

THE SPY & COLUMBIAN.

SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 21, 1847.

AGENCIES.

V. B. PALMER, North West corner of Third and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, Tribune Buildings, (opposite City Hall), N. York. South East corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, Baltimore, and No. 12 State street, Boston. JACOB M. WESTHAFFER, Lancaster city. WILLIAM A. PIERCE, Travelling Agent.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Too late for insertion on our outside, we received two poetical replies to the inquiry addressed to Leila, published in our last. As we have not room for both on the inside, and as they would doubtless be injured by keeping, we shall merely give a synopsis of their contents, so far as they have been able to comprehend them.

The lady querist is apostrophized as "Dearest of the dearest tribe," "loveliest of the loveliest form," "gentlest of the gentlest soul," and "meekest of the meekest form,"—which, being parts of two verses, constitutes, as an examination of the final words will prove, poetry. "Tapest of the fairest few," "nobles of the noblest gift," are rather vague expressions, but doubtless correct, for the poet declares most emphatically that he sees the superiority of superlatives, "seated in her downy chair, resting on her hand and brow, Modulating o'er thy Leila fair."

The effusion is intended as a warning to the lady, not to allow herself to be ensnared in the interminable meshes of her personal charms,—and to prove his earnestness and good faith, descends from poetry to flat truth, in the first line of the last stanza, which we give verbatim:

"But this is all nonsense my dear, So will all things array; Except my hand and heart, and without a fear Your name shall be left."

The second communication, from our friend—bears such evident marks of haste, that we feel sure he will thank us for refusing to print it; he has done, and can do, much better.

SOMETHING NEW AND NOVEL.—Messrs. J. D. & J. Wright have for sale an article called the *Cane Umbrella*, which is the embodiment of elegance and convenience. In its chrysalis state, you have a very neat walking cane, which no one unacquainted with the spirit of the age would suspect of being "anything else." Dismantled man! You have never read the "Vestige of Creation," or you would be aware that the law of progressive development teaches that the order of creative economy is onward and upward. To you the chrysalis presents no promise of the aurelia—the egg has for you no hint of hatching. But remove that case, and before your wondering gaze shall appear a silken embryo, which as it unfolds its silken wings, shall afford you, in the shower a shelter, in the sunshine, shade.

Two of the Lancaster papers, in complimenting Mr. Rathvon, of Marietta, on his scientific attainments, give him credit for being an excellent "Etymologist." We wish we could "say the same" of them; but as the word intended was *Entomologist*, they must make another attempt before they can rank where they have placed Mr. R., among Etymologists.

HENRY CLAY.—This distinguished man is sojourning for a few days at Cape May. He is hailed every where along his way, with honors seldom paid to a private citizen. The recent affliction he has suffered in the loss of his gallant son, has awakened a sympathy in the great American heart, which overcomes the barriers of party feeling, and the whole people unite to testify that sympathy, and their admiration of the great man—apparently forgetting that Henry Clay was ever, even politically, their enemy. May the excitement of travel, the variety of scene, and the welcome of his many friends throughout the land, tend, in some degree, to alleviate the depression of spirits which his recent bereavement has occasioned.

As a proof of the absence of party feeling in the reception of Mr. Clay at Philadelphia, it is gratifying to observe that the *Spirit of the Times* published the most glowing and enthusiastic report of the proceedings, on that occasion.

MR. OLCOCK, a correspondent of the *Boston Investigator*, claims to have overcome the attraction of gravitation so far as the human body is concerned, by the mere exercise of volition upon a mesmerized subject. He was first led to think this possible, by witnessing and trying the old experiment of several persons raising a prostrate person, by placing each the tip of a finger under him, and after a full inspiration of breath, simultaneously lifting him—when he was found to have no apparent weight, but went up like a feather to the ceiling. He has, he says, prevented a falling person from receiving even a slight concussion on reaching the ground, &c., &c.

