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Fish constantly for sale

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Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal,
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Hours—Office open 10 o'clock, A. M.
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Fish, Flour and Plaster.

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Retail Dealers in Foreign and Domes
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Office up stairs in Tammany Hall
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TIBBALS, & HAYES,
Dry Goods, Dry Groceries, Crockery, Hard
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SMITH JACKSON & SONS
Groceries, hardware, Queens Ware,
&c., 121, Cheapside, Erie, Pa.

W THORNTON
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Bonds and Mortgages, Leases, &c.,
fully drawn Office, Wright's Block,
Erie, Pa.

M CHAPIN, RESIDENT DENTIST—Office in
Liberty Block, corner of State and Fifth
Office up stairs. Prices reasonable, and
warranted

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Jobbers and Wholesale Dealers in Foreign and Domes
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6m*

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Collectors and Dealers in Gold and Silver Coin,
Money, Land Warrants and Certificates of
Also, Sight Drafts on the principal cities of
and all parts of the Old Country for sale.
Williams' Block, corner of State Street and Pub-
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E. F. BAILEY. C. S. GUNNISON.

WEBB & THAYER,
MANUFACTURERS and wholesale Dealers in every description of Stone Ware, fire Brick, fire Clay and fire Sand manufactory, between Second and Third Streets on the Canal. Erie, Pa.
GEO F. WEBB. OSCAR C. THAYER.

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WHOLESALE & RETAIL dealers in China, Glass, Crockery, Brittania & Bohemian Ware. Lamps, Domes, Wicks, Mirrors, Vases &c. &c. China Hall, No. 6, Bonnell Block state st. Erie Pa.
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TANNER & MAGILL.
DEALERS in Stoves, Tin, Copper, Brass, and Sheet Iron Ware. Beatty's Block, near the Court House, Erie Penna.
J. I. TANNER. S. G. MAGILL

For Sale.
ERIE CITY MILLS & WATER PRIVILEGE,
With the Land between the Railroad on State and Turnpike Streets.
THIS Mill is in the most perfect Flouring and Custom Mill west of Albany, (so acknowledged by experienced Millers,) and being located near the Railroad Depot, is well adapted for Merchant business. The undersigned will sell on terms of payment that will be advantageous to the purchaser. Erie, Sep. 24, 49. C. M'SPARREN

FALL CAMPAIGN OPENING.
At No. 7, Reed House.
I AM now receiving my Fall Goods, all selected from late importations, consequently the styles are new, and I must say very attractive. Delighting greatly to extend the custom branch of our business, which is hereafter to receive a large share of our attention, we have taken particular pains in selecting the goods suited to the trade, and they will be cut and made up by workmen of experience and taste, and warranted to give satisfaction. As heretofore, the system of low prices for good pay, will be maintained, and we are determined to spare no effort to make ours the most popular clothing establishment in the city. Our stock is now very large and complete all qualities of Broad Cloth and colors, extra superfine French Cloths and Doe Skins, French Cassimeres, many styles, some very beautiful, embroidered Silk Velvet and Silk Vestings, plain and figured, new style. Shirts and Collars, Suspenders, &c. all of which are open to the public for inspection.
JACOB KOCH, No. 7 Reed House
Erie, Sept. 22, 1853.

CLEMENS & CAUGHEY.
(Successors to J. M. Smith & Co.,)
Wholesale Grocers, No. 7, Bonnell Block, Erie.
THE subscribers having taken the store formerly occupied by J. M. Smith & Co., have and are receiving direct from New York, a large and well selected
Stock of Groceries.
Our Goods were bought for Cash, and most of them previous to the late advances; we would therefore respectfully invite merchants and others wanting goods in our line to examine our stock before going to Buffalo or New York. We wish it to be understood that for CASH goods can be purchased as cheap here as in New York with the added item of freight.
The following will comprise some of the articles in our line: N. O. Pulverised, Crushed and Granulated Muscovado P. R. Coffee Sugars. P. R. Muscovado, and N. O. Molasses, Steward's Syrup, Honey Dew, Young Hyson Black Teas of all grades, Rio, Laguaira and Java Coffee, Tobacco from the to 6s, per pound; Fruits, Nuts, Spices, Pepper Pimento, Cassia, Nutmegs, Cloves, Indigo, Rice, White Fish, Mackarel, Cod, and Herring, Powder, Shot, Lead, Cap, Safety Fuse, &c. &c. In addition to our Stock we have a large stock of
Pure Wines and Liquors,
Which will be sold at prices that will defy competition London and Philadelphia Porter, Scotch Ale, &c. We are also Agents for Moffet's Buffalo Ale
Please give us a call and we will satisfy you that there is no humbug in what we say.
Nov. 5.—25 CLEMENS & CAUGHEY

