TERMS OF PUBLICATION.

\$2 00 per annum, in advance-or \$2 50, if not paid within the year.

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Advertisements -- \$1 00, per square for the three first insertions, and twenty five cents for every subsequent one.

American

Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY-RIGHT OR WRONG." BY GEO. SANDERSON.]

[AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Carlisle, Pa. Thursday November 26, 1840.

New Series-Vol. 5, No. 27;

Register's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all legatees, creditors and other persons concerned, that the following accounts have been filed in this office for examination, by the accountants therein named, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cumberland County, for confirmation and allowance, on Tuesday the 15th day of December, A. D. 1840, viz: The supplemental & final account of John Holtz, administrator of Jacob Rife, deceas-

The account of John Johnson, administrator of James Spotswood, deceased. The account of Alexander Scroggs, ad ministrator of Moses Screeges, deceased.
The account of Philip Swordt, administrator of Jacob Lochman, deceased.

The account of Samuel Clark acting Excentor of Andrew Mateer, Esq., deceased.
The account of John Zeigler, one of the

Executors of Philip Zeigler, deceased.
The account of Samuel Zeigler, one of the Executors of Philip Zeigler, deceased.
The account of Philip Zeigler, jr. one of the Executors of Philip Zeigler, deceased. The account of Jacob Sheaffer, adminis-

trator of John Sheaffer, deceased.
The account of John Houser, Executor of John Snyder, deceased.

The account of Henry Myers, Executor of Conrad Emminger, deceased, filed by David Myers Executor of said Henry My

The account of George Kosh, Executor of George Nickey, deceased.

The account of Alexander P. Kelso, ad

ministrator of William Düncan, deceased. The account of Jacob Ritner, administrafor of Searight Ramsey, deceased.

The account of Abraham Hersh and Christian Hersh, administrators of Abraham Hersh, deceased.

The account of John Cornman, Esq., administrator of Henry L. Spicer, d ceased. -The account of John Harper, jr., Executor of Thomas Wallace, deceased.

The account of John Harper, jr., Execu tor of Mary Wallace, deceased. The account of David Emminger, and Samuel Senseman, Executors of Andrew

Emminger, deceased. The account of Samuel Bear, administra-

for of Arthur Null, deceased. The Guardianship account of Henry Cremer, guardian of Joseph Cassely (now de-

The Guardianship account of Jacob Shelley, guardiant of Paul Gehr, (now deceased.) The Guardianship account of James Dunlap, guardian of the minor children of John

R. Carothers, deceased.

The Guardianship account of Dr. Jacob Weaver, guardian of Onessimus D. Weaver. ISAAC ANGNEY, Register.

PROPOSALS

FOR PUBLISHING, BY SUBSCRIPTION: IN THE CITY OF LANCASTER, A WEEKLY PAPER, ENTITLED

THE AGE.

Through the solicitation of friends, and a desire to extend the means of intelligence upon all sub-jects relating to the citizens in a moral and entertiming manner, the subscribers have been induced to offer proposals for publishing a weekly newspaper in this city, devoted to Temperance, Literature, News, Science, and the Arts, Political Control of the Proposal of the Arts, Political of the Arts, Po cal Intelligence, and the latest Foreign and Domestic news; the Proceed State Legislatures; -- and to be strictly neutral in

party politics.

In the present day, publications exist in every section of country, and to an extent perhaps com-mensurate with the principles they espouse. But in the State of Pennsylvania, there yet remains a wide field for action and improvement through the channel of the press; and pg one can look upon the existing spirit of the times, and rest satisfied that i demperative is not destroying, undermining, ruining, and debasing the social and intellectual at-musphere of society. With these glaring and lamentable facts daily presented to us, we should be dilligent and persevering in establishing a feeling and a sentiment which will drive from among us the evil which has so long engendered turbappiness, misery and crime. We concave it is only to be necomplished by rallying around in press that is willing to promulgate and further the principles of the cause of the "Tee-Total Abstinence Society"—a society that is daily increasing and extending great and important doctrines for the future benefit

The paper we design issuing every Monday evening, printed on a large extra imperial sheet, at Two Dollars pet annum, payable in advance, A per centage of fifteen cents will be given for every subscriber that is procured by agents ap-

Pointed for the "The Age,"
To persons who subscribe in clubs; ten copies will be sent for \$16.00. Any person forwarding five names; with \$10.00, will be entitled to a copy.

for one year.

