Poetry.

FOR THE DENOCRAT. the Death of a Friend.

-Each moment plays His little weapon in the narrower sphere Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down The fairest flowers of sublumnry bliss.

The bright, the beautiful, the loved has gone. She, upon whose youthful cheek the red-rose Bloomed in all its dewy freshness. Ah I sad Indeed the thought, that one with soul so pure And heart with kindness filled, should from her

Lit home and fond caressing friends, so soon Be snatched. But death, that monster grim, that

And fiendish shape, whose chief delight e'er seems

The fairest flowers to pluck, the sunless Tomb to grace, in silence by her passed, and As he passed, one furtive glance he gave. E'en That sufficient quite, her doom was sealed. Ah Earthly joys, where are ye now? and where Budding hopes, those blissful dreams that oft

Fancy pictured in its gay, careering Flights? Alas! those joys are gone, and fled Fondly cherished hopes which had so oft, in

Sorrow's hour the drooping spirit buoyed. Few swift-fleeting days have sped, since she, the Subject of my verse if verse it may be

Called-bade earth and home and friends and husband Kind, a fond, a sad adieu, and with a Smile seraphic playing o'er her lovely Face, in silence breathed a prayer, the last On earth she ever lisped, gently closed Her mild blue eyes and soon in death's embrace

Was clasped. 'Tis done, the pang is o'er the "silver Cord" is loosed, her spirit's free.

Friends, and husband stricken, weep not though The fountain of your grief. Your loss, by sighs And sobs, and tears made known, to, her, for

These lamentations sad are made, is an Eternal gain. Ah! yes she's happy now, In Heaven she rests. This night a crown Glory sits upon her radiant Bow. This night she mingles with the angel bands Who, clad in robes of white, far outshining day's Dazzling orb, their harps of gold, to highest, Holiest praise attune, as with the blood Washed throng that roams the ever blissful fields

Of Paradise, they bow before the great Jehovah's throne, with adoration deep. Oh. Ella, thou who art and hast inspired My theme, thus can it be that thou art gone ?-That thou by death's stern mandate hast been

To pass the "shadowy vale" while yet life's Sunny morn was in its early dawn? Are We no more to list thy converse sweet, that Fell upon the heart like evening dew On fainting herb and flower? No more To hear the echo of thy silvery voice When rang the joyous laugh, emblem of a Free and happy spirit? or with fransport. Hang 'nraptured on thy thrilling accents, As often from thy dewy lips gushed forth The song of reverential praise? No more To catch that radiant smile, which o'er thy Lovely features played, like some bright sunbeam Sporting on th' dimpling lakelet's breast? No

more
To feel th' thrilling pressure of that lilly Hand which oft employed has been, and willing Too, the woes and wants of others to assuage? Alas! why thus interrogate! - vain such Questions all; for she, we loved, will, by her Presence, ne'er again, on earth, our spirits Gladden; yet for her absence shall we longer Mourn! Ah, no; for now methinks if from that Far-off blissful clime she could t' us return, She'd bid us dry our tears and cease for her To weep. But Sister, tho' from our midst thou Hast been taken, and we no more shall see Thee till that sweet hour shall come when chaf-

For deliverance, our fettered souls their Clayey bonds will break, and, triumphant, soar On angels wings, thre realms of boundless space, T' that bright "spirit land" where sighs are never Heard, nor sorrowing known, and where the word Farewell, that chilling sound, which oft has caused The stontest heart to bleed, was never breathed;

Will we think of thee; yes, thy memory To us will e'er be sacred; and when bright Spring returns, a pilgrimage t' thy distant Tomb we'll make and o'er it strew fresh flowers,

Such as thon, in life, didst love so well, and Drop the unforbidden tear, and tribute Of remembrance sweet:

Miscellaneous.

Lathrop, Oct. 21, 1854.

