

dog put on his trail. Operated upon with all the feelings of a husband and a father, he moved with all the speed of a hunted stag, and soon outstripped the Indians, but the dog kept in close pursuit. Finding it impossible to out-run or elude the cunning animal, trained to hunts of this kind, he waited till he came within a few yards of him, fired and brought him down. In a short time he reached the house of his brother, who resided near Bryant's, Lexington, where he left the child, and the two brothers set out for the dwelling. As they approached, light broke upon his view—his steps quickened, his fears increased, and the most agonizing apprehensions crowded upon his mind. Emerging from the canebrake he beheld his house in flames, "My wife!" he exclaimed, as he pressed one hand upon his forehead, and grasped the fence with the other to support his tottering frame. He gazed on the ruin and desolation around him, advancing a few paces, he fell exhausted to the earth.

Morning came, the luminary of heaven arose, and still found him seated near the almost expiring embers. In his right hand he held a small stick, with which he was tracing the name "ELIZA," on the ground, and with his favorite dog, that lay by his side. Looking first on the ruins and then on his master, with evident signs of grief. Morgan arose. The two brothers now made a search and found some bones burnt to ashes, which they carefully gathered and consigned to the mother earth, beneath the wide-spread branches of the venerable oak, consecrated by the purest and holiest recollections.

Several days after this, Morgan was engaged in a battle at the Lovers Blue Lick. The Indians came off victors, and the surviving whites returned across the Licking, pursued by the enemy for a distance of six and thirty miles.

James Morgan was among the last who crossed the river, and was in the rear until they ascended the hill. As he beheld the Indians reappear on the ridge he felt and saw his wrongs, and recollected the lovely object of his affections. He urged his horse and pressed to the front. While in the act of leaping from the saddle, he received a rifle ball in his thigh and fell: an Indian sprang upon, seized him by the hair and applied the scalping knife. At this moment Morgan cast up his eyes and recognised the handkerchief that bound the head of the savage, and which he knew to be his wife's. This added renewed strength to his body, and increased activity to his fury. He quickly threw his left arm around the Indian, and with a death-like grasp hugged him to his bosom, plunged his knife into his side, and he expired in his arms. Releasing himself from the savage, Morgan crawled under a small oak, on an elevated piece of ground a short distance from him. The scene of action shifted, and he remained undiscovered and unscalped, an anxious spectator of the battle.

It was now midnight. The savage band having taken all the scalps they could find, left the battle ground. Morgan was seated at the foot of the oak: its trunk supported his head. The rugged and uneven ground that surrounded him was covered with the slain; the once white and projecting rocks, bleached with the rain and sun of centuries, were crimsoned with the blood that warmed the heart and animated the bosom of the patriot and the soldier. The glimmering of the moon occasionally threw a faint light upon the mangled bodies of the dead, then a passing cloud enveloped all in darkness and gave additional horror to the feeble cries of a few still lingering in the last agonies of a protracted death, rendered doubly so by the hoarse growl of the bear, the loud howl of the wolf, the shrill and varied notes of the wildcat and the panther, feeding upon the dead and dying—Morgan beheld the scene with heart-rending sensations, and looked forward in the pathway of despair to his own end. A large ferocious-looking bear covered all over with blood, now approached him: he threw himself on the ground, silently commending himself to heaven, and in breathless anxiety awaited his fate. The

satiated animal slowly passed without noticing him. Morgan raised his head—and was about to offer thanks for his unexpected preservation when the cry of a pack of wolves opened upon him, and awakened him to a sense of his danger. He placed his hands over his eyes, fell on his face, and in silent agony awaited his fate. He now heard a rustling in the bushes; steps approaching; a cold chill ran over him. Imagination—creative, busy imaginary, was actively employed; death, the most horrid death awaited him; his limbs would in all probability be torn from him, and be devoured alive. He felt in a touch—the vital spark was almost extinguished—another touch more violent than the first, and he was turned over. The cold sweat ran down in torrents—his hands were violently forced from his face—the moon passed from under a cloud—a faint ray beamed upon him; his eyes involuntarily opened, and he beheld his wife, who in a scarce audible voice exclaimed, "My husband! my husband! and fell upon his bosom.

Morgan now learned, from his wife, that after the Indians entered the house they found some spirits, and drank freely; an altercation took place—one of them received a mortal stab and fell; his blood ran through the floor on her.—Believing it to be the blood of her husband, she shrieked aloud and betrayed the place of her concealment.

She was immediately taken and bound. The party after setting fire to the house, proceeded to Bryant's Station. On the day of the battle of Blue Licks a horse, with a saddle and bridle, rushed by, which she knew to be her husband's.—During the action, the prisoners being left unguarded, made their escape, and lay concealed beneath some bushes, which grew under the bank of the river. After the Indians had returned from the pursuit, she left for the battle ground with some others, who had escaped with her, determined to make search for their friends, and, if found on the field living, to save them, if possible, from the beasts of prey. After searching for some time, and almost despairing of success, she fortunately discovered him.

