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Poetry.

LORENA.

The years roll slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been;
But the heart beats on as warmly now,
As when the summer days were nigh;
The sun will never dip so low,
Adown affections cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I clasped your hand in mine,
And felt thy pulse beat fast, Lorena,
But mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day,
And hear the village church bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell,
And what we might have done, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well!
But, then, 'tis past—Those years are flown;
I'll not call back their shadowy forms,
I'll say to those lost years sleep on,
Sleep on, nor heed life's pelting storms!

It matters little, now, Lorena,
The past is with the eternal past;
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
But there's a future—Oh! thank God!
Of life, this is so small a part;
'Tis "DUST TO DUST" beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis HEART TO HEART.

A TEAR.

Oh! Who shall paint the crystal drop,
When mercy bids it flow?
All language it must fail and stop,
The heart alone can know.
It starts for joy, it falls for woe,
It shows the mind sincere,
And when the bosom's filled with glow,
'Tis mirrored in a tear.

In hopes bright mansions, there 'midst gloom
It oft is known to fall.
In homes of misery and gloom
Its force is felt by all.
At bridal festival it steals,
Unseen, unbidden, near;
When death bereaves, the mourner feels
The sad and silent tear.

In life's young morn it oft appears,
To moist the cheek of youth—
It dwells with anguish, bliss and tears,
With constancy and truth.
When storms assail the gallant ship,
When all around is drear,
When solemn vows escape the lip,
The pledge is oft a tear.

Oh, tell me not of manhood's pride,
Of valor, pomp, or fame;
The bravest hero oft has sighed,
Who felt a sacred flame.
When love's first impulse warmed the heart
With sympathetic cheer,
It made our better feelings start,
While rapture claimed a tear.

It tells what language never can,
It is a type of peace;
The noblest tribute paid to man,
Within this gem we trace.
The brightest feelings of the soul,
With all we held most dear,
Unbidden from their fountain roll,
And glitter in a tear.

Select Story.

THE VOLUNTEER COUNSEL.

INTERESTING SKETCH.

John Taylor was licensed when a youth of twenty-one to practice at the bar of ———. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius The graces of his person, combined with superiority of intellect, enabled him to win the hand of a fashionable beauty.

Twelve months afterwards the husband was employed by a wealthy firm of that city, to go on a mission as land agent to the west. As a heavy salary was offered he bade farewell to his wife and son. He wrote back every week, but received not a line in answer. Six months elapsed when the husband received a letter from his employer that explained all.

Shortly after his departure for the west, the wife and her father returned to Mississippi. Then she immediately obtained a divorce by act of legislature, married again forthwith, and to complete the climax of her cruelty and wrong, had the name of Taylor's son changed to that of Marks—that of her matrimonial partner.

This perfidy nearly drove Taylor insane. His career from that moment became eccentric in the first degree—sometimes he preached, sometimes he plead at the bar, until at last a fever carried him off at a comparatively early age.

The following is an account of one of his efforts at the bar.

At an early hour on the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing.—Save in the war times, there had never been witnessed so large a gathering in the Red river country, while the strong feeling apparent on every face will sufficiently explain the matter following:

About the close of 1839, George Hopkins, one of the wealthiest planters and most influential men in Northern Texas, offered a gross insult to Mary Ellson, the young and beautiful wife of his chief overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, whereupon Hopkins loaded his gun, went to Ellson's house, and shot him in his own door.

The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. The occurrence produced intense excitement, and Hopkins in order to turn the tide of popular opinion, or at least to mitigate the general wrath which was at first against him, circulated reports infamously prejudicial to the character and standing of the woman who had suffered such cruel wrongs at his hands.

She brought suit for slander—and thus two cases—one criminal and the civil and both out of the same tragedy were pending at the April Circuit Court for 1840.

The interest naturally felt by the community as to the issue, became far deeper when it was known that Ashley and Pike of Arkansas, and the celebrated S. S. Prentice of New Orleans, each by enormous fees had been retained by Hopkins, for the defence.

The trial for indictment for murder concluded on the 8th of April, with the acquittal of Hopkins. Such a result might have well been foreseen, comparing the talent of counsel on either side.

The Texan lawyers were utterly overwhelmed by the eloquence and arguments of their opponents. It was the fight of giants against dwarfs.

