

# THE JEFFERSONIAN

Devoted to Politics, Literature, Agriculture, Science, Morality, and General Intelligence.

VOL. 18.

STROUDSBURG, MONROE COUNTY, PA. JUNE 9, 1859.

NO. 24

### Published by Theodore Schech

TERMS.—Two dollars per annum in advance.—Two dollars and a quarter, half yearly—and if not paid by the end of the year, Two dollars and a half. No papers discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Editor.

### JOB PRINTING.

Having a general assortment of large, plain and ornamental type, we are prepared to execute every description of

### FINANCIAL PRINTING.

Cards, Circulars, Bill Heads, Notes, Blank Receipts, Justices, Legal and other Blanks, Pamphlets, &c., printed with neatness and dispatch, on reasonable terms at this office.

From the Ladies' Home Magazine.

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY CAPRICE.

One cool afternoon in the early fall, I—Chester F. LeRoy, gentleman—stood on the platform of the Albany depot, watching the procession of passengers just arrived in the Hudson river boat, who defiled past me on their way to the cars.—The Boston train, by which I had come, waited patiently as steam and fire might for their leisure, with only an occasional and faint snort of remonstrance at the delay; yet still the jostling crowd hurried past into the cars, and flitted through them in search of seats, their increasing numbers at length warning me that I might find it difficult to regain my own, and followed them.

"I beg your pardon, sir?" I turned in obedience to a touch on my arm, and saw a respectable-looking negro man before me, who wore the traveling bag and sash, and was, evidently the attendant of a slender and stylish young girl behind him. "Do I speak," he said, bowing respectfully, and glancing at the portmanteau I carried, on which my surname was quite legible, "Do I address, sir, Mr. LeRoy?"

"That is my name—at your service—what can I do for you?" The young lady, Miss Florence Dundard, sir, who was to join you at Albany, at six o'clock this evening—I have charge of her." He turned to the young lady behind him.

"This is Mr. LeRoy, Miss Dundard," said the attendant, "and he will be your porter through her blue silk veil, now lifted it with an exquisitely gloved little hand, and extended the other to me, with a charming mixture of frankness and timidity. "I am very glad to meet you, Mr. LeRoy," she said. "I thought I should know you in a moment, Jennie described you so accurately. How kind it was of you to offer to take charge of me. I hope I shall trouble you."

In the midst of my bewilderment, at being thus addressed by the sweetest voice in the world, I managed to see that I must make a proper reply, and proceeded to stammer out what I thought an appropriate speech, when the servant, who had left us for a moment, returned, and I abandoned it unfinished.

"Did you see to my baggage, Edward?" asked his mistress.

"Yes, Miss; it is all on."

"Then you had better hurry to reach the seven o'clock boat. Good bye, and tell them you saw me safely off." I stood like one in a dream, while the man handed me two checks for the trunks and encased me with the light baggage he had carried; but I was aroused by the young lady's asking me if we had not better secure our seats in the cars, and answered by offering her my arm. In ten minutes we were seated side by side, and straddling out of Albany at a rate that grew faster and faster.

I had now time to reflect, with that lovely face opposite me, but where was the use. Some strange mistake had undoubtedly happened, and I had evidently been taken for another person of the same name; but how to remedy this now, without alarming the innocent young lady in my charge, how to find the right man, with the right name, among several hundred people, and how to transfer her, without an unpleasant scene and explanation to the care of some one whose person was less strange to her than mine! While these thoughts whirled through my head, I happened to encounter those smiling eyes fixed upon me, and their open, unsuspecting gaze decided me. "I will not trouble or distress her, by any knowledge of her position," I concluded, "but will just do my best to fill the place of the individual she took me for, and conduct her wherever she wants to go, if I can only find where it is!" I turned to her with an affectionate ease, which I was very far from feeling, and said: "It is a long journey."

"Do you think so? But it very pleasant, isn't it? Cousin Jennie enjoyed it so much!"

"Ah, indeed?" "Why, what a queer man!" she said with a little laugh. "Does she never tell you as she does me in all her letters, how happy she is, and that St. Louis is the sweetest place in the world to live in?—Dear me! that I should have to tell her own husband first. How we shall laugh about it when we get there."

So it was to St. Louis we were going, and I was her cousin's husband. I never was so thankful for two pieces of information in my life.

