The Alleghanian.

J. TODD HUTCHINSON, Publisher.

I WOULD RATHER BE RIGHT THAN PRESIDENT.—Henry Clay.

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PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR "THE ALLEGHANIAN."

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" Mail Train, "	3.16	P. M.
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" Fast Line, "	6.39	A. M.
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The Alleghanian—$1.50 in advance.

POETRY.

Waiting For Thee.

Waiting for thee in the cottage door,
Ay—waiting to greet thee, love, once more.
The streamlet is sweetly murmuring now,
Bright clouds are kissing the mountain brow,
And breezes are scattering perfume sweet,
From flowery glens, where the waters meet.

Waiting for thee, when the golden light
Is dancing on the lakelet bright,
And the fleecy clouds so softly float,
Each seeming to me a silvery boat.—
In which spirits sail thro' the realms of air,
Wafting homeward each earnest prayer.

Waiting for thee, as I muse alone,
I miss thy harp's sweet changing tone—
Sweet is the voice, and soft the sigh,
Of the rill that gently ripples by;
But I love the songs that thou dost sing—
Dear memories to my mind they bring.

Waiting for thee, when the setting sun
Is telling another day is done;
When the twilight star from her azure throne
Doth gently rise—oh, hie thee home!
And when sweet strains from thy lute I hear,
I shall know, my love, that thou art near.

REMINISCENCE OF BORDER LIFE.

About the middle of July, 1782, the Wyandots crossed the Ohio a few miles above Wheeling, and committed great depredations upon the southern shore; killed an old man whom they found alone in his cabin, and spread terror through the neighborhood.

Within a a few hours after their retreat eight men assembled from different parts of the settlement, and pursued the enemy with great expedition. Among the most active and efficient of the party were two brothers, Adam and Andrew Poe. Adam was particularly popular. In strength acting and hardihood, he had no equal—being finely formed and inured to all the perils of the woods.

They had not followed the trail far, before they were satisfied that the depredators were conducted by Big Foot, a renowned chief of the Wyandot tribe, who derived his name from the immense size of his feet. His height considerably exceeded six feet, and his strength was represented as Herculean. He had also five brothers, but little inferior to himself, in company. They were the terror of the whole country.

Adam was overjoyed at the idea of measuring strength with that of the celebrated chief, and urging the pursuit with a keenness which quickly brought them into the vicinity of the enemy. For the last few miles the trail had led them up the southern bank of the Ohio, where the foot prints in the sand were deep and obvious, but when within a few hundred yards of the point where the whites as well as the Indians were in the habit of crossing, it suddenly diverged from the the stream and stretched along a rocky ridge, forming an obtuse angle with its former direction. Here Adam halted a few moments and directed his brother and the other young men to follow the trail with proper caution, while he himself still adhered to the river path, which led through clusters of willows, directly to the point where he supposed Big Foot to lie.

Having examined the priming of his gun, he crept cautiously throng the bushes, until he had a view of the point of embarkation. Here lay two canoes, empty and apparently deserted. Being satisfied, however that the Indians were close at hand, he relaxed nothing of his vigilance, and quickly gained a jutting cliff which hung immediately over the canoes. Hearing a low murmur below he peered cautiously over the bank, and there beheld the object of his search.

The gigantic Big Foot lay below him in the shade of a willow, and was talking in a low, deep tone to another warrior, who seemed a mere pigmy by his side—Adam cautiously drew back and cocked his gun. The mark was fair—the distance did not exceed twenty feet, and his aim was unerring. Raising his rifle slowly and cautiously, he took steady aim at Big Foot's breast, and drew the trigger. His gun flashed. Both Indians sprang to their feet with a deep interjection of surprise, and for a single second they all three stared upon each other. This inactivity however was soon over. Adam was too much hampered by the bushes to retreat, and setting his life upon the cast of a die, he sprang over the bush which sheltered him, and summoning all his power leaped boldly down the precipice, and alighted upon the breast of Big Foot with a shock that bore him to the earth. At the moment of contact, Adam had also thrown his right arm around the smaller Indian, so all three came to the earth together. At that moment a sharp firing was heard among the bushes, above, announcing that the other parties were engaged, but the trio below were too busy to attend to anything but to themselves.

Big Foot was for an instant stunned by the violence of the shock, and Adam was enabled to keep them both down. But the exertion neccessary for the purpose was so great that he had no leisure to use his kife.

