Cooper's Clarksburg Register.

WILLIAM P. COOPER, | "WE STAND UPON THE PRINCIPLES OF IMMUTABLE JUSTICE, AND NO HUMAN POWER SHALL DRIVE US FROM OUR POSITION."—*Jackson.* | EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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TERMS.

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Advertisements will be inserted at $1,00 per square of twelve lines for the first three insertions, and twenty-five cents for each subsequens insertion. liberal disco unt on the above ratet made to those who advertise by the year. No advertisement counted less than one square.—Tha number of inserions must be specified or fhe advertisement will be continued and charged for accordingly.

Announcementof candidates for office $2,00

Marriages and Deaths inserted gratis.

All communications, to insure attention, must be accompanied by the author's name and postpaid.

Miscellaneous.

Anecdote of Two Parrots.—A curious old story is told in Captain Brown's book, without any clue to its date: its ludicrous tendency being the temptation to copy it here. A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, a green and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door; the grey whenever the bell rang; but they only knew two short phrases of English. The house in which they lived had an old-fashioned projecting, front so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the side of the way, and, on one occasion, they were left outside the window by themselves, when some one knocked at the street door.

'Who's there?' said the green parrot.

'*The man with the leather,*' was the reply; to which the bird answered—

'Oh! oh!'

The door not being opened, the stranger knocked a second time.

'Who's there?' said green poll.

'Who's there?' exclaimed the man, 'Why don't you come down?'

'Oh! oh!' repeated the parrot.

This so enraged the stranger, that he rang the bell furiously.

'Go to the gate,' said a new voice, which belonged to the grey parrot.

'To the gate?' repeated the man, who saw no such entrance and thought the servants were bantering him.—

'What gate?' he asked stepping back to view the premises.

'New gate,' responded the grey, just as the angry applicant discovered who had been answering his summons.

Wonderful Preservation.—A writer in the Boston Recorder, as an illustration of Providential care, relates the following marvellous incident, and vouches for it as authentic:

Elias Boudinot, founder of the American Bible Society, was returning in his chaise to his home late in a dark night from court he had been tending many days. He did not know that a recent freshet had carried away all the planks from the long bridge that lay in his accustomed path. Therefore he drove right on, as though there was a bridge there, and reached home safely. His friends inquired by what road he came. "The usual road," he replied. "Impossible," said they, "there are no planks on the bridge." He persisted, and they, trembling for his veracity or his sanity, eagerly went with him next morning early to survey.—When arrived they found the very footprints of his horse on a central sleeper. There was no more to be said; sanity and veracity were both safe. Some power had presided over the instinct of that horse, had ordained the correspondence of those wheels with the sleepers over which they passed, and kept the man in ignorance of his danger. Was that power fate or chance?

The Celestial State.—Old Rickets was a man of labor, and had little or no time to devote to speculation as to the future. He was withal, rather uncouth in the use of language.

One day while engaged in stopping up hog holes about his place he was approached by a colporteur, and presented with a tract.

'What's this all about?' demanded Rickets

'That, sir is a book describing the celestial state,' was the reply.

'Celestial State,' said Rickets, 'where the deuce is that?'

'My worthy friend, I fear that you have not'—

'Well never mind, interrupted Rickets, 'I don't wan't to hear about any better State than old Pennsylvania. I intend to live and die right here if I can only keep them darned hogs out.'

☞ "Halloo, boy, whose is that red house on top of the hill?"

"My father's."

"It isn't every one that knows his own father—who is yours?"

"Mother's husband."

"That is very probable; but I should like to know *who* your father and mother are?"

"I will inform you, sir. They are the parents of an only *son* who knows how to practice the precepts of King Solomon."

"In what way?"

"By answering a fool according to his olly."

Mowing Machine.—Mr. Jno. McGee has introduced on his farm a Mowing Machine from the Foundry of Cooper & Co., Fairmont. It is said to do very neat work, and that an acre of grass can be cut at an expense of about 15 cents.—This being the case, there is a saving of money in the use of these Machines.

[*Weston Herald.*

Poetical.

Written for the Register.

THOUGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

BY R. E. H.

Oh! by gone-days—Oh! other days,
Why still so fondly cling
Around the altar of this heart,
When ye no joys can bring!
For, oh! the memory of the past
Comes sweeping over my soul,
Scattering the stern resolves I make
Far, far beyond control.

