

The Huntingdon Journal.

"LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE."

HUNTINGDON, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1857.

VOL. XXII. NO. 35.

WILLIAM BREWSTER,
SAM. G. WHITTAKER, EDITORS.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

CONSUMPTION

And all Diseases of the Lungs and Throat,

ARE POSITIVELY

CURABLE BY INHALATION.

Which conveys the remedies to the cavities in the lungs through the passages, and coming in direct contact with the diseased, neutralizes the tubercular matter, allays the cough, causes a free and easy expectoration, heals the lungs, purifies the blood, imparts renewed vitality to the nervous system, restores the energy so indispensable for the restoration of health. To be able to state confidently that Consumption is curable by inhalation, is to me a source of unalloyed pleasure. It is as much under the control of the medical profession as any other curable disease; ninety out of every hundred cases can be cured in the first stages, and fifty per cent. in the third stage it is impossible to save more than five per cent. for the lungs are so early and so completely destroyed by the disease, that the patient is unable to defend himself against the disease. Even, however, in the last stages, Inhalation affords extraordinary relief to the suffering attending this fearful scourge which annually destroys ninety-five thousand persons in the United States. To prove the correctness of the earth, eighty millions are destined to fill the Consumptive's graves.

Truly the giver of death has no arrow so fatal as Consumption. In all cases it has been the great enemy of life, for it spares neither age nor sex, but sweeps of alike the brave, the beautiful, the graceful and the gifted. By the help of that Supreme Being from whom I seek every good and perfect gift, I am enabled to afford to the afflicted a permanent and speedy cure in Consumption. The first cause of tubercles is from impure blood, and the immediate effect produced by their deposition in the lungs is to prevent the free admission of air into the air cells, which causes a weakened vitality through the entire system. Then surely it is more rational to expect greater good from medicines entering the cavities of the lungs than those administered through the stomach. The various forms of tubercular disease, and the resulting cough, after inhaling remedies. Thus, Inhalation is a local remedy, nevertheless it acts constitutionally and with more power and certainty than remedies administered by the stomach. To prove the power and direct influence of this mode of administration, chloroform inhaled will entirely destroy sensibility in a few minutes, paralyzing the entire nervous system, so that a limb may be amputated without the slightest pain, and the ordinary burning pain will delay life in a few hours.

The inhalation of ammonia will raise the system when fainting or apparently dead. The odor of many of the medicines is so offensive to the skin a few minutes after being inhaled, and may be immediately detected in the blood. A convincing proof of the constitutional effects of Inhalation is the fact that sickness is always produced by locating the patient in the air cells, evidence that proper remedies carefully prepared and judiciously administered thus the lungs produce the happiest results. During eighteen years' practice, many thousands of cases of Consumption, and other diseases of the lungs and throat, have been under my care, and I have effected many remarkable cures, even after the sufferers had been pronounced in the last stages, which fully establish me that Consumption is not an incurable disease. My treatment of Consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, etc., enables me to distinguish, readily, the various forms of tubercular disease. My treatment of Consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, etc., enables me to distinguish, readily, the various forms of tubercular disease. My treatment of Consumption is original, and founded on long experience and a thorough investigation. My perfect acquaintance with the nature of tubercles, etc., enables me to distinguish, readily, the various forms of tubercular disease.

Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States, and to patients communicating their symptoms by letter. But the cure would be more certain if the patient should pay me a visit, which would give me an opportunity to examine the lungs and enable me to prescribe with greater certainty. And after the cure could be effected without my seeing the patient again.

G. W. GRAHAM, M. D.,
OFFICE, 1191 EIGHTH STREET, (OLD NO. 109.)
Below Twelfth,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
August 5, 1857-17.

Of all diseases, the great, first cause Springs from neglect of Nature's laws.

SUPERIOR NOT

When a cure is guaranteed in all stages of

SECRET DISEASES.

Self-Abuse, Nervous Debility, Stricures, Gleet, Gravel, Diabetes, Diseases of the Kidney and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrofula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, and Chest, Ulcers, Ulcers on the Body or Limbs, Cancer, Dropsy, Epilepsy, St. Vitus's Dance, and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Sexual Organs.

