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# MONTROSE DEMOCRAT.

WE JOIN THE PARTY THAT CARRIES THE FLAG, AND KEEPS STEP TO THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.

VOL. 17. } MONTROSE, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1860. { NO. 21.

JOB PRINTING of ALL KINDS,
DONE AT THE OFFICE OF THE
DEMOCRAT,
NEATLY AND PROMPTLY,
AND AT "LIVE AND LET LIVE" PRICES.

THE office of the Montrose Democrat has recently been supplied with a new and choice variety of type, etc., and we are now prepared to print pamphlets circulars, etc., etc., in the best style, on short notice.

Handbills, Posters, Programmes, and other kinds of work in this line, done according to order.

Business, Wedding, and Ball CARDS, Tickets, etc., printed with neatness and despatch.

Justices' and Constables' Blanks, Notes, Deeds, and all other Blanks, or hand, or printed to order.

☞ Job work and Blanks, to be paid for on delivery.

From the Germantown Telegraph.

## THE BATTLE OF GERMANTOWN.

THE disposition of the British forces, preparatory to the battle, will require some minuteness of description, in order to properly comprehend the plan of attack; Mount-Airy, situated about half way between the then village of Germantown and Chestnut-Hill, was occupied by a corps of British infantry; a house near at hand containing their outlying pickets, furnished with two six-pounders. Some distance below this position, and directly opposite the building known as Chew's house, the 40th regiment of infantry, under Colonel Musgrave, was stationed; still farther in the rear, its respective wings encamped on either side of the main or Skippack road, was the body of the British army, with Gen. Howe's head-quarters a short distance farther down. To understand the system of attack decided upon by Washington, it will be necessary to mention that three roads, the Limekiln, Ridge and Old York, (the second on the right, the two others on the sides of the Skippack and running in a nearly parallel direction,) all entered the main road; the first becoming united with it near the market house of the village itself, and the remaining two joining a short distance below the town. Gen. Sullivan, (whose detachment was under Washington's direct supervision,) commanding the right wing of the American army and assisted by Lord Stirling and Gen. Wayne, was to advance directly along the main road and open his fire upon the enemy's left wing; in conjunction with Gen. Armstrong, who, marching down the Ridge road, was to attack him on the rear. The left wing of the Americans was composed of two divisions, sustained by a brigade, the whole commanded by Gen. Greene; it was Washington's intention to dispatch this portion down the Limekiln road, so that their attack might be made immediately upon Howe's right wing, at the junction of this road with the Skippack; two other companies proceeded along the old York road, intending to surprise the enemy at a similar point, and cut him off in the rear. It will thus be observed that a majority of the American troops were concentrated upon the right wing, in the hope that by a sudden attack, the enemy might be driven toward the river and thus obliged to capitulate. At break of day was the time agreed upon for the attack, on all sides, to commence.

At the time these plans were concerted, the American army, consisting of 6,000 Continental troops and 3,000 militia, were encamped on the banks of the Skippack creek, some 17 miles from the scene of action. The autumnal sun, somewhat shrouded by novering clouds, had scarcely set behind the distant hills, and its melancholy parting halo gilded the sad colored foliage, when the main body began the march toward Germantown. From the great roughness of the road and the many activities necessary to ascend, they were delayed far beyond the intended time of arrival; the night had passed ere they reached Chestnut Hill and day was already in the sky. A few pale and hesitating sunbeams attempted to glimmer through the dense and brooding fog, which hung in dark, opaque folds over the outstretched plain, but they failed to brighten the gloomy expanse, and with minds naturally somewhat affected by the mists and darkness surrounding, the troops moved on with a slightly apparent abatement of their usual vigor.

We have before mentioned that "Allen's house" on Mount Airy, was picketed by an outlaying guard of the British; these were advanced upon, under cover of the fog, by a detachment commanded by Captain McLane, which succeeded in putting them to flight; retreating down the hill, they joined the light infantry below—of which they were a portion—and the whole company formed themselves, awaiting an attack. The sun again essayed to disperse the intense humidity, and for and instant shone out, as the Americans, led by Gen. Wayne, advanced upon the infantry, but the luminary soon disappeared and all was again dim with thickening vapor.

