

# STAUNTON SPECTATOR,

## AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. XVII.

STAUNTON, (VIRGINIA,) THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1840.

No. 18.

### TERMS OF THE SPECTATOR.

The Spectator is published weekly, by KENTON HARPER, at Two Dollars a year, if paid in advance—or Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, after the expiration of the first six months. No paper will be discontinued, but at the option of the editor, until all arrearages are paid. Advertisements, not exceeding thirteen lines of printed matter, inserted three weeks for one dollar. Larger advertisements in the same proportion. A liberal discount will be made to advertisers by the year.

Letters on business must be post-paid.

### Charles H. Lewis,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL regularly attend the superior and inferior Courts of Augusta and Rockingham, and the Courts of the Corporation of Staunton.

March 5.  
Rockingham Register insert 4.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2nd day of March 1840.

John Deal—plaintiff

AGAINST  
Sarah Thompson in her own right, and the said Sarah Thompson and Lewis Wayland, adm'rs. and adm'r. of William Thompson dec'd., Becky Eversole, George, Berry, William, Layer and Harden Eversole, heirs and representatives of Abraham Eversole, dec'd., John Thompson, Alfred J. Sprague and Jane his wife, late Jane Thompson, William, Joseph, and Mary Thompson, heirs and representatives of the said William Thompson, dec'd.—defendants.

### IN CHANCERY.

The defendants—Becky Eversole, George, Berry, William, Layer and Harden Eversole, heirs and representatives of Abraham Eversole, dec'd., and William, Joseph, and Mary Thompson, not having entered their appearance and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendants do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th of June next), and answer the bill of the plaintiff; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of the Court-house of Augusta County.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2d day of March 1840.

Samuel Mohler—plaintiff,

AGAINST  
Magdaline Mohler, widow, and Jacob Mohler, adm'r. of John Mohler, dec'd., the said Jacob Mohler, Abraham Mohler, Ann Mohler, Martin Garber and Magdaline his wife, late Magdaline Mohler, James G. H. Raynes and Jane his wife, late Jane Mohler, Henry Weed and Hetty his wife, late Hetty Mohler, Benjamin Showalter, and Sarah his wife, late Sarah Mohler, and Fielding Betto and Hannah his wife, late Hannah Mohler, heirs and representatives of the said John Mohler, dec'd.—defendants.

### IN CHANCERY.

The defendants, Martin Garber and Magdaline his wife, and Fielding Betto and Hannah his wife, not having entered their appearance and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendants do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th of June next), and answer the bill of the plaintiff; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of the Court-house of Augusta County.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2d day of March 1840.

James P. Erskine and Otho W. Echebberger, surviving partners of James P. Erskine, Otho W. Echebberger & Alexander McDonald, dec'd., late merchants and partners in trade, under the style and firm of Erskine, Echebberger, & Co.—plaintiffs,

### IN CHANCERY.

AGAINST  
Isaac Nisbet, Henry Mish, Adam Mish, Geo. Mish, Rose Ann Mish and Mary Elizabeth Brewer—defendants.

The defendants, Isaac Nisbet, Adam, George, Rose Ann Mish and Mary Elizabeth Brewer not having entered their appearance and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendants do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th of June next), and answer the bill of the plaintiffs; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of the Court-house of Augusta County.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

### WANTED,

TWO or three hands to work on the Staunton and James River Turnpike Road.  
WM. H. ALLEN.

March 12—31

### PUBLIC SALE.

BY virtue of a decree of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, bearing date the 2nd day of February, 1838, entered in a cause therein depending, in which Samuel K. Bradford and others are plaintiffs, and Richard Rankin's Ex'ors, heirs and devisees, and others, defendants, I shall, on Tuesday, the 14th day of April next, before the door of the Eagle Tavern in Staunton, proceed to sell, at public auction, for the best price that can be obtained in ready money, the following property, to wit:

### 100 Acres of Land,

belonging to Richard H. Dudley, and Washington M. Dudley, lying in Jennings's Gap, and adjoining the lands of William G. Dudley, or so much thereof as will be sufficient to raise the sum of one hundred and sixty seven Dollars and a half cents, with legal interest thereon from the 2nd day of February, 1838, till paid, and costs of sale: It being the same land devised to Nancy Dudley, by the last Will and Testament of Richard Rankin, dec'd. recorded in the County Court Office of Augusta.

