

Arkansas Gazette.

BY BENJAMIN J. BORDEN, AT FOUR DOLLARS PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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TERMS OF THE GAZETTE.

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AN EXCITING STORY.

It was a sultry evening towards the close of June, 1772, that Capt. Harmon and his company were engaged in a battle on the Konnebeck River. For hours they fought bravely, and the last rays of civilization was left for the victors. The long shadows of the striking force met in the middle of the broad stream, that would carry them through. At every sound from the adjacent shores—the rattling of some night bird, or the quick steps of some animal—the dash of the oar suspended, and the Ranger's great tightened on his rifle. All knew the enterprise; and that silence, which is natural to men who feel themselves in the extremity of mortal jeopardy, settled like a cloud upon the midnight adventures.

"Hush—hush, man!" said the watchful Harmon, in a voice which scarcely rose above a hoarse whisper, as his company lay around him, and every eye was bent towards the shore. A tall Indian fire gleamed up amidst the great oaks, a red and strong light up the dark waters. For a single moment the oar of the operation of the car was suspended, and every ear listened with painful earnestness to catch the well known sounds which seldom failed to indicate the proximity of the savages.

All was now silent. With slow and faint movements of the oar, the canoes gradually approached the suspected spot. The landing party, for a moment, lay in wait, and then cautiously for a considerable distance in the dark shadow, the party at length ventured within the broad circle of the light which at first attracted their attention. Harmon was with them, and with an eye as true as those of the savage enemy whom he sought.

The body of a fallen tree lay across the path. As the Rangers were on the point of leaving the canoe, a low growl issued from the darkness. "See here," he exclaimed, pointing to the tree; "it's the work of the red skin."

Smothered wrath glowed on the lips of the Rangers as they grappled forward in the direction pointed out by their commander. Blood was spilt on the grass, and a human hand—the hand of a white man—lay upon the bloody log.

There was a word spoken, but every countenance worked with terrible emotion. Had the Rangers followed their own desperate inclination, they would have hurried recklessly on to the work of vengeance; but the example of their leader, who in the hour of calmness and self-command, prepared them for a less speedy but more certain triumph. Cautionously passing over the fearful obstacle in the way, and closely followed by his companions, he advanced stealthily and cautiously to the light, hiding himself and his party as much as possible behind the thick trees. In a few moments a huge fire, but at a convenient distance from the work of vengeance, was kindled. It was evident from their appearance that they had passed the day in one of their hurried revels; and that they were now suffering under the effects of intoxication. One started half upright, grasping his tomahawk, as if to combat some vision of his disordered brain; but unable to shake off the stupor from his senses, uniformly fell back into his former position.

The Rangers crept nearer. As they bent their eyes along their well tried rifles, they saw a figure in the distance, who held a signal of Harmon's musket to bear upon the head of one of the most distant savages.

"Fire!" he at length exclaimed, as the light of his piece interposed fall and the twinkling of the Indian. "Fire and rush on!" The sharp voice of thirty rifles thrilled through the heart of the forest. There was a groan—a smothered cry—a wild and convulsing shout among the sleeping Indians, and all again was silent.

The Rangers sprang forward with their clothing and rifles and hunting knives, but their last word was done. A man on horseback, and no sound was heard among them save the gurgling of hot blood from their lifeless bodies.

PRINTING.—Although perhaps the most important discovery of modern times, at least towards the enlightenment of the human race, yet there are but few acquainted with its nature and its uses. We were not the first to announce the other day, at one of our business advertisements, whose intelligence and industry had so increased his business that he wished to fill more than his proportion of the world with advertisements. Upon being told that he had already his right quantity of matter in the paper, and that he could not overreach his proportion, without being very particular in his selection, he was very particular in his selection, and he will publish a paper and fill it with the advertising matter. But, as he had already opened his columns, and he was very wise, he may add another square to my account.

The Louisville Journal, of the 10th inst., contains an elegant sketch of Robert Burns, the poet of Scotland. It was written by those who have known and appreciated him. The qualities of his mind, his genius, and his weaknesses are well pointed out, and the picture is so drawn as to give a true and correct idea of the man, and of the great value of his works. The sketch is a gem of the press, and is well worth a perusal by every one who is interested in the history of literature.

And, first, there was his wonderful imagination which could people the stars with reasonable fairies. And, then, his judgment which rigorously discriminated between the showy and the substantial, between what was valuable and worthy of being retained, and what was worthless, to be rejected. His imagination and judgment, now have exceeded Burns. Wordsworth, Shelley, Southey, and Coleridge frequently mistake the grotesque for the beautiful; but the poems of Burns are so full of truth and beauty, that they are not only read, but they are also in the minds of the people.

Against an adversary, the victim writhed as if he felt a dagger's point. His satire was terrible, and his wit was as sharp as a sword. He ridiculed the follies of the people, and he exposed the hypocrisy of the great. His wit was as sharp as a sword, and his satire was as terrible as a dagger's point. He ridiculed the follies of the people, and he exposed the hypocrisy of the great.

