

[From the Philadelphia Courier.]

DEATH OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN.

BY T. G. SPEAR.

Who mourns for the Indian ?
The grass and the trees,
And the murmuring stream,
And the wandering breeze,
His tribe and his years,
And name were unknown,
And no brother can weep
Where he weepeth alone.

Who mourns for the Indian ?
The bird in his song,
At twilight and eve,
Will sadly prolong
A requiem strain,
In the wild solitude,
In grief for the fall
Of the child of the wood.

Who mourns for the Indian ?
The dew-drop at night,
Will steal from the sky,
Unbroken and bright ;
And the rays of the moon,
And the gleam of the star,
Will glide to his mound
From the zenith afar.

Who mourns for the Indian ?
The billow shall break,
In its passionate roar,
And the sea-caverns quake,
As it rolls to the shore.—
And the winds of the deep
Shall whistle and yell
To the place of his sleep.

Who mourns for the Indian ?
The clouds shall let fall
The tear that it weeps
O'er the slumbers of all ;
And men as they pass
May pause with a sigh,
And think of his fate,
With a sorrowing eye.

From Tom Cragle's Log.

THE PIGGERY INVADED.

WE embarked on board of a large canoe that I had provided ; and, having shipped a beautiful little mule also, of which I had made a purchase at Panama, we proceeded down the river to the village of Gorgona, where we slept. My apartment was rather a primitive concern : it was simply a roof, or shed, thatched with palm-tree leaves, about twelve feet long by eight broad, and supported on four upright posts at the corners, the eaves being about six feet high. Under this I slung my grass hammock transversely from corner to corner, tricing it well up to the rafters, so that it hung about five feet from the ground ; while beneath, Mangrove, my trusty man at arms, lit a fire for the two-fold purpose, as it struck me, of driving off the mosquitoes, and converting his majesty's officer into ham or hung beef ; and after having made *mulo* fast to one of the posts, with a bundle of *malijo*, or the green stems of Indian corn or maize, under his nose, he borrowed a plank from a neighbouring hut, and laid himself down on it at full length, covered up with a blanket as it had been a corpse, and soon felt fast asleep. As for Sneezer, he lay with his black muzzle resting on his fore paws, that were thrust out straight before him, until they stirred up the white embers of the fire—with his eyes shut as if he slept, but from the constant nervous twitchings and pricking up of his ears, and his haunches being gathered up well under him, and a small, quick,

switch of his tail now and then, it was evident he was broad awake, and considered himself on duty. All was quiet, however, except the rushing of the river hard by, in our bivouac, until midnight, when I was awakened by the shaking of the mule to break loose, his strong trembling thrilling to my neck along the taut cord that held him, as he drew himself, in the intervals of his struggles as far back as he could, proving that the poor brute suffered under a paroxysm of fear. "What noise is that?" I roused myself. It was repeated. It was a wild cry, or rather a loud shrill *meow*, gradually sinking into a deep growl. "What the deuce is that, Sneezer?" said I. The dog made no answer, but more fully wagged his tail once, as if he had said, "Wait a bit, now, master, you shall see how well I shall acquit myself, for this is in my way." Ten yards from the shed under which I slept, there was a piggery, surrounded by a sort of small stockade, a fathom high, made of split cane, wove into a kind of wicker work between upright rails sunk into the ground ; and by the clear moonlight I could as I lay in my hammock, see an animal larger than an English bull-dog, but with the stealthy pace of the cat, crawl on in a crouching attitude until within ten feet of the sty, when it made a scrambling jump against the caudal defence, hooking on to the top of it by its fore-paws, while the claws of its hind-feet made a scrutching, rasping noise against the dry cane splints, until it had gathered its legs into a bunch, like the aforesaid puss, on the top of the enclosure ; from which elevation the creature seemed to be reconnoitering the unclean beasts within. I grasped my pistols. Mangrove was still sound asleep. The struggles of *mulo* increased ; I could hear the sweat raining off him ; but Sneezer, to my great surprise, remained motionless as before. We now heard the alarmed grunts, and occasionally a sharp squeal from the piggery, as if the henuties had at length become aware of the vicinity of their dangerous neighbour, who, having apparently made his selection, suddenly dropped down among them ; when *mulo* burst from his fastenings with a yell, enough to frighten the devil, tearing away the upright to which the lanyard of my hammock was made fast, whereby I was pitched like a shot right down on Mangrove's corpus, while a volley of grunting and squeaking split the sky, such as I never heard before. And now, in the very nick, Sneezer, starting from his lair with a loud bark, sprang at a bound into the enclosure, which he topped like a first-rate hunter ; and Peter Mangrove, awakening all of a heap from my falling on him, jumped upon his feet as noisy as the rest—"Gara-mighty in a trap—wurra all die—my tomach bruise home to my back-bone like one pancake ;" and, while the short, fierce bark of the nobledog was blended with the agonized cry of the *gatto del monte*, the shrill treble of the poor porkers rose high above both ; and the mule was galloping through the village, with the post after him, like a dog with a pan at his tail, making the most unceremonious noises, for it was neither bray nor neigh. The villagers ran out of their huts, headed by the *Padra Cura*, and all was commotion and uproar. Lights were procured. The noise in the sty continued ; and Mangrove, the warm-hearted creature, unsheathing his knife, clambered over the fence to the rescue of his four-footed ally, and disappeared, shouting, "Sneezer often fight for Peter, so Peter now will fight for he ;" and soon began to blend his shouts with the cries of the enraged beasts within. At length the mania spread to me, upon hearing the poor fellow shout, "Tiger here, captain—tiger here—tiger too many for we—Lud-a-mercy—tiger too many for we, sir—if you no help we, we shall be torn in pieces." Then a violent struggle, and a renewal of the uproar, and of

