

## Literature, &amp;c.

From the Cleveland Herald.  
INDIAN ADVENTURES IN OHIO.  
NARROW ESCAPE OF TWO SCOUTS.

THE history of many of the pioneers of the West is replete with bold adventures and hair-breadth escapes. We copy from the lecture of Gen. Sanderson the following thrilling narrative of a visit of two gallant scouts to the spot where the town of Lancaster now stands—their successful fight with the Indians upon Mount Pleasant, then the Standing Stone—their recapture of a female prisoner—and their narrow and perilous escape from their wary enemy.

As early as the year 1790, the block house and stockade, above the mouth of the Hockhocking river, was a frontier post for the hardy pioneers of the North West Territory, now that portion of our State from the Ohio River to the northern lakes. Then nature wore her undisturbed livery of dark and thick forests interspersed with green and flowing prairies. Then the axe of the woodman had not been heard in the wilderness, nor the plough of the husbandman marred the beauties of the green prairies.

Among the many rich and luxuriant valleys, that of the Hockhocking was pre-eminently for nature's richest gifts—and the portion of it whereon Lancaster now stands, was marked as the most luxuriant and picturesque, and became the seat of an Indian village, at a period so early that the "memory of man runneth not parallel thereto." On the green sward of the prairie was held many a rude gambol of the Indians; and here, too, was many an assemblage of the warriors of the most powerful tribes taking counsel for a war-path, upon some weak and defenceless frontier post. Upon one of these war-stirring occasions, intelligence reached the little garrison above the mouth of the Hockhocking, that the Indians were gathering in force somewhere up the valley for the purpose of striking a terrible blow on the poor and defenceless whites. A council was held by the garrison and scouts sent up the Hockhocking, for the purpose of ascertaining the strength of the foe, and the probable point of attack. In the month of October, and one of the balmy days of our Indian summer, two men could have been seen emerging out of the thick plum and hazel bushes, skirting the prairie, and stealthily climbing the eastern declivity of that most remarkable promontory, now known as Mount Pleasant, whose eastern summit gives a commanding view to the eye, of what is doing on the prairie. Every day brought an accession of warriors to those already assembled, and every day the scouts witnessed from their eyrie the horse racing, leaping, running, and throwing the deadly tomahawk, by the warriors.—The old sachems looked on with indifference—the squaws for the most part, engaged in their usual drudgeries; and papposes manifested all their noisy wayward joy of childhood.

The arrival of any new party of warriors was hailed by the terrible war-whoop, which striking the mural face of Mount Pleasant, was driven back into the various indentations of the surrounding hills, producing reverberation on reverberation, and echo on echo, till it seemed as if ten thousand fiends were gathered in their orgies. Such yells might well strike terror into the bosoms of those unaccustomed to them. To our scouts these were but martial music—strains which waked their watchfulness and newly strung their iron frames. From their early youth they had always been on the frontier, and therefore were practiced in all the subtlety, craft and cunning, as well as knowing the ferocity and blood thirsty perseverance of the savage. They were not likely to be circumvented by the cunning of their foes; and without a desperate struggle, would not fall victims to the scalping knife.

On several occasions, small parties of warriors left the prairie, and ascended the mount, on which occasions our scouts would hide in the fissures of the rocks or lying by the side of some long prostrate tree, covered with the sere and yellow leaf, and again leave their hiding places when their uninvited guests had disappeared. For food they depended on jerked venison and cold corn bread, with which their knapsacks had been well stored. Fire they dare not kindle, and the report of one of their rifles would bring upon them the entire force of the Indians. For drink they depended on some rain water, which still stood in excavations of the rocks; but in a few days this store was exhausted and McClelland and White must abandon their enterprise, or find a new supply. McClelland being the elder resolved to make the attempt. With his trusty rifle in his grasp and two canteens slung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the prairie, and skirting the hills to the north as much as possible, within the hazel thickets, he struck a course for the Hockhocking river. He reached its margin and turning an abrupt point of a hill, he found a beautiful fountain of limped water, now known as the Cold Spring, within a few feet of the river.

