

# Kentucky Journal

BY S. B. ROW.

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## HAST THOU ONE THOUGHT OF ME?

The following exquisite lines are found in the Louisville Journal, and are anonymous. The editor says, "We feel any tasteful lover of poetry to read them without exclaiming, how beautiful!"

My soul thy secret image keeps,  
My midnight dreams are all of thee!  
For nature then in silence sleeps,  
And silence broods o'er land and sea!  
Oh, in that still, mysterious hour,  
How oft from waking dreams I start,  
To find thee but a fancy flower!  
Thou cherished idol of my heart,  
Thou hast each thought and dream of mine,  
Have I in turn one thought of thee?

Forever thine my dreams shall be,  
What'er may be my fortune here;  
I ask not love, I claim thee free,  
Only one boon—a gentle tear;  
May e'er best visions from above  
Play gently round thy happy heart,  
And the sweet beams of peace and love  
Ne'er from thy dimpled cheek depart.  
Farwell! my dreams are still of thee—  
Hast thou one tender thought of me?

Farwell! farwell! my far off friend!  
Between us broad blue rivers flow,  
And forests wave and plains extend,  
And mountains in the sunlight glow;  
The wind that breathes upon thy brow  
Is not the wind that breathes on mine;  
The stars beam shining on thee now,  
Are not the beams that shine on mine,  
But memory's spell is with me yet—  
Canst thou the holy past forget?

The bitter tears that thou and I  
May shed when'er by anguish bowed,  
Exhaled in the moonlight glow,  
May meet and mingle in the cloud;  
And thus, my much loved friend, though  
Far apart, must live and move,  
Our souls, when God shall see them free,  
Can mingle in the world of love!  
This were sweetest ecstasy to me—  
Say, would it be a joy to thee?

## A STAGE DRIVER'S ADVENTURE.

Fourteen years ago I drove stage from Danbury to Littleton, a distance of forty-two miles, and as I had to wait for the arrival of two other coaches, I did not start till after dinner; so I very often had a good distance to drive after dark. It was in the dead of winter, and the season had been a tough one. A great deal of snow had fallen and the drifts were plenty and deep. The mail that I carried was due at Littleton until one o'clock in the morning; but that winter the postmaster was very often obliged to sit up a little later than that time.

One day in January when I drove up for my mail at Danbury, the postmaster called me into his office.

"Pete," said he, with an important, serious look, "there's some pretty heavy money packages in that bag," and he pointed to the mail bag as he spoke. He said the money was from Boston to some land agents up near the Canada line. Then he asked me if I'd got any passengers who were going through to Littleton. I told him I did not know, "but suppose I haven't," says I.

"Way," said he, "the agent of the lower route came in to-day, and he says that there have been two suspicious characters on the stage that came up last night, and he suspects that they have an eye upon this mail, so that it will stand up in hand to be a little careful." He said the agent had described one of them as a short, thick set fellow, about forty years of age, with long hair, and a thick, heavy clump beard under his chin, but none on the side of his face. He didn't know anything about the other. I told the old fellow I guessed there wasn't much danger.

"Oh no; not if you have got passengers for the whole trip; but I only told of this so that you might look out for your mail, and look out for it when you stop to change horses."

I answered that I should do so, and then took the bag under my arm and left the office. I stowed the bag away under the seat a little more careful than usual, placing it so that I could keep my feet against it; but beyond this I did not feel any concern. It was half past one when I started, and I had four passengers, two of whom rode only to my stopping place. I reached Gowen's mill at dark, when we stopped for supper, and where my other two passengers concluded to stop for the night.