The slander suit was set for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in number as well as the excitement. And what seemed strange, the current of public opinion now ran decidedly for Hopkins. His money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. Indeed so triumphant had been the success on the previous day, that when the slander case was called, Mary Ellson was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

The pigmy pettifoggers dared not brave the sharp wit of Pike, and the scathing thunder of Prentice.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly at the plaintiff.

"No, Sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" asked the Judge glancing round the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest of the crowd, situated behind the bar.

At the tone of that voice many started half from their seats, and perhaps there was not a heart in the intense throng that did not beat somewhat quicker—it was so unearthly, sweet, ringing and mournful.

The first sensation, however, was changed into laughter, when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure, that no person present remembered to have seen before, elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar.

His appearance was a problem to puzzle the sphinx herself. His high, pale brow, and his small nervously twitching face seemed active with the concentrated essence and cream of genius; but then his infantile blue eyes, hardly visible beneath their massive arches, looking dim, dreary, almost unconscious, and his clothing was so shabby that the court almost hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered upon the rolls of the State?" demanded the Judge, suspiciously.

"It is immaterial about my name being on yours," answered the stranger, his thin lips curling up into a fiendish sneer. "I may be allowed the courtesy of the court and bar. Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed Judge Mills a broad parchment.

The trial immediately went on. In the examination of witnesses the stranger evinced very little ingenuity as commonly thought. He suffered each to tell his own story, without interruption, though he generally managed to make each one tell it over two or three times. He put a few cross-questions, which with keen witnesses only served to correct mistakes; he made no notes which, in mighty memories, only tend to embarrass.

The examination being ended, as counsel for the plaintiff, he had a right to the opening as well as the closing speech; but to the astonishment of every one, he declined the former, and allowed the defence to lead off.

Then a shadow might have been seen to flit across the features of Pike, and to darken the bright eyes of Prentice. They saw they had "caught a tartar," but who it was, or how it happened, was impossible to guess.

Col. Ashley spoke first. He dealt the jury a dish of that dry coarse logic, which afterwards rendered him famous in the Senate of the Union.

The poet, Albert Pike followed with a vein of wit, and a half torrent of ridicule, in which neither the plaintiff nor her ragged attorney were forgotten or spared.

The great Prentice concluded for the defendant, with a glow of gorgeous words brilliant as a shower of falling stars, with bursts of oratory, which brought the house down in cheers, in which even the sworn jury themselves joined, notwithstanding the stern order of the bench. Thus wonderfully susceptible are the Southern people to the charms of impassioned eloquence.

It was the stranger's turn. He had remained apparently abstracted during all the previous speeches. Still and straight and motionless in his seat his pale smooth forehead shooting high like a mountain cone of snow, and but for that continued twitch that came and went perpetually in his face, you would have taken him for a mere man of marble, or a human form carved in ice. Even his dim dreary eyes were invisible beneath those gray shaggy eyebrows.

But now at last he rises—before the bar, not behind it—and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony fingers. With eyes half shut and standing rigid as a pillar of iron, his thin lips curled as if in measureless scorn, slightly apart, and the sound came forth.

At first it is low and sweet, insinuating itself into the brain, as an artless tune winning its way into the recesses of the heart like the melody of a magic incantation, while the speaker proceeds without a gesture or the least signal of excitement to tear to pieces the argument of Ashley, which melts away before his touch as frost before the sunbeam. Every one looked surprised. His logic was at once brief and so luminously clear, that the rudest peasant could comprehend it without an effort.

Anon, he came to the dazzling wit of the poet lawyer, Pike. Then the curl of his lips grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open—dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in his eyes, the full heart streamed out of his face. In five minutes Pike's wit seemed like foam of folly, and his finest satire, horrible profanity when compared with the inimitable sallies and exterminating sarcasm of the stranger, interposed with jests and anecdotes that filled the forum with laughter.

Then without so much as bestowing an allusion upon Prentice, he turned around short at the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into atoms, and hurled into their faces such invectives that all trembled as with ague, and two of them actually fled in dismay from the court house.

The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the orator. He inspired them with the power of his own passions. He saturated them with the poison of his own malicious feelings. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. He was soon to be the sea of all thoughts and emotions, which rose and fell and boiled in the billows as he choose. But his great triumph was yet to come.

