

The under keeper tried to seize the man, but he fled after his companion, and he was too weak to follow in pursuit, and unwilling to leave Gurden and his courageous wife.

William Gurden and his wife are the pair whom you saw to day at the lodge of the "Widow's Almshouse," said Jonathan Sternpost. "His recovery was most wonderful. The charge entered like a ball, from the proximity of the gun when it was fired—the shot traversed the side and came out in front. The shock, however, to the nervous system, caused paralysis of the lower extremities, and he has lived for years the wreck you saw him. I need hardly say that the admiral never allowed him to want for anything, and that Mrs. Lauderdale gladly acceded to the wishes of him and his wife to reside at the asylum, and attend daily service in the chapel."

"And the man who fired the shot," said I, "was, I presume, Giles Handley?" "He was, the cowardly wretch! He was taken and hanged, as he deserved, and the bit of cloth that Mary tore from his jacket in the struggle, removed all doubts of his identity. The under keeper, who was first attacked—we believe with a view to get Gurden out of his home—is now my keeper, and will tell you the story of the affray better than I can."

From the New Purchase: Or Seven and a half Years in the far West.

THE FIELD OF TIPPECANOE. Our windings, however, brought us to a night mournful and solemn—a coffin in which lay an Indian babe! This rude coffin was supported in the crotch of a large tree, and seemed from being displaced by the wind, being only a rough trough dug out with a tomahawk, and in which was deposited the little one, and having another similar trough bound down over the body with strips of papaw.

It seemed the dreamless sleep of the poor innocent so separate from the graves of its father and the children of its people! Mournful the voice of leaves whispering over the dead in that sacred tree! The rattling of naked branches there in the hoarse winds of winter!—how desolate! And yet if one after death could lie amid thick and spicy evergreen branches near the dear friends left—instead of being locked in the damp vault! or trodden like clay in the deep, deep grave!

But would that be rebellion against the sentence, "dust thou art, and unto dust shall thou return!"—then let our bodies be laid in the dark till the morning and the life! See! what woodland is that yonder? That advanced like apex of a triangle; and yet as we reproach nearer and nearer, is rising up and has become an elevated plain! That is Tippecanoe!

Yes! this is Tippecanoe, as it stood some twelve years after the battle!—Tippecanoe in its primitive and sacred wilderness! unscathed by the axe, unshorn by the scythe, unmarked by roads, unfenced! We are standing and walking among the slain warriors! Can it be that I am he, who but yesterday was roused from sleep to aid in "setting up the declaration of war against Great Britain," to appear as an extrasheet? and who, each subsequent week thrilled as I "composed" in the "iron stick" accounts of battles by land and fights at sea?—in the days of Maxwell rollers and Ramage presses!—and hardly pressmen in paper aprons and cloth trousers!—long before the invasion of pelicans and check aprons!

O ye men and boys of ink and long primer! How our spirits were stirred to phrensy and exalted with burnings and longings after fame!—while, like trumpeters calling to battle, we scattered forth to battle, we scattered forth our papers that woke up the souls of men! Then I heard of Harrison and Tippecanoe; and dreamed even by day of a majestic soldier seated on his charger, and his drawn sword flashing its lightning, and his voice swelling over the din of battle like the blast of the clarion!—and of painted warriors, like demons, rushing with the knife and tomahawk upon the white tents away.

away off somewhere in the unknown wilds,—of "shoot, and groan, and sabre stroke, and death shots falling thick and fast as lightning from the mountain cloud!"—And do I stand, and without a dream look on—Tippecanoe?

Even so! for see, here mouldering are trunks of trees that formed the hasty rampart! here the scars and seams in the trees torn by balls!—ay! here in this narrow circle are skeletons of, let me count again, yes, of fourteen war horses! But where the riders? Here, under this beech tree, the record in the bark! we stand on the earth over the dead—"rider and horse, friend, foe—in one red burial bleat!"

What is this? The iron band of a musket! See, I have found a rusty bayonet! Was it ever wet with blood? Perhaps it belonged to the brave soul about whom the squatter gave us the following anecdote:

"A party of United States regulars were standing there, and with strict orders for none to leave ranks. An Indian crawled behind this large log—it's pretty rotten now you see—and here loading and firing he killed four or five of us; while we dared not quit ranks and kill him. But one of our chaps said to the nearest officer—"Leftenant, for Heaven's sake gimme leaf to kill that red devil behind the log; I'll be in ranks again in a minute!" "My brave fellow," said the officer, "I daren't give you leave; I must see you go." And with that he walked off akeepin' his back towards us; and when he turned and got back our soldier was in ranks; but, gentleman, his baggit was bloody, and a deep groan from behind this here old log told the officer that the baggit had silenced the rifle and avenged the fall of our messmates and comrades."

