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Santa Fe Weekly Gazette, 02-15-1868

William E. Jones

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The Murder of Chief Justice Slough.

We had intended to have nothing more to say in these columns in regard to the murder of Chief Justice Slough, after the publication of the evidence that was elicited at the preliminary examination of the case.

It is not said that it is usual for boarders to go to the dinner table at the Fondas with cloaked pistol. No person has thought of setting up any such a plea in justification of the extraordinary conduct of Ryerson before he shot Judge Slough.

Then what was his motive for doing as he did? The question has but one solution: He knew that Judge Slough was in the Fondas and he, Ryerson, went there to do what he did do. There is no other solution to his conduct. The whole transaction explains itself.

We never said in these columns that "Ryerson was the tool of Health in this affair." All the explosion, therefore, of Ryerson's friend, about his being a glib-tongued Ketchikan is left upon us. We know nothing about his nativity, nor do we care, so far as this case is concerned.

Now, what has this assailant of ours and this apologist of Ryerson accomplished against us or in favor of the latter? Nothing; nothing. We have shown that our original position was the correct one and we are satisfied it is so regarded in this community.

In proportion as truth smiles forth, so does Ryerson's case grow black and hideous before this people. We would, therefore, recommend this work to such as wish to obtain information in regard to the mineral, pastoral, agricultural and manufacturing resources of our Territory.

It also contains much that is important in reference to the peculiar advantages our route presents for the location, construction and working of the Pacific Railway.

We asserted that Ryerson knew that Judge Slough was within the building. It is true that there was no evidence adduced to prove that Ryerson did know this. We are not aware that the Attorney General thought it material to make out the case of murder, to prove such knowledge on the part of Ryerson.

himself. It is not said that it is usual for boarders to go to the dinner table at the Fondas with cloaked pistol. No person has thought of setting up any such a plea in justification of the extraordinary conduct of Ryerson before he shot Judge Slough.

There has been organized under the general incorporation law of the Territory, a company to construct a ditch from the head waters of the Peos to the Placer Mountains.

The company is known by the name of the "Peos and Placer Mining and Ditch Company" and has twenty five thousand shares of stock at one hundred dollars per share.

We understand that the length of the ditch will be, when completed, about sixty miles.

On the 3rd inst. Gen'l. Oliver introduced a bill in the House of Representatives on the 27th January to establish a branch mint at Santa Fe, which was read a first and second time and referred to the committee on coinage weights and measures.

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The National Intelligencer claims that the constitutional point involved in the McClellan case, pending in the Supreme Court, is precisely the same as that already decided in the case of the Indiana conspirator, viz that a citizen can not be tried by military commission in time of peace.

The Kansas Legislature has memorialized Congress to prohibit by law the sale of large bodies of land to one person, and asking that railroad companies owning lands received from Congress shall be forced to put them into market.

From the Morens. The following article is from the Denver Gazette of the 6th inst. and speaks very interestingly of the prospects for good work at the Morens Mine the coming season.

From Mr. Powers, the proprietor of the Tremont House, in this city, we have received fuller details and more reliable information concerning the mines on the Cimarron and Morens than we have hitherto been able to give to the public.

Mr. Powers has just returned from the mines, where he has claims on Willow Gulch, which were taken up by a company of miners whom he provided with an "outfit" of "grab" and tools last fall.

Several other gulches, some considered richer than Willow, have been "struck" but unfortunately they are all dry in summer, and the dirt will have to be packed to the nearest water.

There is not the slightest doubt but that one of the good old fashioned gold mining sections has again been "struck," and that the palmy days of California Idaho and Montana will repeat themselves in New Mexico.

Mr. Powers does not think that the great ditch, bringing the waters of the Red River into the mines, will be completed in time to be of much service to the miners this year. It is a work of considerable magnitude, the distance being thirty two miles, and a great deal of bridging being required.

Georgetown (Colorado) Miner, Jan. 2nd: The following letter, from a former resident of this place, in relation to the discovery of gold in the Territory of New Mexico, Dec. 7th, 1857, is interesting.

This country has not been prospected except a small portion in the vicinity of Willow Gulch, and the indications for mines around are good. Rich mines have been struck every week since we came.

