Balto City and County Alms House.

Resident Students – Feby 44.

Chas H Smith M.D. Norfolk – Va [M.D. Univ. Md. 1843

Thos H. Palmer M.D. Florida – [Thomas M. Palmer, Florida M.D. Univ. Md. 184

Christ. Johnston M.D. Balto. Md M.D. Univ Md. 18

Chas H. Baer Frederick cty Charles J. Baer Frederick, Md Un. Md 1845

Washington F. Anderson M.D. Alabama M.D. Un. MD 1844

J. W. Reins. M.D. Richmond Va.

Wm F. Howard M.D. Virginia – [Student U. Md.; M.D. Jefferson Med Phila 1844

Stu R. Tilghman – M.D. Balto Md. M.D. Univ Md. 1843

= Tom Buckler M.D.

Attending Physician.

Saml Annan MD – ditto –

=

Harry Stevenson M. D. Un. Md (son of R. Caton Woodville) 1866

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF THE AMERICAN STATES.

Maine was so called as early as 1638, from Maine in France, of which Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, was at that time proprietor. New Hampshire was the name given to the territory conveyed by the Plymouth Company to Capt. John Mason, by patent, November 7, 1639, with reference to the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England Vermont was so called by the inhabitants in their declaration of independence, January 15, 1777, from the French *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts from a tribe of Indians in the neighbourhood of Boston. "I have learned," says Roger Williams, "that Massachusetts was so called from the Blue Hills." Rhode Island was named in 1644, in reference to the Island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. Connecticut was so called from the Indian name of its principal river; New York in reference to the Duke of York and Albany, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was named in 1681, after William Penn. Delaware, in 1703, from Delaware Bay, on which it lies, and which received its name from Lord De la War, who died in this bay. Maryland, in honour of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 30, 1632. Virginia was named, in 1584, after Elizabeth, the virgin Queen of England. Carolina, by the French in 1564, in honour of King Charles IX. of France. Georgia, in 1772, in honour of King George III. Alabama, in 1817, from its principal river. Mississippi, in 1800, from its western boundary. Mississippi is said to denote Kie, whole river, that is, the river formed by the union of many. Louisiana, so called in honour of Louis XVI. of France. Tennessee, in 1796, from its principal river; the word Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon. Kentucky, in 1782, from its principal river. Illinois, in 1809, from its principal river. The word is said to signify the river of men. Indiana, in 1802, from the American Indians. Ohio, in 1802, from its southern boundary. Missouri, in 1821, from its principal river. Michigan, named in 1805, from the lake on its borders. Arkansas, in 1819, from its principal river. Florida was so called by Juan Ponse le Leon, in 1752, because it was discovered on Easter Sunday; in Spanish, *Pascus Florida*.

Simmonds's Colonial Magazine.

June 15.

☞ Gen. Morris, of the New Mirror, at a dinner given in New York to the Boston Grays, gave the following sentiment, which was received with enthusiasm:

WOMAN—*The paragon of the world*—
"Whom God created in a smile of grace,
And left the smile that made her in her face."

FRELINGHUYSEN.

Well, to us it's most surprisin'
Folks lack rhymes for Frelinghuysen!
Brains that hold the "hows" and "whys" in,
Scouces with the proper eyes in,
Hearts that joy their fam'ly ties in,
E'en the tones the baby cries in,
Souls that grieve a country's sighs in,
And the groans her sons replies in;
Wits that deal no maggot flies in,
Quite content our present size in,
Hating "Tyler too" like pisin,
Both the way that he denies in,
And the Texan vexed horizon,
Salves—scissors—war surmisin',
All the pains as people dies in,
And the bloody graves they lies in;—
Every one who hopes and tries in
Sinking times to be foul'd risin',
A successful shape and guise in,
Whether that they begs or buys in,
Or old Nick himself *denies in*.
All who wish their thumbs the pies in
Sing out Clay and Frelinghuysen.
Whigs, give us your advertisin'!

There! we've committed ourselves, that's clear. Only see what folly rhyme will lead people into! Never mind; we have certainly earned the prize for the best Whig song, and only hope that it may not be spoiled by any musical composer in the *setting*, being rather particular about our *standing*.

St. Louis Reveille.

Dr. THOS. S. MERCER,

AND

Dr. STEDMAN R. TILGHMAN,

"Pauper's Retreat"

CANDIDATES

FOR

PHYSICIANS

TO THE

Baltimore General Dispensary.

Election Friday, June 27, 1845.

Refer to

PROF. N. R. SMITH,
DR. J. P. McKENZIE,
" R. S. STEUART,
" A. ROBINSON.

C Frick
W. Anderson
Pettinger
Estep Hall
} Poor House

Baltimore General Dispensary. At an election held yesterday at Dix & Fogg's Fountain Inn, Light street, Drs. Tilghman, Wilson and Atkinson, were elected physicians of the Baltimore General Dispensary, to serve for one year from the time of their election.

Buffalo in Texas.—*Civilization Advancing Backwards.*—From the Texan papers, through the New Orleans Picayune, we learn, that immense herds of buffalo are ranging the beautiful prairies bordering upon the San Gabriel, Brasses, and Little rivers, the present spring. Thousands of these animals were drowned a few weeks since, while attempting to swim the latter stream during a freshet; but the most singular thing of all, is the fact, that a large herd traversed the streets of the city of Austin the other day, passing directly through the heart of the place, and making themselves perfectly at home upon their former "stamping ground." It was predicted, some two years since, that the then flourishing seat of government would again become the haunt of the wild buffalo, and it has been verified. Numbers of the huge animals have been killed in the edges of the city. Only think of it! Wild bulls directly within the busy scenes of civilization! We would like to see a drove of them tearing and charging through our streets. There would be something of a scattering of horses, and drays, and a getting up stairs of men, women and children, we opine.

St. Louis Reveille.

Wat. Potter M.D.

Prof. of theory & Practice of Med – University of Md.

1842.

[illegible] whose loss is $2[illegible].

Death of an Editor. We regret to learn that M. C. Field, Esq., formerly one of the editors of the New Orleans Picayune, and more recently of the St. Louis Reveille, died a few days since on his passage from Boston to Pensacola. The Tropic says—"In the death of Mr. Field, a brilliant literary light is put out. The music notes from Phazma's harp are hushed forever. The poetry that came in harmonious measure and spontaneous verse from his gifted pen is not buried with him; but the source is dried up and the frail body that contained the master mind is slumbering amidst the coral caves far down in the blue depths of ocean.

Hymn to the Mississippi.

[SPANISH AIR.]

Father of Waters! from
Far mountains wending,
Solemnly dost thou come,
Through the wilds bending;
Coursing the western plains,
Where olden silence reigns,
Linking the mighty mains,
Leagues long descending.

Sire of the silent streams!
River of wonder!
Glory wide o'er thee gleams,
And thy waves under.
That glory, olden heard,
Oft hath the spirit stir'd,
Bolder than spoken word,
Louder than thunder!

O mighty water! when
Old Time was o'er thee,
Thou wast as mighty then,
No flood before thee.
Far in the western wild,
Where thy bright surface smiled,
There knelt the forest child
Down to adore thee!

Beautiful, *Belle Riviere!*
Fairest of daughters!
Seeking for wavelets clear,
"Big Drink" has caught hers,
On! in majestic prime,
On! for thy race sublime,
Till ends the course of Time,
Father of Waters!

PHAZMA.

NIAGARA.

A roar! as of moving worlds afar!
A rush! as of the judgment day arriving!
A flash! as one were soaring near a star!
A din! as of the conquered fiends reviving!
A hymn to time! A never ceasing lay!
The grave of silence! Winding-sheet of years!
Old Neptune's venerable beard of spray!
Earth's voice amid the music of the spheres!
The quick heart-gush of Terra's vital tide!
The incense of the waters to the sky!
Eternity rebuking human pride!
The sound created for the last to die!
Sublimity, with poesy or without it!
NIAGARA! O, *try to write about it!*

PHAZMA.

The Sea-Gull.

My lonely bird! a charm thy presence brings,
Whether 'mid storm and surge I view thee sweep,
Or, like a lover, press with snowy wings,
The heaving bosom of thine own blue deep.
Untamed of heart, 'tis thine to proudly keep
Thy daring course, amid the vast and grand;
Inhaling freedom from the ocean steep;—
Stern as its rock, confineless as its sand.
Oh! I could deem thee, as I watch thy flight,
Making a pastime of the tempest's wrath,
Some spirit! disenthrall'd from earth and night,
Seeking aloft, rejoicing in its path,
The elemental source from which it being hath.

J. M. F.

Reveille.]

Hard Run for a Customer.—"What's

The Sabbath.

Hark! the Temple's solemn chime!
'T is the holy Sabbath time!
'T is the day forever blest
As the Christian's time of rest.
Hark! the gentle invitation
To repose and adoration!
Something in the Sabbath toll
Soothes the mind and wins the soul;
Telling men of Heaven's care,
And attuning hearts to pray'r.

Hark! the sounds go up to Heaven,
Whence came down the precious leaven,
E'en as happy earth should try
Songs responsive to the sky.
Softer seem the winds to blow,
Calmer seems the earth to grow,
Balmier the breath of day,
Holier the sunny ray,
Brighter seem the arched skies,
As the sounds of pray'r arise!

'T is the rapt and solemn pause
Of the Great First-guiding Cause!—
Who from mighty labor staid,
When the beauteous world was made.
When the land, in verdant pride,
Rose, the waters to divide,
When the LIGHT broke at "The Word,"
And first life in Eden stirr'd,
Then HE spoke, as there he stood,
"It is done, and it is good!"

Holy Sabbath! Let us pray
New returnings of the day.
From the ills of carking care,
Saddened thought and dark despair,
Mortal things that fret the soul
'Till it sinks in their control,
From the blight of stubborn will,
Holy Sabbath, save us still!
Hark! the Temple's solemn chime!
'T is the holy Sabbath time!

PHAZMA.

The Daily Picayune.

Lines to the Memory of "Phazma,"

BY GEORGE W. CHRISTY, ESQ.

Under the waters so deep, deep,
The body is launched, with none to weep,
And o'er its grave
The moaning wave
Time to the funeral march doth keep;
In measured tones, from depths profound,
The dirge of Ocean swells around.

The deathless spirit is—where?—where?
Mingling its life with the viewless air,
Reflecting light,
With soft delight,
On souls that feel the weight of care;—
And, even now, methinks 'tis here,
Chiding the gush of this idle tear.

The tuneful harp is broken—broken;—
Its wild, sweet lay shall ne'er be spoken;
The lips are mute—
Unstrung the lute—
And Love is left without a token.
Yes!—one remains,—to memory dear,—
A mutual grief—a mutual tear.

Together we've tasted weal and woe,
And breasted dangers few may know;—
Side by side,
On Prairies wide,
We've turned to face the treacherous foe:
The prowling wolf hath left his tread,
Where *both* have knelt beside *the dead!*

One last and lingering tear—tear—
To thy memory, Mat, so dear:—
And then—aye, then,
To mix with men;
Thoughtless and gay, perchance, appear;
Yet Night, sweet Night, restraint shall end,
And let me weep—a faithful friend.

Popular Vote.

The following is a statement of the popular vote in the different States at the recent elections. Where the full vote is given, it can be relied on as nearly, if not exactly, correct.

	Clay.	Polk.	Birney. and Scat.
Pennsylvania,	161,203	167,535	3,138
Maryland,	35,984	32,676	
Rhode Island,	7,322	4,846	5
New Jersey,	38,318	37,495	131
Ohio,	155,057	149,117	8,050
Delaware,	6,267	5,965	
New York,	232,454	237,455	15,757
North Carolina,	43,232	39,287	
Connecticut,	32,898	29,839	1,943
Massachusetts,	66,872	52,935	10,860
Vermont,	26,778	18,049	3,970
Georgia,	42,106	44,155	
New Hampshire,	17,866	27,160	4,161
Maine,	34,672	46,103	4,866
Tennessee,	60,030	59,917	
Virginia,	43,677	49,570	
Kentucky,	61,279	52,006	
Illinois,	45,145	57,835	est. 2,500
Michigan,	24,237	27,703	3,632
Indiana,		2,250	
Mississippi,		6,000	
Louisiana,		790	
Missouri,		10,000	
Arkansas,		3,000	
Alabama,		11,250	
South Carolina,	Chosen by legislature.		
26 States,	1,135,327	1,172,988	59,013‡
		1,135,327	
Polk over Clay, exclusive of South Carolina,†		37,661	

The whole number of votes, exclusive of S. Carolina, will be about 2,660,000, which is only about 260,000 more than were polled at the Presidential election in 1840.

The Abolition vote will exceed Polk's majority over Clay, after including a suitable estimate, say 20,000, for South Carolina.

Harrison's majority in 1840 was 145,900, less the vote of South Carolina, which would reduce it to perhaps 130,000.

Van Buren's majority in 1836 was 25,413, less the vote of South Carolina, which would have reduced it to 10,000 or 15,000.

†Which may fairly be estimated at 20,000 majority.

‡Which will be increased perhaps 2000 by the vote of Indiana.

It will be found useful for reference in the approaching elections.

