

# Raftsmen's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

CLEARFIELD, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1857.

VOL. 3.—NO. 48.

## NOTHING MORE.

In a valley far I wandered,  
O'er the meadow pathway green;  
Where a singing brook was flowing,  
Like the spirit of the scene!  
And I saw a lovely maiden,  
With a basket brimming o'er  
With sweet buds, and so I asked her,  
For a flower, and nothing more.  
Then I chatted on beside her,  
And I praised her hair and eyes,  
And like roses from her basket,  
On her cheeks saw blush rise—  
With her timid looks down glancing,  
She said, would I just pass before?  
But I said that all I wanted,  
Was a smile, and nothing more.  
So she shyly smiled upon me,  
And I still kept wandering on;  
With the summer's offspring laden,  
Soon a half hour was gone.  
Then she told me I must leave her,  
For she saw her cottage door;  
But I could not till I rided  
Just a kiss, and nothing more.  
And I often met the maiden  
At the twilight's loving hour,  
With the summer's offspring laden,  
But herself the dearest flower,  
And she asked me, what I wished for?  
Grown more bold than before—  
With impassioned words I answered,  
'Twas her heart, and nothing more.  
Thus for weeks and months I wooed her,  
And the joys that then had birth,  
Made an atmosphere of gladness,  
Seemed encircling all the earth.  
One bright morning, at the altar,  
A white bridal dress she wore;  
Then my wife I proudly made her,  
And I asked for nothing more.

## TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

Towards the latter part of the year 1751, the French, aided by vast bodies of the Huron and Iroquois Indians, had begun to make themselves very disagreeable neighbors to the British and American colonists in northern Virginia, Ohio, and the northwest portions of New York State—the French by their encroachments on the frontier, and the Indians by their numerous forays, and savage barbarity to all who were unfortunate enough to fall into their hands.  
To put a stop to these aggressive proceedings, numerous bodies, both of "regulators" and the colonial militia, were dispatched to the several points assailed; and amongst the rest, a Col. Henry Innes, with a company of thirty men, among them were a party of some dozen Virginia riflemen, was ordered to occupy a small outpost, or log fort, which at this period stood within a few miles of the north fork of the Allegheny river.  
Having arrived safely at their quarters, the little company set about righting up the old post to make it as comfortable as circumstances would permit; and in this being done and order once more restored, sentries were placed at all the advanced points of the station, while the strictest vigilance was both enjoined and exercised by day and night.  
Among the Virginia riflemen who had volunteered into the company, was a tall, manly, fine-looking young fellow, who, from his fatal and unerring skill as a marksman, had received the somewhat awe-inspiring *nom de plume* of "Death." But with whatever justice this name had been applied to him for his skill, his disposition certainly entitled him to no such terror-spreading epithet. On the contrary, he was the very life of the company.  
His rich fund of mother-wit, large social propensities, and constant good nature, rendered him a general favorite with the men; while the never failing stock of game which his skill enabled him to supply the mess-table of the officers with, not only recommended him to their good graces, but caused many a "short-coming" of his to be winked at and passed over in silence, which, otherwise, perhaps he might not have got over so easily.  
The company had not been stationed at the fort much more than a week, ere Death, in one of his excursions for game, discovered that at a small farm house, some three or so miles distant from the fort there lived a certain Miss Hester Standhope, whose equal in beauty and amiable qualities he had not seen before. And to render himself still more certain of the fact, he called the day following, under cover of the pretence of having left his powder-flask.  
Death was invited to come again, by Farmer Standhope, who happened to be from the same parish as the father of our hero; and we need scarcely say that the invitation was accepted, and, as often as circumstances would permit, complied with.  
The second week after this occurrence took place, was marked by two events, which, though both affecting the welfare of the little community at the fort, were of widely different degrees of importance.  
The first was, that Death had either suddenly lost all his skill as a marksman, or, that the game had removed to a safer and more distant neighborhood, for the officers' larder had been found sadly wanting in the items of woodcocks, blackcocks, partridges, &c., for the week past—and the second and most important of the two events, was, that in regular succession, four sentinels had disappeared from the extreme left line, without leaving the slightest trace to elucidate the mystery of their disappearance.  
This last circumstance struck such dread into the breasts of the rest of the company, that no one could be found willing to volunteer to take the post—well knowing that it would be only like signing their own death warrant to do so; and Col. Innes, not wishing to wilfully

