THE REPUBLICAN

Is printed weekly at Clearfield, Pa., by D. W. MOORE & CLARK WILSON, Editors and Proprietors, at the following very favorable

TERMS.

ONE COPY ONE YEAR, IN ADVANCE	$1 00
IF NOT PAID WITHIN THREE MONTHS	1 25
IF NOT PAID WITHIN SIX MONTHS	1 50
IF NOT PAID WITHIN NINE MONTHS	1 75
IF NOT PAID WITHIN TWELVE MONTHS	2 00

☞ The above terms are as liberal as those of any other country paper in the State, and will be exacted.

No discontinuance will be allowed until all arrearages have been paid.

DUTY AND LIABILITY OF POSTMASTERS.

Postmasters neglecting to notify the publisher, and direct, by law, of the fact that papers are not lifted by those to whom they are directed, are themselves held responsible for the amount of the subscription money.

Persons lifting papers addressed to themselves, or to others, become subscribers, and are liable for the price of subscription.

Our paper is now carried by mail throughout the county free of postage.

Clearfield Republican.

A WEEKLY PAPER: DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, MORALITY, AND FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

Volume 4. Clearfield, Pa., Aug. 19, 1853. Number 32.

Prices of Advertising.

1 square, 1 insertion	$0 50	3 squares 3 months	$5 00
1 do 3 do	1 00	3 do 6 months	7 00
Each subsequent do.	25	3 do 12 months	10 00
2 squares 3 months,	3 50	1 half column, 3 months	5 00
do 6 months,	4 00	1 do do 6 months	8 00
do 12 months,	7 00	1 do do 12 months	12 00
3 do 3 months,	4 00	1 column 3 months,	8 00
do 6 months,	5 50	1 do do 6 months	12 00
do 12 months,	9 00	1 do do 12 months	20 00

A liberal reduction will be made to Merchants and others who advertise by the year.

Our paper circulates in every neighborhood, and is read by nearly every family in the county—and therefore affords a convenient and cheap means for the business men of our county—the merchant, mechanic, and all others—to extend the knowledge of their location and business. We should like to insert "A Card" for every Mechanic, Merchant, and Professional man in the county. We have plenty of room without encroaching upon our reading columns, and no man in a legitimate business will lose by advertising extensively—for, as a general rule, the more extensively a man advertises the greater will be his profits.

Books, Jobs and Blanks,

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, PRINTED IN THE VERY BEST STYLE, AND ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE, AT THE OFFICE OF THE "CLEARFIELD REPUBLICAN."

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR BIGLER.

PHILADELPHIA, July 3, 1853.

Editors Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIRS:—The following letter was received from Gov. Bigler last night, by the Committee on Shop Tax.

EXECUTIVE DEP'T., HARRISBURG.

To Messrs. James West, Jos. Erskine and E. H. Plummer.

Gentlenen:—Yours of the 21st, was received during my absence from the seat of Government, which must be my apology for the delay of answering it.

The object of your communication, you say, is to ascertain the sentiments of the Committee of the Senate upon the 11th section of the act of 22d of April, 1846, entitled, An Act to provide for the reduction of the public debt in reference to mechanics who keep stores or warehouses for the sale of their own manufactures exclusively. From the tenor of your letter, I may presume that the matter in controversy has been passed upon by one of the Courts of your city, but as to the precise point adjudicated, or the facts which gave rise to the decision of the Court, I have no means of knowing. I infer, however, from your language, that the persons now manufacturing exclusively, thus you say. Those who keep a shop for the purpose of making to order for their customers such articles as they want of their own manufacture for the accommodation of their customers, who may not wish to have them made, and those who have the means, in their leisure time to manufacture work to sell to dealers, and those again who keep a store in some retired place for the sole purpose of manufacturing articles to supply the stores of dealers, and sell the articles already manufactured to their hands. I was Chairman of the Committee of the Senate to which the bill containing this section was referred—it was discussed very fully in the Committee as well as in the Senate, and my recollection is clear that the proviso to the section was intended to protect mechanics who made and sold their own goods, otherwise the oppression upon the productive labor would be severe. This is my distinct recollection as to the intent of the Committee and Senate. As to the judicial construction which should be given to the section, I can, of course, venture no opinion—that duty being properly vested in another tribunal. This I may say, however, that if by judicial construction the section is made to embrace any of the occupations you refer to—those who manufacture and sell their own goods exclusively—it would seem a harsh one, and certainly not within the intention of those who enacted the law.

