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THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

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From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times

CAPTAIN SUGGS.

The escaped from an Alabama Sheriff.

Twas a bland September morn in a that need not be specified, that the in, standing in the west door of the t house of Dadeville, perceived Sher- llis merging therefrom, a bundle of pa- in hand, and looking as if he desired e sort of a *capias*. The Captain in- ly bethought him that there was an ctment pending against himself for ga- g, began to collect his energies for an rgency. The sheriff hailed him at the moment, and requested him to hold "Stop, Ellis—*right thar* in your ks, as the bullet said to the buck," s responded: "them docyments look *mous*."

No use," said the officer—"sooner or you must be taken; dog-face Billy s is here, and he'll go your security." Keep off, I tell you, Ellis; I ain't safe ly—the old woman's coffee was cold mornin' and it fretted me. If you've anything agin me keep it till court— be thar—waive all formalities you w."

D——d if I waive anything," replied Sheriff, advancing; "I'll put you where an find you when wanted."

Suggs drew an ald revolving pistol, hereupon the Sheriff paused.

"The blood," shouted the Captain, "of e High Sheriff of Talapoosy county be pon his own head. If he crowds on me, give fair warnin' I'll discharge this *revol- n'* seven several and distinct times, as igh into the curl of his forehead as the ature of the case will admit."

For a moment the Sheriff was intimida- d, but recollecting that the Captain had a eligious dread of carrying a *loaded* fire- rms about his person, although he often ported them uncharged for effect, he brisk- y resumed his stride, and the Captain, hurling the revolver at his head, at once ell into a "killing pace" towards the rack here stood his pony, "Button."

The Sheriff's horse, by chance, was ti- d at the same rack, but a wag of a fel- w catching Suggs' idea, unhitched the ony, threw the bridle over its neck, and eld it ready to be mounted; so that the aptain was in his saddle, and his nag at alf speed, ere the Sheriff put his foot in e stirrup.

The chase was a long and hot one, and e Sheriff gradually gained on Suggs un- their arrival at the crossing of the Ea- e Creek, where the latter suddenly turn- his poney's head down the stream, and fore the Sheriff had arrived at the brink, e was out of sight in the bushes.

Poor Ellis was fairly beaten. He plung- his horse into the swamp to try and ead off the victorious Suggs; but the mud s so soft, that after floundering about a little while, he gave up the chase in spair and turned his horse's head home- ard.

Meanwhile Capt. Suggs kept on his urse down the creek, talking to himself. Wonder how far 'tis down to the bend! his creek makes into the river about a ile below it, they say: I judge if my old oman knew *whar* I was goin', and *who* was goin' to see, he'd make the yearth ake. But she don't I know; its a prin- ple that's 'noculated into the bosom of an—leastways all sensible men—to run and talk a heap afore their wives, to ake 'em believe *they're turnin' wrong de out afore 'em*, and yet never tell 'em e fust d—d word of truth. It's a wise ing in Providence, too. Wonder if I'll etch that rascal Jim Sparks jewlarkin' ound Betsy down at old Bob's?"

On the morning after the occurrence of e adventures above related, Capt. Suggs at in a long trim built Indian canoe, which as moored to the north bank of the Talla- oosa river. Near him was Miss Betsy ockerell. She sat facing the Captain, on board laid across the gunwales of the oat. Miss Betsy was a bouncing girl, lump, firm and saucy, with a mischiev- us rolling eye, and a sharp word fovever t her tongue's end. She seemed to be coquetting with the paddle she held in her hand, and occasionally would strike it on the water, so as to besprinkle Capt, Suggs, much to his annoyance.

"Oh, Captain, you do persuade me to promise you so hard, And Jim Sparks says you're married; and if you ain't you mought 'a been, twenty years ago; you're old enough. (Splash.)

"D—n it, mind how you throw your water! Jim Sparks is a triflin dog—if I have got a wife Betsy she is goin' fast."

"Goin' *whar?*" asked Betsy, striking the water again.

"Confound your paddle! can't you keep it still? She is goin' to her last home, Betsy—she's dwindled down to a shadder, with that cough and one thing and another. She ain't long for this world," he added mournfully—"and if you will only make up your mind—the devil take that paddle!—you'll turn over the boat and throw me in the river!—make up your mind to step into her shoes, it looks like would sort 'o reconcile me to tose her; nd here a tear leaked out of each corner f the Captain's eyes.

