THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER.

"THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE IS THE LEGITIMATE SOURCE [illegible]

VOLUME 27---NUMBER 11. MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING, MARCH 18, 1852. WHOLE NUMBER, 1415.

THE SUSQUEHANNA REGISTER,
("A Weekly Newspaper,)
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, AT MONTROSE, SUSQ. CO. PA., BY
J. C. MILLER.

TERMS.

One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum cash actually in advance.

Two Dollars if paid within the year.

Two Dollars and Fifty cents if not paid until after the expiration of the year.

No subscription will be permitted to remain unsettled longer than two years.

Those terms will be rigidly adhered to.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one week, - $0,50
" each subsequent week, 0,25
Business Cardsper annum with paper,3,00

***A liberal discount made to yearly advertisers.

"Poet's Corner."

For the Susquehanna Register.

The Umbrella Top.

BY THE SCHOOLMASTER.

[In a swamp lying in the south part of Gibson township, is a singular pine, called by the above name, from the similarity of a peculiar tuft at the top to an inverted umbrella. From the foot of the tree it appears about ten or twelve feet across, and is composed of numerous small boughs, growing so closely together as almost to shut out glimpses of the sky between them. These grow quite regularly, and much like the palmetto, while below the limbs are scanty, and the tree somewhat decayed. Tradition says that a salt spring exists near it, which the Indians, at the time of leaving the country, covered up to hide from the whites. Without believing the tradition, we have ventured an allusion to it in the lines below, as well as to another that the descendants of the original owners of the swamp and the country about it, return at intervals to procure copper, lead, &c., which they, (but now other people) find in large quantities among the ledgy hills. In alluding to the latter, however, I have ascribed a different object to the red-browed visitor.]

Where the dwellings of men are few,
And mosses grow in the swampy dew;
Where the scaring owlet hoots at night,
And the netted roof shuts out daylight;
Where the brook runs first with a motion slow,
Then breaks in foam on the rocks below,
And a hundred pines their dry cones drop—
Stands the unique Umbrella Top.

Swaying high in the middle air,
When the summer woods are green and fair,
And the bordering hills, rock-piled and high,
Mingle their green with the summer sky,
Or stiffly nodding in wintry blast,
When the snow-drift on the hill is cast,
Its thickened tuft of a hundred limbs
Chanteth ever Æolian hymns.

Who can tell of the mystic hand,
That called its tuft from the swampy land.
Unlike the boughs of its brothers there,
That sigh as loud in the summer air!
Who knoweth, but from the "secret spring,"
That curious tuft its life may bring;
Or an Indian Hobomock, dread and old,
Enchanted once the swampy mould.

Thought goeth back a hundred years,
O'er the changing path of a nation's fears,
And widely spread its youthful fame;
And hither the swarthy hunter came
And the squaw with her sannap came to see,
And wondering praised the tufted tree;
While half-grown children, with eager eyes,
Saw it tower up in the summer skies.

And here the eagle hath poised to rest,
Or thought in its tuft to build her nest;
The hawk, from the scanty limbs below,
Hath frightened away the cawing crow,
Or heard the rabbit's rustling tread,
And launched from the tuft with talons red,
And the owl hath flapped his wings at night,
When stars in the stellar dome were bright.

The marmot burrowed beneath its root;
The fox hath scented him at its foot;
The panther hath frightened the hunter there,
And near him hath passed the savage bear;
There did the lynx and wildcat prowl,
And the good wife quailed at the wolf's wild howl;
And the deer hath died by the panther's paw,
And the fawn hath gasped in the eagle's claw.

Near it the brook, with sparkle and glitter,
Mingled its notes with the brown wren's twitter;
The blue bird hath joyfully poured his song.
And the robins chorus hath floated along;
And the nighthawk screamed at the eventide;
When the tuft was nodding in sylvan pride;
And yellow-birds came like sands of gold,
And free birds built in the boughs of old.

Not here the council fire hath blazed,
Or the wigwam been by war-bands razed;
For the yielding turf too soft was found,
And the cabins stood on the higher ground,
And the corn, and beans, and pumkin grew
Better beyond the darksome dew;
And a merrier spot than the swampy gret,
Was the upland woods for the bridegroom's cot.