If he have done so, he has done wonderfully well. A letter in the *Academy*, dated "Rome, 22d June," states that a section of the Jewish nation, calling itself "Young Palestine," considers Pope Pius IX. the Messiah! The conservatives maintain that he is merely a great prophet.

POLITICAL.—It is with deep interest that we read (when we do read) the political pronouncements from every corner in the State, making "assurance doubly sure," that all will be right in Pennsylvania, from and after next October. It is that perusal of the papers of either party, will be satisfied that the election of Irvin or Shunk is reduced to a certainty, and that the old Keystone will be doubly blessed in either case, by the election of a good and the rejection of a bad man. Truly this is a great country.

GOV. YOUNG has issued his proclamation offering a reward of \$500 for the arrest and delivery of Le Grand Warren, late of Montgomery, Orange county, who, it will be remembered, inflicted a wound upon the person of the late Wm. L. Dickinson, late of Walkkill, in the same county, whereof he has since died.—N. Y. Tribune.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—The Boston Times say: "Our bakers have so far improved the size of their bread, that a child cannot swallow a ten cent loaf entire without danger of choking."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM GEN. TAYLOR.—The Louisiana Floridian contains the following very remarkable letter from Gen. Taylor, in reply to a letter addressed to him by Dr. Delony, "one of the most radical, determined, out and out democrats in Louisiana." The General replies to the direct interrogatories of the Doctor in regard to his opinions on the leading topics involved in the contests of the two great political parties,—declines giving his opinion with regard to the justice of the present war with Mexico, and being no politician, says he is not sufficiently acquainted with the merits of the two great leading national questions, viz: tariff and national bank, to hazard an opinion. Thus Gen. Taylor very properly refuses to identify himself with either of the political parties. His present duties have not the remotest connection with party questions, and as to his qualifications for the office of President, they should be discussed without reference to his skill as a General.

CAMP SEAR, MONTEVERDE, Mexico, June 9.

Dear Sir—Your letter of the 15th ult., from Clinton La., has just reached me, in which you are pleased to say, "the signs of the times in relation to the next Presidency, and the prominent position of your name in connection with it, is a sufficient excuse for this letter." That "it is a happy feature in our government that official functionaries under it, from the lowest to the highest station, are not beyond the reach and partial supervision of the humble citizen, and that it is a right inherent in every freeman to possess himself of the political principles and opinions of those into whose hands the administration of the government may be placed," &c., to all of which I fully coincide with you in opinion.

Asking my views on several subjects, "First, As to the justice and the necessity of the war with Mexico on our part. Second, As to the necessity of a national bank, and the power of Congress for creating such an institution. Third, As to the effects of a high protective tariff, and the right of Congress under the constitution to create such a system of revenue." As regards the first interrogatory, my duties and the position I occupy, I do not consider it would be proper in me to give any opinion in regard to the same; as a citizen, and particularly as a soldier, it is insufficient for me to know that our country is at war with a foreign nation, to do all in my power to bring it to a speedy and honorable termination, by the most vigorous and energetic operations, without inquiring about its justice or anything else connected with its being, as I do, it is our wisest policy to be at peace with all the world, as long as it can be done without endangering the honor and interests of the country. As regards the second and third inquiries, I am not prepared to answer them; I could only do so after duly investigating those subjects, which I cannot now do; my whole time being fully occupied in attending to proper official duties, which must not be neglected under any circumstances; and I must say to you in substance what I have said to others in regard to similar matters, that I am no politician. Nearly sixty years of my life have been passed in the public service, in the army, most of which in the field, the camp, on our western frontier, or in the Indian country; and for nearly the two last, in this or Texas, during which time I have not passed one night under the roof of a house.

