Miscellaneous.

The Murder at Succasunna Plains--A Redman Kills His Pursuer.

The full particulars of the murder of Wm. Buck, at Succasunna Plains, in New Jersey, on Friday, have been learned from the statements of persons who were concerned in the capture of the lunatic, John Bruen, who committed the deed. It appears that Bruen had for several years been periodically insane during the Summer season, and that at these times his conduct has been uncontrollably violent. On Friday last he left his home in Madison, while suffering from one of his attacks of insanity, and took passage by the mail train on the Morris and Essex Railroad to Hackettstown. The conductor of the train, before it arrived at Madison, discovered that Bruen had neither money or ticket, and put him off the train at the Morristown depot. Bruen rushed frantically through the depot, and, as if determined to have a ride in some sort of conveyance, jumped into the mail wagon which was standing near the depot, and drove away. He was familiar with the town, and drove directly to the Post-Office, where he threw out the mail bags. He then started to drive away again, but the crowd who surrounded the Post-Office door, seeing that he was not the regular carrier, and noticing his excited conduct, attempted to arrest him. After a determined struggle he escaped from them, and ran out on the road leading to Succasunna Plains. Toward evening, Mr. Robert Shaw, the Station Agent of the Chester Railroad at Succasunna Plains, was driving toward the station, accompanied by his wife, on his return from Morristown, when he was suddenly overtaken by young Bruen. The lunatic came stealthily up behind the wagon, and leaping into the box, attempted to climb over the top, which was thrown back. Mr. Shaw urged on his horse at a desperate rate of speed to escape the determined attempts of the madman, and endeavored to throw his assailant out. He struck Bruen several blows with the butt of his heavy whip, but the latter persisted in his efforts to obtain a place in front. The wagon-top finally gave way, and the lunatic fell to the ground. Arrived at the village in which he resides Shaw stopped at a hotel, and was relating the circumstances of his strange adventure on the mountain when young Bruen entered. Shaw had no idea that Bruen was insane, and opened a dispute with him. Hard words passed between them. Bruen stayed for some time, manifesting no intention of leaving. Mr. Shaw after awhile quietly left the hotel and repaired to the residence of a Justice of the Peace. A few moments consultation with him resulted in the issuing of a warrant for the arrest of Bruen. The constable, to whom the warrant thus issued had been given, immediately went in search of the lunatic, and at about 9.30 P. M., came in contact with him. An effort was made to arrest him, but Bruen resisted with such strength and vigor that he for some time baffled the united exertions of the half dozen men who contended against him. A long and desperate struggle, however, resulted in his fall. His captors now made an effort to tie his hands. While preparations were in progress, he succeeded in wresting himself from the grasp of those who held him down, and sprang to his feet. Almost simultaneously with his rise from the ground, he drew a long jack-knife from his pocket, and threatened to stab the first man who should again attempt to put handcuffs upon him. The fierce firmness which his words and manner bespoke, intimidated his captors, and no second attempt was made to take him into custody. When Bruen seemed to have satisfied himself that his threat had accomplished its intended intimidation, he turned on his heel and walked deliberately away. He had not proceeded many steps before William Buck stepped out upon the road, and, with the evident intention of assisting in his arrest, walked rapidly toward the retreating man. When he had got almost up with him, Bruen turned suddenly about and buried the long blade of his jack-knife into the breast of his pursuer. The stabbed man staggered a few paces, crying, "He has stabbed me," and fell. Those who had attempted unsuccessfully to arrest Bruen, lifted his prostrate victim from the ground and carried him into his father's house. The news of the fatal encounter spread like wildfire among the people of the neighborhood. A consultation was held and a number of the best men sent in pursuit of the savage lunatic. These soon encountered him, and made no attempt to capture him. A fearful struggle ensued, and it was not until he had been knocked down three times with a bludgeon that his capture was effected. He was taken to Morristown and committed to jail. The unavailing injured Buck was sinking rapidly. At 11 o'clock he lost the power of speech. In two hours and a half afterwards, during which he suffered intense mortal agony, he was a corpse. The affair has created a feeling of profound sorrow in the places where the lunatic and his victim resided.

Rescue of a White Woman After Being Two Years with the Red Skins.

About four years since a family named Weigel removed from Ohio to Kansas, and settled in a stream known as Solomon's Fork. The family consisted of John Weigel and wife, and three children, two boys and a girl, the former aged respectively, 10 and 12 years, and the latter three. The homestead of eighty acres was taken up, and in two years was all under cultivation.

