

C. C. WITHERSTINE, Proprietor. JACOB S. HAYS, Editor.

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From Putnam's Magazine, NOVEMBER.

The wild November comes at last, Beneath a veil of rain; The night-wind blows its folds aside— Her face is full of pain.

The latest of her race, she takes The autumn's vacant throne; She has but one short month to live, And she must live alone!

A barren realm of withered fields; Bleak woods and falling leaves; The palest morns that ever dawned; The dreariest of all seas.

It is no wonder that she comes, Four months with tears of pain; For what can one so hopeless do But weep, and weep again?

THE HUNTER'S WIFE.

Tom Cooper was a fine specimen of the North American trapper. Slightly but powerfully made, with a hardy, weather-beaten, yet handsome face, strong, indefatigable, and a crack shot, he was admirably adapted for a hunter's life. For many years he knew not what it was to have a home, but lived like a beast he hunted—wandering from one part of the country to another in pursuit of game. All who knew Tom were much surprised when he came with a pretty young wife, to settle within three miles of a planter's farm. Many pitied the poor young creature, who would have to lead such a solitary life; while others said: "If she was fool enough to marry him it was her own look out."

For near four months Tom remained at home, and employed his time in making the old hut he had fixed on for their residence more comfortable. He cleared and tilled a small spot of land around it, and Susan began to hope that for her sake he would settle down quietly as a squatter. But these visions of happiness were soon dispelled, for as soon as this work was finished he recommenced his old erratic mode of life, and was absent for weeks together, leaving his wife alone, though not unprotected; for since his marriage, old Nero, a favorite hound was always left at home as her guardian. He was a noble dog—a cross between the old Scotch deerhound and the bloodhound, and would hunt an Indian as well as a deer or bear, which Tom said, was a proof that the Indians were a sort of warm, or why should the brute beast take to the chase as readily as him that took no notice of white men!

One clear cold morning, about two years after their marriage, Susan was awakened by a loud crash, immediately succeeded by Nero's deep baying. She recollected that she had slung him in the house as usual the night before. Supposing he had waded some solitary wolf or bear prowling around the hut, and afflicted little Nero, she started up, and in a few moments after came a shrill wild cry, which made her blood run cold. To spring from her bed, throw on her clothes and rush from the hut, was the work of a minute. She no longer doubted what the hound was in pursuit of.

Fearful thoughts shot through her brain; she called wildly on Nero, and to her joy he came dashing through the thick underwood. As the dog drew near she saw that he galloped heavily and carried in his mouth some large dark creature. Her brain reeled; she felt a faint and sickly shudder dart through her limbs. But Susan was a hunter's daughter, and all her life had been accustomed to witness scenes of danger and of horror, and in this school had learned to subdue the natural timidity of her character. With a powerful effort she recovered herself just as Nero dropped at her feet a little Indian child, apparently between three and four years old. She bent down over him, but there was no sound or motion; she placed her hand on his little naked chest; the heart within had ceased to beat—he was dead! The deep mark of the dog's fangs were visible on his neck, but his body was unscathed. Old Nero stood with his large bright eyes fixed on the face of his mistress, fawning on her, as if he expected to be praised for what he had done, and seemed to wonder why she looked so terrified. But Susan spurned him from her; and the fierce animal, who would have pulled down an Indian as he would a deer, crouched humbly at the young woman's feet. Susan carried the little body gently in her arms to the hut, and laid it on her own bed. Her first impulse was to seize a loaded rifle that hung over the fire-place, and shoot the hound, yet she felt that she could not do it, for in the lone life she led, the faithful animal seemed like a dear and valued friend, who loved and watched over her, as if aware of the precious charge entrusted to him. She thought also of what her husband would say, when on his return he should find his old companion dead. Susan had never seen Tom roused. To her he had never shown anything but kindness; yet she feared a fire in those dark eyes which told of deep, wild passions hidden in his breast, and she knew that the lives of a whole tribe of Indians would be light in the balance against that of his favorite hound.

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Prof. Morse, the inventor of the magnetic telegraph, delivered a speech at St. John's recently, to which he gave an interesting reminiscence of his early telegraph troubles. The bill for establishing a line, he says, was before Congress, had passed the House and was on the calendar of the Senate, but was dropped the last day had commenced with more than one hundred bills to be considered before mine could be reached. Worn out with anxiety and suspense, I consulted with one of my Senatorial friends; he thought the chance of reaching it so small, that he advised me to consider it as lost. I returned to my lodgings to make my preparations for returning home the next day. My funds were reduced to a fraction of a dollar. In the morning, as I was about to sit down to breakfast, the servant announced that a young lady desired to see me in the parlor. It was the daughter of my excellent friend and College classmate, the Commissioner of Patents. She called, she said, by her father's permission, and the exuberance of her own joy, to announce that the bill for the telegraph bill at midnight, but the moment before the Senate adjourned.

