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OBITUARY.

DIED, in New York, of pneumonia, on the 24th September, 1858, AMES ADGER, of Charleston S. C., in the 81st year of his age.

He was born near Randalstown, County Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1777. At the age of 16 years he emigrated to this country, arriving in New York in January, 1794. He was apprenticed to a carpenter, but after an experience of one or five months abandoned the trade and obtained a situation as clerk in Mr. John Bailey's hardware store, in Maiden Lane. In the year 1802 he came to Charleston, on his way to visit his brother William, of Fairfield District, where he first met the destined partner of his life, to whom he was married in the year 1806. In the autumn of 1803, the stage being full he walked with a friend from Columbia to Charleston, arriving in advance of the stage, and with that friend, Mr. John Jones, commenced business in King-street, at the corner of Blackbirds Alley. His trade was mainly with the wagoners, who sold their cotton and purchased supplies, and was without any capital of consequence, but had already established a character, and by it obtained credit sufficient for his business, which grew and prospered. From his time until his death he continued in active business, having never failed, through a period of more than half a century, in every instance the full amount of his commercial and legal obligations.

It is well known that he never adventured into any speculations in the great staple of our produce. His settled policy was to pursue the path of patient, systematic labor. From the foot of the ladder he ascended, climbing step by step, slowly but surely; and the success of his whole career was not owing to any luck or fortune, but must be attributed, under providence, to the qualities he possessed in remarkable degree, of economy, integrity, judgment, decision of character, punctuality, and untiring industry.

That eminent merchant, that architect of his own fortune, that bright example to our youth of the success attending well directed industry, has passed away. In our society there is no pillar of strength; our community a wise and public-spirited citizen; obscure and struggling merit a head to advise and a hand to help; and the distressed and needy a generous friend, whose pity extended to the most forlorn.

It cannot be denied that, when approached without due regard to his peculiar qualities, he had, like other men of strong individuality, a rough as well as a smooth side of contact; but in this something must be allowed to disadvantage and defect of education; something to the various difficulties of self-made men, who must meet the buffets of the rude world; something to the inwrought power of habit; and something to the imperfections of the best characters, which, like the weeds in a fruitful field, are forgotten and forgiven, when we look at the virtues that grow out of the same prolific soil. He was a strong character, not always understood; prompt in action, but often slow to speak; thinking much, and bidding his time. Not forward to volunteer or obtrude his counsel, but giving his opinion when sought or when needed, in few words—clear, sententious, comprehensible. Underneath the blunt outside man, were to be found a loving, human heart; sensibilities of unfeigned depth; a soul devising the most generous deeds, and capable of the sublimest of all virtues—justice and impartiality. An occasional abruptness or sharpness of manner might be seen on a transient acquaintance; but it was for those who knew the man to appreciate him in the justice of his nature, in the unassuming simplicity of his character, in the patience of his labor, in the quiet unostentatious streams of his charity, in his good will to man, and his submission to God.

Let it be observed, that when success crowned his labors he did not become enervated by money; but the man was at every stage of his progress superior to his acquisition. This was true success. The mere accumulation of large property is a failure of life's end, unless with that increase the individual also grows into a larger manfulness of soul. His success was that his property did not own him, but he was the owner of his property, and could cheerfully part with it for wise and beneficent uses, or when taken from him by the stroke of Providence.

Many of his deeds of charity were known to the community; more are known to his family and friends; but probably never seen only by the eyes of the angels. He was a man of a noble and generous nature, and his heart was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted. He was a man of a noble and generous nature, and his heart was ever ready to sympathize with the afflicted.

his advice and example to pursue a career of useful and honorable industry; in the judicious and generous employment of his capital for the establishment of others in advantageous business, he exerted a wide and salutary influence, and was thus a benefactor to his country. It is well known that the present generation of young men of our community take more correct views of a life of energetic labor than those that preceded them, and it cannot be denied that the life and career of this self-made man contributed largely to this happy change. By his example as well as words he spoke, through his long life, and being dead he yet speaketh.

Among the sterling qualities that gave him such success in life, we name prominently decision of character. The first element in decision of character is reliance on our own judgment; and the second is that energy of will and enthusiasm of the passions which, when a wise plan is selected, immediately spring into active powers of execution. These were conspicuous elements of his character. He had confidence in his own judgment, and did his own thinking in all practical affairs. No sooner was his plan determined than he commenced action. He had been through life an early riser. Not more certain was the sun to climb the Eastern sky than this man to be early at his post; his purpose standing out clear to his view, and the energy of his will and the enthusiasm of his nature driving him from day to day onward, to deserve if not to attain success. As a consequence of this concentration of mind, punctuality was a kindred virtue in his character worthy of universal imitation. To him may be truly applied the remark made by the celebrated Lord Nelson, when he said he owed everything to being always a quarter of an hour before time.