Books and Stationary, Very Cheap.
At No. 9 Brown's Block.
WE have just received our full stock of Books, Stationary, Blank Books, Writing fluid, Pen's Inkstands, and the thousand other articles belonging to our trade all of which we are anxious to sell, and for the cash they can be bought very cheaper. Those in want will do well call. Don't forget the place, No 9, Brown's Block.

Why Don't You Read?
JUST received the following excellent books at the cheap Book Store, No. 9, Brown's Block

The Robbers Wife	A man in search of a Wife
The Mystic Visit	Dare Devil Dick.
Ellen De Vere,	Jack and his Bride
Rebel Scout,	Captain Kyd,
Miles Treverschere,	Jack Ketch,
Jane Seton,	Lafitte,
	Modern Flirtations.

And numerous other good things, marvelous works lighter and sublime, which are offered cheap.

"It Saved His Life."
A YOUNG man was very much enamored of Susan, but he lacked the courage to tell her his sentiments. He continued to droop daily and hourly, until a kind friend whispered in his ear to call, whereupon he called at No 9, Brown's Book Store and found a complete cure in two doses. Those who are affected in the same way, or we have a few more left of the same sort. Don't delay too long. Also, steel Pens, Paper, Envelopes, Inkstands and Pencils generally for that purpose

Cookery Without A Master.
A FEW copies of "Miss Beachers Domestic Receipt Book," the best book out warranted to get a good meal, received this and of "Mother" Wilkins superb apples. Both to be had at No 9 Brown's Block, where may also be found a large list of School Books, Copy Books, Drawing Paper, Letter and Writing Envelopes, and a few copies of the curious work called "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Books.

To Tailor's and Clothier's
A QUANTITY of Tailor's pattern paper just received, a new article, never kept in the city before. Call soon at No. 9 Brown's Block—where you will also see a good assortment of Books, History, Biography, Blank Books, Printer's Ink, all colors, and any quantity of the cheapest Wall Paper ever saw.

REMOVAL AND CHANGE.
Immense and Attractive Stock.
MORRIS L. HALLOWELL & Co. Philadelphia Having removed into their splendid new warehouse, entrances No 147 Market, and No 21 North Fourth street, are opening for the Spring trade an assortment of Silk and Fancy Goods, that for extent and variety will surpass the stock ever offered in that market. Entering into their new store, which is
One of the Largest in America,
with a business of an unusual amount already established, and intending largely to increase it, especially with those who buy for cash, and believing that the correct system in jobbing goods is to have uniform prices, they will be enabled to sell at a much smaller profit than can possibly be afforded where long credits are given. Under their cash and short credit system the necessity for charging large profits does not exist, and by selling their goods at a very small advance on the foreign cost, they intend to make it the interest of every judge of goods, to buy upon the following
TERMS:
Cash buyers will receive a discount of six per cent, if the money be paid in gold funds, within 10 days from date of bill. Uncurrent money will only be taken at its market value on the day it is received. To merchants of undoubted standing credit of six months will be given if desired. Where money is remitted in advance or maturity a discount at the rate of twelve per cent per annum will be allowed. They ask from merchants visiting the Eastern cities, the favor of an examination of their stock, being satisfied that they will be convinced that it is not for their interest to pay the large profits that are absolutely essential to those who give long credits. 3m30
M. L. HALLOWELL, J. L. HALLOWELL, T. W. SWEETZY, JAMES TRAINOR, A. W. LITTLE, F. R. HUTCHINSON.

