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Select Poetry.

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And age was pleased in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
Among the grass and fern;
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life besides!

A dreamer dropped a random thought.
'Twas old, and yet was new.
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true:
It shone upon a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great
A watch-fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart:
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust
It saved a soul from death
O germ! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first
But mighty at the last!

Choice Miscellany.

THE RASH MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER X.

Alone! Alone!
And sad in youth, but chastened, I depart
...
Once more upon the waters, yet once more!
CHILDE HAROLD.

Before the day had fallen upon little Katy's coffin, Adeliade had determined to leave her home. She really believed that her husband would not in the least regret her absence; and she felt that she could no longer endure the misery of dwelling beneath the same roof with him, and yet being to all intents and purposes a stranger. She felt that the cold glance which she was forced to meet each day was freezing her very heart's blood; that the calm, quiet, formal tone in which he addressed her, was more intolerable than the bitterest reproaches—and she could not bear it.

While she was hesitating whether she should speak to him of her intention, she received a letter from an acquaintance in the western part of the state. The writer said that Mrs. Ellsworth—a friend of hers—was about to join her husband in England, and wished to take with her a lady who would be both a companion for herself and act as governess for her children, and inquired whether Mrs. Fletcher could inform them where such a person could be found. She stated, also, that her friend would wish to sail in something less than three months, and concluded with a few words respecting salary, etc., and an apology for the liberty she was taking.

Adelaide's plan was at once formed—she would accept the situation thus thrown in her way herself, bearing a different name, of course; and, in a foregn land, and among strangers, she might perhaps, forget a part of her grief.

Her courage failed her as the time drew near; and it is more than probable that if Mrs. Fletcher had been at home when the hour for her departure arrived, she might have betrayed herself.—But his opportune abscence seemed to her almost providential; and as Mrs. Allen she joined the party of Mrs. Ellsworth, at L——, on the day appointed.

They proceeded at once to Boston, and during the ensuing week sailed for England.

Long before they reached the shores of the "fast-anchored isle," Mrs. Ellsworth had learned to feel almost a sister's love for the gentle, pensive stranger by her side; and her children—one of them, a little blue-eyed fairy, nearly as old as Adelaide's lost treasure—clung to "sweet Mrs. Allen," as they called her, as if she had been the friend of years rather than of weeks. They all seemed to take it for granted that she was a widow—her mourning-dress strengthened the impression; and she continued so to evade their questions as not to undeceive them.

Indeed, Mrs. Elsworth soon discovered by Adelaide's quivering lip, and the increasing paleness of her cheek whenever any allusion was made to her former life, that her history, whatever it might be, was a painful one; and with true kindness she ceased to make any inquiries in reference to it.

At the close of a long, bright summer day, rather more than two years after Adelaide became a member of Mrs. Ellsworth's family, she sat with that lady and her children in the parlor of the beautiful little cottage that Mrs. Ellsworth had chosen for their residence while in England.

It was a quiet, home-like room—not too elegant for comfort, nor too stylish for ease and freedom. Frank, if he pleased, might bring his tiny boat, and sit on the carpet while he mended the rudder—no fear of frowns if he did make a few chips; and Amy might convert the ottoman into a couch for her wax baby, without incurring any danger of a lecture.

Mrs. Ellsworth was reading, and Gertrude, the eldest daughter—a sweet girl of about fifteen—was seated at the piano, warbling song after song as carelessly and, seemingly, with as little effort as a bird.

Adelaide sat by the window—her work had fallen upon her lap—her eyes were fixed upon the golden clouds of sunset, but her thoughts were far away—with her husband. She wondered if he ever thought of her—if the past haunted him as it did her; then, as the glow faded and the clouds became gray and sombre, she pictured to herself a pall and coffin; and then again wondered if he were living. If he were not, he knew now how well, how truly she had loved him. Death was nothing when compared with their estrangement—and she found almost pleasure in the thought.

"Gertrude, do sing 'Sweet Home'—will you?" Oh! I am so glad we are going back—are n't you, Amy? asked Frank, as he threw away his boat. It was too dark to see any longer.

