ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

DURLIN & SLOAN, PUBLISHERS. $1 50 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE. B. F. SLOAN, EDITOR.

VOLUME 24. ERIE, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1853. NUMBER 7.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

A. A. CRAIG,
Justice of the Peace. Office in William's Block second floor. Entrance first door west of William & Wright's Exchange Office.

D. D. WALKER & CO.,
Forwarding, produce and Commission Merchants, fourth House west of the Public Bridge, Erie Pa. Also—Dealers in Coal, Salt, Plaster, Stucco, Fish, Lime Stone, Iron, Nails, Stoves, Castings, &c., with unsurpassed facilities for shipping either by steamboats, Propellers, Schooners, or by Railroad.
D. D. WALKER. L. DOBBINS.

CARSON GRAHAM,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Office on French St., N. E. corner of the Park, Erie.

JAMES ROSS SNOWDEN,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law, No. 155, Third Street Pittsburgh

T. W. MOORE,
Dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Wines, Liquors, Candles, Fruit, &c. One door below Booth & Stewart's State-st.

VINCENT, HIMROD & Co.,
Manufacturers of Stoves, Hollow Ware, Engines, Machinery, Railroad Cars, etc., State St., Erie Pa.

THOMAS M. AUSTIN,
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF G. LOOMIS & CO.)
Dealer in Clocks, Watches, Jewelry, Silver Spoons, Musical Instruments, Looking Glasses, Lamps and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

H. JARECKI.
Manufacturer, west side of State Street, Erie, Pa.

L. N. TIBBALS & CO.
(LATE OF THE FIRM OF WALKER & TIBBALS.)
Forwarding Commission and Shipping Merchants, and dealers in Flour, Fish, Salt, Water Lime, Plaster, &c., Foot of Peach St. Dock, Erie, Pa. Packages intended for our care should be marked.
L. N. TIBBALS. A. J. KELLOGG.

J. B. GUNNISON,
Dealer in Books, Stationary, Monthly Magazines, Cheap Publications, Sheet Music, Newspapers, Gold Pens, Pocket Cutlery, &c. First door west of the Reed House, Erie.

BOOTH & STEWART,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods and Millinery, No. 6, Poor People's Row, opposite Brown's Hotel.

LIDDELL, KEPLER & CO.
Manufacturers of Iron Fence, Railing, Steam Boilers, Vault Doors, Fire Proof Shutters, and all kinds of Machinery and Fancy Castings, &c., done to order

JOHN GOALDING,
Master Tailor, and Habit Maker—Shop on the east side State Street, two doors north of Eight, and adjoining H. Riblet & Co's Cabinet Ware-Room, Erie, Pa.

CLARK & METCALF,
Wholesale and retail dealers in Dry Goods, Carpets, and Groceries, No. 1 Reed House.

WILLIAMS & WRIGHT,
Banks, Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver coin, Current Money, Land Warrants and certificates of Deposit. Also sight Drafts on the principal cities of the Union, and all parts of the Old Country for sale. Office, Williams' Block, corner of State-st. and Public Square.

JOHN B. COOK,
Dealer in Staple & Fancy Dry Goods, and the Greatest variety of any store in the city. Cheap side, Erie, Pa.

STERRETT & GRAY,
Wholesale Jobbers and retail Dealers in wet and dry Groceries, Provisions, Produce, Foreign and Domestic Fruit, Foreign Willow and Stone Ware, Flour, Fish, Salt, Glass, Powder, Shot, Caps, Safety Fuse, &c., &c., French Street, opposite the Reed House, Erie, Pa.
Steamboats and Canal Boats, Vessels, Hotels, and Private families supplied with any of the above articles at short notice and very cheap.

WM. S. LANE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law.—Office over Jackson's Store, East corner of the Public Square.

ARBUCKLE & KEPLER,
Dealers in Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, &c. No. 3 Reed Block, State street, Erie, Pa.

DR. C. BRANDES,
Surgeon Dentist.—Office at his residence on Eighth street, between French and Holland, Erie, Pa.

M. SANFORD & CO.,
Buyers of Silver, Bank Notes, Drafts, Certificates of Deposit, and Exchange on the principal cities of the United States. Office in Beaty's Block, Public Square.

P. HERON STUART,
Dentist.—Office, corner of French and Fifth streets, over Koch's store. Residence on Fourth street, opposite the old Apothecary Hall.