sacrifice the lives of his men by compelling them to go, enjoined double caution to the remainder of the sentinels, and left the fatal post unoccupied for a night or two.  
Two or three reconnoitering parties had been dispatched off round the neighborhood in the hope of finding some clue to the mystery, or of obtaining some intelligence of the enemy, but they had each of them returned as wise as they started, with no reward for their trouble save weary bones.  
It was on the third night of the desertion of the post, that our hero, Death, was returning to the fort, after paying a visit to Standhope Farm. The moon was up, but her light was nearly all obscured by the dense masses of clouds which at every few minutes were driven by a pretty stiff breeze over her face, while the huge trees, now all in full leaf, creaked and groaned, and bent their tall forms to and fro, as the heavy gusts rushed whistling in among their branches.  
Our hero had approached within a hundred yards of the termination of the forest that skirted the small open space in which the fort stood, when suddenly he paused, and crouching down on his hands and knees, crept cautiously forward a few paces. Having remained in this position for several minutes, he again stealthily retreated in the manner he had advanced; and plunging into the forest again, emerged at a point considerably lower than where he had intended to leave it before.

Col. Innes sat reading, alone, in his private apartment, when an orderly entered and informed him that one of the men wished to speak to him.  
"Send him in," said the Colonel; and at the next minute our friend, Death, had entered, and made his best bow to his commanding officer.  
"Well, what scrape have you been getting into now?" said the Colonel, when he saw who his visitor was.  
"None, Colonel," replied Death, "but I have come to ask a favor."  
"Let us hear it," said the Colonel, "and we will then see what we can do."  
"Well, Colonel, it is simply this—if you will put the rifles under my orders to-night, and let me occupy the deserted post, I will not only clear up the mystery of the disappearance of the four sentries, but make the post tenable for the future."  
"But how?" said the Colonel, in intense surprise.  
"I guess, Colonel," answered Death, "you had better let me have the men, and order us off, and I'll tell you the whole affair after. I promise you that not one shall even receive a scratch, that is if they will follow my directions implicitly."  
"You are a strange man," said the Colonel, "but I think I will let you have your own way this time. When do you intend to start?"  
"In about an hour's time," answered Death.  
"Very well, I will give the necessary orders, so that you can start when you think proper. And what is more, if you perform all that you have promised, and don't cause me to repeat having humored you, you shall have poor Campbell's place."  
Hector Campbell was a brave but a very headstrong young Scotchman, who had occupied the post of Lieutenant at the fort. In a sudden freak of daring he had volunteered to stand sentry at the fatal spot from which three sentinels had already so mysteriously disappeared, and he paid for his rashness with his life.

"Now, my lads," said Death, as in about an hour after his conversation with Colonel Innes, he approached the deserted post, at the head of a dozen riflemen who had been temporarily placed under his orders. "I will tell you what we are going to do. The long and the short of the affair is simply this, its a gang of them cussed, thievish Iroquois that have circumvented and carried off our four men—shooting them with their arrows, and then decamping with their bodies.  
To-night, as I was returning to the fort, I suddenly thought I heard the sound of several voices and creeping on my hands and knees towards the spot, got nigh enough to see and hear that about a dozen Iroquois were there and then arranging their plans to surprise the fort to-night—intending to steal in upon it, by the point which their cussed devil had rendered so easy of access. I only stopped long enough to learn this, when I hurried off to the Colonel, and asked him to place you at my disposal, and here we are. I did not say a word to him about what I had learned, but determined that if possible the rifles should have all the honor of exterminating the varlets. And now I ask you, are you willing and ready to follow my orders?"  
Every man cheerfully answered in the affirmative, and with quickened pulses, and sanguine hopes, the little company again moved forward.

