THE ERIE OBSERVER.

"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

VOLUME XVIII. SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1847. NUMBER 7.

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April 21, 1847. 49

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WANTED in exchange for Goods, Wool, Butter, Cheese, and all kinds of Country Produce. H. CADWELL.
June 6, 1846. 3

HARDWARE.—Shelf Hardware and House Trimmings can always be had very cheap at the cheap store of S. JACKSON & co.
November 21, 1846. 27

CASH FOR TIMOTHY SEED.—The subscribers will pay cash for good clean Timothy seed. B. TOMLINSON & CO.

CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.—For sale at C. M. TIBBALS'.
May 1, 1847. 50

M'GUFFEES' series of School Books, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, for sale at No. 111, French St. Erie, May 6, 1847. 51

REMOVAL.

G. LOOMIS & Co. have removed their stock of CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, etc. etc., No. 5, People's Row, State street, nearly opposite the Eagle Hotel, where they will be pleased to have their friends call as usual.
N. B. A large addition to their stock in trade will be made in a short time.
Erie, May 19, 1847. 1

GLOVES.—We have the best assortment that will be in this market of all kinds, including Stewart's self imported black and fancy Kid, fancy and variegated Silks and China Linen.
April 26. WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.

FORGIVE THY BROTHER.

Forgive thy brother who has erred,
And take him by the hand—
And as you speak a generous word,
Assist his feet to stand.

Joy 'll sparkle in his eye to hear,
Thy words of gentle tone:
Forgiveness breathed upon his ear,
And love and kindness shown:

Will make him rise again,
And shun the path he trod,
When in the round of Folly's train,
He broke from Truth and God.

Forgive thy brother—even now
A smile is on his cheek;
The glow of heaven has tinged his brow—
Speak and forgive him—Speak!

From Noah's Sunday Times.

THE INVISIBLE MARKSMAN.

A group of youngters, ten years before the Revolution, stood on a level green in New York with a mark before them and their firearms ready. They were on the ground now occupied by Charleston and a portion of Varick streets, but which then formed a part of the open and romantic country. The outskirts of the then abbreviated city were what may be termed poetically picturesque, made up of rocky, sandy, uneven, but yet elegant grounds, which afforded opportunities for the enjoyment of field sports and the prosecution of other matters, as well as for the agricultural occupations which give men bread. The frequent appearance of skill in this quarter, from the time of Peter Stuyvesant down to the period of which we write, created a desire among the young men in all directions to emulate their skill as marksmen. It was no unusual thing to get land by shooting the best shot, and many a lot which is valued at this day at thousands of dollars, and affords its owner the means of becoming a season subscriber to the opera, was obtained by striking the bull's-eye of a target. The group we would call the attention of the reader to, was one of five persons, four of whom were striplings, but the fifth a grey haired man, whose rubaicund visage and round proportions published the fact that his birth place was Great Britain. He was admiring a mark in the target, and addressed the lad who had made it, and who was leaning carelessly on a rifle that showed better condition than any other piece on the ground.

"Why, Charles, you are a second Tell, or will be. You must have practiced constantly to have acquired such proficiency."

"Why, to say the truth, good Locksley," replied the young man to his venerable interlocutor, "I do little else than shoot. My rifle is my mother, wife and children—though of the latter I am scarcely old enough to speak. At any rate, Bess (the rifle) is my banker, for the silver I use is nearly all produced by her."

"I never saw such unerring aim," remarked the old man, wonderingly.

"It merely shows what inclination, and the constant pursuit of an object, will accomplish. One's ambition sometimes runs in strange currents. Mine directs me to excel all other persons in shooting. Every mark that my bullet pierces produces more delight than I can well describe: and if I had my choice of the fame of the greatest General or the greatest marksman of the world, I would unhesitatingly choose to be the latter."

While the young man was speaking these words he loaded his rifle. The old gentleman listened as he surveyed surrounding objects, and suddenly pointed to a locust tree, upon the extreme end of one of the branches of which sat a robin that made the vicinity vocal with its song. Pointing to the bird with one hand, and holding a peice of silver money in the other, the old man said—"Now Charles this is your reward for that bird."

"I cannot," was the young man's reply.

