MILTON CHRONICLE.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY-----DEVOTED TO A LITTLE OF EVERY THING---AND INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

BY C. N. B. EVANS. [HEAR US FOR OUR CAUSE.] VOL. V--NO. VI.

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THE MECHANIC HERO, OF BRANDYWINE.

Near Dilworth corner, at the time of the Revolution, there stood a quiet cottage somewhat retired from the road, under the shade of a stout chesnut tree. It was a quiet cottage, nestling away there in the corner of the forest road, a dear home in the wilderness, with sloping roof, walls of dark grey stone, and a casement hidden among vines and flowers.

On one side, amid an interval of the forest trees, was seen the rough outline of a blacksmith's shop. There was a small garden in front, with a brown gravelled walk, and beds of wild flowers.

Here, at the time of the Revolution, there dwelt a stout blacksmith, his young wife and her babe. What cared the blacksmith, working away there in that shadowy nook of the forest, for war? What fear'd he for the peril of the times, so long as his strong arm, ringing that hammer on the anvil, might gain bread for his wife and child?

Ah, he cared little for war, he took little note of the panic that shook the valley, when some few mornings before the battle of the Brandywine, while shoeing the horse of a Tory Refugee, he overheard a plot for the surprise and capture of Washington. The American leader was to be lured into the toils of the Tories; his person once in the British camp, the English General might send the "*Traitor* Washington" home to be tried in London.

Now our blacksmith, working away there, in that dim nook of the forest, without caring for battle or war, had still a sneaking kindness for this *Mister* Washington, whose name rung on the lips of all men. So one night, bidding his young wife a hasty good-bye, and kissing the babe that reposed on her bosom, smiling as it slept, he hurried away to the American camp, and told his story to Washington.

It was morning ere he came back. It was in the dimness of the autumnal morning, that the blacksmith was plodding his way, along the forest road. Some few paces ahead there was an aged oak standing out into the road—a grim old veteran of the forest that had stood the shocks of three hundred years. Right beyond that oak was the blacksmith's home.

With this thought warming his heart, he hurried on. He hurried on, thinking of the calm young face and mild blue eyes of that wife, who, the night before, had stood in the cottage door, waving him out of sight with a beckoned good-bye—thinking of the baby that lay smiling as it slept upon her bosom, he hurried on—he turned the bend of the wood, he looked upon his home.

Ah! what a sight was there!

Where the night before, he had left a peaceful cottage, smiling under a green chesnut tree, in the light of the setting sun, was now only a heap of black and smoking embers and a burnt and blasted tree!

This was his home!

And there stood the blacksmith gazing upon that wreck of his hearthstone; there he stood with folded arms and moody brow, but in a moment a smile broke over his face.

He saw it all. In the night his home had taken fire, and had been burned to cinders. But his wife, his child had escaped. For that he thanked God.

With the toil of his stout arm, plying there on the anvil, he would build a fairer home for wife and child; fresh flowers should bloom over the garden walks and more lovely vines trail along the casement.

With this resolve kindling over his face the blacksmith stood there, with a cheerful light beaming on his large grey eyes, when—a hand touched him on the shoulder.

He turned and beheld a neighbor's face.

It was a neighbor's face, but there was an awful agony stamping those plain features—there was an awful agony flashing from those dark eyes—there was a dark and a terrible mystery speaking from those thin lips, that moved and moved, but made no sound.

For a moment that farmer tried to speak the horror that convulsed his features.

At last, forcing the blacksmith along the brown gravelled walk, now strewn with cinders, he pointed to the smoking embers—There, there—amid the heap of black and smoking ruins, the blacksmith beheld a dark mass of burnt flesh and blackened bones.

'*Your wife!*' shrieked the farmer, as his agony found words. 'The British they came in the night, they'—— and then he spoke the outrage, which the lip quivers to think on, which the heart grows palsied to tell—that outrage too foul to name—'Your wife,' he shrieked, pointing to that hideous thing, amid the smoking ruins; 'the British they murdered your wife, they flung her dead body in the flames—they dashed your child against the hearthstone!'