His eyes began to glance furtively at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean taper finger assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a circumvallation of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hopes of escape.

He piled up large bastions of insurmountable facts. He dug beneath the murder and slanderer's feet, ditches of dilemmas, such as no sophistry could overleap, and no secrets of ingenuity evade; and thus having, as one might say impounded his victim, and girt him about like a scorpion in a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions before as the waves of a golden willow in the breeze, grew impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane.

His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, deafening the ear with the crashes of power, and yet intermingling all the while with a sweet undertone of the softest cadence. His face was red as a drunkard's—his forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors, that in comparison, hell itself might be considered beautiful. He painted the slanderer so black that the sun appeared dark at noonday, when shining on such an accursed monster, and then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, he fastened them there forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from his perilous height. His voice wailed, out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—still wept and sobbed like a child

He closed by a strange exortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders. He advised the panel after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it, in other words not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God.

This was the most artful trick of all, and the best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of twenty thousand dollars, and the night afterward Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death.

As the court adjourned the stranger made known his name, and called the attention of the public with the announcement—John Taylor will preach this evening at early candlelight.

The crowd all turned out, and Taylor's sermon equalled, if it did not surpass the splendor of his forsenic effort. This is not exaggeration. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dewey, Tyng and Bascom—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words, even remotely approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain—and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire. And this is the opinion of all who heard this marvellous man.

Race With a Bull.

Some forty years ago the managers of a race course near Brownsville, on the Monongehala, published a notice of a race one mile heats, on a particular day, for a purse of $100, "free for anything with four legs and hair on." A man in the neighborhood, named Hays, had a bull that he was in the habit of riding to mill with his bag of corn, and he determined to enter him for the race. He said nothing about it to any one, but he rode him around the track a number of times, on moonlight nights, till the bull had the ground pretty well, and would keep the right course. He rode with spurs, which the bull considered particularly disagreeable; so much so that he always bellowed when they were applied to his sides.

On the morning of the race, Hays came upon the ground on horseback—on his bull. Instead of a saddle, he had dried an ox hide, the head part of which, with the horns still on, he had placed on the bull's rump. He carried a short tin horn in his hand. He rode to the judge's stand, and offered to enter his bull for the race; but the owners of the horses that were entered objected. Hays appealed to the terms of notice; insisting that his bull had "four legs and hair on," and therefore he had a right to enter him. After a good deal of swearing, the judges declared themselves compelled to decide that the bull had the right to run; and was entered accordingly.

When the time for starting arrived, the bull and the horses took their places.—The horse-racers were out of humor at being bothered with the bull, and at the burlesque which they supposed was intended. But thought that it would be over as soon as the horses started.

When the signal was given, they did start. Hays gave a blast with his horn, and sunk his spurs into the side of the bull who bounded off with a terrible bawl, at no trifling speed, the dried ox-hide flaping up and down, and rattling at every jump, making a combination of noises, that had never been heard on a race course before. The horses all flew the track, every one seeming to be seized with a sudden determination to take the shortest cut to get out of the Redstone country, and none of them could be brought back in time to save their distance. The purse was given to Hays.

A general row ensued; but the fun of the thing put the crowd all on the side of the bull. The horseman contended that they were swindled out of the purse, and if it had not been for Hay's horn and ox-hide, which he ought not to have been permitted to bring upon the ground, the thing would not have turned out as it did.

Upon this, Hays told them that his bull could beat any of their horses anyhow, and if they would put up $100 against the purse he had won, he would take off the ox-hide, and leave his tin horn, and run a fair race with them.—His offer was accepted, and the money staked.

They again took their places at the starting post, and the signal was given. Hays gave the bull another touch with his spur, and the bull gave a tremendous bellow. The horses remembering the dreadful sound, thought all the rest was coming as before. Away they went again, in spite of all the exertions of their riders, while Hays galloped his bull around the track again, and won the money.

Slavery in Utah.

