

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moah, over against Bethpeor; but ro man knoweth of sepulchre unto this day.—Deut. xxxiv: 6.

- By Nebo's lonely mountain, On this side of Jordan's wave, In a vale in the land of Moab, There lies a lonely grave;
 And no man dug that sepulchre,
 And so man saw it e'er,
 For the angels of God upturned the sod,
- And laid the dead man there.
- That was the grandest funeral That ever passed on earth, But no man heard the trampling Or saw the train go forth.
- Noiselessly as the daylight Comes when the night is done. And the crimson streak on the occan's check
- Grows into the great sun ; Noiselessly as the spring time Her crown of verdure weaves.
- And all the trees on all the hills Open their thousand leaves; So, without sound of music
- Or voice of them that wept, Silently down, from the mountain's crown. The great procession swept.
- Perchance the bald old eagle, On great Bethpeor's height,
- Out of his rocky eyric, Looked on the wondrous sight. Perchance the lion stalking
 Still shins the hallowed spot:
- For beast and bird have seen and heard That which man knoweth not.
- But when the warrior dieth, His comrades in the war. With arms reversed and muffled drum.
- Follow the funeral car. They show the bathers taken. They tell his battles won,
- And after him lead his masterless steed, While peels the minute gun. Amid the noblest of the land
- Men lay the sage to rest, And give the bard an honor'd place With costly marble drest.
- In the great minster transept, iere lights like glories
- And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings Along the emblazoned wall. This was the bravest warrior That ever buckled sword; This the most gifted poet
- That ever breath'd a word; And never earth's philosopher
 Traced with his golden pen
 On the deathless page truth half so sage
- As he wrote down for men. And had he not high honor? The hill-side for his pall, To lie in state while angels walt, With stars for tapers tall,
- And the dark rock pines like tossing plumes Over his bier to wave,
 And God's own hand in that lone land To lay him in the grave!
- In that deep grave without a name Whence his uncoffin'd clay Shall break again, most wondrous thought.
- Before the judgment day; And stand with glory wrapped around On the hill be never trod.
- And speak of the strife that won our life With th' incarnate Son of God.
- O lonely tomb in Moab's land. O dark Bethpeor's hill.
- And teach them to be still. God hath his mysteries of grace,
- Wars that we cannot tell; He hides them deep like the secret sleep
- Of him he loved so well.

MY MERRY LITTLE WIFE.

I cannot remember the time when I was not in love with Kitty Pleasanton. It must have begun when we were both babies. am sure I loved her as we sat togéther by the road-side soaking our dandelion stems in the little puddles of water to make them curi.-My passion was in nowise abated, when, somewhat later, I climbed cherry trees at her bidding; nor, later yet, when at dancing school, I awkwardly made my new-learat bow, and asked her to be my partner; nor, I am sure, was my boyish passion at all damped, when, on my return from college, found my sweet little Kitty changed, by some undefinable alteration, from a lovely child to a bewitching young woman. She was almost the same as when I parted from her three years before—the woman was like the child there were the same rosy cheeks, the same, pouting, innocent mouth, the same curling

new emotion as I gazed at her. "Kitty," said I to her, one day, after I had been at home a week or two, and I found I could restrain myself no longer, "Kitty, I'm very much in love with you, as you know as weil as I do. I've always been in love with you, and I fancy you are in love with me: but now I want you to promise to marry me." I paused, but Kitty made no answer, and I said, "You like me, Kitty, don't you?" "First tell me," said Kitty, blushing, and very much afraid of my new rival." bashfulness in her face, "if you've made me what is called an offer?"

hair, but some charm, grace, or sentiment

was added, which made my heart thrill with

"To be sure I have, my darling," I replied; "an offer which I trust and hope you'll ac-

"Don't be foo sure of that," said Kitty. "Kitty, do you love me ?" I exclaimed. "That's my secret," replied the provoking little thing. "But at any rate," she contin-No, indeed; no girl of spirit would dream, till I've had at least one other offer."

"But, my dearest Kitty," I began.
"Kitty! Kitty! Kitty!" she exclaimed; proper name? I confess I did hope that, on it would address me with proper courtesy, and in a manuer belitting the occasion, giving me my name of Katharine; but now you've gone and spoiled it all."

"Ok, 1 suppose you wanted a stiff ceremonious proposal in form," I observed : " but book the was reading. "Tennyson's Prin-I'm no Sir Charles Grandison, Kitty-Katharine, I would say; therefore, don't be foolish; be content to know, in plain words, that my whole heart is yours; and have the good sense to accept your first offer, since your second may not be so good."