At that time, as our readers will remember from accounts published at the time, Indians made a raid through that portion of Kansas, leaving death and destruction in their wake.

The Weigel farm was attacked and the entire family except Mrs. Weigel butchered. That day was the last time she was seen, until Sunday last, when Gen. Carr made an attack on an Indian village near Dade Valley Station. Two white women were seen by the soldiers in possession of the Indians struggling as if to make their way to the ranks of Gen. Carr's command. An order was given to "charge" and rescue the women, which was obeyed with a will by the brave men, but before they could gain possession of the women, a savage sunk his tomahawk into the head of one of the women, whose only known name is Susana, who fell to the earth. Another red devil fired a revolver at Mrs. Weigel but the shot fortunately struck a rib and glanced off, causing but a slight wound.—Before any other numerous demonstrations could be made a private soldier, whose name and company are at present unknown, put spurs to his horse and rushed gallantly to the very heart of the Indian band, grasped Mrs. Weigel by the waist, lifted her on to his horse and galloped away to the wagon train, where all care and attention was given the unfortunate woman.—Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon this brave man, and was his name but known, it would be a pleasure to herald it forth to the world.

The battle soon afterwards came to a termination by the capture of the entire Indian outfit with the exception of those who fell early in the fight.

Mrs. Weigel stated to an officer that she had been a prisoner among the Indians the same summer of 1867. For a year she had been the forced mistress of a Crow Indian chief named "Buffalo Man," who tired of her after a year and a half, and disposed of her to another chief, named "Tall Tree," the consideration being a couple of ponies.

She has become very coarse of feature, caused by exposure. Her joy at being rescued was very great, but she seems, after all, discontented, and at times tired of life, and the time of first capture, she was tied hand and foot and forced to pander to the hellish desires of her captor.

Mrs. Weigle has relatives in Ohio, who have been notified of her recapture, and will immediately remove her to her old Ohio home.

Reported Murderous Assault on a Young Lady.

From the Wilmington (Del.) Rep. July 19th.

Some of our readers may be familiar with a place called Woodland Terrace—which is a rural village on this side of the river Schuylkill, and forms a part of what is called West Philadelphia. It embraces a number of beautiful residences, occupied by wealthy business men of the city.—Among the number is N. B. Browne, who was Postmaster of Philadelphia, we believe under the Administration of James Buchanan, and one Samuel Harrison. These two gentlemen occupying adjoining properties; the first has a son grown to manhood, while the latter has a daughter, beautiful and fair to look upon. Young Browne became enamored with his beautiful neighbor, and for the last two years had lost no opportunity, or spared no effort in his endeavor to win her affections, but without success. On Monday of last week a picnic was given by the Colored Orphan Asylum, near Pascalville. About 5 o'clock in the evening, Miss Harrison, in company with a lady friend, concluded to visit the picnic, and see what was going on. Before reaching the place, they were met by young Browne coming away, but after a few moment's conversation, he concluded to return with them. While on their way, young Browne conversed with Miss Harrison in a low tone of voice, which induced her lady friend so step some distance aside. She had scarcely done so when she heard a scream from Miss Harrison, and upon turning around saw her lying on the ground, with Browne leaning over her with a large bowie knife in his hand, cutting and thrusting the blade into her body. It appears that the first stocked his intended victim down, then drew his knife and cut a terrible gash in her throat, another in her face, and stabbed her twice in the breast. After that he dropped the knife and ran, and since which time has not been heard of, and is supposed by some to have drowned himself. Miss Harrison is lying in a very critical condition, but may possibly recover. Both families are wealthy, have been on the most intimate terms, and great exertions have been made to keep the affair quiet.

A Riot in Charleston.

CHARLESTON, July 27.—A negro riot, which at one time threatened serious consequences, occurred last night on the occasion of the departure of a visiting base ball club from Savannah. The club was accompanied by a brass band composed of colored men, who were said to be Democrats. As the club was leaving in procession for the Savannah boat, they were attacked with sticks, stones and brickbats by a mob of several hundred men. Several shots were fired on both sides. Mayor Pillsbury was on the ground, but it is said he was powerless to quell the riot, and was compelled to call on Major Oglesby for the assistance of the United States troops. The club was then escorted to the boat between platoons of the Eighth Infantry, followed by a large crowd of yelling and infuriated negroes, throwing stones and compelling the soldiers at intervals to face about and threaten to fire. Several persons were wounded, mostly members of the colored band.