He filled his canteens and returned in safety to his watchful companion. It was now determined to have a fresh supply of fresh water every day, and this duty was to be performed alternately. On one of these occasions, after White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments, watching the limped element, as it came gurgling out of the bosom of the earth—the light sound of footsteps caught his practised ear, and upon turning round, he saw two squaws within a foot of him; these upon turning the jutt of the hill, had suddenly come upon him. The elder squaw gave one of those far

reaching whoops, peculiar to the Indians. White at once comprehended his perilous situation—for if the alarm should reach the camp, he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation impelled him to inflict a noiseless death on the squaws and in such a manner as to leave no trace behind. Ever rapid in thought and prompt in action, he sprang upon his victims with the rapidity and power of a panther, and grasping the throat of each, with one bound he sprang into the Hockhocking and rapidly thrust the head of the elder one under the water, and making strong efforts to submerge the younger, who, however, powerfully resisted.

During the short struggle, the younger female addressed him in his own language, though almost inarticulate sounds. Releasing his hold, she informed him, that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner, on Grave Creek Flats, and that the Indians in her presence, butchered her mother and two sisters; and that an only brother, who had been captured with her, had succeeded, on the second night, in making his escape, but what had become of him she knew not.

During this narrative, White, unobserved by the girl, had let go his grasp upon the elder squaw, whose body floated where it would not, probably, soon be found. He now directed the girl hastily to follow him, and with his usual energy and speed pushed for the mount.

They had scarcely gone two hundred yards from the spring, before the alarm cry was heard some quarter of a mile down the river. It was supposed that some warriors returning from a hunt, struck the Hockhocking just as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the mount, where McClelland had been no indifferent spectator to the sudden commotion among the Indians. As the prairie parties of Indians were seen to strike off in every direction, before White and the girl arrived, a party of some hundred warriors had gained the eastern acclivity of the mount, and were cautiously ascending—carefully keeping under cover. Soon the two scouts saw the swarthy faces of the foe, as they glided from tree to tree, and rock to rock, until the whole base of the mount was surrounded, and all hopes of escape cut off.

In this peril, nothing was left, other than to sell their lives as dearly as they could—this they resolved to do, and advised the girl to escape to the Indians as soon as possible and tell them she had been a captive to scouts. She said "No! death, and that in the presence of my people, is to me a thousand times sweeter than captivity. Furnish me with a rifle, and I'll show you that I can fight as well as die. This spot I leave not! here my bones shall lie, bleached with yours! and should either of you escape, you will carry the tidings of my death to my remaining relatives."

Remonstrance proved fruitless; the two scouts matured their plans for a vigorous defence—opposing craft to craft—expedient to expedient—and an unerring fire of the deadly rifle. The attack commenced in front, where from the narrow backbone of the mount, the savages had to advance in single file, but where they could avail themselves of the rocks and trees. In advancing, the warriors must however, be momentarily exposed, and two bare inches of his swarthy form, was target enough for the unerring rifles of the scouts. After bravely maintaining the fight in front and keeping them in check, they discovered a new danger threatening them. The wary foe now made every preparation to attack them in the flank, which could be most successfully and fatally done by reaching an isolated rock lying in one of the ravines on the southern hill-side. This rock once gained by the Indians, they could bring the scouts under point blank shot of the rifle, without the possibility of escape. Our brave scouts saw the hopelessness of their situation which nothing could avert, but a brave compassion and an unerring shot—then they had not. But the brave never despair. With this certain fate resting upon them, they continued calm, and as calculating, and as unwearied, as the strongest desire of vengeance on a treacherous foe could possibly produce.

Soon McClelland saw a tall and swarthy figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock, that a single bound must reach it, and all hope would be destroyed. He felt that all depended on one advantageous shot, although but one inch of the warrior's body was exposed; and that at the distance of one hundred yards—he resolved to risk all; coolly he raised the rifle to his eye, carefully shading the sight with his hand, he drew a bead so close that he felt conscious it would do—he touched the hair trigger with his finger—the hammer came down—but instead of strike fire it crushed his flint into a hundred fragments! Although he felt that the savage must reach the fatal rock before he could adjust another flint, he proceeded to the task with the most composure, casting many a furtive glance towards the fearful point. Suddenly he saw the warrior stretching every muscle for a leap—and with the agility of a deer he made the spring—but instead of reaching the rock, he sprang ten feet in the air, and giving one terrific yell, he fell to the earth, and his carcass rolled fifty feet down the hill. He had evidently received a death shot from some unknown hand. A hundred voices from below re-echoed the terrible shout, and it was evident that they had lost a favourite warrior, as well as being foiled for the time in the most important movement. A few moments proved that the advantage so mysteriously gained would be of short duration; for already the scouts caught glimpses of a swarthy warrior, cautiously advancing towards the cover so recently occupied by a fellow companion. Now, too, the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to require the incessant fire of both scouts

to prevent the Indians from gaining the eminence—and in a short time McClelland saw the warrior behind the cover, preparing for a leap to gain the fearful rock—the leap was made—and the warrior, turning a summerset, his corpse rolled down towards his companion—again a mysterious agent had interposed in their behalf. This second sacrifice cast dismay into the ranks of the assailants: and just as the sun was disappearing behind the western hills, the foe withdrew for the purpose of devising new modes of attack. The respite came most seasonably to the scouts, who had bravely maintained the unequal fight from the middle of the day.