Yours, very obediently,

WM. BIGLER.

SUDDEN RISING OF AN AFRICAN DESERT STREAM.—About four o'clock in the afternoon there was a cry in the encampment, "El wany jace!" "the Wady is coming!" Going out to look I saw a broad white sheet of foam advancing from the south between the trees of the valley. In ten minutes after a river of water came pouring along and spread all around us, converting our encampment into an isle of the valley. The current in its deepest part was very powerful, capable of carrying away sheep and cattle and uprooting trees. This is one of the most interesting phenomena I have witnessed during my present tour in Africa. The scene indeed, was perfectly African. Rain had been observed falling in the south; black clouds and darkness covered the zone of heaven; and an hour afterwards came pouring down this river of water into the dry perched-up valley. This accident of Wady Tinfa-ghoda explains the scriptural phrase, "Rivers of water;" for here, indeed, was a river of water appearing in an instant, and almost without notice.—*Richardson's Narrative of a Mission to Central Africa.*

☞ The Pittsburg *Dispatch* of Tuesday, has the following:

"INFAMOUS.—Some dirty scoundrel wrote a letter to the Governor, a month ago, purporting to be from the editor of this paper, urging him to issue a death-warrant in the Jewell case, and stating that it was generally believed that he had been bribed not to do so. The scoundrel coolly says: 'I had intended to make this the subject of an editorial, but concluded to drop you these few lines,' &c. Of course, the Governor at once detected the rascally forgery, as the author seems to have been too ignorant to carry out his design so as to deceive any one. The letter is in our possession, and should we discover the forgery it will not be well for him."

☞ A CHANCE FOR THE LADIES.—The Agricultural Society of Columbia county Ohio, at its exhibition, commencing on the 12th of October, in order to afford the ladies of Columbia county, and from any distance who may be in attendance, an opportunity to display their agility on horseback have raised a purse of $250 to be distributed, in premiums, worth from $5 to $30, to the best female rider, or to those most skilled in reigning a single horse or a span of horses in harness.

(From Sharpe's Magazine for July.)

SLAVE-HUNTS IN THE SAHARA.

BY HORACE ST. JOHN.

From the bondman, trembling under a scourge in the American plantations, we sometimes turn to Africa, the mother of bondage, who forges chains for her own children. Of the iron dug from her own mountains these fetters are made, and the tribes of the sons of Tubal Cain beat and shape them on her own soil. In the solitude of those central deserts man keeps the gate open to his enemy. The sword never found a passage thither. Nothing but gold ever penetrated the Sahara. Its dwellers were never conquered by an Alexander or a Cæsar, but any truckling kidnapper can corrupt them. It is a bitter witness to the broken faith of man with man, to see creatures born under the pledge of a common compact and natural law betraying and degrading one another; but the most miserable sight in the whole dark range of human debasement is that of the beginning of the slave's sorrow. He is pitiable when he has grown old in servitude, but still more pitiable when the anklets and manacles are new and bright upon his limbs, when liberty still lingers in his thoughts, like the sweetest taste of childhood, and he is torn from home, casting a longing, wretched, hopeless look behind.

Remote in the wilderness of Central Africa slavery brings forth its offspring.—There, among beautiful hills and oases, watered by delicious springs, with date-groves shading hamlets which seem all pleasantness and peace, mothers nurse the young brood which is to pine and toil, and perish in the sugar or tobacco grounds of Cubia or the Western Continent.

A great belt of populous country stretches across the desert, which spreads over the central reigon of Africa, and was by the ancients compared, with its tawny surface and spots of hill and verdure, to a leopard's skin. Four great kingdoms are situated upon this populous belt—Wadal, Bournou, Soudan, and Timbuctoo, whence four caravan tracks lead down across sandy and stony wastes to the Barbary coast. Lesser kingdoms lie around about, each in a oasis of its own; and from all of these come annually to the sea-trains of captured slaves, to be sold in the cities and ports, while others go westward to supply the traders who ply to the shores of Cuba. Ivory, ostrich feathers, senna, wax, and indigo are also brought down; but this legitimate traffic is comparatively small, of recent growth, and never likely to become important without diminishing or extinguishing the commerce in human beings.

Melancholy everywhere, the slave system is most melancholy in Central Africa. For, in those distant countries, defended on all sides by deserts, and only made accessibly by the cupidity of man, we perceive the slave in his original home, enjoying that happiness which harmonize with his nature, and is interrupted by the stealth or violence of the kidnapper.

