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THE EASTON GAZETTE.

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RELIGION purifies the Heart and teaches us our Duty—Morality refines the Manners—Agriculture makes us Rich, and Politics provides for the enjoyment of all."

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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All orders addressed to the publishers, post-paid, will receive prompt attention.

From the Episcopal Recorder.

THE DEAD.

Jeremiah xxii. 10.

BY C. C. COX.

Oh, not for those who die
In early childhood, weep,
For hallowed is their resting place,
And beautiful their sleep!
Sin ne'er hath dimm'd the spirit's light—
Guilt ne'er stain'd the breast—
Then weep not—they are far from earth,
Forever with the blest!

Weep not for those who fade
When life is young and fair,
Ere time hath woven in the brow
A seam of human care;
Ere hope's romantic hues grow pale;
Or truth deserts the soul;
O weep not that the weary feet
Will never reach the goal!

Weep not for those whose hopes
Long years have swept away—
Whose friends have failed—whose loved ones gone
By slow and swift decay;
From out their sky no friendly star
Beams brightly overhead,
And but the last sad wish remains
To slumber with the dead.

Weep not for those whose feet
Tread the dim vale of age,
On whom the storms of many years
Have spent their bitter rage;
Their forms with sorrow bowed—
Their burden'd spirits shriven—
They long to leave earth's wintry world,
For warmer climes in heaven!

THE LOCKET;

—OR,—

MURDER WILL OUT.

SOME forty or fifty years ago, there lay at anchor in a lonely, unfrequented bay or inlet, on the west coast of Africa, a vessel of small size, and of British build. She was a trader, and her purpose in visiting the African coast was to open a traffic with the natives, for whatever produce could be obtained in the way of barter, for a various and extensive assortment of European goods with which she was provided.

The little vessel had been at anchor in the bay alluded to, for three days, and the deep darkness of an African night had gathered around her for the third time since she had entered it. Two seamen kept watch on deck. At least, two were on deck for that purpose; but one of them, overpowered by the oppressive heat and closeness of the atmosphere, had fallen asleep on a coil of cable that lay in the forepart of the vessel, near the windlass. The other man was leaning listlessly over the stern, humming a song, and gazing on the brilliant phosphorescent streams of light that were, ever and anon, shooting through the dark abyss of the waters beneath. All at once the man's ear caught the dull cautious sound of a muffled oar. He sprang up in alarm from the recumbent position; for neither he, nor any one in the vessel, was aware of any ship being near them from which a boat could have come. Again he listened, and, after an interval, again he heard the flat, stealthy sound of the muffled oar, which now appeared to be close at hand.

His alarm increasing, the man, after straining his eyes for a second or two, in a vain endeavor to penetrate the profound darkness around, and obtain a glimpse of the object of his suspicion, if not his fears, rushed to the companion-way, and called down to the captain to come quickly on deck, as there was a strange boat approaching. Ere the sentence was out of his mouth, however, the boat he alluded to was along side, and in the next instant twelve or sixteen armed men, each carrying a naked cutlass in his hand, had thrown themselves on the deck and with loud shouts and yells, attacked and instantly despatched both the unfortunate seamen who had first given the alarm, and the captain of the vessel, who in his shirt and trowsers, had just gained the deck as the murderers reached the companion. This done the ruffians, leaving a strong party to keep watch on deck, hurried down below, and put every one whom they found there to death. They then assembled in the cabin, and having forced some lockers, took thence a number of bottles containing various kinds of liquor, and began regaling themselves with their contents, which chiefly consisted of wines and spirits, which they quaffed largely, and with many a ribald jest and boisterous laugh.

We here pause a moment to describe the ruffian crew who now crowded the cabin of the little trader. They were all reckless and desperate looking men; bare-throated, large-whiskered, and deeply browned by the burning suns of the tropics. They were all armed to the teeth; each having a brace of pistols and a large knife or dagger stuck in his belt, besides a sheathless cutlass, which, when not in action, he carried tucked under his arm, the bare blade projecting far behind, while the hilt just appeared in front.