RUFUS REED,
Merchant Tailor, and American Hardware and Cutlery Warehouse, Iron and Steel No. 3 Reed Block, Erie, Pa.

CADWELL & BENNETT,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Glassware, Carpeting, Hardware, Iron, Nails, Stoves, &c. Empire Stores State Street, opposite Brown's Hotel, Erie, Pa.
Also, Bellows, Axle Arms, Springs, and a general assortment of Saddle and Carriage Trimmings.

S. MERVIN SMITH,
Justice of the Peace, and Agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company.—Office in Wright's store, Erie, Pa.

GEORGE H. CUTLER,
Fairview Road, Erie County, Pa. Collections promptly attended to with promptness and dispatch.

JOSIAH KELLOGG,
Commission Merchant, on the Public Dock, State street.
Salmon and White Fish, constantly for sale.

DOCTORS BEEBE & STEWART,
Physicians and Surgeons. Office and Residence Sassafras Streets.
Office hours 8, A. M. 1 to 2, and 6 to 7, P. M.

JOHN HEARN & CO.
Commission Merchants, dealer in in Coal, Agent for a daily line of Upper Lake Boats. Dock, Erie, Pa.

AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY,
Office No. 5 Reed Block, State Street.
Leaves at 11½ o'clock, A. M.
3½ o'clock, P. M.
C. D. SPAFFORD, Agent.

GEORGE J. MORTON,
(Successor to E. Myers & Co.,)
Commission Merchant, Public Dock, Erie.
Dealer in Fish, Flour and Plaster.

ROZENSWEIG & Co.
Importers and Dealers in Foreign and Domestic Cloths and clothing, Boots and Shoes, &c. State street, Erie.

MARSHALL & VINCENT,
Office up stairs in Tammany Hall Prothonotary's office, Erie.

MURRAY WHALLON,
Attorney at Law. Office over Wilson's, one door west of State street, Erie.

TIBBALS & HAYES,
Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Brown's New Hotel.

SMITH JACKSON,
Dealer in Groceries, hardware, Queens Ware, &c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

J. G. & W. I. MILLS,
Wholesale Dealers in Groceries, Wines, Also Foreign Fruit, Nuts, Pickles and Relishes, Preserves, and Homœopathically every description always on hand, No. 1 Block, State-st., opposite Brown's New Hotel.
New York. W. I. MILLS, Buffalo.
In their season, Oysters in shell, from J. Foster, New York, which will be sold cheap.
A. C. JACKSON, Agent, Erie, Pa.

CARTER & BROTHER,
Wholesale dealers in Drugs, Medicine, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c., No. 6, Reed House, Erie.

JAMES LYTLE,
Merchant Tailor, on the public square, a few doors west State street, Erie.

JOHN H. BURTON & CO.
Wholesale dealers in Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, &c., No. 5, Reed House, Erie.

DURLIN & SLOAN,
Book, School and Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, and Printer's Cards, No. 9, Reed Block, Erie Pa.

J. CHAPIN, Resident Dentist—Office in the Empire Block, corner of State and Fifth street, up stairs. Prices reasonable, and work warranted.

DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
Resident Dentist: Office and dwelling on the South side of the Public Square, 1 door East of the Erie Bank Building. Teeth inserted in Plate, from one to an entire set. Carious teeth stopped with Gold and restored to health and usefulness. Teeth cleaned with instruments and Dentifrice so as to impart a pearl like clearness. All work warranted.

Bed Sheeting, Drill-, Ticking, Bro Linens, Diapers, Table Napkins, &c. BOOTH & STEWART.
No 6 Poor People's Row, opposite Brown's.

Select Poetry.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

BY W. H. LONGFELLOW.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence by its spell of might
Stoop over me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there—
From those deep cisters flows.

O, holy Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace! Peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer,
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice prayed for, the most fair,
The best beloved Night.

Choice Miscellany.

THE HUNTERS OF MORGENAI.

A Tale of Fact.

BY GEORGE H. BALLOU.

In voyaging down the Morgenai river, which, rising in the western part of Illinois, pours its tributary flood into the Mississippi, the traveler may have remarked a little spot some half a dozen miles below the present town of Merrivert, where the river, making a semi-circle sweep, leaves a level, verdant platform in front of the high bluffs which skirt the river. It is but a short time since the neighboring region was an almost unsettled wilderness; and though the town or village of Merrivert, containing near a score of buildings, *including a store and a blacksmith's shop*, now adds importance to the vicinity, yet we can hardly say that the region round about has been very remarkable for its rapid growth of population.

