

requisite in the formation of savage character, and its existence in the Indian heart may be doubted by some, yet it does not appear that civilized life can boast of the strongest instances of pure affection. This young squaw had been treated by her master in a style approaching nearer civilization than is the custom among savages. A little son, who was the darling both of his father and mother, crowned their mutual attachment.

When this blow, which fell so heavily upon the whole tribe of Indians that prowled around the settlements came down upon her who was his wife, nothing but revenge could calm the violence of her feelings. Taught as the savage is to right all wrongs with the blood of the aggressor, and to slay whoever kills his nearest friend, this young savage, though a female, resolved that her husband's blood should not stain the white man's ill gotten soil unnoticed and unrevenged. From his infancy, the child was taught to look upon the slayer of his father, as one whose blood must be as a sacrifice to the Great Spirit. She taught him to handle the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and placed in his hand a rifle, that he might become expert in its use. The Indians after losing most of their best warriors and being tired of fighting, concluded a peace, and the settlement once more found repose.—The father when he lay down at night, no longer feared before the dawn that he and his child might be carried into captivity or sent unawares to eternity by the merciless savage. But while the white man sowed and reaped again in peace and the Indian reposed in his cabin, the young son of the Bloody Hunter might be seen firing at a target or chasing his gun through the unbounded forest. His mother would tell him he was destined to be the avenger of his tribe;—that from his hands would hundreds, whose friends had been slain by the Long Gun, receive satisfaction for otherwise incurable wounds.

It was Autumn; the fruits of the land had been gathered in; the forest was stripped of its verdure, and the many coloured leaves that adorned the woods on the hill-sides and in the valleys but a few days before, now lay scattered over the ground, and were wafted about by the melancholy winds. The sun was low in the West, and the breeze began to blow harder and harder and cooler as an honest farmer was wending his way home on the Eastern bank of the river. He was nearly opposite to the North part of the village of Hatfield when a tall, straight young Indian, upon whom the sun of eighteen summers had scarcely passed—carrying a rifle, intercepted him and enquired for the house of David Wait. The farmer eyed him a moment before speaking, then took him aside a little and pointing in the direction, said, "There across the river, just behind that orchard, in that red house, David Wait lives. He eyed him a moment longer, and continued, 'You must go down the river about a mile, to the ferry before you can cross. He saw the Indian take the direction he had pointed out, then hastened down to the beach, threw himself into the boat, and passed over to Wait's and acquainted him with what transpired between himself and the young Indian.

Wait locked the doors of his house, sent the family all into the cellar, and laid an unction upon them not to make any noise nor come up until called for. He posted himself in the chamber where he could conveniently see all that might be going on without. In the night the doors of his barn were thrown open and left swinging and slamming in the wind—his cattle bellowed as though in distress; but Wait was too cunning to be caught by such a snare. At daybreak he saw a young man standing with a gun in his hand behind a tree that guarded the passage to the barn. Wait carefully unfastened the door, and, with his long gun passed out and succeeded in getting behind the young Indian. He stepped upon a stick which broke beneath his weight with a crack that made the Indian start from his standing place, and each took a tree for shelter.—Wait stood but a few moments—he put his hat upon the top of his gun and slowly reached it out as if in the act of looking round the tree, and soon a ball shot from the Indian's rifle, passed thro' it. He fell to the ground with a groan, and the Indian, supposing himself sure of his victim, drew his scalping knife and hastily came up to secure his trophy of this great exploit. Wait jumped up and presented his gun but a few feet from his breast. The Indian, with a murmur of surprise, threw his knife in the air and resigned himself to his fate. He fell and was buried unobserved upon the neighbouring knoll.

The mother of this young warrior waited long and in vain for the return of her son, until at last the horrid truth flashed upon her mind. She was fearful that the last of her relations and the bravest of them all, must have been dealing with a demon. Revenge no longer dwelt in her breast;—but she believed that the Great Spirit had sent these misfortunes upon her as a judgment.—She found out where her son was buried, and every Autumn at the anniversary of his death, she made a pilgrimage to his grave, till at last

she was discovered one morning, cold and lifeless upon the sod that sheltered the last of her illustrious family from the world forever.—*Boston Pearl.*

GREAT BRITAIN.

From the Correspondent of the N York Evening Star.
LIVERPOOL, June 24.

The repeal of part of the tax upon newspapers was agreed to, on Monday, by a majority of 33, in a full house:—a slight majority.

The Counter question moved by the Tories, was that in lieu of the tax upon knowledge the tax on soap should be reduced. The Tories, at last, see the advantage of having "clean hands." The argument against the repeal of the newspaper tax was that a new description of papers would now spring up low in price and in quality. The American press was repeatedly referred to during the debate, by both parties, and not in praise. In fact, it seemed admitted that the American newspaper press had not participated, to any considerable apparent extent, in the advancement of literature in the United States.

