

determined to leave him to his drunken humour. I was out of patience with the fellow; and snatching an opportunity when the room was clear, began to upbraid him for his vexatious folly. He looked sharply round, and then, his body as evenly balanced, his eye as clear, his speech as free as my own, crowed out in a low, exulting voice, "Didn't I tell you I'd manage it nicely?" The door opened, and, in a twinkling, the extremity of drunkenness, of both brain and limb, were again assumed with a perfection of acting I have never seen equalled. He had studied from nature, that was perfectly clear. I was quite satisfied, and with renewed confidence obeyed the coachman's call to take my seat. Mr. Bristowe and I were now the only inside passengers; and as farther disguise was useless, I began stripping myself of my superabundant clothing, wig, spectacles, &c., and in a few minutes, with the help of a bundle I had with me, presented to the astonished gaze of my fellow-traveller the identical person that had so rudely accosted him in the coffee-room of the Saracen's Head inn.

"Why, what, in the name of all that's comical is the meaning of this?" demanded Mr. Bristowe, laughing immoderately at my changed appearance.

I briefly and coolly informed him; and he was for some minutes overwhelmed with consternation and astonishment. He had not, he said, even heard of the catastrophe at his uncle's. Still, amazed and bewildered as he was, no sign which I could interpret into an indication of guilt escaped him.

Concluded in our next.

CHASED BY A CATAMOUNT.

A SCENE IN THE LIFE OF A PIONEER.

I was once told a thrilling adventure of the first settler in Paris, Maine, with a catamount. Although I cannot relate it with that lively effect with which it was told me, still I have embodied the facts in this sketch.

I had been on a hunting excursion, and as I was returning, I fell in with that oft-described personage, "the oldest inhabitant." He kindly accosted me, and I gladly entered into conversation with him.

"Young man," said he, "when I first visited this town, there were only three families living in it. You who now live in ease can never know the hardships and perilous scenes through which the earlier settlers passed.—Come with me," he continued, "and I will show you the exact spot on which the first hut ever erected in this town was located."

I followed silently, until the old man reached the bottom of the west side of Paris Hill.

"There," said he, "on this spot was erected the hut.—I shall never forget the first time I visited it, and the story I was told."

"What was it?" I asked.

"I will tell it to you. When the first settler moved here, his nearest neighbor lived twenty miles distant, in the present town of Rumford, and the only road between the two neighbors was a path that he had cut himself, so that in case of want or sickness, he might get assistance. One spring, I think it was the third season after he had settled here, he was obliged to go to Rumford after provisions. He arose early one morning, and started for his nearest neighbor. People of the present day would think it hard to make a journey of twenty miles for a bag of potatoes; and on foot, to; but such was the errand of the first settler. He arrived before noon, was successful in getting his potatoes, got some refreshments, and started for home. But it was not very easy to travel with a load of potatoes; and, finally, at sundown he threw off his load, and resolved to make a shelter, and spend the night. I have been with him to the exact locality of it; it was situated just the other side of the stream, on which are mills, in the village now known as Pinhook in Woodstock. He built a shelter, struck a fire, and took out of his pack a piece of meat to roast. Ah! young man," continued the narrator, "you little know with what relish a man eats his food in the woods; but as I was saying, he commenced roasting his meat, when he was startled by a cry so shrill, that he knew at once that it could come from nothing but a catamount. I will now relate it to you as near as I can in the language of the old settler himself:

"I listened a moment," said he, "and it was repeated even louder, and it seemed nearer than before. My first thought was for my safety. But what was I to do? It was at least ten miles to my home, and there was not a single human being nearer than that to me. I first thought of self-defence; but I had nothing to defend myself with. In a moment I concluded to start for home, for I knew the nature of the catamount too well to think I should stand the least chance of escape, if I remained in the camp. I knew, too, that he would ransack my camp, and I hoped that the meat which I left behind might satisfy his appetite, so that he would not follow me after eating it. I had not proceeded more than half a mile before I knew by the shrieks of the animal that he was within sight of the camp. I doubled my speed, content that the beast should have my supper: although I declare that I would not have run if I had had my trusty rifle with me. But there could be no cowardice in my running from an infuriated catamount, doubly furious, probably, by being hungry, and I with nothing that could be called a weapon, save a pocket knife.