States.	Time of Elec'ns		El'ctors	Vote for Pr's. 1840	
	State.	Pres'dt.		Harrison	V Buren
Maine	Sept 9	Nov 4	9	46,612	46,201
N. Hamp.	Mar 12	Nov 4	6	25,158	32,761
Vermont	Sept 3	Nov 12	6	32,440	18,018
Mass.	Nov 11	Nov 11	12	72,874	51,944
R. Island	Ap Au	Nov 6	4	5,276	3,301
Connecticut	April 1	Nov 4	6	31,601	25,296
New York	Nov 5	Nov 5	36	225,817	212,227
New Jersey	Oct 8	" 5, 6	7	33,351	31,034
Pennsyl'a	Oct 8	Nov 1	26	144,021	143,672
Delaware	Nov 12	Nov 12	3	5,967	4,874
Maryland	Oct 2	Nov 11	8	33,528	28,752
Virginia	April 18	Nov 4	17	42,501	43,893
N Carolina	Aug 1	Nov 14	11	46,376	33,783
S. Carolina	Oct 14	Dec 1	9	By Legislature	
Georgia	Oct 7	Nov 4	10	40,264	34,933
Alabama	Aug 5	Nov 11	9	28,471	33,991
Mississippi	Nov 4	Nov 4	6	19,518	16,975
Louisiana	July 1	Nov 5	6	11,296	7,6 6
Tennessee	Aug 1	Nov 5	13	60,391	48,289
Kentucky	Aug 5	Nov 4	12	58,489	34,646
Ohio	Oct 8	Nov 1	23	148,157	124,782
Indiana	Aug 5	Nov 4	12	65,302	51,604
Illinois	Aug 5	Nov 4	9	45,537	47,476
Missouri	Aug 5	Nov 4	7	22,972	29,760
Michigan	Nov 4	Nov 4	5	22,833	21,131
Arkansas	Oct 7	Nov 4	3	4,363	6,048
			275	1,274,217	1,128,276

At the Presidential election for 1840, 19 of the 26 States voted for Gen. Harrison, and gave him 234 electoral votes. The same States will now be entitled to only 215 electors. Seven States voted for Mr. Van Buren, and were then entitled to 60 votes, and will, by the new ratio, be entitled to the same in the aggregate.

INTER

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE.

BY M. C. FIELD.

DEATH OF FRANCOIS.—Inquiry seeming to be especially alive in regard to the unhappy occurrence that has been mentioned as having taken place during our far travel, it may be as well to relate the death of poor little Francois at once.

On the 18th of last July we encamped about midday under the "Red Buttes," having made our crossing of the north fork of the Platte, and being then in high spirits, on account of our near approach to the mountains, the glittering snows of which, like fleecy vapors on the far horizon, we had now seen for several days.—Forming camp at midday on this occasion was on account of our having met an old trader by the name of Vasquez, who was travelling inward to Fort John, at Laramee, with a large number of pack animals laden with robes and skins. We halted to exchange greeting, many of both parties having known each other of old, and the afternoon was wearing pleasantly away, when smiles were suddenly exchanged for deep solemnity, and a gloom spread round among us that hitherto had been a stranger in our camp. One of the letters designed for this paper, that never came to hand, was written at this encampment. The epistle was of the sunniest and liveliest kind, aiming to assure friends at home of our complete safety and how well every thing was going with us, dwelling upon our freedom from molestation or danger, our capacity to set peril at defiance, and our happy escape from accident or peril of any kind.

The red wax of the seal was scarcely cold upon that letter, when—Bang! —whirr-r-izz-z!—a man's voice exclaiming, "Great G—d!"—followed by more juvenile accents of pain and horror enunciating, "Mon Dieu! mon Dieu?" gave all ears warning of some frightful harm having occurred.

"What is it?"—"Who fired?"—"What's the matter?"—"Who's hurt?" were the rapid inquiries of people jumping up and running in all directions. The next instant all eyes were directed to the spot where the misfortune occurred, by a still louder voice calling hurriedly for "Doctor Tilghman!" —and there lay poor little Francois Clement in the arms of Sir Wm. Stewart, with the blood rushing in torrents from his left breast!

Sedman Tilghman, a young gentleman from Baltimore, and a thorough graduate in surgical science, though only yet in his first year of manhood, was soon upon the spot, coolly and skilfully performing all that could be done; but the wound in the breast of Francois was one over which no science extant could hold control. All left to be done was but to see how long the spark of life could be made to linger yet within the mutilated frame; and so desperate was the wound, through and through the very vital region of the body, that it seemed to us all strange that the boy survived ten minutes after being shot.

Francois was the youngest brother of Antoine Clement, one of the first among the best hunters known upon the Western prairies, but of him we shall have occasion to speak elsewhere. The boy was a favorite with Captain Stewart, and generally rode with him as page or "protege." He was but fifteen years old, the pet of his mother at home, and a forward, smart boy, at least in every thing that pertained to hunting or forest life. On one occasion young Walker, of St. Louis, an active and spirited amateur hunter, was out from camp, after a black-tailed deer, when he found Francois striving to outstrip him in pursuit of the game.

"Why, Frank, what are you doing here" said Walker.

"I'm after that deer," replied the boy.

"You after a deer! why you couldn't hit the side of a barn at twenty yards, if it was tied fast for you!"

"Je ne sais pas," said Frank; "but maybe I could hit you at a hundred!"

Such a youth was Francois Clement—too forward for his years or place, which fact in a great measure led to the sad catastrophe of his demise.

Sitting outside of a tent, he saw a gun inside, which he took hold of by the muzzle, seeking to draw it out under the stretched canvass, and while in this act, some obstruction touched the lock, discharging the instrument, and driving an ounce ball through the lower lobe of poor Frank's left lung!

It was about an hour before sunset, and when that hour was fading to an instant he was still reclining upon Dr. Tilghman's knee. A prophetic but chilling intelligence seemed to kindle in the boy's eye, as if just imparted by an ice-bolt in the heart, when his gaze turned from the darkening west in the doctor's face, and he mournfully said—

"Lay me down, Doctor; lay me down and let me rest: I am dead! I am dead!"

The doctor endeavored to assure him that he should still be calm and cherish hope, but the cold conviction of sudden death seemed to have frozen into the poor boy's soul.

"Mon Dieu! je suis mort! je suis mort!—O! mon Dieu!" he exclaimed, burying his face from the sinking sun.

He was born in Saint Charles, Missouri, of French parents, and always spoke in that language when most affected.

It is known that two Catholic priests, besides several lay brothers, accompanied us to the mountains—missionaries, going to settle with the Flathead tribe. Father De Vos came to poor Frank soon after his accident, and never left him again until his last breath of mortality had passed away, save for the few instants when he went to robe himself for administering the Extreme Unction. The presence of this good old man rendered the scene one of deep and affecting solemnity. With calm and impressive persuasion he banished wildness and fear from the boy's heart, and turned his thoughts on happiness and Heaven. Then flew the heart of Francois homeward to his mother, and all his remaining words were for her.

"Oh! ma mere, ma chere mere! je meurs! je meurs! je ne te verrai jamais encore!" . . . . Still he went on, but his words were all in French, mourning in the tenderest manner for his mother.

"My dear mother will never see me again! I am going to another world, and she is not near me! She will never kiss Francois again! She does not see me! she will see me no more!—Mother! mother!—Oh! my dear mother!"

He lived until about eight o'clock in the evening, during which time he faded gradually, his brow growing paler, but his eyes preserving until nearly the last moment its clear and boyish lustre, that seemed even brighter and more remarkable as his parting moment came nearer. The group around that dying boy was a thing that rivited the gaze of many an eye in camp; but one object, especially, held a peculiar and marked prominence—this was Antoine, the hunter, the brother of Francois. The fine form of the sturdy, sunburned mountaineer seemed like a figure hardened into bronze, as he knelt, speechless and immoveable, beside his dying brother during the gloomy hours of that evening. He kissed the boy repeatedly, but never wept or uttered a syllable. He sat with the corpse, and never spoke. When the camp moved away from the grave, next day, there we left Antoine, all alone, and there he stood, his figure growing indistinct in distance, until all sight of him was gone; and never, during all the rest of our travel, did Antoine mention his brother, until, when on the steamboat, nearing his home, with a choking voice and eyes filling up with tears, he asked the writer of this to give him on paper the dying words of Francois.

Poor Francois! All the decencies of the grave were given to him; mass was said for his youthful and, we presume, innocent spirit; the ground was levelled over him, and fire was burned upon the spot, for it was necessary to hide, "and mark," a Christian's grave in that far land of desolation. So we left Francois; and there he is sleeping now, beneath the towering masses of the Red Buttes.

Picayune.

---

not mark —

The Indians would very quickly rob the poor boy's body of the blankets in which it was wrapped —

Reayne

THE DEATH OF A DOG.—To die "the death of a dog," is said to be the fate of any unfortunate who has been disconnected by misfortune or misconduct from the sympathy and charity of his kin. The phrase is familiar in every ear, and its signification is well understood. That dogs do generally die wretchedly is most true; and even the hound of high degree, when his day is over, may go to the dust as miserably as any "bob-tail tike or trundle tail" of the canine fraternity. Dogs are generally supposed to die in the gutter; "headed," as we see them in the dog-days, or pelted to death with stones by mischievous boys. Books tell us that dogs, of all the brute creation, manifest clearest intelligence and closest attachment to man; while, at the same time, it is a received opinion that the death of a dog is the most despicable exit from being that can be made by biped or quadruped. At some future time perhaps philosophy may find out how far these facts go to the disgrace of the dog, and how far in favor of the magnanimity of man. The mastiff, the hound, the spaniel, the shepherd's dog, the harrier, the terrier, the grey-hound, the blood-hound, &c. &c. all have their friends and masters during their day of utility; but to grow sick or old are sins always to be visited with the vengeance of neglect. Such being the unhappy fate of the genus *canis*, there is, perhaps, no sadder image to be called before the mind than "the death of a dog."

On the 1st of January, 1827, Col. Wm. L. Sublette, accompanied by a famous Mountaineer called Black Harris, started on foot, from the Valley of the Big Salt Lake, on an express expedition from the Mountains to St. Louis.—The story of the whole trip is too long to be told now, and we only propose to mention one remarkable incident of the journey. The two men took with them no horses, but pushed forward with snow-shoes upon their feet. An Indian dog, trained and broken for service, with a pack of necessaries weighing fifty pounds strapped upon its back, was their only friend, assistant and companion upon this perilous, desolate and unprecedented adventure. After encountering suffering, hunger and hardship, in every shape that winter could inflict upon them in a savage region, they stopped one evening, sick and starving, under three elm trees, by the side of a frozen streamlet, still two hundred miles outside of the settlements. The dog was weak and sore-footed, out of sight behind, as it followed faithfully and wearily on. Sublette had barely strength to scrape the snow from a spot, gather his blanket around him and fall exhausted; while Black Harris broke dead branches from the trees and kindled a fire. If the condition of the two desolate travellers at this moment may be imagined, it must present a picture worthy of attention. Sublette lay coiled up in his blanket by the side of the little camp-fire, while Black Harris, sitting cross-legged opposite, bent for warmth over the miserable blaze, his eye gleaming with strange earnestness upon the poor dog that came crawling in just as the heaviest shadows of night were gathering around. Harris did not move, as was his usual custom, to relieve the dog from its load. The animal crawled near the fire, crouched and closed its eyes, with the burden still bound upon its back, while Black Harris "did rest his chin upon his clenched hands and smiled," as his eye roved back and forth from the poor, starved dog to a little axe or tomahawk that lay near.

"Captain," said Harris, addressing Sublette.

"*Um?*" muttered the worn-out man.

"The dog."

"*Um?*"

"I say, the dog!"

"Well?"

"Well! well, then you ain't hungry, I suppose? I wont say dog to you again!" and Black Harris made a miserable attempt to whistle, his wild eye still fixed upon the poor beast that lay near him.

"He can't travel any more, any how," said Harris.

"*Um!*"

"O, go to sleep, if you've had your supper; I'm just talking to my friend here with four legs."

"Are you hungry, Harris?" asked Sublette faintly.

"Hungry! O, Lord, no! I have eaten three full meals in only a fortnight! Hungry, Captain! why, you're joking me; go to sleep, Captain, go to sleep; you have been dining out and indulging! go to sleep."

"Must we kill the dog, Harris?"

"O, not at all, Captain; I can wait awhile myself, and he'll save us the trouble before morning!"

"*Um!*"

"We've got nothing more for him to carry, any how."

"O, Lord!"

"And he couldn't carry any thing if we had it. *I* dont want to kill the dog!"

"*Um!*"

"There's nothing to eat on his bones, any how; good night, Captain!"

"Kill the dog! kill the dog, Harris," said Sublette; "you are starving: I *can't* eat the flesh of the wretched creature, but if you can, kill it, kill it, in God's name!"

Harris snatched the axe, and reeled with weakness as he rose to strike the dog. He struck and missed his aim. The dog rose and looked in his face. He struck again, and the blow descended with fearful effect upon the skull of the animal. It fell and rose again with a pitiful howl.

"Get up, get up and help me, Captain," said Harris, "a dizziness is coming over me, and I can't see the brute."

"No! no! no!" replied the prostrate man, curling himself up closer and closer in the folds of his blanket.

"*Get up!*" repeated Harris, with phrenzied earnestness in his words, and Sublette rose with sudden energy to assist.

The wounded dog had crawled away, and lay mourning piteously somewhere in the dark. The two men groped about, blindly, and half crazy with hunger and wretchedness, in search of it, and at length it was found.

"Hold it! hold it!" cried Harris, as he threw more sticks on the fire to get light.