Oh! by-gone days—Oh! blissful days,
When love and joy were mine,
And o'er the dreary path of life
Hope's cheering star did shine—
When all was like some happy dream,
Filled with bright array,
And in my heart I vainly thought
Such bliss could ne'er decay.

Where are ye now, ye happy days,
Where have your joys all fled
I hold ye in my memory,
But all your hopes are dead;
Yet, oh! there dwells within my heart
Such feelings of regret,
That, struggle as I may with them,
I never can forget.

Selected Stories.

A MOTHER'S DEFENCE;

Or, A Fearful Tale of Frontier War.

There is no exaggeration in the folowing sketch, the instance narrated having occurred during the border war of Kentucky. The seeming incredible feat (for a woman especially) of biting in two a musket ball is there vouched for. This narrative was written for the Sunday Times:

A more beautiful and quiet scene than the clearing on the Elkhorn, which smiled and sparkled in the light of cloudless sunrise on the 27th of April, 1793, could not have been found between the Kentucky river and the Mountains. A rude but strongly built log cabin, half dwelling, half fortress, was the most conspicuous object in the fore ground. A stream, the Elkhorn, too large to be called a creek, yet scarcely broad enough except during the freshet to be considered a river, its sloping banks clothed in the verdure of early spring, spread with a rapid current within a rifle shot of the front of the cabin.

The entire clearing consisted of about 40 acres, girdled on every side by the dense forest, excepting on the east, where a broad opening appeared, and the blazed outlines of a road was visible for a rod or two apparently to some adjacent settlement. The location was only three miles from Frankfort, then a small village about two miles from the nearest point on the Kentucky river of which the Elkhorn is a tributary. Within the cleared area, labor had done much. The axe which had let the sun-light into the heart of the wilderness had been promptly followed by the plow. The barns and corn-cribs were filled to overflowing, and the green blades glistening with dew, that covered the southern slopes gave promise of another abundant harvest.

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

Hosea's household consisted of his wife Miriam, like himself a native of New England; a woman of commanding statue and personal strength, and daughter Alice a golden-haired beauty and a face that smiled all over, then in her 17th year. Hope, the wife of Jesse Cook, was a rosy, comely daughter of Virginia, younger than her sister in-law, with two boys of six and three years old at her apron string. Young McAndre was a find young huntsman, whose father had been killed in a rencounter with a party of Wyandots near the Blue Licks in that memorable era of the frontier of the West, in the year 1782.

Just as the sun's red disk become visible above the upper line of the fortress to the east, the door of the cabin opened and brothers passed out. The scene before them was one of perfect repose. The morning mist had already lifted from the stream and was sailing upwards, while not a breath stirred the surface of the swiftly glided water. But the Cooks were not the men to view the landscape with simple observation that it was a fine growing morning. The elder, Hosea, shouldered his axe, and followed by his brother walked up to a pile of chestnut timber a few rods west of the house, where they had been engaged in splitting out fence rails.

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

"Too nearly, deadly aimed, to err."

cracked from a clump of maples about forty yards in advance of the nearest point of the woods, and Hosea Cook who was in the act of chopping, sprang in the air, and straightening as he descended, fell with his face upwards, quite dead.

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

Had the savages rushed upon the cabin at that moment they would have encountered no resistance. The door was open and the woman completely unnerved by the horror of the scene. But the savages stopped when they reached the body of Hosea Cook to scalp him.—They knew that all the males of the household had fallen and that it was nearly impossible for the woman and children to escape. As to any attempt at defence they had no dream of it.

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

Having deposited their dead upon the floor, Miriam, Hope and Alice, began to prepare for a vigorous defence, their faces were no longer an expression of terror. The brows of two matrons were knitted with determination, and their eyes sparkled with the instinct of revenge. Alice was no longer the timid maid of yesterday. Her lover (for she had given her whole heart and was soon to have given her hand to McAndre,) and her beloved father lay dead side by side; the demons were in the act of scalping and mutilating the body of the uncle outside; and something of the tigress flashed in her eyes, half kindled as they with tears. The two children alone exhibited signs of fear, but it was only preceptible in their bleached faces, and quivering limbs.—They never whined nor wept, but sat in the corner of the cabin, with arms locked together, intently watching the varied movements of the females as they piled chests and benches and fire wood against the door, in order to make stronger the points of defence.

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

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

The Indians remained montionless for a few seconds, transfixed with astonishment and then lifting the body of their chief, withdrew to a respectable distance from the cabin, and the inmates half believed their peril was over. But they were soon undeceived.

