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THE LATE FORAY INTO MEXICO.

From the New Orleans Picayune of October 21.

By the arrival of the steamship Perseverance yesterday afternoon we have the following letter from a correspondent at Eagle Pass, giving a full account of Capt. Callahan's expedition against the Lipan Indians from the time of its organization up to its recrossing the Rio Grande. Our correspondent also gives an account of the state of affairs in the Rio Grande valley, which is interesting and instructive:

EAGLE PASS, (TEXAS.) OCT. 9, 1855.

The despots on the other side of the Atlantic are not the only folks who occasionally assume the right of making war on their own account, as you will see from the following:

Last year the Lipan Indians, becoming dissatisfied with the treatment they received from their agents, (none of the best, I must confess,) retired into Mexico, and from their safe retreat at San Fernando, in Coahuila, have been waging an incessant warfare upon the settlements in Western Texas. You can have but little idea of the extent of these depredations and the terror they have produced throughout the country. There is scarcely a settler between the Rio Grande and the San Antonio river who has not in some way felt the vengeance of these savages; and even in the settlements to the east of San Antonio, where Indian depredations have long been known only as remote traditions, people have been murdered and cavallados of stock driven off in open day.

With a thorough knowledge of the country, and having the Rio Grande conveniently at hand to place between them and pursuit, these Indians have in almost every instance escaped unpunished. Parties of United States troops, when pursuing them, have in more than one instance reached this bank of the river in time to see the red rascals go out on the other side with their booty. To every application to the Mexican authorities for permission to cross into Mexico in pursuit of these Indians a steady refusal has been returned, and young officers in command of scouting parties have not thought themselves justified in crossing without such permission, which might and would doubtless be disapproved of by the War Department.

Our Government owed it to her citizens suffering these injuries to demand of the Mexicans the surrender of these enemies of our peace, and to *enforce* the demand if necessary. And is it not monstrous that up to this time, as far as any one here knows, no steps of any kind have been taken to abate this nuisance!

People living in security in the old States, and who happily know nothing of the dangers and trials of frontiersmen, except what they have gathered from the "Adventures of Daniel Boone," and other leather-stocking heroes, will doubtless many of them condemn, *ab initio*, the Texans for their efforts to free themselves from Indian barbarities because in these efforts it was necessary to violate the territory of a friendly nation. I do not go the length of approving all that has been done by the Texans in this expedition; but the evils that came of it were the results more of Mexican imbecility and deceit than any thing else, as you will see from the history of the affair.

The San Antonio papers duly informed you of the organization of three companies of volunteers for the purpose of pursuing and chastising the Lipans wherever found. But, as it was known that they could be found at San Fernandi, thirty miles from here, in the State of Coahuila, the *primary* object of this military organization was to cross over into Mexico, to fall on the Lipans before they were warned of their coming, and, in frontier parlance, "wipe them out." This they would doubtless have effected but for an unusual high stage of water in the Rio Grande, which detained them several days at the mouth of the Las Moras creek, where they had intended to cross. Not being able to do so, however, they passed this village on the night of the 1st instant, and having procured here two small skiffs, proceeded three miles below, where they commenced crossing over their arms, &c. and swimming their horses. They had made but little progress in this when word was brought them from a person in Piedras Negras, (a village opposite here,) who pretended to be in command since the precipitate flight on the evening of the 1st of Col. Maushaca, the regular commander, that, as the Mexican authorities were now satisfied that these Texans were not "filibusteros," but respectable citizens who desired merely to chastise the Lipans without molesting the Mexicans in any manner, there was no objection to their crossing to Piedras Negras, where there were greater facilities for doing so. This offer was eagerly accepted, and on the night of the 2d the whole party, except a few left on this side in charge of baggage and extra animals, encamped without molestation near Piedras Negras, and the next morning took up their march for San Fernando.

