

## COOLNESS.

By Hon. Samuel Slick for the Saturday Courier.

Our neighbor was Squire Peleg Squirely; well, the old Squire and his family was all of them the most awful passion the folks that ever lived, when they chose, and then they could keep on their temper, and be as cool as other times as quinquina. One night old Peleg, as he was called, told his son Gucum, a boy of fourteen years old, to go and bring in a backlog for the fire. "A backlog you know, Squire, is a wood fire, is always the biggest stick that one can find or carry. It takes a stout jony of a boy to bring one."

Well as soon as Gucum goes to fetch the log, the old Squire drags forward the coals, and fixes the fire so as to leave a bed for it, and stands by ready to fit it into its place. Presently in comes Gucum with a little cat stick no bigger than his leg, and throws it on. Uncle Peleg got so mad, he never said a word, but just seized his riding whip, and gave him a most awful whipping. He tanned his hide properly for him, you may depend. "Now," said he, "go sit, and bring in a proper backlog."

Gucum was clear grit as well as the old man, for he was a chip out of the old block, and no mistake; so he goes with out so much as saying a word, but instead of going to the wood pile, he walks off into the garden, and stands away eight years, till he was one and twenty, and his own master. Well as soon as he was a man grown and lawfully on his own hook, he took it into his head one day he'd go to home and see his old father and mother again, and show them he was alive and kicking, and that they didn't know whether he was dead or not, never having heard of or from him one blessed word all that time. When he arrived to the old house, daylight was down and the lights lit, and as he passed the kitchen window, he looked in, and there was old Squire sitting in the same chair he was eight years ago, when the ordered in the backlog, and gave him such an omniscious whipping. So what does Gucum do, but stops at the wood pile, and picks up a most flagitious log, (for he had grow'd to be a most a thunderin' big feller then,) and opens the door he marches in and lays it down on the hearth, and then lookin' up, says he—

"Father, I've brought you in the backlog."

"Uncle Peleg was struck up all of a heap. He couldn't believe his eyes, that that great six footer was the boy he had grow'd, and he couldn't believe his ears when he heard him call him father; a man from the grave wouldn't have surprised him more—he was quite unfazed, and dumbfounded for a minute. But he came too tight off, and was tied down to a freezin' point in no time."

"What did you say?" said he.

"That he brought you in the backlog sir, you sent me out for."

"Well, then you've been a d-d long say. Draw the coals forward, put it on, and then go to bed."

"Now that's a fact Squire, I know the parties myself—and that's what I do call coolness—and no mistake!"

**Scenes and Incidents in Virginia.**—The travelling correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writes an interesting letter from Winchester. Extract:

"At Mount Jackson, twelve miles from Woodstock, lived Mr. Stienberger, the dealer in cattle, of whom much was said not long ago, as having failed and involved men and banks to a great extent. It seems that this man's father was a rich farmer, and there are many German farmers in this valley—that he married the daughter of a rich farmer—that he engaged largely in the cattle trade, borrowed money lavishly at the banks, from some of which he seems to have had a kind of carte blanche for his operations, and got endorers of various wealthy men around him. He got \$600,000 out of the United States Bank—\$300,000 out of others, and was going on at a high rate, when the boiler burst, and sad havoc did it make."

"I saw a venerable old gentleman in Woodstock who was pretty much ruined by this man, and the people of the valley believe he is now rich. At any rate he is said to be carrying on in New York, a wholesale business in the western trade. If you want his character, it may be learned from the people around Mount Jackson, who know him well. I will not undertake to pronounce upon it. But he will long be remembered in the county of Shenandoah, and elsewhere in no very pleasant associations."

