

Roaffman's Journal.

BY S. B. ROW.

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[BY REQUEST.]
THE DYING SONG OF THE LAST REDMAN.
The following poem was written by Rev. Wm. Hamilton, of the Otoe and Omaha Mission. It is based upon the supposition that the aborigines of this country are the remnants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. Mr. Hamilton having been employed in the Indian mission service in Nebraska during the last fifteen years—is as intimately acquainted with the interesting subject presented, as he is with the harmonious numbers in which it is exhibited to the reader.

I heard, or seemed to hear, a plaintive strain,
As once I sat retired in some lone spot—
And list'ning thought I heard a voice complain,
But much of what it said is now forgot,
It seemed to be one mourning; hard his lot,
And from all lov'd on earth was far away—
Oppressed at heart, with feeble steps he sought
Upon shaly rock, beside it knelt to pray,
Then rising, mid his grief, I thought, I heard
him say:

"All desolate I stand! no friend! no home!
No place of rest, no shelter for my head,
Last of the Redmen, o'er the earth I roam,
Through forests—streams—by some strange
fancy led;
The clear blue heavens my tent, the earth
my bed.
Each day I search one like myself to find,
But cannot, for my kindred all are dead,
And I, an orphan lone, am left behind,
Caucerless, and shelterless, the sport of every
wind.

"My eyes, with longing seek to rest on one
Whose heart and blood are kindred to my
own,
But those triumphant long, their race have run,
And in their turn but reaped what they had
sown;
Long ere the Paleface was to manhood grown,
They were the monarchs of the Western world,
But now they sleep in silence—I alone
Still linger. Down to death the rest were
hurled,
While o'er their graves float Freedom's fairest
flag unfurled.

"A hundred winters rest upon my head,
Now white as winter's snow on Mono's brow,
A hundred summers from my sight have fled,
And left it dim, and I am ready now,
The last, and strongest of my race to lose,
My hand in pensive sadness to my fate—
For no one comforts me, or tells me how,
Or where to find some fond congenial mate;
All seem the poor forsaken Indian still to
HATE.

"Our fathers saw the Paleface when he fled,
A lonely exile, o'er the vast blue deep;
He looked like one returning from the dead—
Like one awakened from his long cold sleep;
They pitied him, they told him not to weep;
Their arrows caught for him the fleeing deer,
Unknown, they nourished him, who now
doth weep.

"The dark brown Indian from his home so dear,
Till o'er his grave there's none to drop affection's
tears.

"Once as the stars in number, now we're few;
Disease hath wasted us, diseases brought
By those whom fondly to our hearts we drew,
And through our kindness their diseases
caught;
Now sad and lonely is the Redman's lot,
The piteous stranger pities not in turn,
Too dearly have we met experience bought,
Since in their bosoms fiercer passions burn,
Which make them from their hearts their fellow-
creatures spurn.

"Their hands are many, and where'they please,
They lay those hands on stream and land-
scape wide;
Call them their own of right, by firm decree,
Giv'n to themselves the saints—and tears
denied,
Shed by the lonely orphan by his side;
But Time's kind hand will wipe those tears
away—
Ere long the last poor Indian will have died;
Some who'll pity him, some who'll think to say,
"Why dost thou, lonely one, come to us today?"

"Thus has it ever been. By Gozan's stream,
We hung our harps that gave harmonious
sound,
Nor since that fatal day, could the sweet theme,
We sung so oft on Zion's Hill, be found.
Those songs we ceased, songs once so
much renowned,
When Israel's Chieflain led in holier strain,
And list'ning multitudes were gathered round
The victim, which, by Heaven's appointment
slain,
Foreshadowed One to come, who would not
die in vain.

"Our eyes were dim with watching, but we saw
No Prince, like him who led our tribes of
old—
Who gave from Sinai's Mount, that holy law,
Which all our present miseries foretold;
One, who in him the future could unfold,
Whose voice we were to hear, whose word obey—
So long we waited for him, but behold
He comes not to redeem us, still we pray,
Though far from Zion's Mount, we pass our
time away.

