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Select Poetry.

DREAM OF THE TOMBSTONE.

BY AUGUSTINE DUGANNE.

Listen, love of mine, O listen,
While thy dewy eyelids glisten,
Let me press thy snowy forehead
With a lover's holy kiss.
'T was a dream, O gentle maiden,
When thy heart with grief was laden,
Yet I pray that God may never
Send a vision like to this;
Never plunge thy dreaming spirit
In so darksome an abyss.

O! methought in this my dreaming,
That the icy moonlight gleaming
On my bosom, white and naked,
Did its ghastliness illume;
That thy heart no more was beating,
And the tide of life, retreating,
Left me like a sculptur'd tablet,
Like a cold and marble tomb—
Like a column white and solemn,
In the ghostly graveyard's gloom.

Love of mine, O press me nearer—
Let mine eyes thy love-like mirror—
Let me feel thy heart's low beating,
Fondly echoing mine own;
Give my heart the blest assurance
That my dreaming soul's endurance
Was a phantom of the midnight,
From the holy morning flown.
Let thy murmured blessing tell me
Thou art mine, and mine alone.

Coldly streamed the moonbeam o'er me,
And a new-made grave before me
Lay in loneliness and silence,
With its willows where fleur-de-lis spread,
And myrtle wreaths were braided
Round the willow shrouds entwined,
Chiselled with the lovelier memories
Of a girl's young life, gone forth,
Leaving sorrowing hearts to bear its weight,
Sacrificing all to wed the dead!

Then methought that, fair and beaming,
Thou did come in radiant seeming
From the shadowy groups of cypress,
That around the churchyard grew;
But another arm was round thee,
And another's love had bound thee,
And to him who loved thee only
Was thy soul no longer true.
Then I felt my heart was breaking
As to me ye nearer drew.

Clasp me closer, loved and dearest,
'Tis a dream that now thou hearest,
Yet my heart with fear is trembling
As its memory I recall.
Though thine eyes are on me shining—
Though thine arms my neck are twining,
And thy murmured words of blessing
On my heart like music fall,
Yet the memory of that vision
Shrouds me like an icy pall.

Thou and he whose arms upbhel thee,
Thou and he whose love had spelled thee,
Stood together in the moonlight
That revealed my marble breast—
And with lips that faltered never,
Thou dist swear to love forever.
Him who stood in pride beside thee,
With his arms around thee prest,
While beneath, all cold and silent,
Lay the one who loved thee best.

Love of mine this dream of terror,
God be thanked, is naught but error;
Yet its memory oft hath darkened
Like a cloud my sunny heart;
For its phantom thoughts betoken
How that heart all crushed and broken,
Would be like the marble tombstone
Should thy gentle love depart,
And the cypress round my myrtle
From the grave of hope would start.—*Message Bird.*

Choice Miscellany.

HEART STORIES.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[From Godey's Lady's Book.]

"I say, Grace," said my friend Kate Richmond, "I like your cousin Nelly right well; she comes wonderfully near angel-hood; but then she wants something—I scarcely know what—but *something*. Does she not lack feeling?"

"You're out there, Kate," I replied, "for our Nelly is *all* feeling."

"Ah, that is just what I meant; it is too evident, too much on the surface, too foamy and frothy—there is no still, unfathomable deep. Or she has no rich hoards of passionate feeling—it is all in small change."

"Why, Kate," said I, half piqued by her want of penetration, "Nelly is yet a mere child. You surely would not ask for strong, concentrated passion in a girl of seventeen. The woman in her nature is yet a sealed fountain; but she will develop gloriously by and by, mark my words. Her character will yet reveal itself in marvellous strength and beauty, and our eyes shall behold it."

If ever there was one I knew thoroughly, heart, mind and soul, it was my sweet cousin, Ellen Montgomery. She came to us a fairy child often summers, an orphan. Her father had died while she was a mere infant, and when his widow after a few darkened years was about to follow him, she tenderly bequeathed her sole earthly treasure to a fond and devoted sister, my own mother, well beloved.

At the time Kate Richmond made the remarks I have noted down, Ellen was the acknowledged belle and beauty of our village. Generous, amiable and light hearted, she rapidly won the earnest regard of them all. And she was a most indefatigable hoarder up of affection; bee-like, she flew from heart to heart, weighing herself down with the sweets of tenderness and kindly feeling. Yet those who knew her well, believed her to possess a rich inner nature, unrevealed even to herself, and that the heart of which seemed to open fully to all, was yet but a half-unclosed flower, capriciously delaying its unfolding, and waiting to have its most glowing leaves kissed apart by the lips of Love.