DRYSON, PEARSOL & WIMER:

Bublishers of the Semi-Weekly Guzelle.

SELLING OFF AT FIRST COST!

TO COUNTRY MERCHANTS AND OTHERS. "The subscribers, intending to leave Carliste, offer their entire stock, comprising an extensive variety of every description of Face has 30 DRY GOODS, he had been a feet as

for sale at PHST COST.

Country Merchants, and the public generally, will find it decidedly to their advantage to call, examine, and purchase as they cannot obtain goods cheaper in the city.

Call and sec-call and purchase, Depend upon it; bargains are now offered to every one who desires to purchase.

ARNOLD & Co.

Carlisle, Nov. 12, 1840.

N. B.—Persons indebted are requested to call and settle before the first of January next, and in bouler and destroit of

WANTED.

A boy to learn the, Shoemaking business, One from the country would be preferred.

HENRY WARNER.

Carlisle, Nov. 12, 1840.

Whole No. 1374.

THE PRISONER FOR DEBT.

BY J. G. WHITTIER. Look on him-through his dungeon grate, Feebly and cold, the inorning light Comes stealing round him, dim and late As if it louthed the sight.

Reclining on his strawy bed, His hand upholds his drooping head-His bloodless cheek is seamed and hard, Unshorn his grey, neglected heard; And o'er his bony fingers flow His long dishevelled locks of snow.

No grateful fire before him glows, And yet the winter's breath is ohill; And o'er his half-clad person goes The frequent ague thrill?

Silent-save ever and anon, A sound, half murmur and half groan, Forces apart the painful grip Of the old sufferer's bearded lip, O! sad and crushing is the fate Of old age chained and desolate?

Just God, why lives that old man there? · A murderer shares his prison bed. Whose eye balls, through his horrid hair, Gleam on him fierce and red: And the rude oath and heartless leer Fall ever on his leathing car. And, or in wakefulness or sleep, Nerve, flesh and fibre thrill and creep, Whene'er that ruffian's tossing limb,

Crimson with murder, touches him!

What has the grey haired prisoner done? Has niurder stain'd his hands with gore? Not so; his crime's a fouler one?

GOD MADE THE OLD MAN POOR? For this he shares a felon's cell,-The fittest earthly type of hell! Nor this-the boon for which he poured His young blood on th' invader's sword, And counted light the fearful cost-His blood-gained LIBERTY is lost!

On so, for such a place of rest, Old prisoner, poured thy blood as rain On Cencord's field, and Bunker's crest, And Saratoga's plain?

Look forth, then man of many sears, Through thy dim dungeon's iron bars; It must be joy, in sooth, to see You monument unreared to thee: Piled granite and a prison cell-The land repays thy service well!

Go, ring the bells and fire the guns, And fling the starry banner out; Shout "Freedom!" till your lisping ones Give back their cradle shouts; Let boasted eloquence declaim Of honor, liberty and fame; Still let the peet's strain be heard, With "glory" for each second word, And every thing with breath agree To praise "our glorious liberty!"

But when the patriot's cannon jars The prison's cold and gloomy wall, And through its grates the stripes and stars Rise on the wind and fall-

Think ye that prisoner's aged ea Rejoices in the general cheer? Think ye his dim and failing eyo Is kindled at your pageantry? Surrowing of soul, and chained of limb. What is your carnival to him!

Down with the LAW that binds him thus! Unworthy freemen, let it find No refuge from the withering curso Of God and human-kind!

