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From the Ladies' National Magazine.

THE BORDERER'S CHILD:
OR WASHINGTON AT EIGHTEEN.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

It was a calm, sunny day in the year 1750; the scene a piece of forest land on the Northern Neck of Virginia, contiguous to a noble stream of water. Implements of surveying were lying about, and several men, idly reclining under the trees betokened by their dress and appearance that they composed a party engaged in laying out the wild lands of the then frontier of the old Dominion: These persons had apparently just finished their noon-tide meal, for the relics of the banquet were scattered around.

Apart from the group walked a young man, evidently superior to his companions, though there was nothing obtrusive in his air, which, on the contrary, was distinguished by affability. A certain dignity of aspect, however, accompanied him. Added to this he was of a tall and compact frame, and moved with the elastic tread of one accustomed to constant exercise in the open air. His countenance could not have been said to be handsome, but it wore a look of decision and manliness, not usually found in one so young, for apparently he was little over eighteen years of age. His hat had been cast off as if for comfort, and he had paused, with one foot advanced, in a natural and graceful attitude, at the moment that we have introduced him to our readers.

Suddenly there was a shriek, then another, and then several in rapid succession. The voice was that of a woman, and seemed to proceed from the other side of a dense thicket. At the first scream the youth turned his head in the direction whence the sound proceeded, but when it was repeated he pushed aside the undergrowth which separated him from it, and quickening his footsteps as the cries succeeded each other with alarming rapidity, he soon dashed into an open space or "clearing," as the borderers even then called it, on the banks of the stream. In the centre of which a rude log-cabin stood, whose well-pole poised over one end, and smoke curling from the chimney, gave signs of habitation. As the young man, with a face flushed by haste, broke from the undergrowth, he saw his companions crowded together on the bank of the river, while in their midst a woman from whom proceeded the shrieks, was visible, held back by two of the most athletic of the men, but still struggling violently for freedom.

It was the work of an instant to make his way through the crowd and confront the female. The moment her eyes fell on him she exclaimed,

"Oh! sir—you will do something for me. Make them release me—for the love of God! My boy—my poor boy is drowning and they will not let me go."

"It would be madness—she would jump into the river," said one of those who held her, as the frantic mother strove again to break from his grasp. "The rapids would dash her to pieces in a minute."

The youth had scarcely waited for these words. His eye took in, at a single glance, the meaning of the said group. He recollected the child of the woman a bold little fellow of four years old, whose handsome blue eyes and flaxen ringlets made him a favorite with strangers and filled the mother's heart with pride whenever she gazed on him. He had been accustomed to play, at will in the little enclosure before the cabin; but, this morning, the gate having been accidentally left open, he had stolen out when his mother's back was turned, reached the edge of the bank, and was in the act of looking over, when his parent's eye caught sight of him. The shriek which she uttered precipitated the catastrophe she feared, for the child frightened at the cry, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the stream, which here went foaming and roaring along amid innumerable rocks, constituting the most dangerous rapids known in that section of the country.—Scream now followed scream in rapid succession as the agonized parent rushed to the bank. She arrived there simultaneously with the party whom we left reclining in the shade, and who were scattered about within a few steps of the accident. Fortunate was it that they were so near, else the mother would have plunged in after her child and both been lost. Several of the men immediately approached the brink and were on the point of springing in after the child, when the sight of the sharp rocks crowding the channel, the rush and whirl of the waters, and the want of any knowledge where to look for the boy deterred them, and they gave up the enterprise.

Not so the youth we have introduced. His first work was to throw off his coat: his next to spring to the edge of the bank. Here he stood, for a second, running his eye rapidly over the scene below, and taking in, with a glance, the different currents, and the most dangerous of the rocks, in order to shape his course by them when in the stream. He had scarcely formed his conclusion, when his gaze rested on a white object in the water that he knew at once to be the boy's dress, and, while his companions, aghast at his temerity, were prevented, as much by consternation as by the awe with which he had already inspired them from interfering, he plunged headlong into the wild and roaring rapids.

"Thank God—he will save my child," gasped the woman, "see—there he is—oh! my boy, my darling boy, how could I leave you."

