

The Middlebury People's Press.

In this Paper are published the Public Orders, Resolutions, Laws, Public Treaties, Bankrupt Notices Etc. of the United States, By Authority.

H. BELL, Editor and Proprietor.

MIDDLEBURY VT. MAY 3, 1842.

VOL. VI--NO. 52.

The People's Press,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY MORNING AT

NORTH END OF THE BRIDGE, BY

J. COBB JR.

By whom all orders for printing, Books, Pamphlets, Bills, Cards, &c., of every description will be neatly and fashionably executed, at short notice.

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Village subscribers, \$2.00
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LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES.

Passed at the 2d Session of the 27th Congress.

[OFFICIAL PUBLICATION.]

[Public--No. 9]

AN ACT to amend the several acts establishing a district court of the United States at Jackson, in the district of West Tennessee.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the district court of the United States at Jackson, in the district of West Tennessee, shall in future be attached to, and form a part of the eighth judicial circuit of the United States with all the powers and jurisdiction of the circuit court held at Nashville, in the middle district of Tennessee. And it shall be the duty of the associate justice of the Supreme Court of the U. S. assigned to hold the court for the eighth circuit, to attend the full term of said court at Jackson, and hold the same; and when he does so, then he may dispense with his attendance at the full term of the court at Knoxville, in the district of East Tennessee; or when he is unable to attend at the full term at Knoxville, he may dispense with holding the corresponding full term at Jackson. And said circuit judge may elect which court he will hold, at discretion, in the exercise of which he shall be governed by the nature and importance of the business transacted. Said circuit judge may attend at Knoxville and Jackson at any of their full terms; And provided, also, That in the absence of said circuit judge at any term of either of said courts, the district judge shall hold the same, and may exercise all the powers and jurisdiction conferred on the circuit court when held by the circuit judge.
Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That appeals shall be from the district court at Jackson, to the circuit court, in the same manner that they lie from the district to the circuit court at Nashville.
Sec. 3. And be it further enacted, That the full terms of the district and circuit courts at Jackson, shall in future be held on the second Monday of October, in each year; that the full terms of the district and circuit courts of Kentucky be in future held on the third Monday of November in each year; and that the full terms of the circuit and district courts at Knoxville, be held on the first Monday of November in each year.

JOHN WHITE,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

SAMUEL SOUTHWARD,

President of the Senate pro tempore.

Approved, April 14, 1842.

JOHN TYLER.

[Public--No. 10]

AN ACT to confirm certain entries of lands in the State of Louisiana, and to authorize the issuing of patents for the same.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the entries of the following described tracts of land permitted to be made by the register and receiver at Ouachita, in the land district north of Red River, in the State of Louisiana, to wit: Lot number five, of section thirty-eight, and lots numbers three and four, of section forty-five, and lots numbers three, four, and five, of section forty-six, and lots numbers two, three, six, seven, eleven, twelve, all thirteen and fourteen, of section forty-eight, all said lots being township number thirteen, of range number twelve east, in the said land district north of Red River, in the State of Louisiana, be, and the same are hereby, confirmed and declared to be good and valid; and patents shall issue thereon as in other cases of good and valid entries, and certificates of purchase, any law to the contrary, notwithstanding.
Approved, April 14, 1842.

[Public--No. 11]

AN ACT authorizing the construction of a war steamer for harbor defence.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the Secretary of the Navy be, and he is hereby, authorized to enter into contract with Robert L. Stevens for the construction of a war steamer, shot and shell proof, to be built principally of iron, upon the plan of the said Stevens: Provided, That the whole cost, including the hull, armament, engines, boilers, and equipment in all respects complete for service shall not exceed the average cost of the steamers Missouri and Mississippi.
Sec. 2. And be it further enacted, That the sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars be, and the same is hereby appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, towards carrying this law into effect.

Approved, April 14, 1842.

[Public--No. 12]

AN ACT to establish certain post roads.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following be established as post roads: From Rome in Georgia, to Commerce, in the state of Mississippi, and also to Memphis, in the State of Tennessee, namely, from Rome, through Warrenton, Decatur, and Tusculum, in Alabama, and Jacinto, in Mississippi, to Ripley, in said state, as a common point, and from said point, through Holly Springs and Hernando, to Commerce, from Ripley, through La Grange, in Tennessee, to Memphis, in said State.
Approved, April 14, 1842.

