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Poetical.

MEMORY.

Before me, in a silver bowl
Of still more silvery water, floats
A pure camelia, and my soul
Upon its perfumed radiance dotes.
It steals my senses, till it seems
The real is unreal and dim—
A lake of magic beauty gleams,
And in its breast a flower doth swim.

I see its silken roots downspread
As golden as a mermaid's hair,
Streaming in many a yellow thread
From shining shoulders wet and bare.
The crystal lake is deep and still,
The heaven is high and softly blue,
The shadows from a mighty hill
Mix with the sunset's amber hue.

Between the mountains wafted in
Come clouds of odors from the plains,
Mixed with the sweet, re-echoing din
Of pipes and shepherd's rustic strains.
Over the waves a boat doth drift,
Aimless and idle as a weed—
The hills into the heavens might lift
And those within it take no heed!

They follow in the golden wake
Of rippling splendor; but their eyes
More light and glory give and take
Than in the whole broad sunset lies.
As in the lengthening shade they glide
A lily glimmers in their path,
Now rocking on the silver tide,
Now dipping to her vestal bath.

He stooped and plucked it from the sea,
He placed it in his love's white vest:
He said, "It grew to image thee
Sweet! hide it in thy holier breast!"
Oh, God!—recede, thou happy dream!
Trouble no more my passive soul!
'Tis but a white camelia's gleam
Breaking athwart a silver bowl!

Choice Literature.

THE GENERAL AND THE EMPEROR.

BY MRS. PARDOE.

Everybody knows that it was Barras who induced Josephine de Beauharnais to become the wife of General Bonaparte; and it is equally patent that she was only persuaded to do so by the stringent representations which he made to her of her comparative poverty, and the duty that she owed to her fatherless children. That wounded vanity tended in no slight degree to render her averse to receiving a husband at the hands of the man who had so recently professed himself her slave, there can be no doubt; but in all affairs of the heart Barras had constantly been eminently practical. He therefore attempted no display of sentiment when she reproached him with what she designated as his perfidy; and, with the ready tears for which she was celebrated, recalled to his mind the happy months of their residence at the Chateau des Eguillades where, basking beneath a southern sun, in the midst of a magnificent landscape, and overlooking the sun-flashing waves of the blue Mediterranean, they had forgotten all save each other.

Those months were past and gone; that dream was over; and if the fair widow loved to recall it, the awakening of the statesman had delivered him altogether from the thrall; and thus it chanced that Barras, having given his heart for the time being into the keeping of Madame Tallien, was anxious to dispose of the hand of Madame de Beauharnais on the first favorable opportunity which might present itself; nor had he long to wait.

Some months before the return of Josephine from the neighborhood of Marseilles, and her establishment in Paris, General Bonaparte—after the affair of Ollioules where he was a simple lieutenant of artillery—had been promoted to the rank of captain (in which grade he served at the siege of Toulon,) and was subsequently invested with the command of the army in Holland; but had received a counter-order from Barras, with the appointment of Lieutenant Commandant of the garrison of Paris; his courage, military skill, and strategy before the walls of Toulon having deeply impressed the latter, who felt that the moment had arrived in which the firm and unscrupulous ambition of such a man as Bonaparte was essential to the success of his own projects.

The manner in which the young adventurer served the interests of the Convention on the 5th of October, 1795, sufficed to convince Barras that he had been right in his conclusions. The Corsican exile had no "compunctuous visitings of conscience" where he saw a prospect of furthering his own fortunes; and even as he had done at Ollioules so did he in the Rue St. Honore, where his deadly battery commanded the church of St. Roch, the rallying point of the people; and where 12,000 men fell before his cannon.

Twelve thousand lives were sacrificed by the authority of a mere youth; but the Convention was saved; and Barras was thenceforward his avowed protector, while the first-fruits of that protection were his appointment as General of Division.

The Convention was saved; and Paris no longer required the presence or services of General Bonaparte; who had, moreover, during the struggle of the 5th of October, indulged in an independence of action, so undisguised, that it reduced his commanding officer to a mere cipher in the eyes of his own soldiers; and, happy as Barras had felt at the successful issue of the day, he was nevertheless conscious that his own position throughout the whole affair had been the reverse of dignified. He consequently found no difficulty in convincing himself that Bonaparte might serve the Republic more efficiently elsewhere than within the walls of Paris; and he had scarcely come to this conclusion, when he arrived at another equally luminous.

The young Corsican was a soldier of fortune, who had walked the streets of Paris for months without an aim or a hope—indebted to a college friend both for the coat he wore, and the bread with which he broke his fast—Madame de Beauharnais had been enabled, through the good offices of Tallien, to recover a portion of her late husband's property; and could he only induce Bonaparte to marry her—but we will not follow him in his deductions; let it suffice that after mature deliberation he spoke to his *protege* upon the subject, who evinced as little inclination as Josephine herself to the marriage which was proposed to him. He had been presented to Madame de Beauharnais in the *salon* of Madame Tallien, where he was enabled to contrast her soft and indolent grace with the more striking, but less fascinating beauty of her magnificent friend, and that of all the loveliest women under the Directory, the fame of whose personal perfections has been handed down to us by the memoirs of the period; many of whom, having shared the captivity and sufferings of Josephine, now enjoyed in her society the safety for which they had paid so high a price.

