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American Volunteer.

BY GEO. SANDERSON.] "OUR COUNTRY—RIGHT OR WRONG." [AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

Whole No. 1393. *Carlisle, Pa. Thursday April 8, 1841.* New Series--Vol. 5, No. 43.

AGENTS.

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JOHN WUNDERLICH, Esq. Shippensburg.
WILLIAM M. MATEER, Esq. Lee's X Roads.
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NEW HARDWARE AND VARIETY STORE.

The Subscribers have opened a general assortment of new goods, (in the room lately occupied by Messrs. Hamilton & Grier, on the South east corner of Hanover and Louther streets,) consisting of HARDWARE, GROCERIES, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, DYE-STUFFS, GLASS, &c. &c.

Having selected their goods with care, they are prepared to sell low. Those desirous of purchasing will find it to their advantage to give them a call.

BOSSERMAN & HUTTON.

Carlisle, April 1, 1841. 3t.

NOTICE.

THE notes given at the sale of the personal property of Anthony Black, dec'd, were due on the 6th of February last: This is therefore to give notice that unless payment is made on or before the 17th of April, the notes will be left in the hands of a proper officer for collection.

WILLIAM CAROTHERS, Executor of A. BLACK, dec'd

April 1, 1841.

STOLEN HORSES.

On Monday night the 29th of March, were left at the house of the subscriber, one Bay Horse, with three white legs, and one dark brown Mare, with the left hind leg white. The above Horses were sent to the care of the undersigned by a man now in the Frederick county (Md.) Jail, on charge of horse stealing, who calls himself Wilkins, but whose real name is supposed to be John Russell, and are no doubt stolen property. The owner or owners by proving property and paying charges can have them, on applying to the subscriber in Hogestown, Cumberland county, Pa.

JOSEPH GRIER.

Hogestown, April 1, 1841. 3t.

From the Yeoman.

ORIGINAL MELODY.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John.

TUNE—"*John Anderson,*" &c.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John, I wonder what you mean,
Are you on "*loaves and fishes*" bent, or on some ambitious scheme?
Ah! list to an old democrat, your fruitless plans forego,
You never will be governor, oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John, you'er fallen in bad hands,
Your house stands not on rock, John, but built upon the sands,
And the rude blasts of October, John, will bring it down so low,
That not a wreck will stay behind, oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John, you surely ought to know,
The people ne'er again will trust an old invet'rate foe,
The scene of '38, John, when your party aimed a blow
At freedom's self, are not forgot, oh Johnny Banks, my Joe.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John, you "*can't come it*" at all,
As long as Pennsylvanians, John, think of "*buck-shot*" and of "*ball*"
For those days when democrats were shot at like the roe,
You were found among their enemies, oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe.

Oh! Johnny Banks, my Joe John, that base and desperate set,
Who sought to carry treason, John, by the sword and bayonet,
Now swear you are the chap, John, who never will say "No,"
To any of their daring schemes, oh Johnny Banks, my Joe.

Thad Stevens and Tom Burrowes, John, the authors of that scene,
Who treated the election, John, "*as though it had not been,*"
Are now your warmest friends, John, and vow by all below,
You're just the man, to suit their clan, oh Johnny Banks, my Joe.

If you should be elected, John, which by the way *won't happen,*
As democrats a second time will not be "*caught a napp'in,*"
But merely to suppose a case, allowing that 'twere so,
We can foretell, the effect full well, oh Johnny Banks, my Joe,

Five millions sent to Gettysburg would be the veriest trifle,
Just so it be defended, John, in the "Log Cabin Rifle,"
And any sum that Thad might ask, to make his "*tape-worm*" glow,
Must be given, and no questions asked, by Johnny Banks, my Joe.

A million more to subsidize the *immaculate* STONE BREAKERS
Sam Sturgeon and Peg Beatty's boys—the affidavit maker's;
Yea! Peg herself would in the "*spoils*" her interest not forego,
But claim her part for swearng hard for Johnny Banks, and Co.

