

to conceal his emotion, "and bravely did he acquit himself. I received this wound in my hand while fighting by his side. He escaped uninjured."

"Thank Heaven for his safety, but he little dreams what sorrow is in store for him. I fear that he will never again embrace a beautiful bride, nor will he have an only daughter." Wilber could hold no longer.

"Father, Mother, forgive, forgive your daughter!" and the next moment Emeline Wharton was in the arms of her mother!

Let those who can, imagine what cannot be described, picture the scene which followed this revelation.

On the surrender of Burgoyne, about five days after the general battle, Elverton and his father were discharged, and reached home on the very day following the incident. After an affectionate welcome by his mother, Henry's first question was:

"How is Emeline?"

"Alas my son!"

Sobs and tears deprived her of utterance. Henry forgot the laurels which his bravery had won, even patriotism itself was forgotten, as he hung in painful suspense over his weeping and almost fainting mother. Though his mind was on the rack to know the fate of Emeline, he refused from asking any questions until she should become more composed. At this moment a sweet voice from the outer door fell upon his ear, "Henry you have saved again!" The voice was familiar, he had heard it in the battle—Springing to the door to welcome the brave Wilber, he encountered Emeline Wharton! It was long before he could be persuaded that the gallant soldier who so gallantly fought at Saratoga was the betrothed of his bosom.

About three years afterwards a gentle looking stranger accompanied by a single servant, halted at a neat little cottage in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in front of which sat a sturdy yeoman, lulling to sleep, humming "Yankee Doodle," a restless lad some two years old.

"My friend," said the stranger, "will you be so kind as to furnish us with a glass of water. Our horses, too, need refreshment; you shall be rewarded."

The farmer cast a scrutinizing glance at the stranger.

"General! I am already rewarded, if you will deign to enter my humble cottage!"

Further utterance was impossible; he thought of former scenes, and rushing from the presence of the distinguished traveller, he sought his young wife, and whispered—"an old friend wishes to see you."

Observing an unusual flush in the countenance of the husband, she anxiously inquired, "who is it?"

"I will show you," said he, "come with me."

In the meantime the stranger dismounted and without ceremony entered the cottage anxious to know by whom he had been recognized, in a section of country he had never before visited, and he would least expect to be addressed by his military title.

He was met at the door by Henry Elverton, leading by the hand the blushing Emeline, and bearing on the other their only pledge of youthful love.

"General Gates," said Henry, "do you remember Robert Wilber?"

"I do," said the General interrupting, "where is he?"

"She is here!" returned Henry, pointing to Emeline.

"Thanks be to Heaven for the discovery," exclaimed the veteran hero, as he grasped the hand of the soldier's bride, and kissed the little one which was nestling unawares in the hands of his father, "receive the blessing of an old soldier, who will never forget the HEROINE OF SARATOGA."

Go to, Job-Tail.

A specimen of the genus "stammerer" was found by Captain Perry in the steamer, in the engine room of his boat, while lying at Louisville, one fine morning in June. The captain acquired to know what he was doing there.

"Have you seen Captain Perry?" was the interrogative response.

"Don't know him; and can't tell what that has to do with your being in my engine room!" replied the captain angrily.

"Hold on, that's just what I was getting at."

You see, Captain Perry asked me to take a drink, and so I did; I knew that I wanted to drink, or I wouldn't have been so very dry.

So Captain Perry and I went to the ball—Captain Perry was putting in some extras on one too. I sung out, "Go it, Captain Perry, if you bust your biter."—With that a man steps up to me, says he, "See here, stranger, you must leave!"

Says I, "What must I leave for?" Says he, "You're making too much noise." Says I, "I've been in bigger crowds than this, and made more noise, and didn't leave nuther."—With that he took me by the nap of the neck and the seat of the breeches—and I fell. As I was shovin' down street I met a lady. I knew she was a lady by a remark she made—said she, "Young man, I reckon you'll go home with me!"—Politeness wouldn't let me refuse and so I went.

