THE PITTSBURGH GAZETTE

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PHILADELPHIA NORTH AMERICAN. Advertisements and Subscriptions to the North American and United States Gazette, Philadelphia, received and forwarded from this office.

COMMERCIAL LIST AND PHILADELPHIA PRICE CURRENT. Subscriptions to this valuable paper will be received and forwarded from this office.

NEW YORK EXPRESS. We will receive and forward free of expense, advertisements and subscriptions for this paper.

☞ ADVERTISERS are earnestly requested to hand in their favors before 3 P. M., and as early in the day as practicable. Advertisements not inserted for a specified time will invariably be charged until ordered out

See next page for Telegraphic News.
For Local Matters see next page.

MOBILE AND OHIO RAILROAD.

We are gratified to learn, from our south-western exchanges, that there hardly remains a doubt now that the great project of constructing a railway from the head of Mobile Bay to the first high land on the Mississippi river below the mouth of the Ohio, will be carried through without any unusual delay.—Four parties, it is stated, are now engaged in the preliminary survey of the route. The first division commenced operations at Mobile, the southern terminus. The second, a hundred miles north on the route. The third, started from Jacksonville, one hundred miles yet higher up the route, and on the Tennessee river, to meet the second division. The fourth, started from Columbus, Ky., about fifteen miles below Cairo, to continue to Jacksonville.

The stock is not all yet taken, but the people of Mobile, and along the line of the road, intend to secure enough among themselves to grade the road and lay the timbers—reasoning correctly, if they do this, that the capitalists of the East will furnish the means of building the superstructure.

The Mobile and Ohio Railroad will probably be the first section completed, in that great commercial channel whose iron track is to stretch from the Ohio river at Cincinnati, via St. Louis, to the waters of the Gulf at Mobile.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

In connection with the above project, is one to continue the road from Cairo to Galena, through the heart of Illinois, and another to construct a road from Cincinnati to Alton or St. Louis. For all these projects, large grants of public lands are to be asked, and it is hoped, that by uniting the South and South-west with the North-west, that the grants can be carried through Congress. It is in this view that Mr Hampton offered his bill for grants of land to the Railroads of this State—that if the lands are to be given away for this purpose, Pennsylvania may have her share. The object of the above noticed improvements, is to unite the south and south-west, with the west and north-west, and to turn the current of trade from the east to the south. Now we have no objection to the improvement, nor to the effort to divert trade, nor to the grant of lands; but we do object to the lands, the common property of all the States, being devoted to favor one interest at the expense of others. We hope, therefore, Mr Hampton will pass his bill, and call upon the members from the middle and eastern States to resist these large grants of land, unless there is an equitable division.

THE BRITISH CORN LAWS.—On the first of the present month, the last vestige of the British Corn Laws ceased and determined. The people of England are celebrating the event by banquets and other modes of rejoicing. Henceforth the food of the people is to be untaxed and free, we suppose, will be nearly the same price in Liverpool as in New York; sometimes, it may be, if the market should be overstocked, even less. The manufacturers appear to be very loud in their rejoicings and anticipate a greater ability to compete with their foreign rivals, as well as an increased ability on the part of food producing countries to buy.—The protectionists deny all this, and contend, as we do here, on the importance of cherishing the home market.

We can have no objection to the admission, free of duty, of our breadstuffs into England, where the peculiar circumstances of the people seem to demand it, but we trust it is not to be followed by a free admission of British manufactures in return. That would be reciprocity only in name, and would place our farmers, who pay high for labor, at a disadvantage with the British ones on the spot.—We trust the day is far distant, when they will be compelled, by the extinction of manufacturing cities here, to depend on the British for a market.

California Items.

Private letters received in New York, by the steamer Crescent City, from Panama, says the N. Y. Express, give so shocking a picture of things at the Isthmus, so far as regards climate, accommodations and means of travel, that it is highly probable the Cape Horn route will henceforth be the more popular way of reaching the gold mines. In some instances, it had taken passengers eight days and over to reach the Pacific side of the Isthmus—and even then the feat had been accomplished only at the sacrifice of everything like personal comfort and a ruinous expenditure. A disease, too, bearing a strong resemblance to the Cholera, had broken out, and it had already found several victims. So, that on the whole, we opine the Isthmus route, now acknowledged to be full of perils and all sorts of inconveniences, will have to give way to Cape Horn, at least until the Railroad shall afford the means of rapid, secure, and comfortable transit to Panama.