We may choose a city of the once famous and mysterious kingdom of Bournou—the city of Zinder, buried deep in the center of Africa; it is picturesquely situated amid undulations of green hills, with spinkles of gigatic knolls. Meadows lie around it with fences, and corn stacks and granaries stand in the open country without bolt or guard, illustrating a feeling of honor among these "mighty hunters" of their fellow-men. About twenty thousand people dwell here in habitations which is scattered over a vast space of ground. A conical hill, or a block of granite, marks each seperate quarter. Circular walls of matting, enclosing a number of huts, mud-houses, denotes the residence of a chieftain, while irregular clusters show where the inferior qualities of the population are congregated. At sunset one or two hundred vultures fly in a circle over the city, and clean it from refuse collected in the day. There are two weekly markets, when cattle, camels, sheep flesh, fish, wheat, honey, hotkabobs, and sweet potatoes are exposed for sale, besides merchandise and slaves. Fruit and vegetables of the most cooling kinds are brought from gardens which pleasantly encircle Zinder, and thus a strange nation passes a strange but unromantic life.

The great trade of the kingdom is in slaves, who are classed in a peculiar manner; the men are assorted into those who have a beard, those who have none, and those who have a beard beginning, while the women are valued according to the size and shape of their bosoms. The best of them go to the city of Nissee, to be there shipped for America. There is an immense traffic in these slaves; who are exchanged for American goods, which are to be found in these markets more abundantly than those of any other country.—The chief slave hunters in these kingdoms are, of course, the kings themselves.—Some of them go out once a year, others once a month, and on various pretences, though many avow openly the purposes of their expedition. Formerly, when the rulers were Moslemy, and the people idolaters, a religious cry covered the shame of the kidnapper, but the whole population became Mohammedan, and then the faithful hunted the infidel as savagely as they had before hunted the Kaffirs or infidels! There common plan is this: A chief foments a quarrel with some town or village within his territories, upon some affair of taxation, and captures all the inhabitants. In order to enjoy this privilege he pays a tribute to the Great Sheikh, or Lord of Bournou.

A regular razzia, or slave-hunt in the Sahara, is perhaps the most extraordinary of all the operations invented by man to obtain wealth. For some time before, there is generally a rumor in the city that this event is to take place, and great is the excitement in the bordering countries until it is known in which direction the *sarkee* or governor will march. This village is now named and now that; but a mystery usually prevails till within a few days of the start. Meanwhile, small parties are sent out from time to time to steal "a family or two," in order to be exchanged for certain nuts which the sarkee is pleased to like. Then, perhaps a boy pilfers a little fruit. Public justice must be vindicated! He is sold in the bazaar, and not only he, but his father, mother and sisters, and perhaps the whole circle of his relations, the money being appropriated by the chief.

Gradually, however, the plan of the great razzia is completed. A thousand slaves are required—so many to be sent the sheikh, so many to be distributed among the inferior traders, and so many to be kept by the sarkee. If a common man catches five, three belonging to him, and two to his feudal master; if he kidnaps two, each has one for his share. Thus the whole population has an interest in the result of the expectation; and all join with hope and glee to chase the peaceful villagers of the contiguous country, and bring them home disolate and in chains. Five thousand cavalry, and thirty thousand bowmen assemble on a plain near the city; the drums of Zinder beat; the people shout; gaudy flags and emblems stream in the sun; and away goes the cavalcade with as much pomp and pride as Napoleon's legions winding along the heights to conquer at Marengo.

After three or four hours' ride they usually encamp, and a market is opened for traffic in provisions. Since no women accompany the razzia, the men cook and do all the work. The first advance is often made in a direction contrary to that actually proposed to be taken—for the route of the expedition is kept a profound secret, so that an unsuspecting population may be taken by surprise. At night, the leader calls his chosen troops around him, distributes nuts among them, indicates a part of his plan, and orders the hour and the line of the next march. This is made at midnight, or as soon as the moon rises, when the whole black army is again in motion, dragging its huge length through date-groves and stubble-fields, and valleys and hills, towards some devoted town destined for the first plunder. The chief takes care not to expose himself, but marches with a body guard, which surrounds him while a battle goes on. These warriors are covered with mattrass-stuffing to protect them against arrows and spears; while a number of "generals" direct the attack, and shield-bearers press forward to capture or die!