the barking, and yelling, and squeaking. It was now no joke ; the life of a fellow-creature was at stake, so I scampered up after the pilot to the top of the fence, with a loaded pistol in my hand, a young active Spaniard following, with a large brown wax candle that burned like a torch ; and looking down on the *mulo* below, there Sneezer lay, with the throat of the leopard in his jaws, evidently much exhausted, but still giving the creature a cruel shake now and then, while Mangrove was endeavouring to throttle the brute with his bare hands. As for the poor pigs, they were all huddled together, squeaking and grunting most melodiously in the corner. I held down the light. "Now, Peter, cut his throat, man—cut his throat." And Mangrove, the moment he saw where he was, drew his knife across the leopard's *weasand*, and killed him on the spot. The glorious dog, the very instant he felt he had a dead antagonist in his fangs, let go his hold, and, making a jump with all his remaining strength, for he was bleeding much, and terribly torn, I caught him by the name of the neck, and, in my attempt to lift him over, and place him on the outside, down I went, dog and all, amongst the pigs, and upon the bloody carcass ; out of which mess I was gathered by the *Cura* and the standers-by, in a very beautiful condition ; for, what between the filth of the sty and blood of the leopard, and so forth, I was not altogether a fit subject for a side-box at the Opera.

The same tiger or leopard had committed great depredations in the neighbourhood for months before, but he had always escaped, although he had been repeatedly wounded ; so Peter and I became as great men for the two hours longer we sojourned in Gorgona, as if we had killed the dragon of Wantley.

EVENINGS IN VENICE.—It is quite common at Venice, for persons of the first distinction, and of both sexes, after having spent the evening at the different Casinos, to form parties, and to adjourn to a tavern to supper. The ladies are particularly fond of these banquets, where mirth and good humour abound ; but they make it a rule, which they never in any instance depart from, to pay their share of the expense, nor will they allow their nearest connections to pay for them ; nothing, in fact, offends a Venetian lady more than that any man of the party should offer to pay for her on any of those occasions.

EXCUSES FOR NOT ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.—Overslept myself could not dress in time, too cold, too hot, too windy, too dusty, too damp, too sunny, too cloudy, don't feel disposed, no other time to myself, look over my drawers, put my papers to rights, letters to write to my friends, took physic, tied to business six days in the week, no fresh air but on Sundays, can't breathe in church, always so full, feel a little feverish, feel a little chilly, feel very lazy, expect company to dinner, got a headache, caught cold last night at a party, intend nursing myself to day, new bonnet not come home, tore my muslin dress coming down stairs, got a new novel must be returned on Monday morning, wasn't shaved in time, don't like an extempore sermon, can't sit in a draft of air, stove so hot in Winter always get a headache, mean to enquire of some sensible person about the propriety of going to so public a place as a church and will publish the result.

It is worthy of remark, that these two words in the English language, contain all the vowels, and in proper order, viz. *facetiously* and *abstemiously*.

A man to be happy must be a friend with himself.