The Friends and the Indians—What Friend Samuel M. Janney is Doing.

The Wilmington, (Del.) *Commercial* publishes another letter in regard to the administration of Indian affairs by the Friends, dated Omaha, July 15th, as follows:

"Samuel M. Janney is doing a Christian work here, and deserves the sympathy of all well-wishers of the persecuted and wronged race of red men for his noble devotion to their good. He has much to contend with. He had a most trying case recently, but I think he has managed it to the satisfaction of all parties. Last winter, before he came out, a white man started out for the Pawnees, but never returned. His friends tracked him to their settlement but could find nothing of him, and as no evidence could be found of his having been killed, the matter was for the time dropped.

A little more than a week ago, however, his body was found sunk in a lake, pierced with bullets and an Indian arrow sticking in his mouth. His friends, exasperated at this, made up a strong party, well armed, and started out to execute vengeance on the Indians. Samuel heard of it, and started too, and induced the party to return and let him try first to find the offenders and bring them to justice according to law.

"He then called the chiefs of the Pawnees together, stated the case to them, and told them that if an Indian was wronged he would do all in his power to obtain justice, and now that the white man had been killed, he was obliged to do the same, and that he had been instructed to withhold any more supplies from their tribe until they should give up the men who committed the murder. They made speeches, and in justification said that their men had been killed and no notice taken of it; but Samuel assured them that it should not be so whilst he was Superintendent. To his great satisfaction, they notified him by a messenger, the next day, that there were eight men implicated and they were prepared to give them up. The officers were sent up and the men brought down and lodged in jail. They had their hearing yesterday, and were remanded for trial at next court.

"Immediately after they were given up Samuel had their goods, amounting to some thirteen hundred dollars worth, distributed among them. The goods were received from Washington, packed in boxes, and the custom of the superintendents, heretofore, had been to unpack the boxes here and replace their contents with an inferior article and sell the original goods for twice the amount required to replace them, and pocket the balance. Samuel took the goods unopened to the reservation, called the chiefs together and opened them in their presence, and had them distributed just as they were received. It gave the Indians great satisfaction. They said it had never been done before.

"The treatment of the murder case has given much satisfaction to the whites, and given quite an *eclat* to Samuel's administration, while the just distribution of the goods has delighted the Indians, and thus much good has already been done by simple justice. By some it is thought a war has been averted, for had the whites retaliated by killing the Indians, the Indians would have retaliated, and who can tell how many lives would have been lost.

"It is a great satisfaction to see a man like Samuel M. Janney thus devoting his life to the good of men. 'Blessed are the peacemakers.' In one of the agencies under his charge they have a large school where they board and teach seventy-five Indian children. They propose to make this a high school and establish primary schools all over the reservation to prepare scholars for this. The government appropriates $10,000 a year for its support. Samuel has provided the men with plows and hoes and they are breaking up the ground preparatory to a wheat crop. He says the men are willing to work, and he thinks much can be done, as the government has given the right to establish individual ownership of the soil."

The Ellsworth-Brownell-Jackson Musket.

It will be remembered that at the time of the murder of Col. Ellsworth in Alexandria, at the beginning of the Rebellion, Jackson, Ellsworth's assassin, was killed by Frank Brownell of Troy. Some time after, Brownell was promoted to a position in the regular army. He sought by every means to retain the musket with which Jackson had been shot, but as the captain in command refused to part with it, and it was transferred to one of the soldiers remaining in the company, Brownell kept track of the musket, trusting it, after the disbandment of the Ellsworth Zouaves, to a private in the regular army, who bore it with him over the Plains and in many conflicts with the Indians. Brownell at last, a short time ago, by the assistance of an army friend, got possession of the musket, without doubt of the identity. Brownell's initials, cut upon the stock years ago, are still upon it, and other marks and indications fully as identifying. On Saturday last, Mr. Brownell proceeded to Atlanty, and deposited the musket in the State Department, where the coat and hat of Ellsworth are now retained, and where the battle-scarred musket will remain in memory of the terrible tragedy. In this connection we would state a circumstance in regard to the shooting of Ellsworth, not generally known. Mr. Brownell, who was shot down Jackson just as he was preparing to fire the fatal shot at the breast of Ellsworth. Brownell immediately turned to shoot Jackson, but the rapidity of his movements prevented celerity of movement, as he was standing upon a staircase. As Brownell brought his musket to bear upon the assassin, the latter fired the fatal shot, and almost immediately fell dead at the hands of the avenger. Had Brownell's musket been without a saber, his movements would have been unimpeded, and in all probability Jackson would have lived to shoot and Ellsworth's life spared.—*Troy Whig.*

Mrs. General Gaines.