A letter in the North American, dated at Panama, Jan. 7, gives the same accounts. About 400 persons had arrived at Chagres, when the Crescent City left, and there was not transportation for one-fourth the number. What could be expected but hardship, disease and death, among so great a number crowded together in the miserable little towns along the Chagres River, most of them irregular and intemperate in their habits, and living on unwholesome food.

OREGON.—By way of the Sandwich Islands also we have later news from Oregon. All the settlers were on the move to the gold mines. Traders, mechanics and farmers were neglecting their business and leaving. The Spectator and Free Press had both suspended publication, and editors, printers and imps had gone with the rest. The harvest promised an abundance, but so many had left for the gold region that few reapers remained. AN EMIGRATION OF NEARLY THREE THOUSAND SAND HAD STARTED OVERLAND!

TWENTY THOUSAND PEOPLE GOING FROM MISSOURI.—A letter from Mr. William Brown, in the Courier and Enquirer, dated Platte City, Missouri Jan. 6th, says from the best information he can obtain, he believes that TWENTY THOUSAND PERSONS at least will leave for the gold mines, from that state alone, as soon as spring sets in. This will include all classes, from the man of wealth down to those who obtain an outfit on credit—tradesmen and farmers, and here and there men with families, but mostly single men.

☞ We had the pleasure, a few days since, of examining a new plan for the streets in the lower part of the city of Allegheny, surveyed under the instruction of Councils, by Messrs. Day and Kramer. The plan comprehends all that part of the city west of the West Commons to Manchester, and from the river to the hill. From the short examination we were able to give it, we should judge the plan to be an excellent one, the very best which could be devised. It has been too much the case, heretofore, that every owner of property has been permitted to lay out his ground, into lots, streets and alleys to suit his own convenience and interests, without any regard to the future uniformity and convenience of the city. This most unwise policy has greatly marred the beauty of that city, and will put its future inhabitants to no little expense and trouble to amend these defects. It is time such a policy was stopped, and we are glad the Councils have taken in hand the part of the city, in which it is not too late to prevent the evil. If this plan is adopted, it will be for the ultimate benefit of all the property holders concerned, what ever present inconvenience may be apprehended. A portion of these streets it will not be necessary to open for years; but it is important to have some fixed plan to be conformed to when they are opened.

PLANK ROAD IN ALLEGHENY.—There is considerable talk in Allegheny, about the propriety of planking Rebecca Street, the immense and heavy hauling on which has bid defiance to all the efforts of councils to make a decent road of it. A great part of the coal used in the city comes over that street, and the price of that necessary article is enhanced to the consumers by the shocking state of that road. Planking, it appears to us, would be the best remedy, and the only remedy at present which will make it at all tolerable. By the time the planks are worn out, the improvements on it will be such that paving can be resorted to.

COUNTY MEETING.—This afternoon, at 1 o'clock, a county meeting is to be held at the New Court House, pursuant to a call by the Commissioners, to give an expression of public opinion in reference to a division of this county, which is now before the Legislature. Let there be a full attendance, as the subject is important.

FOREIGN NEWS,
BY THE STEAM SHIP CANADA.

The Canada sailed, January 13th.

Heavy gales had been experienced off the English coast and a good deal of damage was sustained by the shipping.

The Cholera was on the increase both in London district and in the provinces, as well as in Scotland. The total number of cases from the first was 6,506, of which 2,948 had died and 1,219 recovered—leaving 2,819 under treatment. It broke out with fresh violence among the pauper children of London.

The California fever raged in England quite as violently as it has done here. Great numbers of vessels were up for the gold region—some carrying passengers to Chagres, others to Galveston, &c. rates ranging from £25 upwards. All sorts of schemes for raising companies and capital are advertised. One of the companies alone proposes to raise a capital of £600,000, reserving half to be taken in the United States. The Times cautions the public against these schemes, many of which are mere swindles. It says:

"That the country will be a pandemonium long before any one can reach it from this side is hardly to be doubted, unless, indeed, the United States Government shall have been able to establish a blockade and cordon, in which case the new arrivals will have to get back as well as they can—But there is no question that the first comers stand the chance of large gain if they are able to fight for it, and there's little danger of starvation, since the district abounds with deer and rabbits, and grain will flow there in quantities from the Southern republics, while as regards articles of manufacture, the Sandwich Islands, long overstocked, will be able to send supplies. Those who go out have, therefore, at all events, some compensating prospect for their risks, but for those at home who may be deluded into parting with their money, not a shadow of its return can exist."