The post consisted of a long, narrow space, bounded on each side by a rocky, shelving bank; while its extreme end was closed in by the dark and impenetrable looking forest. The bank on each side of the pass was thickly covered with brush and underwood, and among these Death now carefully concealed his men; taking care to arrange them that their fire would cross each other, and bidding them not to fire until he had given the signal; and after they had fired, not to stop to reload, but clubbing their rifles, to jump down and finish the struggle in that manner.  
With steady alacrity each man took up the post assigned him; and in another minute, the spot presented the same lone, still and solemn appearance it had worn previous to their arrival.  
The little company had begun to grow very impatient, and Death, himself, to fear that the Indians had either ruced of making the attempt, or else had changed their plan of attack, when suddenly his quick eye detected the form of one of his crafty foes issue in a crouching position from the deep shadow which the lofty trees threw far up the pass.  
"Three-six-nine-twelve-thirteen," counted Death, as one after another they emerged in single file from the wood, and with quick cat-like stealthiness of movement, advanced up the pass; their rifles in trail, and their faces and bodies rendered still more hideous and ferocious looking by the grotesque markings of their war-paint. On they came, swiftly and silently, and all unconscious of the fate that was in store for them.  
The foremost of the band, whose commanding stature, wolf-teeth collar, and eagle tuft, at once proclaimed him as chief, had advanced until he was directly opposite the bush in which Death was hid, when the latter with startling distinctness suddenly imitated the cry of a night owl, and discharged his rifle.  
Eight of the Indians fell by the volley, which the remaining riflemen now poured in upon them; but, strange to say, one of the five who did not fall, was the chief whom Death had aimed at. This unusual event was owing to the following cause; the branch of the bush on which he had studied his arm in firing, had suddenly yielded at the moment he discharged his piece, thus rendering harmless his otherwise unerring aim.  
Uttering an imprecation at his ill luck Death sprang down the bank with the rest of his companions, and with one bound they reached the side of the Iroquois chief. They grappled and both fell heavily to the ground, clasped in a fearful embrace, and darting glances of savage hatred at each other beneath their knitted and scowling brows.  
"Keep off!" shouted Death, as he saw one or two of his companions in the act of stooping down to assist him, "keep off! and if he masters me, let him go!"  
Over and over they rolled, writhing and straining, but seemingly neither obtaining any advantage over the other. At last the head of Iroquois suddenly came in contact with the point of a rock that protruded from the bank, stunning him so that he relaxed his vice-like grip of Death's throat; and the latter, thus released, springing to his feet, finished his career by bringing the heavy breech of his rifle with sledge hammer force down upon his head.  
The remaining four Indians had been likewise dispatched; and the victorious riflemen (none of whom had received any wound worth mentioning,) now sent up a shout of triumph for their victory, that the echoes of the old wood rung with it for minutes after.

As Col. Innes had promised, Death was promoted to the vacant post of Lieutenant; and now, dear reader, we beg to inform you that our hero and unaccomplished veteran, General Morgan, of revolutionary notoriety, were one and the same individual.  
About a fortnight after this eventful night, Standhope Farm became the scene of as much mirth, good eating, and dancing, as could be possibly disposed of during the twenty-four hours; and though we think it will be almost superfluous to do so, we will add, that the cause of this "merry-making," was the marriage of the beauteous Hester Standhope with Lieutenant Henry Morgan.  
BEAUTIFUL AND WE CAN READILY BELIEVE TRUE.—Who doubts that birds love? Here is evidence, from the National Intelligencer:—"A gentleman observed in a thicket of bushes near his dwelling a collection of brown thrushes, who for several days attracted his attention by their loud cries and strange movements. At last curiosity was so much excited, that he determined to see if he could ascertain the cause of the excitement among them. On examining the bushes, he found a female thrush, whose wing was caught in such a way that she could not escape. Near by was her nest, containing several half-grown birds. On retiring a little distance, a company of thrushes appeared with worms and other insects in their mouths, which they gave first to the mother and then to her young, she in the meanwhile cheering them in their labor of love with a song of gratitude. After watching the interesting scene until curiosity was satisfied, the gentleman relieved the poor bird, when she flew to her nest with a grateful song to her deliverer, and her charitable neighbors dispersed to their usual abodes, singing as they went a song of praise."

