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A LEGEND OF MEXICO.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

There was a day when an old man, with  
white hair, sat alone in a small chamber of  
a national mansion, his spare but muscular  
figure resting on an arm chair, his hands  
clasped, and his deep blue eyes gazing  
through a window sky.  
The brow of the old man, furrowed with  
wrinkles; his hair, rising in straight masses,  
white as the driven snow; his sunken cheek,  
traversed by marked lines; and thin lips,  
firmly compressed, all announced a long  
and stormy life. All the marks of an iron  
will, were written upon his face.  
His name, I need not tell you, was Andrew  
Jackson, and he sat alone in the White  
House.  
A visitor entered, without being announced,  
and stood before the President, in the form  
of a boy of nineteen, clothed in a coarse  
round jacket and trousers, and covered from  
head to foot with mud. As he stood before  
the President, cap in hand, the dark hair  
falling in damp clumps about his white fore-  
head, the old man could not help surveying  
him with a rapid glance the muscular beauty of his  
figure, the broad chest, the sinewy arms, the  
hard placed prominently on the firm shoulders.  
"Your business?" said the old man, in his  
short abrupt way.  
"This is a Lieutenant vacant in the dra-  
goons. Will you give it to me?"  
"And dashing back the dirt, hair which fell  
over his face, the boy, as if frightened at his  
boldness, bowed low before the President.  
The old man could not restrain that smile.  
It wreathed his firm lip, and shone out from  
his clear eyes.  
"You enter my chamber unannounced,  
covered from head to foot with mud; you  
ask me to give it to you. Who are you?"  
"Charles May!" The boy did not bow this  
time, but with his right hand upon his  
hip, he stood like a wild Indian, erect in  
presence of the President.  
"What claims have you to a commission?"  
"Again the boy surveyed him, and again he  
famously smiled.  
"Such as you see!" exclaimed the boy, as  
his dark eyes shone with that dare-devil  
light, while his form swelled in every muscle,  
as with the conscious pride of his manly  
strength and beauty. "Would you—"  
he bent forward, sweeping aside his curls, once  
more, while a gleam of lightning broke  
over his lip. "Would you like to see me ride?"  
My horse is at the door. You see I came post  
haste for this commission."  
Slightly the old man followed the boy, and  
together they went from the White House.  
It was a clear, cold, winter's day; the wind  
sounded the President's name, and the  
I'll rest myself, but against the blue  
sky. Before the portals of the White House,  
with the reins thrown loosely on his neck,  
stood a fine horse, his dark hide smoking  
fume. He uttered a thrill neigh, as his  
master sprang into the saddle, and in a flash  
was gone, skimming like an aviator down  
toward his main and tail streaming in the  
breeze.  
The old man looked at them, the horse and  
his rider, and knew not which to admire the  
most, the athletic beauty of the boy, or the  
tempestuous vigor of the horse.  
Three days passed, and minutes in front  
of the White House, at last stood leaning  
before the President, the boy pointing  
over the neck of his steed, as he coolly ex-  
claimed—"Well, how do you like me?"  
"Do you think you could kill an Indian?"  
The President said, taking him by the hand  
as he leaped from the horse at the latter's  
"Ay, and cut him afterwards!" cried the  
boy, ringing out his fierce laugh, as he read  
his fate in the old man's eyes.  
"You had better come in and get your  
commission?" and the hero of New Orleans  
led the way into the White House.  
There came a night when an old man—  
President no longer, but a silent chamber-  
lain of his hermitage home, a picture of age  
trembling on the verge of eternity. The  
light that shone upon the table revealed his  
sunken form resting against the pillows  
which cushioned his arm-chair, and the death-  
like pallor of his venerable face. In that face,  
with its white hair, and massive forehead,  
everything seemed already dead, except the  
eyes. Their deep gray-blue shone with the  
fire of New Orleans, as the old man with his  
long white fingers grasped a letter postmark-  
ed "Washington."  
"I ask you to designate the man that  
shall lead our army, in the conquest of  
Texas bringing us with Mexico!" his voice  
deep toned and thrilling, even in that hour  
of decrepitude and decay, rung through the  
chamber—"There is only one man who can  
do it, and his name is Zachary Taylor."  
It was a dark hour when this boy and this  
General, both appointed at his suggestion, or  
by the voice of the nation, met in the  
chamber of the hermitage home, a picture of  
age trembling on the verge of eternity.  