Wayne's men dashed forward with resistless violence and scattered the enemy with great slaughter; thirsting to be revenged for the horrible massacre at Paoli, on the September preceding, they refused quarter to the flying enemys. "Remember Paoli," burst in wild and fearful accents upon the murky air, as soldier after soldier fell beneath their swining strokes; cries for mercy, pitying pleas, supplicatory prayers, were addressed alike to deaf or listless ears; vengeance was now the appeal, and what men under the power of such mighty influences could withstand its force. The officers endeavored to stay this indiscriminate slaughter, but their efforts were useless, and so great was the confusion, that many of our own troops were struck down by the hands of their companions. Colonel Musgrave, observing the general route of the advance, hastened to Chew's house, where, ensconsing himself with six companies, he awaited an attack from the approaching Americans; and here we observe one of those occurrences, apparently trivial, but which in the present instance completely turned the tide of victory. Musgrave, from the windows of the house, opened a heavy fire upon the advancing troops, which induced their officers to order a temporary halt, many insisted upon moving on, in hopes that the panic, caused by the defeat of Mount-Airy, would have been communicated to the main body of the British, and thus render their combined attack more readily executed. To this suggestion, however, Gen. Knox strenuously demurred, positively refusing to violate an important code of military law, which insists that no "garrisoned castle" should be left in the rear.

Generals Sullivan and Wayne, marching forward with their corps, attacked the enemy's centre, some distance below Chew's mansion, and after a fierce engagement, in which many fell on both sides, finally drove them towards School-House lane, where their line was reformed. Victory had already settled upon our banners, the enemy were driven in at every point, and expected reinforcements would shortly arrive, their assistance thus communicating the fortune of the day. In the mean time, however, the attack upon Chew's house was being continued, under the immediate command of Washington himself. A gallant officer, Lieut. Smith, of Virginia, in charge of a flag of truce, advanced directly in front of the enemy's fire, in order to summon the garrison to surrender; a volley of bullets was the sole respons, and the brave soldier fell. Many from the ranks now rushed forward in a vain attempt to beat down the door or fire the house; but the former being strongly barracaded, resisted their efforts, while deadly shots from the windows above, effectually prevented the success of the latter. The building itself, constructed of solid masonry, presented an unwavering front against the artillery which was now brought to bear; the six-pounders in use proved entirely inadequate to the tssk, and our troups had the mortification of observing only a lamentable consumption of powder, without those effects which should follow its use. The most heroic bravery signalized the attack upon this obstinate fortress; officers and men dashed "pell mell" into the contest with utter disregard for their lives, in the fruitless attempt to effect a breach of their unyielding walls; apparently animated—not depressed—by the fall of their comrads, others filled up the vast vacated places and maintained a scattering but uncertain fire upon the garrison within.

The fog, at this time, had so increased in density that objects could not be discerned within the distance of a few feet. The troops of Sullivan and Wayne, having forced the enemy upon their "cantonments," suddenly heard for the first time, a sharp firing in the rear, the cause of which they were unable to divine, being entirely unaware at that time of the attack upon Chew's House; halting in confusion, still maintaining a desultory fire into the thick mist ahead, what was their consternation on observing a regiment, advancing upon their left flank; no means whereby uniform, colors, or other appearances by which could be ascertained the approach of friend or foe, presented themselves, and the troops, supposing that the enemy, by a circuitous route had surrounded and would finally annilate them, became infected with the most fearful panic, and turning, fled in utter confusion.

Colonel Matthews, a Virginian, had advanced considerably beyond the main body, with a portion of Gen. Greene's division, and at this time, unconscious of the enemy's so close vicinity, was approaching the market-house, when becoming completely surrounded by the foe, he was obliged to surrender, after contesting every inch of ground with the greatest bravecommunicating, strangely enough, their fright to the division of Greene (whose advance, concealed by the fog, had occasioned their own terror) the whole body retreated, forming themselves, under the latter's commands, into some degree of regularity, and thus keeping up a running fire in order to cover their flight.