[Public--No. 13]

AN ACT to provide for the allowance of invalid pensions to certain Cherokee warriors, under the provisions of the fourteenth article of the treaty of eighteen hundred and thirty-five.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the Secretary of War be, and he is hereby is, required to place on the pension roll such warriors of the Cherokee nation as were engaged on the side of the United States in the last war with Great Britain and the Southern Indians, and who were wounded in such service, at the same rates of pension as are allowed by law to the officers and soldiers of the regular Army of the United States, under such rules and regulations as to the proof of disability as the Secretary of War shall prescribe; which pension shall commence from the period of disability.
Approved, April, 1842.

[Public--No. 14]

AN ACT relative to the act entitled 'An act granting lands to certain exiles from Poland,' approved thirtieth June, eighteen hundred and thirty-four.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, that the acts now in force for the sale of the public lands, and granting pre-emption rights to actual settlers, be, and the same are hereby, declared to extend to, and include the lands selected in townships forty-four, forty-five, and forty-six, north of the base line, range one east, of the third principal meridian, lying in the State of Illinois, by Lewis Clonk, under color of the act entitled 'An act granting land to certain exiles from Poland,' The said selections not having been made in pursuance of said act, which act is hereby declared to be in full force, for the benefit of said Polish exiles.
Approved, April 14, 1842.

[RESOLUTION PUBLIC--No. 1.]

JOINT RESOLUTION on the subject of printing the tables of the sixth census.

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the payment of the money heretofore appropriated by Congress, to pay the expenses of the sixth census, be so far suspended as that no money shall be paid for the printing of the compendium or abridgement of the sixth census by counties and principal towns, together with the table of apportionment, as prepared at the Department of State for the use of Congress, until the further order of Congress.
Approved, April 14, 1842.

[RESOLUTION--PUBLIC, No. 2.]

A RESOLUTION further to provide for the distribution of the printed returns of the sixth census, and other documents connected with the same, the printing of which has been heretofore directed by law.

Resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the statistics, including the census of pensioners, and the compendium or abridgement of the sixth census of the United States, heretofore required by law to be printed under the direction of the Secretary of State, shall be distributed and disposed of by the Secretary in the manner, and in the proportions specified in the joint resolution of Congress passed the first day of September, one thousand eight hundred and forty-one: Provided, always, That seventeen thousand copies of the said compendium or abridgement shall be distributed among the States, Territories, and persons entitled to distribution under the said resolution, and in the proportions therein specified, and that the remaining copies of the said statistics and compendium be placed in the Library of Congress for future distribution.
Approved, April 25, 1842.

AGRICULTURAL.

APPLES.—We conversed, a few days since, with a gentleman residing in the vicinity of Boston who has now upwards of 30 acres of land in orcharding, the trees in fine healthy state, and in full bearing. He was then securing the State, for the purpose of buying young vigorous trees to enlarge his orchard much beyond its present extent. When he saw him he said he had eight hundred barrels of apples on hand in prime order, for which he could have three dollars and a half a barrel. He tells us that the demand for exportation is limited only by the supply; that to every part of the globe, where American vessels go, they are a profitable article of export, and that to an almost unlimited extent.
One merchant in Boston, applied to him, last fall for 500 barrels of Baldwin apples, at two dollars and a quarter a barrel, to ship to Calcutta in the East Indies! He had shipped about the same quantity for several previous seasons, and with uniform success. Shipments to England, the West Indies, South America, the Mediterranean, and other places, give equally good returns. The apples of New England keep much better than those raised farther South, and are preferred for shipping on that account. Worcester Spy.

DANDIES.—There are some fools in the world who, after a long incubation, will hatch out from a hot-bed of pride a sickly brood of fatted ideas, and then go strutting about the path of pomposity with all the self importance of a speckled hen with a black chicken! I have ananquity to such people. They are mere walking sticks for female flirts—ornamented with brass heads, did I say? No! their caputs are only half ripe musk melons, with only thick rinds, and all hollow inside, containing the seeds of foolishness, swimming about with a vast quantity of sap. Tinkered up with broad cloth, finger rings, safety chains, soft soder, vanity and impudence, they are no more men than a plated tea-spoon is solid silver! I detest a dandy as a cat does a wet flog.—Dow Jr.