Such as Nervous Trembling, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, General Weakness, Diseases of Vision, with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruptions upon the Face, Pain in the back and limbs, Female Irregularities, and all improper discharges from both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease originates, however long standing or obstinate the case, recovery is certain, and in a shorter time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment, even after the disease has baffled the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all their means of cure. The medicines are pleasant without odor, causing no sickness and free from mercury or arsenic. During twenty years of practice, I have rescued from the jaws of Death many thousands, who, in the last stages of the above mentioned diseases had been given up by their physicians to die, which warrants me in promising to do the same for you. I place themselves under my care, a perfect and most speedy cure. Secret diseases are the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption. Scrofula and many other diseases, and the cause of the terror to the human family. A permanent cure is scarcely ever effected, a majority of the cases falling into the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the disease but ruin the constitution, filling the system with mercury, which with the disease, hastens the sufferer into a rapid Consumption.

But should the disease and the treatment not cause death, it is a permanent cure, and the disease is entirely upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in Scrofula, Tetter, Ulcers, Eruptions, and other affections of the skin. By the use of my Lungs, causing upon them the first existence of suffering and consigning them to an early grave.

Self-Abuse is another formidable enemy to health, for nothing is so destructive to the mind as mental derangement, prevents the proper development of the system, disqualifies for mar-

riage, society, business, and all earthly happiness, and leaves the sufferer wrecked in body and mind, predisposed to consumption and a train of evils more to be dreaded than death itself. With the fullest confidence I assure the unfortunate victims of Self-Abuse that a speedy and permanent cure can be effected, and with the abandonment of ruinous practices my patients can be restored to robust, vigorous health.

The afflicted are cautioned against the use of Patent Medicines, for there are so many ingenious snares in the columns of the public prints to catch and rob the unwary sufferers that millions have their constitutions ruined by the vile compounds of quack doctors, or the equally poisonous nostrums vended as "Patent Medicines."

I have carefully analyzed many of the so-called Patent Medicines and find that nearly all of them contain Corrosive Sublimates, which is one of the strongest preparations of mercury and a deadly poison, which instead of curing the disease disables the system for life.

Three-fourths of the patent medicines now in use are set up by unprincipled and ignorant persons, who do not understand even the alphabet of materia medica, and are equally as destitute of any knowledge of the human system, having only one object in view, and that to make money by every means.

Irregularities and all diseases of males and females treated on principles established by twenty years of practice, and sanctioned by thousands of the most remarkable cures. Medicines with full directions sent to any part of the United States and Canada, by patients communicating their symptoms by letter. Business correspondence strictly confidential. Address J. S. U. M. B. L. V. I. L. E. M. D., OFFICE, No. 1191 EIGHTH ST., (Old No. 109.) Below Twelfth, PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 5, '57-ly.

25 WITNESSES;

OR THE

FORGER CONVICTED.

John S. Dye, Author.

Who has had 10 years experience as a Banker and Publisher, and author of "A Series of Lectures on the Evils of Forgery," "The Law of 100 successive nights, over 50,000 People greeted him with rounds of applause, while he exhibited the manner in which Counterfeiters execute their forgeries, and the surest and shortest means of detecting them!"

The Bank Note Engravers all say that it is the "Best Judge of Paper Money Living."

Greatest discovery of the present century for detecting Counterfeit Bank Notes. Describing every genuine bill in existence, and exhibiting at a glance every counterfeit in circulation!! Arranged so admirably, that references is easy and detected instantaneously.

No index to examine! No pages to turn up! But so simplified and arranged that the Merchant, Banker and Business man can see all at a glance. English, French and German. Thus each may read the same in his own native tongue. Most perfect Bank Note List published. Also a list of all the Private Bankers in America. A complete Summary of the Finance of Europe and America will be published in connection, together with all the important news of the day.

Also a series of plates, from an old Manuscript found in the East, it furnishes the most complete History of "Oriental Life." Describing the most perplexing positions in which the ladies and gentlemen of that Country have been so often found. These stories will continue throughout the whole year, and will prove the most entertaining ever offered to the public.

Published Weekly to subscribers only at \$1 a year. All letters must be addressed to JOHN S. DYE, Broker, Publisher & Proprietor, 70 Wall Street, New York.

April 24, 1857-17.

Best Job Printing Office

IN THE COUNTY.

We have now made such arrangements in our

Job Printing at 20 per cent.

cheaper rates.

Than any office in the County.

Give us a call. If we don't give entire satisfaction, no charge at all will be made.

BLANKS,

BLANKS, BLANKS!

