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Brattleboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

DENTISTRY.—DR. POST has left the old office formerly occupied by him and has taken a room at P's house nearly opposite the Congregational Church, where he will hold himself in readiness to perform any and all operations on the natural teeth.
Brattleboro, Jan. 1, 1859.

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has leased the lower room in *Estey & Green's new Building* where he carries on the PLANING BUSINESS in all its branches. He also keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of **Pine** and other **Lumber** that he will manufacture to order. Also, for sale, a large lot of **Northern Pine Clapboards** which he will sell as low as good Spruce can be offered.

MR. WILLARD will warrant all his work to be done in a thorough manner. He makes **Packing Boxes, Sinks, Cisterns**, and all other articles usually made in such an Establishment.
Brattleboro, June 1859. tf-26

The

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POETRY.

SPRING AMONG THE HILLS.

We take the following exquisite lines from a volume of poems by Fields, recently printed "for a few friends." The lyric is just as fresh as the May air. One can hear the rustle of the foliage in it! It is just now very timely:

Sit and talk with the mountain streams
In the beautiful spring of the year,
When the violet gleams through the golden sunbeams,
And whispers, "Come look for me here"—
In the beautiful spring of the year.

I will show you a glorious nook
Where the censers of morning are swung;
Nature will lend you her bell and her book
Where the chimes of the forest are hung—
And the censers of morning are swung.

Come and breathe in this heaven-sent air
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales,
Come and forget that life has a care,
In these exquisite mountain-gales—
The breeze that the wild-bird inhales.

O wonders of God!—O Bounteous and Good—
We feel that thy presence is here—
That thine audible voice is abroad in this wood
In the beautiful spring of the year.
And we know that our Father is here.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

THE AUCTION SALE.

See! 'tis an auction sale:
We follow the gaping crowd,
And we look on the precious human goods,
The crier is crying so loud.
Will you bid for a human life?
Will you barter a living soul?
Oh man with a mother, a sister, a wife,
Press forward and offer thy gold.

Going! going! gone!
'Tis nothing—that fearful cry
That comes with such piercing clearness forth,
And seems to reach the sky.
'Tis only the cry of the child
That is torn from its mother's side;
'Tis only the desolation wild
Of her who was late a bride.

Going! going! gone!
Ay! separate that pair
Who, hand in hand thus far have come,
Soothing each other's care.
He is all that she has on earth,
And she is his heart's best pride;
But sever them! they are negro slaves,
And naught in the world beside.

What matters it that they weep,
That their hearts are rent with pain?
They are only goods of the master's house,
To be sold for the master's gain.
Lead her away from him!
Why do ye seem to care?
They are black—have they a right to feel?
Or to breathe the heaven's pure air?

Going! going! gone!
A mother now to thee
Implores that her infant may be left,
In tones of agony.
Why do you mind her cries?
Why listen to her voice?
She is a slave—what need that you
Should make her heart rejoice?

Going! going! gone!
The auction sale, at last,
Is over, go tell that the mournful scene
You have witnessed here has past.
Tell of the broken hearts;
Of the agony and pain;
Of bitter partings uncheered by the hope
Of meeting on earth again.

Tell of the sinking soul!
That longs in vain for aid,
Of the spirit yearning for heaven's true light,
Deserted, alone, afraid.
Tell of the prayer that now
Is rising from countless throngs,
The burden of which is evermore,
How long, O Lord, how long?

Tell of all this, oh man,
And then of thyself inquire
If thou, to relieve this misery,
Hast ever had desire.
Then raise thy hands to heaven,
And let thy purpose be,
That from our soil shall be rooted out
The curse of Slavery.

MISCELLANY.

[From Miss Sedgwick's Memoir of Joseph Curtis.]

JOHN LEAKE
AND THE PAIL OF WATER.

John Leake lived in the neighborhood of Mr Curtis's Connecticut home. Order was not Leake's first law, and not his last. Though he was a good natured, easy tempered, obliging man, there was no one whom his neighbors so much dreaded seeing approach their homes.—"There comes Leake to borrow something," they would say, and hoe, hammer or rake were grudgingly lent, for they were certain that Leake would lose or forget the article, or at best, return it minus a handle. A story went the rounds that Leake's next neighbor, out of patience, said to him, "yes take the hoe; but you must use it only in my corn field." Time went on, and Leake's affairs ran down, as slack men's will, and he decided to pull up stakes and move to Vermont, then a tract of unsettled and productive land, and called the "New State." Leake's Connecticut friends gathered around the wagon in which his battered household goods and his wife and children were packed, and sorry they were, at the last, to part with him; they now forgot the teasing faults, and felt only that he was a cheerful, kind-hearted fellow.

