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POETRY.

For the Spectator.

Imaginary Shipwreck.

BY MRS. E. MARKHAM

What sound is it arrests our ear?
It is the accents of despair,
It is the sufferers dying prayer,
A tempest on the sea.

The howling winds, the distant cry,
The piercing shrieks, the tearful eye,
The seas are rolling; must they die
And perish in despair?

Is there no hope, no aid to save,
On the land or on the wave;
Dangers, death or distance brave,
To chain the tyrant down?

Again they bend their suppliant knee,
And gazing fearful on the sea,
Imploring heaven to set them free,
And bring them safe to land.

Confusion reigns mid such alarms
To give up life, with all its charms,
To sink in death's cold icy arms,
With terror must be fraught.

On that frail bark one sparkling gem
Outshines the costly diadem;
No royal blood, compared with him,
Is worth a transient thought.

The heavens were lit, the lightnings gleam
And round their ship a firey stream.
The ocean yawned—a fearful scream—
She sank beneath the wave.

The omen bird now flaps its wings,
And tidings from the ocean brings—
O! who can touch the trembling strings,
Or chaunt the funeral dirge.

SELECT TALE.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Paper.

Rockets among Kioways;

OR, ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD TO CALIFORNIA.

[From the MS. journal of a friend who travelled a few years since to California by the overland route, we are allowed to take the following extract, giving a day's adventures on the banks of the Goo-al-pah river. To introduce the extract properly, it may be as well to mention that in the [illegible], while our friend's party were still encamped, some Mexicans rode in and [illegible] that they had just been robbed and [illegible] by the Camanches, who had been out in great numbers, and that there was [illegible] in proceeding. This occas[illegible] the alarm. The party was unusually strong in numbers and determination; and every one felt himself able to cope with a dozen antagonists. Immediately after breakfast they formed in line, with outriding scouts in all directions, and took up their march. And now the action of our extract commences.]

On went the caravan, nearly a mile in length, while on our right the Goo-al-pah, growing narrower, foamed and fretted within the rock-bound canon. The scene, the excitement generated by the recent news, and the fresh morning breeze which blew in our faces, tossing our hair and beards, made each man feel some "fever o' the mad," which relieved itself now and then (loud noises being forbidden) in a hasty gallop to and fro. Suddenly, having my eyes fixed in front, I saw the rifle of our foremost scout waved in the air. The order was given to close; a little eminence, about a mile distant, on which were a dozen cottonwoods—the only trees we had seen for two days—was selected as the standing place; and we had scarcely time to reach it and form our wagons into a ring, with the mules in the centre, before our scouts joined us, La Queue de Bœuf at their head. He reported a large body of Indians coming down the river path. The mules and horses were made secure by their lariats to the heaviest wagons and the trees; the ammunition wagon was opened; the rifles and pistols examined and freshly capped; and the bowie-knives loosened in their sheaths. The minute after, the form of a single Indian scout made a dark spot on the horizon from the summit of an eminence some miles to the northwest. I examined him with my glass. He was mounted on a horse taken from the whites, as the size and Spanish equipments proved; was naked with the exception of a breech-cloth, leggins, and moccasins; and was armed with a long lance, shield, bow and arrows. He reined up his horse, as though to examine us carefully. I offered the glass to La Queue de Bœuf, who pushing it aside with his hand, and muttering the word "Camanche," divested his head of its ornaments, leaving the scalp-lock bare.

I now saw that serious work was before us, and calling the men together, told them that we must fight or be plundered—perhaps murdered. The odds against us would be probably great; but our position was good, in case they made an onset, which, confident in their superior numbers, they would probably do. If they undertook to lay seige we should attack them, as we could not afford time to remain.

I had just finished my speech to which the men replied by an enthusiastic shout, when the scout disappeared as suddenly as though he had sunk in the earth. A few minutes more passed away, when a body of several hundred horsemen, arrayed in a column about twenty deep, suddenly rode into sight. At about the distance of a mile they halted, while four of them separated themselves from the main body, and rode at a respectful distance half around us, examining the numbers and disposition of our force. Presently they returned—a somewhat animated conference ensued, and the whole body remained quiet.

