

From Hogg's Instructor.
SUNBEAM.

A TALE OF WHITES AND INDIANS.

Major Romily, the commandant of Fort Littered, looked perplexed and disappointed as he swept the expanse of the Prairie du Chien with his prospect, or steadily gazed upon the Mississippi, where its bend first allowed of a view of the vagaries of the Wisconsin. It was only in the Major's eye, however, and in an almost imperceptible motion of the muscles of his grave face, that you could discover any emotion; for he was commandant of a lonely frontier fort, and he knew that the preservation of the confidence and discipline of the troops depended much upon his own apparent confidence, and so he subdued the expression of his feelings. He was perplexed, however; and those well acquainted with his habits and character could also discover he was uneasy. Major Romily's fear was not of a personal character, nor did they refer in any way to the situation of his command, for hunters clad in their half-civilised, half-Indian costume, and soldiers in their light easy undress, lounged within and around the stockade of the fort, in the perfect indifference and listlessness of safety, which, had there been danger, would have been exchanged for the marked and regulated movements of courageous caution. Beside the Major were clustered the few officers of the fort, and a peculiarly graceful and handsome Indian, who, as the old man turned over and on to him, answered him with a few expressive words and graceful unstudied gestures, and then gazed with his burning black eyes upon the river and the prairie.

"You brought this missive from Fort Winnebago," and are certain that the delegation promised to be in Fort Littered at yesterday's midnoon? said the commandant anxiously to the native.

Weekau saw the canoes ready to dance on the waters, and the chiefs shaking hands two days ago, said the chiefs.

Then can't you tell me why they tarry. The Chippewa and Nacotah young men are out looking for scalps, said the native, coldly; perhaps they have been so blind that they did not see the difference between a Longknife's and a Pawnee's.

The old chief of the Nacotahs, and the Whiteheart of the Ojibwas, who smokes his pipe by the waters of the Great Lake, shall cut their hair and send their squaws to weep if such is the case, said the major, warmly, betraying into a momentary forgetfulness by his feelings.

But Weekau knows that his brothers love Dr. Wilman. They will not take his scalp, he continued, checking himself, and smiling at his own vehemence.

The Green Maple is good, said Weekau, gravely, he drives away the sick spirit from the redskin, and the redskin loves him; but he sits in the canoe with Whiteblanket, and Whiteblanket is a liar.

There was an extraordinary vehemence observable in the tones or gestures of the native as he delivered the last words, but the vivid and marked expression and contempt that overspread his beautiful and manly face struck Major Romily and his officers with awe.

Then you consider the Doctor to be in danger from his companionship with this Whiteblanket? said the Major gravely.

There is a village on the banks of the Wisconsin, said Weekau, in a low impressive tone, where flowers and rocks and tall green trees wave over the wigwags of a tribe. Whiteblanket will visit it as he did seventeen suns since, and Redbird is neither blind nor weak yet. As he spoke, the native seated himself, and drew his buffalo robe over his head as a sign that he did not wish to be interrogated any farther. There was some recollections of the past over which he wished to brood, and the white officers were not slow to observe that his reminiscences had some reference to Whiteblanket.

Major Romily did not feel easily under the circumstances which his conversation with Weekau had elicited. The fact of Chippewa and Nacotahs being on the war path was sufficiently embarrassing without the equivocal companionship of a man who was evidently an object of dislike to the Winnebagoes and Sioux, and he consequently determined to make an effort to rescue the government commissioner on Indian affairs, Dr. Wilman from his perilous situation.

I do not like this delay in a man who is proverbially punctual, nor these hints from an Indian who is also proverbially cautious and taciturn; said Major Romily, turning to a manly-looking youth who with folded arms and grave face, had listened to the preceding conversation.

Nor I, major, said the young man, quietly. Dr. Wilman knows the temper and character of the natives too well to provoke their passions knowingly; but this Whiteblanket seems to have purchased backwood outwits long ago. I feel for the good old man thro this voyage, not from any personal cause.

We must try and protect his person, then, Mr. Parkes, said the major emphatically; and as I know none so competent as you are, to undertake the mission, I contemplate I shall

feel obliged by your acceptance of the hazardous duty.

Charles Parkes bowed at the conclusion of the major's complimentary request, and undertook the commission of saving likely to coincide to Dr. Wilman's safety. In a short time, accompanied by Weekau and an old weather-beaten wiry Canadian named Bonbouche, the young adventurer skinned over the waters of the Mississippi, and reaching the confluence of the Wisconsin, began to pull along the margin of its dark brown waters.

The scenery on the Wisconsin is exceedingly irregular—sometimes stretching up into high green bluffs, sometimes towering into broken rocky tree-clad promontories, and sometimes sloping away in undulating low sandy banks. Bonbouche and Weekau were both adepts at the use of the paddles, and Charles Parkes was second to none in Indian accomplishments. As they danced along the waters with a soft and measured motion, the young man took every opportunity of making himself familiar with the Indian, and the free and open advances of one so warm and earnest in his nature soon produced a corresponding sympathy in Weekau. Weekau was a perfect Apollo in form and feature; the symmetry and beauty of his person was so striking that nature seemed to have formed him for an Indian chief. All his movements were regulated by a perfection of easy dignity that long study in kingly palace and lordly hall could never have obtained, and his beautiful and handsome garments were arranged with an elegant negligence that would have defied Parisian competition. He was nearly forty years of age, and yet he would have passed for quite a youth had it not been for the matured dignity that enfolded his thoughtful, handsome face. It was said amongst the Nacotahs who brought peltries to Fort Littered, that he was head chief of the Houchongerah or Winnebagoes, who dwell by the waters of the Fox River; that he had rescued a white man seventeen suns ago from their young men, who had caught him trapping on their hunting-grounds, and that the white man had stung him like an ingrate viper, and that a cloud had passed over his brow since that time. It is true that Weekau was an anomaly as an Indian chief—he had no squaw, no wigwam, no ties that bound him to his tribe beyond those which had existed independent of himself. He was constantly roaming from fort to fort, manifesting a marked preference for the haunts of white men, yet exhibiting a taciturn, calm demeanour, and at the same time, readiness of errand in his observation of strangers, that it was hard to reconcile in one character. In his youth he had often visited the village of Redbird, and it was whispered that Wah-to-wah, Redbird's daughter, was the star that attracted him to the chief's wigwam. But years had passed since then, Wah-to-wah was dead, and it was observed that Weekau would rather ride for a long summer's day over the arid prairie than pass her father's village on the river, until now, when his repugnance at once seemed to have vanished.

The bark canoe skinned over the water like an aquatic bird, and the regular strokes of Bonbouche and Weekau fell simultaneously on the dark river, and flocks of fowls rose screaming in the silent solitude as it swept along. Charles Parkes was young and hopeful, and his heart was open to every beautiful impression in nature—the trees and balmy air, the rippling waters, and the silence, only broken by the scream of the startled birds, subdued his spirit to that species of repose which tropical luxury and associations cause to fall on a sensitive temperament; he floated over face of the Wisconsin, unconscious of his mission, forgetful of caution or its ministrant danger, and alive to nothing save a sense of undefinable felicity, when the shrill boding scream of Indian women startled him from his reverie. In a moment the young man had aroused himself to a consciousness of his position and the recollection of the responsibility involved in his conduct, and commanding Bonbouche to resume his four-suspended paddles, he urged him to pull for his life.