"Cannot!" exclaimed the old man, in a surprised tone—"Why?"

"Because I never kill birds."

"Well then the twig that he sits upon is as slender as a pipe stem. Can you cut that off?"

Charles Piggot—the young man—nodded in the affirmative, brought his rifle to aim, and pulled the trigger. Red-breast rose into the air and sailed away with a strange twitter, while the twig of which he he had made a perch dropped, in eddying circles, to the ground. Charle's companions raised a loud shout, and at the same time he, blushing with pride, received the silver guerdon of his skill.

"Humph," muttered old Locksley. "Who ever saw or heard of the like? Why, the Indians only do these 'hings, but not with lead. I say, Charley, you must turn this great talent of yours to account. Never relinquish its practice."

"Not I," exclaimed Piggot, pocketing the silver. "*When I die, it will be rifle in hand!*"

After a few unimportant trials of the substance of the well riddled target, the party shouldered their arms and came across the *King's Farm* into the city. The scene described actually occurred, and the last mentioned remark of the young rifleman was often spoken of, at a later and more interesting period, by his friends and relatives.

Ten years from the time of the above scene, Washington's forces lay encamped on New York and Long Island, awaiting the sanguinary battle in which we lost about seventeen hundred men, and during which more heroism and bravery was evinced than in any other action that took place on the American Continent.

On the 24th of August, 1776, a small group of riflemen were collected on the road to the Narrows. There was every sign of suffering among them. They were badly clad, uncleanly, and looked as if rest and food were luxuries they had not been indulged with for many a day. Among them was a tall, muscular, fierce-whiskered man, whose brilliant eye and florid complixion, thin lips and aquiline nose, betokened the earnestness of his feeling and the firmness of purpose with which he addressed his comrades. He was making known his determination to engage in the expected contest to the death. Give him, he declared, a protected position where he might remain undiscovered during the action, and he would kill as many of the enemy as he had hairs on his head. He was the stripling who ten years before astonished Locksley, but now how changed! Instead of the mild light which *then* shone from his eye, the concentrated fires of hate and revenge shot their rays from his optics, and he clutched his weapon with the blood-thirsty and wild air supposed to belong to a pirate.

"Why do you hate those Englishmen worse than the rest of us?" asked one. "We love freedom, and are assembled to resist oppression; but you appear to have a personal motive in your actions, and seem to thirst for blood."

"Vengeance is sweet!" exclaimed Piggot, with a convulsive effort to smother his emotion. "Vengeance is sweet, and I desire it—*will have it*—even though it cost me my own life."

"Venfieance! vengeance?" said another of the men named Randall, "what have you to avenge more than I, or each of us?"

"I'll tell you," replied Piggot, the lines in his face deepening, and his whole form shadowing forth a Mephistophilish outline. "I had an only brother, a lad whom I loved better than myself. He was the last remnant of our stock, and I looked upon him as the only being that enabled me to feel I was not a distinctive feature in the community—a piece of humanity *alone* and uncared for! He went to Boston, and there engaged among the patriots who resisted the efforts of the British at Breed's Hill. He was brought down in the early part of the action by a ball which deprived him of the use of his lower extremities. As he lay in this helpless condition, a British officer, to whom he appealed, looked savagely on and saw a corporal brush out his life with a bayonet. My brother's nearest comrade witnessed the murder, gave me the account of it, and told me the officer's words after the boy had appealed for mercy. These words—they are branded on my heart—were: '*No mercy shall be shown to an insurrectionist taken with arms in his hands against his Majesty's loyal subjects.*' I have heard these words ringing in my ear, day and night, ever since; and imagination pictures my helpless brother mangled by, and struggling beneath the cruel bayonet that sent his soul to heaven. I have sworn to avenge that murder!—Now you can account for the feeling that has given me a character of late never before unstained by me—that of cruelty. Have I not cause?"

"By G—, I think so," exclaimed one of the riflemen, "and had I half so much, I should be worse than you."

"Well, you'll all have a chance of trying the extent of your courage and principles ere *long, so let us talk of something else,*" remarked a tall fellow whose nasal twang pronounced "Connecticut" plainly.