Any person desirous of purchasing, is referred to the papers of the suit, where the title papers are filed.

MOSES H. McCUE, Com'r.

March 12, 1840.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2nd day of March, 1840.

John Steele, Jr.—plaintiff,

AGAINST  
Henry Bright, Adam Bright, and Susan his wife, John, Jacob, Sarah, Stephen, Andrew, Mary, Sarah and Solomon, children of the said Adam and Sarah Bright, Adam Shultz, Henry McCormick and Joshua T. Cress—defendants.

### IN CHANCERY.

The defendants Henry Bright and Adam Bright not having entered their appearance, and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendants do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th day of June next), and answer the bill of the plaintiff; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of the Court-house of Augusta County.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2nd day of March, 1840.

Isaac Caruthers—plaintiff,

AGAINST  
Alexander McCluer, Nicholas McCluer, William K. McCabe, and Mary his wife, Moses McCluer, Wm. McCluer and David McCluer, children and heirs at Law of Moses McCluer, dec'd., Thomas D. Woods, and Mary McCluer, widow of Halbert McCluer, dec'd., and others—defendants.

### IN CHANCERY.

The defendants Alexander McCluer, Moses McCluer and William K. McCabe and Mary his wife, not having entered their appearance and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendants do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th day of June), and answer the original, and amended bills of the plaintiff; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of Court-house of Augusta County.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

### VIRGINIA.

AT Rules held in the Clerk's Office of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, Monday the 2nd of March, 1840.

James Rankin—plaintiff,

AGAINST  
Thomas Brown, Martha Brown, widow of John Brown, dec'd., Robert, Elizabeth and Martha J. Brown, children and heirs of the said John Brown, dec'd., Samuel G. Brown, son of Samuel Brown, dec'd., Erastus and Samuel McCrillis, infant children of Sally McCrillis, dec'd., a daughter of said Samuel Brown, dec'd., John Brown son of Wm. Brown, dec'd., and Patrick Hays and Jane his wife—defendants.

### IN CHANCERY.

The defendants, except Thomas Brown, not having entered their appearance and given security, according to the act of Assembly, and the Rules of this Court, and it appearing by satisfactory evidence that they are not inhabitants of this Commonwealth: It is ordered, that the said defendant do appear here, on the 1st day of the next term (10th of June next), and answer the bill of the plaintiff; and that a copy of this order, be forthwith inserted, in some newspaper, printed in Staunton, for two months successively, and posted at the front door of the Court-house of Augusta county.

A Copy—Teste,  
NICH'S. C. KINNEY, c. c.

March 5.

PURSUANT to an order of the Circuit Superior Court of Law and Chancery for Augusta County, made at November term, 1839, I will proceed to sell to the highest bidder, before the Store of Benjamin Crawford, Esq. in Staunton, on the 2d day of May next, on a credit of six months,

Five shares of the Capital Stock of the New Shenandoah Company, belonging to the estate of the late John Wayt, dec'd.  
SILAS H. SMITH, Com'r.

March 19.

### POETRY.

#### EVENING REFLECTIONS.

BY DR. WATTS.

Let not slumber close your eyes  
Before you've recollected thine  
The train of actions through the day:  
Where have my feet chose out their way?  
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,  
From all I've heard, from all I've seen?  
What know I more that's worth the knowing?  
What have I done, that's worth the doing?  
What have I sought that I should shun?  
What duties have I left undone?  
Or into what new follies run?  
These self-inquiries are the road  
That leads to virtue, peace and God.

The editor of the Portland Transcript publishes a poem commencing with the following pathetic stanza, and touching remarks: "We have read some little poetry in our day, and have been variously affected by it, but our feelings were never so wrought upon as in reading the following lines."

When the cold storm howls round your door,  
And you by light of taper,  
Sit cozily by evening fire—  
Enjoying the last paper—  
Just think of him whose work thus helps  
To wear away the winter,  
And put this query to yourself—  
Have I paid up the Printer?

### MISCELLANY.

#### JIM BROWN AND HIS ECHO.

A LEVEE STORY.

If an etching were to be taken of all the cases that are picked up by the watchmen on the levee, at New Orleans, they would prove as varied if not as interesting as Catlin's gallery of Indian portraits. The levee of New Orleans about the witching time of night, is to look as what the Boulevard of Paris, Bond street of London, or Broadway of New York, is to dandies—it is their favorite promenade. It is there only that original characters are to be caught. You might as well look for an alligator in the Astorock, as for a regular loafer in any other part of the city.

