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THE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

ERIE PA.

SATURDAY MORNING JULY 10, 1848.

PROSPECTS IN IOWA.—This young sister of the Confederacy is destined to be one of the battle grounds of the present campaign. She has but four votes, yet they *may* turn the scale. Mark, we say they *may*, for it is by no means certain. Present indications, however, place her almost beyond controversy. We see that GEN. A. C. DODGE, son of the new Senator from Wisconsin, who has just signalized his devotion to the Democratic cause by a prompt repudiation of the overtures of the Utica traitors,) heads the Cass and Butler ticket, as an elector for the State at large, in Iowa. Gen. Dodge was formerly an able and efficient delegate from the territory of Iowa. The Washington Union speaks of him as a fine speaker of great personal popularity, and understands that it is his determination to canvass every county in the State. That his efforts in behalf of the national democratic nominees will be felt in the campaign, there can be no doubt. Such devotion to the cause and the candidates of the democracy, on the part of father and son, contrasts most honorably to them, with the eminent instance of black ingratitude and treachery to their party and past professions, presented in the previous and present attitude of the Van Burens, father and son—and if anything short of the terrible popular rebuke about to be visited on both, can reach their Bourbon-like selfishness and imperviousness to the public sentiment—must compel them to hang their heads in shame.

GEN. TAYLOR AND THE PROVISO.—The Buffalo *Courier* says it is pretty generally known, we believe, that a correspondence has recently taken place between James R. Doolittle, Esq., of Wyoming county, and Gen. Taylor, in which the former desired to ascertain, definitely, Gen. Taylor's views on the Wilmot Proviso question.—Gen. Taylor has replied to Mr. Doolittle, though the latter, deeming the letter of a private character, declines letting it go before the public. The substance of Gen. Taylor's reply, however, has transpired, and is as follows: Mr. Doolittle addressed Gen. T., asking, substantially, "are we of the North authorized to infer from your correspondence with the Editor of the Cincinnati Morning Signal, that you will neither oppose the patronage nor the veto of the executive to the passage of a law, or any kindred measure for the restriction of Slavery?" General Taylor's reply is, in substance:—"I did not mean, in answer to the Signal letter, to be considered as approving or disapproving of the opinion entertained in that communication, in regard to the question of slavery in new territory; all I intended to approve was the frankness with which the editor expressed *his own sentiments*."

Can any man of sense, with the knowledge that Gen. Taylor is the owner of three hundred slaves, doubt, after such an explanation, that he is opposed to the Wilmot Proviso?

☞ A correspondent of the New York *Mirror* puts down *twenty-eight* states as certain for Gen. Taylor, and six doubtful. Aside from the wonderful knowledge of the politics of the several States displayed by this calculation, one is led, irresistibly, to inquire the *names* and *location* of the four States above *thirty*. The last we heard from Uncle Sam, he had only thirty children.

OHIO IS COMING.—Colonel Weller is carrying everything before him in Ohio. His speeches are heard by great crowds, and his opponent, Mr. Ford, shrinks from the contest. The Democracy are united upon the war, and upon Cass and Butler, and as the gallant Colonel has rendered good service upon the field, his views are always eloquently expressed, and eagerly listened to.—We should not be astonished, from present appearances, to see Ohio giving as much majority for the Democratic candidates as good old Pennsylvania. Look out for a bold and powerful blow for the great cause from the Buckeye State.

GEN. TAYLOR'S CABINET.—The whigs amuse themselves occasionally by making out on paper a Cabinet for Gen. Taylor when he *gets to be* President. In doing so, they use the names of all the prominent whigs in the land, commencing with Daniel Webster and runing down the column to *Andy Stewart*. We observe, however, that a Mr. Barker, who figures prominently among the Independent Taylor men of New Orleans, and had at least influence enough to collect a large meeting at that place on the evening of the 24th ult., in opposition to the ratification of the Whigs proper held the same evening, at which Taylor and Fillmore were "ratified," and the "card" we give in another column read, makes out a Cabinet for the old general of quite a different material. He also speaks "*by authority*" The Delta speaks of the meeting as a large one, and represent Mr. Baker as reiterating the statements and rumors attributed to General Taylor, *repudiating what was said and done for him at Philadelphia, by the Louisiana delegation.* The Delta reports him as follows;—

"Gen. Taylor stands pledged to maintain the Constitution, in its original republican vigor and purity. *He won't permit any party to appropriate him, any representation to the contrary notwithstanding.* Gen. Taylor had made pledges—*he will keep them.* If any body supposes I have other objects than the election of Gen. Taylor, he is mistaken. As to the appointments, Gen. Taylor, *I am authorized to say*, would never object to John C. Calhoun for Secretary of State, Abbott Lawrence for Secretary of the Treasury, Reverdy Johnson for Attorney General, and B. F. Butler for the Supreme Bench.—Those who undertook to represent in the whig convention that Gen. Taylor had abandoned his original position, and forfeited his pledges, *were entirely unauthorized.* I refer to the statement made in the Philadelphia convention by Judge Saunders."