By the blaze of cannon, and beneath the  
emopy of battle smoke, we will behold their  
meeting.  
"Captain May, you must take that bat-  
tery."  
The old man uttered these words, he  
pointed far across the ravine with his sword,  
it was like the glare of a volcano—the steady  
blaze of that battery, pouring from the dark-  
ness of the chapparal.  
Before him, summoned from the rear of his  
command, rose the form of a splendid  
soldier, whose hair, waving in long masses,  
swept his broad shoulders, while his beard  
fell over his muscular chest.  
Hair and beard as dark as midnight,  
framed a determined face, surmounted by a  
small cap, glittering with a golden tassel.  
The young warrior bestrode a magnificent  
charger, broad in chest, small in the head,  
defiant in each slender limb, and with nostrils  
quivering in every feature, shot forth jets of  
flame. That steed was black as death.  
Without a word, the soldier turned to his  
men.  
Eighty-four forms, with throats and breasts  
bare, eighty-four battle horses, eighty-four  
sabres, that rose in the clutch of naked arms,  
and flashed their lightning over eighty-four  
faces knit in every feature with battle fire.  
"Men, follow!" shouted the young officer,  
who had been created a soldier by the hand  
of Jackson, as his tall form rose in the stir-  
rups and the battle breeze played with his  
long black hair.  
There was no response in words, but you  
should have seen those horses, silver beneath  
the spur, and lance away. Down upon the  
soil with unerring beat came the sound of  
their hoofs, while through the air rose in  
glittering circles the battle sabretangs.  
Four yards in front rode May, himself and  
his horse the object of a thousand eyes, so  
certain was the death that loomed before him;  
proudly in his warrior beauty he rode that

stead, his hair floating from beneath his cap  
in raven curls upon the wind.  
It turns his head—his men see his face  
with stern lip and knit brow; they feel the  
fire of his eyes; they hear not—"Men, for-  
ward!" but—"Men, follow!" and away like  
an immense battle engine, composed of  
eighty-four men and horses, woven together  
by sabres—away, and on they dash.  
They near the ravine, old Taylor follows  
them with hushed breath; eye, clatching his  
sword hilt, he sees the golden tassel of May  
glancing in the cannon flash.  
They are on the verge of the ravine. May  
still in front, his charger flinging the earth,  
when from among the cannon starts up a  
half clad figure, red with blood, and be-  
grimed with powder.  
It is Reddy, who to-day has sworn to  
wear the mantle of Ringgold, and to wear it  
well! At once his eyes catch the light now  
blazing in the eyes of May, and springing to  
the cannon, he shouts—  
"One moment, my comrades, and I will  
draw their fire."  
The word is not passed from his lips, when  
his cannon spouts out to the battery across the  
ravine. His flash, his smoke have gone,  
but hark! Did you hear that storm of copper  
balls, clatter against his cannon; did you see  
it dig the earth beneath the hoofs of May's  
squadron?  
"Men, follow!" Do you see that face  
gleaming with battle fire, that scimitar cut-  
ting its glittering circle in the air? Those  
men can hold their shots no longer. Rend-  
ing the air with cries. Hark!  
The whole army echo them. They strike  
their spurs; and worried into madness, their  
horses whirl and away to the deadly ravine.  
The old man Taylor said after the battle,  
that he never felt his heart beat as it did  
then.  
For it was a glorious sight to see that  
young May, at the head of his squadron, dashing  
across the ravine, four yards in advance  
of his foremost man, while long and dark be-  
hind him stretched the solid line of war-  
riors and their steeds.  
Through the windows of the clouds some  
gleams of sunlight fall—they light on the  
golden tassel on the cap—they glitter on the  
upraised sword—they illumine the dark  
horse and the rider with their warm glow—  
they reveal the battery—you see it, above the  
further bank of the ravine, frowning death  
from every muzzle.  
"Through the windows of the clouds some  
gleams of sunlight fall—they light on the  
golden tassel on the cap—they glitter on the  
upraised sword—they illumine the dark  
horse and the rider with their warm glow—  
they reveal the battery—you see it, above the  
further bank of the ravine, frowning death  
from every muzzle.  
They died not. It would have made your  
blood dance to see it. As one man they  
whirled up the bank, following May's sword  
as they would a banner, and striking madly  
home as they heard, through the roar of bat-  
tery they heard it, that word of frenzy:  
"Come!"  