Jim Brown, a genius who lays claim to the highest honors of the leading brotherhood, was arrested on Thursday night in what might be called a peculiar situation.

Jim having got as blue as "Kentucky ketchup" could make him, and the cabaret being an every-day resort of his, he sighed for change; he sought novelty, looked out for some new state of existence, and finally found it in an old steamboat boiler that lay on the levee. Into it he introduced his person, and when inside, thinking it impregnable to any assailing party, he cut up sundry and divers shines in the way of singing and talking to himself. As the concave form of his temporary habitation gave an echo to every thing he said, the watchmen who heard the noise fancied there were two Jim Browns inside of one Jim Brown in the boiler, and Jim himself was somewhat puzzled to account for the phenomenon.

"Go ahead, steamboat," shouted Brown.  
"Go ahead steamboat," responded the echo.

"Fire up," said Mr. Brown, and "fire up," answered the echo.  
Charley was a believer in supernatural and natural spirits, and debated for some time in his mind whether or not he should examine the boiler, or go to the doggerly and liquor.

At length he summoned up courage, proceeded to where the noise came from, and asked, "who's there?"

Jim and Jim's echo answered, "It's none of your business."

"Oh, there's a pair of ye there," says the watchman.

"No," says Jim, and his echo echoed every word that he uttered. "No, sir; I'm of the single cylinder make, two hundred horse power, with a strong stroke. I'm a regular buster, and no mistake."

"You're vagrants. Come out of that," said the watchman.

"You'd better get out yourself. I'll blow up—I'll collapse in two minutes," retorted the loafer, who had steam enough in him, at all events to warrant the assertion.

Charley finally got Jim Brown out of his hiding place, but was at a loss to discover where Jim Brown's friend could have vanished to. Jim swore as much as would set a pine wood on fire, but he "didn't see no gentleman there but himself."

"Well, I'm blowed," said Charley, "if there warn't no invisible hindividual there with you, the sympathy that seems to exist between you and that ere boiler is the strongest case of hannahal magnism that I ever did see in all my waz observation."

Jim Brown and Charley were seen moving along towards the watch-house in Baronne street. What has since become of him, dependent knoweth not.—*Picayune.*

#### PHRENOLOGICAL WELLERISMS.

Size.—"It isn't the size of a present that gives it its value," as the gentleman said, when his lady brought him four boys at a birth.

Weight.—"I feel the weight of your resentment, as the man said when his wife beat him with the broom stick."

Order.—"First come, first served, as the snare said to the rabbit."

Calculation.—"Your friendship is very dear to me," as the merchant said, when he had to pay his endorsements for his neighbor.

Locality.—"This spot seems rather wet and exposed," as the drunken man said, when he fell into the gutter.

Eventuality.—"I'm off," as the man's head said to the guillotine.

Time.—"My fate will soon be revealed to the world, as the calf said, when the butcher was going to kill it."

Veneration.—"All the world looks up to me," as the thief said when he stood in the pillory.

Benevolence.—"I leave to you the bulk of my personal property, as the fat old gentleman said to his lean nephew."

Constructiveness.—"I'll do it for you with pleasure," as the carpenter said, when the hangman asked him to make a gallows!

Idolity.—"I'll banquet on the smiles of love," as the hungry poet said, when he thought of his mistress, about dinner time.

Imitation.—"I'll follow in your footsteps," as one chief said to another when he spelled him on the tread mill.

The "CHEMISIER" OF PARIS.—A monomania for shirt-making seems to have sprung up lately in Paris, and the whole of the *Rue des Capucines* is occupied by "Les Chemisiers de Paris," or the shirt making gentry. The *Charivari*, a numerous publication, thus describes the tribe.

