

her fate; yet it is the joy of grief, for the grave could scarcely have more effectually separated her from her friends.—Such were among the deep woes and sorrows of Wyoming! There was no peace until Gen. Sullivan, aided by Generals Clinton, Poor, Maxwell, Hand.—Col. Proctor with his Artillery and others, invaded the Indian country in 1779, and drove the savages to Niagara.

By a Resolution of Congress of March 14, 1777, it was ordered "That General Washington be informed, that no provision has been made by Congress for the support of widows whose husbands have been slain in battle."

At a later day, when the distresses of war were more fully realized, better thoughts prevailed, and Aug. 16, 1779, the following just and beautiful resolution was adopted by an almost unanimous vote.—"That it be and hereby is recommended to the several States, to make such provision for the widows of such of the officers and such of the soldiers enlisted for the war, as have died, or may die in the service, as shall secure to them the sweets of that liberty, for the attainment of which the husbands have so nobly laid down their lives."

By a resolution of August 24, 1780, the Resolution of May, 1778, granting half pay to these officers, who continued to the end of the War, was extended for seven years after such officer's death, to his widow or orphan children.

Though the letter of the Resolutions may not reach us so as to found thereon a legal claim, we do respectfully submit to your Honorable Houses, that their equity and spirit do extend to the widows and orphans of those who, at Wyoming, nobly laid down their lives to obtain the sweets of Liberty and Independence to their country. For in the view of Patriotism and Justice, what difference can it make, in respect to a claim for assistance to the widow and orphan left destitute by the death of their husband or father, whether they were engaged to serve for a longer or shorter time? The term of either ceased with death, and left each in equal sorrow and destitution.

Several widows applied to the commander of the Indian expedition in 1779, on his passage through Wyoming.—They received it only on condition that they would work for the public in return. So ill were the regulations of those disastrous times. [See note B on first page.]

The blood and tears at Wyoming were not shed in vain. Perhaps few incidents during the war, produced stronger sensations of horror and pity, throughout Europe, than the Wyoming Massacre. Perhaps few circumstances had so powerful a tendency to discredit in public estimation, the arms and efforts of the enemy; or had a stronger influence in arousing the people of the whole civilized world, in behalf of the American cause.

After the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, and the war might be regarded as ended, Congress issued a Proclamation for a general Thanksgiving, calling on all classes to acknowledge the goodness of Almighty God, in affording aid to our arms.—"In confounding the councils of our enemies, and suffering them to pursue such measures as have contributed to prostrate their own desires and expectations; above all, in making their extreme cruelty to the inhabitants of these States, when in their power, and their savage devastation of property, the very means of cementing our union, and adding vigor to every effort in opposition to them."

Thus, honorable Representatives of the States and People, have we stated our case, and we respectfully pray that Congress would appropriate a tract of land equal to that granted by the State of Virginia to Col. George Rogers Clarke's Regiment; or in proportion to that granted by Connecticut to New London and her other towns—to be divided by Commissioners to be appointed by the President of the United States,—to the old Wyoming sufferers, their Widows, Heirs, and legal Representatives.

Signed by order, and in behalf of the meeting.

WILLIAM ROSS, Chairman.

ANDERSON DANA, Secretary.

ELECTION BY LOTTERY.

The First Branch of the City Council of Baltimore is composed of twelve Democrats and twelve Federalists. At the recent meeting of this body, a contest arose as to the choice of a President. Upwards of forty ballots were had without making an election—each party adhering to its own candidate. The difficulty appears to be finally settled by lot. The American says that "previous to the appointment, the Van Buren members made a proposition to decide by lot from which party the President should be chosen. The proposal was immediately accepted by the Whigs, and decided in favor of the Van Buren member."

Cheap Clothing.—The very best super-fine black and blue cloth coats, are advertised in the London papers at £2 15—12 dollars.

The Shoe State.—By the returns of the assessors of the town of Woodburn, Mass. it appears that those were made in that town during the year ending last April, 279,844 pair of shoes, valued at \$221,251. The number of males employed at this business was 383; the number of females 320.

From the New York Mirror. THE CHANGES OF FORTUNE.

[The following tale illustrates one of the many instances of distress existing among the poor seamstresses of the city, and the lady who has communicated it for publication in the Mirror, vouches for its authenticity.]