"And how does dear Jennie look? and what is she doing? and how is my dear Aunt Beman? do tell me all the news!" "Jennie," said I mustering courage and

words, is the dearest little wife in the world, you know, only far too fond of her scamp of a husband; as to her looks, you can't expect me to say anything, for she always looks lovely to me."

"Bravo!" said the pretty girl, with a malicious smile; "but about my dear Aunt's rheumatism?"

"Miss, I mean, of course, Mrs. Beman, is very well."

"Well!" said my fair questioner, regarding me with surprise, "I thought she had not been well for a number of years!"

"I mean well for her," said I, in some trepidation; "the air of St. Louis (which I have since learned is of the misty moist order) has done her a world of good. She is quite a different woman."

"I am very glad," said her niece. She remained silent for a few moments, and then a gleam of amusement began to dance in her bright eyes.

"To think," said she, suddenly turning to me with a musical laugh, "that in all this time, you have not mentioned the baby!"

"I know I gave a violent start, and I think I turned pale. After I had run the gauntlet of all these questions triumphantly, as I thought, this new danger stared me in the face. How was I ever to describe a baby, who had never noticed one? My courage sank below zero, but in some proportion the blood rose to my face, and I think my teeth fairly chattered in my head.

"Don't be afraid that I shall not sympathize in your raptures," continued my tormentor, as I almost considered her. "I am quite prepared to believe anything after Jennie's letter—you should see how she cares for him!"

"Him! Blessed goodness, then it must be a boy!"

"Of course," said I, blushing and stammering, but feeling it imperative to say something, "we consider him the finest fellow in the world; but you might not agree with us, and in order to leave your judgment unbiassed, I shall not describe him to you."

"Ah! but I know just how he looks, for Jennie had no such scruples—so you may spare yourself the trouble or happiness, whichever it is—but tell me what you mean to call him?"

"We have not decided upon a name."

"Indeed! I thought she meant to give him yours."

"The deuce she did!" thought I. "No, one of a name is enough in a family," I answered.

The demon of inquisitiveness, that, to my thinking, has instigated my fair companion, heretofore, now ceased to possess her, for we talked of various indifferent things, and I had the relief of not being compelled to draw on my imagination at the expense of my conscience, when I gave the particulars of my recent journey from Boston. Yet, I was far from feeling at ease, for every sound of her voice startled me with a dread of fresh questions, necessary, but impossible to be answered, and I felt a guilty flush stealing up my temples every time I met the look of those beautiful blue eyes.

It was late when we stopped for supper, and soon after I saw the dark fringes of my fair companion's eyes droop long and often, and began to realize that she ought to be asleep. I knew perfectly well that it was my duty to offer her a resting place on my shoulder, but I had had courage to ask that innocent faculty to lie on my arm, which was not, as she thought it, that of a cousin and a married man. Recollecting, however, that it was my duty to make her comfortable, and that I could scarcely deceive her more than I had already done, I proffered her the usual civility. She slightly blushed, but thanked me, and accepted it by leaning her head lightly against my shoulder, and looking up into my eyes with a smile, said, "As you are my cousin, soon after her eyes closed, and she slept sweetly and calmly, as if resting in security and peace. I looked down at the beautiful face, slightly paled with fatigue, that rested against me, and felt like a villain. I dared not touch her with my arm, although the bounding of the cars justified her very much. I sat remorseless until the sleeper settled the matter by slipping forward and awakening. She opened her eyes instantly, and smiled. "It is no use for me to try to sleep with my bonnet on," she said; "for it is very much in the way for me, and I am sure it troubles you." So she removed it giving me the pretty little toy, with its graceful ribbons and flowers, to put on the rack above us. I proffered to hold it, telling her it would be safer with me, and after a few objections, she resigned it, being in truth too sleepy to contest the point; then tying the blue silk veil over her glossy hair, she leaned against my shoulder and slept again. This time, when the motion of the cars began to shake and annoy her, I stifled the reproaches of my conscience, and passing my arm lightly round her slender waist, drew her upon my breast, where she lay all night. She slept the sleep of innocence, serene and peaceful, but it is needless to say that I could not close my eyes or ease my conscience. I could gaze down on the beautiful, still face, and imagine how it would confront me, if she knew what I was, and how I had deceived her, or dreaming more wildly still, re-produce it in a hundred scenes which I had never before paused to imagine in the face of my wife. I had never loved, unless the

butterfly loves of Saratoga and Newport might be so dignified, and still less had I ever dreamed or thought of marrying, even as a possibility and far off contingency. Never before, I solemnly aver, had I seen the woman whom I wished to make my wife—never before had I so longed to call anything my own as I did that lovely face lying on my heart! No, it was impossible for me to sleep.