The favor of Barras, coupled with the bold exploit of the Rue St. Honore, had caused the name of Bonaparte to be familiar, and his presence to be coveted by all which at that time constituted the fashionable world of Paris; nor was it long ere he became a constant guest in the modest drawing-room of Josephine; where he found temporary repose for his eager spirit in listening to her low musical voice, and watching the furtive glances of her downcast eyes; but that was all. No thought of her as a wife had ever crossed his mind. He was wedded to his ambition; and even while he admired, he remained heart-whole There were, moreover, other circumstances which, to a proud and aspiring spirit like his, sufficed to keep his feelings within the boundaries of friendship and regard; and he started like a war-horse at the sound of the trumpet when Barras abruptly proposed that he should offer her his hand.

"I want no wife save this," he said, as he struck the hilt of his sword; "and even were it otherwise"——

"Listen to me," interposed his patron. "You are brave, but you are poor; and this widow of the Marquis de Beauharnais, although far from possessing the fortune to which, under other circumstances, she must have succeeded, is yet in a position to advance your fortune, and to secure your career. You are a foreigner and an exile; while she is highly connected, and has influential friends, who will not fail to exert all their energies to serve the man who may become her husband. You will do well to remember this."

The young general remained silent.

"Hear what I have further to say," pursued the commandant of Paris. "We are, as you know, preparing to send an army into Italy. Marry Madame de Beauharnais, and I will secure to you the command of that army; when it will be your own fault if you do not become one of the leading men of the Republic."

A flush passed over the face of Bonaparte.

"Decide," continued Barras, "as you think proper. With the wife I have proposed to you, I pledge myself that you shall be General-in-Chief of the forces of France beyond the Alps; decline the marriage, and I leave you to work out your own destiny."

We all know the result of that conversation. The bribe was too tempting to be resisted; while Josephine proved no less yielding. Assailed on all sides by assurances that not only her own interests, but also those of her children, were involved in her compliance with the wishes of Barras, she finally consented to become the wife of Bonaparte, who, for a short time, proved the most devoted of suitors, and the most uxorious of husbands.

The marriage was no sooner decided on than the republican General, asserting his privilege as an accepted lover, frequently accompanied his fair betrothed to the houses of their mutual friends; or sauntered with her along the stately terraces of the Tuilleries, and amid the leafy shades of the Bois de Boulogne; while if the heart of Josephine remained for awhile untouched, her vanity was less passive; and as she listened to the glowing prophecies of the ardent young soldier upon whose arm she leant, she began to indulge in the same visions, and to glory in the same hopes—On one occasion she requested him to accompany her to the residence of M. Raguideau, an old lawyer in whom she had long been accustomed to confide, and to whom she was anxious to reveal the forthcoming change in her destiny.

On their arrival, they were informed by the clerks in the outer office that M. Raguideau was in his private room; and Josephine, withdrawing her hand from the arm of Bonaparte, begged him to await her there for a few minutes, while she had a private interview with her friend. As she disappeared, however, she neglected to close the door behind her, and from the chair upon which he seated himself, her intended husband was able to overhear, without losing a single word, the whole of their conversation.

"M. Raguideau," commenced the lady, "I have come to inform you of my approaching marriage."

"Your marriage, Madame!" was the astonished reply; "and with whom?"

"A few days hence I shall be the wife of General Bonaparte."

"What! The widow of one soldier, you are about to marry another. General Bonaparte, do you say? Ah, yes, I remember; the commandant of the army of the Interior: the young fellow who gave a lesson to General Cartaux at Toulon."

"The same, M. Raguideau."

"Pshaw, Madame! A soldier of fortune, who has his way to make."

"He will make it, my good friend."

"When, and how? But first, what is he worth at present?"

"Nothing, save his house in the rue Chantereine."

"A shed—a—And so you are really going to marry this adventurer?"

"I am."

"So much the worse for you, Madame."

"And why?"

"Why? Because you had much better remain a widow than marry a paltry general, without either name or prospects.—You must assuredly be mad! Will your Bonaparte ever be a Dumouriez, or a Pichegru? Will he ever be the equal of our great republican generals? I have a right to doubt it. Moreover, let me tell you that the profession of arms is worthless now; and I would much rather know that you were about to marry an army-contractor than any military man in France."

"Every one to his taste, Monsieur;" said Josephine, stung by the contemptuous tone in which he had spoken: "you, it would appear, regard marriage merely as an affair of finance."