The West India steamer Thomas reached Southampton on the 6th, with 1600 ounces of gold dust and $679,408 in money, from the Pacific and Chagres, on account of merchants.

The quarterly abstract of revenue, up to Jan. 5th is much more satisfactory than was expected.

From Ireland there is nothing new. Duffy's trial is not yet concluded. Incendiarism is still rife and a portion of Down County had been put under the operation of the special act by proclamation. The debts of the Repeal Association have been paid.

The Earl of AUCKLAND, Chief Lord of the Admiralty, is dead. Various rumors are afloat as to his successor,—Lord Hatherton and Sir Frances Baring being the most prominent names.

The Bank of England accounts continue satisfactory.

News from India indicates that the English are to have a good deal of sharp fighting before they succeed in annexing the Punjaub.

In France the new President seems to encounter serious difficulties. He had demanded of the Minister of the Interior, M. de Malleville, certain documents, and made the demand in a tone which was deemed *un peu vif*, whereupon the whole Ministry resigned. The President then made explanations which satisfied all but the Minister of the Interior, who withdrew, and was replaced by Mr. Leon Foucher. M. Bixio withdrew with him from the Department of Commerce, and is replaced by M. Buffet.

The President also attempted to supersede a large number of prefects in the provinces and to appoint the sons of Ney and M. Boissy to high diplomatic posts,—but was forced to give way. His popularity has been seriously injured. The Assembly is petitioned constantly to dissolve and a Committee has submitted a proposition for a new election on the 4th of March.

Admiral Cecille has been appointed Ambassador to London.

There has been a falling off in the receipt of Customs of 43 million francs in the year.

No Vice President has yet been nominated. M. Odillon Barrot is a candidate: if successful, it is said M. Thiers will succeed him at the head of the Cabinet.

From Italy there is nothing important. The Pope is still at Gaeta. A Constituent Assembly has been convoked in the Roman States for Jan. 5th, the election to take place Dec. 21st, by universal suffrage and ballot,—200 Deputies to be elected.

The Council of Bologne adheres to the Pope. Magnificent presents were made to the Pope on Christmas day—the King of Naples offering him 600,000 ducats, and the Queen of Spain 500,000 colomates. A Paris paper states that he will go to Civita Vecchia and make a personal appeal to the people. A Genova paper states that dissensions have broken out between his Holiness and the Cardinals. A rumor was also current that he had sent a letter declaring himself ready to confirm all his concessions and to return to Rome.

In Austria, the imperial arms are still successful. —Several towns have fallen into their hands, and Jellachich has defeated the Hungarians in a pitched battle.

The Emperor has sent an ambassador to renew relations with the Pope

A deficit of 43 million of florins is announced in the budget for 1849.

The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia has arrived at Prague.

In Prussia, addresses are poured in from the provinces, applauding the conduct of the King, and denouncing the Assembly.

At a sitting of the Frankfort Assembly a resolution was adopted on the 29th declaring that the Head of the Empire should be a German prince.

Austria refuses to pay the second quarter's instalment for the German fleet.

The King of Denmark has issued a protest against the violation of the armistice with Prussia by the collective governments of the Duchies. The war seems likely to be renewed.

At Berlin every thing is tranquil.

A pamphlet on French Democracy by Guizot has been published.

The above comprise all the leading items of intelligence by this arrival.

For the Pittsburgh Gazette.

MR. WHITE—Will you be so kind as to permit me once more to notice the communications of your correspondent, 'One of the Committee,' which appeared in the Gazette of the 30th instant; and I do it with the hope of closing, on my part, the some what protracted, and as it has hitherto been conducted, rather useless controversy. The matter at issue between myself and 'One of the Committee,' divested of all the 'noise and confusion,' 'breeches pocket feeling,' &c., which he has endeavored to envelope it, is simply this—the auditing committee of City Councils, in their late report, asserted, in unqualified terms, that the city was burdened with a very onerous and unjust proportion of the current expenses of our county; and, to make out their case, were pleased to say, that they had clearly ascertained that, whilst assessors in the city uniformly rated property there at its real, bona fide value, thus discharging a duty which they and other assessors are sworn to perform—assessors in the country, bound by the obligations of the same oath—rated the property within their province at not more than one-tenth of its real value.

