

Henrietta sat gazing from the window in the direction in which he had departed, a carriage drove up to the professor's door, and Schmitz sprang out. In a few moments Henrietta was in his arms, and he had not only quieted her fears, but replaced them with the deepest joy. He had gone to Munich, and thrown himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine—had told his history—shown his work and certificates—and had moved the Elector so much by his tale, that the prince had put his services in requisition as an engraver, and had assigned to him a fixed salary of six hundred florins. 'Now,' said Schmitz, when he had told his tale to his mistress and her father, 'now am I more worthy—or at least more the equal—of my Henrietta.'

Few, who know any thing of the history of continental engraving, are ignorant of the great merits, in his art, of the hero of this little story. The circumstances related here are in strict accordance with the truth.

THE PANTHER'S LEAP.

AN ADVENTURE IN ILLINOIS.

It was a beautiful afternoon in the Indian summer, that season which, particularly in the western portion of our country, is of all others the most enchanting; the bright beams of the sun were tempered by the cool and refreshing breeze that ruffled with soft music the parti-coloured foliage of the trees. All who have stood at this season of the year on the prairies of the west, with uncovered brow, will recall the beauty spread wide around them far better than I can describe it.

Seizing my rifle, I left my uncle Jonathan's log hut, and wandered leisurely over the prairie in the direction of the wood. Having passed through a corner of the forest, I found myself near a small bluff, upon the top of which I could plainly discern the stately outlines and branching antlers of a buck painted in dark lines against the horizon. Entering the skirts of the forest once more, I crept warily round the hill, in order to approach unseen within hailing distance of the object of my pursuit. Stooping low, I hurried along behind the rugged line of rocks at the base of the hill, until I reached a place from which I supposed I could command a prospect of the whole broad summit. Nor was I mistaken; for on peering carefully over the edge of the rock I beheld my game in fair view about a hundred yards distant, little suspecting an enemy, at least in that direction. Thrusting the muzzle of my rifle over the rock, I took a deliberate aim at his side and pulled the trigger. The quick sharp crack of the cap alone followed. This was a disappointment; but quick as possible I cringed behind the rock, and, trembling with eagerness, sought for another cap. After consuming twice the time necessary, and scattering my caps in all directions upon the ground, I was at length once more in a state of preparation. My heart beat as I saw the majestic animal still occupying his former position, though with head erect, snuffing the breeze, and darting his lightning glances in every quarter, unknowing in what direction to flee to avoid the death. Again I pointed my iron and fired. The noble buck sprang into the air and I sprang over the rock. When I reached the spot his limbs were already quivering. In loading again, I found I had but one charge in my flask; so with all convenient haste, as it was now nearly sunset, I dissected the animal which I had slain, and proceeded homeward, loaded with the skin and two quarters, which was all I could conveniently carry, and which, with my piece, formed a very respectable burden. Striking into a path which I supposed would conduct me by a nearer route through the forest, I hurried on with all the speed my load would allow. But after consuming sufficient time to have brought me out, I was somewhat surprised at discovering that instead of drawing near the opening, my path seemed to become less distinct as I advanced, and to conduct me further into the depth of the forest. However, I pressed on with alacrity, deeming it sure that I should soon emerge, and knowing that to retrace my steps would only be conducting me in a course directly opposite to my home.

It was now growing quite dark in the wood, by which the indistinctness of the treacherous path I had followed was of course increased. When standing still with doubt and uncertainty, the long drawn howl of a wolf came with fearful distinctness upon my ear. So suddenly it came, it pierced like a knell "the fearful hollow of my ear," announcing in a tone not to be misunderstood, the kind of companions I should be likely to have, should I be compelled to pass the night in the woody labyrinth—a prospect which, though by no means agreeable, seemed yet not improbable. Nevertheless, I resolved to proceed, and either to come safely out, or to brave whatever dangers I might encounter with a manly heart. Wandering on as well as I might in my former direction, I soon found myself near a brook which murmured on through a shady dell, and immediately determined to follow it, satisfied that it must, sooner or later, conduct me into the open world once more. It was now after sunset, and so dark that I could scarcely see to pick my dubious and fearful way. I would have lightened myself of my burden, but the increased howling of the wolves, which seemed to be gathering in a body behind me, warned me that it might soon become my only protection. You may be sure that these not musical but most melancholy notes

tended not to diminish my speed or trepidation, and I seemed to be chasing down the little brook with all the demons of the pit crowding and yelling behind me.

