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JAPAN.

The last number of the Edinburg Review contains an able and interesting article on the subject of Japan, the character of its inhabitants, and its resources. This article was evidently written in consequence of the long talked of expedition to that country from the United States. The reviewer is disposed to regard the expedition with a favorable eye, and expresses astonishment that vigorous attempts have not heretofore been made by some European power to bring about commercial intercourse with Japan—a powerful and intelligent nation which has remained a mystery for two centuries. He says: "The governments of the world have for so long a time respected a mystery which they had at any moment a right to dispel; but the reason of this forbearance must be attributed rather to any cause than an acquiescence in the churlish system." Again he says:

"It is impossible to believe that the system could have been maintained many years longer, even had not the government of Washington determined to despatch a powerful expedition, under the command of Commodore Perry, to demand satisfaction of the authorities at Jeddo, for various acts of outrage and inhumanity perpetrated by the Japanese, on the crews of United States ships engaged in the whale fishery. The sailing of that expedition has been for a short time deferred, in consequence of the recent singular misunderstanding between the cabinets of Washington and St James, but whether that particular armament is deferred, or even abandoned, matters but little. Now the question has once been mooted, *the blow is not the less certainly about to fall upon the Japanese Council of State.*"

Of the difficulties in the way of *compelling* the Japanese to establish friendly commercial relations with this government, the reviewer says:

"It is not for us to predict the exact results that may follow from the particular expedition which has been announced as about to sail from the ports of the United States against the shores of Japan. Before doing this we should require to know a little more of the condition of the attacking armament, as well as of the actual means of resistence at the command of the Ziogoon's ministers. It would be madness to affect a doubt as to the result if the warlike skill and discipline of Europe or the United States are once fairly pitted against the resources of any Asiatic power.—The military genius and hardy frames of the mountain tribes of Upper India could not save them from defeat when opposed to the serried ranks and powerful artillery of the British army. The same thing may happen in the case of Japan. All human presumptions would seem to indicate that if Commodore Perry's expedition is conducted in the same spirit of prudence and courage which has hitherto presided over the warlike operations of the United States Government, the doors of Japanese seclusion are already numbered. We have, however, the authority of English officers who have served with great distinction in those distant waters for stating that they place a wide difference between an attack upon Japan and any similar operation which has been carried out either in China or in any other district of the Indian Seas.—The Japanese are a proud and warlike race. They are careless of danger and indifferent to life; where one combatant falls another will take his place, and another, and another, as though the only object of their assault was to exhaust the fire of their enemies, and then overpower them by sheer numbers. We can scarcely think, if Commodore Perry should decide to advance into the interior with the small force at his disposal, that the first attempt will end in favor of the expedition. The army of Japan consists, by the latest accounts, of 300,000 foot soldiers and 50,000 calvary.—Its artillery they of course are miserably deficient, and their powder is of a most inferior quality. Still they have at their disposal an enormous population, proud of their traditions and of their native land, and determined, we should imagine, to defend it to the last drop of their blood against the invaders from beyond the dark sea."

Of the wrong inflicted by the Japanese on the civilized world, by keeping their country a sealed book to the other nations of the earth the writer holds the following strong language, in which he adopts similar opinions to those expressed several years since by John Quincy Adams, and of the strict justice of which a reasonable doubt may well be entertained:

"The moment is rapidly drawing near when those who have anxiously looked for the opening of this sealed book may hope to hear more of the strange customs and fashions of Japan. But it is not from purely literary or fantastic considerations of this kind that we regard with satisfaction the speedy restoration of Japan to the comity of nations. The compulsory seclusion of the Japanese is a wrong not only to themselves, but to the civilized world. Every one is so far master at home that the Law of Nations has been hitherto very tender of authorising a country to close its commerce or its society upon another. But the rights of independent sovereignty must be so construed as to be reconcilable with the great principles upon which all titles to property or jurisdiction ultimately depend. It is difficult to entertain a doubt that, after so long and so patient a delay, *other nations are justified in demanding intercourse with Japan as a right of which they are unjustly deprived.* The Japanese undoubtedly have an exclusive right to the possession of their territory; but they must not abuse that right to the extent of debarring all other nations from a participation in its riches and virtues. *The only secure title to property whether it be in a hovel or an empire, is, that the exclusive possession of one is for the benefit of all.*"

From the Columbian and Great West.

