

nephews that he must try and get into the hole and pull the dogs out, while his brother must prevent them from re-entering, and he would stand ready to pull him out at the first notice of danger. All was safely and successfully accomplished. The dogs were but little hurt, except the noble fellow which first entered; he had received a mortal hurt. The animal had caught him by the shoulders, his teeth meeting across the back.

If the prey was to be secured, something had now to be done quickly, as night was fast approaching, the valleys already being shaded. Rudolph again told the young man that he must go into the hole, while he and his brother would stand ready to pull him out, and see what the animal was. This was cheerfully agreed to, and he entered. After a careful survey he said he could not see anything. "Look well to the right," said Adam, "and under the rock where the dog first winded." In a few moments he answered—"My God, I see a pair of eyes as big as a dollar, and as bright as a coal of fire." "It is not a bear, then," said Adam, "for as a bear's head is shaped like a pig's, his eyes are small and close together." The nephew was driven out, and they all stood with rifles ready.

Rudolph then went to the rent in the rock and cleared away the leaves and litter which obstructed the passage of the light into the den. At his own instance he was then lowered into the den to take a look. In little time he was pulled out, and stated that there were two animals in the cave, one of which he had seen leap upon a rock far back in the chamber, while the one the nephew had seen sullen lay in the same place, and that it was of a dun color. He concluded to go into the hole first, and hold the muzzle of the rifle; one of the nephews was to follow to pull the trigger, while the other remained outside to keep the dogs off, and be ready to pull them out if necessary. He had discovered that the hole went down about six feet and then stopped at a rock about three feet high, between which and the roof of the cave was the entrance to the chamber where the animal lay. He felt satisfied that the animal could not spring suddenly out, as there was not room for him to do so, and to that he attributed the safety of the dogs, and that upon that rock the animal without doubt struck the blow which had been heard when the dogs first entered. He was also assured that one man could not shoot him, as from the position he must necessarily occupy in the hole, he could not get the muzzle of the piece over the ledge of rock at the entrance.

The plan being formed, it was as speedily carried out. They both stripped off all unnecessary clothing, and Rudolph entered first, firmly clenching the rifle near the muzzle, which he brought over the rock. The nephew followed, and brought the gun to his shoulder, though not without great difficulty, as the position they were in was exceedingly awkward, being nearly on their backs and their feet. "Do you work clear," said Adam; "shoot at his eye, and don't let us have to shoot twice." "I see his eyes now," said the young man, "but cannot find the end of the rifle. Raise a little higher—a little to the left—a little to the right—there, steady—a little higher!" in a low whisper, when the piece was instantly discharged with a most terrific report in that confined place; and, as they afterwards said, they thought that the rocks would have surely tumbled in on them.

In a moment the young man was drawn out by his brother, and together they pulled away at the old man, whose shirt becoming entangled in a projecting angle of the rock, he cried out he was fast; and they supposing the animal had hold of him, pulled the harder, and after some bruises and contusions, got him out. Listening quietly, low deep groans, like the sighs of a human being in distress, were heard issuing from the cave. One of the dogs was now sent into the cave, and all within being quiet, they knew the animal was dead. Their next efforts were directed to get the body out, which proved to be that of a Panther, measuring nine feet and one inch from the nose to the end of the tail. The rifle ball had taken effect in the left eye, dashing out the brain and breaking the neck. Finding it impossible to carry the body home, fatigued as they were with a long distance before them, they skinned it, hung the body on a tree, and started off with the hide—a trophy of perseverance and courage rarely equalled. They say they are still ready to undergo the same toil and danger, if occasion offers for so rich a prize.—*Baltimore Weekly Sun.*

IN 1851, fifty-two Steamboats were built in the city of Pittsburgh.

THE VALLEY OF THE AMAZON.

BY LIEUT. M. F. MAURY.

From a very able article in the November number of the S. L. Messenger, we extract the following fine description of this Valley:—

"Of more than twice the size of the Mississippi valley, the valley of the Amazon is entirely intertropical—An everlasting summer reigns there. Up to the very base of the Andes, the river itself is navigable for vessels of the largest class. The Pennsylvania may go there.

"A natural canal through the Caciquari connects it with the Oronoco Giving drainage and fertility to immense plains that cover two million square miles, it receives from the north and south innumerable tributaries, which it is said, afford an inland navigation up and down of not less than 70 or 80 thousand miles in extent.—Stretched out in a continuous line, the navigable streams of that great water would more than encircle the earth round at its largest girth.

"All the climates of India are there. Indeed, we may say, that from the mouth to the sources of the Amazon, piled up one above the other, and spread out, Andean-like, over steppe after steppe, in beautiful unbroken succession, are all the climates, and all the soils, with the capacities of production that are to be found between the regions of everlasting summer and eternal snow.

"The valley of the Amazon is the place of production of India-rubber—an article of commerce which has no parallel as to the increase of demand for it, save and except in the history of our own great staple since the invention of the cotton gin. We all recollect when the only uses to which India rubber was applied, were to rub out pencil marks and make trap-balls for boys.

"But it is made into shoes and hats, caps and cloaks foot-balls and purses, ribbons and cushions, boats, beds, tents and bags: into pontoons for pushing armies across rivers, and into camels for lifting ships over shoals. It is also applied to a variety of other uses and purposes, the mere enumeration of which would make us tedious. New applications of it are continually being made.—Boundless forests of the Sarang tree are found upon the banks of this stream, and the exportations of this gum from the mouth of that river, is daily becoming a business of more and more value, extent and importance.

