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American Volunteer.

BY G. SANDERSON & E. CORNMAN.]

“OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG.”

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.]

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AGENTS.

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DR. HUNT'S BOTANIC PILLS.
 INTERESTING & APPLICABLE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH
 Diseases of the Stomach, or Nerves.

Such a Dyspepsia, either Chronic or Acute, under the worst symptoms of restlessness, Lowness of Spirits, and General Emaciation, Consumption, whether of the Lungs or Liver, Spasmodic Convulsions, Worms of every variety, Rheumatism, whether Acute or Chronic, together with St. Vitus's Dance, Pains in the Head, Back, Limbs, and Side, Typhus Fever, Scarlet Fever, Petriil Sore Throat, Fever & Ague, Scurvy, Dropsical Swelling of the Heart and Arteries, Nervous Irritability, Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Yell, Oedema, Dropsy, Female Obstructions, Headaches, Gough the Common or Humid, and the Dry or the Whooping, Asthma, Gravel, and Dropsy.

The Blood has hitherto been considered by Empirics and others, as the great regulator of the human system, and such is the devoted of the adherents to that erroneous doctrine, that they content themselves with the simple possession of the blood, without enquiring into its primary sources from whence Life, Health, Vigor, Emancipation, and vice versa, Pain, sickness, disease and death. Not so with Dr. HUNT, whose extensive research and practical experience so eminently qualify him for the profession of which he has been one of the most useful members. He contends—and a moment's reflection will convince any reasoning mind of the correctness of his views—that the stomach, liver, and the associated organs are the primary and great regulators of health, and that the blood in very many instances dependent on these organs, and that unless medicine reaches THE ROOT OF THE DISEASE, the superficial advantage was the inevitable result, so long to cover the ravages of deep-seated maladies.—Under these convictions, at the expense of years of close application, the doctor has discovered a medicine which, according to his views, is the best, and in prescribing it, with a knowledge of its tenets a radical cure in the various diseases already enumerated, even if applied in the most critical cases, but he does not pretend to ascribe to

DR. GOODE'S CELEBRATED FEMALE PILLS.

These Pills are strongly recommended to the notice of the ladies as a safe and efficient remedy in removing those complaints peculiar to their sex, from want of exercise, or general Debility of the system, Obstructions, Suppressions, and Irregularity of the Menstrual Period, at the same time strengthening, cleansing, and giving tone to the Stomach and Bowels, and producing a new and healthy action throughout the system generally. They create Appetite, correct Indigestion, and more Giddiness, and Nervous weakness, and are eminently useful in those flatulent complaints which distress Females so much at the TURN OF LIFE. They obviate costiveness, and counteract all Hysterical and Nervous Affections, likewise afford soothing and permanent relief in Fluor Albus, or Whites, and in the most obstinate cases of Chlorosis, or Green Sickness, they invariably restore the pallid and delicate female to health and vigor.
 These Pills have gained the sanction and approbation of the most eminent Physicians in the United States, and many mothers can likewise testify to their extraordinary efficacy. To married females whose expectations of the tenderest pledges of conjugal happiness have been defeated, these Pills may be truly esteemed a blissful boon. They soon renovate all functional debility, and if taken (according to directions,) they create a mild action. They dispeck that fulsome and disagreeable sensation common to females at each monthly return, likewise the attendant pains in the back, side, or loins; they generally counteract the nausea, vomiting, and other nervous affections in chlorosis, or green sickness, in a few days, (and if continued according to directions,) soon effect a perfect cure. Nothing is so signally efficacious in restoring the pallid and sickly female (who has been during her life irregular and sensitive) as the FEMALE PILLS.

Caution.—Be particular in purchasing to see that the label of this medicine contains a notice of its entry according to Act of Congress.—And be likewise particular in obtaining them at 100 Chatham st., New York, or from the regular agents,
HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS' SOOTHING SYRUP.
FOR CHILDREN'S TEETHING.