But in vain were my arguments and reasoning. Kitty was determined not to accept her first offer, and finding her resolute I

was a favorite dell, or bower, or something of that kind, to which she daily repaired with some chosen volume, to sit and read. All

my endeavors to persuade her to allow me to accompany her thither had always been quite in vain. Kitty was firm in preferring her undisturbed solitude, and I was daily doomed to an hour or two of the mopes during her woodland visit. In pursuance of this custom, Kitty set

out soon after the conversation I have sketched, declining, as usual, my offer of compan-Not more than half an hour had elapsed

after she had reached her favorite seat, ere her attention was attracted by a young gentleman who was fishing in the brook which flowed near her. Kitty drew back a little on seeing him, but her curious eyes occasionally wandered towards the stranger. The latter no sooner perceived his fair observer than he bowed with an air of great politeness, and advancing a few steps, ventured to address her a few words of common-place greeting-The young man's words were indeed common place, but his eyes were far more eloquent than his tongue—they plainly informed the fair Kitty that she had found a new admirer. Kitty, highly flattered, received the stranger's advances graciously, and the youth being by no means bashful, half an hour found them chatting easily and gayly on various topics of interest. Kitty's stay in the woods was something longer than usual this afternoon. "What is the matter, Kitty?" I asked, on meeting her soon after her return home.-

Your eyes sparkle, and you look as ploused as though you had mot a fairy in your after-"It is better than a fairy," cried Kitty,

breathlessly, "It's a young man."
"Indeed!" I ejaculated with a whistle. "Yes, James," she replied, "and he is so handsome-so agreeable-so delightful, that I can't say how things might go if he were to make me some of these days my second of-

"You can't impose on me in that kind of way, sweet Kitty, so don't attempt it," I ex-claimed. "I'll be bound the impudent fellow, whom I won't object to speaking a bit of my mind to, is not handsomer or more agree-

able than I am myself." Kitty laughed aloud in derision. " He's a thousand times handsomer than you are," she cried, scornfully, "and as much more entertaining as he is handsome."

"Come, Kitty, don't be too cutting, too cruel,"-I began; but Kitty drew herself up with dignity. "They call me Katharine, who do speak to

"Katharine, fiddlesticks!" I cried. "Kitty is the prettiest and sweetest name in the world, and comes most natural to me-don't

bother me with your Katharines."
"I dare say you may like it," said Kitty, pouting, half angrily. "But I don't. It's too free. How would you like it if I persisted in calling you Jim? I declare I'll call you Jim, if you go on calling me Kitty."
"Do so if you like," I replied, "and it will the world. But may I presume to beg from my fair and gracious Lady Katharine a description of this wood-Adonis she has been

"He is tall," began Kitty.
"Taller than 1?" I interrupted.

Kitty almost annihilated me by a look. "By at least half a foot-and of an elegant figure." she continued, with marked emphasis. "He was dressed in a fishing costume,

which greatly became him." "I have an old fishing blouse, up stairs, muttered, sotto voce, "I think I'll get it out." "The young man's manners were uncommonly easy and gentlemanly, and withal perfectly respectful and deferential," continued Kitty. "Having ascertained my name, ho, never once forgot himself, so as to abbreviate it-his conduct contrasting favorably in that

respect with some of my friends." Well, Kitty," said I, " what other perfections has your hero? or have you exhausted your list?"

"Far from it," said Kitty, indignantly.-He wears his hair parted down in the middle like a poet, or that charming Signor Pozzelina in the part of the Edgardo-

"Or a Methodist parson," I observed.

"And besides all that," continued Kitty, he has a moustache."

"A last best gift," said I; "but, Kitty, that perfection, I hope, will not be very difficult of achievement. I'll begin to-morrow. Let me sec-tall-handsome-agreeablegood manners-elegant figure, and a moustache! On the whole, Kitty, I think I'm

"You have cause," Kitty replied, with grave dignity.

