

I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, which was double its present size, being swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew that would be as certain death as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin, which was not more than a hundred yards distant.

"I had proceeded but a short distance when I heard the plunge of the catamount behind me. I leaped with more than human energy, for it was life or death. In a moment the catamount gave another wild shriek, as though he was afraid he should lose his prey. At that instant I yelled at the top of my lungs to my wife, and in a moment I saw her approach the door with a light.

"With what vividness that moment comes to my mind! The catamount was not so far from me as I was from the house. I dropped my hat, the only thing I could leave to stay the progress of the beast. The next moment I fell prostrate in my cabin."

Here the old settler paused, and wiped the big drops from his brow ere he continued.

"How long I laid after I fell, I know not but when I was roused to consciousness, I was lying on my rude couch, and my wife was bathing my head with cold water, and my children were gazing anxiously at me. My wife told me that as soon as I fell she immediately shut the door and barred it, for she knew that I was pursued, but by whom or what, she knew not; and that as soon as I had fallen, and the door closed, a fearful spring was made upon it, but the door was strong and well barred, and withstood the spring of the beast.

"As soon as I recovered, I knelt down and offered the most fervent prayer to the Almighty that ever crossed my lips, or ever will again. My family and myself shortly retired, but no sleep visited me that night. In the morning, when my little son, six years old, told me that he saw the eyes of the colt in the window in the night I knew the catamount had been watching to gain admittance; but our windows, you will perceive, are not large enough to permit a catamount to enter.

"When I looked into the glass the next morning, I was horror-struck at my altered appearance. My hair, which was the day before, dark as midnight, was changed to the snowy whiteness you now see; and, although I have enjoyed very good health since, I shall never recover from the effects of the fright I experienced on being chased by a catamount."

#### THE HAND OF GOD IN THE DESERT

Bayard Taylor in his "Journey to Central Africa," thus speaks of the natural beauties of the great Nubian Desert:

I soon fell into a regular daily routine of travel which during all my latter experiences of the desert, never became monotonous. I rose at dawn every morning, bathed my eyes with a handful of the precious water, and drank a cup of coffee. After the tent had been struck and the camels laden I walked ahead for two hours, often so far in advance that I lost sight and hearing of the caravan. I found an unspeakable fascination in the sublime solitude of the desert. I often beheld the sun rise, when, within the wide range of the horizon, there was no other living creature to be seen. He came up like God, in awful glory and it would have been a natural act had I cast myself upon the sand and worshipped him. The sudden change in the coloring of the landscape, on his appearance—the lighting up of the dull sand into a warm, golden hue, and the tints of purple and violet on the distant porphyry hills—was a morning miracle, which I never beheld without awe. The richness of this coloring made the desert beautiful. It was too brilliant for desolation. The scenery, so far from depressing, inspired and exhilarated me. I never felt the sensation of physical health and strength in such perfection, and was ready to shoot from morning till night, from the overflow of happy spirits. The air is an elixir of life, as sweet and pure, and refreshing as that which the first man breathed, on the morning of creation.—You inhale the unadulterated elements of the atmosphere, for there are no exhalations from moist earth, vegetable matter, or the smokes and steams which arise from the abodes of men to stain its purity. This air, even more than its silence and solitude, is the secret of one's attachment to the desert. It is a beautiful illustration of the compensating care of that Providence, which leaves none of the wretched places of the earth

secretly the shadow of a rock to shield the wanderer in the blazing noon—God has breathed upon the wilderness his sweetest and tenderest breath, giving clearness to the eye, strength to the frame, and the most joyous exhilaration to the spirits.

#### Ladies' Department.

##### STANZAS TO S—

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT

My dreams are of thee in the night—  
Mid gleaming stars and moonbeams bright  
And midnight's sable hour reveals  
A charm more dear than day-unseals.  
While silence hovers round—to me  
A trumpet voice—still speaks of Thee!

'Mid day, and all its busy glare,  
Sweet thoughts of thee are harbor'd here  
Amid the ceaseless hum of men,  
Or in the wild sequestered glen,  
By placid stream or swelling sea,  
My thoughts still ever turn to thee!

To thee, whose charm most truly lies  
In gentle heart and loving eyes,  
Whose fond affection, truth and power,  
Are proven by each act and hour;  
As seeks the flower the tireless bee,  
So turns my constant heart to thee!

Beverly, C. W.  
November, 1851.