Every one had rushed to the brink of the precipice, and were now following, with eager eyes, the perilous progress of the youth, as the current bore him onward, like a feather in the embrace of a hurricane. Now it seemed as if he would be dashed against a jutting rock over which the water flew in foam; & now a whirlpool would drag him in, from whose grasp escape would appear impossible. At times the current bore him under and he would be lost to sight; then, just as the spectators gave him up, he would re-appear, though far enough from where he vanished, still buffeting amid the vortex. Oh! how that mother's straining eyes followed him in his perilous career—how her heart sank when he went under—and with what a gush of joy she saw him emerge again from the waters, and flinging the waves aside with his athletic arms struggle on, in pursuit of her boy. But it seemed as if his generous efforts were to be of no avail, for though the current was bearing off the boy before his eyes, scarcely ten feet distant, he could not, despite his gigantic efforts, overtake the drowning child.

On they flew, the youth and the child and it was miraculous how each escaped being dashed to pieces against the rocks. Twice the boy went out of sight, and a suppressed shriek escaped the mothers lips but twice he re-appeared and then with hands wrung wildly together and breathless anxiety, she followed his progress, as his interesting form was hurried onward with the current.

The youth now appeared to redouble his exertions for they were approaching the most dangerous part of the rapids, contracting between the narrowed shores, shot almost perpendicularly down a declivity of fifteen feet. The rush of the waters at this spot was tremendous, and no one ventured to approach its vicinity even in a canoe, lest they should be sucked in. What then would be the youth's fate unless he speedily overtook the child?—He seemed fully sensible of the increasing peril, and urged his way now through the foaming current with desperate strength.—Three several times he was on the point of grasping the cloud, when the waters snatched the prize from him. The third effort was made just as they are about entering within the influence of the current above the fall, and when it failed the mother's heart sank within her and she groaned aloud, fully expecting to see the youth give up the task. But no! he only pressed forward the more eagerly, and as they breathlessly watched, they saw, amid the boiling waters, as if bearing a charmed life the form of the brave youth, following close after that of the boy. And now, like an arrow from the bow, pursuer and pursued shot to the brink of the precipice. An instant they hung there, distinctly visible amid the glassy waters, that seemed to pause on the edge of the descent. Every brain grew dizzy at the sight. But a shout of involuntary exultation burst from the spectators when they saw the boy held aloft by the right arm of the youth—a shout alas! that was suddenly checked by horror when the rescuer and rescued vanished into the abyss.

A moment—rather many moments elapsed, before a word was spoken or a breath drawn. Each of the group felt that to look into the mother's face was impossible. She herself had started eagerly forward and now stood on the bank, a few paces nearer the cataract, where she could command a view of its foot, gazing thither with fixed eyes, as if her all depended on what the next moment should reveal. Suddenly she gave a glad cry.

"There they are,' she exclaimed, "see, they are safe—Great God I thank thee!" and for a moment wildly turning her face to heaven, she hurried with trembling steps along the side of the river in the direction of the fall.

Every eye followed hers, and sure enough there was the youth, still unharmed and still buffeting the waters. He had just emerged from the boiling vortex below the cataract. With one hand he held aloft the child with the other he was making for the shore.

They ran, they shouted, they scarcely knew what they did until they reached his side, just as he had struggled to the bank. They drew him out almost exhausted. The boy was senseless, but his mother declared he still lived as she pressed him frantically to her bosom. His preserver, powerfully built and athletic as he was, could scarcely stand, so faint was he from his exertions.

Who shall describe the scenes that followed—the mother's calmness while she strove to resuscitate her boy, and her wild gratitude to his preserver when the child was out of danger and sweetly sleeping in her arms? Our pen shrinks at the task.—But her words, pronounced then—we may hope in the spirit of prophecy—were remembered afterward by more than one who heard them.

"God will reward you," she said, "as I cannot. He will do great things for you in return for this day's work, and the blessings of thousands, beside mine, will attend you."

And it was so. For to the hero of that hour were subsequently confided the destinies of a mighty nation. But throughout his long career, what tended perhaps most to make him honored and respected beyond all men, was the self-sacrificing spirit which, in the rescue of that mother's child as in the more august events of his life, characterized our WASHINGTON.

