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POETRY.

THE BIRCH CANOE.

From the Knickerbocker.
By R. A. BROWN.
On the banks of lakes, where the blue waters sleep,
My beautiful fabric was built;
Light oars supported its weight on the deep,
And its sides with the sunbeams were gilt.
And the fluted roots drew the parts to agree,
And bound down its light swelling sides.
No compass or gravel was used on the bark,
No art but the simplest degree;
But the structure was finished and trim to remark,
And as light as aymph o'er could be.
Its rim is with tender young roots woven round,
Like a pattern of wicker-work rare,
And it glides o'er the waves with an lightness
As a basket suspended in air.
The heavens in brightness and glory below,
We reflected quite plain to the view,
And it moved like a swan, with its lightness o'erflow,
My beautiful birchen canoe!
The trees on the shore as I glided along,
Seemed moving a contrary way,
And my voyagers lightened their toil with a song,
That caused every heart to be gay.
And still, as I floated by rock and by shell,
My bark sailed on murmuring aloud,
And it glided on the waves, as they rose and they fell,
Like a fay on a bright summer cloud.
I thought as I passed o'er the liquid expanse,
With landscape in smiling array,
How blest I should be, if my life could advance,
Thus tranquil and sweetly away.
The skies were serene—not a cloud was in sight,
Not an angry surge beat on the shore,
And I gazed on the waters and then on the light,
Till my vision could bear it no more.
Oh, long shall I think of those after-bright lakes,
And the scenes they revealed to my view,
My friends, and the wishes I formed for their sakes,
And my bright yellow birchen canoe!

BEAUTY AND TIME.

BY MISS RANDOLPH.
Beauty went out one summer day,
To rove in pleasure's bowers;
And much she sported in her way,
With landscape in smiling array.
At length she reached a myrtle shade,
And, through the branches peeping,
She saw among the blossoms laid,
Time most profoundly sleeping.
His head was pillowed on his wings,
For he had foretold his plagues,
To linger with the lovely object;
In pleasures bright dominions;
His eye and hand were cast;
How softly he reposes!
Cries Beauty as she sadly paced,
And covered him with roses.
Time awoke—"Away," he kindly said,
"Go, to thy love, thy love is near."
You know that I was never made
To toy with pretty faces,
'Tis pleasant to no sweet a crime,
To rest a while and dally
'Till sleep a little more," said Time;
'No, do wake up!" said Beauty.
'He rose! but he was grim and old,
She felt her roses wither;
His smile upon her cheek was cold,
His hour-glass made her shiver;
Her young cheeks shone no longer gray,
Of grace he had bereft her,
And when he saw her droop away,
He spread his wings and left her.
And thus I point my simple rhyme,
It is the minstrel's duty,
Beauty never sport with Time,
Time always withers Beauty!

MINICELLI.

Another Lavallite.
The facts which I am now about to narrate, nearly in the refuge's own words, were detailed to me by the individual himself, the object of most devoted attachment on the part of his young wife. He was one of the Spanish refugees who had just succeeded in reaching the French territory—Bayonne—the history of whose escape is of an equally romantic character with that of M. de Lavallite.
The name of the individual alluded to is D. Eulogio Barbero Quintero. His family having been known to the President of the Provisional Government, named by the insurgents in the city of Vittoria, he was appointed Secretary of the Junta formed for the purpose of arming and defending the province of Alava, and was employed by Montes de Oca in drawing up reports and other documents connected with the intended defence of the city against the troops of the Government, but more particularly against those of Martin Zubarno. Quintero is a young man, about twenty-five years of age, of a pleasant and agreeable countenance, and of a very good education. In his person he is under middle size, and of a graceful and elegant figure, and his features are expressive of intellect, and of much determination. After the resolution comes to by the Junta not to defend the city against the approaching army of Rodil, Quintero saw that all was over; yet he was unwilling to flee; and it was not until he beheld the total change which came over the population, and until he heard a price was set on the head of the unfortunate Montes de Oca, that he felt it would be the act of a madman to await the fate which he knew would be reserved for all who had distinguished themselves so much in the insurrection as he had done. Nevertheless, it was not until after the departure of his chief from Vittoria, that Quintero made an effort to escape. He set out from Vittoria by night, and gained the mountains of Guipuzcoa, in the direction of Salinas. His intention was to have passed along the coast, which separates Guipuzcoa from the ocean, and to have sailed from there to Vera, Urdax, and finally into the French territory.

After many difficulties, he succeeded in arriving as far as Goyzuela. It was a few days after the death of Munagorri, and the terrible Chapeltory, Elorrio, was hovering about those parts. Quintero was ignorant of the incident which had taken place in the neighborhood a short time before, and which terminated in the death of the first leader. As he was leaving Goyzuela at daybreak, he was discovered by one of the Chapeltory, and delivered up to the chief. Prayers and entreaties were of no avail, nor yet bribes; for who ever heard that Elorrio was turned aside from his purpose by supplications or money? He was led to St. Sebastian, lodged in the citadel, and in a few days conducted back to Vittoria; and there he remained in hopeless captivity until the night of the 21st of November. His cause had been already formed, and his trial was to come on on the 24th, before the Military Commission. Not having been a military insurgent, and not having taken any prominent part, as chief or leader, in the rebellion, he at first thought that the extreme penalty of the law would not be inflicted on him. But in this hope he was deceived; he was informed that there was but little chance of escape for an individual who had held such close relation with the chief of the rebels. Quintero had been married about a year, previously, to a young lady named Juana de Arce, a native of Eibar, in the province of Guipuzcoa, who has not yet completed her twenty-first year. She was one of those heroic young women who in 1838, when her native town was attacked by Zabalza, in the commencement of the civil war, assisted the Christiano troops so manfully in its defence. She was then only fourteen years old, and the service she rendered was that of placing herself on her knees in the centre of a square of soldiers, and supplying them with ammunition, filling their pouches so as to prevent a moment being lost, while showers of bullets were flying around her, and men fell dead on every side.
When the tidings of her husband's danger reached her, she at once formed the determination of saving, or of perishing with him, whom she devoted to distraction.
The cell in which Quintero was confined was small and narrow. The door was always left open, and a sentinel was placed at the entrance in order to keep the prisoner constantly in sight; another was stationed at the outer gate, and a third kept guard at the street door. To reach his dungeon it was necessary to pass these three doors, one of which was formed of iron bars. The prisoner had been forbidden to hold communication with any person whatever; and his wife's application to see and visit him had been sternly refused. The poor young woman went to the prison door several times every day with her baby in her arms, and as often returned after vain supplications for admittance, with a heart broken in anguish. The only person allowed to enter the cell where the prisoner was confined was a young girl, who brought him his meals, and only twenty minutes were allowed for dinner and supper. The former meal was taken at mid-day, and the latter in the evening. At seven o'clock in the evening of the 21st of November, a young female went to the outer door of the prison, with a basket under her arm, which was partially concealed under a large coarse shawl flung across her shoulders; a red handkerchief was bound about her head, and her costume was otherwise that of the criadas, or servant girls of Vittoria. She demanded permission, in the usual manner, to enter with the prisoner's supper. The sentinel at the gate referred her to the company which had previously been on duty, which had that same day, and the general orders for their guidance referred to the admission twice a day of the bearer of the prisoner's meals, but did not give any specific description of the person's appearance of the bearer. After undergoing the course of the guard and brutal allusions of the soldiers of the guard on her selection of so advanced an hour, when the night had already commenced, to visit the prisoner, she was allowed to enter, and was successfully passed from one sentinel to another until she reached the cell of the captive. By some awkwardness, or more probably by design, she threw down the small iron lamp, which was suspended from the door-frame, and by means of which the soldier stationed at the entrance, which was always left open, might had a partial view of his charge.
The moment they were left in darkness, and while the sentinel proceeded to the second gate to light the lamp, she addressed the young man—"My beloved Eulogio, lose not a moment, throw off your coat, put on my clothes, while I bind this handkerchief about your head; take this basket, in which my baby is asleep, and fly, fly, for the love of God! You will give your child to an old woman whom you will find waiting at the Bilbao gate. Provided that you and my child are out of all danger, I am ready to suffer death in your place. Speak not a word; every moment is precious. You only lose time by attempting to resist, or refuse, for I have come here with a determination, which neither you nor any else can change. Farewell! If I escape unharmed, and I do not think that Regent will shoot me for my love for my husband, we shall meet again; if not, Eulogio, think of me when I shall be in the grave, and love our child—the poor baby is not more than six weeks old. Hush! Speak not, the sentinel is here with the lamp."

