

TRIP TO SALEM.

MESSRS. EDITORS: On the morning of the 4th inst. bright and early, and with a heart as light and free as the air I breathed, (I wish I could say it was pure,) I was journeying the road to Salem; the consciousness of the fact produced a calmness of mind and body, to which for a week past, I had been a stranger. The hope of much pleasure was strong within, and the thought that within a few short hours and I should be where I had so long desired, was quite cheering. A hundred pleasant thoughts bore me company, and made me feel that one is not always lonely, when alone. Nothing of interest occurred in my journeying: occasionally a song broke upon my ear, from some reapers of wheat who would pause and gaze for a moment on the passing stranger, and then resume their task and song. More than once was I startled from my reveries by the mournful cooing of the dove: how strange did it sound in mine ear! what a contrast to my pleasing thoughts and in spite of my efforts to the contrary, my mind would pursue a train of thought consonant with this doleful sound. At noon I halted by a brook on the way-side, and taking from my basket some fine did ham and nice wheat bread, sat down in a cool and shady spot, to enjoy my repast, and to muse on nature and her loveliness. It was nearly 5 o'clock, and I was nearing Salem. I had never seen it, and now as I rose the ascent that overlooks the town, its tall spires and chimney tops, its poplars and mansions rising above the rest, were plainly visible. How many hearts have thrilled at this sight! Standing on this same spot, how many yearnings have escaped the devoted parents heart, what forebodings have surrounded him as he lingered in departing, and when years have passed and he beholds the scene again, what strange emotions rise within his breast. Soon he will clasp those as dear to him as life, already they are passing in review before him, each form, each lineament is there, but how improved! Each one has become a model of virtue, grace and loveliness. Descending the hill I thought of the antiquity of the place and the patriarchal mode of life of its inhabitants, the founding of the institution, its intellectual and moral influence upon society, and a feeling of respect amounting almost to reverence went forth from my heart as I found myself in Salem. The town was already full, and with great difficulty I succeeded in obtaining place. From every road, through every street, vehicles were streaming in—from the four horse coach to the single horseman. Leaving all that had arrived or coming to take care of themselves I strolled forth to feast my eyes upon a spot which, judging from the nature of things, must be very attractive. I wandered up and down its principal streets: (and more rough and rock one's cannot be made.) I passed some very handsome buildings, and more than one beautiful site attracted my attention. One cannot fail to observe the neat and order-like appearance of every thing in Salem—its style and manners are very city-like, and no place of the same size contains as many plants and flowers. In every window, yard and garden you behold them and some of a very beautiful and rare order. If a great fancy for flowers argues a corresponding taste for all that is beautiful and lovely, then the people of Salem are unsurpassed. To my eye it is not a pretty place: it is built on an ugly site, and there is wanting that regularity and evenness of the earth's surface so essential to the beauty of a town or village. Yet within its bounds, it can boast of some lovely spots. Superior to all in every respect, is the "School Girls' Garden." To those who have seen it, "what language could they speak," and to those who have not, "all my words are weak." If there is a spot on earth I truly love for its beauty, it is this: No painting, no landscape scenery ever called forth my admiration so powerfully before. I lingered long amid its beauty and loveliness, and when approaching twilight bade me leave, I could not refrain from wishing that it "were my dwelling place, with one fair spirit for my mistress." The Chapel clock struck ten as I retired to my quarters for the night. I soon found a place not of rest, but to lay on, and throwing myself on it I closed my eyes for "gentle sleep," but in vain: from below came the tumult of the crowd and the sounds of revelry and mirth, then came reflections and musings, not on nature and her loveliness, but on my own greenness!

Next morn the Chapel bell announced the commencement of the examination, and then was seen issuing forth, the gay and fair from all quarters to attend its summons. Thither I directed my steps, and soon stood beneath its roof. It is a neat building, and though large enough on ordinary occasions was now far too small for comfort. On its walls and around the gallery were numerous paintings and specimens of needle-work, executed by the pupils, and to the eye seemed quite an ornament, but the scene that was to me of more interest and strong attraction was the profusion of bright eyes and rosy cheeks that met the gaze at every turn and many a heart and eye enjoyed "a perfect feast of nectared sweets" while gazing on this commingled scene of youth and beauty and of love. The examination had commenced when I entered and was conducted by the principal of the Academy, Mr. Charles A. Bleck, a gentleman of acknowledged talent and ability for his calling. Of its merits I cannot speak, as my position was one out of distinct hearing, but what I saw and heard called forth all my admiring powers. The paintings some of which underwent close inspection were beautiful, and accurately and tastefully finished. The music was delightful, and richly worth all the trouble and inconvenience one had undergone to be present. The number of pupils were from 130 to 140, and as my eye wandered over them, all clad in white, with a neat lace head dress, I was conscious of beholding as much early virtue and innocence as I had ever witnessed. As an institution this is deservedly popular, and in no one institution of the like character is the moral part of education more strictly taught. The examination continued throughout Thursday, and was brought to a close on Friday afternoon to the entire satisfaction of all who felt an interest in the great objects of education.