THE EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.—Mr. Brook, of the New York Express, in his agreeable "Thoughts Abroad" from Europe, thus describes a meeting which he had with the youthful Empress of Austria:

"I had a full good look at this little Kaiserian of all the Austrians. She will pass for pretty, if for no other reason than that she is an empress. Her figure is petite, and she has all the look of a school girl, in the beginning of her teens, and not yet free from the age of 'bread and butter.' Just a year ago, the Emperor met with her at a little watering place in Upper Austria, called Ischill, where her mother, a Bavarian Duchess, and cousin of the Emperor had gone to try to bathe. The Bavarian mother brought her two daughters there to the imperial market, intending the eldest for the emperor, if she could get him. The Emperor's mother (the Archduchess) gave a ball, and invited the Bavarians, the mother and two daughters. The Emperor instead of opening the ball, as everybody expected, with the eldest sister, invited the youngest to dance, in violation of all etiquette, and all expectation, whereby a great commotion was created at Ischill, and he then presented his dancing partner with a bouquet, which was construed into a mark of signal favor. In a few days afterwards he offered her his hand and empire, she became what in Germany is called a "bride;" but on account of her extreme youth, she was not married until a few months since."

MARRIAGE "A LA MODE."—A "spiritual marriage" (so called) came off at Painsville, Ohio, on the 15th Oct. The bride was one Julia Heriburt and the bridegroom a Dr. of the same name. The ceremony consisted of a matrimonial declaration made by themselves in the presence of the friends about fifty being present. The services consisted of the following poetical announcement: "Have you seen the morning saucam kiss the opening blossom? Thus did our spirits meet and greet at the first interview; and as the invisible elements of nature unite and blend in one harmonious impulse, so are our spirits affinized into one accordant living force. Whoever are thus united by the eternal laws of affinity naught has the authority to separate. We thus introduce ourselves unto you in the relation of husband and wife."

THE WONDERFUL PLANT.—Mary and Kate were both travelling up to the next market town laden with heavy baskets of fine fruit and vegetables. Kate murmured and sighed at every step, while Mary joked and laughed as she plodded steadily forward.

"How can you laugh so? your basket is fully as heavy as mine, and I am sure you are no stronger than I," said Kate.

"Why," replied Mary, "you see that I took care to put on the very top of my basket a certain little plant, and I can scarcely feel any weight at all. You should have done the same."

"Oh," cried Kate, "that must be a wonderful plant, indeed! I would gladly lighten my load with it; do tell me what it is."

THE WAY TO GET HUSBANDS.—We commend the following to all ladies who are in haste to get married. It is the best receipt for single-blessedness that we have seen:—

A gentleman of the bar, in a neighboring county, circumstances and pretty good practice, had rendered himself somewhat remarkable by his attempts in the way of matrimonial speculation. A maiden rather advanced in years, residing some miles distant in the neighborhood, hearing of this lawyer's propensity—that his character was unexceptionable, and his situation in life was tolerably good, resolved upon making him her husband. She hit upon the following expedient: She pretended suddenly to be taken very ill, and sent for the man of law to prepare her will. He attended for that purpose. By her will she devised £10,000 in bank stock, to be divided among her three cousins, some thousands in bonds and notes to a niece, and a vast landed estate to a favorite nephew. The will being finished, she gave the lawyer a very liberal fee, and enjoined on him secrecy, for some pretended purpose, thus precluding him from an inquiry into her real circumstances. Need I mention the result? In a fortnight the lady thought proper to be again restored to health. The lawyer called to congratulate her on her restoration—begged permission to visit her which was politely given. After a short courtship, the desired offer was made.—The bargain was concluded, and ratified by the wife, whose whole estate consists of an annuity of sixty-five dollars.—[English paper.]

The famous Brigham Young, the Governor of Utah, and Grand High Priest of the Mormons came near having an inglorious end put to his career, in August last. He went down his well to recover a lost bucket, when the curbing tumbled in, the earth followed, and Brigham Young became, for the once, a subterranean Saint. But the zeal of his followers would not permit any such finish to the life of their most faithful shepherd. Spades and shovels were brought into requisition; the harem of the buried governor assembled in force to aid the saving efforts of the male members of the flock, and, in about two hours, they had the gratification of pulling him out, like a forked radish, from his subsoil bed. He preached that night from the text—"It is well with me."

A FRUITFUL EDITOR.—Thurlow Weed, the editor of the Albany Evening Journal, is now father of 18 children—his valuable helpmate having presented him with one every eleven months since their marriage.



#### Youth's Department.

##### MY SYLVAN MUSE.

BY SYLVIA COLA

She sat beside a silvery brook,  
Which flowed thro' lands of wildness.  
And yet the scene around partook  
From her soft glance its mildness.

Her feet hung o'er the crystal tide,  
Which 'neath their shade seemed crouching,  
The wild flowers almost twin'd amid  
The harpstrings she was touching.

A wreath of flowers was round her head,  
The loveliest she could gather:  
No bloom from their soft folds has fled,  
For there they could not wither.

And fondness fills her dark blue eyes,  
Soft as the dawn of morning;  
Her cheeks were like the opening rose  
The virgin snow adorning.

Her brow was Beauty's softest throne  
Where flowers its snows were shading.  
And on whatever her fond eyes shone,  
It ceased the while from fading.

And each glance of fondness stray'd  
They from the earth were springing  
And gentle birds of every shade  
Her melody were singing.

And tender vines with timid love  
Around her feet were creeping,  
And from the grateful trees above  
The fragrant dew were dripping:

The rosy blush of woodland joy,  
The breeze, the birds and flowers,  
With whispering streams that glided by  
And color shaded bowers.

All carol'd to their sylvan queen  
Their hymns of gladness blending,  
And sunbeams gambling thro' the green  
Their golden glories lending.

#### "OH! MOTHER! I'VE LOST MY KNIFE!"

There's a lump in his throat, and hot tears in his eyes, and his little heart is full to overflowing. It was a real "Rodgers," and the "big blade" was as sharp as a razor; and he wouldn't have "swapped" with any boy at school.

Your fifty feet on State street is not so valuable to you, sir, as that "Wharmcliffe" was to him—and it is lost!

Children have greater capacity than we have for joy and sorrow. When Willie found that knife under his plate, just after father had come back from New York, there was more pleasure in his boyish heart, as he examined the bright blades and tried the clicking springs, than the imposition of an "Hon," or a thousand dollars could give a grown-up man. And when he searched his pocket, turned out the treasures of strings and slate pencils the top which that sharp knife whittled so easily from the end of a spoon, the peg which he had made Johnny "mumble" yesterday, and all the other things which go to fill up the deep right hand pocket of a boy's trousers, and that knife was not among them,—as he came to the sad conclusion, that it was lost, a grief filled his heart much harder to bear than yours was when you lost the election, or failed in that last speculation.

"You are a careless fellow, and don't deserve to have a knife. You shouldn't have wrestled with Charley—tearing your clothes and losing things out of your pockets. Go and wash your face! O, these boys!"

Mrs. Smith, boys will be boys. They are careless, enviously careless and lighthearted—Willie didn't stop to think that he had any clothes on when Charley "stumped" him to throw him; even that cherished knife was forgotten in the last moment of strife. You don't understand a boy's heart. You never was a boy yourself, unfortunately, and girls! believe, don't "rattle." But take an older boy's advice and don't add to the sorrow which is more than heart-felt now. Cheer him up a little, if you can; offer to give him another, if he will bring home a good report from school next Saturday. A boy can't exist without a knife, any more than you could without your scissors, and a boy can't be

"A bold, free-hearted, careless one,

without wearing and tearing his clothes, and sometimes your patience; and he must lose a peck of knives before that merry heart of his gets tamed down to anything like quietness. Keep your lecture on carelessness till another time; he won't profit by it now; you only aggravate his sorrow.

"O, would I were a boy again."

For as Holmes says so truthfully;

"O, what are the pleasures we perish to win,  
To the first little shiner we caught with a pin."

YOUTHFUL SLEEP.—A well informed medical writer says that immediately after eating, if children incline to sleep, they should be indulged in that propensity. The stomach makes large demands on the circulation of the blood for the purposes of digestion, and as it and the brain are like two mills on one stream, when the one is engaged to the full extent, the other must suspend its operations. Very much of dyspepsia and bowel complaint that prevail among our business men is attributable to the violation of this law. After eating a full dinner they keep the brain at work, and let the stomach take care of itself. At evening new matters are added to the half-digested contents, and if a turn of the cholera morbus does not clear out the offending matter, they may accumulate to a billious colic or pass gradually away, making dyspepsia.

ALL VICE stands upon a precipice; to engage in any sinful course is to run down the hill. If we once let loose the propensities of our nature, we cannot gather in the reins and govern them as we please; it is much easier not to begin a bad course, than to stop when begun.

The King of the Sandwich Islands has a new cloak; and no European monarch has got a better or more costly one. It has cost about a million dollars. There is a good deal of "fuss and feathers" about it, for a considerable portion of it is made of rare feathers, produced from birds difficult to catch, and which have each of them, only two feathers of the kind. The cost of procuring the feathers is nearly half a dollar each, and it takes a vast quantity to make such a cloak.

How true it is of too many preachers, that which Sidney Smith says of Renel, "that he is