As I thought this to be an invitation to parley, I was about to despatch La Queue de Bœuf and Hurley with a white flag, when the tallest of the savages rode about thirty paces in front of the rest; and suddenly wheeling his horse, made a gesture, equally vulgar and significant, which amounted to a declaration of war. My gorge rose at the insult, and observing them to be closely huddled together, I told O'Meara that he had an opportunity of trying the heavy war-rockets, which he had persisted in making at St. Louis. The eyes of the Irishman sparkled at the proposition, and he brought out his rocket-stand with a couple of three inch rockets from the wagon. While he was fixing his apparatus, La Queue de Bœuf touched me on the shoulder; I looked around, and at less than a half-mile distance behind us was a band of twenty Indians, armed with rifles, who seemed to be watching us closely. I supposed them at first to be a division of the Camanches; but La Queue de Bœuf rode out to meet them, when the whole party came rushing into camp. They proved to be Cheyennes, headed by La Queue de Bœuf's brother. They had [illegible] beyond their hunting grounds in search of buffalo, when, on their return, they discovered us at bay. Their only chance of safety was to league with us, which they did more readily when they saw who was our guide. I was rather pleased with this addition to our strength, as they were well armed, fierce-looking fellows, and brought with them six pack-horses, loaded with buffalo meat—quite an addition to the general store.

O'Meara signified that he was ready, and bringing a small signal rocket, fired it off to attain the proper elevation. It fell somewhat short, ploughing the ground in front of the enemy, and scattering the dirt and stones over the foremost. They gave way in a little alarm at the novel missile; and the eyes of our Cheyennes opened wider at the trail of fire made by our messenger in its flight. In a moment the ranks of the Camanches closed up, apparently preparing to make a charge.

Our pyrotechnical friend had now his angle of aim correctly ascertained, and, lighting the fuse of one of his three inch rockets, it started on its errand of death. Our mules and horses plunged furiously at the unusual spectacle; and one of our Cheyenne friends was nearly unhorsed altogether. The rocket struck directly in the centre of a group of savages and exploded with terrific force, scattering the fragments of its head in all directions, and fairly tearing the men and horses around it to pieces. The horses of the surviving Camanches took fright and galloped off, perfectly unmanageable, while our Cheyennes started in pursuit of the fugitives. Our men would have followed, but I restrained them—as it would expose our mules and horses to depredation during our absence. I thought, beside, we had fairly got rid of them, which was all we wanted; and so I told the men. Old La Queue de Bœuf, who had not followed his countrymen, listened to what I said, shook his head, compressed his lips, shrugged his shoulders—he had caught the French shrug from the half-breed trappers—and then dashed off ahead of us, on the scout. I ordered the mules put to, and we were soon in motion, O'Meara expatiating in great glee on the effects of his projectile. He thought, and he was right there, that if the news of this new movement in prairie warfare was fairly spread among the tribes we might be sure of remaining unmolested during the rest of our travel.

When we came opposite to the spot lately occupied by the enemy, I left the train and rode up to it, accompanied by O'Meara, Vache, and the Doctor. A most fearful and revolting spectacle was presented. We counted the mangled bodies of twenty-eight men and twenty-six horses. There were also some bones and flesh, torn into shreds, which probably belonged to the bodies of two or three more. Certainly, nearly thirty Camanches had fallen by that one explosion. The rocket had done more execution than I had supposed it would, although its head had been loaded with an explosive composition, which O'Meara had assured me was as powerful as one hundred pounds of gun powder. Nevertheless the Camanches must have been in closer order than we supposed. We gathered up the lances and lance-blades—one of the latter had been struck and bent by a fragment of the rocket-head—together with a rifle, a poor affair, and several knives of Sheffield make. We rode with them to join the train, and deposited them as trophies in one of the wagons. On looking round we saw our Cheyenne friends returning from their pursuit, engaged in scalping the bodies we had just left. Directly they galloped up and joined us.