"And you, Madame," broke in the excited and angry old man; "you see in it only a matter of sentiment, and what you, no doubt, call love; is not that what you were about to say? Again I repeat, all the worse for you, Madame—all the worse for you. I had given you more credit for good sense than to suspect that you would allow yourself to be dazzled by a pair of gold epaulets. Reflect before you make such a sacrifice; for rest assured that, if you are rash enough to persist in this foolish scheme, you will repent your folly all the days of your life. Who ever heard of a rational woman throwing herself away upon a man whose whole fortune consists in his sword and his great coat!"

While listening to this extraordinary dialogue, Bonaparte, who began to fear that the comments and advice of Raguideau might militate against his marriage, was half suffocated with rage and impatience; he writhed upon his seat, and was a score of times on the point of showing himself, and desiring the officious lawyer to attend to his leases and law-suits instead of interfering in matters with which he had no right to intermeddle. As he heard the words "sword and great-coat" so disdainfully uttered, he sprang from his chair, his eyes flashed, and, regardless of the gaze of the astonished clerks, who were watching all his movements, he advanced towards the door beside which he had been sitting. Fortunately, however, the fear of exposing himself to ridicule restrained him, and he returned to his seat indignant at his own weakness.

A few minutes afterwards Josephine appeared, evidently ruffled and annoyed, and followed by the old lawyer, who accompanied her to the head of the stairs, where Bonaparte, drawing the hand of his betrothed bride once more through his arm, made him a silent and contemptuous bow.

As they proceeded towards home, Madame de Beauharnais was conscious that Bonaparte had never before been so tender or so assiduous, but she did not open her lips upon the subject of her conference with her old and confidential friend; while he on his side preserved the same silence; nor was it until the day of the coronation that either Josephine or Raguideau had the slightest suspicion that their conversation had been overheard by the very person whom it most interested.

Years went by; the Italian campaigns and the Egyptian victories had aggrandized the "mere general;" and then came the eighteenth Brumaire; and, subsequently, Bonaparte, not satisfied with the Life Consulate, dreamt of an Empire; while the French nation, when called upon to express its opinion on this momentous question, replied by nearly four millions of written adhesions, not only to the Empire itself, but to the extraordinary man by whom it had been suggested.

The Emperor Napoleon was to be crowned, and the Pope left the Holy City for Paris in order to perform the ceremony.

On the day of the coronation, as he was about to proceed to the Archbishop's palace, Napoleon appeared to remember for the first time the existence of Raguideau; and after having left his private apartments, as he was pacing up and down the throne-room, he suddenly paused in his walk, and summoning, by a gesture, one of his chamberlains, he desired that M. Raguideau, the lawyer, might be immediately sent for.

When informed that the Emperor desired his attendance at the Tuileries, and that, moreover, on the very day of his coronation, the man of business was lost in wonder, not being able to conjecture for an instant the motive of so abrupt a summons. When he had reached the palace, and had traversed several apartments full of mirrors and gilding, and crowded with Marshals, Ministers of State, and Grand Officers of the Empire, he was ushered into a saloon where Napoleon was conversing with Josephine while awaiting him.

"Ah! Here you are at last, M. Raguideau," said Napoleon, half smiling: "I am very happy to see you."

"Sire"——

"My good sir," pursued the Emperor, without giving him time to reply; "do you remember a day in 1796, when I accompanied to your house Madame de Beauharnais, now *Empress* of the French?" and he emphasised the word Empress with all the depth of his finely-modulated voice; "do you remember the eulogy which you uttered on the military profession, and the personal panegyric of which I was the object? Well! what say you now? Were you a true prophet? You declared that my fortune would always consist of my sword and my great-coat—that I should never make a name or a position like Dumouriez or Pichegru—and that Madame de Beauharnais was insane to sacrifice herself to a 'mere general.' I have made my way, nevertheless, as you perceive, and in despite of your sagacious predictions. Think you that the 'army contractor' would have bestowed a brighter boon upon his wife, after eight years of marriage, than a crown; and that crown the Imperial diadem of France?"

As he ceased speaking, Napoleon raised the hand of Josephine to his lips; while she sat silent and motionless, bewildered by so unexpected a scene.

Stupified by this deluge of questions, every one of which conveyed a covert rebuke, the unfortunate lawyer could only stammer out a few disjointed words; his legs trembled under him; his eyes were riveted upon the floor; and the Emperor stood by, evidently enjoying his discomfiture.

"Sire, I could not foresee—Sire, did you really overhear"——

"Every word, M. Raguideau. You are aware that walls have ears, and I owe you a severe reprisal; for if my excellent Josephine had listened to your advice it would [illegible] wives. You are a great culprit, M. Raguideau."

At the words "reprisal" and "culprit," the poor old man became more agitated than ever; the blood forsook his face, and he trembled in every limb.