To Mothers and Nurses.
 The passage of the teeth through the gums produces troublesome and dangerous symptoms. It is known by mothers that there is great irritation on the mouth and gums during this process. The gums swell, the secretion of the saliva is increased, the child is seized with frequent and sudden fits of crying, watching, startling in its sleep, and spasms of peculiar parts the child strikes with extreme violence, and thrusts its fingers into its mouth. If these precursory symptoms are not speedily alleviated, spasmodic convulsions universally supervene, and soon cause the dissolution of the infant. If mothers who have their little babies afflicted with these distressing symptoms would apply the celebrated American Soothing Syrup, which has preserved hundreds of infants when thought past recovery, from being suddenly attacked with that fatal and cruel complaint.
 This infallible remedy has preserved hundreds when thought past recovery, from convulsions. As soon as the Syrup is rubbed on the gums, the child will recover. This preparation is so innocent, so efficacious, and so pleasant, that the child will refuse to let its gums be rubbed with it.—When infants are at the age of four months, though there is no appearance of teeth, one bottle of the Syrup should be used on the gums to prevent the trouble. Parents should never be without the Syrup in the nursery where there are young children, for if a child waxes in the night with pain in the gums, the Syrup immediately gives ease, by opening the pores and healing the gums thereby preventing Convulsions, Fevers, &c.

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HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. WM. EVANS' Camomile & Spicant Pills.

Another very severe case of Inflammatory Rheumatism cured by Dr. Evans' Medicine.
 Mr. John K. Carroll, of the county of Westchester, town of North Castle, New York, had been severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for fourteen months with violent pains in his limbs, great heat, excessive thirst, dryness of his eyes, much swollen, was not able without opiates to get up for six weeks. Had been advised by a friend to procure some of Dr. Wm. Evans' medicines of 100 Chatham street, N. Y., which he immediately sent for, and after taking the first dose found great relief, and in continuing it use according to the directions for ten days was perfectly cured. Allows me to refer any person to him for the truth of the above statement.

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BARON VON HUTCHERLER'S BERRY PILLS.

These Pills are composed of Herbs, which exert a specific action upon the heart, give an impulse of strength to the arterial system, the blood is quickened and equalized in its circulation through all the vessels, whether of the skin, the parts situated internally, or the extremities, and as all the secretions of the body are drawn from the blood, there is a consequent increase of every secretion, and a quickened action of the absorbent and exhalant, or discharging vessels. Any morbid action which may have taken place is corrected; all obstructions are removed, the blood is purified, and the body resumes a healthy state.

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HAMILTON & GRIER, Carlisle.

DR. Wm. Evans' Camomile & Spicant Pills.
 Dr. Soothing Syrup.
 Dr. Goode's Female Pills.
 Dr. Fever and Ague Pills.
 October 10, 1839.



POETRY.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Falling Leaves.

BY G. ZLOTES ADAMS.

Ye fading honors thickly strown,
 By Autumn's hand; I gaze on them
 Around my woodland pathway lone,
 A spirit-stirring band;
 Beyond in the sunlight's mellow beam,
 So sad and mournfully,
 To Fancy's misting eye ye seem
 Fair Life's epitome!

Ye have its falling leaves' sweet sigh
 The birds the live-long day,
 And Eden flowers in freshness spring
 Beneath its morning ray:
 Love breathes soft rapture in its ear;
 The streams in music run;
 Time passeth on its leaves are seen,
 And falling one by one!

Stern march'd forth its falling leaves
 Ambition's frenzied eye,
 Each airy dream to promise weaves,
 And counts the harvest night;
 Time lays its expectations low,
 Blasts many a vision fair,
 While Disappointment's gath'ring brow
 Tells, leaves are falling there!

Age hath its falling leaves' now fade
 Fond memories from its breast!
 How friends that round youth's pathway stray'd,
 Death garners to their rest!
 How sander'd to the field till left
 Companionless in grief,
 Of all its outward joys bereft,
 Age mourns its latest leaf!