At the moment when our story opens, there stood near the river bound of the area just indicated, a group of athletic woodmen, who with a party of onlookers, male and female, had gathered from some distance to participate in the pastime of rifle shooting. There was some diversity in the appearance of the several actors; for in the wild west, even more sharp characters in the vast fields which claim for their own the insignia of the stars and stripes, there is to be found a diverse mixture of blood and character.

A single glance would have indicated to a stranger's eye the nature of the scene before him; for in the concentrated interest of the whole assemblage, his eye would have been quickly directed to a stake planted at one hundred yards distance, near the top of which was painted the little white circle which was to be the aim of the hardy hunters.

They had gathered there for a holiday of rivalry in marksmanship; and lucky was the man who might win the silver mounted pistols, and the no less coveted wreath, which the pretty Amine was to bestow upon the victor. But although there were several skilful competitors, the general feeling fixed upon two of the candidates as most likely to bear away the prize.—These were a youth called Paul Williston, and a strong limbed half-breed, who went by the name of Pierre Boiteux. These two men were more nearly matched in weapon skill than in character of feature; for while the former was a hearty, frank, bright countenanced youth, the latter was a person of dark complexion and heavy eye brows, which gave rather an unpleasing expression to an otherwise handsome face.

The fair queen of the sports, whose hand was to bestow the meed of victory, sat upon a little stage which rose in the midst of spectators; and Amine's smiling eyes and rosy cheeks were quite as often the object of the youthful attention, as was the aim of the marksman's rifle. The contest was already commenced, and the more expert of the hunters stood a little aloof, watching the success of their less skilful companions. A young fellow was just lowering his rifle having discharged it at the target.

"Struck the edge of the centre point!" was shouted from the distance.

"Well done, Jack," said a burly hunter, saluting his friend with a rude slap on the back, "pretty well done for a youngster of your years. Keep on, and it can't be long before you will be able to come up to the scratch with the very best of 'em."

One by one the hunters stepped forth and discharged their rifles with various success, till at last there remained only Williston and Pierre Boiteux.

These, by general understanding, had reserved themselves till the last; as the bests shots of the company.

"Come, Pierre," said one of the crowd, "you are the oldest of the two; let us have a specimen of your workmanship."

Pierre stepped forward, lifted his rifle, brought its muzzle slowly down, and when it had attained the proper level, fired.

"Inside of the point, though not exactly in the middle,"

A murmur of applause ran through the little assembly.

"Paul must do well to beat that," said an old hunter, the father of pretty Amine Campbell; "I know of but one man who I could safely say would beat that shot, and he is a hundred leagues from here. But I can tell you, Paul is a trump, and he won't be far out o' the way, that's certin."

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the crack of Williston's rifle was re-echoed from the bluff.

"Right through the centre of the point."

A simultaneous shout rang out from the crowd. A flush over spread the young victor's face as he suddenly looked towards Amine, who in turn blushed as her eyes met those of Williston. The latter, instinctively averting his glance, encountered the regard of Pierre Boiteux, who with lowering brows and a countenance of sullen mortification, had fixed his attention upon the movement of his fortunate companion.

"Come Pierre" said the latter, "don't be disheartened at my luck. We are to have one more shot; I shall beat you if I can; but I well know that you carry a good rifle."

The half breed cast about him a hurried look, and once more brought his rifle to a level. It was evident that he took more than usual pains; he fired again, and as the smoke of his piece passed away, again came the distant cry—

"Cut the edge of Paul's shot!"

Again was heard the murmur of approbation though Pierre himself seemed gloomy and self-dissatisfied.

"Secre!" he growled in an under tone, "It was mère luck, let him do it again."

Angry emotion made the words louder than he had intended, for they reached the ear of Paul, who stood close at hand. The latter turned to his companions with compressed lips.

"Joe, Bill, or some of you," said he, "just put up a stake close behind the other, and of the same height, will you? Give my good Killdeer another chance, and let it do its best."

The stake was set up in the position required and once more Paul levelled Killdeer at the mark. There was a breathless pause, when the report faded from the ear. Then came the answer, exalting and distinct—

"Right through the centre again, through the first hole. Struck in the hole behind it!"

The hunters rushing upon Williston, snatched him up in their arms, and bore him struggling and convulsed with laughter, to the foot of the rustic stage whereon was throned Amine Campbell, radiant with her own beauty and the imparted merriment of the scene.

"Fair queen," cried the joval band, "we bring to thee the gallant woodsman whose doughty arm hath achieved the victory. Let thy hand reward his merit."

And Harry Tollet, whose comparatively learned head had acquired him the soubriquet of "Squire Harry" with all due gravity led the victorious Paul upon the stage, where he was to receive from the hands of beauty the prize of contest. The young hunter, as bound by etiquet, knelt at the feet of Amine, who smiling and blushing at the same time, proceeded to the presentation of the wreath which she had removed from her own head.

"Thus do I crown thee victor of the field."

"Long live the king and queen," shouted all save Pierre Boiteux, who standing apart from the crowd, surveyed the proceedings in sullen silence.

CHAPTER II.

"Back, Diamond!"

The dog looked up with surprise at his master, whose voice was so unusually harsh. Diamond paused, and gazing into the face of the speaker; gave a low whine and seemed with earnest entreaty to ask permission to follow.

Paul (for it was he who had spoken) turned back and patted his faithful servant on the head.

"Poor Diamond," said he, "I did thee wrong. But so it is with all of us; whenever we are soured a little with ill-fortune, we must vent our disappointment upon those who rely upon our love and protection. Come, Diamond, I was in fault; forgive me!"

Diamond leaped up with joy and kissed his master's hand. Then with sedate delight, he followed his footsteps in the forest.

Paul had relapsed into his former fit of dejection, and walked listlessly along with his rifle upon his shoulder, and his eyes bent on the ground. Diamond perceived this, and with drooping ears, fell into a sympathising sadness of gait. Thus Paul and Diamond kept their course, till they came close on the edge of a little clearing, in the midst of the woods, where an old settler had reared a little dwelling and laid out quite a neat and productive garden.

"Hallo!" cried a sharp, wiry voice.

Paul had little need to use his eyes in order to recognize the speaker, when he could do it so readily by ear. It was Martin Smith, whose shrewd humor and good sense had made him quite a favorite with the young man.

"Good-day, Martin," answered Williston.—"What are you hammering at here with your axe?"

Martin leaned one hand on the exe handle, while with the other he wiped the sweat from his forehead.

"Wal, I'm tryin' to cut this log into lengths for my new shed; but ral'y it's knotty as—as all natur'! But Paul, what's it makes yer so glum to-day? I noticed ye comin' with yer head down, man, as if ye were goin' to be hung 'ithout benefit o' clergy. Hang trouble, boy; out with it, and may be I'll gin ye a cure."

Paul colored and endeavored to laugh. But the shrewd old man was not in the least duped by the attempt. Half shutting one eye and fixing the other intently on Paul, Martin proceeded with his advice.

"Look ye, Paul," said he, "'taint nothin' to be 'shamed on; it's human natur'. I can give a pretty nigh guess at what ails ye, for I know more about it than ye think for. And though I'm a bit older now than I was thirty years agone, perhaps (here the old hunter chuckled with a sort of suppressed laughter) I can give ye a lesson or two now, that may be worth the hearin'. Sit down on the log here, and let me talk to ye a bit about the matter o' you and Ammy Campbell."

Paul now smilled in good earnest at the idea of old Martin's turning lecturer on such a subject, and with a good grace obeyed the injunction of his adviser.

"Wal, Paul," said Martin, "I know it seems a little queer like, but I want to show ye a way out o' the fog; and I reckon I can do it as well as a younger body. But ye see that I know that ye think that the gal is shifty minded, and that she fancies Harry Tollet better than yourself, or any other; and that is partly true, for Harry is a good looking lad, and has a bit of education, and a sort o' neat turn about him that 'taint many has, and it's women's and gals' nature to like neat and fancy things. They can't help mor'n we can to like rifles and a well-turned powder horn. So let me put word in your ear, master Paul. Just mind and keep as tasty an outside as Harry, the 'Squire,' and I'll bet my good rifle agin a rusty muskit that you'll get the start of him yet. Many a jewels overlooked for want of good settin', and if ye hide yer candle under a bushel, who'll be the wiser? So throw away your bashfulness, and put the best foot forward. You know faint heart never won a fair lady!"

"Many thanks for your kind council," said Paul, rising up and whistling for his dog. "I fancy you've studdied these sort of matters pretty closely in your days. Diamond and I must be on our way, or we shall make but an idle day of it."

"So you're goin' north a bit?" said old Martin, with a sly inquisitive glance at his companion. "Now, if you were in your own place, I reckon I wouldn't be long before I gave that Harburn a trial over there on Porter's Creek.—Them chaps have been crownin' over the whole country because, as they say, there's not a rifle to be found that can shoot long-side of Harburn's. Now, if you could but just take the conceit out o' that fellow, it would be a feather in your cap sure enough, and might go some ways with Ammy Campbell. As for Pierre Boiteux and his ugly eyebrows, he don't stand no chance at all; for the gal wouldn't look at a dozen of him. Wal, good day, Paul, and mind what I tell ye.

Paul laughed, nodded his head, and strode away in pretty good humor.

"A long-tongued chap is old Martin," said he to himself; "but for all that, there's always something in what he says. I really believe I will give that Harburn a try."

CHAPTER III.

Porter's creek was about twenty miles from Merrivert, and the journey thither was not quite so facile of accomplishment, as it would have been on a New England road. However, these considerations are not apt to trouble the mind of a young man and energetic huntsman like Paul.

The journey had been about half accomplished, when upon rising a little knoll a fine buck sprang up before him. He levelled his rifle and fired. The deer faltered, but the shot was not immediately fatal, and the quarry exerted its utmost strength to escape. Diamond was instantly upon his track, and flying upon brought him to the ground. At this instant another deer sprang upon the falling deer, while a stranger made his appearance from behind a large tree, and [illegible] to the buck, because, as he affirmed, the deer belonged to the buck, beled by himself. It seems that the two hunters had fired simultaneously, though at different distances; Paul having been the nearer of the two. The dogs, presently quitting the deer, which had quickly expired, fell upon each other as if to assert their several rights. The stranger sprang to separate them, and in so doing happened to strike Diamond; Paul, enraged at this, fell upon the hunter and threw him upon the ground.—No sooner, however, had this been done, than he found himself turned under beneath the grasp of his more powerful antagonist. Paul had too much of western fire in his blood. His temper overcame his better self.

"You have the strongest arm, I acknowledge," he cried, "but it is too much like our dogs, to fight in this way. I defy you to the rifle."

"Very well," said the other, "it shall be as you say. But first let me show you a specimen of my workmanship."

"Thus saying, he rose, and taking a small piece of silver, about the size of a shilling, fastened it in the bark of a large poplar close at hand.

"Now observe," said the stranger. "My rifle is unloaded. I will run a hundred yards at full speed, loading as I run, and at that distance I will turn and discharge instantly at the mark."

Paul started with astonishment on hearing this proposal. The stranger smilled, and starting at full speed ran the appointed distance and wheeling instantly discharged his piece. The ball entered the centre of the target, while Paul could hardly credit the evidence of his own senses.

The stranger returned and held out his hand to Paul.

"Come," said he with a generous frankness, "let us be friends. There is no reason why we should seek each other's blood. There is trouble enough for us to encounter without quarrelling among ourselves."

"You are a noble fellow!" exclaimed Paul, as he grasped with energy the extended hand "I can well estimate your forbearance, after seeing what you have just performed, but there is no fault in being vanquished by such an antagonist. Let me hear your name. It should be one well known upon the hunting grounds."

"Well," said the hunter "they call me Will Harburn."

Paul's eyes shone with delight and admiration.

"The very man whose rifle I came to challenge. I little thought so soon to have received a proof of your skill. But come my lad, I wish to present you to my brave companions at Merrivert.—They will be rejoiced to meet one whose name is already well known to them. A day or two will make but little difference with you, and if it is in our power to afford you entertainment you shall have it."

The two hunters now set forth in the direction indicated by Paul, amusing each other with stories of their various experience in woodcraft, and in contest with the wily savage of the wilderness.

Harburn gave Paul fresh reason for admiration as he recounted several incidents which discovered wonderful presence of mind and aptness at using the many resources which a hunter alone can point out and fully appreciate.

The clearing of old Campbell lay in their way to the dwelling of Paul. The latter cast a glance through the trees as he came near the spot. He started back with horor, and pointed out to Harburn the vision which met his eyes. The cottage of the Campbells was laid in smouldering ruins. Several bodies were seen stretched upon the earth. A wild cry burst from the lips of the unhappy Paul.

"The Indians! The Indians!" was all he could say.

"Be calm, my friend; be calm," exclaimed Harburn, seizing the arm of his younger companion. "Let us see what they have really done."

The unfortunate youth gave himself up to the direction of the older and more experienced hunter, who, carefully examined the indications around, proceeded with Paul to the scene of ruin. Here they found the body of old Campbell himself, pierced with several wounds; while around, lay the members of his little family, all save Amine. On observing this exception, a ray of hope entered the breast of Paul, who sought to assure himself by examination of the trail which led from the spot, whether she was still living.

"This has been but a little while," said Harburn, who with unerring eye had been examining the footmarks on a piece of moist, thick grass through which the enemy had retreated. "There are four of them; three Indians and one white man; and they have carried away with them a young woman."

"How know you that?" exclaimed Paul, who even was unable to restrain his suprise at his companion's superior intellegence. I see the footsteps of the poor girl; these are easily understood. But how know you the rest? How can you point out the white man's step, when produced by a moccasin, and when mixed in this way with Indian foot marks?"

"Of course," replied Harburn, "you can see that the blades of grass have not all arisen yet, and that therefore the Indians are not very far upon their path. But as for the white footprints I will quickly show you concerning that. A moccasin, rarely, if ever makes the same shaped mark upon a white man's foot that it does upon an Indian's. Then, more than all, some of these marks point outward from the line of march; while the Indian's are always parallel to the line. But how shall we proceed now? Is it best to follow them without calling assistance?"

"By all means," said Paul hurriedly; "it will take too much time to raise the neighbors; and in the meanwhile, we may lose the chance of rescuing Amine."

"You are right," said Harburn. "I perceive you are made of true stuff."

The two friends set forward with eagerness upon the pursuit.

"It is past noon," said Harburn, as they followed upon the trail of their enemies. "But we may, I hope, overtake them in camp to-night, and possibly before they have crossed the Illinois, though I fear that they [illegible] the morrow."

For hours the two hunters sped swiftly upon the trail, which at dark they traced to a well-known war-path, which led directly to the right bank of the Illinois, near the mouth of what was called Haskin's creek.

"The bloodthirsty villians!" said Harburn; "they have made a raft of logs and brush-wood and got across. But never mind, they are somewhere about, and I do not know, after all, but what we shall stand a better chance with them than if we had found them on this side. For very likely they will think themselves pretty safe now, and there is some advantage to us in their thinking so."

The two friends now anxiously examined the opposite bank of the river, in order to discover, if possible, some signs of the presence of their adversaries.

"We have them!" quickly exclaimed Paul, in a low voice, and pointing out at the direction to his friend. "See you not that faint glimmer of light in the hollow that leads from the shore?"

"Ay, ay," said the other. "You have had the advantage of me, though, this time. I see it now. The one thing wanting is to get ourselves across the river without discovery by the rascals. It will hardly do for us to put together a raft, for we shall surely be overheard."

"No," said Paul, "we must swim the river, though it is somewhat broad, considering that we have our arms and amunition to carry with us. However, I have no doubt we can accomplish it safely; what say you?"

"We must try, at all events," replied Harburn. "But we had better cross a little down."

Choosing a spot a few rods below their former station, they stripped themselves of their clothing, fastened this and their ammunition in a bundle upon the top of their heads, and thus, with their rifles secured upon their left hips, they managed to reach the opposite shore. Having carefully examined the equipments and attended to the due preparation of their rifles, they replaced a part of their dress and crawled slowly and cautiously to a position where they could obtain a view of their enemies.

The enemies were reposing about the fire in careless security; while, at a little distance, Amine was with deep and bitter lamentation bewailing the loss of her parents and kindred, and her own captivity. Near her was a white man, endeavoring to console her with promise of gentle treatment, and of adoption into the tribe of her captors. Paul's suspicion was now fully confirmed. The traitor was none other than Pierre Boiteux!

Paul, in his rage, was with difficulty restrained from firing upon him at once. Harburn seized his companion by the arm, as he whispered in his ear the following advice:

"Keep cool; let us wait till daylight, when we shall have a better chance at them. If we attack them now, some of them may escape; and that will never answer. For one of us may get wounded in the fight; and, as at the best we shall be retarded by the girl in our quick return, the heathen may be in time to bring those upon our trail whom we should not now like to meet."

The expediey of this advice was so plain that Paul was obliged to concur.

Daylight at length began to appear. Harburn laid his hand upon the shouldor of his companion.

"Wait," said he, "till a little lighter. I will give the signal, and we will fire together. I will take one of the Indians, and you had better take another; that one with the green paint on his face, for instance. As for that white chap, I think we can make pretty sure of him afterwards; but we must get clear of those redskins at all events."

Harburn, gave the signal, and the rifles were discharged, each killing its man. Pierre Boiteux and the remaining Indian fled to the woods with a view more safely to ascertain the number of assailants. Paul leaped forward, knife, in hand, to relieve Amine from the bonds which confined her.

The next instant he was struck by a ball from Pierre's rifle, and fell to the earth. He sprung quickly up, however, for the shot had only pierced his arm—and was amply avenged—for at the very flash of Pierre Boiteux's rifle, a ball from Harburn's piece passed through the brain of the renegade.

The surviving Indian was now seen making his escape as fast as possible from the scene of action, sheltering his body as much as possible from observation. Harburn started in chase, for Paul was diabled, for pursuit. The Indian, after a while perceiving that he was followed only by one man, darted behind an oak in order to level his rifle without risk of his own safety against the person of his antagonist. Harburn had instantly followed his example. His rifle had been re-loaded as he ran. Taking his ramrod, and placing his cap and coat on it, he advanced it slightly beyond the edge of his covert. Instantly sounded the crack of the Indian's rifle, and he rushed from behind his tree; but that moment the fire of Harburn pierced his body, and, springing in the air, he sank down again lifeless upon the earth. The victory was complete. Not one of the hostile party was left to exult over their succes, or to tell the tale of their bloody defeat.

Williston and his companion, with the rescued captive, now prepared for their return. The wounded arm first demanded attention; and the pain of of the shattered limb was really much assuaged when Amine, with careful and tender skill, applied the bandage. And we have understood the wound was wholly cured, when a few weeks after, Amine, in accordance with the entreaties of Williston, changed her name to his own.

An Extraordinary Narrative of Indian Desperation.

The following letter, says the S. W. American, is from a gentleman connected with the government service on our frontiers. We have read of similar instances of self-immolation among the American Indians, rather than fall into the hands of their enemies, but do not recollect any other case in Texas. All our late accounts confirm the fact, that since the Rangers were disbanded [illegible] sions with alarming frequency:

Fort Croghan, April 7, 1853.

My Dear ——; I have just returned from one of the most arduous and exciting scouts I have ever made. We had been robbed here by the Indians within four months. The last time on the night of the 13th of March. They took down a panel of my stable lot and let out nine of my finest horses. It was one of the darkest and most blustering nights of the season, and the robbery must have been committed between nine and ten o'clock at night. The next morning I started with seventeen men in pursuit. Failing to discover a trail I proceeded at once to the post on the head of clear Fork of the Brazos, thence to the Indian agency half way between Phantom Hill and Balknap. Up to this point I could hear nothing of the robbery, except the opinion entertained by the agent, Stem, and all the friendly Indians—which concurred with my own—that the robbery had been committed by Witchatas. Whilst at the agency a party of that tribe, under their principal war-chief, came in under the pretence of surrendering some stolen horses they had previously promised to Stem they would do.—The horses they brought in were so indifferent and broken down that it was evident they were acting in bad faith, and that this was only intended as a subterfuge.

I was not disposed to be trifled with in this manner; the agent had also lost all patience with them. It was accordingly agreed to detain the chief and the principal portion of his party—consisting of nine warriors and several women, as hostages until the whole of the property recently stolen should be brought in. Mr. Stem announced to them our determination, and I told them I meant to carry them into Belkap and hold them as prisoners, permitting two of their number to return to their tribe and convey the "talk" we had given them. Though I fully expected "a break" on the announcement, which would result in the death of Mr. Stem or myself, or both—indeed I would not have insured either of our lives at 100 per cent. We were compelled to face the danger with apparent indifference. Any manifestation of fear or suspicion would have increased the chances of their resorting to the desperate alternative of "a rush" for liberty, plunging their knives into whomsoever interrupted their passage. The sequel proves the desperation with which they would have acted. As soon as I had told them they were prisoners, I arose from the bear-skin upon which I had been sitting facing them, and mounted my horse, at the same time drawing my pistol, motioning them to go to their camp. The chief requested that I should dismount that he wished to speak. I did so, and took a seat on a stool near by. He motioned to me to sit in my former position on the ground. I did so, at the same time drawing my knife under pretence of cutting tobacco to smoke. He rose, addressed a few remarks to me about the difficulty of restraining his young men from stealing, etc., and suggested that it would be better that he should return to his tribe. This I refused. He then seemingly yielded to his fate, approacing me and seized my hand, lifted me from the ground, and embracing me, first pointing to Heaven and to ourselves, to indicate that the Great Spirit witnessed the proceeding. I told them I would not hold them as close prisoners, but merely guard against their escape, by placing sentinels around their camp. Meantime I encamped my command near theirs, and took from them all the arms I could find. They retired quietly to their tents at dark, manifesting not the slightest intention of an attempt to escape.

The moon shone as bright as day. I had posted two distinct guards over them of six men each, with our sentinels. I had been up and moving about the camp until about twenty minutes before twelve. At twelve the sentinels were relieved. The sentinel posted more immediately over their camp, had gone near one of their tents. Suddenly one of the Indians rushed forth from his tent towards the sentinel, and presenting a pistol, fired, shooting him through the heart.—This seemed to be the sequel for a general "break." As the sentinel turned to retreat up the slope towards his companions, the chief Ko-we-ska, rushed from his tent like a demon, threw himself upon the back of a retreating sentinel and with his recking knife inflicted several wounds before he was shot down by the old sentinel. The rest succeeded in effecting their escape, running in different directions and answering the shots fired at them with yells of defiance. The chief, as was discovered on searching the tents, had purposely sacrificed himself, his wife and boy seven years old, to secure the escape of his companions. The wife and child whom he had requested on the evening before to talk to and give them assurance of their safety, were found lying in their tent side by side, as if in deep sleep, but stabbed to the heart. The wife, at least had consented to her fate, as we were informed by two women who had attempted to escape.

She seemed to have received the fatal blow without a struggle—both were carefully covered up to the breast, the child lying upon its mother's arm. The Chief's moccasins were found near their heads, a sign, the Indians told us, that he did not mean to leave the spot alive. Nothing in romance or history that I have ever read approximates to this act of devotion and self-sacrifice. Cooper never could have ventured to paint such a scene. The bright moon lighting up the beautiful countenance of the mother—for she was beautiful and young—with her innocent boy by her side, and the blood still oozing from their ghastly wounds—the husband, father and warrior, stretched lying upon the sod; the bloody knife still grasped in his hand, looking terrible even in death; the sentinel not five feet from him, his cold blue eye looking to Heaven, while the figures of the soldiers running hither and thither in search of they knew not what, with occasional but mistaken cries, indicating some discovery.—The whole seemed more like a dream than and reality, and made an enduring impression on my mind. I had witnessed every description of death and suffering on the battle-field, but no combination like this, of pride, courage, self-sacrifice and revenge.

[illegible] four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass, by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an aple tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and 'Bob' was 'witin an' ace' of damage, when lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea—"a-link—a-l-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link! a-link—a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it—throw it, &c., &c.; and he didn't! Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the now despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and enquired—

"Why didn't you stone him, my boy? you might have killed him and carried him home."

The poor little fellow looked up doubtingly, as though he suspected our meaning, and with an expression, half shame and half sorrow, he replied—

"*Couldn't! cos he sung so.*"

Who will say that our nature is *wholly* depraved, after that? or aver that music hath no "charms to sooth the savage breast." Melody awakened Humanity, and Humanity—Mercy! the angels who sang at the Creation, whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed. Dear little boys! don't stone the birds.—*Clinton Courant.*

A Good Story.—We heard a good story last night, founded upon fact, and here it is:

Years ago, when Adrian was only a village, long before the city was born, lawyer H. was employed to attend a suit for a Mr. D. The whole matter occuped the lawyer's time for the space of just fifteen minutes, for which he charged him ten dollars. Mr. D. promised lawyer H. that sometime between that time and the day of judgment he would make it all *right* with him. About three months after this, lawyer H. called upon Mr, D. to sink his well one foot deeper; remarking at the same time, "You can't come it over me this time, because I have an exact admeasurement of the distance from the spout of the pump to the floor of the room wherein it stands." Mr. D., in the course of a day or two, when lawyer H. was absent from home, went up to his house to sink the well. He raised the pump—sawed off one foot of it—put it back, (he didn't dig any of the dirt out, you see,) and presented his bill for ten dollars, which lawyer H. cheerfully paid, when he found that the spout of the pump was just one foot nearer the floor than it was before. Now the old adage, "look before you leap," was not worth a picayune in a case like this; but if he had measured from the top to the bottom of the well, he would have realised that "the well of Truth is very deep."—*Adrian Watchtower.*

The Philosophy of Dinners.—There would be very few dinner parties if the rule were once made only to invite those to dinner who really were in want of one!—*Punch.*