The North Carolina Whig.

A. C. WILLIAMSON, Editor.

"Be true to God, to your Country, and to your Duty."

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☞ All letters relative to the Editorial Department must be directed to the Editor. And all letters on business, for Job Work, &c., must be directed to the Publisher. All letters must be post-paid or they will not be attended to.

☞ Payments can be made to either.

☞ Postmasters are authorized to act as agents.

Poetry.

From the Louisville Democrat.

The Bull and the Locomotive.

BY IVAN.

In a sort of moody madness
 Roamed he o'er the grassy plain—
Half in anger, half in sadness,
 Tossed his bushy tail and mane.
Was he yet the meadow's monarch—
 Of the pasture still the king?
And he raised his head so lordly—
 Gave his tail a wider swing.

Was he not acknowledged chieftain
 Of the horned droves of cattle?
Was he not the tried and trusted
 In each bovine field of battle?
Was he not the loved and chosen
 Of the milch kine's fairest queen?
Was he not the admiration
 Of each bullcalf on the green?

It was true, and well he knew it,
 Who his claim would dare dispute?
Dearly, dearly should he rue it,
 Be he long or short-horned brute.
What, then meant this daring stranger,
 Who, with breath of smoke and flame,
Snorting fear and breathing danger,
 Through the meadows rushing came?

True, th' intruder's limbs were weighty,
 And he seemed a thing of might;
True he might be very dangerous
 If he showed a wish to fight.
But he blowed too much and loudly
 To be willing for a [illegible]
And the bull repeated proudly:
 "Biting dogs do never bark!

"And I swear by fair Europa,
 When the stranger comes again—
Rushing through the verdant pasture,
 Steaming wild across the plain—
I will call my herd to battle,
 Boldly cross the monster's track—
Either we shall be gone cattle,
 Or we'll drive him, frighten'd, back!"

See! afar the locomotive,
 Whirling o'er the fragrant mead,
And he nears the very meadow
 Where, beneath the gallant lead
Of their monarch true and valiant,
 Stand the tawny horned crowd;
Nought he heed them, but the bell rings,
 And he whistles very loud.

From his pent up breast escaping,
 Shrieked the steam—a dismal cough;
Frightened was the herd of bullocks,
 And they madly scampered off—
All but one, and he, courageous,
 Naught but death can force to yield;
He will conquer, or, as he'd meet,
 You shall bear him from the field.

There he stands, and waits the coming
 Of his foe, who draweth near;
Roars he with triumphant fury,
 From a breast that knows no fear,
Sticks he down his noble frontlet,
 With considerable vim—
Butt! he takes the locomotive,
 Butt! the locomotive him.

Need I tell who most did suffer?—
 Need I speak the bullock's fate?
Widowed cows, with ceaseless lowing,
 Will the horrid tale relate.
In the flashing of the lightning—
 In the twinkling of a thought—
He, the thief of cow affections,
 By the cow-catcher was caught.

Sat a farmer on the railway,
 Saw the bullock's fatal stroke—
Saw him hurl across the sleepers,
 Knew his gallant neck was broke;
Saw his form in fragments lying—
 As he sadly gazed at them,
Quoth he, "I admire your courage,
 But your prudence I condemn."

MORAL.

Young man all, when you are angered—
 Deem a rival's in your path—
Find yourself forgotten, slighted—
 Think! there's little use in wrath.
If you're wise, you'll grin and bear it,
 Howe'er vilely wronged you are;
Ne'er, on any provocation,
 Butt against a railroad car.

Miscellaneous.

From the New Orga.

HOMES AND HEARTS;

OR THE

Desolating Influence of Intemperance.

BY MRS. E. LOOMIS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER—THE HAPPY HOME—SAD CHANGES.

"My heart is filled with bitter memories
And mournful visions of the past."

"Close the blinds, Mary, and draw the curtains. We must shut out, if possible, even the sound of the moaning wind," said the invalid Dr. Lee, as he wheeled his easy chair closer to the grate and stirred open the glowing coals. Mary did as she was desired, and then passing her arm around the neck of her parent said affectionately, "You are thoughtful to-night, dear father, very thoughtful and almost sad. Has anything occurred to give you sorrow?"