In the morning we reached Buffalo, and spent the day at Niagara. If I had thought her lovely while sleeping, what was she when the light of feeling and expression played over her face, as she eloquently admired the scene before us, or was even more eloquent still. I don't think I looked at the Cataract as much as I looked at her, or thought the one creation more beautiful than the other.

She was now quite familiar with me in her innocent way, calling me "cousin Frank," and seeming to take a certain pleasure in my society and protection.—It was delightful to be greeted so gladly by her, when I entered the hotel parlor, to have her come forward from the lonely seat where she had been waiting, not unobserved or unnoticed, to receive me—to have her hang on my arm—look up into my face, tell me all her little adventures alone, and chide me for leaving her so long, (how long it seemed to me), while every word, look and smile seemed doubly dear to me because I knew the precarious tenure by which my right to them was held. She busied herself, too, while I was gone out, with our joint baggage, and running all over her trunks to find a book which I had expressed a desire to see—she mended my glove, sewed the band of my traveling cap, and found my cigar case whenever I had lost it, which was about twenty times a day, while she scolded me for the carelessness which she declared equalled her own.—Long ago she had given over into my possession her elegant porte-monnaie, with all her money in it, which she was sure she would lose, as she could never keep anything, and as she had ordered me to take out whatever was wanted for her traveling expenses, I opened it with trembling hands when I was alone, and examined the contents. There were, besides all the bank bills with which she had probably been furnished for her journey, and which, with pains care, she had packed into the smallest possible compass, as much gold as her little toy could carry, a tiny pearl ring, too small to fit my fingers but hers—which I am afraid I kissed—a card with her name on it, a memorandum in a pretty hand, "No.—Olive Street, St. Louis," which, as I rightly conjectured, was the residence of her cousin Jennie, whose husband I was; a very fortunate discovery for me. Indeed, thus far, I had not found the way of the transgressor hard, in external circumstances, at least, and when with her I forgot everything but her grace and beauty, and my firm resolution to be to her no more than her cousin should be; but out of that charmed presence my conscience made me miserable.

I am afraid I must sometimes have betrayed the conflicts of feeling I had, by my manner; but when I was reserved and ceremonious with her, she always resented it, and begged me so bewitchingly not to treat her so, and to call her by her sweet name "Florence," that had I dreaded as much as I longed to do it, I could not have refused her. But the consciousness that I was not what she thought me, but an impostor, of whom our connection had ceased and she had discovered the deception practised upon her, she could think or remember nothing that would not cause unmerited self reproach and mortification, all innocent and trusting as she was—this reflection, more than any other, I confess, and the knowledge of the estimation in which she would forever hold me, after my imposition was discovered, agonized me, and I would have given all I possessed to own it to her, and leave her sight at once, though the thought of never seeing her more was dreadful. But that could not be.

At last we reached St. Louis. Do I say "at last!" When the sight of those spires and gables warned me that my brief dream of happiness was over, and that the remorseful reflections I had been staving off so long were now to commence in earnest, the thought of the coming banishment from Florence was dreadful to me, and the time seemed to fly on lightning wings as it drew nearer. She was all gaiety, and astonished at my sadness and absence of mind when so near home and Jennie, and when we entered the carriage that was to convey us to our destination, I had half a mind to take a cowardly flight, rather than encounter the scorn and disappointment of those blue eyes; but I mustered courage and followed her in, giving the address found in the porte-monnaie, which, fortunately, was the right one, to the driver.

"Almost home!" said she, turning her bright face towards me—we were rattling over the street, and my time was short—how can you be so cool and quiet?"

"Because, Miss Florence," I answered, "the time has come in which I must confess to you that I have no more right in the home to which we are hastening, than to the name by which you address me, and that my only claim to either, is that of an impostor and deceiver."

She turned her lovely face, wondering and puzzled, towards me. Thank Heaven, I did not read fear and aversion in it.

"No right? no claim?" she repeated; "what can you mean?" I told her, frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate and blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned for it since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke. She turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice.

