

THE STAR, North Carolina State Gazette, Published weekly, by LAWRENCE & LEMAY.

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PROCLAMATION, by the Governor of North Carolina. \$500 Dollars Reward!

It has been made known to me, that there was lately committed in the county of...

M. STOKES, Governor.

POST OFFICE, RALEIGH, May 24, 1831.

The Northern Mail arrives daily at 3 o'clock, and departs at 2 P. M. The Southern Mail arrives daily at 2 P. M. and departs at 3 A. M.

THOS. G. SCOTT, P. M.

Johnson's Botanic Family Physician.

TO THE PUBLIC. In presenting to you this new and useful system of medical practice, I must beg indulgence of those who are too readily disposed to make a decision, and take a decided stand...

Bank Agency.

WILL. PECK, Raleigh, June 13, 1831.

From the Dutchman's Fireside. THE WILDERNESS.

Early next morning, ere the tints of the bright morning reddened the eastern sky, or the birds had left their perch...

Night, which in the crowded haunts of men is the season of silence and repose, was here far more noisy than the day.

But the labours of our hero's voyage were far greater than the dangers. He and his trusty squire had to breast the swift current from the morning until night, and win every foot of their way by skill and exertion combined.

At length, after enduring what would demolish a regiment of well-dressed dandies in these degenerate times, on the fourth day, towards evening, they were warned by a distant, dull monotonous, heavy sound of their approach to the falls of Fort Edward, as they were then called—at that time a frontier post.

ver gradually becoming more distinct as the canoe made its way up the stream, which now began to whirl about in boiling eddies, each crowned in its centre with a cap of snow-white foam.

"Welcome, brother," said the chief to Sybrandt.

"What, is my brother afraid?" said Paskingoe. "Is not the Mohawk the friend of the white man? Men that are a friend should stay home with their wives."

Sybrandt thought of Catalina, and determined to go with the chief. The Indians assisted him in carrying his canoe and merchandise round the portages at Fort Edward and Glens Falls; and though they cast many a longing look at the keys of rum, throwing out many shrewd hints at the same time, they neither stole nor took any of it by violence.

There were neither Indians nor beaver skins at the station, as promised by Paskingoe, who by closely examining the grass, ascertained, as he said, that the party had gone away a day or two before towards the fishing-house.

from Johnstown, to hunt and fish. Paskingoe assured Sybrandt he would find them not far from the lodge, which being unoccupied great part of the time, the Indians occasionally slept in when the weather was bad.

Sybrandt felt his solitary situation, which became gradually more disagreeable from his seeing, or imagining he saw, certain looks of equivocal meaning pass between Paskingoe and his Indians.

CHAPTER X. A NIGHT SCENE.

For some time there was a dead silence among the party. Paskingoe was moody, and Sybrandt, seeing no traces of the Indians he expected to meet at this spot, from time to time eyed him with looks of suspicion.

"My brother thinks I have two tongues and two faces," said the one-eyed chief at last, in a sarcastic tone.

Sybrandt had no disinclination to this proposal, and Tjerck was despatched with one of the Indians to bring in

some provisions from the cache. While they were gone the one-eyed chief hid his people to kindle a fire, which they did with some difficulty, and the room at length became illuminated with the red glare of the pine knots that hissed in the chimney.

"Is the white man afraid of the bears and wolves to night?" said old Tjerck.

"Another pause ensued, which was again interrupted by the chief.

"No, no," said he, "Sir William out-dreams me. He dreamed away my best hunting grounds; but I only dreamed away his red coat. But will the white man trade for some fire water?"

Sybrandt felt the peculiar delicacy of his situation, thus hurried alone in the depths of the wild solitudes of the Sacondaga. He knew the danger of declining, as well as complying with the wishes of Paskingoe.

"It is good," said One eye, as he took a deep draught and handed it to the Indian next him. "I is good, but the water is very shallow; the Indian sees the bottom too easily."

"The white man," continued Paskingoe, raising his voice, "does not know what to say; he is afraid to speak out. If I tell him the Indians and the beavers will come to-morrow, he will not believe me. Why should I lie to him? Is he not a muskrat caught in a trap?"

Sybrandt felt it was true; he was completely in the power of the Indians. Hardly knowing what to say he continued silent. The evening was now setting in, and the storm continued. The wind roared through the windows, accompanied by loud, angry peals of thunder, and now and then the crash of a fallen tree gave token of a triumph of the angry elements.

his last triumph. But he refused, and the yelling triumphs of his companions, how he escaped from his enemies, and brought home with him twenty-seven of their scalps.

"What white man could do this?" cried he, darting his eyes of malignant fire upon Sybrandt. "What white man would dare do this, even if his limbs were not like those of a woman?"

"Has the white man any fire water in his canoe?" "I have," replied Sybrandt.

"No more nigger dan yourself?" muttered old Tjerck. "Some drink would be very good" said One eye. "I am dry."

"You dream almost equal to Sir William Johnson," replied Sybrandt, smiling. Paskingoe shook his head.

"No, no," said he, "Sir William out-dreams me. He dreamed away my best hunting grounds; but I only dreamed away his red coat. But will the white man trade for some fire water?"

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