

Jorgensen was too regardless of private rights not to make many enemies. Though he must have fallen of himself, his usurpation was put an end to by a much more powerful engine.

"While he was playing the dictator at Reikiavik, and amusing himself with tormenting the Danes, the 'Talbot,' sloop of war, under the command of the Honourable Alexander Jones, entered the port of Havniford, and received information of what was going on at the Capital: the captain immediately went there, and seeing the new flag waving over the town, ordered it to be taken down, and the Danish colours to be substituted. The battery, too, was destroyed. The governor having desired to be taken to England, to represent what had happened to the English government, Captain Jones appointed the two next officers in rank, named 'Stephenson,' to govern in his absence.

"As for Jorgensen, the captain insisted upon his going to England, as he had broken his parole. The 'Margaret and Anne' sailed with the best cargo that ever left Iceland: but, before she lost sight of land, she was discovered to be on fire; and the crew were only rescued by Jorgensen coming up to them in the prize 'Orion.' The fire was attributed to the Danish prisoners; but there is every reason to believe that it arose from the wool that had been used for the battery, having been put on board wet, and, consequently, ignited. Jorgensen, on his return, was put in confinement, and having committed two felonies, was transported to Botany Bay; and Phelps, unable to recover the loss of his ship, became a bankrupt.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN SKETCHES.

BATTLE OF THE RANCH.

The people of that part of Mexico known as the "Department of Santa Fe," have for many years been harassed and annoyed by the depredations of the Apachus Indians. An American by the name of Kurker, at the time of our visit, had just entered into a contract with the Government to fight the Indians, and bring them to a permanent treaty, for the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, five thousand dollars of which was paid to him in advance to commence operations. Kurker is now carrying on the war, and his first skirmish occurred while we were in Toas, within two miles of the town at which we were sojourning. He is a man of daring and reckless disposition, who has himself suffered from the Indians, and he now hunts them as much in revenge for the injuries they have done him as in prospect of emolument.

The battle which forms the subject of the present sketch, occurred close under the black mountain of Toas, in the valley of the same name, near to a small town called the "Ranch." Kurker, with about fifty men, was here encamped, when a party of the Apachus crept upon them in the night and stole a number of their horses. The Indians were not aware that Kurker's party were prepared for war, but supposed they were stealing from an encampment of traders, who would not dare to pursue them. The robbery had scarcely been committed when it was discovered, and in a very few moments more, Kurker and his fifty men were in close pursuit of the Indians. Knowing that the thieves would endeavour to escape over the mountains, by ascending a ravine that opened into the valley near the spot where the robbery was committed, Kurker led his men quickly round a by-path up the mountain side, and as the grey light of morning spread over the valley, the pursuers found themselves upon an eminence commanding the ravine up which the Indians were hurrying, mounted upon the stolen horses. The marauders numbered about a hundred and twenty, more than doubling the force of the pursuing party; but although they held the Spaniards in contempt, they are cowards when opposed by the Americans. Cautious as they were they did not discover their danger until fifty American rifles were levelled, each with deadly aim, at a separate victim.

The first cry of alarm from the Indian was the signal to fire, and as the early sunbeam penetrated the ravine, echo started suddenly from slumber, bounding wildly from cliff to cliff, and away among the distant crags, like the spirit of fear speeding from death and danger. Twenty Indians fell from their horses at that fire, some with a single frightful yell expiring on the instant, while others with clenched teeth and with the desperate energy of departing life, clung to the reins, and were dragged about and trod upon by the alarmed horses. The Indians ride furiously, and without pausing an instant, they turned and fled towards the valley. Some that were wounded fell from the frightened animals while they were in full speed down the ravine. Kurker and his men followed without reloading their rifles, and chased the Indians until they emerged from the ravine, and took refuge within the walls of the Ranch.