"I don't know any thing about my home but this," replied little Amy, "and it is very pleasant here."

"What! don't remember any thing about America—and are not glad to go back? Oh, but I forgot; you are only a *girl*," said Master Frank, with a very perceptible sneer at the idea of a girl's patriotism; "but, hush! Gertrude is singing."

Just as the last sweet strains of the familiar air died away, they heard the sound of footsteps on the gravel-walk.

"There, father has come—I know his step," cried Amy, as she sprung to the door.

It was "father," and his pockets were crammed full of paperf, magazines, and letters.

"The steamer has come in, and we have more than our usual allowance of good things," he said, after the usual greetings were exchanged; and calling for light, he began to relieve himself of his welcome burden.

There was nothing for Adelaide, of course;—and taking up a magazine, she cut the leaves, and was soon absorbed in its fascinating content. Her new friends had at first thought very strange that Mrs Allen had no correspondents; but as they became more intimately acquainted, Adelaide told Mrs. Ellsworth a little—a very little of her history—yet enough to satisfy her

Mr. and Mrs. Ellsworth and Gertrude were busy with their letters, and Frank and Amy amused themselves with the pictures. At last Mr. Ellsworth broke the silence.

"See here, Mary—here is something that will interest you. Mrs. Willis Fletcher, if not a friend of yours, was a friend of one of your friends, was'nt she?"

His wife threw aside her own letters, and leaning on the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder, and read aloud.

"I forget half that I write you, my dear friend and I have forgotten, also, whether our townsman, Willis Fletcher, Esq.; is an acquaintance of yours, but you must know him by reputation, at least. Did I ever write you anything about his wife's desertion? She left him about the time you went to England, and has not been heard of since. For several months after her disappearance, Mr. Fletcher traveled from one State to another, ostensibly in search of health and amusement, but in reality striving to discover some trace of his lost wife. The strangest thing of all is, that though he has always been considered a stern, proud man, he never seemed to be at all euraged at his wife's leaving him, and would not suffer the least shadow of blame to attatch itself to her. He told his friends—he has no relatives—that th re had been error on both sides, but that her desertion was entirely his own fault. Well, about a year ago he returned, with the weight of a settled grief crushing him to the very dust; his wife herself would hardly have known him. He gave up all hopes of finding the lost one, and, apparently, merely to change the current of his thoughts, plunged headlong into business. Ever one predicted the result.—He was wild—recklessly so in his pecuniary ventures—and last week he failed. It is said he has lost everything, and must begin the world anew. Melancholy—isn't it?"

"It is a very sad affair, indeed," said Mrs. Ellsworth, as she finished reading. "I feel greatly indebted to Mrs. Fletcher, for it was by her that we were directed to Mrs. Allen. I never heard of any trouble between Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher—did you Mrs. Allen?" she inquired, turning toward Adelaide as she asked the question.

With an exclamation of surprise she sprang forward. "You are very ill, Mrs. Allen—here, lean on me. Gertrude, bring a glass of water and my volatile salts—quick!"

Adelaide was sitting bolt upright in her chair, with her hands clenched so firmly that the nails were a dark purple, and her eyes fastened upon Mrs. Ellsworth with a wild, vacant stare. Her lips were very white, and moved rapidly. Mrs. Ellsworth bent her head and strove to catch the half-formed words, "Read it again—read it again!" she faintly whispered.

A suspicion of the truth flashed across Mrs. Ellsworth's mind in an instant; but, with rare prudence and caution, she kept it to herself.

"Gertrude—or Mr. Ellsworth, perhaps you had better come—and give Mrs. Allen the support of your arm; she will be better in her own room where she can lie down."

They assisted her up stairs, and then Mrs. Ellsworth dismissed Gertrude, who had followed them, and closed the door. By this time a flood of tears had come to Adelaide's relief, and her kind friend allowed her to weep in silence. The color slowly came back to her lips again, her eye resumed its natural expression, and at length, with an effort to restrain her emotion, she said quite calmly.

"You must think my agitation very unaccountable Mrs. Ellsworth."