Sublette held the dog, while Harris gave it two more rapid blows upon the skull with his tomahawk, stretching the creature out upon the blood-stained snow, apparently dead. Without pausing an instant the hungry man threw the carcase on to the fire to singe the hair off, when it exhibited life again, wriggled out of the flame and ran madly away! By its own burning hair the poor travellers traced it, and, after being stabbed and stabbed again, and knocked in the head again, the heart yet moved when the impatient butcher opened his prey!

Sublette returned, sick, to his bed in the snow, but Harris cooked supper and feasted alone, setting the Captain's share aside to serve for breakfast. They both ate heartily in the morning, and with renewed vigor set forward for home.

Such is one story of the death of a dog.

"Sublette" was our guide in 1843 — He was the first man who crossed the Rocky Mountains with wagons — & then through the "South Pass" — Shoshone by Fremont — P. Wyeman

OGLING A BUFFALO BULL.

One of our fellow travellers, who sought the mountains for health, recreation, and novelty, without any speculating aim whatever, was a plain, blunt, good-humored and free-spoken man, by the name of Ogle, from somewhere in Illinois, if memory serves correctly. On the twenty-second of July, the day we reached Independence Rock, he was out far from camp, in company with our excellent little surgeon, Tilghman both of them always active and eager in search of game. They had encountered various stray groups of buffalo, succeeding admirably in scaring them, one after another, out of sig'it, when, late in the day, they were lucky enough to cripple a veteran bull so badly, that they were enabled to follow and overtake him on their mules. Popping another ball or two into the old beast, he dropped, rolled his eyes, tossed his head angrily, and then lay still, apparently quite dead, while the victorious hunters jumped from their saddles, hobbled their mules, drew their knives, and prepared for the butchering, in great exultation. Little surgeon Tilghman, a passionate, and already accomplished, student in anatomy, had conceived an intense desire to obtain and carry home with him, should he ever get back, the complete skull, horns and scalp of a buffalo. Actuated by this inclination, he now set to work, curiously examining the physiognomical aspect and phrenological presentation of his new subject; during which, in enthusiastic forgetfulness, he seated himself upon the animal's shoulder, leaning over between the horns, and enjoying in the fullest degree his new and fantastical ottoman. Ogle, more intent upon procuring meat, and returning to camp, had sharpened his knife, and now made a vigorous cut near the tail, to commence the operation of skinning. A violent shake of the old bull's head, intimating, no doubt, his decided objection to such familiarities, in an instant sent the little surgeon rolling five yards distant, and the way he then picked himself up and took to his pedal propellers, may be interesting to imagine; while Ogle, who was a stout, round-shouldered, and slow-motioned man, was suddenly seized with a nimble fit, that set him jumping over the sage-bushes, and getting out of the way with that entraordinary rate of speed, rendered classic in that famous epic of "Dan Tucker."

Strange as it then appeared, and strange as it must now seem in reading, the mortally-wounded bull rose and ran a full half mile from the spot where it first fell, while Ogle and the surgeon, after recovering from their consternation, mounted their mules and followed the runaway game, with desperate determination not to be swindled out of their supper. The bull stopped, worn with weakness almost to the last gasp, and turned upon his pursuers. In an instant two more balls were driven into the creature's side, and, after moving a step or two, and glaring wildly around him, down he tumbled, headforemost as before. Surgeon Tilghman now thought proper to maintain a respectable distance for a few moments, before resuming his scientific examination of the animal's skull; but Ogle, who possessed as daring a spirit as any man alive, and whose eye uneasily marked the sun plunging lower and lower, momently, toward his fiery western couch, walked cautiously but firmly up to the beast, and deliberately stuck his knife up to the handle into the region of its liver. What was the astonishment of the two amateur buffalo butchers when the tortured monster again tore the earth with its short horns, and struggled furiously to its feet! The surgeon was on his mule, and fifty yards distant, in an instant. Ogle was not so lucky, for his mule was on the opposite side of the bull, while his rifle stood against a sage bush in another direction. To get possession of both was impossible, and he could only precipitately seize the gun and make off on foot with an expedition at once alarming and ludicrous. Ogle ran like a man about to dive into water for a swim, and as he straddled, and jumped over, and cut round the sage bushes, that grew thick and high all over the ground, turning quickly every moment to see if the bull was after him; tripping, stumbling, half-falling, and stumbling again in desperate efforts to recover himself, his cumbrous form doubled up, straightened out again, twisted, wriggled, and bounded about in contortions so unchristian-like and inconceivable, that nothing like it may be mentioned, unless one can imagine such a freak of modern improvement as Calvin Edson, manufactured into a stout man by means of a blown up India-Rubber suit, and running a race with a whirlwind!

The bull dashed violently after Ogle for a few steps, but paused again, too weak to continue the chase. There is something most appealing and piteous in the slow turning of these huge creature's heads from side to side, and the indescribable glare of their dark eye-balls, when struggling between death and impotent rage. Pain, misery, anger, wonder, blind fury and overwhelming terror, seem to speak in this mute denotement of parting life. Again and again will they rouse themselves from the approaches of death, and make new efforts at escape and revenge. This poor old bull suddenly discovered Ogle's hat on a sage bush, where he had left it, and, making a plunge, the animal drove one of his short horns right through it, so that when he rose erect again, he had the hat sticking up-side-down upon his head. Nothing could have exceeded the absurd effect of this picture. A witness of the scene might have observed Dr. Tilghman in the distance, rolling from side to side upon his mule, in an ecstacy of laughter, while Ogle, having just paused from his flight, and turned, stood staring at the bull with a hat on, in most ludicrous amazement.

"Well, you may take my hat," said Ogle, "seeing as you've got it already, and seem to have no notion of dying."

The next moment the bull fell forward, panting in agony, upon its fore knees, staring still more wildly, and then slowly rolled over on its side with a long gurgling gasp, that, together with the stiffening out of his legs, told the work to be at length fairly over.

Day was just sinking to a close, when the two successful sportsmen got to work in earnest with their knives upon the warm carcass; Ogle stripping off the skin to get at the meat, while the Doctor was sawing away at the under jaw to get the tongue out, which latter operation was rendered perplexingly difficult, on account of the beast having plunged his nose into a stubborn cluster of the everlasting "artemisia," as he fell. To cut a tongue out conveniently and well, the head should be turned up, so as to rest upon its horns, but in this case the old bull, as if bent upon giving his butchers as much trouble as possible, with malice prepense and aforethought, rammed his proboscis tight into an abominable sage bush, so that the little Doctor had to tug like a Trojan to turn the ponderous skull even a few inches, and get a chance with his knife at the throat.

Night lowered over our camp at Rock Independence, and nobody could tell anything about Ogle or the Doctor. Signal guns were fired at dusk, at dark, at seven, eight, and nine o'clock, but still they did not appear, and it was near ten when the weary amateurs at length found camp, with a supply of fresh meat, and the Doctor's laughable history of "Ogling a Bull!"

St. Louis Reveille.

all true

S.W.J.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Even as the flower droops in the morning, when the tears of night are glittering upon its tinted leaves, or as the notes of the prisoned canary thrill forth harmony upon the enraptured ear, even as lovely to the wistful eye, and all as charming to the sense of sound, is the sweet tinkle of the chrystal goblet, when early bacchanalian worshippers pledge mutual friendship o'er *a morning dram!*

P. P. C.

There are a few translations free,
Of the initials, P. P. C.
Some saying that when callers come,
And you in bed, and "not at home,"
Your visiter leaves in the hall
A card conveying, "*Pray, pray call.*"

Again, there are more strict translators,
Despising English imitators,
Who swear the letters have a meaning
Of quite a cut-acquaintance leaning,
And they their P. P. C.'s receive
As saying plainly, "*To take leave.*"

Others there are who as they please
Translate their little P. P. C.'s,
And many are the meanings found,
As these three letters pass around;
Funny enough, a Frenchman, now,
Will read them for you, "*For take bow!*"

In business matters, to be serious,
They have a meaning more mysterious,
And creditors, I've heard them say,
Sending their P. P. C.'s away,
Present them with a sentence rash,
Something resembling "*Please pay cash!*"

Editors, more than all of these,
Receive most curious P. P. C.'s,
Along with pumpkins, mammoth beets,
Fish, flesh and fowl, and other treats,
Cabbages, flowers and pickle jars,
One box was marked, "*Puff, puff cigars.*"

We send out P. P. C.'s to debtors,
And the rogues backward read the letters,
Sending them back transposed to us,
Entreating we won't make a fuss,
And with *sang froid*, as cool as winter,
Bidding us read them, "*Can't pay printer.*"

To all such customers we say
Most soberly "*Pour prendre congé;*"
And we their best convenience banter
To cut their sticks from us instanter;
For we will print it, and we'll "lead it,"
Such persons are "*Past proper credit!*"

And so enough of P. P. C.,
These most mysterious letters three.
We have been taught of old to use
Regard about our P's and Q's,
But we must learn in days like these,
To look out for our P. P. C.'s. PHAZMA.

Eight rifle balls are now a legal tender for a dollar among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains.—*Picayune.*

Charles Calvert

"Natural Bridge" – Rocky Mountains – 40 feet from centre to the water below. 80 feet from side to side (span) – "Rocky creek" flows under the arch. C.W.C.

The street-costume of the ladies of rank in Lima

This letter was written in answer to one from R. C. J. (whilst in the Army) requesting to know the amount due for professional services — It was the custom of this great & good man never to charge the officers of the Army & Navy for any service he might render.

Philad.a 18th

Dear Sir,

My professional services in
have occasioned me so little trou
not consent to receive any pec
It affords me sincere pleasu
your health continues to improv

Very respectfully &
I am, dear Sir, Your Ob.

Lt. R. C. Tilghman U.S.N.

— answer
the army)
due for
— the custom
— t charge
the army
any servic

He is the son of Professor Gibson of Philadelphia. Do Eng. remember.

Yours truly
Charles Bell

I am, in haste,
my dear Sir
very truly yours
J. Clark

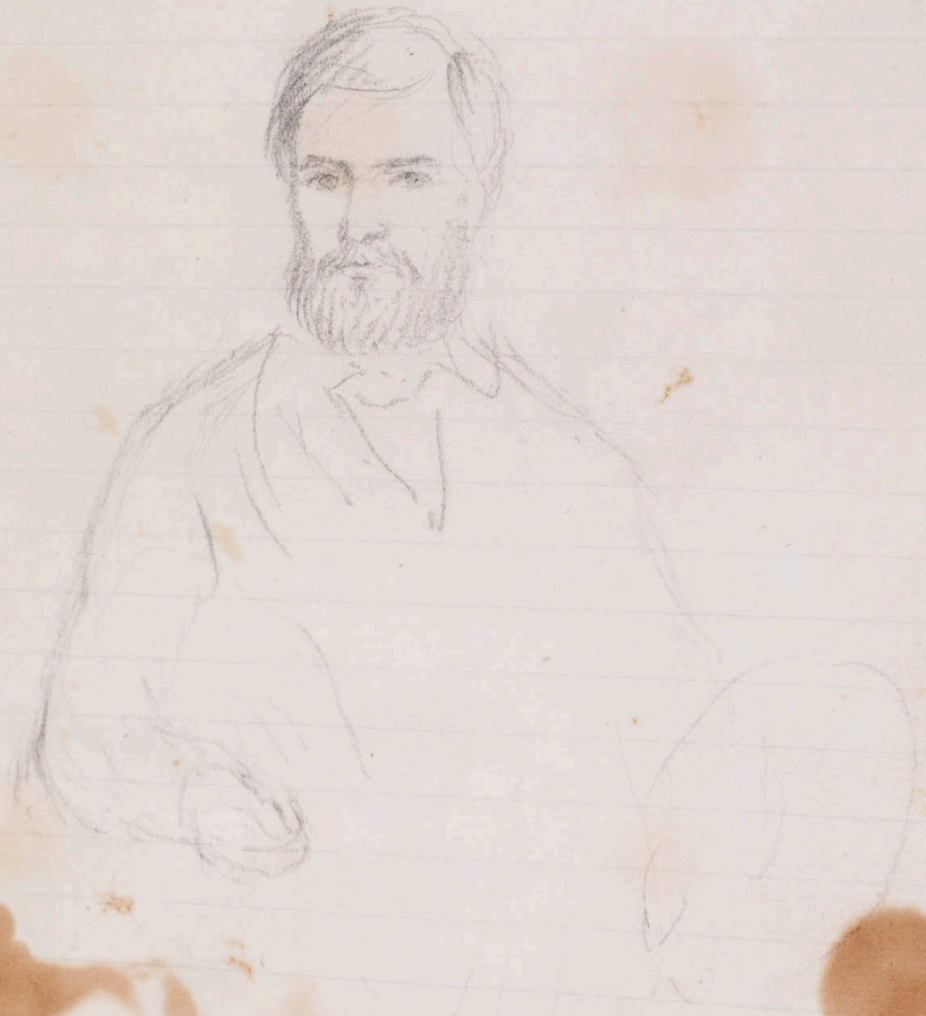
I am, Sir,
very truly yours
J. Bostock

Wp. Bed. Pl.
Thursday Morn.

3

3

— Caton Woodville —
by ditto.



Dole Heermann, in Rocky Mountain costume – by R. C. Woodville.

Prairie and Mountain Life.

The Mountain Lake—Fatigue of Climbing—Rain—A small Avalanche—Throwing Stones—No Song and No Supper.

