The "Democrat."

O. G. HEMPSTEAD, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS a year cash in advance, or two dollars if not paid until the end of the year or time of subscription.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the Publisher.

All communications must be POST PAID to receive attention.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

One Square, (twelve lines, or less,) 3 insertions,	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion,	25
One Square, 3 months,	2 50
" " 6 months,	4 00
Business Cards, of four lines or less,	2 00
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One column, one year,	35 00

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The Montrose Democrat.

Devoted to Politics, News, Literature, Agriculture, Science, and Morality.

VOLUME VI. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1849. NUMBER 16.

Poetry.

The Emigrant's First Thoughts on Landing in America.

From my own dear *land of liberty*, I've roam'd unto the West,
Where the sun of Freedom shines upon the Prairies' ample breast;
There the glorious rays of dying day rest on the mountain top,
And though I there may wander, yet I will not cease to hope,
Of once more treading Scottish earth and seeing home again,
With all the darling smiles of love which shall be dearer then.

From the land of Bruce and Wallace, and of many a patriot name,
With a heart well-pledged to love it, to America I came,
And while I thought of heroes who had died the patriot's death,
I also thought of others who can still show equal faith.
I also thought of Washington, whose fervour roused the ranks
Of Freedom, to sweep o'er the foe as rivers o'er their banks.

From the land of song and romance, I tore myself away,
But 'twas to seek another land, where romance now held sway,
Where song is sounding in the bush, and music in the marsh,
So dear and sweet to many hearts that none may think it harsh:
And here the Bard is honored—the warrior finds his fame,
And not as 'tis in other lands where worth is but a name.

From the land of love and truthfulness my fancy long'd to roam,
And see if other lands could show a scene so dear as home:
And loving it so lavishly, I wander'd to compare
My home with homes of aliens, but none to me so fair,
It is the haven of my hopes, and I shall see it yet.
The dearer more that I have seemed its beauties to forget.

Then hail to thee America—forgive me if I pine
Sometimes when thoughts of home will rise—those thoughts are often mine:
My heart is open to the world, my hand is ready too,
And I would act by every one as they to me should do;
For God is good—the world is wide—all have a various aim,
But to the last as from the first, the end is still the same.

Miscellany.

SALUTATORY ADDRESS,

Of the Amphictyon Literary Society of Franklin Academy,

Delivered at the Quarterly Exhibition of the Society, by L. ROBINSON, of Brooklyn, April 5th, 1849.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—

In pursuance of a usage long established, at this, and like Institutions of learning, we, the members of the Amphictyon Club, again make an appearance upon the stage, to exhibit to you who have been so kind as to favor us by your attendance, our advancement in intellectual improvement.

We, as, students, are deeply sensible of the long and condescending indulgence, of the many marks of favor and patronage, bestowed upon us, and the Institution to which we have the honor of belonging, and it is to express our strong and heart-felt appreciation of these, as well as to crave a continuance of your forbearance, that I now, in the name of my Society, address you

Aware that it is to the support and encouragement, of an intelligent, and enlightened community, in a great measure, that we may look for success in our aims at distinction, as a literary Association, how could we experience other than the most lively emotions of pleasure, at seeing so great a degree of interest evinced in our behalf, by those, to whose just and impartial verdict we have long since learned to bow?

Be assured then, that no efforts shall be wanting, on our part, not only to render our exercises entertaining, but the name Amphictyon worthy your lasting regard, and, if fortune shall smile upon us, and we succeed in our endeavors to interest you, the sole object of our display will be attained, and we shall go off the stage satisfied, and feel a redoubled incentive to future actions—a renewed spirit of emulation enkindled within us, which shall long illumine the dark hours of weary life, and shine forth the bright day-star of our existence through the drear maze of after time. But, if perchance, all our efforts to please shall fail of their desired object, if our every endeavor to merit your approbation and obtain your plaudits prove abortive, we beg you to look upon us with a lenient eye, and trust to the wonders working influence of our Motto's magic power to call forth greater exertions, and as a consequence, more signal success in future.