But Spring's bright smiling hours will come,
 With sunshine o'er the plain;
 The naked woodlands bud and bloom,
 In living hues again;
 And so, Life's toilsome journey through—
 Its wayward trials o'er,
 The heart shall bud and bloom anew,
 But bloom to fade no more!

MISCELLANEOUS.

Confessions of a Victim.

I am the only son of reputable and wealthy parents. Early in life I entered into a mercantile house in New York for the purpose of acquiring a knowledge of the business, preparatory to commencing, on my own responsibility, a mercantile career. At this time I was eighteen, and had but recently returned from my academic studies at New Haven. My person at that early period was good; my mind polished by education, and my manners if not graceful were easy. I was glad of heart and ambitious of distinction—eager for the reputation of integrity, and an enthusiast in my admiration of genius. My associates were reputable and the sons of gentlemen; the prospect before me was excellent, and my life glided onward like a placid stream.

It was within a few weeks of my nineteenth birthday, that I became acquainted with Amelia Montfort. She was a being of perfect virtue, of transcendent beauty, and of uncommon mind—had an eye for the beauties of nature; and a soul for the spell of poetry. She was three years my junior; her beauty rather in the blossom than the bud, and her intellect more remarkable for its imagination than for its power. She had mingled little in society—new less of the heartlessness of mankind—and her heart was the temple of enthusiastic and ardent, but of hallowed feelings.

For myself, I had mingled much in female society; had passed many "a thin red lip," and bowed before many a rich dark eye.—But Amelia was a glad creature, a "girl in dignity; and when she elicited admiration, it was ever blended with esteem. Mingled in her temperament, also, there was a tinge of her temperament, also, there was a tinge of demerol—of the romance rather of demerol—the feelings of affection, sentiment, and even when her affections were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the idolatry which might mingle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the best ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months I was her worshipper.

My thoughts were bound up in the frenzy of my character a new tinge, and to my habits another current. In my communing with that being, I was supremely happy. There was enchantment in the very atmosphere she breathed—my dreams caught their delicious raptures from her memory, and my waking thoughts dwelt constantly upon Amelia.—She was worthy of all my regard—worthy of all my devotion—and every hour seemed but to unfold some estimable trait in her character.

When I was twenty years of age, we were married. My father relinquished his business in my favor, and I glided on for another year, all sunshine and happiness.
 By this time, I had gone out more frequently to mingle with the world—became interested in politics, and thirsted for power. I was engaged in a lucrative mercantile career—my family was influential, and my aid readily accepted, if not courted, by the wily and perfidious minions of office. Gradually I became deeply interested in political warfare—gradually I forgot the spell of my wife's virtue and affection—and gradually, there was a delirium and joy in the wine cup and I became one of the votaries of Bacchus.

I cannot portray how insidiously the charm wore into my senses, and frittered away my

faculties. It now seems as a terrible and impossible dream—but the horrors of that dream are imprinted with letters of fire upon my brain. The agonies of my remorse have been as serpents gnawing the tenderest vital of my existence. I gaze back upon the past, and would fain blot its hallowed moments from the page of my being.
 But to continue. With "stealthy step and slow," I became the victim of intemperance—neglected my business, and was a bankrupt—was at first pined at and pined by my friends and relatives, and, at last, shunned and despised as a disgrace and a dishonor.