"But it was just in Him to cast us off,
Whose temple on Mount Zion we forsook,
Whose holy ordinances we made a scorn,
And turned from what was written in His
Book.
Now on that sacred Roll we may not look;
'Tis lost, and for long years we could not find;
It seems some judgment dire hath nature
shook.
While visions strange oft pass before the mind,
Hope gleams, expires, and O, what a sad wreck
behind!

"Our prophets all have died; our seers gone—
God seems in anger to have shut his ear—
And still that day, they spoke of, does not dawn,
That One comes not, whose voice we were
to hear.
O'er earth our tribes were scattered far and
near;
Forgotten too that Rest we once enjoyed,
New Moons and Sabbaths, to the soul so dear;
O, from the Truth, how have we been decoyed,
Until Time's wasting hand hath all our tribes
destroyed.

"No; there was one that did not God forsake,
That linger'd still when we were led away;
That tribe did not of Bethel's sin partake,
They to Jehovah did not cease to pray,
And He protected them, he was their stay.

The rest were driven far on exiled land,
Unpitied, unprotected. Sad that day,
When for our sins, we from the Promised land,
Were carried by the fierce Assyrian hand.

"But whether now on Zion's Mount they dwell,
Or quench their thirst at Kidron's gentle brook,
Or draw their water yet from Jacob's well,
Or if they still preserve God's Holy Book,
Or He doth on them with compassion look,
I long to know. Perhaps their Shiloh's come,
And reigns their King—while we first
forsook
His temple, have been doomed on earth to roam,
Without a guide—or friend—far from our
much loved home.

"O, sad and bleeding is my stricken heart,
For earth encloses what on earth was dear,
All that is left, are dreary of keenest smart,
Dark! desolate behind! before all fear.
Long since is dried the fountain, whence the
tear
Would fall, at times upon my sunburnt cheek,
The voice of love I never more shall hear,
Since I am last on earth, and old, and weak,
My heart so troubled that I can no longer speak."

Thus the lone Indian sang, then set him down
In silent anguish, for he could no more
The thought endure, that he too should go down
As all his tribes, so peeled, had done before,
Uncared for by the Paleface—triumphed o'er,
Nor did a friendly smile to his lone one greet,
His love to others shown, was ill-repaid,
He died alone, heart-broken, by false friends
betrayed.

I woke, it was a dream; there yet is hope
I cried, O! Christian, haste to rescue those
Who linger still by stream—on mountain top,
Nor think them now as erst, your deadly foes,
Lone, desolate, and sad the Redman goes,
From place to place, pursued by the same hand
That should have rescued him from all his
woes,
And led him to a fairer, better land,
Haste then to help, for now on ruins brink
they stand.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.
GATEAU DES POMMES.—Put three-quarters of
a pound of loaf sugar in a stew pan, with a
pint of water, and when dissolved and ready
to candy, take two pounds of apples pared and
cored, the peel of a lemon, chopped very fine,
and a part of the juice. Boil it until quite
still, and put in a mould; when turned out for
use, stick it with blanched almond, and put a
rich custard in the dish.

APPLE FLOAT.—The white of two eggs well
beaten; add to it, four spoonfuls of sugar, and
six apples stewed, and drained until quite dry.
These ingredients must be beaten a long time;
add also a lemon to it. Then make either a
soft or hard custard, and put at the bottom of
the dish, and lay the mixture on the top. Orna-
ment with sugar mites.

CHACKERS FOR THE SICK.—One pound of
flour; one egg not beaten; one tablespoon of
yeast; one tablespoon of cream; a little salt;
mix well together with milk to a stiff paste,
and beat them twenty minutes with a rolling
pin, to be rolled in small pieces round, sepa-
rately, very thin.

CHARLES Pudding, (fine!)—One cup of sug-
ar; one cup of sweet milk; one egg; one
tablespoon of melted butter; half a teaspoon
of soda dissolved in the milk; teaspoon of
cream of tartar sifted through the flour. Bake
in a loaf, and eat with wine sauce.

