THE ERIE OBSERVER.

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Erie Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO. PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

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Dentist; Office and dwelling in the Beebe Block, on the [illegible] of the Public Square, Erie. Teeth inserted on Gold [illegible] from one to an entire set. Carious teeth filled with pure [illegible] and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to leave them of a pellucid clearness. All work warranted.

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POWDER.—104 Kegs Rifle, Deer and Blasting Powder, just received and for sale by the keg or less quantity, by
R. T. Sterrett & Sons.

Select Poetry.

SPIRIT FLOWERS.

BY CARLOS D. STUART.

A young child stood by its mother's side,
Watching the shining mould
Of a grave scooped from old grave dust,
By a sexton grey and old;
"And why do they bury us, mother dear,
Down in the earth so cold?"
She asked, as she gazed at the grave fresh scooped
By the sexton grey and old.

"The earth is not cold, my darling child,"
Softly the mother said:
"Its bosom is warm, and to sleep and rest,
Gently we bury the dead:
Its bosom is warm my darling child,
And under the sun and shower,
The soil will rise from its quiet sleep,
A beautiful bud or flower.

"And angels will bear it up, my child,
Into the heaven above,
Never again to droop or die,
But bloom in the light of love;
The sun's warm rays, and the shining dew,
Are shapes of an angel band,
Who seek to gather the spirit-flowers,
Over the grave-turf strand."

And silent, the young child answered not,
But knew from that blessed hour
Why she had gazed and wondered so much
At every beautiful flower;
And ever in after years, the breath
Of the flowers were sweeter far;
They led her up to the spirit land,
Over the shining star.

Choice Miscellany.

From the United Service Journal

NEYKEEMEE, THE DELAWARE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE AMERICAN WAR.

The noon of a bright summer day, some years ago, saw a group of wanderers resting awhile in the cool shade of a clump of chestnuts on the left bank of Lake Erie. On one hand the sleeping waters lay flashing in the sunlight, and on the other the ruins of a dwelling overgrown with grass and wild flowers, seemed to render the solitude more deep. Among the group thus laughing and jesting the noon-tide hour away, there was but one who seemed conscious of there being such a thing as memory. He had been silent and thoughtful from the moment of our reaching our present resting-place, and sat on the flower-gemmed sward, gazing on the ruins as if he had forgot all his companions. He was soon charged with the oblivion

"I was thinking," he replied, "of a New Year's day which I passed on this very spot many years ago, before some of you young ladies and gentlemen could creep out of your cradles, if, indeed, you had got into them."

"No wonder you look grave then, Major," laughed one of the [illegible] young gentlemen. "So long a retrospect might give Liston himself a serious face."

We knew that though Major C. had arrived in Canada at the same time with ourselves, he had served there formerly in the British army during the war; but in the hours that we that morning had spent by Lake Erie under the guidance of our host, whose pleasant abode gleamed far away among the distant trees, he had given no intimation of being among scenes which were well known to him. But one often forgets the face of an old friend, and requires to learn again by heart the features which were once familiar—and so he said it was with him.

"And yet," he added, in his usual life-like manner of telling a story, "it now seems but as yesterday that I was scouting in these woods, [illegible] though they were denser then, and fishing among [illegible] tribes, which were, I dare say denser too. There was a detachment stationed here and the rude huts or lodges they were quartered in were hidden among a group of cedars on that hillock where you see about half a dozen of the old trees still remaining, and round it was raised a sort of stockade. To tell the truth, it was somewhat of a favorite post with us, for we were our masters in a small way; and then there was the lonely farm house, whose grass-grown walls lie prostrate before us, where the officers were usually invited to fix their head quarters. The widow of a settler who had lost his life in the militia a few years before, resided there with her family, and the pleasure of flirting with pretty Kate Rivers was not the least of its attractions.