Pull pour la mort, dat is for the scalp-knife and tomahawk, muttered the Canadian between his teeth. Dem canoes da diablo, dat is them Redskins, hold carnival at de stake just now, and perhaps old Bonbouche be broiled. You would not make a very delightful bonbouche in that case, said Charles with a smile, for he knew that the querulous old man was as brave as General Jackson, and had every confidence in his fidelity; so, if you fear the torch and an angry squaw, we'll push to the shore and you may take to the woods, while Weekau and I push on for the village of Redbird.

A vigorous stroke and a grunt was all the Canadian vouchsafed for answer, and in a few seconds after, the village, with its wigwags, shaded with pine and red beech, was before them. Weekau laid his paddle in the bottom of the canoe and drew his buffalo robe over his head, while Charles, seizing some drooping festoons of sassafras, staided the bark and leaped on shore.

Remain in the canoe Bonbouche, said the young man, as he possessed himself of a few muskets, and hurried towards the village. The Indians are hostile and detain me, pull for Fort Winnebago, and rescue old Houchongerah. Redbird shall rue if he is false. The young man laid his hand on Weekau's arm, as Charles walked boldly up the slope from the river.

Charles Parkes was one whose warm imagination, generous sympathies, and dauntless courage, conjoined with a vigorous and well-knit form, was peculiarly fitted for the life of adventure on which he had embarked; and his talents, which were of a high order, and his acquisitions, which though comparatively meagre, were extensive, would have done honor to any practitioner in the settlements. The young surgeon's dress was almost as picturesque as an Indian's; for his outer garment was a shirt of white linen ornamented with gay embroidered work, his neither hat nor boots were of a clear beautiful line, his brown moccasins were spangled with particular beads and wampum, and around his gay cap of crimson was circled a golden band. He knew that the natives still more account upon the toilet than civilized men would suppose, and he had never intermitted any opportunity of ingratiating himself with them. He was known for many miles round Fort Littered, for he had been the means of curing some of the aborigines, by prescribing to them in defiance of the anger of the drum-beating medicine men; and wherever he appeared he was respectfully treated, save by his impostor rivals.

Charles Parkes walked up the slope with a bold confident step, and an elastic springy motion, that foretold a mind at ease of careless upon his own account. Before and around him were the wigwags of the village, and old women and children peered with their keen eyes at him from all quarters, but they turned away with a swift recognition as he passed on. Beyond the village, on the prairie, Charles saw the dusky circle of warriors and squaws, which he knew formed the high council of the nation; and he turned to his right hand, and walked towards a solitary wigwam, which stood beneath a beautiful green spreading chestnut, he drew from his breast a flagolet, and began to play a soft and gentle air. The young man looked impatiently towards the door of the dwelling when he had finished the air. It was evident that he was well acquainted with the locality where he now was, and that some of its inhabitants were not unknown to him; but that his mind was not satisfied with the result of his musical effort was also apparent. Sunbeam was not wont to linger thus, he muttered, I will try again. Again the low melodious cadence of the clear toned instrument rose and fell as if it waited in sorrow, and scarcely had the performer executed the first bar, when a girl of surpassing beauty walked with a light but timid motion towards the young man, and seated herself with her face turned away from him, on a flowery bank at his side.

If Weekau was a faultless specimen of manly Indian beauty, the girl who now sat motionless and silent beside the handsome young surgeon was as rare an example of feminine grace and loveliness. Her robes which were as much inclined to the fashion of those worn by Major Romily's lady as Charles's were to Weekau's, were of beautiful texture. Bracelets encircled her finely rounded arms, long pendants of gold hung from her small ears, and her luxuriant hair was braided with a silken band. It was beautiful and smoothly braided hair that fell around the neck and shoulders of the maiden and that hair and neck were very fair. There was a tinge of warm rich red pervading the beautifully chiselled face of the girl, and glowing in her arms and neck, but her locks floated like liquid gold, and her eyes were blue.

Charles Parkes gazed for a few moments in admiration upon her soft retiring form, then a serious expression passed over his face, and he seated himself at her side. Sunbeam was wont to smile when Bluebird played, he said gently; to day she turns from Bluebird, and he is sad.

When Bluebird was sad, said the girl in soft musical tones, but without akeing her position. 'Tis a winter, there is a cloud over Sunbeam, and her heart is cold.

Has Bluebird brought winter, or does the cloud pass from the dark eyes of Shonka? asked the youth eagerly.

Sunbeam loves to hear the voice of the Bluebird, replied the maiden, with an almost imperceptible smile; and Shonka is a dog; but the council has met, and a white man sits bound in the circle.

Charles sprung to his feet, recalled to his duty by these words, and eagerly laying his hand upon Sunbeam's shoulder, while her large liquid eyes now met his ardent gaze, he said, tell me my own desert queen, is it the Green Maple?

The girl raised her eyes to the sun, which was now considerably below the zenith, and pointing so—a lip-lip-near the point, where it would set, answered, When the last streak of day lingered on the peak of you bluff,

Green Maple and his people pulled up the river, he would not sleep in Redbird's lodge, for he was angry because Redbird had seized upon one of his friends; he would not pull towards Fort Littered, because he wanted many warriors to punish Redbird; and Sunbeam's gladness went away with him.

But your grandfather will not stay this night, said Charles. Redbird has not a wolf's heart?

But he has a red-man's memory and a conqueror's courage, said the maiden, and a sigh stole from her as she spoke.

Will Sunbeam listen to the voice of Bluebird when the stars are out, asked the youth as he seized her hand.

She bent her head as if she was considering and beat for a few seconds with her little foot on the ground, then rising and smiling, without uttering a word, she stepped towards the wigwam and left her white lover alone.

Charles Parkes loved this fair young girl as fondly, purely, and exclusively as if she had been bred in the most accomplished circles. From the day that he had visited her grandfather, and had administered to him for a virulent disease, he had found the chain tightening that bound him to the lovely young Indian, and as he now hurried towards the council he felt that he must soon provide for her a home.

Charles strode with a bold and easy carriage into the centre of the circle of dusky warriors, and, walking towards the prisoner, he first bowed respectfully to the chiefs and aged braves, and then confronted the unfortunate man.

The prisoner was a tall athletic white man, whose muscular strength, daring blue eye, and compressed lips, gave index of a prompt and hardy hunter, his shirt and leggings of brown leather fitted closely to his powerful frame, and his moccasins of untanned buffalo hide, were bound by thongs above his ankles, his brown hair was streaked with grey, and curled round his massive head; and although his lands were tied behind his back, he maintained a daring and audacious look. He took no notice of the young surgeon further than a half astonished stare, and confronted the old chief, Redbird, with a dauntless eye. I tell ye, chiefs and warriors of the Winnebagoes, he said, with a curl on his lip that Redbird is losing his cunning, I am not Whiteblanket. The redskins on the lakes call me Bigbrave, because I am industrious, and I am called John among my people.

Redbird is not a mole, said the old chief calmly; I see Whiteblanket before me.

This springall, said the prisoner, nodding his head towards Charles, 'will tell you that one man's word is as good as another's, and that if Redbird will not consent to let me go he is worse than a thiefing Ojibwa.'