THE HUNTER'S REVENGE.

A WESTERN LEGEND.

CHAPTER I.

A few years since, while wandering in some of our Kentucky counties which border upon the Ohio river, chance caused me to pass the night in the house of one of the oldest surviving pioneers of "the dark and bloody ground." The sight of such men—relics of a departed age, and memorials of that state of infancy from which our country has grown into its now glorious manhood—always possesses for me the highest interest. I listen to their words with reverence and delight. I never tire of their simple loquacity, for I feel that it is from their stores of traditionary learning, rather than from the dull pages of historic lore, that we can become fully aware of all the peculiar and distinguishing features of the spirit-stirring times in which they bore a part.

He to whom I have alluded, was a fine specimen of his class. Though his once stalwart form was somewhat bent, and his white locks hung thin upon his broad temples, yet his body and mind were still active and vigorous. His cheerful laugh, the rudy glow upon his cheek, and the quiet gleaming of his clear, blue eye, that told the good effects of an early life of temperance and active, manly toil. In the opposite chimney-corner sat the gray-haired matron whose love had cheered him through the toils of youth and manhood, and who now shared the peace and contentment of his age.

I soon found, to my pleasure, that the old man both remembered well and loved to speak of the scenes of his early days; and never had a story-teller old or young, a more pleased and attentive listener. It was a cold, stormy, blustering winter night. The winds howled around the old farm-house and drifted the snow-wreaths against the window panes with a fury that made the great fire of logs, that was throwing its cheerful, flickering blaze over the room, doubly welcome.

As the night grew colder, we drew our chairs closer around the hospitable hearth, and while the young folks were enjoying the winter store of apples and nuts, and the old lady quietly knit, and the house dog slumbered on the floor, my venerable backwoodsman detailed many a thrilling anecdote of the pleasures and the perils of the past; of the daring of the hunter, and the vengeance of the red man.

At length, at the earnest request of the young folks, he told us a story which I will endeavor to repeat accurately, though without hoping to convey the charm imparted to it by the simple words and manners of the narrator.

Without further preface than a preliminary punch at the great backlog, which sent a cloud of sparks up the huge chimney, yawning like a cavern, and roaring as if in defiance of the storm without, the old man proceeded somewhat as follows:

"For several years after the interior of the state had began to settle up, and was becoming quiet, this part of the country remained continually liable to incursions by the wild, roving tribes of Ohio. Companies of Indians, sometimes consisting of thirty or forty, sometimes of only three or four, were constantly crossing over in canoes at night, setting fire to barns and fields of grain, stealing horses, and sometimes carrying off women and children. True, there was one petty "station" not far from where we now are, but the scant, though valient garrison could do little for the defense of the frontier beyond protecting the families immediately within or around the walls, and by chasing retreating parties to the river. It was about the year 17— that the Indians, taking advantage of this defenseless state of the border, increased their depredations to an alarming extent. And it was in the spring of that year that there appeared at the station I have mentioned, a man, whose character and actions seemed for awhile to infuse new spirit into the desponding frontiermen.

Who he was, or whence he came, no one knew, though his singular habits and appearance called forth many inquiries. Tall, sinewy and raw-boned, with sunburnt countenance, seamed across the forehead with a deep scar, deep-sunken eyes, which in moments of excitement gleamed with a strange, lurid fire, and dressed in the wild, half-Indian costume of the times, he presented a rather remarkable figure. In spite, however, of his looks, his dress and accoutrements, there was something in his conversation and manners which showed him possessed an intelligence and a breeding above the rude, unlettered men among whom he moved.