A Yankee Trick.—An eastern pedlar lately desired accommodations for the night at a tavern in the south part of Virginia; but from the prejudice frequently existing against the class, our host a long time refused. At last he consented on condition that the pedlar should play him a Yankee trick before he left him. The offer was accepted. On rising in the morning Jonathan carefully secured the coverlet of the bed, which among other articles, he pressed the landlady to purchase. The low price of the coverlet operated at once upon the latter, who insisted that her husband should buy it, adding that it would match her's exactly. Jonathan took his money, mounted his cart, and had fairly got under way, when our host called to him that he had forgotten the Yankee trick he was to play him. "O never mind," says Jonathan, "you'll find out that soon enough."

MISCELLANEOUS.

From Graham's Magazine.

WAWHILLOWA.

A LEGEND OF THE QUONNETUCKET.

BY D. M. ELWOOD.

At the mention of the name of his deadly foe, the fiery savage sprang to the side of his victim and was about to plunge his knife to her heart, but calming the transport of his passion he spared her for a more perfect revenge. His eye glared fiercely on her, and triumph shone in every lineament of his features as he replied,
"I hate him! I will have his blood; his scalp shall hang up and dry in the smoke of Wawhillowa's wigwam. The fair Flower that loves him shall never again see his face except it be in death. She shall never be his wife; she shall be the Red Man's slave—aye, a captive to the Red Man's bride.

In the mean time, all was consternation at the house of Mr. Webster. No one had seen Eliza when she left the house and her absence could be accounted for only by the supposition that she had been slain, or carried away captive by the Indians. The alarm spread from house to house. The whole village was ready to pursue the enemy, and to recover the lost one, or to revenge her death. Ah! revenge! as if the lives of ten or fifty of the foe could bring back one spirit that had gone!

A small but ardent band was soon organized, and ready for pursuit, with young Russell at its head. They struck at once upon the trail of the Indians, and kept it without difficulty till they came to the bank of the river at the foot of Mount Holyoke. Here all traces of their course vanished. They had evidently entered the river; but whether they had crossed it, or only proceeded along its margin and left it again on the same side at a distance below could not be determined. The company here separated, and one party crossed the river to search for the trial on the other side, while the remaining party scoured the eastern shores, but all in vain—no traces of the enemy could be discovered. It was finally conjectured that they had concealed their canoes in the bushes and trees on the sides and at the foot of the mountain—and that after their defeat they had hastened thither and embarked on the river, and were by this time at such a distance as to defy pursuit or discovery. Hour after hour did that little band search the country round. Some climbed to the summit of the mountain—some went far down the broad river—here and there—and every where the closest search was made—but still without success. William now began to despair of the safety or rescue of his betrothed. His heart grew sick—his cheek paled—and he felt that it would be a boon to sit down and die, if he could but be buried by the side of his lost bride. And then, as he remembered the dispute with Wawhillowa, and the truth flashed upon him, his face flushed with anger, his teeth became firmly set, and his breathing hard and laborious. Again he started on—retraced the steps he had taken, and hurried towards the island on which stood Shaomet's tent. When he arrived opposite the spot, not seeing a canoe at hand, he threw himself into the river, and soon found himself, breathless and exhausted, at the door of the old man's wigwam. He entered abruptly—Shaomet sat alone, quietly smoking his pipe.
"Your daughter—where is she? Where is Tahattawa?" cried William.
"I know not," answered he old chief; "when I awoke this morning, roused by the firing on the plain, she had already left the wigwam, and I have not seen her since."
"Where is Wawhillowa, the Nonotuck prince?"
"I have not seen him these many days; and yet I think he has been about here, for Tahattawa has seen him and had a long talk with him not longer ago than yesterday."
"Have you heard that the Fair Flower, who used so often to visit your tent, is lost?" asked William.
"Yes—some of your people came here to search for her," replied the Chief, shrugging his shoulders, "but they might have known better than that. Shaomet is old now—his hair has turned white—his step is no longer light and swift, or he would help you to find your poor lost one. She was a beautiful Flower, and she and Tahattawa were the delight of Shaomet's old heart; but she is stolen now, and love has proved stronger too in Tahattawa's heart, than her affection for her poor old father. She has left me, I fear, to follow the young chief. But he is a brave warrior, and worthy of her love. Many of his enemies shall fall before his eye. He has a strong arm and a steady hand, and—but here is Tahattawa! She has not forsaken me—and a flash of joy for a moment kindled his sunken eye, as the light form of his daughter bounded into the tent.