Amongst these ruffians was one of somewhat milder aspect and more refined manners than the rest. He was a young man, extremely handsome in person, and of a very prepossessing countenance.

As is often the case, however, this person's character sadly belied his looks. For notwithstanding these external signs, or promises of a better nature, he was in no respect less wicked, in no degree less inhuman than the most ferocious of those by whom he was surrounded. Indeed, by none of them had his deeds of blood on this dreadful night been equalled, two-thirds of all those killed in the vessel, including her unfortunate master, having perished by his individual hand. This young man was the captain or leader of this band of murderers, who, it need scarcely be added, were also pirates, and of the worst and most desperate character.

Having refreshed themselves, the ruffians proceeded to rifle the cabin of the little trader, in which they found a good deal of money and valuables of various kinds.—Thus employing themselves, the night wore away, and when morning dawned, its light revealed a low, black, mischievous looking schooner, with masts raking knowingly abaft, rounding the bluff point in which the land on the southern side terminated. It was the pirate vessel to which the boat belonged that had boarded and captured the little trader.

Aware of the success of her boat's crew, she was now coming up to take on board the plunder the latter had secured.

In less than half an hour she was alongside the ill-fated vessel, when the pirates commenced removing the cargo from their prize into the schooner, together with everything useful or valuable on which they could lay their hands.

Night closed this busy and guilty day with the pirates, and when a new sun arose on the lonely African bay, no vessel was to be seen floating on its bosom. It was deserted. The pirates had, during the darkness of night, scuttled and sunk their prize, with the bodies of her murdered crew, and had themselves put to sea, in order to get as fast and as far away as possible from the scene of their guilt.

* * * * * * * *

It was about twelve years after the occurrence of this tragedy, that the stage coach (it was then the only one) that passed through Newarton, in the South of Scotland, capsized at an abrupt turn of the road, about a mile and a half west of the village named, whereby several of the passengers were more or less injured.

Amongst the sufferers on the occasion above alluded to, was a gentleman, an outside passenger, who was so seriously injured that he had to be carried to the nearest house. This was a neat little cottage of the better class, with slate roof, small ornamental garden in front, and enclosed with a neat iron railing. It was the residence of a Mrs. Evandale, a widow lady of decent, though not affluent circumstances, and her daughter, a very pretty young woman of about six and twenty years of age.

Being of a kind and benevolent disposition, Mrs. Evandale eagerly opened her door to admit the disabled stranger, who was carried by some countrymen, who had witnessed the accident from a field in which they happened at the moment to be working.

The wounded man having been carefully laid on a couch, a messenger was instantly despatched for a medical man.

For several weeks he lay in a very precarious state, but a robust constitution and skilful medical aid finally triumphed, and he began gradually, though slowly to recover. A fractured limb, however, kept him confined to bed, and threatened to do so for some time to come.

It was at the end of about ten days after he had been brought to Mrs. Evandale's, and when he first began to rally, that the stranger sent for his kind hostess, and, after apologizing in a rough and blunt sort of a way for the trouble had given her, insisted on her accepting five guineas, and agreeing to take further remuneration for whatever longer time his injuries might compel him to continue an inmate of her house.

This was the first time that Mrs. Evandale had had a proper view of her lodger, and the opportunity enabled her to perceive that he was a fine looking man, of swarthy complexion, and having altogether the appearance of one who had seen much of the world, and had been exposed to many climes. His age seemed to be about forty.

Six weeks after, the stranger was still an inmate of Mrs. Evandale's. He was now rapidly approaching entire convalescence, although still unable to walk without the aid of crutches.

During this period, a degree of intimacy had taken place between him and Mrs. Evandale and her daughter, which had placed them on a comparatively familiar footing with each other, and it was when this understanding had grown up between the parties, that the stranger gave, for the first time, something like a history of himself. His name—this, however, he had mentioned before—was Stanley, William Stanley. His profession the sea; which he said he had followed since he was a boy. That, latterly, he had had the command of a large American ship, trading between Boston and Canton in China. That having realized an independency in that employment, he had now returned to his native country from which he had been absent for five and twenty years, to spend the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of the fortune he had acquired.