Another and a chief virtue in his character was integrity. The basis of the gigantic operations of commerce are laid in confidence. A man in Europe stakes his property, his faith, his name, with perfect reliance on the character of another man whom he has never seen, thousands of miles distant in America. Parties at a distance know whether or not their correspondents are faithful to their trust. All, therefore, who knew the strict attention to details, and the system of rigid justice to the interest of absent owners, on which this man conducted all his affairs, are at no loss to know why business flowed in upon him; and his name was known far and near as an agent in whom the largest confidence might be reposed. Integrity was as conspicuous in his character as decision and sound judgment; and it was, doubtless, owing to the fact that he, as an agent, was entrusted with the property of others, that his far-sighted and just mind laid it down as an axiom that, in his business, he must never speculate. The temptation might be very great, but it never moved his firm resolve. "Justum et tenacem propositi virum."

Were we to select for imitation the most conspicuous moral quality in his character, we would name the element intrinsic. Beneath all the factitious distinctions of the world, through all sects and parties and conditions, in whatever form suffering and sorrow may be found, and the electric chord of genuine Love finds its way. It seeks no reward; its language is; "I am a man." He esteemed others not according to outside show, but according to their real worth. He did nothing for effect, or mere appearance. He had no wish to be valued for qualities he did not possess. He never acted a part. "Esse non videri" was not formally chosen by him as a motto. He did better. He acted it out in his life, and it may now be chosen for him by others, as briefly expressing the mould of his manly nature, and the form of his intrinsic character. Unassuming, honest and humble himself, he had for all pomp and ostentatious parade the most profound contempt; and the stream of beneficences was not directed to conciliate the rich and great, but it flowed where his kind heart prompted— to the obscure and neglected, to the stranger and the friendless, to the widow and the fatherless.

It would be an omission not to notice, also, his fortitude under affliction. It is not yet five years since his son William died suddenly in New York, under the most painful circumstances. In the expression of public sympathy, many said the sudden and cruel death of such a son will kill the aged father. When the heavy tidings came, it was like this tornado bearing down on the old oak tree, or the earthquake moving beneath the solid rock; but the granite rock stood firm, and the old oak tree bending for the moment, soon stood erect again, and defied the fury of the storm. His heart bled, but the solid fixed mind never quailed. He fully appreciated the dimensions of his loss, but he saw that it was done, it was inevitable, it was past and gone forever. He saw the hand of God and bowed in submission to His will. After a proper season of bitter tears, nature's inexorable claim, he said it is thought, and he was gone.

of leaning upon others, he aged but the strong, stood the bulwark and support of his family around him. His conduct in that dark hour illustrated his iron strength of mind and his heroic trust in God.

He was eminently social in his feelings, enjoying with the greatest zest the companionship of old, tried, and trusty friends, to whom he always opened his hand and his heart, whatever might be their station in life. Favors done to him were never forgotten, but always repaid, if opportunity offered, with interest. At the friendly fire-side and the festive board, he presided an acknowledged chief. The old and the young alike owned the spell of a soul so brimful of social glee and gladness. It would be a task to find in any circle his peer for the combination of those qualities of head and heart, that shone out in every feature, and found vent in every expression, diffusing around him the good will and happiness of his genial nature.

Having filled up his long life to the end with untiring usefulness; having raised a large family in respectability and honor, and left to them and to his countrymen a brilliant example in all the affairs of practical life of a virtuous energetic, he has fallen asleep. He died after a brief illness of only five days. He who never lingered through life in performing his duty, was not kept lingering on the bed of death. He retained his faculties to the last, and died as he had lived, a hearty and an earnest man. His only desire for life was, that he might still longer be useful to his family; but he expressed submission to God's will, and implicit reliance on His love and mercy through the great Redeemer.