THE NEW DOME TO THE CAPITOL.—The Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune states that the architects have just discovered the rotunda walls to be too weak to bear the new iron dome. Its construction will, therefore, be suspended, and the immense expenditure already incurred will be lost. Strengthening the walls sufficiently involves nearly the removal and renewal of the old Capitol Building.

## TRAVELLING FOR PLEASURE.

VIEWED MEDICALLY.  
In the last number of the *Boston Medical World* we find some suggestive hints on this subject, the pith of which we will endeavor to give in a few lines:  
The writer thinks that in our country there is much more travel, ostensibly for health, where, in his opinion, the injury far surpasses the gain. Inexorable Fashion says, we must go from home in the dog-days; and in obedience to her mandate, there is a rush in all our cities and towns, from the metropolis down to the smallest village, to the place where this "goddess" specially resides. This is the season when the quiet and comfort of home are the most healthful and necessary. But, instead of this, we find people determined to exchange the large, airy, brick-walled rooms of the towns, the cool mattresses and fine linen, for the heating cotton, greasy feathers and dirty sheets of a tavern, or pent-up village, or watering place, hotel or boarding house.  
But who, asks the Doctor, could live through a hot Summer without visiting Nahant, Newport, Saratoga, or Niagara? He does not deny them an occasional trip to such places, but protests against taking the hottest season to make these visits with the expectation of thereby promoting health. At the season usually taken, he says, the organs of digestion are least able to discharge their function.—They sympathize with all the other parts of the body, and, like them, require rest, and, he asks, is this the time to leave the frugal, wholesome fare at home, and rush to the gathering places, where every board groans with its fire-killing feasts, and where the luxuries provided and the exciting presence and example of hundreds of mouths, eager to reward the purse at the expense of the stomach, render it next to impossible to obey the laws of health?—Where, besides, this poor pack horse, this goading organ, is teased with mineral waters, wines, bitters, pills, tobacco juice and tobacco fumes, to ease itself of its cumbersome burdens.  
Dr. Smith maintains that there is nothing more delusive than the generally received impression that people are growing better, because as they suppose, they are gaining flesh. Under the spasmodic action of this paraphernalia of stimulants, there is often an appearance of more flesh. But it is diseased, not sound, healthy flesh. For every pound of such, nature will be revenged.  
Hence it is, the Doctor argues, that most persons soon after a return from such fashionable gathering places, have an attack of dyspepsia, biliousness, sick head-ache, pulmonary affection, or cutaneous eruption. These abuses, occurring periodically, undermine the best constitution.

Taking children to such places the writer denounces as the very consummation of folly. More than half the so-called diseases of the season, and the death of children which occur in August and September, arise, he says, from this fashionable dissipation. No place is so good for children, if you wish them to live, as a quiet home. But take them to places of fashionable resort, and stuff them with tempting viands, gravies, puddings and pastries, is to cheat them out of two of the best things in the world—a good conscience and a good stomach.

## THE WAY HE LOST HER.

The only objection ever made to me in this ere country as a legislator, was made by the wimmin, 'cause I war a bachelor, and I never told you afore why I remained in a state of number one. No feller stays single premeditated, and in course a hansum feller like me, who all the gals declare to be as anticin' as a jay bird, was not fixing to stay alone if he could help it. I did see a creeter once, named Soly Mason, up the Cumberland, nigh onto Nashville, Tennessee, that I took an anxious hankerin' arter, and I sot in to lookin' arfous for matrimony, an' I gin to go reg'lar to meetin', and I tuk a dressin' tremendous fluffed, jest to see if I could win her good opinion.  
She did get to lookin' at me kind of sly, jest as a horse does at somethin' he's scart at, when, arter chimpin' at a distance for a while, I sided up to her and blurted out a few words about the sarmin'—she says, yes; but cuss me if I know whether that war the right answer or not, and I'm thinking she didn't know nuther.  
Well, we larded and talked a leetle all the way to her daddy's, and thar I giv her the best bend I had in me, and raising my bran new hat as part and perlit as a minister, lookin' all the time so inticin' that I sot the gal tremblin'. Her old daddy had a powerful numerous lot of niggers, and lived right jinin' my place, while on the other side lived Jake Simmons, a skein', cute varmint, who war wursen than a miser for stinginess, and no sooner did this cussed sarmin' see me slidin' up to Soly, than he went to sickin' up too, and sot himself to work to cut me out.  
Thar ar war a struggle ekil to the battle of Orleans. First some new fix-up of Jake's would take her eye, and then I'd sport somethin' that would outshine him, unjil at last Jake gin in tryin' to outdress me, and sot to thinkin' of somethin' else.  
Our farms were jest the same number of acres, and we both owned three niggers apiece. Jake knew that Soly and her dad kept a sharp eye out for the man of chance, so he thought