The most prominent feature of his character, the one thought of his soul seemed to be deadly, uncompromising hostility to the whole Indian race. In his ordinary intercourse with men he was shy, taciturn and retiring. But in moments of the chase and the conflict, he seemed changed, transformed, and filled with a mysterious fire which rendered him an object of wonder even to the bravest old hunters who looked upon his reckless daring.

Thus uniting to their superior intelligence, undaunted courage and fierce energy of purpose, he acquired at once, and without appearing to seek it, that ascendancy over the minds of the simple backwoodsmen, which such qualities must ever gain in any community. Yet he seemed, as much as possible, to avoid mingling with his fellows. He refused to live in the stockade fort, but built himself a little hut upon the summit of a hill about three miles distant, where he passed most of his time with no society save that of his trusty dog.

But whenever the alarm was given that the foe had crossed the river, he was seen at the station, commanding, organizing and planning; a self-appointed dictator, to whom all yielded implicit obedience. In the pursuit and conflict he was ever foremost. He sought to make no prisoners; death to the enemy was his watchword and his only object. When the fight was over, he was heard claiming no booty, disputing with no man about his share in the conflict; but silently and unnoticed he stole back to his mountain hut to resume his solitary mode of life. Thus the woodsmen came to regard him with awe and almost superstitious reverence, and the inquiries concerning his past life, checked by his stern and austere manner, gradually died away.

There was one living being, beside his dog, for whom he seemed to entertain any feeling of interest or affection. This was a young hunter living at the station, and who had once, in an Indian battle, saved the old man's life at the risk of his own. This boy he sometimes suffered to join him in his hunting expeditions, and to share his frugal meals. But even to him he never spoke of his past history, and the boy was too discreet to allude to it.

CHAPTER II.

Months had passed since the stranger made his first appearance at the fort. Spring and summer had come and gone, and autumn had thrown his rich mantle of bright and mellow hues over the landscape, when one evening, a few hours ere set of sun, the hunter and his young companion might have been seen ascending and descending the long green hills which skirt the shores of the Ohio, on their return from one of their long and lonely wanderings among the recesses of the mountains. Descending the slope of a thickly-wooded hill they came to the bank of the river, where a sudden bend in the stream formed a little cove, known as the Horseshoe. As they were about to cross the little pebbly beach in order to reach the hill which rose in front of them, the hunter's attention was attracted by the unusual and uneasy motions of the dog, running hither and thither, snuffing the air, and pushing through the bushes which skirted the bank, with a sharp, quick bark.

"Ha! old Snarl has snuffed something in the wind. That dog's never wrong. Here Snarl, down, down, old fellow, before the red skins hear you!"

The dog came back and crouched at his master's feet, while he stepped cautiously forward, looking carefully about for tracks, and peering anxiously into every thicket.

"There it is, at last," said he suddenly, pointing to the ground and turning a significant look toward his companion. Sure enough there are two footprints in the sand. They were half effaced, but the keen eye of the hunter could detect at once that they were quite recent, and had been made by a moccasin. After a few moments' search they found, snugly hidden beneath the thick undergrowth that skirted the immediate bank of the river, an Indian canoe, containing a bag of parched corn, a little venison and some powder.

"Well," said the old hunter, after a few moments reflection, "I'll trap the red scoundrel this time."

"How is that?" asked his young friend.

"Why you see the canoe is so small that not more than two or three can be in the party. They must intend to return soon, or they would have brought more provisions and hidden them in a better place. So I judge they intend to commit their deviltry to-night, and be off before day. Therefore, I'll just come down as soon as the moon rises, lay in wait until they get here, and then I think that black Bess and myself will answer for two or three scalps to hang up in the cabin. In the mean time, I want you to go to the fort and put the boys on their guard or some may be picked off before they know what hurts 'em."