"Hark!" said Piggot, "the drum calls us in. A truce to all this. Let us act, not mouth. Let us make the very name of rifleman dreaded while a red coat harbors in America."

On the following day it was plain, from the movements of the royal forces, and from the preparations made by the American commander and his officers, that a battle was near at hand. All that day and night the utmost activity prevailed, and the American army evinced the greatest courage and alacrity. When Lord Howe landed at Gravesend Bay, near Fort Hamilton, every man was ready to receive him. A description of the battle would be surperfluous, inasmuch as it has been graphically told in these columns. We will therefore narrate our incident under the presumption that of the battle itself our readers need not be informed a second time.

The first of the action occurred with the riflemen near where we now find that beautiful resting place for the peaceful dead, Greenwood Cemetry. It was the left wing of the royalists, under Col. Grant, that assumed this position, while the right and centre occupied other memorable ground. The carnage of that day—the terrors, the cruelties, the recklessness and desperation of that battle, fought with the utmost desperation by both parties—were almost beyond belief. In close proximity to the cemetery is a creek. Its waters were dyed in the best blood of Americans, who were mowed down, without a hope of escape, by the artillery. Not only companies, but regiments, were destroyed in this manner, the brave Marylanders in particular. While death was being apportioned here so terribly, a strip of woods not far distant was quite as dreadful to the British. From every trunk, bough, protection or shelter of any kind, the riflemen poured forth their appalling showers. The old adage, "*every bullet has its billet,*" was here literally verified, for it was not once in twenty times that a shot failed. The utmost consternation prevailed with regard to this method of figting. Indignation was also manifested by the royal officers.

"By Heaven, Baxter," said one captain to another as they met, "look how our men fall, and not a hope of punishing their murderers. As well seek to thread the mazes of a labyrinth as this light and open wood in safety.—See, there drops another officer."

Scarce had he finished his speech ere a ball whistled so close to his ear that he felt it.

"Good God," said Baxter, pale with excessive agitation, "this is the most cowardly species of warfare I ever encountered. We must get out of this ground, or I se make up our minds to be buried here."

"We dare not—cannot—stir without orders. We have our place assigned, and must not evacuate it. And yet it is dreaseful to stand here, comparatively idle, and be shot down like sparrows," replied the other as he bit his lips until they bled.

Men were falling here and there in every direction, while the din of battle was heard withersoever any combatant might turn.

Now and then a rifleman was dislodged and killed; but the invisible foe remained as numerous, and serviceable to the cause of liberty, as ever. On the outskirts of the wood—or rather in a sort of clearing made by the hand of nature—was a tall oak tree as stately as George Washington. Within three hundred yards of this tree was a circle of English soldiers, dead, and almost all marked in the forehead, or about the breast, by a single shot.—At regular intervals the sharp crack of a rifle was distinguishable above all other sounds and it was surely followed by the immolation of a victim. This had been observed, with trembling, by both officers and privates during an hour or more; and what was also palpable, was that the unseen dispenser of dissolution picked off the company officers in preference to the men in the ranks. The shots at last became so frequent and fatal that search was instituted to ascertain their source. It could not be found. Like the great plume of Murat among the Austrians, the invisible marksman became the talk of the whole left of the line, and ultimately the matter reached the ears of Grant.

"Order out a platoon instansly," cried he to one of his aides, "and let it be held in readiness to make short work of all found engaged in this assassin-like method of combat. Pause not until this lurking foe is dislodged and rendered powerless."

This order was communicated to the proper personages, and a second seach was indulged. The file of men detailed to the duty of the seach ware led by a captain remarkable for his height; and when they came within musket range of the tall tree, the sharp ringing report so terrible was the precursor of his death. A corporal saw the smoke, and noticed a stir among the branches. With a keener eye and quicker perceptions than the rest, and being, withal, an old soldier who had seen service on other fields where England had deluged innocent soil with the best blood of its human offspring, he at once guessed the whereabouts of the invincible marksman.—The moment he communicated his discovery to the rest, there was a speedy retreat indicated towards the platoon. This body at once dashed towards the towering oak, and halting within musket shot.