Rustic tokens of good will were offered at parting. The best of these was a bright new ax, with a strong helve, on which the giver's name and John's were both carved and painted, and tied together with a true lover's knot—an odd flourish for an ax helve. "Take care of this, John," said Uncle Ben, the giver, "and it will be better than gold to you in the new State." The ax fulfilled its mission; it did prove of more value to Leake than a world full of gold.

"No offence, John," said another neighbor, taking a card from his pocket; "here is something that, if you tack it up over your fire-place and take heed to it, will be sure to make you a forehanded man in the new State." Leake looked at the writing on the card. It was the good old household rule: 'A time for everything and everything in its time; a place for everything and everything in its place.' Leake read it aloud, and then the good-natured fellow said, chuckingly, "Thank'e neighbor; it's a pretty smart rod, but it shant fall on a fool's back. I'll take care of it;" and he deposited it in the crown of his hat, his usual place of safe-keeping. "There it goes," said the giver to one of the by-standers; "that's the last of it. Poor Leake! You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

When the movers halted that day for their nooning, the very first time John took his hat off he dropped out Uncle Ben's card without perceiving it. His son, Lyman Leake, did see it. Lyman, a lad of ten or eleven, was the very opposite to his father, made so, probably, by the same influence that makes the light-heeled daughter of the heavy-heeled mother." Some parents are examples; some, alas! are beacons. Lyman picked up the card, and probably thinking, "Father will never miss it, and never, never take care of it," he slipped it into his own leather purse, which had also been given to him for a parting token.

Lyman was to learn, by a hard experience, the worth of the words written on that card. A due observance of them through a life-time would give a large figure in money results, besides a world in comfort.

The little family arrived, after some mishaps (to be expected,) such as loosing their whip, leaving their halter and their water-pail at a brook, etc., at their lodging in a vast wilderness. But in two years they got well ahead, in spite of Leake's distructive, and obstructive habits, for he was a hard-working fellow. Fields were cleared and tilled around him; he had built a

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small framed house adjoining the log hut; neighbors had come in at no great distance, and a village was growing up not far from him.

In spite of good advice, he had connected a wood-house and a stable with his house. "Take care, Leake," said a friend to him; "it needs a careful man to build so. A fire in winter up in this cold country is something dreadful; it's like gun-powder—a flash, and all is gone."

"Oh, never fear," said Leake; "I have had my portion of ill fortune in this world; my luck has turned." (Mr. Curtis often impressed on the children that what shiftless people call ill fortune and bad luck is but the inevitable consequences of their own imprudence or carelessness.)

It was during the third winter of the Leakes' residence in their new home that, just at the close of a short winter's day, the merry tinkling of sleigh bells was heard, and the creaking of the runners on the hard, frozen snow, and a little *cutter* (a single sleigh) stopped at Leake's. It was expected, the door opened, and shouts of joy followed, and glad greetings of "uncle" and "aunt," and "cousins." "Uncle Ben" and his family had come from Connecticut to make a long promised visit. When supper was ended, the card bearing the domestic axiom caught Uncle Ben's eye. It was nailed to the wall over the mantel-piece. "I declare!" he exclaimed; "well, I never expected to see that bit of pasteboard again. I give you a credit-mark for preserving that, John." "You must give that credit-mark to Lyman, brother: he preserved the card; but you may give me one for teaching him care." Uncle Ben smiled. "Yes," he said, "you have taught, John, but wrong end foremost—wrong end foremost."

The evening passed off delightfully. The unstinted fire of a new country burned brightly.—A basket of fine apples from the old "home orchard in Connecticut" was unpacked, and nuts were cracked and eaten. The elders talking about old times. Leake gave the history of his toils on his new farm, and his success. He told (he had some rights to boast, for he had worked diligently) how much land he had cleared, what crops he had raised, and concluded with, "My barn is full; I have plenty of wheat, and corn, and oats in the loft over my woodhouse; and pork in my cellar; and my wife has taken care of the trinkets—butter and apple-sauce, and pickles, and the like," and he ended his boast of rural riches, with saying, "I guess Ben, my old neighbors could not twit me now."

"Your old neighbors, John, always knew you for an honest, hard-working man; it was only your careless ways, your want of order that troubled us. You know I used to tell you that if you put ever so much meal into a bag with a hole in it, it would run away."

"Yes, yes, I know; and just so Lyman talks now. Among you, you put an old head on his young shoulders." And thus the elders talked, and the youngsters had their pleasure, the visitors telling the wonders of jugglers, and wax work shows, and delights incident to their down country advanced civilization; and the "new State" children relating adventures with bears and wild-cats, and their own personal concern with taming squirrels and catching rabits, and, finally, the evening closed with a game of "forfeits," in which Lyman having been sentenced to the common penalty of "bowing to the prettiest, kneeling to the wittiest, and kissing the one he loved best," declared all these dues were to his cousin Sally. His cousin Sally protested and resisted; the girls all joined her, and after a laughing scramble together, Lyman's sister caught up a candle, called "cousin Sally" to follow her, and they made good their escape to the bed-room, and bolted Lyman out. Lyman retreated; the evening was far advanced, and the Leakes and their guests separated for the night, but not till after Lyman preformed a duty that had been postponed by his uncle's arrival.

