ERIE WEEKLY OBSERVER.

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...ET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE
... B. SLOAN, Editor.

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...ATTORNEY AT LAW—Office removed to corner ... Block, corner State Street and the Public ...

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...LAW—Office in Rosenzweig's Block, opposite ... entrance to the Park, Erie, Pa. P. W. HUTCHINSON

W. K. MAGILL,
...ATTORNEY, Office in Rosenzweig's Block, north side of the Park, Erie, Pa.
Erie, Nov. 7, 1857. 26

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...successors to Barney & M'Conkey,)
... German and American Hardware and Cutlery, ... Vices, Iron and Steel, No. 3 Reed House,

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... Retail dealer in Groceries, Provisions, Ship ... and Willow ware &c., &c., State Street, Erie.

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EMPIRE STORES,
... Jobber, and Retail Dealer in every des... ...ign and Domestic Dry Goods, Carpetings, Oil ... State street, corner of Fifth, Erie, Pa.

BUFFALO CLOTHING STORE,
... and Manufacturer in first quality Ready ... gentlemen's furnishing goods. No. 7, Brown's ... Erie, Pa.

WILLIAM THORNTON,
... Deeds, Agreement Bonds and Mortga... ...accurately and carefully drawn. Office on ... St. Sterrett, Grocery Store Erie, Pa.

J. F. DOWNING,
...LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. Will practice in ... Erie County, and give prompt and faithful ... entrusted to his hands, either as an At... ...Office in Empire Block, corner of ... Pa.

W. R. RUSHMORE,
... Churchill, Johnson, & Co., ... of Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods, Nos. ... Warren Streets, New York
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... Dealers in Fancy and Staple Dry Goods, ... Clothes, &c., No. 1 Brown's Block, Erie.

GEORGE H. CUTLER.
... Girard, Erie County, Pa. Collections and ... attended to with promptness and dispatch

JOHN SWEENY.
... Office in Beatty's Building, up-stairs, Erie.

JOHN HEARN & CO.,
... Commission Merchants, dealers in Coal, Flour, ... a daily line of Upper Lake Steamers, Public ...

CAUGHEY & CLARK,
... and Dealers in Domestic and Imported Wines ... Segars, Tobacco, Fruit, Fish, Oil, and Agents ... No. 7 Bonnell Block, State street Erie.
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JOHN W. AYRES,
... and Retail Dealer in all kinds of Fancy, ... Office and Dining Chairs, No. 4 Key ...

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... up stairs in Tammany Hall building, ... Erie Pa.

S. R. CHURCHILL,
... dealer in Double Rectified Whiskey, in the ...

J. G. BARR & CO.,
... Agents at Wholesale and Retail, at No 20 ... street, Erie, Pa.

PARK HALL,
... is fitted for Concerts, Lectures, and Public ... East of the Park. Enquire at the Banking ... No. 8, Reed House, Erie, Pa.

OLDS & LOW,
... Wholesale and Retail dealers in Wall and Cis... ...quality, the cheapest and best now in ... street near Peach, Erie, Pa.
... water for family, farm or mechani... ...
M. L. LOW.

JOSEPH R. FERGUSON,
...ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR—Office in the rear of ... 10th street, Erie, Pa. All business in ... promptly and faithfully attended to.

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DR. O. L. ELLIOTT,
... and Dwelling in south Park Row, first ... the Bank buildings. July 10, 1858.

JAREDKI BROTHERS,
... Watches, Clocks, Silver, Brittannia and Plated ... Pocket and table Cutlery. Fancy Goods ... State street Erie Pa. 24

GRAY & PARRAR,
... Dealers in West India Goods, Powder, ... Tobacco, Cigars, Fish, oil, &c., &c., No. ... State street, Erie, Pa
F. F. PARRAR.

JOSEPH EICHENLAUB Jr.,
... Boots and Shoes, and Wholesale and Retail ... Hemlock Sole leather, French and American ... Linings, Bindings, Kips and Splits, Thread ... Lastings, Italoons, Kibands, Hammers, ... Pegs, Nails, &c. New Block, State ...

LIBBEY, HERSHEY, & Co.,
... Steam Engines, Boilers, Mill Gearing, Agricul... ...Railroad Cars, &c. Erie, Pa.

MISS F. E. RHODES,
... Maker, and Agent for Wheeler & Wilson's ... rooms over Austin's Jewelry Store, West ... Stitching done to order. 24

... French Merinoes and all wool Repes ... much less than ruling prices. Very cheap
nov 13—27 BEE HIVE.