The fortune of war was now entirely adverse to the Americans, and hotly pursued by Generals Grey and Cornwallis, the rout was continued until nightfall, when the defeated army halted at Perkiomen creek, a distance of about 19 miles from the morning battle-field. Many anecdotes are narated of the hospitality displayed by farmers to the unfortunate, defeated soldiery; one in particular illustrates forcibly the spirit infused even into the women of that glorious, yet trying period. An elderly lady had just finished the superintendence of extensive baking operations, and was about consigning the fresh loaves to the shelves of a spring-house, where innumerable pans of milk and cream arranged with consummate care, "glistened in a row," side by side with tempting pastry and cakes redolent of ginger and shortening. Casting admiring glances upon the housewifely display, what was the old lady's surprise, on hearing a confused noise, as of men tramping over the ground above; hastening from the building, to her astonishment, whole fields for miles in extent, appeared covered with soldiers, all running northward at the highest speed. Regardless of the lady's presence, many rushed into the spring-house, returning either with pies and loaves of bread, or else draining, while inside, the contents of the good dame's milk pans; still the route continued and constant forays were made upon the fast declining resources. At length all were passed by and the meadows returned to their pristine quiet, an examination into the spring-house disclosed the presence of a few scattered morsels, sole remnant of the grand larder it had that morning contained; without a word of complaint, merely ejaculating—"poor fellows, no wonder they were hungry," the excellent creature began instant preparations for a further "baking," and soon replenished her empty shelves. Such, kind reader, was the praiseworthy and patriot conduct of this most estimable Quaker, an undoubted member of the "meeting militant."

Thus ended the battle of Germantown, which numbers among its incidents, some of the most stirring and self-sacrificing, which Revolutionary annals have handed down to the present age; deeds of valor were performed by men entirely ignorant as well of the minutiæ as of the merest superficials connected with those tactics pertaining to the art of war. Among the slain, might have been observed the uniformed and decorated British officer side by side with the plowman, on whose clothing one still could have traced the dust of his meadows. Death respects no more the aiguilletted general than the poor and wearied private; reclining together upon a common bier, their eyes closed to the outward world, the relative positions of wealth and station are alike disregarded; unheading the past, their attention no longer dwels upon the present. Golden scabbards and rusty firelocks are folded in one embrace; tinselled epaulettes and tattered vestments are incongruously intermingled.

The sun, though imperceptibly, had gained its meridian ere the final shot resounded over the field of Germantown; and now began that last melancholy ceremonial, the burial of those of our own army who had so bravely fallen. Gathered promiscuously together, the bodies were consigned to hastily formed graves, into which all were indiscriminately heaped; though no escutcheoned stone marks their last resting place, or mural tablets along some dim and clossistered aisles sets forth in classic diction their virtues and their services; though no "storied urn or animated bust" carved from pure but chilling marble, designates their final abode, yet

*"Their names, their years, spelt by th' unlettered muse,*
*The place of fame and elegy supply,"*

their merits are enshrined deep in the heart of a nation that loves to honor their posterity and add fresher garlands to the many that already drop over the solitude of their tombs. The bodies of the dead enemy, it will be remembered, were deposited in that portion of Philadelphia, known as Washington Square.

The traveler who roams over these plains, made memorable by so great achievments, is impressed with a feeling of solemn pleasure as he mentally cons the changes which a few years have occasioned. Standing on the adjacent Chestnut-Hill, he looks abroad over a landscape smiling with beauty; evidences of wealth and cultivation are everywhere discernable; no longer does the roar of artillery usher in the morning, or the roll of drums herald the approach of night; a landscape teeming with fertility, waving fields of grain, and meadows whose luxuriant verdue overtops their flowers; the peal of musketry has given place to the scythe's "long swinging stroke," the rattling of artillery wagons, to the wain laden with its odorous abundance; for the call to arms and the horse cry of "charge," is now heard the low of distant kine or the mellow tinkle of a sheepfold's bell; and in place of the strains of martial music, we have now "the cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn." The old mansion is still there, its wall perforated with bullets, their traces even yet observable upon the window frames; surrounded by shade, in summer completely embowered from view by the densely clustering foliage itself the cause of our defeat—appears wishing to retreat behind so friendly a concealment. But these reflections must be drawn to a close.

In conclusion the writer desires to add that the result of this sanguinary field (in which over a thousand fell killed and wounded on either side) was scarcely to be considered as a defeat; rather, in fact, a victory in which the enemy simply remained upon the field. Its salutary effects where everywhere discernable in the renewed hope by which our troops were actuated, seeing, as many undoubtedly did, the ultimate triumph of the Revolution, which will ever render so justly celebrated the Battle of Germantown. HISTORIA.

## THE PLAYMATES.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May winds
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home.
And took with her the laughing Spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hands in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who felt her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring,
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun,
Before her come and go.

