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BY A. G. CHADWICK.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LOST BRIDE.

A LEGEND OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

[Concluded.]

Some there were, who tried to dissuade the young husband from the attempt to recover his bride by force; the savages, they averred, always murdered their prisoners when attacked. They told him it would be best to send a messenger to the Mohawks, who would doubtless disclaim all knowledge of the violence which had probably been perpetrated by some stragglers from their tribe, and negotiate for the release or ransom of the captive.

Robert's blood chilled at the suggestion that his rashness might accelerate the death of his wife; but the negotiation for her ransom would be uncertain and the period of her release might be distant.—He thought that she could not long survive in captivity; and he hoped to surprise her captors unawares, free her and hear her sweet voice pronounce his name as her deliverer. As the picture brightened beneath his fancy, he started from his seat and rushed out to see if the morning light might not be discovered. It soon dawned; and completely equipped, the Indian, with his musket and tomahawk, and Robert with a double-barreled gun, sword, and plenty of ammunition, and each carrying a pack containing provisions and restoratives for Mary, they set off on an expedition fraught undoubtedly with more real perils than the adventures of many proud knights, whose deeds are recorded in historic legends, and emblazoned in the scutcheons of their descendants.

Fame is truly more dependent on fortunate circumstances than great achievements. Had Robert Wilson lived in the days of chivalry, his courage and constancy would have been the theme of poets and songs of minstrels; now, the only record of his name, or even of his existence, will be this unpretending story.

The adventurers entered the deep forest, and, guided by the traces of the retreating Indians, pressed forward, at first, with all the speed they could urge. But Mendowit soon checked his rapid pace, and represented to Robert that the two Mohawks were perhaps scouts from a large party; and that caution must be used, or they might unawares be caught in ambush. Robert's impatience would never have submitted to this curb could he by any means have avoided it; but as he could not quicken the pace of Mendowit, he was obliged to conform to it.

Cautiously, therefore, they journeyed on through the old woods, where a civilized being had never before voluntarily ventured. All was silence, save when, at long intervals, the cry of some solitary bird broke on the ear with startling shrillness; or, perhaps, a rustling among the dry branches made the wanderers pause in breathless silence, till a deer, bounding across their path, would plunge into the opposite thicket; while they did not dare to send a bullet after him, lest the report of their guns should alarm the enemy, who might even then be lurking close beside them. There was, during the pursuit, a fearful apprehension, an undefinable horror on the heart and mind of Robert, far more terrible than the grief he would have felt had he known that Mary was no more. The tortures she might be forced to undergo, haunted his imagination till every sound seemed to warn him to hasten to her relief; and the delays and obstruction which were constantly occurring, made his blood boil with a fury he could scarcely control. His impatience greatly surprised Mendowit, who, with all the philosophic calmness of a sage, would take his own time to examine the traces of their fleeing foes, calculate the distance they had gained, and the probable time when they should overtake them. This would have been soon accomplished had the Mohawks proceeded straight forward. But, as if anticipating pursuit, these Indians were continually practicing to elude it.—They would often trace back their own footsteps, like the doublings of a fox; and when following the course of a river, travel in the water, and cross and re-cross at places which no skill save the sagacity of a red man could have discovered.

These subtle movements convinced Mendowit that there was no large body of Indians at hand; and on the morning of the fourth day he announced that they should soon see the captive. They were approaching the Mountains, and Mendowit was eager to overtake the Indians before they entered the defile which led to the Notch. By the foot prints they ascertained that Mary did not walk, probably could not; and Robert shuddered and clinched his gun with a convulsive grasp, as at each step, his eye searched around in ever penetrable direction, dreading to meet a confirmation of his fears; yet the sight of her mangled corpse would scarcely have added to his heart's agony.

The weather, which ever since they left Dover, and, indeed, for some time before, had been extremely dry, and hot, now suddenly changed; and they seemed transported to another region. Thick, black masses of clouds enveloped the mountains, and soon covered the whole horizon, and the darkness of night came down at once. Then the wind suddenly rose, and at intervals swept onward with the force of a tornado. It required no effort of the imagination to fancy that the old woods were trembling with the apprehension of some terrible calamity. The trunks of the largest trees quivered, and their lofty heads were bent almost to the ground, as the "mountain winds" went sounding by, "from a chasm far more awful than the 'Roncesvalles' straits."