We had been toiling up the mountain side for an hour or more, when three of us began to find ourselves falling farther and farther in the rear of the more energetic climbers who were still pressing on above us. We were weary, even almost to utter exhaustion, and our feet had become inflamed and sore. The "Prince" was nearly barefooted, his moccasins having been torn to rags in climbing, and, although in great pain, he still kept on, with an iron determination not to give out. We paused, and paused again, to gain a few moments' breath, sat down and got refreshment by laughing at each other, and recommenced our scrambling upward among the rocks, anxious, at least, not to let the others get beyond our call, in case of accident or danger. It was really painful as well as perplexing and dangerous work, and to make the adventure still more agreeable, a cold rain came on, and the sky grew dull and heavy above us. With only a bit of ragged deer skin to protect our feet, we were compelled to hurry on over sharp pebbles, splinters, shrubs, crackling branches, and the bristling thorns of the *cactii*, having no time to waste in picking our steps. Yet all this adverse vexation could not drive from our minds the deep and absorbing satisfaction we felt in contemplating scenes so novel and so grand.—We scrambled, almost in the dark, through a dense pine forest, prostrate, blasted, and half buried, as if by a tornado of a century gone by, and above which a stupendous new growth now stood in green and vigorous luxuriance!

We three who were behind at length sat down, quite exhausted, in a gorge of most bewildering aspect. An enormous pine that had been crushed and bent downward over an abrupt precipice in its infancy, had now, in spite of this early catastrophe, flourished into mammoth maturity. Making a long hanging sweep over the edge of the naked rock, with its roots twining firmly about among the crevices of the granite, the tree rose again in perpendicular majesty seventy feet above our heads. A narrow chasm was beneath, when we paused to rest, and contemplate the extraordinary scene around us, while far above our heads towered cliffs and pinnacles, reaching with savage sublimity into the sky. The rain came down faster and heavier, and while crouching under a cleft for shelter, a sound like thunder bursting near caused us to look up, when—*crash!—crash!*—with a terrific rush from one precipice to another, and tearing through the pines in its descent, an enormous rock came tumbling down upon us. The danger was scarcely perceived before it was past, and the stone went on in its rapid career to the lake, booming below us fainter and fainter until it plunged into the deep water, and mystic silence once again prevailed.

It was now rather imperative that we should get out of this spot as quick as possible, for our companions above, in their thoughtlessness, were subjecting us to a most critical danger, and we started again, climbing swifter and faster, and exhibiting a renewal of energy quite surprising after our late exhaustion. On we clambered, and at length reached the peak from whence our friends had hurled the stone, and here we obtained that which we sought after, a clear view of the termination of the lake.—Along the bottom of a deep *cañon* that opened from the very base of the loftiest mountain around us, wound a little shallow, chrystal current that crept noiselessly into the lake.—This little stream was, evidently, not sufficient to feed the great body of water that lay beneath us, particularly as the roaring outlet of the lake was nearly ten times as large as this, its only apparent source, so that unseen springs and melting snows no doubt assisted mainly in filling this giant's goblet among the mountains.

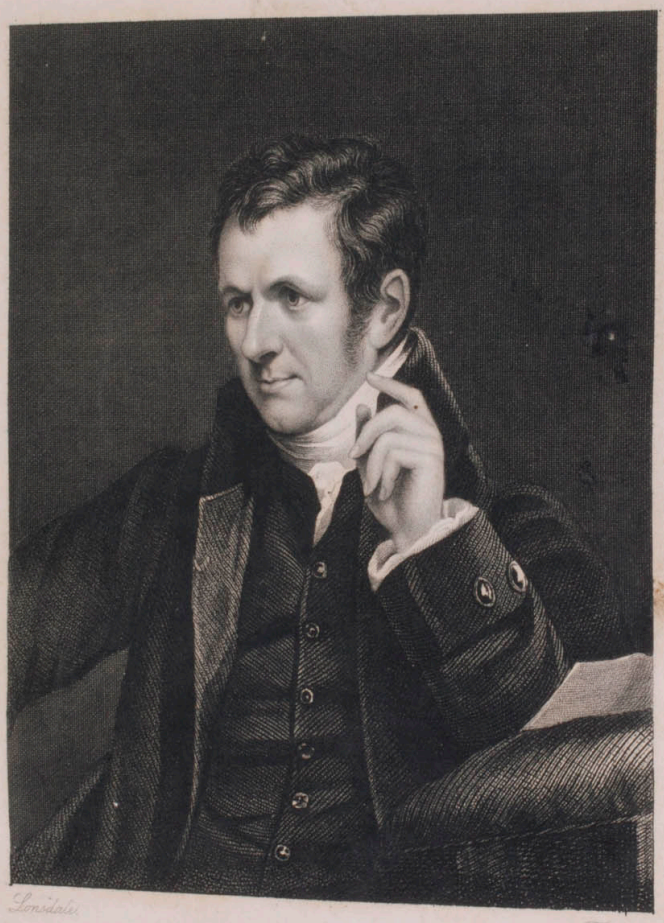
We found our companions using their united strength to move another huge fragment of rock a few feet until it should fall over the precipice. We all joined in and worked at this for, perhaps, a quarter of an hour, when the great lump of granite at length started into motion by the strong influence of gravitation, and it is impossible to describe the startling and almost appalling effect produced, as the rapid reverberations arose one after another from below. It was as if the concussion might loosen the very rock on which we stood, and send us all tumbling through the pine forests down the mountain side!

Still the rain continued, and a most curious change took place in the scene around us. The moss upon the rocks, moistened by the shower, glistened with a phosphoric and fairy-like effect, that was most magnificent to the eye, spreading away in all directions and exhibiting brilliant irradiations of light, that glittered upon far-off peaks, above and below us, in a manner grand and wonderful as it was strange and new! But the storm grew wilder, and the descents became slippery and more dangerous, as we commenced making our way downward to the boat. The shadows of evening, too, began to close around us, while

> ——— "Far along,
> From cliff to cliff, the rattling crags among,
> Leaped the live thunder!"

We got to the boat, and made but a short distance, when the coming on of night compelled us to disembark and encamp among the rocks. We caught no fish, and got no supper, and went to bed in a miserable humor, without a joke or a song, but very busy in bestowing blessings upon the most furious race of musquitoes that ever swarmed about human noses and ears.

Picayune
Feb. 1 1844.



Lonsdale. Thomson.

By permission from the large Print published by Messrs. Agnew & Zaspettel

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY, BART P.R.S.

Humphry Davy

"Viola"

From Bulwer's Zanoni.

Hopeless Love.

Fragment –

Sister, thou art gay to-night,
A smile bedecks thy brow:
A thousand phantoms of delight,
Attend upon thee now:
The transient bloom upon thy cheek
Assumes a deeper tinge;
How plainly do those glances speak,
Beneath the lash's fringe.

"
With tensive wing light-hearted Mirth
Quick stirs a Zephyr's gale:
Whilst Love's frail-bark, ne'er framed on Earth,
wafts by with swelling sail:
Music & Laughter – whose whispered words,
That calm the heaving breast,
Float past, like the melody of birds,
From Spring's embowered nest –

"
Soft cadence from the pensive flute,
Invites thee to the dance;
And playful Memory strikes her lute
Its pleasures to enhance:
The festive scene – Each tuneful chord
That stirs the perfumed air,
These fairy forms – these mimic Lords
All bid thee banish care. –

"

But art thou happy? - Is thy soul,
Attuned to sounds of mirth?
Peals not the music with a funeral toll
O'er thy memory's birth?
Why lags that smile? Why droops the eye,
Amidst a scene so gay?
Does truant thought unbidden fly
Towards <u>one far, far away</u>?

"

Alas Poor Child - thy fate is sealed,
The Pageant with its charms,
To youth's enamoured bosom yields,
But food for fresh alarms:
'Twas here - where pleasure plies her art,
Thy virgin-love took wing:
And left the Casket of thy heart,
<u>An Empty, worthless thing</u>!

"

Aye, here, where mad Excitements seek,
To make the weary gay:
To tinge the pale and pulseless cheek
That warns us of decay:
Thy tender Love ~~took wing~~ with all the force,
Which <u>first affection</u> knows:
Stole from thy breast, nor in its course,
Waked Life's first repose.

Oh, Stern the doom of guilt and shame,
of Murder's crimsoned hand:
of him who lost to Patriot's name,
Spurns his native land:
But, worse than ever knell that rang,
The death to hopes above!
Is that one bitter, lasting pang,
of hapless - hopeless Love.

Doomed through Life's gay scenes to pass,
With hopes that trail the ground:
Yet forced to make a false face glass,
The smiles of those around:
Poor child, adieu - make this thy prayer,
Since hopes in life have fled:
That thy pure soul be gathered there,
Where rest the early dead.

G.W.C. [bristol] 1841.

PRAIRIE AND MOUNTAIN LIFE.

BY MATT. C. FIELD.

"Approaching"—The Phantom Bear—The Three Bulls.

* * * * Having assured Jo Pourier that we had as little notion as him-
lf of exposing in camp the manner in which we had been hoaxed by the
ows, we rode on, in hopes of finding buffalo without wings. Jo continu-
to laugh and look serious by turns, as his mind wandered from the absurd-
of our late situation to the awful consequence of an exposure in camp,
d our conversation for the next mile consisted of mutual assurances that
e would never give our other companions a chance to crow over us.

Presently we came in very distant view of two, three, and then five dark
bjects upon the prairie, but the sun was now high, and the day clear, so that the
rst glance was sufficient to convince us of the actual presence of the prey
e sought. Another hour's riding brought us near enough to begin prepar-
ions for concealment as we advanced, and, bending low upon the necks of
ur animals, we wound about among hollows and broken places until we got
ur game between us and the wind. Then, cautiously advancing, we soon
iscovered three bulls, grazing, and the other staring with a sort of alarmed
xpression at something in the next hollow, which, from our position, we
ould not see. The other two that we had seen, were not now in view.—Jo
as at once seized with the notion that the staring bull saw a bear, and, direct-
g us to dismount and keep our situation in silence, he prepared to go alone
n search of bruin. This arrangement annoyed us all, but most particularly
e vivacious and mercurial Lieut. Sid. Smith, who had been almost mad for
bear hunt ever since we left Westport, and not one had been seen yet,
ough we were at this time five hundred miles away from the suburban log
ttages of Missouri. In fact, we were all disposed to prove refractory with
n on this point, and, but that camp was nearly destitute of meat, and we had
very confidence in his skill, with very little in our own, we would have
campered off headlong after the bear. It was as well that we did not, how-
ver, for Jo soon returned, reporting that the bear probably had wings, like
he buffalo we had seen in the morning, as he could find none. Besides, the
ull that had exhibited alarm was now lying with his companions, tranquilly
n the grass, a clear sign that they suspected no enemies present, biped or
uadruped.

So, now, our attention was concentrated upon the bovine trio before us. Jo
vished to show us a specimen of scientific "approaching," and we were
rious enough to wish to see it, as well as lazy enough to care nothing for
ining in this laborious department of buffalo hunting. Near us was a high
eclivity of sandstone, with a practicable ascent on one side, while that
earest us was broken into a cragged precipice, directly overhanging our
ree innocent victims, all of them now reposing on the plain. Leaving Jo
n foot, we led his mule with us around the low turns, carefully concealing
urselves from view of the buffalo, until we reached the opposite base of the
eminence, where we hobbled the animals securely, and left them to lim,
about and crop the scanty grass that grew among the stones. "Ah, who
can tell how hard it is to climb" a steep hill in the middle of the wilderness
under a noon-day sun, in August, and after a six hour's ride! A cup of cof
fee, hot and strong, and without milk, was all we had taken before starting
out, and not a drop of water had appeared upon the prairie since, to moiste
our parched lips. Headache and the horrible sensations of vertigo also b
gan to come upon us, but we forgot them in the absorbing excitement th
followed.

Scrambling among the loose and rifted fragments at the top, we soon gained a position under a huge stone, near the edge of the precipice, where we were partially shaded from the intense vertical sun-rays, and from whence we commanded a magnificent view of all below us and far around. Our only danger was from snakes, that nestle in such places, under stones that grow heated by the sun, and we made the lieutenant cut a pigeon-wing in most erratic fashion, by giving a sharp, loud "s'sizz!" near where he had taken a seat. None of these dangerous reptiles molested us, however, or even appeared during the hour that we spent in this situation. Below us, some sixty feet, and distant five hundred yards, only, lay the three bulls in a cluster, and we could scan their mammoth proportions, their attitudes, the lazy turning about of their enormous heads, the flirt of their short tails, even almost the gnome-like and indescribable expression of the optical globes of polished Lehigh coal set under the frontal bone, and glaring through the ragged cloud of black wool that overhangs them. The position was admirably adapted for the observation of Jo's manœuvres, and we now saw him just emerging from a deep gulley that cut in zig-zag manner deep through the plain. He had plunged into this, and followed along its bottom until within sixty yards of his game. A moment more and he was crawling on hands and knees, having left his hat in the gulley and fastened a coronet of young shrubs upon his head. The next instant he was prostrate, in the fashion of that fallen angel who crept into paradise, drawing himself through the grass, rifle in hand, slowly nearer to the unconscious bulls. Jo had all the advantage, and knew well how to make use of it. He rose almost imperceptibly to a sitting position, made a rest for his rifle by planting his ramrod in the ground, took deliberate aim at the fattest bull and blazed away.