A man named Charles Warner, a citizen of Greenfield, Indiana, was shot at that place, a few days since, while walking with some friends. One of the company had a pistol in his pants pocket, and in the effort to pull it out the hammer caught in the lining of his pocket and discharged it.

A Boston ship-owner, who is building three ships at Quebec, writes home that while first-class vessels can be produced in Canada and Nova Scotia at fifty dollars per ton, American currency, it will be impossible for the ship-builders of the United States to compete with them.

Henry Kist, one of the murderers of Fank, at a prayer meeting, near Warsaw, Indiana, in August last, has been found guilty of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Major Davis, of Massachusetts, formerly of General Butler's staff, committed suicide at Hong Kong, China, November 24, 1867, by shooting himself in the head. Cause, pecuniary embarrassment.

Mr. Spoor, a Washington lawyer, was recently rubbed on reaching Paris. In the course of the trial the judge said to the prisoner: "The police found on you an overcoat and a pair of pantaloons which - an incident fatal to you - bore the owner's name, written in full, on the pockets. The Americans are a people of foresight, and they are right in being so."

A correspondent of the New York Herald attributes Vallandigham's defeat to his failure to "treat," though ready to drink at the expense of others. It was too much to expect honorable members to pay for all the whisky and rum for him beside.

Mr. Jones Henry of Charlotte, Virginia, the late senator, was one of the children of Patrick Henry, and owner of the old family seat and burial place of the great orator, died at his residence at Red Hill, on the 1st inst. in the seventy-second year of his age, of palsy.

R. F. Allen, of Des Moines, Iowa, has erected a two hundred thousand dollar residence during the past season - the State - (Exchange). It is a revenue collector first in the or inspector of distilled spirits.

The price of farm labor is not extravagant in the South at the present time. At Petersburg, Virginia, the highest rate per month, while in South Carolina it ranges from five to six dollars. Any number of laborers may be had at these prices and they are glad to accept the offer.

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Advertisements. Copartnership. The undersigned heretofore associated under the firm name of F. W. Postell & Co. in the County of La Balle and Las Alamos, N. M. will hereafter carry on the same under the firm and style of Ferdinand Meyer & Co.

E. ANDREWS, Successor to BYERS & ANDREWS, DEALER IN ENGLISH, SWISS AND AMERICAN WATCHES, Jewelry, Fancy Goods, &c.

Notice. Notice is hereby given that I hereby withdraw from the firm of Heath & Dunbar, Alhambra St. N. M. and that hereafter I will practice law in the different courts in this Territory and be pleased to see my friends and all citizens.

For Sale. One dozen large Peas, 12 bush, and one Peasack's Peasack, with weight up to 1,000 pounds. Inquire at STEPHEN & FURBER, Santa Fe, N. M.

CHIEF QUARTERMASTER'S OFFICE. District of New Mexico, Santa Fe, N. M., Jan. 3, 1868. Sealed proposals will be received at this office until 12 o'clock, P. M. on the 27th day of January 1868, when they will be opened in the presence of the Quartermaster's Department at Fort Union, New Mexico.

Accommodation Line of Coaches from Maxwell's Ranch to the Moreno Mines. The undersigned will run a Tri-Weekly Line of Coaches from Maxwell's Ranch to the Moreno Mines, commencing with the Tri-Weekly Mail from the 15th, and will be ready to receive passengers at the arrival of the Tri-Weekly Mail.

WAKE UP! NEW MEXICO! Post Traders' Store FORT UNION, N. M. DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, QUEENWARE, ETC. ETC.

CITIZENS AND SOLDIERS. Ladies' Dress & Fancy Goods. Alexandre's, Couviseur's, Gloves, Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

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The Loves and Hates of Our Great Men.

WASHINGTON, January 19.

There is abundant material for a most interesting chapter on the history of the times, upon the loves and hates of our great men; not their wooings and winnings, their dowries and disappointments in what are denominated affairs of the heart...

The above is sufficient prologue for the announcement that those who look upon political associates in Congress as a band of brothers, working harmoniously together for a common purpose, whether it be Democratic or Republican...