A mass of barred chests, leaping  
horses and dashing sabretangs, they charged  
up the bank; the cannon's fire rushed into  
their faces; legs, even as his about rang on  
the air, was laid a mangled thing beneath his  
steed, his throat torn open by a cannon shot;  
Sackett was buried beneath his horse; and  
the blood and brains whirling into the  
contradictory eyes.  
Still May is yonder, above the cloud, his  
horse rioting over heaps of dead, as with his  
sabre circling round his flowing hair, he cuts  
his way through the living wall, and says to  
himself, "Come! friend and foe; thy  
swords locked together—yonder the blaze  
of musketry showering the iron hail upon his  
band—beneath his horse's feet the deadly  
cannon and the ghastly corpse; still that  
young soldier, riots on, for Taylor has said,  
"Silence that battery, and we will do it."  
The Mexicans are driven from their guns,  
the cannon are silenced, and May's heroic  
band, scattering among the mazes of the  
chapparal, are entangled in a wall of bayonets.  
Once more the combat deepens, and  
dies the sed with blood.  
Held in by that wall of steel, May gath-  
ers his men, and hears his way back  
to the captured battery. As his charger  
rears, his sword circles over his head, and  
sinks blow after blow in the foemen's throats.  
To the left a shout is heard, the Americans,  
led on by Graham, Pleasanton, and Winslip,  
have silenced the battery there, while the  
whole fury of the Mexican army seems con-  
centrated to crush May and his band. They  
do not go. Every where his men know, so  
he comes back. Every where his men know,  
him by his hair, waving in hard masses; his  
golden tinselled cap; his sword—they know  
it, too, and whenever it falls hear the gur-  
gling groan of mortal agony.  
Back to the captured battery he cuts his  
way, and in the brink of the ravine he be-  
holds a sight that fires his blood:  
A solitary Mexican stands there; reeling  
forth his arms in all the frenzy of a brave  
man's despair; he entrants his countrymen  
to turn, to man the battery once more, and  
haul it up the ravine. They shrink back,  
appalled, before that dark horse and its rider.  
May! The Mexican, a gallant young man,  
whose handsome features can scarce be dis-  
tinguished on account of the blood which  
covers them, while his rest uniform bears  
testimony to his deeds in that day's carnage,  
clenches his hands, as he flings his curse in  
the face of his flying countrymen, and then,  
light and lance in hand, springs to the cannon.  
A moment and its fire will scatter ten Ameri-  
can soldiers in the dust.  
Even as the brave Mexican bends near the  
cannon, the dark charger, with one tremen-  
dous leap, is there, and the sword of May is  
circling over his head.  
"Yield!" shouted his voice, which only a  
few moments ago, when rushing to death,  
said, "Come!"  
The Mexican beheld the form before him,  
and handed Captain May his sword.  
"Gen La Vega is a prisoner!" he said, and  
stood with folded arms amid his mangled  
soldiers.  
May saw May deliver his prisoner into the  
charge of the brave Lieut. Stephens, who,  
when Ingo fell, dashed bravely on.  
Then would you look for May once more—  
gaze through the wall of bayonets, beneath  
that gloomy cloud, and behold him crashing  
into the whirlpool of the fight; his long hair,  
his sweeping beard, and sword that never for  
a moment stays its lightning career, making

him look like the embodied devil of this  
battle day.  
To the rear of the battle, behold this picture.  
Where May dashed like a thunderbolt from  
upon the scaffold to speak to the spectators—  
not for himself, but for the benefit of his fel-  
low human beings.  
The Weekly Pioneer.  
THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 26, 1871.  
GENERAL NEWS.  
The Secretary of the Treasury has author-  
ized the issue of \$1,500,000 United States  
notes to take the place of those burned at  
Chicago.  
On the 17th inst., the U. S. Attorney Gen-  
eral received a dispatch from North Missis-  
sippi stating that five KKKs, with disguises  
complete, were captured.  
The defaulting pension agent of New York  
city, G. M. Van Buren, has made good his  
entire default of \$12,000, by paying that  
amount to the United States sub-treasurer.  
John Harper, the Kentucky horse raiser,  
offers a reward of \$5,000 for the arrest of  
the murderer of his aged sister and brother  
on the 10th of September last.  
At Chicago, the total number of dead  
bodies on which inquests have been held thus  
far is 92. It is supposed more will be dis-  
covered when the debris is removed.  
Major Hodge has been removed to the Al-  
bany penitentiary. He will find a portion of  
the North Carolina Kuklux delegation al-  
ready there.  