Under *your* administration, John, the BANKS would have full vent,
Hold people, laws, and justice, all in sovereign contempt,
Shin-plasters from five dollars down to a "*fip*" would be "*the go*"
As was the case, in Ritner's day's, *alas for poor old Joe!*

We're satisfied with PORTER, John, and do just what you may,
Though you may brag, your'e not the nag, to beat our "IRON GRAY,"
He'll leave you in the lurch so far, that e'en your friends won't know,
That e'er was such a candidate as Johnny Banks, my Joe.

COMMON SCHOOLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

In the Report of the Superintendent of Common Schools in Pennsylvania, recently submitted to the Legislature of that State, we find a succinct statement of facts exhibiting the present condition of the system.

The whole number of School Districts in the State, on the first Monday of June, 1840, exclusive of the city and county of Philadelphia, was ten hundred and fifty. The number of accepting districts was eight hundred and eighty-seven.

The number of schools in the accepting districts at the same period was five thousand six hundred and forty-nine. They were open during the year for the average period of five months and eight days. There were four thousand four hundred and eighty-eight male teachers, and two thousand and fifty female teachers employed in the schools during the year. The average salary of each of the former was $19 39¼ per month; of the latter $12 03.

The whole number of male scholars in the schools was 141,784; of female scholars, 113,784; making the entire number of scholars, male and female, two hundred and fifty-four thousand nine hundred and eight. The average number of scholars in each school was 41, at an average cost for each scholar per quarter of $1 36¼. The whole number of scholars receiving instruction in the German language, was 5,644.

The entire sum paid for the support of common schools in the 887 accepting districts of the State during the school year of 1840 was $650,004. Of this amount the sum of $395,918, was raised by taxation.

Besides the amounts paid for the support of Common Schools, the Commonwealth appropriates annually a considerable sum for the benefit of Colleges and Academies.—The aggregate amount paid to seven collegiate institutions in the State was $6,268 33; to fifty-seven academies the sum of $21,237 33; to thirty-three female Seminaries, $9,997 08.

The number of students in the Colleges was 1,639; in the Academies 2,465; in the female Seminaries 1,430. In the public schools of the city and county of Philadelphia the number of scholars was 21,968.—These latter schools are organized and conducted under laws different in detail from those which regulate the Common Schools in the rest of the State.

The Common School system of Pennsylvania was established in 1834; and since that time it has been steadily progressing. But while the result thus far has been highly gratifying, the Report remarks, "the candid observer is constrained to admit that our labor and money have been almost exclusively devoted to the mechanical parts of the system—to the machinery more than to the living principle of common school education. We have provided school-houses and raised money for organizing schools and employing teachers, but no effective measures have been taken to procure the best teachers and provide for the best mode of communicating physical, moral and intellectual instruction. The complaint comes from all quarters that it is difficult and often impracticable to secure the services of a sufficient number of competent teachers." In order to supply this deficiency it is recommended to establish seminaries for the special purpose of educating teachers.

We have taken the more pains to give a full abstract of this Report, because of the permanent and essential importance of the general subject to which it pertains. Every body admits, as a matter of theory, that upon the moral and intellectual education of the people the whole structure of our institutions rests.—With this admission freely made, it is yet a fact, that repeated and constant efforts are necessary to interest the public mind in the great subject of popular instruction. While large expenditures are incurred in measures of internal improvement which promise a pecuniary recompense, this other question of *internal improvement* relating to the mind of man, is regarded too often with sluggish indifference. The people are told at every political canvass that they are the most intelligent people on earth—that they are exceedingly wise and cannot be deceived. When the people really become so intelligent and wise, they will be likely to find that those who talk to them in this way are not always sincere.—*Chambersburg Repository.*

From the Lady's Companion.

THE WAR-WOMAN'S CREEK.