This was the farmer's story.

And there, as the light of the breaking day fell around the spot, there stood the husband, the father, gazing upon that mass of burning flesh and blackened bones—*all that was once his wife.*

Do you ask me for the words that trembled from his white lips? Do you ask me for the fire that blazed in his eye?

I cannot tell you. But I can tell you that there was a vow going up to Heaven from that blacksmith's heart; that there was a clenched hand, upraised, in the light of the breaking day!

Yes, yes, as the first gleam of the autumnal dawn broke around the spot, as the first long gleam of unlight streamed over the peeled skull of that fair young wife—she was that last night—there was a vow going up to Heaven, the vow of a maddened heart and anguished brain.

How was that vow kept? Go there to Brandywine, and where the carnage gathers thickest, where the fight is most bloody, there you may see a stout form striding on, lifting a huge hammer into light. Where that hammer falls, it kills—where that hammer strikes, it crushes! It is the blacksmith's form. And the war-cry that he shoots? Is it a mad cry of vengeance—half howl, half hurrah? Is it but a fierce yell, breaking up from his heaving chest?

Ah no! Ah no!

It is the name of MARY! It is the name of his young wife!

Oh, Mary—sweetest name of woman—name so soft, so rippling, so musical—name of the Mother of Jesus, made holy by poetry and religion—how strangely did your syllables of music ring out from that blacksmith's lips, as he went murdering on!

'*Mary!*' he shouts, as he drags that redcoated trooper from his steed: 'Mary!' he shrieks, as his hammer crashes down, laying that officer in the dust. Look! Another officer, with a gallant face and form—another officer, glittering in tinsel, clasps that blacksmith by the knees, and begs mercy.

'I have a wife—mercy! I have a wife yonder in England—spare me!'

The blacksmith, crazed as he is, trembles—there is a tear in his eye.

'I would spare you, but there is a form before me—the form of my dead wife! That form has gone before me all day! She calls on me to strike!'

And the hammer fell, and then rang out that strange war-cry—'MARY!'

At last, when the battle was over, he was found by a wagoner, who had at least shouldered a cart-whip in his country's service—he was found sitting by the roadside, his head sunken, his leg broken—the life blood welling from his many wound.

The wagoner would have carried him from the field, but the stout blacksmith refused.

'You see, neighbor,' he said, in that voice husky with death, 'I never meddled with the British till they burned my home, till they'—— he could not speak the outrage, but his wife, his child, were there before his dying eyes—'And now I've but five minutes' life in me. I'd like to give a shot at the British afore I die. D'ye see that cherry tree? D'ye think you could drag a man of my build up thar? Place me thar: give me a power-horn, three rifle balls an' a good rifle; that's all I ask.'

The wagoner granted his request: he lifted him to the foot of the cherry tree; he placed the rifle, the balls, the powder-horn in his grasp.

Then whipping his horses through the narrow pass, from the summit of a neighboring height, he looked down upon the last scene of the blacksmith's life.

There lay the stout man, at the foot of the cherry tree, his head sunk, his broken leg langing over the roadside bank. The blood was streaming from his wounds—he was dying.

Suddenly he raised his head—a sound struck on his ears. A party of British came rushing along the narrow road, mad with carnage and thirsting for blood. They pursued a scattered band a Continentals. An officer led the way, waving them on, with his sword.

The blacksmith loaded his rifle; with that eye bright with death he took the aim. 'That's for Washington!' he shouted as he fired. The officer lay quivering in the roadside dust. On and on came the British, nearer and nearer to the cherry tree—the Continentals swept through the pass. Again the blacksmith loaded—again he fired. 'That's for mad Antony Wayne!' he shouted, as another officer bit the sod.

