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# Miscellann.

From the Olive Branch.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

There are some seasons when the grave yard seems peculiarly beautiful When hushed twilight wings her noiseless way from beaven to wrap the temples of the dead in her soft, transparent drapery, or the pleasant moon, lights up the mossed graves, making luninous the faces of the beautiful cherubs that forever winged yet never take their flight, it is sweet to wander up the shaded isles of the slumbrous city, and muse upon the holy memories of the departed.

The stars burned with a lustre peculiar to au tump skins; a clear, mild atmosphere gave most refreshing elasticity to my spirits; I wandered from home I scarcely knew why, and found myself after a leisure walk, near the old fashioned burial ground of Dallston Village. I was a man; I had received my diploma that day; I was really and professionally an M. D. What directed my steps to the lovely, rural burial ground I cannot now tell, but as surely as I live, I now believe some mysterious agency shaped my course. The gate was open, the walks glittered in the streng light, the shadows leaned down from the trees and frescoed the smooth gravel with quaint tracery; the buds and flowers, for their fragance betrayed themseemed whispering in their silent language to the beautiful dead below. In my youth I was fond of symbolising peverything inanimate had its type in some ideal or oriental fancy; this evening I felt like a poet; my imagination was as fertile - yes I thought as fertile as Milton's, if my thoughts were not as sublime. I sauntered carelessly along the side where a hawthorn hedge twined its firm tendrils together, dragging my cane after me, musing in careless reverie - Suddenly I paused; Judge D's benutiful lot was directly before me, it's little silver foundation bubbling up and breaking into white globules that glistened like hoar frost. Here I leaned by a huge and hoary elm, and closed my eyes as the wild magic breathing of a flute. skillfully touched, floated through my dreaming brain. I think that was the most blessed hour of my existence, for, mingling with that plaintive melody, came a bright, gentle face, with sparkling eyes, and cheeks just crimsoned enough to resemble two pale rose leaves flushing the purest snow. O! how I loved that sweet

May Kendall ! love !- would 1 could think of

some word that would express even more than

adoration; forgetting God, I idolized her, and

egotist that I was, fancied that my unspoken

passion was returned. But I will not linger;

in those few moments I was pouring my very

soul into the heart that I fondly fancied, as

youth will sometimes, was in a kind of spiritual

presence, ever beside me My reverie was broken by the approach of stranger, and a light silvery laugh shut out the music of the flute, for it was so like May's, so ringing, joyous. Presently, as the fine, manly form drew nearer, I recognized the features of one who had been my college mate two years ago: I would have sprung forward to meet him; his name was trembling on my lips, when sight arrested my attention that chilled my blood and made my teeth chatter with a sudden freezing fear. The two had come almost beside me, and there stopped, charmed with the little avivan spot ; the lady held her hat by the strings; one arm was passed confidingly through that of her companion when she turned her radiant face around towards me-who was concealed by the shadow-I recognized in the full flood of moonlight, May Kendall, I do not like, even at this late day, to review the feelings that shook my frame when I heard them murmar such words of tenderness to each other in subdued and bappy tones; a deathly faintness came over me as I gathered from their own lips the knowledge that they were betrothed, and when that passed away, a fierce revenge sent the blood boiling through my veins; once I would have leaned upon him and demanded my May, my love, without whom life would be a curse, and the world a dread blank. But then by what right could I call her mine? true she had been most kind to me, but never more than maidenly modesty might well beseem her conduct. Now I knew-God forgive me for the rage that sugged at my heart strings as I thought it,why she had talked of Frederick; oh ! fool that because I was his friend, because I had ever some sweet recollection to tell, some comely virtue to praise; and blinded by my own blindness, if I may so speak, I fancied she loved me. How did I command myself enough, still to

stand motionless, even till I learned the day and hour that the wedding would take place ! for every nerve in my body seemed changed to an instrument of torture. Fortunately they did not pass me; but retraced their steps, and I, bending low, with an almost breaking heart, O! such a change as came over that assemslowly left the pleasant grave-yard, and walked towards home, too wretched to think or feel all to the coffin; I pressed them back; the hand the crushing weight of my disappointment. The of the undertaker trembled; and as serew after enext day, before son-rise, I was on my way to screw fell rattling on the floor, my heart beat the neighboring city; I was in a strange tum- quicker with hope and fear. ult, that I knew not but would prove fatal to The lid was thrown aside; in my arms me; I was ready for a most any desperate deed, the fair creature borne to her couch; as I re-and had more than once—I shudder when I turned a moment, I saw her only sister standing What a lesson!

Devoted to Politics, Foreign and Domestic News, Agriculture, the Markets, and General Information.

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NO. 43.

think of it-contemplated self-destruction; but as if riveted to the floor; her cheeks ghastly, I called philosophy, uay, something higher, hol- her eyes staring frightfully. I seized her by The Church of Cripple Gate is one of the guished, and must remain there till morning.ier, to my aid-religion, and in time become the arm, but she starred not; I shook her rude- oldest in London. It bears the impress of ven- If, during the night, the eadet is found to be soothed if not comforted; that is, after I knew ly, saying, "Unless you help me, Maria, she erable antiquity, having been erceted in 1055. absent from his room more than thirty minutes, made last April to Herrin, the capital of the

ciently fortified with good resolutions, to return must not know of this!" high noon when I drove up the main street; girl aroused herself from her stupor; then as double gate, the image of a cripple in the con-strongly repudiated; so are playing at chess

gasped; how ashy pale he was. My face blanch- ber. ed; I felt a singular kind of trenur; we dashed ahead, neither speaking, and in fifteen minutes I breathed freely; and yet another important and Fox, the author of the Book of Martyrawas an awful hour thus spent; at its close, I poor husband had been briefly informed that his book was among the first to awaken attenpressed down her white eyelids over her dull, the ceremony would be detained for a moment; I tion to the dangers of the Roman beirarchy glazed eyes-ah! heaven; thought I, how can be was so distracted with his grief that all news such beauty be dead? And still, for all, there was alike to him-they led him where they the city, was the burial ground of the defender body, that he would hold clasped to his bosom, groan, that went to my very soul; oh! I felt kissing the white lips, the whiter cheeks, even for the first time such exquisite joy in the per-

And when I left that house of mourning, was over my spirit? Could this thought, even in store for you; do not mourn in this way." its faintest tracery, swell through my mind at his; I am glad that as she could not be mine -you only increase my misery." only, none but death can claim her now! I fear. had conscience applied her torch, she would dream of; if-if-if I told-you-" I stamhave read those scathing words writter upon the crimson portals of my heart; but I must has husband's wild eyes were fastened to my face,

The next day I went over to be present at the funeral services; and still I felt that sorrowful happiness. Poor Frederick was at times raving, then stupid with his great woe; the mourners assembled, the beautiful dead laid robed in satin in her coffin, already the large parlor was filled with weeping friends. I took my station by the coffin; with unutterable tenderness I gazed upon that heavenly countenance

There were all her young companions around, village maidens, whose silvery voices joined in a simple burial song; but oh ! how those voices wavered, and trembled, until tears and sobs choked down their music, and one mournful, heart rending wail sounded through the room.

The pastor arose and began his prayer; never heard I a more affecting petition; how gently he spoke of her youth, her beauty and goodness; the circumstances under which God was pleased to call her-just as it were standing on the threshold of bappy life, and looking through to threw his arms around me, and hugged me like the rose-colored future. I still kept my place by the head of the coffin; my eyes full of tears, never once moved from that holy face.

I fancied the features grew dim : I thought my sight failed, and I bent closer to the compse: I drew back, wiped my eyes-looked again; God of mercy, what thrill sent a wild shock through my frame and smote my brain as with fire! I reeled: I fell almost over upon the coffin: there was moisture on the glass, moisture that came not off when I applied my hand; moisture upon the inside. My knees trembled. my heart beat against my side till my body you! swayed like a pendulum; all my serenity was gone; the voice of the pastor whistled in my ear; each moment was an hour, and yet I knew was awful, awful; if I kept my silence, she was still the bride of death, and as much mine as another's; if I spoke, she was again the wife of my rival. I dare not think of my emotions now-I could not have been myself when that horrible temptation beset me, and whispered me to let the dark grave claim her, if I might not. O! that was the great sin of my life; 1 lope I am forgiven.

The perspiration swelled out from every pore but the agony was passed; I could have throttled the pastor that he did not cease-yet I feared for the very life of the poor husband, should he know the truth too suddenly; there was a tingling from my head to my fingers' ends! I shook like an aspen leaf.

