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TOWANDA:

Saturday Morning, May 3, 1851.

Selected Poetry.

THE FIRST VIOLETS.

BY SIR BULWER LYTTON.

"Who that has loved knows not the tender tale
Which flowers reveal when lips are coy to tell!
Whose youth has passed not dreaming in the vale,
Where the fair violets dwell?"

"Lo, when they shrivel along the lovely brake,
Under the leafless, melancholy tree;
Not yet the crocus dyes nor glides the snake,
Nor wild thyme lures the bee!"

"Yet at their sight and scent entranced and thrilled,
All June seems golden in the April skies;
How sweet the daisy that is more than gold, the will
O' distant Paradise!"

"Dear land, to which I desire for ever flee;
Time doth not prevent thy rap allow;
Say, in the first eternal day we see,
At last the fleeting Now!"

"Dream not of days to come, of that unknown
Whither hope wanders (faint without a clue);
Give their true witchery to the flowers—their own
Youth in their youth renew."

"Avast! remember when the cowslip's gold
Lured and you lost the glitter in thy grasp;
Do thy heart's gladness there more than those of old!
Those withers'd in thy clasp."

"From these thy clay falls palest!—It was that
That thou wert rich in thy coffers are a lie!
Alas, poor fool! thy joy is the wealth of men,
And care their property."

"Come foil'd! Ambition! what hast thou desire!
Eminence and power—Oh! wander, temptest not,
These once wert thine, when life's gay spring inspired
The soul with glories lost!"

"Let the flowers charm thee to the jocund prime,
When o'er the world in summer's pomp of hue;
Thou hadst a mightier power in that best time,
Thy realm a human heart!"

"Hark! hark! again the tread of bashful feet!
Hark! the thought that reads the trusting's place!
Let air again with one dear breath be sweet,
Each fair with one dear face!"

"Brief-flirted first flowers, first love! the bonny steal
To drink the world in summer's pomp of hue;
But what shall dawn beneath a fierce sun
Worth what we lose in you?"

"Oh, by a flower, a leaf, to some loved look
We mark the lines that charm us most. Refrain
Thy life, recall its loveliest passage: look
Dead violets keep the place!"

MISCELLANEOUS.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

In the year 1704, shortly before Gibraltar was taken by the confederate fleet, under the command of Sir George Rooke, a young English officer was detached to that town, for the purpose of establishing communications with the few inhabitants disposed to favor the English in their taking Gibraltar; but, having been warned in time, the Malabar police sent emissaries with orders to seize the Englishman as soon as he should set foot on Spanish ground. In fact, he was apprehended the very day of his landing, for he came in a boat, under the disguise of a midshipman; but he was a spirited young man, who had beforehand considered all the chances of his enterprise, and had provided himself a passport, bearing every requisite signature; so that the officials hesitated to arrest him, lest he should not be the right person.

Charles Fitzgerald (such was the name of the British officer) had well meditated his plan. He gave his false name, and every information respecting his assumed parentage, and so satisfactorily did he answer every question, that he would have been free but for the positive and minute orders they had received; in their doubt they preferred being guilty of an unwarrantable arrest rather than let a man escape, the apprehension of whom the Spanish government considered a momentous question. Fitzgerald was therefore taken into custody until the arrival of further instructions. These were not long deferred; they were directed to keep him in close confinement, whatever his designation might be.

The young man was accordingly transferred to one of the cells in the fort. The part of the building where he was imprisoned was built on huge rocks; on one side it commanded the sea, and on the other lay unfathomable chasms; the entrance of the tower could be reached only by a steep and dangerous declivity, leading, as in all old fortresses, to the chief gate, the approach to which was defended by a ditch and draw-bridge.