The reduction of the duty will materially effect the selling price of English newspapers. Some will be published so low as two pence (4 cents) a-piece, while the Times, and other large papers will be sold for five pence each copy, instead of seven pence, as at present. I presume—altho' no definite understanding has yet been reached on this subject—that the Liverpool papers will be of the same price (five pence) as those of London. Thus, the present price of a Liverpool or London paper (published weekly) is now £1 10 4:—under the new system it will amount to no more than £1 1 8:—thus, a daily London paper now costs £9 2 7 per annum: in future, the outside price, (taking 5d as the maximum for each copy) will be no more than £6 10 5. I name the prices, because it is no secret that hitherto prices have been paid, in America, for English papers, so enormous, as, in many instances to prevent the demand for such papers.

The reduced prices will commence from July 5:—being the commencement of one of our financial quarters.

We have had a few fighting episodes, as a relief to the dull routine of business in the Commons. On Friday week, (as I named in my last,) Colonel French and Mr. Rigby Wason had a quarrel; it was taken up by the House, and French (in Wason's absence) was committed to confinement, as he denied giving a pledge that he would not accept a challenge. Wason, it seems, had "cut and run" to Dover expecting French to follow and have the duel, "sung and comfortable," as Sir Lucius O'Trigger would say, at Calais. He was nabbed, however, by one of the officers of the House, and, on Monday week, brought before the Commons when, after a two hours' discussion, he and French mutually explained, and the matter ended.

The next day, Walter (the leading proprietor of the Times) got up and made a severe speech against Ministers, on the Irish question. O'Connell hates the Times for its constant and foul-mouthed abuse of him, and seized this opportunity of castigating it, through Walter, who was a Whig and is a turn coat Tory. He was met with five distinct interruptions from as many Tories; but he went on, in spite of them.

On Thursday, Colonel Silthorpe and Sir John C. Hobhouse (Byron's friend) had a row—but they mutually retracted offensive expressions they had used.

On Monday, while the Commons were in committee upon the newspaper stamp duty, Mr Roebuck made a speech in favor of the reduction of the tax, which did not please Mr Kearsley, member for Wigan, in Lancashire.

Kearsley is a half-witted fellow, who (*entre nous*) is like the immortal Captain Wattle, who was all for love, and a little for the bottle. Kearsley, *more suo*, was "three sheets in the wind," and getting up he strutted out that Roebuck's speech was "most disgusting." This the House could not bear, and he was loudly called to order. But he would not obey, and kept on muttering that he was "disgusted" with what Roebuck had said. There was a mighty hubbub: at last, Mr Paul Methuen, M. P. for Wiltshire, remonstrated with Kearsley, who, to the amusement of the House, deliberately put up a quizzing glass over his immenso spectacles, and with the most ludicrous, drunken gravity, cried out in a loud voice, "Paul, Paul, why persecutest thou me?" Mr Paul Methuen was obliged to throw himself at full length upon the bench, so overcome was he with laughter. Kearsley then commenced walking up and down the middle of the floor, amid the roars of the members, for he found it a task to keep his centre of gravity. However, he only stumbled three times. Finally he made an apology for his offensive language. Roebuck sent him a message, by the hands of Sir William Molesworth, but (as he states in a letter to the Chronicle) when Sir William delivered the hostile message to Kearsley, who was "in his glory" in the smoking room, (for our members consume tobacco as *yours* do,) Kearsley read it aloud for the good of the company, and said he could not think of fighting. Roebuck has let the matter drop, thinking there is no credit to be gained by a drunken man. Oh that America would send over some Trollope to describe these scenes.

THE PREMIER AND THE HON. MRS. NORTON.—Whilst we admit that Lord Melbourne is thus acquitted, and fully so, of all guilt, as to the commission of the criminal act charged, there are some collateral matters thrown up in the course of the evidence, which appear to us to be fair subject for public and general discussion—both because the facts to which we allude are admitted on all sides, and because, in persons of the eminent station of the defendant, evil appearances are, in fact, evil examples.

It should never be forgotten by any of us, whether great or humble, that our actual example is not what we in truth *may* be, but what we *appear* to be, and, therefore, whether a man be guilty or not of an evil act, he is at least guilty of an evil example, and is responsible for all its consequences, if he wilfully and carelessly follows a course of conduct which leads the public to conclude that he is not innocent.

Now, whatever judgment we may put upon this affair since the verdict of the jury, will any one venture the argument, that the whole course of the conduct of Lord Melbourne towards the Nortons was not such as both to justify a very strong suspicion, and therefore entirely to excuse Mr. Norton for having brought this action; and to be also very ill calculated to confirm or improve public morality by the personal example of the Premier of England? To say the least of it, was there not a cruel levity and indifference both as regards the character of the lady, and the peace and honour of her husband? And, in this point of view, (fully admitting, as we are bound to do, the innocence of Lord Melbourne, as to the main fact charged), has not a cruel degree of private misery been the actual and present result of his conduct? Is not Mrs. Norton rendered a complete outcast from the society of the virtuous portion of her own sex? Can any lady of her own rank admit her into society? Is not the mere suspicion which has been thrown upon her as effectual in this respect as would have been her positive condemnation?