On the night of the 15th, the safe of the  
Railway Hotel and Susquehanna depot, at  
Binghamton, N. Y., was robbed of \$30,700.  
The money was funds of the Erie railway,  
deposited in the safe by the paymaster.  
The Supreme Court of the United States  
met at Washington, on the 10th—present,  
Chief Justice Chase and Justices Clifford,  
Swayne, Miller, Strong and Bradley. Argu-  
ment on pending cases was begun.  
The sub-committee on Ku-klux, of which  
Senator Pratt is Chairman, are in Alabama.  
They have just closed an eight days' session  
at Huntsville, where they examined forty-two  
witnesses.  
At Annapolis Junction, Md., on the morn-  
ing of the 17th, Mr. Noah E. Dorsey, an aged  
gentleman, was cut literally in two by the  
backing of a train just as he was in the act  
of crossing the track.  
At Warsaw, Ky., a desperado named Grid-  
ley, was killed in jail by a number of men  
who broke through the wall of his cell with  
a crowbar early on Monday morning. Grid-  
ley had mortally wounded a man the day  
before.  
It is stated that Rev. Robert Collyer's son  
was to have been married in Chicago on  
Tuesday week, but house, church, furniture  
and all were burned the day before. On  
Wednesday the wedding took place, the  
young bride being dressed in a calico gown,  
the only dress saved.  
F. M. Isaacs, the guard who was wounded  
during the outbreak of convicts from the  
Nevada State Prison, died on the 18th inst.  
Jones, the most desperate of the escaped  
convicts, is closely pursued in the Sierra  
Nevada mountains.  
In Rochester, N. Y., on the 17th, Miss  
Jennie Pacey, aged twenty-one years, a stu-  
dent of the Brockport Normal School, com-  
mitted suicide by taking strychnine. She  
died in twenty-five minutes after taking the  
dose. The cause was the dislike of her  
friends to a gentleman she loved.  
In San Francisco Cal., on the morning of  
the 16th, Ah Sam, the keeper of the Aus-  
tralian restaurant in Clay street, was found  
murdered this morning. His head was near-  
ly severed. The money drawer was rifled.  
Suspicion falls on his Chinese servants, who  
have disappeared.  
A beautiful blonde went into a Troy cigar  
store to make some purchases. When slak-  
ing her head to announce that the goods did  
not please her, her arduous tresses touched  
the patent cigar-lighter, and instantly took  
fire. She pulled the wool off and stamped  
out the fire, to the amusement of the by-  
standers.  
George Francis Train's philanthropy has  
broken out in a new spot, and in the follow-  
ing lucid dispatch he throws the prestige of  
his moral support around the tottering  
accident, but should serve as a warning to  
housekeepers to exercise the utmost care and  
prudence. Families should keep medicines  
entirely separate and apart, in a fixed known  
place, so as to render such accidents impos-  
sible.  
The Secretary of the Navy, on Saturday,  
1st, ordered five cadets to be dismissed from  
the Naval Academy for "hazing." He is de-  
termined to stop the disgraceful prac-  
tice. The order says that, while mere  
youthful vivacity and mischief may be over-  
looked, persistent blackguardism is inconsis-  
tent with the character of an officer and a gen-  
tleman, and will not be tolerated.  
In Louisville, Ky., on the night of the 12th,  
a boy named Hoagland, aged seven years,  
went into a neighbor's yard and found  
a bottle of whisky, which had probably been  
secreted by some of the occupants of the  
house. The little fellow drank a quantity of  
the whisky and was soon terribly prostrated.  
Despite the skill of a physician, the child died  
in great agony before daylight the next  
morning.  
A despatch has been received at St. Louis,  
from Mr. Kinard, clerk in the Creek Indian  
Agency, stating that a fight between Cocho-  
ki, the lawful chief, and his rebellious sub-  
jects, is imminent. On the 7th, the two  
factions met at Okmulgee, "armed to the  
teeth," and the agent had extreme difficulty  
in preventing a battle.

In some of the safes the vaults opened at  
Chicago, the contents have been found wholly  
or partially destroyed. In the safe of the  
"Republican" only four books out of thirty  
or forty were preserved, and the currency in  
the cash boxes was burned. The Custom  
House vault was opened on Saturday last.  
The greenbacks, amounting to \$2,000,000,  
were found to have been entirely consumed,  
and the gold, \$1,000,000, was melted to a  
solid mass.  