While his mother, "on hospitable thoughts intent," was preparing her little affairs for the morning's breakfast, Lyman went to the wood-house to split kindlings for the morning fires; and having finished, he could not resist the temptation of showing his well preserved ax to his Uncle Ben. "The boy is a fool about that axe," said his father; "if it was made of a wedge of gold he could not be more choice of it; he even hides it away from me that gave it to him." Lyman looked at his uncle with a quiet smile. "Come, come, Lyman," said his father, "there's reason in the roasting of eggs; throw your axe in here for to-night." He opned the door of a little closet next the fire place. "Dont go clear back to the wood-house this cold night." "A place for every thing, and every thing in its place," replied Lyman, and the axe was returned to the wood-house. "Now that's what I call superstitious," said the father, while he took from the open closet a splinter-broom to sweep the wide spread coals of the fire he had just raked; just as he was finishing, his wife called to him from the kitchen, and, *hastily throwing the broom into the closet*, he went to her.

"John," she said, "there's no water in the house."

"Well what of that?"

"Why, you know, I never like to go to bed without a pail of water at hand."

"I know that is one of your superstitions. John Leake, in spite of all his experience, persisted in looking upon the provisions of foresight as "supersitions." Let it go, just for one night, wife; it's dark and biting cold, and the way up to the well all shod with glare ice."

"Tis bad," said his wife, meekly, and urged no more; but, as she looked wistfully at the empty pail, she thought, if they should chance to want water in the night, it would not be any better getting it, and an anxious sigh escaped her. "Coming events" do sometimes seem to "cast their shadows beofre!"

The family were soon all in bed, and in their first sleep, the profoundest of the night but there is no sleep from which a mother cannot be awakened by a restless child, and about one o'clock Mrs Leake was roused from her's by the nestling of her baby. She instantly wakened her husband with, "John do get up and see where this smoke comes from; the room is full of it." Their bedroom was off the sitting-room; the door was open into it, and the moment Leake raised his head he saw a bright light shining through the crevices of the closet-door into which he had thrown the splintered broom.

Some small coals had adhered to the broom when John swept the hearth, but, shut in the closet with very little air, they had peen slow in kindling; but now they had kindled thoroughly, and when Leake sprang to the closet-door and opened it, the broom was in a lighted blaze, and the heated partition had taken fire. John seized the broom and threw it in the fire-place, and at that moment the fire had made so little progress that a single pail of water at hand would have extinguished it.

"Oh, *the pail of water!*" shrieked Mrs. Leake. Leake thought with anguish of the empty pail, rushed to the kitchen for it, and rushed to the well. The ground was descending to the house, and, as he said, "slippery as glass," and Leake fell. Again he let the bucket down into the deep well and filled his pail, and reached the house with it, but the air had rushed in through the open door and blew up the fire like a furnace bellows. It would not now have felt twenty pails of water. The smoke filled the whole house, and the crackling of the fire and outcries of John and his wife had awakened the whole family, who now came out—all excepting the two girls, who had bolted themselves into the little bed-room, had talked together late into the night, and were now sleeping on in spite of all the mischief, danger, and misery about them. Lyman rushed through an outer room filled to suffocation with smoke, and shrieked, "Anne! Sally! fire! fire!" There was no answer. In vain he banged against the door; it was too securely bolted. Quick as thought, he sprang to a window communicating with the wood-house, passed through it, and in a moment returned with his axe. The smoke had become fire—the room was blazing. But with Heaven's help and blessing (he said he could not—he could not possibly have done it alone), in a breath the door was battered down, and in another breath the girls jumped from the window *unharmed*, followed by Lyman.

The rapid consumption of a a wooden-house in the country, in a cold, gusty night, can scarcely be conceived of by those who have not witnessed it. There was but just time to extricate the horses and cattle from the stable when that, as well as the house and woodhouse, was enveloped in flames. All, as Leake's neighbor had forewarned him, went together, and in one mass of ashes lay the labor of many months—the dear old furniture of the Connecticut home, all the children's pretty things, fond memorials and precious keepsakes that no toil, no art, no kindness could make good to them. "And all the dreadful loss," as Mr. Curtis would repeat to his listeners in the school, "for the want of a *pail of water* in the right place. And life saved by the ax being in the 'right place,' instead of having been thrown into the closet, as Leake proposed, beside the broom, by the careless use of which all the harm was done."

LION HUNTING.

[From the Adventures of JULES GERARD, the Lion Killer.]

Towards the latter part of the month of December, a company of the foreign legion was sent to the camp of Mejez-Amar, a place about three leagues from Guelma, and in a few days I heard from this outpost, that there was a lion that came every evening to the foot of the walls, to serenade the troops, and make night hideous with his music.