But the vanquished warrior sought its shade;
And hither, too, hied the Indian maid;
And her wild breast throbbed with joy to find
That the loved one, deep in her heart enshrined
Had crossed the hill and the upland wood,
And there by the marvellous tree he stood;
And the scheming brave would hither stray,
To plan the ambush and lurk for prey.

Hither the pale faced pioneer
Followed the sleek and the bright-eyed deer;
And when the curious tuft was seen,
Bethought him of England's fadeless green,
And heard, in the breeze that passed along,
The sound of the reaper's harvest song;
For it hung aloft like a wheaten sheaf—
But the deer was by and the fancy brief.

Near it dwelleth another race.
Then the "dusky followers of the chase,"
But a stray one, like the last sere leaf
Is seen in the swamp a moment brief;
With a tameless eye, but a face of woe,
And a hearty step that is sadly slow;
For he knows there are graves of his kindred there,
But his father's land is no longer fair.

Selected Miscellany.

From Whitney's Republic for February.

My Grandfather's recollection of the Revolution.

BY WILLIAM WALCUTT.

My memory does not serve me sufficiently now, to enable me to locate facts; but Colonel, afterwards General Morgan, was dispatched by General Washington on a very important mission, that required great tact, energy, and speed. The party was composed of thirty persons, chosen for their well-tried bravery, fleetness of foot, and knowledge of the surrounding country, one of whom was my grandfather; and it was particularly enjoined upon Colonel Morgan not to fire under any circumstances, unless it was for unavoidable self-defence, as it would have betrayed General Washington's position. General Washington was moving secretly upon the British army, and had planned one of those beautiful surprises with which he so often astonished their skilful leaders, and Colonel Morgan's duty was to ascertain something which I have now forgotten, but which was necessary for the perfection of his designs.

The little band moved noiselessly from the American camp, passed the pickets, the advance sentinels, and disappeared in the depths of the nearest forest, toward the British lines. Threading deep defiles, crawling along behind the stunted bushes in barren places, wading through swamps, and over streams, and obeying their leader faithfully, who gave his commands in a whisper, and sometimes merely a sign, they arrived at a point from which were centred their operations; and, closely concealed in a secret place, well known to the party, and within musket-shot of the enemy's outposts, they watched every opportunity to carry out their designs, and finally left with the same secresy, having fully accomplished their mission.

Colonel Morgan had returned about three-fourths of the way to the American head-quarters, and, feeling secure from any surprise, had left the bushes, and taken to the public road, and was hurrying on in order to reach the camp before night-fall, when word was passed from the rear that a party of red-coats was following. Immediately every man took to a tree, examined his priming, and gazed fixedly on the advancing party. Colonel Morgan scrutinized them as they came on towards him, and found that they were about fifty in number, and were dragoons, with several field officers at their head. From the manner of their riding, he concluded that they were not aware of his presence, but, having heard of the position of General Washington, were on the way to reconnoitre and learn his plans. The men on leaving the road had taken to the trees on each side, and, as the horsemen neared, betrayed a feverish inclination to let fly at them.

The commands of General Washington had been told them, and they would have obeyed at all hazards, but still instinctively each man leveled his rifle, steadied it against a tree, over some log, or rested it in the crotch of a bush, with the eye steadily on the forward sight, and moving the body gently around as the advancing of the British obliged a change of position to bring the rifle in range. The party of horsemen came dashing forward at a quick pace, their beautiful uniforms and polished swords in strong contrast with the tattered clothes and rusty rifles of the rangers, enlivening the landscape with their brilliant colors, and breaking the silence of the seeming solitude with clattering of hoofs, and voices in merriment. Colonel Morgan watched them with a look so intense, one might have thought he looked into their very hearts, and told their doom; and as they came nearer and nearer, while the memory of his country's wrongs and sufferings came crowding on his mind, he scowled with a look of defiance and hatred, that showed how deeply he felt for every wound inflicted upon her. He burned to take vengeance upon them, but the express order of Washington, not to fire, rang in his ears, and he was powerless. He cast his eyes around upon his little party; a semi-circle of black-barrelled rifles pointed their long muzzles towards the advancing British; the men stood still as death, and their faces were pale with suspended desire; not a foot moved, nor an eye drooped its lashes; there seemed to be no breath, but the intense gaze, like a stud of glass, was fixed and rigid. At every step they advanced, and as their voices were heard louder and more distinctly, and expressions in contempt of the "Yankees" came from their lips, each word seemed to sear into the very heart of Colonel Morgan. He had his hand upon a small conch-shell that hung by his side, with which he always gave the order to fire, and his fingers appeared to itch, as he clasped it more tightly.