FOUND DEAD.

They found her dead
One snowy morning in the open street,
Her cold cheek resting on the pearly sheet
Around her spread.
And on her lips a quiet smile reposed,
As if in sleep, life's weary dream had closed.

She slept the last, last sleep;
Death's seal was on her brow, and she had passed,
Tired and suffering, to her home at last,
Leaving no friends to weep,
No loving ones to come at sunset hours
To sprinkle on her bosom tears and flowers

No warm and gentle hand
Clasped her in tenderness, as in the night
She went out gently from this world of light
Into the shadowy land,
No earthly watcher lingered at her side
To hear her last low murmur when she died

But did she die alone?
No! not alone. One Friend kept watch with her,
One gentle voice, one loving smile was near
The desolate unknown,
One hand of mercy led her over Death's foam
Into the better land to friends and home

APP'S VALLEY.

A TALE OF FRONTIER LIFE.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

App's, or Absalom's Valley, so called after Absalom Looney, the first white man who gazed upon its sylvan beauty, lies upon the waters of the Blue Stone River, in Virginia, at the south-western part of that State. Under the shadow of mighty hills, with a climate as warm and genial as the Bermudas, a soil rich and yielding, and an expanse of scenery, almost unrivalled in its immediate neighborhood, it was no wonder that this valley presented the strongest inducements to a few of the struggling and hard-working settlers who had landed on less inviting soil.

Among these were two families, named Moore and Ivins, who removed to this beautiful valley in 1775, each having large families of children to support, and finding it difficult and almost impossible to raise for them the ordinary means of subsistence. Here, however, the difficulties seemed to vanish at once; and the rude log cabins, inhabited by the two friendly families, were the abodes of more real happiness than is often found in the palaces of the great.

Here, in a short space, they became the owners of many horses and cattle; and the abundant fields of the delicate Virginia white corn, the extensive tobacco patches, and the abundant pasture lands, attested to their growing prosperity. For miles along the half made and irregular roads, extended thick shrubberies of the fragrant pecvine and sweet myrrh, and wild roses and the white flowers of the elder perfumed the air with their sweet odors.

James Moore was a true, good, Christian man. Every day on his bended knees, he blessed God for letting his lines fall in this goodly place; and the aspirations of his heart were, that his children might live out their lives here, in undisturbed serenity, far from the snares and temptations of the busy world.

John Ivins counted eight children, and James Moore ten, when they had lived nine years in App's Valley, and happier and better children the sun never shone on. Sometimes, it is true, they would shudder and cower at the thought of the bands of savages which were said to infest the borders of the State; and the gentle mothers would turn away their own pale faces, when they were spoken of, lest the little ones should gather new terrors from their looks.

Still they had been here so long, and no intrusion having ever been made on their premises, that they naturally gathered courage with each passing year, and when Mary Moore was sixteen years old—a fair, gentle little maiden as ever graced such a sylvan abode—and baby Margaret was just beginning to walk alone, the family had attained almost complete security.

The boys of the Moore family were strong, hardy, brave and courageous; giving good and efficient help to their father, and emulating the young sons of John Ivins in every enterprise of athletic labor or sport. Circumscribed as they must necessarily be in the means of education, and the enjoyment of society, they were nevertheless, neither ignorant nor lonely in their seclusion. To Mary Moore, especially, knowledge came apparently by intuition, and she imparted it to all around her.

Her days were devoted to the work of the household in which she assisted her mother; but the long evenings saw her teaching her brothers and those of Martha Ivins, who was her friend and almost constant companion. Of these brothers of Mary, James, the next to her in age was the most dearly loved. For him and baby Margaret, Mary could have given up her life, if required, without a murmur; and although kind and good to all, the choicest of her gifts—the finest fruits, the most delicate stockings which she spun and knit, and the whitest of her cloth, when it came from the bleaching ground—were always for these two.

She had given the last polish one morning in ironing a blue and white striped linen suit which she had woven expressly for James, had carefully turned over the broad white shirt collar, and daintily wound his shining curls over her finger, preparatory to his setting off for the mill, with a great sack of corn, on the back of Brown Peggy, who was thus named out of compliment to the baby. She looked at the handsome lad with an expression of love and pride; and a feeling as if he particularly belonged to her, came up in her heart more distinctly than ever, on that morning. She lingered at the door, until she saw him ride down the hill, turning round to bid good by in his own free and affectionate way. Nor did she quit gazing after him until a clump of trees quite hid him from her sight; and even then she was only recalled by a laugh from Martha Ivins, who had been watching her.