A New York *Times'* correspondent declares that the Indians of Utah Valley are "bought and sold like the negroes of the South, and are vastly better off as servants than as free." He also says that the whole of the Mormons are now living off the immense profits made by the sale of their agricultural products to the United States Army. These are sold at about ten times the usual price. So well satisfied have they become that if orders should be sent to recall the army, a revolt would be forthwith ordered by Brigham Young, to retain these profitable consumers of Mormon farms and produce. If this is not making Uncle Sam pay for heating the poker, we do not know what it is.

☞ Always doubt the sincerity of a girl when you see her wipe her mouth after you kiss her.

Great "Wrastling Match."

Somebody sends us the following interesting account of a great rough and tumble duello-scrimmage, but forgets to say where it took place:

Quite an exciting wrestling match occurred yesterday afternoon on Scranton's Flats, between two well known colored wrestlers, named respectively Matt Skinner and Mose Simmons. It is believed to have been the great "rastle" of the age. Mr. Skinner is an employee of the C. C. & C. Railroad, while Mr. Simmons is identified with the C. & T. The contest, therefore, may be said to have been between those gentlemenly railroads, in a measure.

Mr. Simmons had been in active training for some time under the immediate direction of Josh. Tyler, while Mr. Skinner had been put in condition by a variety of other gentlemenly conductors.

The purse was $3,00, and the betting was quite animated, going as high in a few cases as 25 cents.

In the first round the men, after shaking hands, playfully butted their heads together for a few hours. This having no effect they embraced and sat down on the grass, Mr. Skinner making an impromptu sofa of Mr. Simmon's stomach. Great stomach and *vociferous* cheers for Skinner.

2nd Round—The men came quickly to the scratch, and again embraced. They swayed wild to and fro—especially "fro"—for a short time, when Skinner put Simmons' left leg in his pocket, causing Simmons to descend to the ground with considerable rapidity. But he arose instantly and jumped affectionately on to Skinner's back. Skinner summoned all his tremendous strength and threw Simmons down the bank. He fell some sixty feet, striking a grindstone on his head. He was unhurt, but the grindstone received an injury from which it can never recover.—Wild excitement and cheers for Skinner. Skinner the favorite. Two to one on Skinner.

After being brushed off with a rolling-pin the men came to the scratch for the third round. They embraced, and Mr. Skinner, to show that he entertained no ill feeling toward Mr. Simmons, put his nose into that gentleman's mouth; while Mr. Simmons gracefully returned the compliment by placing his stomach suddenly against Mr. Skinner's left foot. This act of kindness so overpowered Mr. Skinner that he made a spittoon of his face for Mr. Simmons' special benefit. They then see-sawed some twenty rods from the ring, and fell exhausted under a two-horse wagon. Cries of "foul" on both sides, and considerable confusion ensued, in which an intoxicated gentleman threw his hat on the ground and acknowledged that he was "an original Buchanan man, and had as lief be hung as not." This disorderly person was chained to a wheel-barrow, and the men prepared for the fourth round.

They embraced, and Mr. Simmons, for the purpose of ascertaining whether Mr. Skinner had a strawberry mark on his left ankle, gracefully applied his teeth to that gentleman's left pantaloon and gently tore it to the suspender; while Mr. Skinner, with the view of assisting Mr. Simmons in his praiseworthy search for information, vigorously placed his head against the seat of Mr. Simmons' pantaloons. The effect of this generously-conceived movement was contrary to Mr. Skinner's expectations, for Mr. Simmons' head rapidly descended into the ground; nothing, in fact, being visible but his heels. He was extracted with considerable difficulty. Great cheers for Skinner. Skinner ahead.

Everything was now passing off agreeably, but the intoxicated gentleman at the wheelbarrow threw a wet blanket on the festivities by offering to bet four cents that Buchanan was a second old George Washington. He then called for a stocking-full of quick poison and burst into tears.

The fifth and last round consisted principally of what may be classically termed kerbanging, the parties prostrating their proud forms upon the grass and shoving their hands together with remarkable precision and force. They then arose and clasped each other to their respective bosoms and madly careered into a mud-puddle. The seconds of both parties at this exciting juncture threw up their sponges (the sponges being furnished for this occasion by several well known chemists) and both parties were defeated. It was probably the greatest "rastle" ever witnessed in this city. The parties were done up in champhor and conveyed from the field in a matched span of wash-tubs.

No Grabbing Allowed.