He told, too, of the wondrous sights he had seen, and Othello-like, of the dangers he had passed; and another Desdemona was won by the stirring tales.

Margaret Evandale gazed on the manly form of the seaman, and listened to his stories of savage lands, of wild adventure; to his thrilling descriptions of the mighty tempests that career over the face of the great deep, heaving the ponderous billows to the sky, and tossing the huge ship to and fro, as if it were the plaything of a child, till her admiration of the bold and daring spirit by which these scenes had been braved, had passed into a deep and intense love.

The knowledge that their inmate was, or had been, a seaman, gave him an additional interest in the eyes of both Margaret and her mother, for they had had a near and dear relative, a son to the one, and brother to the other, who had followed the same profession, but who had been lost at sea, it had never been ascertained exactly how.—He had been captain and principal owner of the vessel he sailed in—the Minerva, of Fairhaven—which never returned from the voyage on which she last proceeded. Nor had anything ever since been heard of either the vessel herself, or any of her unfortunate crew. Little wonder was it, then, that the widow's heart should warm to Capt. Stanley, who so strongly reminded her of her long lost and much beloved son. Little wonder that Margaret Evandale should associate with this person the tenderest recollections of an adored brother, and should thus rivet the attachment she had formed for him on other grounds.

In as far, too, as his bold and boisterous nature would admit, did Capt. Stanley, in turn, become attached to Margaret Evandale. Yet it was odd that such an attachment should have sprung up between them, for they were of the most opposite tempers and dispositions imaginable—Margaret being gentle and timid, Stanley, fierce and impetuous Such apparently incongruous associations, however, are far from uncommon, and may serve a wise purpose in the correcting and improving of each other.

In the meanwhile time passed on. The patient was now convalescent, and could walk without the aid of crutch or stick.—Still he continued an inmate of Mrs. Evandale's cottage and exhibited no signs of an intention to leave it.

A short time longer and the mystery, such as it was, at any rate, was explained. Captain Stanley formally proposed for the hand of Margaret Evandale. An old friend of the family was consulted on the occasion. He saw no reason to doubt, he said, the Captain's respectablity, and still less to question the independence of his circumstances, and the consequence of these opinions was the favorable reception of Stanley's suit.

A day was fixed for the celebration of the wedding. Three days previously the bridegroom presented the bride elect with a massive gold locket, set round with brilliants, and of singularly exquisite workmanship; one side containing his own portait done in miniature on a small ivory plate, the other containing a lock of his own and of Margaret Evandale's hair, neatly interwoven into small diamond shaped plaits.

Proud of the love token, Margaret hastened to show it to her friend Mary Walters, who was to be her bridesmaid. Mary was a tall, gentle, pensive looking young woman of about eight or nine and twenty. Her countenance was beautiful, though pale and sad, and she always wore deep mourning. She had done so for the last eight or ten years—ever since it became certain that the Minerva must have been lost, and that her commander and his unfortunate crew must all have perished along with her. Mary had been betrothed to Captain Evandale, Margaret's brother, and they were to have been married on his return from the fatal voyage which he had been destined never to complete.

On the locket being put in Mary Walter's hand, she started, grew pale as a corpse, and, sinking into a chair, asked her friend, in a faint and almost inaudible voice, if she knew where Captain Stanley had fallen in with it. Margaret Evandale, in great surprise at her friend's emotion, replied that she did not; but supposed he must have bought it.

"No, no, Margaret, he could not; at least, I think he could not," said Mary Walters. "He who owned it would not have parted with it for money—no, not for all the world's wealth, and how he should have rescued it from the depths of the ocean, I cannot conceive."

"Mary, dear, what do you mean?" inquired Margaret, fearfully, thinking her friend had lost her reason.