Quintero made an effort to change her resolution, but she would listen to no argument. He did as she requested, and in the course of a few minutes he had put on her gown, shawl, and handkerchief, and she wrapped herself up in this cloak. In order to prevent any suspicion on the part of the soldiers at the gate, they remained together the usual time allowed for the repairs, and Eulogio then took up the basket, covered it with his shawl, and passed the first sentinel. As he was proceeding toward the outer gate, the child awoke, and to prevent its cries from being noticed, the father began to sing, in a loud voice, an old Basque ballad. Providence, however, decreed that the interruption should not be noticed, and he at length succeeded in reaching the street. He at once proceeded to the gate indicated, found the old woman, whom he recognized as having been his wife's nurse; gave the child to her, and without a moment's delay, made for the mountains. Eight days he remained wandering among those tremendous passes, with no clothing but his pantaloons and shirt, and his feet and hands torn by the brushwood in which he was obliged, from time to time, to conceal himself from the parties of military whom he was constantly encountering. He had not less than twenty-four leagues to travel before he could reach the frontier, and his food, during the whole painful journey, was morsel of bread and a draught of water or cider, given him by the poor peasants near whose habitations he found himself, and who, though knowing he was flying from the avenger, never once thought of betraying him.
On reaching, in a state of dreadful exhaustion, the Bidassoa, he found that the left bank was occupied in every part by Spanish soldiers, who had even seized the boats to prevent the refugees from crossing. Being in a state of desperation, he plunged into the river, careless whether he was shot or drowned. As if some superior will had decreed that the noble and heroic act, prompted by pure conjugal love, should not pass without its due reward, Quintero succeeded in gaining the opposite bank, the part he had selected being fordable, the water reaching only to his middle; neither was he seen by the Spaniards.
On arriving on the French territory he knelt down, and, in the enthusiastic fervor of his gratitude, returned thanks to Heaven for his safety. He arrived at Bayonne the day before yesterday.
Up to two o'clock yesterday he had received no account of his wife, and he continues, as yet, in a state of indescribable anxiety as to her fate. There can be no doubt, however, of her ultimate safety, and of her speedy re-union with the object of her love. Martin Zubarno himself could not find it in his heart to do otherwise than reward such an act of noble fidelity.
The young lady, who has thus distinguished herself belongs to an ancient and respectable family in Guipuzcoa. She is young and beautiful, as are the great part of the females of her native province; of the middle size, slight, and exquisitely formed in her person.
She has been married something more than a year, and her child is not more than two months old.

A THRILLING INCIDENT.
BY WILLIAM COMSTOCK.
I passed up the natural avenue and came upon the green. My feelings were very peculiar as I walked slowly towards the village church. I entered. A popular preacher was holding forth, and the little meeting-house was much crowded. Several persons were standing up, and I soon discovered that must retain my perpendicular position, as every seat was crowded. I, however, passed up the aisles until I gained a position where I could have a fair view of the faces of nearly all present. Many of the congregation looked curiously at me, for I was a stranger to them all. In a few moments, however, the attention of every person appeared to be absorbed in the discourse, and myself had begun to be interested. The speaker was fluent, and many of his flights were even sublime. The music of the word and the fragrance of the heart seemed to respond to his eloquence. Then it was no great stretch of the imagination to fancy that the fair creatures around me were beings of a higher sphere.
While my feelings were thus divided between the beauties and blessings of the two worlds, and wrapped in a sort of poetical devotion, I detected some glances at me of the most animated character. I need not describe the sensations experienced by a youth when the eyes of a beautiful female rest for a length of time upon his countenance, and when he imagines himself to be an object of interest to her. I returned her glances with interest, and threw all the tenderness into my eyes which the scene, my meditations, and the discourse had inspired in my heart, doubting not that the fair young damsel possessed kindred feelings with myself, that we were drinking together at the fountain of inspiration. How could it be otherwise!
She had been born and nurtured amid these wild and romantic scenes, and was made up of romance, of poetry, and tenderness; and when I thought of the purity of woman's love—her devotion—her truth, I ardently hoped that I might meet with her where we could enjoy a sweet interchange of sentiment. Her glances continued. Several times our eyes met. At length the benediction was pronounced. I lingered about the premises until I saw the dark-eyed dame set out for home, alone

