THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

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THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
(An Independent Paper,)
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
BY BLUM & SON.
PRICE--Two Dollars a Year,
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FR FRIES,
In behalf of the Commissioners.
Salem, N. C., June 24, 1851. 21-3t

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A. T. ZEVELY.
Salem, June 27, 1851. 21-tf.

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MISS M. M. TRANSU, has constantly on hand, fashionable Bonnets, Caps, Ribbons, &c., which are offered on reasonable terms.

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ZEVELY'S HOTEL,
SALEM, N. C.

JOHN C. BLUM,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
SALEM, N. C.

Miscellaneous.

A Married Man's Reverie.

BY JOHN INMAN.

WHAT a blockhead my brother TOM is, not to marry; or rather, perhaps, I should say, what a blockhead he was not to marry some twenty-five years ago, for I suppose he'd hardly get any sort of a decent body to take him, as old as he is now. Poor fellow! what a forlorn desolate kind of a life he leads; no wife to take care of him—no children to love him—no domestic enjoyment—nothing snug and comfortable in his arrangements at home—nice sociable dinners—pleasant faces at breakfast. By the way, what the deuse is the reason *my* breakfast does not come up? I've been waiting for it this half hour. Oh, I forget; my wife sent the cook to market to get some trash or other for Dick's cold.—She coddles that boy to death. But, after all, I ought not to find fault with Tom for not getting a wife, for he has lent me a good deal of money that came quite convenient, and I suppose my young ones will have all he's worth when he dies, poor fellow! They'll want it, I'm afraid; for although my business does very well, this housekeeping eats up the profits, with such a large family as mine. Let me see; how many mouths have I to feed every day? There's my wife and her two sisters—that's three; and the four boys—seven; and Lucy and Sarah and Jane, and Louisa, four more—eleven; then there's the cook, and the house maid, and the boy—fourteen; and the woman that comes every day to wash and do odd jobs about the house—fifteen: then, there's the nursery maid—sixteen; surely there must be another—I'm sure I made it out seventeen when I was reckoning up last Sunday morning at church; there must be another somewhere; let me see again; wife, wife's sisters, boys, girls; oh it's myself! Faith, I have so many to think of and provide for, that I forget myself half the time. Yes, that makes it—seventeen. Seventeen people to feed every day is no joke! and somehow or other they all have most furious appetites; but, then, bless their hearts, it's pleasant to see them eat.—what a havoc they do make with the buckwheat cakes of a morning, to be sure! now poor Tom knows nothing of all this. There he lives all alone by himself in a boarding-house with nobody near him that cares a brass farthing whether he lives or dies. No affectionate wife to nurse him and coddle him up when he's sick; no little prattlers about him to keep him in a good humor,—no dawning intellects, whose developments he can amuse himself with watching day after day—nobody to study his wishes and keep all his comforts ready. Confound it, hasn't that woman got back from the market yet? I feel remarkably hungry. I don't mind the boy being coddled and messed if my wife likes it, but there's no joke in having the breakfast kept back for an hour. Oh, by the way, I must remember to buy all those things for the children to day; Christmas is close at hand, and my wife has made out a list of the presents she means to put in their stockings.—More expense—and their school-bills coming in too; I remember before I was married I used to think what a delight it would be to educate the young rogues myself; but a man with a large family has no time for that sort of amusement. I wonder how old my young Tom is; let me see, when does his birthday come? next month, as I'm a Christian, and then he will be fourteen. Boys of fourteen consider themselves all but men, now-a-days, and Tom is quite of that mind, I see. Nothing will suit his exquisite feet but Wellington boots, at seven dollars a pair; and his mother has been throwing out hints for some time, as to the propriety of getting a watch for him—gold, of course. Silver was quite good enough for me when I was half a score years older than he is, but times are awfully changed since my younger days. Then, I believe in my soul, the young villian has learned to play billiards; and three or four times lately when he has come in, late at night, his clothes seemed to be strongly perfumed with cigar smoke. Heighho! Fathers have many troubles, and I can't help thinking sometimes that old bachelors are not such wonderful fools after all. They go to their pillows at night with no cares on their mind to keep them awake; and when they once have got asleep, nothing comes to disturb their repose—nothing short of the house being on fire, can reach their peaceful condition. No getting up in the cold to walk up and down the room for an hour or two, with a squalling young varlet, as my luck has been for the last five or six weeks. It's an astonishing thing to perceive what a passion our little Louisa exhibits for crying; so sure as the clock strikes three she begins, and there's no getting her quiet again until she has fairly exhausted her lungs with good straight forward screaming. I can't, for the life of me understand why the young villains don't get through all their squalling and roaring in the day-time, when I am out of the way. Then again, what a delightful pleasure it is to be routed out of one's first nap, and sent off, post haste for the doctor, as I was Monday night when my wife thought Sarah had got the croup, and frightened me half out of my wits with her lamentations and fidgets. By the way, there's the doctor's bill to be paid soon; his collector always pays me a visit just before Christmas. Brother Tom has no doctors to fee, and that certainly is a great comfort. Bless my soul, how the time slips away! Past nine o'clock, and no breakfast yet—wife messing with Dick, and getting the three girls and their two brothers ready for school. Nobody thinks of me, starving here all the time. What the plague has become of my newspaper, I wonder? that young rascal Tom has carried it off, I dare say, to read in the school, when he ought to be pouring over his books. He's a great torment, that boy. But no matter; there's a great deal of pleasure in a married life, and if some vexations do come with its delights, grumbling won't take them away; nevertheless, brother Tom, I'm not very certain but you have done quite as wisely as I, after all.