FRAUD!
ALL who want Axes of the real Collins & Co make, should be particular to notice the stamps, as there are various counterfeits and imitations stamped Collins and labelled much like ours, which are fraudulently sold in some parts of the United States as our manufacture. They are made in different parts of the country by various axe-makers, and are generally of very inferior quality. The genuine Collins axes, which have acquired such an extensive reputation, are invariably stamped "COLLINS & CO. HARTFORD," and each axe has a printed label with my signature. It is now more than TWENTY FIVE YEARS since we commenced the business with the stamp of "Collins & Co. Hartford," and I do not know of any other axe-maker by the name of Collins in the United States. SAM. W. COLLINS.
Sept. 10, 1853 1y17.

New Goods from Philadelphia.
WE are now opening a lot of New Goods which we will be pleased to show our friends. SELDEN & ELY
Erie, Feb. 18, 1854. 4tp.

Home Manufactures.
STOCKTON & FULLER are now prepared to make to order, Silver Spoons, Forks, PITCHERS, Tea Sets, Cups, and in fact any article of Silver Goods, at as good rates, and in as good style as can be had in Eastern Cities
A large stock of Forks, Spoons, Cups, and the finest flatware, constantly on hand
Engraving done in the neatest manner. Having a commodious shop, and two good workmen, we do now "cast a bend" in this side of Philadelphia, we are confident we can give satisfaction to all. Orders from a distance promptly attended to. The trade supplied at eastern prices. Please call and see how we do it. Park Row, a few doors east of Brown's Hotel
March 11, 1854

Hazza For the Six Foot Track!!
TO THE POWERS THAT BE
SINCE the agitation of the public mind consequent upon the recent change of gauge has somewhat subsided and the people, proud in the consciousness of rectitude, have resumed to their various vocations, with the invincible determination of resisting the aggressive spirit of monopoly to the last drop, we beg leave to inform them that we too have gone to work again with renewed energy, and can now furnish them with anything we have at greatly reduced rates, in prospect of the "good time coming," and though ready at all times to do battle in defence of the integrity of our adopted city, yet when not so engaged we can always be found at home to greet our friends with smiling visages, and furnish them with those requisites to domestic comfort which constitute our assortment.
We have STOVES of every style for Parlor, Office and Kitchen. TIN WARE in endless variety; Cisterns Pumps and Copper Boilers, Lead Pipe and Brass Kettles, Coal Hods and Stove Pipe, Iron Sepops and Coal Shovels, Shovels and Tongs and Brass candlesticks, Britania Ware and children's Toys, Pork Forks and potato Strainers, and a variety of utensils essential to the culinary department, can always be found at the Home furnishing establishment of TANNER & MAGILL.
Dec. 17.—31 Beatty's Block, near the Court House. Erie, Pa.

NEW STYLES OF LADIES' CLOAKS.—Just received, this morning, another lot of Ladies' Cloaks, of the latest fashion; also, a fine assortment of Ladies Cloths and Trimmings at the Emporiums. Erie Nov. 26 CADWELL & BENNETT.

The Latest Styles.
THE Ladies will find at Selden & Ely's a very large assortment of Dress Goods consisting of

French Merino,	Paramedes,
German do,	Coburgh,
Worsted Plaids,	Alapeca,
Bombazines,	All wool M DeLaines,

Which cannot be surpassed in this or any other city for fine assortment of quality and cheapness.
Dec. 10.—23. SELDEN & ELY.

Select Poetry.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

From Putnam's Monthly for April

My coachman in the moonlight there,
Looks through the side-light of the door;
I hear him with his brethren swear
As I could do,—but only more

Flattening his nose against the pane,
He envies me my brilliant fate,
And blows his aching fists in vain
And wishes me a place not hot

He sees me to the supper go,
A sulken wonder by my side,
Bare arms, bare shoulders, and a row
Of flounces, for the door too wide.

He thinks, how happy is my arm
'Neath its white gloved and jewelled fold
And wishes me some dreadful harm,
Hearing the merry music rapt I'm

Meanwhile I may curse the hour
Of hunting still the same old game
And envy him, outside the door
In golden quiets of the moon.

The winter wind is not so cold
As the bright smiles he sees me with
Nor our host's old set wine so sold
As our poor rabble—sweetness [illegible]

I envy him the ringing [illegible]
By which he hears coming [illegible]
And dreams lady's chin is cold [illegible]
The valley slave is dreaming [illegible]

O! would he have my hard [illegible]
And I his quiet? exact a [illegible]
Twould still be one man tired with [illegible]
And just another horsey with [illegible]

THE HEARTH CRICKET.