It was soon after Ellen was seventeen that the heir of the Grahame property, Mr. James Stuart Grahame, (I give the name in full, as he always wrote it,) burst upon us in a sudden glory. He had left our town when a lad, and after graduating at Yale and visiting the land of his fathers, old Scotia, with his mother and sisters, had now come down to make the grand old mansion inhabitable as a summer residence. Young, rich, handsome and haughty, his advent naturally stirred up our village into a state of delightful excitement. It was at a May party that he first met with us. He was certainly what romantic young ladies call "interesting" in appearance, besides being

"Perfect in form and feature,
And so divinely tall."

But then he had a cold, condescending way with him—a manner I always feel myself especially called upon to resent—and one could see at a glance that he was proud as the fallen "son of the morning." I afterwards found that like a true Scot, this pride was his distinguishing trait and ruling passion; it was within, around him, and emanated from him in all directions.

Nell was our queen, and shall I forget the startling impression which her first appearance, in all her grace, gayety and blooming beauty, made upon Grahame.—He gazed a while with eyes dilated and lips apart, and then pressed eagerly forward for a presentation. It did my heart good to see the imperious, travelled aristocrat kneeling humbly, blushing like a very school boy, and timidly kissing the rose-tipped fingers of our laughing Nell. But my triumph gave place to a slight feeling of apprehension, as I remarked the eyes of Her Majesty *protem*, fixed with evident interest on the glowing face of her courtier-like admirer. I saw it was all over with *him*—that he could do nothing less than haul down his colors and surrender to Commodore Cupid; but I did not wish the heart of our brave Nelly to prove so easy a conquest. But what availed my wishes! All through budding May and leafy June was Greenwood cottage honored by the frequent presence of Grahame the admirer, Grahame the friend, Grahame the lover, Grahame the affianced of our darling Cousin Ellen!

The bridegroom elect was boyishly proud of his betrothed, and seemed to exult in having won the beauty of M———. To others he was as imperious and fastidious as ever, but deferential and fondly attentive to Ellen. And she—how gloriously the woman woke within her! How she trusted in him—how she doted on and treasured up his highest words! How she poured her very soul out in grateful worship! Yet she loved him familiary, she sang, and danced, and laughed, and jested with him till her own beautiful existence seemed so intertwined with his that they could not be separated.

At last, with much "pomp and circumstance," the female part of the family of Grahame came to M———. Ellen and I were among the first to call. We found the mother a stiff, formal Scotch woman, and the two daughters exceedingly plain and exceedingly disagreeable.—What was pride and haughtiness in the brother was superciliousness and insolent arrogance in them. As they knew of the engagement, I was indignant at the airs they assumed towards Ellen. Dear girl! it was the first time I had seen her painfully embarrassed. Yet she rattled on, and said many charming things and some, it must be confessed, more distinguished *for naivete* than wisdom. She even, when James was mentioned, began warmley praising him out of the fullness of her little innocent heart. But the old mother looked solemn, Miss Euphemia prudish, and Miss Margaret giggled.

On our way home I hinted to Nelly that it were best for her not to seek to *win* the regard of the lofty Scotch dames, but to give them a sufficiency of coldness and formality, and *queen it* in her turn. But no—she had such a holy faith in love—she would subdue them with kindness, she would wind herself into their hearts, and they *must* love her yet. I then suggested that she should endeavor to conceal her partiality for Grahame in the presence of his mother and sisters. I might as well have counseled the wild rose to hide her blushes. It would out. It revealed itself in a thousand ways, and on no occasion did the sisters of Grahame fail to notice it and call the attention of others, till James was evidently annoyed by those very demonstrations of preference which once thrilled his heart with proud pleasure.

Finally Ellen was honored with an invitation to spend a week at "Grahames Place." She returned before the visit was *completed sad and ill*. I questioned her, and she said that she never so felt that she was an ignorant country; that she found she could not sing Italian like Miss Euphemia, not speak French and paint in oils like Miss Margaret.

"And then," said she, while her face grew crimson, "*I was dressed so* plainly."

"But surely," I remarked, "their manner did not make you feel thus? Were they not kind and affable?"

"No; cold and neglectful."

"But James—how was he?"

She threw herself on my breast with a gush of tears, and murmered—"He was like the others."