The British now came rushing to the cherry tree, determined to cut down the wounded man, who with his face toward them, bleeding as he was, dealt death among their ranks. A fair-visaged officer, with golden hair waving on the wind, led them on.

The blacksmith raised his rifle; with that hand stiffening in death he took the aim—he fired—the young Briton fell with a sudden shriek.

'And that,' cried the blacksmith, in a voice that strengthened into a shout, 'and that's for'——

His voice was gone! The shriek died on his white lips.

His head sunk—his rifle fell.

A single word bubbled up with his death groan. Even now methinks I hear that word, echoing and trembling there among the rocks of Brandywine. That word was—MARY!

The annexed article appears as a communication in the Raleigh Register. Its irony is as admirable, as is the poe-*try* opposite. Of course it will be understood, that the reference is to Louis D. Henry's now famous declaration in the "Democratic" Convention of North Carolina, that for certain leaders of the Whig party, such as Daniel Webster, &c., he had no more respect than for a parcel of "sheep-stealing dogs!"

Consternation broods over Washington City! A great man has fallen! Daniel Webster is dead! almost. The speech of the President of the Democratic Convention has produced on the heart strings of this once distinguished statesman, an effect almost as terrific and revolutionary as the same honorable gentleman predicted Mr. Polk's Message was destined to produce on all creation. Mr. W. had been doomed to many severe inflictions before, and had borne them all like a man of iron nerve. But this onslaught from his old Federal friend—him with whom, in the olden time, he had so often, and in such good fellowship, discussed politics & wine has broken the heart of the Bay State giant. He will never smile again. When the news was told him, that he had been "convened and organized" into a "sheep-stealing dog" by his old friend, his spirit sank within his brave breast, and he sobbed like a child. He declared he could never survive it, and wept afresh. All attempts to console him have proved unavailing. He says he has nothing now to do in this world, but resign his seat in the Senate, then gathering himself together, and give up the ghost. His determination is fixed to see his wife and children once more, but fears they will spurn the "sheep-stealer" from their door. If so, he will piously seek out the graves of his father and mother, in the woods of New-Hampshire, and lay himself down by their side and die, [like 'a sheep-stealing dog.'] To witness the fall of a great man, is at all times awful. To see him *so* fall, shorn of his honors, and wrap'd in a stolen sheep-skin, might cause e'en angels to weep.—Let him fall like the hero of Corunna—he slowly and sadly borne to his rest, 'mid the sounds of the muffl'd drum, and "his martial cloak around him," and it were well. But to fall like a dog—a sheep stealing dog—and be thrust contemptuously into a felon's grave, in the northwest corner of a church-yard, rob'd in the stolen skin, is not well.

> "A pizen sarpent bit his heel."

But the deed is done! DANIEL WEBSTER will, in ten days, be a dead man, & follow in the footsteps of Leftenant *Curtiss*' on-LY son, uttering the same heart-piercing cry—

> "Cru-*el*, cru-*el*, cru-*el* sar-pent."

This terrible catastrophe upon the whigs will embalm in the memory of the progressive democracy, this pizen sar-*pent*—and future generations will place him in a full strut of glory, at the right hand of the immortal archer who so valiantly killed Cock Robin.

THE WILD CATTLE OF TEXAS.—We find the following article, in relation to the wild cattle of Texas, in a recent number of the *Houston Telegraph*:

"The settlers who have recently opened farms near the sources of the San Gabriel and Brushy, find the country well stocked with a singular breed of wild cattle. Large droves of these cattle are found not only on the San Gabriel, Leona, and other tributaries of Little River, but also on the San Saba, the Liano, and many tributaries of Upper Colorado, far above the settlements. They differ in form, color and habits from all the varieties of domestic cattle in Texas. They are invariably of a dark brown color, with a slight tinge of dusky yellow on the tip of the nose and the belly. Their horns are remarkably large, and stand out straight from the head. Although these cattle are generally much larger than domestic cattle, they are more fleet and nimble, and, when pursued, often outstrip horses that easily outrun buffalos; they seldom venture far out into the praries, but are generally found in or near the forests that skirt the streams in that section. Their meat is of an excellect flavor, and is preferred by the settlers to the meat of domestic cattle. It is said that their fat is so hard and compact that it will not melt in the hottest days of summer; and the candles formed with it are far superior to those that are formed with the tallow of other cattle. Some persons have supposed that it is possible these cattle are a distinct race, indigenous to America; and the immense skeletons of a species of fossil ox with straight horns, that are often found in the bed of the Brazos and Colorado, would seem to strengthen this opinion. But as these cattle are now found only in the vicinity of the old Missions, it is much more probable that they are the decendants of the cattle introduced by the early Spanish adventurers. It is said that a species of wild cattle, differing from all the domestic breeds of the Eastern continent, is found in the Sandwich Islands; but it is well ascertained that this breed is derived from the domestic cattle that were left upon these islands by Vancouver. These cattle are so wild that they can only be caught alive by entrapping them in disguised pits. The celebrated botanist, Douglas, while on a tour in one of these islands, fell into one of these pits and was gored to death by a wild bull who had been thus entrapped. Several attempts have been made by the settlers on the San Gabriel to domesticate the wild cattle in that section, but they have thus far been unsuccessful. As they are far superior to the domestic cattle of the country, not only in strength, size and agility, but also in the flavor of their meat and the density of their fat, they might if once domesticated, become a valuable acquisition to the agriculturists of this country."

MATRIMONIAL SQUABBLES. Delightful as the life of double blessedness unquestionably is, where the tempers of the parties exactly harmonize, and care is taken not to break that infinitely delicate spell of respectful tenderness, which, once broken by unkindness or anger, can never be renewed in its perfect purity and completeness—yet, it cannot be denied that in too many, perhaps one third of the matches that are consummated, the tying of the hymeneal knot is but the beginning of a life *a la* cat and dog, of petty disputes, squabbles and quarrels, which give too much sharpness and point to the sarcasms of fusty old bachelors, and cause the true-hearted Benedict to blush for the conduct of his fellows, who have proved themselves unworthy of the truly ecstatic and highly concentrated joy of wedded bliss. The author of the following sketch of a dialogue between 'a contradictory couple,' which we find in a work published some years ago, appears to have understood this subject, and judging by the vivid and life-like character of the scenes he portrays, must have had some rich experience of his own to draw from:

'I do believe,' he says, taking the spoon out of the glass, and tossing it on the table, 'that of all the obstinate, positive, wrong headed creatures that ever were born you are the most so, Charlotte.' 'Certainly, certainly have it your own way, pray. You see how much I contradict you,' rejoins the lady. 'Of course you did'nt contradict me at the dinner table—oh, no, not you!' says the gentleman. 'Yes, I did,' says the lady. 'Oh you did;' cries the gentleman, 'you admit that!' 'If you call that contradiction, I do,' the lady answered; 'and I say again, Edward, when I know you are wrong, I will contradict you. I am not your slave.' 'Not my slave,' repeats the gentleman bitterly; 'and you still mean to say that in the Blackburns' new house there are not more than fourteen doors including the door of the wine celler!' 'I mean to say' retorted the lady, beating time with her hair brush on the palm of her hand, that in that house there are fourteen doors and no more.' 'Well then,' cries the gentleman, rising in despair, and pacing the room with rapid strides 'this is enough to destroy a man's intellect, and drive him mad!' Bye and by the gentleman comes to a little and passing his hand gloomily across his brow reseats himself in his former chair. There is a long silence, and this time the lady begins; 'I appealed to Mr. Jenkins who sat next to me on the sofa in the drawing room during tea.' 'Morgan you surely mean,' interrupts the gentleman. 'I do not mean any thing of the kind,' answers the lady. 'Now by all that is aggravating and impossible to bear, cries the gentleman, clenching his hands and looking up in agony, 'she is going to insist upon it that Morgan is Jenkins!' 'Do you take me for a perfect fool,' cries the lady, 'do you suppose I don't know the one from the other? Do you suppose I don't know that the man in the blue coat was Mr. Jenkins?' 'Jenkins in a blue coat,' cries the gentleman, with a groan; 'Jenkins in a blue coat!—a man who would suffer death rather than wear anything but brown!' 'Do you dare to charge me with telling an untruth,' demands the lady bursting into tears.' 'I charge you ma'am,' returns the gentleman, starting up, 'with being a monster of contradiction, a monster, a aggravation, a—a—a—Jenkins in a blue coat!—what have I done to be doomed to hear such statements?'