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachmen threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman—whom I supposed to be my namesake—rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned some very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. LeRoy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who so kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband, in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who, my conscience told me, was the rheumatic aunt I so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine!) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care; and the history of our journey, in which it appeared that our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended they all crowded around me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flashing and paling face and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. LeRoy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, and afterwards too much moved and too grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can pay, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun.—Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you would like to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung how he would feel to be relieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jennie (my cousin Jennie, now) so bitterly reproaches us, in her last letter, for not visiting her in that time, that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different circumstances, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed! to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a 'slight mistake'!

"No right? no claim?" she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate and blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned for it since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke. She turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice.

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachmen threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman—whom I supposed to be my namesake—rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned some very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. LeRoy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who so kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband, in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who, my conscience told me, was the rheumatic aunt I so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine!) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care; and the history of our journey, in which it appeared that our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended they all crowded around me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flashing and paling face and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. LeRoy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, and afterwards too much moved and too grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can pay, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun.—Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you would like to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung how he would feel to be relieved.

Well, how time flies! It certainly does not seem five years since all this happened, yet cousin Jennie (my cousin Jennie, now) so bitterly reproaches us, in her last letter, for not visiting her in that time, that we have again undertaken the journey, but under different circumstances, since Florence is Florence Dundard no more, and sleeps upon my arm in the cars no more blushing, but with the confidence of a wife of nearly five years standing, and I register our names in the hotel book, as "Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy," and bless my lucky stars, as I read it over. Even while I write, Florence, lovelier than ever, as I think, makes a grand pretence of arranging our baggage at the hotel where we stop, (and which has reminded me, by past transactions to write down this story,) or comes leaning over me to call me "dear Chester," instead of "dear Cousin Frank," as five years before, and to scold me for being so stupid as to sit and write, instead of talking with her. Stupid, indeed! to prefer a black pen to those rosy lips. Was ever a man so happy in a 'slight mistake'!

"No right? no claim?" she repeated; "what can you mean?"

I told her, frankly and fully, the whole truth, nearly as I have set it down here, denying nothing, not even the useless secret of my love for her. When the brief recital was ended, we both remained silent, but although she had hidden her face, I could see that she trembled violently with shame and repulsion. The sight of her distress was agony to me, and I tried to say a few words of apology.

"You cannot blame or hate me, Miss Dundard, more than I hate and blame myself," I said, "for the distress I have so unwillingly caused you. Heaven knows that if I accepted the charge of so much innocence and beauty too lightly, I have heavily atoned for it since, in having occasioned this suffering to you, and my punishment is greater than I can bear."

The coach stopped as I spoke. She turned towards me eagerly, her face bearing traces of tears, and said, in a low voice.

"Do not misunderstand me, if I was so silent."

The coachmen threw open the door, and stood waiting. I was obliged to descend and assist her out. I hardly dared touch that little hand, though it was for the last time, but I watched her graceful figure with sad distress. She was already recognized, for the door of the handsome house before which we stopped was thrown open, and a pretty woman followed by a fine-looking, black-whiskered gentleman—whom I supposed to be my namesake—rushed down the steps. There were loud exclamations of astonishment and pleasure, a cordial welcome, and some rapid questions, to which Florence returned some very low and quiet answers, and quickly extricating herself from the confusion, presented me as "Mr. LeRoy, your husband's namesake, and the gentleman who so kindly took charge of me." I glanced at her face to see if she were mocking me, but it was pale and grave. Mrs. LeRoy opened her pretty eyes widely, but was too well bred to express surprise, and after introducing me to her husband, in the same terms, invited me into the house. Hardly conscious of what I did, or anything, except that I was still in the presence of Florence, I followed them into a handsome parlor, where sat an old lady, who, my conscience told me, was the rheumatic aunt I so cruelly belied. Florence herself presented me to this lady, who was a fixture and unable to rise from her chair, and before I could stammer an apology and retire, related in her own way (how different from mine!) the mistake by which she had been placed in my care; and the history of our journey, in which it appeared that our host, Mr. LeRoy, had been a fellow passenger. When she had ended they all crowded around me, warmly expressing their thanks for my "kindness and consideration," to my utter bewilderment and surprise, and cordially inviting me to remain with them, and make the acquaintance of my namesake and family. I detached myself from all this unexpected kindness as soon as I could, for I fancied I read aversion in the flashing and paling face and drooping eyes of Florence, and with one last look at her, left the room. A moment after, I felt the touch of a light hand on my arm, and turning, saw with mute surprise, that she had followed me into the vestibule.