There haply with her jeweled hands
She smoothes her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lillies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams,

I see her face—I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
That fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O, playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green;
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the robins sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

## SCIENTIFIC ITEMS.

Indigo as good as was ever produced has been raised in South Carolina; its manufacture, however, was so fatal to the negroes that its cultivation was discontinued. It absorbs oxygen in the process of manufacture so rapidly as to render the air unfit to breathe.

To remove lead from water, put a little chalk or whiting into the water and let it settle.

A railroad company has purchased the right of way through the Thames tunnel, London, and will proceed to lay a track.

Snakes are ova-vivaparous, that is to say, eggs are formed and hatched within the body of the animal; this, probably, has given rise to the popular notion that these reptiles swallow their offspring.

The light of the tropics is not no powerful for photographic purposes as that of the temperate zones; a longer time being required to take a picture.

A man is taller in the morning than at night to the extent of half an inch, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

The human brain is the twenty-eighth of the body, but in a horse but the four hundredth.

Ten days per annum is the average sickness of human life. About the age of thirty-six the lean man generally becomes fatter, and the fat man leaner.

Richter enumerates six hundred distinct species of disease in the eye.

The pulse of children is one hundred and eighty in a minute; at puberty it is eighty; and at sixty only sixty.

Elephants live for two hundred, three hundred, and even four hundred years. A healthy full grown elephant consumes thirty pounds of grain per day.

Bats in India are called flying foxes, and measure six feet from tip to tip.

Sheep in wild pastures practice self-defence by an army in which rams stand foremost, in concert with ewes and lambs in the centre of a hollow square.

Three Hudson's Bay dogs draw a sledge, loaded with three hundred pounds fifteen miles per day.

One pair of pigs will increase in six yrs. to 110,160, taking the ingrease at fourteen per annum; a pair of sheep in the same time would be but sixty-four; a single female horsefly produces in one season 20,080,320 eggs.

The flea, grasshopper and locust jump two hundred times their own length, equal to a quarter of a mile for a man.

There are no means at present of cleaning the bottom of the Great Eastern, and it is probable that in consequence of fouling she would not now go as fast, by one and a half or two knots an hour, as if her plates were clean.

The blue flame, sometimes observed at the tops of the funnels of steam vessels, does not extend down the funnel; it is caused by the combustion of carbonic oxyd, which can only burn by meeting fresh air at the top of the funnel, the mixture igniting at a comparatively low temperature.

## JAPANESE LAWS.

THE severity of the Japanese laws is excessive. The code is probably the bloodiest in the world. Death is the prescribed punishment for most offences. The Japanese seem to proceed on the principle that he who will violate one law will violate any, and that the wilful violator is unworthy to live; he cannot be trusted in society. There are no professional lawyers in the kingdom—every man is deemed competent to be his own pleader. If a party is aggrieved he immediately appeals to the magistrate before whom the other party is soon made to appear. The case is stated by the complainant in his own way, and the accused is heard in reply. The magistrate examines the witnesses, and it is said that this officer generally displays great acuteness in detecting falsehood.—He passes sentence, and it is carried into effect instanter. From his decision there is no appeal. Secrecy with the aid of friends—and it is well understood that it must be thus settled or unpleasant consequences will result. Sometimes when both plaintiff and defendant are in fault, he awards censure to both, as they may deserve it, and sends them about their business. The prison diet is limited and very poor; but if a rich man is confined, he may buy better food, on condition that he will share it equally with all his fellow prisoners. The Japanese doctrine is that if a man of wealth or influence is a criminal he has no right to fare any better than the poorest man in the Kingdom who commits a crime, therefore all shall be treased alike.

In religion the greatest tolerance exists. Every town has its god, and every class its peculiar image worship. The mariner bows down to a god of the sea, which is set up in a temple decorated with paintings of the sea in a gale, and of junks. There are also gods of fire, of riches, and other dedeities. There is no Sabbath in Japan, but the people celebrate a great many feasts days at all seasons of the year. There are no people who appear to be so happy under a despotic form of government as the Japanese, and when reproved for not being civilized, they cite the infrequency of crime in comparison with its existence in other countries, as an argument against the enlightenment of the race.

