

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE N. Y. EVENING POST.
SKETCH, No. 2.

The scene was changed—
A lily sprung upon the desert rock,
A blossom flourished on the blasted tree;—
His natal star, once more in golden light
Pursued its march and beamed him to joy.
One lonely, lovely being prized his worth
And won his spirits from its solitude.
Earth wore the hue of heaven how beautiful,
How fair she was! even as the dark-eyed
daughters
Of Allah's visionary paradise.
Upon her cheek so pure and delicate,
The lily struggled with the crimson rose;
And all the magic, all the witchery
That ever lover dreamed or poet sung,
Glowed in lightnings of her dark blue eye.
Oh she was beautiful! her raven hair
Hung in profusion round her neck of snow—
And oft in maiden glee and sportiveness
Her gentle hand would catch the scattered
curls,
And braid them in a braid around her brow.
Oh she was beautiful! her gracefully form
Move upon earth so lightly and so free—
She seemed a seraph wanderer of the sky,
Too bright—too pure—too glorious for earth
He loved—any more—he madly idolized,
And kneeling in devotion at her shrine
Breathed into her prayers that were due to
Heaven.
His spirit sprung to hers—all other thoughts,
All other feelings vanished from his mind,
A love intense, devoted, deathless ardor,
One passion, joyous even to agony
Glowed in his throbbing heart—and this was
love!
Yes, it was love! let the cold heart smile,
And let the senseless, the unfeeling fool
Whose dull lethargic spirit never soared
Beyond its vile and perishable clay,
Who steals through life, unblessing and un-
blest;
Let him deride those throbs he cannot feel—
But angels bless, and Heaven inspire such
love.
Oh! the heart's deep and fond idolatry,
Source of delight and of severest woe!
There hangs a morning wreath on beauty's
shrine
When life is in its spring, and time as yet
Nor blights the bud, nor steals the flower's
hues—
Look once again—the mildew of decay
And sorrow's canker have been working
there. FLORIO.

From the N. Y. Daily Advertiser.

A short time since we informed our readers that the family of the late President Dwight, of Yale College, intended in the ensuing summer to publish his travels in the state of New York, and the New-England States; and stated that we should publish occasionally some extracts from the manuscripts as specimens of the manner in which the work is executed. The author took great pains in the course of his various excursions to collect as much information of the early history of our country and as many facts and anecdotes of the inhabitants, particularly during the period of Indian warfare, as was in his power. In this he was more successful than could have been expected; and it will probably be owing to his exertions, that many very interesting events which occurred in the first century after the settlement of the country by white inhabitants, are not in a great measure lost even to the present generation. The following account of the sufferings and heroism of one family in Massachusetts will no doubt be read with interest. The events here narrated took place a little more than one hundred and twenty years ago. The mind can scarcely realize the fact, that the oldest parts of our country were even at that period, liable to these savage invasions. And yet such was the case many years subsequently to the time here mentioned. One great object of the author of these travels was, to show the progress of our country in all the interests and circumstances of civilization and improvement, from its first settlement to the date of his observations:

From President Dwight's Travels.
STORY OF MR. AND MRS. DUSTAN.
[Vol. I. LETTER XI.]

Haverhill was settled in the year 1637, and incorporated in 1645. During the first seventy-

five years from its settlement it suffered often and greatly, by savage depredations. The story of these depredations is, however, imperfectly known, at the present time. Even the facts which are still known are so dispersed in the possession of different persons, as to render it very difficult to obtain them correctly. This kind of knowledge is daily becoming less, and will soon be lost. It is much to be wished, that inquisitive men throughout this country would glean and preserve the little which is left. It is a serious and unfortunate error of men in general to suppose that events familiarised to themselves by fireside repetition, will be uninteresting to others; and that efforts to preserve them will be considered as either trifling or arrogant. In no country, probably are the inhabitants more inquisitive than in New England. But their inquiries terminate, or have until lately terminated, chiefly in things remote in time or place; and have been very little occupied by subjects pertaining to their own country. It is perhaps natural to man to feel that his own concerns, or any concerns that are familiar to him will be little regarded by those who come after him. Few parents are solicitous to have their own portraits taken; yet after their decease, scarcely any legacy is thought more valuable by their children.

In the year 1607, on the 5th day of March a body of Indians, attacked this town, burnt a small number of houses; and killed, and captivated about forty of the inhabitants. A party of them arrayed in all the terrors of the Indian war dress and carrying with them the multiplied horrors of a savage invasion, approaching near to the house of a Mr. Dustan. This man was abroad at his usual labor. Upon the first alarm, he flew to the house with a hope of hurrying to a place of safety, his family, consisting of his wife who had been confined a week only in child bed; her nurse a Mrs. Mary Taff, a widow from the neighborhood; and eight children. Seven of his children he ordered to flee with the utmost expedition, in the course opposite to that in which the danger was approaching; and went himself to assist his wife. Before she could leave her bed, the savages were upon them. The husband despairing of rendering her any service, flew to the door, mounted his horse and determined to snatch up the child, with which he was unable to part, when he should overtake the little flock. When he came up to them, about two hundred yards from his house, he was unable to make a choice, or to leave any one of the number. He therefore determined to take his lot with them, and defend them from their murderers, or to die by their side. A body of the Indians pursued, and came up with him, and from near distances, fired at him and his little company. He returned the fire, and retreated, alternately.—For more than a mile he kept so resolute a face to his enemy, retiring in the rear of his charge; returned the fire of the savages so often, and with so good success; and sheltered effectually his terrified companions, that he finally lodged them all, safe from the pursuing butchers, in a distant house. When it is remembered

how numerous his assailants were, how bold, when an overmatch for their enemies; how active and what excellent marksmen; a devout mind will consider the hand of providence as unusually visible in the preservation of his family.