"And a pleasant time we had of it—a little too pleasant perhaps for one of us; for my brother sub had fallen over head and ears in love, and I used to despair of being able to fish him up again when our orders might arrive. It was the middle of December, and everything around us was as beautiful as snow and sun alone can make them. The glittering ice that covered that bay with a broad skating plain, and the wide forest, with the abundance of game it sheltered, afforded us plenty of amusement.—One day our shooting party had dwindled away, I can't say into nothingness, though only myself was left—Charley Thorn having returned in escort of his lady love; who had wandered with us into the woods, and our captain had sailed after them in triumph, as soon as he had decapitated with a rifle bullet the rearmost of a flock of wild turkeys which were then sometimes to be met with here, though now almost banished to the prairies.

"A capital fellow, by George!" cried old Richardson, who, though a good shot, was a better eater—"worth a dozen barn yard birds. We'll have him for dinner on Christmas day, as I'm a sinner."

"So I was left alone in my glory, with my own servant and Thorn's as spectators of my carrying on the war against hares and partridges. But limited as we were in supplies of ammunition, it was not our custom to waste powder like an English sportsman depopulating his preserves, and I grew merciful just as we discovered that we had lost our way. It took us good two hours to find it again, by which time it was past sunset, and the sky was sparkling with stars. We were still a mile from home, when my attention was arrested by a faint glow among the trees in a hollow at some distance. At that time the slightest circumstance was enough to arouse suspicion, and we crept stealthily towards it. The position of the ground favored our purpose, and we had not gone far before, through the leafless underwood we obtained a glimpse of the low fire which had attracted us. Beside it leaned two Indians—one tall and of dignified air, and evidently of much higher rank than his companion. They wore hunting frocks of deer-skin, and altogether there was something outlandish in their appearance, which made us feel they were not friends. It had been more than suspected that envoys from the tribes within the American lines had been endeavoring to tamper with a large body of our Indians, who were scattered over the vast extent of country between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario, and this seemed to strengthen the suspicion. It was at least requisite to ascertain the character of the strangers, and signing to the men to follow quietly, I again moved forward. But I had scarcely taken another step, when the Indians started to their feet. I paused at once; but the quick eye of the chief had already caught sight of me through the trees, and his rifle was at his shoulder in an instant. It was no time for ceremony when shoot or be shot was the question, so I fired, and the Indian fell, his gun discharged without an aim. Then, concealment being over, we rushed upon them. The second Indian has raised his rifle from the ground; but at the same moment I saw by the light of the fire the lips of the fallen man move, and immediately his companion turned and fled rapidly through the woods. Pursuit was useless; so, grumbling at being so foiled, we had only to secure the prisoner left us.

"By the time we reached him, he was recovering from the first shock of the ball, which he had received in his side, and was endeavoring to rise. I questioned him in French; but he either did not, or feigned not to understand, but submitted in haughty silence to have his tomahawk and knife taken from him, and then walked with us to the house, without betraying any indication of the suffering he must have experienced. We found Richardson too much engrossed with his beloved turkey to feel uneasy at my absence; but the sight of the Indian aroused him at once, and a corporal who pretended to all the abilities of a first rate interpreter was in instant attendance. I had now a better opportunity of examining my captive in the well-lighted room. He was quite young, apparently little more than twenty, slender and graceful, with fine regular features. His hunting-frock of purple-dyed deer skin was beautifully embroidered with porcupine quills; and solid silver bracelets, and other ornaments about him, bespoke a rank according with the haughty demeanor, which not even the languor from his wound could overcome. A scornful smile half-curled his lips, as he stood listening to the corporal's clumsy attempts to fabricate an inquiry in Indian, and occasionally replied in a few soft guttural syllables which the interpreter found it even more difficult to translate.

"'He says, sir, he's a great chief of the Una—Unatacticos,' stammered the corporal. It is a division of the great Delaware nation; and if he was a Unatactico, the bird on which Richardson had so glorified himself that day would be the prisoner's totem—an ominous coincidence for him.

"'He's a handsome fellow, whatever he is,' replied the captain, 'if he had only a decent crop of hair, and washed his face!'