Do you give out work here? said a voice so soft, so low, so lady-like, that I involuntarily looked up from the purse I was about purchasing for my darling boy, a birth day gift from his papa.

Do you give out work here? Not to strangers, was the rude reply. The stranger turned and walked away. That purse is very cheap, ma'am.

I do not wish it now, said I, as taking up my parasol, I left the shop, and followed the stranger lady.

Passing Thompson's, she paused—went in—hesitated—then turned and came out. I now saw her face—it was very pale—her hair, black as night, was parted on her forehead—her eyes too, were very black, and there was a wildness in them that made me shudder. She passed on up Broadway to Grand street, where she entered a miserable looking dwelling. I paused—should I follow farther? She was evidently suffering much—I was happy—blessed with wealth, and oh, how blessed in husband, children, friends! I knocked—the door was opened by a cross-looking woman—

Is there a person living here who does plain sewing? I inquired.

I guess not, was the reply. There is a woman up-stairs, who used to work, but she can't get no more to do—and I shall turn her out to-morrow.

Let me go up, said I, as, passing the woman with a shudder, I ascended the stairs.

You can keep on up to the garret, she screamed after me—and so I did; and there I saw a sight of which I, the child of affluence, had never dreamed! The lady had thrown off her hat, and was kneeling by the side of a poor low bed. Her hair had fallen over her shoulders—she sobbed not—breathed not; but seemed motionless, her face buried in the covering of the wretched, miserable bed, whereon lay her husband. He was sleeping. I looked upon his high pale forehead, around which hung masses of damp, brown hair—it was knit, and the pale hand clenched the bedclothes—words broke from his lips—I cannot pay you now, I heard him say.—Poor fellow! even in his dreams, his poverty haunted him! I could bear it no longer, and knocked gently on the door. The lady raised her head, threw back her long black hair, and gazed mildly upon me. It was no time for ceremony—sickness, sorrow, want, perhaps starvation, were before me—I came to look for a person to do plain work, was all I could say.

Oh, give it me, she sobbed. Two days we have not tasted food!—and to-morrow—She gasped, and tried to finish the sentence, but could not. She knew that to-morrow they would be both homeless and starving!

Be comforted, you shall want no more. I kept my word. In a few days she told me all—of days of happiness in a sunny West Indian Isle, her childhood's home. Of the deaths of father and mother—of a cruel sister and brother-in-law—how she left that home, hoping to find a brother in America—how she sought him in vain,—but found, instead, a husband—he too, an Englishman, a gentleman and scholar, had been thrown upon the world. Sympathy deepened into love—alone in a crowd all the world to each other, they married—he procured employment in a school, she plain needle-work. Too close application to the duties of his school, long walks, and scanty fare, brought ill health and confined him at length to his bed. The shop from which his poor wife obtained work, failed, and their resource was cut off.—She had looked long weary days for employment—many had none to give—others gave no work to strangers. Thus I found them—to comfort them for a little time—then I trust, they found indeed a Comforter in Heaven.

The husband died first—died, placing the hand of his poor wife in mine! I needed not the mute, appalling look he gave me. I took her to my own happy home—it was too late!

It is a very little time ago, I went one morning to her room; she had passed a restless night; had dreamed, she said of her dear George—she called me her kind and only friend—began to sit a little while beside her, and looked up so sadly in my face, that my own heart seemed well nigh breaking. I left her not again.

In the still, deep night, I heard her murmur, "Sister Anne, do not speak so harshly to me; oh mamma, why do you leave me? Then again she said, give me an orange, my sister, I am very faint. Her soul was again in her own sunny home.

Lay me by my George, and God will bless you, were her last words to me. I led my hushed children to look upon her sweet pale face, as she lay in her coffin.—They had never seen sorrow or death, and then I gave them the first knowledge of both; then I told them of the sin, the cruelty, of those who wound the stranger's heart.

Rapid Travelling.—The steamboat Cleveland, a new boat on the Lake, made her first trip from Cleveland to Buffalo, (100 miles) in fourteen hours and a half.

NEW YORK LEGISLATURE.

The following table will show the state of parties in the last Legislature, and the Federal gain this year.

ASSEMBLY.

