From the Portland Courier.
(GENUINE.)

WASHINGTON CITY, July 20, 1833.

To my old friend, the editor of the Portland Courier, away down east in the State of Maine,

My dear old friend you: I dont know but you might think strange out, that I should be back here to Washington more than a fortnight, and not write to you. But I hant forgot you. You needn't never be afraid of that. We aint very apt to forget our best friends: and you may depend upon it Jack Downing will never forget the editor of the Portland Courier any more than Andrew Jackson will forget Jack Downing. You was the first person that ever give me a lift into public life, and you've been a boasting me along ever since. And just between you and me I think I'm getting into a way now where I shall be able by and by to do something to pay you for it. The reason that I have'nt writ to you before, is, that we have had pretty serious business to attend to since we got back. But we've just got through with it, and Mr. Van Buren has cleared out and gone back about the quickest to N. Y. and I guess with a bed bug in his ear. Now just between you and me in confidence, I'll tell you how 'tis: but pray dont let on about it to any body else for the world, Did'nt you think plaguy strange what made us cut back so quick from Concord without going to Portland, or Portsmouth, or Downingville? You know the papers have said it was because the President warnt very well and the President had to make that excuse himself in some of his letters—but it was no such thing. The President could a marched on foot twenty miles a day then, and only let him been at the head of my Downingville company and he'da made a whole British regiment scamper like a flock of sheep.

But you see the trouble out was, there was some difficulty between I and Mr. Van Buren. Some how or other Mr. Van Buren, always looked kind of jealous at me all the time after he left New York: and I couldn't help minding every time the folks hollered "hoorah for Major Downing" he would turn as red as a blaze of fire.

And whenever we stopped to take a bite or to have a chat, he would always work it, if he could, somehow or other, so as to crowd in between me and the President.' Well ye see, I wouldn't mind much about it, but would just step round 'tother side, And though I say it myself, the folks would look at me, let me be on which side I would—and after they'd cried hoorah for the President, they'd most always sing out "hoorah for Major Downing." Mr. Van Buren kept growing more and more fidgety till we got to Concord. And there we had a room full of sturdy old democrats of New Hampshire, and after they had all flocked round the old President and shook hands with him, he happened to introduce me to some of 'em before he did Mr. Van Buren. At that the fat was all in the fire. Mr. Van Buren wheeled about and marched out of the room looking as though he could bite a board nail off. The President had to send for him three times before he could get him back into the room again. And when he did come he didn't speak to me for the whole evening. However we kept from the company pretty much: but when we come to go up to bed that night we had a real quarrel. Mr. Woodbury and Mr. Cass tried to pacify us all they could, but it was all in vain, we did'nt one of us get a wink of sleep, and shouldn't if the night,—Mr. Van Buren said the President had dishonored the country by placing a military Major on half pay, before the second officer of the Government. The Presidency beggfied him to consider that I was a very particular friend of his—that I had been a great help to him at both ends of the country; that I had kept the British out of Madawaska away down in Maine, and had marched my company clear from Downingville to Washington, on my way to South Carolina to put down the nullifiers; and he thought I was entitled to as much respect as any man in the country.

This nettled Mr. Van. Buren peskily. He said he thought it was a fine time of day, if a raw jockey from the obscure village away down est, jest because he had a Major's commission was going to throw the Vice President of the United States, and the Heads of Departments in the back ground. At this my dander began to rise, and I stepped up to him—and says I, Mr, Van Buren, you are the last man that ought to call me jockey.—And if you'll go to Downingville and stand up before my company with Sergeant Joel at their head, and call Downingville an obscure village, I'll let you use my head for a foot-ball as long as you live afterwards. For if they wouldn't blow you into ten thousand atoms, I'll never guess again. We got so high at last that the old President hopt off the bed like a boy; for he had laid down to rest himself, bein it was near daylight, though he couldn't get no sleep. And says he, Mr. Donaldson, set down and write Mr. Anderson at Portland, and my friend Joshua Downing at Downingville, that I can't come.—I'm going to start for Washington this morning. What, says Mr. Cass, and not go to Portsmouth and Exeter and round there! I tell you says the President, I'm going to start to Washington this morning, & in three days I'll be there. What says, Mr. Woodbury, and not go to Portland, were they have spent so much money to get ready for us. I tell you, says the President, my foot is down; I go not a step further, but turn about this morning for Washington. What, says I & not go to Downingville, what will uncle Joshua say? At this the President looked a little hurt, and says he, Major Downing, I can't help it. As for going any further with such a din about my ears, I cannot and will not, and I am resolved not to budge another inch. And sure enough, the President was as good his word, and we were all packed up by sunrise, and in three days we were in Washington.