Rather a Tylerish complexioned Cabinet, that!

CHAUTAUQUE COUNTY.—A large and enthusiastic meeting of the democracy of the adjoining county of Chautauque, was held at Mayville on the glorious Fourth.—Speeches were made by Messrs. Smith and Seymour of Buffalo, and Daughaday and Mallory of Chautauque.—Appropriate and spirited resolutions were adopted, and the utmost enthusiasm prevailed throughout. We are gratified to know that the fell spirit of "barnburnism" is fast on the wane, while the number of its followers grows "small by degrees and beautifully less," in that part of New York.

☞ Three hundred and thirty indictments have been preferred by the grand jury of Washington against Drayton, Sears and English, who were found in charge of the schooner Pearl in which that number of absconding slaves were found at the time of her capture on the 16th of April last. We believe the maximum punishment to be five years in the penitentiary under each indictment.

☞ Horace Greeley, speaking of the Speech of Gen. Cass, June 19th, 1841, delivered in Paris, upon hearing of the death of General Harrison, says—"*This Address does honor, alike to the subject and the author; and while it nobly vindicates the fame of the deceased patriot, it will exalt that of his gallant comrade in war, his zealous compatriot in peace—and his devoted, estimable friend in private life.*"

☞ The N. Y. Observer, a religious paper, holds the following language in relation to the democratic nominees:

"The Democratic Convention to nominate a President and Vice President has just closed its session. The nominees, Gen's Cass and Butler, are men of irreproachable character, and I took occasion when our own Frelinghuysen was nominated to express the gratification which all religious men feel when such men are put up for Office."

Select Poetry and Miscellany.

CHILDREN IN EXILE.*

Far in the dark old forest glade,
Where Kalmias bloom around,
They had their place of youthful sport,
Their youthful hunting ground—
And swinging lightly in the vines
That o'er the wigwam hung,
The busy robins, building near,
Above their dwelling sung.

Each morn their little dusky feet
Sprang down the sparkling lea,
To plunge beneath the glowing stream
Beside the chestnut tree;
And when the hiding squirrel's nest
They sought far up the hills,
They bathed their reeking foreheads cool
Among they mountain rills.

They saw the early golden moon
Peep through her wavy bower,
And in her beams they chased the bat
Around its leafy tower;
And when the stars all silently
Went out o'er hill and plain,
They listened low to merry chime
Of summer evening rain.

These haunts they missed—the city air
No healthful music brings—
They longed to run through woodland dells,
Where nature ever sings;
And drooping mid the noise and glare,
They pined for brook and glen,
And dying, still looked fondly back,
And asked for home again.—{*Howitts' Journal.*

*Two Indian boys were carried to London not long ago for exhibition, and died soon after their arrival. It is related that one of them during his last moments talked incessantly of the scenes and sports of his distant home, and that both wished to be taken back to their native woods.

THE AVENGER OF BLOOD.

A tale of the Allegheny Mountains.

BY A CITIZEN OF TENNESSEE.

In the year 1812, the western portions of the great State of Pennsylvania, embracing the mountainous region between Chambersburgh and Pittsburg, presented little more than an unsubdued and unbroken wilderness, through which the great road from Philadelphia to the head waters of the Ohio passed—and at that period, it was a lonely and dangerous pathway, to all wayfarers between the eastern cities, and the great western wilderness of Ohio and Kentucky.

To the best of my recollection, this road passed over five distinct and lofty ridges of mountains, with here and there a sparse settlement of hardy mountaineers and hunters, and with occasionally, between these infant settlements, some solitary and remote booths of the wandering hunters, deserted, ruinous, and forlorn, except during the hunting seasons of the year. Of all the solitudes in the universe, those seem the most deserted, chilling and awfully alone, which bear the marks of human habitation—and of having been deserted by their former inmates forever. Of the five ridges of mountains, over which the road just mentioned passed to the westward, the middle ridge was by far the highest, and was called by the wagoners the *Backbone*, by way of preeminence—and because the word "Alegheny," in the Indian language, means "the parent or father of mountains." From the eastern brow of this lofty middle ridge,—where resided at the period I speak of, an honest, wealthy, Pennsylvania Dutchman, whose name was Stottler, who kept a public Inn,—in viewing the ruged and precipitous landscape to the eastward, the eye was lost in a bed of inferior bald and barren ridges, which seemed to extend to the very verge of the horizon, like the waves of some vast ocean, beheld from a bold headland, or towering mountain peak. In fact, to make use of a poetical figure, the whole surface of the eastern horizon, seen from the eastern brow of the main Allegheny ridge, seemed like the billows of a tumultuous ocean in a storm, suddenly arrested by the fiat of Omnipotance, and fixed forever in their various positions and attitudes! The whole scene was, indeed, sublime, beyond any power of language I can command.

