



TO EMMETT.

Written after a perusal of Moore's History of Ireland.

Breathe the bowl With flow'rs of soul The brightest Wit can find us; We'll take a flight To heaven to-night And leave dull earth behind us.—Moore.

Such the words of the bard when, in moment of mirth, He bask'd in the pleasures that brighten the earth, When, this orb being so dull, he directed his flight To some region more full of the glory of light.

Oh! then was the hour of enchantment—the time When, with wit in its lustre and joy in its prime, The bard wandered forth, shouting from his mind The earth with its sorrows fast fading behind.

And so bright did the eyes of the firmament burn He deem'd not how darker he yet must return: That a valley of planetless shade must be past Ere he look on the purest, the brightest, the last.

And so sweet sung the spheres thro' the fields of their birth That no more would he waken one harp of the earth: And he deem'd not how sweeter the music that's given From voice and from harp in the high halls of heaven.

But soon Fancy's pinions grew wet with the dew: Near the starlight Wit's flashes grew faint and more few: And he sighingly smil'd "Wit and Fancy are vain, Without wisdom to guide us and thought to sustain."

Years pass'd, fancy weakened, and wit grew less bright, But wisdom then brighten'd his path with her light; The flow'rs faded too, which young fancy had brought, But age wanders now thro' the gardens of thought.

For his country he tells of her history again, And gladness is louder o'er mountain and glen, And her firmament far more magnificently start'd, Th' Historian adores whom she lov'd as the Bard.

Now wisdom and learning and country combine To brighten each thought and to hollow each line. And Moore! may you long in that lesson delight, Which you learned in your travels "to Heaven" that night.

SELECT MISCELLANY.

From the Military and Naval Magazine.

MAH-ZA-PA-MEE.

In the spring and summer of 1814, the following incidents of Indian history occurred, in great part, to the personal knowledge of the late Mr. Lisa, an Indian trader of great respectability. The only merit of the narrative will, I fear, be its strict adherence to facts. But in this disclaiming all attempts to color by exaggeration, I am none the less convinced, that an able pen might well fall in justice to a description I may attempt. It is said that the wonders of real life have beggared all the imaginations of fancy; and how certain, that many scenes, if painted, must ever lack their full coloring. The story, then, may interest those who, studying man in all climes and circumstances, may learn from it, that alike in forest or city, slight causes produce upon him great effects; that wild, or tame, he plunges into extremes from no adequate motives. But chiefly will the sad fortunes of my heroes illustrate the more humble, physical, study of the noble biped.

The Ponca Indians are a reduced band; their warriors amount to no more than one hundred and fifty. They are invariably friendly to whites; and are noted for bravery and swiftness of foot. Their village is at the mouth of the Leau-qui-court (La-cacore) on the Missouri, a thousand miles from the spot where that river mingles its turbid waves with the placid Mississippi. In the spring of '14, a cavalry party of about twenty Grand Pawnees paid them a visit in their village. These are called by the whites "begging parties"; but, with a desire always to make the best of humane nature, I would ascribe to them less degrading motives; for though custom decrees that presents be made on such occasions, all alike give and receive. The visitors were "smoked" as usual; feasted on fat dogs; and then they sang, danced, and "counted" their "coups" (feats). What a simple but powerful incentive to virtue, (Indian virtue) is this custom! and how innocently is ambition thus stated! The time is night; brilliant fires burn around; the stately chiefs are seated with all the cross-legged dignity of Turkish Pachas; the animating music of the song peals forth; the exhilarated braves dance with emulous ardor and activity;—for a moment they cease;—one of them recounts a coup, sticks an arrow in the ground, and tells the actor in a greater feat to take it as his own. The dance is renewed with increased animation, till at length the arrow is removed by a dancer who relates his superior adventures; his form seems to swell, his eye glimmers with delight; the arrow is laid at the feet of a chief. Long they continue, but with endless variety; until finally the chief distributes the simple honors, and thus adds his sanction to the merit of the prize. Fashion decides that modesty is not wanting in this self-praise; but it also requires and has the most powerful means to enforce, that the recital be the strictest truth. Thus does the red man of our forests closely imitate the noblest customs of Greece, in the day of her virtue and renown!