"Nothing, my child; I was thinking of other days and reviewing, by the light of memory, the scenes of my youth. Sit here by me and I will tell you of the past."

Mary gladly obeyed. She had often wondered at the cause of her father's melancholy musings, but refrained from questioning him, lest she should give him pain. Laying his hand caressingly upon her luxuriant curls as she sat at his feet, Dr. Lee commenced his simple narrative.

"My early home," said he, "was in one of the sweetest vales of New England. My father had inherited the small but beautiful estate of his parents, and here secluded from the tumult of the world we lived happy in each other, and enjoying the bounties of nature with peaceful and contented hearts.

"'Far back through the glimmering vista of years,
That home to my wandering fancy appears,
Like the beautiful Eden of some sunny clime,
An evergreen spot on the wide waste of time.'

"Each evening before we retired to seek our repose my mother gathered her children about her, and knelt in our midst, while she taught us to pray, and bade us remember our Father in heaven, and then our voices joined with hers in a song of praise.—Thus passed my life until I had attained my twelfth year, when a change became gradually visible in our pleasant abode. My father seldom returned at evening to bring gladness to our hearts. Whole days passed and we children did not see him except at the morning meal, and then his conduct was strangely altered. He often spoke angrily and unkindly and repelled all our efforts to please. We knew not the cause, and vainly strove to think in what manner we had offended him. My dear mother was often sad, and she would sigh deeply and press her hand upon her heart, as if a pain were there.

At last the secret was revealed. My father came home one day in a state of intoxication and cruelly treated us all. Things grew daily worse and worse. Our furniture was sold one piece after another. Even mother's piano, which we all loved so well, went to pay a debt of father's contracting—a foolish debt which might have been avoided. Mother wept when it was taken away and we children wept, too.

"'I shall never dance to its music again,' said my oldest sister, Grace. 'How we shall miss it at evening, when mother sings for us,' said I, sadly. 'I'm afraid mamma won't sing any more,' whispered little Ada; 'look, Ferdinand, how pale and sick she is! Oh, if mother should die, I will die too!' and she clasped her tiny hands, while the tears poured like rain over her cheeks.

"Mother did indeed grow pale and sick, for she was sinking under the cruel shock which father's conduct had given her. She had never been accustomed to unkindness and neglect, and her heart bled beneath it.

But at length, by a strong effort, she roused herself and became cheerful again for her children's sake. That which we had long feared at last came upon us. Our beautiful home was sold, and we must remove from it. Our new residence was some miles away near a populous village. None of us knew what kind of a place it was. I cannot describe the parting from our dear home—how we wandered over the garden, as if to bid farewell to every tree and shrub—how we wept over every nook and bower hallowed by so many pleasant memories.—It was a lovely April morning when we turned our backs upon the old mansion, but everything looked sad and gloomy. There was no melody in the tones of the birds—no beauty in the sunshine for us. At the close of three hours our vehicle drew up in front of an old fashioned wood-colored building which wore an air of desolation and gloom. 'Home!' thought I, 'I can never call this place home!' and my tears flowed afresh. Ada wept too, and mother tried to console us. 'It doesn't look very pleasant now,' said she, 'but I think we can do a great deal toward improving it. Do you see that beautiful woodbine, Ferdie? you shall train it over the porch; and look, Ada, dear, there are rose-trees under the windows.—Grace, here is a nice place for an arbor with a fine view down the river. Oh, we'll make it look like a different spot in a few weeks.' Mother's smile was contagious, and we smiled too in spite of our sorrow. We were soon settled in our abode, and by unceasing care and industry succeeded in giving it a look of comfort. Grace scrubbed and scoured until her little delicate hands grew quite brown and unladylike. She arranged the simple furniture in the most tasteful manner and hung white draperies over the window. Ada and I planted flowers and weeded the garden, and mother busied herself in a thousand offices of kindness to all. Father had obtained a place as clerk in a store at the village. For some weeks after our removal he returned home every evening, sober and kind. He seemed to grieve over our change of fortune and to regret the past, and we fondly hoped that all might be well again. But habits of intemperance once formed are not easily broken. It was not long ere he relapsed again into his sinful courses and brought sorrow to us all.—Then, for the first time, we knew what it is to want. Poverty was ours, and many a scanty meal was partaken of in silence and sadness. Determined to be no longer a burden upon my mother and Grace, who were exerting themselves to the utmost by taking in needlework—I entreated that a situation might be procured for me, where I might earn my livelihood and contribute my feeble aid to lighten their labors. My mother was grieved to be under the necessity of parting from me, and placing me with strangers at an age when I most required her counsel and guidance, but there was no alternative.

