Postmaster.

....Post Master	
....Ball & Co	
....G. E. Gastell	
Ashland	L. Applegate
Albany	L. Flinn
Aumsville	D. Simpson
Baker City	W. F. McCreery
Bethel	J. H. Fawley
Bridgeport	J. Hellimbend
Brownsville	W. R. Kirk
Brooks	A. Brooks
Buena Vista	W. W. Beach
Butterville	Post Master
Cottage Grove	D. C. Underwood
Crawfordsville	P. V. Crawford
Cleoverdale	Post Master
Chehalem	J. Cresswell
Corvallis	T. B. Odeneal
Delta, W. T.	Wm. Smith
Dallas	S. L. Brooks
Dayton	J. Taylor
Dallas	J. L. Collins
Eola	J. H. Ray
Eugene City	Post Master
Empire City	Skinner & Winchester
Ellensburg	F. A. Stuart
Grand Ronde	G. C. Litchfield
Gervais	M. F. Spencer
Halsey	Cornell & Clement
Hubbard	A. B. Gleason
Hillsboro	W. D. Hare
Harrisburg	Hiram Smith
Idaho City, I. T.	K. P. Plowman
Independence	J. Somerville
Jacksonville	Max Muller
Jefferson	B. A. Johnson
Kerbyville	Post Master
Klamath	I. D. Applegate
Lafayette	Dr. Poppleton
Lincoln	Abrams & Co
La Grande	M. Baker
Lebanon	S. H. Claughton
Lancaster	Post Master
Link River Bridge	George Nourse
Marion	Post Master
Monmouth	W. Waterhouse
McMinnville	Post Master
Newport	Baldwin & Case
Nestucca	F. M. Lamb
Oakland	J. R. Ellison
Oregon City	J. M. Bacon
Phoenix	Post Master
Post Orford	T. W. Crooks
Ranier	C. F. Yeaton
Roseburg	H. C. Stanton
St. Louis	J. D. Taylor
Sheridan	J. Stauffer
Summit	D. Hathaway
Sublimity	R. S. Swarts
Silverton	Smith & Crosson
Scio	Snider & Richardson
Tillamook	J. Tillotson
Tololo	R. Simpson & Co
Turner's	Post Master
Willamette Forks	T. J. Vaughn
Wheatland	Post Master
Zena	D. J. Cooper
Yoncalla	J. Applegate, P. M

PRAYERS I DON'T LIKE.

I do not like to hear him pray,
Who leans at twenty-five per cent;
For then I think the borrower may
He pressed to pay for food and rent;
And in that Book we all should heed,
Which says the lender shall be blest,
As sure as I have eyes to read,
It does not say, "Take interest."

I do not like to hear him pray,
On bended knees, about an hour,
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.
I'd rather see him go to mill,
And buy the backless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill,
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say,
"If want o'ertakes you, come to me."
I hate the prayer, so loud and long,
That's offered for the orphan's weal
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with the lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray,
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked "to work for less."
Such pious shavers I despise!
With fobbed hands and face demure
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
Then steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong I hope to be forgiven;
No angel's wing then upward bears—
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

JACKSONVILLE, Jan. 11.—The railroad mail bag for points north of Eugene City was found in the brush about five miles north of here yesterday morning. The bag was cut open, but it is not known whether any letters have been stolen from it or not.

About four inches of snow fell here last night. The weather is warm and foggy.

CALIFORNIA.

YREKA, Jan. 11.—Snow fell here last night to the depth of something over a foot. The weather being warm it has nearly disappeared. On the mountains between here and Scott valley it is about four feet deep.

The telegraph line is still down on Scott Mountain.

No stage from the South since Monday evening.

We hear there has been another freshet in the lower rivers.

EASTERN NEWS.

From California exchanges we get the following:

The Senate has confirmed P. B. Sinnot, Indian Agent at Grand Ronde Agency, Oregon; Robert G. Stewart, Receiver of Public Monies, Olympia, W. T; Alfred E. Shannen, Register of Land Office, Austin, Nev.; T. B. Odeneal, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon; Fred. D. Grant to be second Lieutenant, vice Pierce, deceased, in the Fourth Regiment of Cavalry.

Small pox has been making fearful ravages at Philadelphia. During the first month of 1871 the number of deaths from this disease was about fifteen. During the last month the number exceed one thousand.

The political factions in Louisiana have been making serious trouble. Gov. Warmouth, head of one faction, was arrested by the U. S. Marshal, who is member of the opposition, under the Ku Klux act, on a charge of conspiracy. In the Legislature the fight was bitter, and a number of Warmouth members were expelled. President Grant had been telegraphed to, and had replied that he would cause the extraordinary conduct of the U. S. Marshal to be investigated at once. At latest advices Warmouth men were getting the better of their opponents. Gov. Wormouth was released, and no further trouble was apprehended.