"I had proceeded, probably, about two-thirds of the distance home, and hearing nothing more of my fearful enemy, I began to slacken my pace, and thought I had nothing to fear. I had left behind about two pounds of meat, which I hoped would satisfy the ferocious monster. Just as I had come to the conclusion that I would run no more, and I was looking back, astonished almost, at the distance I had travelled in so short space of time, I was electrified with horror to hear the animal shriek again!

"I then knew my worst fears were realised. The beast had undoubtedly entered the camp, and ate what he could find, and then had scented my track and followed after me. It was about three miles to my log cabin, and it had already become dark. I redoubled my speed; but I felt that I must die. And such a death! The recollection of that feeling comes to my mind as vividly as though

I knew the animal were now pursuing me. But I am no coward, though to be torn to pieces, and almost eaten alive by a wild beast, was horrible.

"I calmly unbuttoned my frock, with the determination to throw it off before the beast should approach me, hoping thereby to gain advantage of him by the time he would lose in tearing it to pieces.

"Another shriek, and I tossed the garment behind me in the path. Not more than five minutes elapsed before I heard a shrill cry as he came to it. How that shriek electrified me! I bounded like a deer. But in a moment the animal made another cry which told me plainly that the garment had only exasperated him to a fiercer chase.

"Oh, God! said I, 'and must I die thus? I can, I must live for my wife and children, and I ran even faster than I had done before, and unbuttoning my waistcoat, I dropped it in the path as I proceeded. The thoughts of my wife and children urged me to desperate speed, for I thought more of their unprotected state than the death I was threatened with, for, should I die, what would become of them!

"In a moment, the whole events of my life crowded to my brain. The hot blood coursed through my veins with a torrent's force! The catamount shrieked louder and louder, and fast as I was running he was rapidly approaching me. Nearer and nearer he came, until I fancied I could hear his bounds. At last I came to the brook which you see yonder, and it was double the size that it is now, for it was swollen by recent freshets, and I longed to cool my fevered brain in it; but I knew that would be as certain death to me as to die by the claws of the beast. With three bounds I gained the opposite bank, and then I could clearly see a light in my log cabin which was not more than one hundred rods distant.

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPRENTICES.—Be faithful, boys. In a few years you will be of age, and it will give you unspeakable satisfaction to hear a good word spoken by your masters in your favor. If you are idle and negligent now, if you are eye-servants and rejoice to be away from the presence of your employers, that you may give vent to your bad propensities—what encouragement have you to hope that you will be one anything but idle men and vagabonds? A good, faithful apprentice will always make a worthy and industrious man. The correct habits of the youth are not lost in the man. We have watched the progress of many apprentices and we never knew a good boy to turn out a bad man. If apprentices are really honest and faithful, there can be no doubt but they will become good, wise and respected citizens.

Associate with no youth who are addicted to bad practices. One bad boy may ruin a score. As soon as you discover in a companion a disposition to be dishonest, profane or even vulgar in his language, we would beg of you to attempt his reformation, and if you cannot succeed, to forsake his company at once.

Spend your leisure hours in some profitable pursuit.—Do not go to the theatre, or any place of amusement where the mind is not really benefited. Don't stand at the corners of the streets, or lounge in shops of bad repute. Always have a useful book to take up—a good newspaper, or a sheet of paper on which to pen your thoughts. Read the lives of such men as Franklin, Hale, Doddridge, Locke, Newton, Johnson, Adams, Washington, &c.—men who have been useful in life, and left behind them characters which are worthy of all imitation.

Break not the Sabbath. Looking at this subject in a temporal point, it will be for your best good to keep the Sabbath. Always attend church. Never let your seat be vacant, excepting you are sick or out of town. When we see an apprentice constant at church, and attentive to the exercises, we are certain he will never be found in the ranks of the ruffian and infidel.

Be kind to all your associates. Cultivate benevolent feelings. If you see distress or sorrow, do all that in you lies to alleviate them. When a friend or companion is confined by sickness, make it a point to call upon him,

and bestow all the little favors possible upon him. If you cultivate kind feelings, you will seldom quarrel with another. It is always better to suffer wrong than to do wrong. We should never hear of mobs, or public outbreaks, if men would cultivate the kind feelings of the heart.