APPLE PUDDING, (delicious!)—One pound
of apples stewed and strained; one pound of
sugar; six eggs; one pint of cream; six ounces
of butter; glass of wine, and a little nut-
meg. Paste on the bottom of the dish and
bake like a pie.

FINE MUFFINS.—One quart of milk, three
eggs, teaspoon of salt; four tablespoons of
yeast; flour to make it stiff enough for a bat-
ter; butter the size of an egg. The milk must
be cooked warm.

COOKIES.—Ten ounces of sugar, one quarter
pound of butter, one egg, large teaspoon of
salarratus, dissolved in two-thirds of a cup of
milk. They should be rolled very soft.

THE RICHEST COMMUNITY IN THE WORLD.—
Lo! The poor Indian!—A day or two since
we had occasion to mention that the result of
the late sale of the Delaware (Indian) trust
lands was \$470,000. The lands sold were only
those comprised in the eastern division of
this great reservation. The western division
is now advertised to be sold. That con-
tains some 350,000 acres, and will undoubtedly
bring an aggregate of at least \$600,000.—
The tribe are also the owners of a home reser-
vation almost immediately adjoining Leaven-
worth City, forty miles long by ten broad.—
That would sell to-morrow readily for \$10 per
acre, or an aggregate of \$8,000,000. Thus
their total wealth, independent of personal
property—and some of them are men of con-
siderable means—is about \$4,070,000. They
number in all some nine hundred souls; and,
from the real estate described above, are worth
and average of \$4,440 per soul, or \$22,220 to
each family of five persons among them.

Horace Greely has lost his only son—a
promising lad. Mr. G. reached home, from his
western tour, 2 hours after his son's death.

From the West Chester Republican.
THE SILVER SPRINGS OF FLORIDA.
When the earliest Spanish adventurers land-
ed on the islands of the West Indies, and re-
duced to their sway the inhabitants of the main
land of Central America, they found a strange
and remarkable myth among the Aborigines,
from the coast of Honduras to the farthest is-
land to the east; a myth whose parallel mod-
ern research has found, only in the rich myth-
ology of the Hindoo Vedas, and among the
Magi of Persia. It spoke of a fountain, called
in the poetic phraseology of the natives, *Bi-
mini*, or "The Fountain of Life," whose wa-
ters possessed the virtue of healing the sick,
rejuvenating the aged, and conferring immor-
tality. It located this magic fountain in a
pleasant and genial land to the northward,
where Florida now lies. The origin of this
myth is involved in doubt, but certain it is
from the combined testimony of all the Span-
ish historians, that the belief was very preva-
lent, that it originated several migrations of
the Aborigines to the northward, whose settle-
ments were discovered in the southern coast
of Florida, and that it induced the adventur-
ers, Prince de Leon, in 1512, and Fernando
de Soto in 1539, to undertake their ill-fated
expeditions. In default of a better theory, it
seems not inconsistent with the Indian char-
acter to impute this belief to the veneration
of some actual spring, remarkable for some
unusual property, and exaggerated first by the
art of the priests for selfish purposes, and next,
by the stereoscopic power of time and dis-
tance.

The Silver Springs of Florida, no less from
their own beauty and strangeness, than from
the indisputable signs of a dense Aboriginal
population in their vicinity, such as Indian
mounds, pottery, arrowheads, &c., I regard
well worthy the dignity of having originated
this widely expanded tradition. This will be-
come more evident on an examination of their
beauties in detail. To appreciate them best,
we should approach from the Ocklawaha.—
Turning almost at right angles from the dense
cypress swamps that everywhere skirt this
muddy and obstructed river, into a clear and
rapid stream, we emerge into broad prairies,
clothed in summer with thousands of brilliant
and odoriferous flowers. But the greatest
beauty is beneath us. Standing on the prow
of the large, I watched with delight the changes
in the subaqueous scenery. Now the bot-
tom is clothed in long, dark green, reedy
grass, waving slowly in the current, here a
sunken log is draped in mossy vegetation,
as thick and as green as ivy, while there, a
bottom of greyish sand throws in bright relief
concentrated areas of brilliantly white frag-
ments of shells deposited upon the lower side
of the ripple marks in the numerous circular
basins. Far below us, the sluggish catfish bal-
ances itself near the bottom, or the swift front
hastens away, or the sullen alligator stares with
stupid amazement at the noise of the poles.