It seems that Mrs. General Gaines, who is reputed to be the richest woman in America, has not yet succeeded in obtaining possession of her property in New Orleans, to which the Supreme Court of the United States declared her entitled about a year ago. For nearly forty years Mrs. Gaines prosecuted her suit with unfaltering patience, and the estate of her father, Captain Daniel Clark, to which she was finally declared to be the rightful heir, is estimated to be worth about $30,000,000. The land is occupied by nearly the whole city of New Orleans, and the decision of the court, therefore, is a serious inconvenience to a great number of persons.

Owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case, Mrs. Gaines offered to arrange with some of the present holders of her property on equitable terms, but more than eighty persons have compelled her to go into court again. These suits will come up for trial before a justice of the United States Supreme Court. In anticipation of an early trial, Mrs. Gaines publishes a card defining her position. She says that thirty-six years since her first husband was thrown into prison in New Orleans, during the most afflicting period of the cholera, for nearly a month, on the false charge of fraudulently attempting to obtain a property belonging to her as the heir of her father, Daniel Clark, and also for charging the pretended executors of his estate with corruptly administering it.

Since that period the Supreme Court of the United States has most emphatically declared her to be "the only legitimate daughter of Daniel Clark, and entitled to his estate." This decision of the highest tribunal in the land, from which there can be no appeal, shelahms sets at rest forever her legal status and her rights. Independent of this, it is urged the civil code of Louisiana provides that the judgment of the Supreme Court of the State in her favor, acquiesced in for thirteen years, has become final. Mrs. Gaines has secured the services of one of the most prominent lawyers of the country as her counsel. She will probably succeed in the end in fully perfecting her title to the property.

Lager Triumphant.

Lager beer triumphs in Massachusetts. A vast quantity seized by the constables from the vaults of one Pfaff, a celebrated vender of the noble liquid, has been solemnly returned by the authorities to its owner in an unconcealed condition. The circumstance and its reason are set forth by one of the poets of Boston in the following melodious strains:

Take back the virgin beer,
Whole and unbroken still;
No hand of constab here
Shall this brown liquid spill
We love the Deutschland,
We love the German vote.
So, comrades, hearts hand,
And give the beer a tote.

A Noble Instance of Generosity.

A colored man in this city some eighteen years ago bought his freedom of his master, and, working hard, early and late, soon was able to buy his wife. He has been prospering since, and he now owns the finest livery and hack stand in the State. His fortune is estimated at about $50,000. His old master, who, at the time of the evacuation of Richmond, was worth half a million, became ruined. The former slave, being apprised of the misfortunes of his old master, took him to his house and gave him everything he desired. Shortly after this the old man died. His funeral was a large and expensive one, and he was borne to a lot in the cemetery paid for by his old slave, who also paid for his funeral outlay. Over him was raised a handsome monument, paid for with the colored man's money. The widow of the deceased slaveowner lives in a house presented by the colored man, who also supplies her with every comfort.—*Richmond Journal.*

Swift Justice.

A correspondent of the Memphis Avalanche writes from Devil's Elbow, Tennessee:

"At Island 40 we learned of a summary act of retribution perpetrated by a heroic lady living at Dock Bateman's, on the island. On Wednesday morning last, about one o'clock, a colored man by the name of Green, who had been working on the place but a few days, entered the room of this lady and attempted to get in bed with her. She awoke and reached for her pistol, which she kept near by, and discharged the contents of it at him. They took effect in his right breast, near the shoulder, passing down near his heart. He ran two or three hundred yards from the house and fell, where he died in about three hours."

A LETTER FROM JUDGE DENT.

He pretends that Grant has gone over to the Ex-Rebels—He wants the Reconstruction Laws Repealed, and "Good Feeling" Restored.

Under the above startling heading the Philadelphia *Post* publishes the following special telegram:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 27.