Here I have visited the house in which the celebrated Gen. Daniel Morgan, of the Virginia riflemen, died quietly in his bed after a life as active, stormy and useful to his country as falls to the lot of few men. A monumental tablet rests upon his grave, with a simple inscription. I have conversed with one old gentleman now in his 77th year, who knew him well, and was with him in his last sickness. He thinks the prominent trait in the character of that distinguished officer, was vigilance and boldness. He was never asleep—never surprised—never on the alert. No man was comparable to him in the execution of orders, especially of anything bold, daring and impossible was to be achieved. He would spring like a lion on his prey, into the midst of the enemy. The manner in which he scaled the fortress of Quebec, as the most astonishing instance of military energy on record. The noble soldier, always a truceful, did his part, and stood in triumph on the fortress of the enemy; but the attack at the other point failed, in consequence of the death of Montgomery. Morgan used to

fight over his battles in the hearing of his Winchester friends, and was not much beyond sixty when he died. He was tall muscular and mighty. Why has his name no place in Allen's Biographical Dictionary? He died in 1803.

## Barbarous measures being carried into execution in Russia against the Jewish population.

When the Emperor was in England, a report obtained currency, through the agency of a corrupt and bribed press, that the removal of the Jews from Russia was suspended. On this point we will quote the words of the National, a French journal:—"The Autocrat has decreed the transportation of a body of 150,000 Jews. He has conceived this plan—he has announced it, and his sentence of death must be executed. Neither application nor the interests of his subjects will be able to suspend his infamous command. The will of one man disposes of the lives and fortunes of 150,000 of his fellow creatures. You imagine, perhaps, that the crime of those unhappy persons must, indeed, be great to merit so terrible a chastisement;—that they have organized some vast conspiracy against the security of the empire, or perhaps that they had attempted to resuscitate Poland, which is expiring in a lingering agony, or that they had expressed a wish for emancipation at a remote period. Undeceive yourselves—the iron yoke which presses on this country does not suffer them to entertain such a noble ambition. Their only fault is that some of them are addicted to smuggling, and the fault of the few is to be visited on thousands of their fellow citizens. At the moment we are writing these lines the sentence is being executed, the spoliation and ruin of those unfortunate men are consummated. Torn with violence from their families, obliged to sell their properties at considerably less than their value, they are compelled to seek an existence in the silent forests of the interior of Russia, where they will dispute the possession of those immense wastes with the birds and beasts of prey, which are their sole population. There they will find their tomb and in presence of this calamity the author of such atrocity relies upon the silence of all Europe!"

**Conflict with a Mad Dog.**—Mr. Hapgood of this city, keen as a sportsman as a skillful gunsmith, met with a misfortune a week or two since, in the loss of a fine pointer by hydrophobia, and under circumstances of uncommon peril to himself. After shooting until past mid day, observing that his dog became disobedient and exhibited a suspicious repugnance to water—he tied it with a handkerchief to a sapling, leaned his gun against a tree and ate his luncheon a few yards off.

On returning towards his gun, he found the dog, evidently mad, in the act of tearing itself loose and making at him. Without any more to reason on, he ran on, carrying some water near, and stood on a log until the dog having gone out of sight, he was returning for his gun, when suddenly the dog rushed upon him over a hillock, and he only escaped being bitten, by seizing the rabbit at a moment by the throat. A struggle ensued between them for more than half an hour, requiring the execution of all the muscular power of the assailed, while the dog nungled its own tongue dreadfully and covered Mr. H. with foam and blood. He at last succeeded in getting off his belt, putting it around the dog's neck, and buckling it to the stem of a small bush, regained his gun and shot the dog. Mr. H. though he escaped fortunately without a scratch, was much exhausted, and the muscles of his arms were swollen from the exertion for two days after. —*Charleston Mercury.*

