

Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES.

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THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

The sound of drum and trumpet, the clatter of hoofs, the rattle of gun-carriages and all the other military din and bustle in the streets of Boston soon apprised the Americans, on their rudely fortified heights, of an impending attack. They were ill-fitted to withstand it, being jaded by the night's labor and want of sleep; hungry and thirsty, having brought but scanty supplies, and oppressed by the heat of the weather.

Ward hesitated. He feared to weaken his main body at Cambridge, as his military stores were deposited there and it might have to sustain the principal attack. At length, having taken advice of the Council of Safety, he issued orders to Colonels Stark and Reed, then at Medford, to march to the relief of Prescott with their New Hampshire regiments. The order reached Medford about 11 o'clock.

Ammunition was distributed in all haste—two flints, a gill of powder, and fifteen balls to each man. The balls had to be suited to the different calibres of the guns; the powder to be carried in powder-horns, or loose in the pockets for there were no cartridges prepared. It was the rude turn-out of yeoman soldiery—destitute of regular military accoutrements.

In the meanwhile the Americans on Breed's Hill were sustaining the fire from the ships and from the battery on Copp's Hill, which opened upon them about ten o'clock. They returned an occasional shot from one corner of the redoubt, without much harm to the enemy, and continued strengthening their position until about 11 o'clock, when they ceased to work, piled up their entrenching tools in the rear, and looked out anxiously and impatiently for the anticipated reinforcements and supplies.

About this time Gen. Putnam, who had been to headquarters, arrived at the redoubt on horseback. Some words passed between him and Prescott with regard to the entrenching tools, which have been variously reported. The most probable version is that he urged to have them taken from their present place, where they might fall into the hands of the enemy, and carried to Bunker's Hill, to be employed in throwing up a redoubt, which was part of the original plan, and which would be very important should the troops be obliged to retreat from Breed's Hill.

About noon the Americans descried twenty-eight barges crossing from Boston in parallel lines. They contained a large detachment of grenadiers, rangers and light infantry, admirably equipped, and commanded by Major General Howe. They made a splendid and formidable appearance with their scarlet uniforms, and the sun flashing upon muskets and bayonets and brass field-pieces. A heavy fire from the ships and batteries covered their advance, but no attempt was made to oppose them, and they landed about 1 o'clock at Moulton's Point, a little to the north of Breed's Hill.

Here General Howe made a pause. On reconnoitering the works from this point the Americans appeared to be much more strongly posted than he had imagined. He desisted troops hastening to their assistance. These were the New Hampshire troops led on by Stark. Howe immediately sent over to Gen. Gage for more forces and a supply of cannonballs, those brought by him being found through some egregious oversight too large for the ordnance. While awaiting their arrival, refreshments were served out to the troops, with "grog" by the bucket full; and tantalizing it was to the hungry and thirsty provincials to look down from their ramparts of earth and see their invaders seated in groups upon the grass eating and drinking, and preparing themselves by a hearty meal for the coming encounter.

The only consolation was to take advantage of the delay while the enemy were busying to strengthen their position. The breastwork on the left of the position extended to what was called the Slough, but beyond this the ridge of the hill, and the slope towards Mystic river were undefended. Towards a pass by which the enemy might turn the left flank of the position and seize upon Bunker's Hill. Putnam ordered his chosen officer, Capt. Knowlton, to cover this pass with the Connecticut troops under his command. A novel kind of rampart, savoring of rural device, was suggested by the rustic general.

While Knowlton and his men were putting up this fence, Putnam proceeded with other of his troops to throw up the works on Bunker's Hill dispatching his son, Capt. Putnam, on horseback to hurry up the remainder of his men from Cambridge. By this time his compeer in French and Indian warfare, the veteran Stark, made his appearance with the New Hampshire troops, five hundred strong. He had grown cool and wary with age, and his march from Medford, a distance of five or six miles, had been in character. He led his men at a moderate pace, to bring them into action fresh and vigorous. In crossing the Neck, which was enfiladed by the enemy's ships and batteries, Capt. Dearborn, who was by his side, suggested a quickstep. The veteran shook his head. "One fresh man in action is worth ten tired ones" replied he, and marched steadily on.

Putnam detained some of Stark's men to aid in throwing up the works on Bunker's Hill, and directed him to reinforce Knowlton with the rest. Stark made a short speech to his men, now that they were likely to have warm work. He then pushed on, and did good service that day at the rustic bulwark.