"A bourgeois wearing a flannel waistcoat, and carrying a cotton umbrella, after having remained for a long time contemplating the splendid array of filled shirts in the chemisier's window, at length decides on purchasing one. A gentleman, wearing an exaggerated shirt, comes forward, and the following dialogue invariably ensues: Bourgeois.—Sir I wish you would show me some shirts. Chemisier.—At what price? We have them from 50 to 500 francs; Bourgeois, the dozen? Chemisier.—Oh! dear no. Each shirt. Bourgeois.—Diable! That is rather dear. Chemisier.—Not when you consider that nothing now remains but the shirt to distinguish the gentleman from the vulgar herd. Every one now wears monkey jackets, silk hats, and yellow gloves. But a man who wears a good shirt, *enfin Monsieur*, one of the most celebrated authors, has justly said, *la chemise fait l'homme*." But what sort of shirt will Monsieur prefer? We have the shirt with large, with small, and with no plaits; frilled and without jabot; the shirt with buttons in front, at the side, and behind; the shirt which is put on over the head, and that which is put on like a pair of trousers. Bourgeois.—Well, make a sixty franc shirt. Chemisier.—At that low price it will be a common calico affair. Does Monsieur wish for a summer or winter shirt? Bourgeois.—One that I can wear either summer or winter, to be sure. Chemisier.—A shirt for the four seasons. That will be fifteen francs extra (taking the measure). When Monsieur walks with Madame, does he give the right or left arm? Bourgeois.—Generally the right, if I remember rightly. But what is that to you? Chemisier.—Why, we make the right sleeve a thought longer than the left and the wristband button must be sewn so as to support a great strain. Does Monsieur ever sneeze? Bourgeois.—What can a cold in the head have to do with my shirt? Chemisier.—Perhaps Monsieur is not aware that whenever he sneezes, his whole frame is shaken by a convulsive movement. The shirt collar must be made so as to allow of this movement if it ever take place, otherwise an attack of apoplexy might ensue, or, what would be equally important, the shirt button would probably be torn off. Bourgeois.—Diable! make the collar large then. Chemisier.—And if I furnish the calico? Bourgeois.—Oh, Monsieur is at liberty to do so if he pleases, we shall charge him nothing extra for that. Your shirt will come to 74 francs, you shall have it in a month, and if you will call every five days to try it on I should be very much obliged to you."

HEAVEN BORN GENIUS.—Mason, the poet, was asked to subscribe to the poems of Ann Kearsley, the Bristol milk-maid. "The Poems," said the gentleman replying, "of a heaven-born genius, in much distress!" Mason gave five guineas, with this reply: "There are five pounds for her distress and five shillings for her heaven-born-genius!"

Nearest road to a Lady's Bedchamber.

Henry the Fourth of France was much enamoured of a lady who used to attend the Court. The Prince one day, in a gallant humour, said to the lady—"Pray, madam, which is the way to your bedchamber?" "Through the Church," said she.

When prosperous times come to the poor, they grow rich rapidly, because of their habits—when bad times come to the rich, they grow poor rapidly because of their habits. Luxuries and ornaments should not be considered necessities, extravagance the basis of respect, not idleness happiness.

The Emperor Adrian very innocently asked Epictetus, "why Venus is painted naked?" The philosopher replied, "Because she always reduces her followers to such poverty that they have no clothes. The smiles of a pretty woman are the tears of the purse."

BROAD HINT.—Two persons, each occupying a room in the same building, the one in the story above was complaining that his stove did not draw well. The other replied, "I thought it did draw well, for I find it drawing my wood up stairs."

Francis was the first monarch who introduced ladies at his Court. He said, in a style of true gallantry, "that a drawing-room without ladies, was like a year without the spring, or rather like spring without flowers."

A FRENCHMAN'S DEFINITION OF A BROKER.—"Ah! I m'aie rin docteur!e!—dat is do raison vot fore de peupple coil de agent Broker—it is lesee venne de broque heav bizznessesse vid him he become broke!"

#### OUR CANINE REGIMENT.

A correspondent of the Florida Herald gives the following animated account of an interview with our new and respectable allies, Messrs. the blood hounds from Cuba:

So various are these dogs in color, shape, size, and age, that at first sight they appear like an ordinary pack barking about a planter's dwelling, but examination proves them quite another thing. To describe a dog so as to be understood, is difficult. I must therefore convey a general idea by requesting you to imagine a short haired, black, red, yellow, brindle or spotted dog, or any other color that ever bedecked the species, 24 inches high and 38 inches long (or thereabouts) with head, breast, forelegs and shoulders like a light made mastiff, and snout somewhat elongated, ears erect like a greyhound (mostly cropped were they bend) and loins, crop, haunches, and tail like a greyhound, only thicker set.

