American Volunteer.

BY JOHN B. BRATTON. "OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY" AT $2 00 PER ANNUM.

VOL. 36. CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1849. NO. 28.

THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER,

is published every Thursday, at Carlisle, Pa., by JOHN B. BRATTON, upon the following conditions, which will be rigidly adhered to:

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For one year, in *advance*, $2 00
For six months, in *advance*, 1 00

No subscription taken for a less term than six months and no discontinuance permitted until all arrearages are paid.

Twenty-five per cent. additional on the price of subscription will be required of all those who do not pay in advance.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion, $ 50
One square, two insertions, 75
One square, three insertions, 1 00
Every subsequent insertion, per square, 25

A liberal discount will be made to those who advertise by the year, or for three or six months.

OFFICE.—The office of the *American Volunteer* is in the second story of James H. Graham's new stone building, in South Hanover street, a few doors south of the Court House, where those having business are invited to call.

Poetical.

☞ We copy the following beautiful gem from the Louisville Journal. We have seldom seen a subject so well portrayed in verse:

From the Louisville Journal.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

I saw her in the bloom and beauty of youth,
With a heart all innocence, music and truth:
'Twas the Spring of her life—the Spring of the year,
When the flowers and foliage of earth reappear:
But fairer to view, than the flowers of Spring,
That wasted their perfume on zephyr's light wing,
Was the bloom of her cheek—the light of her eye,
More beautiful far than a gem of the sky.

Her life was the type of an Angel's on earth,
With precepts of love, humility and worth:
Her spirit undimmed by passion or pain,
With no thought of distrust its beauty to stain:
Her heart was as light as Summer's first cloud,
Nor sorrow nor care her being had bowed;
Her voice was sweeter, than music in June,
When earth and sky are all vocal with tune.

But oh! on the sky of that life and its light,
Stole the mildew of Death in an untimely blight;
In the soil of that life, mid being so pure,
Green seeds of decay no time can endure:
On the face of that cheek, so lively and gay,
Came a canker to bear its brightness away:
On the light of that eye, a cloud to obscure,
And a shade on that smile, too light to endure.

And day by day, stole the light from her eye,
As the hues of eve from a sunset sky:
And hour by hour as the ordeal passed,
With the shadow of death, was that life o'cast:
Till the form of light, and the soul of thought
Ere the eye of the world their glories had caught,
And the roseate hues of that cheek, and its bloom,
Had blossomed, alas! but to fade in the tomb.

As the breezes of Spring—the Summer winds sigh:
As an April cloud on the genial sky:
As a hope too bright for the home of its birth,
That fades from the heart like a flower from earth:
As a star of the sky—a gem of the sea—
A shadow of Time—a spirit all free,
Was the dream of her life—its vision soon o'er,
Like the music of dreams that is heard no more.

She has passed away, as a being of air,
To the land of repose, from sorrow and care:
Like the rose of May in its beauty and bloom,
She passed from earth to the land of the tomb:
From life and its sorrow—the world and its pride,
With the passions of nature all purified:
From the sadness that bowed her spirit down,
She has passed to inherit a starry crown.

Glasgow, Ky., Nov., 1849.

Miscellaneous.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

THE BROKEN VOW.

BY MISS ELIZA DUPEY.

'Twas mutinuted not in festive halls;
Where mirth is light around:
It echoed not from stately walls,
Blent with the music's sound.
'Twas sighed not forth in bower dell;
Amid the opening flowers,
The woodland had no tale to tell
Of those long vanished hours.

'Twas uttered o'er a dying bed;
Asked by a dying prayer—
The voice of the departing sled
A ghastly blessing there.
An earnest soul was flitting fast
When those deep tones were said—
The ling'ring tones her lips that pressed
Thrilled hollow o'er the dead.

Twilight was darkening into night, the first faint star of evening gleamed from the fair blue heavens, and the hushed repose of nature seemed too holy to be broken by the strife of human passions; yet how painfully did the quiet of that evening scene contrast with the passionate grief of that young heart, mourning over its first sorrow.

Ellen Sinclair was a newly wedded bride. She was but seventeen; the youngest daughter of her father's house, and the spoiled pet of the whole family; her life had passed as one long bright day of sunshine and flowers. She had been wooed by one she had known from childhood, and with the consent of their mutual friends they were united.

The day after their marriage the bridal pair left her father's house for the residence of Mr. Sinclair, in one of the interior counties of Virginia. A few happy weeks passed, when Sinclare proposed to his bride to visit a gorge in the mountains, from which the rising sun frequently presents the singular spectacle of the mountain—the same phenomenon which is witnessed in the Straits of Messina, and known by the more poetic name of Fata Morgana, of the castle of the fairy Morgana. Ellen was delighted with the proposed excursion, and searched every book in the house which afforded any information on the subject.