"Mr. LeRoy," she said, hurriedly, "I cannot let you go away misunderstanding me, as I see you do. If I was silent while you so humbly apologized for the noble, generous, and honorable delicacy of your conduct, it was not from anger, believe me, but because I was at first too much astonished, and afterwards too much moved and too grateful to speak. I owe you more than I can pay, and should be miserable, indeed, if a false shame, which you see has not prevented my telling you this, should prevent you from continuing an acquaintance so strangely begun.—Trust me, sir, I speak the truth."

I don't know what answer I made, for the revulsion of feeling was almost too great for words, and the rapture of knowing, as I looked down into that lovely face, that it was not for the last time, quite took away the little sense I had remaining. If you would like to know how I felt, ask a man who is going to be hung how he would feel to be relieved.

Terrible Storm in Illinois—Forty or Fifty Houses Destroyed—Fifty or Sixty People Killed and Wounded.

Jacksonville, Ill., May 27, 1859.

Yesterday evening a terrible storm and tornado passed over a portion of this County (Morgan), doing much damage both to life and property. We have not received full intelligence respecting the damage done, but hasten to send you what we have already learned. We will send further particulars to-morrow, if we learn anything new concerning it. The storm appears to have originated in the southeast and proceeded to the northwest. The damage done is as follows:

A house belonging to Joseph Fry, about eight miles southeast of here, was destroyed, and the tenant's wife, Mrs. Richard Rout, a child of Mr. George Vanzant and a Portuguese boy, were all killed. The child, we understand, was found in a cistern.

A house belonging to Mr. Bedford Brown, was blown down, and his son Samuel killed. A house belonging to and occupied by Mr. Barnabas Barrows was destroyed, and, we are informed, two of his children are missing.

A house about nine miles south of here, owned and occupied by Mr. Jesse Henry, was blown down.

A house southeast of here, belonging to Jacob Samples, was destroyed, and his son-in-law, a man named Thomas, killed. A man named Jonath Carlyle was also killed, and his house torn down. We have heard of several others being killed in that neighborhood, but as yet have not learned who they are. Of course, fences, barns, horses, &c., are in the same category.

Very many persons have had their limbs broken. Several horses have been killed by the stables falling on them.—Fences are so badly used up that in some places it is impossible to find a rail where the fence was. Those persons we mentioned as being killed were literally smashed to pieces, so as scarcely to be recognized. We are very fearful that when all is known fully, it will be even worse than anticipated.

On the Great Western Railroad 2 cars, which were standing on a switch, were run off and turned over on the track, so that the train coming here from Springfield was delayed until midnight. The rain fell in torrents all over the country, and was accompanied by thunder and lightning.

The day before yesterday a storm passed over Springfield, during which the end of a double dwelling house was badly torn by the lightning. Fortunately no lives were lost, that part of the house which was struck being unoccupied.—The other half was occupied.

We also learn that the station-house at Bement, on the Great Western Railroad, east of Decatur, was blown down.

Jacksonville, Ill., May, 28 1859.

We regret to say that the disaster which we mentioned to you yesterday as having happened to many of the residents of this county, is even worse than we then believed it to be. We have not yet received full particulars concerning the amount of damage done by the storm, but enough to know that it was the most terrible one that ever was known in this part of the country. In addition to those we mentioned yesterday as having been killed, we have learned of two more, viz: the mother of Mr. Carlyle (who was killed) and the wife of Jacob Sample. Several persons who were injured are not expected to live. In all we have learned of ten or twelve having been killed.

We can give you no better idea of the severity of the storm than by stating a few of the many terrible things that happened.—On Mr. Jos. Fry's place, everything—house, barn, furniture—were torn into shreds; the fence scattered for miles; fifteen horses were killed, beside the human beings we mentioned yesterday, seventy hogs, several head of cattle, and all his fowls. Even the rats about the premises did not escape. The wagons were blown to atoms, spokes knocked out of the wheels, and even the tires bent. This is but one case in many. Several others suffered in the same way.

The house of William McDonald, south of this place, was torn into atoms, not ten feet square of the house or barn remaining; and, singular to say, himself, wife and children escaped with their lives, though they were badly bruised. At the place of Mr. Barrows, of which we spoke yesterday, in addition to the destruction to life and property, he lost one hundred and ten logs out of one hundred and fifty.