I'd been in the house but a minute when I heard considerable of a knocking at the door—I know'd the chap wanted to get in, whoever he was, wouldn't have kept up such a tremendous racket. By and by, says a voice: "Ef you don't open, I'll bust in the door." And so he did. I put on a bold face, and says I, "Stranger, does this woman belong to you?" Says he, "she does." Then, says I, "she's a lady, I think from all that I've seen of her." With that, he came at me with a pistol in one hand, and a bowie knife in the other, and being a little pressed for room, I jumped through the window, leaving the bigger portion of my coat tail. As I was streaking it down town with the fragment fluttering to the breeze, I met a friend—I knew he was a friend by a remark he made—says he, "Go it, Bobtail, he's a gain on you." And that's the way I happened in your engine room. I'm a good swimmer, captain, but do excuse me, if you please, from taking the water. [Lou. Jour.]

ARSENIC EATERS IN AUSTRIA.—A poisoning case at Cilli has procured the publication of some interesting facts respecting the arsenic eaters of Lower Austria and Styria. In both those provinces it appears to be a common custom among the peasantry to consume every morning a small portion of the deadly poison in the same manner as the eastern world consumes opium. Dr. Tschudi, the well-known traveller, publishes an account of several cases which have come to his knowledge. The habit does not seem to be so pernicious in its results as that of opium eating. It is commenced by taking a very small dose, say somewhat less than half a grain, every morning, which is gradually increased to two or three grains. The case of a hale old farmer is mentioned, whose morning whet of arsenic reached the incredible quantity of four grains. The effect it produces is very curious. The arsenic eaters grow fat and ruddy, so much so, that the practice is adopted by the lovers of both sexes, in order to please their sweethearts. It relieves the lungs and head very much also when mounting steep hills and entering into a more rarified atmosphere.

APPLE TODDY.—[Maryland has always been famous for its beautiful women and its Apple Toddy. There is a receipt for only the latter, which we subjoin.]

"Take a red streak apple, roast it before a slow fire on a china plate, put it into a half pint tumbler, mash it well, add one wine glassful of good cognac, and let it stand twelve hours. Add then two wine glasses of water, dust it over with nutmeg, put in a spoonfull of white sugar—stir it up well, and drink. This is genuine apple toddy, taken as a winter drink—mint juleps taking its place in summer. Among these jovial Middle Statesmen, a stranger has a chance of living according to his humor, which the determined temperance upholding people of the north eastern States scarcely permit."

THE DEAD SEA.

The reason why the waters of the Dead Sea are unfitted to support life.

Mr. Robert J. Graves, M. D., has communicated to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a very interesting article on the causes why the waters of the Dead Sea are destitute of fish and other marine animals. The Dead Sea contains no living thing within its fatal boundaries, yet this salt sea, so famous in story, is supplied with water from fresh water rivers which abound in fish and vegetables.—The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is 1,000 feet deep, 60 miles long, and 9 broad. It receives all the waters of the Sea of Galilee. A correct chart of this old lake was never given to the world, until the expedition under Lieut. Lynch surveyed it.—The full credit of this important fact is given to our country by Mr. Graves. It had been stated by Mr. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Warburton, that the shores of the Dead Sea were non volcanic, but the expedition brought home specimens of lava and scorie, thus refuting former accounts.

There is another sea in the world just like the Dead Sea of Sodom, this is the Great Salt Lake of the Mormon country, discovered by Lieut. Fremont. This Lake contains no living thing within its bosom, and it also receives the fresh water of Lake Utah.

The waters of the Dead Sea of Jordan contain 24 per cent. of saline matter, consisting of chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese, with bromide of magnesium. This saline impregnation accounts for the absence of all vegetable and animal life. The waters of the Great American Salt Lake, are nearly of the same composition, and present similar phenomena to that of the Sea of Sodom.

Products of the United States.

The patent office report furnish the following important information:

Wheat, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay, and tobacco, are raised in every State and Territory in the Union.

Barley is raised in all except Louisiana.

Wool is raised in all except Louisiana and Florida.

New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin do not raise cotton.

The states that do not raise cotton, together with Maryland, Delaware and Indiana do not raise rice.

Every state and territory except Iowa does raise silk.

Every state except Delaware makes sugar.

New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,002,382 bushels.

New York the most potatoes, viz: 20,443,631 bushels.

New York the most oats, viz: 30,907,253 bushels.

NEWS FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The Abandonment of the Siege of Matamoros Confirmed—Defeat of the Insurgents.