A general assortment of Blanks of all descriptions just printed and for sale at the

Journal Office.

Appointments of Referees, Common Bond, Judgment Notes, Summons, Vendue Notes, Executions, Constables' Sales, Seize Facias, Subpoenas, Deeds, Warrants, Mortgages, Commitments, Bond to indemnify Constable, &c.

THE LAST SCENE.

EXECUTION OF M. KIM.

HIS SPEECH ON THE GALLOWS.

We this week give the speech of M. Kim and fuller particulars of his execution:

At a quarter of 11 o'clock the prisoner was brought down to the yard, and ascended the scaffold with a firm and unflinching step. Sheriff Port and his Deputies then adjusted the rope, after which Dr. Junkin announced that M. Kim wished to address the people present, and that his wish had been granted. M. Kim turned around, faced the people assembled in the jail yard, and said:

"Well, friends and fellow citizens, of the United States of America, I stand before your eyes a dying man, but I contend I am innocent of the murder of Samuel Townsend Norcross, or any human being. Before you all I say that man came here from the West and swore away my life. They took the Holy Bible from the honorable Court and swore to tell the truth, but told everything else, as my soul will be hunched into eternity—as I am a dying man."

"The first of these men was a Mr. Atlix. Yes, fellow citizens of the United States, as I am a dying man—I do not expect you to believe it—this Atlix, fellow-citizen, came here into Court before the Honorable Judges, and there took the Holy Bible and swore to tell the truth, and I contend that he told anything but what was truth. He said that I was at his office with Samuel Townsend Norcross, but, fellow-citizens, I was never there with Norcross. He said that I told Norcross to take nothing but American gold coin. I never was in his office in my life, as I'm a dying man. He also said that he asked me if I was his agent. He never spoke to me, as

I am a dying man; but I freely forgive him for the injury he has done me, my loving wife and child, my brother and my four sisters. I contend that he is one of my murderers, who, by his false evidence, succeeded in getting this rope about my neck; when he was in the Court, he looked in my face and told those infamous lies. He told fellow-citizens, everything but the truth. But little did he think that he must answer for it before a higher tribunal—not a common Court, but before God Almighty in Heaven. If he does not repent, he will be damned. Now may God Almighty have mercy upon his soul. I freely forgive him.

The other man was Mr. Eaton, from Dunleith. He said I shaved Norcross with a razor produced in Court, with which, it is said, I killed Norcross. I never shaved Norcross in my life, neither was it my razor they had. My razor is at Long Pond—at least I left it there. I never shaved myself while there, (meaning Dunleith) or anywhere, until I was taken to the prison. May God Almighty have mercy on him.

Rumbold said here that there was not much the matter with Norcross, but there he said he was a dying man, as a man now in this yard (Mr. Williams, Postmaster at Dunleith) knows. He rode to the depot in the wagon with the trunks, and did not walk up with Mr. Eaton. He was not able to walk, as sworn by Eaton, which was a positive falsehood.

Another gentleman was here from some miles down the county—I don't remember his name—the sled man, I never saw him or rode upon his sled or anybody's. I hope I may never see the Kingdom of Heaven if ever I rode on his sled, after I left Altoona, until I got on the other side of Williamsport, when I rode on a sled fifteen miles with the landlord. Every word that man spoke was a positive falsehood—not a word of truth—but may God Almighty bless him—may he be prepared to go to Heaven—but he can't unless he repents, or any of them. I tell you as a true American they are not men—they have no hearts or principles of men, and are no Christians. But I forgive them all. I am here an innocent man. I care not what the world says. I tell you as a dying man my fellow citizens of the United States, I would rather die than trample upon the laws of my country. The rope is around my neck, and there is my coffin, but I never murdered Norcross. I know I never murdered God if I did! I know this is so, and I know that I am innocent. It is a disgraceful death, but if all the innocent blood that has been shed were drawn into a pool, it would be enough to drown the false-hearted man who swore false. Fellow citizens there were men who came in here and swore to lies that they might get something from Blair County. What would your opinion be of such men who would swear like after link to take your life away? Can you say they are Christians, or true-hearted Americans? May God Almighty have mercy on them! They are my murderers! They are the men who got the rope about my neck—they are the murderers, and not me.