A horse was found in the neighborhood dead, with a rail run through him lengthwise, so that both ends were visible. Another horse was found dead, with a bridle and saddle on, but the rider or owner has not yet been found.—It is feared that he has been destroyed. Those persons who were killed were badly mangled; in some cases the clothing was entirely stripped off the bodies, and in most instances the bodies carried a long distance.

All this may appear to your readers to be a mere fabrication. Would it were so! But of the truth of it there can be no doubt. Many of the citizens of this place visited the scene yesterday for the purpose of helping the sufferers, and from all those who returned we learn the same dreadful news. The citizens of this place called a meeting yesterday for the purpose of taking measures to relieve the

sufferers. Committees were appointed, who at once proceeded to raise money, workmen, &c., to help to repair the damage as much as possible.

How many houses were destroyed or how much damage was really done has not yet been definitely ascertained. Every tenement within six or eight miles was swept away.

The storm made its appearance in the southeast, at 4 o'clock p. m. It seemed at first about the size of a man's hand. Its first appearance was that of a fountain boiling over. It increased in size, throwing a small cloud like folds from clouds to the earth, increasing in width and violence as it approached the earth.

As far as heard from, it began in Calhoun County, carrying everything—men, houses, barns, fences, trees and cattle—with it, from Manchester to a distance of twelve miles, directly north-east. We can't count thirty six dwelling-houses, with all the barns and out-houses, destroyed. The number killed, as far as heard from, Mrs. Rout, a son of John Van Zanes, Samuel Brown, a Portuguese in the employ of Mr. Route, Jonathan Carli-le, Jacob Sample and wife, and a Mr. Thomas. There are about fifty seriously, if not mortally wounded.—Most of them, it is feared, must die.

To give an idea of the storm, I have in my possession a stone weighing three pounds that was lifted up and carried 60 feet, passing through a window, 4 feet from the floor. The floor and partition of a school-room, 20 by 30 feet, was carried away, with heavy timber, and all cannot be found within two miles of the place: A wind-mill was carried over 400 yards, with pipes, pumps, &c., the small end foremost. There is not 10 feet square within the route of the storm that has not got rails, boards, &c., stuck in the ground so that no one can easily pull out. Whole partitions of houses are gone and cannot be found. A man riding in a field was blown from his horse, the saddle torn off and carried about two miles from the place.

No one can form an idea of the terrible effects of this storm, which lasted but five minutes, with but little rain. The cloud was very bright, while on either side it was so dark as not to be able to distinguish objects.

**A Grain of Gold.**  
The distinguished Edward Everett is the most elegant rhetorician in America. Here is a little allegory taken from one of his agricultural speeches. It is a literary gem of the very first water:  
Drop a grain of California gold in the ground and there it will lie unchanged till the end of time. The clouds on which it falls are not more cold and lifeless than it is. Drop but one grain of our blessed gold into the ground and lo! a mystery. In a few days it softens—it swells—it shoots upward—it is a living thing. It is yellow itself, but it sends up an emerald green through the soil—it expands to a vigorous stalk—revels in the sunshine—its more glorious than Solomon in his broad fluttering leafy robes, whose sound as the west wind whispers through them falls as pleasantly on the husbandman's ear, as the rustle of his sweetheart's garment; still lowers aloft, spins its verdant skeins of vegetable floss, displays its dancing tassels, surcharged with fertilizing dust, and at last ripens into two or three magnificent batons like this (an ear of corn) each of which is studded with hundreds of grains of gold, every one possessing the same wonderful properties as the parent grain, every one instinct with the same productive powers.

**To Farmers.**  
Farmers and others, owning property in the neighborhood of towns are greatly annoyed by having their fences, enclosing their lands, torn down and the rails carried off for fire wood. It may be some advantage for them to know that a law exists in this State, giving power to every Justice of the Peace, before whom any one is convicted of breaking down, and carrying away, any part of a fence, to fine them the sum of ten dollars, one half to be paid to the informer, and the other half to the county. In default of payment the Justice has the power, under the law, to imprison the offender for thirty days in the county jail.

**A Shot in the Flock.**

We wonder if the following Paixhan shot, from the "Notes from the Plymouth Pulpit," by Henry Ward Beecher, hits anybody in all this region round about? We hope not. Mr. Beecher said:—

"There is sitting before me in this congregation now two hundred men, who stuff their Sundays full of what they call religion, and then go out on Monday