

is indeed his writing!" When she read it the tones of her voice went to the heart. I was moved, and I said to her, "Well Madam, throw the letter into the fire; and I shall have no power to punish your husband." She burned the letter and was happy. Her husband is now safe; two hours later and he would have been shot.— You see I love women who are gentle and unaffected because they resemble you.— Adieu, my beloved Josephine, I am well.  
Napoleon.

**Fascinations of the Rattlesnake.**—When I was a boy about thirteen years old, says Mr. Willard, "my father sent me out into a field to sow some briars. I had not been long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked around for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colors that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively complicated and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond anything I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger; but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate but what I had never before believed of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchantment by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away.—Peter Pilgrim, by Dr. Bird.

**A Farmer's Daughter.**—A few years ago, a farmer living a few miles from Easton sent his daughter on horseback to that town to procure from the bank smaller notes for one of 100 dollars. When she arrived there the bank had closed, and she endeavored to effect her object by offering it at several stores but could not get her note changed. She had not gone far on her return, when a stranger rode up to her and accosted her with so much politeness, that she had not the suspicion of any evil intention on his part. After a ride of a mile or two, employed in a very social conversation, they came to a retired part of the road, and the gentleman commanded her to give him the bank note. It was with some difficulty that she could be made to believe him in earnest, as his demeanor had been so friendly—but the presentation of a pistol placed this matter beyond a doubt and she yielded to necessity. Just as she held the note to him, a sudden puff of wind blew the note into the road, & carried it gently several yards from them. The courteous knight alighted to overtake it, and the lady whipped her horse to get out of his power, and the other horse who had been left standing by her side, followed. His owner fired a pistol, which only tended to increase the speed of all parties, and the young lady arrived safely at home with the horse of the robber, on which was a pair of saddle bags. When these were opened, they were found to contain, besides a quantity of bank notes, fifteen hundred dollars in good money. The horse was a good one, and when saddled and bridled, was thought to be worth at least as much as the bank note that was stolen.

#### LADIES SOMETIMES GAMBLE AND WEAR THE BRETTCHES.

We see by an exchange paper that a story has been published in New York about a certain lady, who lives in the habit of frequenting a hell in the lower part of the city in disguise,—and who was said to have lost \$1500 or \$2000 there. The truth of the matter was doubted at the time, but an adventure recently occurred that tends to confirm the belief that the fair sex do occasionally, and on the sly, indulge in the baneful passion of gambling. For some weeks past, a man of youthful appearance, wearing mustachoes, was to be seen as an occasional visitor to a well known house in Park Row, where he played with various success, but for moderate stakes. At length, on a night, a week or two ago, he tendered a check for two hundred dollars to the banker, in an under tone requested counters. It had been remarked that he scarcely ever spoke but in the same subdued manner as he was recognized a frequent visitor, and appeared to be respectable, his request was at once complied with, and for a time fortune seemed to crown his speculations. At last, however, luck turned, and he lost all. His agitation had been continually increasing, and on losing his last coun-

ter he dropped senseless on the floor. He was immediately carried into a private apartment where every humane attention was paid to him, and proper restoratives applied, but he relapsed from one fit to another, and at last, on unbuttoning his collar and throwing open his vest, the man proved to be a woman! A medical man was sent for and at last the young woman was restored to comparative self-possession. Consciousness, however, only increased her agitation; for strange to say, she recognized in the medical attendant a friend both of herself and husband—for she was a married woman! An explanation took place, and it was due to state that the owners of the establishment unhappy woman, and, without a moment's hesitation, returned the check, which was subsequently admitted to have been signed with the name of her husband.