Thus were the visitors treated; but a faithless return was made for open-handed hospitality. A young brave of their number being very unceremoniously entertained by the principal chief, Shu-da-gah-ha, and his family, easily discovered an unfortunate difference, a jealousy between his two wives; and struck with the appearance of the favorite, Mah-za-pa-mee—for she was a pretty woman, he determined to improve a temporary advantage, and engage in an intrigue. His affection, and ambition, too, became engaged in the suit, and he warmly urged it. His good looks and eloquence combined to persuade her that nothing could equal the Pawnees, and the delightful life they led; he told her that they killed more buffaloes, planted more corn and pumpkins, and had more scalp dances than any other nation; and above all, they stole more horses, too, and their squaws never walked. How could she resist so happy a picture! She did not; she consented to fly with him to the promised paradise. His arrangements were easily made; and the next night, like Paris, the beau ideal of beaux, he escaped triumphantly with his modern Helena. Mah-za-pa-mee took with her an infant son, and, guided by her lover, in due time arrived at the village of the Grand Pawnees, on the Rio-de-la-plata, or Anglice, the Big Platte.

On discovering the flight, the chief was quite outrageous; it was too late for pursuit; they had taken the best horses; but the sacrifice of the remaining Pawnees, until then perfectly ignorant of the proceeding, could well appease his ire; and though innocent, they had paid with their lives the forfeit of the indiscretion, but for the active influence of Mante Lisa. They were dismissed without presents and with dishonor. But Shu-da-gah-ha had more pride or policy than Menelaus, and war did not immediately result.

Not long after this affair, a small party of Dahcotahs,* probably to prove the truth of Hobbs' theory of their nature, by carrying on a war, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," directed their footsteps to the village of the Grand Pawnees; and here, most unlike the chivalrous Greeks, (if between comparison and antithesis they do not detain the narrative) prowled about undiscovered, until at length they killed and scalped a son-in-law of that very distinguished chief Car-ra-ka-wah-wah-ho, whom the whites called Long Hair. This was done in darkness, and very near the village. A trail cannot be followed at night; but very early the following morning eighty braves were in pursuit as fast as their chargers would carry them. During the night the Sioux had not been idle. An Indian a-foot can travel as far in twenty-four hours as another a-horseback. The next morning the sun rose upon them near fifty miles from the Pawnee village; the Pawnees perceived from their trail that their enemies were but five or six in number, which induced them to continue in untiring pursuit for three days. The Sioux, in their flight, passed by the Ponca village, simply because it was in their nearest direction home. The conscience-stricken Pawnees had, from the first, suspected them to be Poncas; but on perceiving that the trail led directly to their village, doubt yielded to certainty in their minds, and they continued the pursuit—not to attack the Poncas, but in the hope, if failing to overtake the party, to cut off some straggler at a respectful distance from the village.

