

Poetry.

WORMS AND FLOWERS.

You're spinning for my lady, worm!
Silk garments for the fair;
You're spinning rainbows for a form
More beautiful than air...

Miscellaneous.

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 eldest pioneers of the 'dark and bloody
ground'...

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 temples,
yet his body and mind were still active
and vigorous.

I soon found, to my pleasure, that the
old man had remembered well and loved
to speak of the scenes of his early days,
and never had story-teller, old or young, a
more pleased and attentive listener.

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 knitting and the house
dog slumbering on the floor, and the wind
pans rattling with fury, my venerable
backwoodsman detailed many a thrilling
anecdote of the pleasures and 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 that I will
endeavor to repeat accurately, though
without hoping to convey the charm im-
parted to it by the simple words and man-
ner of its narrator.

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

For several years after the interior
of the state had begun to settle up, and
was becoming quiet, this part of the coun-
try remained continually liable to incu-
sions by the wild roving tribes of Ohio.
Companies of Indians, sometimes consist-
ing of thirty or forty, sometimes of only
three or four, were constantly crossing
over in canoes at night, and setting fire to
the 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 vigilant garrison
could do but little for the defence of the
frontier beyond protecting the families
within or around the walls, and by chas-
ing retreating parties to the river. It was
about the year 17— that the Indians, tak-
ing advantage of this defenceless state of
the border, increased their depredations
to an alarming extent. And it was in
the spring of that year there appeared at
the station I have mentioned, a man
whose character and actions seemed for a
while to infuse new spirits into the des-
ponding frontiersmen.

Who he was, or whence he came, no
one knew, though his singular habits and
appearance called forth many inquiries.
Tall, sinewy and rawboned, with sun-
burnt countenance, scarred 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 remark-

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able figure. In spite, however, of his
looks, his dress and his accoutrements,
there was something in his conversation
and manner that showed that he possessed
an intelligence and a breeding above
the rude unlettered men among whom he
had moved.

The most prominent feature of his char-
acter, 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 of
the old hunters who looked upon his reck-
less daring.

Thus uniting to 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 backwoods-
man, 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
on the summit of a hill about three miles
distant, where he passed most of his time,
with no society save that of his 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 prison-
ers; death to the enemy was his watch-
word 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 un-
noticed he stole back to his mountain hut,
to resume his solitary mode of life. Thus
the woodsman came to regard him with
awe and almost superstitious reverence,
and the inquiries concerning his path of
life, checked by his stern and austere man-
ner, gradually died away.

There was but 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 discrete 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 the landscape
over, when one evening, a few hours after
set of sun, the hunter and his young com-
panion might have been seen ascending
and descending the long green hills, which
skirt the shores of the Ohio, on their re-
turn 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 Horse Shoe. 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 motion of the
dog running hidder 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, be-
fore 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 he saw.

"There it is, at last," said he suddenly
pointing to the ground, and turning a sig-
nificant look towards his companion. Sure
enough there were two foot-prints 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 hid-
den 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
scoundrels this time."

"How so?" asked his young friend.

"Why, you see the canoe is so small
that no 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 com-
mit their devilry to-night, and be off be-
fore day. Therefore I'll just come down
as soon as the moon rises, lay in wait till
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 meantime I want you to go to the fort
and put the boys on their guard, or some
of them may be picked off before they
know what hurts 'em."

"Well," was the reply of the youth,
"I am willing to go to the station-house
and warn them, but you must let me re-
turn and stand guard with you here.—
There may be more Indians than you ex-

pect, and two rifles are better than one,
anyhow."

"No, no, boy; just do as I tell you.
There is no chance whatever of their
being any more of 'em; and if there
was, why my old scalp is worth a thing
at any rate; but you know it won't do
for you to get hurt 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.

This 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 left undis-
turbed. In front of it stretched the green
ward 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 thus a considerable dis-
tance from it.

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 hill, more
or less abrupt, and covered from base to
summit with a mantle of rich foliage, with
all the varied hues of autumn. West-
ward, lay a level expanse of forest, over
whose tops arose the curling smoke of
the station, the only visible signs of hu-
man existence. At their very feet ap-
parently flowed the broad Ohio, rolling in
its sluggish majesty undisturbed, as yet,
by the keel of the steambot, or the snort
and the whistle of the engine. And now,
thrusting up, 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 prospect was indeed glorious, but
the young hunter endeavored in vain upon
that evening to make his friend partici-
pate in his feelings of delight and admi-
ration. During the whole day he had
seemed unusually gloomy and taciturn,
and as evening advanced, a deeper mel-
ancholy settled upon his brow. Now he
sat upon the green grass, with his face
buried in his hands, and returning brief,
and often incoherent answers, to the words
of his companion. At length, as if en-
dured effort to be cheerful.