If the reader imagine a strip of woodland, triangular in form, its point or apex jutting a kind of promontory into the prairie whose long grass undulates like the waving of an inland sea; if

on one side of this woody isle he imagines a streamlet about fifteen feet below and stealing along the grass; and on the other side, here a mile and there two miles across the prairie, other woodlands hiding in their darkness the Wabash; and if he imagines that river at intervals gleaming in the meadow like illuminated parts merely of the grass lake, he may picture for himself something like Tippecanoe in its simplicity of "uncurled" nature, and before it was marred and desecrated by man's transformations.

The first intimation of the coming battle, as our squatter, who was in it, said, was from the waving grass. A sentinel hid that night in the darkness of the wood, was gazing in a kind of dreamy watchfulness over the prairie, admiring as many times before, the beautiful waving of its hazy bosom. But never had it seemed so strangely agitated; a narrow and strong current was setting rapidly toward his post; and yet no violent wind to give the stream that direction. He became, first, curious; soon, suspicious. Still nothing like danger appeared—no voice, no sound of footsteps, no whisper. Yet rapidly and steadily onward sets the current; its first ripples are breaking at his feet! He awakes all his senses—but discovers nothing; he strains his eye over the top of the bending grass; and then—happy thought!—he kneels on the earth and looks intently below the grass. Then, indeed, he saw, not a wind moved current, but Indian warriors in a stooping posture and stealing noiseless toward his post—a fatal and treacherous under current in that waving grass!

The sentinel springing to his feet cried out, "Who comes there?"

"Pottawatamie!" the answer, as an Indian leaped with a yell from the grass, and almost in contact with the soldier, and then fell back with a death scream as the ball of the sentinel's piece entered the warrior's heart, and gave thus the signal for combat!

Our men may have slumbered; for it was a time of treaty and truce—but it was in armor they lay, and with ready weapons in their hands; and it was to this precaution of their general, we owe the speedy defeat of the Indians; although not before they had killed about seventy of our little army. No one can probably describe the horrors of that night attack—at least, I shall not attempt it. It required the coolness and deliberation, and at the same time, the almost reckless daring and chivalric behaviour of the commander and his noble officers and associates, to foil such a foe, and at such a time; even with the loss of so many brave men of their small number. That the foe was defeated and driven off is proof enough to Western men—(if not to Eastern politicians who do battles on paper plain)—that all was anticipated and done by Harrison that was necessary. It would not become a work like this, which inexperienced folks may not think is quite as true as other histories, to meddle with the history of an honest President; but the writer knows, and on the best authority, that General Harrison did that night all that a wise, brave, and benevolent soldier ought to do or could do; and among other things, that his person was exposed in the fiercest and bloodiest fights, where balls repeatedly passed through his clothes and his cap.

When lingered at Tippecanoe till the latest possible moment!—there was, in the wilderness of the battle field—in my intimate acquaintance with some of its actors—in the living trees, scarred and hacked with bullet and hatchet, and marked with names of the dead—in the wind so sad and melancholy—something so like embodied trances, that I wandered the field all over here standing on a grave, there resting on a decaying bulwark; now counting the scars of trees, now the skeleton heads of horses; finding in one spot a remnant of some iron weapon, in another, the bones of a slain soldier, dragged, perhaps, by wild beasts from his shallow grave!—till my young comrades insisted on our return if we expected to reach our friend's house before the darkness of night.

Extracts from "the False Heir." A New Novel by James.

THE LOVE OF BOYS AND GIRLS.

Is an object on which grey-bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it, where it exists in reality, it is the sweetest thing that ever life has known: it is the violet of our short year of existence. The rose is beautiful, richer in hues, full of perfume and brightness, as she flaunts her gay bosom in the ardent sun of June; but give me the violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of confirmed spring; the soft, the timid violet, retreating from the gaze with her blue eye cast down. The first sweet child of the sweetest season, the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field, the emblem of earnest affection. No, there is nothing like it! In all after years, we may lay our hand upon what joy we will—pure for a moment; but in after years, we shall never find anything on the earth like the first flower of the heart.

HOPE.

What is not hope to man?—the vitality of vitality, the life of his life, the great motive power of all exertion, the strengthener, the consolator, the stay, the great battle sword that cleaves through the armor of all adversities, the conqueror that strikes down all adversaries, tramples on reverses, bursts open the gates of the tomb, and treads upon the neck of death!

