

THE MILTON CHRONICLE.

What is it but a Map of busy Life?

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B. EVANS,

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His corpse is restored; his whole body is found to move. They wrap him up—Two hours are spent in bestowing upon him their cares. At length he comes out from a horrible lethargy that had continued since in the dark grave. He, in now demands his wife. She had to live! Death had let one prey upon him, only to seize upon another.—She is indeed dead. Poor Clemence! How lovely, so attless, and so over-coming with goodness. Another might, perhaps, describe these scenes better than I have done; but words can picture the despair of M. Jones. Grief restored him all his faculties. He would have resigned himself to death, he would have regretted his escape from it, had not the child which they placed in his arms needed him—his own child, whom he kissed for the first time.—What stronger tie could bind him to life? & what can sever that tie, save death alone?

JONES OF PINEVILLE. Letter to General Taylor.

DEAR GENERAL,

SENSE you've got to be such a big General and so terrible popular, I spose you get more letters than you care bout payin' the postage on, and being as old Mr. JOHNSTON aint very liberal in his dealings with the publick, I don't care much about patronizin him mysell, when I can help it; so I've jest put this letter in the Continent, what it 'ill be certain to find you, if you don't let SANTA ANNY git ahold of yer mail bags agin.

Well, I don't want you to think that I'm arter a office, for, General. I scorn to mention sich a thing til after you'r elected President, and settled down in the White House ready to receive company, when there aint no dang'ar but what you'll have applications enuff to give you a fair chance for the exercise of your judgment in makin appointments. It aint for no office that I'm writin, but jest to tell you how things is gwine on here in the States sense you've been out to Mexico killin old shingle-shins. Ther's so much she-coonery gwine on now-a-days, and the political papers gits things muxed all up so its rite hard for a body to make out the true brains of things, and I jest thought that as I was one of your old Florida campaigners, I mought take the liberty to help you out of the fog.

Well, then, you must know that things is in a terrible frustration here jest now.—Nothin don't seem to work rite for nobody, and the politicians is 'almost ready to give up the country in despair.

You remember bout the time you was ordered down from Corpus Cristy to Matymoros, to ax the Mexicans whether they was really gwine to figet or was jest shammin, General SCOTT took it into his head how he ought to have the command. Well the government don't seem to care perticklerly about his services jest then, and in the squabblement what tuck place about it, the old General upset a plate of soup on himself what like to scalded him to death. That accident made a terrible fuss, and the General did'nt git nothin else but soup in the papers for a long time; but while the doctors was crowin over it, here comes your battles of Palo Alto and de la Palmy, what tuck the adoration slap bang, one after the other, the two claps of thunder, on the same side of the hed; and if it hadn't been for the scape-valve for ther glory what Mr. RITCHIE put in the Union the next mornin, its generally believed they never would got over it in this world.

Well, things went on pretty well while Mr. MARCY was busy skinnin General JONES, for rallyin the Louisiana boys out of your tite place, til the news come of your lickin the Mexicans out of Monteray. That was a terrible wicked piece of business, and Congress was a great mind to court-martial you for not killin every mother's son of 'em, and the government was dectermined not to trust you with the business by yourself any more. After that, General SCOTT did'nt have no more difficulty in gettin a showin, and for fear he wasn't enuff, they was gwine to git a new suit of regimentals made for Mr. BENTON and send him out to keep you all straight.

Bout this time the people begun to hurra and luminate ther houses for your battles, and sum of 'em said they'd be drat if they did'nt vote for you to be President too. Sum of the whig newspapers begun to crack you up, and ther was a terrible rumagin through the old papers to find out who your daddy was, and what you come from, and what your politics was.

All at a sudden the government became terrible anxious to taker the castle of Vera Cruse, and bein as Mr. BENTON would'nt go cause Congress would'nt give him big enough commission, they sent General SCOTT to do it. The news cum how the General had tuck all your troops from you, leavin you with only a few volunteers to keep off all the fightin Maxicans ther was, and some of the papers sed it was a bominable shame to serve you that way; but the north they took it monstrous easy, and begun to stick up General SCOTT's name for the President. Ther was a terrible haul in the wind. Even the Demmycrats felt to precisin SCOTT, and every body was thinkin how many Mexicans he would have to exchange for you when SANTA ANNY tuck you prisoner. Every body was certain you was bound to be licked all to pieces, and we was all bolen our breath to hear the dreadful news, and sum very smart men was beginnin to wonder why you would be sich a fool as to expose yourself in sich a position. But General, it would be worth half a lifetime for you, if you could jest be here when the news cum of the glorious battle of Bony Visty.

