

not the ladies Blucher-like come with reinforcements. A pair of tongs and a "batling stick" were brought to bear upon the panther. One blow of the tongs sent down his throat several teeth; for so tight was the grasp of Mr. G. that the animal's jaws were wide open. The heroine in this fight (Mrs. G. and her mother) continued laboring the panther until a blow broke down in the loins. Mr. G. kept his hold until he breathed his last, and firmly believes that he choked the panther to death, notwithstanding the aid given him by the ladies. When captured, it measured eight and a half feet from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. Its skin now hangs on the outer side of his cabin as a trophy of a hard and bloody fight.

THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELLERS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY MISS ANNE T. WILBER.

In ancient times, there once lived, at Manheim, a young man called Otto, who was brave and intelligent, but incapable of bridling his desires. When he wished for anything, he spared no efforts to obtain it; and his passions were like storm-winds, which crossed valleys, rivers, and mountains, crushing everything in their passage. Tired of the quiet life he had led at Manheim, he one day formed a plan to set out on a long journey, at the end of which he hoped to find fortune and happiness. Consequently he put his best clothes in a bundle, placed in his pocket all the money he possessed, and started, without knowing whether he was going. After walking several days he found himself at the entrance of a large forest, which extended as far as his eye could reach. Three travellers had stopped here, and seemed, like himself, to be preparing to cross it. One was a tall, mighty woman, with a threatening mien, holding in her hand a javelin; the second, a young girl, half asleep, reclining in a chariot drawn by four oxen; and the third, an old woman in ragged, with a haggard air. Otto saluted them, inquiring whether they were acquainted with the forest, and on their replying in the affirmative, asked permission to accompany them, that he might not lose his way. All three consented, and they set out. The young man soon perceived that his companions possessed supernatural powers; but he was not afraid, and continued his walk, conversing with the three strangers.

They had already pursued for several hours the path marked out among the trees, when the sound of a horse's footsteps was heard behind them. Otto turned and recognized a citizen of Manheim, who had always been his greatest enemy, and whom he had hated for many years. The citizen overtook the foot passengers and smiled insolently, and went on. Otto became very angry. "I would give all I possess, and almost all I ever expect to possess, to revenge myself on the pride and haughtiness of that man."

"I can satisfy thee," said the tall lady with the javelin. "Shall I make of him a blind and lame beggar? You have only to pay me the price of this transformation."

"And what is this price?" asked Otto eagerly. "Thy right eye."

"I would willingly give it to be revenged."

The young man had scarcely finished speaking when the transformation promised by his companion took place, and he found himself blind of an eye. He was at first a little surprised, but consoled himself with the thought that the other was left, and he could still see the misery of his enemy. Meanwhile they continued to march several hours without reaching the end of the forest, the road constantly becoming steeper and more difficult. Otto, who began to be fatigued, and looked with envy on the chariot in which the young girl was reclining. It was so skilfully constructed that the deepest ruts scarcely jolted it.

"All roads must seem very smooth and short on this chariot," said he approaching, "and I should like such an one myself."

"Is that all?" replied the second traveller; "I can this instant procure for you what you desire."

She struck with her foot the chariot in which she rode; it seemed to become double, and Otto perceived a second equipage, drawn by a couple of black oxen. Recovered from his astonishment, he thanked the young girl, and was about to enter when she stopped him with a gesture.

"I have fulfilled your desire," said she; "but I cannot make a worse bargain than my sister has made. You have given her one of your eyes—I demand one of your arms."

Otto was at first a little disconcerted; but he was very tired, the chariot was before him, and, as I have already said, he had never known how to conquer his desires; so after a short hesitation, he accepted the proposal, and found himself seated in his new carriage deprived of his right arm. The journey continued thus some time. Forest succeeded forest, and no outlet appeared. Meanwhile Otto began to suffer from hunger and thirst. The old woman who was walking by his side seemed to perceive it.

"You are sad, my boy," said she; "when one is hungry, one is easily discouraged; but I possess a certain remedy against faintness."

"What is it?" asked the young man.