The scene grew more and more exciting; and, as he cast his eyes over his little party, and then of the forces of his country's oppressors, hardly could the orders of Washington withhold him from giving the fatal command. Every man fired according to an understood rule. Rangers never waste their fire by several aiming at the same mark, but, by a certain understanding, each selects his man. The party of British had now approached to within fifty yards, and were all in fair view. Colonel Morgan's excitement had not in the least abated, and the men still stood motionless, and with their deadly rifles still pointed towards their foes.

Their voices were perfectly distinct, and probably they might have been allowed to pass by unmolested, had not one of the officers, with a sneering laugh, said something derogatory to the truth and justice of the American people and their cause, when Colonel Morgan, no longer able to contend with his feelings, quickly applied the shell to his lips, and, almost simultaneously with the note that rang from it, burst the shrill, deathly scream from the rifles, as if, fired by one man. Reloading instantly, another fire was poured into them, causing additional destruction. Thirty saddles were emtied, and thirty frightened and riderless horses scoured through the woods, or, whirling, dashed in among the survivors, adding more confusion to the panic. When those who had not been killed, recovered somewhat, they immediately put spurs to escape; but the unfailing ball followed them, and but few escaped to carry back the sad tidings of the unsuccessful adventure. After all had become quiet, and the excitement passed, Colonel Morgan recollected with agony the command of Washington, and he bowed his head, grieved and ashamed; and the men, feeling for their commander, and knowing the exactness with which General Washington always required the fulfilment of an order, relieved themselves by starting in different directions to catch the horses, and gathering the other booty together, prepared to return to camp, only waiting the order to march.

Without opening his lips, Morgan gave the signal, and, on reaching the camp, dispatched an officer to report to head-quarters, and then sat down, apparently overwhelmed with the burden of his feelings. The officer returned, but bearing with him no word from the General; and an hour or more passed, leaving him in deeper suspense. He arose and paced before his tent with uneasy and irregular steps. At length an aid-de-camp stood before him, and, respectfully touching his hat, presented his compliments of General Washington, requesting his presence at his quarters. Without a moment's hesitation he started, anxious as any brave man would be, to meet whatever should come, and, if necessary, suffer for his dereliction of duty. He stopped before the General's tent, heard his name announced, and the order, "Bid him enter," repeated by that clear, majestic tone, which, once heard, never was forgotten. And in a moment more, as the curtain was drawn aside, he stepped forward, and stood boldly up in the presence of the great commander, determined to acknowledge his fault like a man, and receive his reprimand also. But what was his astonishment, instead of seeing on the General's face the cold, stern expression that always awed all to silence in his presence, and entirely forbade the least familiarity, keeping every one at a respectful distance, he beheld that pleasant smile which sometimes overspread his face, like the sun, when it suddenly lights up some mountain, and which the belles of that day thought their utmost endeavors well paid for, if they could win but one from him in the course of an evening. At the same time, rising from his seat, he stepped towards Colonel Morgan, shook him warmly by the hand, and said, "Colonel, I have, for us quite an unusual thing, a good supper; and I have sent for you to enjoy it with me, and pass the evening over a bottle of wine." Col. Morgan sat down with a light heart. The load that had weighed so heavily upon him, seeming sufficient to crush him to the earth, fell and was forgotten. It was late in the night before they parted; the conversation was animated; no illusion whatever was made to the occurrence of the day; and Colonel Morgan always referred, with particular pleasure, to the evening he spent with Gen. Washington.

