

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

THE PIONEER'S LAST SHOT.

We question whether in all the history of "hair-breadth escapes" a parallel to the following can easily be found. The story was told us by an old and valued friend now residing in the country near this city, and whose early days were spent near the scene of the tragic adventure here recorded.

We give the story as related to us, in the words of our hero:

"It was about the year 1765 that I settled in Virginia, near the falls of the Canastota. The country at that time was an unbroken wilderness. But few settlements had been made then by the whites, and they were so far apart as to render vain all hope of assistance in case of an attack from hostile Indians—numbers of whom still infested the neighborhood.

I lived here alone with my wife for several months unmolested, and by dint of untiring perseverance, being then young and hardy, had succeeded in making quite a large clearing in the forest which I had planted with corn, and which promised an abundant yield.

One morning after we had dispatched our humble meal, and I had just prepared to venture forth upon my regular routine of labor, my attention was arrested by the tinkling of a cow bell in the corn field.

"There," said my wife, "the cow is in the corn field."

But the ear of the backwoodsman becomes by education very acute, especially so from the fact that his safety often depends on the nice cultivation of that sense. I was not easily deceived, I listened—the sound was repeated.

"That," said I, in reply to the remark of my wife, "was not the tinkle of a bell upon the neck of a cow. It is a decoy from some Indian who desires to draw me into ambush."

Believing this to be the case, I took down my musket, (I had no rifle) and seeing that it was properly loaded, I stole cautiously around the field toward the point from which the sound seemed to proceed. As I had suspected, the e, in a cluster of bushes, crouched an Indian, waiting for me to appear in answer to his decoy bell, that he might send the fatal bullet to my heart. I approached without discovering myself to him, until within shooting distance, then raised my piece and fired. The bullet sped true to its mark, and the Indian fell dead.

Not knowing but that he might be accompanied by others, I returned with all speed to my cabin, and having firmly barricaded the door, I watched all day from the port hole, in anticipation of an attack from the companions of the Indian I had killed. To add to the danger and seeming hopelessness of my situation, I discovered that I had but one charge of powder left, I could make but one shot, and then, if attacked by numbers, I should be entirely in the power. Determined to do the best with what I had, I poured in my last charge of powder, and put into my musket fifteen slugs, and then waited for the approach of night, feeling confident of an attack.

Night came on at length. A beautiful moonlight night it was too, and this favored me greatly, as I would be able to observe the movement of the enemy as they approached my cabin. It was two hours after nightfall, and as yet I had neither seen or heard a sign of the Indians, when suddenly I was startled by the barking of my dog at the stable. I knew that the Indians were coming. The stable stood a little to the west of the cabin, and between the two was a patch of clear ground, upon which the light of the full moon fell unobstructed. Judging from the noise at the stable that they would advance from that direction, I posted myself at the port hole on that side of the cabin.

I had previously placed my wife upon the cross-pole in the chimney, so that in case our enemies effected an entrance to the cabin, she might climb out through the low chimney and effect her escape. For myself I determined not to be taken alive, and resolved to sell my life dearly.

With breathless anxiety I watched at the port hole. At length I saw them emerge from the shadow of the stable and advance across the vacant ground toward the cabin. One—two—three—great heavens! six stalwart Indians, armed to the teeth, and urged on by the hope of revenge, and I alone to oppose them with but one charge of powder. My case was desperate indeed. With quick but stealthy step in close single file they approached, and were already within a few hundred yards of the house, when a slight change or divergence in the movement of the forward Indian, changed the position of the entire six; so that a portion of the left side of each was covered. They were all in range, one aim would cover all. Quick as thought I aimed and fired. As the smoke cleared away, I could hardly credit what my senses showed me as the result of my shot. The fifteen slugs with which I had loaded my musket had done their work well—Five of the Indians lay dead upon the ground and the sixth had disappeared.

Although no enemy was now in sight, I did not venture forth until morning.—There lay the bodies of the five Indians, undisturbed, together with the rifle of the other. Scaring the arms and ammunition of the fallen Indians, I followed up the trail of the missing one, until it reached the river, beyond which point I could discover no traces whatever. From the amount of blood which marked the trail, together with the unmistakable evidence that he had picked his way with difficulty, I was led to believe that he had been mortally

wounded, and in order to prevent his body from falling into the hands of his white foe, had groped his way to the river and thrown himself into the current which had borne him away.