A private letter to the editor of the Old Dominion says: "Rumor has it that the Hon. Chas. J. Ingersoll is to be, or has been, offered the mission to England." The receipts of revenue at New York last week were, for Customs \$339,076 93 Same week last year, 414,220 61 Decrease from last year, \$75,143 68

THE CAROLINA WATCHMAN.

BRUNER & JAMES, Editors & Proprietors.

"KEEP A CHECK UPON ALL YOUR IS SAFE."



RULERS: DO THIS, AND LIBERTY Gen'l Harrison.

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THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.

A commission consisting of the Duc de Broglie on the part of France, and of Dr. Lushington on the part of Great Britain, is now sitting in London to consider what substitute for the right of search shall be adopted in view of the suppression of the slave trade.

This inquiry has resulted from the refusal of France to confirm the treaty of 1841, by which a mutual right of search was granted by the five great Powers of Europe.

The United States refused to allow the right of search—refused while France was at first acquiescent. It might be asked why was not the Government of the United States invited to participate in the consideration of the substitute to be taken in lieu of the right of search? In connection with this question we may quote from an article in the last Foreign Quarterly, which says, in relation to the Quintuple Treaty of 1840 and '41, "One of the motives by which England was urged to desire this treaty was the conviction that it would place her in a better position for operating upon the reason of the United States, which had hitherto refused to act cordially in conjunction with us for the suppression of the slave-trade." "We had refused to recognize the right of search from the idea," says the Quarterly, "that it would be derogatory." It was believed however, continues that journal, "that if all the great powers of Europe were to come in and consent to act frankly together, and give proofs unequivocal that they consider it to be for their honor to yield to the measures of Great Britain in the cause of humanity, the United States also would follow in their wake, if not from any better motive, at least from the vanity of being included in the list of civilized and influential States."

This concluding remark is insolent enough even for a British journal. But passing that by we may inquire, is it the design of England to bring about another combination of the European powers on some new basis by which her naval supremacy shall be again recognized and placed in high authority upon the seas, while the force of the whole grand alliance shall be brought under her direction, to bear upon the United States in the way of intimidation? We refused to allow the right of search because we believed it to be another phrase for constituting England the High Constable of the Ocean with power to annoy and distress the commerce of any rival nation. And France, coming to view it in the same light, refused also to allow it, although she had gone through the preliminary forms of negotiating the Quintuple treaty. We are persuaded that France will be prompt to reject any new device which may be brought forth for the same purpose—and as for our own country, whether we are included "in the list of civilized and influential States" or not, it is very certain—neither through chicanery nor brow-beating, will the freedom of the seas be yielded by us to any power on earth.

But the article in the Foreign Quarterly to which we have referred is directed mainly against M. Guizot and the French Government, whose refusal to sign the right-of-search treaty in 1841, is denounced with bitter acrimony. M. Guizot is charged with having played false on that occasion. It is affirmed that, having at first shown great zeal in behalf of the treaty, having exerted himself to advance it, and to bring over the Russian minister, who seemed reluctant to come into the measure, the French diplomatist,—in revenge for his discomfiture in the treaty of 1840 respecting Turkey and Syria,—set himself to work to defeat the right of search treaty, to wreak his spite upon England thereby.

We make no question at all, from the coarse style of the invective in this article, and the evident prejudice, national and perhaps personal, which inspires it, that the whole tirade is full of misrepresentations and false colorings—and most likely of false facts. The Quarterly is sore at the recollection that England was defeated of her ambitious purpose—not only defeated, but made to give up her pretension of the right of search altogether—a humiliating thing, no doubt.