"Amen!" oh how I thanked God for that sound : I still clung to the coffin ; I was weak, weak as a child.

be called first, that they might be spared the by which the aid of way batteries at intervals of sexton; take off the coffin lid; for God's sake delay not a moment, she is not dead." I rather shricked than said the last words.

bly ; many swooned—a crowd came rushing up

may perhaps really die; quick! come and cut In the yard is a portion of an old wall, some and does not give a satisfactory account of him- kingdom of Yoruba. He speaks of it as "about Two months passed : I deemed myself suffi- off her grave-clothes ! she must not see them - 30 feet long and 15 high, built by the Romans, self, charges are preferred against him, and be the largest town with the exception of London.

home to my chosen place of residence; it was With a wild, unuatural burst of laughter, the carved a model of the church representing a The use of intoxicating drink and tobacco a carriage dashed by me, a light vehicle; in an- suddenly, a flood of tears came to her relief; all tre, and a carriage entrance on each side. Oli- wearing whiskers, and a great many other other moment it had turned, and Frederick was was right now; she followed me into the next ver Cromwell and Ben Johnson were married in things. The next had turned, and Frederick was was right now; she followed me into the next ver Cromwell and Ben Johnson were married in things. abreast I involuntarily drew my reins; his chamber, and untied the white satin ribbons this church. About midway in the eastern are liable are privation of recreation, etc. extra from the delicate wrists, and unloosed the linen aisle is the grave of Milton. There is a beau- hours of duty, reprintands, arrests, confinement "For God's sake, doctor Lane, my early bands on the brenst, so that by the time the tiful tablet inserted in the wall, anymounted by to his room or tent, confinement in light prisfriend, do not stop till you reach Mrs. Kend- young bride opened her eyes, she was lying as a murble bust of the poet, Chantry. On either on, confinement in dark prison, dismission with all's; my May lies there-sick, dying," he if she had sought her couch for pleasant slum-

stood by the couch of the young bride. That task was to be accomplished : by my orders the He was an able defender of Protestantism, and was triumph at my heart-until I beheld the liked; he sat in a little room just across the awful grief of the bereaved husband, saw the entry. I went in, closed the door and stood big drops like blood bead his broad, white fore. beside him; he glanced up once, then buried head; almost forced him from the inanimate his face in his hands with a deep, unearthly the golden locks, that laid damp and uncurled formance of a good deed-I experienced a new love for my profession.

"Frederick," said I, placing my arm around it not strange the calmness I felt settling down his neck, "Frederick, there is some good yet in

"I am a broken-hearted man," he uttered in such a time-she is not mine, and neither is she faltering accents; "do not strive to comfort me

> "But if I could give you comfort you little mered, and knew not how to proceed, for the while he half rose with a strange, onick

am I to think 9" his voice trembled : "there is something in my heart bids me look to you for teresting occasion, and then suddenly crumbled version a thousand times, and if God be a hearhope new ! Yet why, why?" and the words sank away into impalpable dust, his long fair buit mournfully into silence.

"Did you ever hear of people falling into trances, and when robed for the burial-

I could proceed no farther; the excited man -it looked not like stern death, but soft, smi- sprang from his seat, clenched both my hands, and with fire in his eyes, inconcrently exclaimed-"What?-bow ?-dead ?-in a trance ?laid out ?-buried ?-shut up ?-alive -alive ? that she-my May, whom I saw die-who gasped in my arms-on this bosom-bade me farewell-grew white and cold-no, no, you mock

> down my cheeks, "your wife still lives -she was only in a trance."

> Never shall I forget the ensuing scene; he one frantic, "God bless you! Oh, doctor, I shall die of this excess of joy! lead me to ber : where is she, my friend, my good friend? May, my sweet bride-not dead-not dead !when these eyes looked upon her for the last time? Oh! but no, doctor, this is too beautiful, too good-let me see her; I will be calm; and, doctor," he exclaimed, grasping my arm with his shaking fingers, "I would almost give not have survived long, you cannot tell how

had been my rival.

The mother hung over her child-the bushand not what to do. The conflict came again-it bent over his bride-full, of thanksgiving : she. with lier large blue eyes, moving foudly from one to the other, as she whispered, "I am better, stronger; I shall soon be well again; I have been sick very long, bave I not?"