Presently I could detect a discordant note among the voices of this infernal choir, which I knew at once to be the cry of the panther, than which I would rather have met in general assembly all the wolves of the forest. Notwithstanding the increase of speed caused by the last unpleasant discovery, it availed me so little that I could soon distinguish the rustling of leaves and crackling of dry branches, and presently after, the measured bounds of the panther struck plain upon my ear and to my heart. When it seemed to my frightened fancy that I could almost feel the monster's hot breath upon me, and see in the dark the glare of his eye balls, I procured a temporary reprieve by dropping one quarter of my fine buck, which I had intended for a far different purpose. However, I well knew that he would delay only to return with increased ferocity after his repast. I quickened my pace, if that were possible, straining every nerve, with a faint hope of gaining the edge of the wood before I was again placed in so dangerous a vicinity to my pursuers, but in vain: I could soon distinguish again his lengthened bounds, each one bringing him nearer and nearer.

When he approached so near that I considered him too familiar, I again baited him with my venison. This I did until my load was gone, and, instead of being satisfied, the fierce animal seemed but to have sharpened his appetite for another repast. When I had dropped the last remaining fragment, my means of defence or escape seemed to have been exhausted. However, I resolved to climb with all haste into the first tree that would admit of it, and defend myself as well as I could with the sole charge in my rifle. By good fortune I immediately discovered one which answered my purpose very well. It was of a middling size, and destitute of branches for some twenty or thirty feet from the ground. I found no difficulty in climbing it with gun in hand, as my short sojourn in the country had made me quite an adept at many such indispensable accomplishments.

I had no sooner seated myself on the first bough, ready with my gun, than I could hear my late acquaintance bounding forward again, and soon, by the dim light that had enabled me to discover the tree, discerned his form alternately ascending and descending, leaping high into the air, and it seemed to me, full twenty feet forward each time. It did not in the least puzzle his sagacity to comprehend that the trail he was following came to a very abrupt conclusion; for after running several times round the tree, he finally settled himself down beneath, and raised such a tremendous yelp, that in spite of all my attempts to wear a brave heart, and yield as little as possible to terror, this, with the long and quavering cry of the approaching pack, could not but run like iron through my blood. Much to my astonishment, the wolves seemed content to occupy the back ground. This was soon explained by the appearance of another panther. These two formidable enemies occupied the ground alone, while the murderous but cowardly wolves slunk back into the obscurity of the woods.

Upon this new arrival, the two seemed for a short time to be holding an infernal council. Soon one of them started and ran off, while the other remained crouching beneath the tree. I was at a loss to comprehend precisely what this movement might import, though I could in any case only remain quiet, with my rifle ready poised. It was difficult to resist the temptation of firing at the remaining one, but I resolved to preserve my last charge in case of a greater emergency.

I now had leisure to plan every method of escape that my invention could devise. Other reflections by no means so pleasant would persist in intruding themselves. I had retained this position but a few minutes when I heard a slight crackle of a dry branch in another tree distant two or three rods from the one I was in. I darted my eyes in that direction, and there, crouched on a limb a little higher than the one I rested on, I could plainly see the other panther in the very act of springing upon me. Quick as thought I threw up my rifle and fired. The sudden glare shot far into the bosom of dim night, and lit up the woods for a moment like a flash of lightning. I could fancy it reflected from a thousand wild eyes that were gleaming in anxious expectancy upon me.

But there was slight opportunity for reflection. As the panther, at the moment I fired, was on the point of springing, the impetus sent him forward and downward, so that he struck his claw upon the limb where my feet rested. For a moment he struggled to retain his grasp, and then fell dying to the ground. The other panther set up a dismal howl, and then started off in a similar manner with the first, and, I doubted not, with a similar intention. As soon therefore, as he was out of sight, I slipped hastily from the tree, threw away my rifle, and started with all the speed desperation could lend. I still ran down the brook, that being my only hope—though my heart told me that even that was but slight.

