The People's Advocate.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING, BY
DOW & BOYD.
(Office on the west side of the Public Avenue.)

TERMS.—ONE DOLLAR a year in advance. One Dollar Fifty Cents if not paid within three months, and if delayed until after the expiration of the year two dollars will be exacted.

Discontinuances optional with the Publishers, unless arrearages are paid.

Letters to the Publishers on business with the office must be post-paid to insure attention.

Poetry.

THE ANGEL'S WING.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

There is a certain German superstition that when a sudden silence takes place in a company, an angel at that moment makes a circuit around them, and the first person who breaks the silence is supposed to have been touched by the wings of the seraph.—For the purpose of poetry, I have thought two persons preferable to many, in illustrating this very beautiful superstition.

When by the evening's quiet light
There sit two silent lovers,
They say, while in such silent plight,
An angel round them hovers;
And further still old legends tell—
The first who breaks the silent spell,
To say a soft and pleasing thing,
Hath felt the passing angel's wing.

Thus a musing minstrel strayed
By the summer ocean,
Gazing on a lovely maid,
With a bard's devotion:
Yet his love he never spoke,
Till now the silent spell he broke,
The hidden fire to flame did spring,
Fann'd by the passing angel's wing.

I have loved the well and long,
With love of heaven's own making!
This is not a poet's song,
But a true heart's speaking:
I will love thee still untired!
He felt—he spoke—as one inspired;
The words did from truth's fountain spring,
Unawakened by the angel's wing!

Silence o'er the maiden fell,
Her beauty lovlier making;
And by her blush he knew full well
The dawn of love was breaking.
It came like sunshine o'er his heart!
He felt that they should never part—
She spoke—and oh!—the lovely thing
Had felt the passing angel's wing.

The Child's First Grief.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Oh! call my brother back to me!
I cannot play alone;
The summer comes with flower and bee—
Where is my brother gone?

The butterfly is glancing bright
Across the sunbeam's track:
I care not now to chace its flight,
Oh! call my brother back!

The flowers run wild—the flowers we sow'd
Around our garden tree:
Our vine is drooping with its load—
Oh! call him back to me!"

"He would not hear thy voice, fair child;
He may not come to thee:
The face that once like spring-time smiled,
On earth no more thou'lt see.

A rose's brief, bright life of joy,
Such unto him was given:
Go—thou must play alone, my boy!
Thy brother is in heaven."

And has he left his birds and flowers?
And must I call in vain?
And through the long, long summer hours,
Will he not come again?

And by the brook and in the glade,
And all our wanderings o'er?
Oh! while my brother with me play'd,
Would I had loved him more!"

Miscellany.

A CALL ON MRS. POLK.

On a recent visit to Washington, I took the liberty of walking to the Presidential House, unattended and unrecommended, and in plain, republican style rang the entrance bell, *solus*. Quickly there appeared at the door a good looking, fresh complexioned servant, who politely awaited my demand. He was not an American, but an Irishman, resembling an Englishman, except in the well known brogue. His manner was easy and unassuming, indicating familiarity with the duties of his office, and a readiness to represent the good will of an American President. A different character from old Jemmy, the steadfast porter of the palace during the reign of Andrew Jackson. Jemmy seemed to have a kind heart, for he too was an Irishman, but he was awkward and unpolished, not very particular in his dress, nor overstocked with urbanity of speech, especially when a visitor made an unnecessary exhibition of a consciousness that he was one of the sovereign people, of right demanding to see his principal servant—the President—or to look at the stately rooms of the White House. But when treated with respectful words, like his famous master, none was more accommodating. He always, however, seemed to begrudge the time of the President, and was habitually positive, when he could say to the caller: "The President is engaged with the Cabinet."

"Can I see Mrs. Polk," was the simple question I put on this occasion to the porter. "This is not the regular day when she receives company," he replied, "but, but"—and he surveyed me with a hesitating look, not knowing exactly what to say next, when I observed, "perhaps Mrs. Polk will receive me in her private parlor a little while." "Your name, sir?" he asked—"Mr. ——, of ——," I replied. He bid me walk into the vestibule, and soon disappeared through a side door, then quickly returned, and ushered me into a parlor—one of the series of elliptical rooms devoted to different purposes. I took my seat on one of the richly cushioned crimson sofas constituting a part of the elegant furniture of the room, and awaited the *entree* of her Ladyship.

My musings were soon interrupted by the appearance of Mrs. Polk, who with an easy smile and a graceful simplicity of manner, bid me welcome as an American citizen, and partaker of a common faith. Mrs. Polk bears her honors meekly, and surely it is no mean elevation to be the wife of an American President; an elevation to which many fond and ambitious aspirations are doubtless secretly cherished in the bosoms of high-minded American females, but which only one now and then can enjoy.

Mrs. Polk may be considered a felicitous specimen of the genteel American lady, who without artificial airs, without any assumed stateliness of manners, without any ambitious ornaments of dress, exchanges the courtesies of private life, and demeans herself in public with sincerity somewhat rare in the current circles of fashion. I cannot but think that the basis of her style of character, is laid in a true and unaffected piety. She is regular in her attendance on divine worship, and on the Communion of the Lord's Supper. In this conversation she expressed her great delight, among similar things, in having recently witnessed and welcomed the admission of three or four interesting youths to the Communion of the Church (Presbyterian) of which she is a member.

On looking at my watch, I found that more than half an hour had glided away, and apologizing, I bade our lady of the White House goodbye, and departed.—*Cor. of the N. Y. Com. Adv.*

WILLIAM HURLING:

A TALE OF THE PHILADELPHIA RIOTS.

BY FRED. GREELY.

"Be sure your sin shall find you out."—BIBLE.

The following story is a fearful comment on the above passage of Holy Writ. The Writer feels that he has trodden on delicate ground. While penning a lesson for his young fellow citizens, he has not attempted to bring any political notion into disrepute. He has striven to show up some facts that were connected with that awful time.—Were it not for the respect due to the survivors of those concerned, he would have given more *bare* developments. With the partizan cries of those times the story has nothing to do. Its moral is the fearful consequences of youth raising their hands in violence against each other; and it is well known that the direst part of that drama was enacted by youth, for whose acts no political party was responsible.

"Ram her home, Ned. Seven fingers and three slugs will be about enough for Brogan. The deuce take Jack for losing the bullet moulds, I say."

"Ditto; for them's my sentiments," was the reply. "Now for the Brogan." The young man raised his piece and fired.

"Bravo! well done!" exclaimed his comrade, "how the son of the sod reels!"

This was too true. The deadly weapon had been too faithful in its mission, and the Irishman fell dead just as he raised his gun to perform for some other, what the young rioter had done for him. A fearful yell broke from the dying man, and in a moment his spirit was in eternity. Despatched by the hands of an assassin himself had gone to give up his account to that Bar from whose decision there is no appeal.

Ned Cannon was a stout young man, whose sole existence was centered in the one idea, notoriety. To gain this, consistency was no barrier. Albiet his father and mother were an honest, worthy and industrious couple, yet he was ashamed of them, and that forsooth because they were Irish. Ned considered himself wonderfully patriotic in embracing every opportunity in vilifying them.

"Load again, Ned."

"I can't Will, there's no ammunition."

"Then we must take stones," was the reply. What, Ned; what's that blaze!"

A lurid light broke on the countenance of the outlaws, and a momentary cessation of hostilities ensued.

"By the Pope, Will, it's old Augustine! How the fire goes! Hurrah! another masshouse is going to pot."

Both the young desperadoes yelled with sacrilegious joy, as the noble church of St. Augustine was rapidly becoming enveloped in flames. The noble edifice stood in the midst of the firey element, like an ancient martyr. High over the curling wreath of flames stood the pillared dome. The white columns that supported it shone in the red light, as if indestructible. Now a rumbling crash strikes the ear; the roof gives way, and the beautiful dome, with its columar drapery, sinks into its firey bed, lost to mortal gaze. A loud cry rose on the sound of the falling edifice, and as symbolical of the fierce and dark passion of that infuriate mass, darkly swelling, ascended the black and cloudy smoke. The beautiful building was a grievous moment of man's capability, when his passion rage and reason slumbers. The inscription from Sacred Writ engraven on the frontal wall, did not utterly escape the scorching fire; yet enough remained to read an awful lesson to any whom the passion of the moment had not entirely robbed of moral susceptibility.

William Hurling, whose eventful history we are about to record, had, even in the present tumult, a spark of conscientious misgivings. He had the advantage of early religious culture; but by his father's death he was early thrown on life to provide for himself, and in his combatings with the world, he became the victim of its vices.—As the dome of the church fell, William joined his voice in the mad exultation as loud as the rest. This is not surprising. Conscience, though feeble, still urged on him its salutary, but unpalatable checks. He consequently was the more violent, and thus he might the more effectually drown the spark that was already becoming too rapidly extinguished. The smoke occasioned by the fall of the ruins had nearly disappeared, and with it the tumultuous shout of the mob. The inscription over the porch of the church caught the eyes of young Hurling, "*The Lord seeth.*" He faltered, for it reminded him of the death of his mother, and his manly frame relaxed like that of a paralytic. It went to his soul like an audible expression of divine wrath direct from Heaven. He paused in his career; he thought of going home; but the spirit of outlawry was yet rife; his companion caught his eye, and under that strong moral cowardice which accompanies guilt, he dreaded a suspicion of fear from him, and thus madly resolved to "stick it out."

The two rioters were accidentally separated by a rush of the crowd occasioned by the appearance of the military. Thus left to himself, Hurling resolved to hasten home to his wife. They were a young, a very young couple; but one year had elapsed since the wedding night. The thought flashed on his mind, this was the anniversary of his wedding, and on that night he had drawn on him the malediction of the "Judge of all the earth."

In the room of an obscure building, in Southwark, sat a young woman, whom trouble had marked with premature age; in a cradle close by her was a sleeping infant; unconscious of the guilt of its father or wo of its mother, who by the light of a small candle was endeavoring, by sewing, to earn a bare subsistance. This was Mary Hurling. Many an anxious look did she turn to the door. Her eyes were weary with watching, and her heart ached with anxiety. A noise attracted her attention again to the door. "What a heavy tread! God forbid that any harm has happened!"—Among the incessant discharge of fire-arms, the poor woman pictured the dead body of her husband.

The door opened, and in entered, with a haggard face, young Hurling.

"Why, William!" exclaimed the young wife, as she sprang from her seat and kissed him. "What has kept you so loug?"

"None of your business, so sit down and don't fuss over me. If you want anything to kiss, there's the baby!" exclaimed the brutal young man to her whom he had vowed to love and cherish.

The heart-stricken wife took her seat, nor said a word in retort. Her husband also sat down, but springing from his seat, with his eyes intently fixed on what his troubled spirit had pictured as the image of a murdered man, he exclaimed, "Why gaze on me, you foreign curse? Did I do it?" Then sinking into his seat again, he addressed his wife in altered tone. "Mary, don't notice me, I feel bad! My head is almost whirling; it seems that some bloody looking object is pursuing me, and I can't get rid of him!" The young man trembled as he spoke.

The wan looking wife gazed intensely, and involuntarily ejaculated "is it murder!"

Like a tiger pouncing on his prey, sprang the wretched man on his helpless wife.—Clutching her by the throat, he held the frail being in his grasp till her once fair face turned lived and dark. He relaxed his hold, and the poor creature fell to the floor.

"Good God!" exclaimed the wretch, "A double murder! I have killed a man, and now have killed my wife!"

He raised the lifeless mass, and in a gush of tears kissed her. Slowly she revived, and her first words were,

"God forgive William!"

"Amen, Mary—for my soul is stained with—

"What," eagerly asked his wife. "Not blood! Oh, William, say it is not blood!"

In a bewilderment young Hurling sought to pacify his wife. Again he assured her that nothing was the matter; that his head troubled him; that it would soon pass away. But all to no purpose. The young woman concealed as well as she could the fears that harrassed her breast. At this moment the infant woke, and thus engaged the attention of its troubled mother. It would be going too much into detail to tell the events of that dreadful night.

William Hurling, his conscience goading him with murder and participation in the destruction of churches, was a wretched man. He wandered about, an idler, and endeavored to drown all remembrance of his crimes in intoxication. But to no avail. In his day dreams the spirit of the man he had killed was ever before him, and the darkness of the night was ever broken by the flames of St. Augustine.

Sitting in a rum hole in Kensington, reading a morning paper, Hurling was startled by a noise in the street. He looked out of the window, and horror! he saw two officers conducting to prison his companion, Ned, whom they had arrested on the charge of murder during the riot. "Good God!" ejaculated the young man in alarm. "Ned is up for murder, and I fired the gun—would to God it had exploded and killed me on the spot!" And he smote his forehead in agony, as he thought of the consequences about to ensue. "And my Mary, I have almost killed her already. I must leave the city, or the harpies will take me, and disgrace my wife and child, for I know Ned will impeach me!"

Hurling disappeared. Night came, and with it the wan seamstress and her child with the dull light in their mean apartment. Anxously she listened to every sound. Midnight came and the hour of twelve sent every stroke of the bell to her innocent soul. She imagined she heard a noise on the stairs, like a stealthy footstep. It could not be William. That was not his manner. Suddenly the door opened and several men abruptly entered. They gazed about the room with an inquisitive look. The poor woman was astonished. The bed was searched, and looked under—the closet was opened. One of the officers said to another, "The bird has flown." Then going up to the affrighted woman, "Come my good women, we want your husband to-night on important business, and can't wait till morning either; now as every woman should know where her husband is, just tell us where to find him, and you'll save us considerable trouble."

The truth flashed on the mind of the afflicted woman. "Gentlemen, I assure you I do not know where William is; but what do you want of my husband?"

"Nothing more than a business arrangement on our part. You must not be alarmed at our coming here so late, it is not unusual for us to have night work on hand.—Well, fellows, I suppose it is no use waiting. Tell Mr. Hurling madam, we shall be very happy to see him in the morning, as we have a permanent situation in view for him." Thus saying the witty official departed with his men.

Mary Hurling swooned away, and the screams of the affrighted child brought in some neighbors to her relief.

In a bye street in New York a stranger was seen gazing wistfully at a baker's window, as if he wanted food, but had not the means to procure it. A well dressed man also stood looking in at the window, and driven by want the first comer picked his pocket of a purse. For the first time was William Hurling a thief. Now crime became easier, and what he once would have shuddered at, he considered now a matter of necessity. He no longer had any desire for work. It was irksome to him; he shunned it, and became a confirmed gambler. Meanwhile his wife and child were neglected, and almost forgotten. Of delicate frame the mother brooded in misery over her child. The long and weary nights, with their continued anxiety, were fast breaking down the tender flower. Of William she had not heard any tidings, and whether he was living or dead was unknown to her. One stormy day, when her heart was fast failing within her, she heard a knock at the door. It was the postman—her heart leaped for joy; it might be a letter from her William—but on second thought her heart failed her—it might be tidings of his arrest. She took the letter, and bethought that she had not the small pittance necessary to pay for it.

"Make haste, madam," said the letter man, "can't stay all day."

"Be seated sir, for a minute, and I will try to borrow the money," she said in a tone of one subdued with grief, and immediately hastened to borrow of some kind neighbor, nearly as poor as herself, the loan of a shilling, leaving the postman muttering something about people's having money ready in all such cases. She succeeded, and snatched the letter in a delirium of haste. The postman slamming the door left her; but his unmanly conduct was not observed. In haste she opened it and read:—

Dear Mary—I am well, and now have settled down—should like to see you. I dare not come to you as the law dogs would scent me; but you can come to me. Take the rail cars, and a friend with a white hat and drab coat will meet you at Jersey City. He will take care of you. Enclosed is a bill for your fare. A kiss for me to the baby.

W. H.

N. B.—Mary burn this immediately.

The poor woman read, and re-read, then kissed the epistle, and exclaimed—"thank God, William is safe!" and taking up the child, she kissed it, saying "there Billy, that is what Papa sends to you! but the letter! oh must I burn it?" and she wept at the thought. Again she read it and kissed it, then with a sigh committed it to the flames.

Mary Hurling immediately set about going to her husband. She knew that delay would expose her to pursuit from the officers. Early the next morning she was missing by her neighbors. None knew where she was, or where she had gone. According to appointment she met her husband's friend.

"How do you do?" asked the man as she was leaving the cars. "Give me your bundle."

"I am well," was the answer. "Is it my husband's friend?" she asked.

"It is, the friend of William Hurling, and one who'll stick by him till death, too."

His speech was coarse, and she half shrank from him in fear; there was something repulsive in the man, albeit he was interested in helping her to the best of his abilities. As the man stooped to pick up her baggage, she involuntarily started. It was Ned—Ned, the very ruin of her husband.

"Oh, tell me!" she ejaculated, "how is it with my husband?"

"Well, first rate—couldn't be better; fine times, lives like a gentleman, and means you shall be a fine lady. Now, ain't that news?"

They hastened to the ferry, which took them to New York; and many and sad were the cogitations in her heart.

The interview of Mary Hurling with her husband was an affecting one. The young wife was overjoyed to see him again for whom she had suffered so much. As a natural consequence, she felt desirous to ascertain her husband's occupation; but he studiously concealed it. "William," said she one day, do tell me what you do. It makes me so uneasy, your being out so late at night, and always in Ned's company. You know he escaped from prison, and I cannot but think he is a dangerous man. Why, don't you know that he was put in custody at Moyamensing for murder!"

"Know it? yes. And he isn't the first innocent man that's had to break jail in order to save his neck. What if I had stayed at Southwark? My life wouldn't now be worth a copper. Have charity, Mary. And once for all—Ned is my friend, and don't you ever slight him. And as for my business—we are in partnership and nothing but death shall separate us either."

"William, I must speak. It is but a few months since your christian mother died, and can you forget *her* blessing, her prayers? Oh, William, I have passed many woful nights in agony for you. Do, William, keep away from Ned Cannone. He'll be your ruin; yes, he'll ruin you, me and our dear boy!" The little babe sitting on its mother's lap, looked up in wonder and affright, while the father sat speechless, utterly unable to reply to the fervent entreaty of his devoted wife. She continued, "William, for the love of your wife and child—for the love of God, do not let Ned lead you astray! Remember the injunction of your dying mother, 'The Lord seeth.'"

As if struck with the lightning of the Almighty, that wretched man sprang from his seat, and with the clutch of a vice his villain hands grasped the neck of his weak and helpless wife. The child screamed. Still he held on to his victim. The stamp of death was on her face, and a horrid gurgle was the only sound that escaped her. Still the wretched man retained his victim in his grasp. The bare recital of those fearful words conjured up a thousand dreadful scenes, and imbued his mind with the strange faculty of seeing them all at once. The death bed of his mother, her admonition, the murder at Philadelphia, and the dying yell of the murdered man—then the lurid glare of St. Augustine, and the awful words "The Lord seeth," while again stood before his mind's vision, the spirit of the murdered assassin. This latter startled him, and he released his grasp, when his wife fell from his hands a corpse. The body lay on the child and smothering it stopped its screams. "My God!" exclaimed the astonished man, clapping his hands to his forehead, clammy with the cold sweat which told the agony of his mind. "Good God, I have killed my wife—I am mad! I am mad!" and he dashed out of the house.

In a private room in a gambling house sat William and Ned, the former beastly intoxicated, a course to which he had resorted to overcome the unbearable lashing of conscience. Strong drink plays different freaks with its victims: some it makes fools, and others it transforms to reckless tigers. This latter was the case with Wm. Hurling.—Under the influence of strong drink, he was a madman, unbearable and ungovernable.

"Ned," hiccoughed the inebriate murderer, "I believe you are my friend. Lend me a few dollars."

"Why, of course, Will. Here they are. How very dull trade has been this week. I only got hold of one 'green un,' and only fleeced him of two V's. But come, time is dull and heavy, let's have a hand at whist, and to make it lively put down your V, and I'll cover it with an X."

"Here goes, then. Never say die, is Will's motto."

The cards were shuffled, dealt, and sorted, but William's friend helped himself to what he saw fit, not so difficult a matter, considering the condition of his opponent. Truly is it said "the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." Ned won back the five dollars he had loaned to his friend, leaving him as penniless as before. Mad to phrenzy, the inebriate sprang up.

"Ned, you're a scoundrel, you have cheated me, and now you murdering thief, you shall never cheat any body again."—And the feeble drunkard made an effort to grasp the strong man. "Come, come, Ned, now don't play the fool with me."

The drunkard drew a pistol and was about to present it at his friend—but, a dreadful feat of dexterity on the gambler's part, arrested his purpose with fatal facility; with the unerring aim of a practised hand, he drew a poignard and buried it to the hilt in his companion's breast. It was enough—it had entered the heart; the pistol fell from William's hand, and its owner with a short, but piercing shriek, fell to the floor a lifeless mass.

The gambler, with fresh blood on his soul immediately fled. In the morning, in a dark haunt he took up a daily paper and horror struck, he saw a sheriff's advertisement, offering a reward for the arrest of William Hurling for the murder of his wife and child, also a companion whose description exactly tallied with Ned's. "What!" cried the murderer, "has Will done for his wife? Well, the sheriff 'll find him to-day, sure, but not alive, I reckon."

Ned Cannone fled the city—but his fate must be told another time.

Want of Courtesy.

The most striking and prevailing defect in the manners of Americans is, I believe, a want of courtesy. This has arisen from the general equality of rights, condition and education. And it arises in part from that *mauvaise honte*, or shyness, so characteristic of our English ancestors from whom we inherit it. A little reflection would remove this defect. What do I mean by courtesy, and how is the want of it shown, do you ask? A few winters since, a well-bred foreigner came to the interior, and took lodgings at a village inn, for the purpose of learning the English language. To facilitate its acquisition, he generally preferred remaining in the receiving room of the tavern, where travellers were passing in and out. His writing table was placed before the fire. When the women came shivering in from a long drive in the stage coach, he moved his table to the coolest corner of the room, mended the fire, drew chairs near it, and if they brought in foot stoves or blocks, he found the best place to heat them. He then returned to his own uncomfortable seat, and pursued his reading or writing.

The women profited by his civilities, without appearing to notice them. During the whole winter he never received one word of acknowledgement. Not one 'Thank you sir,' 'You are very kind sir,' or, what would have seemed inevitable, 'Pray don't take that cold seat, sir.' What was the polished stranger's inference? Certainly, that the Americans were a most discourteous, if not cold-hearted people.

Cold-hearted we are not. These women were probably, generally impressed with the young man's attention—one of them I knew, in relating her travelling experiences at her own fireside at night, said, 'She should never forget a young man of the tavern in S. She thought she should have died with the cold before she got there, and when she went in he moved away from the fire, and gave her the rocking chair—hung her cloak over the back of another, and warmed her cloak for her, and did everything just as if he had been her own son!' And this good woman had not indicated in her manners to the young man that she ever saw him. Here there was no expression of the real feeling, no courtesy.

I have often seen men in steamboats, in stage-coaches, and other public places, rise and give their seats to the women, and the women sent themselves quietly, without a look or word of acknowledgement. And so with a thousand other attentions which are rendered, and are received without any return. Avoid such discourtesy my young friends—it is not only displeasing, but it is unjust. We actually owe some return for such civilities, and a courteous acceptance is, in most cases, the only one that can be made. These little chance courtesies are smiles on the face of manners, and smiles are like sunshine—we scarcely have too much of either.—*Miss Sedgwick.*

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

"EVERY DIFFERENCE OF OPINION IS NOT A DIFFERENCE OF PRINCIPLE."—JEFFERSON.

VOL. 1. MONTROSE, PA. FEB. 25, 1847. NO. 37.

Terms of Advertising.

Advertisements conspicuously inserted at the usual rates of FIFTY CENTS per square for the first, and TWENTY-FIVE CENTS additional for each subsequent insertion.

Yearly Advertisements, with the privilege of alteration, not to exceed
Quarter Column, with the paper, per year, $5 00
Half Column, do do 8 00
One Column, do do 15 00
Business Cards, do do 2 00

All other advertisements inserted at reasonable rates.

Advertisements should be marked with the number of insertions required.

Letters from the Upper Mississippi.

BY CHARLES LANMAN.

MOUTH OF THE SAINT PETERS.

The scenery between Lake Pepin and the Saint Croix is not as lofty nor as picturesque as that we have already passed, but its interest is greatly enhanced by the greater number of Indians that we here meet. The Red Wing village is nearly midway between the two lakes mentioned and contains about six hundred souls. A short distance from this village are two isolated mountains, where may be seen a most magnificent panorama of the wilderness, and when viewed at sunset present more the appearance of dream land than reality. These mountains from time immemorial, have been used as the altars where Indian war parties have offered up their sacrifices, previous to going to battle. At the present time however, their only inhabitants are rattlesnakes which slumber on their sunny slopes or in clefts of the rocks during the long summer. And thus it is throughout the world, in the wilderness as well as the city, death and the beautiful are ever linked together in an unbroken brotherhood.

I only remained at the Red Wing village one night, but such a night I hope never to pass again. A perfect outcast of a trader had furnished the Indians with "fire water" and the whole posse of them, were perfectly mad, for spirituous liquor always makes the poor Indian miserably crazy. For want of a better place, I had to sleep in the cabin of this very trader. My bed was on the floor while my host and his family occupied a couple of beds in opposite corners of the only room in the house. And such horrible yelling and screaming as I heard during the first half of that night I can never forget. The noises were perfectly unearthly and devilish. Now, you might hear the clashing of knives, as some of the more desperate spirits come together in a fight; and now you might hear the sobbings and moanings of a miserable woman, as she exposed and mutilated her body, to perpetuate the memory of a dead husband or child.

But there was one incident that actually made my hair stand out like the quills of the porcupine. I should premise that few white people of the wilderness ever think of locking their doors at night; and also that the Indians of this region claim it as a privilege to enter and depart from your cabin whenever they please, and their intrusions are always looked upon as matters of course. It was somewhat after midnight and the yelling of savages had partly subsided. I had just fallen into a doze when I was startled by the stealthy opening of our cabin door and the tread of a muffled footstep. It was intensely dark, but I knew that it was an Indian, and that somebody was about to be murdered. The object in the room made just noise enough to rack my brain, and then all was perfectly still. I listened, and with hardly a particle of breath in my body,—I still kept listening, until I actually fainted upon my pillow. Finally I slept, yet dreamed of blood only. The first peep of day, however, awakened me, when lo! directly at my side, flat on the floor, was—a huge black Indian, breathing in his deep slumber like a porpoise. The first news that I heard on going out of the door was, that one Indian had been killed during the night and another was at that moment in the agonies of death. As may be supposed, I left the Red Wing village with pleasure.

Lake Saint Croix empties into the Mississippi and its principal inlet is a river of the same name which rises in the vicinity of Lake Superior.

This is the valley through which the traders and Indians have been in the habit of passing, for a century past, on their way from the lake back again to the prairies.—The river is only distinguished for one waterfall of uncommon beauty. The Lake is about twenty five miles long, from two to five wide, and surrounded with charming scenery. The water is clear, but of a rich brown colour, and well supplied with fish of which the trout is the most abundant.

At the outlet of this lake I visited another encampment of Sioux Indians, where I saw a noted chief named Little Crow. He was a handsome man, but both of his arms had recently been broken by a rifle ball which was shot by one of his own brothers,—who was envious of his station as chief. As a punishment for his wickedness, Little Crow had ordered four bullets to be fired at his brother, which of course numbered him with the dead. I saw his new made grave, and his youthful wife wailing over it like one that was sorrowing without hope.

From Saint Croix to Saint Peters, the banks of the Mississippi are steep but only about one hundred and fifty feet in height. The river is here studded with islands whose shadowy recesses are cool during the hottest weather;—and a more delightful region for the botanist to ramble cannot be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. The water is clear as crystal, and its bosom is generally covered with waterfowl, from the graceful snow-white swan to the mallard and wood-duck. Isolated Indian wigwams are frequently seen here, pitched on the margin of the stream and at the foot of vine covered precipices.

But there are three landscape views connected with this portion of the Mississippi