From the Lily.

LETTER TO MOTHERS.

TEA PARTIES, TALKING, AND EATING.

We derive our highest, purest pleasures, from a mutual exchange of our thoughts and feelings with each other, and yet the mass of us suffer from our inability to clothe our thoughts with words. Go into an evening party, where people are thrown upon their conversation for amusement, and with pity contemplate their vain efforts to keep the ball in motion. One exclaims, "how stiff it is here!" another, "do let us start a dance, or some game!" but the greater part brace themselves against the wall, and there wait some outward excitement to call them out; as if, having put on their best bib and tucker, gracefully entered the parlor, courtesied to the lady of the house, and taken their seats, nothing more remained for them to do. There is no greater humbug extant, than the present type of tea-parties. No wonder the men, who have been accustomed to the excitements of the forum, political meetings, club-rooms, and jovial dinners, feel the most unmitigated contempt for our week efforts at sociability. Without the aid of cards, and the violin, it would require the skill and tact of a Talleyrand, and the strength of an Hercules to redeem them from hopeless stupidity. But when woman becomes what she should be, a thinking, reasoning, harmoniously developed being, then the parlor will surpass all other resorts, for social enjoyment, and intellectual improvement. Many good people will frown down dancing and card-playing, and even leave the house where such horrid things are tolerated. They think there must be some peculiar depravity in minds that require this sort of excitement; but they will do nothing themselves, to prevent what they condemn. Why do they not get up some "mutual improvement society," or literary club, for the benefit of those just coming on the stage! There are higher duties for christians to perform in society, than to mourn over its evils. If you would banish rum, gaming and balls, from the list of enjoyments, you must supply the young with more exciting substitutes. The human mind must have excitement, and those people who are stamped as the chief of sinners, because they demand something more for their existence than merely eating, drinking and sleeping, are by no means the lowest class of mind in community. The pleasure derived from a scientific game of cards, is of a much higher order than that felt in taking a cup of coffee and a hot roll; but that of cultivated, high toned conversation, is, of course, far above either.

"But," say the Mothers, "what have we to do with all this?" We have much to do with it, inasmuch as we Mothers are responsible for all the ignorance, folly, vice, and weakness of our children. It lies with us, to redeem our race, by placing the young in different circumstances, and surrounding them by new and better modes of development. Tradition tells us, it was a heedless girl who opened Pandora's box, and scattered disease and death, [illegible] and shall not the true, full grown woman, retrieve this false step of her youth, by gathering up all the evils of society, and putting them under lock and key once more? If we would have our children seek the society of the wise and good, we must prepare them for it. We must teach them to talk, to use their own language with ease, and propriety, that they may freely speak of what they have seen, heard, thought and felt. We must teach them to tell stories, and anecdotes; to write choice pieces of poetry and prose. We should inform them on all subjects, as fast as they are capable of comprehending us. When we have company, instead of banishining our children to the nursery or kitchen, we should have them in the parlor, and at the table, and let them feel some responsibility in entertaining our guests. Their questions should be answered, and they should be allowed to take part in the conversation. In this way, they would be fitted for the best society—that of intelligent, educated, gifted, people. Being well informed on all subjects, and having thoroughly mastered the King's English, their thoughts and language would flow freely and easily. Now think you men and women thus educated, meeting at a social gathering, would sit round the room, stiff, and still, like so many wall flowers—or be driven to the miserable device of cards, dancing, or suppers, for their enjoyment? Think you our sires, and sons, accustomed to an atmosphere of purity and peace in their cheerful homes, were gifted with highly cultivated mothers, and daughters, with enlarged views, lofty sentiments, great heads and hearts, are found fit companions for the greatest and best of men, would exchange hours with these, for the course companionship, and rude jests, of vulgar barroom rowdies, or the exhilaration of cards and rum? No! never! Such scenes would have no attractions for [illegible] and purer enjoyments.