"A place as errand boy was procured for me at a grocery store in the village; and I entered with alacrity upon my duties. My employer was a stern, cold-hearted man, severe in his manners. He seemed to expect me, young and inexperienced though I was, to perform his work precisely in the same way in which he would have done it himself, and often when I exerted all my energies to please him, I met with unkind rebukes. Tears would fill my eyes, but I dashed them proudly away and smothered the grief in my heart. Day after day I toiled unceasingly, cheered by the hope of pouring into my beloved mother's lap my wages when the month should close. How interminable those four weeks seemed, yet they at last reached an end. Trembling, I asked my employer for the sum I had earned. With a contemptuous laugh he informed me that my father had called and obtained the amount. 'He is spending it at yonder tavern no doubt,' he added, as he turned from me. And he was right. Before night my hard earned wages were all consumed, and my father returned home in a state of intoxication. I hastened to my mother to tell her my sorrows. She folded me in her arms and whispered sweet words of encouragement, and when I returned the next morning to my tasks I felt strengthened and revived. My employer listened to my entreaties and promised that in future my earnings should be given to my mother, and I toiled on with renewed energy.

"The summer and autumn passed, and the course of my father was downward.—Few who knew him in other days would have recognised him now. Mother and Grace shuddered at the fearful change, and Ada grieved sadly over her lost father.—She had almost idolized him, but now she fled from him in terror. Poor Ada! I pitied her from my inmost heart. She was a gentle confiding creature, loving and pure. She was passionately fond of learning, yet with no means to satisfy her desires. The arduous labors of mother and Grace left them no time to bestow upon her education. With delight she hailed the opening of the village school, and pleaded so earnestly to be allowed to attend it that mother could not deny her, although the way was long and tiresome. Ada danced with joy at the prospect before her. At first when she entered the crowded school-room she was bewildered, and her heart bounded and fluttered, for nearly all were strangers, but the teacher's voice was gentle and soon re-assured her. Timidly she looked from face to face to catch some sympathizing glance, but all looked coldly upon her and seemed scanning her humble apparel. Instinctively the poor child hid her ragged shoes under her dress, and the tears came trembling in her eyes. At noon, when the village girls gathered about the stove and at their plentiful dinners, poor Ada sat unnoticed and alone, with but a piece of bread, the best her mother could bestow. She heard whispers, and knew they were speaking of her, and the blood mounted to her brow as one said, 'It is drunken Lee's daughter: her father is the worst sot in the village, they say.' Ada's bosom heaved and the great tears came pattering down upon her book; she bent her head over it till her long curls hid her sorrowful face.

"My poor little sister! for her father's sake she was [illegible] her sensitive heart bled with anguish, yet through the long winter, amid sleet and snow, she persevered and found her way to the school-house. Her progress was rapid and astonishing. She excelled all those of her own age, and many who were older, and as a reward was presented with an elegant book. What a peerless treasure it was!—No miser ever hoarded his gold with the care, or bent over it with the delight that my sister did over her book. At night she laid it under her pillow that, with the first ray of morning, she might again peruse it; but when the morning came it was gone!—She rightly guessed that father had taken it to procure his accustomed dram, and she sobbed in the very bitterness of her soul. Grace clasped her in her arms and promised to redeem the book. Ada dried her tears and tried to smile. 'No, no, dear Grace,' said she, 'you shall not spend a week's earnings for me in that way. I was wrong to feel so badly about it; oh, Grace, you are weeping, too; don't think any more about it, will you?' and she kissed the tears from her sister's face and did not mention the book again. Grace, however, by self denial obtained a sufficient sum to redeem it, and Ada's joy and gratitude were unbounded."