"And so, my boy, you are going to
get married soon, tell me?" "Well,
well, you needn't blush so—Molly's a
good girl, and will make a hunter, like
you, a first-rate wife. But these are
troubled times to be 'marrying and giv-
ing in marriage.' Ah! I remember—"

"What is it that depresses you?"
said the young man.

"This," said the hunter, "is the fifth
anniversary of my sorrow; that which
made the outcast, wandering hunter that
you see 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 Western 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 and my
cattle were unsurpassed. But above all,
before the red skins hear you."

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master's feet, while he stepped cautiously
forward looking carefully about for
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"Well," was the reply of the youth,
"I am willing to go to the station-house
and warn them, but you must let me re-
turn and stand guard with you here.—
There may be more Indians than you ex-

cess, owing no doubt to the excessive flow
of blood. How awful the sight which I
beheld! My wife standing bound in one
corner of the room, the little children sob-
bing and clinging to her knees for protec-
tion, while the fiends were heaping all my
furniture into the centre of the room, evi-
dently with the intention of firing the
house. Making a desperate effort to rise,
I gained my feet, stepped 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 de-
rision from the savages, who supposed
that I was dead at last. At this moment,
one of their sentinels rushed in exclaim-
ing in their own language, "Jy! Jy! the
whites are coming!"

"I heard a few words of consultation.
Then a command was given in tones I
never shall forget. Then came blows and
shrieks. They were murdering my chil-
dren. Oh, God! how I writhed and
struggled, in vain, to rise! In a moment
their infant cries were stilled in death.
Then came a crashing blow, a fall, a
groan, and all was over! They had
murdered my wife! Yes! they were all
gone!—all!—all! 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 again insensible. A party of
hunters who happened to be in the neigh-
borhood, came in time to snatch my body
from the burning dwelling, but not soon
enough to take vengeance on the murder-
ers. 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 treat-
ment, and my own iron constitution
proved victorious. I recovered my health
and strength of body, but there was a fe-
ver at my heart, which no time—no medi-
cine could cure. I came forth twenty
years older in feelings and appearance.
My hair was gray, and my face wrinkled,
as yet see them now. But my change in
body, was nothing to my change in
soul. I, who was before 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 the last of that band had fallen be-
neath my hand. Though I saw them but
once, each of their features was burned
into my brain, and I could not forget or
mistake 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 followed them. They
have 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 forest, I have met and slain them!

One after another they have fallen, and
still one remains—the most subtle and fe-
rocious of them all; and I have followed
him here. He leads a band up the Ohio
side, and I have watched and sought for
him by day and night. They call him
the Black Wolf of the Prairie. You
have heard of him before, but when you
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 min-
utes, however, listening to the low breath-
ing of his excited friend, when his atten-
tion was attracted by the sight of a fami-
liar 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 betrothed. They had come
out to meet him on his return from the
chase. Jumping from the grass to hail
them, his step arrested by an occur-
rence which struck him at once with ter-
ror and amazement. He river bank was
far below him was lined with a thicket
of young trees, matted together by a luxu-
rious growth of creepers of every descrip-
tion. From this thicket he beheld a thin
curl of smoke arise, followed by the re-
port of a rifle and a single warwhoop.
Before he could move or speak, the old
negro had fallen heavily from his seat into
the water, and the two savages were seen
spring into the river, and with their rifles
above their heads, gain the now drifting
boat 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 arm, restrained him.

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

"Hands off, old man, I say! My sis-
ter—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 they will
be lost to you forever."

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 there.

"Back Snarl! stay here 'firah!" said
the old hunter to the dog, who would have
followed them. "And now, my boy, look
well 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 and unerring
stead of hunters, in a mountain land, they
dashed forward at full speed. The con-
trast 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 started from his covert. The
other, elder and more accustomed to res-
tricting outward emotion, went as swif-
ly, but with the long measured tread of
a pursuing panther, taking care as he went
to the priming of his rifle, and to loosen
his long hunting knife in its scabbard.—
Few were the minutes, though they seem-
ed like hours to the youth) ere they
emerged upon the smooth level beach of
the cove. It was, as we have said be-
fore, a little pebbly place, a few yards
square, with hills coming gently down to
it upon three sides. On that side fur-
thest, but only a few yards distant from
the shore, lay a gigantic oak, which had
been uprooted in some long previous
storm, and which now reclined, like a
fallen monarch, in stern and silent majes-
ty, with its giant arms still lifted up to-
wards heaven. Behind this natural ramp-
art, the two hunters placed themselves,
with the long barrels of their rifles sup-
ported 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 rising,
and the distant hills stealing out through
their haze azure mantle, seemed like
ghostly entellors or mountains in dream
land. The nearer forest as they seemed
to clamber up the steep hill-sides, were
here tipped with silver, there wrapped in
impenetrable gloom.