If we, who have sons and daughters just coming on the stage, would save them from the vices of our times we must cultivate the spiritual in ourselves, and appeal to it, in our children. Our time and thoughts, are how almost wholly given to the animal. What shall we eat, what shall we drink, and where withal shall we be clothed, is the sum and substance of our existence. Now I propose to the Mothers of our village—inasmuch as we Senecas are a peculiar people, independent and original, given to inventions, experiments, and innovations—that we introduce a new kind of parties, to differ from the old style in these particulars:

1st. There shall be no eatables. Health of body and mind require that food should be taken regularly and not oftener than three times a day; and that is sufficient to condemn them as tea suppers, to say nothing of the expense, labor, and confusion, incident to their preparation.

2d. Every one shall come prepared with something to say—tell of some new discovery, interesting event, some social or political revolution, read an original essay, tell some beautiful story or anecdote, make a speech, give a recitation, sing a song, or play some fine piece of music. Pray let us make an attempt to redeem our spiritual natures from the fogs and mists of the overgrown animal. What better is the glutton than the drunkard? God never meant we should live to eat, but eat to live. We need have no fears of the human family eating too little, where there is abundance. When hungry, one can enjoy a very simple repast, and no one should eat unless impelled by hunger.

This reminds me to say a word of a very common complaint among children, namely, "worms." This seems to be a kind of pet disease among mothers. No matter what peculiar manifestations a child makes, whether mental or physical, the mother attributes it to worms, and commences forthwith with vermifuge, pink root, salts and senna, a war of extermination upon these little benefactors of ill-fed children. For know ye, you tender-hearted, loving mothers, that feed your children on candy, pies and cake; you, who keep their stomachs on the rack, in all their waking hours—that but for those little worms, your children could never go through a course of maternal feeding. See that your children live simply and regularly; that they eat plain nutritious food, and that but three times a day. Let them take plenty of exercise in the open air, and depend upon it, you will be no longer troubled by the attentions of the worm family. They being convinced of your capacity to take care of your children, will of course feel justified in leaving you, to go where their services are more needed [illegible] &c. s.

Bold Stroke for a Wife.

Mr. Wood in his last letter to the Albany Evening Journal, gives a long account of the dasterdly attempt of a notorious individual—unhappily, we believe, an American,—to obtain possession of the property of a lady, whose acquaintance he had enjoyed for several years, and of the circumstances of which various rumors have been recently circulated in the papers.

The person in question is a certain Chevalier Wykoff—Chevalier of Industry we presume—who was the factotum of Fanny Elsler during her American tour. The lady is Miss Mary Gamble, daughter of John Gamble, Esq., of Philadelphia. She came when a child to England, where she was adopted and educated by her uncle, Mr. Dunlop, a gentleman of fortune. In person she is small and delicate; in mind and manners cultivated and accomplished; in conversation spirited and attractive; in temperament excitable, but confiding and affectionate.

Mr. Wycoff is also a Philadelphian, well educated, with a fine person and attractive manners, who has been figuring in Politics and Literature, Fashion and Frolic, for nearly twenty years. Mr. Wycoff came to London seventeen years ago, with letters of introduction from Miss Gamble's relatives, to her uncle, who, together with her aunt, received him very kindly. He was much at Mr. Dunlop's house, and the family grew quite fond of him; so much so that for three or four years, in town and country, and in travelling, he was frequently an inmate of the family. During this time, being nearly of the same age, Mr. W. and Miss G. were much together, and always friends—but only friends.

He disappeared from her horizon for six or eight years, and at the end of that time Miss Gamble was an orphan with a large fortune. Immediately after Mr. Wycoff appeared in London. He announced his arrival to Miss G. in a very appropriate letter of condolence, asking permission to call. That permission was readily given. Mr. W. called, expressed warm sympathies, and awakened affecting recollections of dear friends now no more. He called again and again. He finally expressing solicitude for Miss G.'s health, recommended change of air and scene. This accorded with the advice of other friends. Deciding to pass a little time upon the Continent, Miss Gamble and friends go over. Mr. Wycoff appears again, drives, walks, talks with them, and finally announces his departure for the following day. He said as the ladies were about to retire, "Miss Gamble will you do me the favor to read this letter? It contains a history of my past life, of my present position, and has reference to my future hopes. I need advice, and to ask it of the daughter of my best friends." Then, for the first time, a thought of Mr. W.'s intentions crossed her mind. She said in reply, "Pray excuse me. I am unfitted by habit, and too little acquainted with business to give advice." But Mr. Wycoff persisted, urging their early acquaintance, &c., and she took the letter.