A proclamation by Governor Gratz Brown,  
of Missouri, calls on the militia of Stoddard  
and Dunklin counties, in the southeastern  
part of Missouri, to break up the secret ma-  
rauding bands which infest that section. An  
officer from the State Adjutant General's of-  
fice reports bands to the number of three hun-  
dred and more, burning, murdering, maltreat-  
ing, and robbing, saluting for this purpose, in  
disguise, at night from the morasses of that  
section.  
The Hartford Times having published a  
portrait of Wilson, who was hung last Fri-  
day, which "his friends who could read re-  
cognized by its having his name on it," the  
Post, of that city, says: "What a blessed in-  
fluence the memory of George Washington has  
had upon the generations that succeed him!  
Yesterday a frenzied citizen rushed wildly  
upon a newsboy who had sold him the  
illustrated Times, and, pointing to the  
great work of art which adorned it, howled,  
"Who did that?" The newsboy burst into  
tears, and said, "I cannot tell a lie. I did it  
with my little hatchet."  
In New York, on the evening of the 10th,  
while the performance of "Don Juan" was  
progressing at the Academy of Music  
Mrs. Seguin received the tidings—wholly  
unanticipated—of the death of Mrs.  
Jennie Prodhman, a married daughter, who  
perished a victim to the consequence of the  
Chicago disaster. Mrs. Seguin swooned on  
the receipt of the sad news, and was removed  
to her dwelling amid a general expression of  
sympathy.  
On the 17th inst., President Grant issued  
a proclamation, suspending the privileges of  
the writ of habeas corpus within the counties  
of Spartanburg, York, Marion, Chester, Lan-  
castre, Newberry, Fairfield, Lancaster, and  
Chesterfield, in said State of South Carolina,  
in respect to all persons arrested by the mar-  
shal of the United States for the said dis-  
trict of South Carolina, or by any of his de-  
puties, or by any military officer of the United  
States, or by any soldier or citizen acting un-  
der the orders of said marshal, deputy, or  
such military officer within any one of said  
counties.  
At Gloucester Station, on the evening of the  
12th, a terrible accident happened, in which  
a conductor was killed, and seven laborers  
were wounded. A construction train on the  
Louisville, Lexington and Cincinnati Railroad  
left the road above Sparta at 6 o'clock that  
evening, on their way home. When opposite  
Gloucester station, the train was thrown from  
the track by a stick of wood which had fallen  
across the rails from a wood wagon. All the  
cars were thrown off. The conductor, J. M.  
Stoughton, jumped from the car, and striking  
his head on the rail, his skull was fractured,  
and death resulted almost instantaneously.  
The Louisville, Ky., Commercial of the  
13th inst., says: "On Sunday last, Mr. John  
A. Sloan, one of the oldest citizens in this  
county, being probably eighty years of age,  
had concluded to have a reunion of his family  
at the old homestead, about two and a half  
miles from Hickman, and, in consequence, his  
sons, daughters, and grand-children, to the  
number of fourteen, had gathered in to partake  
of a Sabbath dinner with the "old folks"  
under the old roof-tree. One of the daughters-  
in-law engaged herself in preparing the cakes,  
sweatmeats, etc., and not being well ac-  
quainted with the whereabouts of the culinary  
articles, made the unfortunate mistake of  
using a bottle of tartar instead of cream  
of tartar. Fourteen members of the family  
partook of the cake, and were prostrate from  
its effects at the same time. The medical  
assistance of Dr. J. W. Gourley was imme-  
diately called in, and we are glad to state that  
all are now happily well. The fact of the  
family having just previously partaken of the  
meats, it is thought, saved their lives. The  
occurrence is a most innocent but unfortunate  
accident, but should serve as a warning to  
housekeepers to exercise the utmost care and  
prudence. Families should keep medicines  
entirely separate and apart, in a fixed known  
place, so as to render such accidents impos-  
sible.  
It was asserted that seventy or eighty  
prisoners had been consumed in the jail of  
Chicago. This the Chicago Evening Journal  
contradicts, and gives the facts as follows:  
The most painful rumors prevailed yesterday  
on the streets that some forty or fifty pris-  
oners had perished in the burning of the court-  
house jail, but it has been ascertained that  
this report is without the least foundation.  