And here we've been ever since, battling the watch about the next Presidency. Mr. Van Buren says the President promised it to him, and now he charges me and the President with a plot to work myself into it and leave him out. Its true, I've been nominated in a good many papers, in the National Intelligencer, and in the Munch Chunk Courier, printed away off among the coal diggers in Pennsylvany, and a good many more. And them are Pennsylvany chaps are real pealers for electing folks when they take hold and that's what makes Mr. Van Buren so uneasy. The President tells him as he has promised to help him, he shall do what he can for him—but if the folks will vote for me he cant help it. Mr. Van Buren wanted I should come out in the National Intelligencer and resign, and so be put up for Vice President under him. But I told him no—bein it had gone so far I wouldn't do nothing about it. I hadn't asked for the office, and if the folks had a mind to give it to me, I wouldn't refuse it. So after we had battled it about a fortnight, Mr. Van Buren found it was no use to try to dicker with me, and he's cleared out and gone to New York to see what he can do there.

I never thought of getting in to be President so soon, though I've had a kind of hankering for it these two years. But now, seeing its turned out as it has, I'm determined to make a bold push, and if I can get in by the free votes of the people, I mean to. The President says he rather I should have it than any body else, and if he hadn't promised Mr. Van Buren before hand, he would use his influence for me.

I remember when I was a boy about a dozen years old, there was an old woman came to our house to tell fortunes. And after she'd told the rest of 'em, father says he, here's Jack, you haven't told his fortune yet, and I dont 'spose its worth a telling, for he's a real mutton head boy. At that the old woman catched hold of my hair and pulled my head back and looked in my face, and I shall never forget how she looked right through me, as long as I live. At last says she, and she gin me a shove that sent me almost through the side of the house, Jack will beat the whole of you. He'll be a famous climber in his day, and whenever he sets out to climb, you may depend upon it he will go to the top of the ladder. Now putting all these things together, and the nominations in the papers, and the hoorahs for Major Downing, I dont know what it means, unless it means that I must be President. So as I said afore I'm determined to make a bold push. I've writ to Col. Crocket to see if I can get the support of the western States, and his reply is, 'go ahead.' I shall depend upon you and uncle Joshua to carry the State of Maine for me—and in order to secure the other States I spose it will be necessary to publish my life and writings. President Jackson had his life published before he was elected, and when Mr, Clay was a candidate he had his'n published. I've talked with the President about it, and he says publish it by all means and set the printer of the Portland Courier right about it,

So I want you to go to work as soon as I get this, and pick up my letters and begin to print 'em in a book; and I'll set down and write a history of my life, to put into it, and send it along as fast as I can get it done.

But I want you to be very careful not to get any of them are confounded counterfeit letters that the rascally fellers have been sending to the printers, mixed in long with mine. It would be as breaking a rotten egg in long with the good ones—it would spile the whole pudding. You can tell all my letters, for they were all sent to you first.—Except that I aint agoing to deny but that I did send one little letter to old Mr. Lang that prints the New York Gazette. And I don't know as it is any body's business if I did send one to him—for he's a fine old gentleman, and every time I've been in N. York he's always been very kind to me, and never charged me a cent for my keeping, and he always agrees with me in politics exactly.

The president says I must have a picture of me to put into my book. He says he had one put into his, and Mr. Clay had put into his. So I believe I shall write to Mr. Thatcher that prints the little Journal paper in Boston, and get him to go to some of the best picture makers there, and get them to do me up some as slick as they can. These things you know will all help to get the free votes of the people, and that's all I want. For I tell you now, right up and down, I never will take any office that doesn't come by the free votes of the people. I'm a genuine democratic republican, and always was, and so was my father before me? and Uncle Joshua besides.