Accordingly, when arrived within two miles of it, on the fourth day, they were delighted to discover two young Ponca hunters; they instantly engaged in hot pursuit. But the ground was much broken, and the young Poncas were determined that the reputation of their tribe for swiftness of foot should not suffer on this occasion, so they ran like heroes, for their lives were at stake. The Pawnees did not dream of their escaping; nor did they, which was more important, perceive how near they were approaching the village, so warmly were their imaginations engaged with the idea of the two scalps that were careering before them. But the Poncas did escape, and soon did they make it known; for never, till then, was heaven's conclave saluted with such horrid discord. The braves all yelled like devils; each squaw howled for ten, and wolf dogs were ten to their one, and gave distinguished proof of the power of their lungs. The luckless urchin that disturbs a nest of hornets, is not more warmly assailed, or sooner put to his heels, than were the puny-struck Pawnees by this nest of fiery Poncas. Those that could not lay hands on horses sallied forth, scarcely the less swiftly, on foot.—Away! away they went! with what a sublime confusion of sound and motion! a mighty chase, with life and death upon the issue! Oh! on they go! now they dash into that bushy ravine, and how the awful din is mellowed. But the hill is gained and they burst pell mell into view with that astounding shout! Away! away! Now Pawnee do thy best! Hear that cutting sound, that shrill war cry! sweet music to the Ponca; to the Pawnee, the warring signal of his doom. Six times was heard that well known yell of Shu-da-gah-ha. He was avenged.—Noble feats of horsemanship were that day performed by the best of riders; feats which made one shudder to examine in cold blood. But most of the horses were run down and abandoned, and Ponca and Pawnee ran on foot. The latter then, every where, covered the prairie with numerous fires; and to this many were indebted for their safety. The Poncas ceased to pursue at night more than twenty miles from their village; they had taken eight scalps and captured many horses and guns.

Thus we see two tribes fairly in a war, originating in the indiscretion of Mah-za-pa-mee, which led to the mistake which caused the war.

But, to return to our heroine and the Pawnee village. In due time the foremost of the scattered messengers of misfortune arrived; it was in the night. Fortunately, Mah-za-pa-mee had made a warm friend of an old squaw, who hastened with the first news of the disaster, to warn her of her impending danger; for then no one could doubt the fate that was in store for her; she and her son would be sacrificed to Pawnee revenge. The old woman furnished her with moccasins and smoked meat, and she immediately escaped from the village, alone and on foot, and she took with her her son. This was late in June, and she determined "to strike" for the nearest waters of the Leau-qui-court, hoping to meet her band, who usually followed up that river on the summer buffalo hunt. Her meat was soon gone, and roots were her sole resource; and she was without any means of kindling a fire. Thus she journeyed, carrying on her back her child, now two years old, enduring the scorching heat of the shadeless prairie by day, and chilled by its cold dews at night. Thus simply are the facts narrated. But who shall paint to the senses the full horror of her sufferings, of mind and body!

She reached the Leau-qui-court, and found that her entire tribe had passed many days before.—Mah-za-pa-mee did not despair. She could not hope to overtake them; but for days she searched their trail and camps, endeavoring to find something left or "cache," that would serve for food; but all failed. She then resolved to follow down the river, and, if able, to reach the village; she would find there green corn, and pumpkins always planted before the annual hunting migration. More than a hundred miles were before her, starved and burdened as she was, wasted by the extremes of the weather, and ever assailed by that maddening pest, the mosquito. But her life was prolonged by the small fish which she caught in hollow streams and pools, and they of course were eaten raw! Perchance the reader is a tenderly nurtured lady.—Can she imagine herself in such a state? Late in August, Mah-za-pa-mee reached the vicinity of her village on the Missouri; and she found it—oh! last stroke of unrelenting fate!—occupied by hostile Indians, before whom the last vestige of vegetation was fast disappearing. She hid herself, but yielded to despair.

Mah-za-pa-mee and her son were discovered the next day by a white man of Mr. Lisa's company. He was of a small party that had been left in charge of a store house, some distance below; provisions having become scarce, they had ascended the river to see if the Poncas had returned with a supply of meat. Their appearance when found, was described as emaciated, wretched, and even horrible. And, indeed, if there were room for it, who would not doubt the possibility of their surviving!

Under no other circumstances does poor human nature show so much its weakness, become so much degraded, as when assailed by starvation.—Famine! nought but thou can reduce proud, gifted, noble man, to the level of the wretched beast.—Thou shakest him reason from its pedestal! Thou makest him yield all to revolting appetite! But, no more. Mah-za-pa-mee, well and hearty, would probably have terminated an existence then worth preserving, rather than meet her husband thus humbled, and a petitioner; but now, suffering worse than death—the loathsome picture of famine—true to the singular nature of her species, clinging the more closely to life—she seeks to offer herself before her injured lord, for a mouthful of food.