"A deep burning blush, visible through all the Indian's paint, caught my eye. 'You understand English?' I exclaimed.

"'I can speak it,' he coldly replied.

"'Then why the deuce couldn't you say so at once, instead of keeping up jabbering here all night?' was the captain's unanswered query, followed by divers peremptory questions as to their object in coming into our neighborhood.

"'Neykeemee is a Delaware chief, and your prisoner, that is enough,' said the Indian haughtily.

"'You are an Englishman, I suspect,' said Thorn.

"'Or a yankee,' I suggested.

"'Neykeemee is no pale face. His heart is as red as his skin, or he would cast it to the wolves,' replied the Indian, sternly.

"At this moment Kate Rivers entered the room. On seeing the Indian she started. "Oh, Miss Kate, you must take care how you stir from home when game like this is afoot," observed Richardson, pointing to the prisoner.

"As the Captain spoke, the Indian fixed his penetrating eyes on Kate with an intentness which dyed her very temples the deepest crimson, and might have woke Thorn's direst wrath had he beheld it. Retreating hastily to the farther end of the room, she sunk on the sofa, overcome with agitation, while Thorn followed to cheer her with inspiring accounts of the prowess which would protect her against every peril. Meanwhile Richardson was again seeking to extract some information as to the force and whereabouts of his friends from our taciturn captive, who haughtily declined to answer any questions on the subject.

"'But you'll please answer a few concerning yourself,' retorted Richardson, 'for it's by no means clear to me that you won't be tried by court martial, and shot as a rebel yet, before we have done with you.'

"'The less cause that Neykeemee should speak,' replied the Indian. 'Bad as you English may be, you would not ask from an Indian's tongue the words that are to kill him.'

"Richardson turned fiery red at this critique on his countrymen; but perceiving that the prisoner waxed paler every instant despite his lofty bearing, I interposed to prevent the burst of indignation he had challenged, by suggesting that, if the poor fellow was not looked after a little, he would have all the shooting he was ever likely to get. He was removed accordingly; and as it would have been impossible to set apart any place for his detention at the post without overcrowding the men, we were glad to take advantage of Mrs. Rivers' offer of a small room which would inconvenience nobody and possessed the additional advantage of presenting greater obstacles to escape than the slightly built lodges where the troops were quartered.

But there was no immediate prospect of the Deleware giving us any trouble on this score, for his wound kept him quite safe for the time, and an old hospital attendant, whose experience in seeing men killed and cured in a quiet way emboldened him to take charge of our prisoner, could not with all his surgical skill promise to report him fit for forest ranging within a fortnight.

"By day-light next morning a dozen of our smartest men, with Ned Rivers, a sharp boy of fifteen, were on the spot where we had found the Indians. Whatever their object, it was likely to be effected as fully as though they never had been discovered. This was very unsatisfactory, and we were grumbling over it, when Ned, who had gone a little apart, called us eagerly; and sure enough we found good warrant for the summons, for no less than three pair of moccassined feet had left their traces on the snow, though they generally trod in the same footprints. They led towards the post—though some dozen rods from the fire where we captured the Deleware, one had separated from his companions, and while they turned into the hollow, he had gone on; and on examination of the footsteps, it was evident that our prisoner had left the file on march, and the Indian who fled brought up the rear, while the one who parted from them walked between.

"He was the object of interest now, and it took little pains to track him on—the only agreeable part of the duty being, however, that he brought us home to breakfast; for on went those bold footsteps, leading us with most unparalleled audacity straight to our starting post, until we lost them among the trodden snow around the dwelling-house, and assuring us of the pleasant fact that the spy, or emisary, whichever he might be, had ventured with impunity within a few yards of us. This intelligence quite spoilt the breakfast of our companions. Mrs. Rivers turned pale as she looked on the curly heads of her children, while poor Kate sat trembling, without power to speak her terror, or comprehend Charley Thorn's eloquent assurances of her perfect safety.