Open-the prisoner's living tomb, And usher from its brooding gloom The victim of your savage code, To the free sun and air of God! Nor longer dare as crime to brand, The cleastening of the Almighty's hand.

AN ORPHAN GIRL.

A stranger on the earth I roam, Without one cheering glance of home, A poor wayfairing soul; With snares and trials on my way, And dairgers meet me day by day; .. How thick doth trouble roll.

My friends whom nature bound so dear, Have passed away and left me here, A sitanger in the land: But when I look to God above. And view his great and boundless love,

A friendless orphan girl I am, But conscience bids my heart he calm, And not complain my lot; But live with God before my eyes. That I may dwell above the skies;

My feet doth firmly stand."

... When all things are forgot. How lonely here on earth I live. But all my heart to God I'll give: And all my fears be driving And when my race is safely run, My happiness is just begon.

With those that live in heav'n.

I thank the Lord that he has said, That to the orphan he is wed, With love and mercy too; The Lord of love shall be my shield, When marching through the battle field, His way I will pursue.

What did Mr. Good die of?, asked a simple neighbor. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe a complication my good sin?" "He died." rejoined the other. "of two physicians. an apothecary and a surgeon.

THE BALL ROOM. BY JAMES H. PERKINS.

"Come, come, Peter, it's no use talking; you and Sally must go to the Birth Night Ball, there's no two ways about it.'

"Why, my dear brother," said Peter Scott, looking at his wife, "I don't suppose it will kill us to go; but you know we were raised to think such things wrong, and though we're neither of us professors of religion, yet I don't like to do what the old-folks-would-not-think-right,-if-they were living."

"Well, Sally, what's your vote," said Jacob.
"Why for just this once,"-said Sally,

and stopped. "What's right once, is right always," said Peter. "Well, may be it is," said his wife,

"but what's the harm of dancing a little of an evening at the Bazaar? I vote to go?" "Very good, we'll go, Jacob, only you must introduce us to your Main street friends, for I don't know a single soul that will be there.'

"Leave all that to me," replied his bro-

ther, and left them.

When Peter and his wife came to look over their wardrobe, and see what clothes of theirs would answer for such an occasion, they found a mournful deficiency; there were work day clothes in abundance, good jeans, and calicoes and satincts: there were holy-day suits too, broadclothes and merino; but a dress for a ball room should differ from that which became a Methodist church, and they both owned that it was a shame to throw away so much moneybut new apparel must be had. Peter accordingly placed all his cash at his wife's disposal, and bidding her to be sparing of

it, went to his shop, and to chair-making. Presses were bought : new pantaloons for him and a silk vest; for her, more arti-'cles, large and small, than any one, save a milliner, could name without counting fingers.

Sally was enamoured, and bought the cheapest of every thing, but still money melted as rapidly as if Signor Blitz had been by.

The evening came; the Bazaar Hall, then under the old regime of Mons. Guibert, was filled to overflowing. The dances began, and Mrs. Scott, who was pretty and sprightly, and had a natural knack of dancing, though ignorant of the figures, was quite a belle, and stood up to numberless cotillions, and made numberless acquaintances.

The evening passed, and the young wife went home flushed and trembling; never before had her vanity been so appealed to, and attention intoxicated her. The next day passed in reverie; dinner was not well cooked, nor the table neatly laid. The next evening passed heavily; and the only relief was, that Jacob came in and they talked over the ball, and all who attended it. Jacob told them who were genteel and who were not: he ridicaled this one and snecred at a third, who had been his rival in some small flirtation. Peter listened in silence; he did not like the looks of things, but what could he do, having taken the