"Nay, now, Mary dear," said the good-humored girl, "one would think that Jemmy was departing to a far off country, instead of simply riding over to the mill. Why, you are as thoughtful and silent, as my mother is today. Pray what has come over you all?"

Mary looked up to Mrs. Ivins, who stood at the window of the log house opposite, and saw that she had a sad look, such as she never saw her wear before. Almost mechanically, she followed Martha in, saying, as she did so:

"I cannot tell Martha, but I felt a terrible sinking of the heart this morning—I think father calls it a presentiment—that I cannot account for. I could not bear to see James go away this morning; for, although Peggy is so sure-footed, still I could not help feeling that an accident might happen, even to her. But don't tell mother that I feel so, Mrs. Ivins," she continued, "for I dare say it is all a mere notion."

Mrs. Ivins could not reply. She too had had the same presentiment of coming evil, all that morning: and she longed to see the families together, the day's work over, and all in safety.—Mary returned to her ironing table, but there was no bright polish on the clothes, no strength in the hand that held the iron; and two or three times she sat down and turned so pale that her mother bade her leave the board, and lie down on the old high-backed settee. Mr. Moore came into dinner, and the boys came with him. They sat down at the table, but one seat was empty.

"Where is James?" he asked. "Surely he must have come from the mill. Go, and look for him, William."

"He has not come home yet," said Mrs. Moore. "Sit still, Willy, you need not go. He will come soon, and we shall keep the dinner hot for him."

"Very strange," said Mr. Moore; but apparently he forgot all about it, for he was soon engaged in discussing a new-fashioned plough with Bob, who had been reading of the novel invention, and wished his father to send to Jamestown to get it.

Dinner was finished, and the afternoon wore slowly on. The father and sons had returned to the field, and Mrs. Moore, busy, at first, in mixing corncakes for supper, did not seem to think more of the absent one than once in a while to look out of the window and wonder that he was detained so long. Mary, usually so active and industrious, lay all the afternoon upon the settee, with her hand over her eyes, as if suffering from headache, but in reality weeping. The sun was almost down when she sprang from her hard couch, and ran out to the field.

"Father," she said, trembling all over with excitement and terror, "father, do for the love of Heaven, go and see what has become of poor James. Perhaps he is drowned in the river; perhaps, O, father, the Indians—" She dropped lifeless to the ground as she spoke.

Mr. Moore, now thoroughly alarmed, told the youngest boy to call his mother, then shouting to Ivins and his boys to join him, they all mounted on horseback and made their way to the mill. The miller said he had delivered the meal to the boy almost immediately. He had not waited longer than to receive it, place it upon the horse, and was off.

"Good Heavens! Mr. Moore, I remember now that my little boy came in at the same moment that James left, and began telling me that he saw an Indian coming up the river in a canoe. I was busy and thought he was mistaken, as I knew he never saw one in his life."

Mr. Moore shook his head mournfully. How could he go home and bear this news to his wife and Mary? How could he return at all, without his son? He motioned to John Ivins to go down the valley and search for him, and John understood him, though he heard no sound from his lips. The search was in vain, but an empty canoe lay on the bank of the river, and a horse's footsteps were plainly seen embedded in the soft earth, quite into the forest; and the night shadows were falling too deep for any further examination, until they could go home, procure lights and reinforce their party. Every man and boy in App's Valley turned out, with torches made of pine knots, and scoured the wood wherever there was a bridle path; but without effect, and thenceforth fear and insecurity were their companions day and night.

James Moore did not return, and the absence of the horse precluded the idea of an accident, since the animal would have found his way home. There was only one conjecture, and that pointed to the Indians. How strangely had that sad event changed the whole aspect of the valley!—Mrs. Moore and Mary were worn to shadows with anxiety; and the little children of both families, who had roved at will through the fields, were now shut up in the close houses, and soon began to pine for the fresh, sweet air. No one had any heart to work. The fields exhibited traces of careless tending; and, in places, the wheel and the loom were silent from sheer inability and want of strength to guide them.