God sometimes shields the young lambs from the rude blasts of life and takes them early home, but we have witnessed the more inspiring example of virtue tried, of patience unexhausted, of the battle of life nobly won, of submission to God's will exemplified, in a long life of laborous well doing, to one who had borne the heat and burden of the day. His life is his best eulogy. His last day was a visit to some of the friends of his early days; a visit and generous relief of the fatherless and the widow in their affliction. God saw that his work was done and called him home. Well done, good and faithful servant! By the grace of God, well done! Go to thy rest and reap thy rich reward. But leave us not long, God of mercy, in this land of exile! Thou art gathering home to thyself the good and the great, and we would be with them that we may be with Thee. We also would "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—A recent number of the Milwaukee True Democrat contains a statement which is of value to the medical profession. That paper says:

Some eight months ago, Mr. T. Mason, who kept a music store on Washington street, and his brother of the well known Lowell Mason, ascertained that he had a cancer on his face of the size of a pea. It was cut out by Dr. Walcott, and the wound partially healed. Subsequently it grew again, and while he was in Cincinnati on business, it attained the size of a hickory nut. He has remained there since Christmas under treatment and has come back perfectly cured. The process is this: A piece of sticking plaster was put over the cancer, with a circular piece cut out of the centre a little larger than the cancer, so that the cancer and small circular ring of healthy skin next to it were exposed. Then a plaster made of chloride of zinc, blood root and whole flower was spread on a bit of muslin of cut size of this circular opening, and applied to the cancer for twenty-four hours.

On removing it the cancer will be found to be burned into, and appear of the color and hardness of an old shoe sole, and the circular ring outside of it will appear white and parboiled, as if scalded by a hot steam. The wound is now dressed, and the outside rim soon suppurates, and the cancer comes out a hard lump, and the place heals up.

The plaster kills the cancer, so that it sloughs like dead flesh and never grows out again.

This remedy was discovered by Dr. Fell, of London, and has been used by him for six or eight years with unvarying success, and not a case has been known of the re-appearance of the cancer where this remedy has been applied. It has the sanction of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of London, and has not until recently been used in this country, and many of the faculty, with their proverbial opposition to innovations, look upon it with distrust.

Much has been said about feats of strength, but it is an actual fact, that a few days ago, a man of but ordinary strength knocked down an elephant (to the highest bidder.)

INCIDENTS OF THE MEXICAN CAMPAIGN, BY A MEMBER OF THE PALMETTO REGIMENT.

The Alvarado Expedition. Immediately after the subjugation of Vera Cruz, Gen. Scott and Commodore Corner, of the United States Navy, organized two expeditions: One against Jalapa, 70 miles in the interior, and the other against the little seaport of Alvarado, 60 miles south-west of Vera Cruz. Alvarado had twice repulsed our Navy—as it was said—but I cannot believe that our Navy was in earnest when the attack was made, and only designed to test the strength of the place. The object of the present expedition was to destroy the military defenses of Alvarado, and to take possession of all any government stores found in it. We wished for this march, for we were heartily tired of sand-hill life, and longed to be away on some duty. We had heard a great deal of Mexico, besides having read more of its lofty mountains and elevated table lands, where reigned eternal spring. At the same time, we painted to our imaginations its fruit-trees and groves of tropical fruits; its cooling fountains and hospitable haciendas with store-houses of luxurious abundance.

