



WRITTEN ON THE ALLEGHIANIES IN 1836

The broad, the bright the glorious West,
Is spread before me now!
Where the grey mists of morning rest
Beneath you mountain's brow!
The bound is vast—the goal is won—
The region of the setting sun
Is open to my view.
Land of the valiant and the free—
By own Green Mountain land—to thee
And thine, a long adieu!

I hail thee, Valley of the West,
For what thou yet shalt be!
I hail thee for the hopes that rest
Upon thy destiny!
Here, from this mountain height, I see
Thy bright waves floating to the sea,
Thine emerald fields outspread,
And feel that in the look of fame
Proudly shall thy recorded name
In later days be read.

Yet while I gaze upon thee now,
All glorious as thou art,
A cloud is resting on my brow,
A weight upon my heart,
To me—in all thy youthful pride—
Thou art a land of cares untold,
Of untold hopes and fears;
Thou art—yet not for thee I grieve;
But for the far-off land I leave,
I look on her with tears.

Oh! brightly, brightly glow thy skies
In summer's sunny hours!
The green earth seems a paradise
Arrayed in summer flowers!
But oh, there is a land afar
Whose skies to me are brighter far,
Along the Atlantic shore!
For eyes beneath their radiant shiner,
In kinder glances answered mine—
Can these their light restore!

Upon the left hand I stand
First parts the East and West;
Before me—as a fairy land;
Behind—a home of rest!
Here, Hopo her wild enchantment sings,

Portraying bright and lovely things,
My footsteps to allure—
But there, in Memory's light, I see
All that was once most dear to me—
My young heart's treasure!

So sang "Viola," (Laura M. Hawley, of Vermont), sixteen years ago, standing in her young girlhood on the summit of the Alleghenies, and casting her prophetic soul forward into the region to which she was emigrating. Her words live in my memory, as do also the lineaments of her fine face; but in a quiet grave yard, near the fane of the tomb, she was laid to rest a very few years afterwards, and sleeps there "the sleep that knows no waking," except in the Heaven provided for the good and beautiful in the great hereafter.—*Correspondent of the National Era.*

OLD MYRES, THE PANTHER:
A TALE FROM REAL LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS.
BY SEBA SMITH.

In a country, like ours, of almost boundless forests, rapidly filling up with a growing and widely-spreading population, the pioneers of the wilderness, those hardy daring spirits, who take their lives in their hands and march in advance of civilization into the wild woods, to endure privation among the wild animals, and run the hazard of wild warfare among savage tribes, form a very peculiar and interesting class. Whether it is a natural hardihood, and boldness, and love of adventure, or a desire for retirement, or a wish to be free from the restraints of civilized society, that thus leads this peculiar class of people into the wilderness, it matters not now to inquire. Probably all these motives in a greater or less degree go to make up the moving principle.

At the head of this class is the renowned Daniel Boone, whose fame will live as long as his own Kentucky shall find a place on the page of history. He was the great Napoleon among the pioneers of the wilderness. But there are others of less note, whose lives were also filled with remarkable adventures and curious and interesting accidents. Indeed, every state in the Union has had more or less of these characters, which make up the class. One of these was Old Myres, the Panther, a man of iron constitution, of great power of bone and muscle, and indomitable courage that knew no fear.

Four times, and in four different States, had Myres pitched his lonely tent in the wilderness among savage tribes, and waited for the tide of the white population

to overtake him, and four times had he "pulled up stakes" and marched still deeper into the forest, where he might enjoy more elbow-room, and exclaim with Selkirk,
"I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute."
And now, at the time of which we speak, he had a fifth time pitched his tent and struck his fire, on the banks of the Illinois river, in the territory which afterwards grew up to a State of the same name. Having lived so much in the wilderness, and associated so much with the aborigines, he had acquired much of their habits and mode of life, and in his new location on the Illinois river, he soon became rather a favourite among the Indian tribes around him. His skill with the rifle and the bow, his personal feats of strength and agility, were well calculated to excite their admiration and applause. He often took the lead among them in their games of sport. It was on one of these occasions that he acquired the additional name of "the Panther."

A party of eight or ten Indians, accompanied by Myres, had been out two or three days on a hunting excursion, and were returning laden with the spoils of the chase, consisting of various kinds of wild fowls, squirrels, raccoons and buffalo tongues. They had used up all their ammunition except a single charge, which was reserved in the rifle of the chief for any emergency, or choice game which might present itself on their way home. A river lay in their way, which could be crossed only at one point, without subjecting them to an extra journey of some ten miles round. When they arrived at this point, they came suddenly upon a large panther, which had taken possession of the pass, and like a skilful general, conscious of his strong position, seemed determined to hold it. The party retreated a little, and stood at bay for awhile, consulting what should be done.

Various methods were attempted to decoy or frighten the creature from his position, but without success. He growled defiance whenever they came in sight, as much as to say, "if you want this stronghold, come and take it." The animal appeared to be very powerful and very fierce. The trembling Indians hardly dared to come within sight of him, and all the reconnoitering had to be done by Myres. The majority were in favor of retreating as fast as possible, and taking the long journey of ten miles round for home, but Myres resolutely refused. He urged the chief, whose rifle was loaded, to