Frederick kissed ber pure brow in reply, and then hid his face in the pillow, to weep in silence; and then I left them, a happier being, better man; and happier and better I have been

May and her busband still live-a fond, bean tiful pair, even now. I am an old bachelor.

TELEGRAPHING ON A LONG CIRCUIT .- The York, and Mr. Bardavin, of New Orleans, offi-

The Influence of Education .- During the year 1854 one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for marder. Of this OLD CHURCH.

I was shown the beadle's staff, on which was is conrt-marshaled. side of the altar are tables in memory of Speed, privilege of resigning, and public dismission. the historian, the daughter and grand daughter And now the most forrible excitement over, of Sir Adam Luce, the Shallow of Shakspeare, Bunhill fields, situate almost in the centre of More than 100,000 persons have been buried in the yard, which contains only four acres.

> Newark Advertiser. have noted many other curious particulars relative to this rare old church. Its chime of bells, one of the finest in London, plays a musical air at the close of each of the four divisions restless and impatient toward those who were the preaching of the gospel. True, he was on of the hour. The wall which the writer meutions as built by the Romans, is the most perfeet fragment now remaining, of the wa'l with that mortification had commenced in the ex- ceized with high honor by the king, who gave which those enterprising conquerors surrounded tremities, thought it his duty to inform him of him a valuable horse, presents for his wife, land the ancient city, while the name, Cripple Gate, the fact, and to assure him that whatever pre- to build on, and also a house of worship. indicates one of the portals by which it was en-

tered: A few paces further north, the street being opened, the incaments of the poet in perfect preservation revealed themselves for a moment, to the few spectators present on that inalone retaining its original freshness and lustre.

Built into the right hand wall of the chancel is a marble monument, in the form of a coffin. out of which a female figure, covered with the grave shroud, spiners in the act of rising; whill one at the foot of the coffin. Whether the inscription tells, briefly, the story of the monument, or whether it exists only in tradition, we do not now remember; but, it is said that the lady in question was prematurely buried, and impression that he had run the rounds of his inthat she wore, when consigned to her grave, a liquity, all the while indulging the hope that, wedding ring of great value. The capidity of like the celebrated Augustine, before he died "Frederick," said I, while the tears rained the sexton of the church tempting him to pes. he would be converted, in answer to the praysess himself of so costly a jowel, he reopened ers of his pious parents and friends. God, in the grave at midnight, and endeavored to with- his divine sovereignty, disappointed his exdraw it from her finger; but not succeeding, he pectations, and made him a monument of his sought to effect his purpose by making an ineision into the flesh with his knife. In the act of doing so, the lady woke from her trance, and heels, left the way clear for her return to her former home in the vicinity. Tradition, or the inscription, I forget which, further asserts, that contempt before his Father, and the holy anwhile the disconsolate husband was inconsolable for the loss of his beloved, she made her appearance at the door and faintly called for adyou my life for this, I would, I would; I could mission; that when his astonishment was ended his joy knew no bounds; that the lady redearly I loved her. Dear doctor, God bless covered from the effects of her trance, and liv ed happily thereafter, long enough to bear him in the corner, feeling them as they approached those two children whose effigies are to be in reality. Such is the romantic story; and serted in the wall of the chancel, and that the design is in exact accordance with our states ment .- Bultimore Patriot

## Life of the West Point Cadet.

He sleeps in the barracks, in a room with one awakens him; he immediately arises, doubles up his blanket and matrass, places them on the

cadet must be in bed, having his light extin-

#### AARON BURR.

The Presbyterian Herald thus speaks of the ast moments of this great but misguided man :

"There were some facts connected with the closing scenes of Mr. Burr's life, which were told to us soon after they occurred, by one who received them from an eye-witness, which we do not remember to have seen stated anywhere in print. We suppose that we will no be considered as violating the privacy of the domestic cir-The correspondent of the Advertiser might ole in referring to them at this remote period after their occurrence.

abusive language. His physician, observing finement for a few days; but very soon was reparation he might wish to make for death, should . We note it as not a little curious, Swedenbe made at once. In as gentle tones as he borg, in one of his strange publications, written called the Barbican, still commen orates the po. ; could command, he broached the subject, assur- between eighty and ningty years since, speaks of sition of that outwork. In making some re- ing bim that within twenty-four hours, at the meeting in the world of spirits, individuals from pairs to the church not many years ago, the furthest, he would be a dead man. Mr. Burr interior of Africa, whom he describes as being. body of Milton was exhumed, and on the coffin replied, "Doctor, I can't die, I won't die, I in moral characteristics, wuch in advance of shan't die. My father, and mother, and grand- other heathen. He speaks, especially, of their parents, and uncles, and nants, were all pious rendiness to receive the truth when communiand godly people. They prayed for my con- cated to them .- Sanannah Concier ... er of prayer, he is not going to let me die until their prayers are answered. It is impossible that the child of so many prayers will be lost." The doctor replied, "Mr. Burr, you are already dying." He then went over pretty much the same expressions as given above, and sank into a stupor, and soon s'ent the sleep which knows no waking until the morning of the resurrection We may not have given the precise language used by him, as years have clapsed since it was reported to us. Our informant received the wrath, and a beacon to all ungodly children, who are building their hopes of heaven upon to an open shame, they must not be disappoint- all, \$16,000,000. ed if he puts them to everlasting shame and gels and assembled universe."

### CROCKETT'S DEATH.

Colonel Crockett, surrounded and close

pursued by a number of the enemy, retreated

into a church; and stationed himself in a nich

When some eight or ten of them were laid beon the monament to this day, and then died fore him, a feeling of awe seemed to seize hold of the assailants. One of them who could speak while we will not vouch for its truth we may a little broken English, probably preferring the yet declare that such a monument is really in. signal honor of capturing so noble a specimen of American valor to present to his "dear mast. of animals was remarkable only as giving evier," said to Crockett, "surrender, sener," finsh of the most sovereign courage darted from his grey eye and as it pierced that of the enemy, he seemed to be transfixed. In a voice of and vegetables was really eurious—the former thunder, Crockett answered, "Surrender! No! other; at half past five in the winter the reveille I am an American," and as he spoke he sent a from their gigantic size. Pumpkins weighing ball through the paralyzed foe. He appeared 127 pounds, beet root 74 feet long, and a stalk for a moment like a wounded tiger, strengthen, of Indian corn 24 feet high were among the head of his iron bedstead; he studies until sev- ed and buoyed by every additional wound; now 'monsters' of the exhibition. The vegetables en o'clock; at that bonr the drum beats for bewing them down with his well tried swordbreakfast, and the cadets fall into rank and pro- next dealing death with his fire-arms. His percred to the mess hall. Twenty minutes is the son was literally drenched with his own blood; It appears that peach and pear trees frequently usual time spent at breakfast. Gnard mounting his strength must soon yield to its losses. Yet takes place at half past seven, and twenty four such physical power wrought to the highest de productiveness of the strawberry plant is also nessed last evening, says the New York News of men are placed on guard every day. At eight gree of excitement can perform incredible proo'clock the bugle again sounds, the professors digies. This was the last concentrated energy dismiss their respective stations, the cadets form of a powerful man aroused, at imated and guidciating as operators. This assessed by the ranks opposite the barracks and march to din- ed by one of the noblest attributes of manner. Between clesen and one a part of them love of liberty. He knew for what his life was are occupied in riding and others in fencing dai- about to be sperified; that devastation and but be called first, that they might be spared the shock of seeing the dear one borne out before their eyes. The poor husband tottered out, supported on each side; do you not think my feelings must have been singular, as he passed me?

—next the sobbing mother. Now was my time: "friends, neighbors," I gasped, "call the least of the solution of the space of the congruence of the space of the solution of the space of the sp times when the wires are not actually parted in and a half. After that they devote the same to of death stopped his up raised arm. It is rise fire, toon aroused all the passengers, and a half. After that they devote the same to of death stopped his up raised arm. It is rise fire, toon aroused all the passengers, and the fire, toon aroused all the passengers, and the fire fire, toon aroused all the passengers, and the fire fire for wildest excitement pressiled. Women were circuits of even five thousand miles. We under the fire for the fire derstand that several of the Hughes muchines sunget. After parade they form into rank in and nothing but his faithful sword was left. In running to and fro in their night dresses, screen are nearly completed, and that they have been front of the harracks, and the names of the deare nearly completed, and that they have been secured by a company, who propose to open a linquents are read by an officer of the cadets.—

brought his last weapon upon the head of the linquents are read by an officer of the cadets.—

brought his last weapon upon the head of the linquents are read by an officer of the cadets.—

Supper comes next; and after supper recreation nearest assailant, and fell victoriously seroes the purpose having been already completed.