Now, for the first time, was the girl missing and the scouts supposed that through terror she had escaped to her former captors or had been killed during the fight. They were not long left to doubt, for in a few moments the girl was seen emerging from behind a rock, and coming to them with a rifle in her hand. During the heat of the fight she saw a warrior fall, who had advanced some fifty yards before the main body in front. She at once resolved to possess herself of his rifle, and crouching in the undergrowth, she crept to the spot, and succeeded in her enterprise, being all the time exposed to the crossfire of assailants and defendants. Her practised eye had noticed the fatal rock, and her were the mysterious hands by which the two warriors had fallen—the last being the most wary, untiring and blood thirsty brave of the Shawnee tribe. He it was, who ten years previous, had scalped the family of the girl, and been her captor. In the west, dark clouds were gathering, and in an hour the whole heavens were shrouded in them. This darkness greatly embarrassed the scouts in their contemplated night retreat, for they might readily lose their way, or accidentally fall on the enemy—this being highly probable if not inevitable.

An hour's consultation decided their plans, and it was that the girl, from her intimate knowledge of the localities, should lead the advance a few steps. Another advantage might be gained from the arrangement; for in case they should fall in with some outpost, the girl's knowledge of the Indian tongue, would enable her perhaps to deceive the sentinel, and so the sequel proved, for scarcely had they descended one hundred feet, when a "whist" from the girl warned them of impending danger. The scouts sunk silently to the earth, where by previous agreement, they were to remain till another signal was given them by the girl, whose absence for more than a quarter of an hour, began to excite most serious apprehensions. At length she again appeared and told them that she had succeeded in removing two sentinels, who were directly in their route, to a point some hundred feet distant. The descent was noiselessly resumed—the level ground, and the scouts followed the intrepid pioneer for half a mile in the most profound silence, when the barking of a small dog within a few feet apprized them of new danger.—The almost simultaneous click of the scouts' rifles was heard by the girl, who rapidly approached them and stated to them that they were in the midst of the Indian wigwams, and their lives depended on the most profound silence, and implicitly following her footsteps. A moment after the girl was accosted by a squaw from an opening in a wigwam. She replied in the Indian language, and without stopping, still pressed forward. In a short time she stopped and assured the scouts that the village was cleared and that they were now in safety. She knew every pass leading out of the prairie was safely guarded by the Indians, and at once resolved to adopt the bold adventure of passing through the very centre of their village as the least hazardous. The result proved the correctness of her judgment. They now kept a course for the Ohio, being guarded by the Hockhocking river, and after three days march and suffering the party arrived at the block house safe and well.

Their escape from the Indians prevented the contemplated attack,—and the rescued girl proved to be the sister of the intrepid Niel Washburn, celebrated in history as the renowned scout to Captain Kenton's bloody Kentuckians.

The principal facts of this narrative were given by the brother of McClelland, to a citizen of Lancaster,—and the adventures related prove that "truth is sometimes stranger than fiction."

## British Magazines for July.

From the Tale of "Arrah Neil," in the Dublin University Magazine.

## SONG.

Life's brighter part has passed away;  
The dark remains behind:  
The autumn brow rests on the earth;  
Loud howls the wintry wind.

But steadfast hope and faith sincere  
Shall still afford their light;  
While these remain thy mortal gloom  
Cannot be wholly nigh.

The summer flowers that once were here  
Have faded from the eye;  
The merle has ceased to cheer the shade,  
The lark to wake the sky.

Green leaves have fallen from the trees,  
Dark clouds are overhead,  
And withered things, beneath my feet,  
Rustle where'er I tread.

But yet I know there is a land,  
Where all that's lost on earth

Revives, to blossom and to bloom  
With undecaying birth.

Thus steadfast hope and faith sincere  
Shall still afford me light,  
Till other suns shall dissipate  
The gloom of mortal night.