and on foot. Oh! that the customs of society would permit for we are surely one in soul. Cruel formality! that throws up a barrier between hearts made for each other! Yet I followed her. She looked behind, and I thought she evinced some emotion in recognizing me as the stranger of the day. I quickened my pace, and she actually slackened hers, as if to let me come up with her.
"Noble young creature!" thought I—"Her artless and warm heart is superior to the shackles of custom."
"At length came within a stone's throw of her. She suddenly halted, and turned her face towards me. My heart swelled to bursting. I reached the spot where she stood. She began to speak, and I took off my hat in reverence.
"Are you a pedlar?" she asked.
"No, my dear miss, that is not my occupation."
"Well, I don't know," continued she, not very bashfully, and eyeing me very sternly; "I thought when I saw you in the meeting-house that you looked like the pedlar who passed off a pewter half-dollar on me about three weeks ago, and so I determined to keep an eye on you." Brother John has got home now, and he says that if he catches the fellow he'll wring his neck for him; and I ain't sure but you're the good-for-nothing rascal after all!"
Reader, did you ever take a shower bath?
BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.
BY AN EYE-WITNESS AND ACTOR IN THE SCENE.
The following particulars, which are strictly true, were gathered from Sergeant Buxton, an old man who served his country long and faithfully, and who after a war, lived many years on my grandfather's farm, in C... parish, in the state of Connecticut. The old man said that he was standing on the hill, the night before the battle, Putnam came along and threw down some rails, telling the soldiers to throw up the intrenchment pretty much as their regiments. The soldiers went to work with great spirit, and "Old Put" passed on. Buxton remained at the works all night, and in the morning hastened to join his regiment. You have probably seen it etched, in some of the many accounts of this battle, which you may have read, that one regiment either through cowardice or its Colonel, or from some other motive, kept aloof and did not enter the battle. Buxton, (who was a sergeant in that regiment) says that every face in it but one, was burning with impatience and anger. "I was too much for Buxton; he stepped up to his captain and asked him, 'whether or not, he should be considered as a deserter if he left the ranks of the cowardly rascal!' The captain told him that he had no authority to let him go, but that he would answer for his disgrace; and would answer if he should do it. Buxton and a number more who heard this, immediately sprang from the ranks and ran with all speed to the intrenchment. They reached it just as their friends were preparing to fire the second time. A moment after entering, Buxton saw Gen. Putnam, who came along, and told him, himself, not to fire till the white of the enemy's eyes were visible; and then to take deliberate aim, with a steady hand, and fire low; after that, to fire as fast as he could. He also saw, at a little distance, Warren, standing in his farmer's coat, encouraging the men. He was resigned for a little while, and then the word fire! they did so, and the next moment saw blood flowing in torrents. The effect was tremendous. "Oh, how they fell," exclaimed the old man as he related it. In an instant, eleven hundred men tumbled to the earth together, and lay struggling in the agonies of death.
Again the British fled, and again they rallied and poured into the intrenchment. Then came the desperate affray; and lastly the order to the Americans, "to take care of themselves." "They did so, and retreated in confusion over the neck, across which cannon-balls from the fortilla were constantly flying. As Buxton was passing with his rest, over the neck, he saw ahead of him, one of his townsmen. His first thought was, "Fill up and speak to him, and he sprang forward to catch him." At that instant a cannon ball, from the floating battery, cut the man in two; Buxton leaping over his mangled body, and passed silently on. When these brave men were out of danger they met a great crowd of their countrymen loaded with arms and provisions for them. Buxton saw his own father leading a horse laden with establish; he told him what they were, and mentioned among the rest two large cheeses. He says that the excitement was intense. "Old Regent-horn came riding in on long grey-headed mares, grasping their long muskies, and eagerly asking, 'where are they? where are they?' He says that the prevailing spirit was such that the crowd could hardly be prevented from rushing pell mell into Boston. If they had, the shock would have been most tremendous, for such a spirit nothing but death can quell."
From the Baltimore American.
There is a county in Alabama called MARENGO. The circumstances under which the appellation was given to it are alluded to in an address before the University of Ala. by Mr. A. B. Meek, which are connected with some historical incidents not generally known in this country. After the fall of Napoleon, several of his distinguished Generals and companions