CHAPTER II.

GRACE—THE RESCUE—THE LOVER—DUTY TRIUMPHANT—POOR EUGENE.

"Lovely was she—ay, lovely,
In spirit and in form,
A sunbeam glancing o'er life's tears—
A rainbow through the storm."

Opening Spring with its beauty and bloom, its singing birds and its gushing waters, brought no gladness to our saddened abode. Mother's health was failing, and the incessant labors of Grace were robbing her cheek of its roseate hue. Sweet Grace!—Her image is before me now. She was beautiful, very beautiful, yet I cannot describe her. Her loveliness was of a pure and spiritual cast—her face an "index of the soul." Possessed of true delicacy and refinement, with a heart filled with holy affection and unselfish love, she was worthy of a better lot. My mother grieved over the sad fortune of her lonely child, and watched with agonizing fears the fading of the color from her cheek.

"You must not be so confined to your needle, Grace," said she one day. "I shall insist that you ramble oftener in the fields and enjoy the pure fresh air. Come, get your bonnet and go with Ada to the river-side. It will do you good and you will be better able to finish that tiresome work."

"I am afraid that I can't afford the time, mother dear," answered Grace with a faint smile. "You know each moment is precious. However, just for once, I think I will go; the green meadows look so inviting that 'tis hard to resist the temptation."

So she tied on her sun-bonnet, and with Ada by her side, ramble forth. It was a glorious afternoon. The deep blue sky—the carolling birds, and the melody of falling waters inspired Grace with unusual gayety. They sat to rest beneath the shadow of a lofty elm, whose branches extended over the water.

"Now sing for me," said Ada, "sing one of those sweet songs which you used to play on mother's piano in our own dear home."

Grace complied, and warbled forth a touching air.

"Now it makes me think of other times," said Ada, "but I will not speak of that, or we shall both grow sad again. See, I have twined a beautiful wreath of wild-flowers for you," and she playfully placed it on her sister's brow.

"How well it becomes you," she said, laughing in childish glee, "you look like the nymph in the fairy tale, with your long ringlets floating in the wind. Come close to the water and view yourself, Grace; here is a mirror fit for a queen," and she drew her to the brink of the stream.

As they bent over to gaze at the reflected image, the wreath fell, and in attempting to regain it Ada lost her balance and was precipitated into the river. With a wild cry of agony, Grace was preparing to plunge in after her, when a strong arm gently drew her back, and a youth who had been reading near them, [illegible] concealed by the trees, leapt [illegible] the drowning child. She had sunk, but as she rose again, and her hair floated out on the water, he caught her and bore her to the shore.—Grace threw herself upon her knees, and with tears of gratitude, thanked God for sending him to deliver her sister from death, and as they walked slowly to the house, supporting the trembling Ada, her looks expressed her thankfulness to the generous youth. For some days after this scene, Grace often caught herself thinking of him and wondering who he could be. At length she learned from one of the villagers that he was the only child of a wealthy lawyer who had retired from business, to spend the remainder of his life amid the seclusions of the country. His fine mansion was situated in one of the most delightful scenes, where he was surrounded with all that wealth could bestow. He was represented as a stern, proud man, who looked with contempt upon the laboring poor, but his son was totally unlike him in every respect.—Grace sighed when she heard that the young stranger was wealthy, yet she scarcely knew why. The next time that she rambled forth she involuntarily took her way to the river, and as she stood gazing dreamily upon the spot where she had seen him rescuing the drowning Ada, what was her surprise to behold him arise from a bower of evergreens, where with his books and flute, he was spending the sunset hour, and approach the place where she stood. She turned to leave it, but his voice detained her.