They had gone about twenty miles and were marching along unsuspicious of an attack, when they were surprised to find themselves in the too close vicinity of some five or six hundred armed Mexicans and Indians. Our friends formed at once, and, taking the initiative, charged and drove their enemies from the shelter of a ravine, and, taking possession of it themselves, kept up the fight for two or three hours, and until darkness put an end to the consumption of powder, when the Mexicans withdrew in the direction of San Fernando and our friends returned to Piedras Negras. In the fight the Texans lost four killed and five or six wounded. On the side of the Mexicans the report of their loss is very contradictory, and it is impossible to tell the number killed and wounded, but it must have been considerable.

On the arrival of Capt. Callahan's party at Piedras Negras, early on the morning of the 4th, Capt. Burbank, the commanding officer at Fort Duncan, seeing them return so unexpectedly to Piedras Negras, and rumors of the utter destruction of the entire party having reached him the night before, was under the impression that these were merely the few that had survived the slaughter, who were pursued by an overwhelming force. Under these circumstances, he felt, I suppose, that he could not quietly look on at the butchery of his own countrymen without offering some protection, at least until they could cross the river. For this purpose he placed several guns of large calibre in a position to protect the crossing of the Texans, should such a movement be there disputed by a superior force of Mexicans, at the same time sending Capt. Callahan word that, provided he would cross immediately, he would cover his crossing; but if he chose to remain on the Mexican side any longer he would not afford his party any protection, and that he (Capt. Callahan) must take the consequences of his own acts. To this Capt. Callahan replied that he intended to hold Piedras Negras against the whole Mexican army, if necessary, until reinforcements from San Antonio could reach him, when he would again pursue his march into the heart of Mexico and accomplish the destruction of the Lipans.

From this point every thing went wrong.—There was no object to be obtained by remaining at Piedras Negras; in fact there was every reason why the Texans should have crossed to this side. Besides, the town (a mere collection of thatched huts) was untenable in case of an attack by a large force, and, with a deep and rapid river behind them, the entire party must have been destroyed in case of defeat.

However, every thing was quiet until the afternoon of the 5th, when a Mexican force of some four or five hundred made their appearance, and after marching around the town and raising clouds of dust, as night drew on, amid the taunting cheers of the Texans, the gallant Mexican host was seen to disappear over the hills.

On the 6th the Texans began to see the folly of longer remaining on the Mexican side, and commenced crossing over their horses preparatory to evacuating Piedras Negras; but the height of the water and the rapidity of the current rendered the task both tedious and difficult. About five o'clock, the Mexicans now numbering eight or nine hundred, again made their appearances and this time every body thought there would be a fight beyond doubt, and great apprehensions were felt for the result, as the Texans did not number more than one hundred and ten.—The Mexicans, with very faint vivas, which were answered by the Texans by loud and derisive cheering, made a show of charging into the town, but at that moment dense volumes of smoke were seen issuing from every house, and in the twinkling of an eye the entire village was in flames, except a few houses around the plaza where the Texans intended to make a stand.—They were now surrounded by a wall of flame, and the Mexican commander, Col. Maushaca, believing, with another celebrated character whom he resembles in his obesity, that discretion was the better part of valor, valiantly withdrew with his eight hundred men without firing a shot.

As night drew on we had leisure to contemplate the scene. The flames of the village, built almost entirely of wood and straw, mounting up to the heavens, illuminated the river and surrounding country with the brightness of day—the explosions of powder in the burning buildings, the dropping fire from the Texans upon spies and scouts from the enemy's camp, the shouting of the "filibusteros" as they darted about, as it seemed from this side, amidst the very flames, altogether formed a mixture of sights and sounds never to be forgotten.

During the night the Texans expected momentarily to be attacked, but continued in possession of the town until towards morning, when they crossed over, but in doing so some of them had to abandon their horses. Not more than ten or fifteen, however, were lost.

A few hours after daylight the Mexicans entered the town and took possession of the smoking ruins.