At about six o'clock in the evening I left Gowen's Mills alone, having two horses and an open pump. I had seventeen miles to go—and a hard seventeen it was too. The night was quite clear, but the wind was sharp and cold, the loose snow flying in all directions, while the drifts were deep and closely packed. It was slow, tedious work, and my horses soon became weary and restive. At the distance of six miles I came to a little settlement called Bull's Corner, where I took fresh horses. I had been two hours going that distance. Just as I was going to start a man came up and asked me if I was going through to Littleton. I told him I should go through if the thing could possibly be done. He said he was very anxious to go and as he had no baggage I told him to jump on and make himself as comfortable as possible. I was gathering up the reins when the ostler came out and asked me if I knew the one of my horses had cut himself badly. I jumped out and went with him and found that one of the animals had got a deep cork cut on the off fore foot. I gave such directions as I thought were necessary, when the ostler remarked that he thought I came alone. I told him I did.

"Then where did you get that passenger?" said he.

"He just got in," I answered.

"Got in where?"

"Don't know."

"Well, now," said the ostler, "that's kind of curious. There ain't no such man been at the house, and I know there hain't been none at the neighbors."

"Let's have a look at his face," said I. "Do you go back with me, and as I got in the pump, just hold your lantern so that the light will shine in his face."

He did as I wished, and as I stepped into the pump, I got a fair view of such portions of my passenger's face as were not muffled up. I saw a short thick frame, full, hard features, and I could also see that there was a heavy beard under the chin. I thought of the man whom the Postmaster had described to me; but I did not think seriously until I had started. Perhaps I had gone half a mile, when I noticed that the mail bag was not in its old place under my feet.

"Hallo!" says I, holding up my horses a little, "where's my mail?"

My passenger sat on the seat behind me, and as I spoke I turned towards him.

"Here is a bag of some kind, slipped back

under my feet," he said, giving it a kick as though he had shoved it forward.

Just at that moment my horses lumbered into a deep snow drift; and I was forced to get out to tread down ahead of them and lead them through it.

This took me all of fifteen minutes; when I got on again, I pulled the mail bag forward and got my feet upon it. As I was doing this, I saw the man take something from his lap and put it into his breast pocket. At first I thought it was a small liquor flask, but upon second thought I made up my mind that it was a pistol. I caught the glint of the barrel in the star light, and when I had time to reflect I knew I could not be mistaken.

About this time I began to think somewhat seriously. From what I had heard and seen, I soon made up my mind that the individual behind me not only intended to rob the mail, but he was prepared to rob me of my life. If I resisted him he would shoot me, and perhaps he meant to perform that detectable operation at any rate. While I was pondering the horses plunged into another deep drift, and I was forced again to get out and tread down the snow before them. I asked my passenger if he would get out and help me, but he said he didn't feel very well and wouldn't try; so I worked alone, and was all of a quarter of an hour getting my team through the drifts.

When I got into the sleigh again I began to feel for the mail bag with my feet. I found it where I had left it; but when I attempted to withdraw my foot, I discovered that it had become entangled in something. I thought it might be the Buffalo robe, and tried to kick it clear; but the more I kicked the more closely it was held. I reached down my hand and after feeling a few moments found my hand in the mail bag! I felt again and I found my hand in among the letters and papers. I ran my fingers along the edge of the opening, and became assured that the stout leather had been cut with a knife.

It was a discovery. I began to wish I had taken a little more thought before leaving Danbury; but as I knew that making such wishes was only a waste of time, I very quickly gave it up and began to consider what I had best do under existing circumstances. I was not long making up my mind upon a few essential points. First the man behind me was a villain; second he had cut open the mail bag and robbed it of some valuable matter. He must have known the money letters by size and shape, and third, he meant to leave the pump on the first favorable opportunity, and fourth, he was prepared to shoot me if I attempted to arrest or detain him.

I resolved these things over in my mind, and pretty soon I thought of a course to pursue. I knew if I could get my hands safely upon the rascal, I must take him wholly unawares, and this I could not do while he was behind me; for his eye was upon me all the time, so I must resort to stratagem. Only a little distance ahead was a house where an old farmer named Lougee lived, and directly before which a huge snow bank stretched across the road, through which a track for teams had to be cleared with shovels.