"How could I tell?—how could I guess?" he gasped out: "I thought only of her—of her fatherless children—I had loved them for years—I was anxious to see them once more restored to prosperity and happiness"——

"I believe you," said the Emperor, touched by the emotion of the grey-headed confidant of his wife, "you could not tell—you could not guess;" and for a moment he paused, and remained absorbed in thought. "The future is beyond the grasp of any living man, so now we will return to the present; and as I cannot altogether overlook the injury which you sought to inflict upon me, I condemn you to go this day to Notre Dame and to witness the ceremony of my coronation. Not in a corner—not behind a pillar, which will prevent my having ocular evidence of your obedience—but in the seat that I shall cause to be retained for you. Do you hear, sir? I must see you both in the cathedral and in the line of the procession."

Once more able to breathe freely, and endeavoring to express alike his gratitude and his joy, Raguideau bowed himself from the room, and hastened home to prepare himself for the august ceremony, at which he had been commanded to assist; while Napoleon, after having jested for a few minutes with his wife over the consternation of her far-sighted counsellor, entered his carriage in the court of the Tuileries, and proceeded to the Archbishopric. Ten o'clock was just striking from the clock of the palace, and a salute of artillery announced the departure of the Emperor; while, a quarter of an hour subsequently, a second salute gave notice of his arrival at the Archbishopric.

As he left the cathedral, Napoleon recognised the old lawyer in the crowd; and when their eyes met, he smiled graciously, and the smile was answered by so profound a bow that, as he afterwards laughingly declared to the Empress, he was for several seconds in doubt whether the prophet of 1796 would ever again be enabled to resume the perpendicular.

A Word to Apprentices.—Apprenticeship is the most important stage of life through which a mechanic is called to pass; it is emphatically the spring season of his days—the time when he is sowing the seed, the fruits of which he is to reap in after years. If he spares no labor in its proper culture, he is sure of obtaining an abundant harvest; but if, in the culture of the mental soil, he follows the example of many in tilling the earth, and carelessly and negligently does his work, like them, he will find the seeding time past, and his ground only bringing forth weeds and briers. Let the young apprentice bear in mind, when he commences learning any business, that all hopes of success in the future are doomed to fade away like the morning mist, unless he improve the golden season. Let him bear in mind that he can become master of his business only through the closest application and the most persevering industry; and that unless he does master it, he may bid farewell to all the visions of future prospects and success.—The apprenticeship is the foundation of the great mechanical edifice; and surely if the foundation of a structure be not firm, the structure itself crumbles and falls to the earth. Then, young friends, persevere; be studious and attentive; study well all the branches of your business, both practical and theoretical—and when the time shall come for you to take an active part in life, you will not fail to be of use, not only in your own particular business, but in society.

Prudence.—Prudence is a presumption of the future, contracted from the experience of times past.

BATTLE OF N[illegible]

THE WESTERN [illegible]

BY A BRITISH [illegible]

A British officer who [illegible] the battle of New Orleans, mentions a [illegible] of thrilling strangeness, and very [illegible] of the Western hunters many [illegible] to the defense of New O[illegible] in the army under the [illegible] Jackson:

We marched, said the [illegible], in a solid column of twelve thous[illegible] men, in a direct line upon the Ame[illegible] defenses. I belonged to the staff, and [illegible] advanced watched through our gl[illegible] position and arrangements of our e[illegible] with that intensity an officer only f[illegible] marching into the jaws of death. [illegible] assurance that while he thus offer[illegible] as a sacrifice to the demands of [illegible], every action, be it successful [illegible], will be judged with the most [illegible].

It was a strange sight [illegible] range of cotton bales—a new, mas[illegible] breastwork—with the crowd of hu[illegible] behind, their heads only visible [illegible] the line of defence. We could dis[illegible] see their long rifles laying over the bal[illegible] the battery of Gen. Coffee directly [illegible] front, with its great mouth gaping [illegible], and the position of Gen. Jackson, [illegible] staff around him. But what att[illegible] our attention most was the figure of [illegible] man standing on the breastworks, dre[illegible] in linsey woolsey, with buckskin leg[illegible] and a broad rimmed felt hat that [illegible] round his face, almost concealing his [illegible]. He was standing in one of those [illegible] picturesque and graceful attitudes peculi[illegible] those natural men-dwellers in the for[illegible]. The body rested on the left leg, and [illegible] with a curved line upwards; the righ[illegible] was extended, the hand grasping the [illegible] near the muzzle, the but of which rest[illegible] the toe of the right foot, while with [illegible] raised the rim of the hat fro[illegible] eyes, and seemed gazing from beneath [illegible] steadily upon our advancing column. [illegible] cannon of Gen. Coffee had opened u[illegible] us, and tore through our ranks with[illegible] dful slaughter; but we continued to a[illegible], unwavering and cool, as if nothing [illegible] hened our progress.