This town called the Ranch lies at the base of a gigantic mountain, and is watered by a swift stream that rushes from the ravine we have mentioned. It contains about three hundred houses, and these are built compactly together, forming a wall, and enclosing a large square, in the centre of which stands the church. Into this square the Indians rushed, and endeavoured to force their way into the church, having been taught to believe that the sacred roof is protection against all danger. But Kurker's men felt no disposition to let them off so easily, and reloading their rifles, they resumed the attack within the walls of the town. It was still early morning, and the inhabitants sprang from their beds in the wildest confusion and alarm.—First was heard the thronging of the In-

dians into the town—their murmurs of fear and terror; then the shouts of the pursuers; children screamed within the dwellings and there was a rapid closing and barring of doors and windows. Then came the report of fire-arms, followed by screams and yells from the victims, over which again rose the loud hurrahs of the Americans, as wild and savage as the dread war whoop of the Indian. The men seemed to grow delirious with the excitement, and to become inspired with the savage nature of their enemies. One man after discharging his rifle and pistols, rushed madly among the Indians with his knife, and actually succeeded in taking a scalp before he was killed. The fight lasted but half an hour, when the Indians begged for mercy, and were suffered to depart.

Kurker's men are mostly robust, daring fellows from Kentucky and Missouri, wagoners, speculators, who yielded to the seductions of the Monte Bank, and were ruined; men of rough, yet chivalrous and romantic natures, who love the wild life they are leading.—Their pay from Kurker is a dollar a day and half booty, so that their interest as well as their love of excitement leads them to make battle whenever opportunity occurs. In this battle forty Indians were killed, and of Kurker's party but one American and one half breed. The stolen horses were recovered, and all the other animals in the possession of the Indians were taken as booty. Kurker himself is as brave as a lion, and a man of great enterprise as well as skill in this kind of warfare. Having but just commenced operations his force is small, but men were thronging to join him every day, and he will soon be at the head of a powerful army.—*New Orleans Pic.*

SCRAPS FROM A NEW NOVEL, BY A LADY.

A SHOW-WOMAN.

"So, my dear, you are come at last!" began Mrs. Bradley, who was always most particular to say my dear, and use her blandest tones, when most out of humour, having ever before her the lessons of her youth, that it was not ladylike to speak loud or appear in a passion. She was one of that very numerous class of persons who "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." An act unfitting a lady would have shocked her—a feeling unfitting a Christian was as a mote in her eye, unperceived, unfelt; or if felt or perceived, unheeded as long as it attracted not the notice of others. The approval and disapproval of her own conscience was nothing to her; she lived only in the opinion of the public: a polished selfishness was her distinguishing characteristic, though that polish was not always as perfect as she desired, owing to a naturally bad taste and worse temper. Not without natural affections, her duties as a mother were better performed than those of any other relation of life; but even here was discernible the vanity of one who sought the applause of the multitude more than the happiness of the object of her regard. There are show-houses, that, despite their splendour, convey no idea of comfort or happiness, but strike a chill to the observer; Mrs. Bradley was a show-woman.

A GOOD-NATURED MAN.

Mr. Bradley was not an undecided, but, except in his favourite pursuit of agriculture, he was an indolent man; and to this indolence what his wife chiefly indebted for maintaining her rule. He did not like many things which she proposed and executed; but it was less trouble to yield than to contend; so that unless roused to determined opposition by her irritating manner, or some generous purpose, he allowed her to order and counter-order pretty much as she pleased.

"When master's back is up, let him have it all his own way; it won't last long, and you can have it all your own way to-morrow," was the remark of the bailiff who had been long in his service; and the bailiff was right.

Mr. Bradley objected to many of his wife's worldly maxims, and yet he let her impress them on the minds of his children, only occasionally expressing his dissent, instead of constantly and seriously endeavouring to counteract their influence. He had approved of the former governess, a most estimable woman, yet he allowed his lady to displace her on a frivolous pretence, though convinced that her only fault was not being sufficiently submissive and complimentary. He had a mean opinion of the present governess, and yet he permitted her to remain with his children, though more than suspecting that she was a pompous fool and subservient flatterer: he knew that their yearly expenses, owing to his lady's taste for show and company, even now, when the education of his children was at its lowest rate, exceeded their yearly income; yet he permitted his wife to accept and issue invitations, order furniture and improvements at her good or evil pleasure: he saw that Grace had incurred the enmity of his lady, and was not therefore likely to be in favour with Miss Heywood and her pupils, yet after the first he interfered no further to insure her comfort, contenting himself with a kind greeting when they met.

CHILDISH DESOLATION.

Grace quitted the apartment without a word, and walked to her little room, not with the noiseless creeping step of fear, but with the slow heavy tread of a deep woe that had absorbed all dread. She had unconsciously indulged the hope that this long-promised visit of Rawdon's would bring some amelioration to her hard lot; and now he had been there, and he was gone!—gone for years, and far away, and she was left to all her former wretchedness. If Rawdon could not help her, there was none who could; and she must bear taunts and ill temper as before.