From Howitt's Italy and the Italians.

A MAN OVERBOARD.

"The pleasure of our passage was much marred by the loss of a man overboard.—When within few hundred miles of the Azores, we were overtaken by a succession of severe squalls. Forming almost instantaneously on the horizon, they moved down like phantoms on the ship. For a few moments after one struck us, we would be buried in a foam and spray, and then heavily rolling on a mighty sea. We however prepared ourselves, and soon got every thing snug. The light sails were all in, the jibs, top gallant sails and spanker furled close, the mainsail clewed up, and were crashing along under close reefed topsails, when a man who was coming down from the last reef, slipped as he stepped on the bulwarks and went over backwards into the waves. In a moment that most terrific of all cries at sea, 'a man overboard! a man overboard!' flew like lightning over the ship. I sprang upon the quarter just as the poor fellow with his fearful human face,' riding the top of a billow, fled past—In an instant all was commotion—plank after plank was cast over for him to seize and sustain himself on, till the ship could be put about and a boat lowered.

The first mate, a bold, fiery fellow, leaped into the boat that hung at the side of the quarter deck, and in a voice so sharp and stern, I seem to hear it yet, shouted, 'six men—in next!' But the poor sailor, slung back—the sea was too wild. The second mate sprang to the side of the first, and the men ashamed to leave both their officers,' exclaimed the officer, the knife glanced around the ropes, the boat fell to the water, rode on a huge wave far over the deep, and drifted rapidly astern. I thought it could not live a moment in such a sea, but the officer who held the helm was a skilful seaman. Twice in his life he had been wrecked, and for a moment I forgot the danger in admiration of his cool self-possession. He stood erect, the helm in his hand—his dashing eye embracing the whole peril at a single glance, and his hand bringing the head of the gallant little boat on each high sea that otherwise would have swamped her. I watched them till nearly two miles astern, when they lay to to look for the lost sailor. Just then, I turned my eye to the Southern horizon and saw a squall blacker and heavier than any we had before encountered rushing down upon us. The captain also saw it and was terribly excited. He afterwards told me that in all his sea life he never was more so.

He called for a flag and springing into the shrouds waved it for their return.—The gallant fellows obeyed the signal and pulled for the ship. But it was slow work for the head of the boat had to be laid on to almost every wave. It was now growing dark, and if the squall should strike the boat before it reached the vessel, there was no hope for it. It would either go down at once, or drift away into the surrounding darkness, to struggle out the night as it best could. I shall never forget that scene. All along the southern horizon between the black water and the black heaven, was a white streak of tossing foam. Near and nearer every moment it boiled and roared on its track. Between us and it appeared at intervals that little boat, like a black speck on the crest of the billows, and then sunk away apparently engulfed forever.—One moment the squall would seem to gain on it beyond the power of escape, and then delay its progress. As I stood and watched them both, and yet could not tell which would reach us first, the excitement amounted to perfect agony. Seconds seemed lengthened into hours. I could not look steadily on that gallant little crew now settling the question of life and death to themselves and perhaps to us, who would be almost unmanned in the middle of the Atlantic, and encompassed by a storm. The sea was making fast, yet that frail thing rode it like a duck. Every time she sunk away she carried my heart down with her, and when she remained in a longer time than usual, I would think it was all over, and covered my eyes in horror—the next moment she would appear between us and the black rolling cloud literally covered with foam and spray.

The Captain knew as he said afterwards that a few minutes more would decide the fate of his officers and crew. He called for his trumpet and springing up the rattlings, shouted over the roar of the blast & waves, 'Pull away, my brave bullies, the squall is coming give way my hearties' and the bold fellows did 'give way' with a will—I could see their ashen oars quiver as they rose from the water, while the life-like boat sprung to their strokes down the billows, like a panther on the leap. On she came, and on came the blast. It was the wildest struggle I ever gazed on, but the gallant little boat conquered. Oh, how my heart leaped when one at length shot round the stern, and rising on a wave far above our lee quarter, shook the water from her drenched head as if in delight to find her shelter again.