FROM ARTHUR'S HOME GAZETTE.

THE MUSTANG, OR WILD HORSE.

BY C. W. WEBBER,
Author of "Shot in the Eye," "Old Hicks," &c., &c.

Round hoof, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostrils wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide—
Look what a horse should have!
Venus and Adonis.

"Look what a horse should have," Willie of Avon being judge; and acknowledge, gentlemen-sportsmen, that the wild rattling poacher scamp had as sharp an eye for the parts of the noble animal on four legs as he exhibited in his spiritual anatomy of the animal on two. Can any of you beat that, with all your modern breeding? Can even the Napoleon of the turf himself suggest an addition or subtraction to or from this masterly summary of what the "horse" should be—not the draught horse—the race horse—the saddle-horse—the hunting horse—the trotter or the pacer—but the *nonpareil*—uniting in himself the nearest approach to the perfection of all these.

But, says the gentleman—"Deuce take it! where are you going to find such a horse, now you've got him described? It's like shaking a basket of spring strawberries under the nose of a convalescing man, and then pleading the doctor on him—to tantalize us by dilating upon Shakspeare's Ideal when such an animal has long since been crossed and trained out of being."

Very true, sir! very true! "*The Horse*" with his exuberance of power and unity of splendid traits is ruled down now into strains of a single characteristic. Though there is a great deal gained in convenience by this, there is more lost in the general excellence and nobility of the animal. We need to recur again occasionally to the primeval horse to throw a dash of freedom into the hard lines of our strictly ruled strains—to find this we shall probably always go back to the Arab on his yellow sands. While I admit this to be the true mine of the "Porcelain Earth" for the horse manufacture, I am astonished that our Americans have paid so little attention to a "chip of the same grit"—we have nearer home. I refer to the Mustang, or Wild Horse of our great prairies.

A very common and natural misapprehension exists with regard to the value of the Mustang, from the fact that it is only the inferior animals of a drove that are taken—as a general thing—and again—that the hunters always keep the finest themselves, and send in the trifling ones to trade off to the settlements, and it is only such as these we ever get a sight of, unless we make a trip to the Rocky mountains or California, in person! But it is a great mistake to suppose that all Mustangs are like the long-headed, donkey-tempered, spindle-shanked, dwarfish creatures we see occasionally in the country.

It would be just as wise to judge the stock in our racing States by some pot-bellied, shag-haired scrub colt we might chance to stumble upon, picking the short grass along with the pigs in a country lane—as to form an opinion of the wild horse as he is—fetterless and proud upon his boundless plains—from these miscrable specimens. You must recollect that the best are not to be taken every day—that their liability to capture is exactly proportioned to their want of speed under the most usual method of securing them—with the lasso! For this to be done—you are aware he has to be fairly run upon by the hunter with a start of a mile or two sometimes; and the animal overtaken with such odds must be immensely inferior to the one in pursuit!

So far is the fact of this inferiority from being found to exist in the case of the finest of them, that I have known instances of Mustangs being chased for three or four days together—all the time night and day—with fresh horses put in every four or five hours, and yet without any sensible flagging of their speed—without their having been sufficiently pushed, to prevent them from stopping occasionally to graze and drink. Their great powers of endurance will not be particularly wondered at when you remember the history of their origin.