This excursion which promised so much pleasure, ended in despair and death. They reached the desired spot in safety. The morning was favorable to their wishes; the ascending vapors caught the rays of the rising sun, and formed themselves into the most fantastic scenes. Ellen was so much absorbed in this wonderful and magnificent spectacle, that she forgot the caution Sinclair had given her at the moment of mounting her spirited steed. He turned from her side an instant to speak to the servant who followed them; the movement startled her horse; the rein was lying loose on his neck, feeling himself free from a guiding hand, he dashed off at full speed. Sinclair and the servant both followed, but were unable to overtake her. Fortunately she met a gentleman who succeeded in stopping her perilous career. Sinclair checked his horse too suddenly, that he might express his thanks to her preserver. The animal reared, and threw him with great violence. He was conveyed home in a senseless state, and surgical assistance hastily summoned, but the force of the fall had inflicted some internal injury which baffled the skill of the physician.

It was beside his bed in that calm twilight, that the young wife knelt, with scarce a hue of life upon her features.

"Oh, Ellen, my beloved, calm yourself—this sorrow unmans me," murmured the dying man, passing his hands caressingly over the head which was bowed upon his pillow.

A deep suffocated sob was the only reply to his words.

"It is hard to die," he continued, "when I was looking forward to years of such tranquil happiness with you, sweet, Ellen; but 'tis the will of heaven, my lost beloved, and we must submit."

"Oh, Henry, my own Henry, you must go down to the cold, cold grave where I can see you no more—never more hear the tones of your voice. Oh, it will, it will break my heart!" was the almost inarticulate reply.

"My poor Ellen, this is a hard trial for you, but you are too young to grieve always. The thought is torture to me, but—even you may love again—may wed another!" and his voice was nearly stifled with painful emotions.

"Never, never! Oh, Henry, how can you harrow my soul at this awful moment with such a supposition? Wed another! Give the wreck of my buried affections to another! Oh no—the thought would kill me."

"I doubt not you think so now, love, but time works strange changes in this world of ours. We know not what we may do. I wish to exact no promise from you. The thought is bitter and painful, I do not wish that the reproach of a broken promise should mar your peace of mind."

"Henry, hear me," said Ellen in solemn tone.—"Should I ever so far forget my faith to your ashes as to lend my ear to the language of love, my heart to the voice of affection for another, may your form on my bridal evening come to me and reproach me for my faithlessness."

A bright smile passed over the face of the young man. He murmured—

"Repeat those words again, my Ellen; they take from death its sting—in Heaven you will be all my own. Forgive me, dearest; but I have so loved you, I cannot think that another shall win"——

His voice ceased to articulate, and again the deep tones of the young mourner thrilled the air with the repetition of these awful words. As they passed her lips she felt the hand that clasped her relax its grasp—a faint fluttering consciousness seemed to hover a moment on his features, and in another instant they wore the calm and passionless repose of death.

Ellen Sinclair buried herself in the seclusion of her own abode. A calm and gentle melancholy succeeded the first violence of her grief, but she betrayed no desire to mingle with the world. Clad in the deepest mourning, she was seen no where but at church; and those who looked upon her felt deep sympathy for one so young and so bitterly bereaved. Vainly had her own parents sought to draw her from her solitude. Two years passed, and after many fruitless efforts they at length succeeded in obtaining a promise of a visit from her at the annual reunion of their family at Christmas, for that season is still held as a festival in many parts of Virginia.

Ellen was once more beneath the roof of her father's mansion, and many and painful were the emotion's which struggled in her bosom when, she looked around and remembered that the last time she stood beside her native hearth she was a gay and happy bride.

Those who looked on her could not avoid remarking the change which two years had wrought in her appearance. The girl just budding into maturity had expanded into the beautiful and self possessed woman, with a quiet grace of manner and an air of pensive reserve which was extremely captivating.

Her parents were worldly minded people, who could not bear that their daughter should pass her life in solitude to which she had doomed herself.—They surrounded her with agreeable company, sought to amuse her mind and draw it from the contemplation of the terrible calamity which had destroyed her dawning happiness, and they succeeded sufficiently to implant in her mind a distaste to the idea of returning to her late abode.

Week after week passed until months were numbered, and she began to think it her duty to remain with her parents. She was their youngest child, and the only one without ties which severed them in a measure from the parental roof.

"Ellen, my darling," said her father, when she spoke of returning home, "you will not again forsake us? We are old, and you are the only child who is free to remain with us. You must live here, I cannot think of permitting you to return to that lonely home of yours."