came to the United States and received from Congress, on the 3rd March, 1817, a grant of lands in Alabama, the conditions of the grants being that the emigrants should cultivate the vine upon one acre of each quarter section, and the olive upon another, and at the end of fourteen years should pay to the General Government two dollars an acre for a fee-simple title to the land. Among the grantees were Marshal Gronehy, Gen. Lafayette Desnoettes, Duke of Dantzic, and a Marshall and Peer of France, Gen. Count Clause, Gen. Count Reul, two Generals Allemand, and Generals Vandamme, Laksnal, Penniers, and Garnier de Saintes; with a number of subordinate officers. They settled upon the Tombogbee river and called their colony after the noted battle field of Marengo—a name which the country embracing the locality of the settlement still bears.
For a time, it appears, the military ruralists dwelt peacefully and happily in their own homes, and with the characteristic philosophy of Frenchmen adapted themselves to the circumstances of their condition. A traveller in 1819 passing through the settlement was ferried over a river by the officer who had commanded Napoleon's advance guards on his return from Egypt. While the warlike husbandmen turned the sword into a plough-share and the spear into a pruning hook, the female portion of the colonists were employed in vocations still more in contrast with their former modes of life. The address remarks:
Here, dwelling in cabins, and engaged in humble attention to the spinning wheel and the loom, or handling the weaving hoe and the rake, in their little gardens, were matrons and maidens, who had been born to proud titles and high estates, and who had moved as stars of particular adoration, amid the fashion and refinement and imperial display of the Court of Versailles. And yet—to their honor be it stated—notwithstanding the rustic and ill proportioned circumstances around them, they did not appear dispirited or miserable. Nothing of "angels ruined," was visible in their condition. They were contented—smiling—happy.
One of the most amusing things among the unusual compliances which these celestial weapons yielded to with native good humor, was to see them mustered and drilled by a militia officer, on training days—according to the statutes of the commonwealth made and provided.
But these quiet spirits, contiguous the address, nursed in the storms of battle and the convulsions of States, could not long brook the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and one by one, they left some for the armies of the South American Republics, some for their native country, until in 1833, hardly a vestige of the colony remained.
A stranger would now in vain look amongst the black lands and the broad cotton fields of Marengo for the simple patches upon which the Duke of Dantzic or Count Clause attempted to cultivate the olive and the vine.
Anecdote of Dr. Dwight.—Dr. Dwight, the late abbot of Yale College, when quite young was remarkable for his literary attainments. At the age of nineteen, he was appointed Tutor, and the class which he superintended, was so gratified with his pains and attention, which he bestowed upon them, that on his relinquishing that office, they presented him with an elegant ring with "plus mariatus" inscribed on it. Shortly after happening to be in a mixed company of young ladies and gentlemen, at Hartford, among whom was Trumbull, the humorous author of McFingal, he began, not with a little self-complacency, to exhibit the ring. The ladies were admiring it, and thronged around Trumbull to learn what the meaning of the motto was. "Thou deservest more," said the sarcastic wit, "thats is, he not only deserves to be ringed, but he ought likewise to be yoked."
A Good Ship.—When is a fiddle like a leak in a ship? When it sets the pumps going.
DEFERRED ARTICLES.
Bribery Investigation.—A resolution has passed both Houses for the appointment of a joint Committee to investigate the charges of bribery and corruption against the Bank of the Commonwealth. The resolution confines the investigation of the Committee in the case of the U. S. Bank to the time of obtaining its charter and since that time. Mr. Stevens contended that as this matter was once before investigated, the House had no right again to put men upon trial after years had elapsed; that if they had been fully and honorably acquitted, it was contrary to the spirit of the Constitution again to try them. A motion by him to this effect was, however, negated, 87 to 51—and the resolution was carried, 74 to 13. The committee on the House are Sharpswood, Deford and Lowry.
—Adams Sentinel.
The Montreal Herald of the 3d inst. says: "The health of the inhabitants of the city has seldom been in so bad a state as at present, and deaths are more numerous than in any years except those when the cholera decimated the land. We have been informed, on good authority, that there were about one hundred and fifty interments last week in the Roman Catholic burial ground alone."
The U. S. schooner Experiment, was at Buena Ayres on the 11th of December.