The most notable instance of what I am attempting to illustrate is the deeply felt and cordially reciprocated hatred between Messrs. Sumner and Fessenden...

There are a great many who, though they allude to General Schenck, on the floor, as the distinguished Chairman of Ways and Means, chiefly for the large amount of information about ways and means...

few flowers from his rhetorical hot-house.

The Eruption of Vesuvius.

The Naples correspondent of the London Times writing on the 23rd ult., gives an interesting account of the state of Vesuvius:

"During a great portion of this time (from the 5th to the 23rd) it has been covered all over with snow, as it still is, dazzling the eyes, and rendering it almost impossible to gaze upon it. Then it has surrounded itself with clouds and darkness, above which, at night the upper-barrage glared with the red light of the volcano beneath. Scarcely less grand were these mysterious exhibitions than those which were defied, and which addressed themselves more clearly to the perceptions and calculations of the spectators. As to the internal condition of the mountain, it has been not less changeable—sometimes throwing out large volumes of smoke, at others stones of great weight, and at others only ashes; but with each and all, as could be seen, there were long tongues of fire which shot up to a fearful height. On the 11th inst. the eruption consisted of ashes, but these ceased, were succeeded by smoke on the 13th, and on the 14th a new and lofty cone was formed, which sent forth stones. No fewer than thirteen streams of lava issued at the same time from various orifices on the summit, some of which falling over precipices, presented the glorious appearance of so many cascades of fire. This was particularly the case towards the Atrio del Cavallo, and in the direction of Sarno; but, seen from a distance, these streams seemed to blend together, and to be the whole of the great cone. On the 10th instant, the lava ceased to flow, and, instead of it, large stones were shot forth, which, it would appear, cost the mountain greater labor, for, as its vitals were thus rent in pieces and thrown out, the earthquakes were most alarming, while the thunders were heard at least twenty miles distant. Of course in Naples they were very distinct, and coming upon the ear in the dead of night, unawakened, if not unapprehended, at least a sentiment of awe. In the immediate neighborhood of the mountain great alarm was created; some families fled from Portici and Resina, considerable portions of the population fled to Torre del Greco, while hundreds of masses of coral were dispatched for safety to Naples, or Castellamare, or Sorrento. On the 14th, the eruptions of the mountain were less loud and frequent, and the steamgraph was less active, but great apprehension existed in the towns at the base, and the authorities took all precautions for the dread calamity. On the 18th and 19th Vesuvius was invisible from Naples; any thing which a vivid imagination could picture was yet more active at night, when the mass of cloud which hung over it was lit up with a deep red glow. All the scientific instruments, too, showed that there was great commotion, and indicated that another eruption of lava might be expected, as, indeed, turned out to be correct, for a great stream poured down toward the east. It was observed that when the steamgraph of the mountain was most active blocks of earth quakes were felt at Nola and at all the neighboring places even stronger than they were felt at Vesuvius, so that it is difficult to decide where is the center of the volcanic action, or to conjecture what may be the end of it. Scientific observers, too, declare that on these days there were continual shocks in Naples, imperceptible to the mass, perhaps, but not less keenly marked by those whose profession fitted them to take note of such things. 'The steamgraph,' says one, 'tells me of these movements, but I have my own steamgraph, that little bit of iron attached to my shunter, and I sit and watch its vibrations almost every five minutes.' From the 23rd up to the present day Vesuvius has presented no new appearance. Enormous masses of smoke, sent forth in jets every minute, rise high in the air and stretch away in the distance, and in the direction to which the wind bears them. This morning it is a north wind, and there are great volumes of smoke rolling one over the other with a certain amount of dignity, and in one long procession tending towards Capri. The actual state of the mountain, as I learn from Cogolotto, the principal guide, who has just left me, is as follows: 'A stream of lava is running down toward Ottajano. On the summit are formed two small cones, close to that which has risen within and far above the crater, both of which are ejecting stones. Then, again, in the supravolcanic grand cone there are three orifices, one of which throws out ashes and the other two stones.' On the 24th they were ashes which were principally thrown out, but since that we have seen scarcely anything but masses of smoke. It must be observed that, whereas ashes indicate a disposition to report, smoke, on the contrary, indicates a greater outbreak—at least so says the practical Cogolotto, and the experience of the last month proves the correctness of his observations. His description of the shocks in Torre del Greco and Resina, where he resides, is graphic. 'They were as if a high wind were shaking our doors and windows, accompanied by the whistling of the storm.' His opinion is—and, though not a scientific man, it is worth something, born and bred as he has been among lava and ashes—that the eruption has not reached its climax, and that before all is over we shall have some great outbreak. The instruments, if they are quiet one day, renew their activity another, and he never goes up the grand cone, he says, without fear, for the whole mountain rises beneath his feet, or oscillates from side to side. Crowds of visitors have, of course, come down to see the burning mountain, and notwithstanding snow, rain and wind, many have gone up, that is, to the foot of the cone, even during the last week. I never, however, experienced such cold, said a friend; 'no, not even on the mountains of Switzerland. A heavy wind blew the snow right in our faces, blinding and numbing us; yet it was a glorious spectacle, and worth the journey from England and the sufferings we endured.'