The Indians had killed my cow, and that you may be assured was no trifling loss, yet in my gratitude for my escape from the merciless savages, I would have been entirely willing to have made much greater sacrifices. I was well provided (by means of arms and ammunition taken from the slain Indians) in case of a second attack, but this fortunately proved to be my last adventure with the savages.—Not one of the band had escaped to tell the tale, and incite his brethren to revenge the death of their comrades.

"Ah!" exclaimed the old man, while the tears gushed from his eyes at the memory of that eventful night, "that was a glorious shot—the best I ever made."

The hero of this adventure lived to see the rude wilderness where he had pitched his lonely cabin, transformed into smiling fields, and peopled by happy and enterprising pale face tribes, among whom his last days were passed in "peace and plenty," undisturbed by his old time foes.

DRESSING WITH TASTE.

FROM THE MIRROR OF FASHION.

It is strange that with all the time American women bestow upon the dress, so few know how to prepare a simple toilette with taste. To be well dressed means, with most, to wear rich material, made up in gorgeous style, and with all the usual accessories of lace and jewelry, to add to the magnificence of the general effect. Never was a greater mistake. To be well dressed is only to have attire suited to time, place and circumstances, made in a becoming manner. This attire may be a shilling calico or a rich silk, and yet in either, if it is adapted to the conditions we have mentioned, a woman may be said to be well dressed.

Where the household duties have to be performed, and the care of children devolves partly upon the mistress of the house, a neat print dress fitted gracefully to the figure, is much better for morning wear than the faded remains of a more pretentious costume. Nothing looks more forlorn than to see a would-be lady, performing household offices, of not the most refined character, in an old torn or dirty silk dress, or a soiled and dragged open wrapper.

One of the secrets of dressing well, is to dress appropriately, another to be careful of the details, the minutiae of the toilette. Thorough personal cleanliness, glossy well-brushed hair, neat shoes and stockings, are fully as essential to a good personal appearance as the material and fashion of the dress. Indeed, a lady who is particular in these minor matters, can hardly ever be said to be ill dressed. As this delicate refinement will not only excuse faults, but naturally show itself in the good taste which will guide her selection, no matter how small the cost may be.

Some persons have an extreme horror of being "caught," as they call it, in a morning dress. Why they should be so sensitive on this point, it is difficult to say. If it is clean, and adapted to the work in which they are engaged, there is no shame in wearing, and, above all, it ought to be remembered that no attire is good enough for the family which is not good enough for mere acquaintances who may choose to favor you with their society. It is much better to be caught in a plain morning dress, than to be caught very much overdressed, as some unlucky individuals are at a small evening party. In one case there is real cause for mortification, in the other there is none.

Mothers should carefully impress this lesson upon their daughters. Many a young lady has lost an eligible match through the discovery that the belle of the evening was the slattern of the morning, and that she paid more attention to the number of her flounces than the cleanliness of her person, more care on the brilliance of her head-dress than the condition of her hair.

CIVILIZING INFLUENCE OF RAILWAYS IN INDIA.—The wild tribes of the Deccan are cutting ways for commerce through the hills, instead of easing travelers of their moneys and depriving them of their lives as they were wont to do. Thousands of men and women who, some ten years ago, were in the habit of wearing only a rag of clothing, are now covered with the produce of the looms of Manchester. They can afford to live in huts instead of hovels; and even their children are paid while being taught their first lessons in trained labor. These are facts which have taken place under our very eyes, and within a few hours' ride of Poona. For these last three years, Messrs. Adamson and Clowser have scarcely had fewer than 35,000 people employed upon the railway works which they are constructing. [Deccan Herald.]

GRANITE.—A German savant, Herr Beriepsch, has the following eulogium on granite: Granite is a symbolic substance—it, in common with marble, is the historic stone. As among beasts the lion ranks as king, being the representative of noble qualities and physical power—as among plants the oak presents a picture of firmness and endurance, of proud contempt of storm and weather—so granite represents all that is unconquerable and unchangeable in the kingdom of dead organic matter; it is, in the narrow material sense, a substance of eternal duration.