After getting out of gun-shot, the savages clustered together, and appeared for several minutes to be in close conversation. At the expiration of their powwow, having apparently agreed upon the plan of action the whole gang took open order and dashed at full run with wild yells towards the dwelling.

As the foremost came up, Miriam Cook, who was now stationed at another loop hole, again discharged her rifle; and the unlucky Wyandot, shot through the legs dropped in his tracks with an involuntary shriek of agony. The others kept on; reaching the cabin, six of them clambered on the roof while the other five commenced firing on the door and openings in the logs. Those on the roof quickly kindled a fire on the shingles, which were soon in a blaze. The destruction of the cabin and its inmates now seemed inevitable. There was a hogshead half full of water in the house, Miriam, bucket in hand, mounted to the loft. Hope and Alice supplied her with water from below by which she contrived to extinguish the flames as fast as they broke out, while she herself, enveloped and almost suffocated by steam and smoke was invisible to the assailants.

At length the water was exhausted and one of the Indians observing that the efforts of the beseiged party were slackening, ventured to poke his head through one of the holes that had been burned in the roof to see how the land lay. The undaunted Miriam was standing within a few feet of the opening, and the instant she saw the savage, she whirled the empty bucket around her head and hurled it with the swing of her arm, struck him directly in the forehead with the sharp edge of the stave. She heard the bones crash and the victim groan; a moment after he was drawn away by his companions, three of whom descended from the roof, bearing him in their arms.

Miriam now thought she heard the two remaining savages tearing the upper logs off the chimney, presuming they intended to attempt an entrance that way she ran down stairs to prepare for them—"The feather bed! The feather bed!" she shouted, as she reached the lower room, and this much prized article in a frontiersman's inventory of household chattles, was quickly brought forth and thrown into the hugh fireplace. By this time one of the Indians was fairly in the chimney and the other about to follow. "Thrust the lighted brands in it quickly!" said Alice, and the next moment clouds of stifling smoke from the burning feathers were ascending the chimney. The savage made an effort to scramble up again, but the pungent effluvia of the feathers overcame him, and he fell heavy on the hearthstone. In the meantime Miriam had grasped the rifle and held it clutched for his reception. Scarcely had he touched the floor, when the iron-bound pount of the breech crashed through his skull. The other who had caugh a whiff of the vapor, in the time to avoid a like fate, precipitately descended from the roof.

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

In about half an hour the Indians had nearly cut two planks out of the door beneath the bar; a space just sufficient for a man to force his body through in a stooping posture. They brought heavy pieces from the adjacent pile, and using them as battering rams soon beat in the weakened portions of the door, and at the same time driving the articles which had been piled against the door into the middle of the room. Taught caution by the losses they had sustained they did not immediately attempt to enter through the breeches, but thrusting in their rifles, discharged them into the house. In this they had a double design; that of killing or wounding some of the occupants, and getting in under cover of the smoke.

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

Of the thirteen warriors who had left their tribe for the war path, a few days before, only two were unwounded and capable of service, and they, seized with a panic at the havoc made among their companions by 'long knife squaws,' abandoned the seige and fled to the village. To the wounded left behind, no quarters were given. To have spared them would have been treason to the dead.

Miriam's axe and the long knife of Alice made short work with them, and this duty fulfilled, the family lost no time in proceeding to Frankfort. The next day a hundred mounted frontiersmen assembled, and after bringing in the bodies of the Cooks and McAndre, started for the nearest Wyandot village to take wholesale revenge.

BLANCHE OF MONMOUTH.

BY CHARLES E. WAITE.

Her bare right arm, uplifted high,
All light, her large and glorious eye,
And her whole frame—dilated—fired—
She looked the Pythoness inspired.—*Colton.*

'Blanche! Blanche! We're on the eve of an action! I come to embrace you for the last time!'

The speaker was a horseman in the American cavalry. Enveloped in clouds of dust, he was dashing up towards the veranda of a large mansion, built in the colonial taste, and exhibiting all the evidence of colonial affluence. His horse was fleeked over with foam, and his manner was fearfully excited. The person whom he addressed was a young girl of scarcely eighteen summers. Her form was round—perhaps too round—perhaps too redundant for those who deem *embonpoint* inconsistent with beauty—but graceful as a sylph's. About her expressive face there played a profusion of nut-brown ringlets, and in her moist, dark eyes there beamed an earnest and meaning look, indicative at once of great force of character and depth of passion. Her lips were full and slightly voluptuous in expression, her nose was classically regular in contour, and her chin indented with a little dimple, which might have served as a nestling place for a thousand loves.