"Not by any means, my dear Mrs. Allen. I have only a very slight knowledge of your history, it is true, but I am inclined to think it would be much more singular if you were not agitated. I do not wish to learn any thing that you think proper to conceal. But if I can assist or comfort you in any manner, I beg that you will confide in me."

"I will confide in you, Mrs. Ellsworth—I *must* do so. Oh, you do not know how often, since I have been under your roof, I have longed to tell you the whole of my sad story, and receive the counsel and sympathy that I knew you would not refuse me—but I could not trust myself, and now I presume it is not necessary for me to tell you that I am the runaway wife of Willis Fletcher?"

Mrs. Ellsworth clasped her hands, impulsively. "I knew it—I was sure of it. Oh, I am so glad. There are happy days in store for you, my dear Mrs. Allen—no, Mrs. Fletcher I mean. Which shall I call you now?"

"Call me Mrs. Allen, still," replied Adelaide with a faint smile. "I voluntarily resigned my husband's name, and I do not feel as if I had any right to resume it now."

"You have the best right in the world. Do you not remember that our friend wrote that Mr. Fletcher would suffer no blame to attach itself to you and that he said your desertion was his own fault."

"Oh! it was not so—it was not so," exclaimed Adelaide, [illegible] her throbbing head upon Mrs. Ells[illegible] shoulder. "I alone was too blame; but [illegible] he had ceased to love me—that he thought I had married him because he was rich, while in reality my heart was devoted to another. How could I remain under his roof after that? I hated the luxuries that were the means of steeling his heart against me, and I could not be dependent upon him. Our child died. For her sake only had I remained thus long, and soon after she was burried your application reached me—I at once resolved to offer my own services, and you know the rest.

"And what will you do now?" asked Mrs. Ellsworth. "Will you not return to America with us?"

Adelaide hesitated. "Your friend wrote that my husband had failed. Mrs. Ellsworth, do you believe he would receive me now? I fled from him when he was rolling in wealth, but if I go back to him now that he is poor—if I tell him that I am willing to labor with and for him, will he not trust me?" And she looked eagerly and anxiously in Mrs. Ellsworth's face

"He will—I am sure he will—my poor child, and he will never regret the loss of his fortune if it is the means of proving to him that he possesses such a treasure as your love. Oh, if husbands and wives would only trust each other implicitly."

"But, Willis was not to blame for doubting me, Mrs. Ellsworth; I did not confide in him as I ought; I concealed some things that he ought to have known before our marriage, and when he discovered it, it was very natural for him to suppose I had kept back more than I did."

"Well dear, I will admit that you have been very much to blame, and your husband entirely guiltless, if it will give you pleasure," replied Mrs. Ellsworth, with a smile; "but I have generally found in such cases that there was some fault on both sides. Now I will leave you to dream of years of bliss that shall make you both forget this long and cruel separation, for I am certain you will yet be reunited. May I tell Mr. Ellsworth?" she asked, as she turned toward the door.

"Yes; but, if you please, do not mention it to any one else for the present."

... learned that the kind and gentle governess, to whom his wife and children had become so much attached, was no other than the wife of Willis Fletcher, whom he had known by reputation for many years; and the cordial grasp of his hand the next morning, and the hearty, earnest tone in which he said—"I am really glad you are going back to America with us, Mrs. Allen," brought tears to Adelaide's eyes.

Four weeks afterward, to Frank's great delight, they were tossing upon the great Atlantic.

CHAPTER XI.

We shall meet soon. To think of such an hour!
Will not my heart, o'erburdened by its bliss,
Faint and give way within me, as a flower
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss?
HEMANS.

It was early morning, and the city was hardly astir, when a lady, wearing a traveling-dress and closely veiled, entered the drawing-room of one of the first hotels in New York. She seemed to be waiting for some one, and she paused sometimes before one window and somtimes before another, while her small foot beat the carpet with a restless, uneasy motion. It was Adelaide, and before many minutes had elapsed, Mr. Ellsworth joined her.

"What are you up and dressed already, Mrs. Fletcher?" For our heroine had ere this resumed her real name.

"Oh, yes, and I have been waiting for you this half hour! I thought you would never come."