"Well," said the youth, I'm willing to go to the fort and warn them, but you must let me return and stand guard with you here. There may be more Indians than you expect, and two rifles are better than one, anyhow."

"No, no, boy; do just as I tell you. There's no chance whatever of there being any more of 'em; and if there was, why, my old scalp is worth nothing at any rate; but it won't do for you to get hurt just about this time."

The old man chuckled, and the young one blushed in spite of his sunburnt cheek. He was to be married in a few days to a young girl at the station.

His friend, however, paid no attention to his blushes, but carefully replacing the canoe and erasing their own foot-prints, he led the way up a rugged path which lay before them. This path wound along the side of a narrow gorge, shut out from the river by cliffs, and rendered gloomy by their eternal shadows.—After a tedious walk of half an hour, the rocky path brought them to the summit of the hill on which the hunter's hut was built.

CHAPTER III.

The hut was of the rudest and simplest construction, and almost hidden by the thick growth of young trees, wild vines and bushes which the hunter had left undisturbed. In front of it stretched the green sward for a few yards, and then the hill went abruptly down, forming an almost perpendicular precipice, at the foot of which it sloped off again to the river's bank, which was a considerable distance from the hut.

As the two hunters gazed around from this lofty eminence, the scene spread out below and around them was one of almost indescribable beauty. Far as the eye could reach, stretched a sea of hills, more or less abrupt, and covered from base to summit with a mantle of foliage, rich with all the varied hues of autumn. Westward lay a level expanse of forest, over whose tops arose the curling smoke of the distant station, the only visible sign of human existence. At their feet, apparently, flowed the broad Ohio, rolling on in sluggish majesty, undisturbed, as yet, by the keel of the steamboat or the snort and whistle of the engine. And now, the setting sun, in his dying glories, poured a rich flood of light over the whole scene, making the ripples of "La belle Riviere" seem a flood of molten gold.

The sight was indeed glorious, but the young hunter in vain endeavored upon that evening to make his friend participate in his feelings of delight and admiration. During the whole day he had seemed unusually gloomy and taciturn, and as evening advanced, a deeper melancholy settled upon his brow.—Now he sat upon the green grass, with his face buried in his hands, and returning brief, often incoherent answers, to the words of his companion. At length, as if endeavoring to relieve himself from his own meditations, he raised his head and said, with an evident effort to be cheerful.

"And so, my boy, you are going to get married soon, they tell me? Well, well, you need'nt blush so—Molly's a good girl, and will make a hunter like you, a first rate wife. But these are troublous times to be 'marrying and given in marriage.' Ah! I remember—"

He paused, and his mind seemed absorbed in painful recollections.

"What is it that depresses you?" said the youth, coming nearer, and laying his hand gently upon the old man's shoulder.

"Boy," he answered, at length, "this is the fifth anniversary of my sorrow; that which made me the outcast, wandering hunter that you see me now. Never before have I sought for human sympathy. But I love you as a son, and something seems forcing me to speak. Five summers ago this very hour, that same sun looked down upon a happy home in West Virginia. It was a humble log-house it is true, situated in a lonely spot, amid hills and woods but it was full of comfort and happiness. That home was mine. For years, all went well with me. My crops, my cattle, were unsurpassed. But above all I had a wife who was an angel upon earth, and two babes, a boy and a girl, who would have made a desert happy with their sweet laughter and their childish sports.

"Though remote from any human habitation, and although the Indians were occasionally seen and heard of in the neighborhood of my dwelling, I yet felt no fear. I had never wronged them, but on the contrary had often fed and clothed half-starved stragglers from the tribe, who would wander to my door and blindly I trusted to their magnanimity for the safety of all I held dear.