She stood for a moment panting from the effect of recent and violent exercise. Oh! she was beautiful! The rich, red blood could clearly be seen through the dark skin,—her eye beamed, and her swelling breast heaved with the excitement.
"Have you seen Eliza?" eagerly asked Russell.
"Ay, she is a captive to the Nonotuck chief. I saw him seize her, and bear her away in his arms. How bravely it was done! But she was my sister. I would not have her die. I followed them—my step was light—he saw me—not heard me not; I followed them to the encampment, and now I am come to tell you where you may find her."
"But why did you not give the alarm when you saw him seize her?" impatiently demanded William.
The girl turned her rich dark eye full upon the speaker, as she said,
"Wawhillowa is the betrothed of Tahattawa, and should she betray the life of her lover? Not my sister shall be safe, but the brave chief must not die! And now promise me that you will not seek his life, and I will lead you to your bride."
"I promise you," said William.
"Nay, but the promise of a pale-face is easily broken; you must swear it!"
William did as he was required, and the two immediately started to recover the captive.

Let us return to Wawhillowa and his companions. Some six or eight miles down the river from Hockannum island, on the east side of the range of hills abruptly terminated by Mount Tom, and renewed again on the other side of the Quonnetucket, by Holyoke and the peaks with which it is connected, is a sort of natural amphitheatre, enclosed on three sides by steep and precipitous hills, and on the other, towards the river, closely shut in by a belt of dense forest. This was the spot selected by the Indians as a place of retreat should retreat be necessary; and thither they had fled after the defeat at Hadley. The spot was admirably calculated for the purpose of concealment and security. The huge grey rocks lifting their shaggy crests far above the little plain at their base, seemed to bid defiance to all the world around. The only way of access to the Indian encampment was by striking through the forest that separated it from the river.

The sun had already gone down behind those rough peaks, and the twinkling stars, one by one appearing in the blue vault above, told that the night had come. The pale moon was not looking on—yet it was a bright and lovely night; too bright—oh! far too beautiful for the many scenes of wickedness and crime that were, all over the earth, about to be transacted under its shades!
In the amphitheatre which we have described sat the chiefs, who had that day been in the action, in grave and solemn council. The causes of their defeat were discussed, and it was determined that a conciliatory offering must be made to the Great Spirit, and that the captive maid must be the sacrifice. Wawhillowa arose, and long, and earnestly, and even eloquently pleaded for her life. He claimed her as his own; he wished not for her death, but chose to keep her for his slave. His suit was unsuccessful; and when he sat down, a murmur of disapprobation was all that he heard. The voice was unanimous against him, and he was at last obliged to acquiesce.