The report which we published lately by telegraph from New Orleans of the abandonment of the siege of Matamoros and the dissolution of the revolutionary forces under Carvajal, is confirmed by the Rio Bravo, of the 9th instant, received by last night's Southern mail. We copy from that paper an account of the operations of the contending forces, as follows:

The force of Carvajal consisted of about 800 men and a six pounder, and Avalos' force in the city amounted to about six hundred men, with nine pieces of artillery—six, nine, and twelve pounders. These guns were established in barricade batteries, completely denuding his headquarters and his position for all his men.

A succession of assaults and skirmishes followed this movement for seven or eight days, and both Americans and Mexicans under Carvajal behaved gallantly, the contests being keen and spirited. On the morning of the 30th ult., about daylight, Carvajal determined to retire a short distance to recruit his forces for another assault.

He arranged his temporary retreat in such a manner as to chiefly place his Mexican forces in advance, leaving Captain Walker's company, with some Mexicans, as the rear guard of his column.—They proceeded in this manner to a designated point about 12 miles above Matamoros, on the Bravo river. Having obtained some four or five miles the advance of his rear guard, Avalos' cavalry, amounting to 300 men, led by Col. Portilla, made two attacks upon the rear guard, headed by Captain Walker, and after severe conflicts, were repulsed with considerable loss.

During these combats the Mexicans advance and centre composed of some Mexican battalions and a few straggling Americans were seized with a sudden panic and ingloriously fled—not even a company of a dozen men could be rallied to return to the rescue of Walker; but this gallant officer was abundantly able to rescue himself, and soon put Portilla and his superior forces to flight. Carvajal proceeded with his advance guard and forces up the river and left Walker and the portion of his auxiliary forces, who followed him to defend his rear. Capt. Wheeler, who commanded the public six pounder, which had answered Avalos' batteries with so much spirit, was ordered to cast his gun into the river.

For the present Carvajal's forces are dispersed, and can only be reorganized in Canago or some other interior point, to resist the forces of the Central government.

It is announced that Carvajal was still at Reynosa, and would soon be completely reorganized and ready for the field with an enormous force. The Rancheros, who were with Carvajal, the number of 300, are with Avalos.—Gen. Unzueta, with a force of regulars, estimated variously from 400 to 1,500, was marching to the frontier to aid Avalos. He was believed to be at Victoria, in Tamaulipas. Carvajal, at the late advice, had moved his forces to a point, commanding all the roads to Matamoros, and had a force of Rangers in the neighborhood of that city.

There will be stirring events shortly, the Rio Bravo says.

INDIAN WARRIORS AND CHARACTER.

We have several times noticed the recent grand assembly of many Indian Tribes at Fort Laramie. The following is the latest of the series of articles descriptive of the scene, written by the Editor of the St. Louis Republican, who was present:—

Treaty Ground, near Fort Laramie, I. T., Sept. 9, 1851.

THE CHEYENNE SOLDIERS.

In the afternoon, about a hundred of the soldiers of the Cheyennes came into camp. These are the young men of the nation. They are formed into companies, with a head or principal leader, and other subordinate officers, and if organized and purposes resemble our volunteers. Their principal head is usually a well known brave, and when with the nation, travelling or hunting they constitute the guard, scouts, &c. They form the war parties, and often go to war upon their own hook, sometimes without the knowledge or consent of the chiefs. They are numerous, and so well handed together, that the chiefs can do nothing with them.

In this case, about one-third of them were mounted on horseback—the others were on foot—and the first intimation we had of their approach, was their shouts and yells as they came over the plains, from the Cheyenne village. They came as a war party; their horses were painted in the most approved style; their manes and tails in various colors; and on the hips and shoulders the rider had painted his "cos."

This "cos" is a history of the feats which the Indian has performed. Every scalp he may have taken, or enemy he has slain, is represented by a hand or some other symbol painted on his horse. Stealing horses is a great feat, and every horse that he has stolen is marked by an emblem somewhat resembling a horse's hoof.

All the Indians were painted in their war costume, and dressed in the best possible manner, armed, some with guns, some with lances, and others with bows and arrows. Their horsemen and footmen apparently mingled in a confused mass, but it could be seen that there was order in all their movements. They would fire their guns, shoot their arrows, give a shout, make a charge, and then the horsemen from the centre would rush out around and through the footmen, indicating the manner of protecting their men when too closely pressed. These exhibitions of the wild and savage mode of warfare, exciting beyond description, and when the Indian came into it—when there are a number of them together—the yells and yells seem to stir up every element of his wild nature. Nothing in the inspiring and excitement of war among civilized men, is more sublime than the peculiar shout and yell of savage warfare. These followed in the distance, and were used to day, we used to hear all this

country and went where we pleased;—now, we are surrounded by other Indians, and the whites pass through our country. The game is going away, and I should like to see the time when you will give us horses, cattle and fowls, as the white men have.