After several days' journey the army reaches a country where slaves may be caught, and disperses itself to the several cities and villages. Sometimes the people defend themselves heorically with their bows and arrows; flying to the summits of rocks and selling their liberty dearly.—Often, however, they are surprised while they are preparing their meals, or dancing, or celebrating a bridal feast; and then the enemy rush in, seize them, chain and bear them unresisting away. If the hamlet be girt with stockades, a garrison of expert archers may occasionally drive back the forlorn hope of the slave-hunters, but a second assault is victorious; and the dwellings are left level with the earth.—The hut doors are violently broken open; the inside is ransacked; the milk-bowls and calabashes are taken, with the bows, arrows and axes; and the ruin is next unroofed or set on fire, while the cattle, the sheep and the goats are swept out of every field to swell the general booty.

Meanwhile, in Zinder the inhabitants await eagerly the return of the hunters.—These are sent out to different elevations near the city, to watch for the shadow and the dust of the homeward-marching army. At length, after an absence more or less prolonged, a cry is heard, "The sarkee is coming!" All the population throngs out to learn the truth. If he is not himself within sight, the fruit of his achievements are visible. A single horseman paces along, showing the way to a miserable train of newly-made slaves. Here comes a group of little boys, naked, fearless, playing about as though it were a holiday; then a string of mothers dragging themselves along, with babes at their breasts; then girls of various ages, some scarcely bloomed out of childhood, others ripened to maturity; then, as Richardson describes in his wonderfully striking narrative, old men bent two double with the weight of many years, their trembling chins drooping towards the ground, their poor old heads covered with white wool;" next comes aged women, tottering and helping themselves along with staves, and after them stout youths, chained neck and neck together, who are huddled through the gateways, never to pass them but in bonds.

There is joy in Zinder. All day long the triumph is prolonged. Following this vanguard—the abject trophies of misery, come single cavaliers, then lines of horsemen galloping over the plain, then cavalry with drums beating, and then a body of mounted warriors, with helmets of brass and padded coats, who marched around the sarkee or sultan. At length the mass of the hunting army appear in sight, toiling along a rolling canopy of dust, and with it comes the spoil of the expidition, perhaps three thousand slaves. This is the beginning of a sorrow which is to end perhaps with insults and lashes in a plantation of Cuba.

Some of the captives taken are, after the general sale, domesticated in Zinder, or a neighboring Bournou city. Almost every householder has one or two trained who, from the method in which the irons are fixed on their limbs, cannot walk, but, when they are obliged to go about, move along with little jumps. No sight can be conceived more painful; but if the people will have slaves it is necessary for to fetter them, because there are so many towns and retreats near, to which they could escape without difficulty, and whence they could not easily be brought back. They are exceedingly useful to their owners, who enjoy indolence and comfort through their industry. For this reason it is, that when the hunting army returns, so much delight fills the population as they salute the army with the beautiful Arabic word "Alborka!"—"blessing!" In the same spirit the Italian bandit repeats an invocation to the Virgin while he cocks his pistol!

The slaves cultivate the ground, cook food, sweep the huts, and do all kinds of menial offices for their masters, and when they offend, are punished with awful severity by them. Yet they are not on the whole inhumanly treated, and are allowed to enjoy some of their favorite amusements. On the "night of power" in which the Koran is said to have descended from heaven, they are permitted to have a feast, a free dance, and songs; and then they forget for the hour all thought of suffering and are as happy as under their native shades. On certain days too, they visit the tombs of their dead friends, burning incense over them, calling upon their names, and praying to be restored "to them and to liberty after death." They dress very gaily on holidays, and derive from such occasions an enjoyment which seems almost to compensate for the rest of the year. Many of them are patterns of fidelity, and after a lengthened period of service will die for their masters.

But the most unhappy are those who are doomed to be sent across deserts, to be sold in distant cities, and scattered far over the earth in strange lands. Regular caravans are formed to carry them across the Sahara, to the market of the coast. They are either sold or confided to the dealers, and marched in the heat of the day over the desolate wastes of sand and rock, with no alleviation to their toil except the lightness of their own hearts, and the cheer of their own songs. The train is ready—it starts; little time is given for adieus, and all the dear affinities of the heart, are broken forever. And who shall say that such pangs do not burn as deeply in the bosom of the negro, as sudden and hopeless partings; 'such as burn young hearts;' burn in the bosoms of the most youthful and delicate in England?

