

POETRY.

Selected.

MARY MAGDALEN.
BY PROFESSOR LEDWITH.

When Mary sunk in sorrow deep,
A dupe to base, designing art,
Like a stricken deer was left to weep,
With the arrow in her heart!

With none to hear her suppliant cries,
O'erwhelmed in dark despair,
She raised to Heaven her streaming eyes!
And found forgiveness there.

Oh! thou, who weep'st in sorrow here,
Like Mary's let thy prayers ascend,
To Him who drest the mourner's tear,
And thou shalt find, like her, a friend!

Not for thy tears of grief alone,
Sweet Mary! do we feel for thee—
But for thy deep repentance shewn
And holy love—O what could be,

Such sweet'ning to the bitterness
Of Him, thy Heavenly Saviour, who,
Found throughout all his wretchedness,
Thy love unchangeable and true!

Blest Mary! though the sea of time
Has swept for ages o'er thy grave!
Thy bright memorial towers sublime
Above its wild, oblivious wave!

For thee the lyre and chanted shell
Have poured their sweetest notes along;
And many a pilgrim yet shall swell
Thy deathless name in choral song.

And sweetest tears their eyes shall fill,
And holiest joy their bosom thrill,
As oft they dream in future years,
Of Mary's love, and Mary's tears!

VARIETIES.

DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH SAVAGES.

(From the Phil. Saturday Evening Post.)

The following interesting narrative of a fight with the Wacoos and Tawacknies Indians, in Texas, amounting to 164, and a party of Americans—nine men and two boys, eleven in number—is related by Razin P. Bowie, Esq. one of that party, now in this city.

On the 2d Nov. 1831, we left the town of St. Antonio de Bazar for the silver mines on the St. Saba river, the party consisting of the following named persons: Razin P. Bowie, James Bowie, David Buchanan, Robert Armstrong, Jesse Wallace, Matthew Doyle, Cephas R. Hamen, James Corriel, Thomas M'Caslin, Gonzales and Charles, servant boys. Nothing particular occurred until the 18th, on which day, about 10, a. m. we were overhauled by two Camancha Indians and a Mexican captive, who had struck our trail and followed it. They stated that they belonged to Isacone's party, a chief of the Camancha tribe, sixteen in number, and were on their road to St. Antonio, with a drove of horses which they had taken from the Wacoos and Tawacknies, and were about returning them to their owners, citizens of St. Antonio. After smoking and talking with them a short hour, and making them a few presents of tobacco, powder, shot, &c. they returned to their party, who were waiting at the Llano river.

We continued our journey until night closed upon us, when we encamped. The next morning, between daylight and sunrise, the above named Mexican captive returned to our camp, his horse very much fatigued; and who, after eating and smoking, stated to us that he had been sent by his chief, Isacone, to inform us we were followed by 124 Tawacknie and Wacoos Indians, and 40 Caddoes had joined them; who were determined to have our scalps, at all risks. Isacone had held a talk with them all the previous afternoon, and endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose; but they still persisted, and left him enraged, and pursued our trail. As a voucher for the truth of the above, the Mexican produced his chief's silver medal, which is common among the natives in such cases. He further stated, that his chief requested him to say that he had but sixteen men, badly armed and without ammunition; but if we would return and join him, such succor as he could give us, he would. But knowing that the enemy lay between us and him, we deemed it more prudent to pursue our journey, and endeavor to reach the old fort on the St. Saba river before night, distant 30 miles. The Mexican then returned to his party, and we proceeded on.

Through the day we encountered bad roads, being covered with rocks, and the horses feet being worn out, we were disappointed in not reaching the fort. In the evening we had some difficulty in picking out an advantageous spot, where to encamp for the night. We however made choice of the best that offered, which was a cluster of live oak trees, some thirty or forty in number, about the size of a man's body. To the north of them was a thicket of live oak bushes, about ten feet high, forty yards in length and twenty in breadth. To the west, at a distance of thirty-five or forty yards, ran a stream of water.

