

# THE HERIE OBSERVER.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., Proprietors.

FORWARD.

\$1.50 A YEAR, in Advance.

VOLUME 23.

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 29, 1883.

NUMBER 38.

## Eric Weekly Observer.

A. P. DURLIN & CO., PROPRIETORS

B. F. SLOAN, Editor.

OFFICE, CORNER STATE ST. AND PUBLIC SQUARE, ERIE.

**TERMS OF THE PAPER**  
Published weekly, except on Sundays and public holidays.  
Subscription price, in advance, for one year, \$1.50.  
For six months, \$1.00.  
For three months, \$0.50.  
Single copies, 10 cents.  
Advertisements, by the line, at the rate of 10 cents per line per week.  
For longer periods, by special arrangement.  
All communications should be addressed to the Editor, and must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.  
The Editor is not responsible for the return of manuscripts not accepted for publication.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

**CARSON GRAHAM.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, in George A. Elliot's office, 131 State St., Erie, Pa.

**JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, No. 153, Third Street, Erie, Pa.

**JOHN W. RIDDELL.**  
Attorney at Law, Office, Fifth Street, between Smithfield and Third Streets, Erie, Pa.

**VINCENT HIRSH & CO.**  
Manufacturers of Store, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, Rail Road Cars, etc., State St., Erie, Pa.

**THOMAS M. AUSTIN.**  
(Late of G. Loomis & Co.)  
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, Wholesale and Retail.

**JOHN GOULDING.**  
Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop on the east side of State Street, two doors north of Eighth, and adjoining J. H. Birk's & Co.'s Cabinet and Upholstery Shop.

**CLARK & METCALF.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Dry Goods, No. 1 Reed House.

**WILLIAMS & WRIGHT.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**J. G. & W. I. MILLER.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**W. W. MOORE.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**JOHN B. COOK.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**STRETT & GRAY.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**W. S. LAKE.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law.  
Office over Jackson's store, at North-East corner of the Public Square, Erie, Pa.

**DOUGLASS BEBEE STEWART.**  
Attorney and Counselor at Law, Office and Residence, 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**JOHN HEARN & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**LIDDELL & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**A. M. BARNES & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**GEORGE J. MORTON.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**D. D. WALKER & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**W. H. KNOWLTON.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**ARBUCKLE & KEPLER.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**DR. C. BRANDES.**  
Physician and Surgeon, Office at his residence on Eighth Street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

**M. BARNES & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**T. HERON SUTT.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**CADWELL & BENNETT.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**S. MERVIN SMITH.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**GEORGE H. CUTLER.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**JOHN K. KELLOGG.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**I. ROSENZWEIG & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**MARSHALL & VINCENT.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**MURRAY WHALLON.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**TIBBALS & HAYES.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**SMITH JACKSON.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**WILLIAM RIBLET.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**CARTER & BROTHER.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**JAMES LYTLE.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**JOHN H. BURTON & CO.**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Liquors, Cigars, etc., 100 State Street, Erie, Pa.

**M. CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST.**  
Office on the south side of Second Street, five doors east of the Erie Bank. Prices reasonable, and all work warranted. Erie Jan 19 1883.

**DR. O. L. ELLIOTT.**  
Resident Office and dwelling on the south side of the Public Square, 1st door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted on Gold Plate, from one to six teeth. Teeth filled with pure Gold, and restored in natural color. Teeth cleaned with instruments and analgesic as to pain of all kinds. All work warranted.

## Poetry and Miscellany.

### FOUR STANZAS.

BY WILLIAM ALBERT BUTLER.

The days grow strange, the nights grow cool,  
The bees have left the clover,  
The maple droppeth in the pool  
Its shady summer cover.  
All day the swallows southward fly,  
All night the wind sighs dreary,  
And through the thin fall over it  
The moon looks woe and weary.  
The crisp leaves rustle on the path  
That slopeth to the meadow,  
The oak beside the lily pond  
Drops down its naked shadow;  
The bared boughs at eventide  
Upward fall keep awaying,  
And doleful sounds through valley wide  
At lonely hours are straying.  
Three months afloat to warm the heart,  
And then the chill frosts after—  
Three summer moons to dream of joys—  
Some ninety days for laughter;  
And then the south doth end his reign—  
The north wind clip our dreaming—  
The shadow droppeth once again,  
To end Love's empty scheming.  
There is no strip of summer blue,  
But winter clouds blow over;  
There is no strip of sallow turf  
The white snow will not cover;  
No pleasant thing has its end  
When sunny days are waning,  
No note of music for the lyre  
But outside complaining.

### THE MIDNIGHT EXCURSION.

From the Knickerbocker Magazine.

#### A Legend of the Valley of Grand River.

BY LEWIS J. BATES.

The valley of Grand River, the largest in Michigan, is perhaps the most noted for the beauty of its scenery, which cannot fail to awaken the interest of the traveler, especially when viewed in the luminous, balmy atmosphere of the Indian Summer; when the rich gorgeous tints of the foliage of the nearer upland trees, contrast so delicately with the dark green of the far-off bottom and timbered lands, or the pendant branches of stately pines. True, its beauty is of that quiet, dreamy kind, so perfectly in accordance with the soft languor of the drowsy air; but this renders it none the less pleasing; it is just the scene for the imagination to revel in unrestrained; leading the beholder back to the time when the foot of the white man had never passed the deep arched of the cool forest, nor his eye drank in the placid beauty of the gentle river, nor his ear listened to the grand, swelling, anthem of the waving pines. And at such a time, when he contrasts the appearance of the mighty, unbroken forest of the past with the smiling hamlets and villages that now meet him at every turn of the road, has he not felt the conviction that this great, almost magical change, has not taken place without noble daring, long privation, severe toil, and disheartening disappointment; in fact, all of the strange and beautiful, in incident and adventure, which constitutes romance?

Twelve or fourteen years ago, when the flourishing young city of Grand Rapids was but a trading post for a few straggling Indians, and when, all told, hardly half a dozen houses; containing, for miles up and down the river but one or two white families were to be found; a single lone log house stood near the present village of Lyons, long known to the early inhabitants as the "General Place." With but two exceptions, this was the only house in the township; and, though inhabited by a family of "half breeds," (as those having a stain of Indian blood in their veins were called), was nevertheless, the most considerable trading post and general stopping place in the country.

In those days, as the houses of white settlers were so distant from each other, that a day's journey was usually required for one to visit any of those he denominated "next door neighbors," every person was expected to keep open house for the entertainment of all travelers or other persons who passed that way, expecting to be, in turn himself accommodated, at any time he chose to return the call; and few regretted ever availing themselves of the kind hearted hospitality of the hardy settlers.

Few in numbers, and unable to see each other, from the remoteness of their several places of abode, more than half a dozen times a year, at best, when they did meet, one can easily believe, the greeting was a warm one; and the evenings passed happily in the enjoyment of those social pleasures from which they had been so long debarred, the jovial settlers taking "no note of time," as they puffed away at the friendly pipe, and told long tales of the hardships, sufferings and privations of each since they last met; how "neighbors B's" provision bar had had 'g'n out, and he'd been living on tater tops and what meat he could kill for the last six months," or how "old Bill A. had been having the ager, and his folks pickin' up a livin' out o' roots and yarbs;" or brushed away the starting tear, as they learned for the first time the death of some old companion or trusty friend, who had perhaps, been under the rod for six months, and they all the while ignorant of their loss.

The speculation in land, which has so greatly retarded the growth and prosperity of many of the western states, was not as yet, although slowly subsiding; and men were frequently called upon, at all hours of the day and night, to guide the inquiring speculator to some section already fixed upon, or to point out the best mill or probable county-seat in the knowledge of the pioneer; and it is not a little remarkable, that more than one-fourth of the whole sections located, no matter how absurd the expectation, were "probable county-seats." So eager were the contending parties, whenever one portion of land happened to be selected by two or three different individuals, or was supposed to have attracted even so slightly the eye of a rival, that no pains or expense were spared to hunt it out, ascertain the section or township, and register it as "located" in the Land Office, in advance of all competitors.

Of those who were most frequently employed in

this manner, A. F. Bell, then a young and enterprising lawyer, became perhaps as well known as any; and no doubt laid, in his pursuit as "land-hunter," the basis of his future success in life. In fact, he appeared to have a natural talent that way, and could point the inquiring speculator to half a dozen sections in a row, in any given township, no matter where, each or all of which he was ready, for a sufficient compensation, to warrant as the location of the future county-seat, or the site of a manufacturing city; and could, when liberally rewarded, plant his foot on the precise spot of ground where the corner stone of the future city hall would be laid. The bluff heartiness of his manners won, and his extensive knowledge of the surrounding country made him an invaluable acquisition to the exploring parties who penetrated into that region of the wilderness.

Late one afternoon, being called upon to find a tract of land lying some distance up Maple River, which empties into Grand river at the village of Lyons, he proceeded to the General House to find a companion to accompany him on his expedition.— Here he found a man named Jackson, a half breed, who had often accompanied him before, sitting in a kind of brown study over the fire, whose services he engaged; and a boy was despatched for a man named Hunt, one of the earliest settlers of the village, who, it had been ascertained, was intending to proceed in the same direction, and whose company would make up quite a pleasant party.

It was a cold, bitter, cold, dreary night, in mid-winter, for the night had set in before their arrangements were complete, and the two sat over the fire, spinning yarns, sipping from the brandy flask, as easily and comfortably as if they expected to turn into a warm bed, rather than attempt a long journey through the dark forest, occasionally, as they grew more and more mellow and merry, breaking out in the wild chorus of some backwoods song. The snow lay in deep drifts, but the river, having remained open until after it had fallen, was frozen smooth and glassy as a mirror; and the pair drew on their overcoats, muffled up their throats, took down their rifles and skates, and replenishing the bottles, awaited with impatience the arrival of Hunt.

At length he came, bringing in with him a great quantity of snow, and a gust of frosty air that made his companions shiver in spite of their rugged frames.

"Tell you now, boys, it's a smasher—it is!" he exclaimed, as he knucked his heels together and shook the snow from his great shaggy bear-skin cap and coat. "Here's luck!" he added, as he took a long pull at the flask.

Though the conversation was kept up with spirit, Jackson was observed by his companions to pause suddenly, and grow abstracted, during the last few moments; but, on being rallied about it, he laughed, though with a sickly effort, and appeared half inclined to remain at home. The sly winks of his companions, however, first at himself, and then at the brandy flask, overcame his objections, whatever they were, and he became in a few moments the gayest of the party.

It might be that he had a presentiment of coming evil; but, if so, he kept the secret locked in his breast, and his counsels never discovered his motives.

Men who consider themselves above all superstitious notions, all explored theories of spiritual impressions, may smile as they will at the numerous and well authenticated accounts of fore warnings, forebodings, and similar phenomena; but there are those who firmly believe, and on reasonable grounds, too, that Providence does sometimes, in mercy, permit men to lift for a moment the veil that hides the mysterious future; but little is known or felt as a fixed fact, but rather as a dreamy, morbid impulse; and indefinable feeling of impending danger, into which the person often plunges in spite of his shadowy apprehensions.

Binding on their glittering skates at the water's edge, the party sped merrily away, making the woods echo with song, and shout, and pat, and merry laugh. The moon lacked some hours of being down, and the wind raged heavily through the naked branches of trees, that glittered like fairy giants with the pendant icicles, flashing and crackling beneath their flying feet, which left long, white, undulating lines upon its surface now clearly revealed as they kept along in the centre of the stream, and soon growing vague and indistinct as they approached the shadows of the gloomy shore. The solitary howl of some startled wolf, or the sudden reading of a frozen limb, were the only sounds to cheer them on their lonely way, save the dead laughing of the night wind in the thick forest, and the sharp rattling of the icy boughs.

After some miles had been traversed, and the party, at first so noisy, had sunk into utter silence, save the ringing of their skate irons. At Grand Hunt, the most sensitive had shivered, then grown less noisy, and was finally altogether silent, save a muttered yes or no to the remarks of his companions; and the others soon followed his example, occasionally snapping their hands violently together, and drawing in a long, shivering breath. The cold, at first severe, had now become intense; and the moon already on the wane, was occasionally hid by dark, sombre clouds, whose silent shadows, like dim giant spectres, stole over the wintry landscape, changing it alternately from bright light to intense darkness.

Bell was last to yield to the influence of the cold; and by this time Hunt was grown drowsy, and had fallen behind. Recourse was had to the brandy flask, and for a few minutes the men sped on with renewed vigor; but the false heat of the liquid stimulant soon evaporated, and they were again cold, weary, and silent. Doubts as to whether they had not passed their place of destination began to be expressed; and finally notwithstanding the remonstrances of Bell, the leader, the other two determined to return, unless they reached the end of their journey, an old empty log but close to the water's edge, within half an hour at farthest.

The scene had grown wild in the extreme within the last few minutes. The stream was here much narrower, and of course the current was stronger, and boiling beneath the ice like the muttered tones of some imprisoned demon; and the steep, bluff banks towered high above them, almost shutting out the glimpses of moonlight they occasionally had. Jackson seemed to have a return of his gloomy forebodings; and his companion noticed, whenever he started to them, that his features wore a wild, start-

led expression, contrasting strangely with the cold glitter of his eyes, which were of that jet black hue which everywhere distinguishes and accompanies the slightest tincture of Indian blood.

Just as a long bend in the river, there is a short succession of rapids in the water, marking what is usually called a rift, or rapids; but the river was now frozen over there, and was about three feet in depth. Immediately above the rapids there is a long, low island, and the ice about the lower end of this was covered with snow.

Flinging they could not proceed on the channel they had at first chosen, the trio turned back, Jackson leading the way, and attempted to pass round the foot of the island, into the opposite channel.— Jackson who had just been drinking from the flask, dashed fearlessly ahead, although Bell warned him to proceed more cautiously; and Hunt followed with as little prudence, for the intense cold had rendered him reckless of consequences.

Suddenly the ice cracked, broke short off, and Jackson was plunged into the water breast-deep, and the cake which had broken under his weight, being on the upper side, turned up slowly, steadily, against his breast, with the force of the current, and swept him remorselessly under the ice. For a moment his hands grasped the edge of the field with a convulsive and desperate gripe, but it crumbled beneath his weight, and his last hold on life was broken forever. He uttered no cry, made no desperate struggles, but turned his eyes imploringly upon his comrades, with a hideous smile, which they can never forget.

Hunt, who had advanced to a near the edge of the yawning gulf, slipped suddenly in, with a wild, startling cry; but Bell, grasping a tuft of willows to support himself, extended to him the muzzle of his gun, and, grasping it, he was drawn from his perilous position.

Receding from the side of the yawning dreadful chasm, the pair gazed, awe struck, upon each other, and then turned their faces down stream; in the faint hope of seeing something more of the victim so suddenly borne from them by the relentless waters.— As they gazed, just where the water over the rapids below was shallowest, the ice was seen to heave and bend upward, as if by the application of some giant power beneath, and a hollow, pent-up cry of distress swelled and reverberated from the cavernous depths, then died away into the low dirge of the moaning wind, and the hoarse, mocking laugh of the imprisoned torral.

Rooted to the spot, with eyes starting with horror, the two stared their faces on each other a moment, and then fled the spot. The wild, low howl of a startled wolf swept mournfully after them on the night air, from the black, shadowy edge of the forest.

For while they steadily proceeded down stream in silence, casting fearful and restless glances at the great jagged limbs of the giant pines, which as they stirred the chilling wind, but Hunt's clothes were freezing to his body, and becoming so stiff that he could hardly use his limbs. His blood ran through his veins sluggishly, and grew icy cold.— Bell noticed this, and at once stripped off the unfortunate man's coat, and replaced it with his own warm one, forcing a large draught of brandy down his throat. This revived him, and they sped swiftly on for nearly an hour; but the cold was intense, and, with his wet garments, it soon became evident that unless relief was shortly obtained, Hunt would never reach home alive. Recourse was again had to the now nearly empty flask; but in pulling it from his pocket, Bell, who had himself grown numb and stiff, let it slip through his palsied fingers, and it was dashed to pieces on the rough ice.

The men became sensible that they were freezing, and their last hope was gone! To add to the horrors of their situation, the moon had gone completely down, and the night was pitchy dark, for heavy black clouds obscured even the struggling light of the stars; and they had forgotten the windings of the stream, and were totally ignorant of their whereabouts. Dismally howled the wind through the dark forest, as if sounding a dirge over the form of the already lost one, or roaring with wild glee over the prospects of two fresh victims.

To remain motionless was sure death; to proceed was almost utterly impossible, so stiff had their frozen limbs become; but, pale and staggering, more like the wan spectres of a horrible dream than living men, they waded on. Scarcely had they proceeded a dozen rods, however, before Hunt declared his utter inability to proceed any further. Poor man! the death chill, with its fatal lethargy, was on him, and his companion in vain endeavored to rouse him to further action.

What was to be done? To leave the unfortunate man where he was would be to expose him a certain prey to the cold grasp that was already upon his sluggish heart; to carry him seemed hopeless; but Bell determined to try.

Lifting his insensate brother upon his broad shoulders, with weak, numb limbs, but a true, stout and warm heart as ever beat in the brawny bosom of a western yeoman, he struggled on. The bluff banks towered high above him, dimly revealed by the light of a few stars that gleamed through a momentary opening in the clouds.

Either he had miscalculated the distance traversed by the party in ascending the stream, or the speed with which they had returned. Turning a bend in the river—was it a star that shone before him, with a clear, mellow ray? No; it could not be; it was a light! Shading his eyes with his hand, he gazed a moment intensely forward, and then, with a cry of joy, sped on with renewed energy. A moment, and the high bluff banks were passed, he emerged upon the broad surface of Grand river, and the wide prairie struggling into the dim light, all white with the sheeted snow, lay spread before him; he stood once more before the old well known General Place, the door swung open, he entered with his burthen and was saved.

Long months after, when spring with her bright flowers and glad sunshine had clothed the earth in a fairy mantle again, an Indian announced the discovery of the body of a white man, in an old tree toppling in the river, some miles up stream; a deputation of villagers proceeded to the spot, and the remains of the victim of the midnight excursion were decently buried on the banks of the beautiful stream.

Both of the survivors of that horrible night are yet alive; and one of them has the satisfaction of knowing that his exertions saved the life of his fellow.— Neither will ever forget the incidents above narrated.

### Texas Reptiles.

This Texas of our is an astonishingly prolific country. Every field stands luxuriant, crowded; so that it can scarce wear under the breeze, with corn or sugar, or wheat or cotton. Every cabin is full and overflowing, through all its doors and windows, with white-haired children. Every river and creek is alive with fish. The whole land is electric with lizards perpetually darting among the grass like flashes of green lightning. We have too much prairie and too little forest for a great variety of birds. But in horned frogs, scorpions, tarantulas and centipedes we beat the universe. Every body has seen horned frogs. You see them in jars in the windows of apothecaries. You are entreated to purchase them by loafing boys on the levee at New Orleans. They have been neatly soldered up in soda boxes, and mailed by young gentlemen in Texas to fair ones in the old States. The fair ones receive the neat package from the post-office, are delighted at the prospect of a daguerreotype—open the package eagerly, and faint as the frog within leaps out, in excellent health, upon them. A horned frog is simply a very harmless frog with portentous horns. It has horns because everything in this region—trees, shrubs, grass oven, has thorns—and nature makes it in keeping with all around it. A menagerie of them would not be very expensive. They are content to live upon air—and can, if desired, live, I am told, for several months without that.

The Scorpions are precisely like those of Arabia—in the shape of a lobster exactly, only not more than some three inches long. You are very apt to put one upon your face in the towel which you apply thereto after washing. If you do, you will find the sting about equal to that of a wasp—nothing worse. They are far less poisonous than the scorpion of the East—in fact some except new comers dread them at all.

But the Tarantula! You remember the astonishing elasticity with which you sprang into the air that time when you were just on the point of putting your raised foot down upon a snake coiled in your path. You were frightened—through every fibre of your body. Very probably the snake was as harmless as it was beautiful. Spring as high, be as utterly frightened as possible, when you just avoid stepping on a tarantula, however. Filthy, loathsome, abominable, and poisonous—crush it to atoms, before you leave it! If you have never seen it—know henceforth that it is an enormous spider; concentrating in itself all the venom and spite and ugliness of all other spiders living. Its body is some two inches long, black and bloated. It enjoys the possession of eight inches long, strong legs, a red mouth, and abundance of stiff brown hair all over itself. When standing it covers an area of a saucer. Attack it with a stick, and it rears on its hind legs, gnashes at the stick, and fights like a fend. It even jumps forward a foot or two in its rage, and if it bite into a vein, the bite is death. I have been told of a battle fought by one on board a steamboat. Discovered at the lower end of the saloon, it came bounding up the saloon driving the whole body of passengers before it, and almost drove the whole company, crew and all, overboard.

The first I saw was at the house of a friend. I spied it crawling slowly over the wall, meditating murder upon the children playing in the room. Excessively prudent in regard to my fingers, I at last, however, had it safely imprisoned in a glass jar, unharmed. There was a flaw in the glass as well as a hole through the cork by which it could breathe, but in ten minutes it was dead from rage! Soon after, I killed three on my place, crawling about ground trodden every day by the bare feet of my little boy. A month after, I killed a whole nest of them. They had formed a family-circle under a door-step, upon which the aforesaid little fellow played daily. Had he seen one of them, he would of course picked it up as a remarkably promising toy; and I would have been childless.

I was sitting one day upon a log in the woods when I saw one slowly crawl out to enjoy the evening air and sunset scenery. He was the largest, most bloated one ever I saw. As I was about to kill him I was struck with the conduct of a chance wasp. It, too, had seen the tarantula, and was flying slowly away, around it. The tarantula recognized it as a foe; and throwing itself upon its hind legs, breathed defiance. For some time the wasp flew around it, and then, like a flash, flew right against it, and stung it under its bloated belly.—The tarantula gashed its red and venomous jaws; and threw its long hairy legs about in an impatient rage, while the wasp flew round and round it watching for another opportunity. Again and again did it dash its sting into the reptile, and escape. After the sixth stab, the tarantula actually fell over on its back, dead; and the wasp, after making itself sure of the fact, and inflicting a last sting to make matters sure, flew off happily in having done a duty assigned it in creation. In an hour more, a colony of ants had carried it down piecemeal, and deposited it in their catacombs.

But the deadliest and most abundant of all our reptiles in Texas is the centipede. This is a kind of worm, from three to six inches long, exactly like an enormous caterpillar. It is green, or brown or yellow—some being found of each of these colors. As its name denotes, it has a long row of feet, horny claws rather. Imagine that you walk some night across your chamber floor with naked feet; you put your foot upon soft something, and instantly it coils around your foot in a ring, sticking every claw up to the body in your foot. The poison flows through each claw, and in two minutes you will have fainted with agony; in a few more you will be dead. The deadly thing cannot be torn away. It has to be cut off, and claw by claw plucked out. Even if you crawl over the naked body of a sleeping person, without sticking in its claws, the place will pain the person for years after—at least so I have been told.

I have seen those things in which nature corks up her deadly poisons—often; yet I have heard of few cases in which they have bitten or killed any one. The Kind Being who makes the butterflies to be abundant, in the same loving kindness, makes all deadly creatures to be scarce.—Arthur's Home Gazette.

**The Escape.**  
Early in the Spring of 1780, Alexander M'Connell of Lexington, Ky., went into the woods on foot to hunt deer. He soon killed a large buck, and returned home for a horse, in order to bring it in. During his absence a party of five Indians, on one of

their skulking expeditions, accidentally stumbled on the body of the deer, and perceiving that it had recently been killed, they naturally supposed that the hunter would soon return to secure the flesh. Three of them, therefore, took their stations within close rifle shot of the deer, while the other two followed the trail of the hunter, and waylaid the path by which he was expected to return.

M'Connell, thinking not of danger, rode carelessly along the path, which the scouts were watching, until he came within view of the deer, when he was fired on by the whole party, and his horse killed.— While laboring to extricate himself from the dying animal, he was seized by his enemies, overpowered, and borne off a prisoner. His captors, however, seemed a merry, good natured set of fellows, and permitted him to accompany them unbound—and what was rather extraordinary, allowed him to retain his gun and hunting accoutrements. He accompanied them with great apparent cheerfulness through the day, and displayed his dexterity by shooting deer for the use of the company, until they began to regard him with great partiality. Having traveled with them in this manner for several days, they at length reached the banks of the Ohio.

Heretofore the Indians had taken the precaution to bind him at night, although not very securely; but on that evening he remonstrated with them on the subject, and complained so strongly of the pain which the cord gave him, that they merely wrapped the buffalo tuck about his wrists; and having tied it in an easy knot, and then attaching the extremities of the rope to their own bodies, in order to prevent his moving without awaking them, they very composedly went to sleep, leaving the prisoner to follow their example or not, as he pleased.

Mr. M'Connell determined to effect his escape that night if possible, as on the following morning they would cross the river, which would render it more difficult. He therefore lay quiet until near midnight, anxiously ruminating on the best means of effecting his object. Accidentally casting his eye in the direction of his feet, they fell upon the glittering blade of a knife, which had escaped from its sheath, and was now lying near the feet of one of the Indians.

By reach it with his hands, without disturbing the two Indians to whom he was fastened was impossible, and it was very hazardous to attempt to draw it up with his feet. This, however, he attempted.— With much difficulty he grasped the blade between his toes, and after repeated and long continued efforts, succeeded at length in bringing it within reach of his hands. To cut the cords was then the work of a moment, and gradually and silently extricated his person from the fastenings of the fire and set down. He saw that his work was but half done. That if he should attempt to return home without destroying his enemies, he would assuredly be pursued and probably be overtaken, when his fate would be certain. On the other hand, it seemed almost impossible for a single individual to succeed in a conflict with five Indians, even though unarmed and unaided. He had a gun in each hand, but he had no powder, and he had no shot. He had no powder, and he had no shot. He had no powder, and he had no shot.

At the report of the guns, the others sprang to their feet, glared wildly about them. M'Connell, who had hastily seized one of them and fired at two of his enemies who happened to be standing in a line with each other. The nearest fell dead, being shot through the centre of the body; the second fell also, following loudly, but soon recovering, limped off into the woods as fast as possible. The fifth, the only one that remained unhurt, darted off like a deer, with a yell that announced equal terror and astonishment. M'Connell, not wishing to fight any more battles, selected his own rifle from the stack, and made the best of his way to Lexington, where he arrived in two days.

A short time afterwards, Mrs. Dunlap, of Fayette, who had been several months a prisoner among the Indians on Mad River, made her escape and returned to Lexington. She reported that the survivor returned to his tribe with a lamentable tale. He related that they had taken a fine young hunter near Lexington, and had brought him safely as far as the Ohio; and while encamped upon the bank of the river, a large party of white men had fallen upon them in the night, and killed his companions, together with the poor defenceless prisoner, who lay bound hand and foot, unable either to escape or resist!

### Gipsy Delusions.

A gang of gipsies recently visited Anne Arundel county, Maryland, and while in the vicinity of Brink post office, Capt. Robert Perry, a gentleman of considerable means, was swindled by one of the hood of \$1000. The gipsies then left the neighborhood, and removed to Washington, and the Republic of that city, tells the following singular story of the mode in which Capt. Perry was swindled:—

One of the gipsies, an old woman, told him that a treasure of enormous value was secreted on his farm, but refused to disclose its location unless he gave her \$1000. This sum was procured, placed in a trunk, and locked, the key being given to Capt. Perry. In three days, the gipsy returned, and she and Perry had an interview alone. The trunk was opened, and the bundle was found exactly as it had been placed. He was required then to go upon his knees, in order that her incantations performed over the trunk and money might have their full effect.— While so engaged her cloak fell upon the trunk, but she quickly replaced it, and the bundle in which the gold and silver coins, amounting, it is said, to the \$30,000, Capt. Perry could identify none of the money—the greater portion of it having been in bills of \$1000 each.