The house in which Stottler resided was emphatically a Dutch house, one story high, framed and painted, with a porch along the whole front, and dormer windows in the roof. And here I am compelled to regret two circumstances—first, that Stottler is an unfancied, unpoetic, and un-novel-writing cognomen; and, second, that he had no beautiful and accomplished daughted, with a significant "curl of the upper lip," that I might make the heroine of a surpassing love story episode, in the following tale of veritable robbery, murder, and public excution. But I must try to get along without these agreeable ingredients, on the principle that "*truth* is sometimes stranger than FICTION."

During the winter of 1812-'13, on a journey between Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, I stopped at this orderly and well regulated tavern, to remain all night. There was much company there, in addition to those who arrived at the time I did; but it was of and orderly traveling character, composed chiefly of western merchants, and we were not much in the way of each other. It is a characteristic of the western people, not only to congregate together, when in a land of strangers, but to be communicative with each other freely, in the hope of discovering any ancient friendships, or even distant relationships, that may exists among them—and to hear the news. And besides all this, your real western man, unlike the sullen English cockney, who refused to save a drowning man because he had not been introduced to him, is an inquisitive and intelligible animal, merely for the sake of imparting and receiving information on all subjects; in the words of counsellor Curran, who applied them to the character of the Irish people, the western man is proverbially bold and fearless, and he therefore confides in others, without hesitation. Among the guests who surroundet the fire after supper, was a gentleman of apparently superior information, and who seemed to be much of a literary character; and, the conversation happening to turn on the dangers encountered by travellers, he voluntarily related to the company the following narrative, with the assurance that it was substantially true, and we all listened with attention.

"About a year ago," said he, "a gentleman well armed, from the direction of Pittsburgh, and its adjacent rich stock country, stopped at this house, with a large drove of fattened bullocks, destined for the Philadelphia and Baltimore markets, who said it was his intention to bring back the proceeds in money, to pay up his contracts—and that he would probably return, in such a length of time, naming the period. His name and dress, and also the place of his residence, I have now forgotten; but he rode a white horse, of very superior spirit and power—and I mention the peculiar color of his horse, because it was that which afterward saved his life. Some weeks after he had been gone, and about the time of his expected return, two Canadian Frenchmen, on foot, well dressed and well armed, one carrying a brace of pistols, and the other a rifle, came from the direction of Pittsburg, and stopped at this house for breakfast. They told Mr. Stottler that they had no money; that they were travelling to Philadelphia; and a variety of other matters; and that they had lost their horses. He immediately ordered breakfast for them, and they ate heartily—conversing at the same time, in French language, and in an under tone. One of them was a large, stout man, and the other was a person of less size; they both had much the air of gentlemen.

"After they had breakfasted, they started eastward, in the direction of Philadelphia; there was a light, soft snow on the ground, and the walking was somewhat heavy and difficult. They had not proceeded more than two miles, when in the distance, from a rising piece of ground, they discovered a traveller advancing toward them, mounted on a white horse. This wayfarer and his white steed, they imagined, were the objects of their longing and anxious pursuit; and, no sooner was this fancied discovery made, than they suddenly turned their faces again to the westward, and appeared to be travelling in that direction. The solitary traveller on the white horse soon overtook and accosted them, in the most friendly manner. On being questioned, they told him that they were on their way to Pittsburgh, and were destitute of the means of defraying their expenses, and desired him to assist them onward. His reply was what might have been expected—it was precisely what always may be expected, by any destitute wayfarer, travelling in the great west. He told them he was a poor man himself, and burthened with the heavy charge of a numerous and helpless family of children; that his name was POLLOCK, a laboring farmer by profession, and that he lived on rented land not far from the residence of General Arthur St. Clair, in Ligonier valley; that he had but a very small sum of money with him, but that he would share it with them, in bearing their expenses, to the last cent. Conversation on this and other themes, brought the two vagabond Frenchmen, and their generous and noble comrade, Pollock, back to Stottler's house of entertainment. Here poor Pollock ordered refreshments, for his stranger companions and himself, and paid for them from a leathern purse, but very poorly and meagerly supplied, and the travellers started on their way westward, in company.