I set out immediately for the camp, taking with me a French spahi, named Rostain, who had been for a long time desirous of a lion hunt, and wanting, as he said, to take hold of a lion's beard. Several days passed by in idleness, at the camp, while we waited to see or hear something of the lion that had so suddenly disappeared.

One evening we were sitting around the fire, quietly smoking our pipes, the Shick Mustapha, Captain La Beloyere, myself, and some others. It was about ten o'clock on a moonlight evening, when the walls of the building suddenly rattled under the roar of the lion, that sounded just outside the gates. I snatched up my gun, that was standing by my bed, and hurried out, calling to the captain to keep Rostain from following me. I had scarcely got clear of the camp, when I heard the lion roaring again on the other side of the brook that ran by the side of the fort. I hastened in the direction of the sound, forded the river, and climbed on the opposite bank, to try and catch sight of the animal. I had scarcely reached the farther shore, when Rostain came after me, wading through the water in the same manner that I had done.

I have very little confidence in those men who declare they are never afraid, and pretend they can do more than anybody else; yet, when I saw the spahi so resolutely dash through the water that might well have stopped a horseman, and quietly take his place by my side, I formed a better opinion of the man, in spite of my prejudices. So I greeted him with a hearty good will, telling him that, in a few minutes, he would have the chance he so much desired, and might *beard the lion* if he chose.

My promise was kept; for a moment after, I caught sight of his majesty, standing in dignified silence on the open road, watching our motions. The moon was at its full, and showed the animal in all his proportions, as I pointed him out to the spahi.

"That a lion!" he said, "why that's a bull broken loose from the herds."

At this moment, the lion, as if to dispel any doubt in our minds in regard to his identity, raised his voice, and roared in a manner that made my companion at once renounce all his projects of pulling his beard, and he prayed me to return at once to the camp, since the lion had the goodness not to attack us.

I know many a man, in Rostain's place, that would have concealed his terror, and, relying on my assistance, have endeavored to have led the attack, impelled by personal vanity, and the fear of what their comrades would say, which is the great main-spring of cowardly minds.—My comrade was a bold man, and had only made the common mistake of judging the lion in his native wilds, by his brother in confinement; but he had the courage at once to acknowledge his error. I was pleased with this frankness, and mentally resolved to protect my friend from every danger in the coming conflict, at the expense, if needs be, of my own life.

"Come," I said, "let us go a little nearer, and take a look at the gentleman."

As we approached, the lion crouched down across the road, as though to bar our passage. I left Rostain at about thirty paces from him, and continued walking up.

I would ask those who believe in the universal clemency and kind-heartedness of the lion, what were the inclinations of this one, who, when two men, with arms glittering in the moonshine, were walking towards him, quietly crouched down in the road to stop their way?

When within twenty paces, I halted where I could get a shot at his side; but, like a cat at play, he wheeled face about, lying close to the earth, and only showing me the oblique surface of his head. The attitude of the animal being so hostile and wary, I thought it unsafe to hazard a shot which might merely glance along the skull, without penetrating it, and therefore moved around to his side, keeping always at the same distance. When I attained a position that I thought sufficiently good, I took aim again, but the lion, as before, wheeled around, calculating in his own mind whether he should spring upon me or not. Fully comprehending the extent of the danger in continuing these tactics, I slowly moved a little to one side, sighting the animal all the while over my rifle, and before he had time to wheel, I fired at his shoulder.

At the shot, he attempted to spring forward; a broken shoulder prevented him, and he fell on his side, and while struggling to regain his feet, I gave him the other barrel. Rostain, seeing the animal had fallen, ran forward towards where I was standing; but at the moment that he came up, the lion raised himself on his legs, and gave a roar that startled me by its fierceness. My gun was empty, and I seized the spahi's from his hand, and, walking forward two or three steps, fired just behind his shoulder, hoping to reach the heart. The lion fell, as before, but immediately was on his feet again.

We were now without any means of defence, save my poniard, a feeble weapon against an animal that had not been killed by three balls.

I had stood hand to hand with death so often, that I did not fear for myself, but I thought it was all over with Rostain and me that night.—When alone, in these kind of battles, I could have met my death as an incident of the chase, without uttering a complaint; but here I was troubled with the presence of another, that seemed to give me care, without additional strength. I looked around for some place of retreat, and saw a large wild jujube tree, or thicket, growing a little distance behind us; so I bade my comrade run, and we were fortunate enough to gain its protection, for the lion was not able either to run or to bound, but could only drag himself after us with difficulty.

The jujube in question was about ten feet in diameter, and very close set; and the branches were so studded with thorns, that the lion did not attempt to force a passage through, but contented himself with following us around the bush, while we loaded as we ran. The wounded animal, after making one circuit, staggering all the while like a drunken man, finally laid himself down, expressing, by his growls, his feelings towards us, in no very re-assuring manner.

