

march up to the panther, take good aim and shoot him down, promising that the rest of the party would back him up closely with their knives and tomahawks in case of a miss fire. But the chief refused; he knew too well the nature and power of the animal. The creature, he contended, was exceedingly hard to kill. Not one shot in twenty, however well aimed, would despatch him, and if the shot failed, it was sure death to the shooter; for the infuriated animal would spring upon him in an instant, and tear him to pieces. For similar reasons every Indian in the party declined to hazard a battle with the animal in any shape.

At last Myres in a burst of anger and impatience, called them all a set of cowards, and snatching the loaded rifle from the hands of the chief, to the amazement of the whole party, marched deliberately towards the panther. The Indians kept at a cautious distance to watch the result of the fearful battle. Myres walked steadily up to within about two rods of the panther, keeping his eye fixed upon him, while the eyes of the panther flashed fire, and his heavy growl betokened at once the power of the animal. At about two rods distance, Myres levelled his rifle, took deliberate aim, and fired. The shot inflicted a heavy wound, but not a fatal one; and the furious animal maddened with the pain, made but two leaps before he reached his assailant. Myres met him with the butt end of his rifle, and staggered him a little with two or three heavy blows, but the rifle broke, and the animal grappled him, apparently with full power. The Indians at once gave Myres up for dead, and only thought of making a timely retreat for themselves.

Fearful was the struggle between Myres and the panther; the animal had the best of it at first, for they soon came to the ground, and Myres was underneath, suffering under the joint operation of sharp claws and teeth, applied by the most powerful muscles. In failing, however, Myres, whose right hand was at liberty, had drawn from his belt a long knife. As soon as they came to the ground, his right arm being yet free, he made a desperate plunge at the vitals of the animal, and, as his good luck would have it, reached his heart. The loud shrieks of the panther showed that it was a death wound. He quivered convulsively, shook his victim with a spasmodic leap and plunge, then loosening his hold, fell powerless to the earth. Myres whose wounds were severe, but not mortal, rose to his feet bleeding and much exhausted, but with life and strength enough left to give a grand whoop, which conveyed the news of his victory to his trembling Indian friends.

They now came up to him with shouting and joy, and so full of admiration that they were almost ready to worship him. They dressed and bound up his wounds and were now ready to pursue their journey home without any impediment. Before crossing the river, however, Myres cut off the head of the panther, which he took home with him, and fastened it up by the memorial of a deed that excited the admiration of the Indians in all that region. From that time forth, they gave Myres a new name, and always called him 'the Panther.'

Time rolled on, and the Panther continued for years to occupy his hut in the wilderness, on the banks of the Illinois river, a general favorite among the savages, and exercising a great influence over them. At last the tide of the white population again overtook him, and he found himself once more surrounded by white neighbors. Still, however, he seemed loth to forsake the noble Illinois, on whose banks he had been so long a fixture, and he held on, forming a sort of connecting link between the white settlers and the Indians.

At length hostilities broke out, which resulted in the memorable Black Hawk war, that spread desolation and sadness through that part of the country. Parties of Indians committed the most wanton and cruel depredations, upon the white settlers in every direction, often murdering old friends and companions, with whom they had long held a friendly intercourse. The white settlers, for some distance round, flocked to the cabin of the Panther for protection. His cabin was transformed into a sort of garrison, and was filled by more than a hundred men, women, and children, who rested almost their only hope of safety on the prowess of the Panther and his great influence over the savages.

At this time a party of about nine hundred of the Iroquois tribe, were encamped on the banks of the Illinois, about a mile from the garrison of Myres and nearly opposite the present town of La Salle. One day news was brought to the camp of Myres, that his brother-in-law

and wife, and then three little children, had been cruelly murdered by some of these Indians. The Panther heard it in silence. The eyes of the people were upon him to see what he would do. Presently they beheld him with a deliberate and determined air putting himself in battle array. He girded on his tomahawk and scalping knife, and shouldered his loaded rifle, and at open mid-day silently and alone bent his steps towards the Indian encampment. With a fearless and firm tread he marched directly into the midst of their assembly, levelled his rifle at the head of the principal chief present, and shot him on the spot. He then deliberately severed the head from the trunk, and holding it up by the hair before the awe-struck multitude, he exclaimed: 'you have murdered my brother-in-law, his wife and their little ones; and now I have killed your chief. I am now even with you. But now mind; every one of you that is found here tomorrow morning, at sun-rise is a dead Indian.'

All this was accomplished without the least molestation from the amazed savages. These people are accustomed to regard any sudden and remarkable deed of daring as the result of the supernatural agency, and doubtless so considered the present incident. Believing their chief had fallen a victim to some unseen power, they were stupefied with terror, and looked on without any thought of resistance. Myres bore off the head in triumph to his cabin, where he was welcomed by his anxious friends almost as one returning from the dead. Next morning not one Indian was to be found anywhere in the vicinity. Their camp was deserted, and they had left forever their ancient homes, and their dead, and that part of the State was not molested by them afterward.

The last account we have of old Myres, the Panther, was in the year 1835. The old man was at that time eighty years of age; but his form was still erect and his step was firm, his eye was not dim, nor his force abated. Up to that time he had remained on the banks of his favorite Illinois. But now the old veteran pioneer grew discontented. The State was rapidly filling up with inhabitants, the forms and restraints of civilization pressed upon him and discommodated him. The wilderness and the freshness of the country were destroyed. He looked abroad from his old familiar hills, and he saw that in every direction the march of civilization had broken in upon the repose of the old forests, and his heart again yearned,

"For a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where round of oppression or deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach him more."

The old man began to talk of selling out, and once more pulling up stakes to be off.

"What!" said a neighbor, "you are not a-going to leave us, Father Myres, and take yourself to the woods again in your old age?"

"Yes," said Myres; "I can't stand this eternal bustle of the world around me, I must be off into the woods where it is quiet, and as soon as I can sell out my improvements I shall make tracks."

The venerable squatter had no fee in the land he occupied, but the improvements on it were his own, and it was not long before a gentleman appeared who offered him a fair equivalent for these, with right to purchase the soil. The bargain was completed, and the Panther began to prepare for his departure.

"Where are you going father Myres?" said the neighbors.

"Well, I reckon said the old Panther, I shall go away off somewhere to the further side of Missouri; I understand the people haint got there yet, and there's a plenty of woods there."

He proceeded to array himself for his journey. He put on the same hunting shirt which he wore when he killed the Indian chief. He loaded his rifle, and girded on his tomahawk and scalping knife; and having filled his knapsack with such articles as he chose to carry with him, he buckled it upon his shoulders, and giving a farewell glance around the cabin, he sallied forth and took the western road for Missouri. When he had reached a little eminence some rods distant, he was observed to hesitate, and to stop and look back. Presently he returned slowly to the cabin.

"Have you forgot anything, Father Myres?" said the new occupant.

"I believe," said the old man, "I must take the head of the Panther along with me, if you have no objection."

The old man took down the dried up remains of the

panther's head from the wall where it had hung many years, and fastened it to his knapsack. Then, taking one more last, lingering look at the premises, turned to the occupant and asked if he was willing should give his "last yell," before he started on a journey.

"Certainly father Myres," said the gentleman; wish you to exercise the utmost freedom in all personal matters before you leave."

At that the old Panther gave a long, loud and deep whoop, that rang through the welkin, and was echoed by forests and hills for miles around.

"There," said the old man "now my blessing on the land, and on you. Your ground will always be an abundance, and you will always prosper."

Then old Myres, the Panther, turned his face to the westward and took up his solitary march for the vast wilderness.

[ORIGINAL.]

### MAN MAY BE POOR!

Man may be poor, is that a sin?  
The coat between do carry  
May hide a conker'd heart within,  
Or be the dress of woe, or  
There is not one of all our race,  
Who willingly would show it,  
Yet I AKAH, IS NO DEGRACE,  
If I can truly see that it is.

The linsey gown may clothe a form,  
Of fair and living splendour;  
The peasant's brow with labor warm,  
May own a bosom tender  
'Tis not the language, nor the dress,  
The carriage, nor the feature—  
That makes a man, the more, or less—  
A noble minded creature!

The coronet, may make a lord,  
The saken gown, the lady—  
The prince may make a bitted knight,  
And brated just as ready;  
The judge's wig betrays the plan,  
Whence by thy gentry knowledge  
But if you want a NOBLE MAN,  
Just go to NATURE'S COLLEGE!

You'll find him there, a stalwart lout,  
Perhaps with men unparaly;  
Unversed, indeed in bell or roud,  
His manners tell you plainly,  
But he has learn'd to walk upright,  
Like one who tears his Maker,  
His conscience hulk is trim and tight,  
And tears no show "maker!

Untaught to walk in hidden ways,  
You need not fear deception;  
But trust the truth of what he says,  
Nor are of a "cool retreat in"  
Was honest heart, and open hand,  
And nature for his motto!  
He makes a true man's noble friend!  
And greets you as a brother!

'Mid weal, or woe—in joy, or pain—  
In bright, or cloudy weather—  
If his affliction once you gain,  
You'll sink or swim together!  
He'll share the blessing: keep the curse!  
Go out for you, his pleasure!  
His strength of arm and length of purse,  
OLD TIME, ALONE CAN MEASURE!

FREDERICK WRIGHT

PERCEVILLE, C. West, 1852.

**IMPORTANT FACT.**—The cholera has severely scourged the city of Rochester during the past season, more than at any previous visitation. Hundreds of poor fell victims to the fell destroyer, and were hurried away with little time to make preparation for the concerns of eternity. Yet, is it not a pleasing fact, related by the *Rochester Temperance Journal*, notwithstanding the virulence of the disease, and a large number who were its victims, not one person connected with the different temperance organizations of the City, died of cholera. Is this not a significant fact?

**YANKEE ENTERPRISE IN SOUTH AMERICA.**—The schooner *Lamarine*, which cleared at this port yesterday for Cumana Venezuela a party of adventurers go out, furnished with a complement of machinery, the purpose of raising treasure from the wreck of a Spanish vessel *San Pedro*, which was lost off Venezuela more than a century ago. It is supposed that the vessel had about \$3,000,000 on board, which was seized by the Home Government to pay off troops in its dominions in the New World.