Thus has ended the Lipan expedition for the present, and it is yet to be seen whether the people of Texas will "give it up so." My opinion is they will not, and I have little doubt but that the news of this repulse will send thousands of men to the Rio Grande with rifles and revolvers to demand the surrender of the Lipans. If the Mexicans are wise they will yield; but there seems to be a fatuity that leads them always to do the wrong thing, and I have but little hopes that they will be ruled by wise counsels.

The burning of Piedras Negras, a village of inoffensive people, was an unfortunate and ill-judged act, which many of the Texans, amongst others Capt. Benton and Lieut. King, loudly condemned, and the only palliation for it is that Capts. Callahan and Henry believed it to be the only means of safety. Having remained there as long as they did, I believe it contributed more than any thing else to their secure passage of the river. The error was in attempting to remain any longer than was absolutely necessary to effect a crossing.

These events will produce great bitterness between the two sides of the river, and I fear are the commencement of another Mexican war, which must result in the annexation of all Northern Mexico, with Saltillo, Monclova, and Chihuahua for frontier stations.

Col. Lamberg arrived at Piedras Negras yesterday. He says the Mexican Government will demand indemnity for the burning of the town of Piedras Negras, and if their demand be not granted he fears it will lead to war, in which he confesses Mexico must come out second best.

Last of the Randolphs—Nephew of John Randolph.

A Southern correspondent of the *Home Journal* sends it the following interesting sketch:

"During the summer of 1854, I had some business transactions which called me to the county of Charlotte, in lower Virginia. A mild and lovely Sabbath morning found me seated in one of the comfortable cushioned pews of the village church at the Court-house. As it wanted a few minutes to the hour of service, my eye wandered over the large and respectful audience assembled, and was finally attracted by a very eccentric individual, who was just entering—a rather aged man, tall, of dark complexion, long white hair waving plentifully over his shoulders, and an equally venerable beard flowing on his breast. His step was active and graceful, his form erect and manly. But his peculiar actions were in striking contrast to his dignified appearance. At first I thought him only eccentric, but a few moments of further observation proved to me that he was insane.

"Immediately on entering the pew he knelt towards the wall, crossed himself, and apparently repeated a prayer. He then sat down, drew out a white cambric, delicately perfumed, wiped his brow, removed his glaves, stroked his beard, took up his Bible, kissed it and read, examined his cane, used his handkerchief again—and all the time keeping limbs in constant motion. I say all the time; occasionally, he was passive for a few minutes—his attention apparently aroused by some truths from the minister—but these times were rare. His countenance assumed all kinds of expressions—Contempt, alarm, pleasure, attentiveness, sorrow and anger, flitted across it in rapid succession. It reminded me more of what children call 'making faces' than anything else.

"After the services were over, I ascertained that this gentleman was no other than the nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He calls himself Sir John St. George Randolph, and is sole heir to his celebrated uncle. Randolph, himself, remarked with bitterness, during his last days, that their blood flowed in the veins of but one single scion, and he was *deaf, dumb* and *insane*. So much for human greatness. The subject of this sketch—although physically, and now mentally defective—had a mind cultivated in the highest degree. In his youth he was sent to Paris, where, under the protection of a celebrated abbe, he received a thorough education. Having the capacity to receive, and the wealth to command, no pains were spared in the improvement of his intellectual faculties. But it was labor lost; for, on returning to his home in Virginia, he met with and loved a young lady, whom he addressed, but was refused, on account of his physical defects. On becoming aware of the truth he was plunged in the most profound grief, from which he was at last aroused, but—insane.

"He has considerable wealth, which is managed by his friends; and, being harmless, he comes and goes as he pleases, and is gratified in all his whims. Wrecked as his mind is, he still commands respect; and his peculiar manners do not attract the attention of his acquaintances, or excite merriment, as one would suppose."

INDIAN CORN.