A Brave Girl. A correspondent of the Home Journal, in speaking of "New York in the Olden Time," ions of delight. We could almost fancy we not death (for once a friend) come suddenly says that while Governor George Clinton oc- heard her words-"How beautiful this is to him, and rescued him from further miscupied the Government House, at the Bowl. What a comfertable sofa! What a charm-cry. ing Green, his eldest daughter—afterwards ing screen! How kind, how good, how con the died as his wife and child had died bethe wife of M. Genet, the French minister—siderate of—." It was altogether a pretty fore him. The same, signs were there—the upon some occasion, was left alone with a scene. ing up stairs, informed her mistress of the riety to remark upon; or, possibly, our curi- fore had been nailed to the wall, with the fearful intrusion; and, soon after, the foot, osity had become abated. steps of the negro were heard upon the stairs. At last, spring came, and with it came a again fixed there. It seemed almost as though the pitcher of water, she placed herself near plain put forth its tender leaves; the sky the interval was nothing but a dream. the head of the stairs, and, as the burglar had grew love overhead (even in London;) and arrived within a few steps of the top, she the windows of the once melancholy house dashed the pitcher full in his face. The sudden cold bath, together with the projectile force of the vessel, which was a heavy one, threw the thief off his balance, and he fell backward down stairs, and getting up, made has each of the once melancholy house that I could have crowned my little tale with date, as they produced nothing.

And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table lork, with a brighter ending. But it all is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table lork, with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table lork, with a brighter ending. But it was not to be. I wish the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table lork, with a brighter ending. But it all is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table lork, with a brighter ending. But it could have made it more heroic, commenced, but in consequence of gales of the commenced of the commenced in the commenced of the commenced of the commenced in the commenced of the

A Story of the Back-Room Win-

BY HARRY CORNWALL.

We live in a world of busy passions. Love and hate, sorrow and joy, in a thousand shapes, are forever near us. Death is at our threshold. Life springs up almost at our feet. Our neighbors are "exultations, agonies !"and yet we seem to live on, ignorant of all. Could we but unroof (Asmodeus-like) the houses which, day after day, present towards us so insensible an aspect, what marvels might we not disclose! What fruitful thoughts, what radiant visions would throng into our brain! The mystery of human conduct would lie unveiled. We should see and know all men truly. We should see the miser, the spendthrift, the scholar, the toiling artisan, the happy bride, and the girl deserted (like the people in the palace of Truth;) all con-tributing their share to the unknown romance which time is forever weaving round us. As it is, each of them spins out his little thread, and dies, almost unknown, and soon forgotten : unless some curious accident should arise, extend his influence into another region, or

It was some such chance as I have just adverted to, that threw into our knowledge cer-

hold his "fame" in suspension, twenty

ears after his coffin has been lowered in the

"Some years ago; we lived, as you know, It was spacious, and not without some pretensions to the graceful, the marble chimney-place being distinguished by a painting of Capriana, whilst on the ceiling lay scattered | dend ! some of the conventional elegances of Angelich Kauffman. From the windows which ocwe looked (to the left of a large oriental plane) apon the back of a crescent of houses the points of the arc receding from us. (I mention these things merely to recall to your mind our precise position.)

"In the centre of this crescent, was a house which had for a long time been untenanted Whilst its heighbor dwellings were all busy a little earth—nothing but to know the spot heart be opened and a thousand virtues will with life and motion, this only was, for some where the beloved one rests forever. We fear, rush in." reason deserted. We were beginning to spec- indeed, to give the creature whom we have ulate on the causes of this accident, and to hoarded in our hearts to the deep and ever pity the unhappy landlord, whose pockets shifting waters—to the oblivion of the sea! were lamenting the lack of rent, when sud- We desire to know where it is that we have Discovery of the Actual and Wretched ceived for the first time, signs of change. age is as easy and as painful to the simple The windows of the deserted mansion were church-yard hillock, as to the vault in which

an incoming tenant.
"Well!" sald A , "at last that unhappy man has discovered some one bold enough daisy grows!

The child surfived." The cares fately problem, which has so long occupied the choughts and engaged the energies of the unwary passenger : We shall see."

after the house had been duly cleansed and fees. The nurse transferred to it her ready by so painful, so distressing a narrative as is beautified, and the odor of the paint suffered smiles. The services which had been pur- contained in the following letter, which only to fade away, various articles of furniture chased for the mother, were now the properwere brought into the rooms. These were of ty of another claimant. Even the father moderate price, and explained to us that the turned towards it all of his heart which was Factory via Red river. Our own hopes of tenant was a person of respectable station not in the grave. It was part of her who Sir John Franklin's restoration to the world, but not rich. We began to feel a wish to had strewn sunshine in his path, and he valknow "what manner of a man he was." Our ued it accordingly.

Interest in the once empty house had received.

But all would not do. A month, a little a new impulse; and we looked out, day after mouth, and the shutters were again closed.day, for the stranger's arrival.