The party of Colonel Logan found Morgan and his wife, and restored them to their friends, their infant, and their home.

OPENING OF A MOUND.

The workmen on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad opened an Indian mound on Saturday last, on the farm of B. McMechen, Esq. The mound was about 70 feet in diameter, and 11 feet high. Nearly on a level with the surrounding earth was found an altar of stone, evincing the action of the fire, west of north of the altar: the head and body of an Indian extending west of north, at a slight declination from the head to the feet. This body was covered to the depth of a foot or more with ashes, in which the salt was still manifest to the taste, as we are told. The body was remarkably perfect, and was mostly preserved. Around this body were twelve others with their heads centering toward it, and feet projecting. No articles of art were found except a polished stone tube, about 12 inches in length—*Wheeling Gazette.*

FOSSIL KANGAROO.

No remains of this Australian animal have, heretofore, ever been found, we believe, in America. Now, however, we learn from the Middleton Sentinel, Conn., that Dr. Barret of that place has discovered a beautiful and distinctly marked cast of a kangaroo in the Portland Quarry. It is so characteristic that there is no fear of mistake. The animal was about 4 feet long, with a tail of 24 inches long, and large at its base, and tapering. The bend of the hind legs, resting like elbows, are singularly characteristic of the kangaroo, the diameter of the joint being two inches, measuring outside both 5 1/2 inches wide, the tail 3 inches over at its base. Its deep impress shows, that the animal had great force in its spring for another jump; and as evidence of its force, we find a wavelike ridge, on a slab behind, where the elbows had been placed. The body is small before, and no marks of fore-feet are to be seen. This is an-

other striking peculiarity of the kangaroo, which moves by successive jumps, rarely walking on all fours. The broadest part of the figure behind is 9 1/2 inches. This discovery is highly important to geologists and students of natural history.

GUILTY, BUT DRUNK!

Dan Marble's Story of the Georgia Judge.

Not a few of our readers, West and South, will had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with Dan Marble, will recognize the irresistible story used to "tell" of the stolen spoons and the Georgia Judge. Col. Bradbury, we believe, once dress up the joke, and set it agoing, and partially that guise we give it a place in the annals of the comedian:—

"Many years ago, while the State of Georgia was yet in its infancy, an eccentric creature, named Brown, was one of the Circuit Judges. He was a man of considerable ability, of inflexible integrity and much beloved and respected by all of the legal profession, but he had one fault. His social qualities would lead him, despite his judgement, into frequent excesses. In traveling the Circuit it was his almost invariable habit, the night before opening the Court to get "comfortably cornered," by means of applian common upon such occasions. If he couldn't succeed while operating upon his own hook, the gentlemen the law would generally turn and help him.

"It was in the spring of the year, taking his wife a model of a woman in her way—in the old-fashioned but strong 'carry all,' he journeyed some forty miles and reached the village where the Court was to be opened the next day.—It was along in the evening Sunday that he arrived at the place, and took up quarters with a relation of his 'better half,' by which the presence of the official dignity was considered singular honor. After supper Judge Brown strode over to the only tavern in the town, where he found many old friends, called to the place, like himself, important professional business, and who were prepared to meet him.

"Gentlemen, said the Judge, 'tis quite a long time we have enjoyed a glass together—let us take horns.—'and Of course Sterritt (addressing a man named) you have better liquor than you had the time we were here—the stuff you had then was not to give a dog."

Sterritt, who had the charge of the house, pretended that everything was right, and so they went to work. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon a drinking bout in country tavern—it will quite answer our purpose to say that sometime in the region of midnight the Judge wended his very devious way towards his temporary home. About the time he was leaving, however, some young harristors, fond of a practical joke, and not afraid of the bench, transferred all the silver spoons Sterritt to the Judge's pocket.

"It was eight o'clock on Monday morning that Judge rose. Having indulged in the process of abstinence and partaken of a cheerful and refreshing breakfast, he went to his room to prepare himself for the duties of the day.

"Well, Polly," said he to his wife, "I feel much better than I expected to feel after that frolic of last night."

"Ah, Judge," said she, reproachfully, "you are getting too old—you ought to leave off that business now."

"Ah, Polly, what's the use of talking!" "It was at this precise instant of time that the Judge, having put on his overcoat, was proceeding, according to his usual custom, to give his wife a parting kiss, when he happened, in thrusting his hand into his pocket, to be hold of Sterritt's spoons. He pulled them out, with an expression of horror almost indescribable, and exclaimed—

"My God! Polly!" "What on earth's the matter Judge!" "Just look at these spoons." "Dear me where'd you get them!" "Get them! Don't you see the initials on the—extending them towards her—"I stole them!" "Stole them Judge!" "Yes, stole them!" "My dear husband, it can't be possible—whom?"