The next day when Kitty reached her little retreat she found the stranger again in its neighborhood. I must do this little coquette the justice of confessing that she did look startled, and indeed vexed, when she saw him : but perhaps thinking it too late to retreat, she advanced timidly. The youth met ued, "I could not possibly think of accepting her with many apologies, and * plausible pre the very first offer I ever received-I should tense for his utrusion, which she could not be mortified all the rest of my life if I did __ gainay, while something flattering in his manner made her blushingly divine that the of accepting her first offer, as if she were liope of again seeing her had been the true afraid she should never have another. Ex- cause of his re-appearance. Be that as it cuse me, James, I can't possibly accept you might, the stranger, perhaps to give Kitty time to recover her confidence, immediately sauntered off in pursuit of his sport, and Kitty, fancying she had seem the last of her will Mr. Brant learn to call me by my new admirer, lirew forth her book, and setting herself in a mossy corner began to read. receiving my first offer, the person making She, however, had scarcely succeeded in fixing her attention on its stages before the pertina cious stranger re-appeared, and declaring that fishing was dull work, and the fish would not bite, he composedly mated himself at Kitty's feet, and begged to know the name of the

cess," replied Kitty, curtly. The imperturbable stranger declared the book a great avorite of his, and began to talk so entertainingly of books and authors, that Kitty, warmed by the subject, forgot to be lignified, and an animated discourse of favorite authors ensued. Afterwards the woung man begged permission to read her a few ad mirable passages from the book she held in views, solifessed that, after all, I had a certain pride on that point, and should be rather inorthfied to know that my wife bad never had any offer but that I had my eife to that I had my eife had any offer but that I had my eife to that I had my eife had early first on the enquisite and so I promised to suspend my suit till Kitty should be to fortunate as to receive an offer from some offer from where Kitty dwelt, there

"Indeed I love thee: come, Yield thyself up; my hope and thine are one: Accomplish thou my manhood and thyself:

Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust to me;"
he suddenly flung the book aside, exclaiming What words! what words! What would etuously. "This forced silence is all in however, may think the two terms pretty vain; the words I would repress will come. In vain have I striven to be prudent—cautious-to allow you time-not to startle you. ically fell on one knee and forthwith proceeded to make Kitty a very plain offer of his

Meanwhile Kitty had risen from her seat, and recovering from her astonishment, she drew herself up with dignity, and replied, "I hardly know, sir, what you mean by your very strange words and conduct. The liberty you have taken has made me very sensible of my own imprudence in having allowed the advances of a stranger so presuming—an error I shall be careful never to repeat."-So saying, my proud little Kitty turned from the stranger with a distant bow, and walked

I did not see Kitty till some time after her its in her own room, for when I met her she was as full of mischief as ever. "Well, James, why don't you ask me

about my adventures to-day ?" she inquired. "Because," I replied, "I didn't suppose vou would be so imprudent as to go again' to-day where you would be likely to encounter the insolent puppy who presumed to address you yesterday."

there," said Kitty, blushing and somewhat confused, " but he was there." "Of course," I replied gruffly. was your Adon's as handsome and as agreeable as ever ?"

"More so!" cried Kitty, recovering her composure; the looked more Massanichtolike than ever in a fishing dress; and for en-tertainment, he first read me all the finest part of Tennyson's Princess and then made a marriage proposal, and I don't think any man could be expected to do more in one after-

"I should think not, indeed," said I; " pray what reply did you make to the rascal !-that you had a friend at home who would be turbutence, however, vanishes as soon as his Whence Hawks night dart, or lurking foes slarin happy to kick him well for his insolence?"
"Far from it," maid Kitty; " what my reply was, is my secret—and his; but for you. my poor James, I'm sorry for you-it's all

over with you and goor offer."

"Why, you good for nothing, little deceitful puss!" cried A losing all patience, " there never was a more arrant dissembler living. Behold how a plain tale shall put you down! -for lo-I myself, disguised merely by a on a post of the fence, or on a small tree in little paint-a fishing blouse, a false moustache, and a change in the arrangement of my hair, was in my own person this elegant, soon sound to me like the aweetest name in handsome, agreeable stranger, whose praises you have so lavishly sounded."

Poor Kitty was completely confounded .-How could I have been so stupid?" she murmured, " and the voice, too; which sound- the exclusive privilege of murder; and, after. ed so familiar all the time!"

"Yes, Kitty, you're caught," said I: "and to punish you for attempting just now to palm a wicked falsehood upon me. I shall impose a two-fold fine. First, you shall kiss me: and then fix our wedding day, which must be very shortly, for I'm going to Paris in a build their nests. This generally takes place month, and you must go with me."

Kitty gave a little scream, and declared that she could not think of submitting to either of my penalties; but in vain she struggled and protested-I had her in my arms, and finding at last all ber efforts to release herself fruitless, her jests and laughter suddealy changed to earnest tenderness, and closing her arms round me, she said, " As you will, dear-dearest Jamie !"-BE

sweet, darling Kitty," I began. "Katharine!" whispered Kitty:

"Katharine, then," I repeated, smiling at her pertinacity on this point, a one month from to morrow, my Katharine." "You never put miy adjectives before

Katharine," murmured Kitty; evasively, hid ing her blushing and pouting face.