Perished Deer, a Yaxeton, next spoke, and seemed to speak in derision. He said—

"Father this is the third time I have met the whites. We don't understand their language nor their words. We know it is all very good and for our good, but we don't understand it all. We suppose the half breeds understood it, and we leave them to speak for us."

Several other Sioux Indians spoke, but all of them were of the same import more begging language. They were all very poor, very hungry, and hoped the goods would soon be here.

Col. Mitchell then called upon the Cheyennes, and Bark, or the Bear's Feather, said:

Grand Father and Father—I am glad to see so many Indians and whites meeting in peace. It makes my heart glad, and I shall be more happy at home. I am glad you have taken pity on us, and come to see us. The buffalo used to be plenty in our country, but it is getting scarce. We get enough to eat here and keep us a while, but our meat will not last long. As the sun looks down upon us—as the great Spirit sees me, I am willing, grand-father, to do as you tell me to do. I know you will tell me right, and that it will be good for me and my people. We regard this as a great medicine day when our pipes and water shall be one, and we shall be at peace. Our young men, grand-father, whom you want to go with you to the States, are ready, and they shall go. I shall look for their return when the grass begins to grow again. If all the nations here were as willing to do what they say, as we are, the trouble could stop in peace; and we should not have to watch our horses or our people in the night.

Here the proceedings were interrupted by a chief of the Sioux, one of the Blackfoot band, who insisted on making a speech:

Grand-Father, you called me here from the Missouri river. I am here; my people are very poor and hungry—we have very little to eat. We have heard all you have said, your words are very good but we think we should have a hundred loads of goods every year, and more buffalo. We don't want the horses—we want plenty of fowls. We want to see the goods.

Beh-ah-ah, or Cat Nose, an Arapachose, next addressed the Commissioners:

Grand-Father, I thank the Great Spirit, the Sun and the Moon, for putting us on this earth. It is a good earth, and I hope there will be no more fighting on it—that the grass will grow, and the water fall, and plenty of buffalo.—You, Grand-Father, are doing well for your children, in coming so far, and taking so much trouble about them. I think you will do us all much good; I will go home satisfied. I will sleep sound, and not have to watch my horses in the night, or be afraid for my squaw and children. We have returned to these grounds and in the hills again I would be glad if the whites would pick out a place for themselves and not come into our grounds; but if they must pass through our country they should give us some gift what they give us. There have been some dogs on the roads; they have committed depredations, and they have been charged upon us; but now they will have to hang their heads and hide themselves. We have chosen our chief as you requested us to do. Father. Whatever he does we will support him in it, and we expect that the whites will support him.

An old, grey-headed Arapachose chief, Ah-ah-ah, next harangued his tribe, father than addressed the commissioners. He said—

Beh-ah-ah, children, we give you all up to one white brother, and now we shall have peace—the pleasantest thing in the world. The whites are friends to us, and they will be good to us if we do not let them. The Great Spirit is over us and sees us all. We don't want any fowls or bad men's counsel. The whites want to be good to us—but we don't let fowls and refuse what they ask. We have but one heart, and what we say is truth. Let our ears be open to the advice of our Great Father, and no lies in our hearts is what we promise him."

Col. Mitchell then informed the other tribes that he desired them to talk over what he said to them, and when he met them again to be prepared to present him with a chief of the nation, if they agreed to his propositions; if not to present their objections. The Council then adjourned to the next day.

From the National Intelligencer.

INDIAN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.—On Monday the deputations from four of the tribes of Indians who arrived here last week in charge of Maj. Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent for the Upper Plains, waited upon the President. They first met at the Office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, where Col. Lea handsomely received them, and encouraged the opportunity to address them upon some of the topics which concern their visit from the interior of the continent, and to impress upon them the wisdom of the Government for peace with the Indians.—He then told them, as they must have learnt from their journey, not founded on anything like fact, but in benevolence, and a love of peace for its own sake.