In Georgia and North Carolina, there is hardly a river, creek or stream, that has not connected with it some old Indian tradition. The title of the present sketch is taken from one of these, I believe one of the Natabalee River in the Cherokee Nation, North Carolina. The story, as told by the few Indians remaining since the removal in the fall of 1838 runs thus:

Many years ago, in the first settlement of the country, a wandering party of their tribe attacked a house of a squatter somewhere upon their borders, during his absence, and massacred all his children, and left his wife covered with the mangled bodies of her butchered offspring, scalped like them, and apparently dead. She was not however, wounded so badly as they supposed and no sooner did she hear the sound of their retreating footsteps, than disengaging herself from the heap of slain, haggard, pale, and drenched with her own and the blood of her children, she peered stealthily from the door, and finding her enemies no longer in sight hastily extinguished the fire which before leaving, they had applied to her cabin, but which had as yet made very little impression on the green logs of which it was composed. Wiping from her eyes the warm blood which was still reeking from her scalpless head she directed her agonizing gaze to the bleeding disfigured forms of those who scarce an hour before were playing at the door, and gladdening her maternal heart with their merry laughter, and as she felt in the full scene of her desolation the last ray of hope died within her bosom, there stole over her ghastly face an expression as savage as was ever worn by the ruthless slayers of her innocent babes. Her eye gleamed with the wild fury of the tigress robbed of its young, as closing her cabin carefully behind her, with a countenance animated by some desperate purpose, she started off in the same path by which the murderers had departed. Heedless of her wounds and wasting blood, and lost to all sense of hunger and fatigue, in the one absorbing and fixed purpose which actuated her, she paused not upon the trail of her foes until, at night, she came up with them encamped at the side of the creek which is indebted to her for its present name.

Emerging from the gloom of the surrounding darkness, on her hands and knees she crept noiselessly towards the fire, the blaze of which as it flickered upwards, discovered to her the prostrate forms of the Indians, five in number, overcome by an unusually fatiguing day's travel, were wrapt in deep sleep, with their only weapons, their tomahawks in their belts. Her own stealthily advancing figure, as the uncertain light of burning pine fell upon it with more or less distinctness, now exposing its lineaments clotted with blood, and distorted by an expression, which, with her wrongs and the sight of the desolaters of her hearth stone exaggerated to a degree almost fiendish; and now shaded all save two gleaming spectral eyes—was even more striking than the swarthy faces which she glared upon. Assuring herself that they were fast asleep, she gently removed their tomahawks, and dropped all but one into the creek. With this remaining weapon in her hand, and cool resolution of heart, she bent over the nearest enemy, and lifted the instrument to which her own children's blood still adhered, with one terrific and unerring blow, buried it in the temple of its owner. The savage moved no more than partly to turn upon his side gasped a little, quivered a minute like an aspen, and sunk back to his former position, quite dead. Smiling ghastly in his rigid face, the desperate woman left him, and noiselessly as before despatched all of the sleepers but one to that long rest from which only the last trump can awake them. The last devoted victim, however was aroused to a consciousness of his danger. He sprang to his feet and felt for his weapon. It was not there, and one glance explained every thing to him; he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand and with it, succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his little remaining strength to crawl away. In this piteous plight the poor woman remained until near noon the following day when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertion to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale the little stream before mentioned was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale-faces, as the War-Woman's Creek."

A. L. S.

A SCIENTIFIC LOVE LETTER.

From the Lancaster Examiner.

Bangor county, Indiana State, Sunday Morning, 9 o'clock, A. M. } 1840.

AT HOME IN BED.

My dear sweet Henry—How I want to see your big grey eyes. Oh! how horror stricken I am at your long absence. The Lord knows I want to see you, and feel your little heart beat like a tilt hammer right close up again mine. Oh! sweet Henry now do come out and let's get married, for if you love me I won't fight you a bit. John has moved to his new place and Jane does live so snug—but she fights him a little sometimes when he gets a little ANTNY over—Mary Tilden's got a baby and daddy says I must get married, for I've let it run on too long already.