Such another shootin and hurrying, and shootin of cannons, and 'luminatin of towns! Nothin like it was ever heard or sed before in this country. Even the wimin cried for joy, and they forgot whether they was Demmycrats or Whigs, hurrying for you and your brave boys what shed sich imperishable glory on our arms. Even Mr. GREELEY, the abolition editor what lost the election of Mr. CLAY in 1844, drapped old TOM CORWIN, and cum out in the Tribune for you to be President.—Sense that General SCOTT has licked the Mexicans two or three times, and has brushed up his ancient fame as a scientific soldier and a brave General, but it seems like nothin cant cum up to Bony Visty, and your popularity its breakin out all over the country thick as the measles, in spite of all the politicians can do.

Well, General, that's the way things stand now, and sich another shufflin and squirm as ther is among the political leaders of all parties was never seen before. They're trying to get up a general convention to muster 'em into rank, but it wont do. Sum of 'em ses you'r a everlasting old Whig; well, the people say they don't care if you is—others ses you'r a hominable Democrat, and the people say they dont care for that neither—they're like the boy was when hi dog was licked, they knowed you is old Rough and Ready, what never lost a battle, and 'that's efficient.'

Sense you rit that letter what you say you don't belong to no party, its worse and worse, and the old party riders what's been all ther lives ridin the people into office with a party bit in ther mouths, is mountin and dismountin and changin saddles in every direction, so it aint possible to tell what they do belong.

The people aint gwine to have the wool pulled over ther eyes not by none of 'em. They've waiced your course—they've heard bout yous battles, and they've red your letters to the government, and they think all the more of you, cause you don't surrender to the Maxicans nor no body else, Whig or Demmycrat.

Mr. GREELEY, with the Abolitionists and free niggers, is down on you like a thousand of brick, cause you're a Southern man, but that's enuff to elect any man in creation, and all you've got to be afraid of is that him and his infernal pack of fony-ticks and anti-renters, will take injinto ther heds to quit old TOM CORWIN and go for you. You possibly mought stand sich a misfortin, but you're the only man in creation that could.

If you'll take my advice you wont let 'em take no more picters of you, for you may depend it aint your good looks what's gwine to make you President. Ther's been any number of young ZACKERYS christened this year, and the ladys is for you in spite of your looks, but it's well enuff, General, not to let 'em see your picter oo much.

Hopin you'll take monstrous good care of yourself, and not let any of them bominable Mexicens kitch you in one of ther infernal slippin-nooses.

I remain your friend til death,

Jos. JONES.

ANECDOTE OF GEN. TAYLOR.

The Cincinnati-like simplicity and unaffectedness of old Zack's habits have frequently been celebrated. But it is not commonly known, perhaps, that he does his own washing. Of a pleasant evening, after the warlike toils of the day are closed,

the old hero may be seen at the opening of his tent, sitting plump on the ground with a camp kettle between his legs—and with short sleeves rolled up, creating a loud splashing of his garments in the suds. The old General, by the way, wholly excludes hard soap, as an unsoldier-like luxury, and uses nothing but soft soap; a barrel of which furnishes part of his tent furniture.

The old hero, however, on account of his eyesight, is not very nimble with the needle. Nevertheless, he insists upon doing his own mending, and particularly prides himself upon the neatness and expedition with which he puts a new seat in his ample pants. These nether garments of course, require frequent repairs, owing to the constant practice and habit the old hero has of violently slapping his person when excited. At Buena Vista, his being a long time in the saddle, united to the ire-provoking and dastardly conduct of the Indiana regiment came near entirely riding them in pieces, and it was late before the General retired, as he, always makes it a principle not to permit his basket of new cloths to accumulate.

At Monterey, when the deputies from General Ampudia were first ushered into the presence of the old hero at his quarters, they found him sitting cross-legged upon a gun carriage, and earnestly engaged in letting out the seams of his coat—a proceeding necessitated by his increasing bulkiness. [Yankee Doodle.]

GREAT CLOCK AT STASBURG.

From the bottom to the top is not less than 100 feet, and above 30 feet wide and 15 deep. The Clock is struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side from which there is a church, or little boy, with a mallet; and over the dial is a small bell. The church on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some fifty feet over the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man, with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time; and then glides, with a slow step round behind Time; out comes an old man, with a mallet, and places himself in front of him. As the hour of twelve comes, the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building and is heard round the region of the church. Then the old man glides slowly behind father Time, and the young man comes on, ready to perform his part as Time comes round a gain. Soon as the old man struck twelve and disappears another set of machinery is put into motion some twenty feet higher still. It is thus: There is a high cross, with an image of Christ on it. The instant twelve has struck one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing cross, bows, and walks around to his place. As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows, and passes on; so twelve figures, large as life, walk around, each to his place. As the last disappears an enormous clock, slowly flaps its wings, stretches forth its neck, and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is silent as death. It was made in the year 1500, and has performed those mechanical wonders ever since, except about fifty years, when it was out of repair.

