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## Doctry.

**THE GRAVE YARD.**  
Sleep lightly! for beneath thy feet,  
In death's repose, so calm and sweet,  
Sleep those who were once as gay as thou,  
Whose step, once light as thine is now,  
Or wandered to this holy ground,  
Where, lingering near some turf-grown mound,  
They gazed as thou—without a sigh—  
And dreamed, like thou, they could not die.  
Oh! crush not carelessly yon flower—  
Its fragrance steals with magic power  
O'er some torn heart, whose gentle care  
The sweet love-token planted there,  
To blossom in this quiet vale,  
Fanned by the zephyr's softest gale:  
In chastest beauty there to bloom,  
Upon some precious loved one's tomb.  
Breathe softly—lest some grating sound,  
Mingling with stillness so profound,  
Should startle from their quiet rest  
The songsters that have built their nest  
High in the weeping willow tree.  
As if they, too, far off would flee  
From sorrow's withering blight, like those  
Who find beneath its boughs repose.  
Speak gently—let no careless word  
Amid the holy calm be heard:  
Let no rude tone disturb the breeze,  
That, murmuring gently through the trees,  
Seems ever chanting o'er the dead  
A requiem for the "spirit fled"—  
That seems with every breathing sigh  
To whisper, "here earth's loved ones lie."

## Miscellaneous.

**The Beauty and the Beggar.**  
"Do, Philip, order that insolent little pauper from the gate; I wonder what right a beggar can have to look at beautiful things!" There was a glance bestowed upon me all eloquent with hauteur and contempt, and the creature of floating curls and rich rustling garments, swept down the steps of her father's proud mansion.  
Thanks to my nimble extremities, they soon removed me from danger of the hiring; executing his child mistress's command, and the "insolent little pauper" stood still, very still on the crowded thoroughfare, only sometimes his fingers twirled convulsively the tassel of his top cap, and when the soft sunshine crept to his feet and looked up in his face with his bright loving smile, he would turn away slowly and mournfully, as if its beauty were not for him.  
I was a beggar! there was no denying it! That proud, beautiful girl had only spoken the truth. Ever since the autumn time before when they tumbled the dark clouds on my mother's pine coffin, I had been a beggar, and perhaps it was wrong, but I did not mean it, stopping to look at the clusters of early roses and the dark blue violets lifting their melancholy eyes to the sky, and wishing I had one to plant on my mother's grave.  
But I was a beggar! What right had I to wish such a thing?  
I remembered with that thought how the shadows crept heavier and thicker over my child spirit, until down among the pulses of my heart it seemed that a voice had awakened, and that every throb was a tongue breathing those cold, clear, taunting words again. I thought the crowds of "passers by" must hear them too, and I wondered they did not spurn me from their path. It was frightful! It was frightful, as I recall now—the paralyzing of that one hour of my boyhood, many a year has seemed shorter.  
Suddenly I thought, (I knew it slipped from the white wing of some angel,) like the sunlight—no, no! like the Heaven light crept in among the soul's shadows, and they vanished before it. That thought was, "I will be a beggar no longer." My soul had been stunned, paralyzed! That thought resuscitated it. Difficulties? no matter; I would brave and conquer them all. That hour with the great Father's help, made me all that I have ever been since. I was strong in purpose, and went upon my way fearlessly, resolutely.  
The angel looked down and saw that his mission was done; the seed he had

planted would have its harvest time; then smiled and passed homewards.