"Certainly we were in too great force to run much chance of an attack from any stray band of Indians, or to doubt the issue if such an affair should happen. But then, as Richardson said, it was the impudence of the thing that was so irritating; and in his vexation he paid a visit to our impenetrable prisoner, in the hope of surprising him into some admission.

"'So, my fine fellow, we've found your second friend!' was his salution.

"A faint shade of color flitted across the palid countenance of the Indian; but it might be caused by the sight of his captors, and he betrayed no other sign of feeling. 'The friends of Neykeemee are as the forest trees: has the Englishman been counting them?' he quietly retorted.

"'You need not affect to misunderstand,' I observed. 'Captain Richardson means the man that parted from you, and the Indian who deserted his wounded chief.'

"'His young men obey Neykeemee—they never desert him!' said the Delaware, proudly.

"'But the other is no follower of Neykeemee?' I observed at a venture.

"The Indian raised himself a little, so as to look me full in the face, while a smile of, most probably feigned amusement, gave a soft and winning expression to features which, now divested of paint, and wearing the languor of illness, were exceedingly handsome and prepossessing. But the playful smile changed to one of irony, as sinking back on his couch he replied—'An Englishman often speaks truth when he does not know it. But the pale face must be right: there can be no moccasins in the forest but on the feet of Neykeemee's friends.—There are no Indians who crouch in the shadow of their great father beyond the bitter waters; there is no pale face who leaves the print of a moccasin in the woods.—Neykeemee used to think there were, but his thoughts were folly.'

"But the Indian's insinuation was of no use—for though numbers of moccasins might walk about the post and the farm, those had evidently been in his company; but whither they had gone at the close of this reconnoitering visit we could not discover, for, in the midst of our search a fall of snow came to obliterate all traces of every one's perambulations.

"And now for a few days all went on as quietly as usual, though we kept stricter watch, and scoured the woods every day to make sure there were no parties of the enemy lurking near us. Perhaps we would rather there had been, so that we could have made them 'show;' for a skirmish or two would have broken the monotony, which pleasant as our idle life was, produced its inevitable result, ennui, and 'anything for a change' was beginning to be the cry. A change from our sunny sky and glittering landscape came at last on New Year's Eve, in one of the fiercest storms that ever swept through the forest at mid-winter. The air looked like a shifting snow bank and was as impenetrable to our sight, while every now and then a loud crash in the woods told that some noble tree had sunk beneath the furious blasts which threatened every moment to tear the roof from over our heads.—This made matters worse. There was no visiting of fishing lines or ermine traps that day—no sauntering out to shoot a brace of partridges, or while away an hour or two by skating on the wide fields of ice along the shore. It might be all very well for Mrs. Rivers, who was immersed to the crown of her cap in preparations for the New Year, and for Thorn, who was playing the adorable to her pretty daughter—they might find in their interesting employments sufficient safeguard against tedium: but Richardson and I had scarcely politeness enough to refrain from yawning in each other's face.

"'I say,' he observed at length, 'that Deleware fellow is able to creep about now; suppose we have him in here by way of variety. Being a chief makes him a sort of gentleman, so it would be but civil, and he seems to have some sort of civilized idea how to behave himself.'

"So he was sent for, and he came with his usual cold defying air, evidently imagining that he was merely brought up again for examination. But when he found himself instead invited to take a chair and a glass of wine he became conversable enough, seemed fairly to 'bury the tomahawk' in imagination, and told us hunting stories, and old Indian legends of war, and love, and necromancy, sufficient to content the most ardent lover of wild romance and fairy love. There was a spice of romance too about his own air and appearance which sharpened my curiosity to know the history which evidently attached to him—for he was of fairer complexion than the generality of his countrymen, and seemed familiar with our customs and language, while his manner was strictly Indian, and his speech usually assumed the figurative idiom of the red men. One thing I noticed; the moment he entered, his eye fell on Kate Rivers, whom Thorn was assisting to wind a skein of silk. She did not look up, but her heightened color, and a certain air of confusion, betrayed her consciousness of his gaze, and immediately her manner towards our brother officer became more distant—though I must say she never at any time treated Charley's civilities as anything more than a passing, unmeaning flirtation, while he, poor fellow, regarded it as a matter of life and death.