The Philadelphia Inquirer says: "From eighteen to twenty Cashiers of Country Banks have been in this city during the last week, some of them longer. We trust they will be able to effect some arrangement for the prompt redemption of their notes. The City Banks used them as long as convenient, and then threw them out."
A Highway Robber Shot.—A highway robber was shot dead near Wellsborough, Tioga county, Pennsylvania, last week. The traveller, on looking at his pistol, discovered that the charge had been removed at the tavern where he put up, and the pistol stuffed with brags. This excited his suspicion, and he put something more substantial into his weapons. On this way he was attacked, he fired, shot the robber, and then discovered that the latter was his landlord of the previous evening.
An Express.—A Wisconsin editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents "in advance of the mail," in consequence of a flock of wolves chasing the post-rider across the prairies.
Mr. Jonathan Walker killed a wolf and a panther on a hunt, in Union county, Pa. on the 8th ult. Another panther, seen with the first, escaped.
Bank of Westminster, (Md.).—A false report has been extensively circulated that the Bank of Westminster has failed, and we understand that the creditors have been imposed on to a considerable extent.—Carrolltonian.
More of our Elopement.—This singular affair continues to be the talk of every circle. A Washington letter, now before us, gives us the annexed account of the young lady's fortune and family.—New York Herald.
WASHINGTON, Feb. 7. 1842.
So far as the facts have transpired in this city, where the parent and relatives now are, there are these: Col. W. Crogan, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, some twelve or fifteen months since, placed his only daughter at the school, in order to complete her education in all the accomplishments necessary for a young lady of her immense wealth, she being the sole heiress of all the property of the late Mr. O'Hara, of Pennsylvania, embracing, it is said, over fifty acres of land, now covered with houses, in the heart of the city of Pittsburgh, with a revenue arising out of the same to the amount of £30,000 or £70,000 per annum; the sole mistress of which enormous estate the lady in question becomes, on her arrival at legal age.
The young lady is under fifteen years of age, very beautiful, and possessing in her intellectual powers, as far as her extreme youth has made the development.—The father is now in this city, at the residence of his brother-in-law, Col. Jessup, of the United States Army, in a state bordering upon distraction, and calling forth the sympathy of this whole community.
Wife and Money Recovered.—We learn that a double breach of the Commandments was committed in Richmond on Tuesday night. A man (name unknown to us) not only coaxed the wife and money of his neighbor, but did actually proceed to steal, take, and carry away the same. Peterhagio and his fair one reached Petersburg, and were about to proceed North, per the City Point Rail Road and so on, when they were arrested by the injured husband on Wednesday, and carried back to Richmond. Upwards of \$700 was found on the person of the seducer, who had taken it from the injured party, doubtless for the purpose of "taking care" of the wife of said injured party.—Peterburg Intell.
General James Hamilton.—The statement made in the Richmond papers, to the effect that this distinguished gentleman, the reputed North Star of Chivalry, had appropriated to his own use \$75,000 of the proceeds of the bonds of the James River and Kanawha Company, confined to his charge for the purpose of a loan upon it in Europe, is received by the community with regret and astonishment. The Richmond Enquirer suggests that the funds have been actually appropriated, and are now in the hands of Mr. Cruger, of New York, a friend and kinsman of General Hamilton.
Gen. H. arrived at Havanna in the steamer-Forth, from England, and thence took passage to New Orleans in a regular steam-ship, which will leave in a regular steamer, and proceed immediately to Texas, it was said, to settle some business with the Texian Government, touching the loan he had to negotiate for the young Republic.—Washington Independent.
Three Lives Lost by the Flood.—Mr. William V. Shaver, a respectable citizen of Little Falls, who had been with two of his sons in a wagon to visit a daughter returning home on Sunday night, in attempting to ford a swollen stream which empties into the Mohawk into a deep, rapid current, from which he could not rescue himself. His cries for relief were heard, but no relief could reach him. The neighbors, however, rallied and extricated the horses and the remains of one of the boys; and in the morning they found the body of Mr. Shaver, with that of his youngest son clinging to his death to his back. And thus perished the father and two sons. The boy was tied to his father's back with the whip lash.—Albany Evening Journal.