There's a few more things that I want to speak to you about in this letter, but I'm afraid it will get to be too lengthy. That are story that they got in the newspapers about my being married in Philadelphia is all a hoax. I aint married yet, nor I shant be till a little blue eyed gal, that used to run about with me and go to school and slide down hill in Downingville is the wife of President Downing. And that are story that the President give me a Curnel's commission just before we started down east, is not exactly true.—The President did offer me one, but I thanked him and told him if he would excuse me I should rather not take it, for he had always noticed that Majors were more apt to rise than Curnels.

I wish you would take a litttle pains to send up to Downingville and get uncle Joshua to call a public meeting and have me nominated there, I'm so well known there it would have a great effect in other places. And I want to have it particularly understood, and stated in their resolutions that I am the genuine democratic republican candidate. I know you will put your shoulder to the wheel in this business, and do all you can for me, for you was always a good friend to me, and jest between you and me, when I get in to be president you may depend upon it you shall have as good an office as you want.

But I see it's time for me to end this letter,—The President is quite comfortable, and sends his respects to you and uncle Joshua.

I remain your sincere friend,

MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

A CHARACTER.

The citizens of Morgantown, Berk's county, Pa. advertising a swindler, describe him in the following eulogist terms. "He is about 5 feet 4 inches high, on a pair of bandy legs, having a waddling gait, red nose. a large stock of impudence, a fondness for riding borrowed horses, an inveterate hatred of steady work."

MICHIGAN,

After a warm contest, Judge Wordbridge the Anti-Masonic candidate for delegates to Congress, has succeeded in beating Mr. Wing the National Republican, and Mr. Lyon, the Jackson candidate.

Madness.—Several cases of hydrophobia have recently been mentioned in the newspapers. Elicted by them the following card is published in the Boston Morning Post: of what efficacy it is to be considered, remains to be seen—The inhabitants of Gadica have made the important discovery; that near the ligament of the man or beast bitten by a mad dog pustules of a whitish hue make their appearance which open spontaneously about the 13th day after the bite and at this time they say, the first symptoms of true hydrophobia make their appearance. Their method of cure consists in opening these pustules, and making the patient spit out the ichor and fluid which run from them often washing the mouth with salt water This operation should be performed the ninth day after the bite. The remedy is so effectual, that with these people this hitherto incurable disease has lost its terrors.

A SPANISH DUEL.

We once saw a duel fought between two South American Spaniards, on board a schooner belonging to Cumana, on the Spanish main. She was lying at the time in St. Pierres Martinico. The combatants were the owner and the captain of the vessel, both large muscular men, in the prime of life.

It was early in the morning—some high words evidently of an irritable tendency passed between them, and first attracted the notice of the crews of the surrounding vessels. The storm of words increased and with indignation, they stood face to face, making violent gestures, and applying to each other the most insulting terms which can be found in the Spanish language. This wordy warfare lasted perhaps a quarter of an hour and we expected every moment to see them come to blows.—But suddenly, as if by mutual consent they ceased their revilings and passed down the companion way together. In a few minutes they reappeared on deck. They were now each lightly clad in a white shirt and trowsers. Around the left arm were wound several folds of some party colored garment and in the hand they brandished that deadly weapon the Spanish knife.

As soon as they stepped on the quarter deck they contronted each other and we shall never forget the demoniac expressions of their countenances at that moment. On their swarthy visages were fearful impressed all the evil passions which disgrace human nature. Their lips were firmly knit and we almost fancied we could hear the grating of their teeth. Their large black eyes, blood shot with frantic passion, seemed like glowing embers. For an instant they gazed upon each other as if each sought to wither his antagonist with a glance—then they addressed themselves to their sanguinary work—And never did we witness a more extraordinary display of address and agility than by those two Spaniards, thirsting for each others blood.