CHARACTER OF THE GENTLEMAN.

I have stated already that the forbearing use of power is a sure attribute of the gentleman; indeed, as we may say that power—physical, moral, purely social or political—is one of the touchstones of genuine gentlemanship. The power which the husband has over his wife, in which we must include the impunity with which he may be unkind to her; the father over his children; the old over the young; and the young over the aged; the strong over the weak; the officer over his men; the master of a vessel over his hands; the magistrate over the citizens; the employer over the employed; the rich over the poor; the educated over the unlettered; the experienced over the confiding; the keeper of a secret over whom it touches; the ordinary man; even the clever over the silly—the forbearing and inoffensive use of all this power or authority, or a total abstinence from it where the case admits it, will show the gentleman in a plain light.

Every traveler knows at once whether a gentlemanly or rude officer is searching his trunk. But the use of power does not only form a touchstone; even of the manner in which the individual enjoys certain advantages over the other, is a test. No gentleman can boast of the delights of superior health in the presence of a languid patient, or speak of great good luck when in hearing of a man bent by habitual misfortune. Let the man who happily enjoys advantages of a pure and honest life, speak of it to a fallen-fellow being, and you will soon see whether he be, in addition to his honesty, a gentleman or not. The gentleman does not needlessly and unceasingly remind an offender of a wrong he may have committed against him. He can not only forgive, but he can forget; and he strives for that nobleness of soul and manliness of character which impart sufficient strength to let the past be truly past. He will never use the power which the knowledge of an offence, a false step, or an unfortunate exposure of weakness gives him, merely to enjoy the power of humiliating his neighbor. A true man of honor fees humbled himself, when he cannot help humbling others.—[Dr. Libber.]

THE AMERICAN IMITATES THE FRENCHMAN.—In his tastes the American imitates the Frenchman. Who shall dare to say that he is wrong, seeing that in general matters of design and luxury, the French have won for themselves the foremost name? I will not say that the American is wrong, but I cannot avoid thinking that he is so. I detest what is called French taste; but the world is against me. When I complained to a landlord of an hotel out in the West that his furniture was useless; that I could not write at a marble table whose outside rim was carved into fantastic shapes; that a gold clock in my bedroom which did not go would give me no aid in washing myself; that a heavy, immovable curtain shut out the light; and that the papier-mache chairs with small fluffy velvet seats were bad to sit on—he answered me completely by telling me that his house had been furnished not in accordance with the taste of England, but with that of France. I acknowledged the rebuke, gave up my pursuits of literature and cleanliness, and hurried out of the house as quickly as I could. All America is now furnishing itself by the rules which guided that hotel-keeper. I do not merely allude to actual household furniture—to chairs, tables, and detestable gilt clocks. The taste of America is becoming French in its conversation, French in its comforts and French in its discomforts, French in its eating and French in its dress, French in its manners, and will become French in its art. There are those who will say that the English taste is taking the same direction. I do not think so. I strongly hope that it is not so. And therefore I say that an Englishman and an American differ in their tastes.—[Anthony Trollope.]

BENEFITS OF RELAXATION IN THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—Sir Benjamin Brodie thus expresses his opinion on this subject: "It is only to a limited extent that the education of children can be advantageously combined with bodily labor. Even in the case of grown-up persons, some intervals of leisure are necessary to keep the mind in a healthful and vigorous state. It is when thus relieved from the state of tension belonging to actual study that boys and girls, as well as men and women, acquire the habit of thought and reflection, and of forming their own conclusions, independently of what they are taught and the authority of others. In younger persons, it is not the mind only that suffers from too large a demand being made on it for the purposes of study. Relaxation and cheerful occupation are essential to the proper development of the corporal structure and faculties; and the want of them operates like an unwholesome atmosphere, or defective nourishment, in producing the lasting evils of defective health and a stunted growth, with all the secondary evils to which they lead."