As we approach the cot, I saw a light in the front room, as I felt confident I should, for the old man generally sat up until the stage went by. I drove on, and when nearly opposite the dwelling stood up as I had frequently done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead and could plainly distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged the horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank after them, the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as if lightning had struck it. My passenger hadn't time to make any such movement and was not prepared for it, but he had calculated and done when approaching difficult places. I saw the snow bank ahead and could plainly distinguish the deep cut which had been shoveled through it. I urged the horses to a good speed, and when near the bank forced them into it. One of the runners mounted the edge of the bank after them, the other ran into the cut, thus throwing the sleigh over about as quick as if lightning had struck it. My passenger hadn't time to make any such movement and was not prepared for it, but he had calculated and done when approaching difficult places.

I awoke on my feet directly on top of him. I punched his head into the snow and then sung out for old Lougee. I did not have to call a second time; the farmer had come to the window to see me pass, and as soon as he saw my sleigh overturned he lighted his lantern and hurried out.

"What to pay?" asked the old man as he came up.

"Lead the horses into the track and then come here," said I.

As I spoke I had partially loosened my hold of the villain's throat, and he drew a pistol from his bosom. But I saw it in good season and jammed his head into the snow again, and got the weapon from him. By this time Lougee had led the horses out and come back, and I explained the matter to him in as few words as possible. We hauled the rascal out into the road, and upon examination we found about twenty packages of letters which he had stolen from the mail bag stowed away in his pockets.

He swore, and threatened, and begged and prayed; but we paid no attention to his blarney. Lougee got some stout cord, and when we had securely bound the villain, tumbled him into the pump. I asked the old man if he would accompany me to Littleton, and he said "of course." So he got his overcoat and muffer and we soon started.

I reached the end of my route with the mail bag safe, though not so snug as it might have been. The mail robber was secure, and within a week he was identified by some officers from Concord as an old offender; and I am rather inclined to the opinion that he's in the State's prison yet. At any rate he was there when I last heard from him.

That's the only time that I ever had my mail troubled, and I think that under all the circumstances, I came out of it pretty well.

**LIBERAL REQUESTS.**—Mr. Victor Thompson, a wealthy druggist at Hagerstown, Md., died on the 17th July, leaving the following bequests:—\$20,000 to four Boards of the Old School Presbyterian Church, viz: \$5000 to the Board of Education, \$5000 to the Board of Publication, \$5000 to the Board of Foreign and \$5000 to the Board of Domestic Missions. He also bequeathed \$5000 to the Presbyterian congregation of Hagerstown for the enlargement and improvement of its church edifice. \$1000 to the Charity School of this town, \$2000 to the Mayor and Council of Hagerstown for the purchase of fuel for the poor; \$1000 to his colored servant woman, which at her death is to revert to the town, and be appropriated as the preceding legacy, and \$500 for the purchase of the appling on the premises of the heirs of the late George Henninger, in North Potomac street, (known as Miller's Spring,) for the use of the public.

## HON. JOHN HICKMAN'S SPEECH.

The following are the most significant passages in Mr. Hickman's late speech, delivered at Philadelphia, on July 24th:

"Here I find the cause or source of the great political issue of the present. Shall slavery become a national institution and a governing power in the country, or shall it remain as the Constitution left it? This is not an inquiry propounded by us, of the North, but forced upon us by our brethren of the South. They require an answer at our hands, and we cannot avoid response if we would. Silence upon our part, under the circumstances, could not be construed otherwise than as affirmative of their claims. I make the distinct avowal that slavery seeks the acquisition of all our new States, for two objects; first to secure the value of slaves; and, second, to direct the powers of the Federal Government.