BY W. W. [illegible]

I love thy chirping note
Pleasant companion of the [illegible]
Every [illegible] from the [illegible]
Bright hours of lost [illegible]
The wildwood haunts of [illegible]
In thought I tread [illegible]
Rock, the [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]
Thou [illegible] Edgar's [illegible]
While I [illegible] the cold, November [illegible]
Or hoarse the wintry [illegible]
[illegible] contentment [illegible]
The [illegible] of a cash [illegible]
An [illegible] of familiar [illegible]
Breath'd, and remember [illegible]

When eve again returns
Steal forth [illegible] humble [illegible]
From cranny in the [illegible]
Thy tempest-proof [illegible]
For the shrill, housed [illegible]
Is worker of a spell
Whereby that thief, [illegible]
Unlocks his [illegible]

Re-visiting in soul
My father's [illegible] wreathed [illegible]
Th[illegible]
A [illegible]
[illegible] and long [illegible]
Seem to pass by [illegible]
Awakened by the [illegible]
[illegible]

Choice Miscellany

THE RANGER'S CHASE.

A WESTERN STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY T. S. MCCONNELL

CHAPTER I

"Come, haste to the wedding."

On the third of February, 1809, an act of Congress was passed, defining the boundaries of Illinois, and establishing the First Grand Territorial Government. The population of this whole territory did not then exceed twelve thousand, and, with the exception of Chicago, and a few settlements on the Wabash, was confined to a narrow strip of country along the Mississippi. But, upon the organization of the new government, under Governor Edwards, the current of emigration received an impulse in this direction, and the fertile prairies, lying nearer to the centre of the state, began to attract more attention. Kaskaskia was the seat of territorial authority, as well as the nucleus of population, and it was northward, along the banks of the river of that name, that the stream of emigrants naturally took its way.

Among those who pushed adventurously forward in that direction, was a certain Thomas Fielding, who migrated from Virginia in the autumn of 1811; his family consisting of a wife, two sons and one daughter. Passing by the settlement of St Clair county, he pressed on across the prairies, with a world of fertile acres spread before him, until he reached the bank of Shoal Creek, in the county of Bond. A few miles south-west of the point, where the town of Greenville has since been built, he found a tract of land which combined all the advantages of which he was in search. A prairie, several miles in width, was bounded by high and valuable timber along the creek, and stretched away toward the north and west, in all the rich, unbroken beauty of primeval nature. Elevated, but well watered, undulating, though not rugged, that portion of which, with the freedom of the wilderness, he took immediate possession, was easily converted into a beautiful and productive farm. Just within the skirt of the timber, protected by a grove of stately oaks, he erected a spacious, though primitive, mansion; and here, in the grand solitude of wood and plain, he prepared, with his family, to spend the remainder of his life.

It was chiefly with a view to the welfare of that family that he had left the older and more thickly peopled state of Virginia, to seek a home in the far west. He was growing old, his sons were approaching manhood: and, after assisting their father in providing for his age, it was natural that they should be solicitous about their own future. Each, accordingly, with the concurrence of the father, selected for himself a sufficient domain; and such was the energy with which they prosecuted their "improvements," that, by the spring of 1813, there were three separate farms, immediately contiguous, under active cultivation.

Both the sons were married in the course of the following summer—for other emigrants had followed Fielding's "trail," until, at this time, there were, perhaps, twenty families within a circle of ten miles diameter. Jane, the daughter, still remained with her parents; but the frequent visits of a certain John Edgar, who lived some eight miles down the river, seemed to give color to the rumor, now rife in the settlement, that she was soon to exchange her maiden name, for that of the young Ranger Captain.

And, without implying any license to dispute about tastes—which, from time immemorial, have been considered out of the pale of controversy—Edgar's choice was well justified by her qualities, both of mind and person. She was considerably above the medium height, with the free carriage, which health and elastic spirits always give. Even now, though nearly forty years have passed, and she has borne and nurtured a numerous family, her bearing is more erect and graceful than that of many a girl within her teens. Dark hair and eyes, with a well arched brow—cheeks a little embrowned by exposure to the sun and wind—a nose rather aquoline than straight—a pleasant mouth, with red lips, which were never known to tremble, save in talking to the Ranger: a round, full chin, surmounting, like an Ionic capital, the marble column of her neck, a figure, which united the freedom of rural life with the elegance of city cultivation; these were her attractions. Captain Edgar was a lucky fellow—for she loved him with all the fervor of the wilderness, and by nothing in her education had she learned to act as if ashamed of her affection.