There were on Sunday evening confined in  
the jail about ninety prisoners, all of whom  
were given free exit when it became apparent  
that the court-house would burn, the jail  
doors being thrown open at 2 o'clock yester-  
day morning. All of the prisoners embraced  
the unexpected opportunity to escape, and  
immediately left for various parts of the city,  
with the exception of George Dresser, who  
went at once to the West Side police-station  
and gave himself up, where he is now in cus-  
tody. Mr. Dresser, it will be remembered,  
is the man who recently, while acting as keep-  
er in the Bridewell, was the occasion of the  
death of a prisoner, by throwing him from  
the corridor into the yard.

At Chicago, the movement for a resump-  
tion of business is extending to all the branch-  
es of trade. One of the post-office safes has  
been opened, and the contents found badly  
scorched. \$35,000 in money was recovered  
and about \$80,000 worth of postage stamps,  
though unfit for use, were in a condition to  
be returned for exchange. The cashier's day  
book and ledger could be read, but the cash  
book was destroyed. The U. S. District  
Attorney lost all his papers. Thus far 125  
bodies have been recovered, and it is believed  
that the first estimates of loss of life were  
greatly exaggerated. A number of persons  
supposed to be dead have been discovered  
alive and well. Thousands of men were at  
work in the South Division on the 16th inst.,  
clearing away the debris and putting up tem-  
porary buildings. Every laboring man can  
now find plenty to do at all other wages.  
A Chicago correspondent of the New York  
Herald thus writes to that paper: "As I was  
passing by the burning Post Office, I was  
struck by the shrieks and curses emanating  
from Reynolds' block, a well-known  
resort of the demi-monde. This block ran  
from Madison street south to an  
alley between it and the Post Office building,  
and fronted east on Dearborn street. Some  
two hundred prostitutes of the "street-walk-  
ing order" had rooms here, and when the fire  
reached them a number of them were sleep-  
ing off the effects of intoxication and debauch.  
Crazy drunk and petrified with fear, a num-  
ber of them were trying to get through the  
alley entrance. The flames from the Post  
Office building drove many back, and with  
horrible curses on their lips they staggered  
back to perish in the ruins. No one could  
assist them from that side, but a signal was  
made for them to go around to the Dearborn  
street side, and here a number were assisted  
to the ground by firemen and citizens. Others  
were making the air heavy with ribald  
jests and bacchanalian songs. The very  
spirit of hell seemed to have taken possession  
of the lot. The same scenes were transpiring  
around in Clark street, in a block devoted to  
similar purposes.  
Seduction is really looked upon as a crime  
in the Albany (N. Y.) County Court. Daniel  
F. Manning of Albany, some time since se-  
duced Theresa Smith, of Colcoos. We suppose  
Miss Smith requested him to render her the  
only satisfaction through a marriage cere-  
mony, that was possible, and he refused. At  
all events he was arrested, tried, and con-  
victed, and on Wednesday the 11th inst., was  
sentenced to three years in the Albany peni-  
tentiary. When Mr. Manning learned that  
the affair was not a joke—as such matters  
usually are—that he was, to speak after the  
popular manner, "in for it"—he kindly con-  
sented to marry the lady; but her parents re-  
fused their consent to the compromise, and  
he goes up. Perhaps, if other courts would  
be equally just—if this matter of seduction  
could be looked upon as something more than  
a plesantry—there would be fewer  
broken hearts and blighted loves.  
A Herald dispatch from Gloucester, Mass.,  
states that there was great excitement there  
a few days since. The schooner E. A. Horton  
was taken from the harbor of Guysboro',  
Nova Scotia, by a party of men, who were  
believed to have been sent for the purpose  
from Gloucester, and that the vessel is now  
due at that port. It is now stated that the  
British gunboat sent in search of the schooner  
arrived off Cape Ann yesterday with the in-  
tention of recapturing and taking her back  
to Nova Scotia. A telegram to Charle-  
ston resulted in the sending of an American  
gunboat to Gloucester, after calling on several  
United States officers and owners of the  
schooner on board, started last evening on  
a cruise to prevent the schooner from being  
molested by the British vessel in American  
waters. Several officials and citizens of  
Gloucester have gone to Boston to interview  
the President on the subject. The affair is  
believed to be one of great gravity.  
THE WESTERN FIRES.  
About Fifty Villages Destroyed—Appalling  
Loss of Life.  