At last a young man, of lively and agreea- last. The mother and her child were again ble presence, was one morning seen giving together.

directions to a female servant about the distomed room.

morning to let in the vernal May; closing him from our sight. There were steadier inborhood; or sitting listlessly in the afternoon, gaze with a grave (or oftener a sad) look upto be the sole spirit of the spot. It was not flourished in his gay window. What was he the "genius loci" which we had reckoned up; then thinking of? O vanished hopes and and we looked forward confidently to anoth- ness, her deep untiring love? Why did he er comer.

of a fortnight from the young man's depart happy spirit! The world offered the same ploralice death sture, our inquisitive eyes discovered him allowments as before, with the exception on had recourse to again. He was sitting at breakfast with a ly of one single joy. Oh! but that was all. attifed from head to foot in white; she was had grown vast and absorbed all others. cridently a bride: We rushed at once upon That was the mirror which had reflected hapfirmed us in our opinion. He went away; —all had seemed to cast back upon him the on hand, (not more than three months raand she, left to herself, explored, as far as we pictures of innumerable blessings. He had could observe, all the rooms of the house.— trod, even in dreams, upon a sunny shore.— more, kee, kee, pointing out all the danger Ererything was surveyed with a patient ad- And now-! miration; every drawer opened; the little But why prolong the pain and disgrace of volunteered to remain, and our exertions to book-case contemplated, and its slender rows the story? He fell, from step to step. Sick- collect food and fuel went on with unabated of books all, one by one, examined. Finally, ness was on his body; despair was in his the maid was called up, some inquiries made, mind. He shrank and wasted away, fold be- 1 musk ox, 54 brace of Ptarmigan, and 1 and the survey recommenced. The lady had fore his time;" and might have subsided into now some one to encourage her open express- a paralyzed cripple or a moody idiot, had 190 sulmon.

single servant-maid. The girl had been sent Let us pass over the autum and winter funeral train. But all, in their time, disaptober, and 25 more animals were added to below to replenish a pitcher of water, and as months. During a portion of this time, we peared; and in a few weeks workmen came our stock. she was ascending the stairs, she saw the ourselves were absent in the country; and thronging again to the empty house; the front door open and a huge negro made his when at home, we remember but little of rooms were again scoured—the walls beautiappearance. She gave no alarm, but hurry what happened. There was little or no va- fied. The same board which two years be- py to exchange our cold tents for the more

the head of the stairs, and, as the burglar had grew blue overhead (even in London;) and

her infirmity. It was curious to observe how love had tamed the high and frolicsome spirsponsibility of love. It is thus that, in some moving ocean. natures, love is wanting to their full development. It raises, and refines, and magnifies the intellect, which else would remain dull. trival, and prostrate. From a seeming barreness, the human springs at once into fertilty-from vagueness into character-from

charming-wand" of love.

But let us proceed: On a glittering night in August, we saw lights flashing about the house, and people hurrying up and down, as on some urgent occasion. By degrees the tumult subsided; the passings backwards and forwards became act of a wise and prudent man. And to less frequent; and at last tranquility was re- grieve for her after she is dead, is to sigh for stored. A single light, burning in the upper window, alone told that some one kept watch throughout the night. The next morning the knocker of the house was (we are told) shrouded in white leather; and the lady from my story, except perhaps that it may had brought her husband a child! drank to its health in wine.

For a few days quiet hung upon the house. tain facts, regarding a neighboring family. But it was doomed speedily to depart. Hur- essay, as any high-wrought or stern examwhich else had probably slipped very quiet-ry and alarm came again. Lights were seen by into oblivion. You will observe, that once more flickering to and fro. The physiry and alarm came again. Lights were seen what I am now about to relate is almost lit- cames carriage was heard. It came, and departed. The maid now held her aporn to her "Some years ago; we lived, as you know, eyes. The hu-band burying his face in his hands, strove (how vainly.) to hide a world of grief. Ere long the bedroom window was thrown open; the shutters of the house were closed, and in a week a hearse was at the The mystery was at an end; she was