Amphictyons and fellow students, permit me now to address you.

The grand drama of life is about opening before us, in which, as sentient beings, we have a great, a momentous part to act. In all its varied and ever changing scenery, its strange and wildering mazes we must participate. In this respect, with us nothing is optional. The Almighty arbiter of the universe has ordained that every creature bearing that proud stamp of Deity, exhibited in an immortal mind, should hold some agency in the mighty machinery of Creation. Thus far, we are bound by the immutable decrees of Omnipotence—we must act. And who would wish it otherwise? Who that ever felt the ennobling aspirations of God-like mind, would for a moment exchange that proud independence which constitutes his moral agency, for a state of blind and passive inertia (if I may so term it) which would be consequent, upon the loss of this high prerogative of his nature, and rich munificence of bounteous Heaven to man? There is none, there can be none. The many countenances which I behold around me glowing with all the effulgence of high-born intellect, the eyes beaming forth the Promethean vigor of the soul, speak too highly of the generous and exalted sentiments of the human heart

But the character which this drama shall assume, depends entirely upon the "dramatis personæ"—the actors themselves. If then, we perform our respective parts upon the theatre of the future, honorably and nobly, if we permit no means for ensuring success and the attainment of our ultimate purposes, to remain unemployed, but hold with skill and fidelity every station to which we may be called the plaudits of an admiring world shall reward our labor and the memory of posterity be a lasting tribute, to our praise Otherwise, if we pass through the world ignorant of the exalted trusts committed to our charge, and our high responsibilities as moral and intellectual beings, I say, if regardless to the great ends of our existence, we suffer ourselves to be borne heedlessly and carelessly along down the stream of time the detestation of mankind shall be our only guidance and the waves of Oblivion hide our deep disgrace

To ourselves, and ourselves alone is committed the ordering of our own destiny, and accordingly as we hold the quenching rivers of Fortune, will we be happy and glorious or miserable, and our memory covered with shame

Amphictyons what course then will you pursue? At what goal will you arrive? Choose now while the world with all its glittering visions is open to your ambition—while every scheme for the attainment of wealth, honor and distinction invites your participation and having once resolved, prepare yourselves for the issue, and follow out your plans with a spirit of determined assiduty and their consummation is sure—is inevitable What hope inspires your bosoms? Pursue it and it shall be realized What ardent wish is struggling within?—it shall be gratified Do you aspire for martial glory? Would you deck your brows with laurels won on bloody fields? Go follow in the train of War's victorious chariot, and, from the blood of slaughtered millions, quaff your fill of fame, and sate greedy lusts in seas of human gore

Are riches your desire? Can wealth bring satisfaction to your craving natures? Then worship at the shrine of Pluto, implore with vows his potent will, and from the old blind monster ask this boon, and it shall be granted. Dive deep into the bosom of the Earth, and bring her treasures forth The golden sands from Afric's arid shores, and sparkling gems from Indies to fill your hoards Bid rich Peruvia, her mines disclose and yield her hidden stores Follow wherever the gilded vision leads pursue the glittering prize and ever this is gained But, ye say you; ours is a higher, a nobler ambition than Macedon's proud monarch e'er could boast No Alexander's conquests nor Croesus's stored wealth is ought when measured by the prize we seek 'Tis not for conquests won—for armies led in [illegible] 'Tis not the plunder of unnumbered hosts, the spoil of cities sacked that we would gain, nor trophies from a thousand conquered fields We seek a treasure that time, nor chance can change, nor weight of rolling years can e'er destroy Our highest aim is wisdom, our only wish the endowment of the mind Sieze then this valued boon, this prize inestimate while yet 'tis open to your grasp and waits to shed its quickening radiance forth, for indeed, than the attainment of this, no scheme is more worthy the attention of an immortal mind. When viewed in comparison, all others dwindle down to nought, and by their insignificance enhance its worth For this old Homer, Socrates, and Plato sought, and Grecia's nameless sages toiled, and in their tireless search made vast excursions through the realms of thought Once more I say then, go on in the laudable enterprise in which you have embarked. Surmount every obstacle which may oppose your progress. Bear up against every gale of Fortune which may assail you in your devious passage across the dark sea of future life. Permit no discouragements to check your advances towards the glittering goal and rest assured, that under the auspices of that soul inspiring word "improvement" you shall attain to the acme of your highest earthly hopes

GEN. SAM HOUSTON.