It was many months before my wife could bring herself to the conviction that I was a drunkard. I, that had come to her in youth and beauty—I, that had called forth and broken up the inmost recesses of my soul—I, that was applauded for my integrity, honored for my virtue, and emulated for my character; how could she deem me a drunkard—a loathed and contemptible sot—a disgrace to my name, and a disgrace to humanity?
 She closed a weary period upon a truth so horrible, and endeavored to shut out from her senses and her understanding the blackness of my guilt. Oh God! how that being clung to and worshipped me, even amid the abject contumely of my degradation. How she clung amid the wretchedness of her despair, to the hope that I might yet be retrieved. How she wept, and persuaded, and endeavored to fascinate me back to my domestic enjoyments, and to keep me even for one night, from the dens of iniquity and the revelry of crime!—How she "threw her white arms around me," and besought me, with earnest looks and pure accents, to remember my early vows—to remember my own happiness, her peace of mind, and my father's cares for the sake of his only child, and the heir to his hitherto unsullied fame. Oh my God! how impossible it now seems that I should have yielded my heart against such persuasions—how impossible it seems that I could have gone forth after such a scene as this, and bathed my senses like a brute, in the debasing influence of intoxication. Would to heaven that I could live over my young life! Would that again I might hear the glad voice of my Amelia, and bask in the innocent smiles of her affection! Would I could call up the shade of my murdered sire, and weep away my shame and anguish in tears of blood.—But in vain now is the agony of my remorse—in vain do I repeat of early error, and invoke the past hours.

It was probably three years after my marriage that I became a bankrupt—the progress of my debasement from that period was rapid. I gave myself completely up to intemperance. The intoxicating draught operated upon my mind, like some bewildering spell of infatuation. I was unable to resist its influence, I was unable to turn away from the tide of ignominy which was hurrying me to the vortex of destruction. My mind, though it did not actually decay seemed somewhat affected with my body.—My affections were benumbed and torpid, and the sympathies of my bosom held affinity with nothing but drink.

Amid the most abject poverty, my wife shared my destiny. Battered and distorted as were my features, she still imagined she saw in it traces of my early condition. And when in some fitful moment of remorse and sanity, I professed repentance—when for a moment, I told her that my affection for her still lived—Oh God! what a flush of joy overspread the features of my poor Amelia—what a thrill of rapture came tingling through her veins, as she still hoped to save me.

Then she would tell me over all my prospects of retrieving my fortune—that I was yet young; that my father would receive me back into his confidence—that she would love me and cherish me—and then for a moment melted and overcome, I would promise her to reform. But I could not. The curse was upon me, and in vain I endeavored to shake it off.

At last my poor wife grew sick; she bore up for a long season—

I had humanity enough left to know the extent of the evil I had inflicted—but in the horrors of the moment I had but one resource—the bowl, the accursed bowl.—A voted feeling, the offspring of sentiment, and even when her affections were hoarded up in the sanctuary of her own pure bosom, she acknowledged their burning intensity, and confessed the idolatry which might mingle in her love. In brief, Amelia became the best ideal of my fancy, and ere I knew her many months I was her worshipper.

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dered the wife of my bosom—I feel that I have sent my father in his old age with sorrow to his tomb! But oh! have I not suffered for my iniquities? Have I not by living in equal misery, in degradation, and in family, suffered more than a thousand deaths? Forgive, I beseech thee O God, in this my last and mortal hour of anguish! Forgive me, sainted spirit of my injured wife, and hallowed shadow of my murdered father.—Angels of heaven, I pray ye forgive me!—And ere I die, oh youth! whilst my soul is yet lingering in its mortal tenement, shun, oh shun, I beseech you, the intoxicating bowl!

DISTINGUISHED MEN.

We doubt whether there is another spot in the Union, of equal size, and population of Lancaster county, that can boast of having been the birth place of so many distinguished men—and if she had been so successful in retaining them upon her soil, as she had been in raising them, she could at this day lay claim to an honor that the most favored country might envy. From among many others who have made themselves a name in the political or religious history of the country, that claim Lancaster county as the home of their childhood, we have selected the following as the most conspicuous.