In March the quarterly rent for his shopwas due, but his wife had no cash to return to him wherewith to pay it. "Hecalled on one gentleman who owed him fifty dollars for a side board; but he was about to give a dinner party, and needed all he could rake and scrape; another owed for three bedsteads forty-five dollars, but he had a note to pay in the bank, and money was very scarce; he called on a third, who had for six months been in his deb for chairs, tables, etc., to the amount of two hundred and fifty dollars, but this gentleman had unluckily just bought a new span of horses, for which he must pay, or he could not secure them. "If you're going by Lippencott's," said he to Peter, when he had declined payment, "just call in and see them; they are beauties, I do assure you." Peter returned home pentil-

When rent day came, he told his landlord the whole story. The worthy man heard him through, and was sorry; "but," said he, "this shop will always command cash rent; I'll give you ten days grace, and then you must pay or quit." nian went home and related the facts to his wife, he added, "I hear he and his bride were at the birth-night ball last month; if

he can go there he must pay his rent promptly." "But, my dear," said the ady, "if you turn him out it may injure his credit, and ruin him; why not talk with him, and let him stay and try to save him, if he's growing extravagant." "I can't help it if he is ruined it is his own doings, not mine. Business is business; if a man wants help, you know I'm ready to give as any body; but a tenant must pay up.

"Well," said the good woman, "I don't know much about it, but it always seems to me that as if God meant that kindness and benevolence should be exercised in the course of our daily business, and not by way of exception. I can't help thinking that business should be one and the same thing with benevolence, and every act of out-door mercantile life, an act of Christian justice and Christian charity. You give to those that want, you say; so you do, and why not do it in this case? Scott wants-what? why, kind advice, cheering up, and a little time in the payment of his

"Very good, Beisey," answered the old gentleman, "very good for a woman, but if Scott don't pay in ten days, he must go;

I'm sorry for him, but he must go."
The ten days passed i Peter could not pay; and was forced to seek another shop. Why do you leave your old stand, Scott?! said the first landlord to whom he applied. Peter hesitated a moment but truth came off triumphant, and he told the inquirer that he had been unable to pay promptly.

"And did the old puritan say that was his reason for breaking with you? Now I happen to know it wan't so : it was hecause you went to the ball of the twentysecond that he's cut you."

Scott smiled, and said mildly that it was the ball any how that had got him into trouble. "But you don't repent going, do you?" said the other.

"No, not altogether," replied the cabi-net maker, who felt that he would be despised if he said yes. "It's the only way to enjoy life, my

lad," said the other taking his arm. "Come

with me and I'll fit you with a room." The man to whom Scott had by chance gone, had been at the ball, and had seen the young mechanic's wife, and being on the instant half inclined to attempt her seduction-for he was one of those soul murderers who make seduction a pursuit-he now felt as if his master, the devil, had put

the opportunity within his reach. Peter was soon in his new shop, and by the aid of his landlord, thrown into a large and profitable business. His lan flord visited him too; invited him to his house, for he was married and a father; and all seemed bright. -

"The ball was a good beginning," said

Weeks passed, and months passed; for it is astonishing how long and how nationtly men labor and wait to accomplish evil purposes-months passed; Scott's business flourished, and his customers increased-and, how natural, his expenses increased too. Visited by such people as now honored their poor rooms, they must have some refreshments for an evening indispensable. Summer brought ice cream parties, and strawberry parties, and Peter could not resist the invitation to ride up the river and roll nine pins. From rolling nine pins out of town, the passage was easy to playing billiards in town; and billiards made one so dry, that Scott, before he was aware of it, longed for the hour when he could, in conscience, take a julep.

In June, the quarter's rent was due, and Peter had religitously laid by enough to pay it. The day come, and he took the sum to his landlord.

" Have you any more?" said that worthy.

"Then let it run another quarter, Scott, and keep-this to fit you out for a grand frolie we mean to have up the Little Mi-

Peter hesitated: but how could be resist such kindness? With a heavy heart he pocketed the money and went home.

The frolic was had; the money was spent; the servant of Setan felt his prey sure. It was a pleasant July morning, and Scott was busy at his workshop. His landlord told-him he wanted a certain job done before night-that he might dine at the nearest hotel, and he would see that his wife was informed why he was absent. Peter said "veryegood," and worked on-His kind friend, having thus secured his absence from home; went about his work also. It was not noon when he entered Scott's humble house; it was passed three when he issued from thence, black with anger and disappointed passion. Before five, Scott, still working at the pressing job of his patron, was arrested for the amount of his rent; and after a short examanation of his stock, committed to jail .--That night was to his wife one of the deepest agony. A whole new realm of sin and misery within herself had been revealed to her; and in her husband's unaccountable absence, her wits wandered far towards

madness. The next morning a little boy brought this note to her door:

" Your husband is in prison; you can release him; will you?" Ignorant of our laws, and knowing a prison only as a prelude to death orunimagined evil, she turned the paper and wrote thereon, "Any thing."

Noon came—the fiend once more sought

his victim; he opened the door and behold! Scott himself was there, having been bailed from prison. Peter was naturally a mild man, but the mildest at times yield and be-

come ungovernable.
No sooner had Scott, whose frame was seemingly disjointed by the tale his wife had told him, laid his eye upon the form of his subtle enemy, than his brain and every inuscle became filled with blood; his sight failed him; seizing a chair he felled the wretch to the ground, and then leaping upon him, stamped and beat, and bit him, till the neighborhood rang with his cries of desperation. A dozen men, rushing in at the sounds, tore Scott from the battered and bruised form of his perfidious patron, who was seriously injured. But his wounds and bruises he rejoiced in, for they gave him the means of his revenge. Scott was arrested and tried for an a sault with an intent to kill. He was convicted upon the presumpion that the attack was the result of premediated malice caused by the arrest

for debt, and Peter Scott was sent to the penitantiary for three years. The term of his imprisonment was out early in 1837. He came back to Cincinnatti, an officast whom no one would employ, no one associate with. His wife, who had given oirth to a child while he lay waiting his trial, and who had afterwards struggled on, broken hearted, by the help of the Methodist benevolent society, was dead when he returned to the world, and her infant was a town charge. His property was all gone, and he was forgot-He inquired for Jucob ; Jacob lind failed and gone to Texas. He asked for his landlord; he was rich and respectedno, not respected, but respectable, He went to the house where he had lived; it was a grocery, and he drank there till his The next day, being wholly destitute and desperate, he went on board u steambout as a deck hand, and has not yet visited our city.

Was that man ruined by going to one ball then? No. But he was ruined by doing one act contrary to his conscience; by that act he placed himself within the reach of Satan and fell his victim. It is an awild thought, but a true one, that we cannot, till the last day, measure the consequences of a single wrong act. May God forgive the countless ones that we commit.

Sketch of the British Motise of Lords.

We abridge the following admirable sketch from one of a series of papers in the Britannia, entitled "The Austonly of Farliament."

"In all probability, the majority of my readers have never the author the walls of the House of Lords; and would rather have a circumstantial description of what it really is, than to be called upon to include at second hand in association which are after all somewhat trite. For this purpose, then, we will post ourselves in the gallery appropriated to strangers. At the further end of the house, between the two high glased doors which form the Peers' entrance, is the turone. It is placed under a splendid canopy, and raised two or three steps from the floor. And that is no: gilded is covered with crimson cloth. He hind the throne, under the canopy, in a circular candidate the throne, under the canopy, in a circular candidate by the initials of the Queen. The space in iront of the throne, and on the steps, is occasionally occapied by gentlemen who are introduced by the Lord Chameetter's order, and, the three or four aristorate looking boys who are paying such devout attention to the proceedings, are the sons of Peers.—Immediately in front of the throne is what to achieve the wool-sack—a large crinson mound or bink, like molling hat itself, in the centre of which is the Lord Chameetter's order, and, well be conderived. Other Peers occasionally founge about on the wool-sack, thangh as there is no back to lean against, one is atta loss to account for their taste. Immediately in front of the wool-sack are two other banks of the same kind, stretching forward into, the bouse, which sit, with their faces to the Chameetlor, two or more eferks, theristers, in wigsand gowns; and, occasionally, as master-in-chameery or so. The former individuals have to read petitions and other matters, to the house, when required to de so, and arechiefly distinguished by being the worst readers in the United Kingdom. In front of these is the table, at which sit, with their faces to the Chameellor, two or more ef

necause ant-ommpotent, Melbourne. Observe the carcless air with which his which his whole bearing expresses. He is turning hastily over the leaves of a Government bill; it is the first time he has looked at it, though the order of the day for its second reading is now being moved! The tall dandy, with a face like a Saracean's head in neute grief, is the Marquis of Normandy. An elderly gentleman next him, fresh-colored, and with a staid, respectable air, is his brother Marquis, of Lansdowne. A very stout, infirm old man, with crutches, a bald head, and bearing in listine a marked resemblance to the great Charles dances Pox, is his nephew, Lord Holland. He is remarkable for voolferous cheering at inconvent times, and for making good speeches, greatly to the embarrassment of his colleagues. To the right of the Marquis of Lansdowne, you will observe a peer, with a peculiarly she epith expression, and enormous shirt collur—that is Lord Duncannon. In spite of his very silly appearance, his lordship is one of the few men of business in the ministry, but the desk, not the house, is his spitere. Intracliately adjoining the ministers, on their right, and at the head of a bench that is scarcely separated from theirs, sils Lord Brougham. He displayed his usual sagneity in the choice of that seat. He is as it were among the ministers, but not of them; yet the neutrality of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility, of re-mion. Behind the noble and learned Lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Rathor. To his right sits the Marquis of Charleste, concerning whom even his friends are silent; near him, also, sits Lord Denham, with that fine, seereg face of his position is not so marked as to signify the impossibility, of re-mion. Behind the noble and learned Lord, on the back bench, sits the Earl of Rathor. To his firesh to have a substitute of his party, in the choice of that single party of the research of the his work of the position of his party of the few substitutes of the position of his position i

JOHN MOORE, Esq. Newvill
JOSEPH M. MEANS, ESq. Hopewelltownship.
JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.
WILLIAM M. MATRER, Esq. Lee's & Roads.
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FRADERICK WONDERLICH, do:
JAMES ELLIOTT, Esq. Springfield.
DANIEL KHYSHER, Esq. Churchtown.
JACOB LONGNECKER, Esq. Wormleysburg.
GEORGE ERNEST, Gedar Spring, Allen tp.
MARTIS G. RUPP, Esq. Shiremanstown. the House of Commons and the Upper House he marked in the building, its decorations, and the personal appearance of the members, how much the more evident is it in their respective modes of conducting a debate! The reader is 'aware that scenes of riol and confusion decay at times in the Lowel House, in bomparison with whilel the councils of the Indian Segenachs are venerable. In the House of Lords no such scenes occur. The only event of the kimilithat at all approached to them, was when the late king caine down to prorogue parliament, after the rejection of the reform bill. But how different was the display of feeling! If ever strong excitement was the display of feeling! If ever strong excitement was parlonable, it was on such an unprecedented occasion. Yet it did not degenerate into riot, as is the case in the House of Commons; and their lordships had scarcely given way to it when it was put a stop to. Almost every man who rises in that House is, more or less, a statesman. He feels himself—not the representative of a mere class; the advocate of an isolated few, but one of the guardians of the welfare of the community—a member of the high court of appeals of the nation—the constitution's moderator of the passions and prejudices of the people.

ACENTS.

Thrilling Surrender of Micke-

nock, the Brave.
One alternoon in the spring of 1829, a
young Indian named Mickebock, of the Ottawa tribe, on the eastern side of Lake Michigan, having indulged too freely in the use of fire drink, commenced a quarrel with, and finally stabbed to the heart a son of one of the chiefs. Knowing that he must suffer death by the hands of some one of the family whose relative he had murdered, lie immediately collected his. own family and fled into the woods. The chief and his sons at once commenced search for the murderer-no pains or toil were spared to ferret out the hiding place of the unfortunate and guilty Mickenock; but all the summer past—the leaves began to fall, and no trace could be found of the murderer. Almost in despair, the old chief. burning to avenge the death of his son, looked about for some relative of Mickenock, upon whom he could satisfy this durling desire of the Indian heart; but no one could be found; all the family and blood relatives of Mickenock were with him in his hiding place. Despairing at length either of not finding his enemy or aveilging himself on any of the blood relatives of Mickenock, he determined to avail himself of the privilege allowed by Indian custom, and to avenge himself on one of the relations of the wife of the murderer. Mickenock, although effectually concealed from the old chief, was; nevertheless, conversant, through some of his friends, of all that was transpiring in the chief's wigwam, and so soon as he learned the chief's determination to avenge his son's death upon one of his wife's relatives, he immediately sent in word to the chief's wigwam, that upon the day of the meeting of the great council, which was then soon to take place, he would deliver himself up to atone for the life of his son. The thief received the information with evident gratification.

A few weeks passed away; the great lodge was erected, and the council at length assembled. The chief communicated the intelligence, which he had received from his son's murderer, and it was agreed that no business should be transacted until Mickenock should appear. The council sat in silence until about 'twelve o'clock, when suddenly the brave Micenock bounded into the council, calgaly surveyed the assembled chiefs, and sat down in silence in the centre of the lodge; his wife and children immediately followed, and formed; a circle around him; then taking out his flint he struck a spark, and lighted his pipe and smoked in silence, the eyes of all the council and his little family were fixed intensely upon him. At length Mickenock acose, and addressing himself to the chief, said, "I killed your son; he was a young brave; he did me no wrong; he was my friend: I drank the fire drink: the fire drink made me kill your son; Mickenock is very sorry and deserves to die." Then turning to the older brother of the deceased, he drew a knife from his bosom. "There," said Mickenock, "is the knife that drank the heart's blood of your brother; take it like a brave man, and avenge the death of your brother. This said, Mickenock laid bare his whole heart. The brother spat upon his hand, clenched his knife with a death grosp and drew up his arm. Mickenock pointing to the spot nearest his lieart, gave the word "Strike." Instantly the brother plunged the knife to the hilt into the bosom of the brave Mickenock,

who fell dead at his feet:
The wife and children of Mickenock beheld the whole scene, apparently without moving a muscle, but the moment he expired, they all fell upon him and embraced him with tears and sighs, and groans and wailings that cannot be described, and altogether prescried a picture of such unfeigned anguish and genuine sorrow, as to overcome and melt every spectator of the scene. After the wife and children had thus expressed their sorrow for half an hour, the old chief thus addressed them : Wife of Mickenock, we are satisfied: your husband was a brave man; he died like a brave man; honceforth you are my de daughter, and your children are my children; go into my wigwam, you shall be well treated, and live with me as my daughter; these children shall grow up around me, and shall be taught to be brave like their father."

PAINFUL Occumence.—We inderstand that Professor Davis of the University of Virginia, was shot by an unknown hand, with a pixtly in front of his dwelling, on Thursday night about 9 o'clock.—Ure individual who committed the fact is said to have been marked at the time. The half was received just below the navel, and is said to have passed become down to the fleshy part of the third, without entering the cavity. It infords the trimerous friends of Mr. Davis in this emmaning infinite picasure to learn, that the would is not considered more tall. As the obscinces will probably undergo judicial investigation we harbore a speak more fully at the present.—Unrolatedle downtain.

Present—Charlottenice accretions

The Floridge whose trial has occupied the attention of the Court of Criminal Sessions for some days, was acquitted on Saturday last, and, the Jury determined that the gosts should be paid by the countries in the include a state of the doubt as to the identity was as We understand doubt as to the identity. The Details as the material of the await a trial upon another whas a