"Please, sir, will you give me one of those pretty flowers for Mamma? She is very ill, and we don't have flowers now-days, and the child questioner raised her large dark eyes imploringly to mine. Thank God! the prosperity that was His gift had not chilled my heart; so I paused and gathered some of the fairest and most fragrant of the spring blossoms and placed them in the eager little hands. It was touching! the quivering of the little fellow's lip, and choking of his voice as he tried to thank me; but there was something in the delicate tracery of the blue veins across the fair, pale brow, that arrested, then fascinated my gaze. I knew not where, but I had seen a brow like that before. 'Will you take me to your mother's?' I asked, for his threadbare garments suggested to me that my visit might be opportunely made. There was a glad, grateful assent.  
It was a long walk, but it terminated at last before a dilapidated dwelling in the suburbs of the city.  
"Mamma, mamma! I have brought you flowers, beautiful flowers," and the child sprang to the bedside of his mother. She was propped up in her couch in that scantily furnished apartment, but a gleam of wild joy stole over the pallid features, and the wasted hand was stretched with trembling eagerness as the boy placed his bouquet before her. There was a quick, convulsive sob, and then other drops than the dew lay among the crimson petals.  
She was unconscious of my presence; it was well that she was so, for I could not have spoken. I had recognized her at the first glance. I should have recognized her had she been ten-fold more changed than she was. The pale, high brow had lost much of the pride of its girlhood in the shadows that had supplanted it, and the pallid lips, much of the scorn that lay around them in bygone time, and the eyes that had flashed in anger at the "insolent little pauper," whose wistful, blooming eyes had rested for a moment upon the parterres around her luxurious home, had grown mournful and sunken.  
I stood awed and silent in the presence of the woman, whose words, twenty years before, had produced an entire change in my life and character, and who then would have regarded the "hem of her garment" contaminated, had it brushed across mine. How changed were our positions! Verily, "He putteth down one and setteth up another."  
Alarmed at his mother's emotion, the child had not directed her attention towards me, and so I moved noiselessly and undiscovered from the threshold to commune with my own heart and be still.  
The evening of that day the mother and the child were removed to the home where the childhood of the former had been passed. I had become its possessor the previous year.  
That home was left in a few weeks for another and a narrower; but she who thus left it, never dreamed, when with her dying breath she committed her child to the protection of the stranger, that for the roof that sheltered her, for all of comfort and luxury that were gathered around the "closing days of her life," she was indebted to an "insolent little pauper."

From the Household Words.

## "Who Murdered Downie."

About the end of the eighteenth century, whenever any student of the Marischal College, Aberdeen, incurred the displeasure of the humbler citizens, he was assailed with the question "who murdered Downie?" Reply and rejoinder generally brought on a collision between 'town and gown'; although the young gentlemen were accused of what was chronologically impossible. People have a right to be angry at being stigmatized as murderers, when their accusers have probability on their side; but the 'taking off' of Downie occurred when the gownsmen, so maligned, were in swaddling clothes.  
But there was a time, when to be branded as an accomplice in the slaughter of Richard Downie, made the blood run to the cheek of many a youth, and sent him home to his books, thoughtful and subdued. Downie was sacrilegious janitor at Marischal College. One of his duties consisted in securing the gate by a certain hour; previous to which all the students had to assemble in the common hall, where a latin prayer was delivered by the principal. Whether, in discharging this function, Downie was more rigid than his predecessor in office, or whether he became stricter in the performance of it at one time than another, cannot now be ascertained; but there can be no doubt that he closed the gate with austere punctuality, and that those who were not in the common hall within a minute of the prescribed time, were shut out, and were afterwards reprimanded and fined by the principal and professors. The students became irritated at this strictness, and took every petty means of annoying the sacrilegious; and in his turn applied the screw at other points of academic routine, and a fierce war soon began to rage between the collegians and the humble functionary. Downie took care that in all his proceedings he kept within the strict letter of the law, but his opponents were not so careful, and the decisions of the rulers were uniformly against them, and in favor of Downie. Reprimands and fines having failed in producing due subordination, restriction, suspension, and even the extreme sentences of expulsion had to be put in force; and in the end, law and order prevailed. But a secret and deadly grudge continued to be entertained against Downie. Various schemes of revenge were thought of.