A number of camels with a file of armed men, march with the weary cavelcade of slaves. They may be seen struggling along the brown dessert, some crawling and scarcely able to move, others urged suddenly on by threats and blows. Lately, a traveller fell in with one of these melancholy caravans. It consisted of twenty camels laden with ivory, and thirty girls who had been seventy days on their monotonous, mournful way. Most of these poor young creatures had performed journeys on their road from their own happy villages to captivity, which would acquire for any European traveller who should perform them an unequalled renown.—Some of them had little children slung on their backs. They met an old woman who was returning free to her own country, under the protection of a body of white men. No envy filled their sad breasts. They fell upon her aged neck, weeping and kissing her, and blessing her in return for the kind wish she uttered, that the same happiness might be in store for all of them.

Away the caravan proceeds over the unmeasured desert, the camels pacing along in strings, one being tied to another and resembling, in the distance, a moving mass of troops, especially when the mirage multiplies their long piles to the eye. A solid bed of rock constitutes the basis of the region, scattered over with a fine dry sand, or blue pebbles, except when a fountain splashes amid its little green paradise like a smile on the face of desolation.—Occasionally, a vast assemblage of rocks appears on the horizon, and seems to the believing eye of the Moslem, some abandoned city of the Jinn. Then a small lake shines like a patch of silver under some palms, and some pretty red and yellow wild flowers are scattered along the track; and the wanderer, unaccustomed to beauty amid all its dreariness,

> "In barren deserts, with surprise,
> Sees lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
> And starts amid the the thirsty wilds to hear
> New falls of water murmuring in his ear."

The slaves as they march, wear scarcely any clothes, and are treated as much like merchandise as it is possibly for human beings to be. Three or four are often made into a "parcel"—a young woman, a young man, and two children.—Their condition varies, of course, with the drivers. Some are grossly and savagely used, whipped along by day, and made the toy of their masters in the camp; others are kindly treated, well fed, and permited to ride in turns. Those with infants in their arms are behaved to with tenderness and even respect—respect, I mean, of the sort which is paid to women in this part of the earth. Generally, females are believed to have no souls, they have no moral motive to virtue, no family or feminine pride, no liberty of the affections, and are expected to do wrong if they can.—From woman in such a position what can be anticipated? Sultan Ennoor, of the unexplored kingdom of Aheer, told Richardson his ideas on this subject: "The opinion of his highness of woman does not flatter the ladies: he recommended us never to listen to the advice of our wives; if we die we should be lost. The women were very well to fetch water, pound ghaseb, and cook the supper, but for nothing else. He never himself paid any attention to what they said: they were awful talkers." So much for the old savage. However women in bonds are not likely to be the best representatives of their sex.

Happy it is for the poor slave-girls on their march through the Sahara, that they have light hearts. They sing touching and plaintive songs, laden with memories of home, laden with thoughts of former joys, laden with the recollection of the fields and huts where they spent their happy youth, and so they beguile their way. As soon as the place of encampment is reached, they arrange everything and light fires, first for their masters and then for themselves. The cold of the desert is bitter at night, and the wreched creatures wear little or no clothing. Their rations of food are then served up to them; and too often the barley-meal and water which would be scarcely sufficient for one is divided among ten of the famished and squalid slaves.

They may have been on foot fourteen hours; they may still be hungry, thirsty, weary; yet, as the evening deepens, they rise one by one to the dance, and trip upon the sand until the moon grows pale. They beat their uncouth drums, and the young slaves fly round, often in very modest and graceful measures, though often, too, in figures of quite another character. A peculiar, hopping step is much in practice among them, and it is by no means an uncurious circumstance that we can trace many of the favorite negro dances in America to their origin in the remote kingdoms of the Sahara. They even have preserved some of the most singular of the movements and evolutions, as well as many of the native airs, so that the spirit of Africa is breathed again among the sugar-canes and cotton-fields of Alabama and Carolina. In such festivities the unhappy creatures fall into forgetfulness of their lot, and seem as though lost by an indifference, which, however only lasts while the merriment goes on. See them next morning setting out, with unwilling steps, their heads bent, their eyes downcast and dull, their faces marked with sorrow, and all the illusion of the moonlit revelry passes away, and slavery becomes again as cheerless and desolate a thing as the Sahara itself.