Finally, make the Bible your study. Live by its precepts. In all your trials and disappointments, here you will find peace and consolation. You will be sustained in life and supported in death.—*Boston Olive Branch.*

LORENZO DOW.—We will relate an anecdote we once heard of that shrewd and eccentric preacher, Lorenzo Dow, merely to show the effect of a guilty conscience.—A farmer came to Lorenzo one morning as he was preparing to preach before a large country audience, and said:—

"Mr. Dow, I am told you know a sinner by his looks, and can tell a thief from his countenance.—Now sir, I have had an excellent axe stolen from me, and I shall be forever grateful if you will point out to me the rascal who took it, as in all probability he will be at meeting to-day, judging from the crowds that are coming." Lorenzo was not the man to deny the possession of any wonderful faculty that the people chose to ascribe to him; so he told the farmer he would get his axe.

Lorenzo mounted the pulpit, took out of his pocket a stone as big as his fist, laid it beside the Bible, and commenced the exercises of the day. His sermon was on the subject of all sins mentioned in the catalogue, and he went on to give proofs from history of the retributive justice of Providence in punishing in this life transgressions. "Murder will out," said he; "guilt cannot conceal itself; and I am about to give you, this morning, my dear hearers, an example of a terrible vengeance to follow the breaking of the eighth commandment. Two nights ago a fellow stole John Smith's axe; and I have been commissioned by an authority which none of you will question, to knock down, drag out, sacrifice, destroy and utterly annihilate the miserable wretch, and send him body, soul, and breeches, to the pitchy realms of an awful eternity! Poor sinner, you turn pale before the rock has crushed you!" continued Lorenzo; he grasped the stone, and raised it in the attitude of throwing. "Don't dodge, you rascal! You can't escape me! don't dodge."

He paused a moment, and pointing his long, crooked, significant finger at a poor fellow in the audience who appeared to be in an ague fit, with his hair standing on end like the quills of a fretful porcupine, "John Smith," cried he "there's the man that stole your axe!"

The eyes of the whole congregation turned upon the conscience-stricken fellow, who looked as if he wished the mountains would tumble on him.

"You will return Mr. Smith his axe, and steal no more!" he forgave you—won't you?" asked Lorenzo.

"If I don't damn me!" exclaimed the culprit with a look and tone that showed the sincerity of his declaration. John Smith got his axe.—*Albany Atlas.*

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.—A woman can say what she likes to you, without the risk of being knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has got to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, which her husband has to earn and fork over.

She can go into the street without being obliged to "treat" at every coffee house.

She can paint her face if she is too pale, or flour it, if too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick, and other "fixtures" if too thin.

She can run into debt all over, until the husband warns the public, by advertising, not to trust her on his account any longer.

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a news boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a *daily son*? Why you little scapgrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No indeed—I guess I won't have a *daily son*! My dear poor man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a *yearly son*. A *daily son*, indeed. Begone you little upstart imp!" and the old lady called for the old turkey fan to keep her from swooning.

LOVE IN BOYHOOD AND MANHOOD.—The love of a boy differs from that of a man in this—it is the wanton enjoyment of a present imperious feeling, from which all serious consideration of the future is excluded. It is mere blind activity of newly-awakened emotions. Hence the rashness of early loves. The boy wants to love—almost any woman will suffice. Hence he is violent, capricious, inconstant, because he only seeks an excitement; he tries his young wings. The tender feeling of protection, which enters so largely into the love of a man—the serious thoughts of the duties he owes to the girl who gives up her life to him, and to the children she may bear him—these, and the thousand minute but powerful influences which affect the man, are unknown to the boy.

There is nothing more true than the saying of Homer, that it is sweet to remember those things which it is hard to suffer. In youth we listen to the promises of hope, and look forward to the future with confidence for their fulfilment. But, as years roll by, the sanguineness of our character becomes diminished, disappointment after disappointment occurs to cloud the prospect; and we turn more frequently, and with more fondness, to the contemplation of the past, in proportion as the field is lessened whereon fancy was wont to build her delusive fabrics.

"Mother," said Janima Spry to her venerable maternal relative, "Sam Flint wants to come a courting me to-night."

"Well, you jade, what did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him he might come; I wanted to see how the fool would act."