She died! No poet ever wove around her cupied the northern extremity of the room probably nothing more than the common nay, the wish, (though it may sleep,) of doing what of this? . She lived and died, and was dream of. lamented. The proudest can boast of little more. She made the light and happiness of have invented a sentence wherein to enshine one mortal creature, fond and fragile as her- it, and I hope that you will not entirely conself and for a name, a tomb? Alas! for all temp this until you have given it the considthe purposes of love, nothing is wanted save cration of a friend. It is this " Let but the -it was on an April morning-we per- laid our fading treasure. Otherwise, pilgrimopened, and workmen were seen bustling a king reposes. The gloomy arches of stateabout its different rooms. There was an air by tombs, what are they to the grandeur of the privilege of first publishing to the civil- the forks and spoons. The articles themselves of preparation, evidently, which announced the over-hanging heavens! and the cold and ized world the at length ascertained fate of shall be handed over to the Secretary of the ghastly marble, how poor and hideous it is, the public but ill-starred Sir John. Franklin Hon. H. B. Co., on my argival in London.

on a little child. The solemn doctors came, A few weeks determined the question; for, and prescribed for it, and took their golden

Another funeral followed swiftly upon the

position of the furniture. This was evident- in the man's character. The grief which had by the master of the mansion. He stayed for bowed him down at his wife's death (relieved half an hour, and then departed; and he re- a little by the care which he hestowed upon mouth of Hayes river, in Hudson's Bay, in peated his short visit daily. He was probab- her child, now changed to a sullen or reck- about 56 deg. N. L., 93 deg. W. L. via clerk in some public office—a merchant, less in lifference. In the morning he was or professional man, whose time was required clouded and oppressed; but at night, a mad- Dr. Rae's Letter to Sir Geo. Simpson. elsewhere. But, why did he not reside there? ness and dissonant jollity (the madness of That was a problem that we strove to solve wine) usurped the place of the early sorrow. in vain. In the end, he went away altogeth- His brigies were often carried into morning. er. Each morn we missed him in the accus- Sometimes he drank with wild companions sometimes he was seen alone, staggering And now no one, except the solitary maid towards the window, stupid and bloated, ere was seen throwing open the windows in the the last light of the autum sunset concealed them at night; rubbing with a delicate hand terrals, indeed, when reflection would come the new furniture; gazing the unknown neigh- upon him-perhaps remorse; when he would imparadised in rustic dreams; she appeared on the few withered flowers that had once Our imaginations were not satisfied; happy hours! Of her patience, her gentlenot summon up more cheerful visions?-We were not disappointed. After the lapse. Where was his old vivacity? his young and lady by his side. Pretty, young, neat, and That was the one hope, the one thought, that this conjecture; and certain tender manifes- piness a thousand ways. Under that influtations, on the husband's leave-taking con- ence the present, the past, the bright to come our position, the stock of provisions we had

unnatural quiet—the closed shutters and the the deer terminated about the middle of Ocsignificant words "To Let" upon it, was winter was very severe but the temperature I do. do. fork, And is this all? Yes, that is all. I wish

use. As it is it contains little beyond the we made but very little progress. We did I small silver plate, (engraved,) "Sir John staved or stopped than the emerald waters do

guidly alone; or, when her husband was at many histories. Some of them may present party, (at least forty persons,) had perished home (before and after his hours of business.) seeming varieties—a life without hope or joy from want of food some 10 or 12 days jourshe walked a little, to and fro, leaning on him for support. His devotion increased with merrily to its close. But this is because we information, obtained at various times and do not read the inner secrets of the soul—the thousand thousand small pulsations, which it of the man. A joyous and perhaps com-mon manner became serious and refined.—

Be assured that there is no more an equality
The weight of thought lay on him—the reyield pain or pleasure to the human mind.

Be assured that there is no more an equality

You will ask me, perhaps, to point out something from which you may derive a profitable lesson. Are you to learn how to regulate your passions? to arm your heart with iron precepts? to let in neither too much love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? love nor sorrow? and to shut out all despair? stand that their ships or ship had been crush-Some wise friend will tell you that you may ed by ice, and that the "whites" were now duliness into vigor and beauty, under the learn, by precepts, never to learn too much on others; for that thereby you lose your independent mind. To be the toy of a woman -to rest your happiness on the existence of a fragile girl, whom the breath of the west wind may blow into dust-it is anything but the what is irrecoverable! What can be more senseless! All this can be proved by every

For my part, I can derive nothing for you teach you, like every tale of human suffering, to sympathise with your land. And this, methinks, is better, and possibly quite as necple, which shuts the heart up, instead of persunding to expand; which teaches prudence instend of love; and reduces the aim of a good man's life to a low and sordid mark, which all are able, and most of us too wellcontented, to reach.

