

The same noisy, mischievous habits attend it to the cage that marked it in the woods; and being more cunning, so it is a more docile bird than any other taken into keeping. Those who are desirous of teaching it to speak have a foolish custom of cutting its tongue, which only puts the poor animal to pain, without improving its speech in the smallest degree. Its speaking is sometimes very distinct; but its sounds are too thin and sharp to be an exact imitation of the human voice, which the hoarse raven and parrot can counterfeit more exactly.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

THE MURDERER'S CREEK.

The name of the Murderer's Creek is said to be derived from the following incidents.

Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream, was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or been incorporated with some other savage nations of the west. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family of the name of Stacey had established itself in a log house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular, a friendship subsisted between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians never forgive injuries or forget benefits. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and a girl, the former five, the latter three years old.

One day Naoman came to Stacey's log hut in his absence, lighted his pipe and sat down. He looked very serious, sometimes sighed deeply, but said not a word. Stacey's wife asked him what was the matter, and if he was sick. He shook his head, sighed, said nothing, and soon went away. The next day he came again, and behaved in the same manner. Stacey's wife began to think strange of this, and

related it to her husband, who advised her to urge the old man to an explanation the next time he came. Accordingly when he repeated his visit the day after, she was more importunate than usual. At last the old Indian said, 'I am a red man, and the pale faces are our enemies—why should I speak?' But my husband and I are your friends; you have eaten salt with us a thousand times, and my children have sat on your knee as often. If you have any thing on your mind tell it me. 'It will cost me my life if it is known, and the white-faced women are not good at keeping secrets,' replied Naoman. Try me and see. 'Will you swear by your Great Spirit, you will tell none but your husband?' I have none else to tell. 'But will you swear?' I do swear by our Great Spirit, I will tell none but my husband. Not if any of my tribe should kill you for not telling?' Not if your tribe should kill me for not telling.

Naoman then proceeded to tell her that owing to some encroachment of the white people below the mountains, his tribe had become irritated, and were resolved that night to massacre all the white settlers within their reach. That she must send for her husband, inform him of the danger, and as secretly and speedily as possible take their canoe, and paddle with all haste over the river to Fishkill for safety. 'Be quick, and do nothing that may excite suspicion,' said Naoman as he departed. The good wife sought her husband, who was down on the river fishing, told him the story, and as no time was to be lost, they proceeded to their boat which was unluckily filled with water. It took some time to clear it out, and meanwhile Stacey recollected his gun which had been left behind. He proceeded to the house and returned with it. All this took up considerable time, and precious time it proved to this poor family.

The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacey. One of the young Indians who had been kept on watch, seeing the whole family