"I'll tell you what I mean, Margaret," said Mary Walters, with that semblance of composure often induced by intense feeling; "that locket was my last gift to your brother. I gave it to him on the day he left this place to proceed on his last fatal voyage. I know it well, although the original portait has been removed and another put in its place. It was brought from India by my father, who bought it of a soldier who had been at the taking of Seringapatam, where he had doubtless obtained it in the way of plunder. It is of India manufacture; and if further proof were wanting to establish its identity, I shall find it here," and opening the locket with a facility that showed a perfect familiarity with the mechanism, she raised the portrait it contained with the point of her scissors, and pointing to a small circle filled up with intricate lines, which were engraved in the centre of the thin plate of gold that divided the locket into two compartments, said, "Here it is. These apparently unmeaning lines form the initials of your brother's name and mine—R. E. (Robert Evandale,) and M. W. (Mary Walters.) They were engraved by a friend of mine, and made purposely intricate, that they might not be too readily made out. But I can trace them exactly." And to Margaret Evandale's unutterable surprise, she did so with the point of a needle, bringing regularity out of apparent confusion, and making the letters appear quite distinct.

Mary Walters now entreated her friend to enquire of Captain Stanley without a moment's delay where he had purchased the locket, and desiring at the same time, leave to retain possession of it until some account of it was obtained.

On being asked regarding the trinket, Captain Stanley evinced a good deal of surprise, and not a little discomposure. It was, indeed, some seconds before he could make any answer at all. At length he said, with an off-handed air of indifference, which it was evident he did not in reality feel:

"Why, what's all this about a locket?—Do they suppose I stole it, eh? I bought it of a Jew in London, and that's all I can tell about it. Bought it and paid for it. A good round sum, too. I needn't say how much; and I won't. But let's see it, Margaret," said he, for it was with her this conversation took place, "and I will find you another that shall be no subject of impertinent inquiry and remark."

Miss Evandale now informed him that her friend, Mary Walters, had entreated to be allowed to keep the locket till she had made the inquiries which he had just answered, but she promised that she would bring it to him in the afternoon.

"Nay, curse it; get it back instantly, Margaret," exclaimed Captain Stanley, impatiently, and in a state of perturbation and excitement, which Miss Evandale was greatly at a loss to understand. "Run for it, like a good girl. Come, now, do, and I'll give you something ten times handsomer."

It was not this promise, but a desire to oblige Captain Stanley, that induced Miss Evandale instantly to throw on her bonnet and shawl and hasten back to Mary Walters, to request the locket from her. Two hours had not elapsed since the latter had obtained possession of it, yet she came too late. The locket had already passed into other hands—into hands that would not release their hold of it till more satisfactory explanations were given regarding it than those Captain Stanley had yet vouchsafed.

Mary Walters had mentioned the extraordinary circumstance of the locket to a Mr. Ecclesford, who chanced to call a few minutes after Miss Evandale had left her.

This gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the family, had been part proprietor of the unfortunate vessel commanded by young Evandale, and joint adventurer with him in the trading speculation on which he had gone to the west coast of Africa—for it was to that quarter of the world he had sailed, and it was there he had met his fate, whatever that fate was.

Now, it so happened that Mr. Ecclesford had, two or three days previously, read in the London papers an account of the trial there of two seamen for piracy, and of the confession of one of them, after having received sentence of death, of having been concerned in a piracy, on the west coast of Africa, on which occasion the whole crew had been murdered, and the vessel sunk.

From the description given in this account of the unfortunate ship, of the place where, and the time when, the tragedy had taken place, Mr. Ecclesford had no doubt that the vessel spoken of was the Minerva, and that the mystery in which her fate had been so long shrouded, was at length dispelled.

In his confession the doomed wretch stated also that the captain of the pirate ship, whose person he minutely described, was, he had reason to believe, in Britain, though he knew not where.

From regard to the feelings of the friends and relations of young Evandale, Mr. Ecclesford had not mentioned to them his suspicions of the fate of the latter, thinking that doing so would only give needless pain.

The story of the locket, however, had given a new turn to the affair, and such a one as determined Mr. Ecclesford to follow out certain suspicions which it had excited. He, in short, suspected, and very strongly, that Mrs. Evandale's inmate was no other than the murderer of her son, the murderer of Margaret Evandale's brother, and of Mary Walters' lover—the captain of the pirate by which the Minerva had been plundered and sunk.