We took advantage of this truce, and while

Phœnix.

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Rostain kept watch, I finished re-loading my gun, making as little noise as possible, and at the same time charging the gun carefully, that there might be no danger of a mis-fire in so desperate an emergency. When the last cap was placed on the cones, I felt relieved of an impending fate. We then moved back a short distance from the jujube, to avoid any surprise, and walked slowly towards the place where the lion had lain down, but he had left it, and there was nothing to be seen of him.

Had the animal, not seeing or hearing us any more, gone to seek us? I thought it prudent not to wait to resolve the question. If he could get up and move out of sight, in spite of our three balls, it was certain that, in case we suddenly came upon him in the obscurity, he would make us pay dear for our fun. I resolved, therefore, to go into camp and wait until daylight should show us our game. After examining the place where he had fallen, and noticing the pool of blood that marked the spot, we regained our camp, taking care to keep always on the open ground, and at a wary distance from every thicket.

The next morning, with the early dawn, we were in the field, hastening towards the scene of the evening's encounter, accompanied by the Sheik Mustapha, and a number of Arabs. For more than a half hour we followed the track by the blood the animal had left in his flight, without ever losing the continuous trail. It seemed almost incredible that an animal could bleed so much, and still be able to move. Wherever the bushes were thick, he had marked them on both sides of his path—a sure sign that he had been pierced through and through—and, judging from the height of these marks from the ground, the shots had taken effect directly behind the shoulder.

Presently, the trail led into a thicket of wild olive trees, that appeared a suitable cover for him to have taken refuge in; and the Arabs stayed behind until I satisfied myself, by walking around the jungle, that the trail led no further, and that, dead or alive, the lion must be there. I then posted the Arabs in different groups around the thicket, and took my position where I judged he would most likely come out, relying upon his habit of charging a single individual, rather than a number together.

At a given signal, the Arabs gave a loud hurrah, and waving their bournous, threw stones into the thicket, and hied on their dogs, that immediately disappeared in the underbrush.—We stood in breathless silence for some minutes, awaiting the result. No movement was seen, or noise heard, in answer to our salute; and supposing the animal dead, I was about to return to the trail, to follow it up to the body, when suddenly, with a howl, out came the pack of dogs, with their tails between their legs, and their hair on end, in grand route. The Arabs, not waiting any longer to see the cause of this discomfiture, but well knowing what was coming, took flight like the dogs.

In a moment after, I saw the lion cautiously coming out of the thicket, and taking the very path where Rostain was posted. I called to him, but before I could make him hear, the animal was within ten steps of him, and the spahi losing his reason at the fierce bearing of his foe, dropped his gun and fled, only, instead of running up the hill as the Arabs had done, he conceived the fatal idea of turning down the declivity, to hide in the scattered woods at its base.

The moment the lion caught sight of the fugitive, he gave chase with his mane ruffled, and his tail in the air, and with every jump, he roared with the full blast of his lungs. Each step he made he staggered, but regaining his feet in an instant, he pursued his course with a fearful earnestness.

At the first glance at this chase, I knew that it was all over with Rostain, though I ran with all my speed to his aid. As the animal crossed a little opening in the woods, at forty paces from me, I fired a shot that struck him in the side, and brought him to a halt. Had Rostain availed himself of this pause, he would have been saved; but he must needs stop to see the effect of my shot. Seeing the lion recover himself and charge anew, he again endeavored to flee. His foot caught a root and he fell; before he could regain his feet, the lion was upon him, and seizing him in his jaws, the man and beast rolled down the hill together.

In spite of the close woods that grew at the foot of the hill, I was by Rostain's side in a moment after he had been seized. He was lying motionless in a pool of blood. The lion had disappeared, leaving him for dead. Nevertheless, he still breathed, and I hurriedly examined the upper part of the body, which I found to be unhurt. The four incisors of the angry lion had pierced his thigh like so many bullets, and sixteen deep long gashes from his claws furrowed his back.

I called to the Arabs to come to my aid, but they were all afraid to descend the hill; so I picked up the wounded man and carried him on my shoulder to the level plain. The rest of the day, and the following night, I spent at his side, trying to assuage his pains, and awaiting the arrival of Dr. Gresloy, who had been summoned to come from Guelma to our relief.

The next morning I returned to the chase, taking with me a large number of Arabs, to help me beat up the bushes for the wounded animal, or to find his body in case he was dead; this was the third day I had been hunting this one lion. After taking up the trail where it had left the unfortunate spahi, we followed it for about four hundred yards, until it entered a thicket on the bank of the Bou-Hemdem. On the other side of this river extended a close swamp, called by the Arabs, the woods of El-Bhar.