The value of this cereal to the country has never been appreciated. Recent investigations and comparisons show conclusively that it is of more value than any other agricultural production, not excepting cotton even, about which so much has been said. The culture of corn has wonderfully increased within the last few years, its ratio of increase being far greater than any other product. From 1839 to 1849, as per census returns, the increase was fifty-eight per cent. Wool is the next highest, its increase being fifty per cent; cotton twenty-four; oats twenty; and wheat sixteen. This is a remarkable result.

The cotton crop has not increased half so rapidly as the corn crop, and the claim of the former to the title of "king" is only in its influence upon the commercial interests of the county.—The cotton crop of 1851 was nine hundred and twenty-seven millions of pounds, valued at one hundred and twelve millions of dollars; while the corn crop of 1850 was five hundred and ninety-two millions of bushels, which, at the lowest possible price at which it can be estimated, is of far greater value than the cotton crop.

The Southern States are not suited to the profitable growth of corn; the average product per acre south of the latitude of North Carolina, with one exception, being but sixteen bushels, while in Ohio it is above thirty bushels to the acre, and in New England it reaches nearly to that figure. The five States—Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and Tennessee—produce one-half of all the corn raised in the United States. Tennessee and North Carolina are in the same latitude, but the soil of the latter State is not suited to the production of this cereal, while the former yields it abundantly. The profit accruing on a bushel of corn to the farmer of Ohio and on a pound of cotton to the planter of Georgia is in favor of the farmer. The cost of raising corn is set down at about ten cents per bushel, which, if sold for twenty-five cents, would leave fifteen cents profit. Cotton cannot be raised at less than six cents per pound, and is worth eleven and twelve cents, sometimes less, at tidewater. The corn crop is more sure than all others. It needs but a few months to ripen it, and if the early frosts of spring destroy the first planting it may be replanted with a parched kind, which will ripen sufficiently early to escape the frosts of autumn.

The export of corn is increasing. Great Britain has received nearly all which has been exported hitherto. It is not as yet generally known in Europe as an article of food; and the fact that much of what has been exported has soured on the way has created a prejudice against its use by the poorer classes. The climate of Europe is not fitted for its production, and it never will be raised there to any extent. A large demand for corn might be created in the Old World if the project were entered upon judiciously. Let proper means be taken to prevent souring, and let a fine article of corn flour be produced, and no food so cheap and nutritious can be found for the masses of the people.

MORE MASTODON REMAINS.

The last mail brought us an interesting memoir, by our friend Prof. J. Wyman, of Boston, on Mastodon relics from South America. Lieut. Gillis, U. S. N., brought from Chili portions of the lower jaw, a tooth, and fragments of a thigh bone of one of these gigantic animals. Prof. Wyman, having examined them, thinks they belong the species *M. Andium*, Cuv.

Cuvier described two species from South America, besides the *M. Maximus* of the United States; but Faloner referred both of those to one, viz., that designated as *M. Andium*, now described by Prof. Wyman. In mentioning, in the notice of the Charleston Mastodon, that there were only two species on this continent, we forgot at the moment that Dr. Darwin carried to England, from the banks of the La Plata, teeth of *M. Augustidens*, considered as identical with that of Europe. Prof. Wyman thinks from his investigations that Cuvier was right in making two species from South America. If his distinctions be received, and Darwin's *M. Augustidens* be recognised, which Prof. Owen describes, there are then four on this continent. A fragment of a tooth found at Baltimore has led to some question whether the latter species do not also exist in the United States.

Whatever varieties of these animals existed at some former period in the history of our planet it is certain no one has existed within the historic age.—*South Carolinian.*

LOBSTER POND AT HAMBLE, IN THE SOUTHAMPTON WATER.