"You see this flask which I have in my hand, and often carry to my lips," replied the traveller; "it contains joy, forgetfulness of trouble, and all the hopes of earth. Whoever drinks of it, finds himself happy; and I will not sell it to you more dearly than my sisters; for I ask, in exchange, only half of your brain."

The young man this time refused. He began to be frightened at these successive bargains. But the old woman made him taste of the liquor in the flask, which appeared to him so delicious, that, after having tasted some time, he again consented.

The promised effect soon took place; he had scarcely drunk, when he felt his strength revive. His heart became joyous and confident; and, after having sung all the songs he knew, he slept soundly in his chariot, without caring what became of him. When he awoke, the three travellers had disappeared, and he was alone, at the entrance of a village. He tried to rise, but one side of his body was immovable; he tried to look, but the only eye he had was dim; he attempted to speak, but his tongue stammered, and he could collect only half his ideas. At last, he comprehended the greatness of the sacrifices he had so lightly made; the three travelling companions, whom fate had sent him, had left him no resources but to beg his bread until he died.

Would you know the names of these companions? The woman with the javelin was Herod; the young girl reclining in the chariot, Insepence; and the woman with the flask, Insepence.

Humorous.

A little nonsense now and then, Is relished by the wisest men.

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.

"Did you ever hear of the scrape that I and Uncle Zeke had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?" asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage, for, and in consideration of, a bran new milk pan.

"No, I never did—do tell it," was the reply.

"Well—you must know that I and Uncle Zeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunning arter ducks in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river; a proper sight of ducks flew backwards and forwards, I tell ye—and bimeby a few of 'em lit down by the marsh, and went to feeding on muscies. I caught up my peauder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot, so I sez to Uncle Zeke—'You're a pretty clever fellow—just let me take your peauder horn to prime,' and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a pretty good diver, an' if you dive and get it, I'll give you a primin'.' I thought he'd leave his peauder horn, but he didn't; but stuck it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid."

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some moments ensued, and Jonathan added—

"I looked down, and what do you think the critter was doin'?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the lady, "I'm sure I don't know."

"There he was," said our hero, "settin' right on the bottom of the river, pourin' the peauder out of my horn into hizen."

PERSONAL ORNAMENT.—An action for damages of 5000 dollars was brought in Cincinnati against a person for biting off the tip of the plaintiff's nose. The defendant put in a plea that he was entitled to remuneration on the ground that by diminishing the proportion of the plaintiff's nasal organ in a skilful manner, he had materially improved his personal appearance.

TO PREVENT OYSTERS FROM SMELLING.—"I say, Pete, does you know how dey keep oysters from smelling in do hottes ob wedder?"—"I don't tink I does, Sam—how'd dey do 'em?"—"Why, dey cut dar noses off, and they can't smell nuttin. O yah! yah! yah!—what an unpenuntratum nigger you is!"

SWEETS OF LIBERTY.—A convict escaped from prison by jumping out of a window. He came down upon the head of a molasses hog-head, which broke and let him in up to the middle. "Faith," said he, as he scrambled out, "I have often heard of the sweets of liberty, but I never knew what it meant before."

COURTIN' IN THE RIGHT STYLE.

"Git out you nasty puppy; let me alone, or I'll tell your ma!" cried out Sally, to her lover Jake, who sat about ten feet from her, pulling dirt from the chimney jam.

"I arn't techin' on you, Sal," responded Jake.

"Well, perhaps you don't mean to nuther—do yer?"

"No, I don't."

"Cause you are too tarnal scary, you long-legged, lantern-jawed, slab-sided, pigeon-toed, ganglie-kneed owl you! haint you got a tarnal bit of sense; get along home with you!"

"Now, Sal, I love you and you can't help it, and if you don't let me stay and court you, my dad will sue youn for that cow he sold him t'other day. By jingo he said he'd do it."

"Well, look here, Jake, if you want to court me, you'd better do it as a white man does that thing—not set there as if you thort I was pizen."

"How on airth is that, Sal?"

"Why, side right up here and hug and kiss me, as if you had some of the 'bone and sinner' of a man about you. Do you suppose a woman's only made for to look at—you fool you! No, they're made for practical results, as Kossuth says—to hug and kiss, and the like."

"Well," said Jake, drawing a long breath, "if I must, I must, for I do love you, Sal."

And so Jake commenced sliding up to her like a maple-poker going to battle. Laying his arm gently upon Sal's shoulder, we thought we heard Sal say:

"That's the way to do it, old hoss; that's actin' as a white man orter."

"Oh, Jerusalem and pancakes," exclaimed Jake—"if this ain't better than any apple-sauce ever marm made, I'll be darned. Crack-e backwheat cakes, and slap-jacks and lasses isn't no whar longside of it. O! my Sal how I love you."

THE "YANKEES."—All Americans abroad are called "Yankees"—the Southerner as well as the Northerner; and the Western man as well as the New Englander. Specimens of the thrifty, go-a-head Yankee, are now to be found in every quarter of the habitable globe, engaged in all occupations, from "whittling" up to "carrying out an empire." A friend who has travelled "far and free" through many lands, and "become acquainted with the manners of men," informs us that he found a Yankee keeping a grocery in Jerusalem; and another doing the same thing in the Feejee Islands! Think of that, O men of Christendom! an outside barbarian, a Western Gentle, selling liquor by the drink near the site of the Temple, in full view of Mount Moriah, in the midst of the Holy City! The immorality of the sacrilege is only heightened by the fact, that another "Yankee," at the antipodes, is letting down the dignity of the "universal nation," by retailing bad spirits to the cannibels of the Pacific. "Git a-go-a-t!"

AWKWARD MISTAKE.—A fine stone church was lately built in Missouri, upon the facade of which a stone cutter was ordered to cut the following as an inscription:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer." He was referred for accuracy to the verse of Scripture in which these words occur, but unfortunately he transcribed, to the scandal of society, the whole verse:—"My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves!"

The term "Putting your foot into it," it seems, is of legitimate origin. According to the "Asiatic Researches," a very curious mode of trying the title to land is practised in Hindostan. Two holes are dug in the disputed spot, in each of which the lawyers on either side put one of their legs, and remain there until one of them is tired, or complains of being stung by insects—in which case his client is defeated. In this country it is generally the client, and not the lawyer, who "puts his foot in it."

Ladies' Department.

[ORIGINAL] THE FAIR-FACED LOVER'S PERFDY

FOR MISS B. — — —

Continued.

He told her that soon as three moons
Would fall and fade from summer's
sky,
He would return with golden boots,
His Indian maid to beautify
And that their parting would be short,
Her tribe all gone—now he must go,
To join his brothers at the fort,
Where wild Niagara's billows flow

With tearless eye, but heavy heart,
The too confiding maid did view,
Her pale-browed lover thence depart,
She him gave love's last adieu.
Then with a sinking step she trod,
Back to her loon and loon retreat,
He that she loved next to her God,
Had gone, and—how'd no more was
sweet.

Slow swept five fleecy moons away,
And lonely left the maiden still,
Now o'er her mind doubt's darkest ray,
Stole with its slow and chary chill,
Why comes he not? had he not said
That ere three moons would wane
and die,
The snowy sails again he'd spread,
And to my rocky covert fly?

Can it be that some stately maid,
With rosy cheeks and golden hair,
Eyes dazzling as Aurora's dewy beard,
Claims now my light brow'd lover's
care?
Oh but that thought to her was hell,

There entered, nothing could dispel,
The taunting tempter's gleam again!
Her bark canoe the maiden took,
And launch'd it on the lordly lake,
Her home—her tribe—her all forsook,
To follow in her lover's wake
To seek for one who loved her not,
It seeth'd and sear'd her burning
brain,
Yet simple maid no thought had she,
That he could have so soon forgot,
One, that loved to—idolatry!

For five long days her paddle pled,
In Erie's rolling waves of blue,
The Loon and wild Duck round her
glide,
Unstartled by her white canoe
Upon the sixth the maiden saw,
The shore for which she left her
bone,
And view'd it with mysterious awe,
For Fate was whit-jeering, "tis thy
tomb!"

She landed on the surly shore,
And drew her birch bark high and
dry,
With faltering heart flew to explore
The waning scenes that met her eye
The mourning fur—the deep redoubt,
The mud-rot's caissons' threatening
yawn,
The merry laugh—the ringing shout,
Small comfort brought the frighten'd
fawn

HENRY KEMPTVILLE.

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

BY FANNY FERN.

"The moon looks calmly down when man is dying,
The earth still holds her way;
Flowers breathe their perfume, and the winds keep sighing;
Naught seems to pause or stay."

Clasp the hands meekly over the still breast, they've no more work to do; close the weary eye, they've no more tears to shed; part the damp locks, there's no more pain to bear. Closed is the ear alike to love, kind voice, and calumny's stinging whisper—

Oh, if in that stilled heart you have ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from that pleading eye you have carelessly turned away; if your loving glance, and kindly word, and clasping hand, have come—all too late—then God forgive you! No frown gathers on the marble brow as you gaze—no scorn curls the chiselled lip—no flush of wounded feeling mounts to the blue-veined temple.

God forgive you! for your feet, too, must shrink appalled from death's cold river—your faltering tongue asks, "Can this be death?" your fading eye lingers lovingly on the sunny earth: your clammy hand yields its last faint pressure; your sinking pulse gives its last feeble flutter.

Oh, rapacious grave! yet another victim for thy voiceless keeping! What no word of greeting from all thy household sleepers? No warm welcome from a sister's loving lips? No throb of pleasure from the dear maternal bosom?

Silent all!
Oh, if these broken limbs were never gathered up! If beyond death's swelling flood there were no eternal shore! If for the struggling bark there were no port of peace! If athwart that lowering cloud sprang no bright bow of promise!

Aims for love if this be all,
And naught beyond—oh earth!

The Elgin Courier (Scotland) states that a respectable married woman, in the neighborhood of that place, was lately delivered of a negro child. The father and the mother are both white, and a black man has not been seen in that region for two years. It is surmised that the accident was owing to the effect, on the mother, of reading "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Several cases of wife-beating of the most brutal description appear amongst the metropolitan police reports of the week. All these cases originate in the gin-palace or the beer-shop. The husband gets drunk, the wife scolds; the scene becomes short, sharp, and decisive; the brute makes at his helpless victim, not alone with his half horny fists and hoofs, but with the nearest implements of revenge, a hammer, a poker, and, more horrible still, the deadly knife! There is something peculiarly revolting in this common habit of women-beating amongst the humbler classes of Englishmen, especially in our great cities and towns, and altogether incompatible with our traditional notions of English fair play. When Pancer gives his wife Judy a sound thrashing with a stick nearly as big as the puppet's own body, the crowd round the snow-box are in ecstasies, and applaud the popular hero to the echo. Even mothers hold up their babes to admire what is considered the best part of the fun. This incident, which every one of us has witnessed, trifling as it may appear, has its moral, which reflects anything but credit on the head and heart of the English multitude.—London News.

A VALUABLE TABLE.—The following table will be found exceedingly valuable to many of our readers:—A box 24 inches square, and 28 inches deep will contain a barrel. (5 bushels.) Box 24 inches by 16 inches square, and 14 inches deep, will contain one barrel. Box 16 inches by 15, 9 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one barrel. Box 12 inches by 12 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain half a barrel. Box 8 inches by 8, 3 inches square, and 8 inches deep, will contain one peck. Box 8 inches by 8 inches square, and 4, 2 inches deep will contain one gallon. Box 7 inches by 8 inches square, and 2, 8 inches deep, will contain half a gallon. Box 4 inches by 4 inches square, and 4, 8 inches deep, will contain one quart.

Somebody who has a Dutch sweetheart thus discourseth of her charms:

My love wears a beautiful bustle
Not made up of cotton or brae,
But out of the genuine muscle,
According to nature's own plan