"I think that we are not entirely strangers," said he, bowing, "do not let me interrupt your reveries. We may together enjoy the exquisite scene. Look! how beautiful the last rays of the sun gild the light waves, and how gloriously those clouds are reflected in the stream. Do you love Nature?" he continued, turning his eloquent eyes upon her, "but ah! I need not ask; I see that you are an admirer of the beautiful, your face expresses the truth."

She blushes, [illegible]

"Shall I play for you?" he asked, and when she smiled assent his flute sounded sweetly as the echoes sent back the rich tones from over the water.

The twilight shadows crept over the earth, but Grace heeded them not, so completely wrapt was she in the enchanting music.—She started as she observed the gathering gloom. The young stranger asked permission to attend her home, and when they reached the garden gate, gently pressed her hand as he bade her adieu.

Nearly every day, for some time after this meeting, he came to our humble home to spend an hour with my mother and Grace. He brought rare flowers from his father's splendid gardens, that they might be gladdened by beauty and fragrance; he brought useful and interesting books and read to them as they sat at work. His visits were to Grace like dew to the drooping blossom, yet she asked herself again and again, what was he—what could he ever be to her?—She strove to banish thoughts of him from her bosom, and wished that he would not so often come.

"And why did he come? was a question which Ada and myself often asked each other. But our mother knew why. He had told her his love for our beautiful Grace, and his desire to make her his wife, if he could win her affections. Poor Grace! her heart was already his, although she herself was scarcely aware of the fact. At length the news of his son's attachment reached the proud father's ears. At first he doubted the truth of the story, but it was soon confirmed by the lips of the youth. The old man grew pale with anger.

"Is it thus you repay my unceasing care? O! Eugene, I did not think this of you—that by one rash act you would blight the fond hopes of years. I thought to see you wedded to one of your own station, instead of stooping to a drunkard's daughter! O! it cannot be that you have bestowed your love on one so unworthy of it."

"Unworthy! father, she is worthy to share a monarch's lot. What though she is poor. She is rich in virtue, and her mind is stored with treasures which all the gold of earth could not purchase. Father! I love Grace Lee and cannot marry another."

The old man laid his hand upon Eugene's shoulder, and looked calmly in his face.—The violence of his anger was gone, and he spoke in a firm, mild tone. "My son, I can never consent to your marriage with that girl. If you wilfully disregard my wishes, and scorn my counsel,—if you link your destiny with hers, henceforth you must be no longer a beloved son—no longer the heir of my wealth."

He turned away and left Eugene to his own reflections. For some time he sat buried in thought. It grieved him deeply to act in opposition to the wishes of a parent whom he had always loved and respected, but he could not relinquish the hand of Grace if she would consent to share his lot. Determined to see her and avow his love, he pursued his way to my mother's abode. It was evening, and the moonlight lay upon the roses and silvered the clustering vine-leaves beneath which my sister sat, musing sadly of other days. Her head was resting upon her hand and her face uplifted to the sky. She looked to Eugene like a pure being of another world, as she sat, "The moonlight falling round her—kissing her brow and cheek and wavy hair," and he paused to gaze upon her. Tears were dropping upon her bosom. Eugene approached and seated himself by her side.

"You weep, dear Grace," said he, "may I not know your sorrow? May I henceforth claim the privilege of sharing your griefs and seeking to assuage them? May I not call you mine—my gentle bride?"—He drew the trembling girl to his heart, and her tears flowed unrestrainedly. But soon checking her emotion, she arose to her feet and looked earnestly in his beaming eyes.

"You love me!" she said, mournfully, "you love me for myself alone! I have not wealth or station to win your favor. I am poor and unknown, and yet you love me! I will not deny that you have my affections—that it would make me the happiest of mortals to share life's scenes with you; but Eugene it can never be! I cannot consent to marry you, and thus bring upon your head a father's curse! No, no, forget that you have ever met poor Grace! Once my station in life was such that I might have received your addresses; once I was not scorned by the world—once I was not a drunkard's daughter, but now—" and her voice was choked with sobs.