The pond, or stew, is artificial, about fifty yards square, by ten to twelve feet deep, with shelving sides of brick or stone, and cement, with concrete bottom, having a lock, or weir, at the entrance for the admission or exit of salt water at the bottom (the Hamble being a fresh water stream.) This pond cost about £65,000. The lobsters are fed on fish, and fatten. On my last visit to the establishment, in August, 1854, there were 70,000 in prime condition, although the summer had been very hot. All weak lobsters are kept in baskets, and sold first. These lobsters are brought from the coast of Brittany and of *Iceland*, in sailing welled smacks, about sixty tons, which carry from 7,000 to 9,000 each. Lobster carrying is subject to the following contingencies: Thunder kills them when in the well, also proximity to the discharge of heavy ordnance. Mr. Scovell lost several thousand from the latter, one of his smacks having anchored at night too near the saluting battery at Plymouth. Calms also destroy the lobsters in the well, but onward or pitching motion in a seaway does not affect them. They keep alive one month in the well without food.—*Symond's Observations on the Fisheries of the West Coast of Ireland.*

The Precious Little Plant.—Two maidens, Bridget and Bertha, went to the city, and each bore upon her head a heavy basket of fruit.

Bridget murmured and sighed constantly; but Bertha only laughed and sported.

Bridget said, "How canst thou laugh so?—Thy basket is as heavy as mine, and thou art no stronger than I."

Bertha replied, "I have placed a certain little plant on my burden, and so I scarcely feel it.—Why don't you do so too?"

"Ay," cried Bridget, "that must be a precious little plant; I would gladly lighten my burden with it. Tell me at once what is its name?"

Bertha answered, "The precious little plant that makes all burdens lighter, is called—*patience*. For

'When thy burden's very weighty,
Patience 'neath it makes it easy.'"

The Will of an Irishman who did not Understand Arithmetic.—"I will and bequeath my beloved wife Bridget, all my property, without reserve; and my eldest son, Patrick, one half of the remainder; and to Dennis, my youngest son, the rest. If any thing is left it may go to Terrance McCarty."

Interesting Fact.—In airing a room, both the upper and lower parts of the windows should be opened, as the heated air, which from its lightness always ascends, will pass out of the top, and the fresh, cool air come in at the bottom.

How to Prosper.—Dr. Hawes, in his biography of Normand Smith, a merchant in his congregation, says, he never grew in grace more rapidly, or shone brighter as a christian, than during the last six or seven years of his life, when he had the greatest amount of business on his hands. From the time when he devoted all to God, and resolved to pursue his business as a part of his religion, he found no tendency in his worldly engagements to chill his piety or enchain his affections to earth. His business became to him a means of grace, and helped him forward in the divine life, just as truly as reading the Scriptures and prayer.

Virginia Tobacco Crop.—The Fredericksburg Herald says: "The yield of tobacco in the Northern and Western parts of our County is unprecedented in point of quantity. We hear of growers who have been compelled to enlarge the capacity of their drying and curing houses on account of the large returns of their tobacco fields."

POLAR SCENERY.

How beautiful is the aspect of those wild cliffs that hang threateningly over our heads! though the sun is below the horizon, its rays, glancing over the mountains, tinge their snowy heads with sweet rosy hues, which seem incorporated in the snow, and, passing through all gradations, die out in the dark blue of the shadows cast by the indented crests of the great rocks. For the first time, no doubt, the foot of a European disturbs these picturesque solitudes, the echoes of which excite the imagination by their mysterious voices. A rolling stone, the snow creaking under our steps, our very breathing—all resound with a tumult, curiously magnified by reverberation, and then dying out in the distance, as if it fled affrighted at itself. The dazzled sight is every moment deceived. Apparently, I have plainly beheld before me two men of enormous size; I have distinguished all their gestures; I see them load their guns—yes, beyond a doubt, they are two of our people coming to meet us; I walk towards them, and fifty yards further I find a stone a foot high, divided into two black halves by a little patch of snow. The snow falls in great flakes, and gives a little light, which we still enjoy about noon; during the rest of the day a slaty hue saddens, and makes us feel the cold more sensibly; objects a little distance from us are all confounded together in one funeral leaden grey. Over head, beneath our feet, all round us, is snow—nothing but snow. The rugged crests of rock, or the perpendicular faces of the cliffs grinning through it, seem alone to protest against this violation of their nature, and alone remind us that the world is not an immense snow-ball; and yet there is an indefinable charm in this spectacle, which one feels, but cannot express in words—a charm known only to those who have experienced it, because, being before all things men of action, we have not learned to paint what our eyes have seen and admired. We pass close by an iceberg, rising only some scores of feet above water, but half a mile long. Mr. Leask says it is one of the largest he has ever seen. I examined these different masses of ice with a view to discover some analogy of structure, some law of formation, but in vain; the variety of forms defies comparison and classification. Sometimes we have a regular table or sugar-loaf; sometimes an actual island, with its creeks, bays, and promontories; or an immense tent, from which you would almost expect to see an inhabitant step out and welcome you, or the entrance of a cave, opening with vast galleries, or a cavern, preceded by splendid works of art. The stories of our childhood, the wonders of the "Arabian Nights" recur unbidden to the memory, and would fain cry, "Open Sesame!" and explore the dark profundities in which a mysterious work is in preparation.—*Lieut. Bellot's Journal.*