"The storm sunk with the sun, and the moon was shining brightly upon the new-fallen snow, when in the middle of one of Neykeemee's most absorbing legends, Mrs. Rivers' youngest child came up to us saying—

"'See what a pretty thing I found in Kate's room'

"Kate started up quickly; but the Indian took the two or three little strings of wampum out of the child's hand, and with scarcely a glance at them, laid them on the table as though they were not worth looking at, and continued his story without interruption. But Richardson soon broke in upon it.

"'Why, wampum? How did it come here?'

"'Found it in Kate's room?' repeated the child, eagerly.

"Kate came forward and looked at it. 'I don't remember seeing it there,' she remarked, in answer to the implied query.

"'Is not wampum often used by your tribes to convey messages?' I asked sometime after, looking full at Neykeemee.

"'Very often,' said he, carelessly. 'It is the best use we can make of it, though our squaws and some of our young men might tell you it was of most worth for ornament.'

"He was unconscious or impenetrable, so I could only resolve to keep a sharp look out upon him; and soon again I was listening to the graceful and figurative eloquence with which the loves, and wars, and superstitions of his forefathers were related.

"Thorn and I took it week about to sleep within the stockade; and it being his turn then, I was domiciled at the house, where Richardson had his abode always.—That night I could not go to sleep, for all the romance and diablerie I had been hearkening to was dancing through my head as though it would never end; and Neykeemee's voice was repeating over and over again those unpronounceable names of his multifarious heroines.—But surely there was at length more than fancy murmuring in my ears. I sat up and listened intently. No, I could not be mistaken, there were persons whispering near. I sprang to the window in an instant; but it commanded no view of other casement, and no person was to be seen. In another minute I was in the Indian's room. He was still in his usual dress, sitting at the table in the moonlight, and turned his head at the sound of my opening the door, which, as his prison had been designed for a store-room, was well provided with fastenings, while the windows though which I tried to thrust my head was not large enough to permit its egress. Nothing was visible; so I observed to Neykeemee—'You are late up.'

"'Neykeemee's feet are strangers to the forest,' said he, mournfully, 'but it is pleasant to his eyes, and his thoughts are free to wander through it.'

"'You have chosen a strange hour to indulge your admiration, at all events, said I, dissatisfied.

"'The Englishmen never fell into his enemy's hands, or he would know that a captive does not always sleep,' replied the Indian, with a dignified sadness, which I felt as a rebuke; and making some sort of a clumsy apology for my intrusion, I took my departure, with my doubts but half removed.

"I questioned the sentry, who had seen nobody moving, and together we made a circuit of the house; but the servants and children had been passing to and fro since the snow storm, and it was impossible to distinguish any particular footstep in the moonlight, except in one place, where I observed that some person had gone close under Miss Rivers' window, but, being her window, I did not like to draw the soldier's attention to it. Then, as nothing was discoverable I went back to my room, to wonder if there was any and what connecting link between Kate Rivers and Neykeemee, though I had every reason to suppose they had not exchanged a single word since his capture.

"I was early astir; but the pretty Kate was before me, flitting through the house like a bird, and singing merrily in the grey morning light. She had been a little too active, for when I went the first thing to examine the steps below her window, I found that all the snow from the window sill and frame had been brushed down upon them. I lost no time in reporting what I knew, or fancied, to old Richardson, and in ten minutes I was sent off with a party to scour the woods—Not twenty yards away we struck on a moccassin track, and followed it rapidly on along the fresh fallen snow, though here and there fruitless pains had been taken to confuse it. This seemed to say the chase was worth our trouble, and on we went gaily enough; and in two hours' time we came upon the traveller sleeping beside a clump of spruce.