## ENDURANCE OF ARABIAN HORSES.

I was present at a race in Persia, and there was no question about the choice of the best turf, or taking precautions against accidents, neither was the race limited to a few minutes. The winner's point was at the distance of a few furlongs, that is, ten or eleven leagues, or twenty-six or twenty-seven English miles, across a rocky country, without any indicated road; the winner arrived in an hour. When Sir John M'Neil was physician to the British embassy at Teheran he went to visit one of his countrymen, who was ill, at Isphahan, and he assured me that he arrived in four days with his horses; the distance is about one hundred and twenty leagues. I was shown, in the stables of Peth-Ah-Shah, the Arabian horse on which that prince came from Shiraz to succeed his uncle; he traversed the distance in a much more extravagant manner, if we believe M'Neil, for it took him only seven days. This facility of travelling for a long time without stopping, and their great abstemiousness causes the horses of the province of Neja to be particularly estimated. The young Pasha whom I met at Djeddah, and who had travelled thither through that country on his way from Bassora, attributed these qualifications to the training of the horses and the difficulty of procuring food for them. According to him they have to accustom themselves to brackish water, and to live upon a species of thistle, the only plant met with in those deserts. None but animals of a strong constitution can endure this regimen. —*Narrative of a Mission to India.*

## MANAGEMENT OF FRUIT TREES.

We give below the account (which is extracted from the Philadelphia Public Ledger) of E. L. Pell, Ulster county, New York, which took a gold medal, being a premium offered by the American Institute for the best fruit farm. It appears Mr. Pell has had in view the market of Europe by launching into one article of fruit, the Newton pippin, that cannot be compared with for profit in that market. He has also kept in view the market of his own State in other fruits; for which he has been awarded the premium as above. To the Committee on Fruit Farms:

Gentlemen: Being desirous to compete for the premium to be awarded by the American Institute, at its sixth annual fair, for the best fruit farm in the State, I now abide its rules, and offer, at the request of Mr. T. B. W., its worthy and very useful secretary, my mode of managing:

For some years I have been experimenting upon the apple tree, having an orchard of 20,000 Newton pippin apple trees. I have found it very unprofitable to wait for what is termed the bearing year, and consequently it has been my aim to assist nature, so as to enable the trees to bear every year. I have noticed that it bears more profusely than any other tree, and consequently requires the intermediate year to recover itself, by extracting from the atmosphere and earth the requisites to enable it to produce. If unassisted by art, the intervening year must necessarily be lost; if however, it is supplied with the proper sustenance it will bear every year.

Three years ago, in April, I scraped all the rough bark off a few of the apple trees in my orchard, and washed the trunks and limbs within reach with soft soap, trimmed out all the branches that crossed each other early in June, and painted the wounded part with white lead, to keep out the moisture; then split open the bark, by tuning a sharp pointed knife from the ground to the first set of limbs, in the latter part of the same month, which prevents the tree from becoming bark bound, and gives the inner wood an opportunity of expanding. In July I placed one peck of oyster-shells (lime around each tree, and left it piled about the trunk until November, when I dug the lime in thoroughly. The following year I collected from those trees 1,709 barrels of fruit, some of which was sold in New York for \$1, and the balance in London for \$9 per barrel. Strange as it may appear, they are literally bending to the ground with the finest fruit I ever saw, a specimen of which is before you. The other trees in my orchard, not treated as above, are barren, next year being their bearing year.

## TERRIFIC HURRICANE. LOSS OF LIFE AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

We learn from the Western Exposition, situated at Independence, Louisiana, that a destructive hurricane visited that section of the State about 9 o'clock on the night of the 25th ult. I shall not be lamentably dissatisfied. That paper says: "It came across the prairie, and the first we heard of its effects was at the Mission, three miles from Westport, which it injured considerably, from whence it passed over our country in a north-east direction, striking the river about one-half mile above Wayne C. Yates. N. H. H. mill, and have heard of its keeping down the river for some miles, but as yet we have not heard where it commenced nor where it ended. It varied from five to seven hundred yards in width, and pursued a straight direction. We give the following list of the killed and wounded:

Mrs. McGill, Livingston, killed; Mrs. Stone, do. Mr. Kerr had three children killed, and he himself badly wounded; Miss Mary Middleton, and Dr. Martinson, near Westport, were killed. A stranger, who had been moving a family to Platte, and encamped opposite Owen's Landing, was found dead, his wagon blown entirely away. Thomas Hedges had all his houses and furniture blown off, and several of his family badly crippled. Samuel Lambert, houses, &c. gone, wife and another person badly injured. J. Brady, houses, &c. blown off; King, do. Mrs. Higgins do. and herself badly crippled; Mrs. Ragin, do. and negro man, crippled; Calvin McCoy do. and several of his family crippled; Dr. Martin, do. Mrs. Buckhart, do; Thomas Smith, do; C. N. Hall's steam saw mill, roof blown off, grist mill and houses blown entirely away—damage about \$1200.