There were two or three months of this terrible oppression and lassitude; and the heats of summer increasing in unusual intensity, subdued all who attempted to work, to a state of utter weakness. The 4th of July—it was then in 1786—opened upon them with a glowing heat, stronger than any preceding morning. The broad, red sun hung in the heavens like a ball of fire. The fields were dry and parched, and the cattle stood in the muddy brooks, and seemed piteously to ask for water. One by one, the boys, Willy, Robert and John Moore, came up from the field, and threw themselves under the shade of a large tree, upon the grass. Their fathers soon followed, and then Mr. Ivins and his sons; and before long, every member of the two families was out upon the green, vainly trying to get air, except Martha Ivins and Mary Moore, and baby Margaret.

Suddenly a wild shout was heard, and Mary peeping through a crevice in the wall, for she dared not go to the window, saw a party of Indians surrounding the group upon the green.—Shaking in every limbs, she lifted a board from the floor, under which was a hollow cavity that served them for a cellar; and with Martha and the little one, she sought its shelter, and replaced the board as well as she was able. She heard moans and shrieks, and knew that the savages were doing their terrible work; and after a long time, in which she had succeeded in hushing Margaret to sleep, she heard the Indians enter.

They passed round through all the rooms, and at last they seemed to be all marching out again, with a slow, heavy tread that shook the floor, although, with the exception of the board above her, it was composed of timbers. Their weighty tread awoke the baby, and finding herself in the dark, she began to cry, even though Mary put her hand on her little lips to arrest her cries, and tried to hush her in her arms. It was too late.. The Indians had heard that first wild cry, and had turned back; and when the board was lifted, a group of frightful looking objects stood above their hiding place, and dragged them rudely from it, and out upon the green. Mrs. Moore and four of the children were tied to the tree; three others, with their father, lay dead upon the grass. Of the Ivins family, none had escaped death, except Martha.

It was well perhaps for the poor girls, that they passed into temporary insensibility, otherwise insanity must have succeeded this terrible sight. When they revived, each was in the arms of a stout savage, and others were driving Mrs. Moore and the children along before them, while baby Margaret was slung rudely across the shoulder of one of the tallest of the tribe, the child lying, or rather hanging like one dead.—The horrors of that day were sufficient to quell the stoutest heart, yet the poor children endured it with a fortitude that man might equal, but never surpass. John, the strongest, apparently, of the four who were tied with the mother, gave out first, and he was left dead by the wayside.

They had now entered the forest, and the cool shade revived them. Margaret held out her little arms to Mary, to be taken, and the Indian who carried the child, interpreting her look of fear and disgust at himself, held her out to Mary, with the expression of a demon upon his face.—She took her in her arms, and at that moment she saw the infant's head droop, and a terrible shadow crossed her little brow. A cunning blow had attended the placing of the child in Mary's arms, and only the beautiful image of what Mary had loved so well, was there. Baby Margaret had gone where her eyes would "continually behold the Father who is in heaven;" and the bereaved sister was compelled to be thankful that the little innocent was at rest; saved from a more terrible fate.

Jane, a child of four years, clung as closely to her mother as the savages would allow her, her white lips quivering with fear, and her eyes turned away from the frightful sights around her. Mother and child dragged feebly after their captors, and when nature could bear no further exertion, they were both despatched.

"My God, Mary!" shrieked poor Martha Ivins, as she watched the savages making a large fire of dried leaves and branches, "what can they be going to do?"

Mary turned shudderingly away, for she had heard of the horrible sacrifices of the Indians, and trembled lest the living, as well as the dead, were to feed the flames. But, one by one, the captives were all disposed of, excepting the two young girls. They held out until they reached the camp of the savages, part of the way being by water. Their captors had come up Sandy River, and their canoes were ready on the banks.

The few thin garments worn by the maidens, were tattered by their long walk through the woods, and their feet were torn by the sharp rocks. Never surely were there two so sorely to be pitied. They who had died were safe and at rest; but what horrors might await these helpless maidens! When they arrived, they were put under the care of the squaws, who immediately separated them, thus cutting off their last gleam of comfort or consolation.

Both were set to the lowest and hardest tasks, and as they were darkened by the sun, in their long journey, and were now obliged to wear the Indian costume, because their own clothes had literally dropped to pieces, they were hardly distinguishable from the young females of the tribe. Certainly no one would have recognized sweet Mary Moore in the bronzed maiden who waited upon her lords like a slave.