Being well aware that, to say the least, this was an egregious mistake on the part of the committee, I took the liberty of publicly calling their attention to an assertion so publicly set forth—hoping that they would have made the *amende honorable*, or have given us the documents or statements of cases by which they had arrived at such a conclusion.—But they have done neither, and in two labored communications, they have only succeeded in an attempt to show that two farms, in the whole country are rated at not *one tenth*, but one *third* of what they are pleased to say is their real value. Now, gentlemen, the writer has neither time nor inclination to attend any further to this matter, and would only remark, that he has long been aware that there is very erroneous impressions entertained by many of the citizens of Pittsburgh in relation to their proportion of the county expenditures; but if you will calmly and dispassionately investigate the *facts* in the case, you will find those grievances are more imaginary than real. It may be that there are cases in the country where the rate of assessment is too low, but that they are all so much too low as you at first asserted, was an unwarranted indignity cast upon the character of every man in the country districts, who had at the last triennial assessment discharged that highly responsible and difficult trust. In Ross township, to which you seem particularly disposed to *refer*, it was last full filled by men, than whom none in the county, nor any where else, are more fully entitled to the confidence and respect of the community—one of them has, in an official capacity surveyed perhaps half the land in the whole county, and knows every inch of land in Ross township, like a book; another has been twice high sheriff of our county—has been resident amongst the people of that district half a lifetime; and I repeat my first assertion, that in the township in which it has been my happiness to have spent all my past life, we have never elected men to that or any other public trust, who were either so ignorant or so vicious as your imputation would plainly imply. As for the prophetic illusions of 'One of the Committee,' concerning what he says will no doubt result to myself as an infliction *for the liberty I have taken with his allegations*, I am free from any apprehensions of danger, and would kindly assure him, that if ever I become so foolish and depraved, as to consult a fortune teller, he is not the oracle to whom I shall make my address. In regard to his other remark—respecting the influence that our last election for county offices has had upon the value of the California mines, *it is like that* of many of his predecessors in the science of augury, so wholly inexplicable that I know just *nothing about it*, and care still less. And now, in conclusion, I assure you, my dear sir, that in any remarks that I may have 'put in print,' on this subject, I have been actuated by no other than a desire to correct and remove what I believe to be false impressions, injurious to the mutual interest and harmony of the county and city. None rejoices more than the writer in the unparalleled prosperity of your city—none more willing to aid, protect, and defend all her interests, whilst none feels more sensibly a reflection from any quarter that militates against the honor and character of other parts of the county.

G.

Ross Township, Feb. 1st, 1849.

Died at Havana, on the 20th instant, CHARLES M. CLAYTON, Son of the Hon. JOHN M. CLAYTON, of the United States Senate, in the 24th year of his age. He was a man of extraordinary talent, of the purest and most honorable character, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian. This is the tribute of one who knew him well and admired him much, but it is only the language of all others who had equal opportunities of knowing and admiring him.

CAPTAIN DAN HERRIES:
HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES.

The recklessness and daring of the famous Texan Ranger, Capt. DAN HERRIES, in escaping from the Mexicans, after the capture of Major GANDES and his companions, at Encarnacion, is familiar to our readers—and we see Congress is about to reward him for the gallant exploit; the House having passed thro' its various readings, by large majorities, a bill giving him 1,280 acres of land, and a bond of $2,000. But Captain HERRIES's adventure with the wolves is not so well known, and we think our readers will not regret the space it occupies, if we lay it before them. We copy from the Democratic Review, leaving out the introductory portions.—While he was a Texan Ranger, under the command of M'Cullough, before the famous Mier expedition, Dan was despatched, along with three others, to the head waters of the Nueces, on a tour of observation. Having reached the foot of the mountains, without meeting any Indians, Dan and his companions formed a camp, and the next day each took his own course, with the intention of returning to camp in the evening to report. Dan travelled until noon, when a scene of remarkable natural loveliness arrested his attention, and caused him to halt.

'Dan has not much poetry in him, but he could not help being both astonished and enchanted by the strange, wild loveliness of this scene. He slid from his saddle, and stood leaning against it only for a moment or two of wrapt contemplation, when the habitual instincts of watchfulness peculiar to the ranger, caused him to change his position, and turn his head. As he did so, he perceived one of the droves of mustangs (wild horses) moving slowly towards him. They were a long way off, and there appeared nothing peculiar about them—but it served to remind him that he had a short time before seen the unshod tracks of horses and mules moving at a gallop, or that, though they might be nothing more than mustangs, yet the simple fact of their going at a gallop, was in itself suspicious of another fact or so—either that they were the tracks of Indian horses and mules, or of mustangs that had been chased or otherwise frightened by them; so that whatever of enchantment there may have been for him in the scene, it now gave place quickly to caution, and he hurried rapidly from cover to cover, with his habitual manner of the old spy.—His eye now and then fell upon the advancing drove, but not with any consciously defined suspicion. At length they disappeared slowly down a long valley, like the sway of the prairie undulation, and were out of sight so long that he had quite forgotten them, when suddenly they appeared again on this side, moving directly towards him, at a swift gallop. He bounded into his saddle as quick as thought, supposing that, may be one or two Indians who were mustang hunting had lain in wait for this herd, in the deep grass of that prairie valley, and were now chasing them with the lasso—and signed his horse behind them with clumps of cactus around him, with the intention of lying in wait to give these dusky wild horse hunters a trial for their scalps as they went past him.

