

THE COUNTRY DOLLAR.

BY MOORE & HEMPHILL.

Neutral in Politics.

AT ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME I.

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The Mother's Heroic Defence of Her Home.

A FEW OF THE FRONTIER WARS. There is no exaggeration in the following sketch, the instances narrated having actually occurred during the border wars of Kentucky, as the reader may convince himself by referring to "Collins' History of Kentucky." The seemingly incredible feat (for a woman especially) of biting in two a musket bullet is there vouched for. This narrative was written for the Sunday Times:

A more beautiful and quiet scene than the clearing on the Elkhorn, which smiled and sparkled in the light of a cloudless sunrise, on the 27th of April, 1792, could not have been found between Kentucky River and the mountains. A rude but strongly built log-cabin—half dwelling, half fortification—was the most conspicuous object in the foreground. A stream, the Elkhorn; too large to be called a creek, yet scarcely broad and deep enough (except during a freshet) to be considered a river, its sloping banks clothed in the tender green of early spring, swept with rapid current within half a mile of the front of the cabin. The entire clearing consisted of about forty acres, girdled on every side by the dense forest, except on the east, where a broad opening appeared, and the "blazed" outline of a road was visible for a rod or two, leading apparently to some adjacent settlement. The location was only three or four miles from Frankfort, then a small village, and about two miles from the nearest point on the Kentucky river, of which the Elkhorn is a tributary. Within the cleared area labor had done much. The axe, which had led the sunlight into the heart of the wilderness, had been promptly followed by the plow. The barns and corn-cribs were filled to overflowing, and the green blades, glistening with dew, that covered the southern slopes, gave promise of another abundant harvest.

The cabin was of double the usual size, for it contained two families. Its occupants were two brothers, Hosea and Jesse Cook, their wives and children, & a youth of seventeen, named John McAndre, who assisted the Cooks in their farm work. The two brothers were originally from Connecticut, but had emigrated to Kentucky some years before the time at which our narrative opens. Nearly four years had elapsed since they had settled on the Elkhorn, and during the whole of that time they had seen but one Indian.

Hosea's household consisted of his wife, Miriam, like himself a native of New England—a woman of commanding stature & great personal strength—and their daughter Alice, a fair, golden-haired beauty, with a face that smiled all over, then in her 16th year. Hope, the wife of Jesse Cook, was a rosy-comely daughter of Virginia, much younger than her sister-in-law, with two boys, of six and three years old, at her apron string. Young McAndre was a fine, handy young huntsman, whose father had been killed in a rencontre with a party of Wyandots, near the Blue Licks, in that memorable ear of the frontier wars of the west, the year 1782.

Just as the sun's red disc became visible above the upper line of the forest to the east, the door of the cabin opened and the brothers passed out. The scene spread before them was one of perfect repose. The morning mist had already lifted from the stream and was sailing slowly upward, while not a breath stirred to shake the pendant moisture from the forest leaves, or ripple the surface of the swiftly gliding water. But the Cooks were not the men to look upon the landscape with a poet or a painter's eye, and with the simple observation that it was a fine growing morning, the elder, Hosea, shouldered his axe, and followed by his brother, walked to a pile of chestnut timber a few rods west of the house, where they had been engaged the preceding day in splitting out fence rails.

They were both unarmed, and would have laughed at the idea of trying weapons to protect themselves against the Indians, so confident had their long exemption from attack or molestation rendered them. But their dream of security was destined to be suddenly and awfully broken. They had not struck twenty blows with their axes, when a dozen rifles,

"Too nearly, deadly aimed to err," cracked from a clump of maples about forty yards in advance of the nearest point of woods, and Hosea Cook, who was in the act of chopping, sprang like a ball into the air, and straightening as he descended, fell with his face upward, quite dead.

Jesse, although struck with three bullets and mortally wounded, started in a staggering run for the cabin, and fell a few rods from the door, at the very moment that the Wyandots, painted and plumed for war, leaped from the cover with a whoop of demoniac exultation. For one moment the inmates of the cabin were panic-stricken; but in the next, the youth McAndre, had rushed out for the purpose of bringing in the wounded man. He seized him by the shoulders and was in the act of dragging him toward the threshold, when an old Indian, who had reserved his charge when the volley was fired, took deliberate aim at the young man and shot him through the brain. He fell dead across the body of Jesse Cook.