As regards being a candidate for the Presidency at the coming election, I have no aspirations in that way, and regret the subject has been agitated at this early day, and that it had not been deferred until the close of this war, or until the end of the next session of Congress, especially if I am to be mixed up with it, as it is possible it may lead to the injury of the public service in this quarter, by my operations being embarrassed, as well as to produce much excitement in the country growing out of the discussion of the merits, &c., of the different aspirants for that high office, which might have been very much allayed if not prevented, had the subject been deferred, as suggested; besides, very many changes may take place between now and 1850, so much so, as to make it desirable for the interest of the country, that some other individual than myself, better qualified for the situation, should be selected; and could he be elected, I would not only acquiesce in such an arrangement, but would rejoice that the republic had one citizen, and no doubt there are thousands, more deserving than I am, and better qualified to discharge the duties of said office.

If I have been named by others and considered a candidate for the Presidency, it has been by no agency of mine in the matter; and if the good people think my service important in that station and elect me, I will feel bound to serve them, and all the pledges and explanations I can enter into and make, as regards this or that policy, is, that I will do so honestly and faithfully to the best of my abilities, strictly in compliance with the constitution. Should I ever occupy the White House, it must be by the spontaneous move of the people, and by no act of mine, so that I could go into the office untrammelled, and be the chief magistrate of this nation, and not of a party.

But should they, the people, change their views and opinions between this and the time of holding the election, and cast their votes for the Presidency for some one else, I will not complain. With considerations of respect, I remain your ob't servant,

MR. EDWARD DELONY. P. S. I wrote in great haste, and under constant interruption.

DREADFUL SHIPPING.—Loss of the Swedish Bark Luna—One Hundred and Seventy-two Persons Drowned.—A telegraphic despatch from Boston for the New York Herald makes the following melancholy announcement:—"The ship Chacona, of Paita, from Liverpool, 13th ult., bound to this port, reports that on Monday morning, 9th inst., at one o'clock, the weather foggy, he came in contact with the Swedish bark Luna, from Hamburg for New York, with 296 persons on board, and that the bark sunk in 30 minutes after the collision. Captain Patten immediately sent his boats to the rescue, and with one boat from the bark, picked up 31 persons—172 perished. Among them was Capt. A. Moberg. List of Passengers Saved.—Edw. Kaiser and Teresa Lettner, cabin passengers; Carl Jensen, Leonard Roslund & A. Wester, Frederick Rohn, Chas. Setz and wife, Daniel Gunter, Frederick Kaburg, Johanna Wessell, H. F. Rohloff."—Lodge.

Among the thousand and one flings at the new Science of Phonography, we have met none that was conceived in a better spirit or written in a happier style, than the following, which we clip from the *New Orleans Delta*:

"THE AGE OF WONDERS.—The cause of science is advancing at magnetic-telegraphic speed. The moon has been circumnavigated by one *au fait* in balloons, and clusters of stars have been discovered, not exactly in the celestial regions, but under the horizon which separates Mexico from the 'praised beneath.' All sciences have approximated the zenith of perfection, and the mathematician who once consulted LaPlace, now jumps at miracles as a conclusion of the instinctive in figures. We are indeed on the eve of wonders. Most of all has the science of the English language advanced. The first letter of the alphabet has no longer its several distinct sounds, but each sound stands out, like an epauletted officer of volunteers, a bold and independent character *per se*. The confusion of tongues, of Babel record, has ceased, and a universal language (probably that of Adam and Eve) is destined to pervade the wide earth—including that part of it inhabited by Camanches and Africans.—In the poetical language of the *Phonetics*—

"If from America's rich soil,
Where Franklin sowed the seed,
Should spring up Phoneta who will tell,
That even he who runs may read,
Then, in the *Phonograph* of our land,
And the great *Phonograph* Hall,
Shall the *Phonetic* so grand,
With classic grace adorn the wall!"

