

BY W. LEWIS.

HUNTINGDON, MAY 28, 1856.

VOL. 11, NO. 49.

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THE JUNIATA.

BY MAX. GREENE.

In eastern climes many a stream, Sparkling in the summer beam, With arrowy rush, as wildly free, As freakish, fearless infancy, Or floating, calmly, dreamily, Speeds to its briny ocean-home, And mingles with its surging foam.

Broad NILUS, from his mountain-source, Descending with impetuous force, Flows onward, with a gladsome smile, By pyramid and mouldering pile; And, where the erst imperial Rome Sleeps 'neath Italia's cloudless dome, Gleams, TIDER'S yore-empurpled tide, As in her age of regal pride ; Red flames the GANGES' burnished sea, The pride of sordid lucia; And sacred JORDAN moans along Soared vales that echoed Israel's song; CYNDUS reflects the golden sheen Glimmering the pendant boughs between, Tho! vanished Egypt's beauteous queen, Nor warrior Grecian comes to lave, His fever in the limpid wave ; Cool is the glittering current clear, Of the unrivaled BENDEMEER. And sweet, embowering roses grow, Where its silvery waters flow, Unconscious of the heaps, untold, Of Incid gems and massy gold, That genii have emboweled, far Below the pillared CHILMINAR ; And 'neath the bleak Parnassing hill, Murmurs the famed CASTADIAN rill, Now lone the natad haunted stream, That wove the poet's gorgeous dream.

But, dearer than those rills of yore, ly urned in classic lor

THE HUNTINGDON GLOBE, Per annum, in advance, \$150 """ if not paid in advance, 200 No paper discontinued until all arrearages in Africa-terrible ones to devour as well as vou, who can feel and understand, fancy to the douar, and related what they had witroar-very different to the good natured fellows shot by Gordon Cumming. Lions that routed and desolated whole Arab settlements. Gerard resolved to war with them. He was called to this life by the highest motives. It was no sordid love of fame or gain that actu-ated him. On the contrary, he was but an instrument in the hands of that Providence by whom his life was upheld to deliver the Arabs from their most drended foes, and to advance the cause o. civilization and humanity. For ten years Gerard pursued this life, bearing inhumerable hardships, meeting with innumerable adventures, surrounded by innumerable dangers, yet always victorious, and at length crowned with the laurel wreath

of fame. The English translator is of an enthusias-tic disposition. He has had an interview with the Lion-killer, it seems to me hardly possible,' writes the editor, who modestly writes his name under the obscure initials, 'T. W. M.' "that those delicate and slender hands, which he crossed before him after the manner of the Arabs, had really given the death-blow to so many of the Litherto invin-cible monarchs of the Atlas, and it was not until I had examined; as closely as courtesy permitted me to do, his long and sinewy arms, erect port, clear and expressive eye, and a certain mixture of modesty and selfconfidence, that I was able to recognize in him the greatest of all hunters since the days of Nimroil, and the man who has confronted, gus, my heart ceased to beat. with calm and reflecting courage, during a long series of years, more appalling dangers through the smoke which enveloped the lion long series of years, more appalling dangers than perhaps have ever been encountered by any other being, warrior or sportsman, living or dead." The only comment on this would be a favorite exclamation of one of the heroes in the "Vicar of Wakefield." But Jules Ge-rard shall speak for himself. We extract his first:

ENCOUNTER WITH A LION.

They had scarcely gone ten paces, when a most formidable roar resounded in the ravine at our very feet. This roar filled my heart with so much joy, that, forgetting the unfor-tunate state of my gun, and without caring emy. He lay on his side, and gave not the whether I was followed or not, I dashed smallest sign of life! through the wood in search of the lion.

When I ceased to hear him, I stopped to listen. Bou-aziz and Bou-oumbask were npon my heels, pale as ghosts, not daring to speak, but gesticulating at a great rate, to make me comprehend that I was sacrificing my life. 'A few minutes after the lion roared again, at about a hundred paces from us; and at the very first growl I dashed forward, rushing though the wood with the impetuos-ity of a wild animal.