Big Foot quickly recovered, and, without attempting to rise, wrapped his long arms around Adam's body, and pressed him to his breast with the crushing force of a Boa Constrictor! Adam as we have already remarked, was a powerful man, and had seldom encountered his equal, but never had he felt an embrace like that of Big Foot. He instantly relaxed his hold of the small Indian who sprang to his feet. Big foot then ordered him to run for a tomahawk, which lay within ten steps, and kill the white man while he held him in his arms. Adam seeing his danger, struggled manfully to extricate himself from the folds of the giant, but in vain. The lesser Indian approached with his uplifted tomahawk, but Adam watched him closely as he was about to strike, and gave him a kick so sudden and violent as to knock the tomahawk from his hand, and sent him staggering back into the river. Big Foot uttered an exclamation in a tone of deep contempt at the failure of his companion, and raising his voice to the highest pitch, thundered out several words in the Indian language which Adam could not understand but supposed to be a direction for a second attack.

The lesser Indian now again approached, carefully shunning Adam's heels, and making many motions with his tomahawk, in order to deceive him as to the point where the blow would fall. This lasted several seconds, until a thundering exclamation from Big Foot compelled his companion to strike; such was Adam's dexterity, however, that he managed to receive the tomahawk in a glancing direction upon his left wrist, wounding him deeply, but not disabling him. He now made a sudden and desperate effort to free himself from the arms of the giant, and succeeded. Instantly snatching up a rifle, he shot the lesser Indian through the body. But scarcely had he done so when Big Foot arose and placing one hand on his collar, and the other on his hip, pitched him in the air, as he himself would have pitched a child. Adam fell on his back at the edge of the water, but before his antagonist could spring upon him, he was again on his feet, and stung with rage at the idea of being handled so easily, he attacked his gigantic antagonist with a fury which for a time compensated for inferiority of strength. It was now a fair fist fight between them, for in the hurry of the struggle neither had leisure to draw their knives. Adam's superior activity as a pugilist gave him great advantage. The Indian struck awkwardly, and finding himself rapidly dropping to the leeward, he closed with his antagonist, and again hurled him to the ground. They quickly rolled into the river, and the struggle continued with unabated fury, each attempting to drown the other.

The Indian being unused to such violent exertion, and having been much injured by the shock in the stomach, was unable to exert the same powers that had given him such a decided superiority at first—and Adam, seizing him by the scalp-lock put his head under the water and held him there until the faint struggle of the Indian induced him to believe he was drowned, when he relaxed his hold and attempted to draw his knife. The Indian however, to use Adam's own expression, had only "been possuming." He instantly regained his feet, and in turn put his adversary under. In the struggle both were carried out into the current beyond their depth, and each was compelled to relax his hold and swim for life. There was still one loaded rifle upon the shore, and each swam hard in order to reach it, but the Indian proved the most expert swimmer, and Adam seeing that he would be too late, turned and swam out into the stream, intending to dive, and thus frustrate the enemy's intention. At this instant, Andrew having heard that his brother was alone in the struggle with two Indians, and in danger, ran up hastily to the edge of the bank above, in order to assist him.

Another white man followed him closely, and seeing Adam in the river covered with blood, and swimming rapidly from shore, mistook him for the Indian, and fired upon him, wounding him dangerously in the shoulder. Adam turned and seeing his brother, called loudly upon him to "shoot the big Indian on shore." Andrew's gun, however, was empty, having just been discharged. Fortunately, Big Foot also seized the gun with which Adam had shot the Indian, so that both were on an equality. The contest now was who should load first. Big Foot poured in his powder first, and drawing his ramrod out of its sheath in too great a hurry, threw it into the river, and while he ran to recover it, Andrew gained an advantage.—Still the Indian was but a second too late, for his gun was at his shoulder when Andrew's ball entered his breast. The gun dropped from his hands, and he fell on the very margin of the river. Andrew being alarmed for his brother, who was scarcely able to swim, threw down his gun and rushed into the river to bring him ashore, but Adam, more intent upon receiving the scalp of Big Foot as a trophy, than upon his own safety, called to his brother to leave him alone, and scalp the big Indian, who now endeavored to roll himself into the water, from a romantic desire, peculiar to the Indian warrior, of securing his scalp from the enemy. Andrew, however, refused to obey, and insisted on saving the living before attending to the dead. Big Foot in the meantime had succeeded in reaching deep water before he expired, and his body was borne off by the waves without being stripped of the pride and ornament of the Indian warrior.

Not a man of the Indians had escaped. Five of Big Foot's brothers, the flower of the Wyandot nation, had accompanied him in the expedition, and all perished. It is said that the news threw the whole tribe into mourning. Their remarkable size, their courage and superior intelligence, gave them immense influence, which, greatly to their credit, was generally exerted on the side of humanity. Their powerful interposition saved many prisoners from the stake, and gave a milder character to the warfare of the Indians in that part of the country. Adam Poe recovered of his wounds, and lived many years after this memorable conflict, but never forgot the tremendous hug which he sustained in the arms of Big Foot.

