

An Extraordinary Man.

James McDonald was brought before the Mayor on the charge of intruding himself in the house of Dr. Porcher, and refusing to go out when requested. He stated that he was sick and went there to see the doctor and to get some medicine; and it was supposed that he was under the influence of liquor at the time. When asked what he had to say in explanation of his conduct, he replied that he had much to say, and proceeded to give a brief account of his life and travels, from which we gather the following particulars:

He has been a musician, but is now on a pensioner. Was born in the city of Glasgow in September, 1780, and served in the wars of Napoleon. He joined the army in 1801, and served under Joseph Bonaparte in Spain. He was at the battle of Corunna, Salamanca, and Talavera. Was at the battle of Breda, where he was wounded in the hip, and had his leg broken. He was also at the battle of Quatre-Bras, and lost his left eye at the battle of Copeys, and killed the man that wounded him.

He was also at the battles of Long Island, White Plains, Stony Point, King's Bridge, Trenton, Princeton, and Camden; was also at Lexington, where he was wounded; Concord and Bunker Hill, where he saw General Warren die in the arms of old Putnam. He knew General Jackson, and was intimate with him, and his son now living near Nashville, who is eighty years of age. He gets \$20 a month as pension, being a pensioner for both the Revolutionary war and the war of 1812. He has been residing in Boston since 1820, and is now on his way to Mobile, for the purpose of bringing away a granddaughter, who is thirty-four years old, to live with him and take care of him in his old age. Her name is Elizabeth Murray, and is a widow with two children. He is still stout and robust for his age, and can walk twenty-five miles a day. He still limps, from the effects of a wound received at Lundy's Lane.

He is now 107 years old, and still retains sight in his right eye, the only one he has, and never wore spectacles. He was married in Pennsylvania in 1769, and had two sons and five daughters, two of whom are still living, a son and a daughter. The surviving daughter is residing in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and has been married three times, and has a large family. He says he has taken an occasional soldier's drink all his life but never to excess. He enjoys good health, and looks as if he might live to be many years older. His body and limbs have been mutilated with five or more severe wounds, the one on his left leg causing him to limp yet, it being some three inches shorter than his right one. Such is the story of the old soldier and a most extraordinary man, as we had it from his own mouth.—*Charleston News*, Oct. 31.

The Vicissitudes of Fortune.—The vicissitudes of human life are very strange. In 1830, President Taylor then a colonel in the army, wrote a letter to Gen. McNeil, whod just been appointed Surveyor of Boston, from which we make the following extract: "I am fully aware that it is impossible for us to pursue any profession—particularly that of arms—for fifteen or twenty years, without forming a strong attachment to it in various ways, and of course must abandon it with considerable reluctance; but there are circumstances which should reconcile us to do so, and to justify us, not only in our own eyes, but that of the community. Could I get a civil appointment as respectable, with half the emoluments attached to it that there is to the one you have received, and where I could be located so as to superintend the education of my children, I would resign forthwith; for after serving twenty-two years and upwards in the army, all of this time on duty, with the exception of a few months, without being stationed two years at any one post during that time, I begin to think that I need repose, but as I do not possess influence enough to procure a civil appointment of any grade, I consider my doom fixed."

The Sugar Crop.—The coming crop will doubtless be the shortest, in proportion to the extent of ground cultivated, that has occurred since 1835, when the yield was estimated at 30,000 bushels. There has been a gradual change, for some years past, from the sugar culture to that of cotton, for we find by Mr. Chapman's statements, that while in 1832 there were 1841 sugar houses, in 1835 the number had been reduced to 1299, showing a decrease in three years of 1,183. We also know that there has been a further decrease this year, but the great falling off in the crop is referable to the damage from the remarkable continuance of cold and wet weather during the last winter, by which the bottoms or stubbles were entirely destroyed, as well as much of the plant cane, before or after planting. Under these circumstances some planters plowed up their fields and planted corn or cotton, or both, and will have no cane. Others perhaps will make enough to replant another crop, while some having light soil or well drained land, and have been favored by reasonable showers, may approach a fair average. These will have an excess beyond their requirements for replanting, but whether they will sell from their excess to those wanting plants, and to what extent, we have no means of estimating. At all events the crop must be a short

one—doubtless the shortest since 1833—as the extreme estimate named is 125,000 bushels, while some mark as low as 80,000 bushels, an amount altogether insufficient for the requirements of the West alone, and calling for a large import of foreign sugars. In accounting for the decline in the production for years past, it is probable that it may be in some degree (possibly a very important one) attributable to the deterioration of the plant from the partial exhaustion of the peculiar qualities of the soil necessary for its sustenance. Should this be the case, it would be well for the planters to supply the deficiency, by the application of proper manures.—*Telegraph*.

Wall of Gas in Mexican.—We learn from the Mexican Advocate that a gas spring has been discovered on the premises of Mr. Rose, about four miles above New Baltimore, on the border of Lake St. Clair. Some workmen had been for a considerable time engaged in digging a well on Mr. Rose's premises, a rod or so northwest of his house, which is of brick and newly built; and had by digging and boring in all attained the depth of seventy-five feet. They had drawn up the ader to the place where they left off digging and commenced boring, and there left it with some other tools and were at dinner, when they were startled by a violent noise, at first like an explosion, and then followed a roar like "blowing off" a large steam boiler, accompanied by a very perceptible trembling of the foundation of the house. As may be supposed, the inmates rushed out and beheld to their astonishment and consternation, the well vomiting forth a huge column of sand, with such a force as to throw it to a height of over two hundred feet.

Links on a tree close by, some of them two and three inches through, were knocked off and broken in pieces by the coarse gravel and pebbles as they would have been by a shower of musket balls; the body of the tree and the apple trees in the orchard for thirty yards away were plastered thick with sand and mud; the anger was blown 150 feet from the well; a stone weighing sixteen pounds was thrown up nearly the same height and fell a hundred yards off. The ground for full an acre in extent was covered with gravel and sand to the depth of from one to six inches. The gas has been several times ignited, and burns with beautiful white flame; and though the well has been filled up, for fear that the entire underpinning of Swan Creek county might be scattered to the four winds, the current of gas is so strong that it finds its way out through the crevices and around the edges of the well, and may be at any time ignited, as it often is for the satisfaction of visitors.

Martial Pelisser.—The Marshal is now sixty-two years of age. Like some other celebrated men of our own time, he has been a victim to the tempest of passion, and has never got over it. When young he loved and was loved by a lady, the daughter of a wealthy and influential gentleman of Paris, who refused the marriage, on account of the occupation of the son of the captain, and of the inequality of their fortunes, for the Pelisser family had no estate. The lovers both remain single to this day, and they are lovers still.

When the Captain had become General, the father of the young lady gave his consent to the marriage, and then Pelisser, to show his independence, refused. But he none the less did love the girl. She is now forty-six years old, and yet a handsome person.

As may be supposed, her heart palpitated at the announcement of his new honours and of his speedy arrival at Paris. His brother and sister, however, who reside at Paris, say that he will never marry, unless the desire to perpetuate his new title should have changed his mind. In that case he would not marry the lady in question.

Immortality.—How beautiful the following from the pen of Prester, and how happy the heart that can see these beauties as he portrays them:

"Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass away, and leave us to muse on their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festival around their midnight thrones, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And why is it that bright forms of human beauty are present to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand dreams of affliction to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the beautiful being that now passes before us like a meteor, will stay in our presence forever!"

Grouse Taught to Speak.—An engineer of the name of Maitre, residing at Moulard, caught some time ago a young moorcock. He brought it up in a cage, and now it has reached the full maturity of species, and, what is certainly strange, he succeeded in teaching it to speak. This is the first instance, we believe, on record of grouse being capable of speech.—*Editor*.

Here is an old English riddle, but it is still worth guessing:

"More fields than the wind that blows,

"More fragrant than the damask rose;

"What strikes with dread the honest tax;

"What Nelson fears amidst the war;

"What's colder than the frigid zone?

"What, ladies, you may call your own;

"What's sweater than a mortal kiss,

"Will instantly unravel this."

U. S. MAIL LINE.

Oregon City and Portland Daily Packet.
Jennie Clark,
L. G. ALBRECHT, Master,
Wheeler, daily, (Sundays excepted), in the steamer
"Oregon," built Oregon City every day at
12 m., Will leave CANEYAH on Mondays,
Wednesday, and Fridays, at 8 A. M.; freight
charged by ship measurement.

CORVALLIS TRADE.

COCHRAN, CASSADY & CO.

Are now running the steamer *J.*

C. & J. C. CO. of about 60 tons burthen, in the Cor-

valles, W. Will leave CANEYAH on Mondays,

Wednesday, and Fridays, at 8 A. M.; freight

charged by ship measurement.

COUCHMAN, CASSADY & CO.

Oregon City, Aug. 8, '55.

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The steamer *W. H. D.*

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