But we are getting decidedly *phonetic*, and find it necessary to turn into the *calliographic*, it being our design to announce the late discovery or invention in the science of language. Be it known, then, that one *Pantoleon* has invented a system of short-hand, which he calls "*Calligraphy*," the script of *Calliope*, or *Speech-Notation*. It is written in a "*quincunx* scale," and is practised on an instrument called the "*Tachygraph*," by which "four sounds are noted with one leap of this metallic *Pegasus*." By this invention, stenography and phonography are thrown utterly into the shade. Keys, rapid fingers, and will, at once perfect the performer on the *Tachygraph*, and enable him to converse, through the medium of ivory and pedal, with all sorts of people, including the descendants of Ham and the Caucasian races. DeMeyer, we understand, has quit the piano, and cast himself body and soul, upon the *Tachygraph*, and it is anticipated that Ole Bull will quit the fiddle-string for the *calliographic* wonders of *Pantoleon's* "metallic *Pegasus*."

We wait with great anxiety for further developments. The fabulous notion of the "music of the spheres" is to be realized in the world-pervading music of the *Tachygraph*, and the deaf-mutes, who can neither hear nor utter language, are to have ears and vocal organs given them by *Pantoleon*, the inventor of the *calliographic* system of a *quincunx* scale on the *Tachygraph*, or talking piano.

We have only to say, that the price of the work, at No. 109 Mulberry street, Philadelphia, kept by A. Comstock, M. D., with two *Tachygraphs*, is two dollars—dog-cheap for a system that puts one in constant communication with the city of Mexico, the Sandwich Islands and Botany Bay.

DEATH OF A VENERABLE PATRIARCH.—On Saturday last, the venerable George Rapp the founder and head of the "Harmony Society," died at his residence at Economy, at the advanced age of 92 years. The loss of this extraordinary man will be severely felt by a people who, for over forty years, in youth, in manhood, and advanced age, have been bound to him by the closest attachment, and ties of affection and confidence. Mr. Rapp came from the "Fatherland" to America about the year 1801, and soon after organized an association at Harmony, in Butler County, where the "community" system, or union of labor and property, was fairly tested. For some ten years, the society continued to reside there; but to secure to his people a better earthly inheritance, the venerable patriarch led them to the rich valley of the Wabash, where they remained until 1824, increasing in numbers and the world's goods, setting a good example of industry, morality and probity, and accomplishing all that was expected in their association. For the sake of health, however, they returned to Pennsylvania at the period last mentioned; and for twenty odd years have resided at Economy in this county, where they have continued to prosper, with little to disturb the quietude and happiness of their lives.

It has been supposed that the affection of the people toward their venerable head, and his unbounded influence over them, was the chief bond of attraction of the society; and that upon his death a separation would take place. Those who entertain such opinions forget that each member is governed by fixed principles, which at this period of their lives generally have become almost a part of their nature; and that their only ambition is to pass their days in peace and contentment, and die in the faith of their fathers. The society will not only remain together, but will continue to enjoy the confidence and good will of all by whom they are surrounded. They have met with a great loss in the death of Mr. Rapp, who was their spiritual teacher as well as their secular head, retaining his powers of body and mind in a remarkable degree to the end of his long life; yet they should be, and they are, doubtless thankful, that intelligent minds and true hearts are left to them, capable of conducting and managing all their affairs.

It may seem impertinent in us to refer to matters entirely personal to the society; but to satisfy public curiosity we may be permitted to state that the power heretofore exercised by Mr. Rapp, will be vested, separately, in two individuals, whom it is certainly unnecessary to mention by name; and who in all matters of importance will confer with a Council of Seven, composed of the most intelligent members of the society; and we are pleased to learn that among these exists the most cordial harmony and confidence, giving promise of permanent and continued prosperity to the association.—*Deaver (Pa.) Argus*, Aug. 12.

"How well he plays for one so young," said Mrs. Partington, as the organ boy and his monkey performed near her door, "and how much his dear little brother in the calico dress looks like him, to be sure."—*Boston Post*.

DROWNING.