In giving what it calls an exposition of the course and the motives of M. Guizot, the Quarterly brings Gen. Cass into the account, and intimates that the French Minister made him a tool in the business. The point charged is that M. Guizot, out of revenge at being out-generalized by Lord Palmerston in the Turkish negotiations, determined to defeat the right of search treaty which England had at heart—he being at that very time known as one of the friends of the treaty and committed in its favor. We here quote from the Quarterly, though at the risk of making our own article too long.

"The United States had, at this period, in Paris, an ambassador congenial in feelings and principles to M. Guizot—we mean Gen. Cass. It would betray us into too intricate a labyrinth of details, to explain all the secret manœuvres of the diplomatic General, and diplomatist Huguenot, who, about this time, labored strenuously in common, to attain an object ardently desired by both. They who have been accustomed to give M. Guizot cred-

it for sincerely desiring the suppression of the slave trade, would be slow to conjecture what that object was; though the peculiar character of American diplomacy might, if carefully considered, serve as an unerring index to the truth. M. Guizot had hitherto figured in the political world as an ardent abolitionist, and, as such, would undoubtedly have been lynched by Gen. Cass, had he caught him any where 'convenient' in the backwoods.—But the necessities of office, like those of poverty, make men acquainted with 'strange bed-fellows.' Thus, in the winter of 1841-'42, we find the abolitionist, Guizot, and the anti-abolitionist, Cass, without a single thought of lynching each other, cordially co-operating together for the accomplishment of some common purpose. Their numerous conferences soon proved prolific. The worthy General conceived the idea of becoming an author; and having been long in labor with a manuscript, was at length delivered of it, and astonished the world by the prodigious birth. It was a pamphlet against the Right of Search. Every one who knew the reputed author felt surprised at the cleverness of his supposed production. It was profoundly profligate, but became popular in France, through the dash of clever vulgarity which pervaded it. But was Gen. Cass really the author? The reader shall judge. While the pamphlet was in preparation, the American ambassador was constantly observed circulating to and fro between his own hotel and the residence of the foreign minister, with the tip of a roll of manuscript frequently peeping forth from his pocket. Day after day they were closeted for hours together, and the subject of their amicable discussion was, in most cases, the treaty recently signed in London. M. Guizot laid open all the difficulties of his position to the American, and, with those powers of logic which he must be acknowledged to have at his command, soon convinced him of two things; first, that it would be highly politic for General Cass to vulgarize and father M. Guizot's pamphlet; and second, that it would be advantageous to both parties for him still to affect, some time longer, hostility to the slave trade. Having thus come to an understanding, the two great diplomatists proceeded forthwith to play their respective parts—the American to get up a powerful and widespread agitation against the Right of Search, and the Frenchman gradually and gracefully to yield to the force of public opinion."

Throughout the long tissue of invective in which this journal indulges, now against M. Guizot, the French Government and people, and then against the United States, one thing is prominently apparent—and that is a feeling of wounded pride, a sense of humiliation, an irritated, touchy betrayal of mortification at the thought that England has been baffled in her right of search pretension, and absolutely compelled to abandon it. This uneasy consciousness, this worrying recollection, is ever uppermost. It breaks out in splenetic railings against the Peel administration, after venting itself in showers of abuse on this Republic and on France. It charges Lord Aberdeen with having "yielded to the menaces of a principle, by a conscientious devotion to which Great Britain has acquired her greatest glory." Nor is Lord Ashburton spared; denunciation reaches its acme on his head.

Those articles in the treaty of Washington which give up the right of search "in deference to the United States," are declared to constitute "the monument of his guilt." It is evident, adds the Quarterly, that "every word was conceived and brought forth in shame, and that the deepest possible sense of humiliation accompanied the signing of the convention." Lord Ashburton must have been conscious "that he was signing the death warrant of his own fame." In such a spirit and tone is the leading article of the last Foreign Quarterly.

Illegal Voting.—At the late term of the Superior Court in Sumter county, says the Southern Recorder, two men, Doler and Fitzpatrick, were convicted of illegal voting at the last fall election, and sentenced to the Penitentiary for one year each. This is believed to be the first example of this sort in Georgia, although so long and so frequently demanded by the public interests. The law against illegal voting has been so shamefully neglected, that it has almost been considered a dead letter on our statute book. That invaluable and fundamental political right of freemen, secured by the elective franchise, without reference to the property, though dearly won, has been too lightly prized, and we devoutly hope that this proof that the law is not a mere formality, may be salutary in preventing the future breach of it. [Augusta (Ga.) Sentinel.]

Paying the Piper.—Col. James H. Piper, of the Virginia Senate, has been rewarded by Mr. Polk with a lucrative office for his Locooco services in the late campaign.