And she did bear them month after month; year after year, creeping away when she could with Frolic into the library, where she was seldom disturbed, (the present generation of Bradleys not being a reading generation,) or if seen permitted to remain on condition of dusting the books. And here she sat poring over works above her age, taxing her mind to its utmost powers to understand them; now sympathizing with the hero and the patriot, her pale cheek glowing with enthusiasm; then drinking in with a thirsting spirit and a passionate love for the ideal, the golden dreams of poets, their glorious visions, and their thrilling hopes; or, if the season of the year allowed, she would seek out some sunny spot where she might bask beneath the light and warmth; or, sporting with her favourite, twine wreaths of the sweet wild flowers to hang around his neck. Thus passed the life of the neglected child—her happiest moments when her very existence was forgotten by all beside; and she could sit apart, the sense of her loneliness and desolation lost in her sympathies with the hopes, the thoughts, the aspirations of the glorious and the good; or that loneliness peopled, by imagination, with those she loved—her desolation brightened by brilliant visions of the future. The chain and locket never left her neck; night and day it was there, linking her, as it seemed, to the few who loved her. In the rainbow hopes of the future, and in the touching and still more beautiful memories of the past, she strove to forget the gloomy present.

CHARMS OF THE FARMER'S LIFE.

Mr. Coleman deserves great credit for his exertions in the agricultural cause. It is undoubtedly the great and vital interest of the country, and the more attention is drawn to it the better for us all. In a lecture lately delivered before a Society at Concord, Mass. we have the following passage on what may be called the poetry of his profession.—*Evening Gazette.*

"What a means of improving pleasure is an improved agriculture! How many charming examples present themselves among us of improvements which every eye gazes upon with unmingled delight! Let a man, according to his power, take his ten, his twenty, his fifty, his hundred acres. Let him comb the hair, and wash the face of nature. Let him subdue, clear, cultivate, enrich, embellish it. Let him smooth the rough places; and drain the wet, and fill up the sunken and enrich the barren. Let him enclose it with a neat and substantial fence. Let him line its borders and roadsides with ornamental trees, and let him stock every proper part of it with vines and fruits. Let his fields and meadows wave with their golden harvests, and let his hills be covered with the herds, rejoicing in the fulness with which his labours, under the blessing of God, have spread their table, and who, when he goes among them, hasten from all sides to meet him, and gratefully recognize in him a friend and benefactor, and lick the hand which is accustomed to feed and fondle them. Here now let us see the neatly painted cottage with its green shades, its piazzas trellised with vines, its sides covered with the spreading elm or flowering acacia, with here and there the beautiful fir to shade the picture, and the mountain ash showing its rich clusters of crimson fruit among the deep green foliage, and the smooth and verdant lawn stretching its soft and beautiful carpet in the front view; then look again and see the parents at the close of day, resting from their labour, and enjoying the calm evening, with the pledges of mutual and devoted affection rioting before them in all the buoyance of youthful innocence and delight; and if at such an hour as this, you can hear the hymn of grateful praise rising from the humble abode of peace and love, and its charming notes mingling with the music of the gurgling brook that flows near by, or broken by the occasional shrill and hollow notes of the gentle and fearless birds, which deem themselves loving members of this loving household; if then, whether traveller or sojourner, your heart is not touched with this charming and not unusual picture of rural felicity, cease to call yourself a man. If still you sigh for the noise and the bustle and the confinement of the city, with its impure water, with its offensive odours, with its detestable affectations, with its heartless formalities, with its violent excitements, with its midnight festivities, with its utter destitution of sympathy, with its low estimate of human life, with its squalid poverty, its multiplied forms of wretchedness and crime, its pride, its vanity, its ambition, its pomp, its servility; then go back to your gilded prison house, and to pleasures, which an uncorrupted and refined taste, accustomed to drink in the free air of Heaven, and to appreciate its freshness, its purity, and its salubrity, will find no occasion to covet or envy. The man who by his cultivation and good husbandry presents such a picture to the passer by, shall he not be called the benefactor of the community? Has he not done much to improve and bless society by his example? Has he not built a monument to his own honour, more eloquent than sculptured marble."

THE LIFE OF THE MIND.—There are two lives to each of us, gliding on at the same time, scarcely connected with each other: the life of our actions—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and ever restless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last we are judged, the first is never known.