"We must return," said Mendowit, pausing. "We cannot overtake them.—The secret path of Agiochohook, Mendowit, must not tread."

"You must," returned Robert, sternly, mistaking the cause of his guide's reluctance; "but you need not fight. Only show me the Mohawks, and be there two hundred instead of two, I will rescue Mary."

He was interrupted by a flash of lightning so vivid that, for a moment, the mountains and their recesses were all revealed; their high heads that reached upward to the heavens; their yawning chasms and deep gullies; the huge rocks, some fixed as earth's foundations, and others apparently suspended in air, ready to topple on the heads of those beneath; the dark trees, their roots and fibres twisted, like serpents, amid the precipices over which they were bounding, and, as it were, clinging for safety. A tremendous peal of thunder followed; its roar shook the earth, and its echoes reverberated through the pent air with a deafening noise. It seemed to have burst the clouds, for in a moment after, the rain rent in torrents.

It was vain to attempt moving forward while the wind and rain beat so furiously; Robert asked his guide where they could shelter. Mendowit pointed to the west side of the mountain, near which they stood, and began hastily to ascend; Robert followed. The path was perilous and required much caution; but the Indian seemed well acquainted with the way, and easily surmounted the difficulties, till he reached a kind of a cavern in the side of the precipice, which they both entered in safety.

They were now safe from the peltings of the storm, but not from its uproar. It seemed as if the elements of air, fire and water were allowed to wreak their fury on the shrinking and quaking earth. The lightning that blazed in one continued glare; the rolling of the thunder, that shook to their foundation, these everlasting hills; the rain, that did not fall in drops, but poured in large streams from the black clouds; the howling of the wind as it raved from the narrow passes, or filled the hollow chasms; the frequent and loud crash of falling rocks and trees—all united to give to the scene a sublimity, which the aroused soul could feel, but no language can ever communicate or describe.

Amid this wreck of matter, and what seemed as it were, the crush of worlds, Robert heeded not his own danger; he only thought of his young and tender bride. At every fresh burst of tempest, "Oh, where is Mary now?" came over his heart till his knees smote together, and large drops of sweat started on his pale forehead. Then he would rush to the narrow entrance of the cell with clenched hands, and looked abroad to see if there was any abatement of the storm; and then, in despair, he would seek the furthest gloom of the cavern, throw himself down on the damp rock, close his eyes, and struggle to banish all thought from his mind.

Thus passed the hours till after midnight, when, during a pause in the wind, a strange sound was heard. It was not like a shriek or a cry from any human voice, or the yell or moan from a wild beast; it was a deep dismal sound, an unearthly tone, thrilling the listener like warning call from some perturbed spirit.

Robert started on his feet. A bright flash of lightning showed him Mendowit, rising from his recumbent posture; his hands were falling powerless by his side, and his face expressed an internal agitation and terror which a red man rarely exhibits.

"It is the voice of the Abamocho," said the Indian, in a tone that evidently trembled. I have heard it once before. He calls for a victim."

"Who is he?" demanded Robert, unsheathing his sword.

"He is the spirit of the dark land!" said Mendowit, shrinking down as if to hide himself from some dreaded object. "He rules over these mountains; he comes in the storm, and none whom he marks for destruction can escape him."

Robert's whole soul had been so engrossed with the idea of Mary, and how to rescue her, that scarce a thought of care for any other human being had entered his mind since he left Dover. The appalling noise he had just heard, and Mendowit's singular manner, now aroused his curiosity and he enquired of Mendowit why he was so moved at the idea of approaching Agiochohook.

Mendowit, after heaving a deep sigh, thus replied:—These mountains belong to the evil spirit, Abamocho. This spirit always favors the Mohawks. It was to make them a path, when they were fleeing before the arrows of Tookenchoosen, the great sachem of the Massachusetts, that he rent the mountains asunder. The evil spirit sat on a rock, on the highest peak of the mountain. He beckoned the Mohawks to pass by, laying his hand on his breast. They obeyed, and went through the pass in safety. But when Tookenchoosen would have followed, the evil spirit threw his arms abroad, and great stones and trees were hurled upon the warriors, till all perished except the chief.