The roar of cannon [illegible] ed to have no effect upon the figure i[illegible] ing on the cotton bales, but he seem[illegible] ed and motionless as a statue. At le[illegible] moved, threw back the hat rim over [illegible] rown with his left hand, raised the r[illegible] to his shoulder, and took aim at our gu[illegible]. Our gun was riveted upon him. At w[illegible] had he levelled his piece. But the de[illegible] e was so great that we looked at each [illegible] er and smiled. We saw the rifle flash, [illegible] my right hand companion, as noble [illegible] ing a fellow as ever rode at the head o[illegible] regiment, fell from his saddle. The [illegible] er paused a few moments, without mov[illegible] his rifle from his shoulder, then reloade[illegible] d resumed his former attitude. Th[illegible] g the hat rim over his eyes and again [illegible] ing it up with the left hand, he fixed [illegible] piercing gaze upon us as if hunting a [illegible] another victim. Once more the hat ri[illegible] thrown back, and the gun raised t[illegible] houlder. This time we did not smile, [illegible] t short glances at each other, to see [illegible] of us must die, and when the rifle a[illegible] ed, another of us dropped to the e[illegible] here was something awful in ma[illegible] on to certain death.

General Coffee [illegible] thousands [illegible] musket balls [illegible] cared not for them, [illegible] range of escaping scathed. Most of us had walked upon batteries a hundred times more destructive without quailing; but to know that every time that rifle was leveled toward us, and its bullet sprang for the barrel, one of us must as surely fall! To see the gleaming sun flash as the iron came down, and see it rest motionless, as if poised upon a rock, and know, when the hammer struck and the sparks flew to the full-primed pan, that the messenger of death drove unerringly to its goal—to know this, and still march on, was awful.

I could see nothing but the tall figure standing on the breastwork. He seemed to grow, phantom-like, taller and taller, assuming, through the smoke, the supernatural appearance of some giant spirit. Again did he reload and discharge his rifle with the same unfailing aim; and it was with indescribable pleasure that I beheld, as we neared the American lines, the sulphurous smoke gather around us and shut that spectral hunter from my gaze. We lost the battle, and to my mind the Kentucky rifleman contributed more to our defeat than anything else; for while he remained to our sight our attention was drawn from our duties, and when at last we became enshrouded in the smoke, the work was complete—we were in utter confusion and unable, in the extremity, to restore order sufficent to make any successful attack.

So long as thousands and thousands of rifles remain in the hands of the people; so long as men come up from their childhood able, ere the down appears on the chin, to hit the centre of a mark, or strike the deer, at one hundred and fifty yards, in the most vital part; so long as there is a great portion of the Republic who live as free as the wild Indian, knowing no leader but their own choosing, knowing no law but that of right, and the honorable observance of friendly intercourse, America is unconquerable, and all the armies of the combined world, though they might drive them from the sea coast and across the Alleghany mountains, would not be able to subdue the free-souled hunter among the mountains and great prairies and mighty rivers of the West.

☞ The Lafayette Daily Courier of the 24th, relates the following: "Night before last, a deaf and dumb man named Lane, met with a thrilling adventure and narrowly escaped the loss of his life, on the New Albany and Salem road, a short distance below Linden. He was walking on the track as the passenger train came along, and the engineer seeing that he paid no heed to the warning whistle of the locomotive, shut down the brake, but finding it would be impossible to check the speed of the train before striking him, ran forward, and bracing himself upon the cow-catcher, reached out his strong arm just in time to save him.—The imminent danger of the brave engineer was greatly augmented by the fact that the deaf and dumb man had an ax upon his shoulder, from which he might have received serious injury. Lane was not a little astonished at the unceremonious manner in which he had been picked up, and without comprehending his narrow escape, struggled in the arms of his deliverer, to the great danger of both. The train, however, soon come to a halt, and the poor fellow, by signs and gestures, more eloquent than words, testified his gratitude for the deliverance. He was the same man who was knocked into a ditch by a passing train last summer, at or very near the same spot where his brother, also deaf and dumb, was run over and horribly mangled the year before."

☞ Margaret Buggles, an unmarried woman, about twenty-eight years old, while taking a kettle from an open fire-place, in her lodgings, on Water street, Cincinnati, accidentally dropped her apron, and it caught fire, communicating to her clothes, which was not extinguished before she was badly burnt on her lower limbs and hips.

☞ A newly appointed constable at Rochester, Michigan, a few days ago, undertook to turn a man out of Court, who, he thought, was interrupting the proceedings. The gentleman quietly withdrew, and the constable was soon after informed that he had turned out the Sheriff.

The World Would be the Better for It.

If men cared less for wealth and fame,
And less for battle-field and glory;
If writ in human hearts, a name
Seemed better in a song or story;
If man, instead of nursing pride,
Would learn to hate and to abhor it—
If more relied
On love to guide,
The world would be the better for it.

If men dealt less in stocks and lands,
And more in bonds and deeds fraternal;
If love's work had more willing hands
To link this world to the supernal;
If men stored up Love's oil and wine,
And on bruised human hearts would pour it;
If "yours" and "mine"
Would once combine,
The world would be the better for it.