"The irrepressible conflict," so frequently commented on and denounced by the South, is constantly admitted and acted on by them. They are too astute as observers, and sagacious as politicians not to know there is a necessary and unending antagonism between liberty and slavery. If they thought different there would be far more peace and harmony between the sections. It is their full appreciation of the struggle for the mastery which arms them for the conflict, and induces them to wrestle for the victory. There is no more evident fact than this, that the advocates of slavery seek its extension so as to limit the influence of the sentiment of freedom. We hate tyranny, and would prevent such a consummation.

"The extension of negro slavery into the territories of the United States has become a settled policy of the Democratic party. This reality cannot be disguised, and ought not to be denied. It is easily accounted for. Unity of interest and unity of desire will always produce a perfect concentration of strength. The fortunes of the South have become completely identified with their peculiar domestic relations. By their harmony they have been enabled to govern the Democratic party, and thus to govern the country thro' the agency of that party. The vital force of that organization being in the South, and slavery propaganda regarded there as a necessity, it cannot be considered strange that the influence of the party should be so directed as to fortify doctrines most congenial to the supposed welfare of those who direct its machinery. To many it has seemed an unaccountable that executive action and legislative and judicial proceedings should be so shaped, from year to year, as to strengthen the few at the expense of the great mass of our people. Let it be no longer regarded as a marvel or a mystery; the responsibility of it rests with those Northern men in whom we have reposed our confidence and clothed with the garments of authority.

"Slavery educates its statesmen in a high school, under able professors. It teaches that the northern men are cowardly, and that their ambition is linked with avarice; and unfortunately for us it has arguments to fortify its faith. In half a century it may not be credited that less than a dozen men, trained under these circumstances, so alarmed a Pennsylvania President as to induce him to re-cast a message, violate the pledged faith upon which he was elected, displace a native State, and degrade the high office to which he had then but recently been elected.

"Millions of acres of fertile lands, every now and then, are fished from our industrial classes, who require them for the support and education of their families, to be turned into barren wastes, by those who have already blasted more than one-half of our soil as with an avalanche of fire. Factories and workshops are tottering in ruins, and families and neighborhoods left starving and in rags, because the fostered industry is not required in that region where laboring men have no rights which the owner of men is bound to respect. And ships rot at our wharves, and store-houses become but a rendezvous for idlers and vagrants for the reason that uncompensated chattel sinews yield fruits more cheaply than compensated labor, and require no shield against the purper products of Europe. If a change of tariff is required, required by the South instead of the North, they could not fail of its accomplishment."

"Of southern office holders and politicians he says: 'They all, yes, all, have been brought to believe that the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence are but stereotyped lies; that the founders of the nation had but a sorry conception of inalienable rights; that the Constitution which they framed was intended as an instrument of cruelty and crime; and that the fairest feature of free republican association was a Union of States peopled with the lowest grade of slaves.' He is ready for this state of things he says 'may be found in organized opposition and united action against the Democrats of every stripe.'

"Of Mr. Breckinridge he says: 'He so reads the teachings of the sages of the past, and their primary law, as to make it fruitless to attempt an exclusion of his peculiar and favorite institution from the organized territories; and so as to make it indispensable that congresses, courts, and presidents should exercise all their ingenuity, and all their powers to fortify and sustain it there. Legislative action is to be invoked, judicial decrees had, executive fiat pronounced, navies equipped, and armies marshalled, to exclude forever every settler therefrom who will not bow down before the black god of his idolatrous worship.'

"Mr. Douglas and his course he characterizes with still more severity, and at greater length. He reviews his earlier career in the Kansas struggle—his repeated re-election, and his desire then to be reckoned an anti-slavery, non-territorial and non-republican; and concludes by saying: 'These references have been made for a single purpose—to satisfy, if doubts exist, that in the great struggle between the South and the North, to secure the long lost equality of the latter, Mr. Douglas is against us. Should more recent evidences be demanded, then let an examination be made of the Congressional Globe, containing the ballots for speaker and clerk during the last session of the House of Representatives. Ascertain what the action of the Illinois western and north-western democracy was during the protracted contest for an organization. Every vote that Mr. Douglas could influence was invariably cast for such candidate as the South presented, including those of the most extreme and revolutionary character.'

