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TOWANDA:

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Young Spring is Coming.

BY REV. W. B. COFFIN.

"Old Winter" is going away, slack!
How icy and cold he's been,
But a pretty young maid he'll meet in his track,
And she'll curtsy and smile till he turns his back;
For she'll fighten him off with a wonderful knack;
This maiden will soon be seen.

This pretty young maiden, whose name is Spring,
Is full of mirth and gladness,
She causes the birds to stretch the wing,
And she leaves to put out under which they sing,
And open the buds the flowers to bring—
A sweet little maid is she.

"Young Spring is a frolicsome girl, I wot,
Too full of fun for me."
Said Winter, "she tears the clothes from my back,
And kisses the streamlet's prison to crack,
And does up the paths and the slippery track—
A rumping and playful is she!"

"Young Spring" comes on with a beautiful grace,
But not very shy is she;
For she cracks her jokes in old Winter's face,
And kisses his cheek as he flies apace,
While she melts the tear in his sturdy face—
A pretty young lass is she.

She brings the latest fashions along—
A gay little miss is she—
She passes amid an admiring throng,
And touches the loveliest notes of song,
But gay as she is, she's never thought wrong,
For she's clothed in nature's array.

This sweet little girl—when she travels forth—
So pretty a maiden is she—
The folks all leave their winter hearth,
And salty froth with a cheerful laugh,
For she wears pretty flowers along her path—
A beautiful girl is she.

This Spring is a conquering girl, I fear,
For her lovers are many, I see;
She kisses their cheeks and dries up their tears,
And makes an end to their chilling fears,
While they pour in their love to her listening ears—
But engaged to be married is she!

Young Spring intends, when old Winter's afar,
Young Summer's wife to be,
Was there ever wedded so pretty a pair!
For she is so rich, and she is so fair,
And joyous wedding they'll prepare,
An there's an invitation for me.

[From the Philadelphia Casket.]

CROGHAN,
Or the Hero of Fort Sandusky

[CONCLUDED.]

A few moments were sufficient to realize his intentions; for he soon observed them creeping cautiously one behind the other, in an oblique direction, and lying flat on the ground, under cover of some brambles; when suddenly one of them, rising on one knee, poised his rifle and fired at a gentleman who was just entering from an adjacent thicket; then, uttering a dreadful "you-oo," as he fell with the explosion, "my God!" they rushed forward, brandishing their scapling knives.

"Curse wretches!" cried Croghan, as he sprang from his hiding place and got between them and their victim, "you shall have two to stop or none"—and stopping short, he took a deadly aim at the one who had reserved his fire, and the Indian also levelled at him, but ere he had time to pull, received Croghan's ball through his head, and instantly dropped dead. The other savage stood a moment, as if to survey the strength of his antagonist; then, casting on him a look of contempt, he advanced with a ferocious coolness, well calculated to intimidate a less resolute man than that of his adversary, holding his tomahawk with a force and precision that must have proved fatal, had he not been off with his piece; when springing upon him with the celerity of the mountain eagle, he had time to place himself in a posture of defence, he filled him to the ground with the point of his rifle, and immediately discharged it.

"Now," he turned away and approached the other, when he found bleeding profusely.

"Who are you?" cried the invalid, reaching forward, "I am infinitely indebted to your timely interference. I tremble at your anger no less than my own, while I gaze upon a spectator of your extraordinary prowess, thank heaven, you are victorious." "Standing the odds against me, was it possible—you, too, whom I considered a cowardly rascal, are now the man to be feared?"

"My dear friend," said Croghan, "at the moment you allude, we were both but boys, and you are children, and therefore equally ignorant of the faults and follies incident to the age of manhood. So far as I from your own nature, I can assure you, that I shall never regret the most fortunate occurrence that has befallen me, as I owe it to the discovery of your father, whom I had long considered dead, that you are now wounded."

"The blow," he said, "severely, but I hope not irreparably."

"Give me your handkerchief," resumed Croghan, and pointing to it his own, he endeavored to staunch the blood; but finding them both soaked, he instantly added his shirt, which he took into bandages; and having secured the wound, took him on his back, and carrying him about half a mile to the road, put him into a wagon, which he happily found on his way to the city.

"This is certainly a strange world," thought Croghan as they arrived about dusk within sight of Dr. Hunter's, and the wounded man stepped to the very door by which he had for some time seen the young lady enter; when stepping forward to prepare the family for the dis-

treaching intelligence, he secretly congratulated himself on his having saved the scalp of his friend, even at the risk of his own; while at every step his heart fluttered like Sterne's starting in its cage, seemed to cry with equal vehemence, "I can't get out."

He was met at the door by a female servant, from whom he learned that the doctor was gone out, accompanied by his daughter, to visit a friend, and was not likely to return for at least an hour or two; and further, that the good old lady being dead, the family consisted of only one more, the doctor's son, who had not yet returned from fishing. Then telling her that the young gentleman had received a slight hurt, and would be back with him in a moment, he, with the assistance of the wagoner, conveyed him to his bed; and immediately starting off again, he soon returned with an eminent surgeon, who extracted the ball and pronounced the wound by no means dangerous.

Croghan, still mindful that he had one more duty to perform in reference to the absent portion of the family, and which, though now somewhat weary—he resolved must not be neglected; acquainted himself with the particulars of their visit and their probable route homeward, and taking with him his friend's sword cane at his persuasion, posted away with impatience, lest their premature arrival should frustrate his intended explanation.

When alone on his way he fell into deep anxiety, concerning the fate of the unfortunate Indians, who had fallen by his hand, and his own possible responsibility to his and their creator; but still he could not suppress a strong hope of justification in having saved a life destined, in all probability, to be yet more important to the world, than a host of the Indian race; nor could he smother the flattering idea, that some signal item of self-interest was involved in the unexpected incident.

Thus agitated between horror and self-gratulation, he moved on, equally unconscious of time and place, when his reverie was interrupted by a loud manly voice not far ahead, exclaiming, "Who are you? What! you scoundrels! dare you touch my child?" intermingled with the scream of a female crying, Begone vile wretches! Oh, wretches you have murdered him. Help! help! murder!"

"My God!" ejaculated Croghan, "this is the most certain"—and springing forward in frantic desperation he beheld, yet at a distance, by the light of the full moon, a struggling lady being lifted into a carriage by two men, who immediately shut themselves with her, and gave the word to the driver, who lashed away literally before Croghan could yet come up, though within a few yards. "Now or never," thought he, and redoubling his speed, he got alongside the horses ere they had yet attained their maximum speed; and seizing the reins with one hand, while he parried off with the other a heavy blow from the driver, he bounded from the ground and leant him a heavy stroke in return, which brought him down from his eminence and severed his cane, but fortunately without injury to the enclosed steel.

At this moment, one of the kidnappers perceiving the interruption, put out his head, and seeing the driver on the ground and a stranger struggling with the resistive animals, instantly fired a horse pistol at him; but instead of hitting him, lodged the ball in the head of one of the horses, which dropped dead; while the other got so desperate that Croghan, though strong and resolute, could no longer hold him; but determined at every expense, the object of his solicitude must, if possible, be safe, he plunged his blade into the furious steed, and laid him sprawling by the side of his companion. Then rushing up to the door and throwing it open; "Murderous ruffians!" he exclaimed, "release that lady instantly, or you pay the forfeit of your lives."

But instead of obeying, one of them jumped out of the opposite side and drew his sword; while the other being privy sorer of his mark, fired a second pistol at his breast, which must undoubtedly have proved fatal had not the lady, with admirable presence of mind, boldly pushed up with all her might the deadly tube, just as he pulled the trigger, directing its explosion high in the air, far above his head, and thus preserved the life of her intrepid deliverer.

"I am a noble heroine," exclaimed Croghan, as he turned to face him with the sword, who now assailed him fiercely, in king several furious and skillful passes at him; but which he either dexterously avoided or warded off, till the fellow who had previously fired, hastening to the assistance of his comrade, and holding his opportunity, flung his ponderous pistol with all his might at Croghan's head, which, owing to the sudden shifting of the comb, struck him a tremendous blow on the breast; when reeling rapidly backward several paces the villain cried in his accomplice's ear, "Now—now you have him"—who followed with his arm poised to finish the work; but Croghan roused by a shriek from the lady, regained by a spring, his former balance, and darting with the swiftness of an arrow, at his enemy, pierced him through the body, and sinking at his feet he expired.

"Where are you cowardly miscreant?" he cried, as he turned round to look for the other. It is but right to rid the world of such monsters; when to his no small disappointment, he beheld him already at a considerable distance, running at the top of his speed, and anon, saw the driver limping away in another direction, at a still greater distance, not, however, that he could run faster, but merely because he took care to set out early. "As for you, poor devil," said he, "you are already punished enough: nor do I wish you any worse; but I am sorry your dastardly employer is so far off, else he had not gone unscathed—but objects more worthy claim my attention." Then approaching the carriage, "Fair lady," said he, "I hope you have sustained no personal injury!" "No answer," "Merciful God!" he exclaimed, "is it possible they have murdered her too, after her father. Gracious heaven! here she is a corpse. Heartless and detested wretch! Oh! I will pursue him, were it even to the antipodes. He shall not escape my vengeance; for I can recognize his callous visage, though it be an age till I see it again. Hark!

methinks I hear her breathe. Yes, she yet lives, and there may still be hope."

Then lifting her gently in his arms, out of the vehicle, he laid her carefully down, and placing himself beside her, supported her head reclining on his breast, breathing in soft accents to her ear, "My dear lady, you are safe.—You have nothing now to fear. Your enemies are gone. Miss Hunter, will you not speak to me? Do speak to me, Miss Hunter. I am your friend."

His soothing endeavors were at length successful; for, while speaking and calling her name, she opened her large blue eyes, and fixing them steadily on his face, calmly asked, "Where am I? Who are you? I think I have seen you before. Oh! yes, now I recollect all. Good God! how did you escape that death I saw so near and so inevitable? From that moment I saw you stagger, I lost all sensation. Where are the villains?"

"They are gone my dear Miss and you are now completely out of their power, and perfectly safe."

"You do well call me dear," she resumed, with a faint smile, "for I had well nigh cast you dearly. Oh! what do I owe to your valor? My life, my honor—everything that I owe to my disinterested bravery. Oh! how can I ever requite you for your terrific dangers you have encountered?"

"I am already overpaid," replied he, "by your unexampled intrepidity in averting my threatened fate, and shall ever feel pleasure in holding at your disposal that life, for the possession of which, under heaven, I am solely indebted to you."

"But," said she, starting, "where is my father; have you not seen him?" "Ah!" she exclaimed, wringing her hands and bursting into tears, "I fear he is murdered. I saw him fall. No doubt he is dead, or he had been here ere this."

"I hope not my dear Miss. Be calm one minute and we shall see. Look! methinks I see a man coming slowly towards us. List! he calls—his Clara—his dear child. It must be he."

"Oh! it is indeed my dear father. Thank heaven he is not dead! Do, my kind deliverer, help me to that I may tell him how much he is indebted to you."

"They moved forward a short distance when the doctor seeing them, precipitately approached, vociferating in a voice of desperation, "Infernal wretches! dare you thus appear in my presence, after having kidnapped my child, and almost deprived me of life! It is now your time to pay a just debt, and my arm is yet powerful enough to exact it"—drawing, as he spoke, a loaded pistol; but ere he could raise it, the lady, with the most unaltered resolution, stepping between them, cried, "hold, father! you must shoot me first. He is my friend—my protector!"

"What! is he not your betrayer? Is he not one of the two villains?"

"No," she replied, "those miscreants are gone, and you now see before you the brave—the generous man, who rescued me from their vile hands, and preserved my honor at nearly the loss of his own life. Cherish him as your most worthy benefactor. He is but too well entitled to your utmost gratitude."

"Heaven be praised!" resumed the old man, in a tremulous voice, as he tottered forth to clasp her to his bosom, "that my child is safe and uninjured. Young man," he continued, turning to Croghan, and warmly pressing his hand, "it is well! it is well! indeed the assassin, but forgive my wounded, distracted feelings and accept, my most grateful acknowledgments for your heroic preservation of my daughter and the honor of my family."

"Oh! father, you must be badly wounded; your clothes are all bloody. See! he'll fall, support him, kind sir."

"No danger, my child," said he, feebly—"It is true, I am wounded, both in my right arm and the back part of my head, yet neither is dangerous to life; but the loss of blood has, I find, weakened me. The villains seeing me got my hand to my side pocket, but too well suspected my design, and therefore allowed me no time."

Having bound his wounds according to the directions, they proceeded homeward, the lady resting on Croghan's right arm, while he supported her father on the left.

"Have you, Clara," asked the doctor, "any knowledge of those ruffians?"

"Only one of them, whom I lately saw at the wedding party of Cousin Weatherly." How he got there I did not learn; but it is certain no one invited him, nor was it known who he was, till the suspicion was entertained after his departure, of his being a British officer in disguise."

"And my young friend," said he to Croghan, "by what chance were you directed to our relief at so critical a juncture? Did you arrive by mere accident, or was it by any possible design?"

"Ind—sir, I am led to conclude that the occurrence, so far as I have been concerned, is a mixture of both. Accident first pointed out the propriety of meeting you, then design induced me to seek you; and again, accident left me no alternative."

Then briefly sketching the Indian affair, he fully acquainted them with the subject, so far as they were interested; yet so judiciously did he manage his narrative, and so well did he address himself to all their feelings and fears, that scarcely a groan or a sigh escaped either during the whole recital, until, by the time they arrived at the house, their minds were gradually soothed into tranquility and resignation. He then lost no time in seeking the same surgeon whom he had called before; who having examined his wounds, pronounced neither of them of any serious consequence; and in a short time he had the satisfaction to see the family together happy and thankful that the matters were not worse.

Croghan now, by pressing and repeated invitations, became—so might well be expected—so intimate and cherished guest in the doctor's family, and therefore, had frequent opportunities of forming an intimate acquaintance with his beautiful and accomplished daughter, whose

intelligent eyes always sparkled with new accessions of brightness on his appearance, and spoke to his heart; that language which, though a novice in the art of construing such telegraphic intelligence, he could not mistake for the mere effusion of gratitude.

All her friends noticed, and all approved their virtuous attachment, except her father, who, under a mistaken notion of human happiness, thought he should better promote her independence and the dignity of his family, by uniting her, through opposition to her inclination, to a wealthy old bachelor of his own choosing, and therefore resolved that his wise calculations must not be frustrated.

Finding her sitting alone one day as he entered the parlor, he addressed her, saying with a portentous air of gravity, Clara, my child, it appears to me that you pay too much attention to that young man, Croghan. You seem to forget yourself when you treat one of his lowly origin with so much familiarity; perhaps you are not aware how far he is below your rank."

"Indeed sir," she replied, looking up in his face with a mixture of surprise and earnestness, but yet modestly, "it is true I never considered Captain Croghan my inferior in any sense in education and sentiment he is liberal and refined; in language and manners, the highly accomplished gentleman; in point of family he is my superior, and in person or valor, I question if you have seen is equal; so that, on the whole, the odds are considerably in his favor. And as to what you term my attention, you know it were the blackest ingratitude ever to forget how dearly and nobly he has purchased it—say, I am not ashamed to confess to you, my father, that my acknowledgments would have been tenfold, did not my sex forbid the manifestation."

"I dare say," rejoined he, peevishly, "he has never owned to you that his father was once a beggar in the streets of Chillicothe."

"And is that a crime," said she, leaning back in her chair, as the embroidery she had been working, dropped from her fingers, and her color changed to the paleness of marble, "is it indeed a crime to be obliged to submit to the high hand of Omnipotence? Who is he on earth that can challenge exemption from the awful visitations of heaven? Captain Croghan did explain to my brother and me, without reserve, the whole tragical history of his parents' misfortune; nor is it one that leaves a stain upon his name, any more than if they had been struck dead by lightning, or hurled in the deep by the raging storm. And however, unbecoming his dress on his return to Chillicothe, after escaping from the Indians, it is indeed a misrepresentation to say he was a beggar; neither is the father or son now in need of any man's bounty."

"Clara," said he hastily, "I want to hear no more of your pleadings; but tell me candidly if that young upstart has had the presumption to ask your hand, or you have had the indiscretion to give him any sort of pledge in that way."

At this interrogatory she could not conceal her mortification, yet, conscious of no demerit either in herself or the cause she advocated, she calmly replied, standing up before him, and fixing her eyes steadily but respectfully on his countenance, "Sir, as my father, and under Providence, the author of my being, you have a right to ask, and I feel it my duty to answer truly and directly; I therefore tell you with the utmost sincerity, that Capt. Croghan, call him upstart, if you please—has never yet asked my hand in the way of matrimony, either directly or indirectly, and consequently, that I have given him no verbal pledge to that effect. But I feel bound to say, on this occasion, that if he had, I know no man who has a better right to it, nor any to whom I could more willingly give both my heart and hand, though certainly, in such a case, I should first refer him to you."

"Now hear me, Clara, once for all," exclaimed he, passionately raising his voice, "you must, from this moment, break off all intercourse with that man, otherwise, I shall forever disown you as my child. He shall no longer visit here—I shall forbid him my house."

"My dear father, I recognize your prerogative now, as I have always done; nor am I disposed to disobey your cruel injunction, however repugnant to my own feelings. But may I hope you will not oblige me to disobey you hereafter?"

"How oblige you?"

"By commanding me to give my hand where my heart forbids the sacrifice; for since you deny it to him who is worthy of more, and to whom you stand in debt for not being childless, I have a right to claim at least the privilege, that it never shall be another's."

At this he got outrageous, and hurried out of the room, muttering disapprobation as he went; while she, resuming her seat, soon found relief in a copious flood of tears.

Croghan in the evening, found Miss Hunter by herself, and though she received him with her accustomed cordiality, he soon perceived in her a mysterious sadness, which she endeavored to conceal; but the struggle in her breast was to him too apparent, and fearing that his presence imposed on her a painful restraint, he was about to take his leave, when reflecting that himself might have been unconsciously the cause, he determined to ask an explanation.

"My dear Miss Hunter," said he, "you seem unusually sad. May I inquire the cause of your misery. Will you not deign to tell me? Perhaps I may be the unfortunate cause myself. Do, for mercy's sake, explain to me, if I am in any way the cause of your trouble. It is true, I love you with the tenderest affection in man, yet I will submit to an eternal separation, though less tolerable than death, rather than see you unhappy on my account. I call heaven to witness that your happiness is dearer to me than my own."

"Croghan," she replied, as soon as her emotion would allow her to speak, "let me assure you, I never had the least doubt either of your esteem or sincerity; nor does precedence forbid the avowal, that your merit and affection have been duly appreciated. But how

ever I may be disposed at present, matters do not depend wholly on my will. My father, though one of the best of parents, is nevertheless, sometimes obstinate in his own opinions, but if not opposed, generally does right. One of his frailties, I think, is an over fondness for me, which leads him to think scarcely any man good enough to be my husband; and though he is fully impressed with your merits and justice of your claim, yet, for the present, he fancies some objection, which a little time will not fail to remove; and it were inexcusable in me not to pay a tender regard even to his prejudices, knowing as I do, that his chief solicitude is for my welfare. Let me therefore entreat you not to be disturbed by anything he may say or do, but leave the management to me, and rest satisfied as to the issue, when I assure you that this hand can only be yours."

Croghan, who had gazed on her in silent admiration, while uttering these demonstrations of pious regard to her aged parent, and her heroic attachment to him, whom she approved most worthy to be her companion for life took her hand, and impressing on it the seal of affection, said, "Dearest Clara, you have raised me from the most gloomy uncertainty to the exquisite summit of felicity. I will no longer doubt that I shall one day be entitled to call those charms mine—be that day far or near, as it shall please the sweet arbiter of my fate, I shall endeavor to await its arrival with patience."

She then suggested the propriety of not prolonging his visit, not wishing that her father, returning, should find them together; when venturing to press her to his throbbing bosom, he quickly took his leave.

Mean while the war between the United States and Great Britain having broken out, and intelligence being received that the British forces had already commenced depredations on the northern frontiers, Governor Meigs issued his proclamation requiring all who wished to avoid the brutal rapacity of the licentious soldiery under the famous Proctor, to come forward in defence of their country's rights, and aid in supporting the cause of freedom and humanity.

Among the first who obeyed the call was Capt. Croghan, who placing himself at the head of his company, was next day on his march to meet the invaders, carrying with him as he went, the blessings of the aged and fervent wish of the young; for his successful enterprise and safe return; and never did the expanding heart of the plumed patriot, on his approach to the battle ground, glow with more exalted feelings of valorous enthusiasm and love of country.

Having, after a long and fatiguing journey, joined the army of Gen. Harrison, at Carrington river, they advanced to the rapids of Miami, where he hastily constructed a fortress, which was denominated Fort Meigs, in honor of their excellent governor, they awaited the arrival of Proctor, who not sufficiently sated with the inhuman carnage of a small detachment of American troops at Frenchtown, on the river Raisin, directed his forces against them in a formidable array, and flushed with the pride of an inglorious victory—with the blood stained laurels of depravity yet reeking on his brow was preparing to repeat that iniquitous tragedy, for which the annals of civilized warfare afford scarcely a single parallel.

The British lost no time in erecting batteries at various points around the fort, which was no sooner completed than a brisk cannonade was commenced; but finding them incompetent, an officer was dispatched with a flag to summon the Americans to surrender.

Gen. Harrison having expressed his surprise that they had not been summoned before the attack, directed him to tell his general that "while he had the honor to command the American fort, it should never be surrendered to a combined force of tyrants and savages."

The firing was now resumed on both sides, when intelligence being received from Gen. Clay, that his brigade were advancing in boats a few miles above, Gen. Harrison ordered him to send a detachment of eight hundred men to destroy the enemy's works on the opposite side, while he projected a sortie under Col. Miller, against those on the side of the fort. This was immediately complied with, and the British, driven from their batteries, were compelled to fly in all directions. But the Americans, unhappily pursuing the fugitives too far, were surrounded by a body of Indians, three times their number, under the celebrated Tecumseh, who being on their march to the British camp, formed an ambush for their reception. Death or victory! was now the word, and summoning up a courage worthy of a better fate, they determined to cut their way through the savage hoard or perish in the snare. But alas! out of the eight hundred, only about one hundred and fifty were returned.

Col. Miner in possession of three hundred men, whose plans had been nearly frustrated by the impetuosity of the party on the opposite side, now advancing on the enemy, charged the whole line of their works, manned by three hundred and fifty regulars and five hundred Indians; but being overpowered by the superiority of numbers, were about retreating in confusion, when Capt. Croghan seeing that such an event only calculated to render their destruction inevitable cried out to his men in a stentorian voice, "Americans remember the deeds of your fathers, and prove their offspring not degenerated," and boldly charging with his single company, was soon followed by the rest, who stimulated by such a noble example, and seeing their companions exposed to imminent peril, immediately rallied to their assistance, and in a few minutes drove the enemy from their batteries, then spiking the cannon, they returned to the fort with forty-two prisoners.

Gen. Proctor, finding that to subdue the tenacity of the *loghouse*, he was likely to sacrifice more than he anticipated; and—as the cruel war ever cowardly—not wishing to risk another battle with men who were capable of anything like a serious resistance, he made a hap-

py retreat under cover of the night, leaving behind many valuable articles which his hurry would not permit them to carry off.

Croghan received the thanks of his general, and being promoted to the rank of major, was sent to take charge of the Fort of Upper Sandusky, but while commanding at this station, he received private intelligence that the British had planned an attack on that of Lower Sandusky, and immediately set off with a small number of men, to strengthen the latter and put it in the best posture of defence.

He was not a little pleased to find there before him the brother of his betrothed, now Capt. Hunter, who having expressed the most lively satisfaction at receiving the assistance of a man, upon whom he could safely rely in the hour of trial, cheerfully resigned to him the command of the garrison. Croghan now found that his whole force amounted to only one hundred and sixty men, with one sixpounder, the only piece of artillery in the fort, while that of the British was about three hundred, with several field pieces; but betraying, however, no symptoms of apprehension on account of this great disparity of strength he, like another Leonidas, by his firm demeanor, and well known intrepidity, inspired his companions—who were nearly all striplings like himself—with such courage that they determined, with the consequence what it might, to support him to the utmost.

They had merely sufficient time to make a ditch round the stockade of pickets, when the enemy, having surrounded the fort, demanded a surrender, threatening at the time that if the least resistance was offered, they might expect to be every man put to the sword. Croghan replied to the officers who brought the flag, "Tell the monster who sent you, that we neither seek his clemency nor fear his threats."

No sooner was this message conveyed to Proctor, than he commenced a cannonade, which was continued for two days. But Croghan perceiving that he had concentrated his fire against a particular point, immediately secured it by hanging out bags of flour and sand thereby protecting the pickets from any material injury. On the afternoon of the second day, the enemy, under the conviction that a breach must have been made, rapidly advanced in close column, to assault the works.—Anticipating this, Croghan had carefully concealed his sixpounder, loaded with slugs and grape, in a position to cover the point to be assailed, when Col. Short, who led the attack, jumping from the outer works into the ditch, and waving his sword, triumphantly cried to his followers, "Give the d—d yankees no quarters." "Fire!" exclaimed Croghan, as he recognised in him the very ruffian who had formerly attempted his life, on the occasion of the rescue of Miss Hunter. The order was no sooner given than the sixpounder, accompanied with a well directed volley of musketry, was discharged with the most destructive effect; and ere the detestable words of the wretched leader had yet expired on the air, he and most of those who followed were already numbered with the dead. The besiegers, exasperated at this unexpected check, now rushed forward with the utmost fury, but were received with a second discharge no less tremendous than the first; and so effectually did the young hero ply his single cannon, and so skillfully did he direct his gallant little force in the use of their small arms, that at length, terror-stricken by their awful havoc in their ranks, the assailants fled in confusion, notwithstanding every effort of their officers to prevent them.

But the conduct of the Americans, on the ensuing night, was no less admirable than their unparalleled bravery during the day; for although the enemy still continued to annoy them at a distance by occasional shots, they disregarding danger, and forgetting that they had been assailed by men who only sought their destruction without any regard to the laws of honorable warfare, were most solicitous in assisting, with their utmost exertions, the miseries of the wounded.

The news of this extraordinary victory soon spread through the union, eliciting the applause and admiration of all, and the heroic Croghan, being promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel, received, together with Capt. Hunter and the rest of his brave associates, the special thanks of Congress.

The Ladies of Chillicothe called a meeting, at which it was unanimously resolved to testify their respect for the virtues of their gallant townsman; and on his return, the amiable Clara Hunter, at the head of an imposing deputation, presented to him, in their name, a splendid sword, to which, to complete the measure of his happiness, she soon afterwards added, with the most cordial approbation of her father, the enviable and infinitely more acceptable gift of her hand.—I myself, gentle reader, was at the wedding, and can amply describe to you the splendor of the ceremonies, the delicacy of the viands, flavor of the wines, hilarity of the company, the gaiety of the old doctor, and the rapture of Capt. Hunter; the music and the dance, if you give me a moment to mend my pen; but not even then the indescribable felicity of the happy pair.

Divorce.—If divorces could be obtained at the desire of either husband or wife, neither party would regard their lot as irrevocably fixed. The husband would look round to find some woman who pleased him better; the wife, in like manner, would be employed upon comparisons and projects to procure a better husband. There would result a perpetual and mutual insecurity in this important state, on which every plan of life depends. So says Jeremy Bentham, and he adds that woman would have all the advantage of the union without any of its inconveniences. The cares of maternity accelerate the winking approaches of time; her charms will diminish, her beauty decline at an age when the energy of the man is still increasing. Thus while he will find little difficulty in obtaining another wife, she can hardly hope to secure another husband.