee line" for somewhere. "Now," said he to his friend, "keep up with the light, and look sharp for eyes. I'll give you a shot. Follow me. The pace quickened, and the party soon found themselves in the midst of a dense, dark thicket. The fire-pan was suddenly at a stand still!

"Come here," whispered Massa Ben. "Be quick, but easy. There are the eyes. Aim two inches below them, and fire." Our friend cocked his trigger, and prepared to do as he was directed. He peered anxiously and almost choking in the direction of the eyes. He saw them; but they didn't look like eyes, and he hesitated to fire. "Make haste and shoot, before he runs—he will jump off in a minute." Accordingly, our friend, as he tells us, "blazed away," and thinking the distance rather long range, sent off one of Ely's cartridges of S. G. shot which he had in his left hand barrel. The red fire shot forth from the muzzle gave a momentary flash in the darkness of the night! The report of the explosion resounded in leaping echoes through the forest, far, far away over hill and valley, startling the sober owl from his propriety! But there stood the eyes, gazing more intently than before, and not having even winked!

"Fire again, and aim a little lower—I think you over-shot him. Now is your time; I saw him move." The deadly weapon was again leveled—the aim taken—the finger beginning to press the trigger—when— "Step! stop! don't fire! it's the noon, I swear by my powder horn! And so it was! Shooting at the moon! and that, too, with any thing less than one of the Lancasterian guns of the Allies in the Crimea! It's a pretty good joke, we think. The party got safely out of the labyrinth into which they had wound themselves by going "round and round," like the whale when he had Jonah in him, "a few days," and by the fortunate rising of the moon, then in the waning stage soon came over the moon, which led them home. But our friend insists upon it that he hit the moon, because, like a doer lying down, it "got up" after being shot at, and when waken

Valuable Discoveries of Copper Ore in the Gadsden Territory.

We had exhibited to us on yesterday a fine specimen of copper ore, which to all appearance contained a very large portion of the pure metal as is visible all over the surface of the specimen. The mine from which it is extracted, is situated in the Gadsden purchase, and as will be seen by the subjoined abstract of a letter written to Mr. Cory, member of the Assembly of this State, premises to prove of incalculable value.

The letter referred to is dated at Cape Agua Caliente, Arizona Mountains, January 12, 1854. The writer some months previously chanced to fall in with a party who were preparing to explore that portion of Sonora acquired by the Gadsden treaty, and to take possession of valuable mines should they be so fortunate as to discover such. The party in time found a copper mine which has proved to be rich and extensive. The ore has been assayed, and found to contain seventy-five per cent. of copper, in addition to which there are from one to one and a half ounces of gold per hundred weight.

This mine is within one hundred miles of steamboat navigation on the Colorado river.—The writer, however, says that eight of the company were left at the mines to build houses and hold possession of their claim, while the remainder are engaged in making explorations for silver. Several mines containing lead, silver and some copper, also a little gold, have been discovered. The richness of the specimens collected had not yet been tested. There is no doubt in the mind of the writer, that the mines in this region are of a great measure of value, and that the mines appear as if they were discovered many years ago—some of the mines, which continues to be worked, are sold cheaply, but foreign goods are held at exorbitant rates. The writer says that he would like no better business than that of merchandising within the American territory adjacent to the new boundary line. Dry goods, on which the transportation charges are trifling, will yield an average profit of one hundred per cent.

Shares in the company's mineral property are valued at \$5,000 to \$50,000. The writer says that although these prices may seem visionary, it should be considered that twenty-four men only have an inexhaustible mountain of ore, three-fourths of which is copper ore, and containing also gold enough to pay all expenses of digging and transporting the ore to Europe.

From the tenor of this letter, it may reasonably be inferred, that this country will soon get her "purchase" money back in cash out of the Gadsden territory itself.—*Sacramento Union.*

Secret Military Organization of Free Soilers in Kansas.