	1836.	1837.
	V. B. F.	V. B. F.
Albany,	3 0	0 3
Allegheeny,	2 0	0 2
Broome,	1 0	0 1
Cattaraugus,	2 0	0 2
Cayuga,	3 0	0 3
Chataque,	0 3	0 3
Chemung,	3 0	0 3
Clinton,	1 0	1 0
Columbia,	3 0	0 3
Cortland,	0 2	0 2
Delaware,	2 0	2 0
Dutchess,	3 0	0 3
Erie,	0 3	0 3
Essex,	0 1	0 1
Franklin,	0 0	0 1
Genessee,	0 4	0 4
Greene,	2 0	0 2
Herkimer,	2 0	2 0
Jefferson,	3 0	3 0
Kings,	2 0	0 2
Lewis,	1 0	1 0
Livingston,	0 2	0 2
Madison,	3 0	3 0
Monroe,	0 3	0 3
Montgomery,	3 0	0 3
New York,	6 7	0 13
Niagara,	0 2	0 2
Oncida,	4 0	0 4
Onondaga,	4 0	0 4
Ontario,	0 3	0 3
Orleans,	1 0	0 1
Otsego,	2 0	0 2
Oswego,	3 0	3 0
Putnam,	1 0	1 0
Queens,	1 0	0 1
Rensselaer,	3 0	0 3
Richmond,	0 1	0 1
Rockland,	1 0	1 0
Saratoga,	2 0	0 2
Schenectady,	1 0	0 1
Schoharie,	2 0	0 2
Seneca,	1 0	1 0
St. Lawrence,	2 0	2 0
Steuben,	3 0	3 0
Suffolk,	2 0	2 0
Sullivan,	1 0	1 0
Tioga,	1 0	0 1
Tompkins,	2 0	0 2
Ulster,	2 0	0 2
Warren,	1 0	1 0
Washington,	0 2	0 2
Wayne,	2 0	0 2
Westchester,	2 0	0 2
Yates,	1 0	0 1
	94 34	28 100

SENATORS ELECTED.

1st District, Gulian C. Verplanck;
2d do Henry A. Livingston.
3d do Edward P. Livingston.
4th do Martin Lee.
5th do Laurens Hull.
7th do John Maynard.
8th do William A. Mosely.

BANKS.

By our exchange papers from Bradford county, we learn that proceedings under the statute have been commenced against the Towanda bank at Towanda before a judge of that county, and that the bank is supposed to have forfeited its charter in point of law. This being the case, the proceedings will be laid before the executive, whose duty it is immediately to issue his proclamation, declaring the charter of said bank null and void. Will the wily and corrupt advisors, of his imbecile excellency induce him to endeavor to secure his re-election by buying up all the banks whose charters may come before him, at the expense of violating a positively imperative statute, and the oath he has taken to support the constitution and laws; or will fear compel the performance of duty, and a reliance upon the monster of whig creation, which we presume will be saved, let the principle laid down for executive action be what it may, it has stipulated for 30 years servility? By private letter we learn that the cashier of the Towanda bank, a broker from New York, was despatched to farm our former Governor, by promising allegiance to the whig cause, and that he has written home to his friends the assurance of the Governor, that they would be saved if they would comply with his considerations. Nothing could be asked on the score of former support, as he has been a most hostile opponent of whiggery and antimasonry, until the late election, when finding a probability of defeat from an influx of foreigners on the public works, he procured tickets with type similar to the democratic ticket, on the outside, and the names of the Tory candidates on the inside, and thus evinced a determination to be with the winning party. If the facts related to us be true they argue corruption of unprecedented magnitude—but what may not be expected from a Governor; who can be approached by a bank officer on a question relative to the institution he represents, which is to come before him for official action in a few days?—If the law shall be disregarded in pursuance of the assurance said to have been given we would suggest to the aggrieved citizens of Bradford the propriety of laying the whole matter before the legislature, who on such a gross violation of law, duty, and the sanctity of an oath would undoubtedly impeach the Governor.—Keystone.

From the Northumbrian.

Incidents in the early settlement of this Country.—Few, if any, are now alive to tell of the difficulties and dangers encountered in the early settlement of the country bordering on the West Branch of the Susquehanna, by the hardy pioneers who ventured into the wilderness. These brave men have passed from among us, never to return—and we fear without leaving a record of the many trials they had to undergo in rescuing this delightful country from the hands of the savages. Whatever relates to that period must be interesting to the majority of our readers, and we have prepared the following from an authentic source.