Before leaving this city to attend the great pow-wow with the President at Long Branch, Judge Dent, at the urgent solicitation of a number of Republicans of Mississippi, addressed a letter to the editor of the *National Republican*, at Jackson, Miss., giving his views of the political status of the country in general and his own policy in particular.

The Judge says that as a National Republican he is opposed to the extreme proscription of his party; he places himself unequivocally upon the Walker platform of Virginia, and advocates universal amnesty with universal suffrage; is opposed to repudiation and in favor of internal improvements. In all these positions, he claims to be in unison with President Grant and declares that it is alone upon this basis that he recognizes the fact that the discordant elements of the South are to be harmonized, and upon which the Conservative men of all parties may unite.

Judge Dent says he sees in this policy the dawn of a new era not only in the politics of the South, but of the whole country, and he boldly asserts that his policy stand fully endorsed by President Grant, proclaiming his convictions that the time has come when all good men should avoid the dead issues of the past, cut loose from the extreme policy of the Republican party and thus break the bondage of political degradation. With the adoption of these views, says Judge Dent, must come the dawn of better feelings. This policy adopted, and it changes the whole surface of Southern politics and transmutes what has heretofore been an element of discord into a source of reconciliation. The question, therefore, of negro suffrage, pending the adoption of the Fifteenth Amendment, becomes fixed and irrevocable, and that which was chiefly relied on by the progenitors of negro suffrage, as a means of carrying out their extreme policy, becomes in the hands of the conservative Republicans of the South a means of more nearly adjusting again the balance of power between the sections.

Judge Dent further declares that with the advancement of knowledge among the freedmen they will see more clearly that their interests, socially and politically, are inseparably indentified with those of the white resident population of the South; that a reciprocity of interests must sooner or later make the two races a unit in all that pertains to the welfare of the one or the prosperity of the other; that the great agricultural and commercial interests and developments, are yet to constitute no small share of political topics of the future among all classes.

Referring to the late action of Secretary Boutwell and Postmaster General Cresswell in endorsing the Radicals in Tennessee, the Judge said he was logs behind in the march of events, he was, to a very low degree, will find himself crushed beneath the nether millstone of inevitable progress.

It is understood that Judge Dent carried with him to Long Branch a copy of his letter for President Grant's perusal, and if the Judge's outside declarations be any evidence of his inward purposes, it is clear that he is fully determined to make the fight in Mississippi squarely on the platform as laid down in his letter.

The Harriet Lane and the Tallapoosa.

President Buchanan and General Grant.

To the Editors of the Morning Patriot:—I have no design to discuss the use which it is said General Grant is making of the public ship "Tallapoosa." But the statement that Mr. Buchanan employed the "Harlet Lane" in a similar way makes it worth your while to publish the facts as they occurred. They are not generally known, and justice to the memory of a pure and upright magistrate demands that they should not be concealed.

After the "Harriet Lane" had been built and equipped her commander notified the Secretary of the Treasury that she was ready for a trial trip down the Chesapeake Bay, and that he (the Secretary) and such friends as he saw proper to invite would be entertained on board the vessel, or landed wherever they chose during this experimental cruise. The Secretary invited his colleagues of the Cabinet and their families, two or three of whom accepted, and a large number of other friends, including several of the foreign ministers and their suites. Miss Lane, for whom the vessel had been named, was, also, one of the party. They were absent about a week. The President's approval of the expedition was not sought beforehand, and was not given afterwards. But as soon as he was informed that the cruise of the pet vessel had been turned into a pleasure excursion in which his own family and the officers of his administration participated, he became interested and satisfied and declared that the expenses should not be borne by the treasury. But how to prevent it was the question. To reject the account, if presented at the proper department, would be, in the last degree, offensive to those who had accepted the invitation in the full faith that there was nothing improper in the cruise. So, Mr. Buchanan dealt with the subject in the only way which was reconcilable, at once, with delicacy to them, and justice to the public. He directed that the bill should not be presented to the accounting officers, but sent to himself to be paid out of his own private pocket. Mr. Cobb, hearing indirectly of the President's intentions, anticipated him by getting the bill before it reached the auditor, and paying it himself. The bill I speak of, covered the extra expenses of the trip, or all those beyond what the vessel would have incurred if she had cruised in ballast, with nobody on board except those whose duty required them to be there. The bill for *these* expenses was not charged against the government, but paid as already stated.

J. S. B.

York, Pa., July 26, 1869.

The Anti-rent Troubles.