Another party of the Indians entered the house immediately after Mr. Dunstan had quitted it; and found Mrs. Dustan and her nurse, who was attempting to fly with the infant in her arms. Mrs. Dustan they ordered to rise instantly; and before she could completely dress herself, obliged her and her companion to quit the house; after they had plundered it and set it on fire. In company with several other captives, they began their march into the wilderness; she feeble, sick, terrified beyond measure, partially clad, one of her feet bare, and the season utterly unfit for comfortable travelling. The air was chilly and keen, and the earth covered alternately, with snow and deep mud. Her conductors were unfeeling insolent and revengeful. Murder was their glory, and torture their sport. Her infant was in her nurse's arms; and infants were the customary victims of savage barbarity.

The company had proceeded but a short distance when an Indian, thinking it an incumbrance, took the child out of the nurse's arms, and dashed its head against a tree. What were then the feelings of the mother?

Such of the other captives as began to be weary, and to lag the Indians tomakawked. The slaughter was not an act of revenge nor of cruelty. It was a mere convenience; an effort so familiar, as not even to excite an emotion.

Feeble as Mrs. Dustan was, both she and her nurse sustained without yielding the fatigue of the journey. Their intense distress for the death of the child, and of their companions; anxiety for those whom they had left behind, and unceasing terror for themselves, raised these unhappy women to such a degree of vigour that notwithstanding their fatigue, their exposure to cold, their sufferance of hunger, and their sleeping on damp ground under an inclement sky, they finished an expedition of about one hundred and fifty miles, without losing their spirits or injuring their health.

The wigwam to which they were conducted, and which belonged to the savage who had claimed them as his property, was inhabited by twelve persons. In the month of April this family set out with their captives for a settlement still more remote; and informed them that when they arrived at the settlement, they must be stripped, scourged and run the gantlet naked between two files of Indians, containing the whole number found in the settlement, for such they declared was the standing custom of their nation. This information, you will believe, made a deep impression on the minds of the captive women; and led them irresistibly, to devise all the possible means of escape. On the 31st of the same month very early in the morning, Mrs. Dustan, while the Indians were asleep, having awakened her nurse and a fellow prisoner (a youth taken some time before from Worcester) despatched, with the assistance of her companions,

ten of the twelve Indians. The other two escaped. With the scalps of these savages, they returned through the wilderness; and having arrived safely at Haverhill, and afterwards at Boston received a handsome reward for their intrepid conduct, from the legislature.

Whether all their sufferings, and all the danger of suffering anew justified this slaughter, may probably be questioned by you or some other exact moralist. Precedents innumerable and of high authority may, indeed, be urged in behalf of these captives; but the moralist will equally question the rectitude of these.—Few persons, however, agonizing as Mrs. Dustan did, under the evils she had already suffered, and in the full apprehension of those she was destined to suffer, would have been able to act the part of nice casuists; and fewer still perhaps, would have exercised her intrepidity. That she herself approved of the conduct, which was applauded by the Magistrates and divines of the day, in the cool hours of deliberation, cannot be doubted. The truth is the season of Indian invasion, burning, butchering, captivity, threatening and torture, is an unfortunate time for nice investigation & critical moralizing. A wife, who had just seen her house burnt, her infant dashed against a tree, and her companions coldly murdered one by one; who supposed her husband, and remaining children to have shared the same fate; who was threatened with torture, and indecency more painful than torture; and who did not entertain a doubt that the threatening would be fulfilled; would probably feel no necessity, when she found it in her power to dispatch the authors of her sufferings, of asking questions concerning any thing, but the success of the enterprise.

But whatever may be thought of the rectitude of her conduct that of her husband is in every view honorable. A finer succession of scenes for the pencil was hardly ever presented to the eye, than was furnished by the efforts of this gallant man with their interesting appendages. The artist must be destitute indeed of talents who could not engross every heart, as well as every eye by exhibitions of this husband and father flying to rescue his wife, her infant and her nurse, from the approaching horde of savages; attempting on his horse to select from his flying family, the child which he was the least able to spare, and unable to make the selection; facing in their rear the horde of hell hounds; alternately and sternly retreating behind his inestimable charge and fronting the enemy again; receiving and returning their fire, and presenting himself equally, as a barrier against murderers, and a shelter to the flight of innocence and anguish. In the back grounds of some or other of these pictures, might be exhibited, with powerful impression, the kindled dwelling, the sick mother, the terrified nurse with the new-born infant in her arms; and the furious natives surrounding them driving them forward, and displaying the trophies of savage victory, and the insolence of savage triumph.

PRINTING NEATLY
Executed at this Office.