We have heard of several others killed and wounded; and much more property injured, but do not know the particulars. We have no idea that the half has been told or yet heard of the loss of lives and the destruction of property occasioned by this awful tornado."

The American Bible Society has issued more copies of the holy Scriptures during the month of October than in any month since the formation of the Society. The number is 47,442, of which 15,326 were bibles, 32,102 testaments; and 14 copies of the scriptures for the blind; the whole valued at \$10,455 39. In seven languages viz: English, French, German, Spanish, Welsh, Chinese and Indian. The increase this year, over the last six months, is 59,105.

## Gen. Jackson—the Flint of Fire.

We hasten to throw before our readers the following letter from the greatest living hero and statesman. It is the real spark of the old flint that has so often lit up the world with the dramatic light of patriotism. John Q. Adams sinks deep in the mire of federal malignity and falsehood, before the old soldier patriot and statesman. Mr. Adams, however is used to defeat!

HERMITAGE, Oct 22; 1814.  
DEAR SIR:—I thank you for the copy of the Intelligencer containing the address of John Q. Adams to the Young Men's Club of Boston delivered on the 7th inst.

The address is a labored attempt on the part of Mr. Adams to discredit the testimony of Mr. Ewing whose statements were referred to in my letter to the Hon. A. Brown of February 12th, 1843 from a diseased mind, prove little else but its own weakness and folly.

My letter to Mr. Brown was published on the 20th of March 1851 in Washington, city, where Mr. Adams was at the time. It has been the subject of comment in the newspaper press of both parties in all portions of the union, and the statements of Mr. Ewing and the inferences from them have not been deemed worthy of the notice of Mr. Adams until now, just before the close of the Presidential canvass he pretends to have discovered that great injustice has been done him, and he makes a childish appeal to his own "diary" to screen him from the odium which has fallen upon his treachery to the best interests of his country.

Mr. Adams has been seven months in preparing this tissue of deception for the public. I pledge my countrymen, as soon as I can obtain the papers not in my possession, referred to in the letter to prove not only that Mr. Adams has no cause of complaint against me, but that his veracity like his diplomacy cannot be propped up by his "diary."

I say in advance of the review I shall take of this extraordinary production, thus heralded before the public on the eve of the Presidential election, that the assertion of my having advised the treaty of 1819, is a barefaced falsehood, without the shadow of proof to sustain it, and that the entire address is full of statements at war with truth and of sentiments hostile to every dictate of patriotism.

Who but a traitor to his country, can appeal as Mr. Adams does at the youth of Boston at the close of his address: "Your trial is approaching. The spirit of freedom and the spirit of slavery are drawing together for the deadly conflict of arms. The association of Texas to this Union is the blast of the trumpet for a foreign civil, servile and Indian war of which the Government of the United States fallen into faithless hands, has already given the signal, first by a shameful treaty rejected by a virtuous Senate; and again by the glove of defiance hurled by the apostle of nullification at the avowed policy of the British empire, peacefully promote the extinction throughout the world. Young men of Boston! hush your errors, prepare for the conflict; and I say to you in the language of Gideon to the seven Britons, think of your fathers—think of your posterity! What is the delusion of what is worse, a direct attempt to oppose the decision of the American people should be favorable to the annexation of Texas to the United States."

I may be blamed for spelling Mr. Ewing's name wrong; but I trust I shall never deserve the shame of missing the path of duty, where my country's rights are involved. I believe from his disclosures made to me of the transactions of 1819 that Mr. Adams transgressed the interests, when he took the Sabine river as the boundary between us and Spain, where he might have gone to the Colorado, if not to the Rio del Norte, such was the natural inference from the facts stated by Mr. Ewing; and there is nothing in the account now given of the negotiation to alter this impression. The address is the contrary does not at all relieve Mr. Adams. It proves that he was then, as now, an alien to the true interests of his country, but he had not then as now, the pretext of co-operation with Great Britain, in her powerful endeavors to extinguish slavery throughout the world.