They fought foot to foot. Thrusts were rapidly interchanged, and were for some time skilfully parried by the left arm, which was used as a buckler. The blows were directed at the body, and soon the white vesture of one the combatants was sullied by a crimson stain. This seemed only to stimulate him to more desperate exertions and a moment after a stream of blood was seen flowing from his adversary's bosom—and thus they fought more like demons than men, their own crew silently gazing on the fearful scene meanwhile some Captains of American vessels lying near hastened on board to put a stop to the mortal struggle. But ere they could reach the schooner, the Spaniards were both stretched on the deck which was flooded with gore. One had received three dangerous wounds in the breast—the other two in the breast, and three in the abdomen.—They were carried on shore, but whether they lived or died we never learned as we left the harbour of St Pierres a few hours after.—[Lowell Journal.

Tennessee is suffering from drought. Every thing says the Nashville Banner is parched: and corn it is feared, is already beyond remedy.

The following is from the Globe.

The U. S. Gazette after quoting some of our remarks, adds

We learn that the Banking house in this City is *fire proof*.

So is Old Hickory: The Indians tried him, the British tried him, the Bank tried him.—Have they forgotton the veto.

And we infer from the above, that the Globe men have been trying the Banking house? U. S. Gaz.

BEASTLY REVENGE.

A truckman in Boston, named Leonard Wells, a native of Vermont, while flagellating a horse, which was tied in a stable in Oliver street, received from the animal a violent kick in the abdomen, of which the man died in about four hours.

The New York Advocate of yesterday says:—Colonel Drayton reached here a few days since in the Sutton. We learn that it is his intention to settle in Philadelphia. Wherever he may take up his abode, he will receive a hearty welcome, for no society of which he may become an inmate can be insensible to his worth.

FOREIGNER'S KNOWLEDGE OF AMERICA.

The Rev. Mr. Fidler is well borne out in his gross blunders respecting this country, by the still grosser ones of his countrymen who stay at home. A highly respectable British newspaper—the Globe states, (as we perceive from the last arrivals) on the alleged authority of a correspondent in this country, that Delaware and Maryland are the only States in the Union which are now opposed to the (immediate) emancipation of the slaves! This is drawing a long bow, truly. It is Fidler out fiddled. Boston Journal.

Baltimore Market.—Corn, 63, 65—Wheat $102—Rye 68—Oats 25 cents.

THE LEHIGHTON MURDER.

Easton, Pa. July 26.

On Friday last Michael Brady was brought from Philadelphia and lodged in our Jail, for having murdered Benjamin Balliet of Lehighton in this county. The circumstances as near as we can ascertain them were as follows. Sometime in May at a Militia muster at Lehighton, the Irish laborers of that place became unruly and noisy, and in the afternoon when most of the citizens had dispersed in consequence of the rain, commenced plying the brick bats and shillelahs upon any poor devil who chanced to come within their reach. In the course of the affrey when they had some man down and were beating him an old man by the name of Musselman drew near, curious to see what was going on, he was immediately knocked down and treated in the same manner. Young Balliet, anxious to save him ran up and cried out—For God sake don't kill the old man. The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he received several blows from clubs and stones which felled him to the earth, fracturing his skull. After an interval of what length we cannot say, Michael Brady came up to him, and giving him a push with his foot remarked, is the damed rascal dead? and immediately upon Balliet's showing some signs of life by moving his head, Brady dropped down upon him, stabbed him several times with a long knife or dagger, of which in about five days Balliet died. This is the state of facts as detailed by the friends of the deceased, from whom we heard it. On the part of Brady we believe it is alleged that he did not stab him at all. Brady fled and was taken in Philadelphia, whence he was brought to Easton.

In all probability a Special Court will be ordered for this trial as for that of Charles Getter who is charged with the murder of his wife, as the two would alone occupy the whole of our August Term to the exclusion of all other business.—Centinel.

Friendship.

When fortune smiles and life is prosperous and fair, then it is that the nominal and true friend may seem alike sincere. Then it is that small and great, rich and poor bond and freee, bow at your shine and prostrate themselves as it were at your feet. But when unfortunately the dark clouds of disappointment gather thick around you, and you find yourself beset with troubles, losses, crosses, and disappointments on every side, then you are ready to exclaim, fortune can create friends but adversity alone can try them. Your friends of fortune will desert you. They will laugh at your misfortunes, and heap upon you shame and disgrace. They will sink you, if possible, lower and in point of honor and reputation, in all your attempts to rise, cross and blight you at every turn. But not so with the true friend.—Though all your earthly prospects are cut off, he will not desert you, but if possible administer to your relief. Let us therefore, cultivate and cherish that friendship, and that alone, which will not diminish though sorrows oppress and affliction invade us; that too which cheer and animate us amid our darkest hours and shine brightest in affliction's night.