When I had satisfied myself that the lion was ambushed in this copse, I divided my forces, and prepared for a hard battle, well knowing that the nearer he was to death, the more dangerous he would be when disturbed. There were two paths by which the river might be crossed, and I knew that the lion would take one or the other to get into the heavier woods beyond. Therefore, I placed five Arabs on the lower ford, stationing them on the further bank, where they would have a fair shot at the enemy, while wading the river, and I guarded the upper ford. I then directed the larger body of the Arabs that had remained behind, to make a great noise, to rouse the lion, and to advance towards the river, beating up the bushes as they came.

I had hardly reached my post, when the natives gave a yell that would have awakened the dead. The lion did not stir. Then they set up a great shout, "He is dead! The rascal, the Jew, the Kaffir, he is dead!" and they all marched gaily forward with a triumphal step. Presently, one of the Arabs came right upon the lion, crouched under a mastic bush. Frightened by the grim apparition, he fired his shot, and took to his heels, with the lion after him; but the animal not being able to make a quick movement in his disabled state, the man got off with his fright, and some rather inglorious scratches behind.

A moment after, another Arab encountered the lion, face to face. The man at first preserved his courage, and with one knee to the earth, took aim at his opponent. The lion, in turn, crouched down like a cat and waited. Up to that instant the game had been well played; but, unfortunately, the Arab's heart failed him—he turned his head to see if there was any one behind to support him, and the lion, seeing the motion, fell on him like an avalanche. With a single stroke of his paw, he tore away his cheek, and broke the stock of the gun, and the hand that held it. The man was felled to the earth by the blow, and the lion, taking him in his mouth, gave him two or three shakes, and then tossed him, head first, into the bushes, ten steps off.

Next came along an Arab with a musket and bayonet, who sent his ball at the animal; but the lion made a fish-hook of the bayonet, by the same blow that he sent the man senseless into the bushes that bordered the wayside. It was done with the same ease that a man would push a stone out of his path. Then, seeing the way clear, and the water running bright before him, he started off for the woods of El-Bhar, by the ford where I had posted the Arabs.

As long as he remained on the opposite bank, my brave men stood firmly at their post, shoulder to shoulder, with their long barrels gleaming at the foe they were resolved to conquer or to die. But the moment the lion dashed into the water, with his mane on end, murmuring low thunder, they vacated the ground with a most admirable unanimity. The lion then crossed over on the very path on which they had been standing, and disappeared in the woods.

The ford that I was watching was so far up the stream, that I could not reach the place until too late to do any good, although I learned from the Arabs that the lion walked on three legs, and staggered very badly as he went into the woods. I signaled to the Arabs to advance, and was about following up the trail, when a messenger came to me to say that the litter, to carry Rostain to Guelma, had arrived, and that, suffering very much, he wanted me to go with him. I hastened to his side, and accompanied the slow-moving cortege that bore him and the two wounded Arabs, until it arrived safely at Guelma.

The next day I came back to Mejez-Amar and the wounded lion, and for ten consecutive days we beat up and down the woods where the royal beast had lain down to die, without finding him or any signs of his body. At last I saw the vultures sailing aloft in the dim air, slowly circling over the woods. Gradually, they narrowed the orbit of their flight, and sank down lower and lower, to a particular part of the jungle. They told the tidings clearer than words, the wounded lion was dead. The hunter's mission was now accomplished; I left to the Arabs the task of finding the body, and returned home.

The two Arabs who were hurt recovered from their wounds, thanks to their thick burnous, and the weakly condition of the lion; but Rostain only came out after eight months siege in the hospital, and a season passed at the springs of Amam-Scontin; and when he appeared again among his fellows, he wore a wooden leg, that he sometimes pointed at, to prove how he had bearded the lion of Mejez-Amar.

NEW ENGLAND FIRESIDES.

Sacred places! Enshrined in the hearts of all New England's sons and daughters. Homes of the heart's noblest feelings; radiating centres of kindly emotions; sources of New England's pride and New England's strength.

With pleasing anticipations, as the day draws to its close, the husband and father, wearied in body and depressed in spirits, looks forward to the meeting of the loved ones around the pleasant fireside of his own happy home. The wife fondly waits his return. His approach brings a smile on her face, and the light of pleasure to her eyes; while she gives a cheerful greeting. In these he plainly reads her welcome. The children clamber on his knee, and caress him in all the eagerness and simplicity of childish joy. Here his weariness is forgotten. The cares of business flee from the pleasures of home. The cold grasping forms of selfishness are now but shadows of the past; and from the depressing and contracting influence of the day, his mind, in a more genial atmosphere, regains a healthy tone, and his spirits their elasticity. All share each other's sorrows, and rejoice in each other's pleasures. The yonger members relate their little experiences of the day, and accordingly receive reproof, encouragement or advise. Thus are the better feelings brought into free action. The father goes forth to the world, strengthened for its trials, and bearing toward all a kindly spirit. The mother is encouraged to patiently labor for her loved ones, who appreciate her sacrifice, and give their love in return; while the characters of the children are moulding into symmetry, by the impressions of home influences on their plastic natures.