Now fagots were thrown upon the council fire. The dance began with slow and measured tread. The fires blazed, and glared on the painted and hideous countenances of the revellers, giving them an unearthly and demon-like appearance. The march quickened, and the wild song rose up in deep and deadly tones, and was echoed back from those high rocky hills. The stake was driven, and Wawhillowa ordered the guard to bring forth the victim. The man started not—answered not; and the chief himself flew to the spot, burning with rage. He soon came back with inflamed countenance, and muttering curses deep and loud. The prisoner had fled—the savage that had been left to guard her lay weltering in his own gore! A wild, unearthly shout of fury rent the air as the maddened savages learned their disappointment.
We left William Russell and the Indian maid, Tahattawa, just leaving the wigwam of her father for the rescue of Eliza Webster. They entered a light canoe and glided swiftly down with the current of the river. As they approached the place where the Indians were encamped, the two travellers kept close under the western bank, to be more secure against the observation of any one who might have been stationed as a look-out. By six o'clock they were within a mile of the encampment, and here by the advice of the girl Russell moored the canoe, and they struck into the woods—Tahattawa, taking the lead, glided through the dense bushes with surprising facility—so swiftly indeed, that her companion found some difficulty in keeping her in sight, although his heart was continually prompting him to put forth every effort. At length, just as the shades of night began to appear, they caught a glimpse of the council fire. They now proceeded with the utmost caution till they came in sight of the wigwam in which the prisoner was bound. Fortunately, it was placed on that side of the opening which was nearest them, just in the edge of the forest. Tahattawa crept along—keeping the tent between herself and the Indians, till she could look through a small hole in the rear. She now motioned Russell to approach. He did so, and looking through the opening, he saw sitting, his lost bride, her face buried in her hands. At the door of the tent sat a brawny Indian, who, confident of the security of his prisoner, was gazing towards the fire and quietly smoking his pipe.

Tahattawa quickly drew William's knife from his belt, and without the least noise, cut a large piece from the thin bark-covering of the hut; then placing the knife in Russell's hand, she directed him by signs, to enter and despatch the savage. As he was passing Eliza, she raised her head, and would have screamed, had not Tahattawa been already at her side, and covered her mouth with her hand. At that moment the Indian turned his head; he grasped his tomahawk, but before he could give a blow the hot blood spirted from his heart, he fell back and died without a groan.
The fugitives now began as rapidly as possible to retrace their steps towards the canoe, which had been left and concealed about a mile up the river. Their progress however, was slow, and the under-wood was very thick, and all three of the party were already wearied with the toils of the day. Still they struggled on, and at length, succeeded in reaching the spot where the canoe had been left, before the hedeous yell that came sweeping up the river warned them but too surely that the escape of the prisoner, and the death of the Indian in the wigwam, had been discovered.
Notwithstanding the fatigue of its occupants the light bark swiftly stemmed the current, its sharp prow gracefully cutting the tiny waves as if it disdained to touch them. And well might it be! for that light craft held a bold heart and a strong arm—and one too, that had not already been worn out by exercise, would have laughed at pursuit. About one half the distance between Hockannum Island, and the place from which they started, had been gained, when they heard anew the shouts of the Indians, and looking round they saw two canoes about a quarter of a mile below them in active pursuit. This was but an incentive to fresh effort, for they well knew that if they should be overtaken, instant death or cruel tortures would be the fate awaiting two at least, perhaps all three of the party. The Indian girl seized a paddle and applied her strength in assisting the young man, whose own was well

nigh exhausted. This aid was not inconsiderable, for though the girl was not near as muscular as her companion, yet her skill in managing the canoe was but little inferior to his. They were now enabled to keep on without losing ground, though safety was far from certain, as several miles yet remained to be passed over, before they could hope to find assistance.

Directly in the gorge between Mount Holyoke and Mount Tom is, a short bend in the river, forming a peninsula, now familiarly called "The Bellows," from its supposed resemblance to that article. The distance across this peninsula is perhaps two or three miles, while the direct course of the river is only a boat fifty rods. The isthmus, connecting the bellows with the main land, does not now exist as it did then; for, a year or two since, the ice collecting in the river just below, the water swept over the narrow barrier, and washing away the earth, formed for itself a new channel many feet in depth. When the fugitives reached this isthmus they turned the canoe towards the shore, and William, springing out, directed the two girls to walk across the narrow strip of land, while he should drag the light boat over to the other bank. This was but an easy task, compared with that of impelling it against the current, for two or three miles—while the whole distance was a difficultly gained as if they had kept the river.—Fortunate was it for them that they adopted this stratagem, and fortunate, too, that there was no moon, and that the bushes from the foot of Holyoke, here swept to the very shore; for they had hardly crossed half way over the isthmus before their pursuers were opposite to them, close under the western shore. As it was they were not discovered, and the canoes in chase went sweeping round the whole length of the stream.
Again the little party embarked, and hope began to beat strong in their breasts. They pushed on with renewed energy, and at length their eyes rested on the little island of Hockannum. It is always a sweet spot to look upon, but never did it appear so beautiful to any eye as it did to them that night when they could just discern its dim outline.
"You are safe, Eliza, you are safe!" cried William.
But the savages below, growing fearful of being baffled in their pursuit, were pressing on with all their strength; and the furious Wawhillowa, in the foremost canoe, was continually urging on his men, while he stood in the prow with his eyes eagerly strained into the dim distance beyond.
"We are safe!" cried William; but at the moment a bullet whistled close by his head and gave the lie to his exclamation.
As soon as the canoe touched the southern extremity of the island, William sprang on shore, and hurrying out the females, all three hastened to the tent of Shaomet. The old man had been in waiting for them, and as soon as they entered, pointed to a corner of the wigwam, where lay a heap of fagots and a number of skins which he had prepared as a means of concealment should concealment become necessary. William quickly led Eliza to the spot, and placing her behind the fagots threw the skins over the top. While he was doing this the yells of the Indians grew louder and more terrific, for they had now gained the island, and were certain of their prey. William had scarcely turned away from the corner where Eliza was concealed, when the door was thrown open, and the savage features of the Nonotuck chief glared full upon his face. Quick as thought the rifle of Shaomet was in Russell's hand and levelled full at the Indian's breast.