The letter was addressed to Mrs. Groat of London, a lady of position whose acquaintance Miss G. had made through W., and of whom he was always speaking with high admiration.—The letter was a general confession of an intention to offer himself. Miss Gamble explicitly rejected this *ruse*, and at Mr. Groat's request, wrote another note, saying the refusal with kinder words. The next week Miss G. returns to London; supposing that Mr. W. was on the continent "on business." *Pas du tout.*—Wherever Miss G. was, there lay Mr. W.'s business. A note immediately arrived from him. He calls and says nothing of his "passion," but presently grew tender and renewed his protestations to that degree that Miss G. told him peremptorily that the affair or the acquaintance must end there.

Soon after this she left Paris for Switzerland, hoping to escape from the importunities of her enterprising lover.—But a few weeks afterward Mr. W. appeared to her most unexpectedly, upon the Alps, at the house of the monks of St. Bernard. Here salutations were unavoidable. He tries, upon descending, to persuade her into his carriage, but she clung to her own, and kept her maid and travelling companion constantly with her. In Geneva he asked for a brief interview, which was accorded.

She walked with him alone by the lake above. He urged marriage vehemently. As a boat with a party of ladies and gentlemen approached, he took her hand saying, "I will not release this hand until you say it is mine." The party approaching, with some of whom Miss G. was acquainted, as they passed could not fail to see the position she was in. Her efforts were unavailing. "Release my hand," she demanded, as she observed that they were attracting notice. "Will you marry me?" he asked. "Yes," she replied, "if you will release my hand." Thus the first promise of marriage was obtained. Having secured a promise, Mr. W. was impatient to arrange time and place. Miss G. said she must first consult her friends at home, and especially Mr. Bates, (of the house of Baring & Co.,) who is her trustee. It was then agreed that Miss G. should write to Mr. Bates that Mr. W. should return to Paris, leaving the lady free until she should hear from Mr. B.

But time and reflection increased rather than diminished her aversion to this marriage. She had many reasons to doubt the insincerity of Mr. W.'s affection. She could not understand how, having known her well in her best days, (I repeat her language,) with indifference, he should have fallen suddenly and vehemently in love with her.

She wrote him a full letter, concluding that she should not marry him, then hurried to London, whither Mr. W. followed insisting upon her fulfilling her engagement, and she told her servants always to deny her to that gentleman.

She then went again to the continent to escape him. But he had bribed her courier Louis and the courier showed himself quite as destitute of decent and manly feeling as the Chevalier himself.—In Turin he endeavored to entrap Miss G. into a parlor under a pretence that a Mrs. Austin wished to see her. The hostess was suspicious of the courier, but offended Miss G. by suggesting her suspicions. On the way to Genoa another Courier followed, and she insisted against the Courier's will upon stopping at a hotel outside the city in which he endeavored to separate her apartments from those of her travelling companions and there Louis neutrally lost the passports, and told Miss G. it could only be procured by her personal presence at the office. She went there and in the Intendent's room she finds Mr. W. alone and determined upon every extreme. He locked the door, told her that the house was full of his men, and that he trusted she would now cheerfully fulfil her engagement. Three hours she expostulated and struggled with this impetuous wooer. The remainder we give in Mr. Weed's words:

"She then, finding no opportunity, seized the tongs, broke the windows, and made an outcry, but he immediately placed his hand upon her mouth, and forced her back to a seat, soon after which he made an attempt to administer chloroform, unsuccessfully; but he said if driven to make a second attempt she should not escape its effects. This alarmed her so much that she again promised to marry him. He said that where so much happiness depended upon a simple promise, so easily violated, that she ought to assure him of her sincerity; that he must have some guarantee; and finally said he would send for a clergyman and be married instanter. To this she interposed positive objections, but as positively promised to marry him at a proper place and time. He asked if she would give him a *written* promise of marriage, to which she replied affirmatively. He then said that he desired to protect himself against the possibility of another disappointment, which, now that he seemed so near the possession of the only object for whom he lived, he feared would drive him to madness; and proposed that the written engagement should convey to him half her fortune in case of her refusal to marry him. To all this she assented, and at his request wrote the promise of marriage, and the forfeiture, in the form and manner dictated by the *impressive* lover. Things being thus arranged, Mr. W. said he would order a carriage.—Leaving the apartment and passing thro' another, he was followed stealthily by Miss G., who hearing the voice of her old nurse in an outer room into which W. had passed, she rushed forward and fell into her arms. They conveyed her back to the apartment in which she had been confined, where she remained with W. and her nurse in a high state of nervous excitement. And finally, when restored, an hour or more was passed in efforts to [illegible] passed; and then at three o'clock at night (or morning rather) she was permitted to return to her hotel. On the following day, after consulting with the British Consul, Miss Gamble went with him to the *real* Intendant of Police and preferred a complaint, on which Mr. Wycoff, with his confederates, her courier and valet, (a resident of Genoa) were arrested and committed to prison, where they await a trial which comes on next week."

All this seems to us neither funny nor entertaining, nor piquant. It is the miserable attempt of an adventurer, evidently as destitute of brains as money, to possess himself of a woman's fortune, and who does not hesitate to try first to defraud her of her honor as a means of getting her money. The heart of every decent man will swell and his cheek blush at this disgrace upon the name of man and American.

THE PRAIRIE.

NARROW ESCAPE.

BY AUDUBON.

On my return from the Upper Mississippi, I found myself obliged to cross one of the wide prairies, which in that part of the United States, vary the appearance of the country. The weather was fine, all around me was as fresh and blooming as if it had just issued from the bosom of nature. My knapsack, my dog, and my gun, were all I had for baggage and company. But, although well moccasined, I moved slowly along, attracted by the brilliancy of the flowers, and the gambols of the fawns, around their dams, to all appearance as thoughtless of danger as I felt myself.

My march was of long duration; I saw the sun sinking beneath the horizon long before I could perceive any appearance of woodland, and nothing in the shape of man had I met that day. The track which I followed was only an old Indian path, and as darkness overshadowed the prairie, I felt some desire to reach a copse, in which I might lie down to rest. The night-hawks were screaming around me, attracted by the buzzing of the beetles, which from their food, and the distant howling of wolves, gave me some hope that I should soon reach the skirts of some woodland.

I did so, and almost at the same instant a fire light attracted my eye. I moved towards it, full of confidence that it proceeded from the camp of some wandering Indians. I was mistaken—I discovered by its glare that it was from the hearth of a small log cabin, and that a tall figure passed and repassed between it and me, as if busily engaged in household arrangements.

I reached the spot, and presented myself at the door, asked the tall figure, which proved to be a woman, if I might take shelter under her roof for the night.

Her voice was gruff and her attire negligently thrown about her. She answered in the affirmative. I walked in, took a wooden stool and quietly seated myself by the fire. The next object that attracted my notice was a finely formed young Indian resting his head between his hands, with his elbows on his knees. A long bow rested against the log wall near him, while a quantity of arrows and a few raccoon skins lay at his feet. He moved not; he apparently breathed not.

Accustomed to the habits of the Indians, and knowing that they pay little attention to the approach of civilized strangers, (a circumstance which in some countries, is considered as evincing the apathy of their character,) I addressed him in French, a language not frequently partially known to the people of that neighborhood. He raised his head, pointed to one of his eyes, with his finger, and gave me a significant glance with the other. His face was covered with blood. The fact was, that an hour before this he was in the act of discharging an arrow at a raccoon in the top of a tree, the arrow had split upon the chord, and sprung back with such violence into his right eye as to destroy it forever.