"I am ready to attend you to yourr husband's boarding-house as I promised, Mrs. Fletcher; but I do not believe his physicians will allow you to see him yet. They tell me he is very ill indeed. Had you not better wait at least one day more?"

"I cannot, indeed I cannot wait any longer. Mr. Ellsworth. It is now three days since we landed, and if he is so sick, I must help take care of him. It can surely do him no harm now, while he is to ill too recognize any one."

"Very well—we will go then; but you must control yourself. Why, you are trembling now, so that you can hardly stand."

"I shall be strong enough when we are in the open air," was the reply, and they were presently on their way. In about twenty minutes they ascended the steps of a large brick house in a comparitively retired, and at that hour, quiet part of the town.

Mr. Ellsworth rang the bell—a tidy servant girl answered the summons.

"How is Mr. Fletcher this morning—can you tell' us?"

"No, sir; but walk in here, and I will ask some one who can"—and she opened the door of a neatly furnished parlor. "There is old Betty—that is the nurse sir—just crossing the hall."

"Ask her to be good enough to step here one moment."

The girl did as she was bidden, and Betty soon appeared, courtesying and smoothing down her apron; but saying that she could only stay a minute, for she must hurry back to the sick gentleman.

Adelaide grew pale, and involuntarily drew the folds of her veil more closely over her face as soon as she caught a glimpse of the old woman's portly figure. Old Betty—for by that name she was universally known—had been a servant in Mrs. Fletcher's family from the time of her marriage. She had watched over little Katy and nursed her in her last illness, and the associations called up by her unexpected appearance had nearly overthrown the fortitude for which her old mistress was struggling.

"How is Mr. Fletcher this morning, my good womans," asked Mr. Ellsworth—"this lady is an old friend of his—a relative—can she see him?"

"Oh my, no, sir!" replied Betty—"he mustn't see any body—so the doctor said, sir. He is very bad, indeed, and only yesterday the doctor was saying to me—I used to be in Mr. Fletcher's family, sir—'now you must keep quiet, Betty; nursing will do him more good than medicine, and you must not let people be coming in to see him.'"

Mr. Ellsworth was just beginning with—"But this lady," etc., when Adelaide rose from the chair where she had fallen faint and trembling upon Betty's appearance, and turning toward her, she raised the veil which had hitherto concealed her features.

"The Lord bless us—the Lord bless us!" exclaimed the old woman, lifting her hands in bewildered astonishment. "Oh my! if that aint Mrs. Fletcher, now!—and I thought you was dead, ma'am—indeed I did! Have you come back to stay, ma'am?" asked the faithful creature in a low, hesitating voice, while something that looked very much like a tear gathered in her eye.

"For the present at least, Betty; that is, if you will let me help nurse Mr. Fletcher. You will not refuse your old mistress that favor, even if the doctors do say nay, will you, Betty?"

"I would be the last one to keep a wife from her husband, ma'am, and surely it's your right to be there; but you must not let him see you when he is awake—he begins to know us now, and this morning he called me 'Betty.'"

"I will do just what you tell me I may do; and nothing more, Betty," replied Adelaide.—And turning to Mr. Ellsworth, she thanked him earnestly for his many acts of kindness

"Say nothing at all about it, my dear madam, nothing at all—and now I will not detain you. Mrs. Ellsworth will see you in a day or two," and, with a kind shake of the hand, he bade her adieu.

"Now let us go up, Betty—is he asleep?"

"Yes, ma'am—but how pale you are, Mrs. Fletcher? I don't know as I do right to let you see him."

"This was said as they were ascending the stairs. In a moment they paused before the door, and Adelaide waited while Betty went in to reconnoitre. Presently the latter reappeared with her finger on her lip, and beckoned her to come in.

"He is asleep yet," she whispered; "now if you want to see him, you just step carefully around by the bed there, and if he stirs a bit, you must hide behind the curtain. I don't know but Doctor Grey will e'en-a-most kill me," she muttered, as she turned away to wipe the tears that were chasing each other down her withered cheeks—"but the poor creetur—I could not help ..."

Adelaide did as she was directed. When Dr. Grey entered the chamber, an hour afterward, he found her kneeling by the bedside, but in such a position that her husband could not see her, even if he awoke—with her face buried in the folds of the curtain, and weeping her very life away. Mr. Ellsworth had already informed him of Mrs. Fletcher's return—he was not therefore very greatly surprised, and only said, as he pressed her hand—

"I am afraid this is an imprudent measure, my dear Mrs. Fletcher. Your unexpected presence might destroy your husband's reason, if not his life."

"I will be very careful, Dr. Grey. Oh, do let me stay with him! I will do just as Betty tells me."

"Well—well, only look out for yourself"—and so she staid.

Mr. Fletcher improved rapidly under the united care of his wife and Betty—but the former, faithful to her promise, had never suffered herself to approach him except when he was asleep. He thought, as he grew better, and began to notice the arrangement of the room, that his kind, old nurse's taste had improved wonderfully—the drapery of the windows was arranged so much more gracefully, and the little vase of flowers always looked so fresh and bright, and he told her one day, but she only laughed in return for the compliment.

"Dr. Grey," said the convalescent one morning, about three weeks after Adelaide's return, "you cannot imagine what strange dreams I have. Every night my poor, lost Adelaide comes to me, and bends over me, and I can feel her breath upon my cheek, and hear the rustling of her garments; it also seems so real—and then when daylight comes, I know I have only been dreaming. Sometimes I lie with my eyes shut and feel her presence in my very heart's core, but dare not look up, because I know that if I do the vision—if I may apply such a term to that which is felt rather than seen—will leave me. Do you believe that disembodied spirits are allowed to visit us? I sometimes think that she is dead and that—"

"Oh, pshaw! You musn't be thinking of such sober things, Mr. Fletcher. I havn't one bit of faith in ghosts or in dreams either," replied Dr. Grey, with a beaming smile—"but now I will just tell you what you may do. The very next time this vision appears to you, suppose you just open your eyes, and see if you can make any discoveries, eh?"

Mr. Fletcher opened them very wide now, and gazed at him incredulously. "Oh, Dr. Grey, what nonsense!"

"No nonsense at all, I asure you, my dear fellow. I think it the most reasonable proposition I could possibly make."

"But, doctor, has Adelaide—is my wife; in short, what do you mean?"

"Precisely what I said: now take this composing draught, and go to sleep; I shall not speak another word to you." And he did not; but the kind, meaning smile with which he left the room sank far down into Willis Fletcher's heart, and awakened there a world of hope and happiness, for which he could not account, and he resolved to follow his advice.

How impatiently he waited for the night! He watched the sunbeams upon the window-blinds, as they sank from one slat to another, and thought they would never reach the lowest: it seemed to him that there never was such a long afternoon—that the sun never would go down.

"Betty, isn't it time for me to have my toast and tea?"

"La! no, sir; it is only four o'clock. Are you hungry?"

He turned uneasily upon the bed, with a sigh of weariness.

"Only four o'clock!"

Was he dreaming now? Surely his sigh was echoed—very, very softly; and not by old Betty either. A faint tinge of red stole over his cheek, and his blood flowed faster; but, in a moment, he chided himself for his folly, and tried to go to sleep.

At last, it was really dark—the evening wore away. Betty completed her arrangements for the night, and took her usual station in an easy chair by the fire. Soon he knew that she was fast asleep, and it was almost time for his nocturnal visitor.

He shut his eyes, and lay very still, but with an ear that was alive to the faintest sound. He could hear his own heart beat; but that was not very strange, for its pulsations were quick and heavy.

At length he heard a very light step—it was scarce heavier than the fall of a snow-flake; but it did not escape him. He felt that something approached his bed—it bent over him; warm breathings fanned his brow—a tear fell upon his cheek.

He could control himself no longer—his eyes opened, and with a low murmur of delight he extended his arms

"Adelaide—my love—my wife!"

CHAPTER XII

I trust thy love—trust thou in mine! WILLIS.

'Are not these lodgings rather too expensive for your altered circumstances. Willis?" said Adelaide to her husband one morning (two or three months from that time) casting her eye around the luxurious apartment in which they were sitting as she spoke. "We are not living very much like poor folks."