We saw the smoke, saw Jo drop instantly flat in the grass, and then the sound came "bang!" accompanied by the muffled "chug!" of the ounce ball ashing into the beast's liver. The bull was up in a moment, "all standing," while the other two half rose and glared about them. The stricken animal lowered his head, then lifted it again and stared, turned and moved away a few steps, stopped and looked around again, ran, paused, ran again, walked slowly, stopped, trembled, stared piteously at his companions—his head dropped, his fore knees bent under him, his enormous head struck the ground heavily, and he rolled over on his side! Jo had already reloaded and was up taking aim again. One of the remaining bulls had risen, walked about a little, and now stood over the dead carcase, as if curious to know the meaning of the new position in which his fallen companion chose to repose himself.

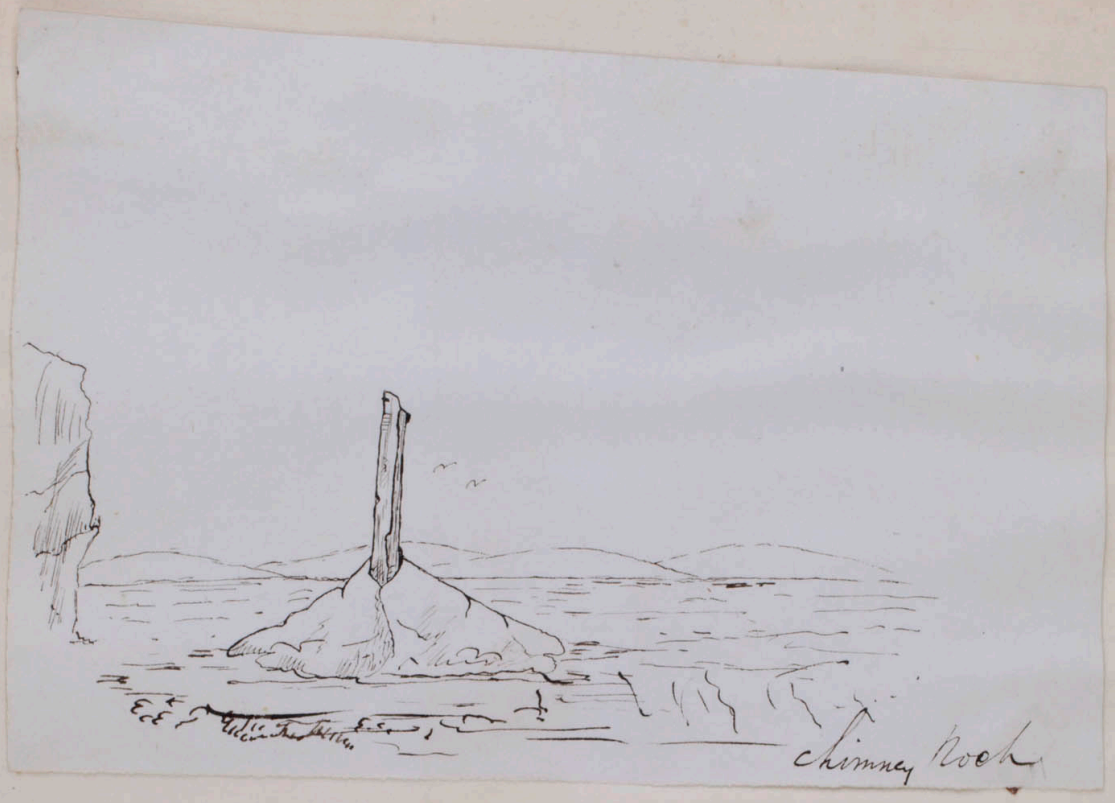
Bang! We could see the dust fly from the animal's shaggy coat as the ball plunged into him under the shoulder blade!

Not one of us will ever forget the extraordinary and desperate bound that bull made. As it seemed to us, he just smelt the blood of the other animal at the instant he was hit, for something about his mad manœuvre conveyed to us the impression that he had started before the ball struck him. He evidently thought his mortal pang came from his comrade in the grass, for he dashed round and round the bleeding body, rolling his head awfully, and making one or two violent plunges with his short curled horns at the prostrate bull. Then he turned suddenly, and ran with such speed that we almost fancied he was going to escape us, but the next instant he paused, stared, dropped and died, much in the same manner as the other.

The third bull had been standing up, walking about uneasily, and looking very inquiringly around, during all this, and had just made up his mind "to quit," when Jo who had lain in the grass again while reloading, drew "a bead" upon his last victim, and down he came.

The hunter killed three bulls with three balls, without moving from his position, the animals falling and dying within twenty yards of each other, and the fact is worthy of being noted among mountain adventurers as a fair specimen of "approaching."

St. Louis Reveille.


Chimney Rock

Prairie and Mountain Life.

"Sons of Glory"—Crockett in Trouble—Feast of the Poor Messes—Fun on Horse Back—Tool—Cream Review of the Plum Pudding.

Of course it was a matter of mathematical certainty that some of us would get "glorious" upon the "Glorious Fourth," and most gloriously were all such patriotic resolutions carried out. Our amiable companion, Col. Crockett—as he was called by everybody during the whole excursion, and whose real name he might not wish to see in type, perhaps—had not touched a drop of stimulant in three years, but on this occasion he [illegible]

on to their horses. Here a scene commenced full of every thing ludicrous, alarming, extravagant and wild. Some had paused to put bridles on their animals, some were only using halters, and all had mounted in impetuous haste without saddles under them. Across the prairies, up the hills and over them, through the trees and back again, over the banks and into the river, horses and riders parting company in the water and climbing out at different points,—these exhibitions, with appropriate accompaniments of shouting, yelling, uproarious laughter, &c., made up a scene perhaps as extraordinary and unusual even in this wild [illegible]

A brave man in extremity is apt to hit on rare expedients. Storer fell upon his knees, thrust his hands under the tent-cloth, seized two of the pickets, wrenched them from the ground, and heroically crawled out upon all fours, pushing the plum pudding in a tin pan before him!

Sid. Smith rode into the tent, which he carried away gloriously upon his back, while Storer ran away triumphantly with the plum pudding! So ended the celebration of the 4th of July upon the Platte.

The singular column known in the Rocky Mountains as the "Chimney Rock" is situated upon the River Platte - about 700 miles from the Missouri river — in the midst of a vast sandy plain - with clay cliffs on one side and very deep chasms on the other - some very abrupt - as if the prairie had ~~[illegible]~~ absolutely been separated by some internal force — The "Chimney" including the cone of sand stone mixed with formations of marl. upon which it stands is more than 300 feet in height —— and serves as a beacon for the Rocky Mountain traveller for days before he reaches it — The "Big horn" - a goat peculiar for the dimensions of its horns - are seen here for the first time - some specimens are known to have weighed 35 or 40 pounds —

S. R. Tilghman

38

A brave man in extremity is apt to hit on rare expedients. Storer fell upon his knees, thrust his hands under the tent-cloth, seized two of the pickets, wrenched them from the ground, and heroically crawled out upon all fours, pushing the plum pudding in a tin pan before him!

Sid. Smith rode into the tent, which he carried away gloriously upon his back, while Storer ran away triumphantly with the plum pudding! So ended the celebration of the 4th of July upon the Platte.

on to their horses. Here a scene commenced full of every thing ludicrous, alarming, extravagant and wild. Some had paused to put bridles on their animals, some were only using halters, and all had mounted in impetuous haste without saddles under them. Across the prairies, up the hills and over them, through the trees and back again, over the banks and into the river, horses and riders parting company in the water and climbing out at different points,—these exhibitions, with appropriate accompaniments of shouting, yelling, uproarious laughter, &c., made up a scene perhaps as extraordinary and unusual even in this wild

Prairie and Mountain Life.

"Sons of Glory"—Crockett in Trouble—Last of the Mess—Pan over Horse and Rider—Sons of the Plum Pudding.

Of course it was a matter of mathematical certainty that some of us would get "glorious" upon the "Glorious Fourth," and most gloriously were all such patriotic resolutions carried out. Our amiable companion, Col. Crockett—as he was called by everybody during the whole excursion, and whose real name he might not wish to see in type, perhaps—had not touched a drop of stimulant in three years, but on this occasion he [illegible]

BINGEN.

BY HON. MRS. NORTON.

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen,—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around,
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely,—and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun.
And midst the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
But some were young,—and suddenly beheld life's morn decline,—
And one had come from Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

"Tell my Mother, that her other sons shall comfort her old age,
And I was aye a truant bird, that thought his home a cage:
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would—but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine,
On the cottage-wall at Bingen,—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my Sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping head,
When the troops are marching home again, with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die.
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without régret or shame;
And to hang the old sword in its place, (my father's sword and mine,)
For the honor of old Bingen,—dear Bingen on the Rhine!

"There 's another—not a sister;—in the happy days gone by,
You 'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry—too fond for idle scorning,—
Oh! friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—(for ere this moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain—my soul be out of prison,)
I dreamed I stood with *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

'I saw the blue Rhine sweep along—I heard, or seemed to hear,
The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still;
And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed with friendly talk,
Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk;
And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine,
But we 'll meet no more at Bingen,—loved Bingen on the Rhine."

His voice grew faint and hoarser,—his grasp was childish weak,—
His eyes put on a dying look,—he sighed and ceased to speak:
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled,—
The Soldier of the Legion in a foreign land was dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strown;
Yea, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen,—fair Bingen on the Rhine!

Future.

Hast thou seen a flower in its beauty & pride,
Rearing its lovely head,
Hast thou seen it plucked for a fair young bride,
Then thrown among the dead?

Hast thou seen a bright and azure sky,
Gilding a sunny morn,
Hast thou seen it fade away and die,
Of all its beauty shorn?

Hast thou seen the Meteor's vivid flash,
As it passed in splendour by,
Hast thou heard the bright-swords' fatal clash,
Hast thou seen it broken lie?

Hast thou seen the brightest hopes decay,
Ere they assumed a form,
Hast thou seen the warm sun's brilliant ray
Quenched by the coming storm?

Hast thou seen a noble youth depart,
In the morning of his days,
Hast thou seen a kind and feeling heart,
Broken by sorrow's ways?

"

And hast thou seen in her youthful bloom
A lovely maiden wither,
A father's pride placed in the tomb,
The sole joy of a Mother?

"

Hast thou seen her cold and ~~all these~~ small white hand
Pressed by a sorrowing brother,
And hast thou seen her marble brow,
Kissed in anguish by another?

"

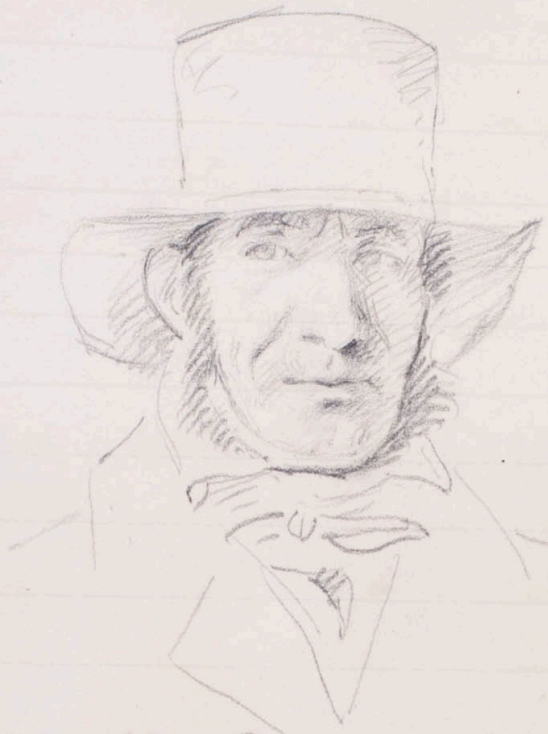
Hast thou seen all these? then turn and gaze ~~gaze~~
Upon thine own fair form –
And know Ere long thy beauty's blaze
Like these will droop forlorn!

"

And know that thy young heart full soon
Shall meet a wasting blight,
Alas! 'twill scarcely reach its noon,
Ere it will sink in Night

1844

"



M Dunn
Æ 89.

Pauper
Alms House
1845

6

Intel woman at Alms House

R.C.W

Charlie Frick M.D.

1845.

Alms House

MAELZEL'S CHESS PLAYER.—An interesting disclosure has been made in Paris, by one Monsieur Mouret, who was Maelzel's player in Europe, and who reveals the secret of the manner in which the games were played by the automaton chess player:

"The concealed player was seated immediately under the automaton's chess board, and may be supposed to be looking up to its under surface. He there sees a representation of that board, each square painted to correspond with the square above, the only difference being that, while on the automaton's board some of the squares are occupied by chess men and others are empty, every one of the squares beneath is numbered and furnished with a small iron knob suspended by a short thread. Every chess man on the automaton's board contained a small magnet. Now, suppose the game about to begin: thirty-two chess men are on the automaton's board; of course, each one having a magnet, the hirty-two iron knobs beneath are drawn up to the board. As soon as one of the chess men is taken up, the knob, being released from the attraction, *drops*, and the concealed player knows at once which square is vacated. As soon as it is placed upon another square the knob beneath is drawn up, and thus indicates the play that has been made. The concealed player repeats these moves on a small board of his own, and then sets in motion, by strings, the arm of the automaton; and thus the play goes on.