Is there an American patriot that can read the above extracts and other similar ones that may be taken from the address of this monarchist in disguise without a feeling of horror? Grant that the thousands of those who think with me that the addition of Texas to our Union would be a national benefit are in error—are we to be deterred from the expression of our opinions by threats of armed opposition? and it is in the manner that the peaceful policy of Great Britain is to be carried into execution should the American people decide that we are not in error? Or does Mr. Adams mean to intimate that the will of Great Britain should be the law for American statesmen, and will be enforced at the point of the bayonet by those

who decended from the patriots of our revolution?

Instead of going to British history for sentiment worthy of the republican youth of our country, on an occasion so vitally affecting our national safety and honor, I would recommend those in General Washington's Farewell Address, and particularly his warning to us to avoid entangling alliances with foreign nations and whatsoever is calculated to create sectional or geographical parties at home.

I am very truly, your obedient servant  
ANDREW JACKSON.  
Gen. ROBERT ARMSTRONG.

## GOVERNOR SHUNK.

The Columbia Spy thus tells the story of a young countryman who called to see Mr. Shunk while at Columbia, on his recent visit east.—"Wall, Gov'n, how are ye, old flint? I say, you're the first Gov'n I ever seen afore, and I come all the way from Peachbottom to have a peep at you! I have a feller here, Gov'n, from your place, that'd neatly match you. Jest stay here til I fetch him." And with this injunction our hero started off in search of his friend. In a few minutes he returned, accompanied by his friend, who was indeed a match for Mr. Shunk, in point of size. "Gov'n, here's that feller—'s't he a tall one? Would'n you two make a bustin' yock?" His companion considering himself in rather an awkward situation, was turning to get on the "fix," when the red-faced man again bellowed out—"Stand up to him, Simpson; don't be afraid of the Gov'n—you're as big as him!" It is needless to say that this last sally was accompanied by a general burst of laughter, and amongst the heartiest of the laughers was the Governor elect himself.

## WAR AND MASSACRE.

We have information which states that war had broken out between the New Mexicans and the tribes of Eutaw Indians, who live around Taos. Early in September six of the Eutaw chiefs, accompanied by one hundred warriors, visited Santa Fe to obtain from Gov. Martinez restitution for depredations committed last spring on their people, by a trapping party of Spaniards, in the neighborhood of the Salt Mountain. The six chiefs being in audience with the Governor in his palace, expressed themselves dissatisfied with the presents offered to them, and the leader attempted to pull the Governor from his seat by his hair—killed two of them, and the other four were despatched by the guard who rushed in. The hundred warriors in retreating to their village, massacred twelve Mexicans, and a brisk war between the two nations was anticipated.

## GREAT FIRE.

**Old Faneuil Hall in Danger—\$40,000 to \$50,000 worth of Stock destroyed.**

From the second edition of the Boston Times of Tuesday, we copy the following:

About half past 4 o'clock this morning, a fire broke out in the extensive drug establishment of Mr. Edward Brainerd, Nos. 3 and 4 south side of Faneuil Hall, and the entire stock of goods amounting in value to from \$40,000 to \$50,000, destroyed. The fire broke out in the back part of the store—cause unknown—and the owner was unable to secure his books and papers, which were taken out from the counting room in front by breaking through a window. The Fire Department rushed to the scene at once, and by most unflinching exertions all day light this morning, succeeded in confining the fire to its original locality.

Their labors were most arduous and probably saved Old Faneuil Hall, which was directly opposite, from destruction; as also the store of J. F. Conant; and the balance manufactory of Mr. Amos Stevens, on the same side of the street with Mr. Brainerd's store. As it was; Faneuil Hall on the south side was much scorched and charred; as also the stores mentioned. We learn that Mr. Brainerd was insured for \$40,000—but his loss will probably be considerably more than this amount."

**The White House 1794.**—A Mr. Wasey, whose published notes of a tour in this country, in 1794, have recently been the subject of notice in the American papers, gives the following description of a breakfast at the White House. Will the breakfasts there in these days bear comparison with this:

"Mrs. Washington herself, made tea and coffee for us. On the table were two small plates of sliced tongue, dry toast, bread and butter, but no boiled fish, as is the general custom. Miss Curtis, her grand-daughter, a very pleasing young lady of about sixteen sat next to her brother, George Washington Curtis, about two years older than herself. There was but little appearance of form; no livery. A silver urn for hot water was the only expensive thing on the table. Mrs. W. appears to be something older than the President, although born in the same year, short in stature, rather robust, very plain in her dress."

## DEMOCRAT.

"TRUTH WITHOUT FEAR."

## BLOOMSBURG.

SATURDAY, NOV 23, 1844

## Remember the Printer.

WHEAT CORN RYE BUCK. WHEAT OATS or WOOD will be received for debts due us for subscription.

Also a few bushels of POTATOES if delivered soon

From those who have promised Lumber inch and inch and a quarter pine boards will be received if delivered soon.

## THE ELECTION.

Tennessee and Louisiana are yet in doubt as to whom has received their Electoral Vote, both parties claiming the states by small majorities. They cannot, however change the general result.

## THE GRAND RESULT, AS FAR AS HEARD FROM.

	Polk	Clay
Pennsylvania	26	
New York	36	
Maryland		8
Ohio		23
South Carolina	9	
Virginia	17	
New Jersey		7
Connecticut		4
Rhode Island		4
New Hampshire	6	
North Carolina		11
Michigan	5	
Georgia	10	
Kentucky		12
Indiana	12	
Illinois	9	
Delaware		3
Massachusetts		12
Maine	9	
Alabama	9	
Mississippi	6	
Missouri	7	
Arkansas	3	
Vermont		6
Probable	164	92
Tennessee	13	
Louisiana	6	
	183	92
138 electoral votes necessary to a choice		

## 1848.

WILLIAM S. ARCHER, of Virginia, has already been named by the some of the "Native American" papers, as the candidate of the late whig party to succeed President Polk.

DANIEL WEBSTER, of Massachusetts, is urged by another portion of the same party.

Gen. WINFIELD SCOTT, of New York is also presented for the honor of martyrdom, by a small Native organ in Philadelphia.

The United States Gazette however, holds defiance to them all, and continues its mast-head the flag of CLAY and FRANKLIN.

Too early, by half gentlemen. In about three years after date the Democracy will give you a candidate who will distance the entire race of Whigs and Natives, a la Polk of Tennessee.

As it is customary, in fashionable circles, to announce the movements of distinguished men, we must not omit to mention, that Col. V. Best, whilom of Harrisburg, has got back again to Danville. The last we heard of our ubiquitous friend, he was whiling away his leisure moments in charging our paper with a want of influence, a species of crime to which the legislature has not yet, to our knowledge, affixed a penalty. The inference, as a matter of course, is; that our accuser's influence is unlimited. This was well tested at the last October election, when every local candidate, who had the benefit of his support, from Congress down to Auditor, was handsomely defeated! If Mynheer, the Colonel, should exercise his tremendous influence a year or two longer, the seat of justice will be removed to "Bloom," for certain.—*Dem. Union.*

## THE BANNER TOWNSHIP OF THE STATE

Lehman township, Pike county, gave at the late elections, for

Shunk, Markle Polk, Clay  
174 1 152 1

Can it be equalled by any other township in the State or Union? Hand her round.

## RAISING UP DEMOCRATS.

A lady in Allegheny city, says the Pittsburgh Daily on Friday presented her husband with three fine boys at one birth. The father being a Democrat; has named the first James K. Polk, the second George M. Dallas, and the third Francis R. Shunk. The mother and children are all doing well.