On the 7th inst., through trains from San Francisco, which had been snowed in near Cheyenne for fifteen days, arrived at Omaha.

CHICAGO, January 5.—Great excitement prevails from a box which was being unloaded from a delivery wagon of the American Express Company yesterday. The box fell and broke open, when the spectators were horrified to find that it contained the body of a beautiful girl, apparently about 18 years of age.

NEW YORK, January 5.—Stevens' battery willed to the State of New Jersey by the late Edwin A. Stevens, had been completed. She will remain in her present position until some dispositions made of her by the State authorities.

The great pigeon-shooting match, which was to have taken place to-day at Jerome Park, was prevented by the officers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Tweed was interviewed to-day for the purpose of ascertained whether he intended taking his seat in the Senate at Albany. He stated that he was entirely in the hands of his counsel, and would act only on their advice. It is thought by many that this is equivalent to a decision to remain and go to Albany.

More criminal indictments have been found against Tweed, Connolly, Thomas C. Filds and James W. Sweeney. These will not be presented to the Court of General Sessions until the Grand Jury in the Court of Oyer and Terminer is discharged.

AUBURN (N. Y.), January 5.—The negro Howard, who committed an outrage upon a white girl in Rochester a few days since, arrived in this city this morning and took his place in the State Prison, under sentence of twenty years. He was very happy to get safely within the walls, putting his thumb to his nose and making a sign with his fingers to the crowd outside as he went up the steps to the main stairs.

WASHINGTON, January 6.—Much doubt is expressed as to whether the persons whose names are now before the Senate for confirmation will have to undergo the civil service examination before receiving their commissions. Granting that they are confirmed by the Senate, a difference of opinion exists on this point, and the matter will be brought before the Civil Advisory Board for their opinion.

The War Department is making active preparation for the defense of the Atlantic and Gulf coast.

WASHINGTON, January 6.—The question whether the Grand Jury which indicted Hozea Stout, the Mormon, for murder, having been summoned by the United State Marshal, instead of the county authorities, was a lawful and properly organized body, will be argued in the Supreme Court next Thursday. The question will determine the validity of the recent Mormon trials, and is looked forward to with great interest. The defendants in the case claim that the jury had no legal existence. The Government counsel will deny the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, and if this plea is not sustained they will argue that the jury was properly organized.

The Postoffice Department finds that if it insists upon the application of the civil service to its appointees, the postal service will suffer, so it has already make two or three minor appointments in the face of these rules, which require approval and examination before a Board to be selected for that purpose. The Advisory Board were engaged to-day in making out their plans for the organization of the minor details of examinations of candidates for office. Each department, as heretofore stated, is to have an Examining Board of its own.

NEW YORK, January 8.—The scene at the Grand Opera House when the public was admitted to see the remains of Fisk, prior to their removal for interment, was deeply affecting. No funeral services took place in the building, as had been previously announced, but in the residence of the deceased, where the family were assembled together. Prayers were offered by the Chaplain of the Ninth Regiment, and at 1 o'clock the doors of the Opera House were closed. Thousands went away disappointed. The Ninth Regiment only was permitted to take a part in conveying the remains to the depot.

BY STATE TELEGRAPH.

OAKLAND, Jan. 14.—A fatal accident from a blast occurred to-day on the railroad grade eight miles north of this place. A rock, weighing one hundred pounds, was thrown by a blast over three hundred feet, crushing through the roof of George Smith's dwelling house. It struck Thomas Morrissey on the head, killing him instantly. Mr. Morrissey was up stairs at the time. He leaves a wife and children.

The Committee of Retrenchment and Reform have commenced examination of the affair of the New York Custom House and the general order system connected therewith, which is denounced by A. T. Stewart and other leading merchants who pronounced it to be a monopoly as at present managed.

STATE NEWS.

Portland.

From the *Oregonian* of yesterday we learn the following:

The ice gorge which has for a long time closed the Columbia between the Willamette and Vancouver, broke loose yesterday afternoon, and the vast ice field went down stream. The steamer Vancouver, after landing the funeral party in the morning, undertook to break through the ice. She got into the gorge, and being unable to back out kept on bucking at it till it finally broke up and started. The steamer was carried with it for some time, but finally succeeded in working through to the clear water above, and in reaching the wharf at Vancouver in time to take on board the returning funeral party. No ice can be seen now in either direction from Vancouver.

The ladies of the Unitarian church will have a social entertainment and sale of fancy articles next Thursday evening.

Sylvester Pennoyer was arraigned in the Police Court on Saturday upon a charge of assault and battery (upon Mr. O'Meara) and pleading guilty was fined ten dollars and costs.

The steamship Oriflamme is advertised to sail for San Francisco, at 4, P. M. next Thursday.

Mrs. John Orth, an insane patient from Jackson county, has been released from the Asylum, cured.