"Well, a little later in the day than this, just five years ago, I was seated by my hearth with my children on my knee, while my wife was busied in the preparation of our evening meal. The sun went down, and darkness came on, but the air was so pleasant that I left the door open to enjoy the fresh breeze that seemed making music among the branches of the great oaks before the door. I had lent my dogs to a neighbor for a hunt, and there was nothing to give warning of danger save the melancholy hooting of an owl in the neighboring forest. More than once my wife spoke of the effect that dismal sound had upon her feelings, but I laughed at her fears.—Suddenly as she was crossing the room, I heard her utter a scream of terror. I turned and beheld a dozen dusky forms crowding in at the doorway. Even now, I can see their eyes glaring, and their white teeth shining as the fire-light flashed upon them. Springing from my seat, I was snatching down my rifle which always hung over the fire-place when I received a blow from a tomahawk, which made that scar upon my forehead. A thousand lights gleamed in my eyes, and horrid sounds echoed in my ears as I fell insensible. Severe as was the blow, I soon returned to consciousness, owing no doubt to the excessive flow of blood. How awful the sight I beheld! My wife standing bound in one corner of the room, the little children sobbing and clinging to her knees as if for protection while the fiends were heaping all my little furniture into the center of the room, evidently with the intention of firing the house. Making a desperate effort to rise, I gained my feet, and staggered forward a step or two, when the blood gushed over my eyes, and I fell helpless and blinded upon the floor.—The shrieking and sobbing of my wife and children at this pitiable sight, were mingled with a laugh of derision from the savages, who supposed that I was dead at last. At this moment, one of their sentinels rushed in, exclaiming in their own language, 'Fly, fly! the whites are coming!'

"I heard a few words of consultation. Then a command was given in tones I shall never forget. Then came blows and shrieks. They were murdering my children! O, God! how I writhed and struggled, in vain to rise!—Then came a crashing blow, a fall and a groan and all was over! They had murdered my wife! Yes, they were all gone!—*all—all*—not one—not one left!"

The big tear-drops fell like rain through the old man's clasped hands and his strong frame shook with agony. The young man said nothing but wept. At length the hunter calmed himself and proceeded:

"I became insensible. A party of hunters who happened to be in the neighborhood, came in time to snatch my body from the burning dwelling, but not soon enough to take vengeance on the murderers. No: thank God, that task was left for me?

"I was taken to a station. I was nursed and tended most kindly, but for weeks and weeks I lingered upon the brink of the grave. I wished to die; I was delirious not only with pain and fever, but with grief and rage. But at length good treatment, and my own iron constitution proved victorious. I recovered my health and strength of body, but there was a fever at my heart, which no time, no medicine could cure. I came forth twenty years older in feelings and appearance. My hair was gray, and my face wrinkled as you see them now. But my change of body was nothing to my change of soul. I, who before was too kind hearted to have harmed a worm was now a tiger, thirsting for human blood. I thought of nothing, prayed for nothing but revenge. I sold my land and swore never to rest until all of that band had fallen beneath my hand. I have nearly fulfilled my vow.—Though I saw them but once, each of their features was burned into my brain, and I could not mistake or forget them. Day and night, summer and winter, alone, and with bands of men, over rivers and mountains, through forests and morasses, in all shapes and in all disguises, I have tracked and followed them. They made me a demon, and the demon has turned again and rent them.—In their tents at midnight, with their wives around them, in the battle field, and alone in the dark forests, I have met and slain them. One after another they have fallen, and still one remains—the most subtle and ferocious of them all; and I have followed him here. He leads a band upon the Ohio side, and I have watched and sought for him day and night. They call him the Black Wolf of the Prairie; you have heard of him before, but when we meet—you will not hear of him again."

The hunter clenched his rifle fiercely and was silent. His companion sat mute and motionless.

CHAPTER IV.