At last she told me of many things he had said and done, which had cruelly grieved her heart One circumstance I now recollect. On the morning of the day of her return, an excursion on horseback was planned, and Grahame collected a considerable party. While showing off the paces of his horse, a fine blooded, animal, the vicious creature suddenly threw him. Grahame was but slightly hurt, but deaf to the laughter of his friends, lay for a moment as though insensible. Ellen half-frenzied, sprang from her palfry, raised his head on her knee, chafed his temples, and called on him wildly and tenderly. He opened his eyes, poured upon her a look of angry pride, flung her hands rudely from him, exclaimed in a harsh under tone—"Good heavens! Miss Montgomery, do not render yourself and me ridiculous."

In the afternoon, Ellen pleaded illness and came home.

Three days of terrible suspense passed before she saw the face of her betrothed husband. At last he came, and all in a tremor of fearfulness and love, she received him. In a short time I saw him pass down the avenue, but for more than an hour Ellen remained alone where he had left her.

When she gave me leave to enter, I found her extended on the sofa, her face hid with her hands and her long, golden curls, which had fallen over it, her breast heaving and her neck quivering with quick, convulsive sobs. She could tell me nothing; her anguish was too intense for words;—all night she wept and moaned within my arms and her hot tears seemed burning into my heart. Just at dawn she fell asleep, and remained in tranquil slumber for some hours. When she awoke and found me watching beside her, she turned her sorrowful eyes upon me, and said meekly—"How good of you to show such kindness to a poor, humiliated forsaken girl."

"*Forsaken!*" I exclaimed, "Has James Grahame *dared* to forsake you?"

"He said we had better part—that he was convinced that we were not suited to one another, and he has left me forever."

"And thank heaven for it," I cried, "my love, my lamb, my rose-bud, my everything that is good and gentle and loveable! Grahame was never worthy of you—he never truly loved you. You never reigned over his little narrow soul. Pride only, "like a mountain devil," ruled there. If he thought less of you for your being portionless, let him now see with how *rich* a scorn you can look down on one poor in honor. Learn to despise and detest him as the embodiment of faithlessness and refined cruelty. Let him shrivel beneath the scorching contempt of a proud and injured woman"

She looked up mournfully for a moment, and replied—"*I love him!*"

Such brief and childlike answers were all she ever returned to my appeals to her pride, and attempts to rouse her resentful feeling. She said her heart was so sore, so crushed and trodden to the earth, that she never could be proud again. For the sake of the blissful past, she mourned her faithless lover as one dead, tenderly and forgivingly.

I despair of having my heroine admired by young ladies of spirit. She was, indeed, no tragedy queen,—She was but a meek, loving, constant, child-woman.

All through the winter our beloved Ellen drooped daily, and spring found her but the pale shadow of her former self. Then came a new era in her existence. An uncle of her father, a Bostonian of wealth and family, having married off his last daughter, wrote to his "little unknown niece," entreating her to accept a home with him, and thus "make glad the heart and house of a lonely old man."

She went, and two years passed before we saw her dear face again. She then came to spend a summer with us—the same, and yet how changed.

Ah, she was a magnificent creature in her full ripened loveliness, with the pacician carriage of her exquisitely moulded head, the serene dignity which slept on her brow, the womanly purity which looked from her eye, and the winning softness which waited on every curl and curve of her delicate lips! She had none of her former thoughtlessness; the very spirit of *repose* seemed pervading her entire character. Every movement was tranquilly graceful. She said little, and her voice was low and deliciously intonated. She laughed in a quiet, musical, lady-like manner, and it even seemed that she smiled leisurely and with thought.

In her absence she had been the idol of her city relatives, and the followed and worshiped of a large circle of intellect and fashion, and now the accomplished, self-possessed woman, met the lover of her early girlhood.

Since his heartless desertion of Ellen, he had buried his mother, and married his sister, and now dwelt in solitary grandeur in the old homestead. I witnessed the meeting. He happened in at an evening party, evidently not dreaming of such an encounter, till the hostess electrified him by an introduction to his *ci-devant* lady-love. He turned deathly pale, and actually shook with agitation; but Ellen never lost her queenliness, for a moment, her eye never quailed, and the hand she extended while remarking carelessly that they were old friends never trembled.

All present must have seen that he was deeply struck, and instantly subdued by the rare combinations which she presented. He hovered around, and gazed upon her in a silent stupor of admiration. She was dressed superbly that night. A profusion of rich lace and pearls, harmonizing charmingly with her style, contributed not a little to her dazzling beauty.

I could cover pages in telling how from that time, gradually and timidly, like a school-boy who has played truant, the haughty Grahame stole back to his allegiance; how Ellen, though she did not positively encourage, did not frown on him, till it was evident that he loved her with all his soul, and for once, with all his *pride*. He had fancied our little Nell as a pretty plaything, but he now adored the elegant, perfectly-developed woman as a goddess—He was her most devoted, her knight, her slave, here, there and everywhere at her bidding, till I grew indignant at her not rejecting his homage, at her permitting his presence—for I would sooner have seen her wedded to a wild Seminole, than the coutly wife of the master of thousands. At last with the freedom of other days, I entreated her at least to relieve my suspense. She answered by placing in my hand a letter to which she had just replied. It was from Grahame. I began reading it with a sneer, but as I read on I was thrilled, amazed and spell-bound by an eloquent outpouring of strong and intense feeling. It clearly revealed that under the influence of a real passion, the writer had found his better nature—had expanded into a man. He seemed to have lost his pride in his love, and while daring to offer the fervent devotion of his future life, to be filled with humiliation and contrition for the past. He threw himself on her mercy, dwelt on the remorse which had pursued him since their parting, alluded to the interference of his family, acknowledged that he had first loved her beauty merely, not knowing her worth, yet called heaven to witness that he had since known no other love, and closed with an appeal to her womanly sympathies, so tender, wild and passionate, that I dared not dream it had been in vain.

"How did you answer?" I asked.

"*I rejected him.*"

"Thank heaven! But why?"

She quietly placed in my hand a miniature, saying—"*This* is the only man I ever will wed."

I gazed from the picture to her in amazement. The face was new to me, and by no means a handsome one. And yet, as I looked with earnest attention, I grew to liking it exceedingly. It was one of those faces which one might fancy possessed an inner set of features, of surpassing beauty shining through. A something fascinating and endearing appeared to emanate from it; the brow bore the stamp of nobility, and the eye was alive with intellect.

"Why, Nell!" I exclaimed, "who *can* this be?"

"Mr. Francrick Aymes, of Boston, a poor artist and *protege* of my uncle and soon to be my affianced husband."

"Ah, why is he not *now?*" I asked.

"Because I wished to remain free till I had consulted my early friends, as I told *him*—until I had again met James Grahame, my first love, as I told *myself*."

"Oh! oh! the mystery is out! You were weighing love against love, and the first was found wanting, oh?"

"Yes," she replied, with an emphasis so hearty as to leave me no room for doubt, "and I shall write to Fred to-morrow and send him the face he loves, on ivory; he painted it a whole year ago!"

When I awoke the next morning, a delightful one in June, Nelly had risen, and was writing by the window.

One week from this time Ellen Montgomery received two letters; one was from James Stuart Grahame, bearing his adieus—he was about revisiting *Europe—and the* other from Frederick Ames, announcing his speedy coming.

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"Did you not say, Ellen," I asked, when she had read the letter from Frederick, "that Mr. Aymes was poor?"

"Yes," she replied, "he has only his profession."

"Will your uncle favor his suit?"

"No—and I can expect nothing from him."

"Then, Nell, you will have to resign fashionable society."

"No matter. I shall see the more of Fred."

"You must give up expensive dress."

"Oh, Fred admires simplicity."

"You cannot keep a carriage."

"But we can have delightful walks."

"You must take a small house and furnish it plainly."

"Yes: but coz, elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage."

"You will have to cover your floors with cheap, thin carpets?"

"Ah, then I shall hear his step the sooner!"

I caught her hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed it to my heart.

ANGLO-SAXON STOCK.—Cicero relates, that the ugliest and most stupid slaves of Rome came from England. Moreover, he advises his friend Attjcus "not to buy slaves from Britain on account of their stupidity, and their inaptitude to learn music and other accomplishments." With Cæsars' opinion of our ancestors, we are, perhaps, some of us, not sufficiently acquainted.—He describes the Britons, generally, as a nation of very barbarous manners. "Most of the people of the interior," he says, "never saw corn, but eat milk and flesh and are clothed with skins." In another place he remarks: "In their domestic and social habits, Britons are as degraded as the most savage nations."

This, says the Philadelphia Courier, is no over-drawn picture. Our ancestors dwelt in caves like wild beasts, or in huts of no better construction than the miserable tent of the most savage Indian.

"I say, Jim, what *mechanical* work did you do first?" inquired a knowing colored gentleman of another. "Why *cut* teeth, ob course," replied the other.

One of the farmers of Berke county, Pennsylvania, gives as a reason of his opposition to the formation of the new county of Madison, that "he had already far enough to go to Philadelphia market, *without going through another county.*

THE RATTLESNAKE HUNTER.

BY J. H. WHITTIER.

"Until my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns."

During a delightful excursion in the vicinity of the Green Mountains, a few years since, I had the good fortune to meet with a singular character, known in many parts of Vermont as the Rattlesnake Hunter. It was a warm, clear day of sunshine, in the middle of June. I saw him for the first time while engaged in a mineralogical ramble among the hills. His head was bald, and his forehead was deeply marked with the strong lines of care and age. His form was wasted and meagre; but for the fiery vigor of his eye, he might have been supposed incapacitated by age and infirmities for even a slight exertion. Yet he hurried over the huge ledges of rock with a quick and almost youthful tread, and seemed earnestly searching among the crevices and loose crags, and stinted bushes around him. All at once he started suddenly, drew himself back with a sort of shuddering recoil, and then smote fiercely with his staff upon the rock before him. Another and another blow, and he lifted the lifeless form of a large rattlesnake upon the end of his rod.

The old man's eyes glistened, but his lip trembled as he looked steadfastly upon his yet writhing victim. "Another of the accursed race!" he muttered between his clenched teeth, apparently unconscious of my presence.

I was now satisfied that the person before me was none other than the famous Rattlesnake Hunter. He was known throughout the neighborhood as an outcast and a wanderer, obtaining a miserable subsistence from the casual charities of the people around him His time was mostly spent among the rocks and rude hills, where his only object seemed to be the hunting out and destroying of the *Crotalus horidus*, or rattlesnake. I immediately determined to satisfy my curiosity, which had been strangely excited by the remarkable appearance of the stranger; and for this purpose I approached him.

"Are there many of these reptiles in this vicinity?" I enquired pointing to the crushed serpent.

"They are getting to be scarce," said the old man, lifting his slouched hat and wiping his bald brow: "I have known the time when you could hardly stir ten rods from your door in this part of the State without hearing their low, quick, rattle at your side, or seeing their many colored bodies coiling up in your path. But as I said before, they are getting to be scarce, the infernal race will be extinct in a few years, and, thank God! I have myself been a considerable cause of their extermination."

"You must, of course, know the nature of those creatures perfectly well," said I. "Do you believe in their power of fascination or charming!"

The old man's countenance fell. There was a visible struggle of feeling within him; and his lip quivered, and he dashed his brown hand suddenly across his eyes as if to conceal a tear; but quickly recovered himself, he answered in a low, deep voice of one that was about to reveal some horrible secret.

"I believe in the rattlesnake's power of fascination as firmly as I believe my own existence."

"Surely," said I, "you do not believe that they have power over human beings?"

"I do, I know it to be so!" and the old man trembled as he spoke. "You are a stranger to me," he said slowly, after scrutinizing my features for a moment, "but if you will go down with me to the foot of this rock, in the shade there," and he pointed to a group of leaning oaks that hung over a declivity, "I will tell you a sad story of my own experience."

It may be supposed that I readily assented to this proposal. Bestowing one more blow upon the rattlesnake, as if to be certain of its death, the old man descended the rocks with a rapidity that would have endangered the neck of a less practiced hunter. After reaching the place which he pointed out, the Rattlesnake Hunter commenced his story in a manner which confirmed what I had previously heard of his education and intellectual strength.

"I was among the earliest settlers in this part of the county. I had just finished my education at Harvard, when I was induced by the flattering representation of some of the earliest pioneers into the wild lands beyond the Connecticut, to seek my fortune in the new settlement.—"My wife"—the old man's eye glistened in an instant, and then a tear crossed his brown cheek—"my wife accompanied me, young and delicate and beautiful as she was, to this wild and rude country.—I never shall forgive myself for bringing her hither, never. Young man" continued he, "you look like one who could pity. You shall see the image of the girl who followed me to the new country." And he unbound as he spoke, a ribbon from his neck, with a small miniature attacked to it.

It was that of a beautiful female, but there was an almost childish expression in her countenance, a softness, a delicacy, and a sweetness of smile, which I have seldom seen in the features of those who have tasted even slightly the bitter waters of existence. The old man watched my countenance intently, as I surveyed the image of his early love.

"She must have been very beautiful," I said as I returned the picture.

"Beautiful!" he repeated, "you may well say so. But this avails nothing. I have a fearful story to tell—would to God I had not attempted it; but I will go on. My heart has too often been stretched on the rack of memory to suffer any new pang."

"We had resided in the new country nearly a year.—Our settlement had increased rapidly, and the comforts and delicacies of life were beginning to be felt, after the weary privations and severe trials to which we had subjected. The red men were few and feeble, and did not molest us. The beasts of the forest and mountain were ferocious, but we suffered little from them. The only immediate danger to which we were exposed resulted from the rattlesnakes which infested our neighborhood. Three or four of our settlers were bitten by them, and died, in terrible agonies. The Indians often told us frightful stories of this snake, and its powers of fascination, and although they were generally believed, yet for myself, I confess I was rather amused than convinced by their marvelous legends.

"In one of my hunting excursions abroad, on a fine morning, it was just at this time of the year, I was accompanied by my wife. 'Twas a beautiful morning.—The sunshine was warm, but the atmosphere was perfectly clear; and a fine breeze from the north-west shook the bright green leaves which clothed to profusion the wreathing branches above us. I had left my companion for a short time in pursuit of game; and climbing a rugged ledge of rocks, interspersed with shrubs and dwarfish trees, I was startled by a quick grating rattle. I looked forward. On the edge of a loosened rock lay a large rattlesnake, coiling himself as if for the deadly spring. He was within a few feet of me, and I paused for an instant to survey him. I know not why, but I stood still, and looked at the deadly serpent with a strange feeling of curiosity. Suddenly he unwound his coil, as if relenting from his purpose of hostility, and raising his head, he fixed his bright, fiery eye directly on my own. A chilling and indescribable sensation, totally different from any thing I had ever before experienced, followed this movement of the serpent; but I stood still, and gazed steadily and earnestly, for at that moment there was a visable change in the reptile. His form seemed to grow larger and his colors brighter. His body moved with a slow, almost imperceptible motion towards me, and a low hum of music came from him, or at least it sounded in my ear a strange sweet melody, faint as that which melts from the throat of a humming bird. Then the tints of his body deepend, and changed and glowed, like the changes of a beautiful kaleidoscope; green, purple, and gold, until I lost sight of the serpent entirely, and saw only wild and curiously woven circle of strange colors, quivering around me, like an atmosphere of rainbows. I seemed in the centre of a great prison, a world of mysterious colors, and tints varied and darkened and lighted up again around me; and the low music went on without ceasing until my brain reeled; and fear, for the first time came over me. The new sensation gained upon me rapidly, and I could feel the cold sweat gushing from my brow. I had no certainty of danger in my mind, no definite ideas of peril, all was vague and clouded, like the unaccountable terrors of a dream, and yet my limbs shook, and I fancied I could feel the blood stiffening with cold as it passed along my veins. I would have given worlds to have been able to tear myself from the spot—I even attempted to do so, but the body obeyed not the impulse of the mind, not a muscle stirred, and I stood still as if my feet had grown to the solid rock; with the infernal music of the tempter in my ear, and the baleful colorings of his enchantment before me.

"Suddenly a new sound came on my ear. It was a human voice, but it seemed strange and awful. Again, again, but I stirred not; and then a white form plunged before me, and grasped my arm. The horrible spell was at once broken. The strange colors passed from before my vision. The rattlesnake was coiling at my very feet, with glowing eyes and uplifted fangs; and my wife was clinging in terror upon me. The next intstant the serpent threw himself upon us. My wife was the victim! The fangs pierced deeply into her hands; and her scream of agony, as she staggered backward from me, told me the dreadful truth.

"Then it was that a feeling of madness came upon me; and when I saw the foul serpent stealing away from his work, reckless of danger, I sprang forward and crushed him under my feet, grinding him upon the ragged rock. The ground of my wife now recalled me to her side, and to the horrible reality of her situation. There was a dark, livid spot upon her hand; and it deepened into blackness, as I led her away. We were at a considerable distance from any dwelling; and after wandering for a short time, the pain of the wound became insupportable to my wife, and she swooned away in my arms. Weak and exhausted as I was, I yet had strength enough left to carry her to the nearest rivulet, and bathe her brow in the cool water. She partially recovered, and sat down upon the bank, while I supported her head upon my bosom. Hour after hour passed away, and none came near us, and there, alone in the great wilderness, I watched over her, and prayed with her, and she died!"

The old man groaned audibly as he uttered these words, and as he closed his long bony hands over his eyes, I could see the tears falling thickly through his gaunt fingers. After a momentary struggle with his feelings, he lifted his head once more, and there was a fierce light in his eyes as he spoke:

"But I have had my revenge. From that fatal moment I have found myself fitted and set apart, by the terrible ordeal of affliction, to rid the place of my abode of its *foulest curse*. And I have well nigh succeeded. The fascinating demons are already few and powerless. Do not imagine," said he, earnestly regarding the somewhat equivocal expression of my countenance, "that I consider these creatures as serpents of the fallen angel—the immediate ministers of the infernal gulf!"

* * * *

Years have passed since my interview with the Rattlesnake Hunter; the place of his abode was changed—a beautiful village rises near the spot of conference, and the grass of the churchyard is green over the grave of the old hunter. But his story is fixed my mind, and Time, like enamel, only burns deeper the first impression. It comes up before me like a vividly remembered dream, whose features are too horrible for reality.—*The Rover*

THE OCEAN.

The great Pacific Ocean has a larger area than all the dry land on the globe. It covers 50,000,000 of square miles, and 70,000,000 including the Indian ocean. From Peru to Africa it is 17,000 miles wide. It is generally unfathomable between the tropics, where its depth is so great that a line five miles long has in many places not reached the bottom. The Atlantic ocean, apparently stretching from pole to pole, is 5,000 miles wide, and covers 25,000,000 square miles.

The German ocean, now rapidly filling up by the detritus from the land, has in a great part of its bed a depth of only 93 feet, and even near the precipitous coast of Norway the depth is only 5460 feet. At the depth of a mile and a quarter the pressure of the sea is equal to 2800 lbs. on every inch of surface. In the Arctic ocean shells are seen at the depth of 1180 feet, and among the West India islands at 2700 feet, so that the light which fell upon these shells would have been visible to an eye at least 960 feet deep in the one case, and 360 in the other. The color of all water when pure is a bright blue, becoming green when mixed with certain vegetable matters, and brownish yellow when derived from mosses. The saltness of the sea is greatest at the paralel of 22 degrees North lat., and 17 South lat., diminishing towards the equator and the poles, where it is least, owing to the melting of the ice. At the straights of Gibraltar the water is four times as salt at a depth of 617 fathoms, as it is at the surface.

The central area of the Pacific and the Atlantic is occupied with the great occeanic tide-wave, which is raised by the joint action of the sun and moon. From this continually oscillating waves, partial waves diverge in all directions, finding their way into seas and estuaries, with various velocities, depending on the form of the coast and the depth of the channel, and the nature of its bed In some parts of the coast of Britain the tide reaches 50 or 60 feet. In the Bristol channel and the gulf of Sain Malo they rise 47 feet, according to Capt. Beechy, and the Bay of Fundy 69 feet, while at St. Helena they never exceed 3 feet, are scarcely visible among many of the tropical islands in the Pacific.

The tide at the equator follows the moon at the rate of 1,000 miles an hour. In the Turury channel at Cayenne, the sea rises 49 feet in five minutes, and as suddenly ebbs. The highest waves which occur at the cape of Good Hope, do not exceed 40 feet, from their lowest to the highest point. Under the heaviest gales the sea is probably tranquil at the depth of 200 or 300 feet.

The tranquility of the ocean is disturbed by currents varying in their extent and velocity, owing to causes both permanent and variable. The great currents which flow from the two poles to the equator, and deflect by the diurnal motion of the earth, acquire a rotary motion as they advance, till they combine into one great current flowing from east to west, with the velocity of nine miles per hour in some places.

A SNAKE STORY.—An old Deacon in Yankee land, once told us a good story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seized upon one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog to be on par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail, and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them!

THE HEIGHT OF IMPUDENCE—The Editor's Table of the *Knickerbocker* has a story of a man who had a cow caught on the front of a locomotive, and pitched headlong into a thicket with no hide left except the place where she was concealed, and afterwards had a bill presented him by the railroad company for *jerked beef*.

THE INDIAN.

Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native.—*Roll* back the tide of time: how powerfully applies to us the promise—"I will give the heathen for an inheritance." Not many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embelishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved *another* race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles on you the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. *Here* the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and the helpless, the council glanced on the wise and the daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in the ledgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, and the defying death-song all were here: and when the tiger strife was o'er, here curled the smoke of peace. Here, too, they worshipped; and for many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tablets of stone, but He had traced it on the tablet of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation but the God of the universe he acknowledge in every thing around. He beheld him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lowly dwelling, in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne;—in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that had defied a thousand whirlwinds;—in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove, in the fearless eagle whose untired pinion was wet in the clouds;—in the worm that crawled at his feet, and in his own matchless form, glowin with a spark of that light to whose mysterious source he bent, in humble though blind adoration. Slowly and sadly they climbed the distant mountains; and red their doom in the setting sun, they are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away: and must soon hear the roar of the wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive wh ite man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators.—Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

AN UNKNOWN LAND.

The English have recently made a settlement at Aden near the Red Sea. Having once obtained a foothold, they, English-like, began to push about them, and one of their first discoveries was a river where none was a marked upon any chart, and upon this they steamed 300 miles without finding the least obstruction. Having now passed round their continent let us look up in the interior. For half a century the English government have been expending lives and treasures in a partial exploration. They have found that this whole tract of country is one of amazing fertility and beauty, abounding in gold and all sorts of tropical vegetation. There are hundreds of woods, invaluable for dying and architectural purposes, not found in other portions of the world. Through it for thousands of miles sweeps a river, from three to six miles broad, with clear water and unsurpassed depth, on at the rate of three miles an hour, without rock, shoal, or snag, to interrupt its navigation. Other rivers pour into this, their tributary waters, of such volums as must have required hundreds of miles to be collected, yet they seem scarcely to enlarge it. This river pours its waters into the Atlantic through the most magnificent delta in the world, consisting perhaps of a hundred mouths, extending probably five hundred miles along the coast, and mostly broad, deep, and navigable for steamboats. Upon this river are scattered cities, some of which estimated to contain a million of inhabitants, and the whole country teems with a dense population.

But in the interior, in the very heart of the continent, is a nation in an advanced state of civilization. The grandeure and beauty of portions of the country through which the Niger makes its sweeping circuit are indescredible.—In many places its banks rise boldly a thousand feet and are thickly covered with the richest vegitation of tropical climes. But all this vast and sublimo country, this scope of rich fertility and romantic beauty, is apparently shut out forever from the world. It is the negro's sole possession. He need not fear the incursions of the white man there, for over this whole lovely country moves one dread malaria, and to the white man it is the valley of shadow of death. Of expedition after expendtion sent out from the English ports on the island of Ascension, not one in ten has returned alive. This country can only be penetrated at the risk of life, and it is melancholy to think that those who have given us even the meager information that we have, do it at the sacrifice of their lives.—*Scientific American.*

DISCOVERY IN OREGON.—It has been supposed until lately, that the shores of Oregon, south of the Columbia river, was without indention or harbors. Explorations for a considerable distance South of the Columbia have been made, which is producing an entire change in public opinion, and not only bays are found, but beautiful praries, fine timber, some rivers, and water power.

Tilmauke bay, situate about 50 or 60 miles south of the mouth of Columbia river is several miles in extent, receiving five rivers, some of which are good streams. Two miles back of this bay a prarie commences, varying from one and a half to three miles in width, and eight miles long. Below the Talmauke bay two others have been discovered which are worthy of being noticed; the first of which is known to the natives by the name of Celeste, and the second by name of Yacquina.

The bay is from a fourth of a mile to a mile in width three miles long, and receives the waters of two rivers.—A bed of excellent stone coal has been discovered on the bend of the Celeste river, ten miles from its entrance into the Celeste bay. There are several small rich level praries on the Celeste river. The Yacquina bay is three fourths of a mile wide at its mouth, from a mile to two and a half miles wide, extends paralel with the coast from six to seven miles in length, and it perfectly sheltered from the ocean winds. There is considerable prarie in the immediate vicinity of the Yacquina bay. All the rivers emptying into these bays abound with salmon and other fish, and the bays all afford clams, crabs, &c., in abundance. Within the Yacquina bay the water is deep and the waves roll into the mouth from the ocean without any appearent obstruction.—*N. Y. Express.*

NOBLE SENTIMENT—We commend the following beautiful sentiment of Patrick Henry, to the attention of the admirers of that pure patriot and unrivaled orator. It is indeed a noble sentiment, and well worthy its illustrious author. It is taken from Wirt's life of Patrick Henry, and seems to have been called forth by some remark of Judge Tyler upon the propriety of Commercial restrictions:

"Why," said Patrick Henry, "should we fetter Commerce? If a man is in chains, he droops and bows to the earth, for his spirits are broken—looking sorrowfully at his feet; but let him twist the fetters from his limbs, and he will stand erect—stretching himself and assuming the look of proud defiance. FETTER NOT COMMERCE, SIR! *let her be free as air—she will range the whole creation, and return on the wings of the four winds of Heaven, and bless the land with plenty.*"