"It is lonely," replied Ellen, "and I fear that after breaking through my usual habits, I shall find it difficult and wearisome to resume them. Yet, my dear father, if I consent to remain, there is one request I must make."

"What is that my daughter? Are we not ever mindful of your wishes?"

"Ah, yes, dear father, more mindful than I deserve. But"—and her voice sank to a low, agitated whisper—"there must be no looking forward to a second marriage for me—no attempt to alter my views on that subject. I have made a vow to the dead and that must be held sacred."

"What!" exclaimed her father, "was Sinclair ungenerous enough to exact from you a promise not to marry again?—young and inexperienced as you were too?"

"Ah, no, father, wrong him not. He was too kind, too noble. He asked no promise—I made it voluntarily; and as the words left my lips his spirit departed. Oh, no, my father, never ask me to break that vow—it is a hallowed one."

"Well, my darling, let it be as you wish; I prefer keeping you with us, but at the same time, if you should ever meet with one you could love, and who is worthy of you, it will be very silly to suffer a few words uttered when you were scarce conscious of their meaning, prevent you from making the home of an honorable man happy. Why, child, you are only nineteen. Do you suppose the death of one person, however dear, can chill your feelings into ice at that age."

"I must then, in sincerity of soul, pray to be delivered from temptation," said the young widow with a faint smile, "for I shall never marry again."

As time passed on, Mrs. Sinclair could not help acknowledging that she was far happier than in the mountain solitude. Her spirits were no longer wearied; she no longer felt that life was a burthen she would gladly lay down. She needed excitement of society, and the social and highly cultivated neighborhood in which her father's residence was situated, afforded every facility for its enjoyment.

The third year of her widowhood was drawing to a close, when she received an invitation to the marriage of a favorite cousin, who would take no refusal. Ellen replied that if the bride would excuse her sombre dress and pensive face, she would attend; and the concession was hailed as an omen of future success in drawing her into that world she was so peculiarly fitted to adorn.

There was a motive for these efforts of which Ellen little dreamed. She regularly attended church near her father's residence, and her mother had several times called her attention to a remarkably handsome man who sat in a pew nearly opposite to them; but she had not remarked that his eyes frequently wandered from his prayer book to her own fair face.—His height and the turn of his head had reminded her of Sinclair, but there the resemblance ceased. The broad brow, finely chiselled features, and clear dark eye of the stranger, were all unlike the youthful bloom of him who had won her young affections.—She frequently heard Mr. Peyton spoken of as a man of distinguished endowments, who had spent several years in the south of Europe with an only and beloved sister, for the benefit of whose health the journey had been vainly undertaken. These circumstances had nearly passed from her mind when she was introduced to him at the wedding as the intimate friend of the groom.

Peyton had fallen in love with her from his casual view of her at church, and the eulogiums of his friend's affianced bride, who looked on Mrs. Sinclair as a 'bright particular star,' had deepened the impression. The circumstances of her marriage threw a romantic interest around her history, and when he looked on the youthful brow with a shade of placid pensiveness that seemed to breathe a hallowed charm over her beauty, he felt that she was the only woman he had ever known before whom his heart could bow with the homage of affection.

Yet how to speak of love to one who still wore the deepest mourning—who never joined in mirth of the light hearted? It would seem almost like sacrilege to breathe into her ear the wild passion that filled his heart, yet its very hopelessness appeared to add to its fervour.

But ere long new hope dawned on him. Ellen was surrounded by the gay and the joyous of her own age. Her disposition was naturally buoyant; her spirits rose; the cord she had believed forever snapped, again thrilled to the touch of joy. When the bonds of grief were once severed, the reaction was complete. She still reverenced the memory of her first love, and if her heart had whispered that she could ever be faithless to his ashes, she would have shuddered with superstitious horror at the thought. The possibility of breaking that solemn promise had never occurred to her—but time teaches many strange lessons.

Peyton lingered in the neighborhood, a constant visitor at Wycombe, but his attentions were not sufficiently marked to attract the observation of others. Her own family were too desirous of the match to hazzard the final success of the love by alluding in any manner to his passion for her.

Peyton won his way slowly but surely. The fair widow began unconsciously to regret the vow which had ascended to Heaven with the spirit of her dead husband. At length he spoke of love, and she listened with trembling awe to the outpouring of a spirit which was too highly appreciated without a pang.

He drew from her quivering lips the history of her vow, and divested of every feeling of superstition himself, he could not conceive that a few words uttered in a moment of excited and agonized feeling should stand between him and his hopes of happiness. He did not understand the impressible and imaginative temperament of the being who listened to his reasoning, willing, nay, anxious to be convinced against the evidence of her own feelings.