Three Things.

There are three things that a woman can't do.

First, she can't sharpen a lead-pencil. Give her one and see. Mark how jaggedly she hacks away every particle of wood from round the lead, leaving an unsupported spike of the latter, which breaks immediately when you try to use it. You can almost forgive the male creature his compassionate contempt, as chucking her under the chin, he snatches it from her awkward paw, and rounds and tapers it in the most ravishing manner for durable use. I wish to hear no more on that point, because, when I once make up my mind, "all the king's men" can't change it.

Well, then, secondly. A woman can't do up a bundle. She takes a whole newspaper to wrap up a paper of pins, and a coil of rope to tie it, and it will come undone at that. When I go shopping—which it is sometimes my hard lot to do—I look on with the fascinated gaze of a bird in the neighborhood of a magnetic serpent, to watch clerks do up bundles. How the paper falls just into the right crease; how deftly they turn it over, and tuck it under, and tie it up, and then throw it down upon the counter as if they had done the most commonplace thing in the world instead of a deed which might—and, faith, does—task the ingenuity of "angels?" It is perfectly astonishing.

Thirdly. I may allude to the fact that a woman cannot carry an umbrella; or, rather, to the very peculiar manner in which they perform that duty; but I won't. I scorn to turn traitor to a sex who, whatever may be their faults, are always loyal to each other. So I shall say, as I might not otherwise have said, that when they unfurl the parachute alluded to, they put it right down over their noses—take the middle of the sidewalk, raking off men's hats and women's bonnets as they go, and walking right into the breakfast of some unfortunate wight, with that disregard of the consequent gash which, to be understood must be felt, as the offender cocks up one corner of the parachute and looks defiantly at the victim who has the effrontery to come into the world and hazard the whalebone and handle of her "umberell!" No, I won't speak of anything of the kind; besides, has not a celebrated writer remarked that, when "dear woman is cross, it is only because she is sick." Let us hope he is right. We all know that it is not the cause of man's crossness. Give him his favorite dish, and you may dine off him afterwards—if you want to.—*Fanny Fern.*

☞ The mode of taking the census, in Canada, is much better than ours. On a given night every householder is required to make returns of every person sleeping on his premises on that night, together with such other information as the papers call for.

Development of Language.

Edward III. was the first to encourage English composition. During his splendid reign there was a revival of the Anglo-Saxon genius, and the language began a vigorous growth. After having passed through these successive periods of amalgamation, it needed constructing anew.—Let us go on from wars to authors. The English language has been highly favored with minds of rare eminence, who have brought out the inherent power and vitality of their native tongue. In each period of its growth, authors of grand and varied styles have given it transparency and copiousness. They arrayed it in garments it had not before worn, as in their fertile brains ideas germinated which were not stirring the minds of the masses—as in their souls spiritual cravings started up unfelt by others. Chaucer, the father of English poetry, and a living worshipper of Nature, left it wealthier in descriptions of natural objects. He was followed by a vast assembly of poets, who have consecrated it as a temple in which to pour forth great jubilees of song.

In the Elizabethan era of the sixteenth century, words by thousands were naturalized, and the language was endowed with powers of intellectual and spiritual expression; Spenser, with his exquisite fancy and creative genius, drew out its fine musical harmony and the unsuspected richness of its diction. By the minds of poets, this rude, imperfect and rough implement is polished and refined till it mirrors in all their delicacy the emotions that fill and agitate the human heart.

Shakespeare developed and improved the art of bodying forth visions of the imagination, and of revealing internal and immortal conceptions, to a perfection before unknown. Milton gave an example of the glorious vigor with which it could be employed to vindicate the rights of freedom, and with what solemn awe it could be marshalled into verse, to unfold a drama which has human life for its first scene, immensity for its theatre, and eternity for its completion.

Bacon and Locke, earnest seekers after truth, in natural and mental science, enlarged the phraseology of our language to explain abstract reasonings, and the gathered facts of observing, inquiring minds. Edwards, with an intellect of unbending purpose and of rigid logic, carved out its stern and massive features, and gave us a new model of the compact consistency of its logical syntax. Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, and all the brilliant satirists and essayists, wits, historians, and reformers of that age, contributed largely to exhibit its keen-pointedness, its sharp antithises, its fertile versality, its pliant adaptness, bold simplicity, and strong dignity. Wordsworth showed how it could be used to hymn the divinest meanings, and transport us on its wings to realms of grandeur and loveliness, where thoughts grow flowers and life makes music. Coleridge thught how it could be made to weave the robe of dreamy mysteries, and to lay open the steps of profound investigations into the labyrinths of recondite problems; he popularized the language of metaphysics.