[Monthly Repository.

The Boston Courier, closes some remarks upon the cause of opposition in the south to the protection policy, with the following paragraph—

New England has become what she is by keeping her men in the worships and the farm, and her women in the dairy and kitchen. Had the South been as wise, or as fortunate, we should have heard less repining at her condition, less envy at our prosperity, the tariff and American system would not have been such bugbears to frighten children and old women—and nullification would never have been heard of. All these miserable spectres have had an existence, solely because the women of the South have never known how to churn or make puddings.

From the Northampton (Mass.) Courier

Southern Manners.

The manners of the Southern people we like far better than those of our own. They win confidence without effort, and create a feeling of sociality without ostentation and throw around them a sentiment of kindness without affected display. We know not what produces this obvious difference between the two sections of the country, whether it arises from habit, climate, or education, but it is a very apparent & striking one. The people in the south are warm hearted, courteous, free and ardent in their conversation and manners. They meet you with unrestrained cordiality and enter quickly into your feelings and sympathies. They are particularly attentive to those small matters of civility which cost so little & give so much pleasure. The manners of the people of the north, on the contrary, are but too often cold, heartless and repulsive chilling every thing which approaches to the heart or real cordiality of feeling. The southern man meets you with a ready hand and a kindness and freedom of manner which at once captivates and delights you.—The northern man, on the contrary from his austere manners and cold demeanour, will too often repel all attemps at intimacy and unrestrained intercourse, chilling the feelings of others, and stopping the spontaneous rush of kindness and generosity from the heart. They are often mere icicles, which even the warmth of a southern breeze can neither melt dor soften.

A gentle reproof.

Zachariah Hodgdon was not naturally an illnatured man It was want of reflection, more than an ungenerous heart, that led him to consider his wife in the light of an inferior being, treat her more like a slave than equal. If he met with any thing abroad to ruffle his temper, his wife was sure to suffer when he came home. His meals were always illcooked, and whatever the poor woman did to please him was sure to have a contrary effect She bore his illhumor in silence for a long time, but finding it to increase, she adopted a method of reproving him for his unreasonable conduct which had the happiest effect.

One day as Zachariah was going to his daily avocation after breakfast he purchased a fine large codfish and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew that whether she boiled it, fried it, or made it into chowder her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once if possible, and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also with some little difficulty procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped him into the pot. In due time her husband came home. Some covered dishes placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation,

Well wife, did you get the fish I bought.

Yes my dear,

I should like to know how you have cooked it, I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating, (taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in the d—l's name possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog.

Why my dear I thought that you loved it best fried.

You did not think any such thing You knew better. I never loved fried fish. Why didn't you boil it?

My dear the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it and you said you liked it better fried. I did it merely to please you. But I have boiled some also. So saying she lifted a cover and lo! the shoulders of cod nicely boiled were neatly deposited on a dish, a sight which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the ill-nature of her husband.

A pretty dish this! exclaimed he. Boiled fish chips and porridge If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder.

His patient wife with a smile, immediately placed a turen before him containing an excellent chowder!

My dear said she, I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish. Favorite dish indeed, grumbled the discomfited husband, I dare say it is an unpalatable wishy-washy mess I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it.

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference uncovered a large dish at her husbands right hand, and there was a bull-frog of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition,

Why dear said his wife I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst out in a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another leason. And he was as good as his word.

Lowell Journal.

In the English house of Lords the Lord Chancellor is seated on a wool sack, that the importance of the woollen manufacture, the great staple of that country may be indelibly impressed on the public mind.

Maryland Politicks.

DORCHESTER COUNTY.—At a meting of the National Republican party, held in Dorchester county, on Monday the 22d ult. The following persons were nominated as suitable candidates to represent that county in the next Legislature of Maryland:—Martin L. Wright, Dr. Joseph Nicols, Henry L. M'Namara, and John Eccleston.