Some time ago, Heber Kimball was lecturing some Missionaries who were preparing to start out on foreign missions in the tabernacle, and said to them:

"Brethren, I want you to understand that it is not to be as it has been heretofore. The brother missionaries have been in the habit of picking out the prettiest women for themselves before they get here, and bringing on the ugly ones for us; hereafter you have to bring them all here before taking any of them, and let us have a fair shake.

Letter from John C. Heenan, The Champion of the World.

A report which was current in London that Heenan had died of erysipelas proved to be utterly unfounded. Heenan on the 22d writes to the *Times:*

"I see by your articles of Saturday that you misunderstand my wishes, and it does me great injustice. I have no differences to settle with Sayers, except such as I tried to settle with him on the 17th, and instead of being called a boy I ought to be termed a baby, if, after having come so far and not having got a settlement, I should be willing to relinquish my purpose for a few good natured pats on the back and being told I am a fine fellow.—I have received a great many anonymous letters, asking if I am not ashamed of myself, a great fellow like me, to come over to whip a little man like Sayers.—Under ordinary circumstances I should not think of sending a challenge to a man of Sayers' size, but England thinks him big enough to defend the Belt. I want it, and cannot get it, except through him. The inclosed letter, which I sent to *Bell's Life* when I heard that they intended to call on the surgeon to name the day before which Sayers could not finish the pending affair, will show my position; and as *Belle's Life* has not published it, you will do me a great kindness by letting the English people hear what I have to say. If the late battle is not to be resumed, and the Belt is not to come to me for what has already taken place, I claim to be first on the list to meet Sayers again for the chance to conquer it. The following is the letter to *Bell's Life:*

"Not having been able to obtain from you, as referee, the final decision upon the fight of Tuesday last, I desire to demand through you a new meeting within the present week. I make this demand from being informed that it has been suggested on your part that I should give Sayers sufficient time to recover from certain injuries received by him. Now, sir, while I am willing to accommodate him in any proper way, I must not be unmindful of my own right. I also received injuries, but I bargained for them; and I put it to you as a man of honor, whether, if I had been deprived; through the effect of the said fight, of my eye sight or the use of my arm, as in the case of Brettle when disabled by Sayers, you would have made Sayers wait for me for any length of time that might be decided by my private doctor? When this matter was made, the date of the battle was the 16th, or as soon as we could get to fight, and according to the rules, if the battle should be interrupted, it was my understanding, and I do believe it is the law, that we should fight within the week We did meet according to contract; the battle was said to be unfinished, and I am prepared to renew it any moment within lawful limits. If Sayers is not, on account of injuries received from me, and can not meet me according to the rules of manly opposition, I demand and claim that he resign to me the belt, which he is not according to the rules of the prize ring, entitled to retain.

Hoping to receive an answer from you before the week expires, stating your views in full, I am, &c.

P. S.—You will please understand I don't wish to compel Sayers to fight, because he is represented to be in a disabled state, but I wish to obtain what I have already won, and which I will cheerfully hand back whenever he or any person thinks he can take it from me.

How Judge R. H——Helped to Load a Steamboat.

A friend of ours who was an eye-witness to the fact, related to us a short time since an amusing circumstance which occurred while Judge R. H—— presided on the bench in this district.

On a particular occasion after his appointment business called him to Liberty, and while there meeting with many of his old associates at the bar, he got into a *convivial mood*, which lasted several days, and on going out he looked rather worse for wear. In crossing the river at Owen's landing there was a boat discharging freight, and in a great haste for fear another boat would pass that then just hove in sight.

The clerk called out: "I say, old man, can't you turn in and lend the men a hand in taking off that lot of furniture? I will pay you well for doing so, and "double filly" in the bargain."

"Oh, yes," says the Judge, "always ready to help in time of need." "Then turn in and be quick," said the clerk; "be quick, men!"

The first thing was a fine marble-finished bureau. In going off the plank, the Judge slipped, and the clerk and mate ripped out with a big oath, "There, now, throw that into the river, will you?" "Certainly," says the Judge, and giving a kick with the order, overboard it went "Hello! what's that for?" said the clerk. "I always obey orders when I work for a man," said the Judge. "Leave," says the mate. "Agreed." says the Judge, as he retired.