My own dear, gracious, winning, bewitch ing, most klasable Katharine," said I, " shalf

t be as I say?" "If manima chooses," whispered Kitty. And so I persuaded the sweetest and prettiest girl in the country to accept her first and only lover; and though to this day my merry little wife often complains that I defrauded either in the air, or among the flowers and her by my tricks of her natural womanly blossome below him. In the fields of pasture right of breaking two or three hearts at least ere she made one man anpremely blest, still she generally concludes her reproaches in a claring that she had two offers after all; and

MONKISH LEGENDS, -In one of his notes to Lacou," Colton gives the following account of the marvelous things wrought in the bosom of the "mother church" in succent times. Some of the saints, especially Dunstan, Dominicus, and Lupus, must have been fond of practical jokes and pretty cute hands at playing them off, too, to have so gotten the weather gage of the devil-for he is said to be a full hand." to the second second

These legends abound with stories of pro digious things, some of which are very ludigrous, such as St. Swithn's making whole, a banket of eggs by the sign of the cross : Patri ricious making the stolen sheep bleat in the thing's belly after he had enten it; then, St. Bridget's bacon, which in great charity, she gave to a hungry dog, and was, after the dog had caten it, restored again in ber kettle,-Of the like nature is the story of St. Dunstan. who took the devil by the nose with the tongs. and held him until he roared with pain-Dominicus made him hold the candle till he burned his fingers: Lupus imprisoned the plumage. devil in a por all night. A consecrated host being put into a hive of bees, to cure them of the murrain, was so devoutly entertained. that the bees built a chapel in the hive, with

The Tyrant Fly-Catcher, or King Bird. This is the Field Martin of Maryland and some of the Southern States, and the King-Bird of Pennsylvania and several of the Nor-

nearly synonymous. The trivial name of King, as well as Ty-

rand, has been bestowed on this bird for its lovely, bewitching Miss Katharine-you are extraordinary behavior, and the authority it yourself the object of my sweet adoration, to assumes over all others during the time of whom I would say much if I dared;" and breeding. At that season his extreme af-thereupon the youth rather melo-dramat- fection for his mate, and for his nest and young, makes him suspicious of every bird that happens to pass near his residence, so that he attacks, without discrimination, every intruder. In the months of May, June, and part of July, his life is one continued scene of broils and battles; in which, however, he generally comes off conqueror. Hawks and Crows, the Bald Eagle, and the Great Black Engle, all equally dread a rencontre with this dauntless little champion, who, as soon as he perceives one of these last approaching, aunches into the air to meet him, mounts to a considerable height above him, and darts down on his back, sometimes fixing there to the great annoyance of his victim, who, if no convenient retreat or resting-place be near, return; perhaps she was recovering her spir- endeavors by various evolutions to rid himself of his merciless adversary. But the King Bird is not so easily dismounted. He teases the Eagle incessantly, sweeps from right to left, remounts, that he may descend on his back with the greater violence, all the while keeping up a shrill and rapid twittering, and continuing the attack sometimes for more than a mile, till he is relieved by some other

of his tribe equally eagor for the contest.

There is one bird, however, which, by its There is one bird, however, which by its superior rapidity of flight, is sometimes more than a match for him; and I have several Love fires his breast; he woods, and soon is blest and in the blooming orchard builds his nest. times witnessed his precipitate retreat before this active antagonist. This is the Purple Martin, one whose food and disposition are presty similar to his own, but who has greaty the advantage of him on the wing, in cluding all his attacks, and teasing him as he pleases. I have also seen the Red-headed Woodpecker, while clinging on the rail of a fence, amuse himself with the violence of the King Bird, and play bo-peep with him round the rail, while the latter, highly irritated, made every attempt, as he swept from side to side, to strike him—but in vain. All this young are able to shift for themselves; and For now abroad a band of ruffians prey, n as mild and peaceable as any other.

But he has a worse habit than all these,one much more obnoxious to the husbandman, and often fatal to himself. He loves not the honey, but the bees; and, it must be cofficased, is frequently on the lookout for these industrious insects. He plants himself the garden not far from the hives, and from thence sallies on them as they pass and repass, making great havon among their numbers. His shrill twitter, so near the bouse, gives intimation to the farmer of what is going on, and the gun soon closes his career forever. Man arrogates to himself, in this case. putting thousands of these little insects to

death, seizes on the fruits of their labor.