"A gentleman from Altoona came here to Court, and said M. Kim took breakfast with him. This is not so, as I can prove to his teeth by a man now on the scaffold. I got my breakfast at a gentleman's who secured the idea of coming into the Court House and swearing my life away. (Here he gave an accurate description of Kearney and Kearney's house, where he said he breakfasted on the morning of the murder.) May God Almighty bless him and save him! But he can't be saved without he repents. He knows that he is one of my murderers.

"I am a true American citizen, and will not haul down my colors—I would rather prefer death. I am an innocent man and do not fear death. I will surrender to what is right, but will never surrender to what is wrong. I am going to be launched into eternity, and must go to heaven or hell, if I am guilty. I am going to sweet Jesus. I am sure I am going to heaven. I am standing here an innocent man. I know, fellow citizens, you do not believe this, according to the evidence in the Court, and I do not blame you, but I will contend for my rights.

"I was born in Chester county, near the 43 milestone, on the Philadelphia and Lancaster turnpike, on the farm of Jos. Paxton. I don't deny my county, there are those here from it. It was at that house my mother gave birth to me, though it were better she never had. I never done nothing to fetch me here; those who swore false stand charged before God as my murderers. Am I got a right to speak? I say nothing as a dying man, but what is true. I know that I cannot convince you of my innocence, but that does not make it so. I don't stand before the eyes of God a murderer.

"I tell you as a dying man, fellow-citizens, that I did not murder Samuel Townsend Norcross, neither do I know how he came by his death.

"Fellow citizens, I am a true American and have fought and bled for my country, I have pressed forward with the flag of my country to the muzzles of cannons, among bayonets, and have carried the flag in triumph. Now I am here to die a dishonorable death. I am a true American citizen, and I do not boast of that, but it is a dishonorable death I am about to meet. I was a private but was promoted sergeant major. I have been with Gen. Scott and Harney, and Lieutenant Jenkins. They all knew me; and know that I am an honorable man, and would not cut a man's throat with a razor, or beat out his brains with a club.

"As a dying man, with the coffin before him—knowing that I will go to hell if I lie—I say I believe in the Bible. My aged mother taught me to read in it, and believe

in it. I always prayed. You know how she feels. She knows I was one who never would give way to wrong. God don't call upon me to confess and the reason why is because I am not guilty. I am not the murderer of Samuel Townsend Norcross, neither do I know how he came to his death. Because the world is down on me, is that any reason why I should commit to a murder I never committed?

"I care nothing for the world—I care not what the world says; I disregard all. I will declare my rights so long as my tongue can give them utterance, and I have the will to do it. It is my candid belief that some person else will yet suffer for the murder of Norcross. For I hold that murder will not pay. Mark me, Mr. Hammond, you will some day find out my innocence.

"I go in for hanging a murderer, but not an innocent man. I repeat to you that the witnesses come in and swore against me as if it was a song."

The prisoner then went on in exonerating his counsel, who, he said, had done their duty; also, the jury, Judge, and officers. He continued:

"I blame no man sworn to do his duty. I would as soon man to do wrong if it cost me my life.

"I have been here three months chained, and a part of the time handcuffed. Don't blame anybody but myself, and you all know the reason why, for trying to cut my hobbles.

Here he spoke of handcuffs on his hands being so tight as to make his arm bleed. He then spoke in kind terms of those who visited him in his cell and prayed for him. He spoke of Dr. Junkin and Rev. McClean discharging their duty, saying:

"They came here and prayed for me like Christian men, and have been the mitigation of saving my soul from hell."

He next spoke of the Methodists, and the kindness shown him by the people of Hollidaysburg, and called upon God to bless them all.

"I want you to think I am pleading the truth. I have seen it in the papers. I am supposed to be the murderer of two more men. They never said anything about that until I was in chains, but God Almighty will witness the contrary. He knows that I never killed a man. I hope never to see the Kingdom of Heaven if ever I killed a man. Fellow citizens, I am also charged with sending horses. I never stole a horse, or anything, except fruit, and there are few who have not done that. Never, as I am a dying man, did I steal anything but fruit. Any man who would swear like after link to take your life away? Can you say they are Christians, or true-hearted Americans? I love my fellow man, but I care not for what they say when false. I am not the man I am represented to be. I can die without a tear, for I have nothing to fear, bless God. I have made my election sure. In Christ I have placed my trust, and when I leave this scaffold I shall go home to Heaven, and hope to meet my God, my aged father, who has gone before me, my mother, wife, child, sisters and brothers. What care I for this death? My friends care for they have not a stain upon their character. It is not my fault, God Almighty knows it."