We clip the following from the Memphis *Whig* of the 7th instant: Some days since we published a dispatch from St. Joseph, taken from a St. Louis paper, stating the discovery of the existence of a secret military organization in Kansas, designed to control the affairs of that Territory, and to resist the execution of any law passed by the Territorial Legislature. Yesterday we received papers from St. Louis, which confirm the promised disclosures. These disclosures are made by Pat. Laughlin, a citizen of Kansas, whose character is vouched for by well known citizens of the Territory. He was a member of the association, and acted with them, but, becoming satisfied of the treasonable nature of the organization, withdrew from it, and has left himself called upon to tell all he knows about it, which he does in an address to the public.

He states most positively that the object of the association is to make Kansas a free State, by force of arms, if they fail to carry their point by legal means. To effect this they have organized a secret, or secret army, who are provided with Sharp's rifles, free of charge. (Mr. L. saw many of these rifles, and other equipments, in Lawrence,) by an organization in Boston, Massachusetts, got up for the purpose of aiding the abolitionists in Kansas to make it a free State. From this organization the executive committee at Lawrence have received \$100,000 to defray the expenses of a State organization, a movement which is on foot by the Free Soil abolition party.

Mr. Laughlin further states, that in addition to the Grand Encampment, subordinate Encampments have been organized all over the Territory, all of which are governed by the "Constitution and Ritual of the Grand Encampment and Regiments of the Kansas Legion," and standing as it may seem to our readers it is nevertheless a veritable fact, that this Constitution of the Grand Encampment, and also the Constitution of the subordinate Encampments, organize the Kansas into a secret army, which is armed and equipped with ammunition and military stores, and under absolute control of its General and subordinate officers.

Production of California Gold Mines.

The San Francisco *Herald* publishes a table, prepared with much care, detailing the amount of treasure shipped from San Francisco during the last nine months, from which it appears that the total amount shipped were as follows:

To China	\$523,780
To East Indies	111,880
To South America	41,710
To Islands in the Pacific	41,710
To Australia	6,000
To Steamers	31,697,631
Treasure, all kinds shipped 1855	\$32,414,740 82
Shipment same time (nine months) 1854	37,596,154 17
Decrease this year	\$5,091,413 25

The *Herald* remarks that the gold exported from that State during the last five years has amounted to the enormous sum, in round numbers, \$220,000,000.

Our exchanges contains the following advertisement: "Let a large black umbrella, belonging to a gentleman with a curiously curved head,

Red River Raft.

It will be seen from the following, which we clip from the *Caddo Gazette*, that the work of removing this formidable obstruction to Red River navigation is progressing rapidly under the energetic efforts and scientific skill of Col. Fuller and his assistants. The editor of the *Gazette*, in an account of a trip to Bossier Parish, gives the following cheering intelligence in regard to the speedy removal of the raft: "We were glad to see that the preparations for its removal had progressed so rapidly, and to learn that they were so near completion.—The logs and trees, formerly interlocked and bedded together in the channel, have all been saved or chopped, and separated; so that they now float loosely upon the surface, offering no impediment to the successful employment of the snag-boats when a favorable stage of water enables them to begin operating."

"Col. Fuller will be on with two boats built expressly for the purpose, with new machinery admirably adapted to the object in view, as soon as a rise in the river enables him to cross the falls at Alexandria. "From what we saw ourselves and could learn from others, we incline to the opinion that the prospect of this important work being finally successful in the permanent removal of the raft is fairer and more promising than ever before; for to say nothing of the energy and scientific skill which have been displayed by Col. Fuller and his assistants, they have the great advantage of the combined experience of all other operators who had been previously engaged in the same undertaking."