Had the savages rushed upon the cabin at that moment, they would have encountered no resistance. The door was open, and the women completely unnerved by the horror of the scene. But the savages

stopped when they reached the body of Hosea Cook, to scalp their victim. They knew that all the males of the household had fallen, and that it was utterly impossible for the women and children to escape. As to any attempt at a defence, they did not dream of that.

The three females, who with arms outstretched towards the bleeding bodies of their fallen protectors, and eyes dilated with horror, stood huddled together on the threshold, felt rather than saw that their only chance of avoiding immediate massacre was in availing themselves of the brief respite which the bloodthirsty malignity of the savages afforded them. Rushing from the cabin, Miriam Cook grasped the arms of her brother-in-law in her powerful arms, while at the same instant Hope and Alice seized each an arm of the unfortunate youth McAndre, and in the next instant they had darted back again with their burdens, and closed and barred the door. The cabin was a solid structure, built of impervious logs of chestnut and oak, completely impervious to rifle or musket shot, except at three or four points, where narrow loopholes had been left for the convenience of reconnoitering or firing upon an enemy. These holes were about three feet from the ground, and barely large enough to admit the play of a rifle barrel so as to command the whole front of the building. The door was formed of two thicknesses of heavy white-oak plank, equally impenetrable by bullets, and, when secured by the solid bar inside, was almost as impregnable as the walls of the cabin itself.

Having deposited their dead upon the cabin floor, Miriam, Hope, and Alice began to prepare for a vigorous defence. Their faces no longer wore an expression of terror. The brows of the two matrons were knitted with fierce determination, and their eyes sparkled with the instinct of revenge. Alice was no longer the timid and gentle maiden of yesterday. Her lover (for she had given her whole heart, and was soon to have given her hand to young McAndre) and her beloved father lay dead before her, side by side; the red demons were in the very act of scalping and mutilating the body of the uncle outside; and something of the tigress flashed even in her eyes, half blinded as they were by tears. The two children alone exhibited signs of fear; but it was only perceptible in their blanched faces and quivering limbs. They neither shrieked nor wept, but sat in a corner of the cabin, with their arms locked together, watching the movements of the females, as they piled chests and benches and firewood against the door, in order to strengthen the weakest point of defence.

Miriam Cook was the first to speak. "After assisting to secure the door, she had knelt down at one of the loopholes to reconnoitre. At the very instant when she applied her eye to the aperture, the group of savages, who had been engaged in stripping the body of her husband and hacking it with their knives and tomahawks, opened on the right and left, and a bravado fellow in the war trappings of a chief advanced two or three steps and shook the bloody scalp of the victim derisively above his head, while the whole party joined in an infernal yell of scorn and exultation.

"My husband's rifle!" she shouted, springing to her feet; and rushing across the cabin tore the weapon and accoutrements from the wall. But on trying the piece with the ramrod, it proved to be unloaded. She thrust her hand into the pouch, but it contained nothing except musket bullets, which her husband had purchased at Frankfort a few days before, intending to run them into balls suitable for his rifle. The powder-horn was full; but of what use was powder without ball? Dropping the weapon, she rung her hands in despair. Suddenly a thought struck her: she seized one of the bullets, placed it between her teeth, and by a tremendous exertion, bit it clean in two. Dashing a charge of powder into the barrel, she rammed down one of the fragments, primed and cocked the piece, and the next moment its muzzle, protruding through the aperture, covered the body of the chief now advancing at the head of his party towards the house. The quick eye of the savage caught the glimmer of the rifle sight as the sunshine fell upon it, and he stopped; but before he had time to make a rush for cover, Miriam's finger pressed the trigger. When the puff of smoke from the discharge cleared away, she saw him reeling backward, and clutching at the air in a vain effort to recover himself. Before the other Indians, who seemed paralyzed by the unexpected catastrophe, could afford him any assistance, he threw his hands above his head, and whirling quickly round, fell upon his face. A shout of triumph burst from the lips of Miriam as she saw the effect of the avenging shot, and then withdrawing from the loop-hole she commenced re-charging the rifle.