Redbird never tells lies, said Charles, sternly, for he was offended at the tone and manner of the prisoner; and if you have broken Indian laws you are amenable to Indian justice. A grunt of approbation from the red men, who understood him, followed the young man's words, and he perceived that unless he could influence Redbird to let him be conveyed to Fort Littered, the prisoner's doom was sealed.

Redbird had once a child, said the old chief, in a sad low tone, in answer to the young man's appeals, said she was beautiful and her voice was so soft that her name was Wah-to-wah. Redbird had a friend, a young and beautiful chief, whose lodge is on Fox river, and he came again and again to my lodge for the voice of Wah-to-wah was sweet to him than the west wind that blows over the prairie in summer. One day my young men caught a white man trapping upon our hunting grounds, and when they would have taken his scalp he slew two of them, but the others brought him to our village a prisoner. The kindred of Hawkeye and Antelope would have slain him at the stake, but Weekau cut his bonds and I pointed to a canoe on the river. The white man went away, but my lodge was no more glad, for he had stolen Wah-to-wah. Twelve months after she came to me again, weak and weary, for she had travelled across the prairie without parched corn, dried flesh, or water, and she laid the little Sunbeam at my feet and died. Whiteblanket killed Wah-to-wah, for he did not bring her back to Redbird, but sent her, without a guide and trail, to be buried among her people; therefore Whiteblanket must die.

The young man had listened with various emotions to the words of the aged Indian; and now, when the prisoner before him was identified as the ingrate white, he forgot that he was anything but the father of Sunbeam. Urging upon the chiefs the necessity of further investigation, he could produce no commutation save the delay necessary to prepare for Whiteblanket's immolation, and accordingly the prisoner was removed bound to a solitary lodge.

It was night, and the canoe with Bonbouche and Weekau, staid like listening statues, by close to the shores of the Wisconsin. At the same time Charles Parkes and Sunbeam were conversing beneath the spreading chestnut tree. He had apprised the gen-

tle girl of her relationship to the prisoner, and urged the necessity of some means of rescue, and they were anxiously debating upon the probability of saving him. Before the lodge where he was confined, Shonka, a reputed lover of Sunbeam, stood a watchful sentinel, the girl walked towards the young Indian with graceful steps, and speaking to him in her blandest accents soon distracted his thoughts from the object of his guard. It was but the work of a few minutes for Charles Parkes to cut a large opening in the bark wall of the lodge, towards which he had stealthily crawled, and to burst the prisoners' loads. The white man, who seemed well acquainted with Indian life and habits, silently followed his young deliverer. They reached the canoe; and yet the young surgeon imitating the scream of a startled whippoorwill as a signal to announce his safety to Sunbeam, seated himself in the canoe followed by Whiteblanket. They pulled with slow and measured strokes down the dark stream, for the way was not so plain as at mid day, and the sun was just rising when they left the Wisconsin, and turned up the stream of the Mississippi.

Weekau and Whiteblanket had never spoken a syllable during the night, but when the morning dawned they confronted each other; and the involuntary start of the white man and the deep guttural, 'hugh' of the redskin showed that this was not their first meeting. Scarcely had the recognition taken place, when, by a sudden and powerful action, Weekau threw the canoe over, and clinging to the stranger, while Bonbouche and Charles swam to the shore, detained him in the stream. Whiteblanket was courageous and powerful, and he struck at the Indian with fearful force and energy in the water, but he was unarmed and his foe was implacable. In a short time after the catastrophe Weekau leaped with a yell from the bloodstained water, and shook aloft a blood-scap. He planted his bow on the grave of Wah-to-wah and hung the white man's scalp upon it to dry. And when the vengeance of the States government pursued Redbird for the detention of their agent Weekau and his hand journeyed with him beyond the Mississippi.

There was one however, who did not go with the old man, for her heart was with the Bluebird. The young man bore her with him when he removed from the fort to a rising settlement and often, in after times would she weep when her husband would discourse of her father's deathless devotion to Weekau and when her eye would flash at the white man's disregard for the sacredness of the Indian's home.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—Dr. Beattie, in a letter written to Sir Wm. Forbes, expresses the following opinion of the character of the Christian religion.

"The Christian religion, according to my creed, is a very simple thing; intelligible to the meanest capacity, and what, if we are at the pains to join practice to knowledge, we make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with, without turning over many books. It is the distinguishing excellency of this religion, that it is entirely popular and fitted both in its doctrines and evidence, to all conditions and capacities of reasonable creatures—a character which does not belong to any other religious or philosophical system that ever appeared in the world. I wonder to see so many men eminent both for their piety and for their capacity, laboring to make a mystery of this divine institution. If God vouchsafes to reveal himself to mankind, can we suppose that he chooses to do it in such a manner as that none but the learned and the contemplative can understand him? The generality of mankind can never, in any possible circumstances, have leisure or capacity for learning or contemplation. If, therefore, we make Christianity a mystery, we exclude the greater part of mankind from a knowledge of it; which is directly contrary to the intention of the Author, as is plain from his explicit declarations. In a word, I am perfectly convinced, that an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, particularly the gospel, is all that is necessary to our accomplishment in true Christian knowledge. I have looked into some systems of Theology; but I never read one of them to an end, because I found I could never reap any instruction from them. To darken what is clear, wrapping it up in the veil of system and science, was all the purpose that the best of them seemed to answer."

How Much is a "Horse-Power"?—We have heard this question asked a great many times. The Scientific American says, what is generally considered as constituting a "horse power" is a power sufficient to raise one hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet in one minute.

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make, was made by a man who was tumbled bodily out of a second story window, and—when picking himself up, said he—"father guess he wasnt wanted there." He must have been a Yankee. Nothing else but—his arms were lame!

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"You brought this missive from Fort Winnebago, and are certain that the delegation promised to be in Fort Lillo at yesterday's midnight?" said the commandant anxiously to the native.

Weekau saw the canoes ready to dance on the waters and the chiefs shaking hands two days ago, said the redskin.

Then can't you tell me why they tarry? The Chippewa and Neotoma young men are out looking for scalps, said the native, coldly; perhaps they have been so blind that they did not see the difference between a Longknife and a Paint.

The old chief of the Neotomas, and the Whitebear of the Ojibwas, who smokes his pipe by the waters of the Great Lake, shall cut their hair and send their squaws to weep, if such is the case, said the major, warmly, betrayed into a momentary forgetfulness by his feelings.

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A vigorous stroke and a grunt was all the Canadian vouchsafed for answer, and in a few seconds after, the village, with its wigwams, shaded with pine and red beech, was before them. Weekau laid his paddle in the bottom of the canoe and drew his bow and arrow over his head, while Charles, seizing some drooping festoons of sassafras, stretched the bark and leaped on shore.

Remain in the canoe Bonbouche, said the young man, as he possessed himself of a few trinkets, and turned towards the village. The Indians are hostile and detain me, but for Fort Winnebago, and rouse old Hickory—the Redbird shall rue if he is false. The voyager nodded his head, and Weekau smiled, as Charles walked boldly up the slope from the river.