The chains were fastened, and I never pulled with such a good will on a rope as the one which brought that boat up the vessel's side. As the heads of the crew appeared above the bulwarks, I could have hugged the brave fellows in transport. As they stepped on deck not a question was asked, nor report given, but 'Forward men' broke from the Captain's lips. The vessel was trimmed to meet the blast and we were again bounding on our way. If that squall had pursued the course of all former ones, we must have lost our crew; but when nearest the boat and it seemed to me the foam was breaking knot a hundred rods off) the wind suddenly veered, and held the cloud in check, so that it swung round close to the bows.

The poor sailor was gone; he came not back again. It was his birth day, he was twenty five years old, and, alas, it was his death day. Whether, a bold swimmer, he saw his companions hunting hopelessly for him, and finally with his heart growing cold with despair, beheld them turn back to the ship, and the ship itself turn her spars away from him forever, or whether the sea soon took him under, we know not. We saw him no more, a gloom fell over the whole ship. There were but few of us all, and we felt his loss. It was a wild and dark night; death had been among us, and had left us with sad and serious hearts. And as I walked to the stern and looked back on the foam and tumult of the vessel's wake, in which the poor sailor had disappeared, I instinctively uttered the mariner's hymn, closing with the sincere prayer.

'O! sailor boy, sailor boy, peace to thy soul!'

At length the winds lulled, the clouds broke away, and a large space of blue sky and bright stars appeared overhead. The dark, storm cloud hung along the distant horizon, over which the lightning still played, while the distant thunder broke at intervals over the deep. The black ocean moaned on its heavy sobbings, and the disrobed and staggering ship rolled heavily on its restless bosom, and the great so deep and awful that my heart seemed to throb audibly in my bosom. My eyes ached with the intense effort to pierce the surrounding darkness, and find something to relieve the loneliness of the scene. At length the rising moon showed its bright rim above a cloud, tinging its black edge with silver, and pouring a sea of light on a sea of darkness, till the waves gleamed and sparkled as if just awakened to life and hope. The moon never looked so lovely before; it seemed to have come out in the heavens on purpose to bless and to cheer us.

From the New York American.

AND THIS IS LIFE.

He who would analyze the seemingly contradictory elements in which man moves and has his being need not wonder at the discontent, the happiness, the apathy, the restlessness, the vanity, the pride, the show of wealth, the desire to conceal it, the arrogant claims of learning, the attractions of beauty, the workings of retired talent, the multiplicity of noisy nothings, all of which have their day and sway.

There is the retired man of business, overlaid with all the seeming requisites of happiness—breakfasts when he chooses, dines sumptuously, lounges in his unread library, and takes his airing in almost regal style.

By the fellowship which he has established in society, he is constantly reminded of his deficiencies in those accomplishments that invest life with charms the most engaging and dignity the most enduring. Thrice every week he goes to his bed, wofully sensible that Horace and Virgil have lived for him in vain, and Grecian bards tuned their lyres for more fortunate and happier sensibilities; he awakes on his fiftieth anniversary, determined to enter the labyrinth of classic lore, and is *lost*.

And this is life!

There is the plodding merchant, who goes to his counting room, and until his letters are read is hardly conscious of any existence. His brow contracts or expands according to the nature of their contents; he reads and is filled; determines to sell his coffee and cotton to the first bidder and at the least sacrifice; goes home with a sinker at his heart, finds fault with his dinner, and, if he has a wife, is almost tempted to sell her.

And this is life!

There is the stock broker—gregarious from his birth—he comes to his six by eight lodgment in Wall street with a quick step and every muscle and eye alert; he goes out to feed in the highway, as hens do, along with their brood, until 10 1-2 o'clock, when he mounts to a higher region to *sit*, ruminate and realize; philosophizes on the insecurity of securities; hates the likeness of the market to the tides, so regular in their ups and downs; is vexed that he did not go into smiling Canton, instead of drooping Stonington; goes home to dinner, looks grave at his wife, snubs his children, and protests having any more.

And this is life!