We should not commit ourselves to the fields, and inhale the fresh breath of the spring merely to gain strength to resume our dry calculations, or to inflict hard names upon simple flowers. We should open our hearts beneath these great influences, and endeavor the gaudy verse. The grave she sleeps in is to learn that we possess the right, the power, mould. Her name even is unknown. But good to others, to a degree that we little

So persuaded am I of this truth, that I

From the Montreal Herald, Saturday, Oct. 21 1 Sir John Franklin.

of the Long-lost Sir John and his Companions in Misfortune.

Governor of the Hudson Bay Territory for and ink sketch of the crests and initials on in comparison with the tuif whereon many a and his gallant company. Alas! that the greatinavigator's countless friends and admi- who had been there, and those who had seen rers in Europe and America, should be solved the party when alive. reached Sir George Simpson vesterday after-noon, it having been forwarded from York had, we confess, long ceased; but who could have been prepared for the awful reality !- a miserable and fearful death from literal starvation-possibly, as Dr. Rae conjectures, worse than starvation on the frozen and desolate shores of the Arctic ocean. But we shall not detain the render by any reflection of ours from the perusal of Dr. Rae's intensely interresting narrative—we shall merely mention that York Factory is situate at the

York Factory, Aug. 4, 1854. My dear Sir George: Your several letters. public and private, of dates 15th June and 1st December, 1853, and 13th and 16th June, 1854, were handed me on the 28th ultimo, on my reaching Churchill, and I rejoiced to learn that your health had benefitted so much by your visit to the north. Let me now allude to the expedition affairs. I arrived here on the 31st ult, with my small party in excellent health, but I am sorry to say without having effected our object. At the same time, information has been obtained and articles purchased from the natives which places the fate of a portion, if not all, of the then survivors of Sir John Franklin's miserable party beyond a doubt-a fate most deplorable death from starvation, after having had recourse to cannibalism as a means of

I reached my old quarters at Repulse Bay on the 15th August, and preparations were immediately commenced for wintering. On the first September I explained to the men and difficulty of our position. All reachly energy. By the end of September, 100 deer, seal had been shot, and the nets produced

Of the larger animals above enumerated. 49 deer and the musk ox were shot by myself, 21 deer by Mistegan, (the deer hunter,) 14 by one of the men, 9 by Ouligbuck, and 16 by the other four men. The migration of

On the 28th of October, the snow being sufficiently hard for building, we were hapcomfortable shelter of the snowhouse. The I do. do. do. motto Spero Meliora." in our snow huts was never so low as in my I do. dessert, do. winter quarters of 1848-7. Up to the 12th 1 do. table spoon, of January we had nets set under the ice in 1 do. tea do. the lakes, the nets were taken up on that I do table fork, with initials "H. D. S. G." complish all impossibilities, it being so safe

ney to the westward. The substance of the information, obtained at various times and from various places, was as follows:

In the spring four winters past, (spring, 1850) a party of white men, amounting to about forty, were seen travelling southward over the ice, and dragging a boat with them. by some Esquimaux, who were killing scals on the north shore of King William's Land, which is a large island named Kel-ik-tak by the Esquimaux. None of the party could speak the native language intelligibly, but by signs the natives were made to undergoing to where they expected to find deer to shoot. From the appearance of the men, all of whom, except one officer, (chief,) looked thin, they were then supposed to be getting short of provisions, and they purchased a small seal from the natives.

At a later date the same season, but previous to the disruption of the ice, the bodies of about thirty white persons were discovered on the continent, and five on an island near it, about a long day's journey (say 35 or 40 miles) to the northwest of a large stream, which can be no other than Back's Great Fish river, (named by the Esquimanx Out-koo-hi-ca-lik,) as its description, and that of the low shore in the neighborhood of Point Ogle and Montreal Island, agree exactly with that of Sir George Back. Some of the bodies had been buried, (probably those of the first victims of famine,) some were in a tent or tents, others under a boat that had been turned over to form a shelter, and several lay scattered about in different directions. Of those found on the island one was supposed to have been an officer, as he had a telescope strapped ovor his shoulder, and his doublebarrelled gun lay underneath him. From the mutilated state of many of the

corpses, and the contents of the kettles, it is evident that our miserable countrymen had been driven to the last resources—cannibalism—as a means of prolonging life.