"From scenes like these New England's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad."

New England's strength and grandeur consist not in her arsenals, strong bulwarks, and proud ships of the seas, nor in her many cities and their massive structures; but in her intelligent, wise and virtuous sons and daughters, trained around her millions of firesides in lessons of morality and religion. Liberty seeks for hearthstones on which to erect her altars. You find not her favorite haunts in Southern climes, but where the fires burn brightly in Northern homes, there is she propitiated, and there diffuses her blessings. She nerves the arm in the hour of battle, and willingly would her defenders sacrifice their lives, ere they behold her altars violated, and their hearth-stones stained by the footprints of her foes.

Happy is this band of firesides, where dwell the wise, the virtuous, the patriotic—the homes of liberty.

SPEAKING OUT IN DREAMS.—A correspondent of the Richmond *Dispatch*, tells the following in a letter from one of the Springs:

An amusing incident occurred in the cars of the Virginia and Tennessee road which must be preserved in print. It is too good to be lost. As the train entered the Big Tunnel, near this place, in accordance with the custom a lamp was lit. A servant girl accompanying her mistress, had sunk into a profound slumber, but just as the lamp was lit she awoke, and half asleep, imagined herself, in the infernal regions.

Frantic with fright, she implored her Maker to have mercy upon her, remarking at the same time, "the devil has got me at last." The mistress, sitting on the seat in front of the terrified negro, was deeply mortified, and called upon her—"Molle, don't make such a noise; it is I, be not afraid." The poor African immediately exclaimed, "O, missus, dat you; jest what I expected; I always thought if eber I got to de bad place, I would see you dar." These remarks were uttered with such vehemence, that not a word was lost and the whole coach became convulsed with laughter.

MANNERS.—Young folks should be mannerly. But how to be, is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they cannot behave themselves in the presence of company. They are awkward, clownish, rough; they feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful the moment they are addressed by a stranger or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire graceful and easy manners; that is, to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad. Good manners are not learned so much as acquired by habit. They grow upon us by use. We must be courteous, agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere. A coarse, rough manner at home, begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when we go among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that are perfectly agreeable at home.—Home is the school for all the best things.—*Youth's Friend.*

An English writer says, in recording his travel in this country, that desiring to find a man of great comic humor, of whose quaint and original papers he had heard in Europe, he was obliged to dive into a store where they were selling assorted pickles, and in another instance, (by no means surprising to any of us,) he found one of the noblest poets of the time in the back office of a bank in Boston, discounting bills payable ninety days after date.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

For one square of 12 lines or less nonpareil type, (the smallest size used,) three insertions $1; for each subsequent insertion 20 cents. The number of insertions must be marked on all advertisements or they will be continued until ordered out. Contracts will be made with advertisers by the column or fractional parts thereof, at liberal rates. Transient advertising to be paid in advance.

For all Probate advertisements, excepting notices of applications to sell real estate, and for Commissioners' notices, $1.50 each for three insertions.

For notices of Liberations, Estrays, the formation and dissolution of Copartnerships, &c., $1.00 each for three insertions. If sent by mail the money must accompany the order.

For Business Cards in the first column from $5.00 to $8.00 per year according to the space they occupy.

A DOG STORY, FOR THE HOLLERDAYS.

The residents of North Water-street, Geneva, New York, were afforded no little amusement, a few days since, by the incident narrated to us in substance as follows:

A countryman, the owner of a large but usually good-natured dog, drove into town on the day stated. Near the railroad crossing on Water street, "Tiger" fell into bad company, and a regular muss ensued. Taken suddenly, and almost unawares, the countryman's dog seemed hardly to comprehend whether it was a "free fight" in earnest, or only the rough sort of play of village "hounds," until he found himself in a "throat-to-mouth" contest with a regular fighting character, in the shape of a trained bull-dog, and getting the worst of it. His master, however, by this time comprehended the nature of the muss, and springing from his wagon, caught the bull-dog by his "narrative," and endeavored to separate the combatants.

"Let that dog alone, or I'll *lam* you over the head!" growled a rough and excited-looking customer standing by, who proved to be the owner of the bull.

"Oh, then you want 'em to fight, do ye?" ejaculated homespun, dropping the *end*; and then at the top of his voice, shouted, "Go in Tige!

And Tige *did* "go in." Instantly the tide of battle was turned. Tige secured and was making good use of his vantage-ground, when Bull's owner suddenly became converted to a peace-maker. Suiting the action to the idea, he made a feint to release his dog from the vice-like jaws of Tiger.

"Let that dog alone, or I'll *lam* you over the head!" shouted the countryman; and he straightened up and swelled out to such huge proportions, that "Rock street" desisted, terror-stricken at the menace.