The New York Sunday Atlas gives the following interesting particulars of the history of this distinguished individual:

"About the year 1820-1, he was elected Governor of Tennessee. He held the office a brief period only, when he resigned his responsibilities and honors; and abjuring civilized life migrated to the region west of the Mississippi, and was adopted as a son by one of the Indian chieftains He assumed the habits, and clad himself in the attire of a roving son of the wilderness.—He remained in the forest a year or two, when he returned to the scenes of civilized life, and commenced the practice of the law in Natches. It was while he was in Natchez that he set up the famous scheme for the conquest of Texas

There was something of the romantic, of the wild and wonderful in Gen. Houston's abdication of the Executive office of Tennessee. It was an act that few men could or would have survived. It was the result of passion—and that passion was love! He had been married but a few months when his abdication took place. His wife was a lady of great respectability, a native of the county of Rutherford or Maury—we forget which—and was residing temporarily with her parents whilst Governor Houston was at Murfreesborough, then the seat of government, attending to his official duties. One day, the lady ordered her carriage and proceeded to the seat of the local government. Arriving at the State House, she sent a message to the executive department, informing her husband that she had arrived and was awaiting his attention. He returned for an answer that he was very much engaged in official duties—that if she would return to her hotel, he would be with her as speedily as possible

The lady received the message, and directed her coachman to take her back again to the residence of her parents. "If I be not of sufficient consequence," she said, "to induce Gov Houston to neglect all other business to attend to me, I am not worthy of being his wife. As husband and wife we never meet again."

All attempts to conciliate and win her back again, proved fruitless, and a divorce was the consequence Stung to the quick, and mortified beyond all conception, Gov. Houston left Tennessee, and adopted the life of an Indian

From the Democratic Review

A WEDDING

IN THE GATE OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

The Rocky Mountains are but the northern link and continuation of the great Andes chain—that matchless chain which cuts the Equator, and bisects the globe. And nowhere through the entire length of this vast range, imbedded, as it is, in the bosom of every zone, does nature offer to the eye any grander scenery than the hoary heights of our own Rocky Mountains, mailed in marble, and hooded with snow. In popular apprehension, these latter are commonly considered as one immense geological mass. This is the remote view, and correct only as a rude and sweeping generalization. A closer scrutiny immediately detects three extensive and characteristic divisions.—First, there is the main eastern range, or Rocky Mountains proper, rising on a base three hundred miles abroad, and running from the *Sierra de los Mimbres*, in New Mexico, to the blue ice of the Artic Ocean, perhaps farther, to the extreme summit of the frozen pole. Then again, there is the middle, or Cascade range, which takes the name of "Nevada," in Alta California, and stretches from the Gulf of Pearls, once called "the Vermillion Sea," away into the snows of Russian America. Lastly, there is the coast range, low, but strong—the barrier that baffles the surges of the Pacific.

If we include in our survey the entire slopes of this amazing trifurcated group, the transverse line through the whole plane of its base is more than two thousand miles in length. The curves of its surface, also, are remarkably contradistinguished from all other mountainous regions within the domain of geography; and could the totality of its features be *daguerreotyped* on a scale sufficiently large, the picture would astonish the world. On the eastern descent, we would see far-reaching rivers winding like silver threads on the emerald borders of immeasurable prairies. There is the country of the Camanches, Pawnees, and valiant Sioux To the west, we behold streams, which are torrents, dashing with the roar of thunder through enormous caverns, or leaping in the white foam of cataracts down mural cliffs, whose lofty brows do battle with the clouds Here, too, is *the great basin*, with its snow-bound rim of sky-piercing mountains, its mysterious lake, and mighty plains of sand and salt, and rivers, that send no tribute to the sea. Here the *mirage* of the desert revels in the splendor of optical illusion; and gigantic spectres dog the footsteps, and imitate the motions of the bewildered traveller from daylight till dark. This vast western declivity is the home of the Apaches, the Utahs, the brave Walla-wallas, the Snakes, and countless hordes of ferocious Diggers In the centre, we see the principal wall of granite, with its soaring pinnacles, like Titanic bastions, bristling on high, or utterly lost from the view in the deep azure of the celestial vault. Beneath the beetling brows of these, icy lakes expand and fathomless canadas yawn, into which, no beam of sun or stars shall find its way till the shock of doom. Here roam the ruthless Blackfeet and warlike Crows; while around the wandering hunter, the braves of tribes without a name, skim the frozen crust, sliding on their snow-shoes, swift as the winged winds.

Everywhere, also, scattered at intervals, cresting the mountain, and shooting above the plain, the field of our picture presents those extraordinary *buttes-unique*, without a parallel in the topography of the world—Some display the outlines of old feudal castles, with turrets and spires glistening in the sun; others assume the shape of colossal columns, surmounted by domes of black basalt, or cupolas of snowy marble. The whole vista wears the appearance of enchantment, as if some poet's wild dream had been realized in the form of imperishable stone.

The range throughout is subject to the most appalling storms. At such times the thunder rattles from peak to peak, riving the cliff, and rending the avalanche; and the lightening blazes till the air seems like a burning sea, and heaven's canopy but a vast sheet of fire; while the howling hurricane sweeps onwards with the fury of a force, that rocks alone can resist. And yet these mountains boast their *white*, as well as *red* inhabitants. Yes, *there*, far as the footsteps of the buffalo and elk, and high as the flight of the harbinger bee, in spite of sterile nature and savage man, one thousand Anglo-Americans have chosen their permanent abode, where few birds dare to build. Avarice, misanthropy, romance, love disappointment, and, perchance, crime, have, poured this heterogeneous people of traders, trappers and hunters, into such sublime solitudes. And more singular still, so intoxicating prove the charms of that wild-wood life, not an instance has occurred of its voluntary abandonment, or more than a transient return of the exile to civilized and social enjoyment. Yet this is the bloody ground, where hecatombs have fallen.—Their unburied bones bleach on the desert, are flapped by the raven, and gnawed by the wolf. The wailing winds murmur, and lonely torrents talk of the dead. Sequestered gorges, and solemn rocks, even rivers, are named after the murdered.—Each new name commemorates a death.—But fresh recruits take the places of the perished; and the muster-roll of fearless wanderers always remains full! So sweet is the exhilarating gas of mountain ether!

At first sight, the stupendous rocky chain strikes us as utterly impassable. Its arid wastes below, its towering peaks above, seem to interpose an eternal barrier against the westerly tide of emigration What pioneer, in his rude wagon of wood, with his wife and children, may dare attempt to scale yonder Cylopean wall guarded, as it is, by whole nations of barbarians? Absurd and visionary as such a feat may appear in idea, it has been achieved by multitudes, annually, for more than a dozen years—Long before Captain Fremont and his party filled the mouth of fame with the rumor of their exploits, the bare feet of backwoods boys and girls had made tracts in the sand of the South Pass. For neither rocks, rivers, or seas, can stay the march of the army of American pioneers. The perils, privations, and hardships of these *avant-guards* of freedom were sufficient to dismay the most heroic hearts, but were powerless to chill the ardor, or check the progress of a people, who have expunged the words *fear* and *retreat* from the vocabulary of their land's language. Brave first pioneers, ye deserved a rich reward. The first flash of the great gold mines is yours.

The incidents of the following story, related to the author by one of the actors in its thrilling scenes, present a brief but vivid picture of the dangers to which the earliest adventurers were usually exposed:

On the evening of the 4th of July, 1844, two families of emigrants night be seen tented for the night at "the Pacific Spring," on the main trail from Missouri to Oregon and Upper California. They had left Independence, the common point of departure and then one thousand miles behind them, in company with a much more numerous band But dissensions had occurred, as must always happen in the absence of government, or executive physical force, and the voluntary organization split into fragments, which latter, however, continued to roll onwards, like the broken pieces of a flying ball, under the impetus of their original projection. These two families, disgusted with the obstinacy and riotous spirit of their comrades, had determined to advance alone; and being provided with excellent teams, and many loose mules and oxen, so as to rest their animals by frequent changes in the wearing services of their journey, they had been enabled to reach the first fountain which mingles its waters with the western ocean—and hence called "the Pacific Spring," some ten days sooner than the remainder of the band. Thus they were in no danger of being surprised in the Sierra Nevada by the permature fall of autumnal snow, a most dreadful contingency, which pioneers are most anxious to avoid.

But the forward movement of so diminutive a party was hazardous in the extreme. In all, they numbered only a dozen persons; four of these were small children, and the rest adults of opposite sexes, in equal proportions Their energy, prudence and perseverance, in spite of the hostile and thievish savages that hovered around their way, had carried them safely thus far, half the distance of their route of two thousand miles, and would probably have borne them to the settlements of the Sacramento, had not a casualty intervened, as unexpected as it was impossible to foresee or resist.

In the meantime, the little band, not conscious of the impending danger, appeared to be in the happiest mood, cooked their frugal supper over a fire of "buffalo chips," amidst jokes, laughter, and scraps of forest song, and indulged the while in the brightest anticipations as to "the promised land" before them.

About sunset, a youth and maiden strolled from their camp, and ascended one of those tall elevations, which overlook and command the celebrated "South Pass."—The view opened into indescribable grandeur and solemn desolation. Immense plains measureless mountains extended wide as the circumference of sight. and the whole glittered in the red rays of evening, as if sprinkled with a baptism of burning gold. But the finest point in the glorious perspective was the noble Pass itself—that great gate in the mountain wall—so easy of ascent, that a railway might be run without excavation, to the very key of its gentle arch, and so exceedingly broad, that all the armies on the globe might deploy within its area, and neither wing of their mighty line would touch the edge of its enormous gap.

The lovers, (for such they were,) looked till they were lost in emotions of sublimity, and in blended ecstacy and devout awe pressed involuntarily closer to each other. Then their two hearts throbbed together as one, and the musical beats of their warm life-pulses became a chime and choral anthem, for they saw the name of nature's God sculptured on the mute marble of ten thousand rocks. What mattered it, that both were indigenous products of the far frontier, and clothed in smoke-tinted leather, and coarse-threaded home-spun? That did not bar them from love and worship, any more than from dew and sunshine. He was brave above fear, and she was beautiful beyond words. Hence their love was youth's necessity—as natural as the emission of odor from flowers, or as the coming of flowers at the call of May.

"What a grand church for our wedding!" whispered Henry, as they gazed down on their white canvass tents, beside "The Pacific Spring," whence arose the tinkling melody of mule-bells, and the ringing merriment of children's voices.

Emma's soul was in her eye; but she answered only with a smile and a blush.

"You remember your promise," continued Henry, "made one month ago, at the Grand Island of the Platte, to be my bride at the first fountain flowing towards California; and there it is. That sweet spring sends its icy rill to Green River, which, lower down, is called the Colorado of the West, and empties its waters into the pearl-producing gulf."

At the instant, the lovers started, for both, at the same time, discovered several dark-looking objects in the south, towards that extraordinary *butte*, which has since received the name of "Jacob's Tower." Their first thought was of Indians But a nearer approach of the moving forms dissipated all apprehension They appeared to be a herd of elk, leisurely grazing in the short, wild sage of the sterile plain. The emigrants were ignorant of the singular fact, that the prairie Indians frequently assume the skins and shapes of the various animals, and in this strange metamorphoses take the unwary traveller by surprise.