There appears to have been an abundant stock of ammunition, as the powder was emptied in a heap on the ground by the natives, out of the kegs or cases containing it, and a quantity of ball and shot was found below high water mark, having been left on the ice close to the beach. There must have been a number of watches, telescopes, compasses, guns, (several double barrelled.) &c., all of which appear to have been broken up, as I spoons and forks, and purchased as many as I could obtain. A list of the most im-We are indebted to Sir George Simpson, portant of these I enclose, with a rough pen-None of the Esquimax with whom I conversed had seen the "whites," nor had they ever been at the place where the dead were found, but had their information from those

From the head of Pelly Bay-which is a bay, spite of Sir H. Beaufort's opinion to the contrary-I crossed sixty miles of land in a Sir James Ross, and I could have got within thirty or forty miles of Beloit Strait, but I thought it usele-s proceeding further, as I

could not complete the whole. met with such an accumulation of obstacles. Fogs, storms, rough ice and deep snow we had to fight against. On one occasion we which the engineer, soon realizing the could-were four and a half days unable to get a tion of his train, had withdrawn the steam position in the heavens. This, on a level Another and more appalling truth soon man-

use, was perplexing in the extreme. The weather was much finer on our return ourney than when outward bound, and our loads being lighter, our day's marches were nearly double the distance, and we arrived at Repulse Bay on the 26th May, without accident, except in one instance, in which one of the party lost a toe from a frost bite. The commencement of spring was very fine, but Lune and July were colder. We

6th of August. Our progress along the coast as far as Cape Fullerton was much impeded by ice; but on

getting to the southward of the cape we had clear water, and saw no ice afterwards. The conduct of the men, I am happy to ay, was, generally speaking, good; and we had not a single case of sickness all the time

Being auxious to send this to Red river by the first boats, I write in haste and briefly, detailed account by some future opportunity. With the utmost respect,

I have the honor to be. Your very ob'dt serv't, JOHN RAE.

LIST ENCLOSED IN DR. RAE'S LETTER.

No. 1.—Head of (apparently) a Walrus or Sea-horse, with dragon's wings. 2 .- A Griffin, with wings and forked tongue and tail. No. 3 .- A Griffin's head with wings. No. 4.—A Dove, with an olive branch in

the motto Spero meliora.

No. 5.—A Fish's Head, with (apparently) coral branches on either side. List of articles purchased from the Esquimaux, said to have been found to the West, Deposit was to be reached.

or rather to N. W., of Back's River, at the

its bill, surrounded by a scroll, with

I silver table fork, 3 do. do. do. I do. do. spoon,

"A. McD."

Also a numer of other things of minor im- that the train that he expected to crush was portance, as they have no particular marks by which they could be recognised, but which, along with the above named shall be handed eucd, and though it was not brought under over to the Secretary of the Hon. Hudson's control until it had run miles beyond the Repulse Bay, July, 1854. Bay Company,

Railway Sketches.

Railroad some valuable horses. They formed part of a burthern of a long and pondered part of a burthern of a long and ponderous cattle train which was bearing to market
—to that extraordinary city market which
never seems to be so full as cheap—a drove
of which before the Railway era, would have with slow delays, been driven on foot over the leng and weary ways—pasturing for the night wherever chance shelter night be available, and subjected to all the lesses and country. of which, before the Railway era, would have and subjected to all the losses and casualties of a laborious travel. They were now in comfortable cars, resting even while they journeyed, wondering-if that emotion is known beyond the circle of man-that they were the ch writing from Lawrence, Kansas Territory, passive instead of the active, in transporta- under date of Oct. 4, says: tion. Not having clear perception of the future, the brief and conclusive calamities of

the abettors were hid from them. It was a night of intense cold, and however luxurious to cattle whose experience of er luxurious to cattle, whose experience of open rupture more probable. Within a few floor and roof is limited, to the attendants the days they have taken down and removed the crevices and openings of the cars let in entire- tents of our squatters, and burned the cabins more of the northwester than was agreea-The owner of the horses in the car near ble. The owner of the horses in the car near the Yesterday a party of eight or nine of the tender, had an apartment rather better these miscreants, under the command of one guarded, and as he understood all the ways Robinson, (who was not himself present how-of his animals, he was not in the same fear ever, but was expected in the evening.) prewhich others less experienced would have of sented themselves at a store just opened about being with them. Nor is it without real dan- two miles from our camp, and kept by a Misger to ride in a can with a horse. The sudden sourian, a southern man with northern prinstart may break the halters, and in the fright ciples, a Methodist minister, of the northern a scene of plunging and tramping ensues, in branch of that church, and apparently a verthe midst of which the presence of man might for his own sake well be spared. He who rides with his horse in the car must have informed him that they should last night courage and energy, so that he shall not be tear down his store and destroy his goods .appalled at a false alarm, and that if he is in Our party to the number of twenty or thirty danger, he can mount and keep his perilous -all that were in the vicinity of camp-as-