THE SHORTEST WAY.

Some twelve years ago, Napoleon, (Indiana,) was celebrated for two things, one for the carousing propensities of its citizens, and the other for the great number of cross-roads in its vicinity. It appears that an Eastern collector had stopped at Dayton to spend the night and gain some information respecting his future course.—During the evening he became acquainted with an old drover who appeared well posted as to the geography of the country, and the collector thought he might as well inquire in regard to the best route in different points to which he was destined.

"I wish to go to Greenfield," said the collector; "now which is the shortest way?"

"Well, sir," said the drover, "you had better go to Napoleon, and take the road leading nearly North."

The traveller noted it down.

"Well, sir, if I wish to go to Ellinburg?"

"Then go to Napoleon and take the road West."

"Well, if I wish to go to Vernon?"

"Go to Napoleon and take the road Southwest."

"Or to Indianopolis?" added the collector eyeing the drover closely, and thinking he was imposed on.

"Go to Napoleon and take the road Northwest."

The collector looked at his note-book, every direction had Napoleon on it; he began to feel his mettle rise, and he turned once more to the drover with—

"Suppose, sir, I wanted to go to the devil?"

The drover never smiled, but scratched his head, and after a moment's hesitation, said:

"Well, my dear sir, I don't know of any shorter road you could take than to go to Napoleon."

"The Lazy Man's Bedstead" is the title given to an article of furniture which attracts much attention at the Fair of the American institute in New York. It is decribed as a newly invented bedstead, attached to the head of which is a small alarm clock so constructed with the bed that at a given moment the alarm bell will ring, and, in five minutes thereafter, if the sleeper does not arise, the mattress upsets, and he is straightway, and without any ceremony, tumbled out of bed. The difficulty will be in getting the article into practical use. Will a lazy man buy it?

ANOTHER DUEL FRUSTRATED.

WASHINGTON, October 29.

A hostile meeting having been again contemplated between Messrs. Faulkner, a member of Congress elect from Virginia, and Mr. Botcler, who was his political opponent in the late canvass, mutual friends have satisfactorily adjusted the quarrel.

EXTRAORDINARY CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr. Stephen Lee, died near Peckskill, New York, on Wednesday, the 10th ult., of hydrophobia. It appears he was bitten on the little finger by a small dog, in May last, but thought little of it until the 1st ult., when his finger became painful. This he attributed to rheumatism, until he went to a pail of water for a drink.—The moment the water touched his lips a sudden convulsive and jerking movement of his throat and chest threw his hand from his mouth. Surprised at such a strange act he again carried the cup to his mouth, and the same violent throe ensued. He made the third attempt, and with the same result. It then, for the first time, struck him that he had the hydrophobia. He immediately sent for some of his friends, one of whom writes:

"I tried him with water three times, but at each time it produced the most violent spasmodic repelling throes of the throat and chest, and a suspension of his breath, with a sense of suffocation. The trial was so painful to him and his family that no further attempt to swallow water was made. Even the sight of water brought on the same feeling of repulsion and suffocation, and on Wednesday he told me that even the thought of water suffocated him.