A little ridge which ran out in the river
from one end of the cove giving it a pec-
uliar shape, was crowned with a brist-
ling 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 place. All was still indeed. There
was a low rippling, splashing noise among
the bushes that hung down into the water,
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 bro-
ught to his mind, and made him reflect how
soon the same fate might fall upon his sis-
ter and bride.

A moment and the low splash of oars
was heard; another, and the boat swung
around the projecting point which formed
the upper end of the cove. In the bright
moonlight every figure was plainly dis-
cernible. In the stern sat a small Indian
steering, and occasionally speaking to the
two girls in the middle of the boat, who
with terrified countenance, lay clasped in
each other's arms as if for protection. In
front stood a tall and magnificent looking
Indian, with all the war-fier 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 odder
had hit him.

"By Heaven! '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 small 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
stepped out, and ordered the girls to rise
and follow him; but insensibly 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 the 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 hur-
riedly, and a half smothered groan from
the Chief, as he sprang back into boat,
tells that he is wounded, but not mortal-
ly. 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 sprang into the boat, and grappled
with his last and most deeply en-
emy!

But the warrior though wounded is
not conquered. The long, keen blade of
an Indian scalping-knife gleams an in-
stant 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 Chief'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 sudden
wave, a few bubbles, and the dark waters
of the Ohio roll over the Hunter and his
Indian foe. Such was the Hunter's Re-
venge.

"And were their bodies ever found?"
I inquired, when the old man had finished
his story.

Yes, long years afterwards, when the
waters were unusually low, in a bed of
drift wood which must have lain upon
the bottom for a half a century, two
skeleton forms were found by a startled
fisherman, still locked in last embrace.
They have been buried 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 asked, and he pointed with a smile to the
gray-haired matron, in the opposite chimney
corner.

I looked up and saw the eyes of the
old couple filled with tears.
LEXINGTON, Ky., July, 1852.

The Family Opposed to Newspapers.

The man who don't take the paper was
in town yesterday. He brought the whole
family in a two horse wagon. He still
believes that General Jackson was Presi-
dent, and wanted to know if the "K. M.
schatkins" had taken Cuba, and if so,
where they had taken it. He sold his
corn for 31 cents—the price being 55—
but on going to deposit his money they
told him it was mostly counterfeit. The
only hard money he had was three cent
pieces, which these same sharpers had
'run on him' for half dimes! His old lady
smoked a 'cob pipe,' and would not be-
lieve anything else could be used. One
of the boys went to the blacksmith shop
to get measured for a pair of shoes, and
the other mistook the market house for a
church. After hanging his hat on a meat
hook, he piously took his seat on a butch-
er's stall, and listened to an auctioneer,
whom he thought to be a preacher. He
left before the "meetin' was out" and had
no great opinion of the 'sarmit'.

One of the girls took a lot of seed on
loan to the post office to trade for a letter.
She had the baby, which she carried in a
'sugar trough,' stopping at times to rock
it on the side walk. When it cried she
stuffed its mouth with an old stocking,
and sung "Barbary Allen."

The oldest boy had sold two 'coon
skins,' and was on a 'bust.' When last
seen he had called for a glass of 'soda and
water,' and stood soaking gingerbread
and making wry faces. The shop keep-
er mistaking his meaning, and gave him a
dose of sal soda, and it tasted strongly
of soap. But he had heard tell of sody
water, and was bound to give it a fair trial,
puke or no puke. Some 'town fellow'
came in and asked for lemonade with 'a fly
in it,' whereupon our sopped friend turned
his back and quietly wiped several flies in-
to his drink.

We approached the old gentleman and
tried to get him to 'subscribe,' but he
would not listen to it. He was opposed
to 'internal improvements,' and he thought
that 'larin' was a wicked vexation."—
None of his family ever learned to read,
but one boy, and he taught school awhile
and then went to 'studyin' divinity.—West-
ern Paper.

A "brilliant" young miss discoursing
on poetry, the other day, burst into the
following strain:

"Poetry, sir in my opinion, is harmo-
ny; it is the voice of the angels, the music
of the spheres, the royal harp of love,
the patent of purity, the benign instru-
ment of charity. Poetry breathes sweet-
ness in the passing zephyr, and sings lulla-
bies in the majestic symphonies of Boreas,
as they roll onward without cessation, in
the chromatic scales, express its very
soul. Poetry to me is the—the—the—
Jane my dear, where did you purchase
that new bonnet?"

A "distinguished" Clergyman of New
York, remarked last Sabbath, that "nei-
ther pecuniary prolixity, nor intellectual
longevity, nor even both those combined,
atone for an excess of moral convexity."

A young poet out west, in describing
Heaven, says, "it's a world of bliss,
fenced in with gal." Where's the man
who won't repent now?

Counterfeit coppers are in circulation.
A man who will manufacture bogus cop-
pers in this age of the world, ought to be
sent to the penny-tenistry.

Wife—(complainingly)—"I haven't
more than a third of the bed." Husband
—(triumphantly)—"Well, that's all the
law allows you."

Be kind to all, but associate intimately
only with persons of the most estimable
character; thus you will not be disliked
by any, and you will be admired as a
friend by the good.

A young lawyer in Chambers street,
yesterday put his spinal column out of
joint in trying to 'draw a conclusion.'

As the' they were swept by night's storm
Or some Scotch had breathed low murmur-
ing love

The sweet songs of birds in the bowers of
love
What a halo around our pathway they fling

There is music breathed in its every form,
In the summer rain or the winter's storm—
In the gentle rills or the ocean's roar;
Or the waves that dash on the Ocean's shore:

When twilight's dim shades are gathering fast,
And the last ray of sunset has faded,
Has faded and gone, do we then, list in vain,
For the music of nature with its low pean-
trains!

Al, no! for there's music and poetry too,
In the wild starlit sky and earth glittering
with dew.

Does it need to be fashioned with metre and
rhyme,
To make it more lovely, more grand and sublime?
There was music once, when earth was young,
When first from its Maker's hands it sprung,
Then the courts of heaven with music sang,
And the morning stars together sang.

Plymouth, Ohio, November, 1853.
A BEAUTIFUL MORAL.—We find in
an exchange the following simple and
touching paragon. There is a wealth
of beauty in it, and a moral or which
many a word might be said, and lesson
taught:

"God will take care of baby,"—a beau-
tiful infant had been taught to say it, and
it could say little else, "God will take
care of baby." It was seized with sick-
ness, at a time when both parents were
just recovering from a dangerous illness.
Every day it grew worse, and at last was
given up to die.

Almost agonized, the mother begged to
be carried into the room of her darling,
to give it one last embrace. Both pa-
rents succeeded in reaching the apart-
ment, just as it was thought the baby had
breathed its last. The mother wept aloud,
when once more the little creature opened
his eyes, looked lovingly up in her face
smiled, moved its lips, and in a faint
voice said, "God will take care of baby."
Sweet consoling words!—they hardly
ceased when the infant spirit was in
Heaven.

ROTUNDSIDE is forced to content himself
with the same sky as the post newspaper
writer, and the great banker cannot order
a private sunset, or add one ray to the
magnificence of night. The same air
fills all lungs. The same blood wells all
veins. Each one possesses really, only
his own senses—soul and body—these
are all the property which a man owns.
All that is valuable is to be had for nothing
in this world—Genius, beauty and
love are not bought and sold. You may
buy a rich bracelet, but not a well-turned
arm to wear it—a pearl necklace, but not
a peary throat with which it shall vie.
The richest banker on earth would vainly
offer a fortune to be able to write a verse
like Byron. One came into the world
naked, and goes out naked; the difference
in the fineness of a bit of linen for a
shroud is not much. Man is a handful of
clay which turns quickly back again into
dust.

A SCENE.—We saw yesterday, at the
depot, a poor, pale little girl peddling peach-
es among the passengers who were con-
stantly coming and going through the
place. Her sorrowful looks, her timid
way, her pale thin face, with traces of
tears visible upon it, and her meek blue
eyes, 'all and singular,' had their effect
upon the strangers around, and many
there were that bought her fruit to cheer
her heart, and with their bits of silver
dropped a word of kindness in her ear,
more precious than coin to her, after the
pressing necessity that drove her out
among that crowd should be satisfied.—
But one there was who excited our in-
dignation. With a costly overcoat upon
one arm, a well stuffed carpet bag in the
other hand, in elegant apparel, and with
a massive gold watch chain dangling a
foot in length from his hob and ending in
a costly seal, he passed through on his
way to the Western cars. "Please buy
some peaches, sir!" said the little girl,
with the arch twist of her head and a
pleasant smile playing about her lips,
brought there by the cheerful words that
had fallen so like a gentle blessing on her
heart. "Some peaches? only one penny
apiece," and she held out her basket.—
"Get away with your trash!" was the
surlily reply of this human mastiff, accom-
panied by a kick, which knocked the
basket from the poor creature's hand, and
scattered its contents among a crowd of
greedy boys, who commenced picking up
the fruit and devouring it.

The clouds of sorrow all came back
again in an instant, and at this new
trouble, her tears gushed forth from her
eyes afresh. A citizen, who stood by,
quietly stepped up and paid for the peach-
es, and bade her never mind. The man (?)
who did it, went on with a look of con-
scious mightiness, and ceased himself in
the car. We saw that his baggage was
labeled "Cleveland-home"—where he
doubtless receives the sewing attendant
upon his wealth, and is considered a 're-
spectable member of community.—Buf-
falo Rough Notes.