"Our neighbor of the *Telegraph* has also lately made a personal examination of the work now carried on in the region of the falls, and seems very sanguine in the success of Col. J. B. Gilmer's plan, which is being carried out. He appears to entertain no doubt that the navigation of Red River will be effectually facilitated, and we sincerely hope so; for the case, but unless there is a water more abundant than there has been in this region for the past year or two, we cannot count upon much advantage from this source of communication with the rest of the world. The fact is, we must have railroads, or our country is worse than useless to our prosperity; and the experience of the past two years has taught us the utter folly of depending upon our miserable river navigation.—*Washington (D.C.) Democrat.*

Let us now post up the book of elections in 1855. The following States have been carried by the democrats. We give the number of electors for President and Vice President to which each State is entitled, together with the popular majorities:

States	Electoral votes	Popular majority
Virginia	15	10,000
North Carolina	10	9,000
Illinois	11	20,000
Tennessee	12	2,000
Alabama	9	11,000
Texas	4	9,000
Maine	8	8,000
Georgia	10	11,000
Indiana	13	25,000
Pennsylvania	27	20,000
Louisiana	8	2,500
New Jersey	6	5,000
Wisconsin	6	3,000
Mississippi	7	8,000
Iowa	4	3,500
Total	118	148,000

The abolition and know-nothing coalition have carried the following States:

Kentucky	15	4,000
Vermont	5	10,000
Ohio	25	11,000
California	4	4,000
Massachusetts	13	9,000
Total	58	58,000

How prodigious the reaction since 1854!—We did not then carry a single State; but in 1855 we have carried fifteen States, with one hundred and forty-eight electoral votes; and the *Know-nothing* and abolition incendiaries have carried five States, with fifty-eight electoral votes! Thus, the political books show the democratic party to be in a prosperous condition. Let us keep the ball in motion.—*Cin. Enquirer.*

The Arkansas Congress.—A correspondent from Washington says there will be indeed a majority in the House opposed to the Nebraska law as an original measure but not in favor of the restoration of the Missouri Compromise. The anti-administration men will be largely in the majority, but the interests of the opposition are so discordant that they cannot unite in any measure. New combinations will have to be formed to accomplish any thing. The democratic candidates for the Speakership are Col. Orr, of South Carolina, Col. Richardson, of Illinois, and Howell Cobb, of Georgia. Col. Orr is supposed to stand the best chance as he is expected to carry the know-nothings and whigs of the South as well as the democrats in the balance of the Union. The contest between Whitefield and Reeder in Kansas will of course engage the earliest attention of the House. Whitefield can only be rejected on the ground that the law ordering the election was void, and it is not easily to see how Reeder can take this ground, inasmuch as he himself as Governor, granted certificates of election to most of the members composing the Legislature, thereby recognizing that body. We anticipate that this question will bring on a fearful crisis early in the session, arraying the North and South against each other.—*Noes.*

A Lady was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in years, to take a seat on his knee while in a crowded sleigh. "No, I thank you," said she, "I am afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

A friend phreling phreling phreling, furnishes the following:— "My truncate desters daintily driving down the avenue, feebly made by amiable delectable lining facing leas."

A REMARKABLE CHAMBERMAID.—A notice of a recent steam boat explosion ends as follows: "The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for \$15,000, and loaded with iron."

Henry Smith, Razor Strop Man, denies any sympathy for, or connection with the Free Lovers in New York. He says he has a wife and doesn't believe there is another of the same sort.

The Cleveland Herald tells the following: MERITED COMPLIMENT—Came Presentation.

—On Friday week, the crew and cook of the Ohio Canal boat Polyanthus presented their captain with a cane. The following is the correspondence: WA LON, OLD KANSAS, I KILMELLS, April 1, 1855. Hon. Capt. SMITH, Esq. The undersigned in behalf of the Kru and Cuk of the boat Ply-Ann-thus, present you with a laurel wreath upon the Peninsula, that spot maid classic ground by being the home of Joems Brown, Esq, author of the coiners ad, Notts by the weigh, Altered Bills, and other works of general isoc and circel-shun. After being kut, the stick was taken to "Tinkers Crik" and paled, and then to "Jonny Kaik lok" where it was bitfully mouned to a boss and toe line karved on top of it. Such is the simple yet affectio history of the wrech upon which is presented to you as a relic of the affecshun which will follow you wherever the ardoous duties of a salers line ma kall you. For the Kru and Cuk

Rob. Jones
Cleveland, April 4, 1855. With a heart boiling over with burning emotions I accept your beautiful Case. It deluges my soul with a flood of darling recollections of the time when working, "living and loving" together, in the inspired language of the Poet.