Great Despatch.—Wolves.—A Wisconsin editor acknowledges the receipt of Congressional documents 'in advance of the mail,' in consequence of a flock of wolves chasing the post rider across the prairies.

RAZOR STROP MAN'S SPEECH, Before the Washingtonians.

Henry Smith, the famous "Razor Strop Man," spoke before the Washingtonians on Monday evening. Inasmuch as a deep interest has been excited with respect to the history of this reformed inebriate (for such he does not shrink from declaring, like some half-way men,) we concluded to report the main facts of his "experience." Here they are:

I will tell you, said he, how I came to be a teetotaler. One of my shopmates came to me one day—when at work, and asked me to go to a temperance meeting with him. I said I would if he would lend me a shilling to get some beer; he said he would if I would not spend it till the meeting was over. I told him I wouldn't; he lent me one. When I got home, I told my wife I was going to the temperance meeting; but I did not like to go in the old jacket; would she go and get the loan of her brother's coat? she went and got it; I put it on; asked how it fitted? She said very well; so it did, round the waist, but the sleeves were some three or four inches too short. I found out a way to make that all right, by stuffing my hands in my pants' pockets. As I was going to the meeting, I did not think of being a temperance man. I did not say, "wife, all the wretchedness and misery that I have suffered has been endured through strong drink." I did not say, "wife, if it wasn't for strong drink, I might always been respectable." I did not say, "If I do not leave off drinking, strong drink, I must come to the work-house or prison, or to the gallows, for I got worse and worse." I did not say, "wife, it is all through strong drink that I have to shove my hand into my pants to hide the shortness of my coat sleeves?" No, I did not say any of these things; but I had hold of the shilling, and I thought what I would do with it when the meeting was over; I thought I would go to the tavern, and spend it when the meeting was out; got to the church where the meeting was held; some one opened the pew door; I should not if they had not; I kept my hands in my pockets. The meeting commenced; Mr. Whitaker from Manchester a reclaimed drunkard, spoke; he told of the many troubles he had seen through strong drink, and said how happy and comfortable he might always have been, had it not been for strong drink; and he said, "if there is any one in this meeting that has suffered from strong drink, I would say to him try temperance," for, said he, "no man knows any thing about temperance except he try it." Then, for the first time, I began to think it was all through strong drink that I had to borrow the coat; I began to think it was all through strong drink that I had to set there with my hands in my pants' pockets. (Cheers.)

When the meeting was over, I told my wife, I would try it for one month; I did, and at the end of the month I found myself much more comfortable. When I was a drunkard, wife cried, father cried, mother cried, Ann cried, Mary cried, Ted cried; but I had not been a temperance man only a month before wife sung, father sung, mother sung, John sung, Ann sung, Mary sung, Ted sung, and grand-father sung, and I sung, and I bought a frying pan, and I put it on the fire, and put a good steak in it, and that sung, and that is the singing for a working man, when he is hungry. Finding myself much better, I went and signed the pledge for life, with the help of God I shall hold on. (Tremendous cheering.)

If there should be any lady or gentleman in this meeting this evening, that never saw a drunkard's home and furniture, I will tell them what sort of a place it is. [Here Mr. Smith recited, with immutable effect, the satirical poem, entitled "The Drunkard's Home," which we have for convenience, caused to be inserted in our Humorists' Book.]

When I first got acquainted with strong drink, it promised to do great things for me. It promised me liberty—and I got liberty. I had the liberty to see my toes poke out of my boots—the water had the liberty to go in at the toes, and out at the heels—my knees had the liberty to come out of my pants—my elbows had the liberty to come out of my coat—I had the liberty to lift the crown of my hat, and scratch my head without pulling my hat off. Not only liberty I got, but I got music, when I walked along on a windy day, the crown of

My hat would go slippery fast, And the wind whistle, "How do you do?" (A Laugh.)

A man that kept a beer-shop in England, had the sign of the bee-hive hung up over his door, and some poetry under it. It was a very bad house, and a very bad man that kept it. [This is the verse he had under the bee-hive:

"Within this hive, we're all alive; Good liquor makes us funny; If you're dry, come in, and try The virtue of our honey."

I think that poetry was not right. It ought to have been something like this:

Within this hive, we're dead and alive, Bad liquor makes us funny; If you're dry, step in, and we'll try To diddle you out of your money."

(Loud laughter and cheers.)