ALBANY, July 27.—Later advices from the scene of the Anti-rent troubles in East Greenbush, Rensselaer county, yesterday, give additional particulars of the affair.—The property about to be levied upon belongs to Wm. Whitbeck, and not to Mr. Dennison. As the Sheriff's posse advanced by the road, they encountered skirmishers from the enemy, who were on the look-out. The skirmishers retreated as the posse advanced. Finally the Sheriff reached the premises. Wm. Whitbeck was in front, while inside were his wife and children, apparently unconcerned spectators. Some of them were whittling. Sheriff Gregg approached William Whitbeck and demanded possession of the farm under a process which he held. Whitbeck threw a revolver and declared that he would relinquish his hold upon the property only with his life. Just then a rupture between one of Whitbeck's sons and one of the Sheriff's posse occurred. Blows were struck, and in a minute a general fight was in progress. Pistols, stones and clubs were freely used. The anti-rents being prepared for fight had the advantage. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the sheriff's posse were taken aback.—The result of the engagement was that the sheriff's party were driven from the ground in consternation and dismay, and the anti-renters left masters of the situation. The fight lasted only about ten minutes, yet it was a regular hand to hand encounter, and was desperately contested. In the melee six persons are known to have been wounded, but it is likely some others were hurt. One account has it that eight persons were wounded. In addition to those reported wounded last night are special deputies Southard and Gideon McMenomy, both of this city, as well as William Whitbeck, the person sought to be dispossessed. Deputy Sheriff Gregg and special deputy Whitbeck are seriously wounded, and are not expected to survive their injuries. The first-named is reported dead, though as we left the ground his fate is uncertain.

Colonel Church, at whose instance the writ of ejection against Whitbeck, for East Greenwich Anti-renter, was issued, went to Troy to procure warrants for the arrest of Whitbeck and the parties implicated in the assault of yesterday. The wounded are all comfortable. Whitbeck claims that the deputies fired the first shot, and that he tendered his rent, but it was refused, and he then defended his property.

The Season in India.

A correspondent of the London Times, writing from Calcutta, June 11, says the heat has been unexampled in India this season, and has stricken down many an English soldier and official, and many an Asiatic. With apoplexy and cholera, while famine has done no little evil in the native States. Villages in some of the States have been swept by cholera, and the Marwarees straggling along the road on their return to Rajpootana, have left their dead on the highway. Towns in Holkar's Territory, about Indore, have suffered much. Death has been moving all through Bhopal also, and in the Gooma district the ravages have been great. In Burdwkund, where the famine has been sorest, cholera has been milder than in other places, but there is a time of trial yet to be tided over till the rain crops are ready. The rainy season set in on the 9th with a violent monsoon, and the suffering caused by the intense heat would soon be relieved.

The Late Rain of Snakes in East Tennessee.

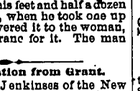
A letter from Nashville states that the account of the remarkable phenomenon of a rain of snakes in Indian Gap, East Tennessee, a few days since, proves to be correct. A field hand working for James Cook on his farm, about half a mile from the Gap, was examining the snakes on the morning succeeding their fall. Noticing one huge snake he was in the act of measuring it with a string, when he discovered that it was moving. Starting back in affright he stumbled and fell with outstretched arms on the horrid mass of the dying and dead serpents. One of them bit him in the thumb of the left hand. The poor fellow hastened from the place as quick as possible and reached the farm house of his employer. He was given immediate assistance. Notwithstanding every effort the bitten man died about sun down. The alarm occasioned by this freak of nature has not yet subsided.

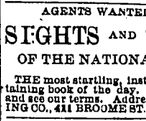
A meteor recently exploded near Elkhorn, Wis., and deposited on the ground a mass resembling the cellular slag from an iron furnace. A circular space of 66 feet in diameter was covered with this substance, which presented the appearance of having fallen in a hot fluid mass, spattering around the scoriæ after it had struck.

The Counterfeited Tens—How to Detect them.

Mr. Brady, of the Stamping Department in the New York Post Office, has shown us two specimens of the counterfeit $10 bills which have created so great an excitement among bankers and United States Treasurers. The bills are certainly the finest executed counterfeits ever thrown upon the New York market. At first glance they seem to be a perfect imitation of the $10 greenback, and the printing seems to have been from the original plate. But Mr. Brady has discovered points invaluable to those handling money. The folding of the counterfeit and the matching of the ends, as described by *The Sun's* Washington correspondence, is no guage of genuineness. The borders of the counterfeits match as well as the borders of the original paper. The engraving of the borders is just as good, if not better, than the engraving of the genuine notes.

