

To Cecilia.

Haste, gentle maid, to rural air,
Inhale the sweets of day.
From smoke to smiling fields repair,
And Sol's unclouded ray.
No sigh, no murmur haunts the shade,
But blessings crown the plains:
Here, sweet Contentment, heavenly maid,
And Peace, the seraph, reigns.
The Lilly and the Rose in bloom,
Will soon expanded blow,
And Lilies pregnant with perfume
For thee, **Cecilia**, glow.
For thee, the Naiads their waters roll,
The green robed hills are gay,
Where emblems of thy spotless soul,
The tender lambkins play.
Cadence, too, shall fill the vale,
The Robin tune his voice,
And music wanton on the gale,
To bid my love rejoice.
For lo! each bird exulting wings,
And pours his little tide,
Axious to please the nymph, he sings,
Who pleases all beside.

B. S. B.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

By WALTER SCOTT.

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles and tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken:
The eyes that shone
Now dimm'd and gone;
The cheerful heart now broken.
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.
When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me full,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but me departed!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

From the New York Mirror.

The Croissy Yew.

The Croissy Yew is a little tale, full of freshness and interest. We will let our readers judge of it by an analysis, and some extracts.

"I will tell you, sir, why I come every evening to smoke my pipe under the croissy yew."

So begins the tale. In 1812, the narrator, who had escaped the conscription, by entering college, which he since left, did not know what to do with himself. Meantime, he amused himself by climbing up into a huge yew tree, and casting his eyes over the surrounding country. One moonlight evening, when at his post, he overheard a conscript, who was bidding adieu to his sister and his brotherhood. The latter wept. The more resolute sister said,

"Have you not got a colonel? him who enlisted you? Well! go and find your colonel, throw yourself on your knees, and say, 'My lord, I don't want to go away—I don't want to be killed. There are my sister and a wife, who cannot live without me, and who are going to throw themselves into the river. Beat me, colonel, put me in prison, but don't make me go away! Long live the emperor! He's noble fellow! Let him leave me in peace, and go about his business! Colonel I am a man and a free one, and I have no right to leave my sister Christine, who won't have me to quit her; and who will hate you, colonel, if you make me go off!'"

The brother smiled at his sister's eagerness, and told her he must have a substitute, and money to pay him.

"Well," said Christine, "I will give you every thing I've got. My gold cross, my ear-rings, my silk neck-handkerchief, my collerets; in a word, all my trinkets, to him who will consent to go."

"All that does not amount to the price of a man," replied Eugene.

Christine reflected awhile, and said, catching her brother's arm,

"Well! I am well worth a man—worth more than a man—oh, certainly I am! I will give myself, then, I will tell somebody or other, 'Go in my brother's place, and I will be your wife. You see I am pretty—a little spoiled, but what matters that? I will love you so, if you will save my brother! Oh, yes! I swear by the golden cross, in which is some of my mother's gray hair, I would willingly marry him who would devote himself to you."

At evening, as they were seated at their humble meal, without being able to touch it, and looking tearfully at each other, some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," said the young man, hastily drying his eyes.

An old sergeant made his appearance, saying—

"Health! Is the conscript Eugene Leven here?"

"Yes, sergeant."

"There," said the soldier, throwing a letter on the table.

Eugene read slowly at first, but afterwards devoured the paper. It was his discharge in due form. He looked at the old soldier with astonishment.

"That means your place is taken conscript. It's a pity, though; for your mustaches would have sprouted with a little gun-powder. But enough, you are happy now—farewell."

And he was going away.

"Oh, the devil!" said he, as he returned, "Christine Leven—is that your sister? Where is your sister?"

"Here," said Eugene, pointing to Christine, who was pale with joy and emotion.

"This one is for you, miss," and he threw a second letter on the table, but stopped short as he saw Christine trembling with agitation, crumpling the letter in her hands, and gazing fixedly on the table.

"What is the matter, what is the matter?" said Eugene. "Dear Christine, let us see that letter. Selfish being that I am, I never thought of it. Let me see who dares to write to you? What does all this mean?"

And he ran over the letter hastily.

"Oh, read it aloud," said Christine, "it's all the same to me! Good heavens! this is but just!"

Eugene read aloud.

"Miss—I ask nothing—I go away without making any terms—I take your brother's place; you need him, and no one needs me. But I am honest and love

you, ever since I saw you weep. I send you a ring of my mother's. If you have pity on me, you will take the golden cross, in which is some of your mother's gray hair, and which glitters on your neck in the moonlight, this evening you place it in the crevice of the large yew tree, near the branches. I will get it to-morrow morning; then you will wait two years, and if I am not dead, I will bring it back. Will you remember what you swore on that cross? farewell."