It will be recollected that the adventurers who, lured by the golden visions the stories of the earliest navigators had thrown over the New World, had been induced to attach themselves to the expedition of Cortez, were cavalries, the dissolute and spendthrift sons of the noble families of Spain,—who, expecting to retrieve their desperate fortunes by the realization of enormous wealth, strained the credit of their friends to the last pitch, that they might equip themselve with a splendor worthy of their rank and the glory of such an enterprise.

Those were the palmy days of Spanish power, and her nobility could command the choicest resources of the Old World; and, haughty and luxurious as they were, of course nothing short of the purest and far-descended blood of Barbary and the Deserts could prance beneath their purple housings. Steeds, whose descent—could we believe the quaint old chroniclers of the time—might be traced, without spot or blemish, back to the veritable pair who shook the big drops of the Flood from their manes and breasted its devouring waves successfully—were the companions of the mad-cap coxcombs on their perilous voyage.

You will remember that their appearance on horseback alarmed the simple natives more than even their pale faces and thunder. They considered horse and rider as one animal—like the centaur of the Greek, a supernatural one, and sent them human victims for food to propitiate their wrath.

These facts all prove that there was not even a tradition of the existence of such an animal on our hemisphere at that time.

It will be recollected, finally, that, led on by a remorseless avarice, which even the Palace Halls of Montezuma, heaped to the ceiling with ingots, could not touch, they penetrated far into the interior, in the fantastic search of mountains whose rocks were of the precious metal without alloy, and rivers whose beds were amethyst and pearl and glittering dust; and that, instead of the realization of these gorgeous fancies, they met with fierce tribes, amidst the crags and valleys, who cut them to pieces. But these warlike men exhibited the same terror and astonishment at the sight of the Horse. And the gallant beasts, as their riders fell, were permitted, by the superstitious conquerors, to gallop away for a new life of freedom upon the wide savannahs below.

There were several entire parties of the cavaliers killed to a man, by these mountain hordes, all of whose horses escaped. These bounded away joyfully with neighings until they reached the luxuriant pasture of the plains, and then fell to work to multiply and replenish.

From this royal lineage the wild horse of both continents has undoubtedly descended. They spread gradually from the pampas of California to the bleak and sterile ridges of Canada, where starvation and the cold dwindled them down now into strains of a single characteristic. Though there is a great deal gained in convenience by this, there is more lost in the general excellence and nobility of the animal. We need to recur again occasionally to the primeval horse to throw a dash of freedom into the hard lines of our strictly ruled strains—to find this we shall probably always go back to the Arab on his yellow sands. While I admit this to be the true mine of the "Porcelain Earth" for the horse manufacture, I am astonished that our Americans have paid so little attention to a "chip of the same grit"—we have nearer home. I refer to the Mustang, or Wild Horse of our great prairies.

You see there the same long and rather angular outline—the same thin wavy mane, sometimes from two to three feet in length—the same silky coat—the same round, flat hoof, the bushy fetlock and the spur distinctly defined—the same round, straight fore leg and short postern—the same greyhound hams, and somewhat ragged hips—the same long coupling—the same fine ear—thin head rather lengthened for symmetry—wide, elastic nostrils, and deep mouth; but foremost of all, the prominent socket, the wide, open lid, the large eye-ball, lit with a tameless but not vicious fire, with its free play shewing the broad stripe of creamy white; and when they drink, which they do but once a day, the same trick of plunging the nostrils up to the eyes in the water, and swallowing with huge gulps.

Then mount one, and if you can stick there, you will find the same analogy sustained. Day after day, in a long, springy gallop, it will carry you eighty and a hundred miles for weeks together, with scarcely a perceptible diminution of spirit or vigor, and requiring nothing with all this but a long draught of cool, clear water, and the grass of the prairie.

This is the Mustang as he really is—as he is to be seen, in thousands multiplied, upon the ocean-like meadows of the Great Sonth West! But such specimens as this are to be seldom seen off his native wilds, for the reason I have given above, and which must be self-evident—that he is seldom taken, and when he has been, is far too valuable to the hunter to be parted with. Mounted upon these magnificent animals, they take, in hundreds, the stinted, vicious little devils that have given reputation to the Mustang among us! Like human hunchbacks, these creatures seem to become splenetic and unconquerably ill-grained in a ratio of their declension from the full standard of proportion and power.