"Maelzel's player in this country was a German, named Slomberger, who died some three or four years ago. Before Maelzel was a year in this country, the secret which had baffled the ingenuity of all Europe for half a century was detected and applied in the fabric of a second automaton. The Yankee machine was played by Henry Coleman, since deceased. Maelzel bought it out of the way, as we are told; and if so, he probably destroyed it."

I. H. Pottenger MD
1845
Alms House

Prairie and Mountain Life.

A Legend of Devil's Gate. — We have before made mention of a famous mountain chasm, called "The Devil's Gate," standing in view of "Rock Independence." It is a dark, frowning, narrow cleft through a high range of barren mountains, and the beautiful stream of the Sweetwater plunges through it in a sparkling torrent of milky foam, caused by the narrow rocky limit into which the current is compressed while escaping through.

Without entering into further description of "The Devil's Gate" in this place, we shall at once go on to the mountain yarn that we here desire to lay before those who are interested in such wild and curious matters. The critical admeasurements of the "Gate," and so forth, anybody may obtain, desiring for such particularity, by a glance at the Report to Congress of Lieut. Freemont, describing minutely his explorations around that region.

From a rude and unintelligent half-breed, known as "Delaware John," we obtain the relation, and there seems to us a sort of semi-Indian, semi-Saxon attraction about it that ought to awaken as wide attention in print as at the camp fire.

Long years ago, the Crows, Arrapahos, Sioux, Chayenne and other tribes, were in league against the Great Bad Spirit—a wise prophet having told them that he was then haunting the lovely valley of the Sweetwater, driving the buffalo before him, gorging himself upon the smaller game, drinking the streams and springs dry, and even tearing up and devouring the trees. He had come in the shape of an enormous beast with huge tusks, and pawing the mountain sides in his fury; he was said to loosen great masses of rock and send them flying into the valley with his hind hoofs. He caused earthquakes with his roar, and tornados with the violence of his breath, while human or brute force seemed altogether unequal to appear against him, and the children of the mountains could not feel safe, either in their villages or on their hunting grounds, dreading each day the appearance among them of this four-footed fiend.

In this extremity, the tribes who were at war with each other made peace and assembled together in council, calling upon the bravery of their chiefs and the wisdom of their prophets to find out some means to free them from this horrible visitation of the Evil One. A solemn festival of three days was held, during which the Nations fasted, while the prophets danced and howled their invocations to the Great Spirit, falling flat upon their faces, and lying for hours mute and motionless. At meridian on the third day, the oldest of the prophets, who had lain in a trance since midnight, arose slowly, erect as a medicine pole, and lifted his arms and eyes to the sun. The tribes were mute as the sleeping thunder, and the prophet spoke:—

"Brothers, listen to my voice, for it is coming from the Sun. The Great Spirit is looking in my eye, and his words are coming from my mouth. We must go forth and fight the Evil One. We must drive him from our hunting grounds. The Great Spirit will give strength to our arms and fire to our steeds. The Evil One is an enemy to the Sun and the Sun will guide us in our march. Let us fight. We will hunt the buffalo no more until we have hunted the Great Bad Spirit into the Big Water.—Brothers, the Sun has spoken!"

And the prophet flung himself again upon his face, and remained absorbed, while the terrific war-scream arose from all the nations, and the rest of the day was spent in death-dances and howls of extermination.

The next day the combined forces of the red men set forward upon their crusade against the Evil Spirit, and it was not long before they found him in the valley of the Sweetwater, which is nearly surrounded by mighty mountains, and into which there are but few passes, some of these being only accessible to the most desperate horsemen. These passes the Indians took possession of, fortifying themselves with every species of defence and offence with which they were acquainted. They dared not enter the valley, but assaulted the huge brute with their swift arrows, as he came within bow shot, while he wandered and roared about. In this manner the siege was conducted many days, until the body of the beast was full of arrows, and he looked like a tremendous porcupine. At length he grew enraged to fury, roared till the rocks trembled, and then began ploughing into the mountain side with his tusks. His roars were terrific, and the red warriors trembled with fear as the monster threw rocks high into the air, like the explosion of a volcano. In this manner was formed the frightful gap now known as the "Devil's Gate," through which the Evil Spirit disappeared, and was never seen again.

Poor Field & I were sorry afterwards from the effect
hours our return home - he typing & I and Thorpe
This natural charm - upon our minds - but facts

"Devils Gate"

A view of the "Devils Gate" – a chasm of wonderful grandeur in the "Rocky-Mountains" – through which flows the "Sweet-water river" –

S. R. 7

Painted by S.F.B. Morse Esq.

Engraved by S.S. Jocelyn & S.B. Munson.

NATHAN SMITH. M.D. sire of N. R. Smith MD.

LATE PROF. OF SURGERY AND THE PRACTICE OF PHYSIC

IN YALE COLLEGE.

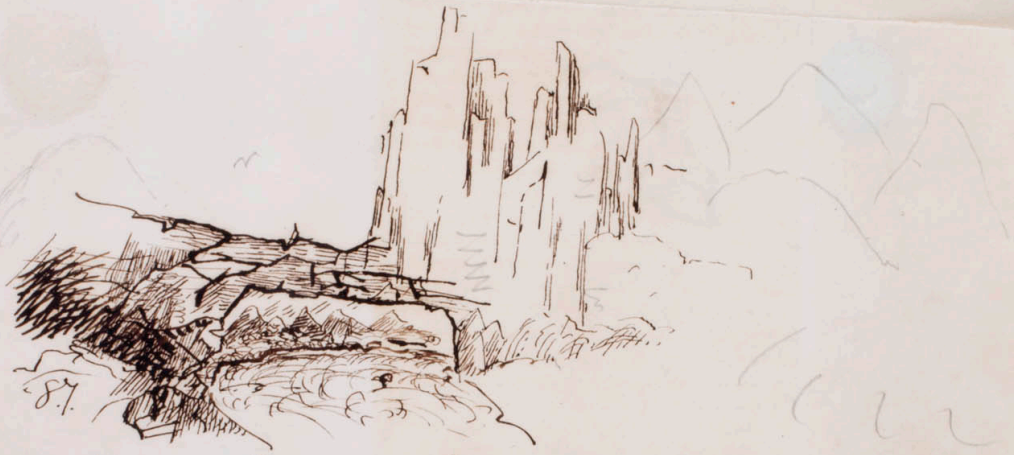
Student of Med.

Painted by R.A.

M.J.Danforth

DON QUIXOTE.

Printed by Hedleigh Jones



87.

Natural bridge – Rocky Mountains –
40 feet high at the centre of arch – 80 ft from
side to side – under which flows a beautiful Mountain
Stream – into the Platte –

S. W. Jughman

Starving Symptoms—Character of the Country—The Prairie Flora—The First Game—Walker Dismounted—A Hunting Hallucination, &c.

When about twenty days out, and no sign of buffalo or even antelope appearing, somewhat of an uneasy sensation began to pervade the camp quite generally. Some had let their good spirits forsake them a week after leaving Westport, some kept up brave faces for a fortnight longer, but about this time nearly everybody looked serious. On the morning of the 12th of June the last slice of bacon in the possession of "Our Mess" went into the frying pan for breakfast, and we rode along the Blue, after finishing our scanty meal, in very dull spirits indeed.

This "Blue" is a beautiful stream within the range of the Pawnee Indians. It cuts deep through an elevated region of prairie, and when high, as it was at this time, a varying width of from a hundred to a hundred and thirty feet is displayed by its surface. Crossing the uplands from the Blue to the Platte the traveller finds himself upon a most wild and desolate district; and, after leaving the tops of the timber in the Valley of the Blue behind him, nothing is seen around but grass and sky—excepting only the flowers, the beautiful prairie flowers, that spring up everywhere, like sweet emotions that come sometimes to the most desolate heart. It was in this vicinity that we first found the splendid *gaura coccinia* expanding its delicate blossoms, with its rosy shade in the morning, its heightened scarlet in the noontide, and its pale hue of the moon as evening comes on, when it emits its most delicious fragrance. The *sida coccinia* displayed itself, also, upon the banks of the Blue, and the lovely blossoms of these two plants continued to greet our eyes all along the Platte river, disappearing only, along with everything else that was beautiful, when we were verging into that vast portion of Mother Terra covered only with *Artemisia*.

It is proper to mention that the traveller to the mountains by this route crosses two streams with cerulean cognomination, the distinction between them being that one is little and the other large, whereby one is known as the "Big Blue," and the other contents itself to murmur through the wilderness under the appellation of the "Little." This part of our narrative claims locality by the side of the largest of the Blues.

We mounted on the morning of the 12th, after breakfast, and rode until 10, A. M., every-man in a moody state of let-me-alone-ativeness; and *noli me tangere* seemed to be the selfish and solitary order of the day. We rode far ahead and out of sight of our vehicles, until it was considered prudent to wait and let them come up with us. So a general dismounting followed, and one half of us were asleep in the grass, halter in hand, five moments after we got out of the saddle. Nothing could have exceeded the heaviness and hopeless lassitude that oppressed us all. The last ray of the golden spirit of joyousness that had sparkled and bounded gloriously among us the day we left St. Louis—when thousands of friends and curious spectators congregated on the Levee to cheer us, as the good steamer Weston (burnt during our absence) rounded out into the stream; and when we answered with shouts to the waving of white handkerchiefs from window and balcony as the boat glided upward along the city—the last ray of the pleasure that swelled our bosoms then had left us, and we were dull, gloomy, weary and cheerless in the last degree.

But one comfort of the miserable is, that "the worst returns to better." We were aroused by the news flying about that an antelope had been killed. It was true. Antoine had brought into camp a female antelope, stricken over with the young in her womb. The antelope always gambol about in the rear, but invariably near, the buffalo, and it was now clear to us that in a day or two we must find the larger game.

Some alarm took place the same day, while we were nooning, by the horse of Leo. Walker coming into camp without his rider, who was not seen until several hours after. Walker had started from camp early in the morning, in search of buffalo, and while dismounting to drink his horse had taken fright at something and escaped from his grasp. Two companions were with him, however, and he came safe into camp in the evening.

The next incident of this day was a great preparation for a grand hunt, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when two dark spots were discovered far away on our left, which were at once pronounced by everybody to be a pair of bulls. Twenty riders were off in an instant after the long-looked for and anxiously prayed for game. Everybody believed the distant spots to be buffalo, except Crockett, who had been looking for the strange animals so long, still suffering disappointment from day to day, that he now declared the whole thing was a humbug, and no such creatures could be in existence at all! He, however, went off among the rest, and singular enough was the scene that ensued. The two black spots were no other things than two of our own companions, who were out, hungry and desperate, like many others of the party scattered around the vicinity looking for game. The two, seeing us coming, for some moments mistook us for buffalo, also, and came hurrying to meet us with immediate expedition, but they soon turned and ran from us in the hottest haste. They found we were not buffalo, and then concluded we were Pawnees, (the greatest rascals and the meanest cowards among the prairie tribes,) but, as they found themselves only two to twenty, they determined to take an opposite direction with the best speed they could force from their jaded animals.

They had the advantage of us, however, one of them being in possession of a spy-glass, by the aid of which he found we were not buffalo—while we were the more convinced they *were* a pair of old bulls the moment we saw them turn to run from us! So the chase continued. Twenty of us were running to get a supper, and two of the same party were scouring away over the prairie to save their lives! We ran our two friends until the first shades of evening began to fall, and then concluded very prudently to let the game go, and turn back, ourselves, toward camp.

That morning was one of the dullest we knew during the trip, and that evening was, perhaps, the merriest. Over a supper of antelope, with a fair prospect of finding buffalo the next day, we laughed and sung and fell back again into our old fancies about the delights of wild life. But what enlivened us all into even a mertier mood, was the coming back into camp of our two hunted companions, declaring that they had been chased for ten hours by the whole Pawnee nation! We at once saw through the whole mistake, and roars of laughter, repeated again and again, were heard around the camp fires until we all sank into our buffalo robes to rest.

10

Student of Medn.

1842

11

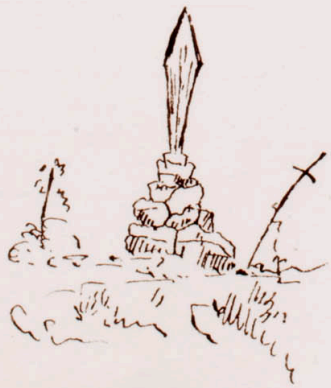
"The wish."

Now mark yon lonely star of Eve,
That sheds upon the golden leaf —
Its faint and sickly ray:
Swift gliding through Eternal space —
Yet leaving not a single trace
To mark its pathless way.

"

Such be my course through this dull life,
Unwitting of its joys, its strife —
Disdaining hope or fear —.
A silent shade — swift gliding on.
Whose name shall never live in song.
Or wake Affections tear.!

G. H. Christy —
N. Orleans




R.C.W.
1843


R.C.W.
1843

12-a

"Cadmus"

Student of University of Md.

Taken while listening to a lecture of Mr. R. Smith.

1842

— Song —

When radiant smiles from Beauty beam,
In lovers soft light on me,
And wrap my soul in Pleasure's dream,
Oh then I'll think on thee.
Thy winsome look is sweeter far,
Than others ever can be,
Yet theirs shall point to Memory's star,
And lead my thoughts to thee.

//

In coming years when far apart,
I'll fondly think on thee;
When whispered strains shall have the heart,
To dream of Melody:
For then methinks on Fancy's wing,
Thy voice floats o'er the lea,
And bids my joyous spirit sing,
The love I bear to thee.