At Abarden, Mississippi, a few days since a little son of Mr. B. was apparently dead. Two young ladies and a servant volunteered to keep watch during the night. At about 12 o'clock the servant was noticed to be asleep, when one of the young ladies pricked her with a pin, which caused her to awaken. This aroused the supposed dead child, alarming the inmates of the room greatly. Upon examination it was found that the child had become warm, had become warm, and in a short time it was running about.

a serious matter.—New York Evening Mail.

Slave life in Central Asia.

The London Athenaeum, in review of M. Vambry's work on Central Asia, says:—but the consideration of our loss of influence in Persia leads us to another subject, which M. Vambry has treated with great truth and ability, the "Slave Trade and Slave Life" in Central Asia.

Now, what has the English mission in Persia done to arrest that detestable traffic, or to mitigate its horrors? Has it ever encouraged Persia in her most honorable and legitimate efforts to defend her subjects from the Turkoman hordes? On the contrary, England has never raised a finger to aid her ally in arresting a slave trade in the East, the horrors of which equal those of the worst times of negro slavery. Here is a picture of what the author says:

"I entered the tent of Khandian after the morning prayer, and found here a whole company, listening with the greatest attention to the narrative of a young Turkoman, who was covered with dust and dirt, and whose face bore evident traces of excitement and severe hardships. He was describing in a low voice, but in lively colors, a marauding excursion against the Persians of the evening before, in which he had taken part. Whilst he was speaking, the women, servants and slaves (what must have been the thoughts of those latter), squatted down around the circle of listeners, and many a curse was hurled at the slaves, the clanking of the chains on their feet interrupting a time the general quiet. It struck me as remarkable that, in proportion as the speaker warmed in describing the obstinate resistance of the unfortunate people, who were fallen on unawares, the indignation of the audience increased at the audacity of the Persians, not to have at once quietly submitted to being plundered. No sooner was the narration of this great feat of arms at an end, when all rose to their feet to have a look at the spoils, the sight of which excited in the Turkoman's breast a mixed feeling of envy and pleasure. I followed the like-wise, and a terrible picture presented itself to my eyes. Lying down in the middle of the tent were two Persians, looking deadly pale and covered with clotted blood, dirt and dust. A man was busily engaged in putting their broken limbs into fetters, when one of them gave a loud, wild shriek, the rings of the chains being too small for him. The cruel Turkoman was about to fasten them forcibly round his ankles. In a corner sat two young children on the ground, pale and trembling, and looking with sorrowful eyes towards the tortured Persians. The unhappy man was their father; they longed to weep, but dared not; one look of the father at whom they stole a glance now and then, with their teeth chattering, was sufficient to suppress their tears. In another corner a girl from fifteen to sixteen years old was crouching, her hair disheveled and in confusion, her garments torn and almost entirely covered with blood. She groaned and sobbed, covered her face with her hands. Some Turkoman woman moved either by compassion or curiosity, asked her what ailed her, and where she was wounded. 'I am not wounded,' she exclaimed, in a plaintive voice, deeply touching. 'This blood is the blood of my mother—my only one, and the best and kindest of mothers. Oh! my own, my own!' (dear mother!) Thus she lamented, striking her head against the tattered work of the tent, so that it almost tumbled down. They offered her a draught of water and her tongue became loosened, and she told them how she (of course a valuable prize) had been lifted into the saddle beside the robber, but that her mother, tied to the stirrups, had been obliged to run along on foot. After an hour's running in this manner, the girl was tired that she sank down exhausted every moment. The Turkoman tried to increase her strength by lashing her with his whip, but this was of no avail; and as he did not want to remain behind from his troop he grew in a rage, drew his sword, and in a second struck off her head. The blood spilling up, had covered the daughter, horseman, and horse; and, looking at the red spots upon her clothes, the poor girl wept loud and bitterly. Whilst this was going on in the interior of the tent, outside the various members of the robber's family were busy inspecting the booty he had brought home. The older women seated greedily upon one or another attend for domestic use, whilst the children who were jumping about merrily, were trying on the different garments—now one, now another, and producing shouts of laughter. Here all was triumph and merriment; not far from a picture of the deepest grief and misery. And yet no one is struck by the contrast; every one thinks it very natural that the Turkoman should enrich himself with robbery and pillage. And these terrible social relations exist with within scarcely a fortnight's distance from Europe, traveling by St. Petersburg, Nischni Novgorod, and Attrachan!"