If men would act the play of life,
And fewer spoil it in rehearsal;
If Bigotry would sheathe its knife
Till good became more universal:
If Custom, gray with ages grown,
Had fewer blind men to adore it—
If talent shone
In truth alone,
The world would be the better for it.

If men were wise in little things—
Affecting less in all their dealings—
If hearts had fewer rusted strings
To isolate their kindly feelings:
If men, when Wrong beats down the Right,
Would strike together and restore it—
If Right made might
In every fight,
The world would be the better for it.

THE HUNTER'S REWARD.

In the spring of 1790, two young men, George Dill and Peter Brown, both carpenters, launched a small boat on the Monongahela, and having supplied themselves with an ample stock of provisions and ammunition, dropped down the river on an exploring and hunting expedition. They proceeded unmolested down the Ohio several hundred miles below Wheeling, where they landed, on the Kentucky side, and erected a cabin of poles, which they covered with small branches and moss.—It was situated a short distance from the river's bank, near a good spring, among tall and heavy timber. After storing their effects, consisting of cooking utensils, a few mechanical implements, several blankets, and some wearing apparel, in the cabin, they shouldered their rifles, and, accompanied by two trusty dogs, betook themselves to the woods.

Being aware that this section of country was sometimes visited by bands of hostile Indians, either to kill game or attack boats descending the river, the young hunters kept a sharp look-out, lest they should be surprised by a superior force. Game was abundant, and they had the good fortune to kill several deer during their first excursion. After three or four days absence they returned, laden with skins and meat, to their hut, and found the premises undisturbed. By ascending a small knoll in the vicinity of their moss-covered cabin, they had a clear view of the river, and could see any boat that might be passing. [illegible] grass and underbrush afforded them a hiding place, where they conceal themselves completely from observation.

A month had passed, and neither friend nor foe had appeared, and the hunters continued their excursions and penetrated farther into the interior, where they found a beautiful country, with a rich soil and fine streams. On one occasion they had been absent ten days, and, on returning to their cabin again, found everything in the condition in which they had left it. They now began to congratulate themselves upon their peaceful and undisturbed occupancy of the country. Their dogs, however, appeared much excited, and kept moving about for some time, as if they were scenting something unusual, but at length entered the cabin and composed themselves.—Dill supposed that some wild animal had recently passed along, but Brown was strongly impressed with the belief that their habitation was discovered. Before starting on their next trip, Brown so arranged some of the articles in the cabin, without mentioning it to Dill, that the slightest touch would change their positions sufficiently to enable them to detect it. The weather had now become warm, and, after being out several days, Brown proposed they should return to the cabin. Dill remonstrated for some time, but eventually assented, and they agreed to start on their return trip early the next morning, so as to avoid the heat of the day, having some eight or ten miles to travel.

About a quarter of a mile inland from their cabin, in a small open space, our adventurers had planted a few hills of corn and squashes, which soon came up, but received no further attention. In returning that morning, they digressed a little from their direct course for the purpose of looking a little at their "truck patch." Immediately after they arrived there, their dogs exhibited unmistakable signs of alarm.—Brown observed it, and immediately communicated his suspicions that all was not right to his comrade. After some consultation, it was agreed that Dill should conceal himself in the underbrush, and keep one of the dogs with him, whilst Brown would take the other and advance toward the cabin. When within about thirty rods from the cabin, and after reconnoitering the vicinity, he motioned to Dill to come on, and the two, with their rifles at a trail and their dogs at their heels, approached the cabin together. In glancing over the effects at the cabin, Brown discovered that somebody had been there during their absence, which vindicated his suspicions, and, in his opinion, accounted for the strange conduct of the dogs, on the former as well as on the present occasion. The ground around the hut was examined for footsteps, but none could be discovered; Dill then went to examine their boat, which they had run into the mouth of a creek a short distance below, and secured there,—it was safe, and had not been disturbed.

In the evening measures were taken for defence, should an attack be made in the course of the night—but the hunters were not molested. At the dawn of day they seized their rifles and repaired to the knoll in the rear of the cabin, and there concealed themselves, intending to remain there during the day, unless circumstances should arise making it necessary for them to alter their resolution. They lay quiet until the afternoon, and began to think they had been unnecessarily alarmed, when they espied a female, with no other clothing than a calico shirt, reaching from her middle to a little below the knees, approaching the cabin with cautious steps. A single glance sufficed to convince them that, whoever or whatever she might be, she was not an Indian squaw; and as soon as she had entered the cabin, Brown approached it alone and unarmed, so as not to alarm her or frighten her away. He walked leisurely forward with his hands crossed on his back—and when the female saw him, she threw up both arms and uttered a wild scream, but did not attempt to run. Brown addressed her kindly, and she awaited his approach without speaking a word until he was within several yards of her, when she told him, in a few words, that she had been a captive among the Indians, from whom she had just escaped, and, with tears in her eyes, asked his aid and protection.