Here she spent several years, each of which was harder than the last. A morbid indifference to life, a mechanical performance of her tasks, a recklessness of offending her masters, probably hoping that they would be tempted to end her miseries by death, denoted her state at this time. She had lost the feeling of terror in the supreme sensation of utter weariness, that weighed heavily upon her soul as well as frame.

A morning came that reminded Mary of the one on which she was captured. A fierce heat burned the grass around the tents, and the breeze came scorchingly to the parched skin, like the breath of fiery furnaces. The Indians succumbed before it, and stretched themselves about lazily, at a distance, under what slight shade they might find. Even the squaws rested from their almost interminable pounding of corn and cooking of venison, and lulled into security about the captive of so many years, they seemed not to think of Mary, who, when all were asleep, wandered off among the shrubbery that grew not far from the clearing.

Suddenly she saw a face peeping through the laurel hedge. It was no Indian, of that she felt secure. Four years ago, Mary would have uttered a joyful shriek, and perilled herself and others. Now she was subdued to calmness by the length of her captivity and the hardening process she had undergone; and she waited quietly for the event. A young looking man, in the garb of civilized life, passed round the hedge and silently beckoned her away. She mechanically obeyed the motion of his hand, and with soundless steps, she followed where he led.

On the banks of the Big Sandy River, a light canoe lay, fastened to a rock. He drew her into it, and giving her an oar, he rowed rapidly out into the broad river, landing at the spot where the town of Louisa, in Kentucky, now lies. Not until they were safe, and under the roof of friendly white people did her deliverer make himself known; but when she had rested from the excitement of her escape, she was restored to new life and happiness by finding that she owed all to her long lost brother James!

Escaping himself, after years of terrible captivity, and learning the desolation of his home and the fate of his sister, from a friendly Indian who had assisted his own flight, he had gone to reconnoitre the place, without a hope of rescuing her, until he should form some mature plan from his secret observation. Fortunately he was not obliged to return.

Should our readers wish to know what afterwards became of sweet Mary Moore, they are told that she became the happy wife of a clergyman (Rev S. Brown), and that in the society of her husband and brother, she was consoled for the memories of the beloved APP'S VALLEY.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A correspondent writing from Philadelphia to the Louisville *Democrat*, relates the following:

Whilst an aged and poorly clad female was asking alms at the corner of Fourth and Chestnut streets, a smart looking young sailor passed within a few feet of her, gazing intently for several seconds on her haggard face. She approached him, and extended her hand in silence. Instantly his hand found its way to his capacious pocket, and as he drew it out, it was filled with gold and silver, which he forced her to accept, saying—

"There, good mother, take this: you may as well have it as the land sharks. The last cruise I had out of New York found me with four hundred dollars on hand; but as the neighbors told me my mother was dead, I got on a spree with the money, spent it all inside of a week and then shipped again."

"Oh! good—good sir! you are too kind to an old body like me. For your sake, I take it.—Oh! you remind me of my poor son, George, who shipped and was drowned. Oh! George—George White! where are you now?"

"George White!" hurriedly exclaimed the now excited sailor. "Why, that's my name! And you—you are my mother!" With this he seized her in his arms, and caressed her affectionately, whilst the big tears of joy ran down his bronzed cheek. The poor woman was entirely overcome by the recovery of her long lost child, and wept and groaned alternately. A carriage shortly after conveyed the mother and son away, leaving many a moistened eye among the crowd who witnessed the scene.

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.—*Negroes Scared White.*—We chronicled on Tuesday the killing of an elephant, recently escaped from a menagerie. We regret to learn that before he was killed he did great damage, and utterly ruined one planter in Hinds county, Miss. Passing through his plantation, the huge beast came across two stacks of fodder—one of the stacks he devoured instantly, while he hoisted the other on his trunk, and bearing it before him, a shield for him, he marched on in solitary grandeur.—He soon reached a point where the negroes of the plantation were taking their dinner, when the unusual sight which met their eyes so frightened them that they all turned white! When their fears subsided, finding that were all white men and women, they deliberately walked off, and left the owner of the plantation without a solitary darkey.

This remarkable phenomenon may seem rather strange to the incredulous, but if any one doubts the truth of our statement, a highly respectable gentleman of this city is fully prepared to substantiate it in every particular. We have often heard of persons' hair being instantly turned from sudden and overpowering fear, but do not remember before to have heard of an African's skin turning white from the same cause.—While we sincerely sympathise with the owner of the negroes in his severe loss, we earnestly hope that this remarkable case will be thoroughly investigated by Philosophers.—*Vicksburg True Southron.*

JONES.—The philosopher Jones—has discovered the respective natures of a Distinction and a Difference. He says that "a little Difference" frequently makes many enemies, while a little Distinction attracts hosts of friends.