Some favorite wish, some appetite to feed;

Some favorite wish, some appetite to feed;

Straight he alights, and, from the pear-tree spies bout the 20th of April, sometimes in small the circling stream of humming insects rise; bodies of five and six together, and are at first very silent, until they begin to pair and about the first week in May. The nest is very often built in the orchard, on the horizontal branch of an apple tree; frequently, also, as Catesby observes, on a samafras tree, at no great height from the ground. The outside consists of small slender twig, tops of withered flowers of the plant yarrow, and others, well wove together with tow and Let interest speak; let grafited; prevail.

wool'; and is 'made' farge, and 'remarkably Kill'not thy friend, who thy whole harvest shields, firm and compact. It is usually lined with. And sweeps ten thousand vernin from thy fields, ine, dry, fibrous grass, and horse hair. The Drive every Hawk and Eagle from thy yard the compact of a very pale cream color, or others, well wove together with tow and "One month from to-day, then, my own, fine, dry, fibrous grass, and horse hair. The eggs are five, of a very pale cream color, or eggs are five, of a very pale cream color, or Watched round the cattle as they fed, and slew dull white, marked with a few large spots of The bungry blackening swarms that round them flew deep purple; and other smaller ones of light Some small return—some little right resign. brown, chiefly, though not altogether, towards the great end. They generally build twice The poor, lost King Bird welters in his gore!

in the season. The King Bird is altogether destitute o song, having only the shrill twitter above mentioned. His usual mode of flight is singular. The vibrations of his broad wings, as ic moves slowly over the fields, resemble those of a hawk bovering and settling in the air to reconnoitre the ground below; and the object of the King Bird is no doubt something similar, viz: to look out for passing insects blossome below him. In the fields of pasture he often takes his stand on the tops of the mullein, and other rank weeds, near the cattle, and makes occasional sweeps after passmanner most flattering to my vanity, by de ling insects, particularly the large, black gadfly so terrifying to horses and cattle: "His: eye moves restlessly around him, traces the. that each of them was worth a thousand comflight of an insect for a moment or two, then that of a second, and even a third, until he

perceives one to his liking, when with a shrill sweep, he pursues, seizes it, and returns to the same spot to look out for more. This habit is no conspicuous when he is: watching. the bee hive, that several intelligent farmers of my acquaintance are of opinion that he picks out only the drones, and never injures the working bees. Be this as it may, he the Lakes to Florida. Besides insects they of the Water, and diving about in the air like a Swallow p for his possesses at will great the whole plumage of which was steastly white quently seen thus engaged, for hours together, or a little inclining to a chem color : it. was

Whatever antipathy may prevail against him for his depredations on the drones, or, if you will, on the bees, I can sesure the cultiator that this bird is greatly his friend, in

From Wilson's Ornilhology, and encouraging the depredations of Crowa, Hawks and Eagles, who avoid as much as possible his immediate vicinity. For myself, I must say that the King Bird possesses no common share of my regard. I honor this little bird for his extreme affection for I not give for courage to utter them to the thern districts. The epithet Tyrant, which is his young; for his contempt of danger, and being I love best on earth!" The stranger generally applied to him by saturalists, I am unexampled intrepidity; for his meckness of paused a moment, and then broke forth im not altogether so well satisfied with; some, behavior when there are no calls on his consage, a quality which, even in the human race. is justly considered so noble :---

In peace there's nothing to becomes a man. As modest stillness and humility; But when the blast of war, &c.; but above all I honor, and esteem this bird for the millions of ruinous vermin which he rids us of; whose depredations in one season,

but for the services of this and other friendly birds, would far overbalance all the produce of the bee-hives in fifty. As a friend to this persecuted bird and an enemy to prejudices of every description, will the reader allow me to set this matter in a somewhat clearer, and stronger light, by presenting him with a short poetical epitome

of the King Bird's history-

Far in the south, where vast Maragnon flows, And boundless forests finknown wilds enclose; Vine-tangled shores, and suffocating woods, Parched up with heat or drowned with pouring floods, Where each extreme alternately prevails, And Nature sad their ravages bewails; I.o.! high in air, above those trackless wastes, With Spring's return the King Bird hither hastes; Coasts the famed Gulf, and, from his height, explores Its thousand streams, its long-indented shores, its plains immense, wide opening on the day, Its plains immense, wide opening on the day, Its lakes and isles, where feathered millions play; All tempt not him; till, gazing from on high, COLUMBIA's regions wide below him lie, There end his wanderings and his wish to roam,

