

purchased by the compensation to be paid for the transportation of the mail in them, over and above the postage received.

A just national pride, no less than our commercial interests, would seem to favor the policy of augmenting the number of this description of vessels. They can be built in our country cheaper and in greater numbers than any other in the world. I refer you to the accompanying report of the Postmaster-General for a detailed and satisfactory account of the condition and operations of that department during the past year. It is gratifying to find that within so short a period after the reduction in the rates of postage, and notwithstanding the great increase of mail service, the revenue received for the year will be sufficient to defray all the expenses, and that no further aid will be required from the treasury for that purpose.

The first of the American mail steamers authorized by the act of the 3rd of March, 1845, was completed and entered upon the service on the 1st of June last, and is now on her third voyage to Bremen and other intermediate ports. The vessels authorized under the provisions of that act are in course of construction, and will be put upon the line as soon as completed. Contracts have also been made for the transportation of the mail in a steamer from Charleston to Havana.

A reciprocal and satisfactory postal arrangement has been made by the Postmaster-General with the authorities of Bremen, and no difficulty is apprehended in making similar arrangements with all other powers with which we may have communications by mail steamers, except with Great Britain.

On the arrival of the first of the American steamers, bound to Bremen, at Southampton, in the month of June last, the British post office directed the collection of discriminating postages on all letters and other mail matter, which she took out to Great Britain, or which went into the British post-office on their way to France and other parts of Europe. The effect of the order of the British post-office is to subject all letters and other matter transported by American steamers to double postage; one postage having been previously paid on them to the United States, while letters transported in British steamers are subject to pay but a single postage. This measure was adopted with the avowed object of protecting the British line of mail steamers now running between Boston and Liverpool, and if permitted to continue must speedily put an end to the transportation of all letters and other matter by American steamers, and give to British steamers a monopoly of the business. A just and fair reciprocity is all that we desire, and on this we must insist. By our laws no such discrimination is made against British steamers bringing letters to our ports, but all letters arriving in the United States are subject to the same rate of postage, whether brought in British or American vessels. I refer you to the report of the Postmaster-General for a full statement of the facts of the case, and of the steps taken by him to correct this inequality. He has exerted all the power conferred upon him by the existing laws.

The Minister of the United States at London has brought the subject to the attention of the British government, and is now engaged in negotiations for the purpose of adjusting reciprocal postal arrangements, which shall be equally just to both countries. Should he fail in concluding such arrangements, and should Great Britain insist on enforcing the unequal and unjust measure she has adopted, it will become necessary to confer additional powers on the Postmaster-General, in order to enable him to meet the emergency, and to put our own steamers on an equal footing with British steamers engaged in transporting the mail between the two countries; and I recommend that such powers be conferred.

In view of the existing state of our country, I trust it may not be inappropriate, in closing this communication, to call to mind the words of wisdom and admonition of the first and most illustrious of my predecessors, in his farewell address to his countrymen.

"That greatest and best of men, who served his country so long, and loved it so much, foresaw, with 'serious concern,' the danger to our Union 'of characterizing parties by geographical discrimination—Northern and Southern, Atlantic and Western—whence designing men may endeavor to excite a belief that there is a real difference of local interests and views,' he warned his countrymen against it.

So deep and solemn was his conviction of the importance of the Union, and of preserving the harmony between its different parts, that he declared in his countrymen in that address, 'It is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourselves to think and to speak of it, as a palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can in any event be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

After the lapse of half a century, these admonitions of Washington fall upon us with all the force of truth. It is difficult to estimate the 'immense value' of our glorious union of confederated states, to which we are so much indebted for our growth in population and wealth, and for all that constitutes us a great and happy nation. How unimportant are all our differences of opinion upon minor questions of public policy, compared with its preservation; and how scrupulously should we avoid all agitating topics which may tend

to distract and divide us into contending parties, separated by geographical lines whereby it may be weakened or endangered.

Invoking the blessing of the Almighty Ruler of the Universe upon our deliberations, it will be my highest duty, no less than my sincere pleasure, to cooperate with you in all measures which may tend to promote the honor and enduring welfare of our common country.

JAMES K. POLK.
Washington, Dec., 1847.



THE SPECTATOR.

AARON E. WAIT, EDITOR—W. F. HUDSON, PRINTER.

Oregon City, June 29, 1849.

