The Independent Republican.

"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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"Poets' Corner."

A Lay of Real Life.

BY TOM HOOD.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—*Goldsmith.*
"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—*Silversmith.*

Who ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk,
And took me home,—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things," would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter pang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "what a noise!"
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or take it all did the incline,
'Cause I was eight and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—My sole relief?
Myself.

From Syria.

LETTER FROM REV. H. H. JESSUP.

B'Hamdun, Heights of Mt. Lebanon, Monday, February, 1856.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am writing from the lofty regions of the goodly mountain of Lebanon. This little village is thirty-six hundred feet above the sea, and at this season the air is as cold as it is in Montrose on the first of April. I came up with Dr. Haskell from Beirut on Saturday, intending to return to-day, but we are weather-bound, and must remain through the day, at least. It rains, and yet it does not rain. You cannot distinguish the rain drops as they fall, yet everything is completely drenched. We are so high that the clouds are around us on every side, and we cannot see ten feet before us when we walk out. The wind blows and whistles through the casements just as it does at home in stormy February, and I feel far more at home than when melting under the burning sun of Beirut. When we left Beirut, on Saturday morning, the heat was almost intolerable, but as we ascended the mountain, the temperature diminished, until we find it almost necessary here to wear our overcoats in the house.

This is a wonderful country. The ride from Beirut to this mountain village, is one of thrilling interest. Follow me for a few minutes, and I will re-ascend the mountain with you. While Mrs. Lyons is preparing a lunch for Dr. H. and the rest of us, we will examine our interesting Arab horse. He is a slender, lean, straw-fed creature, with a meek eye and evident marks of age, and eminent usefulness in the past. The saddle is a good Arab saddle, so that it will not be necessary to change it, but the stirrups, alas, suggest unpleasant memories of Nahr el Kelb, of which I wrote you recently, and I immediately put mine in their place. The sun is pouring down with intense fervor, and I prepare my white felt hat by winding a large linen towel around it, a la turban, and placing a folded linen handkerchief on the inside of the crown. This affords good protection against the heat, and we set out with our white umbrellas, riding through the narrow paths shaded with hedges of prickly pear, dodging this way and that to save ourselves from being impaled on the sharp spires which project on every side.

After passing over the wide plain, through orange, mulberry and olive gardens, delighted with the beautiful flowers which wave in the gentle breeze exhaling a delightful fragrance, we begin the mountain ascent. As you look upward, you see hundreds of terrace-walls rising one above another,—square stone houses, distant convents embowered in deep green foliage, and range after range of rough limestone mountains rising in the distance, until the lofty horizon terminates in the snow-crowned Jebel Sonreen.

Do not be alarmed at the *roads*. Before you came to Syria, you wondered why the people here never use wagons or wheeled vehicles. Your wonder ceases now. This great stone heap, once the bed of a mountain torrent, and now flooded with water whenever it rains, is a very good road, compared with some that you will see. Now we cross a short bridge. Your horse leaps up the rugged stone steps, picks his way among the deep holes which form the principal feature in bridge architecture here, plunges down the opposite side,—and you are safely across.—As you ascend, the road is a narrow ditch worn in the limestone by the tramping of horses and mules, and just wide enough to admit your horse's feet, and then it winds along the edge of a precipice, where a false step would precipate you into unknown depths.

The scenery grows more and more wild, the road more difficult, the rocks more abrupt, and if you are at all given to nervousness or fretful anxiety, here is ample scope for your natural impulses. You ride on cautiously, yet you soon find your horse to understand the road and the difficult places so much better than you do, that you let loose the bridle, hold steadily the pommel of the saddle, and trust to the sagacity of the faithful animal. His sure-footedness fills you with amazement. Down the precipices, up the craggy rocks, leaping, sliding, onward he goes with such precision that you forget danger and surrender yourself to the enjoyment of this magnificent scenery.

At mid-day we stop at a Kahn, where a crowd of traveling Arabs are seated on the ground under the shade, enjoying their pipes, coffee and coarse black bread. Some of them were more intelligent than the rest, and after an interchange of salutions, took their seats by us, as an expression of good will and kindly feelings. We told them that we could speak Arabic but a little, (shwei) and they sat in silence until we took our departure.