When the lion ceased to roar, I halted again in a small glade, where my two companions joined me. My dog, who until then had in the French possession, or right in the nahend, began to snuff the wind ; then he entered the wood cautiously, with his hair bristling and his taillow, -a minute after he came galloping back much frightened, and crouched down between my legs: Soon after this I heard loud and heavy steps on the leaves which covered the ground, and the rustling of a huge body though the trees bordering the glade. It was the lion himself leaving his lair, and ascending toward us, with out suspecting our presence .-Bou-aziz and the spahi were already shouldering their guns. I then pointed out to them with my foot a obey. Indeed I must give these worthy fellows much credit for persisting in staying by lover. me, notwithstanding their extreme terror; for judge it as you please, !, for my part, think it no mean courage, when you have your doubts about the success of an advenand to remain unmoved on the scene of action. The lion was still ascendin g; I could now measure the distance which separated me from him and could distinguish the regular, rumblind sound of his heavy breathing. then advanced a few paces nearer to the edge of the glade where I expected him to appear, in order to have a chance of shooting him closer. I could already hear him advancing at thirty paces, then at twenty, then at fifteen ; still I felt no fear. All I thought was, suppose he were to turn back !. Suppose he does not come into the glade ! And at each sound which showed him nearer to me, my heart beat louder, in a complete rapture of joy and hope. One anxious thought only crossed my mind. "What if my gun were to miss fire ?" said 1, glancing down upon it. But confidence again prevailed, and my only anxiety was for the long-wished for appearance of my foe. The lion after a short pause, which seemed to me an age, began to come forward again ; and presently I could see before me, by the star-light, at but a few paces off, the top of a small tree, which I could almost touch, actually shaken by the contact of the lion. This was his last pause. There was now between us two but the thickness of that single tree, covered with branches from the foot upwards. I was standing with my face to the wood, and with my gun pointed, so as to be ready to fire the moment the animal should enter the glade; and having still an interval of about a second, I took advantage of it to make person of Gordon Cumming; in France, the sure that I could properly regulate the aim result is Jules Gerard. Gerard is a French of my barrel. Thanks to a glimmer of light which came from the west, to the clearness of the sky filled with shining stars, and to like ruffian, ill-using a woman, a crowd stood the whiteness of the glade, which was conspicuous against the dark green of the forest, I could just see the end of my barrels, that was all, but it sufficed for so close an aim .--It is scarcely necessary to say that I did not waste much time in this investigation. I was beginning to find that the animal was rather slow in his, motions, and to fear that, instead of advancing unsuspiciously, he midst of them, seized one of them with his him down with him to the ground; while

yourselves at night in the open forest, lean-ing against a small tree, out of which rises a volley of roars enough to drown the noise of thunder itself. Imagine yourselves with only one single shot to fire on this formidable animal, who only falls by the merest chance un

der a single ball, and who kills his opponent without mercy, if he is not killed himself. You can doubtless understand that, had l rusted to my strength alone, my heart would have failed me; in spite of my efforts, my eyes would have become dim, and my hand unsteady. Yes; I will confess frankly and without shame, that terrible roar made me feel that man was small indeed in the presence of the lion; and without a firm will

and that absolute confidence which I derived from the inexhaustible Source of all power, I believe I should have failed in that awful moment. But this strength enabled me to listen to the tremendous voice of my enemy without trembling, or even emotion; and to the end I retained a perfect mastery over the pulsations of my heart and a full control over my nerves.

When I heard the lion make a last step, moved a little aside ; and no sooner did his enormous head rise out of the wood, at two or three yards distance from me, and he stopped to stare at me with a look of wonder, that I aimed between the eye and ear, and slowly pressed the trigger. From the instant I touched this, until 1 heard the report of the

I heard the most tremendous, agonizing, and fearfully protracted roar. My two men meantime had jumped up, but without making a step forward, and unable to see any-

beheld-first one paw-and heavens, what a in-law. paw !---then one leg, then a shoulder, then a head---and, at last, the whole body of my en--

'Take care, do not approach him yet,' cried Bouaziz, throwing a large stone, which bounded from the lion's corpse! HE WAS DEAD !

That day was the eighth of July, one thou-sand eight hundred and forty-four.

Independently of the story of his encoun-ters with lions, Jules Gerard gives the reader some interesting reading relating to the Arab tribes, and the mode in which the French civilize their Algerian dependencies. Religious occurs to him that there is anything wrong

nessed, but no one was bold enough to return man, returned to the body of his last victim, for another attack. The lion then seized the and began tearing it to bits, as if to reverge woman and carried her off into the forest. Next day they came to carry away the

bodies of the four men; as to the young girl nothing was found but her hair, her feet, and rer clothes.

Is it then really true that the lion has the power of fascinating the weak organization of certain men to the extent of obliging them to follow him ! All I can say is, that every Arab I have interrogated on the subject has answered me in the affirmative, and quoted a number of examples in support of his assertion.