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.—On a fine summer's day, a clergyman was called to preach in a town in Indiana, to a young Episcopal congregation. At the close of his discourse, he addressed his young hearers in some such words as these: "Learn that the present life is a preparation for, and has a tendence to, eternity. The present is linked to the future throughout creation, in the vegetable, in the animal, and in the moral world. As is the seed, so is the fruit; as is the egg, so is the fowl; as is the boy, so is the man; and as is the rational being in this world, so will he be in the next; Dives estranged from God here, is Dives estranged from God there: and Enoch walking with God here, is Enoch walking with God in a calm and better world. I beseech you, then, live for a blessed eternity. Go to the worm that you tread upon, and learn a lesson of wisdom. The very caterpillar seeks the food that fosters it for another and similar state; and, more wisely than man, builds its own sepulchre, from whence in time, by a kind of resurrection, it comes forth a new creature in almost an angelic form. And now, that which was hideous is beautiful, and that which crawled flies, and that which fed on comparatively grass food, sips the dew and revels in the rich pastures, an emblem of that paradise where flows the river of life, and grows the tree of life. Could the caterpillar have been diverted from its proper element and mode of life, if it had never attained the butterfly's splendid form and hue; it had perished a worthless worm. Consider her ways and be wise. Let it not be said that ye are more negligent than worms, and that your reason is less available than their instinct. As often as the butterfly flits across your path, remember that it whispers in flight—"Live for the Future."

With this the preacher closed his discourse: but to deepen the impression, a butterfly, directed by the Hand which guides alike the sun and an atom in its course, fluttered through the Church, as if commissioned by Heaven to repeat the exhortation. There was neither speech nor language, but its voice was head saying to the gazing audience—"*Live for the Future.*"—*Albany Spectator.*

BOTH HORNS BAD.—The poor tailor, in the following sketch from the N. O. Crescent, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other:

'Will you pay me this bill sir?' said a tailor to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a feet.

'Do you owe any body any thing, sir?' asked the wag.

'No, sir,' said the tailor.

'Then you can afford to wait!' and off he went.

A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wit's end yet; so, turning to his creditor, he says:

'Are you in debt to any body?'

'Yes, sir, said the tailor.

'Well, why don't you pay?'

'I've not the momey.'

'That's just my case, sir. I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition; give us your hand.'

MR. INGERSOLL'S MODE OF SETTLING THE OREGON QUESTION.—In a late speech Mr. C. J. Ingersoll said that he did not think the sword would be required to settle this great question:

'We wanted no Alexander to put us in possession of our modern Asia. All we wanted was women and children. All that we needed was to recur to the great original command to increase and multiply, and this we had done and were doing to a great extent. When Doctor Franklin, in the time of our Revolution, became satisfied that there was an end to all hope of a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between England and this nation, he said to a friend, (not a distant relative of Mr. I's. own,) 'go home and get children as fast as possible, for that is now the only chance we have.' [A laugh.] And this was just what we had now to do. He was happy to learn from a gentleman near him that the progress was fully and rapidly going on in his quarter of the country. [Much laughter.]