Under this suspicion he refused, mildly, indeed, but determinedly, to give up the locket, which Miss Walters had put in his hands, although without assigning any reason for his conduct, which he said would shortly be explained.

On the day following, Captain Stanley, to whom the circumstances of the detention of the locket by Mr. Ecclesford had been mentioned, suddenly disappeared, and was no where to be seen or heard of.

Ten days after, the apprehension in Liverpool, by a couple of Bow street officers, of a pirate captain who had committed some dreadful murder, was announced in the papers. This captain was Stanley. He was subsequently brought to trial, when the depositions of his companions in guilt, who had been previously executed, and other evidence which had been mustered against him, including the locket, the strongest of all, secured his conviction, and he suffered at the usual place of execution in London, for criminals of his description.

It remains only to be added that this result, this retributive justice, had been brought about by the activity of Mr. Ecclesford, who, immediately after obtaining possession of the locket, put himself in correspondence with the office in Bow street, when the case was promptly taken up, and as we have seen, efficiently followed out.

On Miss Evandale, the effect of this unfortunate affair was for a time, sufficiently distressing; but in escaping the dreadful fate of being united to the murderer of her brother, she found a consolation which amply compensated the temporary pain of a disappointed attachment, which, though ardent, had not, perhaps, been very deeply seated. And her good sense taught her to appreciate the kind Providence which had saved her from so unhappy a connexion.

A SINGULAR AFFAIR.—The Marlboro' (Md.) Advocate says that at the recent session of the Circuit Court of that county, the Grand Jury found an indictment against William H. Hook, late Surveyor of the port of Nottingham, on the charge of stealing a purse of money from the pocket of Samuel Fowler. The indictment was found on the oath of George Atchinson, who swore that he saw Hook take the purse out of Fowler's coat pocket. Upon hearing of the finding of the indictment, Hook left the county and has not since been heard of. Curious to relate, however, Mr. Fowler has since found the purse of money in the lining of his coat and near the pocket from which Atchinson swore he saw Hook take it. As the affair will be matter for judicial investigation, we forbear comment thereon.

CHOLERA AT SEA.—The records of cholera at sea are not confined to the papers on this side the Atlantic. The English papers notice the return of several emigrant vessels, obliged to put back by the devastations of the disease. The Guiding Star, a vessel of 2,000 tons burden, bound from Liverpool for the United States, put back after being nine days in the channel, with the Asiatic cholera, of a very fatal type, rife among her passengers. Thirteen of her passengers died, and a number of others were sick. Another ship, the Kossuth, bound from Liverpool, returned after being out fifteen days. There had been fifty persons attacked, and out of these, eighteen died.—A number of the emigrants were Germans. The mortality at sea is becoming frightfully large.

SETTLEMEFT OF THE METHODIST CHURCH PROPERTY QUESTION AT NEW YORK.—The undersigned, a committee appointed for the purpose of preparing a statement for publication of the action of the Commissioners upon the question in litigation between the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South, in relation to the property of the Book Concern in N. York, report the following:

The Hon. John McLean, having voluntarily undertaken a correspondence with the Commissioners of the M. E. Church and those of the M. E. Church, South, and having received assurances from both parties of a disposition to come to an amicable settlement of the matter in litigation, and having been invited to be present at a meeting of the aforesaid Commissioners and to aid them with his counsels, met with them at the mission rooms, 199 Mulbury St., New York, on the 26th ultimo, and, by the unanimous request of the Commissioners, acted as chairman.

After a careful and most friendly examination of the whole question, the Southern Commissioners made a proposition for a settlement of their claim, which the Commissioners for the New York concern accepted. Nothing now remains to be done to consummate this desirable adjustment of a most troublesome litigation but the execution of the necessary papers, and the arrangements for a final decree of the United States Court for the Southern district of N. York, now in session in this city.

The settlement has been agreed upon by the parties without the arbitrament of a third party, and is to each entirely satisfactory. The conclusion of this settlement was followed by thanksgiving to God, and most hearty expressions of Christian love and mutual confidence. The feelings which prevail among the Commissioners of the two churches, we may hope, is a true type of that which will prevail hereafter throughout the bonds of our common Methodism, North and South.