The two first named were members of the last house of Delegates.

CHARLES COUNTY.—We understand that the National Republican and Working-men of Charles county, have united in nominating the following ticket, for the ensuing election, for members of the House of Delegates. There can be no question of the success of the ticket. The gentlemen named are well known to the public,—The two first members of the last Legislature, and the other two served as members a few years since.—William D. Merrick, Walter M. Miller, John Hughes, and——Dalaney, Esqrs.

6TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

Frederick Dorsey, Esq. of Frederick county, has been named as the Jackson Candidate for the sixth district.

SYDENHAM, OR MEMOIRS OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.—2 VOLS. CAREY & HART PHILAELPHIA.

This work is greatly superior to most of the novels of the day, and is evidently the production of a powerful intellect. We rank it higher than the novels of D'Israeli, whose style has been so much lauded and whose genius has been so much extolled. It purports to be the history of a young man of rank with an unincumbered estate of ten thousand pounds a year, who, accordingly is freely admitted into the "best saciety of London."—The various scenes of fashionable life through which he passess, he describes with a graphic pen, and there is a pleasing vein of satire running through the whole.—The fortune hunting mother is admirably delineated in the character of Mrs. Metcalfe, who had spread her net to entrap our hero for her "accomplished" daughter. In Mr. Beaumont we are presented with the picture of a finished dandy, and in Trevelyan with a professed libertine, "who had already caused nine divorces and had been defended in seventeen actions at the suits of husbands and fathers who sought to be paid for abuse of their wives and daughters." The reader will be amused with the contest between Lady Cuthullin and Lady Edward Hammond for precedence in the fashionable world, and if he does not laugh at the interview of Beaumont and Sydenham with Sir Patrick Malony, a young Irish baronet, who was the admiration of the ladies of Limerick, he deserves to be shut up with the Monks of La Tappe. In the *second* volume we have an account of the political life of the author, who, after being defeated as candidate to represent his county, was elected for a rotten borough. Under fictitious names he introduces some of the most distinguished political characters of the day, and his account of the political intrigues of the times is highly entertaining. His siyle is, in general, good, and the scenes are managed with the tact and skill of an experienced writer, although it is intimated, that it is his 'first appearance.'

ACCIDENT.

As the Steam-Boat Maryland was leaving our wharf, yesterday, on her way to East-on the fast by some means got entangled round the anchor, and drew it with such violence upon deck as to severely injure two or three colored persons who were struck in its progress. They were landed and suitably attended to.—Annapolis paper.

We learn that the difficulties heretofore existing between the Master and Journeymen Hatters have been satisfactorily arranged.—Balt. American.

The Cincinnati Commercial Advertiser gives the following list as comprising all the candidates for the Presidency, at present before the public:

Martin Van Buren, of New York.
Lewis Cass, of Ohio
Louis McLane, of Delaware.
John McLean, of Ohio.
Richard Rush, of Pennsylvania.
Henry Clay, of Kentucky.
Daniel Webster, of Massachusetts.
B. W. Leigh, of Virginia.
John C. Calhoun, of S. Carolina.
Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky.

THE MONKEY AND THE BULL-DOG.

A furious battle took place some time back at Worcester, between those two animals on a wager of three guineas to one, that the dog would kill the monkey in six minutes. The owner of the dog agreed to permit the monkey to use a stick about a foot long. Hundreds of spectators assembled to witness the fight, and bets ran eight nine and ten to one, in favor of the dog, who could hardly be held in. The owner of the monkey took from his pocket a thick round rule, about a foot long and threw it into the hand of the monkey saying Now look sharp—mind that dog. Then here goes for your monkey, cried the butcher, letting the dog loose, which flew with tiger like fierceness at him. The monkey with astonishing agility, sprang at least a yard high, and falling on the dog, laid hold of the back of his neck with his teeth, seizing one ear with his left paw so as to prevent his turning to bite. In this unexpected situation, Jack fell to work with his rule, upon the head of the dog which he beat so forcibly and rapidly that the creature cried out most eloquently. In a short time the dog was carried off, in a nearly lifeless state with his skull fractured. The monkey was of the middle size.

English Paper.