"This was many, many moons before the white men came; but none of our warriors dared venture to Agiochohook to bring away the bones of the slain. At last my father was sachem of the Massachusetts. He was a great chief. His tribe was more numerous than the leaves of the summer forest. A thousand warriors followed his steps; he said he would bring back the bones of his fathers. He called his young men to follow him that I might learn the paths of the woods. I was a child then; I could not bend a warrior's bow—but they went not to fight."

Mendowit paused; and Robert knew by the low tones of his voice, as the sentence died away, that recollections of other years, passed sadly on his mind. After a few moments of deep silence, he resumed:

"We came to Agiochohook. The storm was loud as you now hear. In this very cave my father and I passed the night.—We heard the voice of Abamocho. In the morning we saw him seated on a rock. I saw it and trembled; but my father would not go. He sought all the secret places; but the bones of our fathers had perished."

"We returned to our tribe; but the evil spirit sent a curse upon us. Sickness destroyed our young men. The Mohawks scalped our old men and children. My father fell by their arrows—I avenged his death; but I could not prevent the destruction of our nation. Three times I journeyed to Agiochohook, with the powows, to appease Abamocho. We prayed to the Ketan when at home. It availed not."

Again he paused; and Robert, who had listened with intense interest to his story, enquired where the remnant of his tribe dwelt now.

"Young man," said Mendowit, rising with a melancholy but majestic air, while the lightning showed his tall form, and the gray locks that

waved in thick masses over his venerable forehead; "Young man, I once led a host more numerous than the trees of yonder forest. I was chief of a mighty nation—now Mendowit dwells alone. I am the last of my tribe." As he ended he sank down and covered his face with his hands.

Robert's life had been a laborious, but a very happy one. He was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and had seldom, even in imagination, dwelt on the dark shades of human life. He had felt, as youth and health are prone to feel, as if earth were made purposely for the happiness of man, and existence would never have an end. A few hours had taught him solemn lessons of the vanity and change of all created things. Without and around him was the destroying tempest, dashing to atoms the works of nature; within, was Mendowit, an image of moral desolation.

Robert sat down; and while the picture of human vicissitudes were presented thus vividly mournful to his mind, mingled with the thought of his own heart-sickening disappointment, he wept like an infant. The tears he shed were not merely those of selfish regret. He wept the miseries to which man is exposed, till his mind was insensibly drawn to ponder on the sins that must have made such miseries a necessary punishment. And never had he breathed so contrite a prayer as now came from his soul, humbled before that Almighty Power who only can say to the mourner "peace!"—to the tempest, "be still!"

A sweet calm at length fell on Robert's tossed mind; the calm of childlike confidence in the goodness of God. He felt that all would finally be found to have been ordained in mercy, that all his trials were for the best, and he sunk into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till aroused by Mendowit.

It was late in the morning, the storm had ceased, and they sallied forth to examine the appearances without. An exhalation, like smoke, arose from the dripping woods and wet grounds beneath and around them, concealing most of the devastations the storm had wrought. The clouds were moving slowly up the sides of the mountain, still entirely shrouding its tall peaks; but they did not wear the threatening hue of the preceding evening. They had discharged their contents, and their lightened folds were now gradually melting and ready to disperse before the rising sun, though his beams had not penetrated their dark masses.

The wind was entirely hushed, and not a sound, except the monotonous roar of a distant waterfall, broke on the stillness. While Robert was contrasting the almost breathless tranquillity he now gazed upon with the wild uproar of the preceding night, Mendowit touched his shoulder, looking around he beheld the features of the Indian distort, while he gazed and pointed upward towards a huge mountain that rose at some distance before them. Above its tall peak reposed a black cloud, and it was the appearance of this cloud which had so terrified Mendowit.

"It is the Abamocho," said he, in a suppressed, hollow tone. And certainly, by the aid of a little imagination, it might be likened to a human form of gigantic proportions. The dark face drawn against a cloud of a lighter hue, was seen in profile; a projection of a cloud from the body, that might pass for an arm, stretched forward a vast distance; and then a shapeless mass of vapor, that an Indian might call a robe, fell down and covered the surrounding precipice.