The colors of the Mustang are surpassingly rich and beautiful. They are all intense and decided—you will find them white as the driven snow, without a dark hair on their bodies, and again black as the concentrated essence of midnight—the sun-beams "smothering the gloom-down of darkness till it smiled" at every moment of their buoyant humor—then a deep blood bay, with black mane and tail—or a rich red sorrel. Again you find these dark colors mottled in clear relief upon the pure white. The effect is sometimes exquisite beyond description. I have seen them "spotted like a Pard" and marked in elegant rosettes like the skin of the Panther. The startling contrast of these deep colors, in graceful lines, banded, and star'd, flecked, and dotted upon the snowy ground, is above the "ken of Francies" beautiful!

The Comanchees—Nomadic tribes, who from their mountain fastness descend upon the Plains below for plunder—like birds of prey stooping from their eiries, are mounted upon the finest specimens of these horses that are to be found, and with such rapidity do they move that they will traverse hundreds of miles, carrying death and fear with them along a whole frontier, and yet retreat to their rocky holds in safety, before the inhabitants can organize a pursuit.

The warriors have a great passion for these "Paint Horses," as they are called, and if I live to the age of Mathusela, I shall never forget the picturesque appearance of twenty of them, we pursued once for fifteen miles, all of whom were mounted upon fancifully mottled horses. Over the prairie and through the deep woods we scurried in that wild desperate chase—the dark gaunt savage forms on their snowy and freckled steeds, now and then to be seen ahead of us, glancing past the leafy trunks of the great trees—now in a line like a great spotted snake, arrowy gliding over the green sea of grass.

They had run their horses nearly forty miles before we got on their trail, and yet our American horses, which were perfectly fresh, were thoroughly used up before we closed with them—but, "thereby hangs a tale," touching and strange indeed, which we cannot stop here to tell.

The incident strikingly illustrates, though, the wonderful powers of this animal.

The bearing of the stallions toward their families is the very ideal of chivalry—each one seems to consider himself solely responsible for the safety of those he has taken under his protection. He is always on the alert, feeding apart from them on the highest ground, in his watchful survey, every moment or two he scans the horizon, and if any thing suspicious is detected, off he dashes, fearless in his might and speed, and circling around the doubtful object, till he has determined its character—if it be an enemy, his trumpet neigh gives warning to his companions who have been quietly feeding all this time, to be off upon their flight! while he with proud curvetings follows on as if half determined not to fly at all; "sometimes he trots as though he told his steps," facing back towards his pursuer, while

"His nostrils drink the air and forth again
As from a furnace vapors doth he send,"

and when a long look, and the nearer approach of the enemy has satisfied his curiosity, wheeling again, he flies with surpassing speed and louder neighings after his retreating herds, while

"Through his mane and tail the high wind sighs
Fanning the hairs that wave like feathered wings."

It is a very common thing, when the hunters with the lasso dash in among the herd, for these gallant fellows to injure them or their horses seriously by kicking and biting them. The hunters seldom venture upon the experiment of lassoing them; for the moment an old stallion feels the rope upon his neck, he will rush at the man and tear him from his seat. I knew one instance in which a Mexican was maimed for life under such circumstances. Some of these stallions are very famous for their incredible swiftness, beauty and endurance. The hunters know their color, their fine parts and haunts, as well as they know the features of the Pilot Knobs.

You all remember Kendall's fine description of the "White Steed of the Prairies," so remarkable for his pace, that no hunter had ever yet been able to make him break it! I had often heard of the same animal from them, and what is a curious coincidence, all the white Mustangs I have ever seen, are natural pacers.

There is another animal even more magnificent than this, frequenting the plains west of San Antonia. I had a good opportunity of seeing this fellow, and was one of a party that chased him for several days, in the effort to run him down that we might "pen" him, the only method of hunting them which is ever successful in securing one of these splendid creatures; but we must defer the story for another time.

If a herd of Buffalo be the grandest and most formidable of our prairie sights, certainly a drove of Mustangs must be accounted the most magnificently beautiful. No imagination can compass the exceeding grace and airy freedom of the arched and silken tossing chase, as it ways to and fro glistening in beamy mail beneath the sun, while sportive—unconscious of observation. How grandly they plunge, curvette and wrestle—wheel like trained columns, change, scatter and form again the swift change of magic convolutions, shifting like cloud shadows eddied on an April breeze along on the grass, as swift, if not as fleeting.