Charles Parker was one whose warm imagination, generous sympathies, and dauntless courage, combined with a vigorous and well-knit form, was peculiarly fitted for the life of adventure on which he had embarked; and his talents, which were of a high order, and his acquisitions, which though comparatively unlearned, were extensive, would have done honor to any practitioner in the settlements. The young surgeon's dress was as much as picturesque as an Indian's; for his outer garment was a skin of white marten ornamented with gay embroidered work, his neither habiliments were of a clear beautiful blue, his brown moccasins were spangled with particular beads and was upon, and around his gray cap of crimson was circled a golden band. He knew that the natives set more account upon the toilet than civilized men would suppose, and he had never neglected any opportunity of ingratiating himself with them. He was known for many miles round Fort Lillo, for he had been the means of curing some of the aborigines, by prescribing to them in defiance of the anger of the drum beating "medicine men"; and wherever he appeared he was respectfully treated, save by his impostor rivals.

Charles Parker walked up the slope with a bold confident step, and an elastic springy motion, that forebode a mind at ease or careless upon his own account. Before and around him were the wigwams of the village, and old women and children peered with their keen eyes at him from all quarters, but they turned away with a sort of recognition as he passed on. Beyond the village, on the prairie, Charles saw the dusky circle of warriors and squaws, which he knew formed the high council of the nation; and he turned to his right hand, and walked towards a solitary wigwam, which stood back a beautiful green spreading chestnut, he drew from his breast a flagellum, and began to play a soft and gentle air. The young man looked impatiently towards the door of the dwelling when he had finished the air. It was evident that he was well acquainted with the locality where he now was, and that some of its inhabitants were not unknown to him; but that his mind was not satisfied with the result of his musical effort was also apparent. Sunbeam was not wont to linger thus, he muttered; I will try again. Again the low mellifluous cadence of the clear toned instrument rose and fell as if it waited in sorrow, and scarcely had the performer executed the first bar, when a girl of surpassing beauty walked with a light but timid motion towards the young man, and seated herself with her face turned away from him, on a low rocky bank at his side.

If Weekau was a faultless specimen of manly Indian beauty, the girl who now sat motionless and silent beside the handsome young surgeon was as rare an example of feminine grace and loveliness. Her robes, which were as much inclined to the fashion of those worn by Major Romilly's lady as Charles's were to Weekau's, were of beautiful texture. Braided curls encircled her finely rounded arms, long pendents of gold hung from her small ears and her luxuriant hair was braided with a silken band. It was beautiful and smoothly braided hair that fell around the neck and shoulders of the maiden and that hair and neck were very fair. There was a tinge of warm rich red pervading the beautifully-etched face of the girl, and glowing in her arms and neck, but her locks floated like liquid gold, and her eyes were blue.

Charles Parker gazed for a few moments in admiration upon her soft retiring form, then a serious expression passed over his face, and he seated himself at her side. Sunbeam was wont to smile when Bluebird played, he said gently; to day she turns from Bluebird, and he is sad.

When Bluebird is sad, said the girl in soft musical tones, but without altering her position. It is winter, there is a cloud over Sunbeam, and her heart is cold.

Has Bluebird brought winter, for does the cloud pass from the dark eyes of Shonka? asked the youth eagerly.

Sunbeam loves to hear the voice of the Bluebird, replied the maiden, with an almost imperceptible smile; and Shonka is a dog; but the council has met, and a white man sits bound in the circle.

Charles, springing to his feet, recalled to his memory by these words, and eagerly laying his hand upon Sunbeam's shoulder, while her large liquid eyes now met his ardent gaze, he said, tell me my own desert queen, is it the Green Maple?

The girl raised her eyes to the sun, which was now considerably below the zenith, and pointing to a bluff near the point, where it would set, answered, When the last streak of day lingered on the peak of your bluff,

Green Maple and his people pulled up the river, he would not sleep in Redbird's lodge, for he was angry because Redbird had seized upon one of his friends; he would not pull towards Fort Lillo, because he wanted many warriors to punish Redbird; and Sunbeam's gladness went away with him.

But your grandfather will not slay this man, said Charles. Redbird has not a wolf's heart?

But he has a redskin's memory and a conqueror's courage, said the maiden, and a sigh stole from her as she spoke.

Will Sunbeam listen to the voice of Bluebird when the stars are out, asked the youth?

She bent her head as if she was considering and bent for a few seconds with her little foot on the ground, then rising and smiling, without uttering a word, she tripped towards the wigwam and left her white lover alone.

Charles Parker loved this fair young girl as fondly, purely, and exaltedly as if she had been bred in the most accomplished circles. From the day that he had visited her grandfather, and had administered to him for a virulent disease, he had found the chain tightening that bound him to the lovely young Indian, and as he now hurried towards the council he felt that he must soon provide for her a home.

Charles strode with a bold and easy carriage into the centre of the circle of dusky warriors, and walking towards the prisoner, he first bowed respectfully to the chiefs and aged braves, and then confronted the unfortunate man.

The prisoner was a tall athletic white man, whose muscular strength, daring blue eyes, and compressed lips, gave index of a prompt and hardy hunter, his shirt and leggings of brown leather fitted closely to his powerful frame, and his moccasins of untanned buffalo hide, were bound by thongs above his ankles. His brown hair was streaked with grey, and curled round his massive head; and although his hands were tied behind his back, he maintained a daring and audacious look. He took no notice of the young surgeon further than a half astonished stare; and confronted the old chief calmly. I see Whiteblanket before me, I tell you, chiefs and warriors of the Winnebagoes, he said, with a curl on his lip that Redbird is losing his cunning, I am not Whiteblanket. The redskins on the lakes call me Bigbeaver, because I am industrious, and I am called John among my people.

Redbird is not a mole, said the old chief calmly; I see Whiteblanket before me. This spring, said the prisoner, nodding his head towards Charles, "will tell you that one man's word is as good as another's, and that if Redbird will not consent to let me go he is worse than a thiefing Ojibwa."

Redbird never tells lies, said Charles, sternly, for he was offended at the tone and manner of the prisoner; and if you have broken Indian laws you are amenable to Indian justice. A grunt of approbation from the redmen, who understood him, followed the young man's words, and he perceived that unless he could influence Redbird to let him be conveyed to fort Lillo, the prisoner's doom was sealed.

Redbird had once a child, said the old chief, in a sad low tone, in answer to the young man's appeal; said she was beautiful and her voice was so soft that her name was Wah-to-wah. Redbird had a friend, a young and beautiful chief, whose lodge is on Fox river; and he came again and again to my lodge for the voice of Wah-to-wah was sweet to him when the west wind that blows over the prairie in summer. One day my young men caught a white man trapping upon our hunting grounds, and when they would have taken his scalp he slew two of them, but the others brought him to our village a prisoner. The kindred of Hawkeye and Anolepe would have slain him at the stake, but Weekau cut his bonds and pointed to a canoe on the river. The white man went away, but my lodge was no more glad, for he had stolen Wah-to-wah. Twelve months after she came to me again, weak and weary, for she had travelled across the prairie without parched corn, dried flesh, or water, and she laid the little Sunbeam at my feet and died. Whiteblanket killed Wah-to-wah, for he did not bring her back to Redbird, but sent her without a guide and trail worn, to be buried among her people; therefore Whiteblanket must die.