Eugene strove to comfort her. He strove to change her resolution. He declared that he could bear all that fate could inflict if she were his—that without her wealth would possess no charm, but she was firm in her resolve. She would not wed him against his father's will. The young man left her with his heart weighed down by sorrow.—His father heard with delight the decision of my sister, and secretly admired her for it. He now proposed to his son a tour through Europe, which for some time had been contemplated, but since the first meeting with Grace had been nearly abandoned by Eugene. The youth was passive.—He seemed now to care little whither he went, and speedy arrangements were made for his departure, the proud father hoping that he would return cured of his foolish love for a drunkard's daughter. He went, alas! never to return. Scarce six months had passed when news came of his death.

A deep melancholy had settled upon his mind, and his constitution naturally delicate, sunk beneath it. He died murmuring her name. The news of his decease fell like a thunderbolt upon his stern father and crushed him to the earth. He accused himself of being the murderer of his son and would not be consoled. He shut himself in his costly abode and denied admittance to all.—His pride became humbled, and his heart changed beneath the subduing influence of grief. At length he sought my sister to beg forgiveness for the sorrow he had occasioned her. He lavished his money upon our family and supplied the wants which Grace's feeble efforts were unable to do.—Poor, poor Grace! I often weep as I think of her sufferings, though many years have passed since she entered the portals of heaven. After the departure of Eugene for Europe she had struggled to forget him, and had succeeded somewhat in banishing his image from her soul, but when she heard of his lonely death in a foreign land—that he had died with her name on his lips, a sadness deep and fixed filled her heart. Daily she wasted away, and we knew by the hectic bloom of her cheek that consumption was preying upon her. It was evident that she would soon be at rest, and the thought of death was joyful to her.

"I shall meet Eugene again," she whispered with a radiant smile as I bent over her pillow, "and in heaven there are no separations."

My tears fell fast at the idea of parting from her. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips.

"You have been a kind brother, Ferdie," she said, "and I love you as only a sister can love, but don't weep for me when I am in heaven."

Like the closing of a flower at eve, so died our gentle Grace. We buried her in the spot where she wished to be laid—the evergreen bower by the river side. We could not wish her back. She had left us, but

"The less of this cold earth, the more of heaven—
The briefer life, the earlier immortality."

I have said little of my unhappy father.—His time was nearly all spent in the village, and his earnings consumed in intoxicating drinks. At last he disappeared and none knew whither he went. Of his fate I never could learn.

"But Ada, dear father, what became of her?" asked Mary, wiping the tears from her eyes.

"It was of Ada that I was thinking my child, when you asked me the cause of my sadness," replied Dr. Lee, "poor Ada!"—He leaned his head upon his hand as if in deep thought, and Mary forbore to disturb him. A gust of wind of more than usual violence, at this moment displaced one of the blinds, and she arose to re-fasten it. As she stood at the window, she thought she heard a child's voice mingling with the blast. She listened, and again the sound met her ear.

"Father," she said, "do you hear anything?"

"Nothing Mary, but the wind; it was your imagination," replied the Doctor, and motioning for her to resume her seat he added, "now I will tell you all that I know concerning the fate of Ada."

To be continued.

GOLD IN MISSISSIPPI.—The editor of the Claiborne (Louisiana,) Advocate has been favored with the perusal of a private letter from Covington county, Miss., which states that considerable excitement prevails there in consequence of the reported discovery of rich deposits of gold. The letter say it is reported there that "a Mr. Jas. Johnson, living on black Creek, in Marion county, has found a gold mine where he can get it by cart load, but he conceals a knowledge of its locality. He is closely watched by numbers of people, but as no clue has been had to guide them to the bed of treasure." It states further, that a company had left Covington county, with the intention of camping out and searching on Black Creek for gold.

☞ There were 592 vessels, including 21 steamers, in the port of New York on the 18.

LIFE OF GEN. SCOTT.

SCOTT AND THE IRISH PRISONERS.