N. R. Nankamick, of Ten Mile, Oregon, wants information of the whereabouts of Wm. Morris.

W. C. Myers, of Jackson county, an importer of fine stock into Oregon, writes from St. Louis that he is preparing to ship to this State another lot of pure blood horses, cows, sheep, fowls, dogs and cats.

Right Rev. B. Wistar Morris attended a meeting of missionary Bishops at New York on the 5th inst., and addressed the meeting in favor of missionary work on the Pacific coast.

Joaquin Miller gets a terrible "blizzard" from the San Francisco *Chronicle* which pronounces his poem, "Dead in the Sierras," "unmitigated bosh, containing no single poetical sentiment; without rhyme or reason to recommend it, it is nothing but a string of meaningless words, jumbled into ridiculous jingle, and miscalled verse."

Willamette Valley.

The Roseburg *Plaindealer* says that a number of young men of that town are endeavoring to organize a dancing school for exercise.

From the same paper we learn that the stage for the south was upset near Myrtle creek, on the 7th inst. None of the passengers were injured, but the driver, Mr. Spencer, was severely bruised about the head.

The Eugene *Guard* of Jan. 13, says: We learn from the Salem SSATESMAN that E. C. Alexander and W. S. Moss have become the publishers of the *Mercury*, Mr. J. H. Upton retiring. Alexander is a young man well known to most of our readers, having been raised in our midst. He is energetic and persevering and will, beyond a doubt, succeed in this enterprise. We wish the new publishers God speed in their undertaking.

The Dover Tunnel.

Reports from Europe state that the French Government is about granting a charter to a company formed for the purpose of excavating a tunnel under the Straits of Dover, and thus connecting Great Britian and France by means of a railway. This project was started several years ago, but its practicability was doubted, under the impression that the tunnel would have to be blasted through the rock, requiring an immense expediture of money. It is now, however, confidently asserted by geologists that the bed of the Straits of Dover is composed of gray chalk, which can be easily bored through. Under the view that the bed was composed of hard rock it was estimated that the tunnel would cost fifty millions of dollars, and would take ten years in its construction. Under the theory that the bed of the British Channel between Dover and Calais is formed of chalk, it has been calculated that two tunnels can be completed in four years at a cost of twenty millions. The passage of the British Channel in the ordinary small steamboats is so excessively disagreeable in stormy weather that many persons are deterred from crossing. Should the Straits of Dover be tunnelled, there is no doubt but that the number of travellers passing under the bed of the British Channel would be very great, particularly as the time of the journey from Dover to Calair would be shortened to a thirty minutes' stay in a railway car.

A countryman who visited Greenville, Tenn., had his attention attracted by the glittering sign of the Atlas Insurance Company. He looked at it long and intently, and then broke out in a joyful exclamation: "Well, I knowed old Andy would be at somethin' afore long. I tell yer, they can't keep him down: no, they can't," and walked on.

STATE NEWS.

Portland.

From the Portland dailies of yesterday we get the following items:

There is no notable change in the condition of the ice gorge, opposite and below Vancouver. The telegraph informs us that at the Cascades yesterday morning the thermometer stood at 28°, and that five inches of snow had fallen during the preceding night. The thermometer yesterday morning was at 30°, and the river was full of slush ice. A rain storm set in Wednesday night in Walla Walla valley. It would seem that nothing but a Chinook wind can unlock the Columbia.

The body of a man was found in the Columbia river, five miles below its junction with the Willamette. No clue could be found as to who deceased was, as the features were not recognizable, and no papers were found on the person. The body was taken ashore and interred.

We hear considerable complaint from citizens regarding the management of the ferryboat. There seems to be no desire evinced to be accommodating. Parties have been made to wait an hour or two after night, because "only one passenger would be carried over." We could enumerate other instances of neglect. The only recourse is the law.

Yesterday some workmen, while engaged in tearing down an old shanty in the back part of the city, found buried under the floor $50 in gold and silver. The money was divided equally among themmen.

The members of Nonpareil Lodge, I. O. G. T., will play the drama of "The Free Hearted Man," in their hall, next Tuesday week. The characters will be dressed properly, and as they are in the hands of good amateurs a pleasant evening may be anticipated by those who attend.

An old negro woman, in the neighborhood of one hundred years old, who was sent to the Insane Asylum, from the neighborhood of Salem, died at that institution last night.

Owing to the closing up of the Columbia river, the freights shipped are rather meagre. The Astoria route is doing a fair business, but the northerly routes are doing but little, comparatively.

Governor Grover, accompanied by a number of gentleman, made an official visit to the State Insane Asylum at East Portland on Tuesday last.

The mail-carrier between this city and the Dalles left the latter place yesterday in a small boat, but he had not reached the Cascades at a late hour last evening.

The United States Circuit Court will meet next Monday, and the District Court Tuesday.