The young man had listened with various emotions to the words of the aged Indian, and now, when the prisoner before him was identified as the ingrate white, he forgot that he was anything but the father of Sunbeam. Urging upon the chiefs the necessity of forth investigation, he could produce no commutation save the delay necessary to prepare for Whiteblanket's immolation, and accordingly the prisoner was removed bound to a solitary lodge.

It was night, and the canoe with Bonbouche and Weekau, sitting like listening statues by the shore of the Wisconsin. At the same time Charles Parker and Sunbeam were conversing beneath the fragrant chestnut tree. He had apprised the gen-

tle girl of her relationship to the prisoner, and urged the necessity of some means of rescue, and they were anxiously debating upon the probability of saving him. Before the lodge where he was confined, Shonka, a reputed lover of Sunbeam, stood a watchful sentinel, the girl walked towards the young Indian with graceful steps, and speaking to him in her blindest accents soon distracted his thoughts from the object of his guard. It was but the work of a few minutes for Charles Parker to cut a large opening in the bark wall of the lodge, towards which he had stealthily crawled, and to burst the prisoners' bonds. The white man, who seemed well acquainted with Indian life and habits, silently followed his young deliverer. They reached the canoe, and yet the young surgeon imitating the scream of a startled whippoorwill as a signal to announce his safety to Sunbeam, seated himself in the canoe followed by Whiteblanket. They pulled with slow and measured strokes down the dark stream, for the way was not so plain as at mid day, and the sun was just rising when they left the Wisconsin, and turned up the stream of the Mississippi.

Weekau and Whiteblanket had never spoken a syllable during the night, but when the morning dawned they confronted each other; and the involuntary start of the white man and the deep guttural, hugh of the redskin showed that this was not their first meeting. Sarcely had the recognition taken place, when, by a sudden and powerful action, Weekau threw the canoe over, and clinging to the stranger, while Bonbouche and Charles swam to the shore, detained him in the stream.

Whiteblanket was courageous and powerful, and he struck at the Indian with fearful force and energy in the water, but he was unarmed and his foe was implacable. In a short time after the catastrophe Weekau leaped with a yell from the bloodstained water, and shook aloft a blood-scap. He planted his bow on the grave of Wah-to-wah and hung the white man's scalp upon it to dry. And when the vengeance of the States government pursued Redbird for the detention of their agent Weekau and his band journeyed with him beyond the Mississippi.

There was one, however, who did not go with the old man, for her heart was with the Bluebird. The young man bore her with him when he removed from the fort to a rising settlement and often in after times would she weep when her husband would discourse of her father's deathless devotion to Weekau and when her eye would flash at the white man's disregard for the sacredness of the Indian's home.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.—Dr. Beattie, in a letter written to Sir Wm. Forbes, expresses the following opinion of the character of the Christian religion.

"The Christian religion, according to my creed, is a very simple thing; intelligible to the meanest capacity, and what, if we are at the pains to join practice to knowledge, we make ourselves thoroughly acquainted with, without turning over many books. It is the distinguishing excellency of this religion, that it is entirely popular and fitted both in its doctrines and evidence, to all conditions and capacities of reasonable creatures—a character which does not belong to any other religious or philosophical system that ever appeared in the world. I wonder to see so many men eminent both for their piety and for their capacity, laboring to make a mystery of this divine institution. If God vouchsafes to reveal himself to mankind, can we suppose that he chooses to do it in such a manner as that none but the learned and the contemplative can understand him? The generality of mankind can never, in any possible circumstances, have leisure or capacity for learning or contemplation. If, therefore, we make Christianity a mystery, we exclude the greater part of mankind from a knowledge of it; which is directly contrary to the intention of the Author, as is plain from his explicit declarations. In a word, I am perfectly convinced, that an intimate acquaintance with the Scriptures, particularly the gospel, is all that is necessary to our accomplishment in true Christian knowledge. I have looked into some systems of Theology; but I never read one of them to an end, because I found I could never reap any instruction from them. To darken what is clear, wrapping it up in the veil of system and science, was all the purpose that the best of them seemed to answer."

How Meek is a "Horse-Power"—We have heard this question asked a great many times. The Scientific American says, what is generally considered as constituting a "horse power" is a power sufficient to raise one hundred and thirty pounds one hundred feet in one minute.

The nearest guess we ever knew a man to make, was made by a man who was mumbled bodily out of a second story window; and—when picked himself up, said he—"rather guessed he wasn't wanted there." He must have been a Yankee. Nothing else but his arms was lame.

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LATER FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

13 MEXICAN GENERALS KILLED—AND 1500 TAKEN PRISONERS.

By an overland Express. The New York Herald from New Orleans that paper is put in possession of the following highly important intelligence.

The two battles between the Americans and Mexicans, victorious to the former, were fought at Contreras, or Coyoteac, Churubusco, so called from the field works of the enemy.

The proposition for an armistice was made by General Scott, and it is supposed to have been at the instance of the British Embassy.

The report, hitherto given, that the city of Mexico was at the mercy of the American army, seems to be unfounded, and should peace not follow from the negotiations then pending, another battle would have to be fought.

According to a letter from Mr. Kendall, dated Tacubaya, Aug. 22, the Archbishop's palace of that place was occupied by General Scott and a portion of the American army, after defeating the enemy in two of the hardest fought battles of the war.

The New Orleans Picayune of the 24th inst. announces the arrival of the steamer Mary Kingland from Vera Cruz, bringing late and important intelligence from the seat of war.

Gen. Scott has fought two battles with the Mexicans—the most fierce and sanguinary of any which have been fought during the hostilities with Mexico. In both these battles the Americans were victorious, and the enemy suffered severe loss.

The result of these battles was an armistice with the enemy, supposed to have been entered into at the instance of the British Minister. At the last advices the city of Mexico was not taken, and it was thought that another battle would be fought before it could be captured. On the 11th ult. Capt. Dancin, on a reconnaissance expedition, ascertained that it was practicable to open a new road from Chillon to St. Augustine which way down with all possible dispatch.

On the 15th a large body of our forces under the command of Generals Worth, Quitova, Pillow and Twigg, moved forward on that road, thus turning the fortifications of El Penon, on which Santa Anna had expended so much labor.

On the 16th General Worth with his army arrived within sight of the capital, and was met by the advance posts of the enemy with a tremendous fire, which was silenced by Smith's Light Artillery, and the enemy's ranks were driven in.

On the 18th, General Scott reached San Augustine with the main body, while General Worth, with the advance was pushing forward on the main road. A labor skirmish with the enemy, Capt. Thornton of the Dragoons was killed. By cutting a new road, with great difficulty the posts of San Angel and San Antonio were turned, in the same manner, as the fort El Penon. In a skirmish, a number of the enemy were killed and taken prisoners.

On the 20th, another attack was ordered by General Worth, on the army of Valencia, which, after a fierce conflict, was entirely routed. His formidable batteries were carried by storm by General Smith with the 15th U. S. Artillery.

The loss of the enemy was very great—1000 were taken prisoners, including Generals Blanco, Garcia, Mendez, Salas. A large quantity of ammunition, stores, camp equipment, &c., fell into the hands of the Americans, and 700 of the Mexicans were killed, including many officers. Contreras was now in the hands of the Americans.

