

you think it was? Why, he got up on the stand, and said, 'Go hence! and *don't never come back!*' "

UNSETTLED QUESTIONS. — The Administration appears to have several unsettled matters on hand at this time. Among them is the Consul Dillon case, which the French are making some fuss about, and which is not yet settled. With Spain there is the Black Warrior question, which has not yet been brought to a favorable termination: and we might name some other unsettled items in the account with old Spain. The unsettled fishery question had been bothering the heads of ours and England's negotiators for some time with no very satisfactory result; and now the Greytown Mosquito farce comes, and presents symptoms of becoming a little serious. A few more of the same sort will be apt to keep Mr. Marcy and Gen. Pierce closely engaged in adjusting them without the use of powder and ball.

INDIAN OUTRAGE. — We learn from the Sonoma Bulletin that on Sunday morning last the dead body of Mr. James Freeman, a resident of Russian river township, was discovered in a gulch near his house. The corpse was naked with the exception of the shirt, and an old coat which was wrapped about the head. The skull was broken in three places apparently with clubs or stones. The Indians at Pena's Rancheria, who at first were supposed to have committed the deed, state that a number of Indians who live on the coast visited them during the past week, and stated that they intended killing every white man they could find alone—that they went to the house of Mr. Maley to kill him, who, however, armed himself and drove them off, when they immediately went to the farm of Mr. Freeman and killed him. The Bulletin further says that there have been six white men murdered by Indians in Russian

river township within a few months.

TOWN TALK.—“Did you hear Ned Marshall’s speech?” was the salutation with which politicians were accosted on “turning out” yesterday morning. And then the querist would go on and endeavor to enlighten and “post up” his more unfortunate companion to the best of his ability. But after all he would exclaim, “Oh, I can’t do the man justice; you should have heard him.” Everybody says that the ex-member’s speech was the most spicy olla podrida that has been hashed up and served out for many a long day. For wit, nonsense, pungency, satire, eloquence, sarcasm, logic, humor, and bravado combined, it has not its equal in the political history of our city. To report it verbatim were impossible—to attempt to do so would prove abortive, and fail to give the eccentric orator his due. Ned Marshall, nor Tom Marshall, nor any of the family of Marshalls, ever before approximated to such a speech, and the California representative never will again, without he gets his inspiration as he did on this eventful evening—from the musical spirits of Ole Bull and Strakosch. His Congressional “Young America” speech will hereafter suffer in comparison with his effort at the Orleans on Monday evening.