CHANGED HER MIND.—Dickey was poor—Katy had a rich mother—Dickey loved Katy and vice versa—Dickey wanted to marry—Katy's mother was down on that measure—Dickey was forbid the premises—notes were exchanged through the high board fence which enclosed the yard. One day the old lady went out "calling," and Dickey was duly informed of the fact—called on Katy remained a little too long—old lady was close at hand—no chance of escape without detection. At the instance of Katy, Dickey popped into the closet—old lady saw that Katy looked confused—guessed that Dickey had been about—supposed of course that he had made good his escape—thought that perhaps that the young people had agreed to elope together—determined to be too smart for them—shut Katy up in the same closet where Dickey was concealed, and giving her a pair of quilts and a pillow, locked her up for the night—didn't see Dickey—next morning went to let Katy out.

'Oh!' a scream—couldn't get breath for a moment—finally:

'Ahem, Dickey, is that you?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Dickey, you must stay to breakfast.'

'Couldn't, ma'am.'

'Oh, but you must.'

Dickey concluded to stay.

Breakfast table—'Dickey, I've been thinking about you a good deal lately.'

'So I suppose, ma'am, very lately.'

'You are industrious and honest, I hear.'

'I never brag.'

'Well, now, upon the whole, I think you and Katy had better get married.'

A GOOD ONE.—Pat was helping Mr. Blank to get a safe in his office one day, and not being acquainted with the article, inquired what it was for.

'To prevent papers and other articles which are placed in it from being burnt in case of fire,' said Mr. B.

'And sure will nothing ever burn that is put in that thing?'

'No.'

'Well, thin, yer honor, ye'd better be after gitting into that same when ye die.'

Mr. Blank 'wilted.'

## BEAR HUNTING IN CALIFORNIA.

It is not every on who wishes to enjoy the reputation of old age. Ladies are proverbially sensitive on this point, and it must be confessed that men are not much better. Mr Adams, the wild beast collector, is therefore an exception to the rule, for he wishes it expressly understood, that he is "Old Adams"—not the old Adam that the theologians talk about, but "Old Adams" in the pleural—signifying, probably, that he is a host in himself.

In case any one does not wish to use the prefix old, this accommodating Adams is equally satisfied with "grizzly," an adjective which, prefixed to a proper name would not be usually considered as strictly complimentary.

"Grizzly Adams" has written a book containing an account of his hair-breadth 'scapes and adventures in catching and conquering the wild animals included in his California Menagarie. He tells us therein that his real name is James C. Adams, and that he was born 'way down east, near the Aroostook river in Maine, a place of which it used to be said the inhabitants had a solemn duty to perform for the rest of the American world, in winding up the sun every morning with a windlass. Adams made his first appearance on the stage of existence in 1805, under a great pine tree, and his mother prophesied, as he lay in his cradle playing with his toes, that from the very cirumstances of his birth, he would be in love with wild life, and only find happiness away from the haunts and vestiges of civilization. In 1848 he caught the gold fever, and went to California; but failing both in business and gold hunting, he became a trapper and hunter, and with only his rifle, wagon and oxen, went about one hundred and fifty miles in the Sierra Nevada, where, at least fifty miles from the sound of a human voice, he lived like Alexander Selkirk, monarch of all he surveyed. Here he trapped bears, deer, wolves, beavers, rabbits and mules, and forming a sort of partnership with a couple of Indian youths, the party trained four "grizzlies." He took them to Mariposa, and exhibited them with success. He then returned to the wild woods, and indulged in such pleasing sports as the following:—

DESPERATE AND FEARFUL STRUGGLE WITH A BEAR.

As various disappointments only increased my resolution, and I was confident the animal could not go much longer without food, I continued to watch all that day and the third night. But I considered it prudent to change my position, lest she might be able to ascertain by her eyes, as well as by her nose, that she had my companion with her when I had been fortunate; for, on that day, while the sun was yet half an hour high, the bear presented herself in full sight. She rose up on her feet when she got out, and snuffed the air diligently all round, as though still distrustful that something which meditated mischief was afloat. She twisted and twined in all directions, in her doubt, and this gave me an admirable opportunity for a deadly shot. The moment I had a fair aim at her heart I discharged my piece. The ball passed in back of her fore shoulder, and, as I afterwards discovered, went directly through her heart. She fell, and taking it for granted that she must be dead, I drew my bowie-knife and rushed upon her, in order to lose no time in seeking for the cubs. When I reached her she looked dead enough; but I thought I might just as well make sure of it, as an enemy in the rear, when I should get into the cave, would be exceedingly troublesome. I popped my knife, therefore, as a matter of form, into her throat; but good heavens! only fancy my astonishment when, as the cold steel penetrated her skin, she leaped up and grabbed me by the legs with her huge paws! this was a contingency I had by no means counted upon. It was a performance distinctly nor "set down in the bills." A desperately wounded bear is about as unattractive an acquaintance as the wild forest can show, and one that stands as little on the trifles. And yet I was in just such a party's grasp. It was an appalling thought; but I had not time to think, for it was obviously a death struggle for one or both of us; and as her horrible teeth met in my flesh, the exquisite pain left me nothing but an instinctive sense of the necessity for prompt action. We were both down upon the ground together now. Her teeth and claws were both at work. I was desperately struggling to get my arms free for offensive measures, but, growing exhausted with my loss of blood, was not at first sucessful. At length I twisted myself around underneath her, and catching her, with my left hand, by the great goatee which hung under her mouth, I plunged my knife into her heart with my right, and worked it briskly round to insure its fatal operation. Her jaws opened; her claws relaxed their hold; and after one or two more spasmodic endeavors to mutilate me, she rolled over and expired.

Here is another incident, showing the dangers of interfering with the domestic affairs of Mr. Bruin:—

SLAYS A BLACK HYENA BEAR AND SECURES HER CUBS.

After the capture of Lady Washington I was fortunate enough to catch a number of other bears, but without meeting with any incident of moment. At length, however, I encountered what is known as a hyena black bear. It was a female of considerable size and forminable appearance, and was accompanied by a pair of cubs of the smallest proportions. They certainly were not larger than a common house-cat. They caught my fancy at once, and I concluded that they were to become my property. It was very clear, though, that the mother of them was in no disposition to assent to such a transfer. I was satisfied that she had personal objections of the toughest nature, and did not think it safe to argue the question with her too closely. I preferred reasoning at a distance. The only work of logic with which I was intimate was, I confess, my rifle;—but it was a very convincing one when a bear became my disputant, and it had a way of making its syllogisms tell with an effect that left nothing but a foregone conclusion. In the present instance, therefore I assumed my premises, and discharged my observations at the mother-bear. It required four different shots to persuade her to become a quiet spectator of my movements as a kidnapper of her cubs.—Every shot passed through either her heart or liver. I had a right to conclude, by that time, that she was past all opposition; but such was the pertinacity with which she clung to life for her young one's sake, she refused to exhibit the first sign of giving up the ghost until the fourth leaden message had left her without an alternative.

You may suppose that I promptly chased down the little cubs is the chapparal. They were dear little fellows, and had not yet got their teeth. Nature had not had time to attend to their dental operations. They were perfectly harmless, therefore, and incapable of doing mischief, even if they had the instinct. To make, "assurance doubly sure," I tied up their little legs and placed them in my saddle-bags.—You may wonder, perhaps, how I procured saddle-bags in the wilderness. But I didn't procure them. As usual, I turned manufacturer, and supplied myself. Of course, they were made of the only material at command, which was green elk-skin. I constructed them with much pains, and gave them the customary shape of Yankee saddle-bags, except that they were square, and had a lid to close them up. Into these saddle-bags I popped my tiny treasures—rendered them as comfortable as the emergency would permit, shouldering my rifle again, after prudently reloading it for fear of an accident, and once more started for home. As my mule was along with me, you may conjecture that he bore the saddle-bags and their contents. More than this, I packed on him as much of the meat of the deceased mother-bear as I needed for immediate objects. This all settled to my satisfaction, I turned my face towards camp, the cubs yelling and squalling from the saddle-bags, untill they filled the forest with their discordant music. They would not be quieted. No amount of coaxing or threatening could silence their vicious tongues; and I was anxious to silence them, for I had no idea how far their worthy papa had wandered that morning for provissions. The cry of an infant bear stirs up the affections of its parents fully as much as the wail of a child will bring its natural protector to its side, and I had no special wish at that moment for an introduction to Mr. Bruin.