More good songs have been written in Scotland than in any other country in the world. The English language is spoken. Many Scottish poets have produced songs which will live as long as tenderness and simplicity have admirers. In this department, Burns is greatly superior to all his countrymen, as Moore is the best of Irish song writers. The Irish poet, who has produced the greatest of his kind, is Burns. His songs are full of beauty and tenderness, but partaking to some extent of the insincerity and artificiality of the poetry of which he lives. Songs are not written to tickle the ear, but to move the heart, and these songs are the best which touch and soothe our feelings, and give us a new world of thought.

Our American bards have written many exquisite lyrics, inferior to none in the language, but not one first-rate song. It is difficult to succeed in one's writing, and yet, success in this line by no means implies extraordinary genius. The Great poets have attempted to produce such a work, but they have failed. The most successful of them have written on the lip of beauty were written by persons whose names are utterly lost on earth. Burns was the best of our song-writers, and his excellence as he did, required the union of extraordinary powers of mind with extraordinary sensitiveness of heart.

None but a kindred spirit could write so feelingly of Burns' failings, and it is not we, but the select of "one of his peers."

Burns was very social in his feelings and never neglected opportunities to gratify this strong disposition of his heart. At that day of his life, Burns was a man of great social qualities. In every company the soul-living qualities of "mountain dew" and "country music" were his. He was a man of great social qualities, and he was a man of great social qualities.

According to this canon, we had the most judicious and most successful of our poets, who were not only successful in their own time, but who were successful in their own time. They were not only successful in their own time, but they were successful in their own time.

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MR. VAN BUREN'S REPLY.

Mr. Van Buren, in his reply to the resolutions of the Convention, has shown a wisdom and a statesmanship which are well calculated to give satisfaction to the friends of the Union. He has shown a wisdom and a statesmanship which are well calculated to give satisfaction to the friends of the Union. He has shown a wisdom and a statesmanship which are well calculated to give satisfaction to the friends of the Union.

We have a remedy for all this, and will suggest it to the Post as a method of settling all our difficulties. Let some democratic member of the House, propose the following question to Mr. Van Buren, and if he will reply specifically we will engage that the public will know more than they have ever known of the whole life of the Ex-President.

ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF A DUTY OF 30 PER CENT ON SUGAR, AND THEREAFTER PER POUND ON THE PRODUCE OF THE SUGAR?

Now, say, Mr. Van Buren. No dodging! No long yams! No Indian riddles! Tell us about the wool and the sheep. Put the question in this particular form: "Do you favor a duty of 30 per cent on sugar, and thereafter per pound on the produce of the sugar?"

A POLITICAL JOKE.—The National Intelligencer thus hits off happily one of the grand arguments on the tariff—endorsed by the Globe.

The daily Globe, of the 4th inst., quotes an article upon the tariff from an obscure journal published in Maine, complaining among other things, that the high duty upon iron—incidentally, it is a general complaint that persons assuming to conduct a public business have some little knowledge of the matter on which they undertake to enlighten the country, and if the *errata* and *errata* editor of the Maine paper happened to see the article, he would have a good opportunity to enlighten his ignorance than by attempting to pain the ears of his readers with the high rate of duty upon iron—incidentally, it is a general complaint that persons assuming to conduct a public business have some little knowledge of the matter on which they undertake to enlighten the country, and if the *errata* and *errata* editor of the Maine paper happened to see the article, he would have a good opportunity to enlighten his ignorance than by attempting to pain the ears of his readers with the high rate of duty upon iron.

WASHINGTON—OPINIONS OF A VISITOR. The opinions expressed in the annexed extracts from a letter to the New York Aurora, by a visitor to the city, are well calculated to give a true and correct idea of the man, and of the great value of his works. The sketch is a gem of the press, and is well worth a perusal by every one who is interested in the history of literature.

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CAPT. STOCKTON'S WAR RECORD.

Capt. Stockton's war record is a well calculated to give a true and correct idea of the man, and of the great value of his works. The sketch is a gem of the press, and is well worth a perusal by every one who is interested in the history of literature.

At a meeting of the visitors of the steamer Princeton, on board of the steamer Hoboken, Jan. 18th, 1864, the following resolutions were adopted after taking leave of Capt. Stockton and his officers:

Resolved, That we consider the Princeton, her model, machinery and general arrangements, well adapted for the purpose for which she was constructed; and that the elegance and comfort of her accommodations, the superior workmanship of her machinery and power of her armaments, render her, justly, the pride of the American Navy; and a credit to the skill of those engaged in her construction.

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LATER FROM ENGLAND.

Later advices from England by the Packet ship London, of the 10th inst., are well calculated to give a true and correct idea of the man, and of the great value of his works. The sketch is a gem of the press, and is well worth a perusal by every one who is interested in the history of literature.

The new Irish Bill, received here by the Packet ship London, of the 10th inst., are well calculated to give a true and correct idea of the man, and of the great value of his works. The sketch is a gem of the press, and is well worth a perusal by every one who is interested in the history of literature.

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