as agent for the colony of Pennsylvania, to sustain the right to tax the proprietaries, who foolishly and perversely contended that right. All that, including a most graphic account of his negotiations with Lord Grenville and Lord Mansfield, was apparently overlooked by Wm. Temple Franklin, or whoever superintended the edition issued in his name.

Four Hundred Inmates of a Massachusetts Reform School Poisoned.

In the latter part of December many of the boys in the reform school at Deer Island were suddenly taken sick, and it was at first thought that they had taken cold from exposure. The inmates in the female division of the building were subsequently seized with the same symptoms, vomiting and purging freely. Dr. Durgin, after patient investigation of the cases, none of which proved fatal, was convinced that poison must have been taken into the system, but in what manner it was impossible to detect. Nearly four hundred of the inmates have been similarly affected, but the largest majority are convalescent, and the only dangerous case is that of Mrs. Davis, one of the matrons, who has been attacked more violently than the others, and whose ultimate recovery is considered doubtful. It was some time after the boys were first attacked before the directors were informed of the sickness, but immediately upon being informed of the fact Dr. Reid, city physician, Drs. Moreland, Ugham and White, and also Dr. C. A. Walker of the insane asylum, visited the island, and were impressed with the belief that the symptoms exhibited were probably the result of arsenic.

Some months since the inmates of the lunatic asylum were affected in a somewhat similar manner, and at that time an investigation showed that those who had eaten of mixed fish were affected. It was ascertained that the cook was in the practice of mixing the fish and potatoes the night previous, and when this was stopped and the ingredients were put together in the morning of the day when it was eaten, all illness disappeared. With that knowledge the food of the inmates at Deer Island was carefully inspected, but the slightest cause could be found to attribute the illness to the diet; and indeed this theory was entirely dispelled by the fact that not only were the inmates taken ill, but the matrons and attendants, who partook of food different from that given to the boys or women, were alike affected. It was concluded that the water from the well in the yard of the females was the cause of the illness, for all who used it were taken sick, and not only the water from the well, but the mud at the bottom of it have been analyzed by Dr. White without discovering any traces of arsenic. The well, however, has been closed, and investigations are still progressing to ascertain the causes of the singular malady, which leaves many, after its first effect has passed away, in a state of great prostration. President Bradley and the members of the board for the public institutions, are making every effort to trace the origin of this, as yet unexplained illness. It is safe to say that the worst features of the case have passed away, and it is fortunate that as yet no fatal case has occurred. In many of its features it bears a strong resemblance to the Washington Hotel sickness, which affected so many distinguished citizens some few years since.