"Your evil genius," said Robert, half laughing as he glanced alternately at his guide and the cloud, has to my thinking a most monstrous and evil looking use."

"Hush!" said Mendowit, interrupting him.—That part of the cloud which formed the arm of the spirit was beginning to move towards the body, and it incorporated with it in such a manner that the Indian might well be pardoned for thinking Abamocho had folded his arm on his breast.

Mendowit had held his breath suspended during the movement of the cloud, and his deep voice as he emphatically said,—"Abamocho is pleased; we may now go in safety!" sounded like the breathing of a drowning man, when he rises to the surface of the water. After hastily refreshing themselves, they descended from their retreat, and began their progress through the defile.

The storm had obliterated all traces of the Mohawks, but there were no diverging paths; those who once entered the pass must proceed onward. It was now that Robert became fully sensible of the devastations of the storm. Their way was obstructed with fallen trees, fragments of rock, deep gullies and roaring waterfalls, pouring from the sides of the mountain, and swelling the Saco, till its stream nearly flooded the whole valley. They proceeded silently and cautiously for more than an hour, when Mendowit suddenly paused, and whispering to Robert, "I scent the smoke of a fire," sunk on his hands and knees, and crept forward softly as a cat circumventing his prey. A few rods distant lay a huge tree, uprooted by the late storm; sheltered behind this, Mendowit half rose, and through the interstices of the roots, examined the prospect before him.

He soon signed for Robert to advance, who, imitating the posture of his guide, instantly crept forward, and at a little distance before them he beheld—MARY. She, with the two Mohawks, was seated beneath a sheltering rock, whose projection had been their only shelter from the storm. The height of the rock did not allow them to stand upright; but the Indians had kindled a fire at one corner, and were now partaking their rude meal. Their backs were towards Robert, their faces fronting their prisoner, who, wrapped in a covering of skins, reclined against a projection of the precipice.

Just as Robert gained his station, one of the Mohawks was offering some food to Mary; she uncovered her face, and by gentle motion refused the morsel. Her cheek was so pale, and her whole countenance looked so sunken and woe-begone, that Robert thought her expiring. His heart and brain seemed on fire, as his eyes flashed around to discover if any advantage might be taken if he rushed on the foe. At that moment the Mohawks, uttering a horrible yell, sprang upon their feet, and ran towards the Saco. He raised his gun; but Mendowit, seizing his arm, drew him backwards, at the same time exclaiming,—"The mountain! the mountain!"

Robert looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet, rose above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the

very one over which Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass; it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onwards with a force and velocity which no human barrier could oppose, no created might resist.

One glance told Robert that Mary must perish; that he could not save her.

"But I will die with her!" he exclaimed; and shaking off the grasp of Mendowit as though it had been a feather, he rushed towards her, shouting, "Mary! Mary!" in a tone of agony. She uncovered her head, made an effort to rise, and articulated, "Robert, dear Robert!" as he caught her in his arms, and clasped her to his bosom as a mother would her babe.

"Oh, Mary! must we die? must we die now?" were his agonizing expressions.

"We must, we must," she cried, as she gazed for the first time, upward, on the rolling mountains. "Why did you come?"

He replied not, but leaning against the rock, pressed her closer to his heart, as though he would screen her from the devouring storm; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears, and laying her head upon his bosom, sobbed like an infant. He bowed his face upon her cold, wet cheek, and breathed one cry for mercy; yet even then there was in the hearts of both lovers, a feeling of happiness, a joy, in the thought they should not be separated, that they might die together.

The mass came down, tearing and crumbling and sweeping all before it. The whole mountain trembled, and the ground shook as though an earthquake were passing. The sun was darkened by the storm of water, stones, and branches of trees, which crushed and shivered to atoms filled the atmosphere, while the blast swept by like a whirlwind, and the crash and roar of convulsion were far more appalling than the loudest thunder!

It might have been one minute or twenty—for neither of the lovers took note of time—when in the hush of death-like stillness which succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around and saw that the consuming storm had passed by. It had passed, covering the valley farther than the eye could reach with ruin. Masses of granite, and shivered trees, and mountains of earth were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco, and exhibiting an awful picture of the desolating track of the avalanche.