Her parents agreed with the lover in his views of the case, and urged on all sides, her own heart a traitor, Ellen yielded to their wishes, and betrothed herself to Peyton.

As the day appointed for their marriage drew near, the words of her vow appeared to be ever ringing in her ears; with artless spirit she saw the hour approach which was to witness her second espousal.

Preparations were made for a splendid bridal. All the members of the family assembled beneath the parental roof, and every effort was made to divert her mind from dwelling on the fantacy that possessed it.

The appointed evening arrived, and the ceremony which made her the bride of another, was performed. Several hours passed in dance and song. It was near midnight when Ellen found herself standing on the portico in the bright moonlight with Peyton beside her. The gay throng within were still dancing; and the sounds of merry voices mingled with the bursts of music that swept by on the dewy and fragrant air. Ellen started as Peyton spoke to her, and for the first time for several hours, the recollection of her fatal vow introduced on her mind.

"What a glorious night," she remarked. "I never saw the moon shine with greater splendor."

"May it be a happy omen to us, my fair Ellen," replied Peyton; and as he spoke he turned to a white rose bush which had wreathed itself around one of the pillars of the portico, and culled several of its half blown flowers.

While he was thus employed Ellen was gazing abstractedly on the fantastic shadows made by the trees in the yard. Suddenly she grasped the railing for support, and looked with eyes fascinated with terror on a white shade which seemed to rise from an open space on which the moon's radiance was poured without obstruction from the surrounding shrubery. The shadow arose slowly, and gradually assumed the waving outline of a human form wrapped in the garments of the tomb. It approached the spot on which she stood and the features of Henry Sinclair, wearing a look of sad reproach, were distinctly visible to her as the shade glided between herself and her newly wedded lord.

With a faint cry she would have fallen had not Peyton turned and sprang forward in time to receive her senseless form in his arms.

Long, long, was it before she recovered from her death like swoon. She then related what she had seen, and clung to the belief in the reality of the spectral visitation with such tenacity, that reasoning and soothing failed to calm. Before another day had dawned, she was raving in the delerium of a brain fever, and in one week from her ill-omened marriage, she was laid beside him whose spirit she believed had summoned her to join him.

The incidents on which the foregoing pages are founded are literally true. That the supernatural visitation was the offspring of an overwrought imagination and superstitious mind, a real case of monomania, there can be little doubt. The vagaries of an excited imagination frequently produce results quite as inexplicable to sober reason as the sad catastrophe of the Broken Vow.

Russian Vengeance.

Behind the chapel was a rack, and on both sides of the rack were several rows of gallows some miles in length, and instruments of torture ready for the unfortunate victims. The punishments were in accordance with the degree of culpability and station in society of the rebels. In the first row of gallows the most guilty were executed; after being subject to the rack they were quartered alive. The leaders had their hands and legs cut off, and afterwards impaled on long spikes, and left to their horrible fate. Their groans were heard for miles; and their bodies feasted the eyes of the panic stricken population. In the second row of gallows, they were only quartered, and their sufferings were, at least shorter. In the third row the parties were simply beheaded. In the fourth row they were merely hanged. In the fifth they ran the gauntlet and the knout. All the ecclesiastics were burned. There were separate gallows for women—married and maiden. Even children of thirteen years were subjected to great cruelty. Married couples were occasionally hanged on the same gallows, as well as old families. During the space of three months, 13,000 human beings were executed in presence of Dolgourouki. Stenko, Kosi's nephew and particular friend was quartered. Among the female prisoners was a handsome nun, who over her female garments had a male attire. She commanded a corps of 7,000 men, gave more than one proof of extraordinary courage and great ability in the field, and inflicted terrible losses on the Russians.—When summoned before Dolgourouki, she displayed a firmness and presence of mind difficult to describe, and said, if every one under her command had done his duty in such a manner as she had done, Dolgourouki, instead of erecting gallows, would have taken to his heels. She lay down quietly on a funeral pile, and was burnt to ashes. The mangled dead bodies of so many thousand veterans brought many crows and ravens, which devoured the corpses. From that time that suburb is called the suburb of hell.—*The cossacks of the Ukraine.*

CHANGING EMPLOYMENT.—A genius who had made something of a figure as a writer, but who ran himself into rags by his devotion to Bacchus, was found by an old acquaintance, on a recent occasion driving an omnibus in Broadway.

"Hallo, B——!" exclaimed his astonished friend, "you have chosen a strange employment."

"Yes," replied B——, "the fact is, I found literature a bore, and as you perceive, I have left it and taken to the *stage*."