Fate was against me this time. I had not proceeded very far before the squealing of the bear-babies had its effect. Their disturbed papa soon made his appearance, and if ever honest indignation was written upon the face of a bear, I have read it in Broadway; I could not have read it more distinctly, and it threatened, I don't know what, very clearly. To say that he intuitively understood the position of affairs would only be to give my instant conclusion from a glance at his countenance, and that he had promptly made up his mind to bestow on me a valuable lesson for my temerity, would simply be stating the undoubted fact. But while he was pursuing me, and probably meditating whether he should swallow me whole or eat me piece-meal, I hit on a device that gave him very different employment. I called up my dog (she was a superior hunter,) and told her to "take" the bear.—She understood me, and rushing at him commenced to play around him, to divert him from myself, and keep him at bay. This embarrassed him; and taking advantage of his embarrassment, I fired at him with fatal effect. A few more shots gave him his quietus, when I left his body where it dropped, with the intention of returning for it the next day. In the meantime I conveyed the little cubs safely home; I mixed flour and water, which I sweatened with sugar, and gave them for food, and I had the satisfaction of seeing them thrive upon it abundantly.

## DEATH OF AN ÆRONAUT.

Mr. Connor, the pupil of Mr. Wise the æronaut, was advertised to make an ascension from Palace Garden at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, and at the appointed hour the fences, house-tops and trees in the vicinity were filled with a curious crowd, anxious to see all they could without paying the admittance fee.

The inflation of the baloon—the Venus—progressed successfully until one of the strips of oiled muslin, of which it was made, gave way. Mr. Conner sewed it up as best he could, remarking, in reply to interrogatories, that the rent might give way, but that he would not give up the ascension for any such trifle as that. As the balloon filled, the wind, which was blowing in violent gusts, swayed it from side to side with such force that it was all four or five men could do to keep it in its place. Several attempted to dissuade Mr. Conner from the ascension, but he persisted in undertaking it, and when everything was in readiness stepped into the wicker basket, and shaking hands with his wife, gave the word to "let go." Before the balloon had risen high enough to clear the building, a violent gust of wind caught it and dashed it with great violence against the concert and dancing saloon. The basket containing Mr. Conner was hurled through one of the windows which look out from this room upon the Garden, but unfortunately the anchorage which the balloon thus suddenly found proved only temporary, and the top of she basket in which the unfortunate æronaut still remained, next caught underneath the edge of the street roof, peeling it off as if it were pasteboard. Then it was dashed with great violence against a sky-light, and instantly the balloon collapsed.

The crowd inside the garden could not see where the balloon had gone. It was supposed it had landed in one of the adjacent yards. There was intense excitement, Mrs. Cooner fainted, the women screamed, and the men rushed frantically for the street to learn the fate of Mr. Connor. No one expected to find him alive. People outside hurried through the tenements of the adjoining dwellings into the rear yards.

The body of the balloon went into the adjacent yard, the basket containing Mr. Connor remaining on the roof of the concert saloon. He was taken out insensible and conveyed into a room over the bar-room attached to the garden, where several physicians at once attended him. On the face, breast, and back of his head were several slight cuts. No bones were broken. His injuries proved to be chiefly internal. He remained in an unconscious state until 11 o'clock last evening, when he expired.

Mr. Connor is a young man, his age being only twenty-five. He has for some time past been a pupil of Prof. Wise, the æronaut. His enthusiasm on ballooning has been intense, and singularly enough, it was heartily participated by his wife. She had resolved to accompany him on the present voyage, and would have done so but for the incompetency of the balloon to carry two persons. The long aerial voyage Mr. Conner took a few days ago from Palace Garden, was his first essay as a practical æronaut—N. Y. Times, May 11.

## An Evening Voice.

O'er mellow wood and mournful stream
The shades of evening poise and fall,
The distant echoes dim my call,
Like voices in a dream.

The spirit of a dying day
Stirs with soft wave the gleamy grass:
Each flower bows its head as it passes,
And what its whispers say!

"Take, darling, take my farewell kiss;
Another happy day will shine,
With morning smiles as bright as mine—
With evening hushed as this.

But will it make you fade more fast,
Or pale your bloom, or dim your glow,
To feel that one who loved you so
Is buried in the past!

The sun sinks down beneath the hill,
From peak to peak, from hole to hole,
Dies out the golden aureole,
And night comes grey and chill—

Beckoning the gentle spirit on,
The plaintive spirit, doomed to die;
Heedless the drowsy flowrets lie,
Of the sweet presence gone.

O, fond hearts, lost with passing pain!
O, slighted smiles that once were ours!
O, loved, that in our happiest hours
May never share again!

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