Mah-za-pa-mee at length rejoined her tribe, and sought to throw herself at the feet of her husband. Pity is allied to affection; and much was she to be pitied; but chiefly was she to depend upon her child, that inseparable link of union, for forgiveness. It was that which succeeded; for surely the chief, Shu-da-gah-ha, did not believe her, that the Pawnee threw "squaw medicine" (love powder) on her; that "he bewitched her." She was forgiven, grew apace in flesh and favor, and has since been seen, as has her son, healthy and happy.

SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS, Delivered fifteen minutes previous to signing of the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning we aimed not at independence—but there is a divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms. And blundered to her own interest for our own good, she has obstinately persisted, until independence is now within our grasp; we have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why then should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country, or its liberties, or the safety of his own life, or his honor? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair, is not he, our venerable colleague near you, are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency—what are you? What can you be while the power of England remains—but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on or give up the war? Do we mean to submit to the measure of Parliament, Boston port bill, and all? Do we mean to consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder and our country and its rights trodden into the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men—that pledging before God of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the danger of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that pledged faith to fall to the ground.—For myself, having twelve months ago, in this place, moved you that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised or to be raised, for defence of American Liberty; may my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I waver or hesitate in the support I give him. The war then must go on, we must fight it through—and if the war must go on, why put off the DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE! That measure will strengthen us—it will give us character abroad—the nations will then treat with us, which they can never do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects in arms against a sovereign. Nay, I maintain that, England herself will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. The former she would regard as the result of fortune, the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why, then,—why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves into a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail it can be no worse for us—but we shall not fail—the cause will raise up armies—the cause will create navies. The people—the people—if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle. I care not how few other people have been found, I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war, for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities held under a British King, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor.—Publish it from the pulpit—religion will approve it, and the lover of religious liberty will cling around it, resolved to stand or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there—let them hear it who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon;—let them see it who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill; and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see clearly through this day's business; you and I may rue it, we may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good, we may die colonists, die slaves—die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so—be it so—if it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country. But whatever is our fate, be assured this declaration will stand; it may cost treasure; and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for

both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day; when we are in our graves, our children will honor it; they will celebrate it with thanksgivings, with festivities, with bonfires, and illuminations.—On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears; not of agony and distress, but of exultation, gratitude, and joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come; and my judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope for in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration; it is my living sentiment; and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment—Independence now, and independence for ever!!!

From the Utica Record of Genius.

"SO WAS FRANKLIN."

"O you're a 'prentice," said a little boy the other day, tauntingly, to his companion. The addressed turned proudly round, and while the fire of injured pride and the look of pity were strangely blended in his countenance, coolly answered: "So was Franklin." The motto of our infantile philosopher contains too much to be forgotten—and should be engraven on the minds of all. What can better cheer a man in an humble calling, than the reflection that the greatest and best of earth—the greatest statesmen—the brightest philosophers, and the proudest warriors—have once graced the same profession! Look at Cicero! At the call of his country he laid aside the plough and seized the sword. But after wielding it with entire success—when his country was no longer endangered, and public affairs needed not his longer stay—he "beat his sword into a plough-share," and returned with honest delight to his little farm.

Look at Washington! What was his course of life? He was first a farmer; next a commander-in-chief of the host of freedom, fighting for the liberation of his country from the thralls of despotic oppression; next, called to the highest seat of Government, by his ransomed brethren, a President of the largest republic on earth; and lastly, a farmer again.

Look at Franklin! He who "With the tanners talked, as with a friend, And waded his garland of the lightning's wing, In sportive twist."

What was he? A PRINTER! once a menial in a printing office! Poverty stared him in the face—his blank, hollow look could not daunt him.—He struggled through a harder current than most are called to encounter; but he did not yield. He passed manfully onward, bravely buffeting misfortune's billows, and gained the desired haven!