As for myself, I can only say that when-ever I have had the honor to find myself in he presence of this great monarch, I never felt the least inclination to follow his royal steps, though I can quite understand how his threatening aspect, his kingly majesty, and the piercing fixedness of his fiery look, should paralyze the heart and brain of those who meet him unexpectedly. Another is

THE MARRIAGE OF SMAIL.

Among the Arabs, where a 'high tent' man marries, he invites a number of people, who go and fetch the bride at her parent's house to her new dwelling, a ceremony which is performed in a palanquin, numberless huts being at the same time fired on the road.

Every marriage, however, is not alike. If some are accompanied by a numerous retinue; if, sometimes, the happy couple number amongst their guests many a rich and hand-some horseman, at other times, as with us, more than one bridegroom has not even enough to pay the fiddlers who escort him. thing, stood with their guns shouldered, rea-by to fire. For myself, I waited dagger in hand, and one knee on the ground, until the smoke should disperse, and I could see how matters stood. As soon as all was clear I

Having regaled themselves plentifully with mutton and couscoussou, and the marriage being concluded, they fired off a few cartridges by way of salute, taking care to keep a few for the journey back. There was no signing of the marriage contract, for the very simple reason that none of the assistants knew how to write; and in the evening they all parted, wishing each other good fortune

and happiness. The bridegroom's douar was but a league distant; the moon shone beautifully bright; the bride's escort numbered nine guns ; what was to be feared on the way? But it is not unfrequently at the very moment one expects -deeply religious-as our hero is, it never | him the least that an intruder will present himself

But all of a sudden, a jealous individual-the devil-who had not been invited, and who

Smail was walking in front, beside his bride, to whom he was speaking

After two or three useless attempts, the lion, finding that he could not get at the wohimself for the loss of his last living prey,

which was thus eluding his grasp. The remainder of the night passed away without any new incident. As soon as the day began to dawn, the lion left the foot of the rock, and retired towards the mountains; but he wen to ff very slowly, and did not finally abandon his post without stopping more than once on his road, and throwing back a wishful glance on the prey he was leaving pehind.

A short time after the animal's departure. a troop of horsemen came across the plain, and on Smail's widow making signals of distress with her veil—for she was now without strength of voice—they galloped towards her, and took her back to her father. The poor thing, expired, however, on the following

I will spare the reader all the exclamations, the bad names, and the insults, which were showered on the devoted head of the lion, at the close of this story, the recital of which lasted far into the night.

Again, we have a good tale told by himself of the life of an

ARAB ROBBER.

Mohammed-ben-oumbark belonged to a tolerably rich family, which had been strip-ped of all its property by the chief of that country, before the French occupation. Af-ter the death of his father he found himself with no other fortune than a young and pret-ty wife, a tent in very bad condition, and a beautifully sharp vatagen. beautifully sharp yatagan. "With this," said he, showing it to his bet-

ter half, "I will procure you a fine tent, numberless flocks, and make you as rich as those who robbed us of our patrimony." And without delay he set to work.

The French troops destined for the first ex-pedition to Constantine, were at that time gathering at the camp of Mejez-amar; and as all the surrounding tribes were as yet unsubdued, the officers were much at a loss to procure mules. Mohammed-ben-oumbark saw this, and determined to furnish them.

With that boldness which never forsook him, he presented himself at the outposts, was arrested, and brought before the commanding officer. There he at once declared that he belonged to an unsubdued tribe, but that he offered his services to the French, and engaged to furnish them with all they want-ed in the way of saddle horses and beasts of

the horse wanted, and the next day he made

To answer all these demands, Mohammed

The former tie their horses with a rope

fixed to the ground by two pickets, inside or outside the tents, but oftener outside; and the way to steal a horse is to get at them un-

seen, and to retire in the same way. It may

be conceived that this is not the easiest thing in the world, especially in a camp peopled by

number of dogs, ever on the watch: but

The trick was still more difficult to perform

The way in which Mohammed proceeded

With the agility and cunning of a cat, he

ascended to the roof of the house in which

was the beast he wished to secure. After ma-

king a sufficiently large aperture he let him-

bers, so as to be able to direct his movements,

opened the door, and marched off with the

At the same time he opened the door, and

erceiving two horsemen who had already

"Be welcome," said he to them, pray walk

The strangers accepted the invitation, and

"I say! such a one! take good care of your

age irretrieveably the skin of any honest man.

, and I will take charge of your beasts."

with the Kabyles, who live in houses or gonr-

bis, closed with doors and without windows.

his was only child's play for our robber.

with the latter was as follows:

animal of his choice.

se who comesthere."

lismounted--

aver.

used to practice sometimes on the Arabs,

his appearance with the animal.

sometimes on the Kabyles.

worul and hideous spectacle of the death-agony of the last of her defenders. I by a lion.'

Then you never had any occasion to complain of him?

"Never!' said Mohammed, 'on the contrary, he has very often assisted me in my nocturnal expeditions, by throwing terror and disorder

expeditions, by throwing terror and disorder among the inhabitants of the douar which I was about to plunder. Whilst he was killing on one side, I was stealing on the other!' 'It is true that whenever I happened to meet him fasting, and he has invited me to divide with him, I never refused him. On one occasion only I found him unreasonable. It was on the eve of the Eladkebir. As ev-ery proper Mussleman is expected to kill a sheep on that day, I, who am not fond of see-ing my flock diminish, had gone and bortow ed one in a neighboring douar, and was returning home with my booty across my shoullers, when I met a lion.

'My lord,' I said to him, 'this time I am exceedingly sorry for it, but you cannot have my sheep; I must keep it for to-morrow—the great feast.'

'The lion, pretending not to understand, was becoming more and more pressing; upon which 1 left the path to take refuge in a cavern, which I knew of close at hand, intending to wait there until daybreak, and then

proceed on my way. 'Before entering the grotto, I looked be-hind me; the lion had disappeared. But knowing my gentleman too well to believe that he could be far away, at the end of an hour I thought I had better take a peep at what was going on outside. I had reached the entrance of the cavern

with great precaution, holding on each side with both hands, and bending my head cautiously forward, when I felt myself violently caught at the hood of my burnous, and I had just time enough to disengage my head, not to be lifted fairly up into the air. The lion, in short, who had laid himself down on the top of the rock, had stretched out one of his nuge paws like a cat, and seizing hold of my burnous, had begun to tear it with his teeth,

giving sign of anger. 'In I hurried again, and threw out the sheep he had set his mind upon, and on which he Jarted immediately, without the least scruple; more than this, he had the extreme indelicacy to devour it under my very eyes; and when at last he thought proper to decamp, with his stomach full, and without even condescending to turn round to say 'thank you, leaving on one side the reeking remains of his supper, and on the other the bits of my tattered bur-

nous, the day was just beginning to dawn. 'He had not left me time enough, the thief! to go back to my neighbor to take another ed in the way of saddle horses and beasts of burden. His apparent frankness pleased the officers; his offers were accepted; and the very next day he proved, by the delivery of a fresh supply, what he was capable of doing. From that day he received regular orders, exactly as if he had large stables of his own. They had but to name the age and color of the here are and the part day he market. They had but to name the age and color of the here are and the part day he market. They had but to name the age and color of the here are are and the part day he market.

Brighter than each 'radiant river, Sparkling in the sunbeams' quiver, Is my green forest stream to me, The JUNIATA, clear and free, As wildly past my boyhood's home, She dashes in her pride of foam, Down the mountain's rough facade, In many a rainbow-bright cascade, Down from the proud and cloudy height, Where first her wavelets kissed the light; And lovely is her tranquil flow, Through Sabbath-dells that smile below, Until; a merry, loving bride, With isle crowned Susquemanna wide, She links her diamond-flashing tide.

Bright river of my young heait's home ! I love thy wood-girt banks to roam, Through all the long, warm summer days Dreaming of glory's bloomy bays; And when night's spell like curtains close And drape the world in calm repose, . I love on thy moss-brink to lie, Alone, beneath the starry sky," For, in the stilly moonlight clear, Thy rippling, in my spirit's ear, Is fraught with a thrilling sound, Like that which stirs the air around The fabled fount, with whose glad shout A strange, sweet symphony rings out-A warbling, softly musical As that heard in Titania's hall, On some blithe fairy festival.

Oh I when these brilliant hours sweep by -And storm-clouds pall my mental sky When hope's nepenthe-power is dead, And chill despair glooms o'er my head-If such black hours of curse and blight, Plutonian future veils from sight-Then, may I slake my fever-thirst, Where thy pure tribute-fountlets burst, And bathe in thy fresh-gushing flood, My throbbing brain and rushing blood; And, when life's fitful dream is done, May those who watched my orient sun, In the fond bower of earliest years, Bedew my grave with loving tears. 1842.

[From the London Weekly Chronicle.] JULES GERARD, THE LION KILLER.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OL JULES GE-RARD, THE LION KILLER. Comprising his Ten Years Campaigns among the Lions of Northern A

of Northern Africa. The race of Nimrod is not yet extinct.-The old hereditary instinct of destructiveness has survived the wreck of ages, and is living and ruling in modern days. In England its finest developement of late has been in the result is Jules Gerard. Gerard is a Frenchman, in his earliest youth he was a fire-eater. A boy at a village feast saw a huge giantaround them, looked on in silence, and no one interfered. The boy stepped between the woman and her tyrant, and said to the latter, "You are a coward, leave this woman in peace, or I shall knock you down on, the spot." The man was beaten by the boy.-Jules Gerard of course was the boy.

ive rebellions. He considers the mountain low voice, about the happiness which await-ed them under his tent. The friends of the warfare great honor to the French troops, and rapturously tells us, It is a grand and imposing spectacle to see one of our columns husband were following discreetly some paces driving away a herd of forty thousand head of every species of cattle, the fortune of a whole tribe, with the tents, baggage and fur-niture.' Whilst Lion-hunting, as well as romantic adventures met with, Jules Gerard behind, firing at times a shot in the air; and the young wife seemed quite gratified with this little offering of powder burnt in her heard some romantic tales-one relates to.

SEGHIR AND HIS BRIDE. delights in mischief, presents himself under About thirty years ago, a young man, named the shape of an enormous lion, stretched across the very path these happy young folks Seghir, belonging to the tribe of the Amamera, established in the Aures mountains fell in

love with a young girl who had been refused lentile some paces behind me, telling them to him by the father on account of his pov-not to stir from that spot until the end of the erty. The young people, however, were erty. The young people, however, were drama, a command which they did not fail to much attached to each other, and one fine be done? evening the young girl ran away with her

The distance being considerable between the two douars, and the road extremely peril ous, Seghir had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous parts of uie, to accept the passive part of spectator, the road had been passed, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when

all at once a lion, who till that moment had lain concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them.

The young girl shrieked so fearfully that she was heard by the people in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their way arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were

directed by the screams of the young maiden they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Seghir with his eyes steadily fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest.

The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or to induce him to let go his hold of herself, but in vain : he kept dragging her on in spite of all her efforts,

saying : "Come, my beloved, come, our master will have it so, we must go !" "But our weapons," she cried, "what are

they good for, if not to save me ?"

"Weapons !-- I have none,' answered the fascinated wretch. 'Great Lord, believe her not; she lies; I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will !"

At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon draw them into the forest fired every one of them upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Seghir, and with one bound crushed him to the earth,

smashing his head at a bite; after which he lay down by the side of the young girl, placing his huge paws upon her knees.

The Arabs, now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having reloaded their guns, prepared again to fire; but being aftaid of killing the girl, they told her to try and get a little away from the lion, which he allowed her to do, without, however, losing sight of

were pursuing. They were about half way between the two douars, and it was fully as dangerous to go forward as to draw back. What was to The opportunity presented to the brideroom of winning forever his wife's affecions by a noble act of devotedness, was too good to be lost. Balls were accordingly rammed down the barrel of every gun, the bride was placed in the centre of a sort of square

honor

formed by the assistants, and the escort marched bravely forward, headed by Smail. Already they had advanced to within thirty yards from the lion, who never moved. Smail now ordered his friends to stop, and

saying to his young wife, 'See now, if you have married a man," he walked straight up to the lion, and commanded him to clear the

At twenty paces the lion, until then crouch-ing and motionless, raised his monstrous ber of the family. If the sleeper fairly open-ed his eyes, oh ! then, woe to him ! the yahead, and was evidently preparing for a spring. Smail, regardless of his wife's screams, and the entreaties of his relatives, who called to him to retreat, put one knee to

the ground, levelled the barrel of his gun towards the animal, took a steady airn and fired. In an instant the wounded and furious animal bounded forward on the unfortunate Smail, knocked him to the ground, and tore him to shreds in the twinkling of an eye, then rushed madly towards the square, in the centre of which stood the wretched bride.