They were in high spirits, having overtaken and killed eighteen of the enemy without losing a single man, although their leader was severely wounded. We examined his heart, and Dr. Sweetzer found that an arrow had penetrated the right side, and, strange to say, without making a circuit, the head had broken a rib and lodged between the two pieces. It was wonderful that it did not either go round the rib, or enter the lung. The fracture gave much pain; and after extracting the arrow-head and some splinters of bone, the Doctor set the rib, and had his red-skinned patient placed to a [illegible], over which was fixed a temporary cover. He was very much annoyed, however, by the refractory nature of the invalid, who would poke his head out at every noise, thus making the Doctor readjust his compresses and bandages occasionally. I noticed, by-the-by, that the Cheyennes all paid great deference to O'Meara, whom they thought to be a "mighty medicine."

About noon we came to a nameless creek, broad and shallow, with a sandy bed, from which we picked up some very handsome prisms of limpid quartz, their angles worn somewhat by attrition. We proceeded part of the time along its side, and part of the time wading through it, until we struck a trail, about four hundred yards from the Goo-al-pah. We noticed here a quantity of wild ducks, that Dr. Sweetzer pronounced to be the green-winged teal. A flock of wild geese came sailing over so low that Hurley killed one with a rifle shot. It had a very long and slender neck, almost like a swan's, and is evidently of a new species. If it could be domesticated it would be a fine ornament for ponds in pleasure-gardens. It was a pure white with the exception of its wings, which were mottled brown and white, and a cap of greenish-black glossy feathers on its head. We cooked and ate it afterwards, and found it to be young and tender. We flushed several covies of quails here, rather larger than the quail at the east. At least I thought so, but Vache said not. The river here is bounded by tall bluffs of flinty sandstone, with marks of iron. These stand at some distance from the river itself. Between the two there intervene low banks of gravelly soil, covered mainly with a tall, coarse grass, growing above the head of a mounted man. As we stopped to make our noon meal, I dug out of one of the rocks with my bowie-knife, a mass of fibrous gypsum, whose fibres, snowy white and sparkling, were about a foot long, and interspersed with lamellæ of selenite. I noticed in the sandstone also patches of a soapy stone, a kind of white serpentine, in which were imbedded a great many well-defined reddish-brown, semi-translucent crystals, which the Doctor, who filled the pockets of his hunting shirt with them, pronounced to be zircon. The base of the bluffs was covered with a kind of mock-orange, in full fruit.

The spot where we chose our encampment was in a rocky glen, made by a semi-circular indentation in some pillared cliffs of trap and sandstone—the former in perpendicular columns, heaved on horizontal strata of the latter. The sandstone, whenever it made its appearance through the immense masses of wild-grape and mock-orange vine was of deep red color, evidently occasioned by the red oxide of iron. Large masses of petrified trees were strewn over the surface of the ground, having their ligneous fibre completely replaced by the brown oxide of iron. One limb, which I broke, was changed entirely into a mass of fibrous hematite. I thought it so fine a specimen that, although somewhat straitened for room, I had it stowed away in one of the wagons. The knobs and branches were very well preserved, though one of the latter got broken in transportation. The whole specimen, which measured over five feet long, and six and a half inches through the butt end, is packed with others at St. Louis—I having a chance to send it back with the party we met next day. I observed several boulders of a dark granite, containing a great amount of felspar, and only occasional specks of mica, lying in the bed of the creek. Indeed, there appeared to be a general geological confusion about the place, as though nature had finished the world at this spot, and forgotten to clear up the fragments.

I had just swallowed a cup of coffee made for me by Patrick, and which no persuasion could induce the Cheyennes to touch after the first mouthful, and Sweetzer had gone to look after his patient in the tent-wagon, when Basil Chevier, who, contrary to my orders, had strayed beyond the line of scouts, came in accompanied by Hurley and Queue de Bœuf. He reported a large body of Indians coming down in chase of a herd of buffaloes—one of which he had shot before he was aware of his proximity to such dangerous neighbors. The camp was put in order for their reception; but Hurley and the old chief assured us that we need be under little alarm. The new-comers were Kioways, who, as they had not yet probably heard of our fight with the Camanches might be rendered friendly, with very little trouble. I was just on the point of sending the chief to hold a parley, when we heard a tremendous explosion up the river, in the distance, accompanied by a series of yells. A horse's feet clattered over the stones and pebbles on the river banks, and up galloped O'Meara, waving his rocket-stand in one hand, and his rifle in the other, and shouting like a madman. It was some seconds before he recovered his breath and informed us of the occasion of his haste. He had taken a ride up the river side, to pick wild grapes and explore a little, taking a rocket and the stand with him. He saw the scouts ride past him towards camp and noticed the Indians. Taking it for granted that the former were pursued, and that the latter must be Camanches, he had fixed his stand, struck a light, and sent a rocket with its explosive [illegible] among the strangers. The consequence had been that two of the Indians and several of the buffaloes were spared the necessity of earthly cares.

Here was a comfortable prospect about to open. The Kioways are a race far superior in point of intelligence and bravery to the Camanches, though they herd with and control the latter; and it was very likely that they would resent this attack, fearfully. Even if we repulsed their charge in the present instance, we would be harrassed during the whole journey: and have our men and cattle picked off, one by one, whenever exposed to such depredation. I spoke rather sharply to O'Meara, and I am afraid wished him and his rockets to a much warmer latitude than they then occupied. The mischief had been done, however; and we had now to prepare to meet whatever consequences might ensue. The spot where we had encamped was a strange one; no arrow-shots could well reach us from the bluff, and La Queue de Bœuf informed us that there appeared to be few rifles among the Kioways. So we ranged our wagons on the bank, and made fitting preparation to fight with foes who, by all accounts, were both dauntless and persevering.

As we were engaged in tying the mules and horses by the lariats to such fragments of rocks as were suitable, a shrill whistle from Hurley, the crack of a rifle, and a whizzing like the downward flight of birds caused us to look up. There, directly on the summit of the bluffs, almost to the very brink, were the figures of fifty horses, each surmounted by a warrior. The arrows had fallen far short, and so had the ball sent from the rifle of one who appeared to lead. We pointed our rifles at them, and they made derisive [illegible] they knew the distance to be too great. The chief put his thumb to his nose, and twiddled his fingers, a trick he had probably learned from some of the white traders.

"Ef I had that rifle thar," said Hurley, "I could fetch that chap *sure*."

The rifle he alluded to was Vache's, a fine one, made by Wesson, and finished with such accuracy, that it would carry a wedged ball twice the ordinary range. Vache handed him the desired weapon, and Hurley took deliberate aim.

"Hit the horse," said I; "that will bring both."

Hurley brought the rifle down, looked at me for a moment, and then laughed. Then raising the rifle again, he said—

"Whar?"

"In the head," I replied.

Hurley fired at the word. The horse plunged, and the chief threw himself back, but not in time. He was pitched over the head of the animal, and the two came down together into the glen, crushed into mere lumps of flesh. The rest of the band vanished.

Hurley offered the rifle back to Vache, saying, "That's a great instrument of yourn, sir."

But Vache told him, as he knew how to use it so well, he had better keep it. The old scout's eyes sparkled, for he had long coveted the weapon; but he said—

"I'm much obleeged to ye, sir; but old Betsey Baker an' I (Betsey Baker was the name he gave his own rifle) hev ben so long in cahoot together, that I hev a kind of effection for the old lady, an"—

"Don't let that trouble you," said Vache, laughing, "I shan't make love to your beauty. I have the fellow to that rifle in one of the wagons, and you had better give 'Nimrod' as a mate to 'Betsey,' who is too old to remain in single blessedness any longer. Keep it; nay, you deserve it more than it deserves you. The best scout on the prairies deserves the best rifle."

"I can't refuse you, Mr. Vache," replied the scout, "an' I can't well say how *much* I'm obleeged to you. This *is* a present." So saying, the old man hugged both the rifles fondly; and Vache, after throwing over Hurley's neck the pouch and flask appurtenant to 'Nimrod,' went to the wagon for his supernumerary weapon.

A yell from La Queue de Bœuf who had been on the look-out, showed us a band on the river bank rushing towards us at full charge. The bluffs at the part they were approaching were so near the water, which at that point was deep, as only to admit ten abreast, and every warrior in the front rank fell before our rifles. The rest halted, and such of them as had rifles gave us a volley. Only one of their shots took effect, and that was on O'Meara. He fell, and Sweetzer, regardless of the danger, ran out to assist him. Our Cheyennes in the meanwhile, and most of our men, were exchanging shots with the enemy, who feared apparently to charge up to our wagons; and the latter after losing several of their warriors without doing more than wound Paul Chouteau, our first teamster, in the shoulder, fell back to consult on their next movement.