"He was a young man of some two-and-twenty, dressed in dark coat and hood usually worn by Canadian *habitans*, and must have been very weary, for our steps and voice did not disturb him; but with his head on a snow covered log, he slept as calmly as if on a silken couch in a tapestried chamber. I bade one of the men remove the rifle, which he grasped firmly. This aroused him, and he started to his feet, exclaiming—

"'What do you want with me?'

"'Merely the pleasure of your company,' I replied.

"An expression of pain and mortification passed over his countenance as he saw himself surrounded by British uniforms. But he quickly recovered himself, and said, boorishly—

"'I suppose you must have it if you like, then; but I hope you won't keep a poor fellow long for, I want to get back home.'

"'That will depend upon how we do like you; but I rather fancy we shall set a higher value on your society,' I answered, laughing, for his clownishness did not suit his gentlemanly appearance half so well as his first haughty defying manner.

"A laugh seemed struggling with a sullen frown on his face; but the frown carried the day, and he scarcely spoke during our march back to the house. I shall never forget Kate's look of agony as I reported this fresh capture to Richardson: it was the most fearfully intense I ever witnessed, though seen but a moment, for she immediately let her pretty pallid face fall upon her hand. Then Thorn hastened as usual, to reassure her, depicting the value of our protection.

"'Let the fellow be brought in' said Captain Richardson. 'But you need not go, Miss Kate unless you like.'

"So she remained, and received a bow, not prudently awkward enough, from the prisoner, as he entered.

"'Who are you sir?' and what is your name?' demanded the captain.

"'My name is Mark Brenton, and I am a poor man whose only means of support is the rifle they have taken from me.'

"Richardson surveyed him from head to foot. 'A fine soldier-like fellow, really. I'll tell you frankly what I believe you are—that is, a Yankee spy; so I shall detain you until I can send you in to head quarters.'

"The prisoner earnestly protested he was no spy, and besought Richardson not to detain him from a sick mother, near Amherstberg, whom he was traveling to see, drawing a touching picture of the possible consequences of her anxiety and grief of his non-appearance. But the captain was obdurate, and Kate stepped forward and pleaded warmly in his behalf, entreating Richardson not to sacrifice a woman's life, perhaps, to an overstrained sense of duty.

"'Hush! Miss Kate,' he replied kindly; 'you know nothing about the matter.'

"I thought she did though, and so did Kate, for she clasped her hands, exclaiming—'Oh think, Captain Richardson, if the lives of those dear to you hung on such a decision: Oh, be merciful, and I am sure—I know you will never repent it.'

"Then poor Thorn, in his devotion came to second her, but at the first I interrupted him. 'Hush my good fellow: on *this* subject, of all others, your intervention is quite unsuitable.'

"A lightning flash shot from the prisoner's eye, and Kate's look spoke a thousand reproaches. But Richardson observed neither, and Mr. Mark Brenton was consigned to the guard-house for the time, while the young lady vanished to her chamber.

"It had been a stirring New Year's day for me but Mrs. Rivers had been as active as anybody, as was quite obvious when we assembled at dinner. Our party again included Neykeemee, who made himself as agreeable as ever. But Kate seemed absent and unhappy. Twenty times she appeared on the point of speaking out, but some feeling always checked her, and she would sink back, sometimes clasping her hands as if in agony. A terrible struggle was evidently going on within her heart, though her mother and Thorn were too blind to perceive it.

"At length her eyes encountered Neykeemee's, and there was so much of fear and anguish in her look, that the Indian rose, and approached her, saying in his gentlest voice—

"'My sister need not look so frightened at the Delaware: he will not harm the white flowers of Erie.'

"Kate evidently understood more than we did from the words, for she answered hastily—Oh, you do not know all. He has been taken.'

"'Wheu-eu-eu!' whistled Richardson, so that's it, is it? Who's taken, Miss Kate?'

"Kate burst into tears, and Richardson ordered the prisoner to be sent for. When he arrived, Mrs. Rivers, who had not spoken, looked at her daughter.

"'Here, Ned,' said Richardson to young Rivers, 'tell me, who is this gentleman?'

"Ned looked at the prisoner, then at his mother and sister, then at the prisoner again, before he replied—'I think it is Mr. Warren, but I have not seen him these two years.'

"'He is right,' replied Warren, haughtily; 'I am an officer in the American army.'

"'I was very sure of that all along,' said Richardson, with a polite bow. 'But why did you not own it at once, for we might have had the pleasure of your company to a capital dinner.'

"Warren smiled slightly as he replied—'The hospitality you promised me was not so inviting.'

"'Oh, that regards the future—I have nothing to do with it, they will settle that for you at head-quarters. But in the meantime I shall be happy to make your time pass as agreeably as is consistent with duty.'

"'Captain Richardson', said Warren, earnestly, 'I know I shall be treated as a spy, but I am not one. A desire to see those—one at least—whom I had learned to love and respect, when with a party of my own troops in occupation of this very house two years ago, drew me rashly here in the first instance. That accomplished, you would have heard no more of me, had it not been for their sakes; and now you have captured me, when I would have given twenty lives if I had them, to achieve my purpose—and I would have achieved it, but that worn out with walking all day and night, weariness overpowered me utterly. It is that, and not the fate you threaten me with, that makes captivity so bitter at this moment. Can you, would you depend on the word of honor of one you call a spy?'

"'That is what I call a plain question, though a puzzler. It depends on circumstances,' replied the captain.

"Warren glanced at Neykeemee. 'May I speak? he asked.

"Kate raised her clasped hands, and looked imploringly in the Indian's face. 'You may tell all' he answered quietly. 'A Delaware wants no woman's blood to soften his bonds and set him free.'

"'That's a nice figure of speech,'' observed Richardson. Pray, what does it mean, if I may ask so much of so mysterious a young lady, and two such mysterious young gentlemen?'

"'It means,' said the American, 'that his friends are resolved to free Neykeemee at any cost of life; and shocked at the thought of ladies and children being exposed to all the dangers and horrors of such a struggle, I came here to tell the chief, and it was on my way back with his generous commands to the Indians not to attempt his rescue that I was overtaken. Let me go, then—it may be too late; and I pledge my word most solemnly to return and surrender myself into your hands as soon as possible.'

"'Ha, ha, ha! A modest request, truly,' laughed Richardson. 'Let you free to prevent the attack of a parcel of savages! If it was to bring them on us, it would be a different thing. Why, my good sir, we've been praying this month past for a skirmish.'

"Richardson's last prayer perhaps followed inaudibly these words, for they were still trembling on his lips, when the door was burst open and a tomahawk, whirling through the air, struck him to the earth, whence he never rose again. A rush of Indians followed the flying weapon, and in an instant we were engaged in a most bewildering hand to-hand contest, with overpowering numbers. It seemed only for a minute: then a volley was poured in upon them through the windows, drawing a yell of a thousand fiends from the enemy, half-a-dozen of whom it levelled, while other shots told that our men were also attacking them in the rear.

"What with the soldeirs firing and scrambling in at the windows, the Indians trying to thrust them back and keep the vantage ground, the lights dashed out, and the moon alone letting any one guess whom he struck at, to say nothing of the English oaths, and savage yells, and shrieks of pain and terror, which made the room seem the battle-ground of demons, it was as wild a scene of confusion as ever I was mixed up in. I could not much tell how matters were; only that Thorn was still fighting by my side, like a gallant fellow as he was, and that I owed my life in the first instance to Neykeemee, who had struck up a rifle which would have quickly done for me. Chance balls of course were flying about in all directions, striking friend or foe, as it might happen.

"'Oh, what will become of Kate!' burst from Thorn's lips, as a shrill scream rose above the din.