"During the two visits these strangers had made at Stottle's house, their appearance, conduct and characters, had been narrowly and closely scrutinized, by a brother-in-law of Stottler's, whose name was *John Lambert*, a blacksmith by trade, and with whom I afterwards took pains to become acquainted. He was a man of somewhat remarkable manners and appearance, clothed in a homely garb, a little over the ordinary stature, mild and gentlemanly in his address, and of a tacitum and observant disposition. His complexion was smooth, dark and swarthy; his features regular, strong, and formidable; and his hair, curly and very dark, would have reminded you of 'Warwick's black locks,' as depicted by Shakespeare. His eye, however, was the most remarkable and leading feature of his countenance: it was black, deep, firm, and resolute in its expression; and evidenced a mind of great moral power, and unconquerable resolution. In fine, he appeared to me to be just such a man, as would, on an Indian frontier, where every kind of ambush and savage warfare were to be dreaded, have been an object of alarm, to the enemies of the white settler and his family. This man, obscure and almost unknown in his condition, an ordinary mechanic by trade, and one who had never perused a page of history, or even a novel or romance in his life, was, nevertheless, a man of high moral and mental endowments by nature, and one of God's nobility!—There are thousands of such men in this Republic; men who would have done honor to the peerage of Charlemagne, or those of any of the other Courts of Europe, ancient or modern; and yet our novelists and romance writers, infatuated with the coarse, savage and barbarous characters of the feudal ages, must resort to them for their fictitious heroes and heroines of modern days! The stern realities of American biography, and history, afford models of true greatness, equal, if not superior, to those of any other country; and until our public writers can be induced to celebrate the lives and achievements of our own distinguished men, the public literary taste of the country will be depraved and degraded, and we shall have neither national literature, biography, nor history. The renown of all nations depends on the elevation of their literature, and the recorded achievements of their great men, of whatsoever rank in social life. And this man, *John Lambert*, whose person and character I have just essayed to delineate, might have been the rival of Washington had he been placed in a similar condition in life.—But I must return to my narrative.

"After the departure of the two armed French foot-pads, with Mr. Pollock in company, Lambert remarked to his brother-in-law that he did not like the appearance of these two Frenchmen; that he distrusted their intentions respecting Pollock; that their countenances and characters seemed to him to be mysterious, dark and sinister; and that he had come to the determination of following them a few miles.

Stottler dissuaded him from this resolution, as being futile and not well founded; told him that no harm would result to Pollock from travelling in their company, and he desired him to dismiss his suspicions, as he was himself convinced they were innocent and worthy men. While Lambert and his brother-in-law were debating these points on the front porch, Pollock's horse suddenly turned a corner of the road, and advanced toward them at full speed, without his rider! When the horse came up to the porch, the whole tragedy was fully explained; the horse's neck and shoulders, as well as the saddle and saddle-cloth, were covered with blood, and no doubt could exist as to Pollock's murder! The servants and young men of the house were immediately mounted on horse-back, and sent to summon the *neighbors* to assist in recovering poor Pollock's body, and to assist, if possible, in capturing the offenders. Neighbors in such a country as this was at that time, included all who resided within ten or twelve miles of the place designated.

"A little after the middle of the day, ten or twelve of the hardy dwellers of the mountains had collected themselves on Stottler's porch. They were all, as Lambert thought, men of no ordinary energies of character, though ignorant and illiterate. But Lambert was in error; mere roughness and uncoothness of exterior manners and deportment, never yet covered a soul on fire, or a mind of elevated and genuine courage; and hence your brutal, coarse, and clownish boasters, are, almost invariably, poltroons and cowards, when placed in posts of known and imminent danger. True moral courage is never the companion of brutal feelings, coarse sensibilities, and inanity of mind and soul. There are two kinds of courage which we see everywhere exemplified; one is of PHYSICAL, and the other of MENTAL, or Moral origin. We see them manifested in all the departments of history. The former depends on health, strength and muscular energy alone; and the latter, on the preponderance of mental power over the attributes of mere brute matter. The company which convened on Stottler's porch, for the purpose of capturing the murderers, were mere men of physical courage; some of Salmagundi's men, "chuck full of wrath and cabbage," who would fight or encounter danger no longer than than their bellies were full; as will appear in the sequel of this narrative. With Lambert for their chosen leader, who had made a solemn vow to capture or destroy the murderers, the company started on foot and well armed, in pursuit of the blood-stained fugitives; horses, however active and powerful, could be of no use to the pursuers among the rocks and precipices of the mountains, covered as they were with snow.

"When the company came to the scene of the murder, no doubt could exist as to the facts; the snow was much trampled, and greatly discolored with blood, and disclosed traces of a deadly struggle of life or death; from all appearances, the struggle must have been long and dreadful, and evinced the obstinacy with which the poor victim of assassination must have contended hopeless for life. But what must have been the reflections which rushed on the mind of this lonely and deserted victim of perfidy, when overcome and sinking under the hands and savage hearts of these monsters of iniquity and blood! His wife, his children, his poverty, the cold charities of a merciless world, must have filled his mind with horror and dismay; the physical agonies of death, with all their excruciating pangs, can be but as nothing to such mental sufferings; it is said, by persons who have been recovered from drowning, and apparent death, that at the moment of suffocation, immediately preceding utter unconsciousness and insensibility, the whole series of the events of their lives, seemed actually present to their minds and memories. This may be, and probably is the fact, with those who die with all their faculties in full strength; but it can hardly be the case with those who die of ordinary diseases, and linger long on the confines of eternity.