osition unharmed. miles down grade which occurs just before en- had the enemy returned and made an attack tering Deposit from the Westward. At the there would have been bloody work. They last station the Superintendent had deemed are in consultation this afternoon, and what it best to have two very heavily burthened the result will be I am unable to say. We cars affixed to the rear of the train. They shall set a strong guard to-night on the disgreatly augmented the load, and the engineer demurred, but the discipline was good will fire it, I doubt not, in a moment if they and the order was obeyed. It gave the en- can. which appear to have been broken up, as I gine enough to do, on the level grade, and all "These details will show you some of the saw pieces of the different articles with the it wanted on an ascent. What precisely it phases of our pioneer life. We are not idle, was to do, when the heavy grade was to be or without stirring incidents and occasions run down, was not quite clear. The engin- for excitement. As I close this letter for the eer had nerve, however, and while he doubt- person who will take it to Kansas, Mo, to ed the safety, he did not falter. The cars mail it, it is reported the enemy is in our vicoupled, the slight blow was given to the cinity, and our men are hurrying out to prostarting-bar, and the train was off. The en- tect our rights. Two sets of guards for difgine gave forth its exhaust (as the word is ferent localities are detailed for the night. quaintly phrased of energies that know no A lawyer is drafting an instrument for the the level the wheels rolled sharp and hard in will be organized to night. Everything bethe bitter frost.

time as would cause it to meet another, which the most unreasonable things in the world. by that time was to be on the switch-await- They say, "No Yankee but Cilley was ever ing the passage of the western cattle train. | known to fire." They sadly forget history, In a few minutes, my informant found that but will certainly find their error corrected if westerly direction, traced the west shore from the down grade had been reached. He had they commit any more aggressions. I think Castor and Pollux rixer to Cape Porter of with him several of his friends who were in they will consider discretion the better part the same business, and who had left their un- of valor and not commit any more aggrescomfortable cars for his pleasanter one. The sive acts. We shall see. Yours, &c. tremendous pressure of the load soon bore upon the engine. The stout cattle, the heavy Never in my former Arctic journeys had I and weighty cars, and the great additional formed and called the Regulating Band; to net with such an accumulation of obstacles, burthen which had been added at the last be armed with a rifile, revolver and bowiestation, crowded on to the machine, from glimpse of the sun, or even to make out his so that it moved by its own momentum alone. coast, where the compass was of little or no ifested itself—that with the increase of cars ting us, and they were very anxious to hear additional brakeman had not been sent, and the result. that the brake force was becoming powerless! Powerless! it soon became as a relvet touch rather than a grasp on the wheels. The ice on the rail rendered even the force that was applied useless, and each instant increasing, that train first rolled then rushed, then tore along-my informant says that he knew of that the down grade was reached it seemed and reads as follows: were unable to get out of the bay until the to him and his companions-shut up as they were in that close apartment with animals whose strength would at the first terror arouse night all their horrors have been exhibited to destruction—to him the sensation was as if the train fell! It had that peculiar motion, not continuous or regular, as in the ra-pid roll of the wheels, but as if all else but the train were away, and it was going at the smoke by day and fire by night, of burning speed of a huge mass falling, and the acclivillages, have been visible from my terrace. ity of descent increasing each second—and all | On the 13th inst. the first blood was shed on this fearful time that train at Deposit was to the north of this city, a few miles distant, if be met! They knew it was to be met. En- we except that spilt by the sword of the exebut shall have the pleasure of sending a more gineer, and fireman, and brakemen, and conductor, and the hardy drovers that were the passengers knew it, and in their terrific speed 50,000! To day there has been a second they feared less, if it might be, for themselves than for their doomed train, through which, and over which, amid dead and mangled Day before yesterday the insurgents were men, and crushed fragments, never stopping for shriek or sorrow, their train would go .-The miles, they were passed over no man thinking of their existence. The train tore ing tied like pigs; others were brought in on onwards. The men upon it intensely conscious, and even the cattle appalled by a new cars cut off; others are ham-strung. The sensation. The engineer stood on his plat- panic in the city, as the gates were closed duform, knowing that the wildest and most appalling danger was about him, in shape and men and children, it is difficult to portray form irresistable if the thread of safety snap- and from hour to hour we know not what ped. The speed made a leap for life but a may become the condition of foreigners. But more rapid rush for death. He could not re-most fortunately at present there is a payal treat. The wheels refused the least adher-force—British and American—able to pro-