The boy had not sat thus many minutes, however, listening to the low, hard breathing of his excited friend, when his attention was attracted by the sight of a familiar object floating upon the river. It was the large boat belonging to the station, and rowed by an old and faithful negro. The fluttering of a female dress in the stern of the boat, revealed the presence of his sister and his betrothed.—They had come out to meet him on his return from the chase. Jumping from the grass to hail them, his step was arrested by an occurrence which struck him at once with terror and amazement. The river bank, far below him, was covered with a thicket of trees, matted together by a luxuriant growth of vines and creepers of every description. From this thicket he beheld a thin curl of smoke arise, followed by the report of a rifle and a single war-whoop. Before he could move or speak, the old negro had fallen heavily from his seat into the water, and two savages were seen to spring into the river, and with their rifles held above their heads, gain the boat now drifting with the current.

With a cry of horror, the young man grasped his rifle, and rushing forward would have plunged over the precipice, had not the strong hand of the hunter, laid upon his shoulder arrested his steps.

"Stop, rash boy, or you will ruin every thing!"

"Hands off, old man, I say! My sister—and Mary! I must save them.

"You must, and you shall. Follow me at once. If the Indians see you they will push across the river and then they will be lost forever."

By this time the Indians had placed themselves in the bow and stern of the boat, and were sculling her along, keeping her in the current. The boat was so large and heavy, that their progress was not rapid. But the young man saw at a glance that his companion was right; and accustomed to yield implicit obedience to his dictates, he turned reluctantly and followed him down the same narrow pass which had brought them to the hut.

"Back, Snarl! stay here, sirrah!" said the hunter to the dog, who would have followed them.

"And now, my boy, look to your tools, we have work ahead!"

Away, like bloodhounds on the trail, they started down the rocky path. The sun had set, and the twilight glimmer which was left, served only to throw strange, dark shadows over their rugged pathway, but with the firm unerring tread of hunters "in a mountain land," they dashed forward at full speed.—The contrast between the two was great.—The one furious and half demented at the idea that those he loved best on earth were in the hands of the brutal savages, grasped his rifle with a very death-grip, and with clenched teeth sprang and bounded like a wild deer startled from his covert. The other, older and more accustomed to restraining outward signs of emotion, went as swiftly, but with the long, measured tread of a pursuing panther, taking care as he went, to look to the priming of his rifle, and to loosen his long hunting-knife in its scabbard. Few were the minutes, (though they seemed like hours to the youth) ere they emerged upon the smooth level beach of the cove. It was, as we have said before, a little pebbly place, a few yards square, with hills coming gently down to it upon three sides. On that side furthest, but only a few yards distant from the shore, lay a giant oak, which had been uprooted by some long previous storm, and which now reclined like a fallen monarch, in stern and silent majesty, with its giant arms still lifted up towards heaven. Behind this natural rampart, the two hunters placed themselves, with the long barrels of their rifles supported by its trunk.

The harvest moon had now risen in all its splendor, shedding a glorious flood of light over the scene. The river seemed one bed of liquid silver. The fog was rising, and the distant hills stealing out through their hazy azure mantle, seemed like ghostly sentinels or mountains in dream-land. The nearer forests, as they seemed to clamber up the steep hill-sides, were here tipped with silver, here wrapped in impenetrable gloom. A little ridge which ran out into the river from one end of the cove, giving it its peculiar shape, was crowned by a bristling array of young forest trees that stood out with strange distinctness against the clear blue sky.

"Be still boy!" said the old man, in a whisper, as the youth moved uneasily in his position. "They will be here soon." All was still indeed. The river did make a low, rippling, splashing noise among the bushes that hung down into its waves, and an owl in a neighboring tree sent forth his long and melancholy hooting, but all else was calm and noiseless.

"Curse that owl," muttered the old man, forgetting his own injunctions, "it was just that way he hooted this night five years ago."

The young man shuddered, as the tale of horror he had listened to was thus brought to his mind, and made him reflect how soon the same fate might fall upon his sister and his bride.