TAKING A POSITION.

—Joe Dovetail had a strong-minded wife. She looked upon Joe as a sort of necessary evil, treating him very much as the lady did her husband on the North River. Susan missed her; she searched around the hut, but she was gone, without having taken farewell of her kind benefactors. A few years after Susan Cooper (no longer "pretty Susan," for time and grief had done their work) heard late one night a hurried knock, which was repeated several times before she could unfasten the door, each time more loudly than before. She called to ask who it was at that hour of night. A few hurried words in French were the reply, and Susan congratulated herself on having spoken before unbaring the door. But on listening again, she distinctly heard the same voice say, "Quick—quick!" and recognized it as the Indian woman's whom she had nursed. The door was instantly opened, when the squaw rushed into the hut, seized Susan by the arm and made signs for her to come away. She was too much excited to remember then the few words of English she had picked up when living with the white woman. Expressing her meaning by gestures with a clearness peculiar to the Indians she dragged rather than led Susan from the hut. They had just reached the edge of the forest when the wild yells of the Indians sounded in their ears.

THE BATTLE OF ORISKANY.

In the spring of 1777, the celebrated Indian chief, Brant, invaded New York from Canada, with over five hundred warriors. Gen. Herkimer, who commanded a small army of American troops, held a conference with Brant in an open field near Unadilla, and endeavored to treat with the savages. His attempt was unsuccessful, and after a stormy council the two forces separated, and Brant joined the British army, which, under command of Sir John Johnson and Col. John Butler, was organizing at Oswego, preparatory to an expedition against the defenceless settlements of the Schoharis and Mohawk valleys. It is a stain upon the British character, that both in the Revolutionary war and the contest of 1812, the royal government hired savage butchers to follow their armies into the field. Daring Indian outrages, many dreadful massacres, conflagration and butcheries were instigated, and allowed by British officers and British agents. On this occasion the Indians were invited to a grand war-feast by the royal officers, and they then enlisted as enemies of the patriotic cause. The fort at Oswego was crowded with the grim sons of the forest. They were furnished with gay dresses, new arms, and "fire-water" in abundance, and before the council concluded the great tribes of the Six Nations, numbering at that time several thousand warriors, entered into a firm alliance with the British, and they agreed to fight until King George had subdued his rebellious subjects. Each Indian was then presented with a gun, tomahawk and scalping-knife, ammunition, a piece of gold, and a suit of scarlet clothes. In this manner England engaged her savage allies. It was a shameful bargain, but characteristic of the British government, noted for its rapacity, cruelty and faithlessness. Rumors of the British preparations reached the patriot settlements in Tryon county, and Col. Gansevoort, who commanded a small, half-finished fortification, known as Fort Schuyler, implored the aid of Congress and of the State of New York. But at that period the American army had enough to do with the forces of England in the field, and Congress could not afford such assistance. On the first of August, 1777, Gen. St. Leger, Col. Butler, and Brant, with over seventeen hundred British and Indians, commenced their invasion, and soon appeared before Fort Schuyler. Col. Gansevoort's force numbered seven hundred and fifty men, with a few small cannons. They had no flag! But this latter article was soon supplied; shirts were cut up for white stripes and sewed on the red lining of a cloak belonging to one of the officers, and it was thrown proudly out to the forest wind. The siege instantly commenced. Bombs were thrown into the fort, while the savages, with their rifles, watched every opportunity for a shot at the besieged. Every night they filled the air with horrible yells, and endeavored to set the works on fire. The Americans, however, were not intimidated. They refused to listen to St. Leger's summons to surrender, and maintained a vigorous defense. In the meantime, Gen. Herkimer, a brave soldier, rallied the militia of the surrounding country and was soon on his way to relieve the garrison, with a force of eight hundred men. But young men endeavored to supersede him in command. They reproached him for being too cautious, and finally charged the gallant officer with being a coward and a Tory. Col. Cox and Paris were loud in their taunts, but Gen. Herkimer answered calmly, that he was

placed in command as a guardian and a father, and that the troops should not be led into unnecessary danger. Accordingly, he advanced with great caution, at the same time telling those who were so anxious to face the enemy, that he feared they would be the first to retreat.

On the morning of August 6, the patriots neared the fort. Herkimer found means to warn Gansevoort of his approach, and requested when he should reach the sound of guns, to make a sortie upon the British camp. St. Leger sent forward a strong force to meet Herkimer, and form an ambuscade for his troops in a narrow, deep ravine. It was about 9 o'clock in the morning, dark and sultry, when the relieving army entered the valley. In spite of the General's instructions, the vanguard were careless, or the ambuscade would have been discovered. One regiment of the force had entered the ravine, when Brant gave the signal, and his warriors sounding the war-whoop, poured in a galling volley from their rifles, and rushed forward, tomahawk in hand. A portion of the militia, as Herkimer predicted, instantly broke and fled to the rear, but the General's division resolutely held their ground. Herkimer was instantly wounded, and Col. Cox and Capt. Van Slyke killed at the first fire. Herkimer was carried beneath a beech tree, where, seated upon his saddle, he calmly directed his men and cheered them on. The militia fought with desperation, receiving and giving no quarter. The balls flew like hail, and the war-whoop rang shrilly through the forest. The patriots soon discovered that the Indians were watching until a man fired his gun, then they would rush forward with the tomahawk and knife. To prevent this, two militia men stood behind a tree together, and fired alternately.

While the fight was going on, volleys of musketry were heard in the rear.—It was a sortie from the fort. No sooner did Col. Gansevoort hear the roar of battle in the forest than he ordered Col. Willet, with two hundred men, to fall upon the British camp. Col. Willet executed his commission in a splendid manner. Like a thunderbolt his little force burst upon St. Leger's encampment, and the moral force of Tories and Indians, and the few regulars present, were scattered like chaff in the wind. The savages fled into the forest, while St. Leger and Johnson barely escaped—the latter without his coat. Twenty-one wagon loads of spoils—arms, ammunition, clothing, provisions, blankets, camp equipage, money, valuable documents and papers—were hauled into the fort, together with five British standards! Willet did not lose a man, and was received in the fort with loud cheers. The British colors were all hoisted upon the staff, under the rough American flag. Herkimer's men, greatly encouraged, attacked the enemy with renewed vigor, and the Indians, leaving a valuable number of wounded and several chiefs, raised the cry, "Onah! Onah!" (the signal of retreat) and fled into the forest. The British soon followed, and after a terrible battle of six hours, the Americans were left masters of the field. The patriots lost one hundred and sixty men killed, and nearly the same number wounded, besides some prisoners. The enemy's loss was much greater, though never exactly ascertained. The Indians were greatly disappointed. Gen. Herkimer died of his wound a few days after the fight. His army having no head, and being unable to reach the fort, retreated.

Smarting under a severe loss, and mortified at the sacking of their camp, St. Leger's army attacked Fort Schuyler, with renewed vigor. Lying in wait for the effect that strong reinforcements were at hand, were sent by the royal commander to the fort, coupled with threats of massacre, unless it surrendered. But Col. Gansevoort scorned every threat and overture, continuing his defense in the bravest manner. Day after day the siege continued. St. Leger began to approach by regular parallels, and employed the usual mining system. With great danger, Col. Willet and Lieut. Stookell succeeded in passing the British lines, and hastening to Gen. Schuyler, implored aid for the besieged garrison. In fact, the fort was becoming much straitened, when suddenly the enemy broke up their camp and fled towards Canada. This sudden flight was caused by the arrival of scouts, with the intelligence that a strong force was on the march to relieve the fort. This rumor was false, but the Indians believed it, and having become wearied with the siege, they at once started off. The panic was communicated to the remainder of the army, and they also began such a hurried retreat as to leave all their baggage, artillery, and spare arms.—The savages fell upon and scalped many of their allies in the route. Thus was Fort Schuyler relieved.

Too Good to be Lost.—The citizens of H—n, Miss., assembled at a church to celebrate the 4th of July, by reading the declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address. An old gentleman, coming in rather late, walked up near the pulpit while Washington's Address was being read. The old man listened until he heard, "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you, fellow citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake, since history and experience prove foreign influence to be one of the most baneful foes to a Republican government." When this was read, he threw up his hat and left the house.—At the door he met some friends. "Gentlemen," said he, "I came here to celebrate the 4th of July, and hear the Declaration of Independence and Washington's Farewell Address read." "But," said he, "the first thing I heard was that fellow in there reading a d—d Know Nothing document, and I'll whip him as soon as he leaves the house!"—Sumner County Whig.