The *Eco* furnishes the following items:

The number of idle men thrown out of work by the stopping of work on the railroad on account of the cold weather, is decreasing, and but few now complain of having nothing to do.

Our school houses are full of pupils, and cannot accommodate any more. Owing to this fact there is considerable talk of building another, or enlarging the present ones. Let something be done one way or the other.

Workmen are now completing work on the different streets by planking over the unfinished portions mentioned by us before, J street being at last completed.

From the Portland dailies of yesterday we get the following items:

Apropos of the demise of the "Columbia Steamboat Transportation Company," a correspondent residing at Columbia City sends us the following, a verbatim copy of a sign which figured among the assets of the defunct company. It is something like this: "Steme Boat Offis Knext Billding." That sign was enough to have killed at least a dozen steamboat companies, let alone one.

The Police have discovered a burglar's depot in the northern part of the city—in a cabin occupied by a man named Wilson. A large quantity of stolen goods was found—all sorts of articles from a crowbar to a toothpick. This is undoubtedly *one* of the hiding places of the house breakers who have been making things lively of late in nearly all parts of the city. Wilson was arrested after an exciting chase, and lodged in jail.

It is stated that the body found on Wednesday in the Columbia river was recognized as that of Andrew Schinkel, a German, who not long since came from Victoria and who has been residing on the bank of the Columbia. It is believed he was drowned while attempting to cross the river in a small boat.

Yesterday afternoon a boy named Isaac Bloom, who is not over ten years of age, managed to obtain possession of a small boat, with which he attempted to cross the river. He had not got more than a few feet from the shore when the craft capsized. A number of men standing on a wharf near by, seeing the perilous position in which the boy was placed, immediately went to his rescue and brought him safely to shore.

Capt. Troup reported yesterday the ice gorge in the Columbia, between the Willamette and Vancouver, as still unmoved and apparently firm. During Thursday the ice broke at Vancouver and moved for about twenty minutes, but stopped again.

We understand that within the last few days, it has been discovered that the mails on the Oregon and California route have been violated and robbed. A number of registered letters were found under a tree, not far from Canyonville, Douglas county, among which were dates that left Portland on the 7th inst. Mr. Underwood, Postal Agent, upon being apprised of the fact, immediately started for Canyonville to investigate the matter, and, if possible, to bring the guilty parties to justice.

Yesterday afternoon as a man named Chas. Welch was crossing Fourth street, at its intersection with Salmon, he slipped and fell, breaking his right leg.

Willamette Valley.

The Dallas *Republican* learns that Mr. Savage and his wife have again united forces and are living at home as usual.

The Oregon City *Enterprise* says: Our citizens were most handsomely bilked last Saturday evening by the Purdy & Vincent minstrel troupe. A good house was present, and we think the company possesses sufficient talent to give a respectable exhibition, but they failed entirely here in giving satisfaction. They tried to stow away on the Ajax and bilk the steamboat company out of their fare, but were sent ashore.

An Albany game cock was taken to Eugene, where he whipped a rival game cock for $100. Albany sports are exultant.

Capt. Cochran, who for many years has run steamboats on the upper Willamette, has bought a farm and will till the soil in future.

CELESTIAL BABIES.—One of the first things impressing a traveler in China is the babies, the countless babies. Malthus, evidently, is not read here, or the New England native American nonpropagation creed. "Multiply and replenish the earth," in our Bible, is in the Confucian classes, in another paraphrase, "Beget children to be sure of having your homes well taken care of." "The more sons, the better off you are in heaven." Girl babies, however, alas for the poor things, are deemed rather curses than blessings, more especially if you have to many of them—such curses that often the little lassies are tumbled away to perish—boy babies, never. All the junks we passed or saw where more or less filled with babies—naked babies, mixed up with the cocks, and hens, and dogs, and kittens. Fathers were as often fondling them as the mothers. The love of babies it is that makes up the Chinese countless numbers, ever populating the land, and forcing the poor often to starve, or live on kitten cutlets, or puppy steaks. What we saw people eating most of on our journey, was watermelons, pretty good ones; cantloupes, that they nibble as monkeys would, then peaches, that nobody else could eat, they are so bad—with onions, onions, onions innumerable. Indeed, the whole population hereabout seems saturated with onions and opium.

Jim Fisk Shot!

[From the San Francisco Chronicle of Jan. 16.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The whole community was thrown into a state of intense excitement at a late hour this afternoon, by the intelligence that Col. James Fisk Jr. had been shot and probably fatally wounded by Edward S. Stokes. It appears that at the close of the examination into the Fisk-Mansfield case this afternoon, Stokes left the Court-room in a carriage and proceeded to the neighborhood of the Grand Opera House Twenty-third street, where he remained sometime. Shortly after 3 o'clock, Mr. Fisk left the Erie offices, in the Opera House building, entering a carriage. Stikes did not follow him but immediately drove to the Grand Central Hotel, which he was seen to enter about 3:30 P. M. Fisk's carriage arrived at ten minutes past 4, and the Colonel alighted at the ladies' entrance to

PAY A VISIT

To a Miss Morse. He was ascending the stairs, when he discovered Stokes at the head of the stairs with a pistol in his hand. The doorkeeper states that almost instantly

TWO SHOTS WERE FIRED,

And that Fisk leaned up against the wall, saying, "I am hurt; I am badly wounded." Stokes waited some seconds at the head of the stairs, then turned and walked cooly to the ladies' parlor, where he threw his revolver on the sofa and then quickly descended the staircase leading to the office. The clerks and proprietor heard the reports and were on the alert as Stokes passed the office. He turned toward Mercer street, exclaiming,

"I GUESS THERE'S SOMEBODY HURT UP STAIRS.

Then broke to run toward the barber shop. The proprietor of the hotel shouted, "Stop that man," to the hall-boys and porters, who started after Stokes, catching him just as he turned into the barber-shop, and brought him back. He was detained until an officer came, when he was taken to the Fifteenth Precinct Station-house and locked up in the Captain's room. A number of guests and porters meantime arived at

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY

And Colonel Fisk was lifted up and carried to room 213, where he was laid on a sofa. He was very cool and collected, and gave hasty instructions to send for a number of persons. In a few minutes he was unconscious and had at his beside Drs. Foster, Wood, Taylor, White and Marsh. Several other physicians arrived later. On examination of the wounded man the right arm was found shot through and a

WOUND WAS DISCOVERED

Two inches above the navel, and two inches to the right of the legium line, downwards, at an angle of forty-five degrees. The wound was was probed, but the surgeon failed to discover the ball. The chances are pronounced to be against recovery, and his

DEATH FROM EXHAUSTION

Declared probable. The wounded man heard this decision calmly, and immediately sent for David Dudley Field, who, on ariving, drew up Fisk's will, which was duly attested.

FLOCKING TO THE DYING MAN'S SIDE.

Callers now began pouring in, one of the first being William M. Tweed, who remained with him till a late hour; also Judge Hold, Peter B. Sweeney, Miss Morse and her mother, whom he had come to visit, and several of Mr. Fisk's family were the only persons admitted to the dying man's chamber, but messages were sent flying all over the city and in every direction. A quarter of an hour after the occurrence the hotel was

BESIEGED BY A MULTITUDE

Clamoring for intelligence, and a large force of police were detailed to preserve order and to prevent intruders from penetrating the wounded man's chamber. Nearly every politician of note in the city was in the vicinity of the building during the evening. At 6 P. M. Superintendent Kelsey, learning that Fisk's case was desperate, telegraphed to the Twenty-eighth Precinct Station-house for Coroner Young, who arrived and immediately proceeded to take the Colonel's ante-mortem statement.

The Ante-Mortem Deposition

NEW YORK, Jan. 6.—The following is the ante-mortem deposition: James Fisk Jr., being duly sworn, says: I feel that I am in a very critical condition, but I hope I will recover. This afternoon about 4½ o'clock, I rode up to the Grand Central Hotel. I entered by the private entrance, and when I entered the first door I met a boy, of whom I asked if Mrs. Morse was in. He told me that Mrs. Morse and her youngest daughter had gone out, but he thought her other daughter was in her grandmother's room. I asked him to go up and tell the daughter that I was there. I came through the other door and was,

GOING UP STAIRS.

And had gone about two steps, when, looking up, I saw Edward Stokes at the head of the stairs. As soon as I saw him I noticed that he had something in his hand, and in a second of time I heard a report, saw a flash and felt

A BALL ENTERING THE ABDOMEN

On the right side. A second shot was fired immediately after, which entered my left arm. When I received the first shot I staggered and ran toward the door, but noticing a crowd pouring in front, I ran back on the stairs again. I was then brought up stairs in the hotel. I saw

NOTHING MORE OF STOKES

Until he was brought before me by the officer for identification. I fully identify Edward S. Stokes as the person who shot me.

JAMES FISK JR.

The jury found a verdict in accordance with the facts.

MRS. FISK SENT FOR.

An urgent telegram has been sent for Mrs. Fisk ot Boston, requesting her to come on, if necessary, on a special train. Mrs. Hooker,

FISK'S SISTER,

To whom he is so devoted, arrived at the hotel shortly after the occurrence, and at once installed herself as nurse. Her presence seemed greatly to relieve the wounded man. Mrs. Stokes, who is a very estimate lady, is said to be in Paris. Your telegraphic reporter interviewed

MR. STOKES

In his cell. The prisoner was found lying on a hard couch. In answer to the inquiry whether he wished to make any statement, he said, in a good-natured tone: "I am sorry that I cannot gratify your laudable curiosity, but I have just had a consultation with my counsel, and it is their special request that I make no respouses to reporters or even to the Coroner. The

WITNESSES DETAINED BY THE CORONER

Are Thomas Hart, guest of the hotel; the stage driver of the hotel, the doorkeeper and one of the bell-boys. At 11 P. M. Fisk was sleeping

UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF MORPHINE,

With his pulse beating at 75. Dr. Sayre, one of the physicians, is of the opinion that the wound will not prove fatal, but his confreres are of the opinion that the patient cannot recover.

THE SHOOTING

Was doubtless caused by the way things were going on in the Courts. The case at Yorkville this morning went against Stokes, and it was intimated that the Grand Jury would probably indict both Stokes and Mrs. Mansfield as blackmailers. It was even said that Judge Ingraham had issued orders for their arrest.

THE WOUND

Is of a terrible nature. The pistol is a large-sized revolver, and the wound is like that of a ball from a Minnie rifle. The doctors have

LITTLE HOPE OF HIS RECOVERY.

Being unable to extract the ball, and mortification, it is expected, will set in. Colonel Fisk

TOOK HIS INJURIES BRAVELY,

Never flinching from the sharp probe of the surgeons in their vain attempt to find the bullet. At 1 o'clock this morning Colonel Fisk was in a sound sleep. About midnight

A CONSULATION OF PHYSICIANS

Was held, and it was decided not to attempt to probe the wound again for the present, for fear that inflammation would set in. The wound is healthy in appearance, and no blood is passed by the victim. At 8 o'clock to-morrow morning

ANOTHER CONSULTATION

Will be held. Dr. Carnochan, the Health Officer of the port, states that the wound is very critical but there are hopes of recovery, as all the symptoms are favorable. A crowd has surrounded the station where Stokes is confined.

The Fisk-Mansfield Suit.

Allusion is frequently made in the foregoing dispatch to the Fisk-Mansfield, suit, out of which grew the shots that may probably terminate the life and close the eventful career of James Fisk Jr., and a brief insight into the suit will certainly interest the reader. Helen Josephine Mansfield was for years the mistress of the redoubtable Colonel, the sharer of his joys, his great wealth, and, what was worst for Fisk, his business secrets. There appears to have been a complete infatuation on Fisk's part for this woman, an infatuation which, as we have said, carried him to the greatest lengths. Having control of both his heart and purse,

THE WHIMS OF THE FAIR HELEN

Never went ungratified, and stories of her exploits and brilliant extravagancies have rung the land. The gallant Colonel was lavish as a Prince, and it is probable that he really entertained for this frail, erring woman a feeling deeper and more earnest than men usually bestow on their paramours.

THE SNAPPING OF THIS TIE.

How, when or by what means it occurred does not much matter, but there came a time when the tie which bound these twain was snapped asunder, never to be restored again evermore. There was a scandal, a separation, and then the matter died out and people ceased to gossip about the differences of the pair. It appears, however, that at the time of this separation Fisk had in his possession—so at least the fair Helen alleges—some $30,000 or $40,000 of his mistress' money deposited with him to be invested for her account. The refused of Fisk to give up the amount brought about the now famous litigation. Mrs. Mansfield, forswearing the Colonel, took to her arms a certain Edward S. Stokes, a broker of some sort in New York, and the two made common cause against the recalcitrant Fisk.

LA BELLE HELENE.

This suit has been in progress now for near two months, and has attracted a great deal of attention. Mrs. Mansfield's appearance in the Court-room as a witness created no end of a sensation, the reporters describing her beauty in glowing and rapturous terms. The suit possessed a peculiar, albeit adventitious, interest for the whole nation, because the beautiful Mansfield threatened constantly to startle the public with such revelations of Fisk's affairs and operations as should shake the country to its very center. In these threatened disclosures it was said that Tweed, Sweeny, Hall, and the Tammany Ring, together with those concerned in the Erie corporation would play the most conspicuous part.

A Thrilling Story.

Capt. John Hobbs, a famous ranger and Indian fighter of Sonora and Northern Mexico, has probably suffered greater hardships from and has gained a greater knowledge of the plain and frontier Indians than any white man living in this country. The exploits of this individual utterly overshadow the deeds of the renowned Kit Carson, with whom he was intimately acquainted, and completely surpasses the doings of "Buffalo Bill" and "California Joe," whose names in connection with Indian fighting have been before the public in various periodicals during the past seven years.