He was well worthy of such a bride. Tall, elegantly formed, active, and graceful, he was the very type of a young frontiersman. Gait, carriage, voice, and countenance, were all in unison with the open, manly spirit of his class. Preeminently brave among a people noted for courage; able as a leader, where in order to lead, superiority must be plainly seen and deeply felt; he was already, though scarcely five-and-twenty, the captain of a company of rangers, whose arduous task it was to protect a frontier of nearly an hundred miles from the depredations of the Indians. The latter stirred up, as is universally believed in this country, by British agents, since the opening of the war, were gathering, in unprecedented numbers, along the lakes and on the Upper Mississippi; and, like bolts from a thunder-cloud, war parties were moving rapidly in all directions—falling, with the suddenness of Indian strategy, when their descent was least expected, and vanishing among the shadows of the forest, ere their blows could be returned. If the settlements on Shoal Creek had, as yet, escaped incursion, it was chiefly owing to the vigilance and activity of Edgar's Rangers, and, in circumstances like these, it may well be supposed that nothing save the utmost confidence, would have induced the pioneers to trust so young a man with a responsibility so heavy.

But neither war, nor rumors of war, could exclude from the mind of the youthful captain, thoughts of love and anticipations of domestic bliss. In the midst of these alarms, a day was appointed for his marriage with Jane Fielding. It was the 10th of September, 1813—a day memorable in the annals of our country, as that on which Perry achieved his famous victory over Barclay, and though they, of course, knew nothing of the approaching event, it is probable that even so brilliant an anticipation would not wholly have withdrawn their attention from that which so much more nearly concerned them.

A wedding on the frontier, in those days, was a far hartier affair than it now is in the same country. People seem to be somewhat ashamed of getting married of late, and seek to avoid observation, very much as if they were about some act only allowable because not positively prohibited by statutory enactment. The first that the neighborhood learns in these modest times, of a matrimonial union, is the stealthy departure of a close carriage, in which the guilty parties are privately driven away, to hide their culprit faces among strangers. The public feeling of the olden time was somewhat different. The consummation, in fact, of an union which was already complete in affection, was then deemed an occasion for social congratulation, and sometimes of mirthful enjoyment. The neighbors—husbands, wives, sons and daughters—were all called in, to participate in the hilarity, and each felt that, if the occasion was, as it should be, a happy one to parties directly interested, it would be wrong in them to cloud that happiness by gloom, reserve or severity.

For, even to a good little few scented notes of invitation, embossed cards, or emblematic turtle-doves, are more than for the unsubstantial trickery which now make up a wedding feast. As the day approached, though yet perhaps a week remained, the children of the bride's family were sent forth to warn the neighbors in," or not unfrequently the parties took advantage of some other journey-making, to announce the auspicious event, and deliver invitations; and, without other ceremony, all who lived within a day's ride of the place, resolved themselves invited, and arranged their affairs accordingly. Some inconvenience to the host and hostess might result from this uncertainty about the number of their guests; but the art of providing mathematically for the precise number expected, was not then cultivated; it there was enough, it was not material how much more there might be—for that meanness of which it combines a sorded calculation with the rites of hospitality, was not one of the pioneer's vices. Preparation was made to receive all who were near enough to reach the place—a profusion of substantial things, such as hearty men and natural women liked, adorned the rude tables; and a grand flourishes of white-aproned waiters, no human dignity of form or ceremony, encumbered or oppressed the feast. And, though the early backwoodsman might not be the most polished of hosts, yet, tried by the standard of genuine hospitality, he was the most perfect of gentlemen.