About two o'clock Warren arrived on the heights, ready to engage in their perilous defence, although he had opposed the scheme of their occupation. He had recently been elected a major-general, but had not received his commission; like Pomeroy, he came to serve in the ranks with a musket on his shoulder.

Putnam offered him the command at the fence; he declined it, and merely asked where he could be of the most service as a volunteer. Putnam pointed to the redoubt observing that he would be under cover.

"Don't think I seek a place of safety," replied Warren, quickly. "where will the attack be hottest?" Putnam still pointed to the redoubt. "That is the enemy's object; if that can be maintained the day is ours." Warren was cheered by the troops as he entered the redoubt. Col. Prescott tendered him the command. He again declined. "I have come to serve only as a volunteer, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience." Such were the noble spirits assembled on these perilous heights.

The British now prepared for a general assault. An easy victory was anticipated, the main thought was how to make it most effectual. The left wing, commanded by Gen. Pigot, was to mount the hill and force the redoubt, while Gen. Howe, with the right wing, was to push on between the fort and Mystic river, turn the left flank of the Americans, and enter their retreat.

Gen. Pigot accordingly advanced up the hill under cover of a fire from field-pieces and howitzers planted on a small height near the landing place on Moulton's Point. His troops commenced a discharge of musketry while yet at a long distance from the redoubts.

The Americans within the works, obedient to strict command, retained their fire until the enemy were within thirty or forty paces, when they opened upon them with a tremendous volley. Being all marksmen, accustomed to take deliberate aim, the slaughter was immense, and especially fatal to officers. The assailants fell back in some confusion; but, rallied on by their officers, advanced within pistol shot. Another volley, more effective than the first, made them again recoil. To add to their confusion, they were galled by a flanking fire from the handful of Provincials posted in Charlestown. Shocked at the carnage, and seeing the confusion of his troops, Gen. Pigot was urged to give the word for a retreat.

In the meanwhile Gen. Howe with the left wing, advanced along Mystic river, towards the fence were Stark, Reed and Knowlton were stationed, thinking to carry this slight breast work with ease, and so get in the rear of the fortress. His artillery proved of little avail, being stopped by a swampy piece of ground, while his columns suffered from two or three field pieces with which Putnam had fortified the fence. Howe's men kept up a fire of musketry as they advanced but, not taking aim, their shot passed over the heads of the Americans. The latter had received the same orders with those in the redoubt, not to fire until the enemy should be within thirty paces. Some few transgressed the command. Putnam rode up and swore he would cut down the next man that fired contrary to orders.

When the British arrived within the stated distance, a sheeted fire opened upon them from rifles, muskets and fowling-pieces, all levelled with deadly aim. The carnage, as in the other instance, was horrible. The British were thrown into confusion and fell back; some even retreated to the boats.

There was a general pause on the part of the British. The American officers availed themselves of it to prepare for another attack, which must soon be made. Prescott mingled among his men in the redoubt, who were all in high spirits at the severe check they had given "the regulars." He praised them for their steadfastness in maintaining their post and their good conduct in reserving their fire until the word of command, and exhorted them to do the same in the next attack.

Putnam rode about Bunker's Hill and its skirts to rally and bring on re-inforcements which had been checked or scattered in crossing Charlestown Neck by the raking fire from the ships and batteries. Before many could be bought to the scene of action the British had commenced their second attack. They again ascended the hill to storm the redoubt; their advance was covered as before by discharges of artillery. Charlestown, which had annoyed them or their first attack by a flanking fire, was in flames by shells thrown from Copp's Hill and by marines from the ships. Being built of wood, the place was soon wrapped in a general conflagration.

The thunder of artillery from batteries and ships, the bursting of bomb-shells; the sharp discharges of musketry; the shouts and yells of the combatants; the crash of burning bul-

dings, and the dense volumes of smoke which obscured the summer sun, all formed a tremendous spectacle. "Sure I am," said, Burgoyne in one of his letters—"Sure I am, nothing ever has or ever can be more dreadfully terrible than what was to be seen or heard at this time. The most incessant discharge of guns that ever was heard by mortal ears."

The American troops, though unused to war, stood undismayed amidst a scene where it was bursting upon them with all its horrors. Reserving their fire, as before, until the enemy was close at hand, they again poured forth repeated volleys with the fatal aim of sharpshooters. The British stood the first shock, and continued to advance; but the incessant stream of fire staggered them. Their officers remonstrated, threatened, and even attempted to goad them on with their swords, but the havoc was too deadly; whole ranks were mowed down; many of the officers were either slain or wounded, and among them several of the staff of Gen. Howe. The troops again gave way and retreated down the hill.