"Of Forney and Douglas, he says: 'Col. Forney, who never hesitated to advance the fortunes of Mr. Douglas, when he could properly

ly do so, was elected in spite of Mr. Douglas. Col. Forney, I presume, was not indorsed by the Democracy who swear by the peculiar institution.'

"I have said all I desire to say of the representatives of the two democracies. There is a preference between them. The one is outspoken and evident; the other is concealed and tricky. Of the two I much prefer Mr. Breckinridge, and yet I cannot imagine the circumstances under which I could be induced to support him. He asserts the Supreme court has decided that slavery is an existing constitutional institution in all our territories, and that it is the duty of the government to sustain it where it thus legally exists. Mr. Douglas contends the courts have not yet decided, but if they shall do so, it will then become the duty of all good citizens to respect the decision, and of every branch of the federal government to enforce it with promptness and fidelity. This is his platform. If our federal court has not already given a decision in accordance with the notions of Mr. Breckinridge, no one doubts it will do so as soon as the question shall be brought distinctly before it. At best the only point of disagreement between these rival candidates, is that of time."

The Bell and Everett ticket he disposes of briefly: 'Those advocating the claims of Mr. Bell would please everybody by promising nothing. They compose the party of extreme faith. They stand upon a constitution without interpretation, and upon an endangered Union without announcing the means by which it can be saved.'

He stigmatizes the scheme to elect Lane, by throwing the election into the House, and concludes his speech by urging the election of Lincoln as that of a man honest and capable, and attached to the principles of the constitution, whose election will assign limits to sectional oligarchy, and make labor honorable and remunerative.

## SPEECH OF GEN. CAMERON.

On Saturday evening, July 28th, there was a grand torchlight procession in Philadelphia, and a serenade to Hon. A. G. Curtin, who made an appropriate speech on the occasion. Hon. Simon Cameron was also present, and being loudly called for, responded in the following manner:—

"I rarely make speeches, my friends, and I did not come to the City with any expectation of talking to you to-night. I am, however, exceedingly gratified to see this immense multitude assembled here to do honor to the candidate presented to us for the office of Governor of our great Commonwealth."

"I take it as an evidence that the people of our commercial metropolis, so often misled by the special pleadings of demagogues, and by mistaken views of their relations to other sections of the country, are aroused to a proper sense of their true position, and a proper appreciation of their real interests. I see in the proof that they clearly discern now, what they should have known long since, that the property to which they are entitled by their position, their enterprise, their energy, and their wealth, is only to be obtained by hurling from office and power the bad men and party who have so long abused the trust reposed in them by a confiding people, and who, for their own selfish and corrupt purposes, have so shamefully mismanaged the Government at Washington."

"These men who have disgraced our nation in the eyes of the world, must not only be turned out, but you must see that the right men are put in their places. It is fortunate for the country that the Republican Convention at Chicago has presented men for the snuffrages of the people, who are eminently worthy of our confidence and support; and you must see to it that, by no neglect or supineness of yours, the cause which they represent is endangered. You must not be led into indifference by overconfidence. It is true our opponents are themselves as fully convinced of the bad conduct of their Administration as we are; yet we have so often seen them stultify themselves, and unite to perpetuate the very wrong they had denounced, that it would not be surprising to see them unite again now, and support a common ticket, notwithstanding all their denunciations of each other."

"We must not, therefore, rely on their weakness in the eyes of the world, but only be shown in its fullest extent. I have no doubt of our success, but our vote should be so strong as to satisfy the public mind throughout the Union that Pennsylvania is settled in the convictions of her true policy. It should be no partial victory, but an absolute triumph by an overwhelming majority, and to this end it is only necessary that the vote should be full. If our vote is full, the position of Pennsylvania will be finally settled, not only for the present but for the future."