He then made some allusion to his attempt to commit suicide, and said he was indebted to do it by the devil, but was glad he did not accomplish it, for then he should have been a murderer indeed and gone to hell.

He then concluded by saying—

"M. Kim will soon be launched into eternity, and his soul will go to Heaven."

A portion of scripture was then read by Dr. Junkin, and the Hymn beginning with

"Prepare me gracious God,
To stand before thy face."

was sung, in which the prisoner joined. A prayer was then made by Dr. Junkin, after which the clergy, his counsel, the officers and others, took leave of him. The rope was re-adjusted by the Sheriff and the cap placed over his face. In a few words he again reiterated his innocence of the crime for which he was to suffer, ending with "I tell you as a dying man I am innocent. Tell the Sheriff I'm now ready."

At 20 minutes of 1 o'clock the Sheriff drew the rope attached to the prop of the trap, the body fell. A few upheavings of the chest and all was over. After hanging twenty minutes the physicians pronounced him dead, and he was lowered into his coffin. His neck was not dislocated—he was strangled to death. His neck was a little discolored, but his tongue did not protrude. His face was livid but looked natural.

There were some three thousand strangers in town, and there was some drunkenness and fighting, but not so much as one might have expected. A party has just passed my house, singing in chorus:

"To see M. Kim the crowd came in,
Some drank whiskey and some drank gin."

So that Captain Whiskey was drunk.

The corpse was taken to the Alms-house burial ground, though M. Kim wished to be buried in Chester county.

McKim's statement in regard to the witnesses was not credited by any of those present at the execution.

Miscellany.

A LAWYER'S ADVENTURE.

About three or four years ago, more or less, I was practicing law in Illinois on a pretty large circuit. I was called on one day in my office, in the town of C—, by a very pretty woman, who, not without tears, told me her husband had been arrested for stealing. She wished to retain me on the defence. I asked her why she did not go to Judge B., an ex Senator of the United States, whose office was in the same town. I told her I was a young man at the bar &c. She mournfully said that he had asked a retaining fee above her means, and besides did not want to touch the case, for her husband was suspected of belonging to an extensive gang of horse thieves and counterfeiters, whose head quarters was on Moore's prairie.

I asked her to tell me the whole truth of the matter, and if it was true that her husband did belong to such a band?

"Ah, sir," said she, "a better man at heart than my George never lived; but he liked cards and drink, and I am afraid they made him do what he never would have done if he had not drunk. I fear that it can be proved that he had the horse he didn't steal it; another did, and passed it to him."

I didn't like the case. I knew that there was a great dislike to the gang located where she named, and feared to risk the case before a jury. She seemed to observe my intention to refuse the case and burst into tears.

I never could see a woman weep without feeling like a weak fool myself. If it hadn't been for my eyes brightened by "pearly tears," (blast the poets that made them to come in fashion by praising them) I'd never been caught in the lasso of matrimony. And my would be client was pretty. The handkerchief that hid her streaming eyes didn't hide her lips, and her eyes were so blue and so bright.

I did not like the looks of those fellows nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in a valise or my sulky, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stand before the door. I would have passed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look, she put her finger to her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my client.

When I entered, the party recognized me, and hailed me as an old traveling friend, and asked me to drink. I respectfully but firmly declined to do so.

"By G—, you shall drink or fight," said the noisiest of the party.

"Just as you please, drink I shall not," said I purposely showing the butt of a Colt which kicks six times in succession.

The party interposed and very easily quelled the assailant. One offered me a cigar which I reluctantly refused but by glance from the woman induced me to accept. She advanced and proffered me a light, and in doing so she slipped a note in my hand, which she must have written with a pencil the moment before. Never shall I forget the words—they were:

"Beware they are members of the gang they mean to rob and murder you! Leave soon; I will detain them!"

I did not feel comfortable just then, but tried to do so.

Have you any room to put up my horse I asked turning to the woman.

"What—are you not going on to night?" asked one of the men; "we are."

"No," said I, "I shall stay here all night."

"We'll stay then, I guess, and make a night of it!" said another of the cut-throats.

"You'll have to put up your own horse—here's a lantern," said the woman.

"I am used to that," I said. "Gentlemen, excuse me a minute; I'll join you in a drink when I come in."