Proceeding still up the mountain, we passed immense beds of iron ore, extending on both sides of the road for half a mile.—The ore is of a dark rich color, containing, as I should judge without testing, about 80 or 90 per cent of pure iron. These beds show no signs of having been wrought, and their almost inaccessible position renders it at least doubtful whether they ever will be. If a passable road were constructed to Beyroot, iron could be made with moderate expense. The limestone necessary, underlies almost every inch of ground in Syria, and there are veins of a tolerable bituminous coal among the mountain valleys. When Ibrahim Pasha was governor of Syria, between 1828 and 1840, he impressed the natives into the labor of working the coal mines, though to but little profit. The coal contains too much sulphur for generating steam, and the veins are very thin, but I have no doubt that an American company would construct a stationary motive power and railroad up these mountain gorges in a very few months, and develope the resources of this "goodly mountain" Lebanon.

The rock scenery of Lebanon surpasses anything I have ever seen. In one spot the strata have been thrown into a vertical position and the rough points project about ten or fifteen feet above the surface, forming an obstacle which one would think sufficient to interrupt all progress in that direction. Yet this famous Damascus road passes directly through it, and our horses picked their way through with astonishing dexterity, not even missing a step.

I would gladly invite you all to join our company as we approach B'Hamdun. It stands on a mountain about as high and steep as Elk Mountain, and infinitely more stony. You see it first from the opposite mountain, and the village in the distance looks like a low-walled stone castle. To reach it, you must descend a mountain over stone steps so steep that you very willingly dismount and lead your horse to the bottom. Ascending the hill by a zig-zag rocky road, which is actually beyond description, we enter the town, which is literally founded on a rock. Our guide conducts us to Howadji Benton's, where we are most warmly welcomed by Bro. B. and his excellent wife. The house is one story in height, built of large blocks of stone. There is no mortar in the walls, and the only protection against the wintry storms is the thin coating of plaster on the inside of the walls. When the wind blows severely, it is almost impossible to live on the side of the house next to the storm. Such a house is pleasant enough in the summer, but when the snow and rain are driven by the gales of wind which whistle over the heights of Lebanon in winter, our missionary friends experience no little discomfort.

I was no less surprised than gratified to find warm-hearted, intelligent Christian men here in the mountains, who can appreciate the feelings and trials of the missionaries who come among them. It was interesting, too, to see men who have passed through the fires of persecution, and now stand erect in the dignity of Christian manhood. A Christian profession costs something in Mount Lebanon. Let any one, however influential or promising, leave the religion of his fathers, and the whole tide of popular feeling turns against him. All of the brethren present have passed through the fire of opposition and bitter enmity: friends have forsaken them, envy and slander have been armed against them, and yet they stand firm, unmoved by all the devices of the Evil One.