"It was evident to Lambert and his company that the body of the deceased could not be far removed from the scene of death; and in a few minutes' search the corpse was discovered. It was wedged in between two large rotten logs, which had been rolled out of the road, and covered with the rubbish of leaves, brushwood, and rotten pieces of wood, and bore the marks of a most sanguinary butchery.—Two balls had passed through the body, and in the breast and sides were found the marks of several vital stabs, given apparently with a large hunter's knife. One of the hands of the deceased was thrillingly and horribly disfigured; it seemed as if in the conflict of blood, Pollock had grasped the blade of a large knife, which had been drawn forcibly through his hand, and nearly severed the joints of his fingers! His clothing was much rent and torn in the combat, and his countenance bore the indications of great agony in his last moments.

"A council was now held by the company, as to what was next to be done; and, after having sent the dead body back to Stottler's house, Lambert proposed an instant and vigorous pursuit of the murderers, before their trail (foot-tracks) would be effaced from the soft snow. The proposition was assented to by the whole company, and in a short time the trail of the murderers was discovered, bearing a little west of north; the snow was light and unpacked, and exhibited their foot-prints with great clearness and certainty.

"When the company started on the trail, it was late in the evening, the sun not more than two hours from the horizon, and the whole country over which the trail of the fugitives passed, known only to hunters, was a wild and trackless wilderness, tangled with an undergrowth of laurel and brushwood. The pursuers, however, kept the track, with industry, perseverance, and resolution, until sunset, and the approach of darkness. The mountains now began to assume a more wild, bleak and dreary aspect; the sound of the winds through the leafless boughs and branches of the trees, seemed to be fraught with the loud howl of the wolf and the shrill scream of the panther, and the distant and sullen roar of the mountain torrents, seemed ominous of sullen and unknown dangers! To the ignorant and uncultivated mind, the sublime and inscrutable mysteries of nature, are always the cause of superstition and terror, and more particularly so during the hours of night and darkness.

"Lambert now discovered, as the night began to set in, that the courage and resolution of his companions were fast ebbing, and that they would soon be brought to a dead stand still, and he called a halt for further consultation. The result of this was that each individual framed or found an excuse for returning home, and Lambert was left alone to pursue his dangerous and lonly enterprise.

"He was, however, 'doubly armed;' first, with the justice of his cause, and his consciousness of rectitude; and second, with a good rifle, tomahawk, and hunter's knife; and with these he pursued his precarious journey—not regardless of consequences, but prepared to meet all events that might occur.—With the assistance of startlight, reflected from a bright surface of snow, he was enabled to trace the foot-steps of the murderers; and when the moon arose in full splendor, a little before midnight, he found no further difficulty or uncertainty in pursuing his way.

"After travelling in a north-western direction twelve or fourteen miles, he came to an old and nearly disused road, running nearly paralel with the one he had left; this was called the 'Old Pennsylvania trace,' between Philadelphia and Red Stone Old Fort, situated on the waters of the Monongahela river; it was the first road ever opened between Eastern Pennsylvania and the head waters of the Ohio river, and the ancient land-marks, 'three chops and a blaze,' were still visible by daylight on the old trees. These ancient roads and land-marks, I have been informed, were adopted by the old surveyors and openers of roads in the West, to propritiate Heaven in favor of the first settlers of the great Western wilderness; and hence the first chop was for the Father—the second for the son—and the third for the Holy Ghost; and the blaze was merely designed to attract the eye of the observer. When Lambert struck the old trace road, he discovered an ancient and ruinous hut, or log cabin, nearly opposite to him on the north side of this dillapidated and solitary road. The moon had now nearly gained her meridian, and beamed with full and unclouded splendor on the snowy peaks of the distant mountains, and on the cold and solitary landscape just before him. There stood in solemn silence and seeming deserted, the hut which contained probably, the objects of his long and laborious pursuit; and, to satisfy the anxiety of his mind respecting the actual presence of the murderers, who would be on the alert, and prepared for a defence of the most desperate character he, had to make a silent and cautious circuit round the hut, at some little distance from it, and as far as possible, out of distinct view. Pursuant to this plan, he found the foot-tracks of the two villans up to the door of the house, and that there were no foot-prints from the cabin in any direction. These circumstances put at rest all doubts and uncertainties, and Lambert had nothing now to do but to ACT, in the last scene of this sanguinary drama, to capture the murderers or lose his own life.

"He had just seen, through the shattered clapboards of which the door was made, a feeble light in the only fire place the house could boast. The house consisted of but two apartments, which were without any partition between them, and only distinguished from each other by a step or two down from the west to the east room. The poor old woman, who had resided for years on this deserted road, and lived by selling cakes and beer to casual wayfarers, slept in the west room, into which the only door in the house opened from the road; and the east room, containing one bed, as it afterwards appeared, was occupied by the two villains of whom Lambert was in pursuit. After stepping a few paces back from the door, Lambert gave a loud cough or two to awaken the old woman—and boldly advancing to the step, and stamping the snow from his feet, desired admittance in a feigned voice—and telling her at the same time that he was a stranger who had lost his way—that he was nearly frozen to death in wandering about—and that he wished her to re-light the fire, to warm himself.