ACTION.

Who ever became a man of influence by sitting under the harrow of despondency? What slowpoke ever benefitted the world, his friends, or himself. There is nothing like action, coupled with cheerfulness. We see it every where. Who is he sitting on that empty barrel on the wharf? A man with no energy—a prey to grief. He dosen't know what to do; & how to start. Who is that man with folded arms standing in the market place? A lazy, do little sort of a vagabond, who hardly earns his bread and butter. Do you wish to become such a character? Then arouse yourself, away from the arm chair—up from the gutter—out of the downy bed—Move your arms, kick your feet, and stir about; give the blood a chance to circulate through your veins, and the air of heaven to enter your lungs. Seize the first job presented, and dispatch it at once—up for the pay, and get another forthwith—You will soon earn enough to purchase a wheel barrow or a hand cart, and then you may begin to live! Who knows what you may become? Energy is half omnipotent.—

Small beginnings end in large gains: a penny well turned brings a fortune. Resolve then to do something and be something, and our word for it, you will bless us to your dying day for preaching thus faithfully, to you.

A WIFE KILLED BY HER HUSBAND.

A melancholy accident occurred near Troy, Pa, on Thursday night of last week. Some time in the night, Mr. Pierce, wife of Dr J B Pierce, had occasion to go to the window of the chamber in which they were sleeping, leaving Doctor P. asleep. The raising of the window woke him, and he instantly seized his gun, which was near his bedside, supposing that some one was trying to break into his house.—After Mrs. P. had let down the window—she advanced toward the bed. Dr Pierce called out twice to stop, or he would fire; but she still advanced and he fired, when she was near the muzzle of the gun—the whole charge of shot entering her breast, and she fell dead on the floor. He then felt in the bed for his wife, to tell her he had killed some one, when not finding her, the truth flashed upon him that he had shot his own wife!

ANOTHER "IRON DUKE."

There has recently been in our town, an old 'Revolutioner,' who calls himself James McDonnell, brother to the distinguished officer of that name who fought side by side with General Marion. Mr McDonnell is a very remarkable man.

He says he is 104 years old; his oldest son 81, and his oldest grandson over 60. He is very active—uncommonly so for a man of 70. During the revolutionary war he fought in several bloody battles; was wounded in the hands, and had one of his eyes knocked out.

We heard him also state that when he was in this place 81 years ago, there was only 2 or 300 inhabitants; mostly blacks. He says that he was for 20 years professor in the Military Academy at W Point and has a son now in Mexico, under Gen Scott.—He started South a few days ago.

Whether his story is true or not we will not pretend to say, as we know nothing to the contrary.—Wilmington Chronicle.

CURIOUS WILL.

The following is an extract from the will of a gentleman of Philadelphia, lately deceased.—His wife, children and mother-in-law had conspired together to ruin his reputation:

'Whereas, my daughter refused me a night's lodging in her house when I had no place for abode, I therefore leave her one cent, and to her benepiced husband, half a cent, as a man who allows his wife to insult her father in his presence, is no man. To my other children I recommend a perusal of the fifth commandment. To my mother-in-law I bequeathe six cents, provided she buys therewith a halter to hang herself, for having swindled the Elicit out of a gold watch she wears, under a pretence of benevolence and Christian conduct and behaviour.'

COL. DONIPHAN.

A correspondent of the New York Mirror says that Col. Doniphan is a large, fine, handsome-looking man, and as brave as a lion, but entirely ignorant of all military science. He gives the following anecdote as an illustration of the gallant Colonel's manner of settling a dispute:

A mule had been captured from the enemy, to which several of his men laid claim. An appeal was made to the Colonel, who, after hearing the facts, proposed that it should be decided by a game at loo!—and he actually sat down with the disputants beneath a mosquito net in the woods, to play for the mule. While these military loo players were deep in the game, an attack was made on the camp by the enemy; in a twinkling the cards were dropped and the enemy defeated. So goes the story and I have no doubt of its truth.

SOMETHING NEW.

A ring of zinc and one of copper placed in contact around each fruit or ornamental tree, will prevent any insect from ascending and injuring them. The moment the insect touches the battery, it receives a galvanic shock, and is killed, or falls to the ground. The action of the battery is uncessing being sufficiently powerful in either dry or wet weather. So says the Macon Journal.

TO SPECULATORS.—Wanted—Two lines of matter to fill out this column. B. C.