"In 1846-7, pontoons for the British army in India, and tents for the American army in Mexico were made in New England from the India-rubber of the Amazon. It is the best in the world.

"The sugar cane is found here in its most luxuriant growth, and of the richest saccharine development. It requires to be planted but once in 20 years.

"There too are produced of excellent quality, and in great profusion, coffee and tobacco, rice and indigo, cocoa and cotton, with drugs of virtues the most rare, dyes of hues the most brilliant, and spices of aroma the most exquisite.

"Soils of the richest loam and the finest alluvials are there. The climates of India—of the Moluccas and the Spice Islands are all there.—And there too, lying dormant, are the boundless agricultural and mineral capacities of the East and West, all clustered together. If commerce were but once to spread its wings over that valley, the shadow of it would be like the touch of a magician's wand, those immense resources would spring at once into life and activity.

"In the fine imagery of their language, the Indians call the Amazon the "King of Rivers." It empties into the Ocean under the line."

EXTRAORDINARY AVARICE.

In the year 1762, an extraordinary instance of avarice occurred in France. A miser of the name of Foscu, who amassed enormous wealth by the most sordid parsimony and the most discreditable extortion, was requested by the government to advance a sum of money as a loan. The miser, to whom a fair interest was not inducement sufficiently strong to enable him to part with his treasured gold, declared his incapacity to meet this demand, he pleaded severe losses and the uttermost poverty.—Fearing, however, that some of his neighbors, among whom he was very unpopular, would report his immense wealth to the government, he applied his ingenuity to discover some effectual way of hiding his gold, should they attempt to institute a search to ascertain the truth or falsehood of his plea. With great care and secrecy he dug a deep cave in his cellar, to this receptacle for his treasure he descended by a ladder, and to the trap-door

be attached a spring-lock, so that on shutting, it would fasten of itself. By and by the miser disappeared, inquires were made; and the house was searched; but he was explored, and the ponds were dragged; but Foscu could not be found; and gossips began to conjecture that the miser had fled with his gold to where by his *incognito*, he would be free from the demands of the government. Some time passed on; the house in which he had lived was sold, and workmen were busily employed in its repair. In the progress of their work, they met with the door of the secret cave, with the key in the lock, outside. They threw back the door, and descended with a light. The first object upon which the lamp was reflected was the ghastly body of Foscu, miser, and scattered around him were heavy boxes of gold and ponderous chests of untold treasure, a cat stuck lay beside him on the floor. This worshipped manimon had gone into the cave to pay his debts, his golden god, and became a sacrifice to his demon. What must have been the sensations of that miser man—what the horrors of his situation when he beheld the door close after him and the spring-lock effectually imprison him within the secret mine! How bitter must have been the last struggle of that avaricious soul! How terrible must have been the appeals of conscience within that sordid sinner! How each bag must have disgorged its treasure, and each piece of gold have descended in imagination around him as a demon! How terrible, when the gnawing pangs of starvation came, the upon him, must have been that yellow vision; his heart must have grown sick at that which he once so dearly loved! Cold in bags; gold in chests; gold in heaps; gold for a pillow; gold strewn upon the ground for him to lie upon! Whilst his taper lasted, turn would he would his eyes, nothing met them but his gold, when the last flicker died away, and the miser was in darkness to dwell upon his coming death, and on his many sins, how awful must have been the agonies of conscience! How, surely amidst the gloom of sepulchral gold must the poor whom he had oppressed and the unfortunate whom he had ruined by his avarice have raised up to reproach him; and when the miser came fererish by its last deadly struggles, how the look of haggard poverty; of hate and loathing for the miser must, in one loud, discordant chorus, have cried vengeance and retribution upon his guilty soul!—*Selected.*

THE WAY HE DID IT—A correspondent of the Y. Express, writing from Newport, the famous water-throwing place, tells the following good story:—

It seems that among the bathers the other day, there were a lady and gentleman, who it must be confessed had shown a slight partiality for each other's society. An immense wave unhappily carried the lady off her feet and the consequence was a deep plunge in the water. The gentleman who was not far off, hastened to her rescue, and on pulling her out, she breathlessly exclaimed, with her mouth full of water. "Oh! Augustus—dear—take—me, I perish—mercy—Augustus—and—oh—oh—take me!"

"Thanks, dearest," exclaimed Augustus, "you have made me very happy!"

"Thanks! for what?" coldly exclaimed the lady, taking a long breath.

"For your favorable answer to my proposal," said Augustus.

"Proposal! I heard none."

"Oh yes, but you did, my dear; I made it when you were under the water, and you said yes, and told me to take you."

"Ah—well—dear me—ask papa."

NECROLOGY FOR 1851.

"The good and mighty of departed ages
Are in their graves, the innocent, the free,
Heroes, and Poets, and prevailing Sages,
Who leave the vesture of their majesty
To adorn and clothe this naked world; and
Are like to them—Such perish, but they leave
All hope, or love, or truth, or liberty,
Whose forms their mighty spirits could control
To be a rule and law to ages that survive."

[SHELLEY—*Recall of Ireland.*]

A skeleton of the Irish elk, of which the antlers measured twelve feet from one extreme point to the other, was found, a short time ago in the bog of Poobane, Kilkenny.