"So there's another rupture of Mount Vesiferous," said Mrs. Partington, as she put up her specs, "the paper tells us about the burning lather running down the mountain, but it don't tell how it got afire."

From the Home Journal.

THE SNAKE TAMER.

A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

One day, towards the close of the fashionable season at one of the most celebrated of the Virginia watering places, a man, carrying a large box under his arm, made his appearance in the front yard of the visitor's hotel. He was tall and sinewy in person, with the air and deportment of a foreigner. The steady, gray eye, and the rigid mould of his features, indicated vigor of will and energy of character. In other respects, there was nothing noteworthy in his appearance or movements.

Having approached to within a short distance of the hotel, he deposited his box upon the ground, uncovered it, and took out a large rattlesnake, which he held in his hand, grasping it tightly around the body about six inches from the head, and fixing a steady gaze upon its glittering eyes. The reptile coiled its body around the arm of the man, or writhed in slow, wavy motions through the air, darting its arrowy tongue with a sibilant sound through the half opened jaws. In a few moments the erect head drooped, the mouth closed, and the subdued serpent lay motionless in the hand of the operator, who, during the whole performance, stood, erect and silent, in the position he had first taken.

A spectacle so novel and exciting, attracted at once the attention of the visitors at the Springs. The ladies crowded on the front gallery of the hotel, and the men and boys gathered in a dense circle around the mysterious stranger, to witness his perilous feat.

To convince the spectators that the exhibition was not a deception, the performer drew forth another large rattlesnake from his box, placed a short, blunt stick upright in its mouth so as to hold the fauces apart, and then, inserting another stick beneath the fangs, he pressed them outwardly until their full length was exposed to view. In this condition he carried the reptile round the circle of men and boys, and through the crowd of ladies, that all might see it was a veritable snake, armed with fang and poison, with which his experiments were performed.—This done, he returned to his first position, placed the snake upon the ground, and commenced kicking at it with great violence, taking care, however, not to strike it with his foot. Quickly irritated by the simulated assault, the snake threw itself into a coil, shook its rattles, and seemed eager to strike its assailant, who, leaning forward, seized and held it up, writhing and hissing, in his grasp. He looked steadily for a short time into its eyes, when, as in the first experiment, the head drooped, the passion subsided, and the serpent remained subdued and still in the hand of the tamer.

He next emptied upon the ground the contents of his box, consisting of a dozen or more large, venomous looking rattlesnakes. The reptile mass coiled, or glided, hissing and fierce, at his feet. He picked them up, one by one, gazed intently, for a short time, into their eyes, and then placed some of them in his bosom with their heads and necks protruding as from a den; others he twined around his neck and arms, and the rest he seized and held aloft in his hand.—The reptiles writhed and twisted and coiled as of tightening their hold upon the person of the performer. Their eyes glittered, and their tongues shot forth and back, like tiny arrows, from their mouths. But the ominous rattles all were still, betokening that curiosity and not anger elicited these reptile demonstrations. The snake tamer, begirt with this serpentine girdle, remained not only unharmed, but apparently quite unconcerned. He had radiated the mysterious spell of the human eye upon them, and man asserted his lordship over the most cunning of all the beasts of the field.

The report of these wonderful feats having spread through the neighborhood; with the offer of a liberal price, by the performer, for live venomous snakes, of every description, a lad came in one morning to the Springs, bringing a large rattlesnake which he had just caught in the neighboring mountains. The snake tamer paid the promised reward for it, and proceeded at once to subdue it in the presence of nearly all the visitors.

Having cautiously removed the lid of the box in which the snake was confined, and turned it over upon one side, he withdrew a few steps and awaited the result. In a few moments, a rusty and most venomous looking rattlesnake, of very large size, crawled leisurely out upon the grass with which the yard was covered. It is the nature of this species of the serpent race to betray neither fear nor excitement at the presence of man. Deeming themselves secure in the possession of enormous fangs and a supply of virus sufficiently copious and deadly to produce almost instant death in man or beast, they neither hasten to escape from sight when discovered, nor betray the least alarm when assailed. It is even the popular faith that they magnanimously give warning before they strike, by shaking their rattles, which produces a peculiar, whinning sound, startling to the nerves and alarming to the mind.