At one o'clock, on the 20th the battle commenced in good earnest, and lasted for two hours, when their whole force was completely routed. The Mexican army was composed of fifteen to twenty thousand fresh troops and they were entrenched in a very strong position, and commanded by Santa Anna, who led from the field at an early hour, followed by a large body of young men, belonging to the city of Mexico, from which force so much was expected.

The loss on the American side was severe—and was particularly so upon the South Carolina and New York regiments of volunteers. Smith's battalion of the 6th U. S. Infantry, Magruder's and Taylor's batteries of the South Carolina regiment, were nearly cut to pieces.

The Mexican loss of course was very great, (number killed and wounded not given). Thirteen Mexican Generals were killed and wounded (number not given). Thirteen Mexican Generals were killed and wounded and more ammunition was captured than has been used in Mexico by General Scott's whole army.

By Magnetic Telegraph for the BOSTON MAIL.

Washington, Sept. 14.
Despatches for government have been received. The intelligence heretofore received is fully confirmed. On the 20th ult. the American forces, 7000 men, met the enemy at Contreras, three or four miles from the Capital. The Mexicans were 32,000 strong, posted behind immense batteries of artillery. After two hours' conflict our troops swept every thing before them at the point of the bayonet. The American loss was less than 7000. Mexican loss estimated at 6000. The armistice was agreed upon by five Commissioners appointed on the Mexican side, at the head of whom was Gen. Herrera. The Commissioners had two meetings, and were to hold a third meeting on the 30th.

Gen. Valencia escaped with two companies to Toluca, and has pronounced against Santa Anna and peace. There is still another expedition at Washington concerning the Mexican news.

The British Parliament.—Among the members elect of the House of Commons, by one hour after the arrival of the Mail, says the New York Express, is E. H. Balfour, Esquire, of London, (now M. P. from the Shropshire). Mr. Balfour was in this country two years ago, and in every house, and corner of the country, he was known by his own name. He was a very popular man, and his name was everywhere. He was a very popular man, and his name was everywhere. He was a very popular man, and his name was everywhere.

You call this a free and equal country? Well, I admire your impudence, saying, as you do, that a free and equal country is a democracy. Let me tell you a little of my experience here, about a man's freedom, rights, and equality.

I was coming up the Quay in one of your fine steamboats. I admit you are a great people, especially in the steamboat line. I had my state room, with two doors in it, you know, one looking into the cabin, and the other to the river. I laid spread out there my hair brushes, my tooth brushes, my nail brushes, &c. &c. Perhaps I had a dozen brushes, perhaps more, (a gentleman must have as many as that to be comfortable, you know). Well, a very fine and easy gentleman reached in and taking one of my hair brushes, began to smooth down his locks.

I said to him, kindly enough, I thought, "Sir, I beg pardon, but that is my hair brush." "Your hair brush," he replied, with a sneer. "Yes," said I, "my hair brush." "You are a very fine fellow," he said, "as I were saying, yes, mine! I repeat it. Well, now, says he, stranger, an honest man ever had so many brushes as these, and what belongs to the boat I shall use as much as I please!—saying this with an air that told me a fight was ahead of me, I turned to claim what were my own. Pretty free country this, where a man can't have as many brushes as he pleases.

Post Office Arrangement.—Perhaps persons generally, are not aware that the Postmaster General has given instructions to the Postmaster in Boston to forward all letters for Halifax, Nova Scotia, by overland mail, that may be received in Boston forty-eight hours before the sailing of Canada steamships, notwithstanding any directions that there may be on such letters, that they are to be sent by Cunard Line, Cambria, Hibernia, &c. Letters by overland mail, starting forty-eight hours before the Canada boats, arrive a week after those vessels, and the postage is treble. Persons residing in the South or West, or even in this State, cannot in the winter season calculate within forty-eight hours of the time their letters will arrive in Boston, thence all their letters go by overland mail much to their inconvenience. New York Herald.

Early Breeze.—The mailman Lady O'Brien arrived at Halifax on Thursday morning from Bermuda, bringing papers to the 25th ult.

The sum of £50 was voted, on the 13th, by the House of Assembly, to be applied in the distribution of premiums at a cattle of agricultural exhibition, or in any manner that his Excellency may direct as conducive to the promotion of agriculture in these islands.

Earthquake.—The Jamaica Morning Journal of the 24th ult. contains the following:—We have been informed that a severe shock of an earthquake was experienced at Greenland in the Parish of Hanover, on some day last week, which we are sorry to say destroyed many acres of land near the property of Mr. William Grant, an opening of great extent having been made on it. We need not say that the people in the neighborhood were in great consternation at the occurrence.

The Harvest in Canada.—Yesterday and today have been favorable for getting in the grain crops. The reports are various. Some wheat of an excellent quality has been cut in this District; but in some places it has been injured by the fly. The potatoes might have been very universal in this city. They had dry weather at the night of the 23d instant, they speak rather unfavorably, however, of the grain crop. In this District the oats, which, since the failure of the wheat crop have been extensively sown, are not considered a good crop. Barley and Rye are better. Peas generally good; upon the whole, the prospects of the harvest do not come up to the promise at an earlier period. [Quebec Gazette, Sept. 4.]

A destructive hurricane passed over several places in Canada on the 15th inst. At Cornwall three dwelling houses were destroyed, eight unroofed and nine others more or less injured; eleven out-houses blown down, and thirteen unroofed. A girl, thirteen years of age was blown into the canal and drowned. At the village of Le Pigeonnier, St. Edward, fifty-seven buildings of different kinds were destroyed, together with all the furniture and grain in the houses and barns. Fortunately no lives were lost.

Montreal, Sept. 6.—It is with extreme regret we announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Dawes, Rector of St. John's which took place yesterday at two o'clock. Mr. Dawes died of the prevailing fever, consequent, doubtless on his attention to the suffering emigrants.

[From the Nova-Scotian.]

The Telegraph in Canada.—Works are in progress for establishing the Electric Telegraph from Montreal to Quebec. The Quebec Gazette remarks that the posts for it are already placed along St. Paul street in that city. Works are also in progress for extending the Telegraph from Quebec to Halifax, and the posts are already up in the Parish below Beaumont.

The line is now complete from Montreal to Hamilton, thence to Buffalo, Buffalo to New

York, New York by Boston to Providence; in one hour after the arrival of the Mail, says the New York Express, the line from the Exchange in London real—before the close of the year the line will be complete between Montreal and Quebec, and a late letter from Quebec says, that the line from that city to Boston, the boundary of New Brunswick with the Atlantic Ocean, and the line from Quebec to Montreal, the boundary of New Brunswick with the Gulf of St. Lawrence, will be complete by a line from Halifax, passing through New Brunswick, and thus completing our rail to the completion this important Colonial enterprise.