"What does this mean?" said Eugene slowly. "How could any one know? Sergeant do you understand this?"

"Some fellow on the look-out near you."

"Why then did he not come to us frankly?" answered the young man. "What a way of obliging us!"

"Ah," said the soldier, "there's the thing! one's afraid of being treated as a spy; and, then, when one is young, and timid, and all full of romantic sentiments! one knows how to write and is afraid to talk, for want of practice; that's it!"

Eugene shook his head.

"Sergeant!" cried he, "your hand! I will not have this substitute—my sister shall not be sacrificed—I will go with you. See!" And he took up his discharge, and prepared to tear it to pieces.

Christine stopped him.

"But what if I want to have him?" said she. "After all, it's a fine action on his part. And then he goes without making any terms—and then he is unhappy—and then I have no other means of keeping you—and then I want to be in love with him! He did well, however, in not showing himself—one has regretted him too much. I will take the cross—but I should like to know—sergeant, have you seen him?"

"Yes now and then."

"Well! he is not hump-backed, or bandy-legged, is he?"

"A good joke! Is the French army recruited with such sort of stuff under the little corporal? Is it not composed of individuals irreproachable as to their persons, and no fools as to morality?"

"Is he a man of worth?" asked Eugene.

"Very much so, I answer for it."

"Well, sir soldier," said Christine, removing from her graceful neck the cross with the black ribbon which supported it; "tell him that he has done well; and place this cross in the hollow of the great yew; and then, say nothing more to him, but do not quit him, do you hear! and try to come back with him, to tell me, 'there he is, it is he himself, he is worthy of you!'"

Eugene and Louise looked on, without being able to speak. The grenadier rose, took off his cap, received the cross, wiped away a tear, and said, "Enough!"

Christine turned to her brother and future sister. She was no longer the same person. Her character had assumed a more serious hue. She told Louise, "I, too, am betrothed—the pledge of my faith is in the hands of a soldier of the guards."

A year afterwards Eugene had to leave his home. The enemy was in France, and he would not have accepted a substitute now if he could have found one. At Montreuil his life was saved by a lieutenant of carbineers. As this officer informed him that he had no family, Eugene invited him home to his own.

Charles, such was his name, soon won Christine's favor; but she had plighted her troth to her brother's substitute, and she was faithful to him. Then Charles handed her the golden cross, and told her that it was he, who, a poor collegian, ashamed of the noble action he was about to perform, went away without seeing her, and finally rose to the rank of lieutenant.

"At present, sir," continued the narrator, "we are married. The sergeant died at Waterloo. Eugene and myself have prospered in the world; we live in that little red and white house you see yonder, and I go every evening to smoke my pipe under the Croissy yew."

A KENTUCKIAN'S ACCOUNT OF A PANTHER-FIGHT.

By James H. Hackett.

I NEVER was down-hearted but once in my life, and that was on seeing the death of a faithful friend, who lost his life in trying to save mine. The fact is, I was one day making tracks homeward, after a long tramp through one of our forests—my rifle carelessly resting on my shoulder—when my favorite dog Sport, who was trotting quietly ahead of me, suddenly stopped stock still, gazed into a big oak tree, bristled up his back, and fetched a loud growl. I looked up and saw, upon a quivering limb, a half-grown panther, crouching down close, and in the very act of springing upon him. With a motion quicker than lightning I levelled my rifle, blazed away, and shot him clean through and through the heart. The varmint, with teeth all set and claws spread, pitched sprawling head foremost to the ground, as dead as *Julius Cesar*. That was all fair enough; but mark! afore I had hardly dropped my rifle, I found myself thrown down flat on my profile by the old she panther, who that minute sprung from an opposite tree and lit upon my shoulders, heavier than all creation! I feel the print of her devilish teeth and nails there now! My dog grew mighty loving—he jumped a-top and seized her by the neck; so we all rolled and clawed and a pretty considerable tight scratch we had of it. I began to think my right arm was about *chewed up*; when the varmint, finding the dog's teeth rather hurt her feelings, let me go altogether, and clenched him. Seeing at once that the dog was undermost, and there was no two ways about a chance of a choke-off or let-up about her, I just out jack-knife, and with one slash perhaps I didn't cut the panther's throat deep enough for her to breathe the rest of her life without nostrils! I did feel mighty *savagorous*, and big as she was, I laid hold of her hide by the back with an alligator-grip, and slung her against the nearest tree hard enough to make every bone in her flesh fire. "There," says I, "you infernal varmint, root and branch, you are what I call *used up*!"

Shovel Ploughs, Harrows, LOG-CHAINS, &c.

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