## AGRICULTURAL.

LIME.—Its Application.—For many lands there is nothing, cost considered, more advantageous to the farm, than lime. The first concern of every good farmer is to increase the "manure pile" to its greatest extent. After this, lime comes in as a most powerful and economical agent, since it is not only found beneficial upon poor soil, but operates beneficially on all our grain growing and grass lands; for the greater the quantity of vegetable matter returned to the soil in the shape of manures, grasses and green crops, the happier the mechanical effect of lime thereon in converting the coarser elements into a proper condition to be taken up by plants. The idea that lime is useless on soils based upon limestone—the result of theoretical reasoning entirely—has long since become obsolete in the limestone regions of this State, under the operations of practical experience.

The best time to apply lime to land, is a matter on which much difference of opinion exists. The favorite method now appears to be to apply it to the soil two or three years previous to plowing down for corn. There are several reasons for this preference. First, it is found decidedly beneficial to the grass crop, encouraging a growth—sometimes two fold greater than would be realized without its agency. Second—the tendency of lime being to sink in the soil, as application to the surface is considered preferable on that account. Third—the application can be made at leisure, and does not crowd the labor of the seeding time in fall or spring.

Another important query is often propounded, as to the proper quantity to apply. On this point we were recently interested by the recital of an experiment made by a Chester County farmer. He selected four acres of ground—to one acre he applied twenty-five bushels, to the second fifty bushels, to the third seventy-five and to the fourth one hundred bushels. There was no material difference apparent in the effect the first year, but the decline was marked and regular in the succeeding years. That which received the least number of bushels exhibited the least durable effect, while on that which received the most, the effect continued the longest. The process of exhaustion seemed regular, and the permanence of effect in accordance with quantity applied—that is, the hundred bushels appeared to operate four times as long as the twenty-five. The experiment seemed to favor the expediency of making a light application of lime with every series of rotation of crops.

This is a subject on which we would like to receive communications from practical farmers.—*Montgomery Ledger.*

## TOWNS MAKING.

A gentleman recently returned, from the west relates that, in setting out early in the morning from the place where he had passed the night, he consulted his map of the country, and finding that a very considerable town, called Vienna, occupied a point of his road, but some twelve or fifteen miles off, concluded to journey as far as that place before breakfast. Another equally extensive town, bearing as sounding a name, was laid down at a convenient distance for his afternoon stage, and there he proposed halting for the night. He continued to travel at a good round pace until the sun had risen high in the heavens, and until he computed that he had accomplished more than twice or thrice the distance which he proposed to himself in the outset. Still he saw no town before him, even of the humblest kind, much less such a magnificent one as his map prepared him to look for. At length, meeting a solitary wood-chopper emerging from the forest, he accosted him and inquired how far it was to Vienna. "Vienna!" exclaimed the man; "why you passed it five and twenty miles back. Did you notice a stick of timber and a blazed tree beside the road? That was Vienna." The dismayed traveller then inquired how far it was to the other place, at which he designed passing the night. "Why you are right on that place now," returned the man; "it begins just on the other side of you ravine and runs down to a clump of girdled trees which you will see about a mile further on the road." "Are there no houses built?" "fittered out the traveller." "Oh, no houses whatsoever," returned the woodsman; "they hewed and hauled the logs for a blacksmith's shop, but before they raised it the town lots were all disposed of in the Eastern States; and every thing has been left just as you now see it ever since."—*Boston Traveller.*