There lie his native woods, his fields, his home; Down, circling, he descends, from azuro heights, And on a full-blown sassafras alights. Fatigued and silent, for awhile he views His old frequented haunts, and shades recluse; Come now, ye cowards! ye whom Heaven disdains. Who boast the happiest home—the richest plains; On whom, perchance, a wife's, an infant's eye Hang as their hope, and on your arm rely; Yot, when the hour of danger and dismay Comes on your country, speak in holes away— Shrink from the perils ye were bound to face,

Shrink from the peris ye were bound to face;
Come here, (if such ye have) ye dastard herd!
And kneel in dust before this noble bird.
When the wheeked eggs within the nest appear,
Then glows affection; ardent and sincure;
No discord sours him when his mate he meets;
But each warm heart with mutual kindness beats. For her repeat he bears along the les. The bloated gadfly and the balmy bee; For her repose scours o'er the adjacent farm, And murder every hope and every joy.

Soft sits his brooding mate, her guardian ho,
Perched on the top of some tall, neighboring tree,
Thence, from the thicket to the concave skies,

His watchful eye around unceasing flies.

Wrens, Thrushes, Warbless, standard at his note.

Fly in affright the consecrated spot.

He drives the plundering Jay with honest scorn;

Back to his woods; the Mocker to his thorn; Back to his woods; the Mocker to his thorn; Sweeps round the Cuckoo, as the thief retreats; Attacks the Crow; the diving Howk defeats; Darts on the Eagle downward from afar, And, 'midst the clouds, prolongs the whirling war. All danger o'er, he hastens back elate, To guard his post; and feed his faithful mats. Behold him now, his little family flown, Mack, unassuming, silent and alone to the Lured by the well-known hum, of favorite bees, As slow he hovers o'er the garden trees; (For all have failings, passions, whims that lead Selects his prey; darts on the busy brood, And shrilly twitters o'er his savory food. Ah! ill-timed triumph! diretul note to thee,
That guides the murderer to the fatal tree,
See where he skulks! and takes his gloom; stand The deep-charged musket hanging in his hand : And, gaunt for blood, he leans it on a rest, Prepared and pointed at thy snow white breast.

Ah, friend! good friend! forbear that barbarous de Against it valor, goodness, pity, plead; If e'er a family's griefs, a widow's woe. Have reached thy soul, in mercy let him go! Yes, sabuild the par of pity naught avail,

This specie is eight inches long, and fourteen in extent; the general color above is a dark slaty ash; the head and tail are nearly black; the latter even at the end, and tipped with white; the wings are more of a brownish cast; the quills and wing coverts are also edged with dull white; the upper part of the breast is tioged with ash; the throat, and alf the rest of the lower parts, are pure white; the plumage on the crown, though not forming a crest, is frequently erected, and discovers a rich bed of brilliant orange, or flame color, called by the country people his crown; concealed. The bill is very broad at the base, overhanging at the point, and notched, of a glossy black color, and furnished with bristles at the base; the lega and feet are to desolate their homes. black, seamed with gray; the eye, hazel.—
The female differs in being more brownish on the upper parts, has a smaller streak of paler from it. Her name spread as a note of al-

certainly gives a preference to one beer, and feed, like every other species of their tribe one species of insect, over another. "He hoy, with which I am acquainted, on various sorts" ers over the river sometimes for a considera- of beiries, particularly black-berries, of which ble time, darting after insects that frequent they are extremely found. Early in Septem-such places, matching them from the surface ber they leave Pennsylvania, on their way to the South and I have a sound of these birds,

over the givers Delaware and Schuylkill, in a bird of the present year, and could not be a calm day, particularly towards evening, more than a mouth old. This appeared also to have been its original color, as, it issued and bill blue. It was plump, and seemingly: in good order. I presented it to Mr. Pealed Whatever may be the cause of this loss of coi fraid," replied the boy. lor, if I may so call it, in birds, it is by no. means uncommon among the various tribes

but little understood.

MURDER OF MISS M'CREA.

In General Fraser's division was a young officer, Lieutenant David Jones, an Ameri can Loyalist. His family had their home in the vicinity of Fort Edward, before the Revolution. A mutual attachment had taken place between the youth and a beautiful girl, Jane M'Crea. She was a daughter of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman of the Jerseys, some time deceased, and resided with her brother, on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles below Fort Edward. The lovers were engaged to be married, when the breaking out of the war severed families and disturbed all the relations of life. The Joneses were Loyalists; the brother of Miss M'Crea was a staunch Whig. The former removed to Canada, where David Jones was among the most respectable of those who joined the royal standard, and received a lieutenant's