"Hold, hold!" cried Tahattawa, "your promise—your oath!" and she snatched at the rifle. It was too late. William had already fired, and the tall form of Wawhillowa fell heavily to the ground. The poor girl turned mournfully away, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a flood of tears.
By this time the other canoe had come up, and six or eight stout Indians were surrounding the wigwam. They immediately drew away the body of their chief; and, as it fell outward, those within were uncertain whether or not the wound was mortal. A council was now held by the besiegers as to what mode of action should be adopted. Some proposed to fire through the sides of the hut; others to burn it; but both of these plans were rejected, as it would endanger the lives of Shaomet and his daughter, which was far from being their object; for Shaomet had a bold and renowned chief, and still possessed much influence among the neighboring tribes; while the beauty of the girl obtained for her an influence and celebrity, but little less extensive than her father's, though of an entirely different kind.—At last it was decided to burst into the wigwam, and secure the fugitives, doing no harm to the old man or his daughter, even though they had endeavored to give protection to their enemy.

Whilst they were hesitating what course to pursue, William reloaded the rifle, together with an old musket which he found hanging in the tent. As soon as the door opened, and an Indian appeared, he fired. The shot was effective, but still the odds were fearful. Another and another savage entered, and the foremost had levelled his rifle at William's heart. The musket was in Shaomet's hand; with the quickness of his youth he brought the piece to his shoulder. It missed fire. In another instant William Russell lay a bleeding corpse.
They immediately advanced to secure his scalp, but the old man would not permit them.
"You have killed my friend," said he, "in my own wigwam, and now I will protect his body while I live. Shaomet is old now—he will soon be buried with his fathers; you may shoot me if you will, but never shall you take his scalp."
All this time Tahattawa sat upon the bundle of fagots in the corner of the tent. She spoke not—moved not. For the sake of her friend—her sister as she familiarly called her—she had perilled her own life; nay, what was far more, the life of her betrothed. She had seen her "sister's" lover shot down—she had seen her own young chief fall, and of course supposed him dead. Poor girl! A victim to her own benevolence and to the evil passions of others!
The savages, casting a glance round the apartment, and perceiving no other inmate be-

lones Shomet and his daughter, immediately left the wigwam, and taking their canoes, went silently down the river.

On the afternoon following the events above related, the little island of Hockannum looked as bright and as beautiful as ever. It was as lovely as if it had not witnessed the tragic scenes of the preceding night. The bright sun shone gaily upon it; the birds warbled their sweet notes; the soft breeze played among the bright green leaves; and the whole spot looked like a little paradise—a sad contrast to two hearts that were even then in its bosom.
The friends of William Russell had already assembled to perform the last sad duties to his remains. He was to be interred here, in accordance with the request of her who, was to have been his bride.

"Here," said she, "here on this little island he was slain, and here let him be buried. Here I will spend many of my hours; I will plant flowers around his grave. Here I can come and weep, away from all eyes but the eye of Him who has seen fit to afflict me thus."