"Oh, Captin" said Betsy, half shutting one eye, and looking quizzical; "thar's so many good lookin' young fellers about, I hate to give 'em up. I like you, Captin', but thar's Bill Edwards, and Jet Willis, & Jim Sparks, and—"

"Good lookin'? and Jet Willis and Jim Sparks! Why Jet's mouth is no better than a hole made in the fore part of his head with a claw-hammer—and as for Jim Sparks he has the face of a tarrier dog."

"Do you count *yourself* good lookin'?" asked Betsy with great *naivete*.

"Gall!" replied Suggs with dignity, "did you ever see me in my uniform? with my silver oppolets on my shoulders? and my red sash around my waist? and the sword that Governor Bagby give me, with the gold scabbard a hangin'——"

Just at this moment a step was heard, and before the Captain and Betsy had recovered from the shock of the intrusion, Sheriff Ellis stepped in the boat, and asserted that Suggs was his prisoner!

'Treed at last!' said the Captain; 'but its no use frettin'; the ways of Providence is mysterious. But whar did yon crops, Ellis?'

'Oh, I knew you'd be about the old lick log fishin' with Betsy. I'll turn the kunnoe loose, and Betts will take us across.—I crossed at Hambrick's ferry, left my horse on t'other side, and come down on you like a mink on a settin' hen. Come, come! it's time we were off to Dadeville.'

'Providence is agin me,' sighed the Captain. 'I'm pulled up with a short jerk, in the middle of my kurreer. Well, but,' he continued, musing—'spose a feller tries it on his own hook—no harm in takin' all chances—I ain't in jail *yet!*'

A few yards below the boat landing, there grew out of the bank an immense water-oak, projecting over the river, at an angle of forty-five degrees. A huge mas-cadine vine enwrapped the oak in every part, its branches and tendrils covering it like net work. The grapes were now ripe, and hung over the river

"In bacchanal profusion,—
Purple and gushing."

Betsy allowed the canoe to drop down slowly, just outside of where the tips of the lower branches of the tree dallied with the rippling water. The fruit attracted the Sheriff's eye and appetite, and reaching out an arm laid hold of a branch and began to 'pluck and eat.'

'D—n the grapes!' said Suggs, angrily; 'let's go on.'

'Keep cool,' said the Sheriff, 'I'll fill my pocket first.'

'Be in a hurry, then, and if you will gather the darned things, reach up and pull down them big bunches, up thar'—pointing to some fine clusters higher up than the Sheriff could reach, as he stood up in the boat—'pull down the vines to you.'

The Sheriff tried, but the vines resisted his utmost strength; so, crying 'steady' he pulled himself up clear of the boat, and began to establish a footing among the foliage.

At this moment Captain Suggs made no remark orally but his eye said to Betsy, as plainly as eye could talk, 'hit her a lick back my gal.'

Silently the paddle went into the water, Betsy leaning back with lips compressed, and in a second the canoe shot ten feet out from the tree, and the Sheriff was left dangling among the vines.

'Stop your blasted jokes!' roared the officer.

'Keep cool, old tap-my-shoulder, thar's just the smallest grain of a joke in this here, that you ever see'd. It's the coldest sort of airnest.'

'What shall I do? How shall I get out of this?' asked Ellis piteously.

'Let all go, drop in the water and swim out,' was the reply.

'I can't swim a lick—how deep is it?'

Suggs seemed to ruminate and then replied—'From—say—fifteen—yes, *at least* fifteen—to—about twenty-five feet. Ugly place.'

'Great God,' said poor Ellis, 'you certainly won't leave me to drown—my strength is failing already.'

'If I don't,' said the Captain, most emphatically, 'I wish I may be landed in a thousand feet of ——' and saying a word to Betsy, they shot rapidly across the river.

Kissing his companion as he stepped out of the boat, Suggs sought Button, who was tied in a thicket near by, and mounting him pursued his homeward way.

'*Never despair!*' he said to himself as he jogged along, 'never despair. Honesty, a bright watch out, a hand in your fingers and one in your lap, with a little grain of help from Providence, will always fetch a man through. Never despair! I've been hunted, and tracked, and dogged, like a cussed wolf, but Providence is purvided, and my wost *enemy has tuck a tree*. Git up Button, you blasted, humly, flop-eared Injun.'