'Not for the last time, I trust,' she replied, with a sweet and encouraging smile. 'My heart tells me that the American arms will be triumphant! Who commands the forces?'

'Gen. Lee is at the head of the first division, and Washington follows close in his rear with the remainder of the army. I left my command for a moment, and rode in advance to take leave of you, my Blanche. The army will soon come up.'

'Let us trust in the God of battles for the issue. He will sustain our just cause. How glorious it must be to fight for one's country. And by the side of Washington. 'Edmund Stanley, were it not for you,' continued the lovely enthusiast, blushing to the temples, 'were it not for you, I could wish that I were a soldier, and might bear arms in the cause of America.'

'The army is approaching. I must leave you. God bless you, my Blanche.'

'God bless you, Edmund. I would not counsel you to do any thing unworthy of yourself, but do not plunge into unnecessary danger. For *my* sake, do not.'

The dragoon folded his betrothed in his arms, for a moment, but not daring to give full expression to his emotions, tore himself hastily away, and re-mounting his dusty charger, plunged down the road.

Blanche Rivers gazed after his retreating form with streaming eyes. Her innocent bosom heaved beneath its laced boddice, and for a moment she stood the very picture of feminine woe. But she was a brave girl, and the resounding tread of the advancing squadrons stirred all that was heroic in her soul, and quickly chased her tears away. Leaving the veranda, she placed herself at an open casement of the mansion, and silently awaited the appearance of the marching troops. To the stirring strains of martial music, the glittering column advanced along the highway, headed by Lee in person, attended by his suite. The day was insufferably hot, and many a canteen was pressed to a weary soldier's lip upon that dreadful march. Infantry, cavalry and artillery toiled quickly by, and clouds of dust rolled up before, behind, and on either side of them, only to settle in thick folds upon their shoulders, and add to the parching thirst which devoured them. Blanche gazed till she was weary upon the passing host. Five thousand men, packed into the narrow highway, swept in an inconceivably brief period before her eyes, on their way to Monmouth. When the last straggling corps had vanished from her sight, the heroic girl left the window and proceeded to her father's stables. Ordering the groom to saddle, and bring around her horse, she re-entered the house, and after a moment's absence, appeared at the front entrance, armed with pistols at her belt—a perfect Clorinda, or Joan of Arc, all save the gorget and morion. In a moment she had mounted, and was flying up the road, upon the heels of the American soldiers.

'I will be an eye-witness to one struggle for freedom,' said Blanche, as she checked her horse, to prevent him from approaching too near the American rear.

Lee soon reached the plain of Monmouth, and drawing up his soldiers under cover of the woods, went forward to reconnoitre. The broad field was covered with the glittering squadrons of the British, while extending in the distance as far as the eye could reach, was an immense train of baggage wagons, with stores for the support of ten thousand men. Drums beat, bugles sounded the charge, and the battle commenced. Protected by the shades of the woods, Blanche witnessed in security the various manœuvres of the contending armies. She saw Wayne charge with resistless impetuosity, and her heart beat with emotions of the purest patriotism, as she reflected that there was one in that cavalcade in whom she had an interest, whose arm would strike, that day, many a blow for his country's cause. Not a selfish thought in regard to her lover's peril crossed her mind; her whole soul was intent upon the issue of the struggle, and her whole being wrapped up in intense desire for the triumph of the patriot cause.

'They are breaking, ere the struggle is half through!' said an officer by her side.

Just then an aid flew past them in the direction of Wayne's cavalry squadron, and riding directly up to the blunt old soldier, communicated his message, which was received with a scowl black as night.

'Sound a recall!' growled the sturdy old veteran, and ere the battle hardly begun the American army was slowly retiring.

Blanche gazed with undisguized wonder upon these movements. 'I came to see a battle, and I only behold an inglorious retreat. Washington shall know that he is to receive a rabble-rout of his own troops into his arms.'