Very late News

From the United States, Mexico, and Europe—John Q. Adams, dead—Cessation of hostilities between the U. S. and Mexico, &c. &c.

We have intelligence from the U. S. via Mazatlan and the Sandwich Islands, brought by the "Cowlitz," as late as the 5th of March, and from the city of Mexico as late as the 20th of March.

We have been unable to find any intimation of action, by Congress, relating to Oregon. In accordance with an act of Congress, at its last session, the Executive has contracted for the building of 8 Mail Steamers; five to run between New York and Chagres, via Havana, and 3 between Panama and Oregon. How near being completed, those steamers are, we are wholly unable to learn. A treaty of peace had been signed on the part of Mexico, which was before the United States Senate, and it was thought it would be accepted with some slight modifications.—Commissioner Trist remained in Mexico after being recalled, and it is said, that Gen. Scott was the negotiator of the treaty, and that Mr. Trist merely acted as amanuensis. The boundary line proposed by the treaty, as stated by a Washington letter writer, is to commence in the Gulf of Mexico, three leagues from land; to run up the middle of the Rio Grande to its intersection with the southern boundary of New Mexico; thence north until it intersects the first branch of the Gila; thence down the middle of that branch of the river to Colorado; thence following the dividing line between Upper and Lower California to the Pacific, which it strikes one league south of San Diego.

Hostilities between the U. S. and Mexico had been provisionally suspended.—Congress had authorized a loan of \$16,000,000 to carry on the war, if necessary. Santa Anna, though having applied some time since for a passport, still remained in Mexico opposed to peace, and is sustained by Paredes, and many of the journals.

The trial of Lieut. Col. Fremont, had concluded; the Court Martial found him guilty on all the charges preferred, and sentenced him to be dismissed from the service. The President approved the sentence, but remitted the punishment.—Col. Fremont had sent in his resignation.

Ex-President John Quincy Adams, died at Washington, on the 23d of February, at the advanced age of more than four-score years.

The Democratic Convention was held on the 4th of March, at Harrisburgh, and the Whig Convention to be held on the 7th of the present month. The Hon. James Buchanan was a prominent candidate for nomination, and it was thought that he would be nominated, for President, by the Democratic party.

The nomination, by the Whig party, is said to lie between Hon. Henry Clay and Gen. Taylor. No one is mentioned for the Vice Presidency in the news received, by either party.

The Convention for the cessation of hostilities may be abrogated by seven days notice from either party, and is signed by Major Gen. Worth, who seems to have been honored with the chief command in Mexico. It appears that Gen. Scott preferred charges against Generals Worth and Pillow, and Col. Duncan, and requested the Executive to appoint a court of inquiry, in the city of Mexico, to inquire into the charges thus preferred. Charges were preferred at the same time by Gen. Worth against Gen. Scott. The court of inquiry was established, and Gen. Scott summoned to appear before it and answer the charges preferred by Gen. Worth.—Gen. Worth, it is said, having been previously acquitted by the Executive. The account of this matter is very indefinite, but it is said that Gen. Worth declined pressing his complaint against Gen. Scott, upon the ground, that ample justice had been done him (Worth) by the Executive.

In England they were taking the most active measures to fortify the whole coast,

a militia force of 120,000 men, and an increase of 12,000 men to the regular army had been ordered. More men were employed at Woolwich preparing cannon for the guardships and coast batteries, than during the heat of the war in 1814. Money was abundant.

The new Ministry in France, with M. Guizot at its head is very strong. Espartero has returned to Spain, from exile, and was enthusiastically received by the people of all classes.

In Switzerland, the diet had put down the Sonderbund by military force.

The differences between Austria and Rome are said to have been settled.

Our notice of news in the present number is short from necessity; we shall give the news at length in our next.

Good News.

By a communication received from Col. Lee, Supt. I. A. we learn, that one of the murderers has been taken and hung by Serpent Jaune, and that he, Serpent Jaune and men, were in pursuit of another Indian by the name of Thomas, who murdered the American at the mission mill. We are sorry that this communication, particularly, cannot appear in the present paper. Sufficient matter had been set up, before the arrival of the messenger, or the several communications on hand, for nearly one half of the paper—much of which is laid aside to make room for the message, and the balance of which would have given place to the communications, if time had permitted. Under such circumstances we hope to be excused.

"Glorious Fourth."

The 73d anniversary of the independence of the United States, is just at hand. Arrangements are made, and being made, to celebrate the day in this city and elsewhere in this territory. This is right, and we trust that the celebration will be conducted in a manner worthy of the citizens of Oregon, and of the vast occasion which they commemorate—it is the anniversary of the birth-day of political and religious liberty in America.

On the 4th of July, 1776, upon the shores of the Atlantic, it was proclaimed that "these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States;" that day is about to be commemorated on the shore of the Pacific, by the sons and daughters of the worthy citizens of the "United Colonies," and the good citizens of Oregon generally—let the commemoration show an appreciation of the principles and practice of wholesome liberty, and a new and living resolve, to perpetuate the freedom then proclaimed to unborn millions.

On the 4th of July, 1776, a bright light sprung up in North America, which has expanded and soared, until it has attracted the gaze and admiration of the citizens of the old world! On that day was planted an olive twig, which has grown into a tree, with branches extending far north and south, and from ocean to ocean; whose ample foliage yields shelter, repose, and security to more than 20,000,000 of its own citizens, and invites to equal privileges and equal honors, every down-trodden but virtuous son and daughter of every land and nation upon the face of the earth.

The revolutionary struggle of our ancestors, was closely followed by revolutions in Mexico and South America; but while ours has resulted in stability, security, and unparalleled prosperity, those of the sister republics have failed to secure corresponding stability, security, and prosperity. Why is this? It is, to a great extent, because of the lack of virtue and general education among their citizens;—therefore, if you would transmit the sacred principles of civil and religious liberty to your children and your children's children—or, if you would reap from these heaven-born principles, a rich harvest of blessings to yourselves, cultivate and disseminate education and virtue—let education and virtue become as the air which we breathe, an auxiliary to every emotion in all grades and conditions in society, and the United States shall stand firm, proud, and glorious, when the great nations of the old world shall be remembered only in history.

It is not inappropriate here to suggest, and it is a matter of sweet remembrance to American citizens, that the only signers of the Declaration of Independence, who have been elevated to the Presidency, died on the 4th of July! Thomas Jefferson and John Adams were the only two signers of the Declaration of Independence, who have been elevated to the presidential chair. These men became the acknowledged leaders of the two great political parties; each possessed the entire confidence of his party; each was conspicuously active in the revolution; each lived to witness the inestimable blessings of the revolution, and each passed from time into eternity on the anniversary of their nation's birth-day. Yes, on the 4th of July, on the same day,

in the same hour of the day, the same breath from heaven loosed the chords which bound these men to earth, and the smiling heavens opened wide their gates, and welcomed the spirits of these great apostles of liberty, to close the celebration of that great day where day never ends.

Arch. McKinley, Esq. will please accept our thanks for the loan of his copy of the Message.

We have received several communications, the publication of which are, from the great length of the Message, necessarily delayed.

DEATH BY DROWNING.—Rev. Thomas McBride was drowned in the Willamette river on Friday evening of last week while attempting to cross from Linn City to this City.

One of Kendall's Stories. Kendall of the Picayune, who has recently joined the Texas Rangers, writes the following "good one" from Matamoros, July 13th, 1846.

Race nags may be found among the Texas Volunteers, yet the funniest fellow of all is a happy-go-lucky chap named Bill Dean, of Chevalier's spy company. While at Corpus Christi, a lot of us were sitting out in the stoop of the Kinney House early one morning, when along came Bill Dean. He did not know a single soul in the crowd, although he knew we were all bound for the Rio Grande; yet the fact that the regular formalities of an introduction had not been gone through with, did not prevent his stopping short in his walk and accosting us. His speech, or harrangue, or whatever it may be termed, will lose much in the telling, yet I will endeavor to put it upon paper in as good shape as possible. "Oh, yes," said he, with a knowing leer of the eye, "oh yes, all goin' down among the robbers on the Rio Grande, are you? Fine times you'll have, over the left. I've been there, myself, and done what a good many of you went do—I come back. Lived eight days on one poor hawk and three blackberries—couldn't kill a prairie rat on the whole route to save us from starvation. The ninth day come, and we struck a small streak of good luck—a horse gave out and broke down, plumb out in the centre of an open prairie—not a stick in sight big enough to tickle a rattlesnake with, let alone killing him. Just had time to save the critter by shootin' him, and that was all, for in three minutes longer he'd have died a natural death. It didn't take us long to butcher him, nor long to cut off some chunks of meat and stick 'em on our ramrods; but the cooking was another matter. I piled up a heap of prairie grass, for it was high and dry, and set it on fire, but it flashed up like powder, and went as quick.

"But—" put in one of his hearers, "but how did you cook your horse meat after that?" "Why, the fire caught the high grass close by, and the wind carried the flames streakin' across the prairie. I followed up the fire, holding my chunk of meat directly over the hottest part of the blaze, and the way we went it was a caution to anything short of a locomotive's doin'."—Once in a while a little flurry of wind would come along, and the fire would get a few yards the start; but I'd brush upon her, lay her with my chunk, and then we'd have it again, nip and tuck.—You never seed such a tight race—it was beautiful.

"Very, we've no doubt," ejaculated one of the listeners, interrupting the mad wag just in season to give him a little breath: "but did you cook your meat in the end?" "Not bad I didn't. I chased the fire a mile and a half, the mightiest hardest race you ever heerd' tell on, and never gave it up until I run right plumb into a wet marsh; there the fire and chunk of horse meat came out even—a dead heat, especially the meat."

"But wasn't it cooked?" put in another of the listeners. "Cooked! no!—just crusted over a little. You don't cook broken down horse flesh very easily no how; but when it comes to chasin' up a prairie fire with a chunk of it, I don't know which is toughest, the meat or the job. You'd have laughed to split yourself, to have seen me in that race—to see the fire leave me at times, and then to see me brushin' up on her again, humpin' and movin' myself as though I was runnin' agin some of those big two mile an hour Gildersleeves in the old States. But I'm a goin' over to Jack Haines' to get a cocktail and some breakfast—I'll see you all down among the robbers on the Rio Grande."

EXCUSABLE.—While a regiment of volunteers were marching through Camargo, a Captain (a strict disciplinarian), observing that one of the drums did not beat, ordered a Lieutenant to inquire the reason. The fellow on being interrogated, whispered to the Lieutenant, "I have two ducks and a turkey in my drum, and the turkey is for the captain." This being whispered to the captain, he exclaimed, "Why didn't the drummer say he was lame? I do not want men to do their duty when they are not able."

"Darn 'em!" said Jonathan, in a recent skirmish with the Mexicans, "They're shootin' bullets," as he sorrowfully gazed at a hole in his hat.

EVIDENCE OF CHARACTER.—A young woman brought before the Boston Police lately, alleged in defence of her respectability, that she was acquainted with "all the lawyers in New York." She was instantly committed for six months.

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, mentioned in our issue of the 12th inst., was a large circle of friends.

We know him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation.

But it was in private life he shined. So simple, so kind, so true. We never knew a more generous man; he was widely disesteemed, and knew how to court a self with a grace which was his love of friends and the impact of acquaintance.

In an evil hour he was tempted, noting upon false notions of honor, to purloin the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an abandoned man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought that he was a murderer, he sulked his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess. And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man.

Yet how like him was the last act of his life! This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the reader, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the real state of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel."

It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought dueling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are not.

The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was at Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word fire, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face. Just now so full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the gray-haired father as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as oft struck with palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth!

But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at his home, and our house, in company. We saw no change in him; he was light-hearted and almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unostentatious but well understood consent, (and how terribly did this describe the deed!) none ever referred to it. But once we learned that he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the deed ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth.

But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred; and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain. "I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it?" And all this was, in dueling sense true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died!

Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C. and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duelist, and was challenged; fought, and killed him. He removed afterward to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it.

In 1834 or '35 he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New York. If he could sell or make some particular arrangement, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina.

Full fifteen years or more had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and mania fury, he spoke of his deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder, we listened! Was his laughter, all along, forced? Had his merriment been lip-deep—of the intellect, and not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep, exclaim, "Take him off me, don't tie his dead body to me;" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from a razor and drew it rapidly across his

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And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died! Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C. and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duelist, and was challenged; fought, and killed him. He removed afterward to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it. In 1834 or '35 he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New York. If he could sell or make some particular arrangement, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina. Full fifteen years or more had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and mania fury, he spoke of his deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder, we listened! Was his laughter, all along, forced? Had his merriment been lip-deep—of the intellect, and not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep, exclaim, "Take him off me, don't tie his dead body to me;" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from a razor and drew it rapidly across his

face, and then he died.

The death of George C. Dromgoole, of Virginia, mentioned in our issue of the 12th inst., was a large circle of friends.