AFFECTING INCIDENT.—Among the noteworthy incidents of the Montreal steamboat disaster, says the Montreal Gazette, was the saving of her two children by Mrs. Bloomfield, whose husband is in the employ of the Grand Trunk Company at Toronto. She held a rope with one hand, keeping the head of one child above the water with the other, and holding the other up by fastening her teeth in its dress. So heavy was the load, that two of her teeth gave way and were lost, yet she still retained her hold. At last a boat came towards her, and men were screaming all round her to be taken aboard. She could not scream, but a man taking her situation, brought the boat to her, and lifting her she needed aid most. Then her strength gave way at the prospect of her relief and safety, and she came near drowning ere she could be lifted into the boat. She is a slight, delicate woman in appearance, and one wonders how she was able to endure so much.

ALLIGATORS AVAILABLE?—Two young alligators were received at the post office in Charlotte, N. C., last week, having come through the mail from Smithville, in the same State. They were packed in a box, with straps attached to pay the postage.

The yellow fever has made its appearance at New Orleans.

he'd clear me out by byin' another nigger; but I foller'd suit, and bought one the day after he bought his, so he had no advantage thar. He then got a cow, and so did I, and then—jest about then—both of our purses gin out.

One Sunday mornin' I war a leetle late to meetin', and when I got thar the fust thing I seed was Jake Simmons sittin' close bang up agin Soly, in the same pew with her daddy. I billed awhile with wrath, and then turned sour—I could taste myself. Thar they war, singin' him out the same book. Je-e-minny, fellers, I war so enormous mad that the new silk handkercher round my neck lost its color.  
Arter meetin' war out they walked linked arms, a smilin' an' lookin' as pleased as a young couple at their christinin', and Soly turned her 'cold shoulder' to me so arful that I wilted down and gin right up straight—Jake had her, thar war no dispartin' it.

I headed towards home, with my hands as far in my trowser's pocket as I could push 'em, swarin' all the way that she war the last one that would ever git a chance to rile up my feelings. Passin' by Jake's plantation, I looked over the fence and thar stood an explanation of the matter, right facin' the road, whar every one passin' could see it; his consarned cow was tied to a stake in the garden with a most promisin' calf alongside ou her! The calf jest soured my milk, and made Soly think that a feller who were always gittin' ahead like Jake war a right smart chance for a lively husband.

A shout of laughter here drowned Sugar's voice. As soon as silence was restored, he added in a solemn voice, as he shut one eye and pointed his forefinger at his auditory—

What was a cussed sight wursen that his gittin' Soly was the fact that he borrowed the calf the night before of Dick Hartley! After the varmint got Soly hitched, he told the joke all over the settlement, and the boys never seed me afterwards that they didn't b-a-h, b-a-h, at me for lettin' a calf cut me out of a gal's affection. I'd shot Jake, but I thort it war a free country, and the gal had a right to choose without bein' made a widder, so I sold out and traveled. I've always thort since then, boys, that wimmin war a good deal like lickin'—if you love 'em too hard they are sure to throw you some way.

## A DREADFUL WORM.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead? An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make even the lords of creation recoil. But there is a species of worm found in various parts of this State which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, when compared with it, the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe to human kind, is the object of the present communication.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch through; but as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dead lead color, and generally lives near a spring, or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly cobra. Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlement, to the misery and destruction of many of our citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery; his tongue swells to an immoderate size and obstructs his utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his dearest friends. If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits to the life all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are bound, that no sooner is the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by one bite, than he seeks out his destroyer, for the sole purpose of being bitten again. I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away, for I knew the hope fondly cherished, that his son would be to him the staff of his declining years, had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths of Pennsylvania! would you know the name of this reptile? It is the WORM OF THE STILL.—*From Field's Scrap Book.*

David Forney, of Franklin, Pa., abused his wife so that her father took her home. In revenge for this, Forney set fire to the old gentleman's house and \$70,000 worth of property was consumed. Forney was arrested last week in Cincinnati, where he was passing under an assumed name.

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