"He could drink hot fluids, however, when brought to his mouth from below his chin, out of his sight, yet even these produced spasms in a less degree; but when he directed his eyes to some distant object above the fluid he could swallow; but it required to be done quickly, and it was followed by a sudden backward jerk at the close.

"For three days or so he often experienced sudden spasmodic throes of his whole body backwards, as he was sitting or walking; and he expressed his fears that he should soon have general convulsions; but he never had them.

"His difficulty of swallowing gradually increased, with now and then a spasmodic jerk of his body backward, until Thursday noon, when they began to subside, and by Friday evening they left entirely, so from that time he could swallow even water freely.

"On Wednesday evening he complained much of his bitten finger and hand paining him, and on Thursday morning his whole left arm was palsied. On Friday his right arm failed and was soon completely paralyzed; and on Saturday the paralysis was universal and complete, except in the respiratory muscles. These maintained their integrity for he breathed easily until the last moments of his life.

"His mind was clear and calm. He was pleasant, courteous and affectionate to all, giving no one a short word. He suffered no pain after Wednesday, but he felt a constant and extremely strange and horrible sensation all over him. This was much worse at night, so that he slept none the first three days and nights, and but little the remaining nights except the last two.—Some nights his agony was so great that he was out of bed every ten minutes the whole time.—On Saturday morning, after a night of horror, and constant raising and lying down, he went into a deep sleep. On Sunday morning his mind began to wander, yet he could always recognize countenances. His reason declined until Wednesday morning, when he became insensible; and at 8 o'clock, a. m., he quietly and without a struggle resigned his spirit into the hands of his Maker."

THE TEXAS BORDER TROUBLES.

Captain Callahan's successful foray into Mexico and punishment of a band of wandering Indians, bids fair to be followed by events of importance. According to the first account Callahan with his band of Rangers crossed into Mexican territory, with the consent of the Mexican authorities, but from subsequent intelligence, he appears to have been opposed both by the Mexicans and Indians, and that during a subsequent flight the Mexican town of Pedras was destroyed. In answer to the call for aid, recruits were flocking to Capt. Callahan from all parts of Texas, and the presence of a considerable force of adventurers upon the territory of Mexico, ready to oppose all who opposed them, without stopping to argue questions of national comity, was likely to be the result. If the Mexican authorities at first gave the consent to the pursuit of the Indians beyond the West bank of the Rio Grande, there appears to be no doubt that it was subsequently succeeded by actual hostilities against the Texans, for the Galveston News has intelligence that Callahan had retreated towards San Antonio, pursued by the Mexicans and the Indians and that measures were adopted to send one thousand men into the field. There was danger that predatory war might result, in which the inflamed passions of the Rangers, uncontrolled by competent and authorized officers, would lead to the commission of unjustifiable acts towards the Mexican people and convert the means designed for the punishment for the Indians into a filibustering project of formidable dimensions.—*Raleigh Star.*

Holloway's Ointment and Pills, and infallible Remedy for Blotches on the Skin.—Edgar Mortimer, aged 25, of Third street, Philadelphia, was for five years a severe sufferer with blotches on the skin, the whole of his face, neck, arms, and hands, being disfigured with them like small pox; he consulted several very clever medical men, who told him it was the predicating symptoms of some disease, which alarmed him exceedingly; however, he took Holloway's Pills immediately, and rubbed the Ointment on the parts affected, and in two weeks the whole of the blotches disappeared, and his health was considerably improved. These remedies will cure the most deeply seated old wounds and ulcers, even of twenty years standing.

GLOVES *vs.* SLIPPERS.

A little incident has recently enlivened Parisian society. It is of no consequence to tell whether the heroine was French or Spanish; will it not suffice to say that she is young and pretty?

