

whispering consciousness of his own heart, told him whither she was going. He turned pale and trembled when he called to mind the circumstances of the preceding night; and taking an opposite direction, he hastened to the little glen, determined to hide himself and watch over her safety. He arrived at the spot before her, and concealing himself in the hollow of an immense oak that nodded on the brink of the high precipice, waited what might follow. In a few moments Catalina made her appearance, and seated herself, as we have before described, in a recess among the rocks and trees, where the bubbling basin at the foot of the cascade laved at her feet against the mossy stones. There was something touching and sorrowful in her attitude and look as she leaned on her hand, and watched the foaming torrent tumbling down the precipice. Now is the time to tell her all, thought Sybrandt, and he forgot his great purpose in coming thither for a moment. Another moment brought it back to his remembrance. Here he remained quiet for somewhat more than half an hour, when he fancied he saw a pair of eyes glaring behind the thick evergreens that skirted the rear of the high rocky precipice. He shrank closer in his covert, and in another moment saw a head cautiously protruded beyond the bushes. It was that of Captain Pipe. He saw him look cautiously round in every direction; he saw him lay himself down and crawl on his belly, dragging his gun after him towards the edge of the precipice, that he might gain a full view of his victim below,—and he followed him noiselessly, creeping like a shadow rather than a substance. At length the Indian raised himself on his knee, cocked his unerring musket, and carried it to his cheek. In an instant it was snatched from his grasp, and in another instant the Indian had grappled it again. It went off in the struggle, and Catalina, looking up, saw a sight that recalled all her tenderness and all her fears.

Almost on the verge of the precipice stood Sybrandt and the active, powerful Indian, struggling for life, each almost bursting their sinews to force the other off the brink. Now one, now the other seemed to have the advantage; now the back of one, and anon of the other, was towards her; and then both seemed to be quivering on the verge of eternity. In vain she attempted to cry out—her voice was lost in the agony of her fears; in vain she attempted to climb the steep—her limbs refused their office. Still the deadly struggle continued, and she saw their quick pantings from the depths below. The gun had been thrown away in the contest, and now they wrestled limb to limb and heart to heart.—More than once the Indian attempted to draw his knife, but Sybrandt gave him such full employment for both his hands, that he as often failed in his purpose. But the vigor of the youth was now waning fast, for he had of late become wearied by watching and anxiety. The Indian felt the trembling of his limbs, and heard with savage delight the increased quickness of his breathing. He redoubled his exertions; he grasped him tight in his arms, lifted him off his feet, and hurried him towards the verge of the rock. Sybrandt made a desperate effort; he placed one foot on the rock, and with a quick motion of the other tripped up the heels of the Indian. Both fell with their heads from the precipice, and their feet actually projecting over its edge. Sybrandt was uppermost, but this was rather a disadvantage, for the Indian was enabled by violent exertions to edge himself on by degrees, until both were poised on the extremest verge, and hovered on the very brink, being determined to perish with him

rather than fail his purpose. Another moment and all had been over, when fortunately Sybrandt perceived a little evergreen growing out of the rock within his reach. He seized hold of it, and it sustained his grasp. With one hand he held it fast, with the other he suddenly pushed the Indian from under him, and he slipped over the precipice, still grasping the legs of the young man, who now clung to the shrub with both hands, making efforts to shake the Indian from his hold. But for some moments his exertions were vain, and only served to exhaust his remaining strength. Feeling himself gradually relaxing his hold, and every instant growing fainter and fainter, he gathered himself to a last effort. He extricated one of his legs from the grasp of the Indian, and dashed his foot in his face with such convulsive violence, that he loosed his hold and fell among the pointed rocks which projected out of the pool below. Catalina heard the splashing of his body in the water, and not knowing who it was that had fallen, became insensible. Sybrandt raised himself slowly and with difficulty, and descended as fast as possible towards her. She waked in his arms, and by degrees came to a comprehension of all that had passed.

## THE GEN.

### OUR PUBLIC HOUSES.

We have, for a long time, intended to say something respecting our principal houses of entertainment in this village, but have never brought our resolution to the sticking point until now. We have taken considerable pains to look "inside the walls" of the houses abovementioned, that we might satisfy ourself the better how to speak. It is known we are no 'dinner-eating,' or tavern-frequenting personage, and therefore on the ground of personal experience we cannot speak as well as some others perhaps.

But to our purpose—and in the first place we will take the *Eagle*, and with him commence our flight. As to the *Eagle* his host is a *CRANE*, who is proverbial in this community for diving deep into every thing that will tend to the credit and comfort of his house. As to the entertainment,

"Twere easier far to speak of what he has not,  
Than to name that which he has—"

The *Eagle Tavern* in every part is sustained—and we believe we are justified in saying that from the *Bar* to the *Kitchen*, all is neatness, kindness, and attention. Travellers give their undivided commendation, and a large class of our citizens who patronize the *Eagle*, is only another proof of the merits of the house.

Our host *SAM*, of the *Clinton-House*, we believe sustains that establishment with much credit. The *Clinton* has *Exchanged* hands so many times within five or six years, that we are sensible that the present host has much to encounter on that account; and perhaps the full pressure of the merit which is his due, is not thrown in upon his exertions. The bad name that an old bridge sometimes gets, is not unfrequently transferred to the new bridge; and it only remains for our host to continue as he has commenced, to carry safely and pleasantly over all who venture upon his hospitality, to ensure his house the highest commendation.

*HENRY*, of the *Rochester-House*, is our favorite, and as these are our opinions, we claim the right to make a preference. This house is a *Temperance-House*—the *Bar* therefore, is kept just as suits our own ideas of keeping one. No true *gentleman* wants ardent spirits—and if a friend meets his friend after long absence, they cannot heighten their sincerity of feeling by weakening the powers of reason in the 'social bowl.' On the ground then, of this house

being one where ardent spirits is banished, we give it our preference. Our host in his other comforts does not exceed his cotemporaries, yet he is all that need to be looked for in the host of an extensive house of entertainment.

Last, though not least, we mention the *Mansion-House*. This house, take it from the time it was first established and opened by Mr. Daniel Mack, up to the present, has maintained the best name of any other in town. The present host, Mr. J. Bourne, sustains the house well. He is 'a *Bourne* from whence no traveller returns dissatisfied, and the house merits, and receives an extensive patronage.

The four houses which we have mentioned, probably do not, in their principal and substantial accommodations differ much one from the other; though in point of extent, of attention, and richness of furniture, some excel. Taken, however, as a whole, we dare venture to say, that they are equal to any four Houses that can be found west of the city of New-York—and are as well a great public benefit, as they are an honour to our village.

We might mention here many of our smaller public Inns, which are kept with a good degree of credit, and are well sustained, but our time and limits will not allow.

### 4TH OF JULY.

Arrangements have been made for celebrating the coming anniversary of American Independence in this village, which are as follows:

National salute and ringing of the bells at sunrise.

At 10 A. M. a procession will form in front of the *Mansion-House*, *Carroll-st.* under the direction of Maj. S. H. Packard, assisted by Adjutants Favor and Avery, in the following order:

Music.

The several uniform companies.

Officers in uniform.

President of the day, Doct. Matthew Brown, Jr.

Vice-Presidents, E. B. Strong, Jesse Hawley, and Elisha Johnson, Esqrs.

Officers of the Corporation.

Revolutionary officers and soldiers.

Citizens.

After various marchings and counter-marchings through different streets, the procession will enter *St. Luke's Church*, where religious exercises will be performed, the Declaration of Independence read, and an address made by Rev. Mr. Whitehouse in behalf of the American Colonization Society. After these exercises, the procession will march through other parts of the town to the *Mansion-House*, where a dinner will be provided by Mr. J. Bourne.

Seats on the north side of the church reserved for the Ladies.

### THE FIRE.

The fire which we noticed briefly yesterday, occurred, as we are informed, from the carelessness of some men who had undertaken to spend the night in the cooper's shop; and who, after getting "pretty particularly" drunk, went to sleep, and left the fire which they had kindled, to take care of itself. One of them was dragged from the shop after the alarm was given.

Mr. Campbell's loss was about \$22,000, \$10,000 of which was covered by insurance. Messrs. Beech and Darrow's loss \$900—no insurance. Mr. Terry, a quantity of staves, loss \$100. Aqueduct House, belonging to Mr. Child, injured about \$500—insured.—*Dai. Adv.*

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our agent at Whitesboro, is informed that his remittance for 7 subscribers came safely to hand. We return our thanks, and will follow his directions respecting the premium.

The two last articles from Pitt are very acceptable. Horace's budget came in good time. All prime. Several communications intended for this No. are unavoidably deferred.

We shall continue School Debates, in our next.