As twilight gradually deepened over the earth and sky, the youth and maiden descended to their camp. Supper was soon despatched, and all prepared for the nuptial ceremony. Emma's father, a Baptist minister, officiated as chaplain. It may readily be conceived that few luxuries had been provided for the occasion. Such occasions are common among pioneer parties Some delicious buffalo marrow was handed round, and supplied the place of sugar-coated cake. There were no torches or torch-bearers But the rising moon made an excellent lamp, and the stars resplendent candles The scene had intense national significance. It was a symbol worthy of the profoundest study; for, if emigration is the pivot of American progress, holy matrimony is the main-spring of emigration Hence, a wedding among emigrants, in the Gate of the Rocky Mountains, and on the *Fourth of July*, was in itself sublime

The congratulations of friends were scarcely over, when a dozen Indians entered the encampment Their appearance excited no alarm, as they were nearly naked, and entirely destitute of weapons. They said, that they were Utahs, and offered for barter a peculiar sort of bread, composed of dry seeds of the wild sun-flower and grass-hoppers, in about equal quantities, pounded, mixed, and parched together. Such an article of food would, of course, find no civilized purchasers Presently these hideous savages were joined by a still greater number, all in the same unwarlike condition, with the exception of one. This was a huge, giant-limbed barbarian, in aspect very different from his comrades. A profusion of matted hair hung around his broad shoulders, and a bristling beard covered the lower part of his face. His body was clothed in deer skin, and his ferocious countenance seemed absolutely frightful, from the strong obliquity of his little grey eyes. He was obviously a white-man turned savage. The wretch looked on the emigrants with a sinister expression, boding evil fortune, until his glance fell on the new bride, when his features contracted into a diabolical smile.

At the moment, Emma recognized him, and screamed, "It is Bill Moore—the murderer of my brother!"

Immediately the outlaw gave a loud whoop, (the preconcerted signal,) and the whole band of Indians sprang like so many mad panthers, and grappled with the emigrants. The latter, both men and women, resisted with the bravery of desperation.—The odds, however, was too great; and in a brief space they were all overpowered, tied with cords of bark, and lay helpless on the ground, at the mercy of their captors. Then, at the command of their renegade chief, the Utahs broke into pieces all the rifles they could find, and prepared to depart, leaving all the males fast bound, and carrying with them the females. The shrieks of the poor women, as they struggled in vain with the naked arms which dragged them away, were most piteous to hear; while the horrors of the hour were increased by the cries of children clinging convulsively to the bosoms of their mothers.

The case seemed hopeless, when a third party arrived on the mournful theatre. The brilliant light of the full moon revealed a large company of Indians on horseback, dashing rapidly towards the camp. They were headed by a beautiful young female, dressed in a buck skin shirt, pantaloons, and moccasins, adorned with many tasteful golden ornaments, whose graceful figure sat upon her fine steed with fairy-like ease and elegance.

"Soshones! Soshones!" shouted the Utahs, giving way to a panic of ungovernable terror, and flying off in all directions, leaving their prisoners astonished at so singular a deliverance. But there was one who did not let go his victim. The refugee, Bill Moore, seized the fainting form of Emma, and scaling, with incredible velocity, a neighboring eminence, disappeared with his living burden beyond its tall summit.

The minute after, the friendly Soshones reached the scene of recent outrage, and cut loose the cords with which the captives had been tied, hand and foot. The lovely leader of the Snakes explained, by signs, and some few words of broken English, that the commander of the Utahs was her husband, and had that morning gone out, under the pretence of hunting, when she was informed by a comrade, of her false lord's intention to carry off a white woman, during the night, from the South pass—a woman whom he had seen the previous day, on the Sweet Water river, and recognized as one he had loved before his exile among the Indians. This intelligence drove Henry almost distracted; and, as well as he was able, by gestures, he told the other that her husband had borne away his wife, pointed out the course they had taken, and entreated her to pursue them, and suffer him to attend the company.

The dark eyes of the female Soshone lighted with the fires of jealousy and revenge. She instantly provided Henry with a fleet horse. He found his rifle, which, by good luck, had escaped the general mutilation, and having mounted the hardy steed of the prairies, the whole band of Snakes dashed onwards. Making a short circuit round the hill, over which Bill Moore had passed, they soon reached the level plain, and obtained a sight of the fugitive, who was galloping off on a strong horse, that doubtless had been concealed for the present purpose, and the flutter of the white garments on the wind proved that the victim was borne in the abhorrent rider's lap.

The Soshone woman uttered a piercing yell, and the pursuers augmented their speed to a rate which rapidly diminished the distance betwixt them and their object. The chase extended south, in the direction of the spiral-shaped *butte*, now known as "Jacob's Tower;" and as the troop neared it, the felon was not more than one hundred yards ahead. His escape seemed impossible, for the rocky structure was of considerable height, and its irregular sides looked steep as the walls of a house Hence even the savages were astonished when they beheld Moore leap from his steed, and still supporting the weight of his burden, begin to ascend the extraordinary *butte*. He had discovered a narrow and difficult crevice, that enabled him to climb to the very top of the precipice. Most of the Snakes, notwithstanding the entreaties of their female leader, drew back, afraid to attempt the dangerous elevation. But Henry paused not a moment. Clinging to his rifle, he urged his way up the frowning cliff, and by the utmost exertions, at last succeeded in gaining the dizzy summit. Here an appalling spectacle met his eye. Moore, having despaired of eluding the pursuit of the Soshones, was endeavoring to murder the beautiful Emma. Being unprovided with weapons, which he had lost in his hasty flight, the human fiend was choking his captive to death. One bound brought Henry within striking distance. He could not take time to cock his rifle. A single blow from the heavy iron barrell went crashing thro' the bones of the villain's skull, and sent him to settle his final account at a bar where the court is witness as well as judge

Henry at first supposed that his young bride was a corpse. He pressed her pale lips to his own. They were covered with white foam, and felt chill and frosty. Her blue eyes were closed. Oh! what a horror, that so much youth and beauty should perish by such a death!

But a few minutes of gentle pressure to that warm and loving bosom, of which she was sole queen and idol, served to re-animate her fainting form. Her eyes shone out again like the jewel of night after a passing cloud, and a sweet murmur rippled in the calm atmosphere on the peak of "Jacob's Tower"—"Dearest, I have had a dreadful dream."

Those who would hear more of Henry and Emma, must take a trip to the fountains of Feather River, or wait for our next story of "The World's Mint Gold Mines."

THE LAST SUNDAY OF CHARLES II.

From Macaulay's History of England.

"His palace had seldom presented a gayer or more scandalous appearance than on the evening of Sunday, the first of February, 1685. Some grave persons who had gone thither, after the fashion of that age, to pay their duty to their sovereign, and who had expected that, on such a day, his court would wear a decent aspect, were struck with astonishment and horror. The great gallery of Whitehall, an admirable relic of the magnificence of the Tudors, was crowded with revellers and gamblers. The king sat there chatting and toying with three women, whose charms were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace of three nations. Barbara Palmer, Duchess of Cleveland, was there, no longer young, but still retaining some traces of that superb and voluptuous loveliness which twenty years before overcame the hearts of all men. There too was the Duchess of Portsmouth, whose soft and infantile features were lighted up with the vivacity of France.—Hortensia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, and niece of the great Cardinal, completed the group. She had been early removed from her native Italy to the court where her uncle was supreme. His power and her own attractions had drawn a crowd of illustrious suitors round her. Charles himself, during his exile, had sought her hand in vain. No gift of nature or of fortune seemed to be wanting to her. Her face was beautiful with the rich beauty of the south, her understanding quick, her manners graceful, her rank exalted, her possessions immense; but her ungovernable passions had turned all these blessings into curses. She had found the misery of an ill assorted marriage intolerable, had fled from her husband, had abandoned her vast wealth, and, after having astonished Rome and Piedmont by her adventures, had fixed her abode in England. Her house was the favorite resort of men of wit and pleasure, who, for the sake of her smiles and her table, endured her frequent fits of insolence and ill humor. Rochester and Godolphin sometimes forgot the cares of state in her company. Barillion and Saint Evremond found in her drawing-room consolation for their long banishment from Paris. The learning of Vossius, the wit of Waller, were daily employed to flatter and amuse her.—But her diseased mind required stronger stimulants, and sought them in gallantry, in basset, and in sequebaugh. While Charles flirted with his three sultanas, Hortensia's French page, a handsome boy, whose vocal performances were the delight of Whitehall, and were rewarded by numerous presents of rich clothes, ponies, and guineas, warbled some amorous verses. A party of twenty courtiers was seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper: his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early."