The "run," as it is called, which furnishes
this living panorama, extends for ten miles,
ranging in width from sixty to one hundred
and twenty-five feet, and in depth from fifteen
to fifty. At first sight, the head or basin, from
whence it rises, disappoints. It is in shape
an irregular ellipse, its longest diameter, ranging
N. E., S. W., about 150 yards, its shortest a-
bout 100.

The east side is bordered by an open cypress
swamp, while on the west lies a dense ham-
mock, of cypress, maple, palmetto, ash, gum
and other trees. It is very unfortunate that
the scenery above is so tame compared with
that below. The water has its principal exit
at the north-eastern extremity. Here a sub-
aqueous bluff, forty feet high, presents three
craggy ledges of limestone. Between the
lowest one of these and the bottom is a cave,
the opening of which, as measured by the eye,
seems about 5 feet by 15. From this gap
gushes the water, with force enough to deflect
a common plumb bob several feet from a ver-
tical line. On a favorable day, when the air is
still and the sun is bright, so great is the de-
lusion arising from the clarity of the water,
that one standing on the bank would hardly
believe but that the whole ledge of rocks
stands out of the water. I took with great
care the temperature of the spring, and from
several observations at various hours of the
day, ascertained it to be 75 deg., 2 Fah. This
comparatively high heat should not surprise
us, as it is but little above the mean annual
temperature of the locality.

The next point was to determine as near
as possible the amount of water given forth.—
The data obtained on the spot I have since
worked up according to the formulas of Buat,
and after making all possible deductions for er-
rors unavoidably arising in such a calculation,
the result is that it ejects 850 cubic feet per
second, at least 400,000,000 gallons per day.—
It is impossible for the human mind to grasp
such an array of figures, but with a different
unit it will be comprehensible. It is calculated
that ancient Rome, in her most flourishing
period consumed 196,000,000 gal. water per
diem, that London now uses about 40,000,
000, and New York, 30,000,000, in the same
time, so that this one spring would supply all
these and yet have a stream as large as the
Croton aqueduct besides, or would furnish
10 Londons, or 13 New Yorks, at once.

Where now does this vast mass come from?
The question is not so difficult as it may ap-

pear. To answer it we must examine the geol-
ogy of the country.

The rocks from whence it springs are a rot-
ten limestone, locally called sandrock, which
belongs to what is called the local formation.
This is honey-combed by innumerable caves
and avenues, many of them filled with water,
and in fact there are strong reasons for believ-
ing that the whole of middle Florida is a pla-
teau supported by enormous arches and pill-
ars above a vast subterranean lake. Some-
times this cru t breaks, and a tract of forest
will sink and be replaced by a lake, into which
numerous rills will run, be received, but never
visibly emerge. Such is Orange Lake, in Al-
achua county, Alligator Lake to the north, and
numerous ponds throughout all portions. Silver
Springs may be very naturally supposed to
be an outlet of this lake, and though there
are some objections to this theory, it is proba-
ble they will disappear on more accurate in-
vestigation.

Such are the Silver Springs, an object well
worthy of a visit from the curious, and deserv-
ing of a more thorough investigation in a sci-
entific point of view than I was able to give it.
It is unfortunate that the means of access to it
are so restricted, the nearest stage line run-
ning 7 miles distant, and the journey up the
Ocklawaha anything but pleasant to him who
regards ease in travelling. D.