Downie was, in common with teachers and taught, enjoying the leisure of the short New Year's vacation—the pleasure being no doubt greatly enhanced by the annoyance to which he had been subjected during the recent bickerings—when, as he was one evening seated with his family in his official residence at the gate, a messenger informed him that a gentleman of a neighboring hotel wished to speak with him. Downie obeyed the summons, and was ushered from one room into another, until at length he found himself in a large apartment hung with black, and lighted by a solitary candle. After waiting some time in this strange place, about fifty figures also dressed with black masks on their faces, presented themselves. They arranged themselves in the form of a Court, and Downie, pale with terror, was given to understand that he was about to be put to his trial.  
A judge took his seat on the Bench; a clerk and public prosecutor sat below, a jury was empaneled in front, and witnesses and spectators stood around. Downie at first set down the whole affair as a joke; but the proceedings were conducted with such persistent gravity, that, in spite of himself he began to believe in the genuine mission of the awful tribunal. The clerk read an indictment, charging him with conspiring against the liberties of the students; witnesses were examined in due form, the public prosecutor addressed the jury; and the judge summed up.  
"Gentlemen," said Downie, "the joke has been carried far enough—it is getting late, and my wife and family will be getting anxious about me. If I have been too strict with you in time past, I am sorry for it, and I assure you I will take more care in future."  
"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, without paying the slightest attention to this appeal, "consider your verdict; and if you wish to retire, do so."  
The jury retired. During their absence the most profound silence was observed; and except renewing the solitary candle that burnt beside the judge, there was not the slightest movement.  
The jury returned and recorded a verdict of guilty.  
The judge solemnly assumed a huge black cap, and addressed the prisoner:  
"Richard Downie! the jury has unanimously found you guilty of conspiring against the just liberty and immunities of the students of Marischal College. You have wantonly provoked and insulted those inoffensive lieges for some months, and your punishment will assuredly be condign. You must prepare for death. In fifteen minutes the sentence of the Court will be carried into effect."  
The judge placed his watch on the Bench. A block, an axe, and a bag of sawdust were brought into the centre of the room. A figure more terrible than

any that had yet appeared, came forward and prepared to act the part of doomsday.

It was now past midnight, there was no sound audible save the ominous ticking of the judge's watch. Downie became more and more alarmed.  
"For God's sake, gentlemen," said the terrified man, "let me go home. I promise that you never again shall have cause for complaint."  
"Richard Downie," remarked the judge, "you are vainly wasting the few moments that are left you on earth. You are in the hands of those who must have your life. No human power can save you. Attempt to utter one cry, and you are seized and your doom completed before you can utter another. Every one here present has sworn a solemn oath never to reveal the proceedings of this night; they are known to none but ourselves; and when the object for which we met is accomplished, we shall disperse unknown to any one. Prepare, then, for death; five minutes more will be allowed, and no more."  
The unfortunate man in an agony of deadly terror raved and shrieked for mercy; but the avengers paid no heed to his cries. His fevered trembling lips then moved as if in silent prayer; for he felt that the brief space between him and eternity was but a few more tickings of that ominous watch.  
"Now," exclaimed the judge.  
Four persons stepped forward and seized Downie, on whose features a cold clammy sweat had burst forth. They bared his neck, and made him kneel before the block.  
"Strike!" exclaimed the judge.  
The executioner struck his axe on the floor; an assistant on the opposite side lifted at the same moment a wet towel, and struck it across the neck of the recumbent criminal. A loud laugh announced that the joke had at last come to an end.  
But Downie responded not to the uproarious merriment—they laughed again—but still he moved not—they lifted him and Downie was dead!

Fright had killed him as effectually as if the axe of a real headsman had severed his head from his body.  
It was tragedy to all. The medical students tried to open a vein, but all was over; and the conspirators had now to bethink themselves of safety. They now in reality swore an oath among themselves, and the affrighted young men, carrying their disguises with them, left the body of Downie lying at the hotel. One of their number told the landlord that their entertainment was not yet quite over, and that they did not wish the individual that was left in the room to be disturbed for some hours. This was to give them all time to make their escape.  
Next morning the body was found. Judicial inquiry was instituted, but no satisfactory result could be arrived at. The corpse of poor Downie exhibited no mark of violence, internal or external. The will between him and the students was known; it was also known that the students hired apartments in the hotel for theatrical representation—that Downie had been sent for by them, but beyond this, nothing was known. No noise had been heard, no proof of murder could be adduced. Of two hundred students at the College, who could point out the guilty or suspected fifty? Moreover, the students were scattered over the city, and the magistrates themselves had many of their own families among the number, and it was not desirable to go into the affair too minutely. Downie's widow and family were provided for—and his slaughter remained a mystery, until about fifteen years after its occurrence, a gentleman on his death-bed disclosed the whole particulars, and avowed himself to have belonged to the obnoxious class of students who murdered Downie.