"I see you have placed on your banners the names of Lincoln, Hamlin and Curtin. That is all very well. Lincoln's name should be first, as it is national and perhaps the most important, but the position and policy of our own State is hardly of secondary importance, and therefore I want you to turn your attention to the election of Col. Curtin first, not only because of its great value to ourselves, because if that be secured the rest is sure to follow. You will remember that it was by the vile frauds at the October election in 1856 that the outrageous result in November was produced."

"I have but a few words to say. The reported vote of Pennsylvania placed in power the bad, weak old man now at the head of the government, who has violated every pledge he gave to his neighbors and friends, and who, besides inaugurating and maintaining the most corrupt and vicious Administration the country has ever had, has done all in his power to destroy the interests of his native State, to the confidence of whose people he is indebted for all he has."

"Remember this, and if I do not meet you thus publicly again during the campaign, let this idea be impressed indelibly on your minds, and let it actuate you in all your plans during the contest, that the larger the majority you give to Curtin, in October, and to Lincoln and Hamlin in November, the more severe and decided will be the rebuke of Pennsylvania to her faithless son, James Buchanan. The State owes it to herself to redeem her name from the disgrace he has brought upon her."

Quill and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quill, "your choice in marriage shows that!" Quill was informed that he was a brute.

## ROMANTIC ADVENTURE.

At the present time, when the Japanese are so much talked of, the following strange and romantic narrative will be read with special interest. Notwithstanding the time which has elapsed since the incidents occurred, the circumstances are for the first time published.

Among the Sandy Hook pilots there is none better or more familiarly known than Captain Nelson. Henry Steers, the ship-builder, is now building a pilot boat for him, which will shortly be ready to be launched from her ways at the foot of Twelfth street, East river. A frank sailor roughness characterizes Captain Nelson; those who know him like him for his honesty and plainness of speech, and none ever thought of accusing him of being given to spinning sailor yarns.

A Swede by birth, at the age of seventeen an inclination to follow the sea possessed Capt. Nelson. Unable to resist, he shipped as a sailor before the mast. He soon found, however, a sea life not so romantic or pleasing as he expected. The captain under whom he sailed was harsh, and knocked him about with cruel severity. Not relishing this treatment, he deserted at Matutka, a small island in the Pacific Ocean. Soon after a opportunity presented itself of shipping on a whaling vessel, the Entaw, from Nantucket—on her way from the Pacific ocean. A terrible storm arose! the ship was dismantled, and they were obliged to put into Jeddah for repairs. This was in 1831.

Casting off anchor, a fleet of row-boats approached the Entaw and signalled her to move away. Not heeding the injunction, the fleet surrounded them, each boat attaching itself to the other by a chain. They were thus made prisoners, with no chance of escape. After a while a large row-boat made its appearance. The style of the boat and the train of attendants, nearing the water's edge, made it evident that some one endowed with unusual authority was on board. Immediately one of the enervating chains was loosed, and the large barge was rowed to the side of the ship. A man dressed in state, with two immense swords dangling from a belt, mounted over the side of the ship, and by signs intimated a desire to know what they wished. By means of an interpreter they explained the occasion of their visit, and expressed their readiness to depart when their vessel was put in proper repair. The official told them they could do nothing towards repairing their ship until they had delivered two of the crew into his hands as hostages to guarantee against violence on their part. The captain expressed his assent to the proposition.

"But you must hear another condition," said the official.

"What is it?" asked the captain.

"On each man," responded the official, must be placed a shirt coated with sulphur and tar. The moment you break faith with us the shirts will be set on fire, and the men burned to death."

The condition was a hard one. There was no other alternative, however, than to comply with it. Captain Nelson, who was then only seventeen years old, and a young man named Turpin, of Philadelphia, consented to be delivered up as hostages. The official, who proved to be the ruling magistrate of Jeddah, had young Nelson and his companion taken on shore, and delivered over to a guard. They were placed in a sort of tent, near the dwelling of the magistrate. Thinking it best to be guarded against emergencies, young Nelson concealed about him a pistol.