What was the famous Ben Johnson? He was first a brick-layer, or mason! What was he in after years? "Is needless to answer. But shall we still go on, and call up in proud array all the mighty host of worthies that have lived and died, who were cradled in the lap of penury, and received the first lesson in the school of affliction? Nay, we have cited instances enough already; more than enough to prove the point in question; namely, that there is no profession, however low in the opinion of the world, but has been honored with earth's greatest and her worthiest.

Young man! Does the iron hand of misfortune press hard upon you, and disappointment well nigh sink you despairing soul! Have courage! Mighty ones have been your predecessors—and have withstood the current of opposition that threatened to overwhelm their fragile bark!

From the Jersey City Gazette.

WAHKULLA SPRING.

We are indebted to a friend, now sojourning at Tallahassee, Florida, for the following interesting account of a visit to a remarkable natural curiosity in that vicinity:

"A few days since, I paid a visit, in company with some friends, to Wahkulla Spring, about half way between this place and Fort St. Mark; and certainly a greater natural curiosity does not exist on this continent. If it were out of our country, it is more than probable that many of our citizens would travel over the semi-diameter of the globe, at an enormous expense, to visit it; but as it happens to be under our very eyes as it were, scarcely a neighbour goes to see it.

"Through the usual embowering woods of the country, you are ushered at once into an open space with undulating hills, tapering downwards to a centre or circular basin, of a regular shape, one hundred and twenty yards in diameter, with clear transparent water up to the brim, its outer edge being clothed, somewhat irregularly, with bulrushes.—An unclouded sky and brilliant sun gave great effect to the spectacle. A small boat awaited us, in which we embarked, not without surprise and admiration. Immediately inside the bordering grass, we first perceived an edging, clearly defined, of purest water; succeeding circles presented to our view every color of the rainbow in its liveliest and most enchanting appearance. After pausing a short time to admire this scene, I stepped towards the stern of our little bark, and although that slight tendency forwards had nothing in it uncommon, I shrank suddenly back, and stooping, clung to the sides, precisely like a man before whom an abyss opens and threatens him with instant destruction. The water was so placid—so perfectly, so purely transparent—that all idea of a medium of any kind between us and the bottom was abstracted from the imagination; nothing but empty space appeared. Reassured a little from such an apprehension, we proceeded to the middle of the lake, and here again another scene presented itself, of intense interest and grandeur. At a depth of one hundred and thirty feet, by measurement, lay a clear sand, just as it is seen at the bottom of a rapid stream, indicating the secret source of such a volume of water. Upon this sand were clearly distinguished the most diminutive objects, at a distance above appeared a

school of fish—trout, perch, &c.—then a lime stone arch jutting from the side, of an irregular shape, and again fish were seen in a direction opposed to the tube below; again a rock, and again fish, formed the only objects visible in this immensity of space. This invisible stream below, appears to butt against one side, as is clearly indicated by the concretions thereon, and this side terminates above by the outlet of the Wahkulla River, which joins that of St. Mark at seven miles distance. Its entire fall, in its sluggish course from the spring to the ocean, cannot be more than six feet, so that we have a streamlet of fresh water, running one hundred and twenty-two feet below the surface of the sea, thus clearly indicating its connection with some lake in the interior of the country.

"Before leaving the subject of this river, I must mention to you another singular curiosity. About half way on its course to St. Mark, is seen a bubbling spring rising to the surface, of a highly sulphurous impregnation, which might be very useful for medical purposes."

From a Mobile Paper, of July 30.

OUTRAGEOUS ABDUCTION OF A CHILD.