At about half past eight, we accepted an invitation to attend an *Arab wedding*. I have already given you a description of a wedding in Beirut, but this was somewhat different, as it occurred among the *fellahin*, or *laboring classes* of the people. When we reached the house, we were shown into the men's apartment, where the bridegroom sat in state, awaiting the coming of the bride.—The marriage always takes place at the house of the bridegroom, and the bride is brought to him by her relatives. The house of the bridegroom is utterly destitute of windows, and as the smoke of the fire mingling with the smoke of a dozen pipes, curled gracefully toward the ceiling, the effect upon our lungs can be better imagined than described. Before the bride arrived, coffee was prepared and served, pipes were passed around, and a little round table, about ten inches high, was set before us, containing a dozen small plates of confectionary, roasted peas, seeds of the pine-cone, and raisins. We sat on the floor in the corner, on the right hand of the bridegroom, but neither the dignity of our position in being thus honored, nor the excellence of the entertainment, could reconcile us to the awkward wearisomeness of sitting cross-legged on the floor. Great was our relief when the bridegroom was sent for to meet the bride. We followed him out as we best could, and selected as good a position as possible to witness the approach of the fair one. The glare of torches and lanterns, and the shouts of the crowd increased as she rode up toward the house. She was dressed in white, closely veiled with a white veil, and sat astride of the horse. When she approached the house, she threw a pomegranate to the bridegroom, who ate a part of it, and then followed a singular scene. Before this, however, as the bridegroom came out to meet the bride, the crowd raised the cry, 'Behold the bridegroom cometh!" just as was done in this land two thousand years ago. Then the male relatives of the bridegroom and the female relatives of the bride, began to exchange compliments in the most extravagant style. It was a contest for the superiority. One would shout for a minute, pouring forth a flood of Arabic with a volubility which was utterly amazing to me, and the crowd would burst into a corresponding shout of laughter, when the same process was repeated by the friends of the bride. The light of the torches illuminating the scene, gave quite a singular effect to the countenances and dress of the crowd, and the bride seemed like some sheeted spectre in the midst of dancing men and women clothed in all the grotesque costumes of Syrian fellahin.—When the bride entered the house, we followed, and took a position in front of the bride and groom, to witness the ceremony. There were no windows in the room, and the ceiling was so low that Dr. Haskell and I were rather fearful about knocking our hats against the beams which support the roof. The bride stood on the *right hand* of the bridegroom, and it seemed to me far more appropriate than the custom which prevails in America. The right hand of the groom is the place of honor and dignity, and who has a better claim to such honor than a bride? Dr. Cox once remarked this very thing, and you may assure him that his view on the subject is entirely rational, and judging from the manner in which old customs are preserved here, eminently historical. Immediately above the head of the bride hung a large cluster of fragrant onions, stored away for winter's use, and Arab ideas of propriety seemed not at all offended by such a singular juxtaposition. The odoriferous vegetable called forcibly to my mind the language of the poet: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now." The Greek priest who officiated was a little fat man, with mustachios and whiskers, clothed in an old clumsy black cap and gown; and as he rattled off the marriage service in a galloping, nasal, sing-song style, you would have supposed him reading on a wager, to see how many words he could utter in the shortest possible time. After reading until he was out of breath, he handed the book to one of the men standing by, who read on until the priest recovered himself, when he resumed in a similar strain. Taking two silver rings about like *napkin* rings, he placed them on the heads of the bride and groom, exchanging one for the other several times, muttering "in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" in a tone which was proof enough that he neither knew nor cared for the character of the Being whom he thus invoked.—He then took a glass of wine, and gave each of the persons now married, *three* sips or drops of the wine, in the name of the three persons of the Trinity—a most blasphemous and foolish custom, as some of the more enlightened natives themselves testify. At the close, it is customary for the crowd to seize the bride and groom and carry them around the room with shouts of laughter. At this time, however, a young man who is a relative of the bridegroom, and has been somewhat enlightened with regard to the nature of true religion and the proprieties of respectable society, addressed the crowd in a most dignified and authoritative manner, commanding them to "break up this foolish custom," for they would have no more of it in B'Hamdun. The old priest stared through his spectacles, but the young man was obeyed, and good order prevailed. Before leaving, we were permitted, as a special favor, to see the bride, whose veil is generally not raised for nine days. Poor girl, she looked as if she had lost all of her friends, and was undergoing martyrdom. Her eyes were closed, and her hands drooped as though she was aware of the presence of the Howadji and Hakim. We returned home at ten o'clock.

I wonder that these people live through such scenes. During the whole evening that small close room was filled with the smoke of a resinous gum which the priest burned in a censer as *incense*. At times it was almost impossible to breathe. The smoke was thick enough to choke one not accustomed to it, and the grey grim priest seemed to take delight in adding new fuel to his fire, so as to compel every one present to inhale the abominable vapor. Under other circumstances, I should have felt *incensed* at such conduct, but our only course was to bear it in patience. As Dr. Haskell and I passed out the Arab women exclaimed to Mrs. Benton that we were of "tall and noble stature, the very *cutting off of perfection.*" They admire tall men, and were not at all modest in expressing their sentiments. Do not suppose that we felt at all elevated on hearing this remark. The very beggars in the streets, instead of asking an alms, will invoke ten thousand blessings on your head, wish you long life and prosperity, peace and plenty, and take it for granted that such a shower of good wishes will bring its legitimate return.

After such a day and evening, we were glad to retire to rest. On Sabbath morning at nine o'clock, I went with Mr. Benton to the Sunday School, where I talked to the children and he interpreted my remarks. I never saw children give better attention or recite their lessons better than those little Arab boys and girls. Some of them are very bright and intelligent, and repeated several pages of Scripture and numerous questions in the Catechism without hesitation.—One little girl, Katarina, repeated the hymn, "Awake, and sing the song of Moses and the Lamb." She is a bright-eyed child, about nine years of age, and has as fair a complexion as any of the little girls in the Montrose Sabbath School. As I have not yet been here three weeks, of course it was difficult for me to read the hymn as she repeated it, but the beautiful English words were familiar, and it was most interesting and delightful to hear such language from these dear children in Syria. I told Mr. Benton to promise the children that when I learn the Arabic well enough, I will translate some of our sweet hymns for children into the Arabic, so that they can sing the same little verses which the children in America sing. I became much interested in little Katarina, and asked Mrs. Benton to tell me more about her. She is the daughter of the wealthiest man in the village, Elias Subbyer, who became a Protestant about two months ago. Katarina has been interested in the truth for some time, and though at the time only *eight* years old, was accustomed last summer to tell the Arab children that she was a Protestant, though they would all turn against her and call her every kind of bad name. It was very hard for her to bear such abuse, and sometimes she would talk back to them, but more recently she has become softened and subdued in her manner, and never speaks an unkind word to any one. A short time since, the Greek servant girl in her father's family asked for some one to teach her to read, and as she could not go to school Katarina offered to teach her. Of course she is very young, and is exposed to great temptations and dangers, but she seems to strive to glorify her Father in Heaven. One day the old Greek priest met her in the street and asked her why she did not go to confession as the rest of the Greek children do. She replied that she would not go to a priest who had never told her anything but lies. She could go to Christ and confess. The priest then said that her father and the rest of the Protestants confessed their sins to Mr. Benton, and wrote them on papers which Mr. Benton placed in rat-holes in the wall. Katarina knew this to be a foolish falsehood, and told the priest so. He then asked her how the Protestants confess. She replied that they confess as the Lord Jesus tells them to—quoting to him the language of Scripture, (Matt. 6:6,) "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father who seeth in secret shall reward thee openly." The old priest was confounded by the ready, truthful answer of the child, and turned away.

The people in Syria all wear the red cap (tarboosh) constantly. You never see a man, woman, or child without the cap. The children and their teachers keep their caps on in the Sunday School, and Mr. Benton preaches with his red cap on. It is the custom here, and in Syria custom is law. In America it is the custom to take off the hat: here they take off their shoes and keep the hat or cap on. The little girls wear the same kind of cap with the boys, and many of them sit cross-legged on the benches or on the floor.

In the portion of the country assigned to this station (B'Hamdun) there are nearly one hundred and fifty villages, and around Tripoli there are more than here. The people *ask* for schools, and when a school is established the missionary has a right to visit the village as often as he pleases, and the people regard him as a benefactor. I feel very much encouraged by the interview with the Sabbath School in this little mountain village. There is intelligence among the young and old, and there is far more of susceptibility to religious impressions than I had expected to find.—Sabbath Schools are *practicable* in Syria. They are practicable everywhere. Children love to unite in these hallowed exercises, wherever they are. American and Syrian children are far more alike in this respect, than one would suppose. The only difficulty here is to induce the parents to send their children, and to provide them with suitable teachers. The teachers here, are the young men who teach the schools among the Druses during the week.

Truly yours.

H. H. JESSUP.

Tales and Sketches.

From the Indiana (Penn'a.) Register.

LEWIS, THE ROBBER.

Lewis was the master-spirit of a gang of highwaymen, who lived by robbing travellers and committing depredations upon residents, chiefly between Chambersburgh and Bedford where they harbored in the forests of the mountains. They were a terror to the community, and western merchants who travelled on horseback generally armed themselves when going to the east, so as to be prepared to repel an attack, and for greater security sometimes went in companies. It was understood, or at least believed, that some of Lewis' band were stationed in Pittsburgh, where, by mixing in genteel society, and being unsuspected, they would inform themselves of the time when the merchants of that place and from parts farther west intended to make their semi-annual trips to Philadelphia, and would then find means to convey the intelligence to their accomplices along the road.

Lewis was a young man of handsome appearance and agreeable address, and it was said he supported his mother and sisters upon the fruits of his unlawful pursuit. His more immediate associates were Conner and Connelly, who, at the time of which we are speaking, kept amongst the gorges of Sideling Hill, where, at a distance of several miles from the public road, they had erected a shanty, which was well supplied with provisions and other comforts, whither Lewis, after remaining about Bedford and Bloody Run as long as he could do so without exciting suspicion, or until he had received letters which he expected, would resort and remain for days and weeks, concerting measures for robbing some unsuspecting traveller or for obtaining a booty in some other way.

Persons who have travelled the turnpike between McConnellsburg and the Crossings of the Juniata will remember Reamer's tavern on the eastern slope of the mountain and Nycum's on the western, the intervening distance being about eight miles, which formerly presented little else to the eye than scrub-oak thickets, interspersed with rocks and fallen timber, with here and there a slight opening, through which the cattle feeding during the summer had trodden paths which served the hunter as a guide and passage when following the game along the mountain range in winter. It was, indeed, a gloomy road, with nothing to break the monotony, save, perhaps, occasionally the cawing of the crow as she hovered overhead, or the sudden bound of a deer aroused from his lair by the noise of approaching footsteps—and the lonely traveller, as he wended his way slowly up the steep ascent, now urging his jaded steed to greater effort, and now relieving it by leaping from the saddle and walking by its side, would long to gain the summit, where he might proceed more speedily and with more comfort to himself and his animal.

On ascending the mountain from the west, one sees now on the south side of the turnpike a patch of cultivated ground, embracing several acres, which has been cleared for a number of years, but was a dense forest at the time to which our story has reference.—It was here, immediately opposite the cleared field, that Lewis performed one of his most daring exploits, and which led to his arrest, and subsequently cost him his life.

It appeared from what transpired afterwards, that Lewis had received intelligence from some of his gang, of an individual carrying a large sum of money going eastward on horseback, and that Lewis and two associates were on the look-out for him, ready to make an attempt at securing the rich prize whenever it came within their reach. From some cause or other, however, that individual's departure was delayed; but about the time designated by Lewis' spy, a Mr. McClelland, a merchant in Pittsburgh, started for Philadelphia to purchase goods, travelling on horseback and having in his saddle bags some two thousand dollars in silver.—He had got to Nycum's on Sunday evening, where he remained until the next morning, and then early prosecuted his journey, thinking to breakfast at Reamer's. As he was walking his horse up the mountain and when he had proceeded several miles, he espied, some distance ahead, a man, who wore a slouched hat and an ill-fitting, somewhat tattered coat, walking rather awkwardly, his body inclined forward, now shooting diagonally across the road, and then taking up and balancing himself, moving on again in a straight line. As McClelland neared him, the man once or twice looked around, exhibiting a pair of blackened eyes, as if he had been very recently engaged in a fight; and McClelland inferred from his whole conduct and appearance that he had been in company drinking and got himself handsomely pummeled, without having been sobered by the operation.—As they approached the summit, McClelland gained upon the fellow, until at the point we have been endeavoring to describe he was about passing him; but at that moment, and before he suspected any danger, he found himself dragged from his horse, the drunken man, as he had taken him to be, having sprung upon him at a bound, while in the same instant a man with a cocked pistol jumped up from either side of the road, the one seizing the horse's bridle and the other coming to the assistance of his leader, who was no other than Lewis himself and who had assumed this disguise to prevent suspicion.—The two who had been lying in wait were Conner and Connelly—and there can be no doubt but some one of the gang had seen McClelland the day or evening before, and that they had prepared themselves during the night to attack him the next day. Had he tarried at Nycum's until later in the day and perchance got some company, he would most likely have been permitted to pass unmolested, and the counterfeit drunkard, who, with painted eyes and tattered garments, had been staggering along the road, would scarcely have been thought of again.

The spot was well chosen by the robbers for the accomplishment of their purpose.—On the north side of the road, for a distance of at least a quarter of a mile, the woods were more open here than at any other point on the mountain; and whilst McClelland was hurried off by two of the men among the thickets, his horse was galloped at full speed through the open space, so as to be out of sight, should any person chance to pass along the road. Having commanded McClelland to keep silent if he did not wish to have his brains blown out, they led him onward for several miles, the other man with the horse bringing up the rear, until they reached the robber's hut, which had been constructed of light logs and covered with bark, where they halted and forthwith entered upon an examination of their booty.—After ascertaining the amount, Lewis turned to McClelland and smilingly said he was "not the bird they had been watching for, nevertheless these were pretty rich pickings" and he and his associates were amply compensated thereby for their trouble. Conner and Connelly then proposed they should put McClelland to death, alleging as a reason that if he were set at liberty he would inform on them and might cause their arrest; against which Lewis stoutly protested and at the same time handed to McClelland his watch and ten dollars, saying that would carry him back to his family and friends.

This done, preparations were made by the robbers to start with the money taken from McClelland to some place where they would deposit it for greater security, and he was told that if he offered to move from the spot before their return, his life should pay the forfeit of his temerity. That they intended to return has always been doubted, and it has been judged, and with very good reason, that their object was to induce him to remain there during part of the day, whereby they would have gained ample time to get out of harm's way before he could give the alarm and start any body in pursuit. In order to make sure work, however, they produced a pint flask filled with whiskey and ordered him to drink freely, thinking no doubt that by so doing he, a man unaccustomed to strong drink, would soon fall asleep and might not awake for many hours. McClelland thought the liquor contained some deadly poison and the robbers were taking this method to get rid of him; and knowing he was in their power and that if his death had been resolved on all his pleading for life would be unavailing, he concluded to die with as little pain as possible, and therefore, to their great surprise, drank the entire contents of the flask. Fortunately, however, the liquor was not poisoned: but the robbers thinking their prisoner had taken enough to answer all their purposes, now left, after ordering him to lie down in a corner of the cabin.

M'Clelland was now alone. The incidents of the morning clustered around his mind, and his distress was indescribable. Within the space of a few hours all his earthly hopes had been blasted. He was not only beggared, but in all likelihood doomed to die, perhaps in a few moments, away from his friends and kindred, where his body might become food for vultures and wild beasts and his requiem should be the winds as they passed howling over his bleaching bones! He pictured to himself the distress of his family consequent upon his sudden and mysterious disappearance, and their fruitless conjectures in regard to his fate, and then ran with his mind's eye over the pages of their future history, lamenting their desolate and forlorn condition as they should be drifted without an earthly protector on life's wide ocean, tossed by the waves and exposed to the tempest. But he felt admonished to dismiss these reflections and turn unto others. Every moment he expected to feel a deadly stupor coming over him, and ever and anon he cast his eyes upon surrounding objects to assure himself that all was not a dream and that he was still in possession of his reason. Such was the intensity of his feelings that it counteracted the effects of the spirits which he had swallowed, and impelled by that love of life which clings unto man to his last moments, he ventured to ascend to the roof of the shanty and then cast enquiring looks far into the forest, anxious to ascertain whether the robbers had actually taken their departure or whether they were still loitering about, awaiting his death. In a slight opening in the woods at the distance of half a mile he at length espied them, pressing on with all possible speed, and in a moment his resolution was taken to attempt his escape. Mounting his horse he entered a ravine near by, which he judged must lead him in the direction of Reamer's and then urging the animal forward as fast as the nature of the country permitted, he kept in the ravine, leaping over rocks and fallen trees, and in an incredibly short time reached the point he was aiming for, where he gave the alarm and urged immediate pursuit.

We may here remark that among those backwoods men who employ most of their time in hunting and fishing, Sunday is not generally reverenced as it should be, and it will therefore cause no surprise to learn that when M'Clelland arrived at the tavern just mentioned, he found there some half a dozen or more of rugged mountaineers, who had called in for their "bitters" preparatory to starting into the woods in quest of game.—No sooner were they made acquainted with the robbery that had been committed than they volunteered to go in search of the robbers, and in a few moments had all things in readiness and set out, resolved to do their best.

The hunters had a general knowledge of the topography of the mountains, and directed their steps toward a point some distance beyond that designated by M'Clelland as the one where he had last seen the robbers; having reached which, they divided into two parties and some distance apart, and in this order had not proceeded very far when they espied the objects of their search, by whom they we seen likewise at the same instant.—The robbers tried to escape by running, but before they could get beyond the reach of the hunters' rifles, Lewis was wounded by a ball, and one of the others killed, whilst the third escaped unharmed. Lewis was secured and carried to Bedford jail, but afterwards made his escape and was pursued, and whilst rowing himself across the West Branch of the Susquehanna in a canoe, was shot dead by one of his pursuers.

While in prison, Lewis stated that he had concealed a large sum of money under a rock—the specie in a vessel and the bank bills in a bottle—near a small stream on the west of the Allegheny mountain; and after his death diligent search was made for the treasure, by different persons and at different places but it is not known that it has ever been found, and the probability is that it had been removed by some of Lewis's associates.

Had Lewis' mind been directed in the right channel and subjected to a proper course of training, he might have lived an honor to himself and his family and been useful in his day and generation; but having a *penchant* for the romantic and lawless, where he could indulge his passions without restraint, he became alienated from society, an outcast and a by-word, and in his death we have but another proof of the truthfulness of the proverb that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

PREMATURE BURIALS.

The haste which some people manifest to write their friends' obituaries often gives rise to grave mistakes which would be ludicrous were it not for the solemnity with which the subject is invested. In the year 1832, while the cholera was raging in this city, those who died of the epidemic were sometimes buried with an indecent haste and lack of ceremony, which, under other circumstances, the public would not have tolerated. Late one afternoon an honest citizen was just sitting down to his dinner and preparing to rest after the fatigues of the day, when his dream of comfort was suddenly interrupted by the ringing of his door bell. He went to the door, and was met by a strange face, which seemed to have some connection with a dead-cart, with all the paraphernalia of hasty burial, which a second glance told was stationed in front of his dwelling. The unexpected visitor attempted some apology, but it was impossible to conceal the fact that he had called on unpleasant business—in fact, to transport the master of the house to the nearest cemetery, whose synonym—the place appointed for all living—seemed suddenly to have acquired an interpretation which was probably never contemplated by the psalmist.

The gentlemen refused, certainly with some show of reason, to enter the vehicle, at least, he added, till after dinner, and returned to discuss that meal with what relish he might.

Not long ago, a dead body was taken from the water at Alexandria, Virginia. Having been recognized and claimed by the wife of a citizen as the corpse of her husband, it was borne to the grave with due solemnity, followed by the widow and children in all the habiliments of woe. Several days passed, when the husband and father whose funeral had just been celebrated, suddenly returned, in the full enjoyment of health. The surprise with which he was greeted, and his own at learning what had occurred, may be imagined. The sequel of this strange story did not terminate so happily. The sexton, it seems, had run up a large bill for funeral expenses, which the city authorities refused to allow, and the consequence was that the man actually had to pay for his own burial.

More recently, at South Boston, a man stepped off from the Old Colony Railroad bridge into the water, and was drowned.—From papers found on his person it was supposed that he was a French bootmaker who resided in Philadelphia. A telegraphic dispatch was accordingly sent to his family, informing them of their bereavement, and asking for instructions respecting the disposal of the body. The Boston authorities received a prompt reply from the reported dead man, stating that since, according to the best of his belief, he was alive and well, they might for the present suspend all solicitude about his remains.—*N. Y. Post.*

Parentage of Jefferson.

The following, from the pen of Hon. D. P. Thompson, we find in the editorial columns of the Green Mountain Freeman:

The circumstances of the union from which sprung the illustrious American Statesman, Thomas Jefferson, have never, we think, except in such general terms as would convey no definite idea of their peculiar character, yet reached the eye of the public. But having learned them from the aged neighbors of Mr. Jefferson, during a former sojourn in Virginia, and being well convinced of their entire truth, we will venture to relate them for the amusement of our readers.

Mr. Jefferson's father was poor, but an industrious and intelligent mechanic; and as society was constituted in Virginia, he was wholly excluded from the ranks of the aristocracy, and could have had no hope of forming a family connection with them, but for the following accident:

One of the proud and lordly Randolphs wishing some repairs to be made on the door-steps of his mansion, and having heard of the young carpenter, Jefferson, who resided in the same parish, sent for him to come and do the work. In this family there were several beautiful and accomplished daughters who were the acknowledged belles of that part of the country; while one of the sisters were so far behind the rest, either in accomplishments, or the faculty of showing off to advantage, that she was subject to the most mortifying neglect by the young men who thronged the establishment, being generally left at home, while her more favored sisters were taken off for the constant rounds of parties and pleasure excursions in vogue among the wealthy families of the place. It was during one of these instances of neglect that young Jefferson happened to be at work on the steps, and the respectful attentions he then had an opportunity of paying the slighted girl so strongly affected her with the contrast with those she had been accustomed to receive from all other young gentlemen who were admitted to the house, that her actions soon revealed to the quick eye of the ambitious young mechanic a condition of heart which he thought he might improve to advantage. And acting on that belief, he persevered, and so well profited by his opportunities, that within a few days a mutual engagement was formed, and a runaway match concocted and carried into effect. There was, to be sure, a terrible rumpus kicked up by the proud Randolphs, when it was discovered that one of the family had disgraced them and herself, as they esteemed it, by running away with, and marrying a poor mechanic. But finding there was no help for it, and learning upon enquiry that the young man was as smart as he was bold, they at length recalled the truant daughter with her husband, installed them into the family and gave them their patrimony.

From this match sprung, we believe, two sons and several daughters, a part of whom like Thos. Jefferson the subsequent statesman and President, strikingly inherited the intellectual characteristics and enterprise of the father, and the other part the quiet, ordinary, and common place traits of the mother.

☞ A correspondent of the London Times, recommends all vessels going to sea to carry a cage of messenger pigeons.