Much credit is to be awarded to his honor, Judge McLean, for his agency in the completion of this important and desirable arrangement, and we doubt not but this act will stand prominently among those of his long and brilliant career, which have given him so enviable a position before the Christian public.

The details of the settlement will be made known to the public when the final decree of the Court shall transpire.

GEORGE PECK,
WILLIAM A. SMITH.

The above report was unanimously adopted. Z. PHILLIPS, Secretary.

NEW YORK, Dec. 3.

The Methodist Church Case.—The terms of adjustment of the Methodist Church controversy are as follows. The South receives regular dividends with interest since 1845, amounting to $79,000, the presses at Richmond, Nashville and Charleston, valued at $30,000; all the dues from the Southern States, $30,000, and in cash $121,000. The Trustees of the Book concern at Cincinnati have not assented, but they probably will.

SHUN THE GAMING TABLE.—Judge Forsyth lately occupied a prominent position in the State of New York. He possessed a large property, which he lost by gambling, and endeavored to redeem by forgery. He recently fled to England, after involving his friends to a large amount for endorsements. Commenting upon his infatuation, the Albany Express contains some excellent remarks, from which we extract what follows:

"By a strange perversion of human nature, the gambler's debts are always debts of honor. They cannot be collected in a court of law, and therefore the gambler feels himself honorably bound to pay them. We have no doubt Judge Forsyth paid all these debts at the expense of his integrity as a man and his reputation for life! Verily, this is a world of inconsistencies. The celebrated Fox is said to have refused the payment of a small and just debt, because he owed a debt of honor, and had not money enough to pay them both. Injustice and forgery, and breach of trust, are all committed under the infatuation of a reckless and gambling honor. The frenzy of the game rises over the mind with the spirit of insanity, binding reason, and judgment, and conscience, to the very wheel of fortune.—Let no man think himself safe at a game of hazard; he does not play for money alone; but he hazards the possession of a sound mind."

THE PROWESS OF THE CZAR.—When the first accounts reached us of battles between the Russians and Turks, we expressed the opinion that for a time, and a brief time only, the results would appear to be in favor of the Turks, and that many would be thereby misled; that victory would attend the efforts of the Czar whenever he should determine to be the victor, and that Turkey would eventually cower before him. In publishing the accounts last received, several of our northern contemporaries express the same opinion, and in the New York Tribune we find the following:

"It is somehow a habit of the Russians to be beaten at the opening of a war. It was so with the Turks in 1829; it was so in Poland in 1831; it was so in Circassia; and so it is now in Turkey. But this luck is wont to turn. The old Generals being used up, new ones come upon the stage, and fortune goes over to their side. So it has been in all the cases above referred to; and so we fear it may now prove at last."—*Clipper.*

A MONSTER ORGAN.—It is stated that an organ, to cost $125,000, is to be built for the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, England. It will be a prodigious instrument—at least three times as large as any ever constructed. It will contain in all one hundred and thirty-nine stops, and ten thousand one hundred and eighteen pipes; be one hundred and twenty feet high, and fifty feet deep, with a breadth of ninety-five feet, and will have four rows of keys. The bellows, it is stated, will be worked by steam.

MASSACRE OF CAPT. GUNNISON AND HIS SURVEYING PARTY BY UTAH INDIANS.—The Salt Lake mail has arrived at Independence, Mo., and brings sad intelligence of the Government railroad exploring party, commanded by Capt. Gunnison. Governor Young writes that this party had been surprised by a band of Utah Indians, and cut off. An express reached Gov. Young on the 31st of October, from Capt. Morris, giving an account of the massacre committed by the Indians on Gunnison's party, on Sevier river. The killed are Capt. Gunnison, Capt. Kern, of the Topographical Engineers, William Porter, guide, and two others, and three privates belonging to Company A, mounted riflemen. The following are, in brief, the particulars: Captain Gunnison and twelve of his command had separated from the rest, and whilst at their breakfast, a band of Indians, intending to destroy the Mormon village near at hand, came suddenly upon them, firing first a volley with their rifles, and then using their bows. The arrows and shots were returned by Captain Gunnison's party, but he was quickly overpowered by the savages, and only four persons escaped to tell the sad news.