"She immediately obeyed, and soon replenished and re-lighted the fire, whilst he remained outside the door, under the pretence of disrobing his feet of the snow—his real object being to await the light of the fire, that he might fairly encounter the villains, whom he had just heard talking, in an alarmed and startled tone of voice, in the lower room. When he stepped over the door sill, into the bright light of the fire, his first salutation was the loud report of a musket from the lower room, the two balls from which struck the door post, an inch or two from his head. No time was now to be lost. Reserving his fire, he sprang down to the lower room, yet reeking with the smoke of the burned powder, and using his tomahawk with dexterity and effect, knocked the villain senseless who had just fired on him, and whom he believed he had killed. In the interim, while these events were passing, the smaller villain of the two—for Lambert had felled the larger one on the floor with the heavy blow of his tomahawk—had crept through a small unglazed window, immediately above the side of the bed, and was running off in the bright moon-light, directly toward the north. Lambert soon discovered him, and mounting on the bed, as the fellow was running directly from the window, in a straight line, clothing in hand, brought him down on his face, with two balls from his own rifle, planted precisely between the shoulders of the horrible miscreant! Then, seizing with a giant grasp, the stunned villain, whom he had felled to the floor, and who seemed to be reviving for further combat, Lambert placed his knee on the fellow's breast, and asked the old woman for a rope. This she furnished by cutting a bed-cord from one of the bedsteads. With this Lambert bound the fellow, and dragged him to the fire-place in the upper room. Then, absenting himself for a few moments only, he brought in the dead man on his shoulder, and placed the corpse side by side with the living murderer!

"When the day dawned, the work of death being finished, Lambert prepared to return home; having accomplished in a few hours, and with his single arm, what would have immortalized any hero of the ages of chivalry. When deserted by his faint-hearted companions among the mountains, this man of iron resolution and lofty moral energies, never faltered or betrayed the least hesitation of purpose. His were truly the virtuous and noble fixedness of unsubduable resolution, in the cause of justice and humanity—the lion's heart and the eagle's eye!—The orator in the forum, the statesman in his diplomacy, the law-giver in his legislation, and the hero in his battle-fields—have each the stimulous of *public admiration* urging him on to the achievement of renown—but what has a man of obscure and lowly fortunes, like John Lambert—who knows that when he dies his name and memory will perish—to incite him to virtuous and noble deeds? I answer, the strengthening consciousness of superior rectitude, the divine impulses of a pure and noble mind, and the exalted and imperishable sentiment of immortality."

Reader, John Lambert was a Christian—a true believer in the divine mission and identity of Jesus Christ! This, at once, solves the whole problem of his heroic virtue; in the cause of justice and humanity, as just detailed to you.

"Lambert now accepted the loan of a horse, from his aged and venerable friend, the poor old woman of the mountains. He next placed his living captive on the animal, after having pinioned his arms behind him, and secured his feet below the horse.—And then, fastening the dead body of the miscreant he had killed, across the shoulders of the horse, and firmly lashing it to its companions in iniquity—he gravely led the horse, thus laden with the living and dead murderers, back to Mr. Stottler's, where he found many persons assembled from all sections of the adjacent country, and among them the chop-fallen deserters of his heroic and successful adventure; who met, in the contemptuous countenances of the assembly, the disdainful reward of their timidity and cowardice.

"The captive murderer was soon sent to jail, and in due course of time expiated his crime under the gallows.

"This was the last robbery and murder ever after perpetrated on this wild and lonely road. Instead of the rich plunder the murderers had expected from the drover on the white horse, they found but three or four dollors in the pockets of poor Pollock, whom they had mistaken for the veritable rich drover, who arrived at the place a few days after the tragedy, with his money safely deposited in his portmanteau. When he had been informed of all the particulars relating to the murder of the deceased, and that he had left a widow and large family, he constituted himself the guardian, brotector, and faithful friend of Pollock's bereaved and destitute family, and made them his heirs at his decease, which happened soon after."

THE WIFE'S AUTHORITY.