In the year 1772 Mungo Reed resided on Shamokin Island, near the junction of the two branches, Thomas Grant and Col. Hunter resided on the farms now in the possession of their heirs; and Robert Murock near by Mr. Grant. These gentlemen may be considered as among the first settlers of Northumberland county. The principal pioneers from that period down to 1779, were Capt. John Kelly, Capt. John Lowden, the father of the late Bethuel Vincent, and connexions, Capt. W. Patterson, Capt. John Brady, Ludwig Derr, Reuben Haines, Samuel and Joseph Wallis, Robert Martin, William and Samuel Maclay, William Hutchison, Cornelious Atkinson, Moses Kirk, John and Robert Eson—and Capt. Gray, Robert Fruit, Walter Clark William Clark, William Wilson and Robert Clark were also among the early settlers. The names of other early settlers are not now recollected. The principal dependence of the settlers at this period was the meat of the deer, of which there was an abundance.—In 1772 there was but one house where Sunbury now stands, one at Old Fort Augusta, one on the Grant Farms one on Shamokin Island, one in Northumberland, and but four or five between that place and Milton, where there was one. Between Milton and Muncy Hills there were six families, and not more than eight or ten on the Susquehanna above. At this time the only mill near the Susquehanna was Ludwig Derr's near where Lewisburg now stands. Some time after were built, Widow Smith's mill on White Deer, Hamright's on Chillisquaque, a mill near Cattawissa on the North Branch, and Freeland's on Warrior Run, a few miles above Milton.

In the year 1773, '74 and '75 the country was settled very rapidly, and began to present a cheerful appearance, but in the years '76 and '77 a check was put to its rapid settlement by signs of approaching troubles with the Indians, who had ever considered it as their own property, and were now desirous of regaining what the white man had taken from them. The Six Nations had roamed for ages free as air through this beautiful valley, and excited by the British and Tories they appeared eager to shed the blood of those who had ventured this far from the busy hum of the more thickly settled portion of the country into that valley which they looked upon as sacred to themselves. Among them was John and Roland Munteur, chiefs of the Seneca tribe—from whom Monteur's Ridge took its name—men of fine proportions and possessed of the savage character of the Aborigine, inveterate enemies of the whites, who no kind treatment could persuade to be friendly. They acted a conspicuous part in the Indian depredations which followed, and were at the taking of Fort Freeland in 1779.

At this time, (1777) on the West Branch there were four forts, to wit; Fort Horn, five miles above where Jersey Shore now stands, Fort Antis, opposite Jersey Shore, in which there was one dismounted cannon, the only one belonging to any of the forts; Fort Muncy, now Muncy Farm; and Freeland's Fort, on Warrior Run, four miles from the river, and about 18 from the junction of the North and West branches of the Susquehanna. These were all stockade forts and not capable of opposing much resistance to an enemy.

The first Indian depredations on the West Branch were committed by the Six Nations in the summer of 1777, when Levi Jones &—Saltsman were killed at the mouth of Kettle Creek, about 70 or 80 miles above Northumberland on the extreme frontier. Early in the spring of 1778 the families of Brown, Benjamin and Cook were all either killed or taken prisoners, four miles from the mouth of Loyalsock Creek. In the same year—Thompson and Shoefelt were killed on the waters of the Loyalsock. On the same day two militia men; and the wife and child of Peter Smith, and the wife and child of William King were killed by the same party of Indians, on the road, near the same place, as they were travelling with a wagon. The next day after the last mentioned persons were killed, a party of militia from Fort Muncy, under Capt. Reynolds, proceeded up the river to Fort Antis, for the purpose of scouring the country, and whilst there men, Able Cady, Zephaniah Miller and Samuel Armstrong, who had crossed the river early in the morning, to dig potatoes, from Fort Antis, were killed within sight of the fort. A few days after the return of the party to Fort Muncy, Joseph Webster's children, who were on their way to their farm, were taken by the Indians. The eldest, a son, was killed, and the others, two daughters and a son, were retained as prisoners.