#### FROM BEYOND THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

An Indian chief to whom importunities had been addressed, with a view to induce him to remove to a position farther west than that occupied by his tribe, resisted the application upon the ground that the cupidty of the white man would soon even reach that spot however distant, and that it would be as well for his tribe to wait their inevitable extermination upon the soil within whose bosom its forefathers had been deposited.—The argument was pressed, and with a view to render it more probable that the new home to which he was invited would never be invaded by the aggressions of the white-man, he was urged to a consent to a removal to the delightful hunting grounds beyond the Rocky Mountains. "It is in vain," said the son of the forest, with a mournful and touching eloquence; "neither mountain nor flood can stay the march of the people who have usurped the dominions of the red-man. Even now the cabins of the white settler mingle with the wigwams at the foot of those distant mountains, and the red-man is fast retreating before the face of the intruders. Soon he will be driven to scale them, and take up his abode on the other side—and yet the white man will follow and persecute and destroy him, until the dying shriek of the last of the Indian race mingle itself with the roar of the Pacific ocean."

The prophecy of the savage chief is rapidly approaching its fulfillment. The Rocky Mountains are no longer a barrier to the white man. He has taken up his abode beyond them, and even now, from the distant regions on the other side of the stupendous chain comes a voice asking that the laws which govern the rest of this nation of white men may be extended over the dwellers upon the very shores of the Pacific. A petition of this nature from the inhabitants of the Oregon territory was presented in the Senate of the U. S. and the day is evidently not far distant when that territory, of whose very existence a large number of the people of the United States are probably ignorant, will claim her place among the confederated States of the Union. In less than twenty years, in all probability, the whole of the territory of the northern and Southern boundaries of the United States, from the Atlantic to the Pacific; will be under the government of separate sovereignties, owing political allegiance to the Federal Government of the Union.

The mind contemplates almost with dismay, the immense extent of this vast territory—its boundless physical resources—its stupendous political power—and the grandeur of its position in the family of nations, when in the enjoyment of peace with all the world, and in the careful and industrious cultivation of the bounties and blessings of God, it shall have gone on to swell its population to the extent of the hundreds of the millions, which it can sustain—to cement its widely distant sections by rail roads and canals—to instruct and enlighten its people—to draw more closely together the bonds of political and social union, until, at length, it exhibits the whole hemisphere of North America, as one nation, united for its own welfare in peace, and united against whomsoever may assail it in war.

Whether the vices and infirmities of human nature will allow such a consummation it were in vain to prophesy—but an ardent—perhaps an over sanguine—patriotism, will ever take delight in anticipating it as the destiny of the Union, that now stretches its undisputed territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific Seas.—Balt. Cron.

On Saturday the gentleman who were appointed to make fair division of the real estate of the late George Lorillard, finished their labors. The property consisted of upward of four hundred houses, stores, and blocks of property in the city, and is valued at upward of three millions of dollars. After the same was completed, the five heirs drew by lot for their parcels. The estate of Jacob Lorillard took one part—Peter Lorillard one—Mrs. Robert Barstow and niece one—Mrs. John G. Coaster and brother, one—and the other to a sister, the name we did not hear.

It will be recollected that Mr. Lorillard died a bachelor, leaving his property to his nephews and nieces. Some of the heirs being dissatisfied, they contested the validity of the will, which was declared void by the Court of Errors. By this decision this immense property will now come into use in a much more advantageous manner for the public, than if the will had been sustained.—N. Y. Expr.

#### THE GROWTH OF A CITY.

The rapid march of the West is without precedent, at least in modern history. Villages, towns and cities are starting up, as with the power of enchantment. Delightful farms are taking the places of prairies and forests, while Civilization with all her attending ministers, continues to crowd the red lords of the forest back into still more distant and remote regions. A little longer, and the poor Indians will have disappeared from the face of the earth,—a conquered, ruined, and forgotten race. The hum of cities rises up, where in by gone years the smoke of the rude wigwag was alone perceptible, and millions of human beings will give life and animation to the rich valley of the Mississippi, and the shores of the Lakes. We cannot, however, better illustrate the truths and prophecies, than by adverting to the growth of a single city.—In 1831, Chicago, Illinois, was a rude hamlet, in the west, with inhabitants scarcely sufficient to entitle it to the appellation of a village. Only seven years have elapsed, and look at her now. She has a population of 6000 souls, and her commerce amounts to from 80 to 100,000 tons per annum.—Nay, from June 7 to November 6th of last year, no less than 127 steamboats arrived at her wharves, in addition to 241 other vessels. She now publishes a daily paper, which teems with all the evidences of trade and prosperity, while the population increases with the lapse of every 24 hours. So much for the origin and progress of a "City in the West" of these United States.—We are yet only in our infancy as a nation, and the close of the 19th century, will find us with a population of—but the imagination of the reader must fill out the picture.  
Saturday Cron.