"That for your leader," shouted a voice from among the branches; and, true to the marksman's purpose, the ball entered the brain of the ill-fated [illegible] was uttered as the officer next in rank stepped up, and paused a moment.

"That for the nearest man on the right!" exclaimed the voice, and again his victim bit the dust.

"Now, men," cried the Briton, waving his swore with frantic excitement over his head—"Now, men, fire—*fire*, I say, before he has time to reload."

The volley started the echoes of the heights, and the muskets belched forth their contents in flame and smoke. a few twigs dropped from the tree, but the tentant was, to every seeming unhurt.

"No," he spoke, in a sonorious and deep voice that was distinctly heard and had something unearthly in its tones—"No, not yet. I lack three men, by my tally, to make up the amount devoted to the god of vengeance.—Here is for one!"

A cavalry soldier was passing by, his horse had taken fright and could not be checked.—Once more the fatal rifle uttered its death song, and the alarmed steed fled riderless on its way.

"Burn the tree down!" exclaimed one of the men. "Fire can be communicated to the trunk easily."

"Will you undertake the deed," inquired the commander, with a sneer.

"I will," replied the man. "Tear some wadding from your coats and give it to me."

They complied with his request, and delivered to him with alacrity what they procured from their well padded garments. He now became the lion of the field, as the rifleman had been. Every eye centered on the private as he made up a loose parcel of inflamable stuff. A pile of the dryest branches thereabouts was next obtained and broken into respectable brush faggots. The private then fired the wadding with the lock of his masket and a little powder, and fanned it into a blaze,—With the lighted match *mass in one hand,* and the bundle of brush in other, he started manfully for the tree—the platoon followed him a few paces, and almost imperceptibly narrowing the distance between themselves and the rifleman. The private reached the foot of the tree, and with eager hase threw down his faggots and fired them. As he was rising from his stooping posture, the occupant of the branches made himself, for the first time, visible. With his feet firmly clenched among the boughs, he allowed his body, as quich as thought, to depend over, and, taking aim with his weapon, pulled the trigger.—The daring private sprang up and fell over upon his back, while his feet scattered the mass which, he had intended, would have made the tree the American's funeral pile.

"Brother, my oath is fulfilled! I have appeased the angry demon that called for a recompense of your slaughter. Now, then," continued the rifleman, who was nob other, as the reader may have anticipated, than Charles Piggott—"Now, then take good aim and bring me down. I am out of ammunition, have killed as many of you as I had determined to, and have no further cause for remaining here. Fire!—and if more than one shot in proportion to five hits me, you are better handlers of fire-arms than I think you."

The soldiers were evidently won to favor him by his intrepidity. He was entirely divested of clothing excepting a short pair of yellow breeches. His feet, legs, body and head were destitute of covering, but begrimed by powder, smoke, dust and perspiration.—As he looked down upon the men from the tree. (the descendant and near relative who gives us these facts, says,) he was, even in his miserable plight, a commanding and admiration claiming picture. There was some hesitation in the platoon when Piggott commanded them to bring him down, and the men looked to their officer as if for further instructions. The officer was "unused to the melting mood," nor could he have succumbed to any feeling of compassion consistently with his duty or his asperations as a true Englishman. The memory of his brethern was to be wedded to some retributive act worthy of their bloody destinies, and he gave the signal for the last effect in the drama of Piggot's enacting. They fired as he shouted—"I die satisfied!—brother, I can meet you without shame!" and pitched over, swayed in the branches a moment, and then dropped, heavily, a senseless clod upon the ground.

The word was soon given that the invisible foe, whom they had all feared, was punished: and ere that eventful and (to Washington) disastrous battle was concluded, no one who wore a red coat or fingered his majesty's pay wasted a second's thought upon poor Charles Piggott.

When the wounded were picked up and the dead buried—a duty performed by the inhabitants and the English—Piggot's body was found where it had fallen. A hole, called by courtesy a grave, was scooped out for its reception at the foot of the oak. The rifle—the unerring, vengeful rifle—was so firmly clenched in the left hand that it could not be removed but was buried with him. Thus the thoughtless and unintentional prediction to the old Albion islander, Locksley, that Charley would "die with his rifle in his hand," was too truly and literally accomplished.

Not many years ago, (we have not the exact date, but will procure it for the coming week,) an old tree in the vicinity we have mentioned was uprooted in a heavy gale, and along with its massive roots, which were wrenched with great force from the ground, came the dark, discolored, mouldy semblance of a man's skeleton. Upon looking around in the mould, the curious also found remants of a long rifle. The old inhabitants, who had heard the story of the "unerring marksman," at once concluded that they had found Piggot's skeleton, and that the prostrated oak was the one from the top of which he had so bravely thinned the ranks of freedom's opponents. The bare supposition entitled the relics to a grave with military honors, such that honorbly met on the battle-ground of liberty, and no character so noble as that of the active, practical patriot.

There are still rifles like Piggot's in the United States; but far distant be the day whereon they shall be called too do execution among men whose consanguinity is to plain to warrant us in estimating them as a race or the members of a nation distinct from ourselves or our country.

From the Washington Union, 15th inst.

Kit Carson, of the West.

This singular man left Washington this morning in campany with Mrs. Fremont, for the west. On entering the War Office, yesterday, we were asked, "Have you seen Kit Carson? He has this moment left my room; and a singular and striking man he is! Modest as he is brave, with the fire of enterprise in his eye—with the bearing of an Indian, walking even with toes turned in—I wish you could have seen him." We were so unfortunate as to miss him, though our curiosity was greatly excited; but, in the course of two hours, a gentleman, who had seen much of Carson, waited upon us and politely furnished us with the following description of this singular man. The portrait is admirably drawn, and its gives us great pleasure to lay it before our readers. It is the character of one of those bold and enterprising spirits of the west, whom the peculiar influences of the frontier settlements—between the white man and the red man—are so well calculated to produce. Carson, however, is a master spirit, whose habits we like to understand, and whose adventures we delight to hear.

Such an unique character ought to be preserved by the magic pen of genius, before its traits disappear under the advance of civilization.

KIT CARSON.

Under this name, within a few years, has become quite familiar to the public, mainly through his connection with the expeditions of Fremont, one of the best of those noble and original characters that have from time to time sprung up on and beyond our frontier, retreating with it to the west, and drawing from association with uncultivated nature, not the rudeness and sensualism of the savage, but genuine simplicity and truthfulness of disposition, and generosity, bravery, and single-heartedness to a degree rarely found in society. Although Kit has only become known to the reading people of "the States" and of Europe through Fremont's reports, he was long ago famous in a world as extended, if not as long populous; famous for excelling in all the qualities that life in the trackless and vast west requires and developes. He has been celebrated (though now aged only about thirty-seven years,) as a hunter, trapper, guide or pilot of the prairies, an Indian fighter, uniting to the necessary characteristics of that adventurous and sturdy class, a kindness of heart and gentleness of manner that relieves it of any possible harshness or asperity.

He is now in "the States," having recently arrived with despatches from California; and I have taken the opportunity to extract from him a few incidents of his eventful life. He is worthy of an honorable and more extended memoir; and were his adventures fully written out, they would possess an interest equal to any personal narrative whatever.

Christopher Carson was born in Kentucky, in the year 1810 or 1811, his father having been one of the early settlers, and also a noted hunter and Indian fighter. In the year following Kit's birth the family removed, for the sake of more elbow-room than the advancing population of Kentucky left them, to the territory of Missouri. On this frontier, bred to border life, Kit remained to the age of fifteen, when he joined a trading party to Santa Fe. This was his introduction to the vast plains that stretch beyond the state of Missouri. Instead of returning home, Kit found his way, by various adventures, south, through New Mexico, to the copper mines of Chihuahua, where he was employed some months as a teamster.

When but seventeen years old, he made his first expedition as a trapper. This was with a party which had been induced by favorable accounts of fresh trapping grounds on the Rio Colorado of California, to an adventure thither; so that Kit's first exploits were in the same romote and romantic region where, during the last year, he and all his comrades, with their commander, have earned imperishable honor. The enterprise was successful, and Kit relates many interesting anecdotes of the hardships of the wilderness and of the encounters of his party with the Indians. The Mexican authorities and settlers in California were even at that time jealous of the Americans, and threatened to seize even this inoffensive and roving party of beaver catchers. They made good their return, however, to Taos, in New Mexico; whence, soon after, Kit joined a trapping party to the head waters of the Arkansas, (likewise a region embraced, since the last published expedition, in the surveys of Capt. Fremont.)—Without recrossing the prairies, Kit went northward to the region of the Rocky mountains that gives rise to the Missouri and Columbia rivers, and there remained near eight years, engaged in the then important occupation of trapping.

The great demands for the beaver, and the consequent high prices at that time paid for the peltries, gave an additional stimulus to the adventurous spirit of the young men of the west, and drew nearly all who preferred the excitements and hazards of life in the wilderness to quieter pursuits, into the recesses of the Rocky Mountains. Here a peculiar class was formed; the elements, the sturdy, enterprising and uncurbed character of the frontier; the circumstances that influenced and formed it, nature in her wildest, roughest, and grandest aspects—savages, from the wretched Root-diggers to the vindictive Blackfeet, and the courageous and warlike Crows—and a vocation of constant labor, privation and peril in every shape, yet of gains of a nature and degree to give it somewhat of the characteristics of gambling.

The decrease of the beaver before a pursuit of the poor animal so ruthless as was thus stimulated, and the substitution of other commodities for the beaver fur, have left trapping scarcely worth following as a vocation; and the race of trappers has nearly disappeared from the mountain gorges, where they built their rude lodges, where they set the traps for the wily beaver, and where there were frequent combats with the savages, and with wild beasts not less formidable. In the school of men thus formed by hardship, exposure, peril and temptation, our hero acquired all their virtues and escaped their vices. He became noted through the extent of the trapping grounds and on both sides of the Rocky Mountains, as a successful trapper, an unfailing shot, an unerring guide, and for bravery, sagacity and steadiness in all circumstances.

He was chosen to lead in almost all enterprises of unusual danger, and in all attacks upon the Indians. At one time, with a party of twelve he attackd a band of near sixty Crows, who had stolen some of the horses belonging to the trappers, out loose the animals which were tied within ten feet of the strong fort of logs in which the Indians had taken shelter, attacked them, and made good his retreat with the recovered horses; an Indian of another tribe, who was with the trappers, bringing away a Crow scalp as a trophy. In one combat with the Blackfeet, Carson received a rifle ball in his left shoulder, breaking it. Save this, he has escaped the manifold dangers to which he has been exposed, without serious bodily injury. Of course in so turbulent and unrestrained a life, there were not unfrequent personal encounters among the trappers themselves, nor could the most peaceably disposed always avoid them. These were most frequent and savage at the periods when the trappers went into the "rendezvous," as was called the points where the companies kept their establishments for receiving the peltries and supplying the trappers. Here a few days of indulgence were commonly allowed himself by the trapper, and there was much drinking and gambling and consequently fighting.

Feuds, growing out of national feelings, would also naturally enough sometimes occur among the trappers—there being Canadians and Mexicans as well as the Americans: all having a pride of race and country. On one occasion a Frenchman, who ranked as a bully, had whipped a good many Canadians, and then began to insult the Americans, saying they were only worth being whipped with switches. At this, Carson fired up and said, "He was the most trifling one among the Americans, and to begin with him." After some little more talk, each went off and armed himself—Carson with a pistol, the Frenchman with a rifle—and both mounted for the fight. Riding up until their horses' heads touched, they fired almost at the same instant Carson a little the quickest, and, his ball passing through the Frenchman's hand, made him jerk up his gun, and sent the ball, which was intended for Carson's heart, grazing his left eye and singing his hair. This is the only serious personal quarrel of Carson's life, as he is, like most very brave men, of a peaceable and gentle temper.

Col. Fremont owed his good fortune in procuring Carson's services to an accidental meeting on a steamboat above St. Louis—neither having ever before heard of the other. It was at the commencement of Fremont's first expedition. Carson continued with it until, in its return, it had recrossed the mountains. His courage, fidelity and excellent character, so far conciliated the good will of the commander, that, in his second expedition he gladly availed himself again of Kit's services, on meeting with him, as he chanced to do, on the confines of New Mexico. Kit again left the party after its arrival this side of the mountains—not, however, until Fremont had obtained a promise from him to join the third expedition, in case one should be organized. Some incidents will be interesting, connected with this latter expedition, which was interrupted in its purely scientific character by the treachery of the Mexican chief (Castro) compelling Fremont to change his peaceful employment, and which, owing the continuance of the war with Mexico, is not yet completed.