The California Gold.—The amount of gold exported from California, is *seven millions of dollars*. Some is yet hoarded at San Francisco, and a good deal has been carried away by individuals. Eight millions is supposed to be the full amount of the yield from the mines. By the end of 1849 it will be doubled.

EDITH GRAY.

"Oh, mother! are these diamonds really for me?" said Edith Gray, as she flew to the mirror to admire the flashing light amid her dark ringlets, (and never surer did mirror reflect lovelier face and figure with or without adornment.) "How kind was this papa!" suddenly she stoped, while a bright flush flitted over her cheek. Her mother looked smilingly at her and said;

"Shall I interpret that blush for you, Edith? You were thinking of Fitzhugh, and wondering if you will attract his notice at the ball to night."

The color deepened on Edith's cheek, and her beautiful eyes were veiled by their long lashes as she replied, "You are right mamma; I confess he fascinates me. What a noble air he—what sparkling eyes, and—"

"Stop Edith!" said her mother; "I think you are more than half in love already, with your acquaintance of half a week."

"Surely, mother, it does not need months or years to—"

"Find out whether a man is handsome," laughingly replied her mother; then rising and kissing her forehead, she said, "Beware, Edith! have a care of your heart, till you know whether he is worthy of it."

"Never fear, dear mother," said Edith, as with a light step she bounded from the room, "there can be no guile there!"

Take a peep with me into the ball room, fair reader. The air is laden with the perfume of countless flowers; soft eyes look love to eyes that speak again; fairy forms and gliding feet keep time with the voluptious swell of music, while amid the blaze and light, the attraction of all eyes and hearts, stands our lovely Edith.—Her eyes need not the aid of diamonds to night, while her raven locks fall over a neck that mocks her snowy robe. Fitzhugh is by her side. With a person of matchless beauty, a tall commanding figure, faultless features, and a manner perfected by intercourse with the best society in his own and foreign countries, added to a voice of sweetness and power, was not he a dangerous acquaintance for our lovely and warm hearted friend? "No guile there!" God help thy trusting heart, Edith! And now her delicate waist is incircled by his arm in the giddy waltz, his warm breath is upon her flushed cheek while murmers of admiration are heard on all sides—how lovely! how surpassingly beautiful!

Fair reader, do you see that low roofed cottage, almost concealed by luxuriant elms—its sides covered with clinging roses and honey-suckles? You may well look up at that small window as you pass, and turn away, but look again at that lovely picture. Is there not beauty in that female head? Look at the rich, black hair, waving over the polished forehead, the lips of virmillion, and the large lustrious eyes. But see! a tear is sparkling there! and how it lies like a gem amidst the clustering curls of that fair boy whose arms encircle her neck. Yes she is a mother, with no more traces of age than the child who nestles in her bosom—a mother but not a wife! God help her.

Look again—she sees us not—her tears fall thicker and faster—the boy with his tiny hand tries to wipe them away, and now and then puts up his pouting lips to kiss her. The mother gazes at him through her tears, parts the hair from his broad forehead, and murmers, "So like his father!" then in agony of tears clasps him to her breast, and weeps until she has no more tears to shed. Poor Edith! so young, so beautiful, so trusting, so wretched, so ruined!

But look again! Night has come on; the holy stars are keeping watch alike over saint and sinner: the merry birds have hushed their songs, and nothing is heard but the distant cry of the whipper-will, as he sings his melancholy song.—Blessed be God for sleep, the friend of the wretched! Look now at these fair dreamers! The boy's arms are thrown about his mother's neck, as if, even in sleep, he feared to be parted from her; his little cheek is flushed and glowing, as it rests upon her breast; she, with a tear still glistening upon those long, dark eyelashes, her lips slightly parted, her rich hair floating like a veil about her face and figure, lies by his side. But look again! she throws those white arms restlessly about, and those parted lips murmer the holy name of "Mother!"

Alas Edith! thou hast no longer a mother—her "grey hairs have gone with sorrow to the grave." But still, in her dream, Edith is an inocent child. Her father's caressing hand is laid with a blessing on those clustering locks. Sisters and brothers throng about her, making the air musical with their merry shouts. Poor Edith! and will not sleep befriend thee?

She rises wildly from her pillow, gazes at those holy stars whose quiet beauty seem but to mock her agonizing misery, shrouds her face from their pure light, and falling on her knees by her child sobs convulsively—"God pity me! God be merciful to me a sinner."

The eye that "never slumbers or sleeps" looks down upon the, Edith. The ear the ear that is never deaf to the cry of a breaking heart, hears thee. The hand that is always outstretched to save the penitent, is extended to thee—"Daughter, thy sin is forgiven thee. Go and sin no more."

With a prayer for her betrayer, and a kiss for her babe, Edith lay calmly down to sleep, *but there was an eye above that slumbered not.*

* * * * * * *

A year passed. Two young men, medical students, were sauntering along one of our principle streets.

"By the way," said one, "we have a splended subject for dissection to day—a beautiful creature, who had been betrayed and deserted by some scoundrel. She died at the hospital, of a broken heart, and not a friend to claim her. By Jove! she is beautiful—come in and see her."

Edith's face was uncovered, and with one groan of agony Fitzhugh fell lifeless to the earth.

"Vengeance is *mine*. I will repay saith the Lord."

Horrible Case of Jealousy and Murder in Missouri.

The killing of a Mr. Hart, at Palmyra, in Missouri, by one John Wise, has created a great excitement in that vicinity.—The particulars are thus reported by the St. Louis *New Era:*

Some weeks since, and during the prevalence of the cholera, Mr. Wise—who is a married man—sent his wife to Palmyra, and soon after her departure his suspicions were aroused, while at his daily avocation in his office, at seeing her handwriting upon letters addressed to a Mr. Hart, in this city. [Mr. Wise is a clerk in the Post-Office.] One or more of these letters, we are informed, were opened; but, as if to avoid detection, a fictitious name was used. Wise and Hart were at this time, and in fact for a long period previous, upon terms of the strictest intimacy. On Wednesday last, Hart left the city, which again aroused Mr. Wise's suspicions, who followed him the day after. Hart reached Marion City about noon on Thursday, and immediately procured a conveyance to Palmyra, a little town seven miles in the country, where Mrs. Wise was sojourning. Wise reached Marion City about 11 o'clock on the day following, and also went immediately out to Palmyra.

As soon as he arrived, he went to the post-office, and found five letters, as we are informed, from Mr. Hart, addressed to his wife, which confirmed his suspicions. He instantly armed himself with a knife and a pistol, and went to the National Hotel, where Hart was stopping. Going in through the back way, he met Hart on the side-walk, in front of the house, and without warning drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in the left shoulder, producing a flesh wound. After being fired at, Hart started to run through the house, but was overtaken by Wise, who drew the knife and inflicted a severe wound on the right shoulder, nearly severing the arm from the body, another in the right arm, several in the side, and the last and most severe in the back, severing the right lobe of the lungs. By the time the last blow was inflicted, the parties had reached the back yard, and Hart fell upon the pavement, and expired in a few moments.

Wise gave himself up to the sheriff, and when our informant left was still in custody, awaiting the coming of witnesses from this city for examination. Hart, the man killed, is a saddler, well known in this city, and at the time of his death was studying medicine. He served with credit in Doniphan's expedition to Chihuahua, and had many friends. He was a man of remarkably prepossessing appearance, and in consequence was generally known by the sobriquet of Lord Byron. Mr. Wise was a clerk in the post-office of this city, and this unfortunate difficulty has cast a deep gloom over a large circle of friends, and created no little excitement in the community.

Much feeling exists against Wise, as it is thought he acted too hastily. On his examination before the magistrate, sixteen letters were read, alleged as passing between Hart and Mrs. Wise. There is a rumor, however, that many of those letters to Hart were written by a Mrs. Potterfield. The parties are said to be very rich. The miniature of Mrs. Wise was found in Hart's trunk. Hart was butchered in a most terrible manner, and yet when dying was cursed and derided by Wise.

It was but a few days since a Missouri jury acquitted a man who had murdered the slanderer of his wife—the counsel taking the broad ground, which the jury appear to have sanctioned, that to commit the murder was a duty he owed to himself, to his family, and to society. Of course Mr. Wise will be held to have murdered his man under the same sense of duty.—It will be long, we fear, before we shall come to the end of the catalogue of crimes and horrors whose beginning is to be found in the acquittal of the murderer in Richmond, two or three years ago.—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

Capt. Dan Drake Henry died recently in St. Louis.

FROM EUROPE.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, Aug. 17.

News by the Hibernia.

Our files by the steamer Hibernia, at Boston, reached us before 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They are to the 4th instant from Liverpool, and to the evening of the 3d from London.

We have given copious details of the operations in Hungary, and are glad to say that the favorable accounts which we published yesterday, as communicated by telegraph, are sustained. So far, the Hungarians have the best of the bargain. The invaders are suffering dreadfully, not only from their repeated conflicts with the Hungarians, but by sickness and the heat of the climate. We have great hopes that they will yet be driven out of the country, in which case it will become the duty of our government to acknowledge Hungarian independence. For surely, a nation which can twice successfully resist and overpower such armies as have been sent against her, can do it a third time.

FRANCE.

Liverpool, August 4.—The tour of the President of the republic along the banks of the Loire appears to occupy, almost alone, the attention of the Parisian public. The journals are naturally enough filled with detailed accounts of his progress, and of his reception.

AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

THE BATTLE OF WAITZEN.—A correspondent who writes from Gloggnitz, in Styria, of the 24th July, gives us the following details of the battle at Waitzen on the 15th, 16th, and 17th of the same month reported by the last steamer:

"Gen. Georgey being informed of the approach of Prince Paskiewitch upon Waitzen, quitted Comorn on the 12th inst., and taking up a strong position on the Waitzen road, he attacked the Russian forces at 5 a. m. After a sanguinary and protracted conflict, in the course of which 6,000 Russians were killed and wounded, he remained master of the field, while Paskiewitch retreated to Duna Keesh, in order to form a junction with General Kamberg's corps, which had left Pesth to assist the Russians, Georgey, menaced on three sides, ordered a small corps of his bravest men, commanded by Nagy Shandor, (*Anglice*, 'Great Alexander,') to attack Paskiewitch, for the purpose of diverting the Russian commander's attention, while he himself manœuvred to open a communication with Dembinski. The Ferdinand Hussars and another Hungarian regiment attacked the six-fold Russian force with great fury, and for a long time maintained the unequal combat, until they were at length cut off to a man. Georgey meanwhile effected a junction with the main body of the Hungarians under Dembinski.'

SUBSEQUENT MOVEMENTS OF GEORGEY.—After giving Paskiewitch the slip on the night of the 16th—leaving Dembinski to finish the battle, which he appears to have done successfully—Georgey marched by the Neograd road northward of the Tatra mountains. Reaching at Balassa Gyarmath, the valley of the Ipoly, he continued his march by the broad, easy road which runs along the river to Losonez, and from thence gained Rima Szombath. The absence of all resistance by the corps of General Grabb upon the road, which admitted so easily of being barricaded and effectually blocked, renders it probable that the General had already left Altsohl, and moved further down the Gran. Georgey, having baffled Rudiger's pursuit, proceeded from Rima Szombath to Rosenau. He first met the Russian outpost of the north at Jaszo; and in this neighborhood he gained a complete victory over a strong corps.

The Russian garrison at Kashau was struck with consternation at the sudden appearance of an Hungarian army. The garrison dropped all thoughts of defence, and the Magyars entered without opposition. Kashau, in a strategic point of view, is a highly important place. On this account it was fortified by Paskiewitch, and made the head depot of the commissariat supplies from Poland and Gallicia. From Kashau Georgey marched towards the Theiss, which he was to cross at Tokay and Marzal. The Russian detachments left on the other bank are irretrievably lost. The Theiss is, as in the past winter, the line of operations. The road to Gallicia lies open on one side, and communications are established on the other with Dembinski.

It appears that General Sass commanded the Russian forces at Jaszo.

The Hungarians found in Kaschau 30,000 articles of military equipment. The corps of Generals Dembinski and Georgey were in communication, and the two Russian armies were cut off from their base of operation. The cholera was making frightful ravages in the ranks of the belligerents, and the Russians suffered greatly from the heat.

The Vienna *Zeitung* says: According to official information, the Prince of Warsaw's headquarters, together with the second corps, were moved on the 22d from Asrod to Hatvan. A part of the insurgents fell back to Hagy Kata. The third corps, which pursued the enemy as far as Aalassa Gyarmath, is in Gyongios since the 22d. Lieut. Gen. Sass undertook the further pursuit towards Miskolez." The Austrian reserve corps and Panintin's Russian division arrived in Pesth on the 21st; and General Haynau is said to have afterwards moved his troops on Czegled and Keezkemet. While Marshal Paskiewitch's headquarters were at Azod, an action took place between the Russian and Magyar cavalry, supported by some infantry, at or near Tol Amhs. The Russians claim the advantage, and say they tooh a gun and many prisoners. It is also said that General Sacken's Russian corps, which had been cantoned about Stry, in Gallicia, had marched in two columns for Hungary, would reach Dukla on the 21st, and cross the borders on the 23d. Gen. Haynau has issued a proclamation threatening with instant death any inhabitant of Pesth who shall betray attachment to the Magyar cause, and has also levied a heavy contribution of army clothing, valued at 2,000,000 florins, on the Jews of Pesth and Ofen, in consequence of the zeal which they had shown in assisting Kossuth's government.

London, Aug. 3d, (*Times.*)—Our correspondent's letter corroborates his former statement of the successful march of Georgey. It is evident that the experienced Russian marshal has been outwitted by the young Hungarian, and that the opportune advance of Dembinski did not only prevent the Prince Paskiewitch from sending the bulk of his army in pursuit of Georgey, but that General Haynau, too, will be detained in the vicinity of Szegedin much longer than is good for the success of the imperialist arms.

Our correspondent is of opinion that there is no impediment to a union of the two Hungarian corps under Georgey and Dembinski; indeed, unless the Austrian commander Haynau should happen to be reinforced by part of the great Russian army, that general is sure to find himself in a position still more perilous than that of Baron Jellachich. The above reflections are fully borne out by the assertions of the *Kelner Zeitung*, in which it is stated that the fortress of Temesvar has surrendered to the Hungarians, who have likewise entered Semlia, the possession of which town makes them masters of the line of the Danube from Essegg to Orshova, thus facilitating their communications with the Turkish empire and the city of Belgrade.

Another report which is contained in the *Kolner Zeitung* acquires a high degree of probability from the reflections (as quoted above) of our correspondent on the relative positions of the imperialist armies under Paskiewitch and Haynau, and those of the Hungarians under Georgey and Dembinski. This news is, that Prince Paskiewitch has been defeated by Dembinski's army at Gyongyos. No details whatever are given of the affair.

Our correspondent informs us that the city of Mohatsh, too, has been taken by the Hungarians.

Berlin, July 31. According to private accounts in the Berlin *Nachrichsten*, Aulich has suddenly appeared with a large force at Dotes, between Comorn and Pesth, and placed himself between the two chief Austrian divisions. It was known that Aulich was in the neighborhood of the Platten Lake, where he had collected large masses of the country people; but it was not supposed at Vienna that he could assume the offensive in so bold a manner, as appears to have been the case. Georgey, after forcing his way from Comorn, has reached Kaschau, and formed a junction with Dembinski; their united forces must amount to a large army, but as to their future intentions all are in the dark. Georgey is now pushing on towards the Carpathian mountains, in part by the route Paskiewitch advanced to Waitzen. Gen. Haynau had left but a small force in Pesth; and, instead of marching to reinforce Jellachich in the south, is, it is said, on his way to join the Russians, who are probably threatened by Georgey and Dembinski. No passports were allowed, according to the last accounts, at Presburg to go to Raab, so that it would seem that the communication between those two towns had been cut off by the Hungarians under Aulich.

STATE OF AFFAIRS IN SOUTH HUNGARY.—The intelligence of the defeat of Jellachich has been fully confirmed, and the *Wiener Zeitung* publishes an official account of it. The account states that the Ban advanced from Verbasz to Gegyes for the purpose of attracting the Magyars. He arrived during the night, and after some success at first he was overpowered by superior force, and compelled to retreat fighting to Kis Ker. The fords of the Theiss at Perlasz and Fodvar were severely attacked on the same day by the Magyars, but were maintained by the imperial troops. This account proceeds to give the Ban's loss as amounting to 600 killed, wounded, and missing, and concludes by saying that the Ban's headquarters are at Ruma, without saying what passed between his arrival at Kis Ker and his subsequent appearance at Ruma. The *Oesterreichische Correspondent* give a few details of the Ban's defeat. According to this journal, [illegible] gives his loss at 750 men, the Ban [illegible] atia learned on the 10th instant.