Clerk says, "who is that old man?" A bystander remarked, "That is the Hon. Judge R. H——, of the Fifth Judicial District of Missouri." "Oh hell, let go that line!"

£300 are said to have been subscribed in Liverpool by American captains, for the benefit of Heenan.

How it was Done in Arkansaw.

The recent brawls in the House at Washington, remind us of a story we heard in Arkansas, seven years since, which has never been in print. It is no disrespect to the present enlightened and genial State of Arkansas to say, that in its incipient or Territorial days it was rather "rough."

It was a very common thing for a man to leave the bosom of his family in sound health in the morning and return dead at night. Cuttings, slashings and shootings were of daily occurrence. It was dangerous to be safe. The Legislature was chiefly composed of bullies and blacklegs, and the scenes enacted by them were often very eccentric. A fight arose about something in "the House" one day. The Hon. Mr. Banger of Napoleon, called the Hon. Mr. Slanger, of Helena, a liar. The Hon. Slanger retorted with a bullet, which took off the Hon. Mr. Banger's left ear. Both then sprang into the center of the hall with drawn bowie knives. The Speaker said "by G—d we must have fair play in the business!" and rushed out into the floor, with a cocked pistol in one hand and a "tremendous "toothpick" in the other, and in tones of thunder commanded the Representatives to form a ring. A ring was formed and in the classics of the time the combatants "went in."

They cut each other frightfully, and for quite a spell it was difficult to decide who was the better man. But finally Banger, by an adroit thrust, cut off Slanger's head, and instant death was the result. Mr. Slanger's remains being removed, and order restored, Mr. Banger arose and said: "It is my painful duty to announce to the House the death of the Hon. William Slanger, of Helena. He was good at draw-poker and faro, and handled the toothpick beautiful. He wasn't of no account at legislation. He was middlin' on hosses. He put on too many scollops. He had no family 'cepting his brother Bill, the best poker player on Red River. I move resolutions of respect be passed and for'arded to his brother Bill."

They were passed.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Denominational Oxen in Texas.

Texas is a great State. It has not only a large, growing mixed population—every variety of climate and soil, game and stock—but its very oxen have become denominational, if not sectarian in name, character, and spirit. In proof of this we give the following incident.

A minister traveling along the road, met a stranger driving a wagon, which was pulled by four oxen; as the minister approached, he heard the driver say, "Get up Presbyterian!" "Gee Campbellite!" "Haw Baptist!" 'What are you doing Methodist!' The minister, struck with singularity of such names being to oxen, remarked—

"Stranger, you have strange names for your oxen, and I wish to know why they had such names given to them.

The driver replied, "I call that lead ox in front, Presbyterian, because he is true blue, and never fails—he believes in pulling through every difficult place, persevering to the end, and then he knows more than all the rest. The one by his side I call Campbellite; he does very well when you let him go his own way, until he sees water, and then all the world could not keep him out of it, and there he stands as if his journey was ended. This off ox, behind, is a real Baptist, for he is all the time after water, and will not eat with the others, but is constantly looking, first on one side, and then on the other, and at everything that comes near him. The other which I call Methodist, makes a great noise and a great to do, and you would think that he was pulling all creation, but he don't pull a pound."

The minister having his curiosity gratified with the explanation, rode on, wondering what he should next see and hear in Texas. This is no dream but a real fact; as we have heard it; nor are we influenced by dyspeptic feelings, in telling our readers the ecclesiastical relation of Texas oxen.—*True Witness.*

THE PECK TROUBLES.—The commissioners appointed to settle with the sureties of Mr. Peck, the late State Treasurer of Maine, have effected an adjustment with those on the bond of 1859, by which they pay and secure to the State the sum of $37,000. Mr. Dow has paid $8,000, and the Merchant's Bank $11,000, making $46,600. The sum of $7,507 39 is still considered to be owned, and will be paid if the Judge of the Supreme Court determine, without litigation, that it ought to be paid.

Sentenced to be Hanged.

BELVIDER, N. J. May 3.

Hardin has been sentenced to be hung on the 28th of June, between ten A. M. and three P. M. When asked why he should not be condemned, he said:

"I have nothing to say."

THEY have no old maids in Japan; when girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up a husband and make them marry, willing or not willing. The Japanese know a thing or two, if they have been walled in for centuries.