"I never undertook but once," said Tom "to set at naught the authority of my wife. You know her way—cool, quiet, but determined as ever. Just after we were married, and all was nice and cozy, she got me into the habit of doing all the churning.—She never asked me to do it, you, know, but then the way it was done was just in this way. She finished breakfast before me one morning, and slipping away from the table, she filled the churn with cream, and sat it just where I could'nt help seeing what was wanted. So I took hold regularly enough and churned until the butter had come. She didn't thank me, but looked so nice and sweet about it, that I felt well paid. Well, when the next churning day came along, she did the same thing, I followed suit and fotched the butter. Again and again it was done just so, and I was regularly in for it every time. Not a word said, you know, of course. Well by and by, this began to be rather irksom. I wanted she should ask me, but she never did, and I couldn't say anything about it to save my soul; so on we went. At last I made a resolve that I would not churn another time unless she asked me. Churning day came, and when my breakfast—she always got nice breakfasts—when that was swallowed, there stood the churn. I got up, and standing a few moments, just to give her a chance, put on my hat and walked out of doors. I stopped in the yard to give her time to call me, but never word said she, and so with palpitating heart, I moved on. I went down town, and all over town, and my foot was as restless as was that of Noah's dove. I felt as if I had done a wrong, I didn't exactly feel how, but there was an indescribable sensation of guilt resting upon me all the forenoon. It seemed as if dinner time never would come, and as for going home one minute before dinner time, I would as soon have cut my ears off. So I went fretting and moping around town till dinner hour came. Home I went, feeling very much as a criminal must when the jury is out, having in their hands his destiny for life or death. I couldn't make up my mind exactly how she would meet me, but some kind of a storm I expected.—Will you believe it? she never greeted me with a sweeter smile, never had a better dinner for me than on that day; but there stood the churn just where I left it! Not a word was said I felt confoundedly cut, and every mouthful of that dinner seemed as if it would choke me. She didn't pay any regard to it, however, but went on just as nothing had happened. Before dinner was over I had again resolved, and shoving back my chair, I marched to the churn and went at it in the old way. Splash, began the butter paddle, splash; but as if in spite the butter never was so long a coming! I supposed the cream standing so long, had got warm and so I redoubled my efforts. Obstinate matter, the afternoon wore away while I was churning. I paused at last, from real exhaustation, when she spoke for the first time:—"Come Tom, my dear, you have rattled that buttermilk long enough, if it's only for fun your doing it!" I knew how it was in a flash; she had brought the butter in the forenoon, and left the churn standing with the buttermilk in, for me to exercise with. I never set up myself in household matters after that."

PHENOMENON.—A very brilliant phenomenon was visible from Williamburg and Brooklyn, and partially so from our city, last Friday evening. Just before sunset, the horizon was covered with dense thunder clouds, which extended to the zenith, and were also very black in the North and South. As the storm advanced, they appeared to be concentrating over New York, and from our position on Long Island presented a very grand appearance. At about fifteen minutes before sunset, a sudden flush of gold pervaded the lower portion of the cloud directly West of us, and then as suddenly spread until the whole semi-circle from the North to the South point was flooded with an inconceivably brilliant golden lustre. It was dazzling to the eyes in any portion of the Western sky. This strange wall of gold advance swiftly until it hid New York from our view. The city seemed involved in a flood of terriffc beauty. We observed the commotion of a coming tempest in the dense black clouds above the gold, but the latter appeared like a perfect, unwaving, unbroken wall, extending from the North point, or a little East of North, to the extreme South, a little higher at the West than at the extremities.—A Milerite might have been pardoned a fright at the scene. Children were in great terror, and some older persons. In the midst of the whole, a sudden edge of deep crimson seemed to *ray out* from the clouds, and at that moment a flash of lighning passed five times up and down across the gold in the West. We never have seen so brilliant an appearance. It was more like a sudden rift in the clouds, letting through the indeacribable glory, in its full radiance, which had before been struggling through clouds.

This scene was followed by a hurricane and storm of rain, but at 8½ o'clock in the evening, the west ends of houses were lit as if by a large fire. The same appearance was noticed as far east as Hartford and New Haven.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

TWO DEATH-BED SCENES.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

"Look first on this picture, then on that."

It was a gorgeously furnished appartment in the palace of England's queen. The windows are hung with crimson velvet; the sofas and draperies are of the same rich material, tastefully arranged. Costly and beautiful paintings from the ancient masters, in massive frame decorate the walls. The last rays of the sun, breaking through the crimson curtains shed a soft and mellow light through the apartment.

Reclining upon a royal couch, a noble queen lies dying. Her countenance is severely stern, and expressive of determined resolution. That broad forehead is contracted, as if in pain. She has enjoyed all the honors this world can bestow. How worthless pleasure, wealth and renown appear, as the vista of futurity opens upon the eye of the soul. The scene of eternity now unveil themselves to her astonished vision, and her whole preparation for that untried state is crowded into a few brief moments. Now despair is depicted in every feature; the lashings of conscience are terrible. She actually writhes under excess of mental anguish; there is an expression of awe in the countenance of every beholder, and the profound silence of terror seems to pervade the apartment. With accents faltering in death, the dying Elizabeth exclaims: "Millions of money for a moment of time." Miserable women; she possesses wealth and fame; she is surrounded with pleasure and luxury—and yet she shrieks in vain for a moment of time. There is a groan, a spasm, and all is still, the heart has ceased its throbbing and that soul stands in the presence of Jehovah. Proudly did she rise above the great and the gifted upon the earth:

"But who should soar the solar height,
To set in such a starless night."