PARIS FASHIONS.—Rich velvets and laces were all the rage in Paris at the last advices. *Bonkinet*, or pretty little coats of these beautiful materials, are much worn, frequently trimmed with fur. The street dresses are being less trimmed than formerly; bonnets are being made of every material; the style of trimming them on the edges with fur, feathers, &c., does not seem to take. A certain class only patronize this mode. The Parisian lady does not dress as much in the street as our American belle do. They reserve their magnificence for the *soiree*, opera and spectacle.

"Are you a Methodist?" we inquired the other day, of a fellow who had sought the side wall of a meeting house to steady himself by. "I lean that way," replied the chap with the most imperturable coolness.

Why is a newspaper like a tooth brush?

Answer.—Because every body should be provided with one of his own and not borrow his neighbor's.

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

I shall discourse this morning upon the following:

How calm, how mild, how beautiful
Are th' Indian summer days!

MY HEARERS—The smoky fortnight is over; the Indian summer has departed, to visit us not again for a twelve-month; but the recollection of it is accompanied with the pleasantest, the softest and the most soothing of sensations. What can be more calming to the troubled spirit than those still, mild days that wedge themselves in between autumn and winter? They spread peace and quietness over the face of the earth, and say, "Peace, be still," to every turbulent wave that ruffles the waters of the human soul.

My friends—why this little blue patch upon the trowsers' legs of the year is called the Indian summer, is more than I can tell. I suppose, however, it is because it is not cold enough to be called winter, and too warm to be classed with the days of autumn, the same as the Indian is not sufficiently dark to be denominated a negro, nor pale enough to be termed a white man. A most lovely notch is it in the year, nevertheless—the still, sweet Sabbath of the seasons. The wind scarcely dare whisper among the dying foliage—the squirrel thinks it wicked to chipper, and shells his nuts with as little noise as possible; and Nature herself appears to have nothing to do but to sit down and smoke her pipe in peace. How pleasing is the quietness that reigns around! Every lake, pond, river and rill is as calm as the conscience of a good christian, and the heavens above are beautiful with a perpetual smile. Then look at the woods—don't they seem as if they were powdered with the dust of a thousand pulverized fairhows! How they turn all sorts of colors at the thought of being stripped of their raiment and standing naked through a long, cold and dreary winter! They blush like Aurora when she first turns out of bed, to meet the gaze of an admiring world.

But, my friends, the Indian summer is past for 1849, and old winter will soon be down upon us with two bushels of wrath and frozen turnips.—Yet, we shall be occasionally favored with a decent and agreeable day between now and the advent of spring; but, should we happen to find none, with a polish equal to those just departed, we must not complain, but consider that it is contrast which gives effect and beauty to the pictures in the book of Time. Who would have it all sunny, mild, pleasant weather? Why, its very pleasantness would tire after a while, and we could no more appreciate it than a man who is never sick knows the value in dollars and cents of the health he is permitted to enjoy. For my part, I think the way the year is made up is a most admirable contrivance. When it is winter we look forward with cheering anticipations to the spring; in spring we behold ahead the glorious prime of summer, and long for its approach; when the hot summer arrives, we think of the cool, peaceful days of autumn, and wish that we were in the midst of them; and even winter has attractions that show in the distance much brighter than they really are, like a sunset tinging with crimson the summit of a snow-capped mountain.

My hearers—now, as the gentle Indian summer has left, put yourself in readiness to grapple with old Boreas. He is a rough customer to handle, but, if you make proper preparation, to receive him, you may ward off many a blow that he might otherwise inflict upon you. And so in the autumn of life, prepare for the dreary winter that must shortly arrive; and there is no danger but you will weather it pretty comfortably until an eternal spring shall dawn "on the night of the grave." So mote it be!—*Sunday Mercury.*

A Thrilling Scene.

One of the most frightful scenes that the wildest imagination can picture, is that related of a cavern, in Dauphiny, near Grenoble, a sort of subterraneous Niagara:

According to an old magazine, in which we find the account, Francis I in his youth, determined to explore a sheet of water within this cavern, which had previously attested the attention of all visitors. Floating upon a barge brilliantly illuminated, and attended by some of his bravest courtiers, the gallant Francis struck boldly out, the Columbus of the caverned deep. He landed on the opposite shore, after sailing two miles over the sheet of water. He then turned his scow in another direction, determined to fathom all the mysteries of the lake. By and by, an experienced boatman declared the boat was no longer floating on a stagnant lake but in a current that was perceptibly increasing in strength—and a courtier called the attention of the monarch to a hollow noise, heard in the distance, which like the current, was every moment growing stronger, and even swelling into horrific thunder. They rested on their oars, while a plank, with several flaming torches tied to it, was committed to the current. It floated rapidly away, became agitated, tossed up and down in the distance, and finally down to the unknown cataract, to which the explorers were so ignorantly hastening. "Back oars," was the cry, and rowing for their lives they escaped. But what a frightful hazard.