So they appear, from the distance at which they can alone be viewed as in our sketch. Sometimes I have come upon them suddenly amidst the "mots" of timber when the momentary but nearer view would disclose the mottled variety of their coats to which I have referred; but most usually they are seen in swift battalions, scurrying across the plains, and, stopping for a moment on the last undulation for a parting look at the intruder, cluster with flying hair against the sky beyond—and are gone!

THE MINIATURE.

A LYNCHING SCENE IN CALIFORNIA.

In the year 1849, during the hot month of August, I left Sacramento City with a party of six, including myself for the remote regions of Feather River. I had tried several of the other rivers, without much success, and as some friends whom I met in town, endeavored to convince me that this was the only true and legitimate spot where the "pile" could be made, I very willingly gave my consent to make one of their party.

We settled all the arrangements to our satisfaction, and then bought provisions enough to last us for three months, hired a six mule team, packed our stuff on their backs, and one afternoon took up our line of march for the above named place, distant one hundred and sixty miles from Sacramento City. One of our company played on the bugle decently well, and as the soul-inspiring notes rang out through the valleys, we all imagined ourselves worth at the least calculation, fifty thousand dollars—or soon would be.

Alas! where are they, and their hopes and expectations now? All but one have laid their bones in a strange land. Famine, disease and murder, have taken them one by one, until I alone am left, a monument of God's mercy.

But I am digressing. Nothing worth noticing occurred on our route, and after four days hard travel we arrived, with blistered feet, and aching bones, every body unhappy, and every body as disagreeable to any six men could conveniently be.

After unloading the team, and taking a good bath in the clear, cold waters of the river, we pitched our tent, cooked our supper, and then, as men generally do in such cases, felt better.

* * * * * * *

All went on smoothly for a week.—We made the acquaintance of most of the miners in the neighborhood, and found them to be all pretty good fellows; their worst fault appeared to be in drinking, but then, they worked hard, and pleaded as an excuse, that the climate was so bad that drinking was beneficial.

One morning, just as the day was breaking, our accustomed hour for getting up to breakfast, we observed a large crowd gathered around the store, and curiosity getting the better of us, we started to see what the matter was, leaving one to cook the breakfast. As we drew near, I could see the form of Jones mingling with the crowd, and gesticulating violently. I inquired of him what had brought so many together, thus early in the morning.

"Matter enough," he replied, "Here's that scoundrel of a Morgan stole no less than three thousand dollars from Dory, the storekeeper."

"Is he taken?" I asked, astonished at the robbery.

"Yes, we have him safe enough, and the money also," chuckled Jones.

After some inquiries, I found that about two o'clock in the morning, Dory was awakened by a slight noise inside of the tent. In an instant all was quiet, but thinking that every thing was not right, he took his revolver from under his bed, and commenced to search about in the dark. All at once his hand came in contact with a man's head.

"Who's this?" he asked, and received for answer a tremendous blow, which nearly stunned him, but instantly rallying he discharged his revolver repeatedly at a form that darted past him, and then followed as quickly as possible in pursuit; shouting "stop thief."

Some dozen or two turning out, gave chase, and succeeded in capturing Morgan, after a desperate resistance, in which he used his knife rather freely.—About 60 yards from the store he had thrown away two buckskin bags that contained the dust, and was safely delivered to the owner. They were now about forming a jury to try him for the robbery, and twelve Americans were accordingly chosen, with Jones as Judge. The trial was soon over, and the jury were not out more than half an hour before they returned, and pronounced him worthy of death, leaving it to the Judge to decide in what manner he should die.

"Well boys, you have acted wisely, and I am a merciful man, I decide that at ten o'clock, this forenoon, he be tied to a tree, and six of the best marksmen load their rifles and have a crack at him, and may God have mercy on his soul. "Mr. ——" Jones continued, "I appoint you with as many assistants as you want, too see the law carried into effect."

I intimated to the honorable Judge that I should like to be excused from performing so disagreeable a duty, but with a grave look, he ordered me to perform the task he had assigned to me, and make no more words about it.