This expedition was the theme of many a camp fire circle, and as we enlarged upon the pleasures and benefits likely to accrue from it, all expressed equal confidence in the future. But, oh, what a fatal delusion awaited all of us. A baggage wagon, drawn by five stout mules, was provided to each company, singly. Knapsacks, blankets &c., were transported on our backs. At 2 o'clock p. m. March 20th, we were mustered and the western walls of Vera Cruz. The line was formed with the Dragoons and sections of Artillery in front, followed by the Infantry, composed of the Georgia, Alabama and South Carolina Regiments. Three vessels of war, commanded by Lieut. Hunter, of the Navy, co-operated with the land forces, under Brigadier General Quitman. Our route was along the Gulf of Mexico, and so near that the surf defaced the foot prints of the marching columns. The sun was scorching hot, and no water nearer than the ocean appeared to our famished view. A row of sand-hills, almost denuded of vegetation, skirted the entire route, on our right. We encountered numerous fragments of our wrecked vessels, and whole surfboats—the shade of which we were prone to seek often before the word halt had been given. I saw a private this afternoon purchase a drink of water from one of his immediate comrades, for which he paid down one quid of prime tobacco. Similar instances afterwards became by no means rare, in the succeeding few days of this eventful wild-goose chase. Col. Butler, having been seized with violent illness, was compelled to return, and Lieut. Col. Gladden assumed command of the Regiment. A twelve mile jaunt brought us to the *Aradon*, a beautiful fresh water river, and the first, and only stream, we had met with in the country. The column filed up its banks until the right of its line rested in the village of Madelon. It was now quite dark, and one-third of the Brigade was in the rear, the most of whom had given out from excessive fatigue and other causes. Upon learning that we were in the town of Madelon, home associations began to revive, which forced upon our minds numberless dormant memories, Restaurants, hot coffee, beef steaks, and other luxuries. A nearer approach pointed out the cupola and spires of a Gothic church. The faint outlines of its gloomy architecture appeared in the star-light, and around its massive walls was clustered a forest of magnificent exotics, which drew around it a never-ending Sabbath. Immediately across the street was a *Tienda*. These buildings together, certainly gave some indications of a thrifty and well organized community. But we were not posted up on the Mexican town question. They were exclusively under the control and patronage of the Fathers of the Church, and all that the *Padres* of the *Virgin Gaudoupe*, was sure to find its way into the grocery, one of two indispensably necessary establishments to a Mexican village. The remainder of the houses, some forty in all, constituted the village. We only found one of its inhabitants at home—a superannuated old man. These village dwellers were a curiosity, from their rude and primitive structure. They were built of small sticks, set perpendicular in the ground, and thatched with coarse grass or palm leaves. One room served for all purposes. By this time the teams and stragglers had arrived in camp, and dry wood being abundant, we were soon afterwards discussing the events of the day, over a plentiful supply of hot coffee and dried crackers. In the meantime, we spread our blankets for a delicious night's rest, and such a one as wearied soldiers, like ourselves, only knew how to appreciate. But alas! this boon was even denied us. The whole place was alive with fleas and the atmosphere swarmed with sand flies and mosquitoes. They assailed us, not by companies, but by armies of myriads, armed with all the terrible implements of insect warfare. All night long I could hear the groans and imprecations of their tortured victims. Now we turned this and that side to the fire, while we beat about for some place of security. But at this juncture, the enemy mustered all his forces, and calling up an army of fleas in reserve, they fell upon us with such irresistible fury that we were compelled to retreat in good earnest, and acknowledged ourselves whipped for once, at least. Towards daylight, I fell into a sound slumber only to be aroused, in a few moments afterwards, by the *revuelto*.

Morning of the 21st, we arose reluctantly at day dawn, and dispatching a hasty meal, we gazed on our trappings for a renewal of unforeseen trials, which, from yesterday's experience still awaited our further exertions. Lieut. Whitwell, of the Navy, had already constructed a substantial crossing over the river, by lashing together two similar rows of raft boats, upon which the army readily gained the opposite shore. In following our trail along the Gulf for some miles, we passed a regular mill, to that of yesterday. The mesh was tedious and apparently slow, as we had to wait for it to be raised up to the top of the mill.

cult, transport their loads over the heavy sand, and like ourselves, are suffering for water, which fact their constant neighing appears to remind us of. From this point we made a detour to the right to avoid the convexity of the Gulf. Our course now lay through a dense chapparal, and over high hills of loose sand. Our heavy artillery wagons are drawn along with difficulty, and sometimes the wheels sink nearly to the axle. We procured a little water here, with which we moistened our mouths. The small quantity we started with this morning had long since been exhausted. We reluctantly emerged from the temporary shade afforded by the trees, that on either side lined our pathway, into an open prairie, spotted with cattle and horses, in a wild state. In the cool of the afternoon, we reached its highest point, from which we had a magnificent view of the gulf, majestically rolling in its waves to the shore.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Terrible Adventure with a Serpent. We had been playing all the evening at whist. Our stake had been gold molar points, and twenty on the rubber. Maxey, who was always lucky, had won five consecutive bampers, which lent a self-satisfied smile to his countenance, and made us, the losers, look anything but pleased, when he suddenly changed countenance, and hesitated to play. This the more surprised us since he was one who seldom pondered, being so perfectly master of the game that he deemed long consideration superfluous. "Play away, Maxey, what are you about?" impatiently demanded Churchill, one of the most impetuous youths that ever wore the uniform of the body guard. "Hush," responded Maxey, in a tone which thrilled through us at the same time turning deadly pale. "Are you unwell?" said another, about to start up, for he believed our friend had suddenly been taken ill. "Sit quiet," rejoined the other, in a tone denoting extreme fear or pain, and he laid down his cards. "If you value my life more now?" "What can he mean?" has he taken leave of his senses?" demanded Churchill, appearing to myself. "Don't start—don't move, I tell you!" in a sort of whisper I can never forget, uttered Maxey. "If you make any sudden motion I am a dead man." We exchanged looks. He continued—"Remain quiet, and all may yet be well. I have a cobra capella round my leg." Our first impulse was to draw back our chairs, but an appealing look from the victim induced us to remain, although we were aware that, should the reptile transfer but one fold, and attach himself to any other of the party, that individual might already be counted as a dead man, so fatal is the bite of that dreaded monster.