Weeks elapsed, and with them the wearing of the sulphur-coated shirts. At first the guard was strict, but generally they were kept under less restraint, until finally they were allowed to roam almost quite free during the day time. Besides, also, the magistrate lessened his reserve toward them. At length he invited them to his house, then to eat with them and play the Japanese chess.

A daughter, young, handsome and sprightly, formed part of the household of the Jeddah magistrate. The pale sailor youth looked admiringly upon her, and she reciprocated the look; interviews followed glimpses. They soon learned to understand each other. An officer of the army was a suitor of the magistrate's daughter; her father did not approve of the officer, and she had agreed to elope with him. He was to come on a certain night. A change had come over her inclinations, and she did not wish to go, she was afraid that if she did not, her lover would take her life. Young Nelson advised her to elope, and promised to rescue her.

The night came, and the lover also. Young Nelson, learning the route the officer would take, strolled out of town during the day, and lay in wait for him. Sure enough, the midnight tramp of steeds was heard, and soon it was a clear moonlight night—a retinue of horses appeared. Nelson hid behind a tree; the officer was the last of the train. He had the young girl on his own horse. As he was passing the tree where Nelson was in ambush, he discharged his pistol at the horse. Immediately the horse stumbled, and Nelson seized the frightened maiden. The pistol-fire frightened the troop of horsemen, and thinking a large party was lying in ambush, they fled, the officer following suit.

Taking the girl home to her father, he won the old gentleman's gratitude; he became more of a favorite, and was a daily diner thenceforth at the family table. He was allowed to dispense with the sulphur shirt, and was altogether a privileged character. His companion, Turpin, however, had to wear the sulphur shirt to the last.

The Entaw remained at Jeddah about five months. Every entreaty was made by the magistrate to urge Nelson to stay, and in view of the supplicating eyes of the daughter, he came very near doing so. His protracted stay at Jeddah made him quite conversant with the Japanese language, so much so that he was appointed by the government coast pilot of Japan, on board the U. S. frigate Mississippi.

It is stated that the two boys of Mr. Douglas, left by his first wife, have come into the possession of a large fortune by the death of their maternal grandmother, who resided in North Carolina; and it is further stated that Mr. D. will visit his connections in that State after he has completed his New England tour.

The Havana correspondent of the N. O. Crescent says: "Mr. Fowler, the ex-postmaster, is about taking lodgings at Granabaco. I saw him the other day in a ferry-boat with Mr. Pertusio, a gentleman of this city."

Hon. John Sherman has been unanimously nominated for re-election to Congress by his constituents.

## THE MASSACRES IN SYRIA.

The massacre of the Christians in Syria is undoubtedly one of the most diabolical events of our times. Sickening details are given of the barbarity inflicted on persons of all ages and sexes. The butchering of 500 Christians at Damascus, the oldest inhabited city of the world, and one of the most populous of the oriental capitals, and the destruction of the town of Deir-el-Kamar, are among the latest atrocities committed. It is stated that the population of Deir-el-Kamar, all the male Christians, numbering 2000, were put to the sword, the women and children being permitted to escape. A letter, dated Beyrout, July 11th, says: "The attack of the Druses on the Christians at Damascus commenced on the evening of the 9th, when several men were killed, and many women carried off for harlots. The French, Russian, and Greek consuls took refuge in the house of Abd-el-Kader. The attitude of the Turkish authorities was indecisive, and rather injurious than useful to the Christians. Three thousand Turkish soldiers arrived to-day. The fears of the Christians are redoubled, and commissioners Yelby and Norwick are expected with instructions. Details to the 1st of July say it was then ascertained that the Druses had burnt and pillaged 151 villages since the 29th of May, while from 7,500 to 8,000 Christians, inhabitants of Lebanon, many of whom were wealthy men, and all strangers to anything like poverty, are homeless beggars, depending on charity for daily bread. Over and above the number of Christians shot in actual warfare, it is believed seven or eight thousand have been butchered in cold blood. A French vessel had been sent to Latakia, and was obliged to take up a position within firing distance of the town in order to restrain the fanatical portion of the inhabitants from committing further outrages. The Austrian frigate Rudisky has been ordered to proceed to Syria to co-operate with vessels of other powers there."