MENTAL AND MORAL MALADIES.

As diseases and plagues affecting the body are generally diffused over the whole world at particular periods, each country suffering in its degree, nearly at the same time, so moral pestilences and social maladies are equally epidemic and we find, at particular epochs almost all countries suffering from them alike. A curious historical table might be made, showing, in parallel, the vices and follies of each particular

epoch, with their modifications in various countries; the military madness of one period, the sanguinary fury of another; the bloody fever of civil wars appearing in its season over the whole world; the licentious scabies spreading abroad in another; the spasms of fanaticism, the atony of infidelity; the St. Vitus's dance of levity, and the *delirium tremens* of revolution, following each other periodically, and affecting the whole frame of society.

MARRIAGES.

I look upon a man's attachment to a woman who deserves it, as the greatest possible safeguard to him in his dealings with the world; it keeps him from all those small vices which unfettered youth thinks little of, yet which certainly, though slowly, undermine the foundations of better things, till in the end, the whole fabric of right and wrong gives way under the assault of temptation.

From Dalton's Experiments.

HOW A CANDLE BURNS.

The combination of a candle illustrates many natural laws in a simple manner. When the wick is lighted, it melts a portion of the tallow immediately beneath, and forms a cup, in which a quantity of the liquid tallow continues. The wick, by capillary attraction, draws up a portion of this tallow, which enters the flames. Here it becomes a gas, combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere, forming a carbonic acid. A portion of the gas formed from the melted tallow may be ignited away from the candle, by placing a small tube, rather wider than the bore of a piece of tobacco pipe, in the dark part of the flame; the gas will pass through this, and if a light be applied at the other end, it may be ignited. The existence of the carbonic acid may also be shown by holding a lighted match a little above the candle, when the former will be extinguished.

From the New York New World.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

Thou cheerful morning light!
Now through my lattice streams thy welcome ray!

Thou mild precursor of the perfect day,
Dispeller of the night!

Who loves thy gentle beam?
Not he whose hours are passed in revelry,
Not he who wakes to no reality
So blissful as his dream.

He, who forgets his care
Beneath the wing of soul entrancing sleep.
Thinks the star sentinels, that nightly keep
Their watch above the air.

More lovely far than thou—
For on the earth alone they seem to gaze;
But through the curtains thy obstructive rays
Fall on his anxious brow.

Yet many love thee well,
The sailor, tossed on the unquiet sea,
With deeper transport turns and blesses thee,
Than words of mine can tell.

For on the distant rim
Of the free waters mellowing in thy smile,
He sees the faint line of his native isle,
Rise shadowy and dim.

The happy, sportive child,
Slumbering since evening twilight on his bed,
Joys to behold the morning sweetly shed
Its radiance soft and mild.

The maiden with pure cheek,
Touched only by the chaste and rosy gale,
Delights to see, as love's young visions trail,
Thy beam her eyelids seek.

And he who at the shrine
Of glorious nature worships, when the glow
Of early sunrise rests on things below,
Deems thy first ray divine.

Even I, who thus beguile
This dawning hour with thoughts serenely bright,
For this do love thee, cheerful morning light;
Thou seem'st creation's smile!

PARK BENJAMIN.

American June Magazines.

From the Christian Review, for June.

DEVELOPMENT OF CHARACTER IN EDUCATED MEN.

"Political associates and habits constitute an instrumentality in the development of character in educated men. We are not now going to say, that it will make a difference with a man of education in our country, whether he is a whig or a democrat. We will leave whigs and democrats by profession to settle that point for themselves. For any thing that we know, there may be men of as sound learning, as genuine literary spirit, and as high literary and scientific worth, in the ranks of the one of these parties as of the other. And there may be men of as small calibre too, and of as low intellectual habits, in the one as the other. We are not aware, that there is any thing in the genius of political partisanship, which is unfriendly to learning and literary development. Yet a man of high education may take directions, move on a track, and enter into political positions, which will be to his own detriment as an intellectual being. If, with the self respect and high-mindedness which belong to him as a man of intellect and culture, he associates himself with such men, wherever he finds them; occupies himself in studying politics, on the large and enlightened scale; seeks to deal with, and influence the minds of the men who think with him, in the way of sound reason and enlightened political