"Good on your head. More whiskey, old gal," shouted they.

I went out, glanced at their wagon, it was old-fashioned; and "linch-pins" secured the wheels. To take out my knife and pry one from the fore and hind wheels was but the work of an instant for me, and I threw them as far off in the darkness as I could. To untie my horse and dash off was the work of a moment. The road lay down a steep hill, but my lantern lighted me somewhat.

The judge charged according to law and evidence, but evidently leaned on the side of mercy. The jury found a verdict of guilty, but unanimously recommended him to the mercy of the court. My client was sentenced to the shortest imprisonment the court was empowered to give, and both jury and court signed a petition to the Governor for an unconditional pardon, which has since been granted, but not before the following incident occurred.

Some three months after this, I received an account for collection from a wholesale house in New York. The parties to collect from were hard ones, but they had property and before they had an idea of the trap laid, I had the property, which they were about to assign before they broke under attachment. Finding I was neck and head bound to win, they saved in and forked over three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four dollars and eighteen cents, (Per memorandum book) in good money. They lived in Shawneetown, about 35 or 40 miles southeast of Moore's prairie. I received the funds just after bank opening, but other business detained me until after dinner. I then started for C—, intending to go as far as the village of Mt. Vernon that night.

I had gone along ten or twelve miles, when I noticed a splendid team of double horses attached to a light wagon, in which were seated four men, evidently of the high strung order. They swept past as if to show how easily they could do it.—They soon shortened in and allowed me to come up with them, and hailing me asked me to "ave" or in other words, diminish the contents of a jug of old rye they had aboard but I excused myself with the plea that I had plenty on board.—They asked me how far I was going. I told them as far as Mt. Vernon, if my horse didn't tire out. They mentioned a pleasant tavern ten or twelve miles ahead, as a nice stopping place and then drove on.

I did not like the looks of those fellows nor their actions. But I was bound to go ahead. I had a brace of revolvers and a nice knife; my money was not in a valise or my sulky, but in a belt around my body. I drove slow in hopes that they would go on, and I should see them no more. It was nearly dark when I saw a tavern ahead. At the same time I saw their wagon stand before the door. I would have passed on, but my horse needed rest. I hauled up and a woman came to the door. She turned as pale as a sheet when she saw me—she did not speak, but with a meaning look, she put her finger to her lips and beckoned me in; she was the wife of my client.

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I had hardly got under full headway, when I heard a yell from the party I had so unceremoniously left. I put whip to my horse. The next moment with a shout they started. I threw my light away and left my horse to pick his way. A moment later, I heard a crash, a horrible shriek. The wheels were off. Then came the rush of the horses tearing along with the wreck of a wagon. Finally, they seemed to fetch up in the wood. One or two shrieks I heard as I swept on, leaving them far behind. For some time I hurried my horse—you'd better believe I did! It was a little after midnight when I got to Mt. Vernon.

The next day I heard that a Moore's prairie team had run away, and that two men out of four had been so badly hurt that their lives were despaired of; but I didn't cry. My clients got their money—and I didn't travel over that road any more.

Pre-emption Claims of a Colored Man

Refused.

Washington, Aug. 20.—The General Land office to day decided against the pre-emption claims of a colored man in three hundred and sixty acres of land in Wisconsin, taking the ground of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, that a "free negro, of African race whose ancestors were brought to this country and sold as slaves, is not a citizen within the meaning of the Constitution of the United States."

This decision of the Land Office applies to the other similar cases pending.

We re-publish to-day the above article in our yesterday's issue, with the view of calling public attention more particularly to its monotony. We ask in the name of a common humanity if it is possible that party spirit could so far subjugate the American press as to pass over, without a severe criticism, this outrage upon our free institutions? A free man may here his breast to the storm of war—soil his blood like water upon the field of battle—suffer the kindred pains of martyrdom in defence of the great Declaration of American principles—see his brethren around him remunerated for similar devotion; and yet, because God in his wisdom has given him a complexion but a slight shade darker than that of his brethren, he is to be denied all such remuneration, and treated even worse than the horse that fixed the flying artillery.—And for what? Because a party ridden Court has declared that such a man is not a citizen. You may tax him, but he may not have a voice in representation—he may fight the battles of his country and defend daringly the home that gave him birth, but he may not be remunerated like the felon that has escaped from a foreign land