Thomas Fielding was a true representative of his class, and those who have been in the West will need no further description. For two weeks before the appointed day, he had invited everybody he met to witness the marriage of his daughter, and take part in the rejoicings; and by those whom he saw, he had sent notice to others; so that at least a week before the eventful tenth, every one within twenty miles was not only notified, but asked to attend. Preparations were then made upon a corresponding scale; and fervent wishes were expressed that the weather might be fine, that none might fail to come.—One of the sons was sent express to Kaskaskia for Jane's wedding garments—for even in those primitive days woman was true to the tastes of her sex. And, beside, Jane had grown almost to womanhood in the precincts of the Old Dominion; and, in her new home, was as well known for the superior neatness of her dress, as for other advantages of mind and person.

At length the eventful morning came—one of those magnificent autumn days in which the warmth of summer lingers on the hazy landscape of the waning year. They say Italian skies are beautiful throughout the seasons; but it seems to me the autumn must be the glory of the months in all climes, as full manhood is the ultimate bloom of life to all men; and existence, in a country where the climate gives no special beauty to the year's decline, would seem but little better than working in a tread-mill. We must have variety; the perpetual smile of even a beautiful face would weary us in time; and six months of unbroken sunshine would make us long for a Scotch mist. There is no such monotony in the land of prairies, nor has any country in the world a season of more rich and mellow glories than the western autumn.

"The fading, many colored woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round,
Embrown, crowded upbrage, dusk and dun,
Of every hue, from wan declining green,
To sooty dark;"

and waving wide savannas, luxuriant as oriental gardens, over which the shadows chase each other statelily, or linger lovingly, like shady islets in a "sea of green." And then the tempered sunlight, all shorn of summer's fierceness, by the hazy, dream-like air; and, over all, the arching sky, not laughing, as in April, and not glowing, like July, but full of deep repose, the holy calm of spirit-land. Who that loves beauty would not live in a variable clime?

But it was little that the wedding-guests cared for the glories of September. The sun had scarcely begun to decline toward the west, ere they first were seen approaching. From all directions along the narrow road, over prairie pathways, emerging from the timber, or riding slowly along its outskirts, the whole country seemed in motion. Thomas Fielding, with his two sons, all in their holyday suits, stood at the gate, and welcomed all comers with a hearty shake of the hand; while at the front door the younger matrons, with their smilling mother, received the females of each party. The bride-elect was not yet visible; the ceremony was not to take place till evening. The bridegroom had appointed a rendezvous for his company of rangers; and it was at the head of these trusty guardians of the settlement, that he was to approach the scene of his happiness. In the meantime, the guests employed the vacant hours, each according to his fancy, the men in talking over the prospects of the country, the dangers of Indian incursions, the plenty of the crops, etc.; while the women were either assisting in the final preparations for the feast, or readjusting their disordered dress—either gossiping with the mother, or teasing the daughter, who still kept her bridal chamber.

Four o'clock in the afternoon arrived; and now the happy captain, with his rangers, might soon be expected; when Jane, her preparations all complete, at last issued from her chamber, and announced her intention to walk out upon the prairie and gather some wild flowers. Several of the younger girls proposed to accompany her, but with a smile and a blush she declined their companionship. It was not pressed upon her, for each had a suspicion of her object. The mother's called their daughters aside, and whispered—

"She is going to meet the captain—let her go alone."

And, in confirmation of the suspicion, she passed out to the southward and took a path which led in the direction of the road along which the captain was to come. Somewhat more than half a mile from the house stood a little grove, within which she had often met Edgar on his visits to her father's, and from this point her parents usually saw them approaching the house together. It was to this grove that she went—by a circuitous route, however, so as to justify her excuse for leaving the house, by gathering a few late flowers.

She had been absent from the house little more than an hour, when, rounding a "point" of timber, which puts out from the creek about two miles below the farm, a cavalcade of twenty horsemen was seen, and at once recognized as Edgar's company of rangers. Another body, about equal in number, was seen at the same time several miles to the west, but all attention was now directed toward the south, in expectation of the appearance of the rangers. The elder ladies smiled sedately, in memory of their own youthful days, and prophesied—

"He'll not come with the company—you'll see Jane and him coming up that path, after awhile."

And the event justified the prediction—at least in part; for, on arriving opposite the little grove Edgar turned off, and directing his companions to ride on, put his horse to a gallop, and was soon within the shadows of the rendezvous.