Shortly after this the same party (of which Bethuel Vincent was one) was sent

back to Fort Antis with ammunition, and while there an express informed them of the massacre at Wyoming. They immediately proceeded to Fort Horn for the purpose of conducting the inhabitants to a place of safety, and on the road three men were killed by the Indians.—Fleming, Andrew Donaldson and John McMaichen, opposite the mouth of Pine Creek, on the mountain side of the river. The party moved the inhabitants about three miles down the river from Fort Horn and encamped in the woods on one Hamilton's farm. Next morning they crossed the river for the bodies of the three men who were killed, and buried them in Fort Antis. The means used to convey the inhabitants down the river were flats, canoes, hog troughs, horse troughs, and in short every thing of which they could form a raft or float sufficiently strong to carry them and their effects. One of these sunk in what is called the "Race Ground," but fortunately no lives were lost. They all arrived at Northumberland in four or five days after their departure from Fort Antis. All the inhabitants north of the Muncy Hills were brought down at this time.

In June 1778 the families of James, McNight and Durham attempted to make their way to Northumberland from the neighborhood of Milton, for refuge, but were attacked by a party of Indians who had laid in ambush for them, and a son of Mr. McNight was killed, and Mrs. Durham tomahawked and scalped. Mrs. McNight was on horseback with a child in her arms—the horse became frightened at the firing, turned and ran back to the farm with his rider on him, she holding the child by the feet for a considerable distance. A child of Mrs. Durham was killed, but she recovered and lived within a few miles of Milton until 183, highly esteemed by a numerous circle of acquaintances, when death called her away.

Early in the spring 1770 James M'Night left Fort Freeland with six men for the purpose of getting his horse at his farm, was attacked by the Indians, and himself and five men killed. One man escaped. A scouting party left the fort and attacked the Indians—and one man was killed, making seven that day. On the 21st of July as six men were hoeing corn in the field in which Fort Freeland stood they were attacked by Indians, three were killed, two taken prisoners, and one escaped into the Fort.

In our next we will give a short account of the taking of Fort Freeland near Milton.

Call not that man wretched, who, whatever else he suffers as to pain inflicted or pleasures denied, has a child for whom he hopes, and on whom he doats. Poverty may grind him to the dust, obscurity may cast its darkest mantle over him, the song of the gay may be far from his dwelling, his face may be unknown to his neighbours, and his voice be unheeded by those among whom he dwells, pain may rack his joints, and sleep may flee his pillow—but he has a gem, with which he would not part for wealth defying computation, for fame filling a world's ear, for a luxury of the highest health, or for the sweetest sleep that ever sat upon a mortal eye-lid.

Time, thou art sadly calumniated, and yet thou bearest it patiently. Few there are who bless thee—many are they who curse thee, nevertheless thou preservest the unvarying steadiness of thy flight, progressing with unruffled wing, deaf to foolish prayers, and blind to childish tears, and thou art a blessing equally to those who curse and bless thee. Some men call thee enemy because by thee friends are parted, and the shout of conviviality is killed; but without thy flight, which is the very essence of thy being, the crown of thy glory, and the gracefulness of thy beauty, what would this world be?

Five Reasons.—"Misses Grimes, lend me your tub!" "Can't do it—all the hoops are off—it's full of suds—besides I never had one—because I washed in a barrel."

The Portland Times, in speaking of a man being robbed of five hundred dollars, asks "what business has a gentleman with five hundred dollars in these times?" We should like to see the man that could rob us of five hundred dollars at any time! Editors are not so soft now-a-days as to carry money about them.

All the children (females) being born in England are christened 'Victoria' as fast as they come along, and mothers are shockingly provoked if their "new born" are not girls just at this time. One woman who had twins, one boy and one girl, called them both Victoria.

We remember to have heard a woman, who was scolding her brats for some pranks, exclaim, "Well, you two little villains, if I can make nothing of you, as sure as I live I will tell both your fathers."

"My Lord," said a fellow condemned to be hanged for sheep-stealing, "all I ask of your Lordship is, that I shall not be hanged on a Friday." "Why?" asked the judge in surprise. "Because," was the answer, "it is always considered an unlucky day."

"Never be critical upon the ladies," was the maxim of an old Irish peer, remarkable for his homage to the sex; "the only way in the world that a true gentleman ever will attempt to look at the faults of a pretty woman is to shut his eyes."