There is the Clerk, whose yearnings for notice and gentility have induced him to quit his hard though safe bench in the counting-house for a basement in one of the city thoroughfares, where he sets up champagne, cigar & bacon vender. Possessing some light accomplishments, he receives invitations to parties, & having no real ownership in himself, he always accepts them; to decline them he dares not.—By little and little he goes into love, but is obliged to come out of it much more suddenly. He goes home at midnight to his *state* of one room and tne furniture, sullen, dissatisfied, and vexed that people cannot be uncorked as easily as his champagne, and swearing that he will devote the next twelve months in mastering the art that enables so many to butter their bread on both sides and pay their rent.

And this is life!

There is Peter Snug, who has lived so long on one spot as to make his oneness immortal. He serves as a perpetual signboard to the rising and risen generation. His trophies are defunct dealers, non-descripts merchants, and visionary shop-keepers.

He rises with the sun, breakfasts and dines with a despatch not surpassed by the express mail, and makes his bank deposite so unanomaly that its omission would throw an ordinary cashier into a fit of sickness. He early calculated the price of a wife and children, but was frightened by the footing up. He was wedded to economy and the shop, and his gray hairs attest his fidelity. Blow high, or blow low, he stands alone and erect.

And this is counter life!

There is the mechanic, emphatically the architect of his own fortune. His mind so runs on timber, iron, bricks, and leather that it is not strange he should think his wife and children composed in part of the same materials; hence the joints that connect his paternal ark subjected to no small wear and tear; but the panacea of many ills, *money*, is coming in, while temper is going out, and if they miss of an average share of happiness, it is because the Boss aspires to and secures a seat in the assembly, where he diligently assists in *planting* down opinions that have essentially contributed to his elevation.

And this is life!

There is the rich sleeping partner.—His sleepiness goes abroad to air his other faculties, and get awake; travels every where but in counting houses; knows Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, and London, Paris, and Naples, as matters of fact; perhaps he carries a winning card, in the shape of a wife, who, by a sweet presence and voluble discourse secures for them ambassadorial letters, presentation at court, and whatever else their ingenuity may devise. Having contracted a heavy load of European reminiscence, they come home and up up; but the monotonous hum-drum of American life soon becomes insipid, and off they go to be again mere spectators of stars and garters in the older world. Whilst repeating this delicious experiment, a letter marked "private" comes from the American firm, promonitory of coming ill, arrests the enjoyment of their carnival. Ere long they find themselves upon the billows, both real and imaginary, not knowing what may befall him.

And this is life!

There is the very close, shrewd man, who is viewed by his townsmen as a sort of walking razor—edge never dull—rarely offers his arm, unless to a stranger, and can scent an applicant for a loan the length of Wall street. In his domicil you may remark *design*—all concurring and subservient to one end, self; and it is fortunate if his children do not prove to be a little race of penknives. The daily torment of this man is, the fear of being overreached, and dying of a broken heart.

And this is life!

There is the fortunate *unfortunate*, the man who, when his last creditor signed off, rose in imagination like a rocket—a millionaire in prospect, and prospects enough for a million. "Conquer or die," was his motto, and he did die, and "made no sign."

And this is life!

There is the man of great pretensions, whom to buy at his own price would beggar an Astor; behind his chair and carriage servants wait; a very respectable man, that nobody respects; inwards how full of piety, in actions how inexorable; has an all abounding appetite for great agencies, and though them becomes a sort of dictator to importers and jobbers; his notion of equity is defined by Seldon's remark; according to the size of the Chancellor's foot." In settling a family estate he would be more *executioner* than executor if he should ever die, a slate and pencil would be an appropriate emblem on his grave-stone.

And this is life!

There is the Poet fearfully and wonderfully made sometimes. Life, hanging in festoons of richest flowers all about him and his aspirations partaking of their hue to him, the true and beautiful seem always approaching, but never arrived; he works day and night in constructing a monument to the muses, and though summoned, they come not to its consecration; he sighs over the apathy and insensibility of his fellows, until want turns his choice Helicon into bitters, and forces him at last to slake his thirst from a fountain of common "Croton." On this fare he thrives, and soon marries into the extensive family of the Magazines, and has a very respectable progeny of essays; he succeeds in walking the earth like other people only now and then mourning over the decline of poetry, particularly his own

And this is life!