## What was It Cut With.

A party of friends had assembled one evening, and after discussing the various topics of the day, one remarked:  
"Well, boys, I suppose you've heard of Davis Duncombe's marriage!"  
Some of them had and some of them had not.  
"Well," continued the speaker, "he is married, and I was at the wedding. A right merry time we had of it, too, but there was one thing that surprised me, and that was the manner in which they cut the wedding cake. Now what do you think they cut it with?"  
"The wedding ring," said one.  
"No."  
"A string," said another.  
"No."  
"A stick whittled to an edge," suggested a third.  
"No."  
"A piece of tin," ventured a fourth, thinking he had hit it.  
"No."  
"Well, what was it," exclaimed they, all in one breath, after guessing every imaginable article they could think of, except the right one, that could either possibly, or impossibly be put through a cake.  
"Why," said the quiz, "they cut it with a knife, to be sure."  
The worst wheel of the cart makes the most noise.

From the Delaware State Journal.

## The Yankee General.

Of all the Yankee Generals,  
In the east or in the west;  
O! the Gallant Jersey General,  
Is the greatest and the best!  
He can flog the whole creation,  
And the lanky boys beside;  
He's the hero of the nation,  
And the people's greatest pride!  
Then gallant Whigs, gallant Whigs,  
March to the fray;  
Strike for Scott and Graham,  
Strike without delay!  
Old Scott, he is brave and tough,  
Never despair!  
And Uncle Sam is satisfied,  
To have him in the chair.  
Santa Anna said he'd capture him,  
With one decisive blow;  
If he should dare an army raise,  
And march to Mexico!  
But it seems he changed his notion,  
When the noble chief appear'd,  
And flogged him so outrageously,  
That General Pierce got scared!  
Then gallant Whigs, &c.  
Now, he's got another army,  
And he's leading on the van,  
And the foe he's got to pummel,  
Is this frightened lanky man;  
But he'll do it without mercy,  
He will make him bawl and sing,  
O let me up old Chippewa,  
While Graham flogs the King!  
Then gallant Whigs, &c.  
Yes, we're bound to heat the lokies,  
With the leader we have got,  
And we'll show the British party,  
That the people's choice is Scott!  
Let them chuckle till November,  
With their poor New Hampshire tool,  
Then we'll teach them to remember  
That the Whigs again must rule!  
Then gallant Whigs, gallant Whigs,  
March to the fray;  
Strike for Scott and Graham,  
Strike without delay!  
Old Scott, he is brave and tough,  
Never despair!  
And Uncle Sam is satisfied,  
To have him in the chair!

## Why we Support Gen. Scott.

Extract from the Speech of Judge Conrad at Harrisburg.  
Some forty-five years since, a youthful student sat in the office of a sage of the Old Dominion. B. Watkins Leigh, and pondered on the condition of his country and the duty that he owed her. The times were out of joint. The nations seemed loosened from their moorings, and were driven and clashing on the waves of an almost universal war, like icebergs in a polar temper. Our own bright land did not escape the storm. Her flag had been outraged on every sea; her sons dragged into slavery, and even forced to raise a paracidal arm against their country. War was inevitable, and at fearful odds—a war not only for honor and freedom, but for existence itself. Was it well that he, that gifted student, every pulse of whose heart beat for his country, should nurse her schemes of tranquil ambition, when such a peril and such a duty invoked him? No; and his high brow glowed and his quick eye flashed as he vowed himself for life or death, to the cause of his country. By that resolve was Winfield Scott—every faculty of his high nature, every drop of his noble heart—dedicated to the duties of patriotism. Never was a purer offering laid upon a holier altar; and for that, that noble resolve and its nobler fulfillment, do I now claim your admiration and gratitude.  
The gathering clouds soon burst upon our country. She struggled, but her heart seemed, for a time, faint, and her arm nerveless. Calamity followed calamity, until, in the base surrender of Hull, treason and reproach were added to her afflictions. Her heart swelled, her frame quivered with rage, and she shed hot tears of shame and sorrow. One patriot there was who determined that the gulf of shame, like that of Curtius, should be closed, though it entombed him; and he offered himself a sacrifice. In the desperate struggle on the heights of Queenstown, death itself seemed to shrink from his daring. "You are the target of every rifle—cover your uniform with this coat," said Kearney to Scott. "Never" was the reply; "I will die in my robes." I derive this fact from General Kearney himself. Surrendered by an overwhelming force, Scott thus addressed his men. Can Greek or Roman story afford a parallel? Hull's ignominious surrender," he said, "must be retrieved. Let us, then, die arms in hand. Our country demands the sacrifice. The example will not be lost. The blood of the slain will make heroes of the living. Who is ready for the sacrifice?" Hull's surrender was retrieved—their gallantry did wipe out the stain—the first and last—of our country; but Scott became the prisoner of the foe; and amid the perils and privations of such a captivity, surrounded by British tyrants and Indian assassins, he filled the first measure of his sacrifices for his country. For this, I ask your votes for the patriot, and inquire, in his words at Queenstown, "ARE YOU READY?" Again Scott was free—again at the head of a gallant band of freemen—and again before a superior force of the enemy; and for his have been no holiday achievements; every laurel upon his brow has cost a death struggle. Lundy's Lane is one of the best fought battles in history. The sun went down upon the conflict, and the night wore on—the harvest moon struggling through the clouded heavens and fitfully lighting up the field where death was the only reaper; and yet volley answered volley, deafening Niagara, and the clash of bayonets and the shrieks and shouts of the combatants still made night hideous. Scott was the very spirit of the battle-storm. His tall form was seen, crimson with blood, in every desperate eddy of the fight, and his clarion voice was heard above the wildest conflict. He throttled victory, and conquered against fate. And when covered with wounds supposed to be mortal, he fell, his last words were orders to charge,