Poor O'Meara had planted his rocket-stand behind a little projection of rock, and adjusted three of his darling rockets to be fired simultaneously. He then stepped out to observe the spot where the Kioways must necessarily pass, if beaten back—for they were too near them to render his rockets available—and one of the enemy had found a chance to make a target of him. There was little blood flowing externally—the wound was in his breast—and I expressed a hope of his recovery; but Dr. Sweetzer merely shook his head and gave the patient some water which one of the men brought from the river. The draught seemed to rally the wounded man; and then I was obliged to leave him, for our enemies had made a new disposition. Their largest number had crossed the creek at a ford we had passed in the morning, and had come up on the opposite side, where the country was somewhat more level and low. They had sent small forces by the river bank above and below, so that we were in danger of being assailed on three sides at once. They did not give us any time to think, for along came two wings, while the main body in front of us thundered down, yelling and screaming, to the river brink.

It was now a hand-to-hand conflict, in which our pistols and bowie knives did as much work as rifles; but it gave the long lances of the Kioways a better chance. Several of our men and two of the Cheyennes were struck down. Old La Queue de Bœuf had a desperate conflict with one of the enemy, receiving an ugly gash on the cheek as he rushed in. They tugged at each other's throats, and their horses entering into the matter zealously, the riders fell to the ground. The Kioway was an athletic young man, and was getting the better of our old scout; but Vache, without much regard to the chivalry of the matter, assailed him from behind, and took off his head with his long and heavy knife as easily as you would the top of a turnip. I had insensibly stopped to witness this, but, recollecting myself, turned, and just in time to save my life. One of my red skinned friends was within twenty feet of me with his lance full-pointed, coming down as fast as he could, and I had just time to make my horse swerve with the spur to avoid his blow. As it was, the lance found a lodgment in my hunting-shirt, and carried off the skirt. He turned and came at me again with the trophy sticking to the lance; and, as his attention seemed to be getting troublesome, I gave him the contents of my revolver. I was in so great a flurry, that I expended some powder and ball uselessly. One shot could have finished him, perhaps; but I did not wait to study economy, and so let him have the contents of the five barrels. He fell from his horse forward, striking his lance in the ground; while the riderless steed galloped into the glen, and brought up against one of the wagons. A good horse he afterwards proved to be.

After making a vain endeavor to cross the current of the river, the main body had gone back to reinforce their comrades, but seeing that we had dispersed or slain our immediate enemies, the larger body drew up at a distance for consultation. We could see them in a warm and animated discussion; and La Queue de Bœuf, who came up towards me with half a dozen bloody scalps dangling from his gun, said they were evidently going to lay siege to us and starve us out, or attack us only when we got to a place more favorable for their operations. He had observed, he said, one of their number was despatched as a messenger, a few minutes before, and had no doubt that he had gone in pursuit of reinforcements. They were evidently bent on our extermination; and directing Hurley to call in all who were in pursuit of fugitives, I proceeded to examine our force. I found that six of the Cheyennes had been killed, one mortally and eight slightly wounded. The brother of La Queue de Bœuf had got out of the tent-wagon, and fired several shots, in return for which he had an arrow-wound in his shoulder, that had bled profusely before Sweetzer could take up the artery. He was, however, in no immediate danger. Two of our men were severely, and seven of them slightly wounded. They were all attended to, and I turned to visit O'Meara, who had insisted on being left at the spot where he had been shot. I found him to be very weak, and asked him how he felt.

"Mighty bad, Captain," said he, "mighty bad, in truth. I can hardly speak; an' look what a puddle of blood I've spit up. I wish I had a light, I do."

"What for, O'Meara?"

"Look at the copper-skin varmints; bad luck to them to shoot a Christian like a buffalo. Do get me a light, an' I think I'll scatter them."