The visit to the President was not accompanied with any set speech making, but consisted merely in introductions. We hear, however, that the meeting was very satisfactory to those present, and that the wisdom of the President, for personally visiting their Great Father, they were under much mental agonies and contentment, but in his slight greatness he might not be bringing into them.—On returning to their lodgings after the

ABOLITION AND INFIDELITY.—About eight columns of the last number of the Boston Liberator are occupied by a sermon preached by one Daniel Foster, designed to show that the Bible is not an inspired book. Said Daniel characterizes that part of the Bible relating to the first sin as a "senseless story," "a manifest absurdity," and concludes that "the writer or compiler of Genesis, in this instance relates a myth of the dim and distant past, which accorded with the superstition of his own time." Of the trial of Abraham, he says, "the spirit of Christ and unperverted reason alike revolt from it and stamp it as a lie."—*Journal of Com.*

OBTAINING NATURAL FLOWERS IN WINTER.—The Editor of the Cottage Gardener says:—"Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you wish to preserve, such as are the latest in blooming, ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk, wrap each of them separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer. In winter, by any other time, when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds over-night, cut the end of the stem, and put them into water, wherein a little nitre or salt has been infused, and the next day you will see the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors, and breathe their agreeable odors."

NEW WAY TO MAKE CALICOES WASH WELL.—In the three gallons of salt in four quarts of boiling water, and put the calicoes in it, and let it boil until cold. In this way the colors are rendered permanent, and will not fade by subsequent washing.

THE DEAD SEA.

The reason why the waters of the Dead Sea are unfitted to support life.

Mr. Robert J. Graves, M. D., has communicated to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a very interesting article on the causes why the waters of the Dead Sea are destitute of fish and other marine animals. The Dead Sea contains no living thing within its fatal boundaries, yet this salt sea, so famous in story, is supplied with water from fresh water rivers which abound in fish and vegetables.—The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is 1,000 feet deep, 60 miles long, and 9 broad. It receives all the waters of the Sea of Galilee. A correct chart of this old lake was never given to the world, until the expedition under Lieut. Lynch surveyed it.—The full credit of this important fact is given to our country by Mr. Graves. It had been stated by Mr. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Warburton, that the shores of the Dead Sea were non volcanic, but the expedition brought home specimens of lava and scorie, thus refuting former accounts.

There is another sea in the world just like the Dead Sea of Sodom, this is the Great Salt Lake of the Mormon country, discovered by Lieut. Fremont. This Lake contains no living thing within its bosom, and it also receives the fresh water of Lake Utah.

The waters of the Dead Sea of Jordan contain 24 per cent. of saline matter, consisting of chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese, with bromide of magnesium. This saline impregnation accounts for the absence of all vegetable and animal life. The waters of the Great American Salt Lake, are nearly of the same composition, and present similar phenomena to that of the Sea of Sodom.

Products of the United States.

The patent office report furnish the following important information:

Wheat, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay, and tobacco, are raised in every State and Territory in the Union.

Barley is raised in all except Louisiana.

Wool is raised in all except Louisiana and Florida.

New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin do not raise cotton.

The states that do not raise cotton, together with Maryland, Delaware and Indiana do not raise rice.

Every state and territory except Iowa does raise silk.

Every state except Delaware makes sugar.

New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,002,382 bushels.

New York the most potatoes, viz: 20,443,631 bushels.

New York the most oats, viz: 30,907,253 bushels.

NEWS FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The Abandonment of the Siege of Matamoros Confirmed—Defeat of the Insurgents.

The report which we published lately by telegraph from New Orleans of the abandonment of the siege of Matamoros and the dissolution of the revolutionary forces under Carvajal, is confirmed by the Rio Bravo, of the 9th instant, received by last night's Southern mail. We copy from that paper an account of the operations of the contending forces, as follows:

The force of Carvajal consisted of about 800 men and a six pounder, and Avalos' force in the city amounted to about six hundred men, with nine pieces of artillery—six, nine, and twelve pounders. These guns were established in barricade batteries, completely denuding his headquarters and his position for all his men.

A succession of assaults and skirmishes followed this movement for seven or eight days, and both Americans and Mexicans under Carvajal behaved gallantly, the contests being keen and spirited. On the morning of the 30th ult., about daylight, Carvajal determined to retire a short distance to recruit his forces for another assault.