"What do you mean by my 'altered circumstances,' Adelaide? You have referred to them several times, and I could not imagine what you meant; now do explain yourself."

"I mean, of course, that you have lost your property—or, at least, some of it; and have got to (let me see—yes, that was it) to 'begin the world anew,' and I have been thinking that we had better begin rather more economically than this. What do you have to give a week for these rooms?"

"Not a cent more than I can afford, my dear wife. What in the world put this into your head? Who told you any such trash?"

"Why, I heard in England that you had failed—lost every thing; and then I thought—"

She hesitated—and her husband, after gazing ... her fondly in his arms.

"And then you thought if I had lost every thing else, I would need my wife? Oh, my Ada! my darling! how could I ever have distrusted you?"

"And how could I ever have given you reason to distrust me?" responded Adelaide. "But you have not told me about your failure yet—what was it?"

"Just this: I made some very rash and foolish movements with regard to my business, and came very near losing every cent. Indeed, I believe it was at one time rumored that I had made an entire failure. But affairs turned out better than I had any reason to expect, and I escaped with the loss of only a very few thousands. I do not regret them; for it will learn me to be more cautious for the future, and now I have some one to be careful for," he continued, as he folded her still closer to his heart. "And you really thought you were coming back to privation and toil, did you, my Ada?"

"Yes; but I did not fear them. I only thought that under such circumstances you would have faith in my love."

"I have—I have, Ada. Nothing on earth could ever make me doubt you again."

"I don't know about that," replied Ada, playfully shaking her head; "I should not like to run the risk."

As a member of the Lower House, Mr. Fletcher passed the next winter in Washington, and of course Ada went with him. He could not lose her again so soon; and very proud was he of the grace, the intellect, and the varied accomplishments that made her so sought after, as the brightest ornament of the circle in which they moved.

There was a "Levee" at the White House.

"Willis," whispered Ada, "you said George Tilden and his wife would be here—are they not standing near that large bow window?"

"Yes, that must be George; let us go and join them."

They crossed the room; and very soon Adelaide clasped the hand of George Tilden's fair, blue-eyed bride, and gave to the young, trembling stranger a kind and sisterly greeting.

"She is very beautiful—very lovely, George," said Adelaide, later in the evening, as Mr. Fletcher had taken Mrs. Tilden away to show her a fine painting, "I need not tell you how I rejoice in your happiness."

"I know you do, Adelaide, and I hope you will love my Edith as a sister. She is very young, and needs the companionship of one whom she can trust."

"I could not help loving her, George, for the sake of our old friendship, if for nothing more. But, oh, what has become of Theresa?"

George's countenance fell as he answered—

"Poor child! she leads a wretched life, I fear. She could never agree with her step-mother, and, finally married a man nearly sixty years old—partly because he had plenty of money, and partly to escape from the petty tyranny to which she was subject at home. She looks care-worn and heart sick. Her husband is jealous of his young and pretty wife, and she seldom goes out. If she does, he will not leave her for an instant; and subjects her to a constant surveilance that must be inexpressibly galling. Truly, dear Ada, 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"

Our story is ended, kind reader. Is it necessary for us to "point the moral?"

Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is said to be the mother of a fine daughter.

Jim Beckwith's Indian Fight.

From Parkman's Prairie and Rocky Mountain Life.

Six years ago, a fellow named Jim Beckwith—a mongrel of French, American, and negro blood—was trading for the Fur Company, in a very large village of Crows. Jim Beckwith was last summer at St. Louis. He is a ruffian of the first stamp; such at least is the character he bears upon the prairie. Yet in his case all the standard rules of character fail, for though he will stab a man in his sleep, he will also perform most desperate acts of daring; such, for instance, as the following: While he was in the Crow village, a Blackfoot war-party, between thirty and forty in number, came stealing through the country, killing straglers and carrying off horses. The Crow warriors got upon their trail and pressed them so closely that they could not escape, at which the Blackfeet, throwing up a semicircular breastwork of logs at the foot of a precipice, coolly awaited their approach. The logs and sticks piled four or five feet high, protected them in front. The Crows might have swept over the breast-work and exterminated their enemies; but though outnumbering them tenfold, they did not dream of storming the little fortification. Such a proceeding would be altogether repugnent to their notions of warfare. Whooping and yelling, and jumping from side to side like devils incarnate, they showered bullets and arrows upon the logs; not a Blackfoot was hurt, but several Crows, in spite of their leaping and dodging, were shot down.—In this childish manner the fight went on for an hour or two. Now and then a Crow warrior, in an ecstasy of valor and vainglory, would scream forth his war song, boasting himself the bravest and greatest of mankind, and grasping his hatchet, would rush up and strike it upon the breastwork and then as he retreated to his companions, fall dead under a shower of arrows; yet no combined attack seemed to be dreamed of. The Blackfeet remained secure in their intrenchment. At last Jim Beckwith lost patience:

"You are all fools and old women," he said to the Crows; "come with me if any of you are brave enough, and I will show you how to fight."

He threw off his trapper's frock of buckskin and stripped himself naked like the Indians themselves. He left his rifle on the ground, and taking in his hand a small light hatchet, he ran over the prarie to the right, concealed by a hollow from the eyes of the Blackfeet. Then climbing up the rocks, he gained the top of the precipice behind them. Forty or fifty young Crow warriors followed him. By the cries and whoops that rose from below, he knew that the Blackfeet were just beneath him; and running forward he leaped down the rock into the midst of them. As he fell he caught one by the long loose hair, and dragging him down, tomahawked him; then grasping another by the belt at his gaining his feet, shouted the Crow war-cry. He swung his hatchet so fiercely around him, that the astonished Blackfeet bore back and gave him room. He might, had he chosen, have leaped over the breast work and escaped; but this was not necessary, for with devilish yells the Crow warriors came dropping in quick succession over the rocks among their enemies. The main body of the Crows, too, answered the cry from the front, and rushed simultaneously up. The convulsive struggle within the breastwork was frightful; for an instant the Blackfeet fought and yelled like pent-up tigers; but the butchery was soon complete, and the mangled bodies lay piled up together under the precipice. Not a Blackfoot made his escape. After this fight the Crows dubbed Beckwith a chief. They thought him one of the most wonderful braves that ever came among them.

MELANCHOLY AND STRANGE.—We are once more reminded of the terrible collision of April last, near our city, by the following brief but melancholy statement. It will be remembered that in the list of the dead were recorded four unknown persons, a man, woman, and two lads of 11 and 15 years of age, and they were buried without being recognized, with no friend to follow them to the grave; and no inscription to be writfen above them but the sad one of the "unknown." It will be remembered also, that an infant, very neatly dressed, was taken uninjured from the ruins, but found itself among strangers, without one to claim, or even to recognize it. It naturally excited the sympathies of many of our citizens, and was kindly cared for and nursed in one of our most respectable families. It was feared that all these might belong to one family, and after long continued and faithful exertions, such has been found to be the case. The investigation has also elicited the following fact, that another young man, who was killed, about 17 years of age, and supposed to be Mr Misner, from a card found in his pocket, with his name upon it, was also one of the sons. The name of the family was Kellogg. They were removing from New York State to Minnesota, whither two elder sons had already gone; and leaving behind a daughter of full age. These three remaining members of the family have been here, have reclaimed their infant sister, and visited the graves of their parents and three brothers. This is the saddest tale of all connected with this memorable and heart-rending catastrophe. Its record will live in some families through more than one generation.—*Chicago Tribune.*

DEPOPULATION OF EUROPE.—The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Post* states that the tide of emmigration to the United States shows no signs of abatement. On the contrary the volume is constantly increasing. This is a sample of the rush of Europeans towards the shores of America: "On the 25th a column of 200 Germans passed through Paris to Havre. On the morning of the 26th, 556 emigrants who had arrived that same morning by the Strasburg Railroad, took their departure by the Havre line. The evening train to Havre last Saturday carried from Paris 985 Hanoverins, who were about to found a town in the State of Illinois. In Hungary more than 4000 passports have already been given, a number of them for California.—The authorities make no difficulties about granting passports, but the emigrant is obliged to declare that he does not intend to return to Austria."