Supper comes next; and after supper recreation nearest assailant, and fell victoriously seroes the body in the arms of death. In this corner than the body in the arms of death. In this corner than the body in the arms of death. to call to quarters, and every cadet must be of the church there were twenty-nix dead Mexfound in his room within a few minutes for stu- icans, and no other American having fought or dy, and must remain there thus employed until fallen at that point, it is considered beyond all dy, and must remain there thus employed until fallen at that point, it is considered beyond all collebrated Grayson Sulphur Springs, in Carroll reasonable doubt that all of them fell by the County, Va., died recently at the saveneed age half-past nine. At half-past nine the hugle hand of Tennessee's favorite son?

I sounds; this is called tattoo; and at ten every hand of Tennessee's favorite son? sounds; this is called tattoo; and at ten every hand of Tennessee's favorite son ?

TERMS OF ADVERTISING

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Mr. Bowen, & Baptist Missionary, sent out from Florida, in his journal mentions a visit. that he has ever seen." He describes the inhabitants as a peculiar people, with whom he was much pleased-mostly black, but a them nearly white, hair between that of a pe and a white man's beard, good European featres-some of their noses would even be considered sharp in America. Again he speaks of them as "that superior class or race of men who have jet block skins with European features and large beard. They are sometimes called

Mr. Bowen adds : 100

I never saw an honorable man or a modest woman in Africa, till I reached Horrin. The number of people who can read and write surprised me. Many of them have no idols. They are generally serious, solid, sensible people, and profess to believe in God. They have no tineture of Mahommedanism

The existence of such a people in a region hitherto unknown, but supposed to be the abode. of atter barbarism, is a fact of no little interest. It would seem, from Mr. Bowen's statements, -(unfortunately, his journal is too brief to be During Mr. Burr's last illness, he was very satisfactory)-that they are willing listeners to about his person, often indulging in profane and arriving at Horrin, subjected to a nominal con-

EVILS OF WAR .- The expenses of the European war are said, by a Paris correspondent of the National Intelligencer, greatly to exceed \$1,000,000 per day !

The deficit in the supply of grain for France alone, is said to be from 19,000,000 to 25,000 000 bushels, and the separt of brendstuffs, and even or enesuus, are strictly promission and the same time the King of Naples has been forced by Erance and England to allow the export of wheat, (cheap and abundant in his Kingdom,) thus advancing the price to that in France, and compelling the Neapolitans to eat dear instead of cheap bread

The continued drain of specie causes much anxiety in France. \$10,000,000 are monthly sent from Marseilles to the Crimes.

One item of expense to the Erench Government is stated by this writer. 30,000 horses, of which but 10,000 remain, have been sout to their connection with a pious ancestry. When the Crimes. The average cost was \$100, and the affrighted official immediately taking to his such crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him the expenses of conveyance an equal sum. In

> Vegetable Growths of Colifornia - IL the trees of California grow to the height of three hundred feet, the beets in the gardens cannot do less than make roots six or seven feet long. That they are doing their best to observe the proportion they ought to bear to the products of the forest our readers will be convinced by the following extract from a letter written by the San Francisco correspondent of the London Times. It is dated October 4th :

> "An agricultural show has just been held at Sacramento at which the productions of the country were exhibited for prizes. The show dence of considerable improvement in the breed of borses since the Americans have been in possession of the State. The exhibition of fenits from their variety and precocity and the latter of this country grow with a luxurispee unequal led elsewhere, but they are deficient in flavor produce a double crop in the same season. The ing for vix months, and the plants are now on the eve of winter, in flower; but in favore

One man, Mr. J. C. Deut, of New York, in his excitement rushed to his state room, soute up his trunk, which contained \$12,000, extree it a few steps, and then fell dead in the cubic from excessive fright. The fire was subdued.

DEAD .- Jone Taylor, the discouper of the