He arranged his temporary retreat in such a manner as to chiefly place his Mexican forces in advance, leaving Captain Walker's company, with some Mexicans, as the rear guard of his column.—They proceeded in this manner to a designated point about 12 miles above Matamoros, on the Bravo river. Having obtained some four or five miles the advance of his rear guard, Avalos' cavalry, amounting to 300 men, led by Col. Portilla, made two attacks upon the rear guard, headed by Captain Walker, and after severe conflicts, were repulsed with considerable loss.

During these combats the Mexicans advance and centre composed of some Mexican battalions and a few straggling Americans were seized with a sudden panic and ingloriously fled—not even a company of a dozen men could be rallied to return to the rescue of Walker; but this gallant officer was abundantly able to rescue himself, and soon put Portilla and his superior forces to flight. Carvajal proceeded with his advance guard and forces up the river and left Walker and the portion of his auxiliary forces, who followed him to defend his rear. Capt. Wheeler, who commanded the public six pounder, which had answered Avalos' batteries with so much spirit, was ordered to cast his gun into the river.

For the present Carvajal's forces are dispersed, and can only be reorganized in Canago or some other interior point, to resist the forces of the Central government.

It is announced that Carvajal was still at Reynosa, and would soon be completely reorganized and ready for the field with an enormous force. The Rancheros, who were with Carvajal, the number of 300, are with Avalos.—Gen. Unzueta, with a force of regulars, estimated variously from 400 to 1,500, was marching to the frontier to aid Avalos. He was believed to be at Victoria, in Tamaulipas. Carvajal, at the late advice, had moved his forces to a point, commanding all the roads to Matamoros, and had a force of Rangers in the neighborhood of that city.

There will be stirring events shortly, the Rio Bravo says.

INDIAN WARRIORS AND CHARACTER.

We have several times noticed the recent grand assembly of many Indian Tribes at Fort Laramie. The following is the latest of the series of articles descriptive of the scene, written by the Editor of the St. Louis Republican, who was present:—

Treaty Ground, near Fort Laramie, I. T., Sept. 9, 1851.

THE CHEYENNE SOLDIERS.

In the afternoon, about a hundred of the soldiers of the Cheyennes came into camp. These are the young men of the nation. They are formed into companies, with a head or principal leader, and other subordinate officers, and if organized and purposes resemble our volunteers. Their principal head is usually a well known brave, and when with the nation, travelling or hunting they constitute the guard, scouts, &c. They form the war parties, and often go to war upon their own hook, sometimes without the knowledge or consent of the chiefs. They are numerous, and so well handed together, that the chiefs can do nothing with them.

In this case, about one-third of them were mounted on horseback—the others were on foot—and the first intimation we had of their approach, was their shouts and yells as they came over the plains, from the Cheyenne village. They came as a war party; their horses were painted in the most approved style; their manes and tails in various colors; and on the hips and shoulders the rider had painted his "cos."

This "cos" is a history of the feats which the Indian has performed. Every scalp he may have taken, or enemy he has slain, is represented by a hand or some other symbol painted on his horse. Stealing horses is a great feat, and every horse that he has stolen is marked by an emblem somewhat resembling a horse's hoof.

All the Indians were painted in their war costume, and dressed in the best possible manner, armed, some with guns, some with lances, and others with bows and arrows. Their horsemen and footmen apparently mingled in a confused mass, but it could be seen that there was order in all their movements. They would fire their guns, shoot their arrows, give a shout, make a charge, and then the horsemen from the centre would rush out around and through the footmen, indicating the manner of protecting their men when too closely pressed. These exhibitions of the wild and savage mode of warfare, exciting beyond description, and when the Indian came into it—when there are a number of them together—the yells and yells seem to stir up every element of his wild nature. Nothing in the inspiring and excitement of war among civilized men, is more sublime than the peculiar shout and yell of savage warfare. These followed in the distance, and were used to day, we used to hear all this

country and went where we pleased;—now, we are surrounded by other Indians, and the whites pass through our country. The game is going away, and I should like to see the time when you will give us horses, cattle and fowls, as the white men have.

Perished Deer, a Yaxeton, next spoke, and seemed to speak in derision. He said—

"Father this is the third time I have met the whites. We don't understand their language nor their words. We know it is all very good and for our good, but we don't understand it all. We suppose the half breeds understood it, and we leave them to speak for us."

Several other Sioux Indians spoke, but all of them were of the same import more begging language. They were all very poor, very hungry, and hoped the goods would soon be here.