westward, there were those provoked at the Crest No. 1 delay which prevented them from reaching 2 Deposit. It was, they said, too bad to be behind Time, (as if Time was not often our 4 shield from sorrows.) The train ought to be at its card place. Indeed, of they were the and then put for the front yard. The last we managers of the road the trains would never be out of the minutes. Every car usually has on it some of these safe reformers, who acand easy to theorize It did not arrive, the grumblers were yet on the road. Well was "J. F. B." or it for them that they failed; for when the descending train reached Deposit, it no more backward down stairs, and getting up made weak and faltering. Sometimes she venturhis escape. She then coolly descended to the hall, closed and double bolted the door, full upon its all ending quietly in the grave. It is an on being asked if he ever saw white people, and retired.

As it is, it contains little beyond the we made out very ntite progress. We did not stair and the progress. We did not stair and the progress. We did not stair and the progress and stair and the progress. We did not stair and the progress and stair and the progress. We did not stair and the progress and the interest of human life—
in their fall at Ningara. It would have pulfirst hope, then enjoyment, and then sorrow place we met with Esquimant, one of whom, one side, and on the reverse, "G. R. On it went—the engineer feeling as if his ing for prayer; "La" said she, courtesying, and retired.

The vein runs through man's replied in the negative but said that a large in the reverse, "G. R. MDCCCXV"

MDCCCXV

The progress and the progress are remained to the stair in the reverse and the remained the progress are remained to the reverse and the remained the progress and the remained the progress are remained to the remained the progress and the remained the remained the remained the remained the remained to the remained the

place of stopping—yet the journey—the flight—the seven mile leap had been accomplished safely.

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The command being with the engine again—the train was backed up, and when they who were late arrived, they had the blessed opportunity of theorizing about what down the mountain .- N. Y. Post.

A correspondent of the Milwaukie Sentin-

"Disputes and collisions with our Missouri neighbors-squatters from Missouri-Misery-ans, as some of their neighbors call them -are becoming daily more frequent, and while the owners were absent at work.

sembled on the ground, armed to the teeth The train was approaching the long seven with rifles, revolvers and fowling pieces, and

tokens war. God grant that it may not The train was due at Deposit at such a come, but the passions of desperate men are

> P. S.—The military company has been knife. About thirty joined of those present. By a gentleman here yesterday from Fort Leavenworth, we learn that a grand attack was to be made upon us yesterday by the Missourians, with the intention of extermina-

No appearance of the enemy at 8 P. M. Horrors of the Chinese War.

A friend has kindly furnished us with an extract from a private letter just received from Dr. Parker, the Missionary Surgeon of Canton, which will be read with interest. no gradation of speed. From the moment The letter is dated Canton, July 18, 1854,

"China is at present the theatre of civil war and revolution, and within the last fortvery near to us. On the Canton, embracing nearly a million of people, fell into the power of the insurgents, and the imperialists have endeavored in vain to recapture it. The cutioner, the number of decapitations daily

victorious and 300 imperialists were killed. It is said some of the captives to-day were brought in on poles, their hands and feet bethe points of sharp bamboos; some have their ring these skirmishes, and the flight of woence to the brake. The ponderous train drove tect us against any mob. Alas, for China. itself madly along, and in an instant more It would seem the declaration, that the natives that will not serve God shall be destroy-Perhaps every man's experience shows, it ed, is about to be fulfilled. Our only consoplace where the party of men starved to is most probable, that on the train coming lation is the Lord reigneth Letter from Dr. Parker to the Boston Traveller.

Mr. Jones, have you got a match ! Yes sir-a match for the devil-there she is mixing up dough." Jones pointed to his wife saw of him he was putting down the road, closely pursued by a red headed lady and a

cistern pole. #I am afraid," said a lady to her husband that I am a going to have a stiff neck."
"Not at all improbable, my dear," replied