Among the prisoners taken by the British at Queenstown with Scott were about sixty naturalized citizens, a portion of whom were Irishmen. The British authorities claimed the right, and expressed their determination to [illegible] as traitors.—These men were at Quebec [illegible] ed with Scott and the rest of the prisoners, all bound to England to be executed. The British officers came on board and began to select the Irishmen, whom they intended to send home to grace the gallows. The officers had no sure means of detecting the Irish but by their brogue, or their confessions. Scott, who was below, hearing what was going on, immediately rushed on deck, and told [illegible] peace. Then, turning to the British officers, he boldly [illegible] and threat and a like retaliation upon British prisoners if they dared to execute a single man among his comrades.

The officers [illegible] he was himself a prisoner [illegible] into the cabin. He was not to be intimidated, and [illegible] called upon his Irish soldiers not to answer any more questions. A high quarrel ensued; but the result was that no more of the prisoners could be identified as Irishmen, for they would not open their lips. The officers, however, had already selected twenty-three before Scott made his appearance. These were separated from their fellow-prisoners and put on board a frigate, and dispatched to England to be hung.—But they not go until Scott had solemnly warned the British authorities that he would surely avenge the death of every man they dared to lay violent hands upon, by a terrible retribution upon the first English prisoners that should fall into his hands after he should be liberated.

Scott was soon exchanged. How faithfully he kept his promise we shall see. He proceeded at once to Washington, and obtained the passage by Congress, of a law to retaliate upon British prisoners any such outrage as was threatened at Quebec. He again fought and conquered. He had prisoners in plenty. He forthwith selected 23 of genuine English descent, (for he declared he would not offset Irish by Irish,) and held them as hostages for the doomed 23 Irishmen taken home to be executed. He then communicated to the British authorities what he had done, and informed them that if they dared to execute their threat on the 23 Irishmen, the 23 Englishmen should pay the penalty by promptly sharing the same fate. The consequence was that the lives of the Irishmen were spared, and at the close of the war they were returned from England, and shortly after arrived in New York.

Singularly enough, it so happened, that on the very day of the landing of these old comrades of Gen. Scott on the wharf, their commander and friend, then still suffering from his wounds, passed along the quay on foot. He was instantly recognized by the now liberated prisoners, and knowing all he had accomplished in their behalf, they rushed upon him with cheers, expressions of [illegible] of affection, gratitude, and delight that it is impossible to describe.

Their joy was only equalled as the recognition became mutual. He was seized and shaken till the mingled pain of his wounds, and the emotions produced by such a heartfelt exhibition, caused even the man of steel [illegible] down his cheek. It was with difficulty he escaped from the grasp of these warm-hearted Irishmen, [illegible] their foe [illegible] and benefactor, who had saved them [illegible] have a true friend [illegible]

SCOTT REJOINS THE ARMY AT NIAGARA.

Scott rejoined the army at Fort Niagara, in the early part of 1813, just after the capture of York. He [illegible] tant-general to Dearborn [illegible] vested with the chief [illegible] tion to the important [illegible] of his post, Scott insisted [illegible] ing his own regiment [illegible] ril and hardship [illegible] mander-in-chief [illegible]

BATTLE AND CAPTURE OF FORT GEORGE.

On the British side [illegible] tion occupied [illegible] Fort George [illegible] between Lakes Erie and Ontario. The position Dearborn determined to carry. The columns detailed for the purpose [illegible] in six divisions. Scott [illegible] Captain [illegible] perintended the [illegible] which was [illegible] Colonel Scott [illegible] the landing [illegible] was fifteen [illegible] bank above [illegible] feet in height. Scott formed [illegible] beach [illegible] his first attempt [illegible] the enemy [illegible] Scott himself was forced backward [illegible] Dearborn, who [illegible] sel, anxiously watching [illegible] trespassing [illegible] der fall, burst [illegible] is lost! He is killed!" [illegible] neither killed nor vanquished. He recovered himself and rallying [illegible] ctly pushed forward [illegible] the enemy. A furious fight [illegible] the end of twenty minutes [illegible] ground, and fled in dismay [illegible] sistless valor of our young leader. He pursued the flying columns as far as the village, where he was joined by Miller's regiment. In the midst of his pursuit he assaulted the Fort, forced the gates, and was himself the first to enter. Pressing impetuously forward at the head of his triumphant followers, with his own hand he seized and tore down the British flag that was waving above its walls. The garrison seeing that resistance was vain, beat a retreat, but not till they had fired their magazines. One of them exploded, scattering its fragments in every direction. A piece of burning timber struck Scott and threw him upon the ground much hurt. The enemy [illegible] far from the [illegible] remaining [illegible] and the capture [illegible] now in full [illegible] made his [illegible] of the [illegible] would have ended [illegible] the entire British force, [illegible] reason, [illegible] in his power, [illegible] the American [illegible] and 100 [illegible]