All this passed under the eyes of thousands of spectators of both sexes and all ages, watching from afar every turn of the battle in which the lives of those most dear to them were at hazard. The British soldiery in Boston gazed with astonishment and almost incredulity at the resolute and protracted stand of redoubt, whom they had been taught to despise, and at the havoc made among their own veteran troops. Every conveyance of wounded brought over to the town increased their astonishment; and General Clinton, who had watched the action from Copp's Hill embarking in a boat, hurried over as a volunteer, taking with him reinforcements.

A third attack was now determined on, though some of Howe's officers remonstrated, declaring it would be downright butchery. A different plan was adopted. Instead of advancing in front of the redoubt, it was to be taken in flank on the left, where the open space between the breastwork and the fortified fence, presented a weak point. It having been accidentally discovered that the ammunition of the Americans was nearly expended, preparations were made to carry the works at the point of the bayonet; and the soldiery threw off their knapsacks, and some even their coats, to be more light for action.

Gen. Howe, with the main body, now made a feint of attacking the fortified fence, but while a part of his force was thus engaged, the rest brought some field-pieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left of the redoubt. A raking fire soon drove the Americans out of this exposed place into the enclosure. Much damage, too, was done in the latter by balls which entered the sallyport.

The troops were now led on to assail the works, those who flinched were as before gazed on by the swords of the officers. The Americans again reserved their fire until their assailants were close at hand, and then made a murderous volley, by which several officers were laid low, and General Howe himself was wounded in the foot.

The British soldiery this time likewise reserved their fire, and rushed on with fixed bayonets. Clinton and Pigot had reached the southern and eastern sides of the redoubt, and it was now assailed on three sides at once. Prescott ordered those who had no bayonets to retire to the back part of the redoubt, and five on the enemy as they showed themselves on the parapet. The first who mounted exclaimed in the triumph, "The day is ours!" He was instantly shot down and so were several others who mounted about the same time. The Americans, however, had fired their last round, their ammunition was exhausted; and now succeeded a desperate and deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones and stocks of their muskets.

At length, as the British continued to pour in, Prescott gave the order to retreat. His men had to cut their way through two divisions of the enemy who were getting in rear of the redoubt, and they received a destructive volley from those who had formed on the captured works. By that volley fell the patriot Warren who had distinguished himself throughout the action. He was among the last to leave the redoubt and had scarce done so when he was shot through the head with a musket ball and fell dead on the spot.

While the Americans were thus slowly dislodged from the redoubt, Stark, Reed and Knowlton maintained their ground at the fortified fence, which indeed had been nobly defended throughout the action. Pomeroy distinguished himself here by his sharp-shooting until his musket was shattered by a ball. The resistance at this hastily constructed work was kept up after the troops in the redoubt had given way and until Colonel Prescott had left the hill, thus defeating Gen. Howe's design of cutting off the retreat of the main body, which would have produced a scene of direful confusion and slaughter. Having effected their purpose, the brave associates of the fence abandoned their weak outpost, retiring slowly, and disputing the ground inch by inch with a regularity remarkable in troops many of whom had never before been in action.

The main retreat was across Bunker's Hill, where Putnam had endeavored to throw up a breastwork. The veteran, sword in hand, rode to the rear of the retreating troops, regardless of the balls whistling about him. His only thought was to rally them at the unfinished work. "Halt! make a stand here!" cried he. "We can check them yet. In God's name, form, and give them one shot more."

Pomeroy, wielding his shattered musket as a truncheon, seconded him in his efforts to stay the torrent. It was impossible, however, to bring the troops to a stand. They continued on down the hill to the Neck, and across to Cambridge, exposed to a raking fire from the ships and batteries, and only protected by a single piece of ordnance. The British were too exhausted to pursue them; they contented themselves with taking possession of Bunker's Hill, were re-encamped in Boston, and threw up additional works during the night.

The Great Telegraph.