In the original the shading around the 10 in the medallion appears like a fine network, and comes close up to the figures. In the counterfeit note this shading is "picked up," and becomes coarse as it reaches the figures, forming a light streak or a circular haze similar to that about the moon before rain. There is no hint in the genuine note. This is a valuable point for detection. A clearer one is the fact that in the original notes, within the light circle running under the figures 10, there are three and a third dots on the left of the figure 1. In the counterfeit bill the one-third dot is missing. The following diagrams will explain the difference:





But an infallible mark of distinction is found under the left wing of the eagle. In the genuine notes are four distinct rows of feathers under the wing. In the counterfeits these rows of feathers are undefined, and this seems to be the only weak spot in the whole engraving.

The dots after the initials of Spinner's name are no surety of the genuiness of the note. Some of the counterfeits have these dots, and some have none. It would be an easy matter to place these dots on the counterfeit plate.

The first counterfeits purported to be of the new series, No. 53, Letter D, but there are others. Mr. Brady had one marked No. 23, letter D, with a small figure 5 under the D. He thinks this counterfeit has been printed from a different plate from that first issued. We think not. The only difference between the two counterfeits mentioned is that 53 has no periods after Spinner's initials, and 23 has.

In is rumored that Mr. Spinner will order the destruction of the original plates and the issue of new notes, but we have no positive information on this point.

Those receiving $10 notes will submit to the test described above they may be confident of safety.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A New Fact About the Lincoln Assassination--Statement of the Man Payne.

The Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* communicates the following: Some time ago a friend introduced me to Frederick Stone, of Port Tobacco (Indian, Potopaca) on the Lower Potomac, who was counsel to Dr. Mudd, the surgeon of John Wilkes Booth. Stone is now member of Congress from the Southern Shore of Maryland, and is a modest, semi-literary lawyer. He went in his professional capacity to see Payne or Powell, the attempted assassin of Wm. H. Seward, and returned to my introducer with the following story:

"That fellow is the most extraordinary and irredeemable ruffin in Christendom.—He is built like a gigantic savage, has no idea of four, possesses no sensibilities, and yet is the most pleasant fellow I ever knew to me: 'I don't want a trial. I deserved to be hanged, and expected it. I don't want to be led out to court every day, with chains on my legs amid a daily hurrah. I meant to kill that old man, and now I failed. I can't imagine; I believe I was right in trying to kill him; first I went at him with my knife and then with my pistol butt. If I had possessed anything else I should have finished him.'"

Stone asked him the extent and nature of the conspiracy.

"It was a plan to carry off Lincoln and give him up to the Confederates," said Mr. Payne, "but when Booth found Lincoln was the only one in earnest, proposed to kill Lincoln and all the Cabinet. All the rest backed out and scattered like a lot of beggars. We never heard of Surratt, or Booth, any more after that. Booth said I would go in with him, and he preferred to kill Lincoln, while I was set upon Seward. If Atzerodt or Harold were in the matter, they were new hangers on. I does'nt know Atzerodt, and saw Booth. The rest were women and babes."

Amongst the peculiarities of that time of assassination may be mentioned the fact that a poor wretch recently figured in some of the funeral decoration ceremonies of this city, had been invited by Wilkes Booth to come to his room on the night of the assassination. Grant remked that it was strange that the President of the United States could not get trusted for a breakfast in Washington. His friend at once went off in a fearful rage to the waiter and told him of his mistake. That worthy said, "How was he to know it was the President? Why didn't he come like a nob in his carriage? He couldn't tell by his appearance but what he was a shoemaker with his best clothes on." The President then got a good breakfast with his friend, and showed that the seashore had given him an admirable appetite.

Female Apparel.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton is out flat-footed in favor of women wearing men's dress. She says:

"The true idea is for the sexes to dress as nearly alike as possible. We have seen several ladies dressed precisely like gentlemen, who appeared far more elegant and graceful than any real man we ever saw. A young lady in Fifth avenue dressed in male costume for years, travelling all over Europe and this country. She says it would have been impossible to have seen and known as much of life in woman's dress, and to have felt the independence and security she did, had her sex been proclaimed before all Israel and the sun. There are many good reasons for adopting male costume: First, it is the most convenient dress that can be invented; second, in it woman could secure equal wages with man for the same work; third, a concealment of sex would protect our young girls from those terrible outrages from brutal men reported in all our daily papers."