Morgan had had a fair trial. His guilt was too evident, and as he lay in the store with his feet and hands tied with strong cords, looking dirty and haggard, with the blood slowly dripping from his arm, where a ball had lodged from a revolver of Dory, I could not help pitying the poor wretch. He must have read compassion in my face, for, making an effort to sit upright, in which he was not successful, he asked me for a drink of water, I instantly handed him some, and after drinking heartily, appeared relieved. I asked him if there was anything else I could do for him.—He remained silent for a moment, and then said: "The Judge has appointed you to see that the sentence is carried into effect; has he not?"

"I am sorry to say that he has, Morgan," I answered.

"Well never mind. I would rather it were you than some others. But I have a particular favor to ask of you. Perhaps you will laugh, and think it is weakness, but I can't help it. Have you a bible at your tent?"

I told him I never travelled without one, and that I should be happy to read to him.

"Thank you," he said. "I have not looked into one for years, more shame to me; if I had followed its precepts, I should not have been here."

I left him and walked back to my tent. How I hated myself for the part I had got to play in the murder, for I could call it no better. It was in vain I pondered plans for escape from my task.—I could see no remedy, and the idea, I must assist in the execution almost drove me frantic.

It was now about nine. Morgan had one more hour to live. I went to the head of my bed and taking my Bible, left for the store, where the prisoner was still confined. A large collection of people had assembled from the different bars, and were passing the time away in one or two drinks to give them an appetite for the tragedy that was soon to be enacted.

"Make way for the sheriff," shouted one or two noisy fellows, as I endeavored to force my way into the presence of Morgan."

"Looks a blame sight more like a minister. Don't you see his Bible?" said another. I passed into the store, where I found Morgan seated on a box. He looked pale and thoughtful, but a smile illuminated his countenance when he saw that I had brought the book with me.

"I had almost given you up," he observed as I seated myself by him.

I made no reply, but commenced reading the chapter in a low voice. In an instant every head was uncovered within hearing, and all was still within the store. Morgan listened with great attention, but by the time I had read the third chapter the loud voice of Jones called out.

"Time's up, bring out the prisoner."

I slowly closed my book and arose.—Morgan also arose, and cut the cords that bound his feet, and stepped to the entrance of the store. He was now very pale, whether from the loss of blood, or anxiety, I did not know.

While I had been reading to him, they had been drawing lots on the outside, and six of the best marksmen on the river had the chance of shooting at the poor fellow. Their rifles were taken and loaded by a third party, two of them with nothing but powder, so that it should not be known who shot him.

We walked along with the prisoner, to the spot that had been chosen. It was a high plain just back of the store. I asked Morgan if he was ready.

"Cut these confounded cords and take my jacket off so that I may stand up like a man," he answered.

I bound his hand, and commenced removing his jacket, when something fell to the ground. I stopped to pick it up, and found that it was a miniature. It resembled a young and beatiful female, holding in her arms a young baby apparently only a few months old. The mother was looking at the child with such a look, as only a mother can give, while the child appeared to be making a playful effort to reach a ringlet of the hair, which fell in long curls about her neck. I looked up and asked, "Morgan whose portrait is this?"—

He then for the first time observed that I had it.

"That is the portrait of my wife and child whom I left in New York," he said, and burst into tears. "Bury it with me, for it is all that I have now."

I felt as though a good spell of crying would do me good about that time, and if a drop fell upon her beautiful face, that was gazing so sweetly at her child, let me hope that it did not tarnish the bright colors of the picture.

In the meantime a large crowd had assembled, and were gazing over my shoulder at the picture, with evident admiration. I passed it round to them, and every one of those rough men appeared to have a spark of human feeling in their breasts, that only needed to be touched to produce good results. I had never made a speech in my life, but a new feeling seemed to flow through my veins. Springing upon a large log, I commenced a rambling address. I knew that a human being was in danger, and that I might possibly save him. I alluded to his poor wife and infant child, their dependence on him for support; and the anxiety and sorrow they must feel should they never hear from him again. Before I had finished, I heard the loud voice of old Jones, exclaiming

"Darn it all, boys, let the fellow go. I have got an old woman myself, and half a dozen children, and I can kinder guess how they should feel if I should pop off."

"Yes, let him go," said a half dozen of the most influential men on the river.

"Put it to vote, boys, put it to vote," said another.

"To vote it is then," said I, overjoyed at my success. "All those in favor of letting Morgan go will please signify it by saying 'ye.'"

"Yes" "yes" rolled nearly every voice in the crowd.