The attachment between the lovers continued, and it is probable that a correspondence was kept up between them. Lieutenant Jones was now in Fraser's camp, in his old neighborhood. Miss M'Crea was on a visit to a widow lady, Mrs. O'Neil, residing at Fort Edward. The approach of Burgoyne's army had spread an alarm through the country; the inhabitants were flying from their homes. The brother of Miss M'Crea determined to remove to 'Albany, and sent for his sister to return home and make ready, to accompany him. She hesitated to obey. He sent a more urgent message, representing the danger of lingering near the fort, which must inevitably fall into the hands of the enemy. Still she lingered. The lady with whom she was a guest was a Loyalist, a friend of Gen. Fraser giber roof would be respected. Even should Fort Edward be captured, what had Jane to fear? Her lover was in the British camp; the capture of the fort would reunite

Her brother's messages became peremptory. She prepared, reluctantly, to obey, and was to embark in a large battenu, which was to convey several families down the river.-The very morning when the embarkation was to take place, the neighborhood was a scene of terror. A marauding party of Indians, sent out by Burgoyne to annoy General Schuyler, were harrassing the country. Several of them burst into the house of Mrs. O'- sides these two legitimate kinds of love there her and Miss M Crea prisoners. In her vain excitement, painful and idle delusion. reward if they would spare her life and take arose among the savages, influmed most probably with drink, as to whose prize she was, and who was entitled to the reward. The dispute became furious, and one, in a paroxyam of rage, killed her on the spot. He completed the savage act by bearing off her scalp as a tropby.

General Burgoyne was struck with horror when he heard of this bloody deed. What at first beightened the atrocity of it, was a report that the Indians had been sent by Lieutenant Jones to bring Miss M'Crea to the camp. This he positively denied, and his denial was believed. Burgoyne summoned council of the Indian Chiefs, in which he in sisted that the murderer of Miss M'Crea should be given up, to exceive the reward of his crime. The demand produced a violent agitation. The culprit was a great warrior, a chief, and the wild honor of his brother sachems was roused in his behalf. St. Luc took Burgoyne aside, and entreated him not to push the matter to extremities; assuring him that, from what was passing among th chiefs, he was sure they and their warriors. would all abandon the army should the delinguent be executed. The British officers also interfered, representing the danger that might accrue should the indians return thro Canada with their savage resentments awak their sons. ened, or, what was worse, go over to the A-

Burgoyne was thus reluctantly brought to spare the offender, but henceforth made it a rule that no party of Indians should be permitted to go forth on a foray unless under the conduct of a British officer, or some other competent person, who should be respon-

sible for their behavior. The mischief to the British cause, however had been effected. The murder of Miss M' Crea resounded throughout the land, counteracting all the benefits anticipated from the terrors of Indian hostilities. Those people of the frontiers who had hitherto remained quiet, now flew to arms to defend their families and firesides. In their exasperation, they looked beyond the savages to their employers. They abhorred an army, which when the feathers lie close, this is altogether professing to be ovilized, could league itself with such barbarians; and they execrated a Government which, pretending to reclaim them as subjects, could let loose such fiends

The blood of this unfortunate girl, therefore was not shed in vain. Armies sprung up orange on the crown, and a narrower border arm, along the banks of the Hudson; it was

Caught in his Own Trap.

One of the comic papers revives an old seems that an old sea captain, who had re-tired from service and was living on a farm, had a wild harum-scarum nephew. living with him. He could never drive or frighten said nephew to co effything in its proper time.

Among the rest he could never get him to drive the cows up to milk before dark—he had to drive them through the sugar-bush. the water from the overhanging branches of from the egg. The skin was yellowish white Finally, the captain saked the lad if he was some tree, where he sits to dry and dress his the eye, much lighter than usual; the legs not afraid to go through the woods in the

"Fraid! What is that? I never seen a get the cows up before tark," said the cap-

negro is no less common, in proportion to of the woods, where there was a big log by their numbers, than a white Blackbird; the side of the path. Going to the further though the precise cause of this in either is and of it, he would his sheet around him got upon it, and stood still. The monkey got on the first end without noise, and did the same. So the parties stood when the boy came whistling along with his cows. They shied a little upon seeing the ghosts, which caused the boy to look shead.

"Hello, what is that ?" he shouted; "by colly, I guess it's a fraid!" and then, spying the monkey, he sung out, "by Jetusalem, if there sin't two fraids—a big fraid and a lit-

tle fraid!" This caused the captain to look around. when he saw, for the first time, his ghostly companion. He thought it was a /raid sure enough. The old captain streaked it for home, the monkey chasing him, and the wicked nephew clapping his hands and shouting, "Run, big fraid, or little fraid "Il ketch you!"