Dill then left his place and concealment, and took both of the rifles on his shoulder, and went to the cabin. The three then sat down on a log together, and the female related her story, which was listened to with great interest by both the hunters.

She was the daughter of a wealthy planter in Virginia, and had been taken captive the preceding fall, and carried first to Chilicothe, and afterwards to Sandusky, where she was adopted into the family of an Indian, who had two sons and two daughters, who generally treated her kindly. Several weeks prior to her escape, this family had come to the Ohio river in search of game and plunder, and had encamped several miles above, where the men constructed a light canoe and crossed to the Kentucky side, leaving the women alone at the camp.

After their return in the evening, she gathered from there conversation that there were white men not far off. They crossed over the river a second time, and, on coming into camp the next evening, held a council about some matter apparently of great importance to them. The next morning the men started early in the direction of Chilicothe, charging the women to remain about the camp until their return; and it was her opinion they had gone for reinforcements to attack the white men whom they had discovered. During their absence she formed the resolution of attempting an escape, and managed to separate herself from her companions, and jumped into the canoe the men had constructed, and, rowing for life, soon reached the Kentucky shore. After wandering about for three days, she discovered the hunters' hut, and then withdrew, resolved to watch for its owners, and if they were friends, as she doubted not they would prove to be, to cast herself upon their kind protection. Her name she gave as Sallie Green, the only daughter of Richard Green, of Virginia.

The hunters had a pretty good supply of wearing apparel left, from which Sallie was directed to select such articles as were most suitable, and make them into a dress for herself, which she promptly did, and the next day had herself decently clad. Being barefooted, Dill presented her with a pair of shoes and stockings, which, though much too large for her feet, became of great service to her afterwards.

What was now to be done? It was quite manifest that the party's situation was unsafe. The Indians had discovered them, and would undoubtedly attack them before many days. The warm sun had opened the seams of their boat, and it was leaky and unfit for use. The river was at a low ebb, and it was not likely that any boats would soon descend the river on which they might secure a passage to some of the settlements below. After full deliberation it was resolved to attempt escape from their perilous situation by land, and attempt to reach the border settlements of Virginia. They would be obliged to leave their few implements and stock of skins—but what were these compared to their own lives, which would be jeopardized by remaining much longer.

A little of their stock of meal still remained, and they had a sufficient supply of jerked venison to last them during their journey, and a pocket compass by which to direct their course. The remainder of [illegible] the following morning they [illegible] their line of march for Virginia, through an unbroken wilderness.

Who can tell what to-morrow may bring forth? Whilst these preparations were going on at the cabin, the old Indian and his sons, with two others whom they had met in the path to Chilicothe, returned to camp, and, on learning the escape of the "pale-faced squaw," immediately went to work and constructed a small raft, on which they crossed the river in the night, and proceeded towards the cabin. Just as it became clear enough to discern objects, the hunters' dogs grew very restless and set up a low growl. Sallie expressed her belief of Indians lurking about. Brown and Dill seized their rifles, and placed themselves immediately outside of the entrance of the cabin, ready for emergencies. Presently two Indians were seen approaching with stealthy steps. They were suffered to come within range of rifle-shot, and then both hunters fired and both Indians fell. Three others, who had stood concealed behind some large trees, now rushed forward over the dead bodies of their comrades, and before the hunters had time to re-load they were within a few rods of the cabin, brandishing their tomahawks, and yelling, as they are wont to do when making an attack. Brown and Dill prepared to meet them, the former with a hatchet, and the latter with the butt of his rifle. The Indians paused for a moment in the face of such a foe, and in another moment a ball from the rifle in the hands of the maiden laid one of them sprawling on the ground.

The hunters now sallied out, and, averting the blows aimed by the Indians with their tomahawks, each grappled his man. For a time the contest was doubtful, but at last the hunters got the better of their adversaries, and held them firmly to the ground, where, with Sallie's aid, they were securely bound with deer-skin straps. Dill kept watch over the prisoners, while Brown went forth to reconnoitre. Seeing the coast clear, he quickly returned, and, at the girl's suggestion, the prisoners, with their arms pinioned, were led to the river and placed on their own raft, which was then pushed into the current, and, with its live freight, sent adrift.

Before the hunters had got fairly out of the water they were greeted with a volley from the rifles of four Indians, who, it was supposed, had been lying somewhere in the vicinity, watching for passing boats, and were attracted to the spot by the late firing of the combatants. Dill was shot dead, but Brown escaped unharmed, and ran in the direction of the cabin. Three of the savages followed the raft to save their brethren, and the other, a tall, athletic fellow, gave chase to Brown. The firing at the river had alarmed Sallie, who was in possession of the hunters' rifles, and she therefore held herself in readiness to repel any attack that might be made on her, or give any assistance she could to the hunters.—She soon saw Brown approaching, followed by his savage foe—but so swift was their speed that she did not venture to fire, preferring to wait a better opportunity. An Indian seldom stumbles; but this one happened to strike his foot against some impediment when within sixty yards of the cabin, and close to the heels of Brown, and almost fell. Before he had fully recovered himself, the girl sent a ball through his body, which arrested his progress. Brown's trusty rifle always proved fatal when held in the hands of Sallie Green.