From an article entitled "The Campaigns of 1815," we make some further extracts.

## BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

It was three o'clock. The Anglo-Allied line, desperately and fiercely as it had been assailed, remained in its original position. Hougoumont and La Haye Sainte were still their own; nor had any impression been made on the British force. It was now that the emperor decided upon a grand attack upon its right centre, and with cavalry, for which aim the ground afforded every facility of movement; while as a diversion the attacks on La Haye Sainte were renewed with increased ardour. Between these two points now the French artillery concentrated their fire—a cannonade such as the oldest soldier had never witnessed.

"The Allied columns of infantry were lying down upon the ground to shelter themselves as much as possible from the iron shower that fell fast and heavily—round shot, tearing frightful rents directly through their masses, or ploughing up the earth beside them; shells, bursting in the midst of their serried columns, and scattering destruction in their fall, or previously burying themselves in the soft loose soil to be again forced upwards in soft eruptions of iron, mud and stones, that fell amongst them like volcanic fragments.

"During this terrible conflict of artillery, Ney was making his preparatory dispositions with the cavalry which Napoleon had desired him to launch against the Anglo-allied right wing. He first formed for attack, Milhaud's corps of cuirassiers, consisting of twenty-one squadrons, with Lefebvre-Desnouettes' light cavalry-division of the guard, comprising seven squadrons of lancers, and twelve squadrons of chasseurs, in all forty squadrons, to follow and support; constituting a magnificent array of gallant horsemen. As they began to advance, the first line, of cuirassiers, shone in burnished steel, relieved by black horse-hair-crested helmets; next came the red lancers of the guard, in their gaudy uniform, and mounted on richly caparisoned steeds, their fluttering lance flags heightening the brilliancy of their display; whilst the third line, comprising the chasseurs of the guard, in their rich costume of green and gold, with fur-trimmed pelisses *a la housard*, and black bear skin shakos, completed the gorgeous, yet harmonious, colouring of this military spectacle. Though formed in successive lines of columns, in the open space on the immediate left of La Haye Sainte, where they were sheltered in some degree from the cannonade that raged so furiously above them, the rear lines obliques to their left, on the advance, and became echeloned to the first line, so as to present a general front, extending from the Charleroi road on their right, to the Hougoumont inclosures on their left. As they ascended the ridge, the French artillery suspended their fire, and the Allied batteries commenced pouring a destructive shower of grape shot amidst their devoted ranks. Fiercely and fatally did this iron ball rattle against the helmed and steel clad cuirassiers, here glancing off, there penetrating the armour, wounding or laying prostrate many a gallant warrior, at the very moment when the brightest visions of glory had opened on his ardent imagination. This iron sleet, however, caused an imperceptible check to their progress; and, with shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" they accelerated their pace until, having arrived within about forty yards of the guns, they received the last and well prepared discharge. Its effects were terrific; but though their order was somewhat broken, their courage was not shaken. The charge was sounded; a cheer followed; and, in the next instant, they rushed up to the very cannon's mouth. In accordance with previous instructions given by the Duke of Wellington himself, the artillerymen withdrew, upon the close approach of the cavalry, and sought shelter either beside, or in rear of the infantry squares; or, where occasion required, they threw themselves under the projecting bayonets of the outer kneeling ranks for protection. The cuirassiers, on crowning the crest of the ridge, and finding themselves unexpectedly in possession of a line of batteries, shouted loudly forth their triumph; and then, renewing their onward charge, were, in a moment, lost to the view of the lancers and chasseurs of the guard.

In sullen silence the British squares awaited the onslaught, and as the cavalry came down, opened their fire as steadily as on parade; while as the squadrons passed along the flanks the squares being "en echiquier," a deadly fire pursued them as they went. The British cavalry soon came to the rescue also; and forcing back the French, followed them down the heights.

A second attack was made with equal daring, and met the same fate; and as the cavalry fell back, the infantry abandoned their fruitless endeavors to gain possession of La Haye Sainte. Kellerman's horse and Guyot's heavy cavalry of the guard were now added to this formidable array, making in all high eighty squadrons—a stupendous mass, and one which the Allied forces had nothing equal to compete with. As before, their attack was preceded by a tremendous cannonade, a perfect storm of shot and shell, which seemed to rend the squares, and tear the dense files asunder.

Filling the whole space between Hougoumont and Haye Sainte, they came on a glit-