From the Pittsburg Manufacturer.

#### PROSPECTS OF FEDERALISM.

It is amusing to observe with what earnestness the federal party is laboring to produce union and harmony in its heterogeneous parts. One would suppose from a perusal of their leading papers, that they really believed in the possibility of defeating the people in the next Presidential contest. They seem to think that the only difficulty they have to overcome is to settle the question as to who is the 'available' Clay or Harrison. This question however, appears to be a mountain in the way of a 'better organization of the whig party.'

The Pennsylvania Antislaverys, Abolitionists, and Amalgamationists, have staid a march on the whigs, and already have their man (Harrison) in the field. They will shortly hold a state convention for the purpose of nominating a Harrison and Webster electoral ticket, to the support of which they are determined to force the Clay men. This arrangement by no means pleases the other portion of the party. Already the Clay whigs begin to murmur at the cavalier manner in which their favorite has been thrust aside, to make room for the valiant hero of the red flannel petticoat.

A glance at their prospects might restore peace to their ranks, and show them the folly of disputing about an available. We will put down a few of the states in which there is not the slightest doubt of success of the democratic candidates for president and vice president, and then ask the opposition why they tease and fret themselves for a candidate, when nothing but disgraceful defeat awaits him, whoever he may be.

We will begin with the good old Keystone; Pennsylvania may be relied on for 25,000 majority for the democratic ticket.

New York is regenerated—"the sober second thought of her citizens is always right."

Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, Maryland Michigan, Virginia, South Carolina, North Carolina, Alabama, Arkansas, Georgia, New Hampshire, New Jersey and Maine, are all safe, and will most certainly give majorities for the democratic candidates. No stratagem or arrangement can deprive Martin Van Buren of the electoral votes of the states here set down.

It is impossible that the opponents of Mr. Van Buren can ever unite on any one person for president. The Southern whigs declare that either the president or vice president must come from a Southern state; while the Abolitionists of the New England and middle states will support no man who is suspected of upholding and countenancing slavery. Why, then, do the opposition fret themselves about a candidate, who will be rendered conspicuous only by the defeat that will overwhelm him. They would act a wiser part to follow the advice of the Wheeling times, and permit the election to pass without offering any opposition.

**Accident.**—Yesterday, about noon, as a gentleman named Yearick, about 50 years of age, was about to cross Third street, at the intersection of Branch street immediately in front of a horse attached to a dray, the animal suddenly became frightened at the approach of a fire engine, rushed upon Mr. Yearick and knocked him under his feet. We regret to say that one of the wheels of the dray passed over one of his legs and broke it in two places; his forehead, and one side of his head, were also much injured, in consequence, as is supposed of the horse treading upon it. He was conveyed to third street Hall and Dr. Noble summoned, who gave it as his opinion that he was not seriously, although severely injured. Mr. Yearick, we understand, is a man of large family, residing in Union county, Pa. He was formerly a member of the Legislature, but is now engaged in the mercantile business.—Ledger.

#### DEMOCRATIC CELEBRATION.

The immense procession of the democracy through the streets of this city, struck every observer with astonishment and awe. Nothing ever comparable to it was ever beheld by the oldest inhabitants. It seemed as though the entire population, men, women, and children, had "turned out," as the phrase goes, to celebrate the unprecedented and imperishable victory which the republican party has achieved. It seemed as though the boundless wilderness of streets had been converted into one great circle of joyous and triumphant concourse, "still beginning never ending." When the utmost stretch of expectation had been expended upon cavalcade after cavalcade of horses and illuminated carriages, others and yet interminably extended others met the astonished sight, in superb and incalculable array. The moral effect of this procession upon the beholders must have been most impressively solemn. It demonstrated beyond all question, no doubt, that the free and unchained opinions of the population of New York are vitally and essentially democratic, whatever advantages the anti-republican party occasionally gain over it by secret, subtle fraud and felonious machination.