The speaker illustrated a portion of his remarks with a retort or miniature stir, with which he extracted the pure alcohol from wine and burnt it with admirable effect, in the presence of the audience. He also took occasion to commend, in warm terms, the new order of teetotalers, known as the "Sons of Temperance." He was repeatedly interrupted with loud and happy applause, which made the hall ring again. It was a glorious time not only for the Washingtonians, but for the friends of Temperance generally, who were present in immense numbers.—Baltimore Saturday Visitor.

From the Newbernian.

THE IRONS OF COLUMBUS.

We have experienced mingled feelings of surprise and grief, at the arrival in our own town, of a part of the iron bolt to which the noble discoverer of America, CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, was chained in the City of St. Domingo, and upon learning how this rare and interesting relic came among us. The death of our lamented young townsman, ROBERT S. MOORE, late Purser in the Navy of the United States and attached to the ship Vandalia, has been too recent to have been forgotten by any of us. During the last cruise of that ship, he visited the City of St. Domingo, and with a laudable and becoming curiosity, he spied out all "the lions" of that ancient place, and recorded in his Journal which he kept with great fidelity and minute accuracy, his visit to the dungeon in which Columbus was confined, and where by dint of great perseverance and assiduity, he obtained the interesting relic to which we have alluded. Upon his death, the iron bolt, with his journal and other valuable articles were forwarded by the proper authorities to his relatives here, who have kindly permitted us to make the following extracts from his journal, which we have no doubt will be perused with great pleasure not only by his many friends and acquaintances here, but others abroad. After giving an interesting account of the city of St. Domingo, its harbour, &c., and a pleasant interview with an American merchant whom he found residing there, the journal states:

"Mr. A. went with me to visit the tower in which Columbus was confined. On our way we met a party of officers from the ship, returning from the same place; the first Lieut. H. was among them. As he was going on board, I requested him to send the ship's armorer to me, with a sledge-hammer, and a few cold chisels. The entrance to the tower is through a large arched gateway in the barracks, which are very extensive, and would, I think, accommodate from twenty to twenty-five thousand troops. Passing through the gate and crossing a court-yard, we came to the tower, and ascended at once to the prison of the immortal Colon. It is a square room measuring 15 feet each way, with an arched roof; the ceiling being about twenty-five feet high; it has a square hole at top through which food, &c., was lowered to the illustrious captive, as at that time there was neither door nor window in the room. There is at present a door, and one grated window, and even now it appears to be a sufficiently secure confinement—the walls being five feet thick, and the strongly barred window about sixty feet from the ground, and the door double, and each very stout; the two eye-bolts through which the chains with which he was confined passed, were still in the wall, but had been cut off as close as "curious or scientific" persons could manage. It was left for me to commit the barbarity of digging them out. The bolts were in opposite sides of the room, driven into the end of blocks of wood, which were built into solid masonry, and would square about 8 inches. After examining the other parts of the tower, we walked over the town, and several convents and monasteries were pointed out to me. I had not time then to explore them, as I wished to return and take a sketch of the tower and procure the bolts. We accordingly came back to Mr. A's, and leaving him at home, I returned, took my sketch, and when I saw the boat coming, went to the wharf and brought up the armorer. Mr. H. had sent the cold chisels;—as I had not seen the chamber, before asking for them, I could not know that the bolts were driven in wood, but supposed them to be confined in the masonry with lead. I passed through the gate before the guard, with my man and sledge hammer, in fear and trembling—fear that I would be stopped, and trembling in anticipation of my disappointment, but we passed unmolested, and went into the room and commenced operations—the hammering again frightened me, for I thought it likely that I would be stopped. The prize however I considered worthy of the risk, and had the authorities interfered, I intended, in the most innocent manner, to make the most polite and satisfactory apology in the world, and "vanish." Fear-

ing interruption, in order to secure something valuable, I picked up the chips and mortar, detached as we progressed, and carefully put them in paper; but finally when without interruption the first bolt was broken off about two inches below the surface, I verily believe, that Columbus himself was not more delighted when he first saw the land of our western hemisphere, than I was when I clutched that bolt. I didn't stop to examine it tho', but led the armorer to the other, desiring him to get that also, which was accordingly done, and without interruption. This was not so large as the other. I gave it to Mr. H. as his perquisite for sending the armorer."

"After my feat, I was all impatience to get on board again, to stow away the bolt, and to dress for a ball to which we were invited in the evening."