IDEAS OF WOMAN.

A recent work published at Brussels contains, among other interesting matter, a collection of aphorisms by various authors, mosty French, of which we append a few. Wo give the names of the authors in Italies:

Chamfort.-In the choice of a lover a wo man considers more linw he appears in the eyes of other women than in her own. Love is more pleasing than matrimony, just as romance is more entertaining than history. Bouqueart.-If we speak ill of the sex generally, they will all rise against us; if we o the same of any individual woman, they

will all agree with us. Daniel Sterne .- Most women are endowed with such naturally endearing charms that even their presence is generally beneficial. Madame de Stael .- Love, in a woman's life, is a history; in a man's, an episode.

Catalani.—Only he who has nothing to

hope from a woman, is truly sincere in her Diderot .- There exists among women a secret tie, like that among priests of the same faith. They hate each other, yet protect each

others interests. Stahl.-No woman, even the most intellectual, believes herself decidedly homely .-This self-deception is natural, for there are some most charming women without a parti-

cle of beauty.

Octave Femillit.—Providence has so ordained it that only two women have a true interest in the happiness of man; his own mother and the mother of his children. Be-Neil, sacked and plundered it, and carried is nothing between the two creatures except

Alphonse Karr .- Say of a woman that she is wicked, obstinate, frivolous, but add her in safety to the British camp. It was a that she is beautiful, and be assured that she tatal promise. Halting at a spring, a quarrel will ever think kindly of you. Say that she is good, kind, virtuous, sensible, but—very homely, and she will never forgive you in ner life. "She has a torehead of apphire, eyebrows and hair of ebony, cheeks of damask roses, coral lips and teeth of pearl." Such a description, and it is frequently made, might tempt a thief, but not

an honest man. Madame de Mointen on .- In everything that women write there will be thousands of faults against grammar, but also to a certainty always a charm never to be found in the letters of men.

Duclos.-Great and rare offerings are found almost exclusively among women; nearly all the happiness and most blessed moments in love are of their creating, and so also in friendship, especially when it follows

Madame Fee. - A woman frequently resists the love she feels, but cannot regist the love she inspires. J. J. Rosseau.-Men can better philoso-

phize on the human heart, but women can read it better. Michelet.-It is a universal rule, which, as far as I know, has no exception, that great men always resemble their mothers, who impress their mental and physical marks upon

THE AMERICAN EAGLE.

BY IKE PARTINGTON.

This is the greatest, bird that has ever spread his wings over this great and glorious country. The place where he builds his nest is called an eyrie, away up on the precipices where the foot of man can't come, though perhaps a boy's might. The eagle is a ferocious fellow, and sits on the top of the cliffs and looks sharp for plunder. He gets fired of waiting, and then he starts out in the blue expansive heavens, and sours all around on opinions over the land and water to see what he can pounce down upon. But, though he is called a very cruel bird, he always preys before eating, just like any good moral man at the head of his family. He eats his victuals raw, which is an unfavorable habit, but it is supposed that he eats it so because he likes to. He is a very courageous bird, and will fight like blazes for his young, and steal chickens wherever he can see them. He is bird of great talons, and is much respected by birds of the feathered tribe that are afraid of him. He is a great study for artists, but of duller white on the tail, The young birds a rallying word among the Green Mountains appears to best advantage on the ten dollar of duller white on the tail. The young birds a rallying word among the Green Mountains gold pieces and fifty cent pieces, and pretty do not receive the orange on the head during of Vermont, and brought down all their har well on the dimes, as he sits gathering up their residence here the first season.

On the dimes, as he sits gathering up his thunder-bolts under him, as it he was in a long. great hurry to be off. He has lately broke out on the new cent, and as if in his hurry he had dropped all his thunder. The American One of the comic papers revives an old cagle is the patriot's hope, and the inspiratory that is better now, than it was before tion of fourth of July. He some through these days of spirit-seeing and hearing. It the realms of the poet's funcy and whete his beak on the highest peak of the otator's imaginations. He is in the mouth of every politician, so to speak. He is said by them to stand on the Rocky Mountains and to dip his bill into the Atlantic, while his tail casts a shadow on the Pacific coast. This is all gammon. There never was one more than eight feet long from the tip of one wing to the tip of the tother. His angry scream is heard ever so far, and he dont care a feather for anybody. Take him every way he is an immense fowl, and his march is over the mounting wave, with the star-spangled ban-ner in his hand, whistling Yankee Doodle. fraid, replied the boy.

Well, never mind, my lad; you will see one some one of these nights, if you do not Boslow Daily Advertiser.