Brown and the girl, knowing that the savages at the river would soon come up in search of their comrades, hastily left the spot, armed with the two rifles, and carrying some dried venison and a blanket, and were followed by the hunters' faithful dogs. The day was now far spent—but the moon rising in the evening gave sufficient light to enable them to proceed through the woods. They traveled all night without halting. A little after daylight they stopped a few moments at a spring and refreshed themselves with a little venison and a few draughts of fresh water, and then again pressed forward, and continued with but little abatement during that day and the following night. Finding they were not pursued, they now traveled more leisurely. After enduring hunger and fatigue, on the eighth day they reached one of the border settlements of Virginia, where they procured horses and a guide, and in three days after arrived at Mr. Green's. The meeting between Sallie and her parents can be better imagined than described. Tears of joy were shed in profusion.

The hunter remained with Mr. Green for a season, and then engaged in the erection of a handsome dwelling for himself on a neighboring plantation, which he had purchased. About the time of its completion, they had a merry time one day at the house of Mr. Green,—it was the day on which Peter Brown and Sallie Green were married.

What is a Fop?—The fop is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. He is one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-third walking stick, and the rest kid gloves and hair. As to his remote ancestry there is some doubt, but it is now pretty well settled that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He becomes ecstatic on the smell of cloth. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailor's bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would judge he had been dipped like Achilles, but it is evident that the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heels. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for devotion to externals. Paste diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of material to put five dollars' worth of beaver on five cents' worth of brains.

Learning and Appetite.—It has been well known, at least since the days of Dr. Johnson, that nature often furnishes the men of large brains with a good digestive apparatus. But this truth has seldom been more strikingly expressed than it was lately by a celebrated colored caterer, who practices his useful profession in one of our sister cities, which is renowned for its excellent school of learning. A lady was about to make a party, and invite among others the Faculty of the college. She therefore held a conversation with the caterer about the preparations which were necessary. She was somewhat surprised at the estimates which he presented, and ventured to remonstrate with him a little. "The college folks is comin?" inquired he. "Yes," she replied. "Wall then, depend on't, I'm right," he said with much emphasis, "for, ma'am, them larned 'ligious people eat awful!"

Rapidity of Thought in Dreaming.—A very remarkable circumstance, on an important point of analogy is to be found in the extreme rapidity with which the mental operations are performed, or rather with which the material changes on which the ideas depend are excited, in the hemispherical ganglia. It would appear as if a whole series of acts, that would really occupy a long lapse of time, pass ideally through the mind at one instant. We have in dreams no true perception of the lapse of time—a strange property of mind; for, if such be also its property when entered into the eternal disembodied state, time will appear to us eternity. The relations of space as well as of time are also annihilated; so that, while almost an eternity is compressed into a moment, infinite space is traversed more swiftly than by real thought.—There are numerous illustrations of this principle on record. A gentleman dreamed that he had enlisted as a soldier, joined his regiment, deserted, was apprehended, carried back, tried, condemned to be shot, and at last led out for execution. After all the usual preparations, a gun was fired; he awoke with the report, and found that a noise in the adjoining room had, at the same moment, produced the dream and awakened him. A friend of Dr. Abercrombie's dreamt that he crossed the Atlantic, and spent a fortnight in America. In embarking on his return, he fell into the sea, and, awakening in the fright, found that he had not been asleep ten minutes.

☞ The following dialogue took place on the Ohio railroad:—

"Hulloo, stranger, you appear to be traveling?"

"Yes, I always travel when I'm on a journey."

"I think I have seen you somewhere?"

"Very like! I've often been there."

"Mightn't your name be Smith?"

"Well, it might—if it wasn't something else!"

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at pesent—five feet nine!"

"Do you calculate to remain here some time?"

"Well, I guess I'll stay till I'm ready to leave!"

"I reckon you were born in New England?"

"Well, my native place was either there or somewhere else."

"You travel as if money were plenty with you."

"Well, I might have more, and be richer."

"Have you anything new?"

"Yes, I bought a whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you're the sharpest blade I ever saw on this road."

Equality.—The different ranks and orders of mankind may be compared to so many streams and rivers of running water. All proceed from an original small and obscure; some spread wider, travel over more countries, and make more noise in their passage than others; but all tend alike to an ocean where distinction ceases, and where the largest and most celebrated rivers are equally lost and absorbed with the smallest and most unknown streams.

☞ A witness in a hoosier court being asked how he knew that two certain parties were man and wife, replied: "Why, dog on it, I've heard 'em scolding each other mor'n fifty times." The evidence was held conclusive.

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the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money making men whose uninterrupted success in trade has been