sagacity, he may attain, by his talents and education, almost any honor among them which he can desire. Let him, on the contrary, descend, let him place himself amongst the lower sorts of minds in his party, for the mere purpose of influencing and using them for the accomplishment of his own ends; let him tie his mind down to the business of making tools of the ignorant and vicious; in other words, let him devote himself to the art and mystery of demagoguism, and he will as certainly injure his own mind, as he has one; he will as certainly desecrate his character and profession as an educated man, as he has such a character and profession. Whatever is intellectually low, is contagious. To live and breathe in its atmosphere, to shake hands with it, to sit down on a bar room bench and talk with it, to eat, and drink, and smoke with it, to rush and scramble with it round the ballot box, to huzzar, and throw up hat with it on a party victory, or to scrawl, complain, rant and rave with it, on occasion of a party defeat;—all this is enough to tarnish the brightest mind, and to sink the most gifted, ever favored with a liberal education."

From the Democratic Review, for June.

THE BIRDS OF SPRING.

Among the delights of Spring, how it is possible to forget the birds! Even the crows were welcome, as the sable harbingers of a brighter and livelier race. They visited us before the snow was off, but seem mostly to have departed now, or else to have betaken themselves to remote depths of the woods, which they haunt all Summer long. Many a time shall I disturb them there, and feel as if I had intruded among a company of silent worshippers, as they sit in Sabbath-stillness among the tree tops. Their voices, when they speak, are in admirable accordance with the tranquil solitude of a Summer afternoon; and resounding so far above the head, their loud clamor increases the religious quiet of the scene, instead of breaking it. A crow, however, has no real pretensions to religion, in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire; he is certainly a thief, and probably an infidel. The gulls are far more respectable in a moral point of view. These denizens of sea-beaten rocks, and haunts of the lonely beach, come up our inland river, at this season, and soar high overhead, flapping their broad wings in the upper sunshine. They are among the most picturesque of birds, because they so float and rest upon the air, as to become almost stationary parts of the landscape. The imagination has time to grow acquainted with them; they have not flitted away in a moment. You go up among the clouds, and greet these lofty flighted gulls, and repose confidently with them upon the sustaining atmosphere. Ducks have their haunts along the solitary places of the river, and alight in flocks upon the broad bosom of the overflown meadows. Their flight is too rapid and determined for the eye to catch enjoyment from it, although it never fails to stir up the heart with the sportsman's ineradicable instinct. They have now gone farther northward, but will visit us again in Autumn.

The smaller birds—the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwellings, and claim human friendship by building their nests under the sheltering eaves, or among the orchard trees—these require a touch more delicate, and a gentler heart than mine, to do them justice. Their outburst of melody is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. We need not deem it too high and solemn word, to call it a hymn of praise to the Creator; since Nature who pictures the reviving year in so many sights of beauty, has expressed the sentiment of renewed life in no other sound, save the notes of these blessed birds. Their music, however, just now, seems to be incidental, and not the result of a set purpose. They are discussing the economy of life and love, and the site and architecture of their summer residences, and have no time to sit on a twig, and pour forth solemn hymns, or overtures, operas, symphonies, and waltzes. Anxious questions are asked; grave subjects are settled in quick and animated debate; and only by occasional accident, as from pure ecstasy, does a rich warble roll its tiny waves of golden sound through the atmosphere. The little bodies are as busy as their voices; they are in a constant flutter and restlessness. Even when two or three retreat to a tree top, to hold council, they wag their tails and heads all the time, with the irrepressible activity of their nature, which perhaps renders their brief span of life in reality, as long as the patriarchal age of sluggish man. The blackbirds, three species of which consort together, are the noisiest of our feathered citizens. Great companies of them—more than the famous "four-and-twenty" whom Mother Goose has immortalized—congregate in contiguous tree-tops, and vociferate with all the clamor and confusion of a turbulent political meeting. Politics, certainly, must be the occasion of such tumultuous debates; but still—unlike all other politicians—they insinuate melody into their individual utterances, and produce harmony as a general effect. Of all bird-voices, none are more sweet and cheerful to my ear than those of swallows, in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn; they address the heart with even a closer sympathy than Robin Red-breast. But indeed, all these winged people, that dwell in the vicinity of homesteads, seem to partake of human nature, and possess the germ, if not the development of immortal souls. We hear them saying their melodious prayers at morning's blush and even-tide. A little while ago, in the deep of night, there came the lively thrill of a bird's note from a neighbouring tree; a real song, such as greets the purple dawn, or mingles with the yellow sunshine. What could the little bird mean, by pouring it forth at midnight? Probably the music gushed out of the midst of a dream, in which he fancied himself in Paradise with his mate, but suddenly awoke on a cold, leafless bough, with a New England mist