* * * * *

In a lowly cottage, half concealed with overshadowing foliage resides the family of the missionary. It is a lovely morning; the birds are pouring forth their rich notes of melody; the air is perfumed with the grateful fragrance of the flowers, bending, half-concealed, with the abundance of dew upon them.—The windows of the cottage are thrown open, and the fringed curtains looped far back to admit the fresh breeze. Although every thing around seems joyous, yet there is sorrow in that dwelling; the wife and mother; the devoted missionary is dying. A smile is on her lip; in her countenance there is an unearthly beauty. Here has been a life of sacrifice and selfdenial in the cause of her Redeemer—she had given up the ease, pleasure and luxury of her early home to serve Christ. Now she is going to reap her reward in heaven. Death has no terror for her; serenity prevades her whole bearing as she draws near eternity. Her eyes are closed yet visions of her early home, of childhood's joyous hours, are thronging her mind. Now she joins in the worship of God in the sanctuary, now unites in a hymn of praise; now she beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life, while earth and all its scenery grows dim about her.

Look at her again. Her face is calm, like that of an angel: those lips move not; that heart has ceased its beating.

"The gentle air
Comes through the open window freighted with
The savory odors of the early spring—
She breathes it not; the laugh of passers by
Jars like a discord in some mournful tune,
But worries not her slumbers. She is dead."

Her spirit, borne on angel's wings, enters the gate of the heavenly city. The mind of man never conceived such glory as now bursts upon her enraptured vision. The ear of mortal never listened to such music as now fills her soul with melody. The imagination never conceived such happiness as now fills her whole being with delight.

"Before the throne she stands sublime in robes
Of glory; and now her fingers wake the chords
To praise; which all in heaven repeat."

WESTERN ROMANCE.—In Davis county, Iowa, on the 18th ult., Mr. John Paris was married to Lina Jolly. The ceremony took place in the open prairie, some two miles northwest of Bloomfield. The parents of Miss Jolly were on their way from Shuler county, in this State, to California and were met by the youthful Paris, who was searching in the prairie for a handkerchief he had lost the day previous. Lina like a second "Helen," took a "shine" to the young searcher after his bandana, and Paris was as suddenly touched in a tender part by the glances of the fair maid. He accompanied her to Bloomfield, where some of the citizens, having discovered the state of affairs, encouraged him to wed Lina, and save her from the wild rangers of the Pacific—they thought that such beauty should not be permitted to leave the country. The young fellow did not decide, but followed on, and at length popped the question, to which the old folks agreed, provided he would accompany them to California. He refused, but with a sad heart. After kissing the girl, he returned to town, where every one sympatized with him, and soon an escort was provided, a magistrate obtained, and the young fellow proceeded back to old Jolly's camp, where the united eloquence of the party won the old man's consent, and the couple was married on the spot. On this ocasion corn bread served for the wedding cake and, the extract of corn for the wine. The old man blessed them both, and moved off towards California, while the bride and groom returned homeward in triumph. Huzza for the great west—may her young men always be able to get *jolly!*—*St. Louis Reville.*

LAUGHABLE INCIDENT RELATIVE TO A PETICOAT.—During the last session of the Ohio Legislature, a bill for the punishment of seduction and adultery, was forcibly and successfully opposed by the member from ———, who seemed to have his heart set upon its defeat. Soon after his return to his constituency, he received an ominous looking package, and with it came a note which recognized in good set terms his efforts in *behalf* of the weaker sex in the Legislature, and begged his acceptance of what seemed to the writer the most fit present as a reward for his services. On opening the package the lawgiver found only a well worn, and not over clean *flannel peticoat!* Not to be outdone in the matter, he acknowledged, by advertisement in the paper of the following day, the receipt of the present with courteous thanks for this and other favors, adding the omission of the fair writer's name to the note though momentarily annoying, proved of no ultimate consequence, as on examination, he *recognized the petticoat!* Of course none of the fair sex will acknowledge having sent the package.

A FLARE-UP IN HARRISBURG.—The Harrisburg *Union* gives an amusing account of a blow-up at the late TAYLOR meeting in Harrisburg, between the elements of Nativism and Whiggery, which began in a struggle for precedence, and ended in a sort of compromise. The *Union* says:

"The names of about fifty Vice Presidents—one-half *Native Americans*—but nineteenths of the whole not in attendance were read: After the Secretaries were appointed, *A. J. Jones*, without the aid of a committee, read three resolutions approving of the nomination of Gen. Taylor as the people's candidate, but saying not one word about *Whig principles and utterly abandoning all principle.*

The fact is that not withstanding great efforts had been made to get up enthusiasm, the meeting was a failure. The old members of the party were not there, and we very much question whether they can be brought to the polls to vote for General Tayler.

The meeting wound up with three cheers for Gen. Taylor, and three cheers for Harry Clay, and three cheers for Gen. Cass.

OREGON.—The population of Oregon is estimated by the President at 12,000, which will be considerably increased by emigration the present year. Mr. Polk, in his message urging the extension of jurisdiction, reminds Congress that he recommended the passage of this measure in his message of 1846, and again in 1847.

☞ William Searight, of Fayette county, has been reappointed superintendant of the National road in Pennsylvania. An excellent appointment.