As he changed his position, the figures which were approaching became more distinctly defined against the back ground of sky, for they were descending towards him! He saw what silenced his heart into his throat! that each animal had an Indian slung along its side, by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle! This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by daylight, on the prairie, and it is difficult of detection even at a distance, by the naked eye, so long as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse. Dan was off in a twinkling! The tables were very suddenly turned, for instead of taking a scalp or two himself, as he had expected, it would require the best he knew to save his own. It was well he could mount his horse, for he had got so close to him that his escape at all must be a matter of sheer speed—he must run away from them or be run through by them.—"To be or not to be," was the question now with poor Dan, while he desperately urged his horse with quirt and spur. So soon as they saw him the rascals had wheeled upon their saddles again, and yelled their war-whoop, like exulting devils. This was a sound which, though it came to his ears somewhat softened by the distance, was by no means calculated to diminish the energy or urgency of the calls upon the speed of his horse, which were made by Dan.—He looked fiercely over his shoulder and saw that they were spreading out into the prairie with the intention of hemming him in against the mountains.

He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for the elbow of the chain, which if he could reach and turn first, he thought he might yet escape with his scalp for the present, as around it the stream became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends. It was a tremendous race, for they knew the advantage as well as he, and Dan vows that his long curly hair began to straighten, and lift his cap on its end before he reached the point, they pushed him so close and hard. By the skin of his teeth he got by before they surrounded him, and now he says his hair fell as smooth and sleek as if a pint of bear's grease had been poured over it; but not until he had reach ed up and knocked his own hat off to wave as he shouted back at them in derisive triumph, and then darted beneath the shades of the friendly wood—They left him there as he expected; but as it was most evidently a dangerous neighborhood, he concluded it would be safest not to tarry here but get out of it as fast as possible, for there was no telling what new whim might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail and found him to be alone! So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting. The hurry and necessity of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered that he was strayed from the timber into the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream.

He paused but for a moment, to collect himself and try and get back the true sides of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakeable indications that he must have a rest before he went much farther. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep, rough cut, and as he supposed, in the direction of the west branch of the Nueces. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, but this would set him right if he followed it up when day break came.—So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the cluster of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding place. He was tolerably hungry enough, he was fain this time to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in the most tantalising visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterday's hard work and scanty but stinted allowance of the night. However, he moved on now with something less of a hurry, as there were no indications of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoining his comrades and finding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of an Indian warrior, lying across the very ashes of their camp fire, all gashed and hewed with bowie-knife cuts. He looked wild around for the rest, but found no trace of them, but a pool of blood, broken up, with the evidences of a desperate and hand to hand struggle. The breech of a rifle, which he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at the sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the multitude of the track of unshod horses, he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom! He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a great deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when rising the crest of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt indeed he would have to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs, but the horses of his comrades were as swift and in every sense as good as his; now they were to be turned against him! He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for reflection—he was on, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already some what fagged would raise.

All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells distinctly, for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was his great mistake; it, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was hot work before and he 'had it to attend to! His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back and could not see it or them. He felt a little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape;—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occured to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse, that he would be last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe! Acting upon this stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse proceeded to prepare himself for a trial of the fiery sea. He cut his blanket into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in a loose bag about the lower part of his head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own in a loose vizor of the same material. The blanket was coarse and let in air enough to barely sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke. He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly again, headed his horse directly for the fire. On he went, not knowing where, the reins were tightened and the lash and spur applied with energy and desperation.—Hotter and hotter the air became, but on he careered, blind and headlong. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy, but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron! It cannot shy—the poor horse! Oh, no! scorching through the stifling blaze! A few bounds more, and the terrific ranger are past! The fresh air has met him! He tore the envelope from his face and leaped from the staggering horse upon the charred hot ground. The blanket is torn away from its mouth and the animal begins to revive quickly, though it shivers and can scarcely stand for mortal terror.