A moment more and the low splash of oars is heard; another, and the boat swept rapidly around the projecting point which formed the upper end of the cove. In the bright moonlight every figure was plainly discernable. In the stern, sat a small Indian, steering, and occasionally speaking to the two girls in the middle of the boat, who with terrified countenaces, lay clasped in each other's arms, as if for protection. In front stood a tall and magnificent looking fellow, in all the war finery of an Indian Chief, with scalp-lock, feathers, paint, and silver bracelets. He, too handled an oar, while his rifle lay at his feet.

As the boat came near enough for them to distinguish the features of those on board, the old man started as if an adder had bitten him.

"By Heavens! 'tis the Black Wolf! thank God, the hour is come! Don't move," he whispered between his clenched teeth, "until I say the word; then fire at the smaller Indian."

The youth felt excited also, but by a strong effort, quelling their emotions, the two lay motionless as statues, while the polished tubes of their rifles gleamed like fire in the moonlight.

The boat strikes the shore. The Chief steps out and orders the girls to follow him; but insensible with grief and fear they neither hear nor heed his command. The smaller Indian, enraged at their obstinacy, rises with an oath, and stepping forward, clutches Mary by the arm, as if to pull her from her seat. The hunter can contain himself no longer. A quick, clear report rings out upon the air, and the smaller Indian, with a single cry, leaps up and falls dead in the boat. The old hunter, taken by surprise, fires hurriedly, and a half smothered groan from the Chief, as he springs back into the boat, tells that he is wounded, but not mortally. He seizes an oar and pushes the boat from the land. Quick as thought, with a bound like that of a tigress robbed of her young, and a terrible shout of vengeance, the hunter has sprung into the boat, and grappled with his last and most deadly enemy.

But the warrior, though wounded, is not conquered. The long keen blade of an Indian scalping knife gleams an instant in the moonlight—the next, it finds a sheath in the hunter's breast. But there is no time for a second blow—the hands of the Avenger are at the Chieftain's throat. The cry of "Blood for blood," rings in his ears. The boat rocks with the terrible struggle. They totter, they fall with a heavy splash, and go down in the terrible embrace of death. A sullen wave, a few bubbles, and the dark waters of the Ohio roll over the Hunter and his Indian foe.—Such was the *Hunter's Revenge.*

"And were their bodies never found?" I inquired, when the old man had finished his story.

"Yes, long years afterward, when the waters were unusually low, in a bed of driftwood, which must have lain upon the bottom for half a century, two skeleton forms were found by a fisherman, still locked in a last embrace. They have been burried upon the summit of the hill, where once stood the Hunter's hut, and there they repose, side by side."

"And the young Hunter—what of him?"

"I am he, and there is his young bride,"—and he pointed with a smile to the grayhaired matron, in the opposite chimney-corner.

I looked up and saw the eyes of the old couple filled with tears.

Col. Porter's New Rifle.

We had the pleasure of a visit, yesterday, from Col. David Looney, of Memphis, Tennessee, who showed us a new rifle, invented by Col. Porter, of Tennessee. It is one of the most effective weapons ever put into the hands of a soldier. This rifle has a stock and barrel similar to the one now in common use. The great improvement on the old rifle, however, is marked and unmistakeable. The charges, nine in number, are put in a small wheel, which is placed at the breech, and by touching a spring the wheel revolves, so as to bring a new charge into the barrel, which is done without taking the weapon from its position at the shoulder. With this rifle nine charges can be fired in nine seconds, and it takes but little time to place new charges in the wheel. The rifle has been subjected to severe scrutiny, and our best military officers, among whom are Maj. Gen. Scott and Brig. Gen. Harney, have given it their decided approval. The Legislature of Tennessee passed resolutions recommending it to the attention of Congress. We understand from Col. Looney, that they are now being manufactured in Taunton, in this State, though none have yet been offered for sale, as the inventor wishes to make sure of his patent right in the old world, before he offers them for sale. Patents have already been secured in England and France. We have no doubt that this invention of Col. Porter's will entirely supersede the use of the old rifle, especially as a weapon to be used in war. The improvement can be applied, we should judge, to muskets and pistols as well as the rifle.—*Boston Atlas.*

LAWS OF VERMONT.