Poor Maxey was dressed as many old residents still dress in India, namely, in breeches and silk stockings; he therefore the more plainly felt every movement of the snake. His countenance assumed a livid hue: the words seeming to leave his mouth without that feature altering its position, so rigid was his looks, so fearful was he lest the slightest muscular movement should alarm the serpent, and hasten his fatal bite. We were in agony little less than his during the scene. "He is coiling round!" murmured Maxey; "I feel him cold—cold to my limb; and now he tightens! For the love of heaven call for some milk! Let it be placed on the ground near me; let some be spilt on the floor." Churchill cautiously gave the order, and a servant slipped out of the room. "Don't stir! North-east, you moved your head. By everything sacred I conjure you do not do so again! I cannot be long ere my fate decided. I have a wife and two children in Europe; tell them I died blessing them, that my last prayer was for them; the snake is winding itself round my calf; I leave them all I possess. I can almost fancy I feel his breath. To die in such a manner." The milk was brought and carefully put down; a few drops were sprinkled on the floor, and the afflicted servants drew back. Again Maxey spoke: "No, no, it has no effect; on the contrary, he has clasped himself tighter—he has uncured his upper fold! I dare not look down, but I am sure he is about to draw back and give the bite of death with more fatal precision. Receive me, O Lord, and pardon me! My last hour has come. Again he pauses. 'Die firm; but this is past endurance. Ah, no; he has undone another fold, and loosens himself. Can he be going to some one else? We involuntarily started. "For the love of heaven stir not—I am a dead man; but bear with me. He still loosens; he about to dart. Move not, but beware. Churchill, he falls off that way. Oh! this agony is too hard to bear. Another pressure, and I am dead." No, he relaxes." At that moment poor Maxey ventured to look down; the snake had advanced himself; the last coil had fallen, and the reptile was making for the milk. "I am saved—saved!" Maxey bounded from his chair, and fell senseless into the arms of one of his servants. In another instant we were all dispersed, the snake was killed, and our poor friend carried more dead than alive to his room.

That scene I can never forget; it dwells on my memory still, strengthened by the fate of poor Maxey, who from that hour pined in hopeless melancholy, and sank in an early grave. Lieut. Col. Addison's

War and Love. BY RICHARD FURNESS. War and love went forth to fight, War and love in all their might; War with force, and love with wiles, War in frowns, but love in smiles. War around the world to arms; Love for peace displayed her charms; War o'er all in ruin swept, Love beheld the scene and wept. War in flames love's votaries bound, Love as quick her martyrs crown'd, War prepared the bitter cup, Love in pity drank it up. War threw up his bolts 'gainst heaven, Love entreated—war's forgiven, War ungrateful rages still, Love o'er burdened bears the ill. War to dread collision came, Love stood trenched in seatless flame; War had swords, but love had darts; War struck heads, but love struck hearts. War struck high, but love stooped low, War felt love's celestial glow, War had wounds, but love had none, War expired, and love had won.

A Bride in the Wrong Bed. We have the Cincinnati Enquirer as voucher for the following. A newly married pair put up at the Spencer House—they went on shopping—returned—the bride had left some things—she quietly slipped out leaving her spouse asleep—found her lost articles—returned—mistook Main for Broadway—got into the Mansion instead of the Spencer—it looked a little strange—asked boy if she was in the Spencer—boy said yes, not fully understanding her—she told him to lead her to 48—she partly dressed and got into bed—expected her husband momentarily—fell asleep—the occupant of 48, Madison, an Indiana merchant, returned from the theatre—a little tight—quietly went to room—to bed—to sleep. The account proceeds:

How long the two reposed there side by side, with only a foot of space between them, all unconscious of each other's presence, is not exactly known, but probably, about an hour, when a tremendous noise was heard in the apartment, from which female screams issued wildly, piercing, and ceaseless.