Electric Telegraph from Halifax to Quebec.—We have called upon this week for a subscription of Stock, for the purpose of laying the Electric Telegraph from Halifax to Quebec. The Company at Quebec have made arrangements to lay it from that City up to the boundary line of New Brunswick, and the work, under a sufficient guarantee, has been contracted for at \$200 a mile—it is to be bonded over to them in perfect order for this space, and the posts are now being laid. We trust the stock required to complete our portion of the line will now be raised—it will not exceed \$4,000, and the shares are offered at \$5 each. An offer was lately made by a Company in Boston to lay the line from that City to Halifax, if permission was only given them to do so. The line from Montreal to New York is now in working order, and the line is about to be laid from Montreal to Quebec. From the best information we can obtain, the circle will be completed in the course of six or seven years. These best qualified with the subject have no doubt this enterprise will pay, because, as this is the first point of touching and the last of departure, for the Mail, Steamers passing from the Old World to the New, our Telegraph must convey the latest information between the United States and Europe. Every Editor in the United States and Canada must pay for the earliest information—upon the news which the Telegraph will bring. To our merchants it will be a most valuable benefit, in making them up channels or agents for all rapid and extensive exportations with Europe, and they will not do it without upon a share of the profits. It is in fact, the introduction of a new species of telecommunication. Every man in the city ought to take a share, for we not only believe that the Stock will be profitable, but that the direct advantage flowing from it, will fully justify the outlay.—Id.

[From the Courier.]

Pub. Hon. Robert L. Hazen, a Member of the Executive Council and of the Legislature of this Province, left town, on Wednesday, in the steamer Adolph, for Boston, on his way to Montreal. It is rumored that Mr. Hazen is to be appointed a Commissioner from New Brunswick, to meet Genl. Menzies, who is to enter with the General Government, on the subject of the proposed alteration in the management of the Post Office Department in the Colonies.

We understand that the Hon. Mr. Johnston, Attorney General, the Commissioner of the Nova Scotia, was to leave Halifax this week, in the Mail Steamer for Boston, where he would join his colleagues from New Brunswick.

Services of Embrace.—On Friday night, 10th instant, the Post Office, Surveyor from Canada arrived in town and gave such information relative to the embezzlement of money out of letters sent from Canada some months since, through the Post-office at Halifax, in this Province as being strengthened by other suspicious circumstances, led to the issuing of a warrant for the apprehension of John Cunningham, the late Postmaster at that place, who resigned office in July last. On enquiry it was found that he had left this City a day or two before, with his wife and child for Fredericton, en route to the United States; but Mr. James Stockford, High Constable, having been sent in pursuit, he was taken in bed some forty miles this side of Bangor, and brought back to this City on Thursday morning and lodged in jail.

We understand he will be taken to the County of Northumberland to-day for trial.

The late Murder.—The proceedings at the Inquest of the late Mr. Briggs, were closed yesterday, when the Jury, after having sat for a fortnight and examined between forty and fifty witnesses, brought in a verdict of *Murder* against Dennis McGovern, the person who was taken into custody on the day after the murder. He is stated to be a married man, and a pedlar. We are not aware whether his trial will take place at the adjourned sittings of the Circuit Court in November at the regular term in January next.

Nova-Scotia Grapes.—We [St. John's Courier] have been favored with a sample of Grapes, grown in the open air in Nova-Scotia, a small supply—the first from that quarter—having been received at the Grocery Store of Mr. Robert Thomson, Police William-street.

Suspensions.—An Inquest was held at Napier Bay, on the 9th instant, before Martin Cranney, Esq. Coroner, on view of the body of a sea-faring man, named John Brecon, a native of Stockholm, aged 31 years, who, it was stated, had been a seaman on board the ship Warren Hastings, but deserted and joined the barque Avon, of Wimer, (N. S.) which sailed from Liverpool. He was found drowned with his hands and feet tied with sundry, in the water. It is stated that letters have been sent to the authorities at Liverpool, requesting

them to institute a inquiry into the affair, on the Avon's arrival.

THE NEWS BY THE FRENCH STEAMER UNION.

[From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.]
The steamer Union, Capt. Hebert, arrived here this morning from France, bringing Paris papers to the 31st ult., which contain some news of interest to the evening of the 28th. We are indebted to Capt. H. for papers to the latest date.

The accounts from England are not favorable. Several heavy failures had taken place since the date of our last advices.

A letter from London of Aug. 27th, published in the Journal des Debats, says it was rumored that the Bank of England would shortly reduce the rate of interest.

The result of the harvest in England is very satisfactory.

The Potato crop in the British Islands, has generally escaped the rot.

The steamboat Cricket exploded on the Thames, causing six deaths—there were 160 passengers on board.

The steamer reached Liverpool on the 23rd of August.

Paris, Aug. 27th.—The city of London is under great excitement consequent upon two very important failures—that of the house of R. Robinson, whose head was numbered among the governors of the Bank of England, and that of the house of Castellain & Co., the head of which was Consul General of Belgium. These two houses appear to have suffered much by the failure of the house of Fraser, of Antwerp. [Le Commerce.]

STEAMER GREAT BRITAIN.—The long contemplated attempt to get off this celebrated steamer, came off on the 21st ultimo, and proved a total failure, although aided by a government steamer of six hundred horse power.

No hope, remains to rescue her, and no other like effort will be tried again.

FREDERICTON, SEP. 15.

On the afternoon of Monday last, the children attending the Sabbath School taught in St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Brooke, met in the Church at 3 o'clock, and were examined in presence of a number of their parents and friends. The examination was conducted by the Rev. Messrs. Brooke and Henderson.

It was an exceedingly interesting sight to see so many young people congregated for the purpose of receiving instruction in the things which concerned their highest interests, to observe the attention which they manifested throughout the whole, and the facility and accuracy with which they answered the various questions proposed. A very interesting part of the exercise consisted of the reading of several tracts written by some of the scholars attending the advanced Bible class, taught by the Rev. Mr. Brooke. Such an exercise is exceedingly useful in drawing attention to the sacred writings and keeping up the interest in the scholars.

At the conclusion, the Rev. Mr. Brooke addressed the young persons present in a few appropriate words, reminding them of the occasion, when they last met for a similar purpose, and the changes that had occurred in their own little circle, and urging upon them the necessity of "remembering their Creator in the days of their youth." The Rev. Mr. Henderson of Newcastle, Miramichi, then addressed them in an exceedingly beautiful and affectionate manner, expressing the delight he felt in being present during their examination, encouraging them to diligence in acquiring a knowledge of the great truths of religion, and earnest endeavors to lead a pious and holy life.

After the examination was over, the children sat down at a table erected in the open air, on the green beside the Manse, and partook of a plentiful entertainment provided for them.

The Teachers, assisted by other ladies and gentlemen of the congregation, supplied them with tea and cakes of various kinds, after which they received a liberal allowance of fruit, while their happy faces showed that they were all highly delighted with their entertainment.

The Bible classes, with the Sabbath School Teachers, partook of a similar refreshment in the Manse. About 120 scholars shared in the entertainment, which will, no doubt, be long remembered by those who were present at it. Great praise is due to those who provided and took charge of the good things furnished upon the occasion.—Head Quarters.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT!—NOVEL CIRCUMSTANCE.—As the ferry scow was crossing the river yesterday afternoon, with several passengers from Bathurst, a fine Salmon sprang out of the water into the lap of a female sitting therein. It struggled desperately to escape, but its efforts were unavailing. *Miramichi Gleaner, Sept. 7.*

WOODSTOCK, SEP. 11.