The following is from a letter by Admiral Beaufort to Dr. Wallaston, in the *Memoirs of Sir John Barrow*, just published in London:

"Many years ago, when I was a youngster on board one of his Majesty's ships, in Portsmouth harbor, after sculling about in a very small boat, I was endeavoring to fasten her alongside the ship to one of the scuttle-rings; in foolish eagerness I stepped upon the gunwale, the boat of course upset, and I fell into the water, and not knowing how to swim, all my efforts to lay hold either of the boat or of the floating sculls were fruitless. The transaction had not been observed by the sentinel on the gangway, and therefore it was not till the tide had drifted me some distance astern of the ship that a man in the foretop saw me splashing in the water, and gave the alarm. The first lieutenant instantly and gallantly jumped overboard the carpenter followed his example, and the gunner hastened into a boat and pulled after them.

"With the violent but vain attempts to make myself heard I had swallowed much water; I was soon exhausted by my struggles, and before any relief reached me I had sunk below the surface—all hope had fled—all exertion ceased—and I felt that I was drowning.

"So far, these facts were either partially remembered after my recovery, or supplied by those who had lately witnessed the scene; for during an interval of such agitation a drowning person is too much occupied in catelating at every passing straw, or too much absorbed by alternate hope and despair, to mark the succession of events very accurately. Not so, however, with the facts which immediately ensued; my mind had then undergone the sudden revolution which appeared to you so remarkable—and all the circumstances of which are now as vividly fresh in my memory as if they had occurred but yesterday.

"From the moment that all exertion had ceased—which I imagine was the immediate consequence of suffocation—a calm feeling of the most perfect tranquillity superseded the previous tumultuous sensations—it might be called apathy, certainly not resignation, for drowning no longer appeared to be an evil—I no longer thought of being rescued, nor was I in any bodily pain. On the contrary, my sensations were now of rather a pleasurable cast, partaking of that dull but contented sort of feeling which precedes the sleep produced by fatigue. Though the senses were thus deadened, not so the mind; its activity seemed to be invigorated, in a ratio which defies all description—for thought rose after thought with a rapidity of succession that is not only indelible, but probably unceasing, by any one who has not himself been in a similar situation. The course of those thoughts I can even now in a great measure retrace—the event which had just taken place—the awkwardness that had produced it—the bustle it must have occasioned (for I had observed two persons jump from the chains)—the effect it would have on a most affectionate father—the manner in which he would disapprove it to the rest of the family; and a thousand other circumstances minutely associated with home, were the first series of reflections that occurred. They took then a wider range; our last cruise; a former voyage, and shipwreck; my school; the progress I made there, and the time I had mispent; and even all my boyish pursuits and adventures. Thus travelling backwards, every past incident of my life seemed to glance across my recollection in retrograde succession; not, however, in mere outline, as here stated, but the picture filled up with every minute and collateral feature; in short, the whole period of my existence seemed to be placed before me in a kind of panoramic review, and each act of it seemed to be accompanied by a consciousness of right or wrong, or by some reflection on its cause or its consequences; indeed many trifling events which had been long forgotten then crowded into my imagination, and with the character of recent familiarity.

"May not all this be some indication of the almost infinite power of memory with which we may be awoken in another world, and thus be compelled to contemplate our past lives? Or might it not in some degree warrant the inference that death is only a change or modification of our existence, in which there is no real pause or interruption? But, however that may be, one circumstance was highly remarkable; that the innumerable ideas which flashed into my mind were all retrospective; yet I had been religiously brought up; my hopes and fears of the next world had lost nothing of their early strength, and at any other period intense interest and awful anxiety would have been excited by the mere probability that I was floating on the threshold of eternity; yet at that inexpressible moment, when I had a full conviction that I had already crossed that threshold, not a single thought wandered into the future—I was wrapt entirely in the past.

"The length of time that was occupied by this deluge of ideas, or rather the shortness of time into which they were condensed, I cannot now state with precision, yet certainly two minutes could not have elapsed from the moment of suffocation to that of my being hauled up.