The presence of the performer and of the large crowd which surrounded him, seemed not to disturb or even to arrest the attention of the scaly monster, which, having crawled forth out of the box, lay motionless and extended to its full length upon the grass. The snake tamer approached and stimulated an attack by repeated and rapid motions towards its head with his foot. The reptile became furiously irrate in a moment. Assuming the coil, which is its natural position both for attack and defense, it darted forth its tongue and shook its rattles with the rapidity and violence which produce their most alarming sound. As the performer continued, at a safe distance, the motions with his foot, the snake soon became almost blind with rage. Its head flattered, its eyes glittered like diamond points, and a fearful, prolonged hiss issued from its mouth. The man made one step towards it, when, unable longer to control its passion to strike, it leaped forward and fell, full length upon the grass, close at his feet. Before it could throw itself again into a coil, he seized it with a firm grasp, about six inches below the head, and holding it off at arm's length from his person, lifted it up from the ground.

The rage and contortions of the now imprisoned reptile were terrible to behold. Through the air, and round and round the arm of the performer, it twisted and writhed the caudal extremity of its body, making, all the time, monotonous and fearful whis with its rattles, and essaying every moment, to strike his arm or his person. The spectators shuddered with horror and alarm at the sight; but the intrepid experimenter, confident in his art, betrayed neither fear nor doubt as to the certainty of his triumph.

From the moment he first seized the snake, he had looked, with a fixed, almost an unwinking gaze, into his eyes, which the serpent apparently returned with a look equal steady and fierce. By degrees the contortions of its body became less violent, and its efforts to strike less frequent.—The arm of the man was gradually bent, so as to bring the snake, by slow approaches, nearer to his face. At length, overcome by the magnetic fascination of his look, it lay harmless and unresisting in his grasp. He placed it in his bosom, twined it around his neck and fondled it with his hands. The subdued creature, shorn of its native ferocity, yielded itself to the power of its victor, and permitted him to caress and handle it with impunity.

The spectators broke forth into audible expressions of admiration at the accomplishment of this remarkable feat. The performer passed his hat around for a collection, and soon had the satisfaction of receiving it back well replenished with coins—the enthusiasm of the visitors prompting them to make a liberal donation as a reward for the peril he had braved, and the entertainment he had afforded.

Satisfied with his success, the snake tamer vanished from the Old Sweet Springs as suddenly as he had come. In a few days, however, he made his appearance at another and not very distant watering place in the Old Dominion, where he repeated, before a wondering crowd of spectators, the same feats with his snakes. A new and most perilous addition was destined to be made at this place to the almost fabulous list of his achievements.

A countryman brought him, one day, a rattlesnake, recently caught, which was said to be peculiarly vicious and dangerous. He bought it, and announced his intention to tame it upon the greensward in front of the visitor's hotel. A large crowd assembled to witness the feat. A vacant space being left in their midst for the experiment, the snake—a very large and most ugly-looking one—was placed upon the ground and provoked to anger by a feigned attack with the foot of the performer. At the proper moment he seized it, but almost immediately threw it violently upon the ground, exclaiming that he was bitten in the hand. The crowd quickly drew back, and the stunned reptile lay motionless where it fell.

The man at once applied his lips to the wound, and sucked it with great eagerness for several minutes. Finding no relief from the pain which he endured, he next made several incisions, with the point of his knife, in the flesh of his wounded hand and arm. Then, taking from his pocket a large white bean, he scraped and pounded a portion of it into a thin, impalpable powder, which he rubbed into the punctures upon his hand and arm. He bit off and swallowed another portion of the same bean. This specific he called the Cedron bean. "It grows," he said, "in the East, and is an infallible cure for the bite of venomous reptiles."

In the mean time the virus, having become diffused throughout his system, began to produce painful and alarming effects. The arm and hand, swollen to enormous size, assumed a livid hue.—Vertigo, nausea and stupor—the three most fatal symptoms in cases of assault upon the powers of life by reptile poison—began to supervene.—Death seemed inevitable, and almost at hand.

The courageous man refused either to sit or lie down, but walked backward and forward, uttering occasionally a suppressed groan of anguish. The torture of the pain he endured forced the perspiration in streams from his forehead and face. To the enquiry of one who asked if he suffered much, he replied, "Yes, more than tongue can express, or you can conceive."

The landlord of the Springs, alarmed at the fatal result of the experiment, and apprehensive that the snakes might escape to infest his premises, rushed out, cudgel in hand and with loud imprecations, to kill them. The sick man, whose first care, after being bitten, had been to replace and secure all the snakes, including the untamed one, in their boxes, seemed to forget his own sufferings in the imminence of the peril which threatened his unouth favorites. Confronting the landlord with bold look and menacing gesture, and protesting loudly against the meditated assault upon the snakes, he threatened to inflict immediate and summary punishment for any harm that might be done them. Awed by the stern visage and fierce words of the man, the landlord desisted from his undertaking and retired within the hotel. Such an outburst of passion and combativeness from one who seemed to be already dying from the bite of one of the monsters which he was so prompt to defend, struck the beholders with mingled astonishment and awe. Was it the delirium of approaching death, or the madness of a wild attachment to the reptile companions of his wanderings, that fired his passions and led to the spectacle which they had just witnessed? No one could tell, but all looked on, amazed and perplexed at what they saw and heard.

It was with the snake tamer, now apparently in the last extremity, as with other mortals in the final hour—the ruling passion proved strong in death. Being interrogated as to his feelings and hopes in prospect, of impending dissolution, he said that he experienced neither hope nor fear in the contemplation of the great hereafter. He was not afraid to die, and desired to live only that he might be able to prove the supremacy of his art in the subjugation of the snake which had bitten him. That accomplished, he cared neither how nor when the inevitable summons came.

When first bitten, he had been induced, by the persuasion of others, to swallow a small draught of whiskey, which is deemed a valuable antidote in cases of poisoning by the bite of a snake. But no entreaty could prevail on him either to repeat the remedy or apply other specifics known to medical science. He had unshaken confidence in the efficacy of the Cedron bean; and should that fail to cure him, he felt persuaded that it was fated for him then and there to die, in despite of all human aid to save him.

By this time the virus had produced its most fearful effects upon the system. The pain which he endured became agonizing in the extreme.—His sight grew dim, his pulse sank to fifty feeble beats per minute, alternate flushes of heat and cold passed over his body, his articulation became thick and indistinct, and both the pallor and the stupor of death seemed to be rapidly spreading over both mind and body. Unable longer to walk or even sit erect, he had fallen prostrate upon the floor, and was lifted by the bystanders and placed upon a low couch, in one corner of the bar-room of the hotel, to die.—Fortunately his reason remained undisturbed, and he continued to bite off and swallow portions of the Cedron bean, which, he still believed and asserted, had power to save him. As yet it had produced no perceptible effects. To all appearance the poison was steadily encroaching upon the citadel of life, which seemed already tottering beneath its furious assault.

Several gentlemen of the medical profession, who were present as spectators, now interposed and begged to be permitted to use other remedies as the patient himself could not fail to see that his own antidote had failed. Roused from his stupor by the discredit thus attempted to be thrown upon his bean, the apparently dying man repelled, with vehement gesture and earnest words the insinuation against its efficacy, protested his unshaken faith in it, and concluded his expostulation with a blunt refusal to permit other antidotes to be applied, at the same time biting off another portion of the Cedron bean.

The spectators could do no more than leave him to his fate. Gathering in a dense semi-circle close to his couch, they stood, silent and with uncovered heads, awaiting the departure of a human spirit to the bar of the final Judge.—Stranger though he was to them all, and dying, as they believed, by a rash persistence in the use of an inefficacious antidote, the fact that he was undergoing the extreme penalty common to humanity on account of the primal sin, made his fate and his suffering objects of mysterious interest, for the moment, to every one in the room.—Death is not only the leveller and the constriller, but its presence makes all beholders feel of kin to the victim which it has seized and is bearing to the jaws of the remorseless grave.

Apparently exhausted by the effort which he had just made in speaking, the snake tamer sank back upon his couch and remained for a few moments, silent and still. A fresh paroxysm of pain having supervened, he groaned heavily, turned his face to the wall and began to mutter like one who talks in a disturbed sleep. Imperial reason had, at length, toterred upon its throne and the wild delirium, produced by a fevered brain and a tortured body, had come over the sufferer.

He babbled long and incoherently of snakes and Cedron beans, performing his feats with the one over again, and recounting the marvellous cures made in eastern climes with the other. As the sh