Urging her horse at top-speed, she dashed down the highway, intending to give warning to the rear division of the events which had transpired in front. On she flew, and was soon far past the retiring soldiery, who drew back in good order before the British, without any appearance of trepidation, or of having been beaten. Away she sped—quick as the wind she hurried past the ancestral mansion—her steed panting with the intense heat and reeking with foam. Like an arrow she shot past hamlets, and through forests on her important mission. At the distance of about three miles from her home, she met the advance-guard, but passing them, hurried on in search of the general in chief. Washington was standing by his foam-dripping and dusty white charger, at a point where the highway was crossed by two roads. Above him waved the American flag, and he was listening with the most intense eagerness to the sharp rattling of musketry, and the deep booming of ordinance in the distance. Respectfully saluting him, Blanche Rivers said:

'Your excellency! The other division of the American force has retired before the enemy, and is now falling back slowly upon you.'

A fearful look, in which indignation, scorn and despair were most vividly depicted, passed over the features of the commander in chief. Those who saw the expression of Washington's face when he learned of Lee's pusillanimity, say it was terrible.

'Gen. Lee conquered so quickly. Impossible! Hurry up the rear! Advance! On! at half trot! Maiden, ride by my side!'

Blanche rode beside the general, and answered his enquiries in regard to the disgraceful retreat, with as much accuracy as her knowledge of the facts and of military tactics would enable her to. Her heart swelled with pride that she could thus render service to her America, and be the companion and adviser of the father of his country.

'Did he not strike a single blow?' asked Washington.

'Yes, but a very feeble one. I saw Wayne called off in the middle of a charge.

'This is most strange, most incomprehensible! Order up Sterling and Knox from the rear! Maiden, you have this day rendered your country an invaluable service; you have perhaps been the means of changing the destinies of America.—What is your name?'

'Blanche Rivers.'

'Blanche, God bless your heroism. If you ever require assistance, either for yourself or yours, remember you have a friend in Washington.'

Blanche buried her face in her hands and wept. The general rode to the front to give orders and make preparations for the reception of Lee's fugitive squadron. Just as the hurrying troops had arrived near Blanche River's home, they met their retreating comrades, who with some precipitation were falling back in a disorderly manner. No sooner did Washington catch sight of them, than spurring his white charger into a headlong gallop, he rode up to Gen. Lee, and uttered that passionate exclamation, more memorable for the language in which it was spoken, than for the language in which it was clothed:

'*Sir, I desire to know what is the reason, and whence arises this disorder and confusion?*' And at the same moment ordering the artillery of Sterling and Knox respectfully to the right and left, he endeavored, by the powerful influence of his personal exhortations, to stem the tide of retreat.

After the general left her side, Blanche endeavored to extricate herself from the troops, in order to inform her parents of the dangerous proximity of the English army. Scarcely had she emerged from the lines, when she beheld Edmund Stanley's horse plunging across the road directly opposite her father's house. The riderless animal appeared in great terror; his eyes flashed wildly, and his nostrils were distended as if some excessive fear were urging him on in his break-neck course.

'That betokens no good,' said Blanche. 'Edmund Stanley would not easily be compelled to abandon his favorite charger.—On! Juno!' And applying her whip to the horse she rode, she stood, in a moment, at the front door of her father's mansion. The portal was open, but there were no indications of unusual commotion. Every thing looked as quiet and peaceful as on an ordinary day. She listened for a moment, and the clashing of steel in a remote part of the house was distinctly borne to her ears. A moment more and a horrid yell of triumph awoke the echoes of the deserted rooms. Snatching a pistol from her belt, she rode quietly to a back entrance, and concealing herself behind an angle of the wall, beheld at a little distance half a dozen soldiers in scarlet uniforms, forcing an entrance into a side hall, against what appeared to be formidable resistance.

'I have it,' she whispered, drawing her remaining weapon, and dismounting.—Hastily fastening her horse, she softly stole round to the veranda, and entering through a window into the drawing-room, ascended into the second story. Proceeding through several suits of rooms, in the direction of the clanging of iron, she finally arrived at the head of a flight of stairs, at the foot of which a scene was presented that would have stirred colder blood than hers.

On the lower step reclined her mother, lifeless—she had fainted. Directly before her was her father, old Hugh Rivers, bravely defending his senseless wife with a dripping sabre, while leaning back over the banisters, apparently wounded and faint, though still brandishing his sword in the faces of his enemies, was Edmund Stanley.

'Stand back! ye ruthless descerators of peaceful firesides!'

A pistol report rang through the hall, and a soldier who was on the point of transfixing Stanley, fell dead, as if prostrated by a bolt from heaven. Another shot was fired, and another Briton fell weltering in gore. Blanche looked the 'Pythoness inspired.' Like the heroine of the legend, an extract from which we have placed at the head of our tale, her large and glorious eyes were 'all light,' and her whole frame was dilated with enthusiasm. Rushing down the stairs, after she had discharged her weapons, she seized a sword, and with a vehemence that resembled inspiration, beat back her foes. But three of the half dozen remained. Two of them had fallen before her deadly aim, and the other had yielded his life to the impetuous Stanley.

'Yield! yield! Heaven lends me strength, and assures me that you are mine!'

Dismayed and terrified at her vehemence, the soldiers threw down their arms and fled into the road with the utmost precipitancy.

As soon as the enemy had vanished, Blanche devoted herself to the restoration of her senseless parent and to the examination of Stanley's wounds. Her mother was soon recovered, but her lover had been wounded seriously by a deep flesh wound in the shoulder. Edmund Stanley did not return to the field that day, but lay in a darkened room, hot and feverish, whilst the distant booming of the cannon and the sharp rattle of the musketry told what his comrades were achieving for the freedom of his country, upon the hot plains of Monmouth.

'Blanche, I burn to be in the field. The sound of those guns is maddening!'

'Be quiet, Stanley, you only increase your fever. We have despatches from the field every half hour. Washington is conquering!'

'Are you sure of it, Blanche,' exclaimed the invalid, rising from his couch. 'Oh! what heavenly music is that thundering ordnance! Do you hear any news from Wayne's cavalry?'

'They were charging furiously and victoriously at the last despatch.'

'Would that I were there! Blanche, I believe I would even renounce you, to be at my post this minute!'

'You will lose me without the renunciation, or rather, I shall lose you, I fear. For my sake, Edmund, be quiet.'

Stanley took her soft hand within his own, and laying quietly upon his pillow, soon sunk into a disturbed slumber, while the din of battle was still resounding in his ears. Blanche watched over him during the whole day, and once in a while he broke forth into exclamations of 'charge! let the bugle sound!' showing the perturbed state of his mind. Her soft hand applied cold beverages to his lips, and cooled his heated brow. When he awoke, his fever was gone, the glorious victory of Monmouth had been consummated, and Blanche his rescuer, his nurse, his betrothed, stood gazing affectionately upon him.

Cure for Glanders.—I have lately discovered a remedy to cure the glanders in a horse; and as it may be useful to others, I send it for publication. Some time in May last, a man drove up and fastened his horses by mine, and came into the store; afterwards both of us came out, and I saw that one of his horses were sick. He told me that his horse had the glanders, and that he thought that it would have died the day before, it was so sick. Some days afterwards, the matter having been forgotten, I was passing near my horse; he appeared to be sick; I turned and went up to him and found his throat swelled to a terrible degree, so that he could hardly raise or lower his head more than an inch or two. I concluded something must be done, speedily. I tried one thing and another to no purpose. Now for a study. What are the glanders? Nothing but diseased glands; the little vessels that bring the saliva to the mouth and throat are diseased—they are stopped up and must be opened. What will do it? Tobacco will vomit, and may open them. I took half a pound of fine cut tobacco and poured two quarts of warm water on it, then let it soak for a short time, and bathed his throat up to his ears, and then down his throat to his legs and between his fore legs. The application made him very sick, and would have vomited him if it were possible for a horse to vomit. He was bathed again in three hours and then again the next morning. The final effect was, that my horse could put his head to the ground after having been bathed the second time, and after the third bathing he could feed as well as ever, and has done well ever since.

Wm. W. Sheppard.

Japanese Duels.—Their mode of setting affairs of honor is a very singular and worthy the attention of gentlemen who have occasion to adjust such matter. If one gentleman insults another to the degree that the affront should be settled by death, the insulted party disembowels himself with a sharp knife he always carries; and now comes the "satisfaction;" the insulting party or person who has given the affront, must imitate the example of his opponent with the alternative of being regarded a consummate coward, whom the friend of the former may kill at the first opportunity, as he would a dog.

☞ The Protestant Irishmen are forming "Know-Nothing" Lodges in New York, and other eastern cities, also in the principal towns in the West.—*Cin.* (Ohio) *Dollar Times.*

☞ This is a Know-Nothing organ.—It shows, conclusively, that the war is a religious one. All foreigners, unless protestant, are excluded from office—are disfranchised. Oh, Consistency! Oh, Humbuggery!—*Romney Argus.*