He is safe! He has accomplished an unparalleled feat! He hears faintly above the crackling roar of the retiring flames a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine they have driven him into the fire, and that he is burnt, horse and all. He makes a feeble attempt to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice.—Stunned and gasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs, he and his horse, stand side by side, on the smoking plain without moving a step for more than an hour. But the perils of the day were by no means passed. Before him, as far as his eye could reach, there was only one charred, levelled smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he could reach water, for which, both himself and horse were now perishing. He mounted and rode slowly and painfully forward for one seemed to his bewildered sense about as good as another. He did not ride at first, but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet and then he turned to mount.

He could see for the first time, looked at the animal carefully, and to his horror saw that every hair upon its body was gone and nothing but the bare skin left, and that was so badly scorched in places that it came off to the slightest touch. This was dreadful enough but—water! water! water! he must have, that or they would both die. He sprang into the saddle and urged the creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy and the blackened earth swam round and round, and tossed him to and fro! Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lilting waves of the earth would almost seem to leap up into his face he would catch glimpses of huge wolves careering on them, who would turn up their fiery eyes to his and howl at him with red hot open mouth and lolling tongues! Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank and there was a great splashing. Water! Blessed God, water. He tumbled from his saddle into the cold delicious flood, in an instant his senses half restored, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him while others sat upon the bank of the small lake as he now discovered it to be, and howled fiercely at him. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel and beat them off, while he drew his bowie knife. One or two of them had seized his passive horse, who, while it was endeavoring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest back out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the the loudeder, and were joined near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at the well known call to a banquet.

He now remembered that these wearied and infernal brutes always collect in large numbers, to follow in the wake of a great prairie fire and tear the carcasses of those animals that are killed, or hand together, to chase and drive down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded, and staggering, as was his poor horse. They become very savage, with blood, impunity and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from the hungry flames can escape from their ravenous jaws. The nature, at other times, is utterly contemptible for its cowardice, but he muttered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of their deadly fierceness at such times as this. "My God!" he moaned aloud—"wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell flame back yonder! and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?" He looked at his horse; the animal was now, too, refreshed, and began to be conscious of the new danger as it gazed around with staring eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the shore. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wild prolonged neigh, that seemed to pour Dan the most piteous sound that ever rung upon his ear before. There was some comfort though, the horse had life enough left in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and after having fired his rifle, with deliberate aim into the thick new which might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail and found him to be alone! So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting. The hurry and necessity of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered that he was strayed from the timber into the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream.

He paused but for a moment, to collect himself and try and get back the true sides of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakeable indications that he must have a rest before he went much farther. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep, rough cut, and as he supposed, in the direction of the west branch of the Nueces. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, but this would set him right if he followed it up when day break came.—So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the cluster of cactus which surrounded it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse and turned him loose to graze, and then taking for supper a hearty draught of water, threw himself upon his blanket to sleep.

He had lost his provision wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding place. He was tolerably hungry enough, he was fain this time "to go to bed supperless." He thought of home before sleep came of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well stocked poultry, the contents of which danced in the most tantalising visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament however, to make any very strong impression upon him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterday's hard work and scanty but stinted allowance of the night. However, he moved on now with something less of a hurry, as there were no indications of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the West Branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoining his comrades and finding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of an Indian warrior, lying across the very ashes of their camp fire, all gashed and hewed with bowie-knife cuts. He looked wild around for the rest, but found no trace of them, but a pool of blood, broken up, with the evidences of a desperate and hand to hand struggle. The breech of a rifle, which he recognized, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at the sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him! but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the multitude of the track of unshod horses, he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty survey he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom! He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except a great deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when rising the crest of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt indeed he would have to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends! He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs, but the horses of his comrades were as swift and in every sense as good as his; now they were to be turned against him! He cursed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail, but this was no time to pause for reflection—he was on, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already some what fagged would raise.

All depended upon getting back to the timber and losing them! He could hear their pursuing yells distinctly, for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back! He had a good mile the start, but this was his great mistake; it, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own! He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was hot work before and he 'had it to attend to! His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back and could not see it or them. He felt a little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape;—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off, observing that it was not very high. It instantly occured to him in his extremity, for he felt sure from the action of his horse, that he would be last much longer in the hard run before them, that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chances of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe! Acting upon this stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

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