"The strength of the flood tide made it expedient to pull the boat at once to another ship, where I underwent the usual vulgar process of emptying the water by letting my head hang downwards, then bleeding, clapping, and even administering gin; but my submersion had been really so brief, that, according to the account of lookers on, I was very quickly restored to animation.

"My feelings while life was returning were the reverse in every point of those which have been described above. One single but confused idea—a miserable belief that I was drowning—dwelt upon my mind, instead of the multitude of clear and definite ideas which had recently rushed through it—a helpless anxiety; a kind of continuous nightmare seemed to press heavily upon every sense, and to prevent the formation of any one distinct thought—and it was with difficulty that I became convinced that I was really alive. Again, instead of being absolutely free from all bodily pain, as in my drowning state, I was now tortured by pain all over me; and though I have been since wounded in several places, and have often submitted to severe surgical discipline, yet my sufferings were at that time far greater; at least, in general distress. On one occasion I was shot in the lungs, and after lying on the deck at night for some hours bleeding from other wounds, I at length fainted.—

Now, as I felt sure that the wound in the lungs was mortal, it will appear obvious that the fainting must have produced a perfect conviction that I was then in the act of dying. Yet nothing in the least resembling the operations of my mind when drowning then took place; and when I began to recover, I returned to a clear conception of my real state."

THE BOSJESMANS.—From a London paper we quote a notice of the African savages recently exhibited in that city, throwing some light upon their characteristics and grade as members of the human family:—

The audience being a general one, the lecturer did not attack the scientific part of the subject, but confined himself almost entirely to the alliance of the Bosjesmans with other races. He seems to entertain the opinion that the whole of the unexplored interior of Africa is peopled with this pigmy race of wild men—a hypothesis by no means improbable. They belong, notwithstanding all that has been advanced in their favor, to the lowest class of humanity; the power of speech excepted, there are many of the inferior animals possessing a greater development of the higher faculty of constructiveness to a very marked extent. The Bosjesmans, on the contrary, do not appear, as far as we can ascertain, to have any notion of raising huts or cabins, but they wander about in herds or tribes in search of food and the exigencies of the hour.

In this peculiarity, as well as their external form, they bear a marked resemblance to the baboon, orang outang, or chimpanzee; and it is, therefore, not improbable that the interior of Africa may be peopled with herds or tribes of these Bosjesmans in the manner described by Dr. Knox. As a further proof of their alliance rather with the lower animals than with man we may mention this singular fact: The convolutions of the brain are the same on both sides of the head—a mark peculiar to the lower animals. Another singular characteristic of this people is their wonderful range of vision, reaching as far as twelve or fifteen miles with great accuracy. In consequence of this power they have been used in our wars against the Kaffirs as better telescopes than Dolland's.

The facial line resembles that of the monkey, and the sitting posture carries out the affinity. They are lean, long armed, but low in stature. There is a rolling restlessness in the eye which marks the extent of cunning but the want of reason in inferior animals. They wore the native dress, consisting of a piece of skin with the hair outside, hung round the body and shoulders, and a skin cap of the same kind on the head. The bow and quiver were slung over the shoulder, and a cleaver or knife, or poisoned arrows projected from either side of the head. Their language, (for although some like the clattering of monkeys than any thing else, it may be called such) is of an extraordinary kind, every alternate sound or word being a clear and distinct click, closely resembling the sound made by children to increase a horse's pace.

Of this language the exhibitor himself can make out but very little, only being able to understand their meaning by the help of dumb show, of which they make continual use to strangers, but not it would seem among themselves. They are placed on a raised stage, the back and sides of which are painted to represent African scenery, and here the Bosjesmans sit smoking and chattering, taking not the slightest notice of the spectators unless they have money given them, when they seize the hand of the giver and eagerly kiss it; this they do also to those they know. They appear not the least out of their element; on the contrary, such is their indifference to all around them, and their attention to themselves alone, that with the aid of the scenery we might almost imagine we saw them in their native wilds.

