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POETRY.

From the New York Evening Mirror.

A PSALM OF NIGHT.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Fades from the west the fareweh light
  Flung backward by the setting sun,
And silence deepens as the night
  Steals with its solemn shadows on!
Gathers the soft, refreshing dew
  On springing grass and flowret stems—
And lo! the everlasting blue
  Is radiant with a thousand gems!

Not only doth the voiceful day
  Thy loving kindness, Lord! proclaim—
But night, with its sublime array
  Of worlds, doth magnify Thy name!
Yes—while adoring seraphim
  Before Thee bend the willing knee,
From every star a choral hymn
  Goes up unceasingly to Thee!

Day unto day doth utter speech,
  And night to night thy voice makes known;
Through all the earth where thought may reach,
  Is heard the glad and solemn tone;
And worlds, beyond the farthest star
  Whose light hath reached the human eye,
Catch the high anthem from afar
  That rolls along immensity!

O, Holy Father! 'mid the calm
  And stillness of the evening hour,
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm
  To praise Thy goodness and thy power?
For over us, as over all,
  Thy tender mercies still extend
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
  On thee our Father and our Friend!

Kept by Thy goodness through the day,
  Thanksgivings to Thy name we pour—
Night o'er us, with its stars, we pray
  Thy love to guard us evermore!
In grief console—in gladness bless—
  In darkness, guide—in sickness, cheer—
Till in the Saviour's righteousness,
  Before Thy throne our souls appear!

☞The following, from one of the old British poets, is exquisite. It is the very essence of fancy. It is addressed to a lady, upon whose bosom a flake of snow fell and melted:

The envious snow comes down in haste
  To prove thy breast less fair,
But grieves to see itself surpassed,
  And melts into a tear.

"Pshaw!" says Noah's Messenger, "we can beat that any time. Look here:

Down her white bosom rolled the tear,
  We know it hadn't oughter,
Until at last—at last—oh dear!
  Her *shirt was wet as water.*"

[From Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine.]

KENTUCKY IN '76.

A LEGEND OF THE BLOODY GROUND.

BY DR. R. E. LITTLE.

"We do love those ancient ruins,
  We never tread upon them but we set
  Our foot upon some reverend history."
——"The flood of time is rolling on—
We stand upon its brink whilst they are gone
To glide in peace down death's mysterious stream.
——Have ye done well? They moulder flesh and bone,
Who might have made this life's enamored dream
A sweeter draught than ye will ever taste, I deem."

SHELLY.

All who are conversant with western history—the history of that period in Kentucky on the "Dark and Bloody Ground," as it was formerly called, so replete with danger and misfortune to the hardy pioneer from the ambuscade assaults of the wild and vengeful Indian—have heard of the old Boonsborough Fort. Not a trace now remains of this renowned safehold from the inroads of the savage—even the magnificent elm under whose wide spreading branches the venerable Lythe was accustomed to send up his voice in humble accents to the God of his fathers, a monument of other ages which for centuries has reared its head, and dared the fury of the elements, has yielded to the influence of Time, and disappeared from its ancient seat—but the waters of the same river which washed its base and wafted onward the light bark of the warrior, rolls on with calm and peaceful waves as in former days—the waters of the same spring from which the devoted few slaked their thirst, now supply the wants of the neighboring farmer, and the same hills which overlooked the fort in towering sublimity, and afforded a lurking place for its enemies, now yielded a rich pasturage to the lowing herd.

Within the last fifty years the aspect of the whole scene has been changed—here, where nature's ancient domain was undisturbed—here, where the hunter fatigued himself in pursuit of the deer and buffalo—here, where the forest re-echoed from hill to hill with the howling of the wolf and panther and the yell of the savage, are finely cultivated fields teeming with the produce of the farm—pastures displaying their cultivated verdure—herds of cattle breathing life to the surrounding hills, and the hum of the busy man coming cheerful upon the ear. For the last time has the warrior launched his trail bark upon the noble waters of the Ken tuck-ee—for the last time has he sent forth among its blue hills the war whoop so terrifying to the defenceless settler—here, for the last time has he been appalled by the workings of the Tempest-king, and never again will he bow down on its banks in supplication to the Great Spirit. His doom is sealed; he is retiring before the influence of civilization as the darkness of night before the morning's sun. But his name will live in the noble State to which he gave a title as well as in the numerous stories of adventure similar to the one about to be related.

