

he looked upon as his—though she still refused to confess her love—that his Anna had, ever since the arrival of the handsome stranger, become colder and colder towards himself.

Nay, he even imagined that in unguarded moments he had seen her speaking eyes rest as if weighed down with heavy thoughts on the soft and beautiful features of Gomez, and a faint blush pass over her pale cheek; but if his eye met hers, this soft bloom suddenly became the burning glow of fever. Yes, he could not doubt it; her whole deportment was altered; capricious, humorsome, restless, sometimes sunk in deep melancholy, then suddenly breaking into fits of violent mirth, she seemed to retain only the outward form of the sensible, clear minded, serene, and equal tempered girl she had always appeared. Every thing betrayed to the quick eye of jealousy that she was the prey of some deep-seated passion; and for whom?—for whom could it be but for Gomez?—for him, at whose very action it was evident the inmost chords of her heart gave out their altered tone. It has been wisely said, that love is more nearly akin to hate than to liking. What passed in Edward's bosom was a proof of this. Henceforth it seemed his sole enjoyment to give pain to the woman he passionately loved; and now, in the bitterness of his heart, held guilty of all his sufferings. Whenever occasion presented itself, he sought to humble and to embarrass her, to sting her by disdainful pride, or to overwhelm her with cutting reproaches, till conscious of her secret crime, shame and anguish overpowered the wretched girl, and she burst into torrents of tears, which alone had power to allay the scorching fever of his heart. But no kindly reconciliation followed these scenes: and, as with lovers, resolved the dissonance into blessed harmony. The exasperation of each was only heightened to desperation; and when he at length saw enkindled in Gomez—so little capable of concealment—the same fire which burnt in the eyes of Anna; when he thought he saw his sister neglected, and himself betrayed by a serpent whom he had cherished in his bosom—he stood at that point of human infirmity, of which the All-seeing alone can decide whether it be madness or the condition of a still-accountable creature.

On the same night in which suspicion had driven Edward from his couch a restless wanderer, it appears that the guilty lovers had for the first time met in secret. According to the subsequent confession of Edward, he had concealed himself behind a pillar, and had seen Gomez wrapped in his mantle, glide with hurried steps out of well known side door in the house of Anna's father, which led immediately to her apartments. At the horrible certainty which now glared upon him, the fury of hell took possession of his soul: his eyes started from their sockets, the blood rushed and throbbed as if it would burst his veins, and as a man dying of thirst pants for a draught of cooling water, so did his whole being pant for the blood of his rival. Like an infuriate tiger, he darted upon the unhappy youth, who recognized him, and vainly fled. Edward instantly overtook him, seized him, and burying his dagger a hundred times, with strokes like lightning flashes, in the quivering body, gashed with satanic rage the beautiful features which had robbed him of his beloved, and of peace. It was not till the moon broke forth from behind a dark cloud, and suddenly lighted the ghastly spectacle before him; the disfigured mass which retained scarcely a feature of his once beloved friend—the streams of blood which bathed the body and all the earth around it,—that he waked, with horror, as from some infernal dream. But the deed was done, and judgment was at hand. Led by the instinct of self-preservation, he fled like Cain, into the nearest wood. How long he wandered there, he could not recollect. Fear, love, repentance, despair, and at last madness, pursued him like frightful companions, and at length robbed him of consciousness—for a time annihilating the terrors of the past in forgetfulness; for kind nature puts an end to intolerable suffering of mind, as of body, by insensibility or death. Meanwhile the murder was soon known in the city; and the fearful end of the gentle youth, who had confided himself, a foreigner, to their hospitality, was learned, by all with sorrow and indignation.

A dagger, steeped in blood, had been found lying by the velvet cap of the Spaniard, and not far from it a hat, ornamented with plumes and a clasp of gems, showed the recent traces of a man who seemed to have sought safety in the direction of the wood. The hat was immediately recognized as Edward's; and as he was no where to be found, fears were entertained that he had been murdered with his friend. The terrified father mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a crowd of people calling for vengeance swore solemnly that nothing should save the murderer, were he even compelled to execute him with his own hands. We may imagine the shouts of joy, and the feelings of the father, when, at break of day Edward Lynch was found sunk under a tree, living and although covered with blood, yet apparently without any dangerous wound. We may imagine the shudder which ran through the crowd—the feelings of the father we cannot imagine—when, restored to sense, he embraced his father's knees, declared himself the murderer of Gonsalvo, and earnestly implored instant punishment. He was brought home bound, tried before a full assembly of magistrates, and condemned to death by his own father. But the people would not love their darling. Like the waves of tempest trou-

bled sea, they filled the market-place and the streets, and forgetting the crime of the son in the relentless justice of the father, demanded with threatening cries the opening of the prison and the pardon of the criminal. During the night, though the guards were doubled, it was with great difficulty that the incensed mob were withheld from breaking in. Towards morning, it was announced to the mayor that all resistance would soon be vain, for that a part of the soldiers had gone over to the people;—only the foreign guard held out—and all demanded with furious cries the instant liberation of the criminal. At this, the inflexible magistrate took a resolution, which many will call inhuman, whose awful self conquest certainly belongs to the rarest examples of social firmness. Accompanied by a priest, he proceeded through a secret passage to the dungeon of his son; and when, with newly awakened desire of life excited by the sympathy of his fellow citizens, Edward sunk at his feet, and asked eagerly if he brought him mercy and pardon? The old man replied, with unflinching voice, "No, my son, in this world there is no mercy for you; your life is forfeited to the law, and at sunrise you must die. One and twenty years I have prayed for your happiness—but that is past—turn your thoughts now to eternity; and if there be yet hope there, let us now kneel down together, and implore the Almighty to grant you mercy hereafter—but then I hope my son, though he could not live worthy of his father, will at least know how to die worthy of him."

With these words he rebuked the noble pride of the once dauntless youth, and after a short prayer, he surrendered himself with heroic resignation to his fathers pitiless will. As the people, and the greater part of the armed men mingled in their ranks, now prepared, a midst more wild and furious menaces, to storm the prison James Lynch appeared at a lofty window; his son stood at his side, with the balter round his neck. "I have sworn," exclaimed the inflexible magistrate, "that Gonsalvo's murderer, should die, even though I must perform the office of the executioner myself. Providence has taken me at my word; and you madmen, learn from the most wretched of fathers, that nothing must stop the course of justice, and that even the ties of nature must break before it." While he spoke these words, he made fast the rope to an iron beam projecting from the wall, and now suddenly pushed his son out of the window, he completed his dreadful work. Nor did he leave the spot till the last convulsive struggles gave certainty of death of his unhappy victim. As if struck by a thunder clap, the tumultuous mob had beheld the horrible spectacle in death like silence, and every man glided, as if stunned, to his own house. From that moment the Mayor of Galway resigned all his occupations and dignities, and was never beheld by any eye but those of his own family. He never left his house till he was carried from it to his grave. Anna Blake died in a convent.—Both families, in course of time, disappeared from the earth; but the skull and cross bones still mark scene of this fearful tragedy.

Indian Hostilities.

GALENA, Illinois, June 17.

Gen. Dodge, we learn by an express which arrived to-day, has, for the first time during the present war, achieved a victory over a small party of Sac Indians, who have, Corsack-like, been extremely annoying to the frontiers of our country. This same party had just killed 6 men belonging to fort Hamilton, and were there, skulking about the frontier, in order to pick off every man who could be seen outside the stockade. But luckily, our Dodge could not be dodged by the rascals; but faced the fire of their guns, stood their shot, as he well knew he would be compelled to, and valiantly charged upon, and killed and scalped them all.

We publish below a letter which was written on the spot, and contains a brief of the particulars relative to the battle.

Hamilton's Fort, June 16, 1832.

SIR—On the evening of the 14th inst. 5 men were killed by the hostile Sacs, at Spafford's farm, five miles below this place. They were found yesterday and buried by a party of mounted men, and some persons from this fort. This morning about 8 o'clock, a man by the name of Henry Apple, was killed by the Indians, about half a mile from this fort. Gen. Dodge, with such of his command of mounted men as were here, (29 in number,) immediately pursued them about three miles, when they were discovered on open ground, and found to be eleven in number, but were not overtaken until they had crossed the east Pick-a-ton-e-ka, and entered an almost impenetrable swamp. At the edge of the swamp, the men were ordered to dismount and link horses. Four men were left in charge of the horses; and four were posted on high ground to guard against their escape; the remainder, 21 in number, advanced into the swamp, about half a mile, when they received the fire of the Indians at the distance of about thirty feet, by which three of our men fell, severely wounded. Gen. Dodge instantly gave orders to charge, which was promptly obeyed. The Indians were found lying under the bank of a slough, and were not seen until our party was within 7 or 8 feet of them, when they fired on them, and the whole party was killed and scalped in one or two minutes, but one, who attempted to make his escape. He swam the

slaugh, and was brought down on the opposite bank. The Indians wounded only one after they were charged on.

The names of the wounded are as follows:—F. M. Morris, and Samuel Wells, mortally wounded. Samuel Black and Thomas Jenkins, severely, but not mortally wounded.

In haste yours, &c.

W. W. WOODBRIDGE.

Adj. Land. Mil.

JUNE 19.—Another BLOODY BATTLE, conducted by J. W. Stevenson.—At 11 o'clock, a. m. an express arrived from captain J. W. Stevenson, bringing the information that a battle had been fought, in which had fallen three of our most worthy citizens and six or eight Indians.

Extract of a letter from Capt. Stevenson:

APPLE RIVER, June 18, 1832.

DEAR SIR—The night we left Galena ten more horses were stolen from this place; some of them from the stables within 30 yards of the fort. I took the trail the next morning before sunrise, with the command I then had with me, consisting of twelve men, together with some of the fort's members, and pursued to a point beyond Yellow Creek, about 12 miles east of Kellogg's grove, where we overtook the gentlemen. They were about two miles off when we first saw them. Before we could get within firing distance, they reached the woods; we kept close upon them for some miles, when perceiving they would be overtaken, they entered one of the largest and most difficult thickets to pass through you have seen—we tried every possible way to drive them therefrom, but all was unsuccessful—such as charging them on horseback, then part on foot and part on horseback, then by trying to crawl upon them. Finally, I saw the only chance was to dismount and all to charge on foot—our boys dismounted and went into the thicket under full charge like men. We got into the midst of the Indians before one fired. Although the guns of both sides were discharged frequently, there was not a single fire made at the distance of more than thirty feet from the object aimed at either from the Indians or ourselves. We got into such close quarters as to be constrained to use the bayonet and butcher knife. We killed five or six of the scoundrels, and lost three of our own men. George Emans, L. P. Howard, and Michael Lovell were shot dead. There were more Indians in this brush than I had supposed there were. We got from them all the horses except one, on which one of them made his escape.

Extract of a letter dated Galena, June 8:

"The Indian war has assumed an alarming character. On Monday night last we had an alarm at midnight, that the town was attacked. The scene was horrid beyond description—men, women, and children flying to the stockade. I calculated seven hundred women and children were there within fifteen minutes after the alarm gun was fired—some with dresses on and some with none—some with shoes and some barefoot. Sick persons were transported on others shoulders. Women and children were screaming from one end of the town to the other. It was a false alarm; had there been an Indian attack, I believe the people would have fought well.

"It is now ascertained here where the main body of the Indians are. In two or three weeks an attack will be made that will be decisive. All the hostile Indians will be slain or thousands of Americans will be scalped. The Indians have already taken about forty scalps in the whole.

"The hostile Indians have very strong position at the confluence of the White Water and Rock rivers. The angle between them is high ground and defended in front by a swamp or morass, impassable by horses. The two rivers at their encampment are neither of them fordable."

Extract from a letter dated Fort Wilburn, Illinois Rapids, 15th June, 1832.

"We hope to close the campaign in at least forty days. The Indians have apparently fortified themselves in a strong position, about 100 miles from this, with the determination of awaiting the issue of a battle. They are about 1000 strong."

Extract of a letter from an officer of the army, dated St. Louis, June 18, 1832.

"I am informed by a letter from Gen. Atkinson, dated Ottaway, 15th inst. that the militia had arrived, as many at least, if not more, than he wanted, and that he would march in three or four days for the Indian frontiers, with the hope of speedily finishing the present war. I endeavored to obtain a drawing of the Indian position, but failed; it is reported, however, to be situated on what is called the Four Lakes, on the waters of Rock river, surrounded by marshes and very difficult of access, and is called by the Indians Cough-co-nang, or the fort.

The troops, about three thousand mounted volunteers, will leave Ottaway, Illinois river, in three days, to march upon the Indians.—Gen. Atkinson commands the whole volunteers and regulars. Gov. Reynolds will accompany the army in all its movements. It is thought that the troops will come upon them in about seven days. The number of the Indians is estimated at from one to two thousand.

INDIAN NEWS, July 4th, 1832.

"The volunteers who left this place on the 10th ult. have just returned. I have conversed with several of them. The account they give is, that they saw several Indians, supposed to be hostile, but not many together, and none disposed to come within fighting distance. The account, as given by the friendly Indians, is that Black Hawk and his party, with their squaws and children, have selected a position on a tract of land about 30 or 100 miles from Chicago, guarded by two lakes and a morass, and accessible only by one narrow pass way, which is defended by a breast work. On that tract of land, it is said, they are raising corn, and are determined to maintain their position to the last extremity. Their forces are variously estimated at from 600 to 1000 warriors, well armed and mounted. Gen. Atkinson was preparing to make an attack on Black Hawk and his party, and when our volunteers left Chicago, the Potawatamies were making arrangements to send about 200 warriors to the aid of Gen. Atkinson, and leaving their old men and squaws and children under the protection of the fort at Chicago."

INDIAN NEWS.—By the arrival, yesterday, of the steamboat Caroline, we learn that the militia have had several skirmishes with the Indians. Capt. Snyder of St. Clair county, Illinois, has politely favored us with the following particulars.

On the night of the 15th inst. while the scouting party, consisting of 42 men, of which Capt. Snyder was in command, were encamped at Kellogg's Grove, about 30 miles south-east from Galena, a sentinel was fired on by the Indians, who with the other sentinels on duty, left their posts, and the whole party lay upon their arms the remainder of the night. In the morning the company got upon the trail of the Indians, (who had stolen one of their horses,) and pursued them several miles, when it was discovered, that, expecting pursuit, they had dispersed for concealment; four of the Indians were, however, trailed for twenty miles, and were overtaken just as they had prepared breakfast, which, so close was the pursuit, they were compelled to abandon, together with the horse taken. In their flight, the Indians took a circuitous route, which for some time confused the whites, who, however, soon discovered that they had taken the back trail, and renewed the pursuit, and after a brisk march of 10 miles, overtook and killed all four of them, and notwithstanding their small number, they fought with desperation. Captain Snyder had one man, Wm. B. McComson, mortally wounded, for whom a litter was made, and the company continued on their march. When they arrived within about 4 miles of Kellogg's grove, five men belonging to the company, entered a ravine, a short distance from the main body, in search of water, who were immediately fired on by about 40 Indians, and two of them killed and one wounded slightly. The Indians then directed their fire upon the main body of the company—which was at the time in some disorder. The company however retreated about 80 yards, rallied and returned a brisk fire, which in turn forced the Indians to retreat into the thick woods. Several Indians are said to have been killed, one certain.—At the commencement of the attack, a chief, mounted upon a fine white horse, was seen in front of the Indians, encouraging and exciting them on to fight; shortly after, the horse was seen without the rider, who it is presumed was also killed, as he frequently approached very near the whites.

The names of the men killed, are Benjamin Scott and Benjamin McDaniel. Wounded, Dr. Cornelius—all of St. Clair county, Illinois.

On the 15th inst. five men were killed, within sight of fort Hamilton—a small stockade on the Peckeeto lake—and on the following day, Gen. Dodge with a small party went in pursuit of the Indians, 11 of whom he found about 3 miles from the fort, and killed the whole number. A chief who was with the Indians, is said to have been shot by Gen. Dodge, with a pistol. Three of the whites were badly wounded, but no lives were lost.

On the 18th Capt. Stephenson's company, from Galena, while upon a scout upon Apple river, was fired upon by a party of Indians in ambush—number not known—where two men were killed, and captain Stephenson severely wounded.

After Dodge's men had killed the 11 Indians, the Menominees, under the command of Col. Hamilton, who had been in search of this same party, came up, and commenced a most inhuman butchery of the dead bodies; they cut them to pieces and tore out their hearts, and eat them, raw and bleeding. It will be remembered that a party of Menominees were killed at Prairie du Chien, about a year ago, by the Sacs and Foxes, which is, in part, the cause of the present war between the Indians and the whites, and which urges the Menominees to become our allies.

We understand that all the Sioux taken across the river by Col. Hamilton, after having received new guns, ammunition, &c. deserted him, without assigning any reason, and it is feared that they have joined the hostile tribes.

When the steamboat Caroline left the head