A SAD AFFRAY IN MONTGOMERY COUNTY.—A lamentable occurrence, which it is feared, may terminate fatally, took place on Saturday last, in Montgomery County Md., about eight miles from Georgetown. The facts of the case are thus given in the *Georgetown Advocate*:

Mr. Hines, a constable, accompanied by a Mr. Myers and others, came to the place of Mr. Ashton Garrett, where he was at work in the field, together with his brother, Mr. Henry Garrett, for the purpose of serving a civil process on Ashton Garrett. As soon as Mr. H. Garrett had left the field, the parties arrested Ashton, and wished to carry him immediately before a magistrate, who, it seems, had come in the neighborhood for the purpose of trying the case. Mr. Garrett insisted on going to the house to get his clothes before he should go with the constable, but they refused to allow him that privilege, when the altercation of some kind ensued, and they overpowering him, threw him down and tied him with a rope brought for that purpose; Myers being the most active person in the act. Ashton then called for his brother Henry, who returned, and also insisted upon their allowing his brother to go to the house and get his clothes, and that they should not take him until he had done so.

The consequence was an affray, in which Myers drew a pistol and shot Henry in the side, and afterwards struck him over the head with a club. They then bound Ashton and took him to a magistrate who gave a speedy judgment against him in the cause. The magistrate was then asked whether it was not his duty to arrest the man who had shot Garrett, but, as we hear, postponed that part of his duty. The wife of Mr. Garrett came out to Myers and his party, and told them that they had killed Mr. H. Garrett, and requested him to go for a physician; but with a coarse expression of indifference, he left him to die, and refused to allow his horse to be used for that humane purpose. Altogether the occurrence as described to us, is one of a most lamentable and aggravated character, and should be inquired into by the proper authorities.

A FACT FOR NATURALISTS.—A load which had been buried under a reversed flower-pot three feet beneath the surface of the ground, by Mr. Samuel Clarke, of Crook's place, butcher, on the 14th of June, 1846, was by the same gentleman discovered on the 11th ult. No sooner was the little animal taken up than he gave evident proofs that to be "buried alive" did not, to him, necessarily involve cessation of existence; for he instantly commenced skipping about, many of his bounds extending to the height of six inches into the air. His mouth was closed up with a white skin, but his eyes were as sparkling as when, on that day twelve months, he was put below the ground.—*Norfolk News*.

THE MURDER OF MRS. WILLIAMS.—The *Delaware Express* gives the following particulars of the late horrid murder of the wife of Rev. Gershom Williams in Wayne County, Pa.

Mrs. Williams was engaged in conducting a Sabbath School, and had started on foot some half hour before her husband for the school, having to pass through a copse of woods on the way. When Mr. Williams and family arrived at the school-house they were alarmed upon learning that Mrs. W. had not yet arrived, and commenced an immediate search, first among the neighbors, then the road-side. They found her lying some twenty feet from the highway, dead, and bearing evidence that her person had been violated. Suspicion was at once attached to Bell, an Englishman, and who had been in the vicinity for some days, and but the day previous had been in the house of Mrs. W. begging, she having furnished him with a coat and other articles of clothing. He was found within half a mile from the murdered woman, strolling about, and when taken and charged with the murder, carelessly stated that "he guessed she was not dead—that he did not mean to kill her, but that she fought so hard and screamed so loud that he was obliged to choke her to stop her voice."

The villain says he came from England some six years since—that in the old world his parents brought him up to stealing and robbing, that he has been five years during his stay in America in the Penitentiary in the city of Philadelphia—that he started from there some weeks since to practice his business in these parts. He appears perfectly indifferent as to his fate. The neighbors of the lady were so much excited by his indifference that it was almost impossible to prevent them from hanging him upon the spot; better counsel, however, prevailed. He was examined and confined safely in the Honesdale Jail.