A vine and a fallen tree, together, formed a pleasant seat; and here, when the skies were clear and sunlight warm, he had often found her awaiting his approach. He sought the old place now, but she was not there!

"She must be out soon," he muttered to himself; and springing to the ground, he ascended the seat which he had expected to find occupied. He was disappointed, and both his face and attitude betrayed it. He leaned his rifle against a tree and threw himself back to wait, patiently as he might, for what was not likely to come had he waited till morning! His eyes wandered vacantly over the scene for some minutes, when, suddenly springing up, he exclaimed—

"She has been here and gone away!"

A narrow strip of white muslin was hanging upon a thorn very near him—evidently torn from some article of female dress! It could not be a signal for him; only accident could have placed it there. She must have retreated in haste—and why? Such were the reasonings of the experienced ranger. He reached forward and took it off the briar; but, as he did so, his eye fell upon a more ominous object! The same bush had retained a piece of red calico, fringed with green, and Edgar at once observed that it had come from the cape of a hunting-shirt such as the northern Indians wore!

It was enough! And yet, with the coolness characteristic of his race, the ranger stooped to the ground and calmly examined the records of a struggle. On each side of the rustic seat there was single footstep, deeply indented among the leaves, as if two men had sprung suddenly from opposite directions to a common point. Then, in front of the seat, the twigs were broken and the ground was trampled—though but little, as if the struggle had been brief and feeble!

"No man could have been overpowered so soon," he said; "and it must have been as I expected—she was alone."

But even this conviction did not hurry him away. He carefully examined the ground in the neighborhood, and then, returning to the scene of the struggle, followed the trail, by those slight indications which none but a backwood-man could have discovered, for several hundred yards to the westward. He thus ascertained these facts:—That the actual captors were but two in number; that they had concealed their horses in a small thicket, some distance above the grove where the capture was made; that they had retreated in great haste, keeping within a ravine which divided the prairie; and that, at or near the thicket they had rejoined the main body of marauders, consisting of half-a-score of horsemen.

"They have been frightened away by the gathering at Fieldings," thought the ranger.

He hastened back to the grove, and springing upon his horse, galloped away toward the house. He had still a lingering hope, though faint, that he might find his bride at home; but this vanished at once when he rode furiously to the gate and was met by her father.

"Indians!" he shouted, in the loud, full notes of a voice like a trumpet. "Ho! rangers! Mount and follow!"

CHAPTER II.

THE CHASE COMMENCED.

The cause of the alarm scarcely needed to be explained—the word "Indians" was enough.

All was immediately in confusion—men were rushing in every direction for their arms and horses, women were hastily preparing to set out homeward, and save the rangers, who had picketed their horses together as usual, no one seemed to retain the least coolness. Nor was the consternation unnatural: for many fathers and mothers were there who had left their homes in charge of their children—some of the younger guests had left aged parents—and even those who had closed their houses, leaving no one behind, though they apprehended no bereavement of relatives, expected no less than to find the labor of years a heap of smoking ruins. People less accustomed to alarms would have made more clamor; but the pale faces and rigid features of these stern backwoodsmen, were as eloquent of feeling as the wildest gestures or most extravagant cries.

It was in scenes like this, that the superiority of such a man as John Edgar became evident.—He was terribly excited—as the blazing eye and ashy lips might testify; yet his orders were given with the same clearness as if there had been no cause of agitation; and, without betraying any signs of impatience, he sat upon his horse at the gate quietly awaiting their execution. But few moments sufficed for his ready soldiery to assemble. They numbered only twenty in all; but they were soon joined by half-a-score of young men, who had no pressing call homeward. From these he selected ten, among whom were the two younger Fieldings, and placing the company under the command of his lieutenant, he directed them to establish patrols over the district and protect the settlements.

"You'll bring Jane back to us, John?" said Mrs. Fielding, coming to the gate, with dry eyes, but trembling lips.

"Yes," he replied sternly, "I shall have to follow her to the Rocky Mountains."

And the mother turned away sorrowing, but hopeful. The character of Edgar was too well known to admit a doubt of his untiring perseverance.