Only one little spot had escaped the general wreck, and there, safe as though sheltered in the hollow of His hand, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and locked in each others' arms, were Robert and Mary! Beside them stood Mendowit, his gun firmly clenched in his hand, and his quick dark eye rolling around him like a maniac. He had followed Robert though he did not intend it—probably impelled by that feeling which makes us loathe to face danger alone, and thus had escaped. The two Mohawks were doubtless crushed and destroyed, for they appeared not again.

Should any traveller to the White Mountains hereafter be anxious to ascertain the spot where the lovers are supposed to have stood during this convulsion of nature, he will find it near the small house which escaped destruction in an avalanche, which occurred in these mountains a few years since, very similar to the one we have attempted to portray.

The feelings of the three individuals, so miraculously preserved, cannot be described. Robert and Mary both wept for a long time; and though Mendowit did not shed tears, he preserved that deep silence which speaks the awe that the exhibition of Almighty power always impresses on the heart of the child of nature.

What a change the mountain exhibited!—Where the tall pine had waved, perhaps for thousands of years, was now a naked rock, down which a furious torrent dashed and foamed. As Robert gazed upon it in wonder, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds, and shone on the summit of the mountain, and on the spray of the water-fall, blending the rock with all the colors of the rainbow. Mendowit saw it, and a smile passed over his rigid features. "Our homeward path will be prosperous," said he; and so it proved. They made a litter for Mary, and bore her on it by day, and her husband sheltered her in his arms by night, till they reached Dover.

Robert and Mary lived long and happily in their dwelling on the banks of the Cochecho. In all the subsequent attacks of the Indians on Dover, they were unmolested; and their devoted affection, which continued unabated even to extreme old age, was often ascribed to the dangers they had suffered and escaped together.

Mendowit thought himself richly rewarded for his share in the expedition. He had, besides a new gun, powder and knife, both the guns of the Mohawks, which he managed to carry to Dover as trophies of his complete success in tracking their paths. And, moreover, he enjoyed till the day of his death, the friendship of Robert and Mary. Their house was always his home, when he chose to make it so; and when he slept that deep, cold sleep, which, sooner or later, will close the eyes of all who dwell beneath the sun, these faithful friends saw him laid decently in the grave, and their tears fell at the remembrance of his virtues and his services.

STEAMBOAT ACCIDENT. A melancholy accident took place on the Mississippi on the 15th inst. The Steamer Dubuque, Capt. Smoker, on her passage from St. Louis to Galena, collapsed the flue of her larboard boiler, by which accident, twenty-two persons were dreadfully scalded, sixteen of whom are since dead. It is said that the boat was proceeding along, under her ordinary head of steam, when the explosion took place. The pilot immediately put the boat ashore, and effected a landing. A letter in the National Intelligencer says:—"As soon as the noise of the explosion had subsided, and it was possible to make their way to the after part of the boiler deck, an examination was made, when it was found that the whole had been literally cleared of freight, and every thing that stood in the way. The unfortunate deck passengers were all terribly scalded, together with the cooks and several of the hands. Many of them in their agony fled to the shore, stripped themselves of their clothes, tearing off with them much of the skin. It was several hours before any of them died; and not until a boat, could be despatched to Bloomington, and return, that medical assistance could be obtained."

EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.

IMPORTANT FROM SPAIN. TERMINATION OF THE CIVIL WAR.

By a late arrival in Boston, 16 days from Havana, a letter has been received, stating that the government Correo, which had just arrived there from Cadiz, brought intelligence of the capitulation of Don Carlos and the consequent termination of the war in Spain. He had been forced to surrender by General Baron de Mer.

Our last accounts informed us, that frequent desertions from the Carlist ranks were taking place. At Lerida a thousand Navarrese went over in a body to the Queen's troops; at Cervera, 3000 quitted the Carlist ranks, and joined the Constitutionalists; at Manresa 1500 deserted to the Christians; at Molins del Rey 3000 joined the Queen's standard; and at every other town where the opposing forces were brought in contact, similar desertions from the Carlist army took place. Previous to passing the Ebro, the Carlists suffered greatly from want of provisions, the men being for several days reduced to the necessity of feeding on boiled vine leaves, which they swallowed with the juice.

THE CHOLERA.

The accounts from Sicily and Naples are frightful.—Trade and commerce are paralysed throughout Italy, and the Papal dominions are formally barricaded, to prevent the entrance of the disease, which is still believed contagious.

The deaths at Palermo on the 12th of July, were 330.

At Malta, the number of cases from the 9th of June to the 3d of July, was 1084, of which 663 died, and 223 remained under treatment. The number of cases, declared on the 3d of July was 110. Many families had withdrawn from the capital, and shut themselves up in their country houses.

Among the deaths announced at Palermo, is that of Mr. Gardner, United States consul-general. The Sicilian physicians, instead of facing the disease, betook themselves to flight. There has been no rising of the populace, as reported, but the houses of the rich, who had left the city, were in many cases pillaged. The mortality was by no means confined to the lower classes, many of the nobility and rich merchants having perished.

The disease was also prevailing extensively in various parts of the East: in the ports of the Red Sea, in Syria, and other places. In Damascus the deaths were forty or fifty per day.

Among the victims of the plague at Smyrna, are the wife and son of Rev. Mr. Dwight, American Missionary.

A letter of the 18th ult., from Naples, published in the Augsburg Gazette, gives intelligence of the 16th from Palermo, to the effect that the cholera was on the decline in that city, where the number of deaths amounted to not more than 500 per day.

The number of fatal cases had previously been 1500 and 1800 daily, and from the middle of June to the middle of July, 19,000 individuals altogether had died of the disease. Among the last victims to the cholera at Naples was M. de Vigne, the Sardinian Ambassador to the Neapolitan Court.

ELECTION IN ENGLAND.

According to the Morning Herald of the 4th, the members returned to the new Parliament, as far as ascertained, are 234 Ministerialists and 214 Conservatives. This statement as compared with the last parliament gives a gain of 47 and a loss of 42, leaving a majority of 5 in favor of the Conservatives.

A most horrid and devastating calamity has overtaken the residents of Sierra Leone. The mortality by yellow fever among the Europeans was dreadful. It was calculated that 40,000 persons had been attacked with it, and its ravages were more frightful than on any former occasion.

Within the last three weeks, says the New-York American, there have died in this City 399 children, under five years of age. The number last week under this age was 139.

Among other articles sent in to the *Mechanics' Fair*, at Boston, for exhibition, is a counterpane of exquisite workmanship, by Mrs. John Quincy Adams. This distinguished lady has set a good example to her sex, and it is hoped they will not be slow to imitate it.

Professor Oliver of Dartmouth College has been appointed a Professor of the Medical College at Cincinnati, Ohio.

A letter from Texas says, "the corn crop is tremendous, and cotton very fine. All other crops accordingly."

Flour.—On Thursday last new flour was selling in Detroit from five to six dollars. Seven dollars in Cleveland.

It was expected, however, that in either place, the price would be down in a few days as low as four dollars.

Wheat throughout Ohio, and portions of Michigan is selling at 75 to 87 cents.—*Rocheater Dem.*

The N. Y. Journal of Commerce says that the fall in the price of horses in connexion with the reverse in business has been very great—spans which last year would have brought five or six hundred dollars now not commanding more than half that money. The price of single horses intended for useful wear is from 50 to 125 each, being rather better than fancy spans, when compared with last year.

A St. Louis paper of the 16th of August says, there has been a sensible improvement in the market within the past week, and a much larger number of country merchants are daily to be seen in our streets. In money affairs, we notice but little, if any change. The weather for several weeks past has been excessively dry and warm. We have not had any rain for more than a month. The showers in the vicinity have moderated the heat of the day very much.

If treasury drafts are not specie, they are at least a good substitute for it.—*Globe.*

A blacksmith's leather apron, soaked over night in lamp-oil, is said to be a good substitute for tripe.

Amos Lane, of Indiana, since his defeat has come out against Van Buren, and says Van Burenism is enough to kill any man. This is getting to be the general impression.

A black woman, a slave, at Alexandria, on Tuesday last, murdered her two infant children by strangling them, and attempted to commit the same crime upon her two older children, by beating on the face and head with brick bats.

The Philadelphia Gazette, not unaptly, calls western steamboats floating coffins.