The savages remained motionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment, and then, lifting the body of the chief, withdrew hastily to a more respectful distance from the cabin, and the inmates half-believed that their peril was over. They were soon undeceived.

After resting out of gunshot the savages clustered together, and appeared for several minutes to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their parley, having apparently agreed upon their plan of action, the whole gang took open order and dashed with wild yells, at full speed, toward the dwelling. As the foremost came

up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop-hole, again discharged her rifle, and the unlucky Wyandot, shot through both legs, dropped in his tracks, with an involuntary shriek of agony. The other eleven kept on, and on reaching the cabin six of them clambered on the roof, while the other five commenced firing at the doors and openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a bright blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable. But the brave garrison did not despair. There was a hogshead half filled with water in the house, and Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft. Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below, and as long as it lasted she continued to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself, enveloped and almost suffocated by the steam and smoke, was invisible to the assailants. At length the water was exhausted, and one of the Indians, observing that the efforts of the besieged were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had burned in the roof to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing at the moment within a few feet of the opening, and the instant she saw the face of the Indian she whirled the empty bucket round her head, and hurling it with the full swing of her powerful arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the staves. She heard the bones crash and the victim groan. A moment afterwards he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom then descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two who remained upon the roof tearing down the upper logs of the chimney, and presuming that they intended to attempt an entrance that way, she ran down stairs to prepare for them.

"The feather bed! the feather bed!" she shouted, as she reached the lower room; and this much-prized article in the frontiersman's inventory of household chattels, was quickly dragged forth and thrust sans ceremony into the huge fire-place. By this time one of the Indians was fairly in the chimney and the other about to follow.

"Thrust the lighted brands in it, quick!" said Alice, and the next moment clouds of stifling smoke from the burning feathers were ascending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him, and he fell heavily on the hearthstone. In the meantime Miriam had again grasped the rifle and held it clubbed ready for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when the iron-bound point of the breach crashed through his skull. The other Indian, who had caught a whiff of the vapor in time to avoid a like fate, precipitately descended from the roof.

Four of the thirteen Indians were now killed or disabled, but these cavities only added to the fury of the remainder. They were all well aware that the cabin was occupied by women only, and nothing could be more degrading in the eyes of these swarthy warriors than to be baffled by a parcel of savages. They now furiously assailed the door with their tomahawks. To this proceeding the inmates could offer no resistance. In striking the savage who had fallen down the chimney, Miriam Cook had broken the lock of her husband's rifle, the only one they had; and now, handing the weapon to her sister-in-law, she armed herself with the axe of young McAndre, which stood in the corner of the cabin, and prepared for the last extremity. Alice betook herself to a very formidable weapon—the slaughtering-knife of the establishment; and thus armed, the three women ranged themselves on either side the door, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

In about an hour the Indians had nearly cut out two planks of the door beneath the bar—a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They now brought a heavy piece of timber from the adjacent pile, and using it as a battering-ram, soon beat in the weakened portion of the door, at the same time driving the articles, which had been piled against it into the middle of the cabin. Taught caution by the losses they had already sustained, they did not immediately attempt to enter through the breach, but trusting in and crossing the muzzles of their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design—that of killing or maiming some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

Before the sound of the deafening broadside had died away, the feather-crested head of a Wyandot warrior parted the smoke-cloud which obscured the interior; but as he rose from a stooping posture in entering, Miriam's axe descended with tremendous force, cutting through shoulder and collar-bone clear into his chest. He dropped with a wild cry, half of defiance and half of agony. Another savage followed, and another, and another, each to sink in turn under the axe of the courageous matron. The fifth she missed, but instantly grappling with him she held him powerless in her arms while Alice plunged the knife into his body. Of the next two who entered, one was disabled by a blow on the head from the butt of Hope's rifle, and the other very nearly decapitated by a sweep of Miriam's axe.

Of the thirteen warriors who had left their tribe for the war-path a few days before, only two were un wounded and capa-

ble of service; and they, seized with a panic at the havoc made among their companions by the "long knife squaws," abandoned the siege and fled back to the village. To the wounded they left behind them no quarter was given. To have spared their lives would have been reason to the dead. Miriam's axe and the rifle of Alice made short work of them, and this duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfort. The next day a hundred mounted frontiersmen assembled, and after bringing in the bodies of Cook and McAndre, started for the nearest Wyandot village to take a wholesale revenge.

A Nation's True Wealth.

When we witness the mighty achievements of art—the locomotive, taking up its burden of a hundred tons, and transporting it for hundreds of miles, between the rising and the setting sun; the steamboat cleaving its way, triumphant over wind & tide; the power-loom yielding products of greater richness and abundance in a single day than all the inhabitants of Tyro could have manufactured in years; the printing-press, which could have replaced the Alexandrian library within a week after it was burned; the lightning, not only domesticated in the laboratories of the useful arts, but employed as a messenger between distant cities; and galleries of beautiful paintings, quickened into life by the sunbeams—when we see all these marvels of power and celerity, we are prone to conclude that to them we are indebted for the increase of our wealth, and for the progress of our society.

But were there any statistics to show the aggregate value of all the thrifty and gainful habits of the people at large—the greater productiveness of educated than brutified labor—the increased power of the intelligent hand and the broader survey of the intelligent eye—could we see a ledger account of the profits which come from forethought, order and system, as they preside over all our farms, in all our workshops, and emphatically in all the labors of our households; we should then know how rapidly their gathered units swell into millions upon millions. The skill that strikes the nail's head, instead of the finger's ends; the care that mends a fence and says a corn-field, that drives a horse and nails and secures both rider & horse; that extinguishes a light and saves a house; the prudence that cuts the coat according to the cloth; that lays by something for a rainy day, and that postpones marriage until reasonably sure of livelihood; the forethought that sees the end from the beginning, and reaches it by the direct route of an hour instead of the circuitous gropings of a day; the exact remembrance impressed upon childhood to do the errand it was bidden; and more than all, the economy of virtue over vice; of restrained over pampered desires—these things are not set down in the works on Political Economy; but they have far more to do with the wealth of nations than any laws which aim to regulate the balance of trade, or any speculations on capital and labor, or any of the great achievements of art. The vast variety of ways in which an intelligent people surpass a stupid one, and an exemplary people an immoral one, has infinitely more to do with the well-being of a nation, than soil, or climate, or even than government itself, excepting so far as government may prove the patron of intelligence and virtue.—Horace Mann.

Execution of Conrad Vender, at Baltimore.

On Friday, the 20th July, an illiterate German named Conrad Vender was hung within the walls of the Baltimore county prison. Vender had been found guilty, and was the confessed perpetrator of one of the most cold-blooded murders ever committed in a christian community. Strenuous attempts were nevertheless made to procure a respite of his sentence, but without avail, and on the day named, at half-past 12 o'clock he suffered the full penalty of the law. The countenance and demeanor of the criminal betrayed nothing like trepidation. He ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and without shrinking allowed the rope to be adjusted about his neck. He was accompanied by the sheriff, who officiated in person, and by a clergyman, but the same sullen indifference, which characterized his conduct in prison, was maintained upon the gallows. As he lived, so he died. Vender had made a full confession of his crime. He said that he was born in Germany, where he lost his parents when he was four years old. He came to this country when he was 14. After being here for some time he committed a theft, and was sentenced to the penitentiary. After being there for four years and a half he was pardoned by Gov. P. F. Thomas. He then enlisted, but deserted on the 28th May, 1848. He then went into Baltimore county, toward Pennsylvania, and met Mrs. Cooper, crossing the railroad. He followed her and knocked her down with a big stone. She rose, but he knocked her down again and killed her. He then dragged her body to a branch of water; covered it over with bushes, stones, &c.; and lay down and went to sleep. When he waked up, he took her bonnet, and \$2 50, which was in her pocket, and went on. He says he was intoxicated when he committed the crime, and had it not been for intemperance he would never have come to his untimely end.

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

Come, my little boy, and you, my little girl, what answer can you give to this question? Who was it that watched over you when you were a helpless boy? Who nursed you, and fondled you, and never grew weary in her love? Who kept you from the cold by night, and the heat by day? Who guarded you in health, and comforted you when you were ill? Who was it that wept when the fever made your skin feel hot, and your pulse beat quick and hard? Who hung over your little bed when you were fretful, and put the cooling drink to your parched lips? Who sang the pretty hymn to please you as you lay, or knelt down by the side of the bed in prayer? Who was glad when you began to get well? and who carried you into the fresh air to help your recovery? Who taught you how to pray, and gently helped you to learn to read? Who has borne with your faults, and been kind and patient in your childish ways? Who loves you still and who contrives, and works, and prays for you every day you live? Is it not your mother—your own dear mother? Now, then, let me ask you, *Are you kind to your mother?*

There are many ways in which children show whether they are kind or not. Do you always obey her, and try to please her? When she speaks are you ready to attend to her voice? or do you neglect what she wishes you to do? Do you love to make her heart feel glad? or, like many rude boys and girls, say "Oh, it is only my mother; I do not mind her!"

Strange Calculation.

Some genius has perpetrated the following calculations: "I have been married 32 years, during which time I have received from the hands of my wife three cups of coffee each day, two in the morning and one at night, making about 35,040 cups of half a pint each, or nearly 70 barrels of 30 gallons each, weighing 17,520 lbs. or nearly nine tons weight. Yet from that period I have scarcely varied in weight myself from 160 lbs. It will, therefore, be seen that I have drunk in coffee alone 218 times my own weight. I am not much of a meat eater, yet I presume I have consumed about 8000 lbs. of meat, which makes 5,806 lbs. or about ten oxen. Of flour I have consumed in the 32 years, about 50 barrels. For twenty years of this time, I have drunk two wine-glasses of brandy each day, making 900 quarts. The port wine, Madeira, whiskey, punch, &c., I am not able to count, but they are not large. When we take into the account all the vegetables in addition, such as potatoes, peas, asparagus, strawberries, cherries, apples, pears, peaches, raisins, &c., the amount consumed by an individual is most enormous. Now, my body has been renewed more than four times in 32 years; and taking it for granted that the water, of which I have drunk much, acts merely as a diluent, yet, all taken together, I conclude that I have consumed in 32 years about the weight of 1,100 men of 160 lbs. each.

Conscious Rectitude.

If a man has correct principles he can never be laughed out of them. The shrug of the shoulder, the biting remark, the contemptuous look, and the scolding air, may cause a slight pain in his bosom, but the pain is produced by a consciousness of his own virtue. It is from pity to those who err. He sees the tendency of unbridled passions, and this knowledge oftentimes causes a tear to fill his eye. The principles he has embraced, to govern his whole life, he knows they are founded on truth, and though cast out from the pale of society, he feels a calmness of doing right, buoy him up under every trial. Such are the principles which are based on Bible truth. Let these principles be yours young man, as you commence your career in life. Be not seduced by evil counsels, or unprincipled associates. With virtuous desires, with a deep anxiety to know what is right, and a jealous watch over the natural heart, you cannot but overcome any unhallowed propensity, and finally triumph over every sinful desire.

Allegorical.

A traveller, setting out upon a long journey, was assailed on the road by cubs, mastiffs, and half-grown puppies, which came out of their kennels to bark at him as he passed along. He often dismounted from his horse to drive them back with stones and sticks, into their hiding places. This operation was repeated every day, and sometimes as often as twenty times a day. The consequence was, that more than half the traveller's time was consumed in chasing these dog-puppies. At last, he was overtaken by a neighbor, who was going the same road, but who had set out a long time after him. The latter traveller was very much surprised to find the other no farther on his journey, and on hearing the reason, "Alas!" said he, "is it possible that you have lost your time and wasted your strength in this idle occupation." These same animals has beset me along the road, but I have saved my time and labor in taking no notice of their barking, while you have lost yours in resenting insults which do you no harm, and chastising dogs and puppies, whose manners you can never mend."

From California.

Important Intelligence—One Month Later—Preparations to Establish a State Government.

FROM THE PITTSBURGH PENNSYLVANIAN: Capt. Stoddard, with the Crescent City, arrived on Friday night at New York, with 31 days later news from California. He came from Chagres, via Kingston, having under his charge 98 passengers and some \$230,000.

This amount of course does not include what is stowed away in the trunks and carpet bags of the passengers; as to which fancy reports are in circulation, making the whole amount of treasure on board the usual round sum of half a million.

The following are extracts from the California papers brought by the Crescent City, being the Alta California to the 21st of June, and the Placer Times issued at Sacramento City, to the middle of May. These papers give large details also of operation, with varying fortune, at the mines or diggings, but of these we quote sparingly, first, because the accounts have not the most authentic appearance—there is plenty of gossip in that quarter, if it is all on the theme of gold—and secondly, because that part of the story has been told, even to weariness.

FROM THE PLACER TIMES, MAY 12.

THE PLACER.—The swollen state of the several mountain streams has deterred many of our citizens and strangers from entering the placer; but productiveness of the mines, even at this stage of the water, amply justifies labor, at whatever washings or diggings performed. The sickly season is approaching, when the exposure & fatigue of prospecting, or a search for the richer washings, may not be so easily endured as at this time. They do well, too, who steadily apply themselves to labor, and in every section of the mining country, from which we have received word; a handsome yield has in scarce an instance failed to compensate the industrious and energetic for the drudgery performed.

Upon Feather river, the farthest North of any of the mountain streams at present worked, new discoveries are reported to have been made, but very high up, and in a country almost too rugged to permit travel. The gold from this river is invariably fine and beautiful. We are satisfied nevertheless, that gold digging cannot be carried on here with continued success without the aid of Indians.

Upon all the tributaries of the San Joaquin miners appear to prosper fairly, though nothing that will warrant us in speaking decisively has been received of late. We have heard that a party of Americans ascended the Tuolumne, a stream 18 miles south of the Stanislaus drove back the hostile Indians who have hitherto rendered themselves formidable to the whites, and were doing well at last accounts.

FROM THE ALTA CALIFORNIA.

JAMESTOWN, May 13, 1848.

Stanislaus Diggings, 5 miles from Feather. I arrived at this place on the 7th of May. It is named in honor of Mr. James, who is an alcalde "as is an alcalde," & dispenses grub & justice to the satisfaction of all. Sunday, 8th.—The morning is devoted (if devotion can exist in such a state of society) to the trial of a robber named Corigan, who had stolen ten thousand dollars' worth of gold from Den and Dent. He was convicted by a jury of twelve, ordered to be stripped, receive a hundred lashes, and be banished from the mines.

Friday, May 27.—News reached here last night of the murder of young Morrison of New York, son of the lawyer of that name. It occurred at Carson's Creek, ten miles from here, where he had an altercation with a German, Dr. Freudenthal, who shot him in the groin, severing the femoral artery, and causing death in two hours.

I have been unusually successful to-day. In a deep shaft which I sunk on high ground, I found an ounce of beautiful and heavy gold, and am now intent to avoid the mid-day sun, which in the mines is awful. The Arroyo is crowded, and unusual success seems to smile upon all, though they complain of high water. The scene at this point exceeds in life and bustle anything you would conceive. From sunrise to its setting, a continual tide of new comers pours along the road, horse after horse mule after mule, pack after pack, bestraddled by men and women of every nation in this quarter of the globe: though the majority are Lower Californians and Sonorians. It seems as if the whole world had mounted and was passing in review before me. Thousands continue farther toward the mountains, though many pitch their tents hereabout, off saddle, seize the shovel and the pan, and dive into mother earth as though she was a common digger.

Monday, May 14.—I have earned to-day only \$12, and the prospects among the workmen are rather disheartening. Three Americans, however, below Jamestown, took out one piece of gold worth \$278. The news flew like wild fire.

Now and then a party appears composed principally of Mexicans, with their red flags. A party of them encamped near Jamestown and hoisted a small red flag over their tent, but a deputation of Americans waited upon the gentlemen, and soon gave them to understand that such a proceeding would be looked upon as a national insult and challenge direct, and instantly hauled the offensive banner.