"I came on board at eleven to-day, with my trophies, and went on shore again to procure a certificate from some one in authority regarding the iron bolt, as I intend to present it to the National Institute, and wanted the fact of its being the bona fide bolt through which Columbus' chains were passed, to be beyond a question. I obtained this certificate in Spanish from the Government Interpreter. We had to come away and very unwillingly, I can assure you, I was to leave, but a gun had been fired, and the cornet was flying. Although I have been walking and examining incessantly since our arrival here, comparatively nothing has been seen; besides, I had planned some pretty rides with Mrs. A. on to a beautiful grotto, about three miles from the town. However, I have the consolation of knowing that during our short stay, I was indefatigable, and did more in the research line, than any of my messmates."

WESTERN HEROINES.

CINCINNATI, MAY 12TH 1845.

MR. CIST.—As opportunity now offers, I will proceed to redeem my promise, by giving you another of "Old Tim Watkins'" tales. On the Illinois river, near two hundred miles from its junction with the Mississippi, there lived at the time I write of, an old pioneer, known in those days as "Old Parker the squatter." His family consisted of a wife and three children, the oldest a boy of nineteen, a girl of seventeen, and the youngest a boy of fourteen. At the time of which we write, Parker and his oldest boy had gone in company with three Indians on a hunt, expecting to be absent some five or six days. The third day after the departure, one of the Indians returned to Parker's house, came in and sat himself down by the fire, lit his pipe and commenced smoking in silence. Mrs. Parker thought nothing of this, as it was no uncommon thing for one, or sometimes more of a party of Indians to return abruptly from a hunt, at some sign they might consider ominous of bad luck, and in such instances were not very communicative. But at last the Indian broke silence with "ugh, old Parker die." This exclamation drew Mrs. Parker's attention, who directly enquired of the Indian, what's the matter with Parker? The Indian responded, Parker sick, tree fell on him, you go, he die. Mrs. Parker then asked the Indian if Parker sent for her, and where he was. The replies of the Indian somewhat aroused her suspicions. She however came to the conclusion to send her son with the Indian to see what was the matter.—The boy and Indian started. That night passed, and the next day too, and neither the boy or Indian returned. This confirmed Mrs. Parker in her opinion, that there was foul play on the part of the Indians. So she and her daughter went to work and barricaded the door and windows in the best way they could. The youngest boy's rifle was the only one left, he not having taken it with him when he left to see after his father. The old lady took the rifle, the daughter the axe, and thus armed, they determined to watch through the night, and defend themselves, if necessary. They had not long to wait after night fall, for shortly after that, some one commenced knocking at the door, crying out, mother! mother! but Mrs. Parker thought the voice was not exactly that of her son—in order to ascertain the fact, she said, "Jake, where are the Indians?" The reply, which was "um gone," satisfied her on that point. She then said as if speaking to her son, put your ear to the latch-hole, I want to tell you something before I open the door. The head was placed at the latch-hole, and the old lady fired her rifle through the same spot, and killed an Indian. She stepped back from the door instantly, and it was well she did so, for quicker than I have penned the last two words, two rifle bullets came crashing through the door. The old lady then said to her daughter, thank God, there is but two, I must have killed the one at the door—they must be the three who went on the hunt with your father. If we can only kill or cripple another one of them, we will be safe; now we must both be still after they fire again, and they will then break the door down, and I may be able to shoot another one; but if I miss them when getting in, you must use the axe. The daughter equally courageous with her mother, assured her that she would. Soon after this conversation, two more rifle bullets came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for about five minutes, when two more balls, in quick succession, were fired through the door, then followed a tremendous punching with a log, the door gave way, and with a fendish yell an Indian was about to spring in, when the unerring rifle, fired by the gallant old lady, stretched his lifeless body across the threshold of the door. The remaining, or more properly surviving Indian, fired at random and ran, doing no injury. "Now," said the old heroine to her undaunted daughter, "we must leave." Accordingly, with the rifle and the axe, they went to the river, took the canoe, and without a mouthful of provision, except one wild duck and two black birds, which the mother shot, and which were eaten raw, did these two courageous hearts in six days arrive among the old French settlers at St. Louis.—A party of about a dozen men crossed over into Illinois, and after an unsuccessful search, returned without finding either Parker or his boys.—They were never found. There are yet some of the old settlers in the neighborhood of Peoria, who still point out the spot where "old Parker the squatter" lived. Respectfully,

G. REDDING.

Cist's Advertiser.]