Stone Jug.—This is the name of a prison. It arose from the following circumstances: A king in India having a great stone jug made, and the trunk of a tree for the stopple, into which he was accustomed to put prisoners of war. On one occasion he had about one hundred men in. The stopple was in, and he stood on the top of it, when the air inside the jug became so dense that the stopple burst out carrying the king some hundred yards into the air. Since then there have been no stone jugs, though our prisons have received the name.

Ice-Houses.—Any person in the country, where timber is cheap can erect an ice-house at but little expense. All that is required is to put up a strong frame of the size of the house required, and board it up close, inside and outside, with a space between all round. This space is stuffed close with straw or saw-dust. The roof is made in the same manner, and the house is then complete. Straw and saw-dust are cheap, and good non conductors. The house should be situated on a dry spot, and should have a drain under the floor. It should also be convienent, to be filled easily. The walls of stone and brick ice-houses should be double, as well as those of wood. Great care should be exercised in packing ice—all the blocks should be clear and solid, and about the same thickness, so that they may be packed close together, and frozen into a solid mass. In favorable situations, good ice-houses may be excavated like caves in the face of a hill.

☞ Subscribe for The Alleghanian.

Fun and Fancy.

"A little nonsense, now and then,
Is relished by the best of men."

A Hungry Carpet-Bag.—An exchange relates an amusing incident which occurred at Erie a few days since. A gentleman left Cleveland for New York at an early hour, without his breakfast, and being very hungry, upon the arrival of the train at Erie, entered the dining-room, and placing his carpet-bag upon a chair, sat down beside it, and commenced a valorous attack upon the viands placed before him.

By and by the proprietor of the establishment came round to collect fares, and upon reaching our friend, ejaculated:

"Dollar, sir."

"Dollar!" responded the eating man, "I thought you only charged fifty cents a meal for one, eh?"

"That's true," responded meanness, "but I count your carpet-bag one, since it occupies a seat."

The table was far from being crowded. Our friend deliberately arose, and opening the carpet-bag, full in its wide mouth, discoursed unto it, saying:

"Carpet-bag, it seems you are an individual, since you eat—at least I have paid for you—and now you must eat!" upon which he seized everything eatable within his reach, nuts, raisins, apples, cakes and pies, and amid the roars of the bystanders, the delight of brother passengers, and the discomfiture of the landlord, phlegmatically went and took a seat in the cars.

He said he had provisions enough to last him to New York, after a bountiful supply had been served out in the cars. There was at least eight dollars worth in the bag, upon which the landlord realized nothing in the way of profit.

Short Drama in Two Scenes.—*First Scene:* Millionaire seated in an easy chair. By him stands a poor man in a supplicating attitude.

Millionaire—"Ahem! Very sorry, my young friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Economize!*"

Poor Man—"But when a man has nothing to—"

Millionaire—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to save."

Second Scene: The Millionaire drowning in a pond, and Poor Man calmly regarding him from the shore.

Poor Man—"Sorry, my friend, that I can do nothing for you. But I can give you a word of good advice—*Swim!*"

Millionaire, (choking)—"Bub-bub-bub—when a man *can't* swim?"

Poor Man—"Nonsense! Under certain circumstances a man *must* know how to swim."

Quality.—"Maria," said a lady to her colored chambermaid, "that is the third silk dress you have worn since you came to me; pray how many do you own?"

"Only seven, Miss; but Ise saving my wages to buy anoder."

"Seven! What use are seven silk dresses to you? Why, I do not own as many as that myself."

"'Spect not, Miss," said the smiling darkey, "you doesn't need 'em so much as I does. You see your quality folks everybody knows is quality; but we bettermost kind of cullured pussons has to dress smart to 'stinguish ourselves from common niggers."

Wonderful Gun.—A farmer once told a friend of his, who had come from town for a few days' shooting, that he once had an excellent gun that went off immediately upon a thief coming into the house, although it was not charged.

"Wonderful gun, indeed!" said the sportsman; "but how the deuce did happen? Must have been an Irish gun.

"Not at all," said the farmer, "the thief and it went off together, and before I had time to charge him with it."

☞ Young America in arms—"The little darling—he didn't strike Mrs. Smith's baby a purpose, did he? It was a mere accident, wasn't it, sonny?"

"Yes, mar, to be sure it was; and if he don't behave himself I'll crack him again."

☞ A facetious boy asked one of his playmates how a hardware dealer differed from a shoemaker. The latter, somewhat puzzled, gave it up. "Why," said the other, "because the one sold nails, and the other nailed soles."

☞ What is the difference between a candle in a cave, and a dance in a hotel? One is a taper in a cavern, and the other is a caper in a tavern.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days."