The governor of this prison, Senor Cordova, being conversant with the English language, was delighted to possess, as an inmate, this British officer whose manners and conversation indicated a well bred, intelligent, and educated person; at that period, this was an extraordinary occurrence among the inhabitants of the fort. Senor Cordova promised the young man that he would leave him as much liberty as was consistent with his instructions, and asked him to join a defensive war against Spain and France. This Charles willingly accepted. He was in every respect a gentleman, and whose words could rely; but, unfortunately, in this case at least, a most handsome young man; his name was pronounced, his features expressive of a fine and determined mind, his voice truly pleasing; but, above all, he was remarkable for his prodigious bodily strength and agility. He would have made a capital leader of a corps or of a public party—his was given the most comfortable chamber in the fort, and every day at the Governor's table, and at all his great assemblies, Cordova congratulating himself on having found so pleasing a companion in his prison.

The Spaniards, still in the prime of life, was so married, but had a young pupil, who resided with him—a lovely Andalusian—whom he had serious intentions of making his wife. The possession of such a jewel rendered him suspicious and jealous

things which must needs be observed by prisoners, he watched for the moment when the next sentry would have accomplished the second hour of his watch, and retired within the watch tower to shelter from the dense fog; then, feeling confident that he could reckon on every good chance for his flight, Charles Fitzgerald began to descend, knot by knot, suspended between earth and sky, but grasping the rope with herculean strength.

He had succeeded so far as to reach the last knot but one; his whole body was then in an awful perspiration, and his mind the prey of a dreadful anxiety; this was indeed one of those instances when life hangs but by a thread. He was now on the point of losing his hold of the rope and springing down, trusting in his good star, when happily he let go his hold. He listened for the noise which his fall would naturally occasion; but he heard nothing. A frightful suspicion shot through his mind; he began to think that a fiendish snare might have been laid for him—but to what purpose? who could have any interest in his death? He could well surmise that some friendly hand had worked for his deliverance, but could not imagine that he had made an enemy in Gibraltar. The governor was the only man with whom Charles had held any intercourse, and when the dreadful change took place in his condition, had not even once suspected that the Spaniard was indulging his revengeful spirit. To the benevolent government of Spain he had attributed this cruel treatment.

Meanwhile, his mind fluted in far more indecision he felt almost disposed to adjourn the enterprise to another night. However, he resolved to wait for the dim reflections of twilight, a time perhaps, not altogether unpropitious. Owing to his prodigious muscular strength, he succeeded to his prison by means of a rope, but was utterly exhausted when he reached the battlement, whereupon he sat watching, as a cat on a water-spout.

By the faint light of dawn, he perceived that between the last knot of the rope and the pointed rocks of the precipice, there lay the trifling distance of at least a hundred and fifty feet!

"Much obliged to you, governor," exclaimed Fitzgerald, with a sang froid for which he was remarkable.

After some minutes given to meditation, he deemed it necessary to re-enter his cell; and instantly began to execute the bold and dreadful plan he had conceived. He stripped himself of some of his clothes, which he placed on his bed, let the rope hang outside so as to make it appear certain that he had found his death in attempting to fly; then quietly crept behind the door, his hand armed with one of those severed bars he watched the arrival of the treacherous jailer.

The man came even earlier than was customary, as he was to inherit the effects of the supposed dead man. Charles heard him whistling a merry air whilst he unlocked the door; as soon as he advanced within reach, the prisoner aimed at his head a tremendous blow of his weapon, which caused the wretch to fall, as a heavy mass, without uttering one shriek. The one stroke had fractured his skull and extinguished life.

Without losing one minute the officer undressed the dead man, put on his clothes, and imitating his deportment, quietly walked out through the chief gate—thanks to the early hour and the trustful spirit of the sentinels.

Thus did the courageous young man recover his liberty. He at once repaired to his friends in the town, who concealed him until midnight, when a boat was provided, by means of which he easily reached on the following evening one of the vessels of the confederate fleet. He was received with marks of the deepest interest. The information he had been able to gather from his friends, and also from his personal observation, he transmitted verbally to Sir George Rooke, who congratulated him on his miraculous escape, and afforded him the opportunity of discharging himself during the siege had a few days afterwards to Gibraltar—that great and glorious achievement which was to deprive Spain of this, until then, impregnable, strong hold.

As soon as victory had crowned the efforts of the besiegers, Fitzgerald made inquiries about the fate of the beautiful Andalusian. Her guardian had lost his life in the struggle, and she was now free, but without protection, for Senor Cordova was the sole relative left to her.

The very joyfully greeted the return of the young man, whose dark remembrance had remained engraven on his heart. A more intimate acquaintance conceived them, (nearly enough, indeed) that they both possessed such qualities as would ensure mutual happiness.

Having procured the consent of his family, the young lover led to the altar his dark-eyed bride, and both enjoyed years of uninterrupted felicity, of which, in every respect, they were and remained worthy.

"That will do man; you may be sure I won't die in this horrid country," interrupted Charles.

"Why, who knows but you might?" replied the jailer, in a sly tone.

Our prisoner did not heed these words, which he thought the unintentional observation of a spy had followed. The hope of soon recovering his liberty gladdened his heart, that, having got possession of that which he needed—the file and the rope—he little cared about what the man said.

He at once set to work, and at dark had almost completed the filing of the two bars. Fearing a visit from the governor, he concealed his work by filling up the marks made by the file with blood rolled in rust, so as to give it the color of rust, and, having his rope in a safe place, he watched the first favorable night with that feverish impatience and inward agitation which renders so precious the life of a prisoner.

At last, on a gloomy Autumn night, having secured the requisite part of the two bars, and strongly fastened his coil, he stepped out of the window and rested himself on the stone pillar, one hand clasping the piece of the bar remaining. In this position he awaited the time when all was in repose and darkness, and when in all probability the sentinels abandoned. Knowing the direction of the streets, and the time of patrol, and all these

things which must needs be observed by prisoners, he watched for the moment when the next sentry would have accomplished the second hour of his watch, and retired within the watch tower to shelter from the dense fog; then, feeling confident that he could reckon on every good chance for his flight, Charles Fitzgerald began to descend, knot by knot, suspended between earth and sky, but grasping the rope with herculean strength.

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From "Fleur's Travelling Adventures among the Indians," The Most Sister of Wyoming.

Numerous instances are on record of Indians abandoning their wigwams, throwing off their habits and their religion, and becoming creditable members of civilized society. Examples of the opposite change are rare; yet some few have occurred.—But it is often happened, that white children, when captured and brought up by the Indians, have forgotten early associations, or if too young to forget, have often disregarded difference of color, and become real Indians. Experience in these cases seems to prove that the adopted savage is harder to win back to civilization than are his dusky brethren, and if this be established, the comparative influence of natural and artificial society over the affections and happiness of man might form a very nice question for the philosophical inquirer.—Whether the investigation would tend to disturb the complacency with which we regard our own superiority in this respect, must be left to the judgment of every reader.

In 1778, the family of Mr. Jonathan Slocum, near Wilkesbarre, (Campbell's Wyoming,) Pennsylvania, were attacked by Indians. Within were two girls, aged nine and five years, a son of thirteen, a little boy of two and a half, and their mother. The men working in the field, and two youths were in the porch, grinding a knife. One of these was shot and scalped with his own knife. The elder sister seized the little boy and ran with him toward the fort. The Indians displayed unwonted humanity, chasing her merely to frighten her and enjoy the sight of her running. They then took the boy who had been turning the grindstone, young Slocum, and his sister Frances, and prepared to depart.—Little Slocum was lame, and the Indians, instead of murdering him, set him down and departed.—One of the party slung the little girl over his shoulder, and his face covered with tears, and half hidden by long, curling hair, was the last object that met the mother's gaze.

Nothing was heard of the Indians or their captives for more than a month; but they then returned, murdered the aged grandfather, and shot a ball into the leg of the lame boy, which he carried to his grave. They again plunged into the woods, and came no more. Years passed away, and nothing was heard of the little girl and her fellow-captive. When the mother had died, and the remaining brother grown to manhood, they resolved to ascertain, if possible the fate of their sister. They made every inquiry, wrote letters to different tribes, and agents, and travelled through the Canadas. All was vain; and for fifty-eight years the deep forest, true to their savage inhabitants, buried small their solitary little captive's fate.

All this time Francis was living. She was introduced to the knowledge of civilized society by a circumstance purely accidental. The Honorable G. W. Ewing, United States Agent to Indiana Territory, while travelling on the banks of the Missisquoi, (about 1833,) lost his way, was overtaken by night, and sought the shelter of a neighboring wigwam. It belonged to a wealthy hunter, and was profusely stored with skins, arms and provisions. The agent was kindly received, and after supper entered into conversation with the host. Ewing was soon so prised by observing that her hair was fine and flaxen colored, and that, under her dress, her skin appeared to be white. He received from her the astonishing story, that she was the daughter of white parents, that her name was Slocum, that when five years old she had been carried captive by the Indians from a house on the Susquehanna. All else was forgotten.

On reaching home, the agent related his adventures to his mother. At her solicitation he wrote an account of it, which he sent to Lancaster for publication. Through some unaccountable neglect it lay in the office two years; but when it was published, it was in a few days seen by Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, the little boy saved by the gift of thirteen, sixty years before. He immediately started for Indiana, accompanied by the sister who had saved him, at the same time writing to his brother to meet him at the wigwam. The little incidents connected with this most remarkable journey have been preserved with care, and may afford ground for pleasurable reflection.

"I shall know my sister," said the lady, "because she had the nail of her first finger. Your brother hammered it all in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." On entering the cabin, they beheld an Indian woman, apparently seventy-five years old, painted and jeweled. Yet her hair was as the agent described it, and her skin beneath her dress appeared white. They obtained an interpreter and began to converse. We may imagine the feelings of the little party, while they listened to the Indian woman's tale. The incidents of the assault and capture—too well known already—were disclosed with a faithfulness which led no doubt. "How came your nail gone?" inquired the sister. "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop." "What was your name then?" She did not remember. "Was it Francis?" She smiled on hearing the long forgotten name, and promptly answered, "Yes."—All were now satisfied that they were of one family, and yet there was little joy in that meeting. There was a sadness, not merely through remembrance of the past, but of a kind of present, deep, painful; for though the hostess was walking the cabin not able to speak, and the sisters, cowering in suspense, yet there sat the poor Indian sister, motionless.—She thus declared that the child of her bosom was washed; for there was in her bosom no fire child to be washed.

Francis's story may be told in a few words.—The party which had conducted the attack against her father's house were Delawareans. With this tribe she remained until grown up, when she married one of their chiefs. He died or ran away, when she became united to a Miami. She had two daughters, both of whom married Indians.—They all lived in one cabin, save the eldest house, which at night slept in the same manner—which was on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their sister to return with them, and if she desired it, to bring her children. They offered to give her a happy home on the banks of the Susquehanna. She answered that she had always lived with the Indians; that they had always been kind to her; that she had promised her husband, on his death-bed, never to leave him, and that promise she was resolved to keep. Sad and sorrowful the three generous relatives retraced their steps, leaving their sister in the wilderness.

The "Indian sister" died in 1847. Although to her, last days, her manner and customs were those of the Indian, yet there was something in her appearance which seemed to raise her above her companions. Her household displayed taste and neatness, and owing to her economy in her domestic affairs, her tent was always stocked with plenty. She was admired alike by the red and the white man. Her grave is on a beautiful knoll near the confluence of the Missisquoi with the Washburn—a spot chosen by herself, and which had been her residence for thirty years.

PRESENCE OF DEATH.—To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect.—On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bowels of the face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to finish the poem the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt.

The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and, with one convulsive movement, closed his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."

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All this time Francis was living. She was introduced to the knowledge of civilized society by a circumstance purely accidental. The Honorable G. W. Ewing, United States Agent to Indiana Territory, while travelling on the banks of the Missisquoi, (about 1833,) lost his way, was overtaken by night, and sought the shelter of a neighboring wigwam. It belonged to a wealthy hunter, and was profusely stored with skins, arms and provisions. The agent was kindly received, and after supper entered into conversation with the host. Ewing was soon so prised by observing that her hair was fine and flaxen colored, and that, under her dress, her skin appeared to be white. He received from her the astonishing story, that she was the daughter of white parents, that her name was Slocum, that when five years old she had been carried captive by the Indians from a house on the Susquehanna. All else was forgotten.

On reaching home, the agent related his adventures to his mother. At her solicitation he wrote an account of it, which he sent to Lancaster for publication. Through some unaccountable neglect it lay in the office two years; but when it was published, it was in a few days seen by Mr. Slocum, of Wilkesbarre, the little boy saved by the gift of thirteen, sixty years before. He immediately started for Indiana, accompanied by the sister who had saved him, at the same time writing to his brother to meet him at the wigwam. The little incidents connected with this most remarkable journey have been preserved with care, and may afford ground for pleasurable reflection.

"I shall know my sister," said the lady, "because she had the nail of her first finger. Your brother hammered it all in the blacksmith shop when she was four years old." On entering the cabin, they beheld an Indian woman, apparently seventy-five years old, painted and jeweled. Yet her hair was as the agent described it, and her skin beneath her dress appeared white. They obtained an interpreter and began to converse. We may imagine the feelings of the little party, while they listened to the Indian woman's tale. The incidents of the assault and capture—too well known already—were disclosed with a faithfulness which led no doubt. "How came your nail gone?" inquired the sister. "My elder brother pounded it off when I was a little child in the shop." "What was your name then?" She did not remember. "Was it Francis?" She smiled on hearing the long forgotten name, and promptly answered, "Yes."—All were now satisfied that they were of one family, and yet there was little joy in that meeting. There was a sadness, not merely through remembrance of the past, but of a kind of present, deep, painful; for though the hostess was walking the cabin not able to speak, and the sisters, cowering in suspense, yet there sat the poor Indian sister, motionless.—She thus declared that the child of her bosom was washed; for there was in her bosom no fire child to be washed.

Francis's story may be told in a few words.—The party which had conducted the attack against her father's house were Delawareans. With this tribe she remained until grown up, when she married one of their chiefs. He died or ran away, when she became united to a Miami. She had two daughters, both of whom married Indians.—They all lived in one cabin, save the eldest house, which at night slept in the same manner—which was on the ground, wrapped in a blanket.

The brothers and sister tried to persuade their sister to return with them, and if she desired it, to bring her children. They offered to give her a happy home on the banks of the Susquehanna. She answered that she had always lived with the Indians; that they had always been kind to her; that she had promised her husband, on his death-bed, never to leave him, and that promise she was resolved to keep. Sad and sorrowful the three generous relatives retraced their steps, leaving their sister in the wilderness.

The "Indian sister" died in 1847. Although to her, last days, her manner and customs were those of the Indian, yet there was something in her appearance which seemed to raise her above her companions. Her household displayed taste and neatness, and owing to her economy in her domestic affairs, her tent was always stocked with plenty. She was admired alike by the red and the white man. Her grave is on a beautiful knoll near the confluence of the Missisquoi with the Washburn—a spot chosen by herself, and which had been her residence for thirty years.

PRESENCE OF DEATH.—To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and reflect.—On the first attempt by one of the frantic adherents of Spain to assassinate William Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bowels of the face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant that preceded stupefaction, he was able to finish the poem the ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII, did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt.

The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence was impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effect of gunshot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up.

But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character, of gentleness or ferocity, to the last breath. Some of these cases are of interest, to show what slight disturbance life may go on under a mortal wound till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards on his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and, with one convulsive movement, closed his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness."