

struck a heavy blow at the Indian with whom he was engaged, but, missing, his rifle flew out of his hand. Being thus disarmed, he was obliged to seize his enemy with one hand, while with the other he drew his knife; and then, wrestling together, both fell to the ground, where they lay each struggling to be uppermost. The Indian at length succeeded, and seizing his throat, was preparing to give a final stab, when his opponent's knife was driven forcibly beneath his arm; and uttering a groan, he fell, making an expiring effort to kill him; but his weakness prevented the blow from taking effect. The few who now remained, being overcome with fatigue and numbers, surrendered themselves to the mercy of their captors, who sent them, deprived of their arms, back to the town.

The victorious settlers were now eager for the pursuit of Chinchusa and his Indians, and, being led by Fisher, dashed into the woods. After running some distance, during which they saw nothing to make them suppose that they were gaining on their enemies, one of them, giving a loud shout, said that he had seen an Indian disappear among the thickets two or three yards in their front. On hearing this, Fisher ordered a few of them to discharge their rifles into the bushes; which being done, they waited to see if any of their enemies ran out, but, after looking some time, were beginning to advance, when a shot struck the rifle of Fisher. They had scarcely recovered from their amazement, when a volley was fired on them which killed one of their number; and, turning round, they beheld those they were in pursuit of, making off as fast as possible: but the Americans, in their turn, fired, and killed two, and wounded several, as they saw by the blood that marked their tracks. From the attack which had just been made on them, Fisher thought it advisable to send two or three on in front, to keep them from being again led into an ambuscade. As they proceeded, the blood became more and more distinct on the fallen trees, which made them hope that they might soon come up with their enemies: but suddenly the marks of blood ceased, and looking round, they could see no signs by which they might continue the pursuit, when Fisher remarked that the bark of some of the neighbouring trees was stained with red spots which he had never before seen: and on looking up, he perceived several Indians on the branches, taking cool aim at him and his companions. Springing behind a tree, he called to his friends to do the same: but some of them not understanding him, remained gazing round and were immediately struck down by a fatal fire from the trees. The Indians, however, did not escape: for the Americans who remained, by continual discharges, brought them all to the ground. The settlers had not again begun the pursuit, nor reloaded, when about a dozen Indians, rushing from the underwood, ran at them, and fired their guns at only a few yards distance, which disabled more than half their number: and before the remainder were ready, rushed on them with their tomahawks. Chinchusa, with furious cries, attacked Fisher, who, endeavouring to defend himself with his rifle, soon received several wounds from the despairing Indian; but who, slipping as he made a furious stab at Fisher, was slain by a blow from his adversary. The others, seeing their chief dead, ran to the woods; and but few remained to tell the defeat they had suffered on the banks of the Tontoo.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

SLAVES.—Our lodgings were very far from agreeable; we were crammed, comparatively, into a small canoe, with a dozen people as companions, besides a number of goats, and six slaves, consisting of three women, two men, and a pretty little boy. Neither of these slaves seem to bestow a moment's regret on leaving their native country, though they know they are to be sold on the coast, and conveyed to a foreign and distant land, if we may except a troublesome female, who screamed by starts during the night; but her sorrow was evidently assumed, her object being to disturb her associates in misfortune, and give trouble to her keepers, rather than to give vent to her own feelings. The noise of this unsociable companion was silenced occasionally by a few hearty cuffs on the head by one of the canoe men. It was impossible for the slaves to lie down, so that in the bottom of the canoe, with the goats, and there they slept soundly, though the water which was admitted into the canoe was continually washing and splashing against their naked sides. The little boy above mentioned, is intended as a present from the chief of Damuggoo to the king of Bonny; he is not placed on a similar footing to his companions, but is treated with tenderness. The men and women slaves are fettered in the daytime, but their irons are taken off at night. These have been

all free people; but, having been found guilty of minor offences, at Damuggoo, they are sentenced to perpetual slavery and banishment.—*The Linders's Travels in Africa.*

FROM FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

THE WARRIOR'S STEED.

WITH my glittering helm and my corslet of steel,
The sword on my thigh, and the spur on my heel,—
How light was the touch on my steed's jetty mane,
As I leaped to the saddle, and loosened the rein!

“ My courser, my courser! how gladly we fly,
From the quiet of home to the shrill battle cry,—
From the spot where my childhood contentedly strayed
To the thrust of the lance and the jar of the blade!”

“ The shriek of the wounded comes borne on the gale,—
The poor orphan's sob, and the sad widow's wail;
And soon may my father and sister deplore
A son and a brother they'll welcome no more!”

“ My courser my courser! dash gallantly on,
Where the havoc is reeking and glory is won;
Unheard is the prayer and unheeded the woe,
When vengeance is sought at the breast of the foe!”

He bore me through field, and he bore me through flood,
O'er the ranks of the slain where the bravest had stood;
And spurned was the breach by my steed's foaming pride,
Where the desperate struggled and the noble had died.

But that victory, gained by the just and the strong,
And the joys which to conquest and glory belong,
Are swept from the mind; for new conquests and spoil
Since have honored the freeborn; who fought for their soil.

The soldier's brow wrinkles with badges of war,
And his horse's broad chest will show many a scar;
But both can remember their first bloody field,
Where the patriot taught the proud foeman to yield.

A wife now reclines on her warrior lord,
Who won what he hath with the blade of his sword;
And those parents are watching their children, who feed
With crumbs, from the easement their father's old steed!

The eye of that horse will ne'er lighten again,
Yet it glows as the child strokes the long silken mane;
And the son of the soldier already will dare
To mount the old charger in mimic of war!

Years! years! that have crippled the hardy and fleet,
That have sprinkled the brow of the soldier with sleet,—
Ye have not divided, nor lessened, the force
Of affection which rivets the knight to his horse.

AN AMERICAN MARKET.—I was particularly requested to visit the market of Philadelphia, at the hour when it presented the busiest scene. I did so, and and thought few cities had any thing to show better worth looking at; it is, indeed, the very perfection of a market, the *beau ideal* of a notable housewife, who would confide to no deputy the important office of caterer. The neatness, freshness, and entire absence of every thing disagreeable to the sight or smell, must be witnessed to be believed. The stalls were spread with snow-white napkins; flowers and fruit, if not quite of Paris or London perfection, yet bright, fresh, and fragrant; with excellent vegetables in the greatest variety and abundance, were also so delightfully exhibited, that objects less pleasing were overlooked and forgotten. The dairy, the poultry-yard, the forest, the river, and the ocean, all contributed their spoil; in short, for the first time in my life, I thought a market a beautiful object. The prices of most articles were, as nearly as I could calculate beyond dollars and francs, about the same as Paris; certainly much cheaper than in London, but much dearer than at Exeter.—*Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners of the Americans.*

REMARKABLE ANECDOTE.—Lord Craven lived in London when the last great plague raged. His house was in that part of the town called Craven Buildings. On that sad calamity, his lordship, to avoid the danger, resolved to retire to his seat in the country. His coach and six were accordingly at the door, the baggage put up, and all things in readiness for the journey. As he was walking through the hall with his hat on, his cane under his arm, and putting on his gloves, in order to step into his carriage, he heard his negro, who served him as a postilion, saying to another servant, ‘ I suppose by my Lord's quitting London to avoid the plague that his God lives in the country and not in town.’ The poor negro said this in the simplicity of his heart, as really believing a plurality of Gods. The speech, however, struck Lord Craven very forcibly, and made him pause; ‘ My God,’ thought he, ‘ lives every where, and can preserve me in town as well as in the country;

I'll e'en stay where I am.’ He continued in London, was remarkably useful among his sick neighbours, and never caught the infection.

PLEASURES AND VEXATIONS OF A CONVOY.—In fine weather there is naturally much agreeable intercourse between the different ships in such a fleet as ours; for East India Company's folks, whether of the land or the sea service, understand right well the jolly art of good cheer, wherever they go; be it on terra firma or on the high seas, bivouacking on the lofty Himalayas or feasting in the bungaloes of the flat delta of the Ganges, it is all one to them. So that, during our whole voyage, there scarcely occurred a day on which, in the course of the morning, if the sea were tolerably smooth, and the wind not too strong, and the weather otherwise agreeable, the dinner-invitation signal was not displayed from the commodore, or from some of his flock. When there was a breeze, and the ships were making way through the water, some technical address was necessary to avoid delay. This will easily be understood without going into minute details, when it is remembered, that there must always, in a convoy, be found certain ships which sail worse than others, and that, although these tubs, as they are most deservedly called, crowd all their canvass, the rest are obliged to shorten sail, in order to keep them company; as Lightfoot, in the fairy tale, was obliged to tie his feet in the race. If it be the commodore who gives the dinner, he heaves to, while the boats of the different captains come on board, or he edges down to the different ships in succession, passes them at the distance of a quarter of a cable's length, picks up his guests, and resumes his station a-head, or to windward, or wherever it may suit him to place himself, so as best to guard his charge. If any of the fast sailers have occasion to heave to, either before or after dinner, to lower down or to hoist up the boat which carries the captain backwards and forwards to the ship in which the entertainment is given, and, in consequence of this detention, any way has been lost, that ship has only to hoist a little more sail that she may shoot a-head, and regain her position in the line. The unfortunate bad sailers of all fleets or convoys that ever swam, as may well be supposed, are daily and hourly execrated in every note of the gamut; and it must be owned, that the detention they cause, when a fine fresh breeze is blowing, is excessively provoking to all the rest, and mortifying to themselves. Sometimes, the progress of one haystack of a vessel is so slow, that a fast-sailing ship is directed to take her in tow, and fairly lug her along. As this troublesome operation requires, for its proper execution, no small degree of nautical knowledge as well as dexterity, and must be performed in the face of the whole squadron, it is always exposed to much sharp criticism. The celerity with which sail is set, or taken in, by the respective ships, or the skill with which broken spars are shifted, likewise furnish such abundant scope for technical table-talk, that there is seldom any want of topic in the convoy. Sailors, indeed, are about as restless as the element on which they float; and their hands are kept generally pretty full by the necessity of studying the fluctuating circumstances of the wind and weather, together with the due attention to what is properly called the navigation, or that branch of their art which consists in discovering the ship's place on the globe, and shaping the course to be steered after the exact position has been determined.—*Captain Basil Hall's Fragments.*

POWER OF THE PRESS.—The Press is indeed a most formidable power, and is now in politics what steam is in mechanics: it has given new and irresistible powers, and will destroy despotism. Dr. Parr, who was a most acute observer of the passing world, remarked, upon the breaking out of the French revolution, that, if a contest were to arise between the press and the sword, ‘ that Press the conjurer would master Sword the giant.’ The learned doctor was quite correct; the sword ruled for a while, but the press at last triumphed, and France enjoys liberty.

FATAL FULFILMENT OF A PROPHECY.—I have been prevailed upon to devote some days to the enjoyment of country life, at the beautiful Lady G's, a relation of Canning. At breakfast, she told me, that she was present some months ago when Canning took leave of his mother (both being in perfect health) in these words:— ‘ Adieu dear Mother! in August we shall meet again.’