We know him in other days. He was no ordinary man. His mind was unusually clear and strong, and had no adverse circumstances occurred, he would have been an ornament to society, and an honor to the nation. But it was in private life he shined. So simple, so kind, so true. We never knew a more generous man; he was widely disesteemed, and knew how to court a self with a grace which was his love of friends and the impact of acquaintance. In an evil hour he was tempted, noting upon false notions of honor, to purloin the life of another. His antagonist fell. From that hour he was an abandoned man; he knew no peace; and to drown the bitter thought that he was a murderer, he sulked his soul still deeper in crime by drinking to excess. And in early life he was taken from us, a debased and self-blighted man. Yet how like him was the last act of his life! This little paragraph below, inserted in newspapers without comment, and glanced at by the reader, possibly without thought, tells, at once, the real state of his intentions, and his own estimation of the depth of his crime.

"George C. Dromgoole, in his will, gave all his property to the children of the individual who fell by his hand in a duel." It has fallen to our lot, in days when we thought dueling no sin, if we could be said to have thought about it at all, to meet with many, to know well some, who had killed their men. We never knew one who lived in peace after the murder; we know only two who survive, and they are not. The first time we were called upon to witness a duel, was at Augusta, Georgia, in 1829. We were just entering manhood. The parties were from our native State. We knew them both well. They were stationed at their places, and at the word fire, the elder of the two, a man of promise and place, fell dead. We saw him, saw his brother who gazed wildly into his pale face. Just now so full of life, saw friends as they hurriedly took up his body, and bore him onward to his home. And we saw afterwards the gray-haired father as he bent over that body, hot tears falling down his cheeks, fall as oft struck with palsy, for his prop, the boy of his hopes, was taken away, and there was no longer happiness for him on earth! But the survivor! Business relations brought us together; we were his attorney; and we had to see him at his home, and our house, in company. We saw no change in him; he was light-hearted and almost frolicsome in his gaiety. He never spoke of the murder; by an unostentatious but well understood consent, (and how terribly did this describe the deed!) none ever referred to it. But once we learned that he never slept without a light in his room. Soon after we found that he was fast becoming a drunkard, and scarce three years had passed since the deed ere he was stricken down in early manhood, and laid near his antagonist in the earth. But his death! we were present at it, and never may we witness such another! That subject—so long kept sealed up by himself—so long untouched by family or friend—the murder of his school companion and neighbor, was at last broken by himself. "I could not help it," said he, as his eyes glared upon us, and his breathing became painful from its quick and audible action. We knew to what he referred; and endeavored to direct his thoughts into other channels. In vain. "I could not help it; I was forced into it; could I help it?" And all this was, in dueling sense true. He had every excuse a man could have to fight; but when so assured, he exclaimed wildly, "It will not do—I murdered him—I see him now—I have seen him as he lay dead on the field, ever since I slew him. My God! My God!" And muttering these, and like sentences, with a shriek, such as I never heard mortal utter, he died! Another instance. A young Scotchman came to Charleston, S. C. and settled there. He gave offence to a noted duelist, and was challenged; fought, and killed him. He removed afterward to New Orleans; was engaged in successful business, and was regarded the merriest fellow about. His intimate friends thought the murder had made no impression upon him; not one of his relatives believed he cared anything about it. In 1834 or '35 he was engaged in large cotton speculations. News of a rise in price reached New Orleans soon after he had shipped a large number of bales to New York. If he could sell or make some particular arrangement, he could realize a fortune. But it was necessary to go to New York. He jumped on board a steamer, went to Montgomery, Alabama, and pushed rapidly on by land for Washington City. Over excitement brought on fever, and he was obliged to stop in the interior of South Carolina. Full fifteen years or more had elapsed since he had killed his man. For the first time, he lay on a bed of sickness. He had fever and delirium with it. And in that delirium, with terrible anguish and mania fury, he spoke of his deed of death! It made those of us who heard him shudder, we listened! Was his laughter, all along, forced? Had his merriment been lip-deep—of the intellect, and not of the heart? He grew better, and his physician thought him convalescent. Now and then he would start in his sleep, exclaim, "Take him off me, don't tie his dead body to me;" but the fever had abated, and we all thought he would soon be well. He did grow better, but watching his opportunity, he went to a chest of drawers, as if for some clothing, stealthily took from a razor and drew it rapidly across his

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