God bless you, if you are not sufficiently blessed in being so sweet. Oh, that I could see you once more, to kiss the single tinge from the rose on your round cheeks. O, what a lilly you are, and what a rose bud in the morning of its virgin blooms, but but of heaven born love beaming with the kindlier blendings of the rainbow—the sign of peace.

Oh, you marry gold—you hollyhock—you tulip—you cabbage. Oh, you sweet owl!—come and comfort your distressed, your sorrow smitten, dying, dead Caroline. Oh, my dear Henry, how I do love your big grey eyes.

Well, when shall these weeping eyes—these eyes red with weeping—these eyes of mine again feast themselves on the sleek black hair of your round head?—Oh you trim tall fellow, full of manna of sweet love, how I do want to see you, you model of perfection. You have been gone this two months, and to me, poor me, it does seem to me like a thousand years, a thousand years. One more day beloved Henry, will kill, yes kill your fond confiding distracted Caroline. Your dear presence would, to me, be more than a cool spring to the parched traveller of the desert, more than the green grass to the hungry ox, more than the pebbled pool to the wanton duck; yes, more than a lump of sugar to a spoilt child. Why, then, will you not come, yes run, fly swift as lightning, to kiss the tear from the dimpled cheeks of your mad love.

O, bleak and wild is the house, the garden, the field, and the world without thee—yes thee, my dumpling, my jewsharp, my eel, my rooster, my gentleman. God bless thee! may thy days be many, and long, and sweet, and full of joy. Oh, haste and come and kiss your partridge, your goose, your lady. Bless your sweet soul,

CAROLINE.

P. S. God bless you and all that concerns you, even so says the heart that adores you.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

Cuba.

A correspondent of the New York Commercial has, in a series of letters, furnished much highly interesting information in relation to Havanna in particular, and of Cuba in general. A rail-road has recently been completed from Havanna, 40 miles into the country. It is in successful operation, and will be continued to a much greater distance. Thus, thousands of mules and hundreds of slaves are already dismissed from the business of transportation in other and better pursuits. The competition in the production of cotton, coffee and sugar has, within our memories, reduced the price of those articles to the customer to one-half or one-third of what it was. This competition is increasing. Egypt, South America, Mexico and Texas, and our own Southern and Western States, are increasing their abundance, and India, guided by British skill, is adding her abundant surplus to fill up the market, and all will yet farther reduce their prices to the lowest possible point of production.

Steam engines, he states, are in very common use on the sugar plantations, and many of them of New York manufacture. By the laws of Cuba, sugar plantations, with their slaves and implements, are said to be exempt from the debts of the proprietor, and from every proceeding by creditors. This holds out a bait [illegible] unsuccessful in speculation, and a deposite in reserve against the vicissitudes of trade. The military force of the island consists of 20,000 troops, which secures its subjection and internal peace. Its towns are quiet, and seem to have a well ordered police. If the speech of every body is to be credited, the Custom Houses and Courts of Justice are open to corruption, and not very scrupulous in the sale of their favors. Emigrants from Spain, as well as residents from England and the United States, are becoming numerous here, all of whom avowedly come to better their fortunes, and intend to return home; this feeling, added to colonial conditions, produces a very bad state of society, and some very undesirable peculiarities.

He adds:

"The climate of Cuba is genial, bland and delightful beyond comparison—while you have been suffering with storms and a severe winter, we have had here a January and February like our May and June, and with flowers, we have had every fruit in reasonable abundance. Oranges are here in profusion all the year, like apples at the North in October; and while the trees are fragrant with blossoms for a coming crop, the fields of sugar cane are verdant like our most beautiful meadows. The estates, according to their extent, have from one to several hundred thousand coffee trees, planted on lines six feet apart and to range either way; they are white and fragrant with blossoms in February, March and April; and produce their corresponding crops in the Fall months.—The buildings are generally placed somewhat in the centre, half a mile or more from the road, with an avenue of four rows of palm trees—and often outside rows of mango interspersed with orange trees—all presenting an appearance of elegance and beauty with which we have nothing to compare.