PRONUNCIATION.—Sheridan agreed with Walker about the word wind, pronouncing it wynd; but differed with respect to gold, which he would pronounce goold. Sheridan tells us that Swift used to jeer those who pronounced wind with a short i by saying, "I have a great mind to find why you pronounce it winn'd." An illiterate critic reported this upon Mr. Sheridan, by saying, "If I may be so bold I should like to be told why you pronounce it goold."

ABSTRACT

Of Meteorological observations for the month of August, 1862, at G. S. L. City, Utah, by W. Phelps.

MONTHLY MEAN.

Barometer, (out of repair.)
Thermometer attached.

9 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
72	79	73

Thermometer in open air.

9 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
72	82	74

Dry Bulb.

9 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
73	78	72

Wet Bulb.

9 a.m.	2 p.m.	9 p.m.
68	72	67

Highest and lowest range of Thermometer in the open air during the month:

Max. 90°. Min. 72°

The amount of rain water that fell during the month, measured 1.175, which is one inch and 175 over.

The weather was warm and steady, with a fair prospect for crops generally.

MONTHLY JOURNAL.

1. Clear.
2. do.
3. do.
4. do.
5. A.m. cloudy; sprinkled at 2; evening, clear and hot.
6. A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy; sprinkled.
7. A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy; cool; sprinkled.
8. Clear.
9. Clear till 5 p.m.
10. Clear and cool.
11. Clear and hot.
12. Partially clear; shower at a distance.
13. Clear and hot.
14. A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy and hazy.
15. Cloudy; rained at 6 p.m.
16. Cloudy; two showers in p.m.
17. Mostly cloudy.
18. Partially clear; rain near.
19. Shower in a.m.; p.m. clear.
20. Clear, excepting a few clouds.
21. Mostly clear.
22. Clear and hot.
23. Partially clear and hot.
24. do. do.
25. do. do.
26. A.m. clear; p.m. cloudy; rain at 8 p.m.
27. A.m. clear; p.m. partially so.
28. Mostly clear and hot.
29. A rainbow in a.m.; partially clear after.
30. Clear and hot.
31. Fine and fair.

A small comet appeared about the middle of the month, near the "Little Bear's" head, and passed on swiftly, a little west of south, through "Bootes" "Hercules," etc., for some higher destination than our astronomy reaches, with, we guess, *pacific news*; instead of *war grams*, like the *sin-sick States*.

THE EFFECT OF SUDDEN JOY.—Colonel Benbow, who distinguished himself at the Battle of Worcester, in the royal army, was taken prisoner by Cromwell, and narrowly escaped being put to death. During the Commonwealth, the colonel lived in retirement, and, at the Restoration, he was appointed to a small office in the Tower, barely sufficient to afford him and his family a scanty maintenance. He was in this situation, when, a little before the breaking out of the first Dutch war, King Charles came to the Tower to examine the state of the magazines; there the king saw the good old colonel, and, although, altered in appearance and his hair white with age, he immediately recognized him.—His Majesty, calling the brave old soldier to him, embraced him very cordially, and inquired very kindly after his fortunes. The colonel told the king that he had a place of fourscore pounds a year, in which he served his majesty as cheerfully as if it produced him as many thousands. The king said it was too small a recompense for a man who had fought by his side at Worcester, and turning to one of his attendants, desired him to bring the colonel to him the following day, that he might provide more liberally for him and his family. But short as the time was, the brave-hearted old man did not live to receive or even to claim the fulfillment of this gracious promise. He sense of the king's kindness and goodness so overpowered him, that, sitting down on a bench, he died from excessive joy, even before the king had left the Tower.

HEAVY LOAD.—George Perry brought from Dr. Kelsey's farm, eight miles east of Stockton, a load of wheat weighing 31,801 pounds, recently, with nine yoke of cattle. The wagons bearing such loads are familiarly denominated "prairie schooners," and it must be a matter of astonishment to teamsters in other parts of the world to learn what immense loads are borne along the indifferent roads of this country on wheels. This is over one ton and three-fourths to each yoke of cattle, or approaching to within two hundred and thirty-odd pounds of a ton to each animal.—[Stockton Independent.]