Miss Olive Logan, *per contra* objects *in toto* to the proposed reform, and declares there are physiological reasons why women must always wear the skirt.

A Boy Lifted by a Kite.

A young lad at Lake Station, Miss., had a very large and beautiful kite presented to him, about six feet by four in size, which he attempted to take out on the 2d inst., just as the wind was increasing and a storm was threatening. The wind drew the kite so heavily as to drag the boy along also. To prevent losing the favorite, he wound the cord around his body. At last the gust bore kite and boy along in the rapid air currents. The boy seemed to be about one hundred feet above the ground, and the kite five times that distance. At last the young kite-flyer caught in the top of a tree, and was suspended seventy-five feet above the ground. A flood of rain came up, slackening the line, abating the wind, and allowing the little sufferer to be rescued. He was found to be unconscious, and so bruised and marred as to be scarcely recognized, but was restored the same evening, and is now doing well.

A Drove of Canary Birds.

A New York paper, speaking about the importation of canary birds from Germany, says the following sight was seen in Florence, Italy, in 1861, by a lady and gentleman belonging to New York:

In walking in the principal street they overtook a man with a long whip in his hand, which he was moving from one side to the other in what they thought was a strange manner. When they came up with him they found he was driving a flock of canary birds, as in England they drive a flock of turkeys. A carriage came along, the man waved his whip in a peculiar manner, when the little birds all went to the sidewalk untilthe carriage had passed, when they took to the street again. A woman wanted to buy one, when the man sprinkled some canary seed at his feet and half a dozen of them came to him, when he took one up in his hand and delivered it to the woman, who paid him one franc for it. The man then went on again.

A Noble Declaration from Grant.

It is hinted by the Jenkinses of the New York press, that Mrs. Grant is in a delicate situation and is likely, at an early day, to present Ulysses and a grateful nation with an addition to the swarm of Grants who now infest the Capital, and crowd its places of plunder and profit. None of the thoughtful preparations, customary in view of such events in the vulgar walks of common life, have been made for the reception of the royal babe. Indeed, a gilded crib, tendered by a loyal worker in wood who is an applicant for a messengership in the Treasury, was sternly refused by the President with the remark that "the *public* crib was good enough for the elder branches of the family, and that the coming youngster must *rough it along with its kindred.*"—This incident is noticeable, not only by reason of the Spartan severity of the President's reply, but also as being the only occasion on which that distinguished man was ever known to refuse a present of any description.

Death of an Editor.

Albert R. Speer, editor of the New Brunswick (N. J.) *Times*, died on Sunday. Mr. Speer was editor of the *Times* for over twenty years, and at his death, with one single exception, was the oldest editor in the State. He commenced the active duties of life as a minister of the Methodist Church, which he abandoned after a few years for the position of editor. He was a man of considerable ability as a public speaker and party manager, and as such invaluable to the Democratic party, with which he held a life-long connection.

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DODD'S NERVINE DID IT.

NEW LONDON, CONN., April 26, 1869.
REMEMBER FRIEND—I thought it well to wait another week before writing, to see if continued to improve, as I have been doing for some time, under the treatment of the new medicine, and I am happy to tell you that I am getting better every day. Your Nervine, when were there, I commenced the use of DODD'S NERVINE without anybody advising me to do so, and I have not been without it since from my bed to the chair. My trouble has been extreme pain in the head, and has lasted two years. All the medicine I took before Nervine failed to give relief. I am now able to go up and down stairs, and daily improving. Send me a dozen more of the best medicine I ever found, and shall continue its use. I am confident of entire recovery. I have taken only three bottles, and would not be without it on any account.
Very truly,
jy16-4w MRS. I. S. NUTE.

LAND AGENCY IN NELSON COUNTY, VIRGINIA.

The Nelson county Farming, Grape, Mechanical and Mercantile (incorporated) Company have opened an office at Nelson Court House, in the northeast of Nelson County House, where the Principal Clerks of the Company may be found at all times. They solicit correspondence with persons desirous to purchase or rent lands in Nelson or adjoining counties. Address the President at Nelson Court House, and correspondents will be promptly attended to, he is a practical farmer with large experience, is a l