The Green Bay Advocate prints many im-  
portant particulars of the great fires in the  
vicinity of that town. Among the villages  
entirely wholly or in part destroyed are enumerated  
Green Bay, Humboldt, Cassio, Red River,  
Brussels, Rosiere, Robinsonville, Thirty  
Ones, Glenmore, Hubbard's Mill, Bersey  
Mill, New Franklin, Oak Orchard, Conland  
Bridge, Williamsouville, Mnekaunce, Mari-  
nette, Birch Creek, Union Town, Peshtigo,  
Jhe Sugar Bush, Messiere, Dyckesville,  
Ahpnee, Pierce, Kwauncas, and many others.  
Peshtigo has nearly 2,000 inhabitants.  
Every building but one—an unfinished dwell-  
ing—is reported burned.  
Williamsouville five miles from the shore  
of Little Sturgeon bay, was burned on Sun-  
day night, the 8th instant. The proprietor,  
John Williamson, with his wife and two chil-  
dren—his entire family—are burned to death,  
and about fifty-three other persons in the  
same settlement perished. Scarce a soul is  
left to tell the tale. There were twelve  
families and fifty-two men in and about the  
mill. Of all these people, but two were  
saved unharmed, and two were injured, and  
were found, and were sent on Monday  
by the Ontonagon to Big Sturgeon bay for  
medical treatment. Every other individual  
in the settlement is dead. Mr. Gardener sent  
twenty-five men to chop through the woods  
to this settlement. They found the remains  
of six persons in one house, and piled the  
partly-charred remains of fifty-five bodies of  
men, women, and children. Twenty-nine  
human bodies lay on a spot about ten feet  
square—some with arms and legs burned off,  
and with clothing gone. A few rods off, on  
every side, were others, and a man and child  
were found dead in a well. They found fifty-  
five dead bodies, and think the total number  
must be from sixty to seventy. Twenty-nine  
of the village of Rosiere and Messiere, both  
in the town of Lincoln, were entirely de-  
stroyed. At least accounts twenty-one persons  
were missing. The number of houses de-  
stroyed in Rosiere were 180.

G. J. Tisdale makes the following state-  
ment in regard to the calamity at Peshtigo:  
"During the day—Saturday—the air was  
filled with smoke, which grew dense toward  
evening, and it was noticed that the air,  
which was quite chilly during the day, grew  
quite warm, and hot puffs were quite frequent  
during the evening. About 8:30 o'clock  
at night we could see there was a heavy fire  
to the southwest of the town, and a dull, roar-  
ing sound, like that of a heavy wind, came  
up from that quarter. At 9 o'clock the wind  
was blowing very fresh, and 9:30 a perfect  
gale. The roar of the approaching tornado  
grew more and more distinct, and the fire  
struck the town it seemed to swallow up  
and literally raved everything. The fire came  
on swifter than a race-horse, and within  
twenty minutes of the time it struck the out-  
skirts of the town everything was in flames.  
What followed beggars all description.  
About the time the fire reached the Peshtigo  
House I ran into the street door, and as I  
stepped on the platform the wind caught me  
and hurried me some distance on my head  
and shoulders and blew me on my face several  
times on going to the river. Then came a  
fierce, devouring, pitiless rain of fire and  
sand, so hot as to ignite everything it touched.  
I ran into the street door, and as I stepped  
my face in the water and threw water  
over my back and head. My heat was so  
intense that I could keep my head out of  
water but a few seconds at a time for the  
space of nearly an hour. Sawlogs in the  
river caught fire and burned. A cow came  
to the river and bawled pitifully, and was  
bawled pitifully. I heard men, women, and  
children crying for help, but was utterly  
powerless to help any one. What was my  
experience was the experience of others.  
Within three hours of the time the fire  
struck the town the site of Peshtigo was  
literally a smoking ruin. I estimate the loss of  
life to be at least 300 in the town and Sugar  
Bush. Great numbers were drowned in the  
river. Cattle and horses were burned in the  
stalls. The Peshtigo Company's barn burned with  
over fifty horses in the stable. Whole  
families were burned, including mothers,  
fathers, brothers, and sisters were burned,  
and remnants of families were running hither  
and thither, wildly calling and looking for  
their relatives after the fire."  
Great Fires of Modern Times.  
Norfolk, Virginia, was destroyed by fire  
and cannon January 1, 1776. Property to  
the amount of \$1,500,000 was destroyed.  
Soon after New York passed into the  
hands of the British, September 20, 1776,  
500 buildings were consumed by fire.  