For a considerable period nothing has been heard of the progress of the great enterprise of constructing a line of electro-magnetic telegraph across the Atlantic ocean from Europe to America, by the way of Newfoundland and Ireland, and no doubt many have supposed the whole thing a mere project, without body of any kind, existing only in the newspapers, and the stock market. To be sure, we have had at intervals vague givings out of what the company was going to do, but nothing actually accomplished having been chronicled, the enterprise has been regarded as a castle in the air. At length, however, we have something more substantial. The company has been all this time busy at work, and there is a visible prospect of the construction of the telegraph. From the government of Newfoundland an exclusive charter has been obtained for fifty years, to build a telegraph to or upon the island, or in the waters adjacent thereto, or any of its dependencies; and to encourage the undertaking, the government has agreed to pay £5000 towards constructing a bridge path across the island for the use of the telegraph, and to guarantee the interest on £50,000 for twenty years, besides giving fifty square miles of land to be selected anywhere on the island, on the completion of the line to St. John's, and fifty more if the line be successfully carried across the Atlantic to Europe. From the government of Prince Edward's Island the company has also obtained an exclusive charter for fifty years, and a gift of one thousand acres of land. The company has also purchased a charter previously obtained in New Brunswick, and have since obtained one from Canada, with full liberty to cross those territories, should it be necessary. An agreement has been made with Professor Morse for the use of his patents, and all renewals.

The company has done something more substantial than merely to obtain charters.—It has proceeded to act vigorously thereon, having purchased the steamer Victoria, and sent her to Newfoundland with an engineer and assistants. The whole of last season six hundred men were engaged in cutting the road across Newfoundland, a distance of four hundred miles. In doing so, three mineralogists employed by the company to explore the country, discovered two mines of coal, one of copper, one of lead, and quarries of slate and alabaster, besides very valuable tracts of ship timber. These discoveries will, of course, tend to populate the line of the road, and make the telegraph valuable. The most important achievement of the company's agents is thus narrated by the New York Evening Post.

"In London he formed a contract with the Transatlantic Telegraph Company, composed of English and French capitalists, whereby the latter engaged to construct and lay down at their own expense and risk a submarine cable, extending from Ireland to St. John's, Newfoundland, and to have it completed for operation on or before the 22d day of January, 1858. The two companies, European and American, each will own the line which it constructs, but their contract obliges them to operate in connection with each other, to the exclusion of all other lines, for the period of fifty years, which is the limit of the American company's charter. At the same time a favorable contract was made for the submarine cable to connect Newfoundland with Cape Breton. This will be seventy-four miles long, and is to be ready on the last day of this month, when it will be shipped direct to Newfoundland. The steamer Victoria, sailed a few days since for St. John's, with Mr. Ellis, the Chief Engineer, and his assistants. The company confidently expect to have telegraph communication established between New York and St. John's in the course of this summer. All the necessary harbor and wharf accommodations have been secured at that port for the steamers which are expected to call there on their trips between America and Europe. St. John's is about two days nearer to England than Halifax. We have therefore every reason to believe that in three months the old world and the new will be within a week's of each other—and that within three years the two hemispheres will be in instantaneous communication."

This news will be as unexpected as gratifying to everybody. The thing is actually under contract, with a prospect that it will be completed in three years. The last day of this month the first link of submarine cable is to be delivered for shipment. Of course, the great difficulty exists in laying the main cable from Newfoundland to Ireland. How that is to be effected is, as yet, a mystery, as in so long a journey any vessel containing the cable would run serious risk from storms.—Philadelphia North American.

A CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—"It is said" that an eccentric minister of the Congregational church, who, in refusing to join the order of Know-Nothing, had resisted the force of the example of so many of his clerical brethren, was preaching from the story that Saul, while in search of the lost asses of his father, found a kingdom. closed his sermon with the introduction of the following epigram: "When Saul, the handsome son of Kish, Was seeking for his cattle, He found a kingdom, which he won Without a single battle. In Boston now the thing's reversed, (This age the old surpasses,) We, seeking for a government, Find Legislative asses."—Prov. Journal.

VALUABLE ACQUIRE.—A Scotchman named William Macure, says the Toronto Patriot, recently deceased, left the bulk of his property, valued at \$300,000, to be appropriated expressly for the purpose of the diffusion of useful knowledge and instruction amongst the institutions, libraries, clubs or meetings for useful instruction of the working classes or manual laborers in the United States or America.

A Case for the Know-Nothing.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.—Sir: Will you be kind enough to present my case for the consideration of your Know-Nothing readers. I was born in England by accident, not choice; I was not consulted in the matter; I came on the faith of your flag your Constitution and your laws; these told me I might become a citizen of the Republic and stand on an equal footing with my neighbors, "native to the manor born" by giving "value received." The consideration was renunciation of my birth-right, my natal citizenship. I paid the consideration and became, as I supposed, a citizen of the United States; hardly established in my new home, I hear the war blast and find myself doing a soldier's duty in Mexico, under my newly-adopted flag; after that I bind myself by other relations to this country; I marry an American woman and have sons born unto me, Americans all; I come out into this wilderness to carve out of this forest and these prairies freemen's homes for my sons. I am startled by another sound, the scream of bigotry and intolerance, I am told the contract made between the United States and me is to be repudiated, that I am to be deprived of my citizenship, or at least that it is to be robbed of its virtue and its grace, that its attribute Equality, for which I prize it, must be stricken out; I must not hold an office; I want none, but I like not this ban. I gave away my citizenship for another; this was the contract, and "I must have my bond." But you say I shall not have it. To this I reply; You are strong and can withhold it; I submit.

If it is dangerous to your institutions that foreigners should come among you I will leave. It will be a loss and inconvenience to me, yet leave I must. I cannot stay where I am not welcome, nor live where I am not as good as another. I will seek again the red cross banner, and on the cold soil of Canada repeat like the Prodigal, I will take my American wife and my American sons, and on the threshold of their native country they shall shake the American dust off their feet. My boys are sons of the sires of '76 (Puritan stock, not Hessian like some Know-Nothing's,) but they will never know it. Of the sufferings of their ancestors, in the cold days at Valley Forge and in the hot days at Monmouth they shall nothing know. One thing I regret; I cannot take them all, for one of my boys has become American dust. He lies on the shores of the Old Dominion, and the waters of the Chesapeake dash upon his grave. He sleeps well; let him sleep.

Here a new difficulty meets me. If, as American jurists tell me, I cannot renounce the allegiance I myself have voluntarily undertaken, then I am doubly cheated. But if this be not so, will England take me back? She may; but my wife and children England does not know. She may recognize my wife as part of my own individuality; but my son, they are foreigners, born in America when their father was an American citizen. They cannot stand on an equality with free-born English citizens. Here is the dilemma. What am I to do? If I live here I am under political and social ban. If I go to my native country my children are under the same disability. Who is responsible? I am not. You told me I might become an American citizen by rendering a certain consideration. I gave it. Am I to be cheated and my children too?

Very respectfully yours, Lex. Butler Co., Iowa, April 24, 1855.

A Great Snake Story—Encounter with a Rattlesnake.

[From the Massillon News.] Having met with a considerable adventure with a large rattlesnake, I concluded to give you some description of my encounter with him. Having occasion to go from Akron to the town of Massillon, I started with my team, consisting of a two-horse buggy, and after having proceeded about eight miles, I discovered an object in advance of me lying across the road, which at first sight I mistook for a crooked limb of a tree, but upon approaching the spot where it lay, judge of my astonishment to find it to be a large rattlesnake, slowly and stealthily moving toward the side of the road, where, upon examination, I found he was about to make prey of a young squirrel that was unable to move from its position. Being anxious to see the result of his movements, I followed him as close as I thought it prudent to do; but his majesty not liking the intrusion, or preferring me for a victim, immediately gave a very loud rattle and turned directly towards me. Being unarmed, and not thinking myself in a situation to meet my assailant, I was obliged to turn and give as is commonly called "leg bail," which I did to the best of my ability; but being closely pursued, and finding that I was rapidly losing ground at that pace, I was somewhat frightened, thinking that unless I could succeed in distancing him I would certainly become his victim.

Exerting myself to my utmost, I finally increased the distance between the reptile and myself, but as yet I had no great advantage; but in my flight I was fortunate enough to find something in the shape of a weapon, being a good stout stick about three feet long and about four or five inches in circumference. Hastily seizing this, I turned and prepared for battle, being, but a moment's work, as the snake was then close in the rear gathering himself up to make the fatal spring upon me; he made a momentary pause, during which time I held my breath through fear and excitement together, lest I might fail to hit my mark. During this short pause I took advantage of his position and struck him a severe blow with my stick immediately on the back of the neck, close to the head, which stroke to my joy and surprise entirely severed the head from the body, causing it to fly some twenty paces from the spot where I stood. After the head was severed the body continued to run in different directions, as it generally does previous to its death—but in this case it continued for an unusual length of time, owing no doubt to the size of the reptile and the amount of muscular strength which it possessed. After it became sufficiently quiet, so that it could be straitened out, I measured it closely and found it to be six feet and eleven inches in length by nine and a half inches in circumference, being the largest one of that species that had ever been seen in that region of country. Knowing the incredulity of some persons respecting snake stories, I concluded to throw him into the buggy and take him to the house of Mr. C. A. Johnson, close to the road, who has taken the pains to have it skinned and hide stuffed, and can testify to my statement, as the hide as well as rattles are now in his possession. I have given you this description as I thought it might be interesting to some of your readers, should you insert it in your journal. Yours, respectfully, DANIEL TERRYMAN. MASSILLON, June 1, 1855.

A Stump Speech.

The following specimens of quaint humor we find in one of our exchanges under the head of "California Correspondence." They purport to have been delivered by a stump candidate at San Francisco: Fellow-Republicans and fellow-sufferers: I am a plain and honest man, born at a very early period of my existence—which occurred at home one night when my mother was out. I have struggled from the obscurity to which an unlucky star had doomed me, till I have risen like a bright exhalation in the evening to the very summit of human greatness and grandeur. Gentleman, I profess no principles—unfortunately I have none. On the unhappy occasion of my birth, a dismal and melancholy man, clothed in the sombre hues of mourning, swapped me away for another baby, and subsequently lost me at a raffish—Sad event! but who can control his fate? We are the creatures of destiny. There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will.

I was intended by nature for a great statesman. Had I lived in the days of Hannibal I should have beaten the greatest chieftain in crossing the Alps, and it is a dead certain thing that I should have distanced Cortez in crossing the Isthmus; he never performed the feats I did; he never came up the Chagres river in a canoe, with a deaf and dumb hore, without a red cent, or a change of summer apparel. "But a light heart and a thin pair of breeches go nerrily through the world." Sir, every man who has come here is a Columbus. He comes to discover new diggins. I am a Columbus; I was doad broke at home, as Columbus was, and I have come here to strike a new vein. But I am not going to the mines. Oh no! You don't catch me up to my waist in ice water, with a juvenile pickaxe and an incipient crow-bar, laboring under a heat of 100 degrees in the shade to dig out the filthy lucre. No, sir! I am not on that lay—I hate labor—it was an invention to vex mankind. I prefer an office—one that is lucrative, and not laborious; what you call a sinecure. And if I can't get one myself, I will go in for any man who will divide on a dead level, and no splits.

Sir, where will you find a country like this? Talk not of the oriental gorgeousness of eastern countries. Tell us not of the fairy scenery which poets who revel in the great warm path of heavenly imagination paint, with golden pens on leaves of satin. The description of this glorious country should be written with the golden wing of an angel dipped in the softest rays of the sunbeam upon the blushing surface of rose leaf. Excuse me, gentlemen, I except the rainy season, and the time when the dust flies.

We love our native land—we honor her flag, and we would not rob the custom-house, if we had a fair show. But Congress must not put on any airs, or we will take charge of the custom-house and the post office, and make a nuisance generally. These are my sentiments, gentlemen; if they don't admit us into the Union we will burst open the custom house, and admit all liquor free of duty. And now, with a parting blessing on the girls we left behind us, and the boys who are coming after us, we will adjourn and take a drink.

THE INDIAN WAR.—An Indian trader, named Picott, who has arrived at Wolf river, Kansas, from the Blackfoot country, with 20,000 buffalo robes, says that, as he passed through the Sioux country, he found all the tribes of that nation talking about the war, which they were expecting to have with the United States, and moving in large numbers down towards Fort Laramie. Picott reports that the Big Chief Mountains in the Blackfoot country abound in buffaloes of a larger, more shaggy and ferocious kind than those of the plains; that more than a hundred thousand of them are annually slain by the hunters, while a like number perish in the snows and rivers, and yet there is no apparent diminution in their numbers. Other traders who have arrived from plains report meeting several thousand Sioux warriors at Ash Hollow, who, however, treated them kindly, and said that they would make a treaty of peace if they could, or fight, if they must. On the 15th of May Col. Cook left Fort Laramie with two detachments, one of infantry and one of cavalry, and will reach Ash Hollow early in June.

Science and sound mind are both gifts: the former of study, the latter of nature. Study is the elevator of mind and feelings, and the interpreter of this is the tongue. A small point of a balance is the tongue and yet what miracles does it perform. Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory.