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Henry C. Tyler, D EALER in Dry (foods, Greeries, Umbrellas, Yankee Notions W Boots and Shoes, Shorts's and Yorks, Stone Ware, Wooden were and Brooms. Head of Navanation, Public Avenue, Montrose, Pa., June 22, 1828-19

William H. Cooper & Co., 4 P ANKERS, Successors to POST, COOPER & OO., Montros P 12: Office one door east from Posts Store, Tumpike Street, Matrose, June 9, 1822-41. H. Garratt,

G. F. Fordham,
MANUPACTURER of SAIN-LES, HARNESS, & TRUNKS,
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MANUPACTURER of S J. H. Smith.

MANUFACTURER of HARNESS SADDLES, and TRUNES
New Millord, Standbehania County, Pa.
New Millord, January 19, 1859-19 E. H. Rogers,

> H. D. Bennett. OK DENDER, Smilley, Susquebania County, Pa., respectful y informs the pergic of Susquebania and neighboring countie is proposed to that Porton eats and Leoks, and Regair of the Parkets will receive Federal cale, looks, Sec., for H. Glisson, Sept. 8, 1886–47

William B. Simpson,

REFERS of Wm. Elwell, E. W. Baild, E. D. Montayne, E. O. odrich, B. Kingsbery, Towarda; B. S. Bentley, L. Bearle, C. D. alrich, J. Wittenberg, Mourage, St. Bentley, L. Bearle, C. D. Montrose, Sept. 18, 1866-44

Wm. W. Smith & Co.,
CANNET AND CHAIR MANUFAC.
mrcr. Ken pronountly on band all hinds
plort notice. Shors and Water Browns for for Main Street,
Mentrose, Pa., May 26, 1858-41 Hayden Brothers,

William & William H. Jessup, TTORNEYS AD LAW, MONTEGE Ja. Practice in Susquishama, Braiford Wayne, Wyeming and Luzerne counties.

WIII. H. JESSUP,
A THORNET AT LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, AND COMMISTOWNER OF DEEDS, for the State of New York, will astend
to sill desiroe entruded to dain with prompthese and declify.
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Dr. E. F. Wilmot,

DEALERS IN BOOTS & SHOES; Leather and Findings, Name et., and door below Searce's Hutel, Mostrose, Pa. van

Chandler & Jessup, DEALERS IN DRY GOODS. Bendy Mades

DEALERS IN DRY GOODS, Groceries, Crockery, Hardwar beating, Flour, etc., Corner of Turnpike street and Public Av

Baldwin & Allen,

AN ACROSTIC.

W. No. 3, Besement of Searin's Hotel, on Tempike Street

Independent Republicun.

"Freedom and right against slavery and wrong."

VOL. 5. }

MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1859.

{ NO. 31.

My Psalm. BT J. G. WHITTIER.

I MOURN no more my vanished years: Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears, My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run;
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

To longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and lear;
but, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plow no more a desert land,

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay Aside the toiling oar; The angel sought so far away I welcome at my door. The airs of spring may never play
Among the ripening corn,
Nor freshness of the flowers of May

Blow through the autumn morn; Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook

Shall see its image given; The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south wind soltly sigh; And sweet, calm days in golden haze Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word Rebuke an age of wrong;
The graven flowers that wreathe, the sword
linke not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal, To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy. Il as God wills, who wisely heeds

To give or to withhold, And knoweth more of all my needs Enough that blessings undeserved Have marked my erring track— That whereso'er my feet have swerved, His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence Of love is understood, Of love is understood,

Making the springs of time and sense

Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way Which opens into light, Wherein no blinded child can stray Beyond the Father's sight— That care and trial seem at last,

Through Memory's sunset air. That all the jarring notes of life Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart, And so the west winds play; And all the windows of my heart I open to the day.

From the Home Journal. A Summer's Masquerade.

ummer, Hamilton?" inquired Edward Berrian of his friend, as they stood, after dinner, on the steps of their hotel. "Do? the dear knows. Strike out a new

path for myself, if I can.' "That's right; you have genius for anything. But pray let your originality serve the cause of benevolence, by admitting me as a sharer in your new idea when it arrives." You are welcome to the plan if it suits, which I am quite sure it will not," replied Hamilton. "To say truth, my fancy is altogether too eccentric to meet the concurrence

society like yourself." "Let me know it, at all events. I need ot guess Newbort or Saratoga, or even the nountains, since all these are too common to suit your roving genius. Perhaps a trip character would necessitate an acceptance of

"No, that would be jumping from the frying pan into the fire, to use an elegant and original metaphor. I tell you, Berrian, I am sick of what is called refined society. I have seen it all, and there is nothing more to inerest me. I would cast off these chains, and o where I can see and enjoy nature herself." "Rah! I thought we were to have a new des, and here is one as old as Solomon.-

Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all "Well, well, I was not claiming originaliw for that idea, though without doubt it aplies as well in New York as Jerusalem, be

ng adapted to all latitudes. But I doubt whether the preacher was Yankee enough to invent the means I have in mind to get rid of ennui. What think you of private theat-"Think? Why, that they have been

done to death the past winter. To be invited into a crowded parlor to see half a dozen young ladies looking their prettiest behind a gilt picture frame—an elaborate work of art, to be sure, a charming picture, you are bound to declare—but rather a bore after all eh. Hamilton ?"

"Right enough there; but that's not the sort of thing I mean. What think you of as suming a character—poor schoolmaster, for simple acquaintance, snoke with manly digniexample—going to some sweet, little country ty and intelligence, and was understood and Poor schoolmaster, indeed! I fancy I see about him a mimic lake, in the centre where illage, earning your bread at the rate of weive dollars a month?"

"Ha! ha! eccentric, truly! Why it would certainly have the charm of novelty to you, Hamilton. But what will your sinere friends and devoted admirers among the ffectionate mammas have to say?". "Nothing at all, for, mind you, my friend, I depend upon your honor to keep my se-cret. Besides, thank heaven! I'm not yet

he property of any affectionate and provima; nor do I mean to be." "Hamilton, you are a cynic. Any sensible fellow would be more than contented tions, and thrown upon their own mental re-with your prospects. Only think of half the sources, found ample cause for mutual interbarming creatures, ready to fall in love with est and esterm. you any day in obedience to a maternal in-timation. If you choose to throw away all your privileges of fortune, pray bestow them

on a poor dog who envies them." "Be a man, Berman; and stand on your own foundation, not on your father's wealth. tell you there is more in a man than can be satisfied with these shallow conventionalities. There's more in human nature, too. than one would believe, judging from these artificial ball-room belles. Cynic or not, I've firm, unshaken faith in the depth and nobleness of woman's nature as God designed Stavant Morris, Dressoro (Rail to the specimens one meets in fashionable ber, however indifferent, or worse, I may be

"And you are picturing to yourself a long perspective of rural felicity, in which figures some lovely country damsel, like the milk-maids in the old pastorals. Well, Hamilton, success to you and your ideals. As for me,

tle village of N-, in northern Vermont, and you shall find a decided contrast to the noisy confusion of the great city. If your tastes are formed on the Young American standard, and a visible air of go ahead tiveness is essential to your contentment, you lifeless and uninteresting. If you have been all your life encaged in splendid drawing rooms, or at best a prisoner on parole, not to transcend the barriers of conventional straint, you will, with the most amiable of frowns, declare the quiet, homely little hamlet, ennuyeuse and unendurable. If you have the earnest love of all things beautiful, which God has given, to poets and little children—if your spirit is yet unfettered by the chains of conventionality, and untainted by a vitiated taste—you will find inspiration shine, rest in the spirit of quietness and contentment that broods over the little hamlet like the peace of heaven. You will long to cast off, for a time, the burden of worldly care, that your whole being may gain new tone and vigor from the ministrations of na-

Let us call at that old farm-house, where young girl is seated with her sewing.-Yes, there are two of them; but the younger (a child of ten years) is at the feet of the

elder.
"Who is this new teacher, Phebe, that you like so much?"
"Mr. Hamilton, his name is. He's a real

"Hamilton," repeated the other; "I have certainly heard the name before." In fact, quite a phenomenon had appeared in N.—, within a few weeks, in the person of the new district schoolmaster. It had been the custom of the school committee, from motives of economy, to employ a female teacher during the summer months; but the demands of the new applicant, in the matter of salary, were so very moderate, and his qualifications so remarkable, that an innovation had for once been allowed. As for the last point, indeed, never had an aspi-- so thoroughly furnished for the trying ordeal of examination. He was able to answer without confusion all the profound questions proposed to him, in arithmetic, grammar, and even orthography, and suc-

knew all that, and more too!" The social successes of the poor schoolnaster seemed destined to be equally brilliant with his intellectual triumphs; though, had he been accustomed to the sincere and throughout this simple rural district, he wo'd have claimed no superiority in this respect Among the crowd of invitations that poured in upon him, that of Phebe Lee was one of the first accepted. There is one little fact, which, in all fidelity I must state, though, in this connection, it may be considered irrelevant. In the village church, which, among other uses, sacred and profane, often serves as a reconnoitering ground for general observers, the schoolmaster had discovered at least one interesting face in the square highbacked pew of Farmer Lee. Whether this

of Inspector Graves, the impression that "he

of a well trained and submissive member of consideration influenced his movements, I do not pretend to say. Certain it is, no long process of reasoning was required to convince him that a conscientious adherence to his plan of studying country life and country all Mrs. Lee's invitations.

It was on this very afternoon, while Ada, with her juvenile companion, was sented with her sewing under the great cherry-tree pearance. Phebe sprang to meet him at the gate; then remembering that something like an introduction was expected from her blushed, choked, hung down her head, and I want it should be all for myself, and not through the long holler."

"Good day, Phebe; is your mother home?" said the cheerful tones of the teach-"Yes, sir; she's in the kitchen," said the

child, faintly. "Then you will be so good as to

me to your triend here, will you not?"
"Miss Addie Raymond," said Phebe, mustering courage to advance. "It's the teachto Ada.

Mr. Hamilton, I believe," said Ada, of-

ring her hand with modest self-possession.

The awawardness of the introduction was quickly forgotten in the easy and animated onversation which followed. Hamilton judging wisely enough, that the tone of fashnable flattery which he might have asnumed on another occasion, would be out of place, if not utterly unintelligible to his simple acquaintance, spoke with manly dignimaking a conquest without her usual accessories of costly toilette and brilliant surroundings, and, moreover, somewhat amused at ready tact, and yet an unaffected nuivete that rendered her even more than usually fascinating. Thus the very persons who, in a fashionable assembly, would have chatted on the most vapid and insignificant topics, and separated mutually disgusted with each other's insipidity, meeting here in simple relations, and thrown upon their own mental re-

"Have you been long a resident of N-" inquired Hamilton, at length. "Only a short time; I came in April."

"And what can you find to amuse you. in his quiet little place?" "Oh! it is much more pleasant; than my own home; besides, I've a great deal to of surprise and displeasure. keep me busy," replied Ada with the utmost simplicity, bending industriously over

dancing, or anything of that kind?"
"We sing sometimes—my cousin Lizzie and I"-Ada replied, "I used to play a little, a long time ago; but we have no piano

"Perhaps you will allow me to accompa. | now, and hereafter I shall not find life any.

like modulations, whose wealth of sweetness, sents primitive purity and worth of charac-spoke so deeply to his soul, as that of the ter?"

ittle country cousin at Farmer Lee's.—

"I will acknowledge frankly," replied ety will have its froth as well as its dregs.— If we are to admit that these last do settle in

The only fact in which we are interested, is a very serious one—painely, that Henry Hamilton had found, at last the Keystone to gusts of city life, to find in the wilderness the only flower that could prove "heart's ease" to his tired existence? The flower it. self was a perfect mystery. The only one, it seemed, that was in perfect harmony with the free fresh life of nature around; the rest with their uncouth ways seemed to have been transplanted from a ruder soil. These, and similar speculations, often troubled the profound depths of the schoolmaster's mind, during the hours of daily duty, and made further observations necessary each evening for the purpose of solving the problem.— And so it happened, quite naturally, that be-fore the last sunset ray had rested upon the old farm house, the said schoolmaster with his guitar on his arm, like some traveling minstrel, was to be seen walking the same road from the village. Usually, too, the first object that caught his eye-quite willing to be caught—was a certain graceful lit-tle need, bending with its drouping curls over a pair of industrious little hands, that were always sewing, sewing away, under the

great cherry-tree before the door. We have not leisure to describe-what indeed every reader can easily imagine-the radt for the pedagogical honors appeared in route for the pedagogical honors appeared in commenced. A note received by Edward Berrian, toward the end of August, will reveal the condition of affairs at that juncture. "Berrian, my dear fellow, my plan for the summer has entirely succeeded. I have ceeded in leaving upon the astonished mind proved, what I always believed, that innocence, intelligence, and true refinement, are to be found upon the earth, though not within the limits of our artificial fashionable circles. In this secluded little village, I have found all, and more than all, that fancy pic-

can only answer, my fate is not yet sealed. you, this fall, a living demonstration of the truth of my theories—a complete fulfilment of my romantic dreams. Yours as ever.

About the same time. Mr. Colton, in his dusky counting room, was perusing a delicate little letter, at the close of must venture to glance.

would happen, when I left home, or I never should have dared to go away from you.-Now you know I would not for the world do anything to displease. you; but I know you cannot help being pleased with Mr. Hamilton. He is a poor schoolmaster, to be sure; but then he is so good, so noble, so much above those silly city beaux. And besides, dear papa, you know you have only enough for two; so Mr. H. would not need to be rich. He promises to do all that a son can for you in your old age. He thinks you back, twice a week; takes out fresh meat and are poor, and I would not undeceive him; so on, and fetches in groceries and those for if he really loves me, as I think he does, stuff. He's a dark road to go, 'specially

for my father's money. note to you. He says it will tell you some again, while the empest without rather in-things which I could not say. I wish I knew creased than diminished in its fury.

what is in it! "But what I most wanted to ask you if this. Please let me be married here at the hostelry to enable any other outside sounds farm-house. Lisette can go down to the city to be distinguishable, when the door was sudand make my arrangements. Then you can come up in October, and we can play force of the wind and rushing rain, and a man the play out. I would not have Mr. H. was precipitated violently into the middle of know till the last moment that 'it is as it is,' the apartment.

Do, dear papa, say yes, and earn the thanks Apa." gave way to one, first of wonder, and then his angular frame ran atreams of

contents of the one it enclosed. appreciated. Ada, dismissing all idea of my little Ada a country schoolmaster's wife. of he stood like a grim, butternut-colored Splendid fortune he has, though ; excellent river-god. ther an old friend of mine. Must go round the novelty of the role she was setting, sus-tained her part of the conversation with a old Hamilton. He has proposed the same look after m' orse." thing to me before, if I remember right.-Yes, yes, the young ones shall play out their

play, and we gray heads will look on."
We must pass over in silence the preliminary arrangements; the quiet wedding at the tarm house, attended only by the nearest and dearest triends; the wedding tour, which was rather more extensive than comported with the little wife's new notions of economy. "My little bird thought she had quite es-

caped from her cage," said Mr. Colton, as he welcomed his daughter to their stately man-sion on the morning of their return. "And considerable effort that he succeeded in get." I hear a sion on the morning of their return. how do you know but I sent a good sportsman to insuare and bring her back ?" "Father!" exclaimed Ada, with a blush his back to the fire drying himself as best he

No, no, it was not quite, so my darling: but though not sent for the purpose, Henry

many things. I have something to live for I think she jumped into my wagon once!"

"Perhaps you will allow me to accompany on and hereafter I shall not find life any perspective of rural felicity, in which figures some lovely country damsel, like the milk-maids in the old pastorals. Well, Hamilton, success to you and your ideals. As for me, not being blessed with genius or originality, and the pleasure was, of course, not being blessed with genius or originality, and the springs."

It is schoolmaster was greatly strengthened in his opinion that simple nature (!) was competent to the perfection of a voice, without the appliances of art. Certainly, in all his recollections of annateur or professional singing, he had heard no voice, whose flute wickedness, and that the country alone prelief modulations, whose wealth of sweetness, sents primitive purity and worth of charac-

Doubt not, good reader, that it was speedily Hamilton, "that it was a superficial and blazoned through the village of N—, that the choolmaster visited at the Lee farm bouse as many as six evenings in the week; in human nature. I will enlarge my creed, Hamilton, "that it was a superficial and stranger, swinging his long arms about.—
foolish notion, the renunciation of which only strengthens and deepens my general faith her ugly countenance! Eleven cubs I've nor were the village gossips slow to connect and believe that even here, under the grothis fact with the presence of the two young ladies from parts unknown. But with the pel us to wear, true hearts and earnest souls gossips we are not concerned. Human sociare to be found. But we are all doing our late wagon some o' these nights, see if she selves the greatest injustice, for our real, our better nature lies conceated, and all our life, cities; we cannot but remark that the lighter with its artificial joys, its scenic display, and particles find their balance quite naturally where the pressure of real interests is least.

where the pressure of real interests is least.

> For the Independent Republican. To a Bird. BY IDA APTON.

How shall I woo thee, bright-eyed bird,
Down from thy breeze-rocked leafy bough?
Would I might speak some tender word.
Known to thy bird-ear, some soft vow,
Such as the zephyrs breathe to flowers
Laden with sweets, in sunny bowers.

Come where the lily's golden hell-Droops with its weight of dainty wine,
Down where the clover lamps the dell
Fragrant with blooming eglantine;
There would I give, with choicest meat, Strawberry's rosy wine, my sweet.

While from thy downy throat the song O'er my rapt soul, what yearnings strong Thrill through my heart, this sad sigh tells. Oh, I could weep to-night, sweet bird, Weep o'er the thoughts thy song hath stirred!—

Tenderest songs must cease, at last; Happiest days will sink in gloom: Sing ere the golden hour is past, Sing while the flow'rs drop sweet perfume Cleave the blue depths, with resiless wing, Echo the notes the angels sing.

From the Saturday Press. My First and Last Panther Hunt.

HABTFORD, Conn., July 4, 1859. MR. EDITOR:—I ended my last letter with he conclusion of "Uncle Paul's" bear story, at the close whereof the bar-room inmates at the old Canada tavern imbibed largely at the expense of the two strangers, my friend and myself.

After we had "amiled and smiled," we

again scated ourselves about the room, and an ominous silence fell upon all. Burly John Canada piled more wood upon the fire, and then sauntered to the door, which he opened to gaze forth upon the weather .-A thick blackness had overspread the sky shaking the bottles and glasses behind the bar till they jingled again, and throwing great

puffs of smoke out of the broad firepl

Burly John closed the door again, and re tired to his seat upon the bar, and presently the rain began to fall, and, being driven ereon the Devil's tattoo with a vengeance Far down the valley, the mounds of fire "Do, dear papa, let me have my own burning on the "clearing," gleamed with a way in this. I did not dream any such thing dull and sombre red, till they became burning on the "clearing," gleamed with a quenched and dead beneath the pelting storm.

Then the wind increased, and the old shook and trembled beneath its fury.
"It's a bad night for Pete," quoth John Canada, knocking the ashes from his pipe and

"A bad night it is," assented the others."
"He's ben through badder," soliloquized
Uncle Paul, from behind his rum and water. "He runs an express," John Canada ex plained, "from here to North Adams and

The men about the room assented with "Mr. Hamilton wishes me to enclose this many ejaculations. Then all fell into silence

There was no 'lull in the storm, made too much disturbance about the little dealy burst in as though by the combined

He was a tall, bony fellow, clad through out in butternut colored woolen, and bearing f your ADA." out in butternut colored woolen, and bearing The dubious smile that curled the lips of a broken, unlighted lantern in one hand and the old man, as he finished this first letter, a whip in the other. From every portion of f genuine merriment, as he glanced over the From his old felt hat, from his nose, from his hands, knees, shoulders, elbows, from the "Well, well!" he ejaculated, "she may skirts of his old coat, and the heavy lappels play her play out if she wants to, and it's upon his old-fashioned vest, the water ran in

The rain had got into his throat, and he gur-

glazed hat over his whity-brown locks, lighted a lantern, and struggled out into the storm "At length I took out my watch." By dint wards the fire—the slush I slush I of his feet of a long scrutiny I had made the time to be in the heavy boots he wore spoke of two lifteen minutes past eleven. good quarts of water within their expansive cowhide-" Ah! that goes to the right spot! What a night 'tis!" He shivered from head ting off his wet boots and his coat and vest.

Then, as he stood in his shirt-sleeves, with

might, he said suddenly:
"That biamed cal followed me through the long holler again! Damn her ugly has really brought you back from your wild body! I had my gun this time, but 'twas So, what will you do now, my pretty fugi-must be hard up to chase a man's wagon a dense patch of brush, and raising his gun.
tive?"

So, what will you do now, my pretty fugisech a night as this? Ab! I am down on "For God's sake, don't fire till you see the "The best I can, pape. Indeed my sum- her sometime sure! I saw her eyes like two creature plainly !" mer in the country has taught me a great coals in the darkness behind me, and I swear!

Dwight rushed in, with a tempest of rain

"Where is the codfish you were going to fetch us ?" he said. tch us?" he said.
"In the wagon," said the river god.

"That's a lie!" The expressman seemed to take this remark in perfect good part, as though it were only a common form of denial amongst the

class he associated with.
"Tisn't there, eh?"
"Nary codfish!"

"That cat was in my wagon!" shouted the killed for her, and still she keeps on running the wagon some o' these nights, see if she don't, an' then I'd like to know where you'll get your codfish an' store-duds! Darn the cat! John-blame you, 'tisn't no laughing

matter-give us some more gin!" .. The expressman stood in the centre of the room, a cloud of steam rising from his wet garments, and swallowed his second glass of

I inquired where the 'long hollow' was. About two miles from the tavern they said. It was a long, narrow gorge in the mountains, through which ran a small stream, and was infested by a certain female panther

therest, Jones spake:
"I say, we'll kill that punther!" "We will, or perish in the attempt!"

Jones fervently grasped my hand, and 1

in the evening to midnight was the best time to get a chance at it.

We procured two guns. Mine was a heavy, long barreled rifle, carrying a large ball, while the weapon procured by Jones was a very ancient musket, whose old flint with some suprelentable a more modern.

of our midnight hunt. The hands of my venerable time pocket niece—inherited from a deceased grandfather pine-shadowed portal of the "long hollow,"

The thick woods upon either hand stood and that's enough for Clay, he'll have the judarkly on the steep hillsides, and the overly blubbering in less than half an hour." hanging branches met above the narrow roadway, leaving only an indistinct glimmering of sky through their interlacing ends to mark heart of the mountain. A small stream swollen by the previous night's rain, foamed and roared down the narrow gorge, now rushing beneath a rude bridge of logs, and anon tumbling and plashing down

the steep at our side. There was no sound save that of the water and an occasional gutteral cry from some swift-gliding owl, as he slid through the air or downy and noiseless wings: passing like a night-spirit, seen and gone with a weird swift sileuce of passage.

It was well for us that there was no foliage upon the trees, as yet, for, otherwise, we uld have been in the midst of a darkness so dense as to have precluded any possibility of hunting. As it was, there was a faint light from just overhead, that struggled down to the foot of the glen where we stood. We sauntered slowly up the road till we

the brook, that it was spread into a more proceeded, and having occasion to refer ran over pebbles. Here there was a sort of ladies present some very high compliments, pause in the ascent; a short, narrow plateau, upon their skill and industry, and in allusion where the sides of the gorge curved inly, leaving a broader space for the stream and country women generally, said that with rethe winding road. Thick bushes, principally birch and alder, grew at either side of the path, and at about the centre of the level, a tures, instead of foreign imports. tall, bare, and fearfully gnarled oak towered The mingled air of gallantry and drollery high above, throwing one knotty and crooked of the speaker, in this part of his address, the limb entirely across the road.

At this place we paused. It was the only wit, the anecdote, and the pathos, as he alapot we had found where we could keep with- linded to his own advancing years and inin sight of each other and still be some little creasing infirmities, were inimitable and irre-

f the level, while I took my place above dden curve him, just at the point where a suc and ascent hid the road beyond from sight. Our eyes had become accustomed to the darkness and our ears to the gurgle and Whilst Burly John poured out a glass of liquor for the soaked expressman, Dwight thrust his long arms into a heavy coat, put a steps when we occasionally changed place. Here we stood or sauntered while the night

grew older. I was putting it up when I heard as low

"What do you hear?" I whispered clutch-"I hear a rustling in the bushes just be aide me!" I was not (eightened, but a chill ran thro me, and I felt myself shivering from head to

"Do you see anything ?" "I see the brush bending and swaying— some animal is creeping past me on its bel wanderings to your proper sphere in society. too dark to fire with any certainty. She ly !" Jones retreated across the road facing " For God's sake, don't fire till you see the

Jones put down his gun, and I stole to

I paused. I could hear it now, gliding

through the brush and breaking an occasional dead twig. Very little noise, though.

Now I saw it; a dark body slowly approaching the spot where I stood, but hever in plain view, from the thick underbrush about it.

There was a heavy plunge through the brush, followed by a plash in the brook.

Jones had thrown a large stone at the slow-moving shadow.

slow-moving shadow.

We had not noticed till that instant that

we had followed the movement in the bushes to the foot of the gnarled oak but we were aware of it them aware of it them.

For, with a fearful cry between a growl and the hissing snarl of h cat, a large animal. glided up the tree and out upon the branch

ıst over us. Daylight could not have made it plainer. It crouched upon the limb with flashing eyes and white langs gleaming from the distended mouth—its short, thick tail waving from side to side; its back humped, with each particular hair standing on end with rage and its ever-changing savage free clane.

rage, and its ever-changing savage face glancing from one to the other.

We both stepped back, and, at the motion, a cry, the most savage I ever heard, came from the terrible creature above us. I believe it had determined to spring upon

It drew its legs up under it, and turned its hideous countenance full upon me. Still stepping back, I raised my rifle, and at the The beast slid around the branch, and hung

by its forepaws, uttering cry after cry of It hung for a half-moment, dropped into the road, and turned with indescribable fury

But it was too late. It had scarcely touched the ground when I had a builet through its brain, and the terror of the "long hollow" was no more!

Eloquence of Henry Clay.

Whozven heard Mr. Clay for the first time, was almost certain to be delighted with him, without exactly knowing why.— There was a charm about his oratory that defied analysis, and rendered sober criticism well-nigh impossible. You went away too well pleased, and too full of admiration for of fabulous size, that was, known to have the man, to think of asking how he had man-made her abode there for at least ten years past, and managed always to escape from those who went in pursuit of her. She bro't the next, at will. There was something forth a litter of young every year, which about him different from any other speaker were easily killed, but, for herself, she was I ever heard. Webster was like a steam so cunning and active, no man had yet succeeded in slaying her, and she was the terror of all the dogs in the neighborhood. They all agreed that Pete, the expressman, right, and the chances were that some dark night he would become "cat's meat" before the street reasoning of shetreet reasoning, calmy and his time.

My Cambridge friend and I—I may as deliberately adding link after link to the iron well call him Jones for want of a better chain of his logic, till the hearer fell down at name whereby to distinguish him—retired to the end, bound hand and foot in the unyieldrest full of the panther! I presume we dreamed of it through the night. We woke Clay—when he mounted the rostrum a universal smile illuminated men's faces, and shining over the strips of meadow-land that and they looked at one another with an exand they looked at one another with an exformed the narrow valley, and, looking out pression which said plainer than words, "Glad to see you up, Mr. Clay. Begone dull care! Wo're going to have a good time. This heavy work is over at last. Business done—now comes pleasure."—
"Clay," said General Jackson, in the writer's having "is the most playwible speaker that returned the pressure.

Inquiring more about the beast, we learned that it kept itself hidden during the day, but frequented the road through the "long hollow" after nightfall, and that from ten o'clock lieve anything he pleases. This from an lieve anything he pleases. This from an lieve anything he pleases. enemy, was not meant for praise, but to the fact old Hickory was perfectly competent

lock had been supplanted by a more modern trial before them for his life, accused of a and efficient percussion acrangement. Full most structure murder attractions murder attractions murder attractions murder attractions. looking citizens they were-rather dull thought, and about as likely to be moved by an appeal to their feelings as the stalactites in the Mammoth Cave. As Mr. Clay commenced, a friend whispered in my ear, "That villain ought to be hung, but he's got a wife and child, and his old mother is here in court, doubted it, but so it was. Those great hulk ing fellows were sobbing and mopping their aces over the sorrows of the prisoner's fam. where the winding path crept up into the ily as depicted by the speaker, as though they themselves had just lost their desrest friend. Even the court blew its nose vigorously, for some reason, during the appeal in ehalf of the old woman, and although perfectly convinced that I was "sold" in so doing, I could not resist the epidemic, and ighed and sobbed in concert with the bench bar, jury, and spectators. It is needless to add that the prisoner was acquitted. Several years ago, while in the vicinity of Ashland, I celled upon Mr. Clay. The was absent from home attending a fair in the neighborhood. Being desirous of an interriew, I followed him to the fair grounds, and nding him just about to address the multitude, took a seat among them. Directly in front of me sat two ladies. One of them appeared to be in an ill humor for some reason. and I overheard the petulant remark, "I don't want to hear Clay. Wonder if nobody came to a place where the valley widened, in Kentucky can make a speech but him.—and we could hear, by the silver running of My husband is a Democrat." Mr. Clay he domestic articles on exhibition, paid the to the beauty and good qualities of his fair gard to them, as well as other fine fabrics. his preference was for domestic manufac

half-jest and half-earnest of his manner, the aistible. I looked at the Democrat's wife .-Jones stationed himself at the lower end It was plain that her efforts to hate Clay had ended in a miserable failure. She had been laughing and crying like the rest of us, and after the tumultuous applause which followed the close of the address had subsided, I was surprised to hear her say to her female comcause he's a Whigi is it? I suppose John won't like it, but I'm going to give him my blankets."- Evangelist.

> MRS. POYSER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. -Folks must put up wi' their own kin as they do wi' their own noses," its their own flesh and blood. I'm not denyin' the women are foolish; God Almighty made 'em to match the men. Some folks's tongues are like the clocks as run on strikin', not to tell you the time o' the day, but because there's summat wrong i' their own inside,-Adam

"You exhibit a great deal of vanity, madam, in always telling what others think of you."

you, sir, to tell what the world thinks of you."

How is it proved that Adam was orodox in his sentiments? Because his belief was undoubtedly Eve-angelical,