LADIES DON'T READ THIS!—A "Disbanded
Volunteer," stopping a few days at "Sent Nich-
olas Hotel," New York, writes to the editor of
the Sunday Times concerning the present
fashions of the "wimmins," as follows:

When I foot it thro' Broadway, or take a
"bus up that interesting bulwark I allus thank
Providence that, when I write to you from Cal-
ifornia, for a helpmeet, you dident fulfill the
order. Ide sooner marry a dry goods winder,
a jewelry store, and cooeping establishment,
than one of them mixtures of figured satts,
dimid rings, and whalebone, you call a fash-
ionable bell. Somewhars in every circumfer-
ence of silk, velvet and cetry, that riggles a-
long Broadway, thars allus a wumen, I spose,
but how much of the holler is filled with meat,
and how much is gammon, the meer spectat-
ken never no. A poor fellar marries at sitc,
and finds, when it comes to the pint, that he
has nuthen in his arms but a regular anatomy.
Efen mes "gay deceivers," wot's to be said of
a female that dresses for a hundred and forty
weight, but hain't really as much fat on her as
would grease a griddle—all the apparent plump-
ness is only cotton and whalebone.

I me told that hoops is beginning to be made
with jints so that at theatres and concerts, a
fashionable lady can shet up her skirts like a
parrosel, and give the crowd a chance. This
will be a partikler blessin to the mail race,
specially in stages. Ef all the world was actily
a stage, as has been fabulysly assered, it
wouldnt more'n accommodate all the fash-
ionable wimmen in thur present habilliments.—
The ruffler sect would hev to take a deck pas-
sage on the ruf of the vehikel.

Queen Victoria's loyal subjects in New-
foundland are in a commotion, in consequence
of the Home Government proposing to trans-
fer the fishery privileges of that province to
France. The Legislature and the press are
indignant at this flagrant attempt to deprive
the colony of its most "natural and sacred
rights," and which act, they allege, would
"sever the tie which has hitherto bound the
colony to the parent State." This "tie" ap-
pears to have been a fishing line. It will soon
be a sub-marine wire cable, which will not be
so easily broken.

The Turkish soldier marches to meet the
foe with the same nonchalance as he smokes
his pipe. He is taught from his birth that the
moment of his death is fixed, and that a whole
charge of artillery aimed at his heart would
miss him, if destiny had decreed his time not
come. He is taught also that he will go
straightway to Paradise the moment of his
death. With both these ideas, he is so fully
impressed, that no danger moves him, and he
lies on his death-bed as calmly as on a bed
for sleep.

Pat was hungry, and got out of the cars
for his refreshment. The cars very thought-
lessly went on without him. Pat's ire was up.
"Ye spalpeen!" he cried, starting on a run,
and shaking his fist as he flew after the train.
"Stop there, ye old stamewagin; ye murder-
in-stame engine—ye've got a passenger aboard
that's left behind!" The "stame-engine" was
reluctant and the passenger "aboard" that was
"left behind," had to stay behind.

In the melancholy Bartholomew massacre,
in France, for three days every Protestant who
could be found was put to death. By order of
the king, Admiral de Coligny was murdered in
his own house, but Merlin, his chaplain,
concealed himself in a hay-loft. It is record-
ed in the acts of the next synod, of which he
was moderator, that though many in similar
circumstances died of hunger, he was support-
ed by a hen regularly laying an egg near his
place of refuge.

LIFE is a romance which most young ladies
would like to begin by reading the third vol-
ume first—as it is the one that generally con-
tains the marriage.

SERVING A SUBPOENA,
OR LOVE VS. LAW.
It is singular what shifts love will make to
accomplish its objects. Bolts, gates and bars
are of little avail against Cupid's picklock con-
trivances—his cunning will devise ways and
means to open them all. A young gentleman
has courted a fair lady of this city, and it was
supposed the two in time would "become one."
Some little quarrel of a trivial nature, as lovers'
quarrels generally are, occurred. Neither
would confess the wrong to be on their side—
presents and correspondence were mutually
sent back, and the match was broken off. The
young gentleman immediately started off for
New Orleans, to enter into commercial busi-
ness, thinking that distance would lessen the at-
tachment he really felt for the young lady.

When a woman is injured, or thinks she is
injured, by the one she loves, she is more apt
than the male sex "to bite off her own nose,"
as the saying is, to inflict pain and be re-
venged on the offending object. A gentleman
that the young lady once rejected renewed his
proposals and was accepted within a week af-
ter her old lover had embarked for the south.
On reaching New Orleans he found that dis-
tance, instead of weakening his attachment,
only made the lady dearer, and he became
melancholy and low spirited. The first letter
he received from New York, from a friend of
his, announced that this old flame was shortly
to be married to another. His course was
quickly determined; the next morning saw
him on board a packet ship bound to Gotham.

The passage unfortunately was long, and
the poor fellow chafed and fretted so much
that the passengers began to think him deranged
or else a fugitive escaped from justice.—
The instant the vessel touched the wharf he
darted for the office of his friend the lawyer—
It is to be supposed the latter was much sur-
prised to see his friend, imagining him a couple
of thousand miles away. After the usual
salutations he exclaimed:

"My dear fellow you are just in time to see
the wedding. Miss—, your old sweet heart
is to be married this morning at 11 o'clock.
To tell you the truth I don't believe there is
much love about it, and that the girl really
thinks more of one hair of your head than the
fortunate bridegroom's whole body."

Good Heaven! where is she to be married—
in Church?

"No; at her father's house."

"My dear fellow—I—I—no—yes. I have it.
Have you any case coming on in either of the
courts at eleven o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Then fill up a subpoena with the bride-
groom's name. Don't stop to ask any ques-
tions. It matters not whether he knows any-
thing about the parties in the suit. By heav-
ens, Julia shall be mine!"

His friend saw the object at once and prom-
ised to carry on the matter. The subpoena
was made out and placed in the hands of a
clerk to serve on the unsuspecting bridegroom
the instant he was seen to leave his residence.
About ten minutes before eleven, as the soon
to be happy man was about entering a coach
before the door of his residence, he was served
with the subpoena.

"Can't help it," said the clerk, on his ges-
tulating about "not knowing the parties," "go-
ing to be married," &c. "We shan't reach
the hall now before eleven o'clock—the case
is the first on the calendar, heavy fine, impris-
onment for contempt," &c.

The bridegroom, who was of a rather timid
nature, finally consented, particularly as the
clerk promised to send a friend of his who sat
in the cab, wrapped up in a cloak, to the house
of his bride in expectation, explaining the
reason of his absence. The reader can imagine
who this person was.

Eleven o'clock came, but still no bridegroom.
The guests were starting at each other—the
priest began to grow impatient—and the bride
that was to be, looked pale and agitated, when
a carriage drove up, the bell rang, and "there
he is! there he is!" murmured many voices.
A gentleman did enter, whose appearance cre-
ated almost as much astonishment as that of
Edgar Ravenswood in the Hall of Ashton Cas-
tle, at the marriage of Lucy Ashton, in Scott's
"Bride of Lammermoor." The lady fainted
—private explanations ensued between her
parent and the lover—and the result was that in
ten minutes after the two real lovers were
joined in the sacred bond of matrimony, much
to the satisfaction of all.

The bridegroom that was to have been, af-
terwards made his appearance, puffing and
blowing. What he said, and what he did, on
beholding his rival and being made acquainted
with the condition of affairs, was really tragi-
comical.

The story of the subpoena shortly after leak-
ed out, and has created so much amusement
that the poor fellow declares he will sue the
lawyer for \$10,000 damages in subpoenaing
him as a witness in a case of which he knew
nothing, and by which he lost a wife. It will
be a novel suit indeed if he should do so.—
New York paper.

The Japanese are said to be the only
people who will not tolerate the hoop-skirts.
These isolated people have tolerated no change
in dress for two thousand five hundred years,
although with increased intercourse with "out-
side barbarians," they will doubtless adopt
some of their fashions.

JULES GERARD.
THE LION-KILLER OF ALGERIA.
M. Gerard was originally a private in one of
the dragoon regiments of the French army in
Algiers. He spent ten years in Africa, and,
as he tells us, watched six hundred sights for
the lion. He had such signal success in lion-
hunting that he was continually sent for by
Arab tribes to deliver them from the destroyer
of their cattle, and he seems to have been gradu-
ally drawn into the sole business of killing
lions; a business, however, for which he never
would accept any remuneration whatever. He
was a genuine hunter, and a natural death shot.
Of his first encounter with the lion Mr. Ger-
ard remarks: "The heavy roar of the lion
sounded in the ravine below. I was so wild
with delight that I sprang into the woods to
run straight to the lion, followed by my two
comrades. When the sound ceased I paused
to wait. Bou-Aziz and Ben-Oumbar were
close on my heels, pale as two spirits, and ges-
ticulating to each other that I had gone mad.
In a few moments more the lion roared again,
about a hundred paces distant, when I rushed
forward in the direction of the sound, with the
impetuosity of a wild boar, instead of the pru-
dence of a hunter.