"A moment after the Indians gave way, and we sprang forward to join those of our men who had forced their way in. My foot struck something. I glanced down—it was Ned Rivers, and I stooped to raise him, but was too late. Life had fled, and the fair curls were dangling at some Indian's belt; and with a bitter imprecation on the savage deed, I rose to pay back blow for blow with redoubled animosity.

"In that doubtful high light it was hard to tell which side was suffering the most; but I now heard Neykeemee's voice in tones of encouragement and command, and saw his arm dealing many a fierce stroke near us, though he never crossed weapon with Thorn or me. A minute or so and we were brought close to Kate, who stood, or rather, crouched beside her mother, with her dark hair streaming round her, and her face looking ghastly pale in the moon's rays, which, were gleaming full upon them, and the terrified children that clung to them. The American officer was by her side, but seemed taking no part in the fray—though he had at least as much at stake as any of us.

"My eye had scarcely fallen on this group when an Indian, becoming, as you know the red men often are, maddened like wild beasts by the sight of blood, aimed a blow at Kate. Warren sprang forward—the knife was sheathed deep in his bosom, and he sank at her feet—while a wild cry, piercing as though it were her own death—shick, told the poor girl's anguish at her lover's fall. It was followed by a wilder and fiercer cry, of anger, as the next instant a sweep of Neykeemee's tomahawk laid the savage dead by Warren's side.

"I saw no more, for an axe came flying my own way, carrying off a piece of my collar as it passed; and I had to direct our party also, as far as might be—for it was a stronger case of every man for himself than I ever witnessed before or since. But in a few minutes the tide seemed to have turned fairly in our favor. Our men still came scrambling through the windows, and we were beating the Indians back, while Sergeant Scott, a sharp, gallant fellow, pressed on them behind.

"'Neykeemee,' I cried, 'bid your followers throw down their arms. Their lives are safe, and blood enough has been seed to-night.'

"'Neykeemee will die free,' said the Indian, proudly. 'If his young men want their lives, they shall ask for them.' He added a few words in Indian, and their answering yell of defiance shook the house.

"But before another blow could be struck, there was a cry without of 'fire!'

"'Fire!' was echoed by twenty voices within, as the smoke rolling over us proved the truth of the alarm. With bark roof, log walls, and lathen partitions, the house was but a pile of combustibles; and already flames were bursting through the smoke from overhead, where the fire originated, and casting a lurid glare down upon us.

"'Get the ladies out first,' I cried—'and keep order, men. Don't be in a flurry; one might as well be burnt as scalped.'

"'Or hanged like a dog!' cried Neykeemee, bitterly, as he caught the insensible from of Warren from the floor and darting with him to the farther window, headed a rush of our dark foes, which would have borne down almost any opposition, and there was but little met them then.

"Thorn sprang at once to Kate, who lay motionless in her mother's arms, and bore her from the house. A few minutes more, and we all stood on the gleaming snow, while the dwelling in which we had spent so many happy hours blazed a mass of flame before us. About a dozen Indian prisoners formed our trophy of victory; the others, with Neykeemee, had escaped into the woods.

"'Where is Ned?' asked Mr. Rivers.

"She had not known his fate, and I scarcely dared tell her that the man had laid him by the dwarf pine, beside poor Richardson. But the sorrowing mother asked not for Kate. So paralysed with terror had she been, that she knew not a stray ball had struck her fairest one, even in her arms, and that Thorn was now hanging in deepest grief over the lifeless idol of a devotion which had been unvalued and unheeded."

Mrs. Partington's Last.—Reading the newspaper praises of Jenny Lind's benevolent disposition, Mrs. Partington come to the complimentary expression in regard to the "fellow feeling in her bosom," which the Swedish Nightingale cherished towards the unfortunate and needy. Involuntary raising her spectacles, and looking the very personification of amazement, the good old lady repeated, "a fellow feeling in her bosom! la me, if that ain't just the way the fellers used to do when I was a gal!" And then she re-adjusted her spectacles and kept on reading.