[illegible] OF SCOTT WITH [illegible] BRITISH COLONEL.

After the capture of [illegible] the year before [illegible] Sheaffe and a [illegible] asked Scott if he had ever seen the American falls. Scott replied, "Yes, from the American side." To this the other sarcastically replied, "You must have the glory of a successful fight before you can view the cataract in all its grandeur"—meaning from the Canada shore. Scott rejoined, "If it be your intention to insult me, [illegible] honor should have first prompted you to return me my sword!" General Sheaffe promptly rebuked the British Colonel, and the matter was dropped. This same colonel was taken prisoner by Scott at Fort George, and treated with great kindness and consideration. This treatment extorted the following remark from the prisoner to his captor: "I have long owed you an apology. You have overwhelmed me with kindness. You can now view the Falls in all their grandeur at your leisure."

SCOTT LEADS AN EXPEDITION TO BURLINGTON HEIGHTS AND YORK.

For some time after the capture of Fort George, our army lay there entrenched and inactive. The command alternately devolved upon Dearborn, Lewis, Boyd, and Williams. The only active duty [illegible] was that of foraging, and this was [illegible] intrusted to General Scott. In the [illegible] of this duty, he was constantly [illegible] in skirmishes with the enemy, [illegible] his efforts were always crowned with success. His vigilance, activity, and [illegible] the heart of many [illegible] Scott was appointed to the command of a double regiment, and with [illegible] from his post of adjutant [illegible] expedition [illegible] intrusted to Scott. It had been reported that there was a large deposit of military stores [illegible] But it turned out [illegible] and the force employed [illegible] York. [illegible] and large deposits of [illegible] provisions, and other military stores, [illegible] with several pieces of cannon and [illegible] All these were captured, and the barracks and public storehouses destroyed; after which the expedition returned to Niagara.

WILKINSON'S [illegible]

A movement of great importance had now been devised, and its execution intrusted to General Wilkinson. This was to cut off the communication between Upper and Lower Canada, and thus pave the way to their conquest. The first object was to [illegible] Kingston, the next to [illegible] Montreal. The invading forces were to proceed [illegible] On the [illegible] an equal force [illegible] resist his passage [illegible] under a heavy [illegible] the enemy. After a [illegible] and drove [illegible] their retreat [illegible] Night coming [illegible] While Scott [illegible] Wilkinson [illegible] expedition. On the [illegible] orders were [illegible] The little army of Scott, already beginning to reap laurels [illegible] achievements under its active and [illegible] was suddenly checked in its [illegible] conquest, and [illegible] That [illegible] Scott would [illegible] triumphantly [illegible] and glorious [illegible] upper Canada [illegible] this high [illegible] he was [illegible] not operate to [illegible] his spirit [illegible] and unquenched and his [illegible]

With the close of the campaign, a new and [illegible] sphere of duty opened upon [illegible] Scott. He had thus far been fighting battles; he was now to be called upon to awaken a new army into being, whose deeds should efface the remembrance of the [illegible] with a close of the campaign of 1813, and whose prowess should extort the plaudits of admiring nations, and reflect back new and brilliant lustre upon the head of its accomplished disciplinarian and commander.

[illegible] A NEW ARMY.

The Government had now had such foretaste of Scott's quality, that [illegible] with the highest expectations [illegible]