Tiger pursued his work in hand until the piteous "ki-yi!" of his assailant seemed to produce pity in the dog's heart of the former, for he relaxed his hold and the latter slunk away, with the appearance of three legs behind.

As the countryman jumped into his wagon, he called out to bull-dog's master, "Whenever you want another fight, just say the word, *as me and Tige allers travel together!*"

Palmerston and Buchanan.—Mr Buchanan arrived in London as U. S. minister early in 1854, and gave the usual notification to the British government. After having visited Lord Aberdeen (the prime minister) and Lord Clarendon (the foreign secretary,) he called upon Lord Palmerston, who was then home secretary, and was received, of course, with the utmost politeness and respect. Palmerston, it is known, married the widow of the Earl Cowper, to whom he had been attached before her first marriage. A great deal of *scan. mag.* was circulated in the London circles as to his continued intimacy with her after marriage, which caused the parties considerable annoyance. On the occasion of Mr Buchanan's introduction, after the usual salutations, Palmerston said: 'Pray accompany me into the next room, where we shall find my Lady Palmerston and some of the family. We are all going to a grand flower show at Chiswick; they have coaxed me into giving them an impromptu luncheon here in my official residence, where, by the way, I do not reside, and we shall be very glad if you will join our party, without ceremony, and afterwards accompany us to Chiswick. Lady Palmerston will have the honor of calling upon your charming niece, Miss Lane, in the course of to-morrow, and we hope to see a great deal of you both at Cambridge House.' So saying, Palmerston drew back the folding doors, and there, in the next room, was a merry party, making glad over a luncheon. Mr Buchanan was introduced to Lady Palmerston, who said, with a smile, 'these are my children, Mr Buchanan. This,' pointing to the present Earl Cowper, 'this is my eldest son.' Mr Buchanan smiled, bowed, glanced from Lord Cowper to Lord Palmerston—always remember that Buchanan had never heard of the particular scandal in the case; never known that Lady P. had been Lady C.; never heard that the lady married Palmerston after she was fifty. But glancing from Cowper to Palmerston, and wishing to be complimentary, he said, 'indeed, my lady, I should have recognized this gentleman, even in the street, as Lord Palmerston's son, *from the strong family resemblance!*' Mr Buchanan was told how the case really was—after his blunder.

"No Great Hand for Angels."—An old lady entered a well known bookstore and inquired for a 'Treatise of Angels.' She made the inquiry of a boy, and was told they 'hadn't got no such book.' This remark caught the ear of the principal salesman, and as he always sells something to everybody who enters the store, he stepped forward and addressed the old lady:—

'We're just out of the book you're in search of, ma'am, but we've got Fox's Book of Martyrs crammed full of pictures—splendid book for a present.'

'La sakes, do tell,' exclaimed the customer, examining the book: 'why here's a picter of a chap drinking pizen, and here's a lot of men sawin' a poor feller's head off.'

'That gentleman there, ma'am,' explained the salesman, elucidating the picture, 'is taking a melted sangaree; and the other individual is about to be perforated in the intestines with a patent manure fork. I guess you'd like it better than a work on angels.'

'Well, now, that ere is a better book, I guess, than anything else. What mought the price of it be?'

'Twenty shillings, ma'am, very cheap book, that.'

'Well, dew it up. My darter's just got married, and I calkerlate to make her a present. She wanted sunthing about angels, but I never was no great hand for angels, nohow.'

The lady handed out four parcels, each containing fifty coppers, and completed the amount by adding three battered shillings, and a dubious looking sixpence, the whole savoring powerfully of maccaboy snuff. The sale completed, and the customer gone, the principal called the boy.

'Sonny,' said he, 'see here; when you're asked for a thing which you haven't got, always show the *nearest article like it you have!*'

The urchin looked reflective, and was about to ask the resemblance between 'Lives of the Angels' and 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' but he didn't.

A Curious Prayer.—In the State of Ohio, there resided a family consisting of an old man by the name of Beaver, and his three sons, all of whom are hard "pets," who had often laughed to scorn the advice and entreaties of a pious, though very eccentric minister, who resided in the same town. It happened one of the boys was bitten by a rattlesnake, and was expected to die, when the minister was sent for in great haste.

On his arrival he found the young man very penitent and anxious to be prayed with. The minister calling on the family, knelt down and prayed in this wise:

"Oh Lord, we thank thee for rattlesnakes; we thank thee because a rattlesnake has bit him. We pray, Thee send a rattlesnake to bite John; send one to bite Bill; send one to bite Sam; and O Lord, send the biggest kind of a rattlesnake to bite the old man, for nothing but rattlesnakes will ever bring the Beaver family to repentance."

An uncle left in his will eleven silver spoons to his nephew, adding, "If I have not left him the dozen, he knows the reason." The fact was, the nephew had some time before stolen a spoon from his relative.

Juries, like guns, are often "charged," and sometimes with poor ammunition.