The ceremony had just been performed and they were just turning away from the grave, when all eyes were directed to a canoe which was slowly moving up the river. It had occupants. One sat motionless in the stern—the other was gently using the paddle. As it approached the island, Tahattawa regarded it with a fixed and earnest gaze. As she did so her heart beat quick and her eyes darted with joy.
"It is—it is she," cried she, "Wawhillowa!" and away she bounded to the shore. As the canoe touched the bank, the Indian, who sat in the stern, stepped on shore. The next instant his companion pushed off, turned down the stream, and quickly disappeared from view.
Wawhillowa—for it was he—advanced with a few staggering uncertain steps towards the girl, but before they met, he fell headlong on the ground. Those who had been standing around the grave now approached. The girl sat holding his head, and chafing his temples with her hands. He had fainted. The blood was slowly oozing from a wound by a rifle ball in the right breast. It appeared to have bled considerably, for it had run down even to his ankle, and the right leg, was deeply stained. Tahattawa looked the very image of despair. Hope had been kindled in her breast only to be destroyed, and her poor heart could hardly contain its grief.

Shaomet ran to the tent, and brought a calash full of water from the river, and some being sprinkled on the face of the young warrior, he slowly revived. Turning a melancholy glance on those around them, his eye brightened for a moment, and the sternness of his features relaxed as his look rested on the face of his betrothed.
"Tahattawa," said he, in a feeble voice, "I am dying. Bury me—here—on the island. I am going—to the happy—hunting grounds. See!—the spirit—of my father—calls me.—Ha! It grows dark.—Tahattawa!"
The poor girl bent over him till her face rested on his bosom. When she again raised her eyes, the spirit of the Nonotuck chief had departed, and she looked on the cold, fixed features of the dead.
Another grave was dug close by the side of the one which had just been filled. Some of the friends of the "pale-face" objected to the burial of an Indian so near the body of their own kindred, but the sisters wished it, and their feelings were regarded. He was buried, after the manner of his people—his face towards the rising sun. His hunting weapons were buried with him. There they lay—two fierce and haughty spirits. They would not hold fellowship in life, but in death they sleep side by side.
From that hour the hearts of the two survivors were as one. Their destinies were similar and mournful fate. Their deaths were a sad and cruelly broken. They lived to atone for the faults of those whom they had loved. They were never separated during their lives, and nearly at the same time the summons came to both to go and meet their Judge. They have long since passed away. Their clay has returned to earth as it was, and their spirits have gone to the God who gave them."

For the Middlebury People's Press.

MR. EDITOR.—The following statement of facts relative to a most interesting branch of the Christian Church, were offered for insertion to the editor of the Topaz, and refused admission in his paper. They are not intended as the expression of particular opinions, either of an individual or party, but to correct mistaken impressions of the faith and worship of the Nestorian Christians, particularly as contained in an article published in the first number of the Topaz. It was believed the Editor of that paper would gladly avail himself of an opportunity of doing justice to a greatly misrepresented body of Christians, and suffering especially in this region through his instrumentality.
The district of country inhabited by the Nestorians, lies partly in Persia, on the east, and partly in Mesopotamia, on the west, as we are informed from correct sources. It contains a population of about 140 thousand, of whom 30 thousand reside in the plain of Orroornab. The main body of the Nestorian Christians have their abode in the most difficult fastnesses of the Koordish mountains, in the centre of ancient Assyria. The extreme difficulty of access to this people, their great jealousy of all strangers, and the wild and warlike tribes by whom they were surrounded, have hitherto concealed them from the civilized world. It was not until the year 1530, when the Rev. Messrs. Smith and Dwight, under the direction of the American Board, in a tour of observation in the interior of Asia, discovered these Nestorian Christians, in the midst of Persia and Turkish Mohammedans. They had lived till that time in ignorance even of the existence of our Western Churches. The report of Mr. Smith and his associate decided the Board of Missions of the Congregational Church to send missionaries to this interesting branch of the Primitive Church, by whom they were cordially welcomed.—It is difficult for us to conceive, in this land of light and knowledge, the feelings with which the Nestorians, once a powerful, intelligent, and zealous Chris-