When but a mere lad he gained a great reputation among the hardy backwoodsmen and trappers as a wonderful shot, as he had been known to bring down a deer at four hundred yards. At eighteen he was a successful trapper, and knew every elk path and otter pond for miles through the wilderness. His shrewdness attracted the attention of Bent, the great St. Louis fur trader, who secured his services when nineteen. It is to this incident that his subsequent misfortunes and ten years' captivity and sufferings among the Comanches may be attributed. Shortly after entering the services of the fur company, as the Captain related, he and a companion, Jean Battles, a French Canadian, were sent to the Cimerone Springs, near the head waters of the Arkansas River. On the 17th of September, 1837, as their luck had been bad, Battles proposed to Hobbs to start further south, where game was supposed to be in abundance; the latter acquiesced. During the evening of the first day's trip Hobbs trailed a buffalo. His; capture is given in his own vernacular. "Putting spurs to my mare," said the Captain, "I soon overhauled the varmint, which proved to be a cow, which I killed. Battles soon joined me, and after we cut off all the meat we wanted we build a fire and bunked in for the night. The following morning, while preparing our grub, a war party of twenty Comanche braves, with eight or ten Pawnee scalps, and a drove of stolen ponies appeared on the scene. The leader of the band advanced toward me with outstretched hands, and growled out 'How?' I answered him a friendly way, still keeping an eye on my shooting-irons. All of a sudden one on the most demoniac yells that ever greeted a mortal's ears was given, and before we could move the whole pack of hellhounds were upon us two poor devils. They killed poor Battles before my eyes, scalped him, took off his moccasins, secured his rifle and ammunition, and then made for me. But the Chief somehow took a fancy to me and drawed off the pack after they had almost finished me and had the knife to my scalp. Look here," so saying the Captain parted the thick black hair on the side of his head and a long white scar was revealed. "That's the commencin' place," he resumed, "and in two minutes time longer I expect they would have raised my top-knot, for certain. Do you see this?" Here he pointed to a deep scar just above his nu tiche, at the right of the nose, "That's another mark they gave me with a tomahawk on that occasion. Well, to make a long story short, they carried me with them up to the mountains. They danced around me, sung and played on the tomtoms nearly all night, and to wind up they cut off my hair and commenced to cut up my face, or what you might call it, to tatoo me. I objected so strongly that they stopped it, but they managed to put a brass ring through my nose. This I were during my ten years' captivity. I was made a warrior, and went out with them on all their war and maurauding expeditions across the Mexican border, and several times came near losing my life fighting the Apaches and Pawnees. All told, my body bears seventeen bullet and arrow wounds." "I remained with the red-skins two years before I was made a warrior. About six months after this event, while hunting alone in the mountains of Lower Sonora, I heard the breaking of a twig not far from where I was standing. I cocked my rifle, thinking it might be a cinnamon bear. I did not hear the sound again, but instead saw the cause of it in the shape of a big Pawnee warrior who stood partly concealed in a clump of chaparal about 200 yards distant. We looked at each other fully five minutes without drawing a bead; suddenly he raised his gun and fired at me without taking aim. I jumped to the right and escaped, still keeping an eye on the Pawnee; he dodged around, but I soon let him have it square in the head and scalped him. When pearing the lodges I got two ash poles, stuck the ends of each into the ears of the scalp—it's the style of the Comanches to take ears and all—and marched into camp.

Five minutes later seven hundred warriors, headed by Old Wolf, whom the United States soldiers and Mexicans well know to their sorrow, surrounded me, and such shaking of hands and hugging I never experienced before. The chief the next morning gave me his third daughter as a bride. By our marriage I have seven children." "Where are they now?" queried the reporter. "Oh, they're running wild on the plains," replied the Captain, laughingly. He said that in the Fall of 1847, after numerous fights with Upited States soldiers, during which he tried to escape, (rather dubious,) the Comanches concluded to sell him and another white prisoner named Kirker. Thus, after ten years of captivity, he was taken to Fort Bent, and was sold to Col Sumner, of the Sixth Cavalry. The Captain was ransomed for six yards of red flannel, one pound of tobacco, and a string of beads. Kirker was sold for eight yards of curtain calico and a pound of common Missouri tobacco. After being ransomed, the Captain sought the home of his youth; but all his relatives had removed, and, heartbroken, he retraced his steps and made his way into Mexico, where he joined Placida la Vega in his war against the Church Party. At the conclusion he made his way to Chihuahua, and was employed by Gov. Angleztres to fight the Apaches at the rate of $50 per scalp. With thirty Mexicans, during six months, they raised ninety scalps. Becoming disgusted with the Mexicans, he again cast his fortunes with Old Wolf and the Camanches. He continued fighting with them or three years against other tribes, and when the French invaded Mexico he repaired to Chihuahua and was made a lieutenant of artillery in the Liberal army by Benito Juarez, and participated in the battles of Los Membres, Mazatalan, Zapick, Santiago, Esquantito, Siera Alger and various others, down to Queretaro, when Maximilian surrendered. At the close of the war he again visited his Indian home, and, growing tired of that species of existence, determined to live in the future among civilized people. His faith, however, in humanity has been terribly shaken since he has been in Gotham, as he lost $150 in greenbacks at a place of public amusement a few evenings since, and he has charged his mind considerably. He speaks fluently the dialects of seven different tribes—Castilian and half Montezuma the language of Northern and New-Mexico and Sonora. He is probably the only white man that can aid the historian in translating them.