In the interim between Fremont's second and third expeditions, Carson had settled himself near Taos, and had begun to farm, preparing to lead a quiet life, when he received a note from Fremont, written at Bent's Fort, reminding him of his promise, and telling him he would wait there for him. On this occasion Carson showed his strong friendship for his old commander, and the generous and unselfish nature of his feelings. In four days from receiving the note, Carson, had joined the party, having sold his house and farm for less than half the sum he had just expended upon it, and put his family under the protection of his friend the late Governor Bent, until he should return from a certainly long and dangerous journey. This protection, unfortunately, was taken from them in the late massacre at Taos, when Carson's brother-in-law was also one of the victims to the fury of the Mexicans against all connected with the Americans. Mrs. Carson saved her life by flight, leaving them to rob the house of every thing. Kendall and all others who have written of their adventures in New Mexico, ascribe the highest character to the women of that country for modesty, generosity, quick sympathy, and all feminine virtues. To this amiable class belongs the wife of Carson, who has paid so dearly for her affection for him.

The route of the third expedition led the party to the [illegible] region entirely unexplored, and filled, according to the superstitions and tales current among the Indians and the trappers of the mountains, with all imaginable horrors. A vast desert, void of vegetation and fresh water, abounding in quicksands and in brackish pools and rivers, with only subterranean outlets. This was the reputed character of the country, justifying at least the apprehension of lack of those indispensables to the voyager of the wilderness—water and grass. In truth, the southern border of the lake was found to be skirted with a salt plain of about sixty miles in width. Over this, as elsewhere, Carson, in his capacity of scout, was always with the advance party, to search for water and convenient places for camp—the usual signal of the prairies, is a fire, serving by its column of smoke, to point out where the advance were halting.

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Gen. Kearney entered California without molestation until the fight of San Pasqual; an *official account of which has been published.* In the charge made upon the Mexicans, Carson, as usual, was among the foremost, when as he approched within bullet range of the enemy, who were drawn up in order of battle, his horse stumbled and fell, pitching him over his head, and breaking his rifle in twain.—Seizing his knife, he advanced on foot, until he found a killed dragoon, whose rifle he took, and was pressing on, when he met the mounted men returning from the charge, the Mexicans having galloped off. At the instance of Carson, the American party then took possession of a small rocky hill, near the scene of the battle, as the strongest position in reach. Not being in a situation to go forward, they encamped here; and the enemy collecting in force, they remained in a state of siege. There was little of either grass or water on the hill, and soon both animals and men began to suffer. The party was so thickly beset with the enemy, that the commander doubted the propriety of attempting to cut a passage through, when, after four day's siege, Carson and Passed Midshipman Beale, of the navy, (who had been sent to meet Kearney, with some thirty men, as a complimentary escort to San Diego,) volunteered to go to Captain Stockton, at that, place, and bring a reinforcement.

This daring enterprise these intrepid and resolute young men, accompanied by a Delaware Indian who was attached as a spy to General Kearney's command, successfully accamplished, but not without extreme suffering and peril. The distance between the camp and San Diego was but thirty miles; but, as they had to make long detours, they traveled nearer fifty. They left the camp in the night of the 29th of December, crawling in a horizontal position through the enemy's lines. Their shoes made noise; for which cause they took them off, and during the night unfortunately lost them. Lying by all day to avoid the enemy, they succeeded by the end of the second night in reaching their destination and procuring the necessary reinforcement. Their feet and flesh torn and bleeding, from the rocks and thorny shrubs, haggard from hunger, thirst, anxiety and sleeplessness, they were again, nevertheless, in full performance of duty at the battles of the 8th and 9th of January.

When Fremont, after meeting with and accepting the surrender of the Mexican forces, reached Los Angelos, Carson immediately returned to his command, and in the ensuing month was again selected to cross the desert,