This combination, you may conceive, produces an animal of great nerve, strength and agility, and such, to all appearance, are these blood hounds.

They are 34 in number—5 or 6 old dogs, well trained—the remainder younger—some I should think not a year old; one of these, a lady bloodhound, walked about the village with me as fondly and lovingly as a spaniel; but her kindness was inoperative upon the rest of her clan, for such a set of ferocious beasts I never before saw. That modern Daniel, Van Amburgh, who goes among the lions, would stand no chance among them. When any living thing approaches one of the older dogs, his eyes flash, he roars with rage, and twists like a serpent to escape from his chain; the keepers have them under subjection, but have frequently to maintain quiet and order by inflicting heavy blows with a cudgel, when the dog lays down with an air which seems to say, "I will be civil to accommodate you; but—don't you stick!" for they neither wince nor howl.

A few days since as an experiment, a negro was sent a mile into the woods to climb a tree, and in an hour afterwards a dog was put on the trail—he followed it direct through all the windings of the bushes without faltering. The only question is, will they follow the trail of an Indian? If they will, they will be a great acquisition to the country, for as to fighting, I am satisfied they would grapple with any thing. The way two or three of them would rattle a dozen Indians out of a scrub, or a bay-gall would be nobody's business. I can only add that I am much pleased with the bloodhounds, and would like no better fun than taking a hunt with them.

Four keepers have come with them from Cuba. The elder, a very respectable sort of a man, is I believe, a runaway negro hunter by profession, and he has such confidence in his dogs, that he is ready to lead their way against Indians, wherever ordered—there is nothing of the finisher in his appearance.—B.

#### From the *Chillicothe (Ohio) Gazette.*

#### THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.

Much as we may value the exercise of wisdom and foresight in the statesman, and as rich as is the history of General HARRISON in examples of both, it is not in the possession of these qualities that we are to trace the secret of the deep hold he has upon the affections of the people. Throughout his long and eventful life, his hand has ever been outstretched to assist the stricken with misfortune, and his heart has ever sympathized with the woes of his fellow men. A gentleman of our acquaintance, some time since, related to us an account of an incident that came under his notice, which, though but one of the thousand examples of the old General's generosity (as he stated)—made such an impression on our mind, that we cannot forbear to communicate it to our readers, regretting our inability to invest it with the peculiar interest which our friend's manner of telling the story gave it. Its authenticity no one will doubt, who knows our informant or his illustrious subject.

"I was at North Bend, last summer, in compliance with an invitation from Gen. Harrison to dine with him. While we were at the table, a servant requested the General to step into the hall, as some person desired to see him immediately. My host excused himself to me, and, after a few minutes' absence, returned, ushering in a man of about fifty years of age, who bore about his person and dress the marks of the most squalid wretchedness.

"This man," said Gen. H., "says he is one of my soldiers, and I have invited him to dine with us."

"A place was made for the unexpected guest, and he presently applied himself to the business before him in such a manner as to evidence pretty strongly that he had not had a good dinner for many a day.—While we were at the table, the man related such circumstances to the General, that convinced him that the new comer was really one of his old soldiers, who had served with him on the Maumee and at the Thames. He was a blacksmith by trade, and had been to New Orleans on a tramp, where he suffered by sickness, and was reduced to the utmost poverty. He had managed to get thus far north, by the charity of the steamboat captains, and had taken the opportunity which the near neighborhood afforded him of calling on his old commander.

"After dinner, the stranger manifested a disposition to depart—when Gen. Harrison drawing me aside, said—

"Here is one of my former companions in arms in distress, and I cannot suffer him to leave my house in such a forlorn condition. To tell you the truth, I cannot be content with merely feeding him—he must be clothed. Were I to give him the thread-bare coat on my back, he might justly consider it but stinted charity. I have but one other, however, yet he shall have that!" So saying, he brought from his wardrobe an elegant black coat, with other garments to correspond, and handed them to the stranger.

"Take these," said he, for the sake of old recollections: My friend here will furnish you with means of getting to Cincinnati, and when you get there, call upon Mr. —in —street, and tell him it is my request that he will give you employment."

"The old soldier left the house, with what feelings you may imagine; but whatever they were, he was too full to express them."