"In a moment more I heard heavy steps on
the leaves that carpeted the woods, and the
rubbing of a large body against the trees that
bordered the clearing. I knew it was the lion
that had risen from his lair, and was coming
right to where we stood.

"The lion slowly approached, and I could
measure with my senses the distance that sepa-
rated us. Now I heard his steps—now his
rustling against the trees—and now his heavy
and regular breathing. I stepped one or two
paces farther forward, toward the edge of the
opening, where he was to come out, to have as
close a shot as possible. I could still hear his
steps at thirty paces distant, then at twenty,
then at fifteen, and yet I was all the while a-
fraid lest he might turn back, or in some man-
ner avoid me, or that my gun might miss fire.

What if he should turn aside?—What if he
should not come out of the woods? With ev-
ery new sound my heart beat in heavy throbs
with the intoxication of hope. Now all the
life in my body rushed through my veins, then
again my very life was stilled by the emotion.

"The lion after a momentary pause, that ap-
peared to me an age, started again, and I could
see the slender tops of a tree, whose base he
brushed, trembling as he passed almost within
sight. Now no more barrier between me and
him but the thick foliage of a single tree.—
But still the animal did not show himself, and
I began to fear lest he should have the instinct
of my presence, and, instead of walking slowly
out, would clear the mastic tree with a single
bound.

"As if to justify my fears, he commenced
growling, at first with two or three guttural
sighs, and then increasing to the full force of
his voice. There in the solemn forest or a
thicket from whence are coming roars that
would drown the roll of the thunder, I thought
of my single ball to hurl against a foe that has
the strength of a hundred men in his single
arm, and that kills without mercy when he is
not killed himself.

"When I heard the lion making his last
steps, I moved a little to one side. His enor-
mous head came out from the dense foliage,
as he stepped with a commanding grace into
the light of the open glade, and then he halted,
half exposed, half concealed, while his
great eyes dilated on me with a look of astonish-
ment. I took my aim between the eye and
ear, and pressed the trigger. From that in-
stant, until the report of the piece, my heart
absolutely ceased to beat. With the explosion
of the gun, the smoke shut out everything
from my view, but a long roar of agony stand-
ed my ear, and frightened the forest.

"My two Arabs sprang to their feet, but
without moving from their places, I waited
with one knee on the ground, and my pointed
in my hand, until the smoke that obscured the
view should dissipate. Then I saw, gradually,
first a paw—and, heavens! what a paw for a
living beast—then a shoulder, then the dis-
heveled mane, and at last the whole lion stretched
out on his side without sign of life.

"Beware! don't go near him!" shouted
Bou-Aziz, as he threw a large stone at the
body; it fell on his head and bounced off; the
lion was dead! That was the evening of the
eighth of July, 1844.

"Without giving me time to approach my
prize, the Arabs sprang upon me like two mad-
men, and I was nearly thrown down and crush-
ed by their transports of joy and gratitude.
After me, it came the lion's turn; and they
overwhelmed him with recriminations and
blows, and then from time to time fired their
guns in the air, to spread the glad tidings to
the distant donars. After they had leaped,
and gambled, and hurrahed, over the animal,
I was permitted to draw near him, and ex-
amine him at my ease, to look at the size of his
teeth, to measure the strength of his limbs,
and place my hand on his tawny mane. I had
no difficulty in recognizing him by the Arab
description of the venerable."

APPROPRIATE MISTAKE.—A dancing master
in solicitations for patronage, wished to ex-
press his obligations for past favors, when the
printer made him say—"Most respectfully of
his shanks."