Phila. Enquirer.

OUR YOUTHFUL DAYS.—Youth never comes but once! Hence we should, in our youthful days, improve our time. The sun rises in the east, and rolls on in his upward course until noontide, when he gradually descends and hides himself in the west.—So with youth. It rises in the morning of life, and keeps rising until the noontide of life, when old age, with her infirmities comes upon us. The youth should not undervalue their days, for the day is coming when all this world's riches would be given for the return of one hour misimproved. Boys, do not mispend your time, but improve every moment as it flies, and you will reap your reward hereafter.

THE OFFER OF A WIFE.—We copy the following from the Cincinatti Enquirer of the 28th ult:

On the last trip, but one, of the *Ben Franklin* from Louisville to this city, she landed at Westport to put off a young German girl and her father, who was old and decrepit. As they were walking the plank the girl became giddy and fell into the river. Cardinal Byington, who was going on shore with them, without hesitation, jumped in after her and her father did the same. The Cardinal succeeded in rescuing the girl.—The father, instead of lending my aid, would have been drowned but for the exertions of Mr. Killum, the mate, and one of the firemen of the boat, who got the yawl down in time to save him. In the fullness of the old man's heart, he offered his daughter in marriage to either the cardinal or the mate, but as they both happened to be married men, they were compelled to decline the generous offer.

One by one, the ladies are assuming all the garments of gentlemen. Besides standing collars and black silk cravats, they now wear dresses fitted close to the neck and opening in the breast, like a military coat, to expose a "dickey" with ruffles, or plaits with gold studs. By-and-by we shall not know our sisters from our brothers.

HOGS.—There were 30,000 hogs at Louisville on Monday last, and the ruling price was $2,50.

A CRUEL STRATAGEM.

Did you ever hear of "Old Smith," that used to live away down East, during the early settlement of the country now called Maine? Old Smith had lost several relatives by the hands of the Indians, and had vowed eternal enmity to the whole race. He had been twice taken by the savage tribes, but contrived to escape from them, and had killed several of their number. He sought every opportunity to do them mischief in any way. By this course he had become so exceedingly obnoxious to the red men, that they would not even kill him if they could, but were constantly on the watch to take him alive, for the purpose of satisfying their revenge by the affliction of the utmost torture that barbarity could invent.—Smith was aware of this disposition of the savages, and was the less afraid of their bullets.

It is reported that Smith was at one time engaged in splitting some pine logs for fence rails, and in the ardor of his employment he had neglected his "look out," till six Indians came upon him with a yell of exultation. The chief of the party whose name was Wahoos, seized him by the arms exclaiming:

"Now, Smit! now, Smit! me got you." Smith saw that it would be in vain to resist, and assuming an air of composure, thus addressed his captor—

"Now, Wahoos, I will tell you what I will do.—If you will now help me to split open this log I will go with you without any resistance; otherwise I will not walk a step, and you will have to carry or kill me."

The Indians now having him safe in their possession, and willing to save themselves trouble, agreed to help to split the log, if he should show them how. Smith had already opened one end of the log with a large wooden wedge, and renewing his blows on the wedge with a beetle, he directed them to take hold of the separated parts of the log; three on each side, and pull with all their might; while he should drive in the wedge. The red men were not without suspicions, but kept their eyes on Smith's motions, while they pulled at the sundered part of the log. Every blow of Smith opened the crevice wider, which enabled the Indians to renew their holds, by inserting their fingers deeper into the crevice, when Smith slightly changing the direction of the beetle, struck on the side of the wedge, knocking it out of the log, which closing with great force, caught every foe by the hands, save one, who, seeing the predicament of his companions, took to his heels, but was quickly brought down by Smith's long barrelled gun, which he had kept near him. The other five expected no mercy, and were not disappointed. Five blows from Mr. Smith's axe silenced their death-song.

A year or more after this affair, Smith was returning one evening from an excursion, and passing near a bend of the Androscoggin river about a mile above the fall, on which the Lewistown Mills are now located, it was nearly dark, and he discovered an Indian making a fire on a rock, by the river bank.—Smith saw through the business at once; the fire was for a beacon, to guide the landing of a strong party. With unerring aim, he shot the lone savage, who pitched into the water; and Smith quickly threw the fire and fire-brands after him, and then proceeded down to the falls, and there he soon kindled another fire on a projecting rock; and then retiring up the river bank a small distance, awaited the result. He soon heard songs of a company of warriors, who had then discovered the fire, and were steadily paddling towards it in high glee. The songs were suspended by surprise at the rapid motion of their canoes, and the hoarse roar of the falls revealed too late the dreadful truth. A brief death-song, uttered in savage yells, and the cries of several squaws and papooses, were all that preceded their last and dreadful plunge over the perpendicular falls.