#### HEAR AN EYE WITNESS.

Gen. Harrison has been accused, by some of his opponents, strange as it may seem, of cowardice. Messrs. Buchanan and Flood have even had the effrontery to make the accusation in the Ohio Legislature. They have been fully answered by Mr. Pollock, of Muskingum. The following is his reply to their remarks:

Mr. Speaker, I have heard members of this house charge General Harrison with cowardice, whom he defended and protected from the war-knife and tomahawk of the Indian, when they were sleeping in their mother's arms. I know individuals who were with him in the battles of the Thames, Fort Meigs, &c.

I know, sir, that cannon balls, and chainshot, and bombshells flew thick around him in these battles. The gentleman from Clermont, (Mr. Buchanan,) said that Gen. Harrison was not, during the battle of Fort Meigs, near enough to have the scales knocked off of him. Well, sir, if he was not near enough to have the scales knocked off, he was near enough to have scales and dirt knocked on to him by cannon balls. (Who saw? asked some member.) I saw it, sir, I was in that battle. I saw a cannon ball strike within two feet of Gen. Harrison during that fight. I was there, I saw bombshells and chainshot flying all around him. Horses were shot down under him. I saw Gen. Harrison there, and he was in the hottest and hardest of the fight; and where balls flew thickest, and where steel met steel the fiercest, there would you find General Harrison. I speak what I know and what my eyes have seen. General Harrison is not a coward; and those who call him a coward, know nothing of him. He was a brave, prudent, and fearless General. He took the right course during the last war: he acted a noble part, and his country who honored him for it. Ask the soldiers who fought by his side; whose hearts were cheered by his valor, and who were led to triumph and to victory by his courage, and bravery, and skill, if General Harrison was a coward—and they, sir, will tell you, no! Sir, I have done. I only wished to give my testimony in favor of Gen. Harrison, and to state what I have seen, in opposition to the statements of those who are ignorant of his character, and who know nothing of his bravery and skill.

SILK CULTURE.—The National Silk Society have offered numerous bounties, varying from \$100 to \$1000 each, for the best specimens of raw silk, to be produced during the coming summer. The whole amount of the bounties is \$16,000. The prospect is fair that the silk culture will become a prominent and settled part of our domestic industry, and that silk, either raw or manufactured, will constitute, within a few years, a valuable staple of home production.

From the *Quincy Sentinel*, February 28.  
FLORIDA.

DISGRACEFUL.—We learn that Lieut. Whitten, of the volunteers, was killed by the Indians, near the Ocala, a few days since. He was out on a scout with twelve men, and was somewhat in advance of his company when he was fired on, killed, and mutilated in a most horrible manner; his men, in the meantime, leaving him to his wretched fate. Such cowardice and treachery deserve the severest rebuke, and we learn that their names will be stricken from the roll, as they must be from the respect of society. The force of the enemy was said to be only eight or nine.

Since writing the above we learn that Maj. Baily, with his command, came up soon after the murder of Lieut. Whitten, and with some of the blood-hounds, immediately went in pursuit. We may therefore soon be able to know whether these animals will be of any service.

We have this moment returned from the North Bend, where we have been with some thousand of our citizens, to pay a visit to the Leg Cabin Candidate. The occasion of the visit was the presentation of the American Eagle, sent to General Harrison by the delegation to the State Convention from Crawford county. The hale old Chief received us on the lawn in front of his house, and made a most happy reply to the address of Maj. Charles S. Clarkson. All was joy and enthusiasm.—*Cincinnati Republican.*

The Memphis, Tennessee, Enquirer, says:—"We know of several changes in Memphis; some Van Buren men say they would not be sorry to see Harrison elected. We have heard also that Van Buren men express their belief that he will be elected. They say they want to see a change of times, and hope a change in the course of the Government may produce it. 'Any thing for a change,' they say. A gentleman from Collierville assures us that several of his neighbors who would not have voted for Mr. Clay, will now vote for Harrison. Make way for the people! Make way for the people!"

Northeastern Boundary.—The Washington papers contain an interesting correspondence between the British Minister, Mr. Fox, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Forsyth, on the Northeastern Boundary question. It arose out of a demand from the Governor of Maine upon the President for protection against invasion.

Mr. Forsyth charges that the British have erected barracks and stockades on the disputed territory; and Mr. Fox replies that the barracks are these begun long since, and the stockades are merely defences against the artillery which the Maine troops have brought upon the forbidden land.

The tenor of the letters is certainly rather belliger