G. W. Christy —

R.C.W

Prof Aikin —

Prof Chemistry in

University of Maryland

1842.

Prairie and Mountain Life.

The Express — Bridger's Fort—An Attack from the Chayenne Indians—Conduct of the Snakes and Trappers, and Defeat of the Chayennes.

"Bridger's Fort" is located upon a stream known as "Black's Fork," one of the modest tributaries that swell the larger currents flowing to the Pacific from under the Wind River Mountains. About the latter end of July two of our companions, Guesso Chouteau and Leo Walker, and our hunter, Joe Pourier, undertook to start on as an express to reach this fort, then two hundred miles distant from our camp. The adventurous trio pressed on about forty or fifty miles the first day without encountering danger of any kind, but when making their noon halt to snatch a bite of dried meat, the next day, a roving party of forty Shoshonees came near and discovered them. The Indians at first manifested hostile symptoms, but being met by a bold spirit of determination on the part of the three whites, who were well armed, and who at the same time were liberal with vermillion and other presents, they soon softened into a more friendly aspect.

Leaving these Indians, the express met with no further trouble worthy of mention during the rest of the way until they arrived safely at their destination. It may be necessary to explain that this trading post, by courtesy only called a "Fort," has been established by an old trader by the name of Bridger, one of the most faithful and experienced mountain men in the employ of the American Fur Company.—At present there stands but a row of one story, roughly finished habitations, designed to form hereafter one side of a quadrangular structure, after the manner of all these mountain edifices, but Bridger being now poor, he cannot complete his fort until his fortunes are recruited. So that the little establishment of "Bridger's Fort" is really as defenceless a location as there is among the mountains.

The object of the express was to invite Bridger and his people, together with such Indians as might be sojourning in his neighborhood, to come and meet our camp upon Green River. This invitation was delivered and accepted, and the parties were all preparing to start for a trip to the designated rendezvous, when one afternoon a sad interruption to their plans took place.

Some forty lodges of Snake Indians were located about half a mile below the fort, and a number of hunters and trappers had their leather dwellings stretched upon poles in the immediate vicinity. The loose horses of all these people, together with those belonging to Captain Bridger, were grazing in a band near the fort, when, in the settled stillness after noontime, the furious onset yell of the Chayennes suddenly arose, and the alarm of a *stampede* at once startled all who were within two miles of the spot. Seventy or eighty Chayenne Indians had cautiously approached the place, by stealing along among the dwarf willows that grew upon the edge of the stream, and when they were near enough to the horses, they gave the war scream, and in an instant were flying over the prairie, driving all the animals of the fort and the Snake village before them.

Only a few squaws and children were in the village at the time, the men being all out "surrounding" antelope; but, luckily, they happened to be returning with their meat, and were now within a few miles of the fort. As chance would have it, the marauders drove the horses they were in this manner stealing, exactly in the direction in which to cross the view of the Shoshonee hunters, who knew their own animals at once, and understood the nature of the affair at a glance. Mounting the freshest horses at hand, the Shoshonees darted after the robbers. In the meantime those about the fort who had managed to get hold of a steed of any kind, were off in hot haste after the the thieving Chayennes. Among these was Miles Goodyear, a young trapper from Yankee Land, of whom we shall have to speak again. He was soon far ahead in the pursuit, his blood boiling for vengeance, having witnessed the spearing of a woman and a boy as the Chayennes made their wild rush past the Shoshonee village.—His steed was in good condition, and he soon swept on past several of the Chayennes who were left in the rear upon tired horses, his aim being, if possible, to reach and turn the frightened animals that the Chayennees were driving away. In his eagerness he had quite forgotten that he had far outstripped his companions, and was now entirely alone, in full chase of eighty Indians. The acute Yankee, however, was not long without discovering his error, and his wits were at once at work to provide for trouble that now seemed inevitable. Half a dozen of the Chayennes turned and dashed back toward Miles, poising their lances and threatening him with instant death. He never paused in his career, but made a sign as if calling on five hundred white men behind him to hurry up, and the Indians, stricken with alarm, turned from him again and made off in the utmost terror.

The horses of the Chayennes began to tire down, and many began to lag in reach of the pursuers. One desperate looking rascal, finding his steed was completely worn out, at length jumped to the ground and continued his flight on foot. As Miles came thundering up behind him, he turned round, grinding his teeth with rage, and almost pale through his bronze skin. He lifted his gun and took deadly aim at Miles, but the cock snapped harmlessly, and the next moment the Indian fell with a horrible death howl as an ounce ball from the rifle of Miles sped through and through his body.

By this time the plundered Shoshonees began to gain upon the robbers so rapidly that many of the latter began to abandon the game and seek safety in various directions. These Chayennes carried spears and white shields, the last being made of two thicknesses of buffalo skin, tightly stretched on a round frame and dressed purely white. It is asserted that these have been made strong enough to turn a bullet. Whether this be true or not, the fine appearance made by these marauders, flying with their shields slung upon their backs and their spears pointed in the air, may be imagined. It was a rare spectacle, too, when the Chayennes, hotly pressed, at length began to throw away their guns, shields and spears, to lighten themselves and escape from the rifles of the American trappers and the arrows of the Snakes.

The robbers drove from the fort nearly three hundred horses, and the gallant pursuers succeeded in turning back all but forty, among which latter number were the three belonging to our express.

Picayune
Feb 23. 1844.

14

1842.

Chas Bell Gibson M.D.

1842.

14 a

N. R. Smith – 2. Chas B. Gibson – 3. Dr Maddox.
4. Bol. Spence – 5. "Sister Ambrosia" & "Cobb"
6. S. R. Gilchman –

This group represents an Operation for "Necrosis of Radius", at "Baltimore Infirmary" – by Prof N. R. Smith –

drawn by R. C. W.

Prairie and Mountain Life.

JOE POURIER AND THE BEAR.—Joe Pourier was born in the town of St. Charles, Missouri, where he now resides, the worthy head of a thriving family. His parents were among the early French settlers of the place, and he went, while yet very young, to the mountains with Gen. Ashley. Since then Joe has been constantly employed in the mountain trade, and he is now one of the smartest hunters known. He is a man of kind and amiable disposition, with an eye of clear and piercing intensity, resembling the wild expression of the Indian, but gentler and more winning in its effect. He is remarkable for a free and easy volubility, and chats most amusingly in broken English. He was full of anecdote and reminiscence about the mountains, and one of his stories we made him repeat to us often, on account of a natural and graphic vigor of manner he had in making the relation, which gave wonderful interest to what he said. We cannot present the reader with his bold, forcible and facetious style, but here is the story; and it is only necessary to imagine a crowd of eager listeners sitting cross-legged around a camp-fire, with the mercurial mountaineer suiting the action to the word in remarkably lively fashion as he talked, to obtain a fair idea of the hero and the scene.

"Joe, you must give us that bear story again."

"Ah, bah! I shan't not tell it no more."

"O, go on, go on, go on!"

"*Eh bien!* We was on Muddy Creek fifteen years ago——"

"Muddy Creek?"

"Yes, *oui;* Muddy Creek empty into Black's Fork. I was hire to Black, and we was all at supper."—So Joe went on with his story, but to preserve it from being too long we must tell it our own way.

Joe was in the employ of a trader named Black, after whom the mountain stream now known as "Black's Fork" was christened, in the year eighteen hundred and twenty-eight. He and Black, and two or three others, were sitting in the grass one evening, close to the edge of the creek, chatting in sprightly fashion over their supper. Between the interest they felt in the subject of conversation and the pleasure they experienced in the mastication of meat, they had not noticed a peculiar low growl behind them. Joe was sitting with his back to the stream, and within thirty inches of the edge of the bank, while Black sat fronting him, directly opposite, and the rest encircled the camp-fire. Suddenly Black turned white in the face. An abrupt blow and pant was heard close behind Joe, but Joe himself was so intently engaged in telling a story that he did not take cognizance of it. The first thing that struck his attention was the hair rising upon Black's head, accompanied by an extraordinary staring of his employer's eye. Joe stopped his story abruptly, and said in a very astonished manner—

"Wat for de matter, eh?"

Black, with his eyes still staring over Joe's shoulder, said in a hollow whisper—

"Joe, don't move!"

Joe's hat began to erect itself to a more airy elevation, as he riveted his bright eye upon Black.

"Wat is it?" exclaimed the Frenchman, grasping his gun, that lay beside him. Though not a Frenchman born, Joe had every peculiarity of the nation.

"Don't move, Joe! Joe, don't move, or you are a dead man!" repeated Black, in the same portentous guttural.

"Wat for no move?" shouted Joe in a loud and impatient tone, half in fright and half in anger.

"I say to you solemnly, don't move!"

"I say to you wat for wy?" replied Joe—"can't you not say?".

"Don't move!—don't move!" muttered Black in sepulchral tones between his teeth.

The others around the fire were paralyzed in silence.

"Don't move, for God's sake, Joe!" Black repeated again.

Without obeying this solemn warning, Joe

Picayune
Jan. 12, 1844

15

Tom Rowan.

Baltt. Alms House.
1843.

91

15

L. C Pignatelli

Balto Alms House.

Doctor

I am extremly obliged to you, as one of your letter to
aspuring me of your friendship, at this my critical situation. I am reduced in the
Cellar ~~with~~ whit out any fault, Yesterday about 5 o Clock afternoon
Teory Corman Capt. has strike me 2. blows, one in my head, and my breast
I am persecuted from this man whit out reason

vible of my
Robbinson if it
r Dr. I. Tilghman
Pignatelli

91

15

201 LONGWOOD ROAD
BALTIMORE 10, MD.

A. C. Pignatelli advertised
as a ministrel and portrait painter
and an art-instructor in the
Baltimore American April 14, 1844
but other notice of him has been
found.

He was obviously a mental
case in the Baltimore Poor House
1844. His letter to the Dr. H. E. Myers
rector of old St Paul's, dated
March 1844 babbles of jewelry
to sense of humor of Sylvanus
Mordville and clear from this
account preserved. In the last
paragraph he mentions his own
four young ladies he "will take
with him as pupils" — they are
feminine and prettily dressed
girls of the period.

Doctor

I am extremly obliged to you, as one of your letter to assuring me of your friendship, at this my critical situation I am reduced in the Cellar ~~with~~ whit out any fault, Yesterday about 5 o Clock afternoon Teorg Corman Capn. has strike me 2. blows, one in my head, and my breast I am persecuted from this man whit out reason

I most earnestly to request to you to be sensible of my unpleasante situation, to raccomand me to the Celebred Dr. Robbinson if it is posible to remoue me from the cellar. do me this favour Dr. I. Tilghman and you lay a particolar obligation on all my life L. C. Pignatelli

Alms House March 6th 1845

Dr. S. Tilghman

Mr. Go. Holtzman

Sir

I have the honour to congratulate with you, the happy resolution of the Trustees, in answer of my petition I have presented the last wednesday, they have derect at your merit, left in your hands, as you are a religious gentleman will listen the reasen, I go to the Church at same time I look for some my friends to have information of my proprety if I could to find any, you are been so rensible for my ampleasend situation; —

I beg you will continue me your favour to let me go to the Church every Sunday for a few days more longer — I wish you every kind of prosperity. I am with great regard and respect — Your Humb.le Ser.t

L. C. Lignatelli

Alms house August 17.th 1844

No 1.

G. Holtzman Esq.

Read - amusing!

Rev. M. L. Wyatt [Rector of St. Paul's (P.E) Church
Wil. N.C. 82/20.

I have long delayed to write to you Rev. it was not through forgetfulness or want of that respect I owe you Rev. I have inclosed in this the reason of it, I shall be laid before you Rev. I trust that, many case of this sufferings wich I have occasions to deplore? having reflected all the accident have happened to me in this City, the whole quire of paper would not be sufficiently to describe to you Rev. I will mention a very hard case, I was in boarding house Irish people them want me to dancing with Irish girles, I have not exeppt; I went to sleep at 12 o'clock in the night them come to trouble me in bed, I have rise behold one of them, a nother strike me a box in one my eye, I was very heavy offended, I have send him to the prison; for this case I have keep back to hall to be easy. — I have try with the petition 2 or 3 gentlemen has put done the name, I feel shame no courage enough for it, I could not to remove from this. I have reflected some teme age, a good woman proper friend to be a good Companion for all life; I have found little difficulty in to obtaining such Blessing woman, is the highest treasure to possesing in this world! — I believe this is the only way most convenient to me; to take of all my foolishness, how them come to come. I shall never cease to complaining against Dr. Kline and the family of Smith, them have reduced me to the Alms house, and reduced me in the acquaintence with course Italians people, i never was in my life to deal such people in the year 1842 when I come out the Alms house not having any proprety they have take all the advantage of me. for 3 bissett or leap years I have been at the Alms house, the frist from Smith with out any fault, in April 1836 the 2nd from Dr. Alexander for his nice, interly my ruin ditto — in March 1842 3rd from a Italian for steal from me that little proprety I have made up — 1844 I will indevor myself to persecut this fellew; I am very unfortunete to be a bachele

I most humbly intreat you Rev. if them come some persons to ask you a information upon me I hope honour me with good words, them shall be Presbyterian Episcopal order, I will try in mariage with one of the following Miss E. Johnson. Miss A. E. Swan. Miss E. Hoffman. ~~Miss Mary Taffey~~ Miss Grey I believe, I dont know if I please to them, I am too poor, them will not mistake —

over

the ill fortune has perplex me goodeal in this city as I am a bachilor, I will tr
new life. I am very much obliged to you Rev^d I never will forget from your good
generosity of good heart gentleman, to expect from my every kind of service, but I am re
as (like a piano forte with out strings) I assure you Rev^d how much respe
am, and shall ever be

Revd L^r Wyatt

Your most Humble & Obed^t Servant
L. C. Pignatelli

Alms house March 1844

Esq

Rocky Mountain Races.—We had three days' racing sport at the rendezvous upon Green River, some account of which we shall endeavor to give in the usual style of the chroniclers of the Turf.