This heroine had a husband, and this husband, being of a joyous temperament, was indifferent to nothing that could amuse him. It was his right, and you shall see how he exercised that right.

One day last week, it happened that his wife, in rummaging about her chamber, found among her effects a pair of slippers. These slippers were of white satin.

"Good," said she, "there is to be a ball this evening. I will wear them."

She took them out and tried them on. The slippers were too small, and her feet would not go into them.

Meanwhile the husband made his appearance.

"Whose are these slippers?" demanded the wife, pushing her foot into the white satin.

The husband looked down and became red. The careless fellow!

"Those slippers! they belong to you," he replied at once.

"To me!" don't you see I cannot get them on?"

To find slippers and not be able to wear them—what a disappointment!

"It is because your feet have swelled so," continued the husband, "you dance so much."

The wife rejoined, the husband would not relinquish the point, and the slippers went flying out of the window.

Eight days afterwards, the husband looking for a pair of gloves, found some which he wanted to wear; he slipped in a finger, he slipped in two, but the glove would not go on. Moreover the gloves had been worn.

The husband frowned.

"Eh, madam! what is this?" he demanded of his wife, on presenting himself before her with the gloves on the tips of his fingers.

"This! It is a pair of gloves," said she calmly.

"*Pardieu!* I see that very well—but whom do they belong to?"

"To you, apparently."

"Indeed! look you! it is impossible for me to get into them, and besides some one has worn them."

"Ah, then the gloves belong to the same person who owned the slippers. You recollect the slippers the other day?"

The husband flew into a passion, the wife burst into a laugh.

"I have found slippers, you found gloves; we are quits," said she.

The husband pouted for twenty-four hours, after which he asked for a treaty of peace. The negotiations were made and the wife agreed to them. A fit out of a cloak of Russian sables defrayed the expenses of the campaign.

In accepting it, the wife smiled—"See how good I am," said she, "I am willing to acknowledge that these gloves, these famous gloves, belong to my cousin, who lent them to me to assist me in taking revenge upon you; give them to me, and hereafter if I find no more slippers, you shall find no more gloves."—*Courrier des Etats Unis.*

No Appeal of the Pope.—If any one still doubts that the Romish Church claims temporal as well as spiritual allegiance from its disciples in the United States, let him read the pastoral letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the Province of St. Louis, just issued. The document explicitly says:

"*We maintain the superiority of the spiritual over the temporal order.* We maintain that the temporal ruler is bound to conform his enactments to the Divine Law. We maintain that the Church is the Supreme Judge of all questions concerning faith and morals, and that, in the determination of such questions, the Roman Pontiff, as Vicar of Jesus Christ, constitutes a tribunal, from which there is no appeal, and to whose award all the children of the Church must yield obedience."

As remarked by the New York Express, after this authoritative and official announcement, let us have no more wire drawn distinctions between spiritual allegiance. We see here that both are binding alike.

A Paroisse of a Woman.—The Indianapolis Journal gives the following account of a lady residing in Paris, Tennessee. Her example is worthy of imitation, not so much as regards the extraordinary fecundity she has herself exhibited, as the generous conduct she has manifested towards those not of her own blood. We are sorry that we cannot give her name in full. The matron in question is a Mrs. D——, now eighty seven years old. She had twenty-three living children, and prayed to the good Lord to give her one more, to make the round and goodly number of two dozen. Besides these, she has raised fourteen orphan children. She has educated thirty children—her own and a portion of the orphans—and for many years sent nineteen children to school in Paris, and their dinners with them. She says that none of those she has reared and educated have ever disgraced her or themselves. The girls have all married well, and are rich. The boys have all done well; one of her orphan *proteges* has been to Congress, several others in the State Legislature; there are sundry colonels, &c., among them, and all are highly respectable.—*Phila. Sun.*

Novel Suit.—A person in Mobile has brought suit for damages against a shoemaker for failing to comply with a promise to have a pair of boots made at a specified time.