PASSED AT THE SESSION OF 1852

No. 30.—An act relating to mechanics' liens.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. No person shall have a lien upon any house or other building, by virtue of section three of chapter one hundred of the compiled statutes, until he lodge in the town clerk's office of the town where such house or other building is situated, a copy of the contract under which he is erecting, repairing, or altering the same, and cause to be there recorded a declaration signed by him of his intention to claim such lien.

Sec. 2. Within three months after payment shall become due to him under such contract, such person may commence his action for the same, and cause said house or other building to be attached thereon in due course of law, and if he shall obtain judgment in the suit so instituted, the record of such judgment shall embrace a brief statement of the contract upon which the same was founded; and the plaintiff may, within five months after the date of such judgment, cause a certified copy of the record of such judgment to be recorded in the town clerk's office of the town where such house or other building is situated; and such house or other building shall be thereupon holden for the amount due upon such judgment, together with the cost of the copy of the record of the judgment and recording, in the same manner as if it had been mortgaged for the payment of the same, from the time the copy of the contract and declaration were lodged in the town clerk's office as herein provided; and the plaintiff shall have the same remedy to obtain possession, and to foreclose the defendant's equity of redemption, and perfect his own title, as in case of a mortgage.

Sec. 3. Section one of chapter one hundred of the compiled statutes shall be so amended as to read as follows: Any person who shall perform any labor, or furnish materials in this state for or towards the building, repairing, fitting or furnishing any vessel or steamboat, shall have a lien on the same for his wages, and materials so furnished, until four months after such ship, vessel or steamboat shall be completed, and may secure the same by attachment on such ship, vessel or steamboat, which attachment shall have the precedence of all other attachments and claims.

Approved November 19, 1852.

No. 31.—An act to repeal section ten of chapter eighty-two of the compiled statutes.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Section ten of chapter eighty-two of the compiled statutes is hereby repealed.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved November 23, 1852.

No. 32.—An act relating to the duties of highway surveyors.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. It shall be the duty of the several highway surveyors in their respective highway districts in this state, to keep the travelled track through all covered bridges in their respective districts covered with snow during the season of sleighing.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved November 23, 1852.

No. 33.—An act in addition to chapter twenty-two of the compiled statutes, relating to laying out and discontinuing highways and bridges.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Whenever the selectmen shall lay out any cross road or lanes as a pent road, they may permit the same to be enclosed and occupied by the owner of the land over which such road or lane is located, during such portion of the year as they may deem expedient and their order in this respect shall be in writing, and recorded in the town clerk's office of the town in which such road is located.

Sec. 2. This act shall take effect from its passage.

Approved November 23, 1852.

No. 35.—An act in relation to actions against towns for injuries on highways.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Whenever, on the trial of a cause against a town, to recover damages through the insufficiency or want of repair of any highway, either party, on application to the court for that purpose, shall have the right to a personal inspection and examination of such highway by the jury trying said cause, and the expense of such examination shall be borne, and paid by the party asking for such examination; *Provided*, that neither party shall have the right to such examination unless said highway is situated in the county in which said cause shall be tried.

Sec. 2. The jury shall be under the charge of an officer specially appointed by the court, and it shall be the duty of such officer to convey such jury to and from the place of examination, and the jury shall examine such highway as shall be shown them by the parties to such suit.

Approved November 23, 1852.

No. 36.—An act relating to the location of school houses.

It is hereby enacted, &c.

Sec. 1. Whenever the majority of any school district shall determine upon the location of their school house, and the minority of such district shall feel themselves aggrieved by such determination, they shall have a right to appeal to the selectmen of the town in which such district is situated, by delivering to the clerk of said district a written notice of such appeal.

Sec. 2. Whenever an appeal shall be taken agreeably to the provisions of the preceding section of this act, the selectmen shall give notice to the prudential committee, and to the first signer of such appeal, of the time