In the spring of 1775, a year memorable ablike for the commencement of that struggle by which we were enabled to throw off the yoke of British tyranny, and for the difficulties experienced by the emigrant in his efforts to subdue the hitherto impenetrable and inhospitable region of Kentucky, the Boonsborough Fort was erected on the south bank of the river, as a defence against the incursions of the northern Indians who were jealous of the whites, justly fearing that the hunting-grounds purchased by the blood of their fathers would be torn from them, that farms would be erected upon their graves, and they themselves hunted down like the beasts of the forest, and compelled to seek other homes. For several years after its erection, the outrages perpetrated indicated that it was their determination to destroy the different stations, and thus prevent the further settlement of the country. Among other settlements Boonsborough suffered severely, having withstood a seige of nine days carried on by a superior force of French and Indians. Our story commences immediately after the seige, when the garrison was much weakened in point of numbers—when it was dangerous to appear outside the picketing, as the savages were concealed in the neighboring thickets, always ready to fire on those who were so hardy as to appear or so unfortunate as to be thrown in their way.

The early settlers of Kentucky were composed of emigrants principally from Virginia and North Carolina—men who with their families had left their native firesides and sought a home in a wild and unsettled country, with its attendant toils, privations, and dangers, which were of no ordinary character—a race of men who are fast passing away. They were brave and energetic—fearless of danger—their best friend was their rifle, as it was their constant companion for years, both in the field and chase, while not unfrequently the forest was their couch, with no covering save the vaulted heavens above. Calculating selfishness (the usual consequence of merging from a forest to a refined state of life,) is not one of the traits of character transmitted by them to their posterity. Brave and magnanimous on the field of battle—courteous and hospitable at home, the Kentuckian of the present day fully maintains the reputation of his ancestors for all that is great, noble and good.

Although sixty-eight years have passed away since its erection, there still may be seen a small log building on the right of the road leading from the village of Richmond to the ferry at Boonsborough—half a mile from the latter place. Its dilapidated appearance, crumbling stone chimney and moss-covered roof, indicate it to have been the residence of one of the pioneers of the country—and such it was. But every thing immediately about—the fallen trees—the luxuriant under growth, and the numberless briar bushes tell of its desertion and neglect—while the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle as they feed upon the rich fields of clover in the distance—the running to and fro of men in the corn and harvest field, bespeak the activity of the hand of improvement. Years ago, and this was the habitation of John Cameron—a native of South Carolina—but of Scotch descent. Among the first emigrants who had settled in Kentucky, he assisted in building the fort, but shortly after its completion, being weary of the restraint attendant upon the number of families living within the enclosure, determined to make a *"clearing"* and erect a cabin at a short distance from the fort, so that in case of disturbance he might retire to it for protection. During its investment by the French and Indians he sought refuge in it, and from some cause or other, his improvements escaped the incendiary torch of the besiegers, so that upon the retirement of the main body he again ventured out, notwithstanding the advice of those who were well acquainted with their treachery.

The Cameron family consisted of the father, mother, son and daughter. A succession of misfortunes had induced them to leave their native State and brave the dangers of a pioneer life with the hope of being able in course of time to retrieve the past. Though in moderate circumstances, their hospitality drew around their fireside the best society of the neighborhood, while not a few were attracted by the charms of the daughter Edith, as lovely a girl as sported in all the buoyancy of youth upon the banks of the glassy Pedee.

A love for our native land is common to us all—but by none is an absence from it more poignantly felt than by the young and inexperienced. Home! happy home! away from it we are constantly wandering in imagination to the spot most dear to us on earth—memory paints to us in vivid colors the scenes of youth—the rocks—the blue hills, and the forest around the place of our birth. Days of our youth! days of innocence and delight which pass off as sweetly as the dew from the leaf under the warming influence of a May day sun—when passed they never can be recalled—and then, only then, do we realize the truth of the destiny of the boy in the fable, who wandering from home in search of contentment—when in reality he had left upon his own native hearth that for which he had exiled himself. An anticipated departure from childhoods abode is scarcely less painful than the reality. The eyes of Edith Cameron filled with tears as she seated herself at the foot of the hillock from which issued the stream of water whence she was accustomed to draw the daily supply. The next day's rising sun would behold her preparing to leave those scenes where she had spent the happiest period of life—perhaps never to revisit them. The rippling brook—its banks bedecked with sweetest flowers, and the moss-covered arbor under which she delighted to seat herself at the hour of twilight, and weave those webs of anticipation so delightful to the imagination of youth—would be left behind. The clear starlight of a southern sky flashing through the dense forest, and the music of the woodlark would be remembered with the past. With such anticipations as these, need we say that the girl wept tears of regret? Edith's companion (for she had one) was a youth some twenty two years of age—of robust fame—the image of health and manly vigor. From earliest infancy they had been associates—had attended the same school and read from the same book—he had been her defender from the rudeness of the other boys, and in turn for his gallantry he was always permitted to attend her to her father's gate on their return from school. Their friendship, as they grew older ripened into love—but never until the evening referred to had William Hervey ventured to speak of the secrets of his heart. The moon was high in the heavens ere they parted that night. What passed between them need scarcely be told—they were affianced—vows were plighted before heaven—and he was to follow the Cameron family to the wilds of Kentucky in the course of the succeeding spring.

An interval of a few months must be passed over.—The family arrived safely at their new home—improvements were made—and the arrival of young Hervey expected. He at length made his appearance, and again there was rejoicing under the humble roof of the settlers—though in the midst of danger, and every moment liable to an attack from their enemies. Late in autumn the marriage of Hervey and Edith was to be celebrated. The appointed day rolled round—the company assembled, and the blazing of the huge maple and hickory wood fire as it reflected its light upon the rude ceiling imparted an air of comfort to the well filled building. The bride, arrayed in virgin white, leaning upon the arm of the groom, made her appearance—silence prevailed—the aged minister, his hair silvered by the frosts of many winters, approached and began the ceremony which was to unite the young and happy couple in bonds to be severed only by death, when yells, fierce and terrific, were heard without.—A moment more, and a score of disguised demons forced the door—but the astonishment and awe into which those within the house were thrown gave way, and their assailants were met at the threshold with a determination not anticipated by the swarthy band.—The females retired to an inner room for protection, while the men defended the doors. As the entrance to the house was narrow, the whites had the advantage, although in point of number they were less than the Indians. Warrior after warrior fell back dead upon those in the rear, until the Indian force was much weakened. For hours the strife continued with unabated fury—hope on the part of the whites had almost fled, when suddenly the Indians retired from the contest, and left them in possession of the house. The whole party (now weakened by the loss of three of the stoutest hearts that ever beat) again assembled to finish the ceremony which was interrupted before its conclusion, and to consult as to the future. Having determined to abandon the place and retire to the fort, they were upon the eve of doing so, when their foes returned to the assault with renewed energy—and with more success. In the thickest of the fight appeared a tall warrior, towering above the rest—he seemed to be the leader of the band. Brandishing his hatchet, he made his way into the midst of the whites, and seizing the almost inanimate form of Edith, bore her in his arms to the door in safety. A scream of misery and despair burst from the lips of the groom and his friends when it was perceived that he had gained the open space, as they knew it would be madness to fire upon the savage, protected as he was by his senseless burden. Followed by the rest of his band, the warrior disappeared in the recesses of the forest.

Pursuit was determined upon. Reinforced by a party from the fort, the younger Cameron and Hervey, within a half hour after the retreat of the savages, were upon their trail. For nearly twenty four hours the Indians did not venture to delay a moment, knowing that instant pursuit would be made. Upon the evening after the battle, the pursuers caught a glimpse of their faces as they were ascending a hill some half mile distant from them. They wisely determined not to risk an engagement until night, when by stratagem they might be able to succeed with less danger to themselves.

The Indians halted at dark, but as if anticipating an attack, their fires were extinguished in the gloom. The night was dark and stormy—the moon failed to shed its rich and genial influence over the scene—and the winds whistled through the forest fearfully. No bird of omen warbled its mournful notes in token of its loneliness—not even the murmur of a distant waterfall as it fell from rock to rock from the mountain's top was heard—the wind alone broke the stillness of nature. The darkness prevented them from making an attempt (as was at first agreed on) to rescue the prisoner—it was determined to await the first dawn of day, and make the onset while they where yet sleeping. The whites were nine in number—while the Indian force amounted to fourteen.

The Indians did not take the precaution to bind closely their prisoner, so that upon the first discharge of the rifles of the pursuers she was enabled to disengage herself from the cords with which she was bound, but before she had gained her feet, her captor stood over her, brandishing a war-club which he had snatched from the hand of another as he was rising from the ground. Instantly the keen eye of Hervey recognized the savage, and levelling his gun he fired. The ball pierced the Indian's forehead, who leaped from the ground and fell dead. In quick and rapid succession the rest of the party fired again and again, until the Indians perceiving their diminishing number, made a hasty retreat, leaving behind their guns and other instruments of death. Infuriated at the cruelty of the savages the whites pursued them for miles: two fell from fatigue and were dispatched by the hatchet, while the third, desperate from the numerous wounds, coming to the Licking where the banks are high and abrupt, determined to sacrifice himself rather than to fall under the knife of the white man, and precipitated himself into the bounding stream and perished beneath its waves. Thus died the last of the band of the brave but cruel chieftain Ki-o da go.

The party returned from the pursuit without an accident. Hervey and his wife, after the cessation of hostilities and the death of their parents, which occured shortly afterward, removed some distance into the country from the river, and but a few years have elapsed since they yielded up in peace their spirit to God. Their descendants are numerous, and to this day do they recount to their children the scenes of the "Bridal Eve."

This is but one of the incidents with which the "Dark and Bloody Ground" is rife. Scarcely a clearing there but had its legend. At our day it is difficult to believe all the perils to which our fathers were subjected, or the privations which the mothers and daughters of Kentucky endured.

DESTITUTION IN ENGLAND. The Parish Police and Coroner's Reports, published in the British papers, continue to furnish extreme and painful cases of destitution and suffering among the poorer classes. At Maidstone Petty Sessions, a poor girl, about fifteen years of age, was complained of for pulling four turnips from the field of a Mr. Baxter. It was at six o'clock in the morning. She had been gathering hops, was very hungry and thirsty, and when spoken to, threw the turnips on the ground and went away, but was afterwards apprehended. The magistrate appealed to Mr. Baxter to withdraw the case, but the latter refused to do so, and the girl was sentenced to pay four pence the value of the turnips, three shillings and six pence costs, and six pence penalty. The girl had no money, but soon after a boy came into the court, crying bitterly, who stated that he had just pawned the shoes from off his feet to pay for his sister. The money was paid and the girl discharged.

A poor plasterer, named Russell, fell from a scaffolding while at work, fractured four of his ribs and received other injuries. He was taken to the workhouse of his parish, turned over to the care of the nurses of the establishment, and died during the night—without having any attention bestowed upon him. At the coroner's inquest it was shown that the surgeon of the place had ordered the sick man certain medicine to be administered during the night, but the nurse having been kept up the night before, had gone to sleep and forgotten him, and he died without assistance or attention. The jury *"admonished"* the nurses, and returned a verdict of accidental death.

A pale, consumptive looking girl, named Esther Pierce, was charged at a London Police office, with illegally pledging a silk shawl which had been entrusted to her to embroider. She appeared in great distress, acknowledged the act, said she had been driven to it to save herself from starvation, having neither food nor drink, nor money to buy them with. For her day's work in embroidering a shawl, she received but five pence, and for this one, which was larger than usual, and on which was to be worked over eighty flowers, she was to receive but six pence. Her statement was corroborated, and the shawl was produced, which was worked very tastefully, and the magistrate expressed himself with much indignation, that any person with the least title of respectability should make a fellow-creature work upon such starvation wages. The pawnbroker's assistant, who attended as a witness, stated that his master was willing to give up the shawl without payment, on account of the extremity of the poor girl's case, and the magistrate, thereupon, dismissed the complaint. The poor fainting girl was removed from the bar, but had to take refuge in her parish work-house. Some assistance was subsequently rendered to her to procure for her a decent outfit of clothes, that she might obtain a servant's situation.

A poor milkman, named Davis, appeared at the Clerkinwell police office, to complain of an overcharge of costs. His furniture, which had cost him twenty-five pounds a short time before, had been distrained and seized for rent. Five days afterwards he had offered the appraised value, which was only five pounds, with the cost, but the landlord refused to release the articles, a sham sale was made, and the goods sacrificed at the appraisal and bought in for the landlord by his broker, who had made the illegal charge of costs.—No one was present at the sale but the landlord and his two appraisers. The magistrate said that this was a fair specimen of the system of brokerage in Clerkinwell. The goods of a poor family were frequently swept away and sold in an underhand manner for one fourth of their value, while the full amount of the brokerage was charged.—He fined the broker one pound seven shillings and costs, and the overcharge was refunded to the poor tenant.

At the Banbury Petty Sessions, John Coggins, laborer, was charged by a looker-out of the Earl of Jersey with having a gun in his hand, in a stubble field, in search of game. He had no dog, did not fire, and his gun was taken from him. The Rev. Mr. Matthews, the magistrate before whom the complaint was made, a *"sporting clergyman,"* with an affectation of regret at his *painful* duty, sentenced the poor fellow to a fine of ten pounds. Coggins said his property would not fetch the money, when the reverend and humane magistrate decided that he must be committed for three months to hard labor. The prisoner was of good character, and had never previously been before a magistrate.

At the same session, John Dorzel, laborer, was charged with having left his wife and family chargeable to the parish. He had been absent in another county for work, after having sought in vain for employment at home, procuring only eight days' work in five weeks. While absent he had saved up one pound, which he had paid for house rent since he returned, and had offered to pay the parish a little at a time, but as he had not sent anything to support his family while absent, he was committed to prison for one month's labor.

At Uxbridge, a poor woman, an inmate of a Union work house, complained of the treament of her two sons, twins, of the age of twelve years, who had been flogged by the schoolmaster of the work-house in a most cruel manner. They had been beaten with a birch rod until the blood flowed from them. The magistrate entertained the case rather facetiously; and referred to his own birchen experience, not in a very delicate manner, but as the woman insisted upon redress or inquiry, a further hearing was appointed, when the schoolmaster was summoned to appear.

A poor sick woman, named Phillis Pedder, a widow, with several children, residing at Ampthill, having died from want and neglect, the relieving officer under the Poor Lew, refusing to afford her relief, the case made much noise, and inquiries were accordingly instituted as to the facts. It was stated that she had been weakly for years, one of her children was subjects to fits and another was "ricketty." The net earnings of the whole family was not above 1s. a week at the outside. The mother used to receive widow's pay from the parish, 2s. 6d. a week, but latterly that had been taken off. She received occasional charity from families in the neighborhood; but about nine days before her death, she said she thought she had tired out all her friends and neighbors, and would not apply to them any more for relief. The conclusion of the inquiry was that "out-door relief was taken from a sick widow because she refused to go to an infirmary; that repeated representations were made to the relieving officer, of her condition; that he invariably refused to attend to them, and that the woman at last perished from want of nourishing diet, which she could not get, and which the parish or its officer refused to her."

A public meeting was held at Highworth on the 16th ult., the Earl of Radnor in the chair, "for the purpose of taking into consideration the distress of the working classes, and to discuss the benefits likely to arise if the trade in corn and other provisions were free," when a statement was read; that had been made of his condition by a poor man of the neighborhood. We copy from the London Times:—

I, a laboring man, in the town of Highworth, do humbly pray that something may be done to lighten the difficulties and distress under which I labor, through the badness of the times. I have a wife and four children to maintain out of 8s. a week. My children are so small that my wife and the children are not able to go out to work, as the oldest is under nine; so all depend on my 8s. a week, which I find is not enough to maintain us in a proper manner, as I have to pay 1s. 9d. for house rent, 9d. for firing, and 6s. for six gallons of bread at 1s. a gallon, which alone amounts to 8s. 6d and leaves me, therefore, in debt 6d. I have nothing left to buy tea, sugar, candles, meat, and other things too numerous to mention. As it is, I have to work in the harvest from daylight to dusk like a slave, to pay what I get behind at the shop, and I can't do it then, instead of my having something left to spend with the tailor and the draper, to clothe my wife and children. Something must be done. What will be the end of it, I know not. I can't stop longer to see my wife and children nearly half-naked and half starved.

This was the condition not only of one, but of many poor people. Resolutions were offered in opposition to the corn laws and in favor of free trade, but the general voices of the laborers at the meeting was that they did not want free trade but employment. Give them a chance to work and they could live. The land was monopolized by the large farmers. Let it be farmed out in small lots, so that the laborer could work for himself, and he could maintain his family. There was much discussion at the meeting, and the general distress of the agricultural population was admitted on all sides. Some resolutions were passed, but no direct measures of relief were proposed by any of the gentlemen present.—*Boston Courier.*

The Great Western takes out with her 360,000 in specie.

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