To give some idea of this tremendous tide of human beings, it is proper to state that it was led by a cavalcade of 200 white horses and their manly riders; by the most accomplished bands of music that the city could supply, and was then followed by thousands and tens of thousands of the true hearted people—the bone and sinew, the living limbs, the exalted hearts, the eternal stability of the land. There could not have been less than 18 or 20,000 of the people in regular procession, independently of the scores of thousands of people of all ages and conditions who thronged the sidewalks and followed in a rushing stream.  
New York New Era.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

#### Origin of Bots in Horses, and Cure.

Ford Hudson, La., Nov. 23, 1838.

Mr. Porter—I have observed lately much speculation, as to the origin of the grub. I have read this evening Mr. Mitchell's account of his experiment in the cure, and after the animal died his experiment in killing the worm, after taking it from the stomach of the dead horse.

As it should be our object to do all the good we can to mankind, I feel it my duty to give to the world what I think a certain cure for the bot or grub, without commenting how they find their way into the horse's stomach, or how they are formed—it is enough that such a thing does exist as bots in horses, and that it is important now to get rid of them, when we ascertain our horse is affected by them.

To make the bot or grub let go his hold, give the horse a quart of molasses or dissolved sugar, with a quart of sweet milk—in thirty minutes you will find the horse at ease; then pulverized of eighth of a pound of alum—dissolve in a quart of warm water, and drench your horse—after which, in two hours or less, give the horse one pound of salts, and you will find the bots in the dung I have never failed. I think this is after all the speculations and cures I have seen, the only thing that will to a certainty remove the bots.

The molasses and sweet milk cause the bot to leave go and pray upon the sweetening—the alum contracts him, and the salts passes him off.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN C. WALKER

We saw a letter a day or two since, announcing the death of Mr. Pollock, of Roanoke. Mr Pollock was a highly intelligent gentleman of the old school, and probably one of the largest slave owners in the United States. We heard a gentleman, familiar with his affairs, say twelve months ago, that they amounted to about 2,000. He owned also large tracts of the richest lands upon the Roanoke, Neuse, and Trent besides extensive possessions out of North Carolina.

[Wilmington (N. C.) Advertiser

#### SAVAGE MURDERS.

A correspondent of the Sunday News, writing from Batavia, gives the following extract from the log of the Mermaid, of Salem, from the Fejes Islands, giving the particulars of an attack by the natives, on the British brig David Ogilby.

"Captain Hutchens, of the David Ogilby, had made preparations to establish a fish-house at Baretta, and had landed some articles, and had others, on deck, ready to send on shore. A man called Rava Jack, was to carry it on, while the brig was on a cruise. The D. O. was in the act of getting under weigh, anchor a peak, were hoisting the foretop-sail, a great number of natives on deck and still more in canoes around her. One hand was in the foretop-sail, overhauling the rigging. Capt. Hutchens was on the quarter-deck, with his cutlass in his hand, Funnolaugy, the Baretta chief, behind him, near the taffrail. It is supposed the plot was conceived by the chief on the instant, as numbers of the natives had hold of the topsail halyards at the time. The chief had a club handed to him from a canoe at the stern, and as Capt. H. sung out "belay the halyards," he was struck by the chief on the head with his club and fell dead instantly. The chief immediately jumped down into the cabin for

plunder. The mate (Mr. White) seeing the captain fall, ran to his assistance, unarmed, was attacked by the natives, with the captain's cutlass, wounded in the head and several other places, and fell on the dead body of the captain. One man jumped overboard and was killed by the natives.