Quick on the Trigger.

"You will please observe," said old Mr. Lambwell, as he led us through his school the other day, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness and discipline."

We had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the cup while the old gentleman was stooping over to recover his pen from the floor, when another passing along behind, snapped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, and caused him on a sudden start to eject the contents of his mouth over the pedagogue's bald pate. Standing upright, with his face and hair dripping, the master shouted—

"Who done that?"

The party unanimously cried out, "Jim Gun, sir."

"James Gun, what did you do that for?"

Jim, appalled at the mischief he had done, muttered that it was not his fault, that Tom Owen *snapt* him.

This changed the direction of old Lambwell's wrath, and shaking his cane portentously over Owen's head, he asked—

"Did you *snap* Gun?"

The culprit, trembling with fear, murmured,

"Yes sir; I *snapt* Gun, *but I didn't know he was loaded!*"

A Balloon Frozen.

Two gentlemen a short time since, ascended in a balloon from Bedford, England, and when at an elevation of two miles, they got into a cloud of sleet and snow, and the balloon was quickly covered with ice. The gas soon began to expand; but in trying the valve, above and below, it was found to be frozen.—In this emergency, they applied a knife, and made an incision of twenty four inches, in the silk. The gas issued forth in one continuous stream, through a two foot opening; and singular to relate, the gas that had been passed into the silken globe, an invisible vapor, rushed out as white as the steam from a steam engine; such was the effect of the frosty air upon the gas. And thus the aeronauts were rescued from the jaws of destruction. They descended safely.

The Lowell Journal gives an account of a rich scene that occurred in one of the Lowell hotels recently. A lodger who had been on a spree the previous evening, arose in the morning, and rung his bell violently. Boots appeared. "Where is my pants? I locked my door last night and somebody has stolen them." Boots was green and a little terrified. He left, however, struck with a sudden thought, and returned with the pants. The landlord was called to receive complaint against Boots; but he made it evident that the man had put out his pantaloons to be blacked instead of his boots. The lodger left in the first train.

OREGON.—Oregon is the greatest lumber country in the world. Around one mill, within a circle of three miles, stands timber enough to last a hundred years, the mill all the time cutting 6,000 feet a day. The trees are from 6 to 16 feet in diameter, and some of them 300 feet high. They are felled into a lake, floated to the mill three miles, sawed by water power, and turned out at the side of the mill, whence a vessel takes them to California. Wheat in Oregon averages 65 pounds a bushel, and Oregon flour brings $6 more a barrel at the gold mines than any other. The number of votes cast in Oregon, in June, was 943.

UNNATURAL CHILDREN.—In the Court of Quarter Sessions of Bucks county, last week, a father and daughter were arraigned on the charge of incestuous adultry, the prosecutors being the sons and brothers of the defendants. The daughter had become pregnant, and the proceedings were instituted, charging them with the crime of incest, because the father would not or could not accede to the demands of his sons in advancing them money. They were acquitted, but it was only after the trial that the daughter for the first time, and then under oath, revealed the name of the father of her child.

DR. BELKNAP AND OFFICERS.—A rough countryman asked Dr. Belknap, one day, if he really believed there was such a man as Job. The Dr. took the Bible and made him read.

"There was a man in the land of Uz whose name was Job."

From the St. Louis Era of the 4th inst.

Another Tragedy in St. Louis.

Another of those much to be regretted, and still deplorably frequent difficulties which have so often, of late, been enacted in our city, took place last evening on Chesnut, just above Fourth street, between Isaac N. Wimer, brother of the late postmaster of this city, and Jas. S. Thomas, of the firm of L. A. Benoit & Co., bankers. A grudge of some three or four months standing has existed between the parties growing out of charges made by Thomas against Wimer, the Postmaster, and his clerks, relative to an alledged failure of their remittances to come to hand. Indeed, we have heard it said that Thomas has, upon several occasions, charged the postmaster with knowingly employing men who were dishonest, and went so far as to use his influence to have Wimer removed from the post-office. Our readers will recollect that some time since, John M. Wimer, the late post-master, attacked Thomas, and spat in his face. Since then his brother has upon one or more occasions, met and struck him, but mutual friends interfered and separated the parties. Between four and five o'clock last evening, they met on the side walk in Chesnut street, near the south entrance to the Planters' House, Thomas coming from towards Fifth, Wimer from Fourth street.—As they met, and when almost within reach of each other, Wimer drew a revolver and fired twice in rapid succession, and then, being unable from some cause to get the other barrel off, and seeing Thomas drawing upon him, he sprang behind a tree and continued to dodge from side to side, whilst Thomas, standing on the side-walk, discharged four or five barrels of a revolver at him, without effect, two or three balls striking the tree. At this moment, several persons, who had witnessed the shooting, rushed up, and seized Thomas.