Common Pleas was in session at Tiffin, and Judge Hall, since Mr. C. from the Ninth District of Ohio, occupied the bench. A case of some importance was reached in the order of the docket, and the parties and witnesses were on hand. The counsel for the plaintiff, Charley Brown, was absent. His client, however, soon succeeded in procuring him, and Charley "opened fresh." He submitted motion after motion, and supported them by arguments that were ludicrously laughable. Judge Hall, compelled to volunteer an occasional grin, did not see fit to grant the extravagant demands, which served to increase rather than diminish the quantity of Charley's motions.

The Judge at last waxed impatient, and deemed it economy to say: "It is the opinion of this Court that the counsel for the Plaintiff is at present pecuniarily disqualified for conducting the case now before it."

Charley arose again, and bringing his fist to a parallel with his hip, brought it down upon the desk with a shivering emphasis that jarred the whole court-room, accompanying it with: "That's the first correct decision given this session!"

The closing exclamation entirely overcame Charley, and he came to his seat with an emphasis equalled only by that with which he "indorsed" the decision of the Court.

**LUCKY EDITORS.**—James Gordon Bennett is the richest of the New York editors. His property is put down at \$600,000. He has a magnificent residence in Fort Washington on the north of the island, and maintains an establishment of luxury in Paris, where his wife resides a good share of the time. Gerard Hall-leck, of the Journal of Commerce, stands next on the list, though he spends five days of the week in New Haven, Conn., where he owns a single estate for which he asks \$100,000. The Journal yields him and his two sons from \$80,000 to \$40,000 a year. He can command \$400,000. Horace Greely is not a rich man. He makes plenty of money, but he has not the faculty of keeping it. The Brooks are worth \$200,000 each. Each married a fortune at the South, and the Express is a paying institution. Bomber of the Ledger, who is the Midas of the metropolitan press, and converts almost everything he touches into gold, has a pile over \$200,000, and it is growing fast. Morse of the Observer, has also about that sum. The fortunes of the other members of the class are moderate.

**RACE.**—Describing a school teachers' meeting, the Cincinnati Commercial says: "Professor Harrison, of Harmer, read a two hours' address upon all things on the earth, in the earth, and under the earth, according to the ancients. In the midst of it a member moved a recess of five minutes for rest, and there was a little scene. Courtesy predominated over comfort, and the speaker finished it and the audience both. As nearly as I could arrive at its character, it was designed to demonstrate the mysterious operation of the disintegration of the etymological formula, in which the etymological element predominates in logical form, by a mysterious conformation of sympathetic authenticated integration of vernacular phenomena, terminating in intricate material resolutions of spiritual nature, in referential, indirect and objective analysis of the ego and non ego of the individual, which results in three cognitive epochs of miscellaneous things."

**HAD A FLY ON HIS NOSE.**—While inimitable Tom Corwin was holding forth in Zanewsville, upon the corruptions of "Old Buck's" Administration, just after hurling one of his bitterest and yet "funniest denunciations, one of his auditors, a rough looking man, who stood with folded arms, shook his head violently.

Whereupon Tom said: "You shake your head my friend! Well! A man may shake his head when there is not much in it—without cause to shake it."

"Fury!" said he of the folded arms: "There was a fly on my nose, and any man will shake to keep the flies off—won't he?"

Tom looked quizzical and went on to his next point in regular order.