There were muskets and ammunition in the armchest in the top. The men stationed there commenced a fire on the natives, two others gained the top by the forestay, one being wounded in the act of getting up. Some of the hands jumped below for arms, there being none on deck, and attempted to regain the deck which was in possession of the natives. In the course of five or ten minutes, they succeeded in driving the natives from the deck, with the assistance of the men in the foretop. During this time, the chief was in the cabin rummaging for plunder, thinking the natives were finishing what he had so effectually begun. John Hunter one of the crew, went aft and saw the chief in the cabin, he jumped down, armed with nothing but a hammer. The chief made a blow at him with a club, which he partially parried, but received it on his head. They then clenched, and in the scuffle Hunter stabbed him in the forehead with a knife, which broke off within an inch of the handle. This, however, did not kill him, he fought hard and was finally shot by the people from the deck, which ended the affray, the natives going off, taking with them the muskets and powder on deck, and the boat which was towing at the stern.

The survivors of the crew immediately got the brig under weigh for Lubouka, where they arrived the next morning—the body of the chief was thrown overboard.—On the passage another chief was found in the forecabin, who was killed and thrown overboard.

They obtained assistance at Lubouka to work the vessel, and arrived at Rava, where the Mermaid was lying at 5 P. M. on Tuesday, May 6th 1838. Captain Egleyson of the Mermaid, rendered them every assistance in his power, and sent his mate on board to take charge of her, and with Mr. Cross, the missionary, sent Mr. White up to Rava with his effects, and furnished the wounded men with every thing necessary for their comfort. Mr. White came to Manila in the M. and was left there quite crazy.

Capt. Hutchins was buried at Lubouka the club with which he was killed was straight, about 5 feet long, tipped with silver. There was a report at the Fejes that the Mermaid had been taken by the natives and all hands murdered. Should such a report have reached the U. S. you may contradict it, as the M. sailed from here on Friday for the coast."

#### AMUSING INCIDENT.

The following amusing incident occurred at Cambridge, at one of the recent trials for the election of a member of Congress in District No. 4. A colored man, a pretty zealous abolitionist, who is in the employ of a merchant in this city, who resides in C. was told by his employer that if he would like to go over and vote he would write his vote. The colored man, suspecting some trick, declined the offer, but said he would go to the 'office' and get one.—He went to the office of the Liberator, and asked some one in attendance, for an abolition vote. The individual, not understanding him, but supposing he was jesting, handed him a copy of the Liberator. Our hero immediately walked over to Cambridge, and presented himself at the polls. On announcing his name, and on his being checked, he very gravely deposited his Liberator in the ballot-box, to the great amusement of the spectators.—Mer. Journal.

#### TRAVELLING AS IT WAS.

The following brief account of a journey from New York to New Orleans made in 1800 will be read with interest:

"April 3d, 1800, left New York, in ferry boat for Jersey City. Took two horse coach and got to Philadelphia the 4th day at 4 P. M. Left Philadelphia next morning in a one horse chaise, with the mail behind for Lancaster, where we arrived the 3d day. At Lancaster, bought a horse, and after six days' journey through the forests reached Pittsburg. Here with some others, I bought for eighteen dollars, a flat boat, in which we took our departure for New Orleans floating with the current. After diverse adventures and escapes from great peril, by land and water, we reached Natchez the fifty-seventh day after leaving Pittsburg. New Orleans city in thirteen days thereafter, having been from New York on the journey eighty-four days, which our friends in New Orleans did say was an expedition voyage. My own personal cost on the whole was, in sum total, 277. 11s. 4d."

The same journey can now be made in 10 or 12 days at an expense of \$60. What a contrast!

Mr. Cowell, the Agent of the Bank of England, who returned in the Great Western, succeeded in collecting almost every cent of the heavy amount due to that institution in this country.

A boy, about fifteen years of age, who recently tried in the Circuit Court of the United States, holding its sessions in St. Louis, for robbing the mail, and convicted. In consequence of his youth, he was sentenced to ten days imprisonment.