I could soon perceive by the howling that the wolves were again in fresh pursuit. I had ran on now for nearly half an hour, keeping in advance of the wolves, who had not the courage to attack me, when I again heard the measured bound of the panther.

My heart sank within me, and I was almost in despair, when I thought I caught a glimpse of the sky through the trees before me. I now strained every nerve, inwardly praying that this might be the case. If it was, I knew I was safe; otherwise, I could see no probable way of escape. The panther seemed to be aware of the necessity of putting forth a last effort, and gained upon me even faster than before. I could not turn to look, but I was well aware that every leap brought him nearer to me. At last I reached some thick firs, and one bound from them brought me into the open moonlight. There was a house not fifty rods from the place where I was. I knew the place at a glance. It was a mill upon the brook I had followed, situated about ten miles from my uncle's house whence I started. The panther followed me half way to the house, towards which I struck with all speed. As I burst open the door and found that I was so quickly transported from the most imminent danger to a place of security, the revulsion of my feelings was so powerful that I fell headlong upon the floor in a swoon. However, I was among friends and lacked no needful attention, and the next day was ready to hunt again—taking the precaution, however, to examine my powder flask before I started.

Middlebury, Vt. April 26, 1839.

S. G. J.

For the Pearl.

GASPERAUX VALLEY.

A classic scene,—bold hills on either hand,
Wood-crown'd and craggy, speck'd with hard-won farms;
Between,—meads, groves, and streams,—a past'ral land,—
Like blooming innocence in valour's arms.

About the hill tops float the vapoury drifts,—
As veils of gauze round beauty's morning sleep;
There the old wood its myriad spear points lifts,—
And rain-swell'd springs o'er precipices leap.

Along the vale,—beside the glistening stream—
Which winds in beauty, serpentine, away—
Arc, cots, and kine, and sheep,—and heaven's bland beam
Luxurious plays on that grass-waving brae.

A classic landscape;—may the hearts which strew
Traces of human care o'er all the scene,
Deserve their home;—as gentle and as true
As their own valley and their mountains green.

S.

TOPOGRAPHICAL, &c.

INNS.

[At this time of the year, people—happy enough to have the will and the power—fly from the dusty town occasionally, and luxuriate on country air, and fare, and scenes and sounds,—and thus recruit for another campaign in the arid ways of business.

There, are bashful men, who annoy themselves,—impudent men, who annoy others,—men easily pleased, who never see any thing worth quarrelling with,—and men not-to-be-pleased, who rarely see any thing worthy of their commendation. Some of the latter fume and fret, even while ruralising, and carefully pick faults out of every thing. As a help towards making them satisfied with cool clean bedrooms, fragrant with the exhalations of wild roses, honey suckle, and new mown grass,—and resounding with the murmur of the breeze among the elms, and the concert of bird-notes in the neighbouring grove;—as a mode of conciliating them towards cream, and fresh eggs, and sweet rolls, and fried ham, and baked salmon, and the et ceteras of dinner and tea and their intermediates, all served by waiters, male or female, irrepachable for neatness of person,—we copy, from a late authority, the following description of a Turkish Inn. It may be useful as a foil to the comforts which even Nova Scotia road-sides afford. The sketch is from a "Journey from Constantinople to Teheran," &c., by J. B. Fraser.)—*Pearl*.

"The humours of a Turkish post-house, however original, are somewhat of the coarsest, and the company it introduces you to is not always the most choice; still, it is a chapter in the book of human character, and is worth the reading. I have already given you sketches of a Turkish coffee-house and post; but I fear I should fail sadly in any attempt to convey to you an idea of the thousand strange scenes, and their grotesque actors, that present themselves to view in such a journey as this. Language could not convey the various shades of difference, and you would be tired of seeming repetition without being amused. But were you to see the host of wild and indescribable figures that rush out on your arrival, and pull you from your horses; the multitude of the same species that, on entering the dirty stifling hole, you find stretched like beasts before the fire, or lounging in the corners on the squallid rugs that receive from day to day, and from year to year, the filth of these obscene animals, on which you also must stretch your weary limbs, or remain unrested: were you to see travellers, like ourselves, rushing in, snow-covered, mud-plastered, ce-clad, throwing themselves, 'boots and all,' upon these pre-