GREEN RIVER COURSE.

Summer Meeting—First Day—*Aug. 14th*, 1843—Sweepstakes—free for all ages—catch weights—6 entries—1 mile out.

As money is a thing not much in use among the mountains, and as not one of us carried a dollar beyond the Kansas, it will be necessary to name the nature of the stakes. These were made up of shirts, moccasins, knives, lead, powder, pistols, beads, *et cetera*, and among the rest a keg of molasses. Estimating these matters at mountain prices, the winning horse would make a sweep of an amount well worth carrying off. The entries were as follows:

Leo Walker's ch. h. *Dick Rip*—125 lbs.
Guesso Chouteau's b. m. *Mary Allen*—125 lbs.
Capt. Greathouse's br. h. *Bones*—120 lbs.
Mr. Storer's ch. h. *The Count*—118 lbs.
Jack Hill's ro. h. *Rolling Thunder*—130 lbs.
Mr. Bay's bk h. *Black Prince*—115 lbs.

Off at the tap of a tin pan went the six nags, Dick Rip gallanting Mary Allen in advance, while Bones went clattering after Rolling Thunder, who lapped the Cockney Count, leaving the sable Prince at a respectable distance in the rear. The dignity of the affair perhaps demands from us the statement that the tin pan was, in fact, a *drum*, belonging to the Shoshonees, who were with us, and used as such in their war dances, though it was still, literally nothing more or less than a *tin pan*. But the Shoshonee nation called it a drum, and a drum it shall be. Off at the tap of the *drum*, then, went the six nags. A straight mile had been laid off and marked upon a beautiful level meadow between Willow Creek and Green River, about half a mile from our encampment, and the stripes and stars, floating upon an Indian lodge pole at one end, marked the judges' stand. After the start, as we have mentioned, Dick Rip was at once *installed* as favorite against the field, though before the race the Count held rather the advantage in popularity, owing, however, more to the confident bragging of his Cockney master than any superiority of form or condition exhibited by his Countship. For the first quarter the competitors moved on pretty much as they were, except that the only lady in the crowd exhibited symptoms of getting tired of her partner, Dick Rip, who fairly put off from Miss Mary, leaving her to take up with Rolling Thunder. He seemed pleased enough with her company until passing the half mile post, when it became evident that Mary was about changing partners again, as she was dropping behind the roan, with the determination of taking up with old Bones.—Bones made no bones of cutting her company at once, and before reaching the last quarter he had placed himself beyond her reach and ahead of the Cockney.

Shouts went up at this change in the condition of affairs, such as were never heard upon Green River before. The owner of the Count had been so confident of winning the race, and had talked so contemptuously of Dick Rip, and the rest, that everybody rejoiced in seeing him with such a prospect of being beaten, and particularly by old Bones, the most despised nag on the ground.

Coming into the last quarter the race seemed pretty clearly to be Dick's, though Rolling Thunder and Bones were working hard together not far behind him. Mary Allen had contentedly taken up with the discarded Count, and they were coming leisurely on behind, followed by the Black Prince, who still modestly continued his position in the rear. The excitement here rose to a pitch that must have astonished the badgers in the holes around us. The Snakes galloped around—not the snakes of the grass, but the *Shoshonee* snakes—rolling about on their horses and flinging their arms in the air in the wildest enthusiasm. We joined them in their yells, doing our best to outscream them, and the horses came dashing past the judges' stand with their eyes starting from their heads and their muscles straining, as if urged into madness by the contention and the extraordinary scene! Dick Rip ran as he had done from the start, maintaining the lead throughout, and winning the race with all ease. Rolling Thunder ran after him past the judges, and Bones came clattering home third best, while Mary Allen and the Count finished their share of the affair close locked, neck and neck, and the Black Prince followed, as before. We have no hesitation in pronouncing this the greatest one mile heat on record that was ever run in the mountains! It must remain a subject of regret ever hereafter that we are unable to enrich the annals of the turf with the pedigrees of these nags, but all we learned about them at all was that Mary Allen was "*out* of *Condition*"—her sire nobody seemed to know. So, on summing up, we find the first day's racing on the Green River Course to stand thus:—

Leo Walker's ch. h. *Dick Rip*,	1
Jack Hill's ro. h. *Rolling Thunder*,	2
Capt. Greathouse's br. h. *Bones*,	3
Guesso Chouteau's b. m. *Mary Allen*,	0
Mr. Storer's ch. h. *The Count*,	0
Mr. Bay's bl. h. *Black Prince*,	6

Time, 2:15.

Feb 1844 - Resident Students - Balto City & Co. Almshouse

Charles H. Smith Annapolis Md 1843

Thomas H. Palmer Florida Md 1844

✓ Chas. Johnston Balto Md 1844

Chas H. Baer, Fred. Md Md 1845

Washington F. Andrews, Ala. 1844

J. W. Davis Resident

Wm Y. Howard Student 184—

✓ Stedman R. Tilghman U. Md. 1843

Tom Buckler M.D. } attending
M.D. } Pharmacy

Daniel Hinman Md)

ditto (no date)

Anderson V. Md 1844
Yelghman " 1843
✓ Charles Hall " 1845
✓ Adolphus L. Heerman "Dole" " 1846
Wade Davidson " 1846
Edmund J. Murray
Roland Finnerty (U. Pa. '43)
✓ Jno. H. Pallingh 1844

Prof. Gibson
Charles Ball(?) Silvas
Nathaniel Potter

Dixon Surg. U. Md 1844

"Early Efforts" of R C Woodville – while a student
At St Mary's College – Baltimore – 1838.

The scaly covering of the "Beaver's tail", caught in Rocky Mountains

August 1843

S. W. Pilsbury

Students of Balto Alms House

Wash. Anderson MD Alabama

Stedman N. Tightman M.D. Balto

Chas Frich. MD Balto

J. H. Pottinger M.D. Balto

Frank Donaldson Balto

Robt Murray M.D. Balto

Alex Robinson M.D. Virginia

Estell Hall MD M.D.

Attending Physicians

Wm Power MD. Balto

Solon Aman MD "

A. W. Jackson. Keeper

Mrs Brickett Matron.

March 1845.

Maryland Historical Society. The regular monthly meeting of this Society was held on the 6th inst., when donations to the Library and Cabinet were announced as having been received since the last meeting, from General Smith, Lieut. Purviance, Hon. J. P. Kennedy, S. W. Smith, and the Editors of the Investigator; a communication was also received from Isaac Van Bibber, Esq., of Avondale, offering the Society two valuable works by Baron Humboldt. The Corresponding Secretary presented a copy of the "Instructions given to Governor Eden, of Maryland, in 1769, from Jared Sparks; —a curious series of pen-sketches, made by Alexander Robertson on the Hudson river in 1796-7, from Lewis P. Clover, jr.;—an interesting letter, written by the late General Samuel Smith, giving an account of the escape of Gov. Eden from Maryland in Jan. 1776;—and the banner of Pulaski's Legion, from Mr. Edmund Peale, of the Baltimore Museum. Mr. Mayer accompanied the presentation of this banner with an interesting sketch of the organization of the Legion and the final return of the banner to this city. It appears that after the death of Pulaski, this relic, which was attached to a company organized by the brave Count in Baltimore, in 1778, fell into the hands of Captain Bentalou, who on retiring from the army, took it home with him and preserved it as a sacred relic for 45 years; in 1824 it was obtained from him by the Forsyth company of volunteers, commanded by Capt. Hoss, attached to the 2d Regiment of Maryland Riflemen, for the purpose of being used on the occasion of the reception of Lafayette in this city. It was received by Capt. Hoss, in Eutaw st., from the hands of Madame Michard, supported by Misses Julia and Laura Stricker. After the reception of Lafayette, it was placed in the Museum, where it was appropriately received by Miss Van Wyck, Miss Elizabeth Cooke Tilghman, and several other young ladies. Col. Bentalou died some years after, and the banner has ever since been permitted to hang, without any protection, suspended from the ceiling of the Museum. Recently, however, Mr. Mayer called the attention of Mr. Peale, the proprietor of the Museum, to the sad condition of this memento of by-gone times, when he made known his design to deposit it with this Society, and which has accordingly been done.

Mr. Mayer then read an interesting detail of particulars connected with the first coming of Lafayette to the United States. Letters were read from David Ridgely, Esq., of Washington, and from Dr. Graves. The gentlemen proposed at the last meeting for active membership were elected. Wm. Gwynn, Esq., was elected a life member; and Rev. Dr. Ryder, of Georgetown College, and Peter Force, Esq., of Washington, honorary members.—Messrs. O. C. Tiffany, Wm. W. Hall, A. R. Levering, Wm. E. Mayhew, Henry G. Rice, Jr., R. Purviance, Jr., and Geo. H. Williams, were nominated for active membership, to be balloted for at the next meeting. After the transaction of some unimportant business the Society adjourned.

"At a meeting of the committee appointed by the several counties of the Province of *Maryland*, at the city of *Annapolis*, on the 22d day of June, 1774, and continued by adjournment from day to day, till the 25th of the same month; *Matthew Tilghman, Esq.*, in the Chair, *John Duckett*, Clerk:

"*Resolved*, That Matthew Tilghman, Thomas Johnson, Jr., Robert Goldsborough, William Paca, and Samuel Chase, Esquires, or any two or more of them, be Deputies for this Province, to attend a General Congress of Deputies from the Colonies, at such time and place as may be agreed on, to effect one general plan of conduct operating on the commercial connexion of the Colonies with the Mother country, for the relief of Boston, and preservation of *American liberty*."

First Continental Congress was held at Philadelphia, on Monday, September 5, 1774. A number of the Delegates chosen and appointed by the several Colonies and Provinces in *North America*, assembled at the *Carpenter's Hall*. Present—Delegates from New Hampshire; Massachusetts Bay; Rhode Island and Providence Plantations; Connecticut; City and County of New York, and other Counties in the Province of New York; County of Suffolk, in the Province of New York; New Jersey; Pennsylvania; New Castle, Kent and Sussex, on Delaware—Maryland, *Robert Goldsborough, Esq.*, *William Paca, Esq.*, *Samuel Chase, Esq.*;—Virginia; South Carolina.

The Congress proceeded to the choice of a President, when the Hon. Peyton Randolph, Esq., of Virginia, was unanimously elected.

Mr. Charles Thomson was unanmously chosen Secretary.

Thomas Johnson, Jr., Esq., Delegate from Maryland, took his seat in Congress on the following day; and Matthew Tilghman, Esq., on the 12th day of the same month.

DIED.

On the 9th instant, ALFRED BAKER, M. D., youngest son of the late Dr Samuel Baker.

Balto. City & County Alms House -

- Resident Students -

Washington J. Anderson M.D. of Md.
M.D. Un Md 1844

Stedman R. Filgtman M.D. of Balto.
M.D. Un. Md 1843

Chas Frick - of Balto.
M.D. 1845 Un. Md

Adolphus. L. Heermann of Balto.
Heermann

Frank Donaldson of Balto.
U.M. Univ. Md 1846

Edw. J. Mapey M.D. of Balto.

Robt. Murray M.D. of Balto.
M.D. Un. Penn 1843

Jno. H Pottenger M.D. of Balto.
M.D. Un. Md. 1844

August. 1844

attending Physicians | Alex C. Robinson MD
Alex Clendenin MD

THEATRE,

St. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THURSDAY, February 27th, 1840,

Will be presented, the Play of

JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS.

Joseph,.....Mr. J. GLOVER.
Phasear,.....Mr. H. HAYS.
Benjamin,.....Mr. Y. McCREADY.
Simeon,.....Mr. S. TILGHMAN.
Reuben,.....Mr. D. S. CAGE.
Zares,.....Mr. J. SEMMES.

Other Brothers of Joseph.

The whole to conclude with the highly lughable Farce of

STATE'S SECRETS.

Gregory Thimblewell,.....Mr. S. TILGHMAN.
Calverton Hal,.....Mr. D. S. CAGE.
Hugh Neville,.....Mr. J. SEMMES.
Humphrey Hedgehog,.....Mr. H. WALTON.
Robert,.....Mr. E. HUELIN.

Cavaliers, &c.

☞ *Performance to commence at half past 5 o'clock, P. M.*

It is with sincere concern that we announce the death of Stedman Van Wyck, formerly captain of the Washington Guards, and recently a merchant of St. Thomas'. He was born the 8th September, 1794, and died of a malignant fever the 15th of July last. During his short life, he never made an enemy; every one who knew him became his friend. His urbanity of manners, gentlemanly deportment and amiability of disposition, could only be equalled by his courage in the field,—he carried more honorable scars to his grave than any youth of his age, and no one better deserves that his name should be inscribed on the monuments erected to his country's defenders. As a son, a brother, a friend, he was pre-eminent.