FIRE.—About half past twelve o'clock on Monday night last, a loud alarm of "fire" was sounded through our streets, when it was found that the Great Mill, at the mouth of the Madoukash, was on fire, and that the flames had made such progress as to render it impossible to stay them. A building immediately adjoining, which was occupied as a Cabinet maker's shop, and by a Carding and Filling Mill was likewise destroyed with all the machinery. The loss will be severely felt, not only by the owners but by the community at large. About 140 bushels of grain were destroyed in the Mill. The greater part of the wool and cloth in the carding and filling mill were saved. The loss is estimated at about \$2500. No insurance was effected.

A good deal of conflicting opinion prevails as to the origin of the fire. Several think it

was altogether a accidental, while many ascribe it to the work of an incendiary. Which of the opinions is the correct one must, we presume, remain a mystery.—Telegraph.

ANOTHER ORANGE.—Mr. Francis Sharp has been the victim of another outrage. A number of his Apple Trees were cut down on the 31st inst.—it appears that nothing short of the destruction of all the property owned by that individual will satisfy the vindictive miscreants that have practiced such a cowardly system of revenge. We can conceive no other motive than revenge that could prompt such a wanton destruction of property; and yet we are unable to understand why such a feeling should be entertained against him, as we are informed from a credible source, that Mr. Sharp has never identified himself with any party business, nor interested in any shape with any of the difficulties that have recently occurred in this neighborhood.

We sincerely hope that the spirited reward offered by the young man will lead to the detection, and ultimately to the punishment of such dangerous members of the community.—Id.

RAILROAD SURVEY.—Capt. Henderson and a party of the men engaged on the survey of the line of Railroad to connect Halifax with Quebec, arrived in Chatham from the Northward, one day last week. They have dispersed—one portion having proceeded to Buxton, another to the head of the Richibucto, and a third to the Bend of Penobscot. We understand the report given of their progress in the Counties of Gloucester, Restigouche, and the Canada side of the Bay de Chaleur, is very satisfactory.—Miramichi Gleaner.

WORKS OF DR. CHALMERS.—It is stated that the copyright of Dr. Chalmers's works, including his life and letters, to be published by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, together with some additional volumes of sermons, and a commentary on the Bible, has been sold for \$50,000 and 60,000.

It is supposed that about 37 or 38 millions bushels of grain were sent from the United States to Great Britain from the 1st of September, 1846, to the early part of last month. This was worth, at a fair average, about forty-five millions of dollars.

The Boston Transcript says that the liabilities of the house of Prime, Ward & Co. of New York, are between one and two millions of dollars, a large part of which is probably held by the Barings.

A new Steam ferry-boat was launched at Chatham last week, intended to ply to the opposite side of the river. She will be a great accommodation to the people of that section of the country.

THE STANDARD.

ST. ANDREWS, WEDNESDAY, SEP. 22 1847.

Charlotte County Bank.
Hon. HARRIS LATCH, President.
T. B. WILSON, Esq., Solicitor.
Director next week—R. B. Hutton.

Discount Day—TUESDAY.
Hours of business, from 10 to 2.

Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Monday otherwise they must lie over until next week.

St. Andrews and North York House.
Commissioners—R. M. Andrews, R. Ker, Jacob Paul, Thomas Berry, John Bailey.

St. Andrews
Steam Mills and Manufacturing Company
R. M. ANDREWS, Esq., President.
Director this week—Thomas Watt.

Saint Stephens Bank.
G. D. KING, Esq., President.
Director next week—N. Lindsay.

Discount Day—SATURDAY.
Hours of business, from 10 to 1.

Bills and Notes for Discount must be lodged with the Cashier, on or before Friday, otherwise they must remain in his hands until the following discount day.

LATEST DATES.

Liverpool, —Sep. 4 Montreal, —Sep. 11
London, —Sep. 3 Quebec, —Sep. 10
Edinburgh, —Sep. 1 Halifax, —Sep. 15
Paris, —Sep. 1 New York, —Sep. 18
Toronto, —Sep. 13 Boston, —Sep. 20

ST. ANDREWS & QUEBEC RAILROAD COMPANY.

It is with satisfaction that we announce the arrival on Saturday last, of the Engineer and assistants from the United States, who have been engaged to survey the line of Railroad from this Town to Woodstock. On Monday last these gentlemen commenced making a reconnaissance, preparatory to surveying and staking out the ground for the approach and terminus. Much speculation is afloat, as to the locale of the terminus, but as every reliance can be placed upon the Engineer (James Laid), from his scientific knowledge and experience, he having been engaged in laying out and constructing some of the principal railroads in the United States, it rests with that gentleman to say where the terminus will be. We congratulate the public upon the commencement, as we may term it, of the first Railroad in New Brunswick. Estimates will be made in a short time, for the building of the road, which will be submitted to the Board of Directors for their consideration, and no doubt, contracts will be entered into this winter for materials, &c., and as much progress made as possible, preparatory to the extensive operations that will be commenced the ensuing spring. Too much praise cannot be awarded to the promoters of this

great undertaking—they are to be commended for the energy and perseverance with which they have taken up this in our own efforts.

ARRIVAL OF Steamship Dr.

The Steamship Bostonian, with her Mail arrived at Halifax on the 24th inst. The mail was received here on Monday evening—we have only space to say of the news. The money market still remains full, but has taken place.

The Timber & Deal market is very important. The best wheat was selling at 25s per bushel—best four barely sells at 25s per bushel. The state of Trade in the Maritime provinces is gloomy.

The Wheat and grain crop in the Maritime provinces is abundant. The stocks of flour and grain in London to such an extent that room was filled up.

The accounts from Ireland are very gloomy. The crops of wheat and corn are all over there. The murder of the Duchess of Kent excites in France. In our next we shall give full

COMMON PLEAS.—On the General Sessions of the Peace and the Court of Common Pleas here, His Worship, the Mayor presiding. Upon the 23rd almost all of them attended to their names, which enable them to proceed to business at an address the Grand Jury in proper speech, observing a particular offence brought into view, as there was none whether this proceeded from dilence on the part of the clerks generally, or really it crime, he could not understand but he came to the conclusion not to sound. He congratulated the quiet and prosperous county in varied interests, stands pre-eminently high for order—and he trusted to maintain this state of things, we believe he is governed by that, "to do unto others as you would be done by." This course would so far as the gentler and a good and efficacious effort. But he further referred to the law in the province rights is chiefly sustained by intelligent Grand Jury, acting constitutionally, as by and by the machinery of our justice was set in motion, for life and property. He advised laws, and said the Court had to be generally all applied but in their distribution were a sound discretion, and due the duty of Grand Jurors.

LIFE ASSURANCE.—We have in our columns this day, of the Fund Life Assurance Society, a very interesting notice of the importance of life assurance, popular every day—and justly so, as it is a method of laying up a reserve for the future, and a source of dependence upon the life of the insured. Geo. D. St. Andrews, and will give those who may call upon him.

The number of next in St. John's, between the 1st September, 1847, amounts to 21,507 tons.

Under our obituary header to announce the death of John Esquire, one of the most active citizens of St. J. was universally respected for his generosity and philanthropy, and the blank which he has left behind him, will be sorely felt. We deeply regret his untimely death and family bereavement.

THE WEATHER for the 14th very unsettled.—On Monday we had a heavy south east gale, and rain.

The Gleaner notices a place which occurred at the age of 8 years of age, son of a farmer, came to a most distressing end, by partaking of a green apple, which he had eaten, and a caution to people how to avoid in this death.