St. Mark's on the Southern side of the island, about seventy miles distant from Havanna, is the favorite coffee district. It is an extensive plain of many miles, just rising above the level of the sea, and with the shell and coral, forming a kind of lime rock thinly covered with soil, and ornamented with trees. On the road to this district you pass San Antonia, a small village remarkable for a stream of water almost large enough for a boat, passing through the village and suddenly running into a cave and disappearing for ever. Five hundred or a thousand dollars would divert the stream and afford water power and irrigation to a country, suffering at some seasons by drought, to such an extent as to cause the loss of many of its cattle."

FROM FLORIDA.

The following extract of a letter from an officer of the Army in Florida to a gentleman in Norfolk, taken in connexion with the intelligence of a like character recently received, would seem to present a gratifying prospect of an early termination of the Florida war:

"FORT ARMISTEAD, March 3, 1841.

"I suppose you would like to hear how we are getting along, and I am happy to tell you we are now doing 'first rate.' The Indians are all coming in as far as we can learn. We have about thirty here now.—Hospitaki is on his way in; he sent in a runner two days ago with a stick notched with the number of his people (fifty) and requesting that some horses might be sent to assist him on his way. We expect him in about ten days. We have very favorable accounts from the Big Cypress. Some Indians start for that place to-morrow, and the band that is there, perhaps two or three hundred, may be in by the 6rst of April.

"A talk has been sent to Sam Jones, and another is to be sent to-morrow; and it is supposed he will come in here. *Coosa Tuskenuggee* is in, and all his band is coming. I have just seen a letter from Captain Page, who is in fine spirits. He writes that Coosa and Alek Tuskenuggee say that Sam Jones *must* come in, and they have sent to him to that effect. Concoache is somewhere on the St. John's; he has sent in to see Tiger, one of the delegation who was here at the time. The General sent down immediately for him, in order that he might go out and talk with Coacooche, and it is supposed he will bring him in. I don't know where Tigertail is, and, in fact, it is not of much consequence, if all the others come in that are spoken of. Captain Page thinks that all the Indians this way will be in by the 10th of April, and that there will be no necessity for the regiment to remain here after that time. The prospect is certainly quite flattering just now, and it is possible the Indians have really determined to give it up. But we have been deceived by them so often that I cannot say I rely very much upon their promises. There are now three hundred or thereabouts at Tampa, and I understand they are to be shipped to New Orleans this week. They are now very strictly guarded. I really hope the Florida war is over, but it is the best not to be too sanguine."

MELANCHOLY INTELLIGENCE.

PENSACOLA, March 13.

Monday evening last, intelligence was brought here by a fishing smack, that outside the bar of the harbor, and about five miles to the eastward, they had fallen in with a schooner, sunk in about five fathoms of water. Mr. Mitchell, inspector of customs, crossed over the next morning to St. Rosa Island, on the sea side of which he found the body of one of the passengers in the schooner, drifted on shore.

From the papers found in his pocket, the name of the deceased is ascertained to be George Mosher, of Baltimore, and it is conjectured that the schooner was from that port, bound to New Orleans. The deceased was well dressed, and had something like $200 in his pockets, in bank bills and silver change, and a gold watch and guard chain. Among the papers found on the body is a letter of recommendation from Clarke & Kelly, of Baltimore, to Thayer & Co. of New Orleans.

Since the foregoing was prepared, it has been ascertained that the deceased had been lately at Tallahassee, where he negotiated the sale of a draft for $700 on the North.—This appears from his papers. The mail of Wednesday last brought us the St. Joseph Times of the 20th of last month, which announces the sailing from that port, for Pensacola, of the schooner Three Friends, Johnson, master. No such vessel has arrived here. Scarcely a doubt can exist that the lost vessel is the Three Friends, and we are pained to learn that there were a number of other passengers from St. Joseph, among them several ladies.