I will say nothing of the man of much money; large wisdom, and entire good faith, until I find him. D. E. N.

GEN. JACKSON'S OPINION OF THE TREATY OF 1819 WITH SPAIN.

The *Globe* of Monday night contained the subjoined Letter from Gen. Jackson, of which a copy was obtained by its Editor from Samuel L. Gouverneur, Esq., son in-law of the late President Monroe, in consequence of the allusions which have lately been publicly made to the existence of such a paper. This Letter establishes beyond all cavil the fact that Gen. Jackson approved of the Treaty of Boundary, &c. with Spain, in all its parts, and even considered it absurd to suppose that the acquisition of Texas was desirable to the United States in a military point of view if in any other. What is very clear from the Letter, besides, is that Gen. Jackson at least had no regrets for the surrender of alleged rights of the United States to Texas, which it is now pretended was so great a fault on the part of Mr. Monroe's administration.

Gen. Jackson's Reply to Mr. Monroe's Letter.

HERMITAGE, NEAR NASHVILLE.
JUNE 20, 1820.

DEAR SIR: I returned from my tour to the South and Southeast on the evening of the 18th instant, when I received your very friendly and interesting letter of 23d of May last, which I have read with great interest and attention. On its perusal and consideration I have determined to remain in service until the situation of Europe fully develops itself, and our affairs with Spain are brought to a final close.

Although retirement has been and still is the first object of my wishes, yet so long as it is believed that my military service may conduce to the benefit of my country in any way, my exertions belong to her. I have hitherto made, and it is still my duty as a patriot to make, my private interest and views subservient to my country's good. I have therefore, upon due consideration of your interesting letter, resolved not to retire from service so long as my continuing may promote the welfare, safety, and happiness of our country. I am well aware, as soon as you believe the situation of our affairs will permit of my retiring without injury to our country, you will notify me thereof, and permit me to retire. Until then, my private wishes and feelings must bend to what it may be conceived will promote the public good.

The view you have taken of the conduct pursued by our Government relative to South America, in my opinion has been both just and proper, and will be approved by nineteenths of the nation. It is true, it has been attempted to be wielded by certain demagogues to the injury of the Administration, but, like all other base attempts, has recoiled on its authors; and I am clearly of your opinion that, for the present, *we ought to be content with the Floridas*—fortify them, *concentrate our population, confine our frontier to proper bounds, until our country, to those limits, is filled with a dense population. It is the closeness of our population that gives strength and security to our frontier.*—With the Floridas in our possession, our fortifications completed, *Orleans*, the great emporium of the West, is secure.—The Floridas in possession of a foreign Power, you can be invaded, your fortifications turned, the Mississippi reached, and the lower country reduced. *From Texas an invading enemy will never attempt such an enterprise; if he does, notwithstanding all that has been said and asserted on the floor of Congress on this subject, I will vouch that the invader will pay for his temerity.*

Present Mrs. Jackson and myself to Mrs. Monroe and your daughters and Mr. Gouverneur affectionately, and receive for yourself our best wishes for your happiness through this life; and that of your amiable family; and believe me to be, with high respect and esteem, your most obedient servant, ANDREW JACKSON.

JAMES MONROE, *President of the United States.*

The Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, speaking of Mr Clingman's speech, says:

"It appears that several members of the Empire Club are highly indignant at the glaring colors in which he showed up their characters. They are not contented with the attack which Mr. Yancey made upon him, nor with the result of the duel. He is now in the daily receipt of letters threatening him with all kinds of castigations.—One of the last he received was written with blood. He received one a day or two since from a man who states that he is a member of that Club, and, that he is now in Baltimore, waiting for Mr. Clingman, if he is a man of "*courage*," to meet him and give satisfaction for the 'gross and *waunting* insult' conveyed in his speech. Not one of the facts has been denied which Mr. Clingman charged upon them. Proofs of the several charges are to be added in an appendix to the pamphlet form of this speech, which is now in great demand."

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