'Let no one fire,' cried Smail's father, 'until he touches the barrels of our guns.'

said cooly: But, added the narrator of this episode, where is the man sufficiently self-possessed, to await without flinching that hurricane called a lion, as he rushes on towards his prey with immense bounds, with mane floating in the wind, with expanded jaws, and in-

flamed with fury? The whole party now fired at once, without heeding in what direction their balls went, the robber, vaulting rapidly on one of the horses, and taking the other by the reins, and the lion dashed on the square, which he quickly overthrew, smashing the bones and called out to the proprietor of the housetearing the flesh of all he found before him. Some of the men had managed to escape, dragging after them with much difficulty the hammed-ben-oumbark has taken charge of poor bride, almost dead by this time with their horses." So saying he put spurs to fright, but they were quickly followed by the horse and vanished. their insatiable enemy, and torn to pieces;

one only, more fortunate than the rest, having contrived to reach the foot of a steep rock, upon which, thanks to his efforts, the women also found a refuge. He had already climbed the rock some little way, when the lion again advanced, if possi-

he must necessarily have met in the night more than once had behaved to him; he re-The next moment the guns of the Arabs ble, still more furious, and at one spring were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the caught the right leg of the man, and dragged plied with enthusiasm-

tible fellows. Our hero soon extinguished had become aware of my presence, and was their lilliputian roar, and looked round and sighed for a grander field. Accordingly he

Jules Gerard is still living, and still in ALgeria, we believe.

The Lost Children.

The dead bodies of the two lost children of Mr. Sam. Cox, of Bedford county, which we mentioned in our paper of week before last, were found on Thursday last, about five miles from their parent's residence. This is the most painful, the most heart-rending incident it has ever been out lot to chronicle.

The dwelling of Mr. Cox is in the edge of a dense mountain forest, near the line of Bedford and Cambria counties. These poor, hapless children, boys, one upwards of seven, and the other a little over five years old, followed their father, who had gone a gunning, and penetrating the woods too far, must have become bewildered, and were unable to retrace their way back.

Hundreds of men, day after day, and night after night, pursued the most diligent search for them, but were unable to find them until self down into the only room, to the immi-nent hazard of dropping, like a bad dream, on were discovered side by side, cold in death. the very stomach of the master of the house. From the time they were lost, until the day Once introduced, he felt about for the fire they were found, the weather was most incleplace, blew up some half extinguished em- ment and severe for the season. What scope of territory they had traversed, or how long they had suffered, can only be conjectured.

No pen can portray the mental and physi-If one of the inhabitants seemed disposed , cal suffering of these poor, lost, wandering to wake up, Mohammed quickly laid close to babes. Wildly had they toiled over the rughim, snoring as if he had really been a memged mountain crags, crossed streams which were supposed to be impassable by them, till hope had given way to despair, and worn taghan played its part, and closed them forout by toil, exposure and starvation -with frenzied cries of agony, clasped in the last One night, while he was busy blowing up a brand of half burnt wood in the tireplace of ombrace of affection, they laid down to perish in the wilds of the mountain, out of hearing one of his neighbors, who had the unpardona- of the acute listening ears, and out of reach ble impudence to possess a horse much too handsome for him, a sound of voices was heard outside, and some one knocked at the indeced, must have been the hours of anguish door.—Instantly the three or four men who of these two innocent yoong hearts, while were in the room jumped up, but whilst they for days and nights, alone in the deep gloomy were hesitating in the dark and counting themselves, Mohammed, changing his voice, en ears, and the fieace driven rain poured "Don't disturb yourselves, I will go and ruthlessly upon their tender, unprotected." frames.

And who can realize the agony the intense anguish which must have lacerated the hearts of the parents during their terrible suspense. Fearing for the safety of their innocents, yet trusting in their deliverance, till time had abandoned all hope of their rescue ; then the most fearful tortures of anguish, the extremest sorrow must have filled their souls.

The mental agonies, the tortures which wrung the breasts of the stricken parents, in their severe trial, should have aroused the uests, my boy; and pray tell them that Mosympathy of the coldest heart, but it appears' their oup of bitterness was not yet full, 'for before the recovery of the children, a heart-Things, however, did not always go on so smoothly; and during the course of his storless wretch, in whose bosom there cannotflow one drop of the milk of human kindness, with the effrontery and bitterness of amy career, my honorable friend has suffered demon, charged the father with having murby fire or by steel more than enough to damdered his children. This inhuman monster, so destitute of every manly attribute, so void One day I asked him how the lions, which of every noble impulse, should have been by some manly arm smitten in his tracks.

We are pained-our heart sickens to an-