The surrounding country was an open prairie, interspersed with a few trees, rocks and broken land. The trail which we came on lay to the east of our encampment. After taking the precaution to prepare our spot for defence, by cutting a road inside the thicket of bushes, ten feet from the outer edge of all around, and clearing the prickly pears from among the bushes, we hobbled our horses and placed sentinels for the night. We were now distant six miles from the old fort above mentioned, which was built by the Spaniards in 1752, for the purpose of protecting them while working in the silver mines,

which are a mile distant. A few years after it was attacked by the Camancha Indians, and every soul put to death. Since that time it never has been occupied. Within the fort is a church, which had we reached before night, it was our intention to have occupied, to defend ourselves against the Indians.—The fort surrounds about one acre of land under a twelve feet stone wall.

Nothing occurred throughout the night, and we lost no time in the morning in making preparations for continuing our journey to the fort; and when in the act of starting, we discovered the Indians on our trail to the east, about two hundred yards distant, and a footman about one hundred yards ahead of the main body, with his face to the ground, tracking. The cry of 'Indians' was given, and all the hands to arms. We dismounted, and both saddle and packhorses were immediately made fast to the trees. As soon as they found we had discovered them, they gave the war whoop, halted and commenced stripping preparatory to action. A few mounted Indians were reconnoitering the ground: amongst them we discovered a few Caddo Indians by the cut of their hair, who had always previously been friendly to Americans.

The number being so far greater than ours (164 to 11) it was agreed that Razin P. Bowie should be sent out to talk with them, and endeavour to compromise rather than attempt to fight. He accordingly started, with David Buchanan in company, and walked up to within about forty yards where they had halted, and requested them, in their own tongue, to send forward their chief, as he wanted to talk with them. Their answer was—"how do you do?"—in English, and a discharge of twelve shot at us, one of which broke through Buchanan's leg. Bowie returned their salutations with the contents of a double barreled gun and a pistol. He then took Buchanan on his shoulder, and started back to the encampment. They then opened a heavy fire upon them, which wounded Buchanan in two more places slightly, and pierced Bowie's hunting shirt in several places without doing him any injury. When they found their shot failed to bring Bowie down, eight Indians on foot took after him with their tomahawks, and when close upon him, were discovered by our party who rushed out with their rifles and brought down four of them—the other four retreated back to the main body. We then returned to our position, and all was still for about five minutes.

We then discovered a hill to the north-east, at the distance of sixty yards, red with Indians, who opened a heavy fire on us with heavy yells—their chief, on horseback, urging them in a loud and audible voice to the charge, walking his horse perfectly composed. When we first discovered him, our guns were all empty, with the exception of Mr. Hamen's. James Bowie cried out "who is loaded?" Mr. Hamen observed, "I am." He then was told to shoot that Indian on horseback.—He did so, and broke his leg and killed his horse. We now discovered him hopping round his horse on one leg, with his shield on his arm to keep off the balls. By this time, four of our party being reloaded, fired at the same instant, and all the balls took effect through the shield. He fell, and was immediately surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, who picked him up and bore him off. Several of these were shot down by our party. The whole body then retreated back of the hill out of our sight, with the exception of a few Indians, who were running about from tree to tree out of gun shot.

They now covered the hill for the second time, bringing up their bowmen, who had not been in action before, and commenced a heavy fire with balls and arrows, which we returned with a well directed aim with our rifles. At this instant, another chief appeared on horseback, near the spot where the last one fell. The same question of who is loaded, was asked; the answer was 'nobody'; when little Charles, the mulatto servant, came running up with Buchanan's rifle, which had not been discharged since he was wounded, and handed it to James Bowie, who instantly fired, and brought him down from his horse. He was surrounded by six or eight of his tribe, as was the last, and bore off under our fire. During the time we were engaged, in defending ourselves from the Indians on the hill, some fifteen or twenty of the Caddo tribe had succeeded in getting under the bank of the creek in our rear at about forty yards distance, and opened a fire upon us, which wounded Matthew Doyle, the ball entering in the left breast and out at the back. As soon as he cried out he was wounded, Thomas M'Caslin hastened to the spot where he fell, and observed, "where is the Indian that shot Doyle?" He was told by a more experienced hand not to venture there, as from the report of their guns, they must be riflemen. At that instant he discovered an Indian, and while in the act of raising his piece, was shot through the centre of the body and expired. Robert Armstrong exclaimed "d—n that Indian that shot M'Caslin, where is he?" He was also told not to venture there, as they must be riflemen; but on discovering an Indian, and while bringing his gun up, he was fired at, and part of the stock of his gun cut off, and the ball lodged against the barrel. During this time, our enemies had formed a complete circle around us, occupying the points of rocks, scattering trees and bushes. The firing then became general from all quarters.

Finding our situation too much exposed among the trees, we were obliged to leave it, and take to the thickets. The first thing necessary was to dislodge the riflemen from under the bank of the creek, who were within point blank shot. This we soon succeeded in, by shooting the most of them through the head, as we had the advantage of seeing them when they could not see us. The road we had cut round the thicket the night previous gave us now an advantageous situation over that of our enemies, as we had a fair view of them in the prairie, while we were completely hid. We baffled their shots by moving six or eight feet the moment we had fired, as their only mark was the smoke of our guns. They would put twenty balls within the size of a pocket-handkerchief, where they had seen the smoke. In this manner we fought them two hours, and had one other man wounded, James Corriel, who was shot through the arm, and the ball lodged in the side, first cutting away a bush, which prevented it from penetrating deeper than the size of it. They now discovered that we were not to be dislodged from the thicket, and the uncertainty of killing us at random shot; they suffering very much from the fire of our rifles, which killed half a dozen at every round. They now determined to resort to stratagem, by putting fire to the dry grass in the prairie, for the double purpose of routing us from our position, and under cover of the smoke, to carry away their dead and wounded, which lay near us. The wind was now blowing from the west, and they placed the fire in that quarter, where it burnt down all the grass to the creek, and then bore off to the right and left, leaving around our position a snarl of about five acres that was untouched by the fire. Under cover of the smoke, they succeeded in carrying off a portion of their dead and wounded. In the meantime our party were engaged in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from our wounded men and baggage, to prevent the fire from passing over it; and likewise, in pulling up rocks and bushes to answer the purpose of a breast work.

They now discovered they had failed in routing us by the fire as they had anticipated. They then re-occupied the points of the rocks and trees in the prairie, and commenced another attack. The firing continued for some time, when the wind suddenly shifted to the north, and blew very hard. We now discovered our dangerous situation should the Indians succeed in putting fire to the small spot which we occupied, and kept a strict watch all round. The two servant boys were employed in scraping away the dry grass and leaves from around the baggage, and pulling rocks and placing them around the men. The point from which the wind now blew being favourable to fire our position, one of the Indians succeeded in crawling down the creek and putting fire to the grass that had not yet been burnt; but before he could retreat back to his party, he was killed by Robert Armstrong.

At this time we saw no hopes of escape, as the fire was coming down rapidly before the wind, flaming ten feet high, and directly for the spot we occupied. What must be done—we must either be burnt alive, or driven into the prairie among the savages. This encouraged the Indians; and to make it more awful their shouts and yells rent the air, they at the same time firing upon us about twenty shots a minute. As soon as the smoke hid us from their view, we collected together, and held a consultation as to what was best to be done. Our first impression was, that they might charge on us under cover of the smoke, as we could make but one effectual fire—the sparks were flying about so thickly that no man could open his powder horn without running the risk of being blown up. However we finally came to a decision had they charged us to give them one fire, place our backs together, and draw our knives and fight them as long as any one of us was left alive. The next question was, should they not charge us, and we retain our position, we must be burnt up. It was then decided that each man should take care of himself as well as he could, until the fire arrived at the ring around our baggage and wounded men, and there it should be smothered with buffalo robes, bear skins, deer skins and blankets, which after a great deal of exertion, we succeeded in doing.

Our thicket now being so much burnt and scorched, that it afforded us little or no shelter, we all got into the ring that was made round our wounded men and baggage; and commenced building our breast work higher, with the loose rocks from the inside, and dirt dug up with our knives and sticks. During the last fire, the Indians had succeeded in removing all their killed and wounded which lay near us. It was now sundown, and we had been warmly engaged with the Indians since sunrise, a period of thirteen hours; and they seeing us still alive and ready to fight, drew off to a distance of three hundred yards, and encamped for the night with their dead and wounded. Our party now commenced raising our fortification higher, and succeeded in getting it breast high by 10 p. m. We now filled all our vessels and skins with water, expecting another attack the next morning. We could distinctly hear the Indians, nearly all night, crying over the dead, which is their custom; and at day light they shot a wounded chief—it being also a custom to shoot any of their tribe that are mortally wounded. They, after that, set out with their dead and wounded to a mountain about a mile distant, where they deposited their dead in a cave on the side of it. At eight in the morning two of our party went out from the fortification to the encampment, where the Indians had lain the night previous, and counted forty-eight bloody spots on the grass, where the dead and wounded had been lying. As near as we could judge, there

loss must have been forty killed, and thirty wounded.

Finding ourselves much cut up, having one man killed Thomas M'Caslin—and three wounded, D. Buchanan, Matthew Doyle, and James Corriel—five horses killed and three wounded—we commenced strengthening our little fort, and continued our labours until one p. m. when the arrival of thirteen Indians drew us in to our fort again. As soon as they discovered we were still there, and all ready for action, and well fortified, they put off. We after that remained in our fort eight days recruiting our wounded men and horses; at the expiration of which time, being in pretty good order, we set out on our return to St. Antonio de Bazar. We left the fort at dark, and travelled all night, and next day until afternoon, when we picked out an advantageous spot and fortified ourselves, where we remained two days expecting the Indians would again, when recruited, follow our trail; but, however, we saw nothing more of them.

David Buchanan's wounded leg here mortified, and having no surgical instruments, or medicine of any kind, not even a dose of salts, we boiled some live oak bark very strong, and thickened it with pounded charcoal and Indian meal, made a poultice of it and tied it round his leg, over which we sewed a buffalo skin, and travelled along five days without looking at it: when it was opened, the mortified parts had all dropped off, and it was in a fair way of healing, which it finally did, and his leg is as well as ever it was. There were none of the party but had their skin cut in several places, and a great many shot-holes through their clothes.

On the twelfth day we arrived, in good order, with our wounded men and horses, at St. Antonio de Bazar.

CLERICAL ANECDOTE.—The late Mr. O., minister at L—n, in this county, was famed for his eccentricities in the pulpit. On one occasion a St. Andrews student, of a long Highland pedigree, among others, had heard of the Rev. Gentleman's fame, and was determined not only to witness his exhibitions himself, but to take notes of his sermon for the edification of his friends and fellow students. Accordingly on Sunday our hero appeared in church, and requested one of the elders to show him into a pew, where he might take his notes unseen by pastor or congregation. He was accordingly shown into a retired corner of the church, which however, was by no means invisible to Mr. O., who was apprised of the appearance and intentions of the learned stranger. After having chosen his text, Mr. O. proceeded to exhort his hearers, during the course of which more than one person fell asleep. Among these was Janet, an old woman who kept a small alehouse in the rear of L—n.

The neighbours of poor Janet endeavoured in vain to awake her. She continued to snore so loud and so long that she at length arrested the attention of the preacher. "Stop, stop," said Mr. O., "I'll awaken her; bring in a bottle of ale and a gill, Janet." "Comin', Sir," responded Janet, starting to her feet awake: "I tell't you sae," replied the minister; "my brethren—it is as impossible to keep that woman frae sleepin' as it is to keep a highlandman frae stealin'. There never was a highlandman that ever I kend but was a thief. Put ye down that in your notes, my young friend!"—Dundee Constitutional.

LEGAL OPPRESSION.—The effect of Lord Kenyon's intemperate mode of administering justice, my memory recalls with painful recollection in the case of a Mr. Lawless. He was an attorney, one of my earliest friends and clients, and an honourable member of that profession. He was involved in the general and groundless proscription of the day. Correctness of conduct was no shield against accusation; nor could character afford protection against perjury. Complaint was made to the Court against him for some imputed misconduct, grounded on an affidavit which the event shewed was a mass of nonsense and misrepresentation; but it being on oath and the charges serious, it was thought sufficient to entitle the party applying to a rule to show cause why Mr. Lawless should not answer the matters of the affidavit. He could have no opportunity of answering them till he was served with the rule, and had obtained copies of the affidavits on which it was grounded. Natural justice would point out, and the practice of the court was conformable to it, and he should be heard in answer to them before he was convicted. For that purpose a day is given by the rule, on which the party is to show cause, during which time every thing is considered as suspended. This indulgence was refused to Mr. Lawless, though the rule was obtained on an ex-parte statement, before any opportunity was afforded him to answer the charges, or to be heard in his defence. Lord Kenyon, in addition to the common form of the Court's assent to the application, which is in these words addressed to the Council, "Take a rule to show cause," added, and let Mr. Lawless be suspended from practising until the rule is disposed of." He happened to be present in Court when this unexampled judgment was pronounced, and heard the sentence which led to his ruin: he rose in a state of most bitter agitation: My Lord, I entreat you to recall that judgment—the charge is wholly unfounded—suspension will lead to my ruin—I have eighty causes now in my office. What was Lord Kenyon's reply to this supplicatory appeal to him? So much the worse for your clients, who have employed such a man. You shall remain suspended until the court decides on the rule.—The rule came on to be heard at a future day, after the affidavits on the part of Mr. Lawless were filed. The charges against him were found to be wholly without foundation, and the rule against him was accordingly discharged. Mr. Lawless was in consequence restored to his profession, but not to his character.

We afterwards learned from the Camancha Indians that their loss was eighty-two in killed and wounded.

or peace of mind. He sunk under the unmerited disgrace, and died of a broken heart.—Fraser's Magazine.

A NEW ADVENTURE.—We heard of a little occurrence which took place at Oswego some day last week, which is too good to be lost. It was something after this sort. An Irish woman in the upper part of the village, who had more children than spare moments to take care of them, bethought herself at a busy moment of a way in which she could keep one of her little 'blessings' out of mischief; so with all a mother's care she put him very snugly in a barrel near the door, the lower portion of which was full of rags. For some time the little fellow was as happy as could be desired, and the good woman almost banished the thought of him from her mind. But at length, thinking to go out and praise him for his silliness she looked about for the barrel—but lo! it was not! Barrel, child and rag, had all vanished together! She became alarmed and for some time ran about, inquiring for 'the dear little jewel,' sure, that he was; until after some time spent in this way, it was recollected by some of the neighbours, that the barrel had been seen an hour or so before rolling with considerable speed down the bank adjoining the house into the river. All at once this flashed across her mind—the barrel had been carelessly placed upon a pole on the verge of a hill; by the merry movements of the boy it had been started from its place. She hastened down the bank, which in this place is not far from one hundred feet high, with a descent of from 70 to 80 degrees—and there found her little fellow just crawling from the playhouse, which was partly floating in the water. Just before touching the water, the barrel must have taken a leap off an abrupt cliff, of about 10 feet; and it is remarkable that the little fellow's life was preserved—we believe he received not the slightest injury. Mothers should take this as a warning to be cautious how they 'barrel up' their children; for, although in this case it did not end fatally, yet it is not every boy that will bear such a banging as the one in question must have experienced.—Duburn paper.

A MIRACLE.—About the beginning of last week a deaf and dumb printer presented himself at our office, asking charity by writing and by signs. We asked him if he would work. He signified his assent most readily and willingly, and accordingly took his station at the case. For several days he worked very faithfully, with all the imperturbable gravity of an Eastern Brahmin, keeping pencil and paper by his side for the purpose of writing down the very few wants and wishes he deemed it necessary to communicate. Indeed he seldom wrote any thing but 'money' and 'copy,' and his rigid features seemed to have never relaxed into a smile or gathered into a frown. On Saturday last, one of his co-operators joggled him with his elbow, and by signs drew his attention to some matter which he had in his hand. Johnny was completely taken by surprise, and to the astonishment of every one in the office, cried out in a most audible and distinct tone 'Oh yes, that's a fact! One simultaneous roar from foreman, jour, devil, pressman and all, succeeded, but Johnny, not in the least disconcerted, turned round to his case, and began to pick up type with the same inflexible gravity as before as if it was no concern of his. Ever since this miraculous restoration to speech, he has had the free use of his tongue, and on being jeered about it, his laconic reply was, I couldn't hear, and 'where was the use of talking.'—Am. paper.

POWDER PLOT.—About four months ago, Edward Wilcox, Esquire, of Westerly, Rhode Island, and late Lieutenant Governor of that state, received by a sloop from New York, a leather trunk, with a label attached, stating that it came from a relative in this city. Something, however, excited the suspicions of Mr. Wilcox that it was not a friendly present, and cautiously raising the lid a very little, he discovered cords within, so situated as to strengthen his suspicion. He therefore set the trunk aside, until more should be known. A few days ago some young men determined to open it. They cut the cords carefully and opened the trunk, when it was found to contain two horse-pistols, with the muzzles buried in upwards of thirty pounds of powder. The cords were attached to the triggers in such a manner, that if the lid had been raised a few inches, the whole would have exploded, and dreadful must have been the effect. The pistols have been sent to this city in the hope of tracing out the murderous villain, who to gratify his malice against an individual, would not only have taken his life, but in all probability the lives of a whole family.—N. York Journal of Commerce.

ASTONISHING SAGACITY IN A CAT.—De la Croix relates the following almost incredible instance of sagacity in a cat, which, even under the receiver of an air-pump, discovered the means of escaping a death which appeared to all present inevitable. "I once saw," says he, "a lecturer upon experimental philosophy, place a cat under the glass receiver of an air-pump for the purpose of demonstrating that very certain fact, that life cannot be supported without air and respiration. The lecturer had already made several strokes with the piston, in order to exhaust the receiver of its air, when the animal, who began to feel himself very uncomfortable in a rarified atmosphere, was fortunate enough to discover the source from whence her uneasiness proceeded. She placed her paw upon the hole through which the air escaped, and thus prevented any air from passing through the receiver. All the exertions of the philosopher were unavailing; in vain he drew the piston; the cat's paw effectually prevented its operation. Hoping to effect his purpose, he let air again into the receiver, which as soon as the cat perceived, she withdrew her paw from the aperture; but whenever he attempted to exhaust the receiver, she applied her paw as before. All the spectators clasped their hands in admiration of the wonderful sagacity of the animal, and the lecturer found himself under the necessity of liberating her, and substituting in her place another that possessed less penetration, and enabled him to exhibit this cruel experiment."

The following inscription is copied from a door in a village in Dorsetshire, England: "John Stubbin, taylor, shoemaker and astronomer. I also keep a Journeyman to do all kinds of carpenters and black-smiths works, and to hang bells, &c.—Any lady or gentleman as bespeaks a coat or a pair of breeches may have it on Friday or Saturday without fail. N. B. Being ramoured abroad, that I intend leaving off business on account of my being elected church warden, I hope my friends wont give ear to no such blood-thirsty slanders."