But who shall decide this question of interference? To whom lies the last appeal? This, sir, the Constitution itself decides, also, by declaring that the judicial power shall extend to all cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States." These two provisions, sir, cover the whole ground. They are, in truth, the keystone of the arch. With these it is a Constitution, without them it is a confederacy. In pursuance of these clear and express provisions Congress established, at its very first session, in the Judicial act, a mode for carrying them into full effect, and for bringing all the questions of constitutional power to the final decision of the Supreme Court. It then, sir, became a government."

A Schoolboy's Letter.

BIRCHINGTON ACADEMY, September 2.

Dear Sir—I am getting along first rate at the school, and I like it very much, all except the Whacks, the assistant—"Old Beeswax" we call him, and we are down on him like a pile-driver, all us boys, for he's ignorant. Why, he's so ignorant he don't know a blackboard from a dark night, no he don't, and Bill Ferguson, he put a torpedo under each leg of old Beeswax's chair yesterday, and when he sat down (you see he sits down like he had bullets in him), why the torpedoes they exploded, and like to blow him through the roof. Golly, but wasn't he scared! He looked at the almanac to make sure that it wasn't the 4th of July, and then he came down looking mad, and licked a Bill like a biscuit. But Bill said he didn't care a cent, and the next time he said he would sprinkle gunpowder in his hair, and burst his old frontpiece for him. Dr. Goggles, he's a nice enough old fellow, only he will sit and chew gum drops right before us boys, and never say "take some" once. He wears green specs, and Bill Ferguson he called him "old four eyes" one day, which the doctor, he heard Bill say it, and he nailed him and dragged him up to the desk, and then he gave a lecture, and said there was once a boy he knew, and he was old Bill's size, who insulted a gray headed old man, and called him wicked names and the next day—the very next morning—that boy's mother died of inflammatory rheumatism, and his sister broke out with bunions. Bill, he cried, while the doctor held him by the shirt collar, but he winked at the boys as he came away, and wrote on a piece of paper, and threw it over to me, that he thought the doctor was a "blower," and he darrest hit a boy of his size. I want some new books very much, about ten of them, and they will cost eight dollars. Don't send the books, for the doctor likes us to buy them here. I don't want any money for taffy or marbles, for I don't care about them; but be sure not to send anything but the money for the books. I am in good health. I was taken sick last week, and had a sore eye for a few days, but it is now well. We was a playing mumble-peg out on the grass, and Bill Ferguson, he grabbed my knife. I told him he had better give that knife up, or I would tell you, and get you to lick him when you came down, and he said he would lick you and a dozen like you, and then he dared me to knock a chip off his shoulder. And Jake Motions, he pushed me against him, and that knocked the chip off, and Bill, he struck me over the nose three or four times, and said he'd, "bust me on the snout" if I didn't try up, for I couldn't help crying, and I was taken sick, and I couldn't go to school all that day. And the doctor, he looked Bill up in the garret, but he didn't care, for he "clomb out on the roof, and was chasing around after tom-cats, up and down almost every morning, and pulling plaster out of the chimney to throw at people in the street. Give my love to all at home, and don't forget the money for the books. Bill is about 14, do you think he can lick you. Please send the money, and believe me your affectionate son. H. M. WILKINS. P. S.—Don't forget to send the money for those books.

Daniel Webster on the United States Supreme Court.

From the National Intelligencer.

At a time when our department of the government lies prostrate in the dust, its powers wielded by Congress and the regular army, and another and fatal blow is about to be struck at the third—the judicial branch of the government—it may be well, before we allow the last to be blotted out, to consider some of the reasons upon which it was originally founded, and has been tolerated up to the present period. We copy this morning the great reply of Mr. Webster to Mr. Hayne, in which the former set forth the reasons upon which he resisted the doctrine of secession and nullification—Mr. Hayne and his friends contending that the several States, and not the Supreme Court, formed the effective for checking legislative tyranny and usurpation. The doctrine of a French legislator's assembly making a new constitution from day to day, and binding the courts by its special determinations, had not then occurred to either party as a desirable substitute, and was resorted to be evolved by the wisdom of a body pretending to possess one hundred and sixty-one lawyers.

The Original Manuscript of Franklin's Autobiography.