This community has perhaps never been more excited, or outraged than it was the day before yesterday, by the intelligence that a child of one of our citizens, Dr. Gessard, had been carried off, and that, too, by an owa brother. The circumstances of the abduction were not generally and fairly known until about 11 o'clock in the morning of that day. About that time, an alarm of fire had been given, which had called out the several fire companies, and a considerable number of the citizens of the place. The fire which had caused the alarm was easily and speedily extinguished. Information was then communicated to one of the fire companies that a child of Dr. Gessard, five or six years of age, had been stolen by one of his (Dr. G's.) brothers—that this inhuman depredator had left intelligence behind in a letter, with another brother, that for \$30,000 the child would be restored to its parents, and unless this ransom should be paid, they should never see it more. It was further stated that the agonized father had consented to redeem his boy in the manner proposed, first having offered \$15,000, which was refused, and that the brother who was acting as mediator, was at that moment at the Mobile Bank receiving a part of the ransom money. The company to which these facts were made known, immediately repaired in a body to the Bank, seized the brother they found there, and bore him away to a place of secret confinement for examination. This one secured, it was next resolved to make sure of two other brothers, who if not actually in the plot, it was feared would communicate intelligence of the movements that were going on to the man that was absent with the child, and thus thwart all further efforts for his recovery. The citizens of the place had by this time become generally informed of the facts, and the excitement, which was very great, had become universal. In a short time, and at short intervals, the other two brothers were found, and taken into custody. In the meantime, such measures had been taken with the first that was seized as extorted from him a confession of his knowledge of the hiding place of the absent brother and child. He solemnly promised, on condition of his life's being spared him, that he would use all the means in his power to rescue the child alive, which he believed could be done, by allowing the brother, who had borne him off, to escape also with his life, after surrendering up the child; although he had been assured, if he brought any other persons with him, the life of the boy should be sacrificed.

The necessary arrangements were soon made for the pursuit, but by this time the populace, exasperated at the unmerited act of barbarity which had been committed, had assembled in such great numbers around the city prison, manifesting, too, such a spirit of vengeance and indignation at the outrage, that it was considered unsafe to take the individual, who had promised to act as their guide, out from his confinement until the crowd could be dispersed. As the first step to accomplish this end, the City Troop and the Guards, who had been called out shortly after the excitement began, were dismissed, and the assembled citizens were requested, by the commander of the cavalry company, in an audible voice, to go immediately to their homes and leave all further proceedings to a party of citizens that had taken the matter for the present into their own hands. The request was complied with, though not without some apparent reluctance.—While the crowd was dispersing, in pursuance of the plan proposed, the Don Juan, a small low pressure boat, that runs remarkably still, was chartered, and got in readiness for the expedition. Just after night fall, the party, with their guide, embarked on board the boat and left the city for the place designated, which was some fifteen or twenty miles up the Mobile river.

Yesterday morning at sunrise the boat returned—and, joyful to relate, with the stolen child—in safety! The joy of the parents, especially of the father, who was awaiting anxiously the return of the boat, can be better imagined than painted. As the boat reached the wharf the child was held up to the view of the father, when, in the rapture of his feelings, he fell on his knees and gave thanks to God. To those who had witnessed his agony the day previous, the scene of a father, embracing his lost boy, was really affecting beyond all description. Whether the brother that acted as mediator and guide on this occasion, and the one who committed this strange and atrocious theft were allowed to escape, or what was or is to be their fate, is more than we can fully ascertain. Certain it is, they were not brought to the city by the return boat, and we understand they were permitted to go at large, on condition of their leaving the country to return no more.

HOW TO BE RICH.

[Selected.]—Nothing is more easy than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to be friend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stint ourselves and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man, and have no man for your friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent—to be mean, miserable, and despised for some twenty or thirty years—and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment. And when pretty nearly enough wealth is collected by a disregard of all the charities of the human heart, and at the expense of every enjoyment save that of wallowing in filthy meanness, death comes to finish the work; the body is buried in a hole; the heirs dance over it, and the spirit goes—where?

*Dahcotahs is the national name of many rather distinct bands, but chiefly Sioux.