When transporting the "black diamonds" from the howling wilderness, and dark caverns of the interior to the metropolis of the lakes, how amid the darkness and dangers which, at the "witching hours of night," surrounded and impinged upon you, you were ever ready to support. How often have you, Rob, without chart or compass to guide, steered our gallant craft through the thickening gloom which loomed before us, and in the face of a storm, stood at the bow, prepared to "sub her." And how, when within the walls of the lock, whose grim stones frowned upon us like the crumbling remains of some deserted ruin, the relic of Roman or of Grecian pride and grandeur—how often at that fearful hour, when the "crisis of many waters" was passing through the gates, threatening to overwhelm us, has our gentle yet lion-hearted cook, Polly, prepared for our solace and refreshment a pot full of the fragrant extract of the berry of Rio, or a tiddler full of Smith's extract of rye.

Parson my emotion, for the "old time comes o'er me now," and forbid me to say more than that I am, whether in command or retirement, Yours, JOHN SMITH. To Rob Jones, committee, &c.

The Free Soil Election.—We are told that the Free Soilers, with their self-appointed judges of the election, were permitted to vote for Reeder as many times as they desired.—We are also informed that some of the more enthusiastic voted as often as ten times! Verily, this is a progressive age. We do not know whether their ten votes apiece, throwing in the old woman and boys, who we are assured took part in the election, they succeeded in polling as many votes as was given by the pro-slavery party at the legal election of the last instant. It is a matter of small consequence if they did. Unless the constitution is amended under foot, Reeder's right to a seat in Congress will not even be entertained by that body.—*Signator Sovereign.*

The recent Legislature of Kansas appointed the 1st of October as the day of election for a Congressional Representative. At this election, Whitefield (pro-slavery) and Reeder (Abolitionist), the recent Governor of Kansas, were the opposing candidates. Whitefield received 2505 votes and R. elder 276, leaving a majority of 2230 in favor of Whitefield. The free soilers, being dissatisfied with the result of the election, now deny the legality of the Legislature, have put their friend Reeder in nomination and run him over the track without any competitor. There can be but one opinion as to the people's choice in this election, and consequently the legal Representative.—*Houston Telegraph.*

M. M. M. of MALDEN.—The French General of Engineers, Neill, reports officially on the capture of Southern Sebastopol.—"The defence was entrenchment; on several points our attacks were repulsed, but the principal—that which insured us eventual success—never remained a moment doubtful. The first division of the first corps, at present commanded by General M. M. M., carried the Malakof at the very first rush, and maintained themselves there, comprehending clearly that it held in its position the key of the place."

Gen. McMahon, is of the old Oriol stock, his ancestor having followed James II. into exile. His immediate ancestor—father and grandfather—the Marquis McMahon, was Diplomatic Agent or Commissioner to the first Congress of the United States. He was one of the original members admitted into Washington's order of the "Cincinnati," and is mentioned in Hood's "Friendly Sons of St. Patrick," as being present at the memorable celebration of the Irish anniversary at Philadelphia, in 1782, with Washington, Lafayette, Count Dillon, Generals Hand, Moylan, &c. It was on that occasion Washington was "adopted" as a "Son of St. Patrick." Strange reminiscences these!—*American Celt, Oct. 20th.*

Good Advice. If you your lips Would keep from slips, Five things observe with care— Of actions you speak, To whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

The Electric Telegraph.—Among the trains given at a dinner on board the steamship James Alder, at St. John's, Newfoundland, was the following: "The great Atlantic telegraph, or the cable, was laid by the Electric Telegraph Company, and was first opened on the 28th of August, 1858. The total population of Newfoundland, according to the census which has just been taken, is 42,585. The quantity of wheat raised in the Territory