The following description of the murderer is given by the Honesdale Democrat:

"Bell is from twenty-five to thirty years old, dark complexioned, of medium height, thick set, straight and well built, has a slight scar on his forehead, a distinct one on his upper lip, and a large scar on each arm just above the wrist, produced by scalding; his nose is uncommonly small and appears to be wholly destitute of bone, he is large, forebared full, looks repulsive and brutal, general appearance that of a hopeless outcast and vagabond."

The *Paranatta Express* publishes an account of "the apocryphal animal" said to exist in the interior of New South Wales. It is supposed to be a quadruped "of the order ferox" (?) and to frequent the inland waters about the Murrumbidgee. "The Murrumbidgee blacks assert that this animal is 'big as him bullock,' they describe it as having a head and long neck like an emu, with a thick mane of hair from the top of the head to the shoulders; four-legged, with three toes on each foot, which is webbed, and having a tail like a horse. They call it the 'Katemai,' whilst the Watta Watta tribe (who similarly describe it) it is called 'Kyenprate,' by the Yabala Yabala tribe, on the Edward River, it is known as the 'Taumatla' whilst the Barulla Barulla tribe call it 'Dungus.' The blacks on the Great Carangamite Lake, in the Portland district, describes a similar animal, which they call the 'Bunyip,' and Captain Howell heard various accounts from white men (shepherds and others) who profess to have seen the animal at its gambols in the water." The Captain Howell here mentioned had returned from a visit to the Murrumbidgee district, and brought back the bones of a quadruped, supposed to be those of the animal in question. (Out of these bones are printed in the *Express*. The bones appear to have belonged to two individuals, one larger than the other. To one set the portions of the integuments were still attached, and there was recent blood on the skull. The teeth were big as those of an ox; the condyle of the femur was fifteen inches round; a portion of the tibia measured eight inches and a half in circumference.

CAPT. TYLER NOT HEADED YET.—A Virginia paper tells a good story of Ex-President Tyler, which shows that he is not the man to be headed so easily as some imagine.

The Judges of the County Court last spring appointed him overseer of a very bad road, forcing him to discharge a very annoying duty; or subjecting him to pay the fine prescribed by statute for a failure to discharge the public business imposed on him. Instead of neglecting the business, however, he entered upon it with great vigor, and called on the judges and others to turn out and work on the road, as required by law. As the road was very rough, he kept them working on it for two months. They begged to be let off, but he refused to discharge them. They then petitioned him to resign, but he declared it to be too difficult to get into office now, for him voluntarily to abandon authority when conferred upon him, besides, he would be liable to a fine if he failed to have the road put in good condition. They promised to pay the fine if he would back out; but he preferred to be alive any such favors, by doing his duty fully and legally. They were thus headed at their own game, as their short crops have since proved.

SINGULAR PHENOMENON.—While at the mouth of the river last week we were told that several days before, the waves washed heaps of dead fish ashore, in numbers so great as to literally cover the beach. They were of all sizes and descriptions, and emitted so strong an odor of sulphur as to afflict all the denizens of the mouth with a cough. Some days before this unusual occurrence, it is said a Mexican woman predicted that the phenomenon would take place. As for the prophecy we will not vouch, but the fish part of the story is "true as preaching" for we witnessed the heaps with our own eyes. It is supposed that this was some volcanic action of the earth, the sulphur fumes escaped and destroyed the piscatory inhabitants of that part of the Gulf.—*Ex.*

REMARKABLE PROPERTIES OF GUANO.—A native of "Down East," describing with characteristic exaggeration the remarkable properties of Guano, as a promoter of vegetation, said, that a few hours after planting cucumber seeds, the dirt began to fly, and the vines came up like a streak; and although he started off at the top of his speed, the vines overtook and covered him. And on taking out his knife to cut the "darned things," he found a large cucumber gone to seed in his pocket!"