New Style of Vaccination.

The November number of *Harper's Magazine* gives the details of an improved method of vaccination, which, in view of the ravages of small-pox in Philadelphia and other cities, may perhaps deserve the attention of our medical practitioners. The new plan was first practiced by a Mr. Ellis, an English physician. Ordinary vaccination is performed by scraping off the epidermis and thrusting the vaccine virus into a puncture made by the lancet. A greatly improved method, however, consists in raising a blister by a drop of cantharides applied to the skin. This is to be pricked and the drop of fluid let out, and a fine vaccine point put in this place and withdrawn after a moment of delay; the epidermis falls back and quite excludes the air, shutting out any germs that might be floating in the atmosphere. This method has been practised by Mr. Ellis for twenty years, and out of hundreds or cases of vaccination which he has performed, he has never had an instance of blood-poponing or abscess, while by the ordinary method an occurrence of secondary abscess is by foo means uncommon, and that of pyæmia is often observed. The comparative safety of this method is believed to be due, first, to the exclusion of the air, and, second, to the lesser size of the aperture for the introduction of mischief than when the punctures are made by the lancet.

In Marion county, Indiana, the price for calling a man a hog-thief is $30.

A Scotch minister refused baptism to the child of a man who sells milk on Sunday.

Rev. L. W. Brintnall, of Winthrop Ia., has a parish twenty miles long and ten wide.

There are sixty living men within three miles of Skowhegan, Maine, who were born in the 1797.

The New York *Sun* does not shine on the President's message, which "overcomes it like a summer cloud."

A tried-in-the-wool Democrat declares that since the Government took hold of the weather it has in no way improved.

Why did the Highlanders do most execution at Waterloo? Because every man had one kilt before the battle began.

In Lowell it is "stilted" to say "gentleman boarders." They are called "mealers."

Write to a Congressman and you are sure of a frank reply.

LIST OF LETTERS REMAINING uncalled for in Salem Postoffice, Jan. 13, 1872:

Barclay, Mrs John	Brown, Mrs Sarah E
Barzee, F S	Burch Miss Lottie
Barzee, William S	Busier, Mrs Jennie
Bennett, Miss E	Byrn, James S
Brown, Orra.	
Caplinger, Mrs Jane	Crarcoe, Ezra
Carr, Job	Coast, Henry
Carroll, Michael	Cole, Sarah S
Clark, Clara H	Cox, Mrs A M
Chitwood, Mrs Eza.	
Dalgelish, Miss Lizzie	Dodge, James R.
Eoff, George	Eberhart, Mrs M A
Eoff, J L	Elgin, J D
Eoff, George W	
Fuller, Miss Josie	Fisher, Miss Elma.
Garrison, Miss Maggie	Glen, Mrs Mamar 2.
Garrison Miss Mary	Grant, David
Garrison, Mrs Mary	Greenstreet Lizzie
Garrison, Miss Mary	Griffith, Mrs Mary A
Gillies, James.	
Hall, Miss Hattie	Howe, D H
Harritt, Rev Andrew	Howell, Elisha B
Hastings Samuel	Howell, Wesley
Herbert, Mrs G	Hubbard, Mrs Mary
Holden, H	Hughes, Joseph A
Hobins, C	Hughes, Joseph
Howard, James.	Hyde, Miss Ettie
Jackson, Lorenzo D	Johnson, Richard M
Jarvis, Mrs M E	Johnson, P M
Jefferson, Miss Susan	Johnson, Rev J J
Jeffery, Miss Ellen	Jones, Miss Martha
Kelso, W B	Keyser, Miss Lussie
Kelly, Mrs Elizabeth	Kuykendall, G B
Kerkhoff, Elizabeth	
Ladenske, Al.	Lawrence, I B
Lancefield, Miss Ellen	Leigh, Mrs Angeline
Lamport, E I	Lemmon, Millard F
Mathew, Charles	Morgan, L E
McAllister, Mrs	Moxley, Mrs E W
McAlpin, Mrs E R	Monger, H L
Miller, J W.	
Neal, E S	Nicklin, Miss Kate
Nicklin, Mrs Sarah.	
Owen, Samuel C.	
Pampel, Peter	Perin, G L
Parthl, John S	Perrin, Caleb
Parker, Mrs S S	Phillips, E Z
Parrott, John F	Price, S J
Patterson, James O	Polley, Mrs Hancy
Perin, Frank.	Pottorf, Miss Belle
Perin, Mrs Mary E.	
Quick, A D	Quirk, Mrs Maggie.
Ragless, William	Rhodes, Alen
Ramsey, Mrs F E	Rice, Frank.
Roberts, Harry	Raymond, Almira 2
Rodewald, H F	Reason, E A
Rodgers,