The introduction of the Roman Catholic priest by the Duke of York, and the last moments of the king, are thus described:

"The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was then opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. 'Sir,' said the duke, 'this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul.' Charles faintly answered, 'He is welcome.' Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's supper. 'Surely,' said Charles 'if I am not unworthy.' The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts upon the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew.—The whole ceremony had occupied about three-quarters of an hour; and, during that time, the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

"It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bedside, the dukes of Graham, Southhampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duches of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duches of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond.—One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father."

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duches of portsmouth and her boy to the care of James; 'And do not,' he goodnaturely added, 'let poor Nelly starve.' The queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offence which she might unwittingly have given. 'She asks my pardon, poor woman!' cried Charles; 'I ask hers with all my heart.'

"The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall; and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered because they proved beyond dispute that when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood around him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been he said, a most unconsionable time dying; but he hoped that they would excuse it.—This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers had repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how deeply his people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle."

Character the Growth of Years.

BY. D. C. COLESWORTHY.

A good character is not secured in a day It is the growth of years. The constant regard for truth—shunning of evil courses—the fear of uttering a profane or indecent word—associating with the upright and virtuous—just and honorable dealing—all go to make up the perfect man. The temtations that have been resisted; the honor that has been spurned where strict integrity would have been sacrificed; the constant and unwavering desire for truth and goodness, which are seen in the daily life, help form and make up the substantial character. It is easy to be upright, conscientious, truthful and virtuous for a month, or a year even; but it is only the really good who pursue such a course thro' a long life. Let none presume that they can at once step from depravity to virtue; from the gutter to the throne, Sterling characters are not so made. They are of slow growth. If you would possess a good name, you must begin early to live a life of virtue, and never swerve from the path of duty. To be respected in age, and lamented at death, you must live a life of wisdom, truth and virtue.

NOTHING IS LOST.—The drop that mingles with the flood—the sand dropped on the sea-shore—the word you have spoken, will not be lost. Each will have its influence and be felt, till time shall be no more. Have you ever thought of the effect that might be produced by a single word? Drop it pleasantly among a group, and it will make a dozen happy, to return to their homes and produce the same effect on a hundred, perhaps. A bad word may arouse the indignation of a whole neighborhood; it may spread like wildfire, to produce disastrous effects. As no word is lost—be careful how you speak—speak right—speak kindly. The influence you may exert by a life of kindness—by words dropped among the young and the old—is incalculable. It will not cease when your bodies lie the in grave, but will be felt, wider and still wider as year after year passes away. Who then, will not exert himself for the welfare of millions.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

HAPPINESS.—It depends in a great measure upon ourselves whether we are happy during our journey through this life. If, on the one hand, we are virtuous, and do nothing wherewith to burden our consciences, we approach as near to true happiness as is allowed by man to enjoy: if, on the other hand, we follow the passions of vice, or commit actions for which our consciences reprove us, we place a barrier in the way, which is oftentimes very difficult to remove.