Col. Mitchell then called upon the Cheyennes, and Bark, or the Bear's Feather, said:

Grand Father and Father—I am glad to see so many Indians and whites meeting in peace. It makes my heart glad, and I shall be more happy at home. I am glad you have taken pity on us, and come to see us. The buffalo used to be plenty in our country, but it is getting scarce. We get enough to eat here and keep us a while, but our meat will not last long. As the sun looks down upon us—as the great Spirit sees me, I am willing, grand-father, to do as you tell me to do. I know you will tell me right, and that it will be good for me and my people. We regard this as a great medicine day when our pipes and water shall be one, and we shall be at peace. Our young men, grand-father, whom you want to go with you to the States, are ready, and they shall go. I shall look for their return when the grass begins to grow again. If all the nations here were as willing to do what they say, as we are, the trouble could stop in peace; and we should not have to watch our horses or our people in the night.

Here the proceedings were interrupted by a chief of the Sioux, one of the Blackfoot band, who insisted on making a speech:

Grand-Father, you called me here from the Missouri river. I am here; my people are very poor and hungry—we have very little to eat. We have heard all you have said, your words are very good but we think we should have a hundred loads of goods every year, and more buffalo. We don't want the horses—we want plenty of fowls. We want to see the goods.

Beh-ah-ah, or Cat Nose, an Arapachose, next addressed the Commissioners:

Grand-Father, I thank the Great Spirit, the Sun and the Moon, for putting us on this earth. It is a good earth, and I hope there will be no more fighting on it—that the grass will grow, and the water fall, and plenty of buffalo.—You, Grand-Father, are doing well for your children, in coming so far, and taking so much trouble about them. I think you will do us all much good; I will go home satisfied. I will sleep sound, and not have to watch my horses in the night, or be afraid for my squaw and children. We have returned to these grounds and in the hills again I would be glad if the whites would pick out a place for themselves and not come into our grounds; but if they must pass through our country they should give us some gift what they give us. There have been some dogs on the roads; they have committed depredations, and they have been charged upon us; but now they will have to hang their heads and hide themselves. We have chosen our chief as you requested us to do. Father. Whatever he does we will support him in it, and we expect that the whites will support him.

An old, grey-headed Arapachose chief, Ah-ah-ah, next harangued his tribe, father than addressed the commissioners. He said—

Beh-ah-ah, children, we give you all up to one white brother, and now we shall have peace—the pleasantest thing in the world. The whites are friends to us, and they will be good to us if we do not let them. The Great Spirit is over us and sees us all. We don't want any fowls or bad men's counsel. The whites want to be good to us—but we don't let fowls and refuse what they ask. We have but one heart, and what we say is truth. Let our ears be open to the advice of our Great Father, and no lies in our hearts is what we promise him."

Col. Mitchell then informed the other tribes that he desired them to talk over what he said to them, and when he met them again to be prepared to present him with a chief of the nation, if they agreed to his propositions; if not to present their objections. The Council then adjourned to the next day.

From the National Intelligencer.

INDIAN INTERVIEW WITH THE PRESIDENT.—On Monday the deputations from four of the tribes of Indians who arrived here last week in charge of Maj. Fitzpatrick, Indian Agent for the Upper Plains, waited upon the President. They first met at the Office of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, where Col. Lea handsomely received them, and encouraged the opportunity to address them upon some of the topics which concern their visit from the interior of the continent, and to impress upon them the wisdom of the Government for peace with the Indians.—He then told them, as they must have learnt from their journey, not founded on anything like fact, but in benevolence, and a love of peace for its own sake.

The visit to the President was not accompanied with any set speech making, but consisted merely in introductions. We hear, however, that the meeting was very satisfactory to those present, and that the wisdom of the President, for personally visiting their Great Father, they were under much mental agonies and contentment, but in his slight greatness he might not be bringing into them.—On returning to their lodgings after the

THE DEAD SEA.

The reason why the waters of the Dead Sea are unfitted to support life.