Ten minutes sufficed to make all the provisions necessary to a long chase; at the end of that time Edgar turned his horse's head toward the prairie, and followed by the ten men of his choice, set out at a long gallop to the west and north. The band had been selected with a thorough knowledge of every man's qualities, they were all young, hardy, resolute and daring. Each was equipped with rifle and knife, and each rode a powerful and well-tried horse. Beside the hatred which every ranger bore to the "red-skin"—a motive in itself strong enough to bear them forward for many days—they were all warmly attached to Edgar. The latter expected a long chase;—for, from certain signs, minute and unmeaning to the inexperienced, but trumpet-tongued to him, he was impressed with the belief that Jane's captors were not merely a marauding party, making an incursion into this settlement, but a retreating band falling back from some other enterprise, either on account of defeat or division.—Their numbers were too great, the character of the chase from which he had found a fragment, and the direction of their movement, all combined to this conclusion. Had he heard of the gallant defense of Fort Stephenson a few weeks before, his opinion might have been confirmed.

The sun was rapidly declining toward the horizon as they cleared the inclosures of Fieldings farm and struck at once into the open prairie.

Edgar had followed the trail far enough from the grove, to be satisfied that no attempt was made, to be satisfied that no attempt was made to conceal the course taken by the captors. He now turned his horse's head toward the grove, and, dismounting, led the way on foot, carefully examining the ground, and the trees, as he went along. He turned at the point where he had left his horse, and, with a long, steady gaze, followed the trail toward the north, until it was lost in the distance, and with a disappointed countenance the result of his scrutiny. He then spoke out manfully. He turned around the grove, and, with the same close inspection, examined the ground, and the trees, as he passed along. There were, of course, no marks on the grass to indicate the direction in which the captors had taken possession, yet the keen woodsman, by a peculiar inclination of the ground, and the trees, was enabled to detect at the point where he had left the grove.

"They went south," he muttered Edgar, musingly, as he sprang lightly among those who had gathered around him. "Boys, the trail leads toward the north, and we must follow it, cheerfully, and perfectly straight, through woods and over mounds as far as the eye can see, which, they are evidently driving to a common point. What can it be?"

"It must be Colton's Grove," said one of the rangers, the most experienced among them, who had approached during the examination. "They would scarcely halt in any other place, and in the line of this trail there is no other landmark."

"But that is nearly thirty miles from this spot," said Edgar; "they'll not be able to reach there to-night, and besides, it will leave them ten miles out of their way."

"You think they are making for the Portage?" said White.

"Yes—they will cross it as soon as possible, no doubt; and they can't have crossed on both that and the Illinois. However," he added, springing again to the saddle, "we must follow the trail as long as we have light, and by nightfall we shall be better able to determine."

He took the lead again as he spoke, and set off in the same swinging gallop, to the northward, along the trail.

The sun was by this time nearly set, and the air was growing chill and damp. Their horses traveled better, however, and throughout the long twilight of that latitude they could follow the trail as well as at noon. But at the end of an hour the shadows began to creep closer to them, the timber on the left could no longer be distinguished, they could see the broken grass-blades but a few yards before them, and they were at length compelled to slacken their speed. A few stars came out in the heavens, the fleecy clouds in the north disappeared in the gloom, the breeze fell suddenly to a dead calm, the lingering rays in the west went out, and the curtain of night was dropped to the earth. The pursuers were in the middle of a wide prairie, more than thirty miles from the settlements, upon a trail which was no longer visible!

Edgar halted, and the whole party dismounted.

"Here is water, boys," said the captain, leading his horse to a small stream which trickled through the grass: "we had better let our horses drink and graze for an hour, else they will be too much blown for to-morrow's march. I think we had then better strike for Colton's grove, direct; it cannot be more than twenty miles, and we can reach it before midnight. I hope to find the Redskins there."

It did not seem to prove Edgar's ardor in the pursuit, that he thus ordered a halt in the very opening of the chase; but there was not a man in the company who did not know that this was the wisest course. The hearts of the brothers grew heavy, however; for, notwithstanding Edgar's hope of finding the Indian's at the grove, it could not escape them, that he expected a long pursuit.

In truth, he was too well acquainted with the Indian character, to have full faith in his own expectations. "If," he reasoned, "they had designed to spend the night at Colton's Grove, they would have been at some pains to baffle us on our trail—they would have gone into the timber or—at least—swerved from the direct course.—But, here, they have traveled for thirty miles, straight as the bird flies