The circumstances stated in the last paragraph, we grieve to say, leave very little room for doubt that, among the passengers who have found a watery grave between St. Joseph and Pensacola, besides Mr. Mosher, was Mr. George Johnson, formerly a merchant in Alexandria, and lately appointed Naval Agent at Pensacola, and his wife, (recently married,) and her unmarried sister, who left this city some weeks ago for Pensacola. The last letter received from Mr. Johnson, by his friends in this city, is of the 14th ultimo, at which time he was at St. Joseph, impatiently waiting for a fair wind, to enable the vessel to sail, in which he was to take passage for Pensacola. The St. Joseph paper of the 20th, it appears, mentions such a vessel havink sailed for Pensacola some time in the week preceding. The rest of the story is told in the finding of the body of one of the passengers, the discovery of the wreck of the schooner, and the lapse of more than twenty days without any news whatever of the vessel which sailed from St. Joseph.—*Nat. Intel.*

SPEAKERS OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Washington correspondent of the Atlas, at the conclusion of his letter of the 19th ultimo, says:—

It may not be uninteresting to recur to the disposition of the honors of Speakership, in past times, to see how the account stands with different parts of the country. As there are many gentlemen well qualified for the post, the honor should be bestowed, if possible, according to some rule of geographical impartiality.

The first Speaker, under the Constitution, was F. A. Muhlenberg, of Pennsylvania, who presided from 1789 to 1791, and from 1793 to 1795.

The next, Jonathan Trumbull, of Connecticut, from 1791 to 1793.

Jonathan Dayton, of New Jersey, from 1795 to 1799.

Theodore Sedgwick, of Massachusetts, from 1799 to 1801.

Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, from 1801 to 1807.

Joseph B. Varnum, of Massachusetts, from 1807 to 1811.

Henry Clay, of Kentucky, from 1811 to 1814, and from 1815 to 1820, and from 1823 to 1825.

Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, from 1814 to 1815.

John W. Taylor, of New York, from 1820 to 1821, and from 1825 to 1827.

Philip P. Barbour, of Virginia, from 1821 to 1825.

Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, from 1827 to 1834.

John Bell, of Tennessee, from 1834 to 1835.

James K. Polk, of Tennessee, from 1835 to 1839.

R. M. T. Hunter, of Virginia, from 1839 to 1841.

From an impartial view of the former disposition of the honors of the Speakership, it may fairly go to the North.

NEW YORK SENATE.

The following speech was made in the New York Senate on Thursday last, for the purpose of testing whig sincerity upon the subject of appointing members of Congress to office. It will be seen that Mr. Dennis'ton took the highest models for his eloquence, and paid due attention to the "antic Romans."

Mr. Denniston said—Mr. President: "It was the remark of a Roman consul more than two thousand years ago, that there was a striking contrast observable in the conduct of cantidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them—they seldom carry out in the latter case, the pledges and promises made in the former." Fearing that the remark of the "virtuous and indignant Roman" may be illustrated in the N. York Senate, at this particular time, when "those from Gaul and Egypt and the lesser Asia" are rushing to the seat of government to obtain "their share of the spoils in proportion as they have furnished the larger dividend," and believing that the proper time has come for the majority to manifest their disapprobation of "the dangerous practice of appointing members of Congress to office,"—I call for the consideration of the resolution offered on the first day of the session by the Senator from the 3d, (Mr. Root,) proposing an amendment to the constitution of the United States.

The amendment is as follows:

"No senator or representative in Congress can be appointed to any office by the President of the United States, or on his nomination, during the term for which he was chosen."

And was decided in the negative by a vote of 9 to 14.

The Small Pox and Vaccination.—The Baltimore Sun condenses an article from an English paper, by which we learn that in London, during the eight weeks ending January 16th, 540 died of small pox.

"Of these 6 had previously had an attack of natural small pox; 4 had been innoculated, 80 vaccinated, and 488 not vaccinated. Of the 80 who had been vaccinated, 6 died between the ages of 2 and 6 months; 11 between the ages of 6 and 12 months; 16 from 1 to 3 years; 18 from 3 to 5; 11 from 5 to 10; 2 from 10 to 15; 7 from 15 to 20; 4 from 20 to 25; 5 from 25 to 30; 3 from 30 to 35; and 2 from 35 to 40. This statement, while it goes to corroborate the opinion of many physicians, that vaccination is not a permanent protection against the small pox, shows that the danger of imbibing the disease diminishes every year. Between the ages of 1 and 3, it will be seen that the deaths were 16, while between the ages of 20 and 40 but 14 died."

A Dreadful and Cowardly Massacre.—A letter to the St. Louis Republican, from Fort Leavenworth, gives an account of a most cowardly and bloody massacre committed by some Kansas upon some Pawnees.

The dastardly Kansas—65 in number—took advantage of the absence of the Pawnee warriors from their encampment, and massacred all but 11 of the women and children found in it.

One woman sold her life dearly. She sprang upon one of the Kansas warriors like a tigress—clutched his throat, and would have strangled him if her arms had not been hewn from her body.

The Pawnee prisoners were reached by a detachment of the American force stationed at Fort Leavenworth, and had been brought into Bellevieu.

This massacre will be a signal for a fierce war between the Pawnees and Kansas.

SWAPPING WIVES.

A late New Hampshire paper gives the particulars of a case of swapping wives which lately occurred in that State. Two men married sisters, and after a lapse of a short period of time one of them proposed to the other an exchange of wives, provided the interested ladies made no objections. They made none, so one brave husband gave the other a valuable horse, carriage and harness "to boot," as the expression is. Matters passed on swimmingly for a few days during which time he who received the "boot" disposed of his horse for the round sum of nearly one hundred dollars in ready cash. In a short time after the disposal of his property his newly received wife fell in with a person whom she loved more than her own husband, and believing it now her turn to exercise the glorious right of "free trade" she quit "her bed and board," and ran away with her paramour.

The Queen of England.—The privy purse of the Queen of England amounts to 60,000*l.* per annum, or 164 7s 10d. a day. She has besides Buckingham Palace, St. James' Palace, Windsor Castle and Brighton Pavilion. Including the expenses of the royal household, royal bounties and charities, pensions, unappropriated money, &c., the Queen's income annually is 415,000*l*, or 1,137*l* a day. Queen Adelaide receives 100,000*l* a year, or 274*l* a day.

JOHN BANKS AT HOME!

In the borough of Reading, where John Banks, resides, the democratic PORTER ticket for inspectors, assesors, &c. was elected *without opposition!* In *every* district in the county, where the election was conducted on party grounds, the BANKS party was *defeated!* Thus much for the prospects of the federal candidate *at home!*—*Yeoman.*

KEEP IT BEFORE THE PEOPLE.

That JOHN BANKS, the federal nominee for Governor, was one of the satellites of the Ritner administration, appointed by Ritner to a judge-ship, and of course must have APPROVED of all the INFAMOUS acts of that most infamous administration.

That JOHN BANKS, is the *protege* of THADDEUS STEVENS and THOMAS H. BURROWES, the men who plotted the "BUCKSHOT WAR," treasonably endeavored to "*treat the election as if it had never been held.*"

That Thaddeus Stevens, and Thomas Burrowes and Bela Badger, the heroes of the "BUCKSHOT WAR," were all delegates in the federal convention for nominating a governor, and voted for JOHN BANKS *on first ballot.*

That if BANKS should be elected, he will together with Stevens, use his influence for the resuscitation of the famous Gettysburg TAPEWORM, which has already eaten up MILLIONS of the substance of the people of Pennsylvania.

You, who desire to re-instate the miserable conspirators of 1838 support John Banks. *He is their friend.*

You, who desire to keep that vile and wicked faction out of power, support DAVID R. PORTER. HE IS THEIR ENEMY.