Lippincott's Magazine contains the following:

Among the trophies of an enlightened zeal for American interests brought home by Mr. Bigelow, our late Minister to France, was the original manuscript of Franklin's autobiography. The fate of that manuscript has for more than a century been a mystery. Sir Samuel Romilly, during his first visit to France, in 1802, speaks of having seen it, but since then its fate has left no traces that we are aware of upon the literature of any country. Mr. Bigelow found it, we are told, in the hands of a family through whose courtesy it was exhibited to Romilly—the very family to whom it was presented by its author. Interesting as must necessarily be the original draft of perhaps the most universally popular book ever written by an American, a collation of the manuscript has disclosed in it a new value which no one could have been prepared to anticipate. For some reason, which it will remain for the historical guidance to ascertain, the world, it now appears, has never yet seen the autobiography which Franklin wrote. The manuscript disclosed the fact that great liberties were taken with the text by the editor of the original edition of 1817; that numerous changes several hundred in number, were introduced; and a fact still more remarkable, that all the Doctor wrote during the last year of his life, embracing many foolscap pages, was entirely omitted. One of the most considerable omissions embraces a full description of his first visit to England.

The World-Train Sensation.

We strongly suspect that Mr. George Francis Train had an understanding with the authorities of Quebec and Cork. The evidence is direct upon this point. George Francis Train goes out as correspondent of the New York World, with the understanding that he should be paid according to his sensations which he could produce. Whether the World proposes to pay him by its support of his name in a future presidential canvass, or simply by hard cash, we cannot say. Possibly, it has promised not to support him. Such a promise, if it could be depended upon, would be ample recompense for a six months' correspondence. What ever the arrangement between Mr. Train and the World, it is evident that there was a previous understanding in regard to the Quebec and Cork sensation. The officers understood matters, and undoubtedly received their reward. It is not probable that the justice at Cork had any knowledge of the affair or any share in the profit. He is simply an over zealous patriot who proposes to give all persons suspected of Fenianism a thorough examination, and to hang them if possible. The game was exceedingly well played, and it is almost a pity to spoil as good a joke by an expose. We have the facts before us, however, and we are willing to leave our editorial brethren of other cities, or rather their readers, from three columns patriotic "opinions." The whole affair was arranged in the office of the World before Mr. Train left this country. The dispatch of this morning furnishes the plain-George Francis some the British government for one hundred thousand pounds. The original arrangement, before the sailing of the Scotia contemplated only fifty thousand pounds for this part of the programme; Mr. Train has doubled the amount on his own responsibility. It is understood that if, by any chance Mr. Train recovers a part of the damage claimed, he is to share the amount with the editors of our "leading democratic journal." In this case, their fellow editors enjoy an excellent dinner, with champagne—at their expense. This explains, perhaps, the fact that all the Monday morning papers treat the affair as if were

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WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

"But, sir, the people have wisely provided, in the Constitution itself, a proper, suitable mode and tribunal for settling questions of constitutional law. There are in the Constitution grants of powers to Congress, and restrictions on these powers. There are, also, prohibitions on the states. Some authority must, therefore, necessarily exist, having the ultimate jurisdiction to fix and ascertain an interpretation of these grants, restrictions and prohibitions. The Constitution has itself pointed out, ordained and established that authority. How has it accomplished this great and essential end? By declaring, sir, that the Constitution and the laws of the United States made in pursuance thereof, shall be the supreme law of the land, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

A Boy of sixteen, son of Dr. T. C. Sarchie, in Chicago, robbed his mother of \$160 in money and \$1,000 worth of diamond jewelry, a few nights ago. Dr. Sarchie was absent in New York, and the promising youth broke a window pane, and "fired things" about in the style, as he supposed, a burglar would have done his work. The officers were not deceived, however, and the boy was caught with part of the plunder at the railroad depot, when about to leave town.

The Commonwealth, published at Lincoln, in Nebraska, says: "A short time since we saw a man driving a team over the town-site, loaded with lumber and household furniture. He had a plan of the city in his hand, and every little while he would stop and examine the stakes. After a long search he succeeded in finding his lot. He immediately proceeded to unload his wagon, and in five hours from that time had a house up and living in it.