Science Answering Questions.

Why is rain water soft? Because it is not impregnated with earths and minerals.  
Why is it more easy to wash with soft water than with hard? Because soft water unites freely with soap, and dissolves it instead of decomposing it, as hard water does.  
Why do wood ashes make hard water soft? 1st, Because the carbonic acid of wood ashes combines with the sulphate of lime in the hard water, and converts it into chalk; and 2dly, Wood ashes convert some of the soluble salts of water into insoluble, and throw them down as a sediment, by which the water remains more pure.  
Why has rain water such an unpleasant smell when it is collected in a rain-water tub or tank? Because it is impregnated with decomposed organic matters, washed from roofs, trees, or the casks in which it is collected.  
Why does water melt salt? Because very minute particles of water insinuate themselves into the pores of the salt by capillary attraction, and force the crystals apart from each other.  
How does blowing hot foods make them cool? It causes the air which has been heated by the food to change more rapidly, and give place to fresh cold air.  
Why do ladies fan themselves in hot weather? That fresh particles of air may be brought in contact with their face by the action of the fan; and as every fresh particle of air absorbs some heat from the skin, this constant change makes them cool.  
Does a fan cool the air? No; it makes the air hotter, by imparting to it the heat of our face; but it cools our face, by transferring its heat to the air.  
Why is there always a strong draught through the keyhole of a door? Because the air in the room we occupy is warmer than the air in the hall; therefore, the air from the hall rushes through the keyhole into the room, and causes a draught.  
Why is there always a strong draught under the door, and through the crevices on each side? Because cold air rushes from the hall, to supply the void in the room caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.  
Why is there always a draught through the window crevices? Because the external air, being colder than the air of the room we occupy, rushes through the window crevices to supply the deficiency caused by the escape of warm air up the chimney, etc.  
If you open the lower sash of the window, there is more draught than if you open the upper sash. Explain the reason of this. If the lower sash be open, cold external air will rush freely into the room, and cause a great draught inwards; but if the upper sash be open, the heated air of the room will rush out; and, of course, there will be less draught inwards.  
By which means is a room better ventilated, by opening the upper and lower sash? A room is better ventilated by opening the upper sash; because the hot, vitiated air, which always ascends towards the ceiling, can escape more easily.  
By which means is a hot room more quickly cooled, by opening the upper or lower sash? A hot room is cooled more quickly by opening the lower sash; because the cold air can enter more freely at the lower part of the room than at the upper.  
Why does the wind dry damp linen? Because dry wind, like a dry sponge, imbibes the particles of vapor from the surface of the linen, as fast as they are formed.  
Which is the hottest place in a church or chapel? The gallery.  
Why is the gallery of all public places hotter than the lower parts of the building? Because the heated air of the building ascends; and all the cold air which can enter through the doors and windows keeps to the floor, till it has become heated.  
Why do plants often grow out of walls and towers? Either because the wind blew the seed there with the dust; or else because some bird, flying over, dropped seed there which it had formerly eaten.—Dr. Brewer's Guide to Science.

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