Capt. Gunnison had twenty-six arrows shot into his body, and when found one arm was off. The notes of the survey, instruments, animals, &c., were all taken by the Indians. The survey had been nearly completed, and the party intended soon to go into winter quarters.

Governor Young, on learning the dreadful intelligence, immediately sent aid to Capt. Morris to obtain his release, and the lost property of the expedition. Capt. M. was in a critical position, in the midst of a hostile and treacherous band of Indians. A party of Cheyennes surrounded the mail, and demanded the provisions of those having charge of it, which were nearly all given up.

Mr. Gallegos, delegate to Congress from New Mexico, arrived with the mail, and left immediately for Washington.

PITTSBURG, Dec. 3.

The Massacre of Capt. Gunnison and his Party—Names of all his Victims.—A despatch, dated Independence, Missouri, Nov. 28th, confirms the report brought by the Salt Lake mail, of the massacre of Capt. Gunnison's exploring party. The massacre was committed by a band of Utah Indians, led by the notorious chief, Walker.

Those killed were Captain J. W. Gunnison, in command of the expedition; R. H. Kern, topographer of the expedition; Cratzfieldt, Balanest, and William Potter, guides; and privates Canfield, Liplorett and Melton, company A, Mounted Riflemen; and John Bellam, employee—and all their arms, mules, &c., taken from them.

These are the only additional particulars given in the despatch, but it will be seen that it includes the names of all the persons murdered—nine in number.

SOUTHERN DEMOCRATIC INSUBORDINATION.—Governor H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, has issued an address to the people of that State, in which he states that having become quite well satisfied that a majority of the Senators and Representatives in the State Legislature, recently chosen, are not at this time pledged to co-operate in his re-election to the Senate, he does not hesitate to withdraw altogether from the field of competition. He proceeds to review his political course, and declares that he entered the service of the State as a National Democrat, and shall as a National Democrat, return to the paths of private life. He is very severe on the President and the Secretary of war, Jefferson Davis, in the concluding portion of his address, charging that the full force of the executive patronage was brought to bear in favor of the Secessionists, wielded for the overthrow of the Union party by the Secrtary of War, and adds:

"There was reason to hope, that, as our opponents had openly refused to endorse certain vital portions of the President's Inaugural, and had even in their May Convention formally and deliberately repudiated the same, we, who boldly stood by every paragraph, sentence, line, principle, opinion and sentiment of that admirable address, might yet have the good fortune to triumph over our insidious foes."

THE PROSPECT OF A GENERAL WAR.—The New York Times commenting upon late news, says that the chances undoubtedly are, that the war will eventually become general. It will scarcely be possible for France and England to look without concern upon its progress. Already, indeed, the French Government—as will be evident from the language of the official Paris journals—is beginning to assume a loftier tone than it has held hitherto upon this subject, and to denounce the conduct of Russia in terms which have called forth the emphatic remonstrances of the Russian Ambassador. The English Ministry will hold themselves aloof to the latest moment, but the popular feeling of the country is far in advance of their action, and will speedily be inflamed by the news of the battles lost and won, to a pitch of indignation which will no longer allow the Government to remain inactive.

FRIGHTFUL SCENE IN A COURT ROOM.—Geo. W. Carawan, a Baptist preacher, was lately convicted at Beaufort, N. C., on the charge of seriously wronging C. H. Lassiter, a school master.

Lassiter, after being threatened by Carawan, sued him for slander. Soon after Lassiter was found shot dead in the woods.—The testimony adduced on the trial was very conclusive against Carawan, and he was convicted. As soon as the jury had rendered their verdict, Carawan fired a pistol at Mr. Warren, the Prosecuting Attorney, slightly wounding him. He then shot himself dead in the court room. The most intense excitement prevailed during the thrilling scene.

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