Feeling hungry, I enquired what sort of fare I might expect. Such a thing as a bed was not to be seen, but many fine unstained bear and buffalo hides were piled in a corner. I drew a fine ham from my breast, and told the woman it was late and that I was fatigued. She had espied my watch, the richness of which seemed to operate upon her feelings with electric quickness. She told me that there was plenty of venison and jerked buffalo meat, and that on removing the ashes I should find a cake. But my watch had struck her fancy, and her curiosity had to be gratified by another sight of it. I took off the gold chain which secured it around my neck, and presented it to her. She was all ecstacy, spoke of its beauty, asked me its value, and put the chain around her brawny neck, saying how happy the possession of such a watch would make her.

Thoughtless, and as I fancied myself in so retired a spot, secure, I paid no attention to her movements. I helped my dog to a good supper of venison, and was not long in satisfying the demands of my own appetite. The Indian rose from his seat as if in extreme suffering.

He passed and re-passed me several times, and once pinched me on the side violently, that the pain nearly brought forth an exclamation of anger. I looked at him; his eye met mine; but his look was so forbidding, that it struck a chill into the more nervous part of my system. He again seated himself, drew his butcher knife from its greasy scabbard, examined its edge, as I would do that of a razor suspected dull, replaced and took up his tomahawk from his back, filled the pipe of it with tobacco, and sent me expressive glances whenever our hostess chanced to have her back towards it.

Never until that moment had my senses been awakened to the danger which I now suspected to be about me. I returned glance for glance to my companion, and rested well assured that, whatever their number,

I asked the woman for my watch; wound it up, and under the pretence of wishing to see how the weather might be on the morrow, took my gun and walked out of the cabin. I slipped a ball into each barrel, scraped the edges of my flints, renewed the primings, and returning to the hut gave a favorable account of my observations, I took a few bear skins, made a pallet of them, and calling my faithful dog to my side, with my gun close to my body, and in a few minutes was, to all appearance, fast asleep.

A short time had elapsed, when some voices were heard, and from the corner of my eyes I saw two athletic youths making their entrance, bearing a dead stag on a pole. They disposed of their burden, and asking for whiskey, helped themselves freely to it. Observing me and the wounded Indian, they asked who I was, and why the devil that rascal, (meaning the Indian, who, they knew, understood not a word of English,) was in the house. The mother, for so she proved to be—bade them talk less loudly, made mention of my watch, and took them to a corner, where a conversation took place, the purport of which required little shrewdness in me to guess. I tapped my dog gently.—He moved his tail, and with indescribable pleasure, I saw his fine eyes alternately fixed on me, and raised towards the trio in the corner. I felt that he perceived danger in my situation.

The Indian exchanged a last glance with me. The lads had eaten and drank themselves into such a condition that I already looked up to them as *hors de combat*; and the frequent visits of the whiskey bottle to the ugly mouth of their dame, I hoped would soon reduce her to a like state. Judge of my astonishment, reader, when I saw this incarnate fiend, take a large carving knife, and go to a grindstone to whet its edge. I saw her pour water on the turning machine, and watched her working away with the dangerous weapon, until the cold sweat coursed over every part of my body. In spite of my determination to defend myself to the very last. Her task finished, she walked to the reeling sons, and said, "There, that'll soon settle him! Boys, kill you —— and then for the watch." I turned, cocked my gun locks, silently, touched my faithful dog, and lay ready to start up and shoot the first who might attempt my life.

The moment was fast approaching that might have been my last in this world, had not Providence made preparations for my security. All was ready. The infernal hag was advancing slowly, probably contemplating the best way of dispatching me, whilst her sons should be engaged with the Indian. I was several times on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus. The door suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded upon my feet and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment.

The drunken sons were surprised, and the woman in spite of her drunken and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. The two strangers gave no decisive on the eve of rising and shooting her on the spot, but she was not to be punished thus. The door suddenly opened, and there entered two stout travellers, each with a long rifle on his shoulder. I bounded upon my feet and making them most heartily welcome, told them how well it was for me that they should have arrived at that moment.

The drunken sons were surprised, and the woman in spite of her drunken and vociferations, shared the same fate. The Indian fairly danced with joy, and gave us to understand that as he could not sleep for pain, he would watch over us. The two strangers gave no decisive on their once having been in a [illegible] similar situations. They [illegible]