The distance of the Kioways was at least a mile and a half, and although the rockets had nearly a range of two miles, I did not expect O'Meara, in such a situation, to have the judgment necessary for taking the proper angle. It would be a chance business, but I could not thwart a dying man; so I directed a light to be struck. This was done; and the men gathered around to witness the firing. [illegible] Doctor held him up [illegible] ted the plume of the [illegible] Indians were [illegible] our movements, [illegible] tent; and our [illegible] eyes starting out of [illegible] der.

O'Meara applied the [illegible]

The rockets [illegible] our horses and [illegible] lariats; and [illegible] Kioways, who started [illegible] plosions, distant scarcely [illegible] each other, ensued, starting [illegible] a cloud of smoke arose over [illegible] the Kioways had stood—it [illegible] presently with the breeze—[illegible] ded steeds plunged furiously [illegible] buttes; but there were no [illegible] seen. Desolation and death had [illegible] the hand of the dying man.

La Queue de Bœuf touched [illegible] der. I turned and found O'M[illegible] with his face forward, in a [illegible] blood. We raised him and wiped [illegible] from his mouth—but he was no [illegible]

We buried our dead that afternoon [illegible] put O'Meara in a lone spot, under the shelter of the bluff. On the next morning before we started on our journey, Vache, who was somewhat of a sculptor, spent an hour or more in carving the [illegible] O'Meara's name upon the rock [illegible] overhung his grave. T. B. [illegible]

Singular Case of Lunacy.

There is a curious case of lunacy pending before the Lord Chancellor, in England, the particulars of which are thus condensed by the New York Post:

The question arises before the Lord Chancellor, upon a motion to supersede or discharge a commission of lunacy issued against Dyce Sombre, the alleged lunatic.

This Mr. Dyce Sombre was the son of Colonel Dyce, by a female in the harem of Begum Somroo. He was born in [illegible], was adopted as her heir, and brought up as her own child. He received some instruction from an English chaplain at Meerut, yet he was brought up as an Asiatic. The Begum had adopted the Roman Catholic faith, and [illegible] she differ from the other [illegible] establishment was eastern in all its details. With the Asiatics the point of honor was the chastity of the women; personal truth and integrity were not so much regarded. The Begum died in 1836. Her sovereignty lapsed at her death to the East India Company; but while she lived Mr. Dyce Sombre had acted the part of an independent prince, and after her death still retained large wealth. He immediately resolved on going to England. He came by way of Calcutta, where he met Sir C. Metcalf, and accompanied him in the voyage in the year 1838. He became acquainted in that year with Lord St. Vincent, whose daughter he afterwards married.

His position on his arrival was this: he was young and rich, an Eastern in education and blood; his sudden introduction, therefore, to the circles of fashion and rank in England must have had a powerful effect on his mind. He soon conceived a desire to marry into an English family. Those who knew him in India warned him that he would not be happy; that his nature, education, and habits were such that he could not accommodate himself to English society, far less to the tastes of an English wife. This was stated to him by General Ventura, who had known him in India, and on meeting him in Paris resolved, from the regard he entertained for him, to act towards him as a father. Mr. Sombre having expressed his desire to form a connexion with some English family, the General told him that, from his knowledge of his character and opinions, he was confident that such a marriage would prove an unhappy one. The only passport Mr. Sombre had to the circles in which he was received was his wealth. He was a gentleman of some education, and possessed of ordinary intellect. Serious consequences might have been expected to follow his marriage with an English woman.

The effect of his Asiatic education was to produce jealousy. The marriage took place in 1840. He who had been bred to the customs of entire seclusion of the woman, was now expected to accommodate himself to the free intercourse and usages of English society. He had married a lady, of whom Gen. Ventura said she was the most beautiful and charming lady he had ever seen. This sprightly and charming lady was the woman of all others, without imputing to her the slightest impropriety, the most likely to excite the jealousy of a man such as Mr. Sombre. From the year of 1840 he grew more and more imperious towards her, till, in March, 1843, he was placed under restraint.

This case has been in litigation ever since, and was on argument the day previous to the sailing of the steamer. The testimony is interesting but [illegible] voluminous. The amount of it is, that there was no compatibility of taste or [illegible] ture between the parties, and because the lady was among her own kin, he was the insane party; whereas, if they were living in India, [illegible] the [illegible] would be esteemed the lunatic, [illegible] pattern of husbands.