In 1811, December 26, the theater at  
Richmond was burned, in which the Governor  
and many leading citizens perished.  
Six hundred warehouses, and property to  
the amount of \$20,000,000 were destroyed  
by fire in New York, December 16, 1835.  
April 27, 1838, in Charleston, S. C., 1,168  
buildings were consumed, covering 146 acres  
of ground.  
April 10, 1845, in Pittsburg, 1,000 build-  
ings were destroyed by fire. Loss, \$6,000,  
000.  
Fifteen hundred buildings were burned in  
Quebec May 28, 1848, and in less than a  
month after by 1,300 more; and in all twen-  
ty-thirds of the city.  
July 19, 1845, in New York city, 302 stores  
dwellings and \$6,000,000 worth of property  
were consumed.  
June 12, 1846, the whole town of New-  
foundland was destroyed by fire, and 6,000  
persons rendered homeless.  
September 9, 1848, in Albany, 600 build-  
ings, besides steamboats, piers, &c.; 24  
acres burned over; loss, \$3,000,000.  
St. Louis lost 15 blocks and 23 steamboats  
by fire, May 17, 1849.  
July 9, 1850, in Philadelphia, 350 buildings  
were lost by fire. 25 persons burned, 9  
drowned, 120 wounded. Loss \$1,500,000.  
In San Francisco, May 31 to 5th, 1851,  
2,500 buildings were burned. Many lives  
lost, and \$3,500,000 worth of property de-  
stroyed.  
December 24, 1851, 35,000 volumes were  
destroyed by fire in our Congressional  
Library.  
July 12, 1852, 1,200 houses were burned  
in Montreal.  
August 25, 1854, Danversville, Maine,  
was entirely destroyed by fire. The same  
day more than 100 houses in Troy, N. Y.,  
and a large portion of Milwaukee, Wis.,  
were lost by fire. 25 persons burned.  
October 9, 1855, a great fire occurred in  
Chicago; \$600,000 in property destroyed.  
July 4, 1865, the city of Portland, Me.,  
was nearly destroyed by fire; ten thousand  
people rendered homeless; loss, \$12,000,000.  
February 17, 1866, the city of Charleston  
was almost entirely destroyed by fire, and great  
quantities of military stores.  
THE GREAT FIRE IN LONDON.  
This great fire, which raged over 488  
acres, extended from the Tower to the Temple  
Church, and from the northeast gate to Hol-  
born bridge. It destroyed in the space of  
four days 89 churches, the city gates, the  
Royal Exchange, the Custom-house, Guild-  
hall, St. George, and many other public  
buildings, besides 13,000 houses, laying waste  
the city, and consuming 200,000 people com-  
pelled to suffer the loss of their homes and  
out after the fire in Islington and  
Highgate.  
Concerning this fire Sir Christopher Wren  
built a monument with this inscription thereon:  
"This pillar was set up in perpetual remem-  
brance that most dreadful and extensive  
Protestant city, begun and carried on by ye  
treachery and malice of ye Polish faction, in  
ye beginning of September, in ye year of our  
Lord, 1666, in order to ye carrying on their  
horrid plot for extirpating ye Protestant re-  
ligion and old English liberty, and ye intro-  
ducing Popery and slavery."  
This inscription was finally erased by or-  
der of the Common Council January 26, 1831.  
The Church of the Campana, Saasingo, was  
burned December 8, 1863, and 2,000  
persons perished in the flames.  
It will be seen from the above record that  
the conflagration in Chicago is the largest  
which has taken place in the world since the  
great fire in London in 1666.  
A despatch from Detroit, Mich., on the  
14th, says: "News received to-day confirm  
the previous reports, and state that the  
destruction inflicted by fire in various parts  
of the State. From Port Huron to Painesville  
Basques the lake shore is almost deserted.  
The inhabitants were burned out and fled for  
their lives, saving nothing. The particulars  
of the Manistec and Holland City fires have  
also given a more disastrous aspect than  
first reported. All the energies of the  
people of this city are now directed to aiding  
sufferers in our own State. Contributions of  
money, provisions, and clothing are being  
made.

THE JOB DEPARTMENT  
of this establishment is furnished with the very  
best material for the execution of all plain  
and fancy job work. A marked feature in this  
department is our new Liberty press, which works  
off over 1,000 impressions per hour. This economy  
in labor enables us to do work at Northern and  
Eastern prices.  
Orders for work, accompanied by the cash, will  
meet with prompt attention.