The hotel was in an uproar; proprietors, clerks, waiters, porters and guests, dressed and half dressed, were at the door of "forty-eight" in a few minutes, blocking up the entrance, and asking each other eagerly. "What is the matter?" "For God's sake tell us what is the trouble?"

The cause of this outcry may be imagined. The bride had awakened about midnight, and putting her hands over her husband, it fell upon the Indian's face, and the soft, warm touch aroused him at once. He did not understand it exactly, though he did not dislike it, and in a moment Mrs. R. said: "My dearest husband, where have you been all this while?" "Husband," echoed the merchant, beginning to see like Lord Tinsel, that he had "made a small mistake here;" "I am nobody's husband. I reckon, my dear madam, you're in the wrong bed."

In the wrong bed—horror of horrors! thought the bride. What would her liege lord—what would the curious world say? And Mrs. R. screamed terribly and sprang from the couch just as her companion came the same. He was fully as much alarmed as she, and entreated her to give him time and he would leave the apartment, although it was the one he had engaged—had made oath to that.

Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kind proposition. "My God, madam, don't yell so! you'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you, I swear I don't. You'll get me shot, and yourself—well, I won't say what."

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indian in the middle of the room enveloped in coverlet, and ejaculating: "My God, madam, don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him into another room, and learned the whole story. The bride and her sister one of the ladies of the hotel, Mrs. R., and the entire affair was explained to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance which might have ruined her reputation forever. Under the escort of the Doctor, she conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors with a frantic man, and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed it, "they would kill a man for a dollar any time."

As soon as he beheld his spouse he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery and recovery, and told her that he would seek the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.

Horses in South America.

In no country, out of the land of the Arabs, is the horse so much an article of both luxury and convenience as in this, says a correspondent writing from Buenos Ayres. Living or dead, he adds to his owner's comforts and gains.

Large herds of mares and colts roam over these broad pampas, wild, but old and branded. The stallion usually attending them is leader and defender. He allows no one to wander away; nor will he allow the leader of another drove to come among his constituents, for either friendship or theft. When this is attempted, a fight ensues between the two in sight of both herds, which gaze in silence upon the champions, until one or the other is driven away in disgraceful defeat.

When a colt of three or four years old is needed for work, the lasso soon brings him to a halt; a rude bridle is put on, by towing a thong around the lower jaw; the feet are tied together, and a rude saddle fastened on him; when the foot fastenings are removed, a rider is on his back, and with several other horsemen the adventurous rider flies over the camp. The restiveness of the young animal exhausts him much sooner than the well trained horses fail, and a few hours of running, foaming and plunging, will make him gentle for the time. If the case is a hard one, a rider will go on each side, with each a lasso fastened to the mouth, when with such gauges alongside, and whips behind, he cannot fail to go. The first saddling occurs at the door of the farm house, and there again he is tied, on his return; and a week's service like this, only interrupted by hitching at the resting post, with a little grass to eat, will make him quite peaceable.

The training of horses is exceedingly severe whether they are trained for the saddle or harness. It is an object to totally break the spirit of the horse, and in doing so many are maimed and many even killed. Under the saddle the horse goes into a state of such terror that he will jump over a fence, or even leap the wall of a stable.

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Scream, scream, scream, was the only reply to this kind proposition. "My God, madam, don't yell so! you'll wake the house. Be reasonable; I swear it's only a mistake. Have some thought of the consequences. I don't want to hurt you, I swear I don't. You'll get me shot, and yourself—well, I won't say what."

Just at this juncture, the throng outside presented itself at the door, and beheld Mrs. R. cowering in one corner, exercising her lungs magnificently, with a sheet wrapped over her form and head, and the Indian in the middle of the room enveloped in coverlet, and ejaculating: "My God, madam, don't!"

The junior proprietor, Dr. Cahill, saw there must be some mistake, and requesting the others to retire, called the merchant out, went with him into another room, and learned the whole story. The bride and her sister one of the ladies of the hotel, Mrs. R., and the entire affair was explained to her relief, though she was overwhelmed with confusion at a circumstance which might have ruined her reputation forever. Under the escort of the Doctor, she conveyed to the "Spencer," where the husband was found pacing the corridors with a frantic man, and half-crazed with grief at the mysterious disappearance of his wife, whom he believed had been spirited away in this "infernal city," where, as he expressed it, "they would kill a man for a dollar any time."

As soon as he beheld his spouse he caught her to his bosom and wept like a child. He was melted with happiness at her discovery and recovery, and told her that he would seek the city for intelligence of her whereabouts in vain.