John C. Calhoun, now a Senator in Congress from South Carolina, formerly Vice-President of the United States, and one of the first men of the day, is a native of this county, having been born in Drumore township. Mr. Calhoun has been too prominent an actor in the busy scenes of this country for the last few years, to need more than to be named. John Bell, one of the most distinguished members of the U. States House of Representatives, from Tennessee, and the popular speaker of the lower House of Congress that preceded Mr. Polk, is a native of Bart township, and studied law in the office of Mr. Montgomery—father of J. C. Montgomery, Esq. of Lancaster. He is equally an honor to his preceptor and to his native county. James Hamilton of South Carolina, late Governor of that State, one of the ablest representatives in Congress, an eloquent debater, a most enterprising merchant, and one of the warmest promoters of the internal improvements and commercial prosperity of the South, gave to Drumore the honor of being the birth place of one of the first men of his adopted State. Drumore has the honor also, of being the birth place of the Hon.—Whitehead, formerly a distinguished U. S. Senator from Tennessee, and the Rev. Wm. L. McCalla, now of Philadelphia, known throughout the country as a ready debater and eloquent divine. The Rev. Dr. Hall of North Carolina, one of the most celebrated divines in the country, and for a great number of years, the President of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, was born in Conegoah in the upper part of this county. Dr. Eberle, late professor of Materia Medica in the Medical College of Cincinnati, and an eminent Physician, was a native of Hempfield township. Rowan, formerly Governor of Kentucky we have heard it stated, was a native of Mount Joy in this county, but we are not certain whether the honor belongs to Lancaster or York. Judge White, though not a native of this county, was for some time a resident of it, and studied law in Lancaster under the late Mr. Hopkins, so that Lancaster may claim the honor of having, in some degree, formed his character. Rob't Fulton, the inventor of the Steamboat, and a man who is not only an honor to Lancaster county but to America, was born of poor parents in Little Britain. But we think our county may rest satisfied with such an array of talent which she has supplied to different States, particularly when it is considered what is left behind.—*Fenn Courier.*

ENGLISH BARBARITY IN LOWER CANADA.

A Canadian gentleman residing in Hartland, thus eloquently describes English Government here, the sixteenth of Massachusetts representing the Government he says:
 "Lower Canada affords you all the materials you can desire. You have access to public documents, and can weekly spread before the American public enough to astound and horrify every reader. If that unhappy country were to be the cause of the course of the British Government has ever been treachery, cruelty and blood. And what is the character that four different Governors have repeatedly drawn of the Lower Canadian? That they "were the most peaceable, the most contented, and the most happy peasantry on the face of the Globe." Yet what has been their reward? Have not their representatives struggled for 20 years to procure the removal of the most grievous wrongs—admitted wrongs—admitted by different commissioners appointed by the government to investigate? Can any thing furnish a parallel to the hypocrisy of that Government? The promising without any intention of performing?—the eternal coaxing and wheedling to seduce the representative from his duty—and at last, the open trampling in the Constitution, the violent seizure of the representatives? These different stages in the progress of despotism in this unhappy country are perfectly understood here; yet upon them must in a great measure hinge the morality of the revolution and all its dreadful responsibilities. If there ever was a people driven to rebellion by the oppression and the horrors of a tyrannical ruler, the Lower Canadian are that people! and their case demands the greatest lenity and indulgence from the victor.

Yet mark the result! After the first rendezvous of an importance, 1500 men, women and children, the defenceless infant and the wounded soldier, are all massacred in cold blood by the heartless Calibos, ordered by his instructions. It is a notorious

fact that Dr. Chenier's army at the battle of St. Hyacinthe, was near 2,000 strong, and the royalists 5,000, and that of the Canadian not 500 escaped through the vaults and subterraneous passages connected with the Church. To the rest quarter was refused, and those who attempted to escape from the burning buildings, were instantly shot down or run through with the bayonet by order of the monster Claiborne. My informant saw the unfortunate Chenier receive four wounds, and while yet alive saw him seized, ripped open and his palpitating heart torn out in the hands of the wretch Maitland, while his eye was still rolling in its socket. Can Turkish or Russian barbarity furnish an equal tragedy? How are our heart-strings torn asunder by the recital of the horrors of Mississill! Yet here is something which exceeds them all, inflicted on a Christian people too, by the victor's own shewing, the most peaceable in the world, and only suffered on to a righteous opposition by the suffering of a long course of almost unparalleled wrongs.

When we think of this, and of the subsequent desolation of forty miles square of country with fire and sword, and the driving and starving the homeless inhabitants by hundreds into the woods, to perish amid the rigors of a Canadian winter, and also the hangings by military authority, without law, who can withhold his abhorrence from the monstrous authors of such wrongs, as well as his ardent aspirations to heaven that adequate vengeance may yet overtake them?—I much doubt if there is another nation under the canopy of heaven, whose atrocities equal to those perpetrated by Claiborne would have been tolerated; yet he has been praised and rewarded by a British Queen!! Henceforth let us not speak of Russian barbarities, but point the finger of scorn where it is deserved, and that is towards England.—*Mackenzie's Gazette.*

DEFAULTERS.

The federal papers are making a great flourish about the alleged default of the collectors on the Columbia-trail road, at Philadelphia, and at Columbia. They say the one is a defaulter for fifty and the other for sixteen thousand dollars. By official statements published in our paper of last week, we made it clear to the comprehension of every honest citizen, that the collector at Columbia is not a defaulter to the amount of a single dollar any more, that he has actually overpaid his account some hundreds of dollars. The Chronicle and Telegraph, who originated the story, after being convicted of its falsehood, have been fairly cornered, and were compelled publicly to retract their infamous calumnies. Fritz, the collector at Philadelphia, will probably be found a defaulter to the amount of about \$35,000. The Attorney General has promptly instituted suit against his sureties, who are responsible men, for the amount, and Fritz is now held to bail in a capias in the sum of \$40,000.—When the Commonwealth shall have lost any thing then it will be time to complain. As the matter stands, we believe, the State is perfectly safe.

But why do not these federal patriots introduce the name of Fritz's predecessor, who held the office under Governor Ritner. He was a defaulter to the amount of nearly \$10,000 when he went out of office, and we believe, is a defaulter still. Governor Ritner himself has an unexplained balance of \$64,250 to settle with the Commonwealth, respecting which his old friends and supporters are silent as the grave. Let these federal patriots remember, that "charity should begin at home." They will find plenty of defaulters in their own ranks, with pockets filled with the public money, to engage all their attention.—*Keystone.*

DIED.—of the Dauphin-county Poor-house on Saturday last, FRANK, formerly a slave of Mr. John Harris, founder of Harrisburg. He was born about the year 1775, where Harrisburg now stands, and consequently was manumitted by the late Mr. Adam Orth, of Lebanon (then Dauphin) county. Frank was unquestionably the oldest inhabitant of this county—well remembered when the Indian smoked his pipe, and when the forest covered what is now Harrisburg and its smiling vicinity. He used to be had "turned many a furrow between the canal and the bridge and possessed in times and vicies of his race—worker, a hard drinker, a lounge, and exhibited an uncontrollable temper.

Frank used to assert that he had often played and wrestled with Logan the Mingo chief, then a young man, now so celebrated by the speech he is said to have delivered, contained in Jefferson's Notes. Whether Logan ever resided on the banks of the Susquehanna, we have no means of ascertaining; but Frank, when the matter was explained to him, insisted that he had, and that he left it before the expedition of the "Paxton Boys" to Lancaster. If so, he must have pitched his wigwam on the waters of the Great Kanawha, about 1760—14 years before he made the speech alluded to—making Logan's age at that time about 29 years, which agrees with the tradition upon the subject. Frank used also to detail the accompanying of his master and family to Paxton church, and another servant armed as well as Mr. Harris—of the arms scattered about the church, presenting a lively picture of the half civilized, half military appearance of our barbarous forefathers. The clergyman was Colonel of the Paxton district militia.—*Har. Rep.*

A new hotel is in progress of erection at St. Louis, of the following dimensions—170 feet front, 135 feet deep, and five stories high of plain brick. It has been rented on a lease of twenty years at 12,000 dollars per annum.