And so the caravan toils along, now winding in irregular files along the plain, now crawling up a mountain, now bivouacking near a well, and on the green fields of an oasis. As it goes, some of the victims fail in strength, and perish on the road. The very aged especially leave their bonds in this manner, half-way between their former dwelling places and the termination of the journey to bondage. It seems a gratuitous cruelty on the part of the slave-hunters to disturb tottering old men and women, who have nothing left on earth but to die, and who, if they were actually brought to market, would not sell for more than *one shilling*, so feeble and useless are they. When they expire, a hole is dug, or rather scratched, in the sand and they are thrown in, and a loose stone is placed over them. Numbers of such graves mark the four great caravan tracts, from the kingdom of the Sahara to the northern coast. Many little mounds, too, along in strings, one being tied to another and resembling, in the distance, a moving mass of troops, especially when the mirage multiplies their long piles to the eye. A solid bed of rock constitutes the basis of the region, scattered over with a fine dry sand, or blue pebbles, except when a fountain splashes amid its little green paradise like a smile on the face of desolation.—Occasionally, a vast assemblage of rocks

BITTEN BY SNAKES.

FAYETTE CO.—Wm. Downward, residing on Laurel Hill, was bitten on the finger by a copper head, whilst gathering up an armful of hay. Immediately after being struck he endeavored to suck the poison from the wound, and it is supposed partially succeeded. His hand and arm were swollen to twice their natural size, and the side on which he was bitten became very painful, turning black and blue He is now much better and thought to be out of danger.—A harvest hand on the mountain was struck by a very large rattle snake, the other day, whilst binding a sheaf of wheat. He immediately drank a pint of whiskey, and worked for an hour, when he took another pint, and worked till night, without either feeling the effects of the bite or the liquor. This would seem to establish the fact that liquor though poisonous itself, counteracts the poisonous effects of the most venomous reptiles.

SPIRIT OF '76.—The suggestion that the present owner of Mount Vernon is negotiating for its sale has awakened the spirit of one of the few remaining heroes of the revolution. He addresses a letter to the editors of the *National Intelligencer* over the signature of "S S.," dated Columbus, Ohio, July 14, in which he makes the following noble proposition: "To be one of two hundred that will pledge themselves to raise one thousand dollars each (no one to give more or less,) one half to be paid on the 10th day of January, 1854, and the balance to be paid in as the parties may agree on; the property and its sacred remains to be secured by deed to the people of the United States, and to be under the control of the goverment of the United States so long as the goverment shall remain a republican goverment.

"And now I pledge myself, as one of the two hundred, to raise one thousand dollars for the above sacred purpose; but on condition that the remaining one hundred and ninty-nine shall be American born and true, and likewise that no Young America shall have part or lot in the matter, neither foreign nor American born.

The editors of the *Intelligencer* has the proper name of the veteran, and add their assurance that his proposition was made in good faith. We are sorry he close the door against Young America.

SENATOR DOUGLAS.—Our readers may have elsewhere observed the report that the distinguished senator from Illinois had during his foreign tour, united with the Roman Catholic church. We see that the New York Freeman attaches no credit to the rumor.

A letter from Rev. Dr. Teasdale, of this city, (who was formerly pastor of the church which Senator Douglas attended with his family,) gives the following information.

The gentleman alluded to is undoubtedly the Hon. J. R. Chandler, of Philadelphia, now, or recently, at Rome. It is known that his present wife (a very excellent and beautiful woman) is a devoted catholic; and it is generally believed that Mr. Chandler, having for some time been a regular attendant with her on Catholic services, has now united with that church."

We are not aware that Senator Douglas has yet reached "the Eternal City."

TERRIBLE DEATH BY THE BITE OF A MAD DOG.—Edmond Emmons, of Ridgeville, Lorain county, Ohio, was bitten by a mad dog, his own, in the month of April. Last Friday evening he was taken sick about 4 o'clock, when his hand became inflamed and pained him very much. On Tuesday he died in the greatest agony, leaving a wife and several children. The wound had a long time been healed, and he had lost all fears of madness from the bite. He worked in the field till 4 P. M., on Friday, when the terrible malady made its appearence. Physicians and friends were sent for. His pains increased, and soon his ravings commenced. At last after four days of the most intense suffering he died suddenly by the bursting of a blood vesel, ocasioned by his violent spasms.—He was a young man highly respected and leaves a young and interresting family.—*Cleaveland Plaindealer, July 20.*

HOW TO DO UP SHIRT BOSOMS.—We have often heard ladies expressing a desire to know by what process the fine gloss on new linens, shirt bosoms, &c., is produced and in order to gratify them, we subjoin the following reciept:

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder—put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water (according to the degree of strength you desire) and then having covered it, let it set all night—in the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give to lawns—either white or printed—a look of newness when nothing else can restore them after washing.

☞ At Newport R. I. land which a few years ago, sold for $75 an acre, now brings $1,000.