Mr. Robert J. Graves, M. D., has communicated to the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a very interesting article on the causes why the waters of the Dead Sea are destitute of fish and other marine animals. The Dead Sea contains no living thing within its fatal boundaries, yet this salt sea, so famous in story, is supplied with water from fresh water rivers which abound in fish and vegetables.—The surface of the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean, is 1,000 feet deep, 60 miles long, and 9 broad. It receives all the waters of the Sea of Galilee. A correct chart of this old lake was never given to the world, until the expedition under Lieut. Lynch surveyed it.—The full credit of this important fact is given to our country by Mr. Graves. It had been stated by Mr. Dr. Robinson and Mr. Warburton, that the shores of the Dead Sea were non volcanic, but the expedition brought home specimens of lava and scorie, thus refuting former accounts.

There is another sea in the world just like the Dead Sea of Sodom, this is the Great Salt Lake of the Mormon country, discovered by Lieut. Fremont. This Lake contains no living thing within its bosom, and it also receives the fresh water of Lake Utah.

The waters of the Dead Sea of Jordan contain 24 per cent. of saline matter, consisting of chlorides of potassium, sodium, calcium, magnesium, iron, manganese, with bromide of magnesium. This saline impregnation accounts for the absence of all vegetable and animal life. The waters of the Great American Salt Lake, are nearly of the same composition, and present similar phenomena to that of the Sea of Sodom.

Products of the United States.

The patent office report furnish the following important information:

Wheat, rye, Indian corn, potatoes, hay, and tobacco, are raised in every State and Territory in the Union.

Barley is raised in all except Louisiana.

Wool is raised in all except Louisiana and Florida.

New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio, and Wisconsin do not raise cotton.

The states that do not raise cotton, together with Maryland, Delaware and Indiana do not raise rice.

Every state and territory except Iowa does raise silk.

Every state except Delaware makes sugar.

New York raises the most barley, viz: 1,002,382 bushels.

New York the most potatoes, viz: 20,443,631 bushels.

New York the most oats, viz: 30,907,253 bushels.

NEWS FROM THE RIO GRANDE.

The Abandonment of the Siege of Matamoros Confirmed—Defeat of the Insurgents.

The report which we published lately by telegraph from New Orleans of the abandonment of the siege of Matamoros and the dissolution of the revolutionary forces under Carvajal, is confirmed by the Rio Bravo, of the 9th instant, received by last night's Southern mail. We copy from that paper an account of the operations of the contending forces, as follows:

The force of Carvajal consisted of about 800 men and a six pounder, and Avalos' force in the city amounted to about six hundred men, with nine pieces of artillery—six, nine, and twelve pounders. These guns were established in barricade batteries, completely denuding his headquarters and his position for all his men.

A succession of assaults and skirmishes followed this movement for seven or eight days, and both Americans and Mexicans under Carvajal behaved gallantly, the contests being keen and spirited. On the morning of the 30th ult., about daylight, Carvajal determined to retire a short distance to recruit his forces for another assault.

He arranged his temporary retreat in such a manner as to chiefly place his Mexican forces in advance, leaving Captain Walker's company, with some Mexicans, as the rear guard of his column.—They proceeded in this manner to a designated point about 12 miles above Matamoros, on the Bravo river. Having obtained some four or five miles the advance of his rear guard, Avalos' cavalry, amounting to 300 men, led by Col. Portilla, made two attacks upon the rear guard, headed by Captain Walker, and after severe conflicts, were repulsed with considerable loss.

During these combats the Mexicans advance and centre composed of some Mexican battalions and a few straggling Americans were seized with a sudden panic and ingloriously fled—not even a company of a dozen men could be rallied to return to the rescue of Walker; but this gallant officer was abundantly able to rescue himself, and soon put Portilla and his superior forces to flight. Carvajal proceeded with his advance guard and forces up the river and left Walker and the portion of his auxiliary forces, who followed him to defend his rear. Capt. Wheeler, who commanded the public six pounder, which had answered Avalos' batteries with so much spirit, was ordered to cast his gun into the river.

For the present Carvajal's forces are dispersed, and can only be reorganized in Canago or some other interior point, to resist the forces of the Central government.

It is announced that Carvajal was still at Reynosa, and would soon be completely reorganized and ready for the field with an enormous force. The Rancheros, who were with Carvajal, the number of 300, are with Avalos.—Gen. Unzueta, with a force of regulars, estimated variously from 400 to 1,500, was marching to the frontier to aid Avalos. He was believed to be at Victoria, in Tamaulipas. Carvajal, at the late advice, had moved his forces to a point, commanding all the roads to Matamoros, and had a force of Rangers in the neighborhood of that city.

There will be stirring events shortly, the Rio Bravo says.