Wimer then came from behind the tree, and the parties clinched; Wimer being much the strongest man, soon obtained the upper hand, and commenced beating his antagonist over the head with a pistol, or, as some say, a cane, others, a short loaded cane. Whilst in this position, Thomas, with his head bent towards the ground, drew a small single barrel pistol from his pocket, and discharged the contents into Wimer's body, the ball taking effect just above the navell. The parties were then separated; Wimer pale and apparently much injured sank into the arms of a friend exclaiming, "I am killed," and asked for a drink of water. He was placed in a cab and taken to his brother's on Twelfth street, where he lingered in great pain until about 12 o'clock and expired.

Thomas was borne into the Planters' House and his wounds were examined, which consisted of a blow on the back of the head, another upon the forehead, and a pistol shot in the right breast, the ball passing through the breast bone without entering the cavity, and lodging in the left arm, from whence it was extracted last night. Dr. Montgomery thinks Thomas' wounds are not dangerous in their present appearances—the only fear entertained is a concussion of the brain, from the heavy blows inflicted on the head. This morning we were informed that Thomas was much better, and would probably entirely recover in a few days.

Mr. Wimer up to the hour of his death, retained his mental faculties, and as if conscious of his approaching dissolution, with the utmost calmness, bade farewell to his aged mother, brother's family and friends, and sank into the arms of death. Aside from a hasty temper, Wimer was posessed of many enobling qualities; and a large circle of friends will long mourn his untimely end.

Great Quilt.

There was exhibited at the late Mechanics' Fair held at Chicago, Ill., by Mrs. C. Taylor, of that place, a quilt composed of 9,800 pieces of silk, each of which was about an inch square, and all sewed with exceeding beauty and neatness. Its chief charm, however, was the great skill evinced in the ingenious blending of colors, so as to produce the proper effect in the representation of various figures which ornamented it in every part. A brilliant sun shone in the centre, the moon and stars beamed out from one corner, while in another appeared a storm in the heavens, with lowering clouds and flashes of lightning.

Around the border were various designs illustrative of the season and of the rapid growth of our western country. At one place appeared a barren heath, with the Indians and hunters roaming over it; next a trading post, as the first entrance of civilization; next, a military station, with the glorious banner of our country streaming from the flag-staff; then a city, and steamboats and vessels gliding in and out of port.

An Unlucky Gun.

A personal friend, who is acquainted with all the circumstances, has furnished Woodstock's Tenth Legion with the following details respecting a gun:

Several years ago, Mr. Benjamin F. Miller, who resides near Washington, in Rappahannock county, had a favorite negro boy, whom he frequently took with him in his hunting excursions. On a certain occasion, he took his gun out to shoot birds near his father's house; the boy followed him as usual; and either forgetting or not observing the bov, between whom and his master were some thick bushes, he shot the bird, and killed the boy at the same time.

In November last, a man by the name of Johnson, also of that county, had baited some wild turkeys, and had concealed himself amid the limbs of a fallen pine tree, near the place, to await their arrival. Another gentleman, named Fletcher, who had by some means possessed himself of Johnson's gun, was hunting for turkeys in the same neighborhood, and passing near the tree under which Johnson was concealed, and attracted by a noise among the branches, catching a glimpse of Johnson's head, who had a fur cap, he fired, and the unhappy man fell, exclaiming, "Lord have mercy on me!" and immediately expired.

The unlucky gun was purchased of Mr. Fletcher, by a gentleman named Curran, who resides near Flint hill, in Rappahannock county. And a few weeks ago it was again the instrument of death to a human being. Mr. Curran was hunting for turkeys, near the dwelling of his brother-in-law, Mr. George W. Compton, and coming to some thick bushes, among which were grapes, and seeing something which he supposed to be a turkey, without taking a closer observation, he fired, and horrible to tell, the unfortunate object proved to be the daughter of Mr. Compton, aged nine or ten years. She lived until the next day and expired.—*Alexandria (Va.) Gazette.*

Coleridge, who was a very awkward rider, was once accosted by a wag, who remarked this peculiarity:

"I say, young man, did you meet a jallot on the road?"

"Yes," replied C., (who was never at a loss for a rejoinder,) "I did, and he told me if I went on a little further that I should meet a goose!"

The assailant was struck dumb, while the traveller jogged on.

An Irish recruit was asked by his officer, "What's your height?" to which Pat replied, "The man that measured me told me I was five foot ten, or ten foot five; I am not exactly sure which—but it was either one or the other."