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LIBERIA HERALD.

THE BOOR HUNT.

"We accepted the invitation, and on our arrival at the chateau, found that the hunt had already commenced; but, as the park was enclosed by walls, we could easily join the party; we knew, too, that the horn would be sounded at intervals, and by riding in the direction, we could enjoy the pleasure of the chase without the risk of fatigue. M. de Lucienne had remained behind, to accompany his wife and daughter, and ourselves, but his son had gone to lead the hunt.

"At mid-day, the horn sounded nearer, and we heard the same note more frequently repeated. M. de Lucienne informed us, that this was what sportsmen call the *view hallo;* a signal that the boar was getting tired; and that if we wished to go, it was time to mount our horses. The next moment, one of the hunters came up at full speed, bringing us a message from Paul, that it could not be long before the boar would stand at bay, whereupon, M. de Lucienne hung a carbine at his saddle bow, and we mounted, and galloped off. The two elder ladies walked to a pavilion, round which the chase was led.

"We soon joined the hunt; and whatever might have been my repugnance, at first, to taking part in the sport; the winding of the horn, the rapid motion of the horses, the cry of the hounds, and the shouts of the hunters, soon proved contagious; and Lucy and I galloped on, half laughing and half afraid, and kept up with the best horsemen of them all. Two or three times we caught sight of the boar, crossing different alleys of the park, and each time the dogs were closer upon him. He at length stood still, planted himself against the trunk of a huge oak, and turned upon the back. It was on the edge of a glade, just beneath the windows of the pavilion, so that my mother and Madame de Lucienne, were just in the right place to lose nothing of the catastrophe.

"The hunters were ranged in a circle about forty or fifty paces from the place of combat. The dogs, excited by a long chase, had all thrown themselves upon the boar, which had almost disappeared beneath their motley and moving mass. Occasionally, was one of the assailants tossed eight or ten feet in the air, and sent, howling and bleeding to the ground; yet, wounded as he was, he would again throw himself into the midst of his fellows, and renew the attack. The combat had lasted scarcely a quarter of an hour, and already were ten or twelve of the dogs mortally wounded. This bloody and savage spectacle now became extreemly painful to me, and it seemed that the same effect had been produced on the other spectators; for I heard Madame de Lucienne's voice, crying, 'Enough, enough, I entreat you, Paul, no more of this!' The young man instantly sprang from his horse, with his carbine in his hand, advanced a few paces towards the boar, took aim in the midst of the dogs, and fired. At the same moment, for this passed with the rapidity of lightning, the pack opened, the wounded boar passed through the midst of it, and was upon Paul, before even Madame de Lucienne had time to utter a cry. The young man fell, and the furious animal, instead of pursuing his course, halted in his rage over the prostrate form of his new adversary.

"There was now a terrible silence Madame de Lucienne, as pale as death, with her arms extended toward her son, tried to speak, but could only murmur in an almost inarticulate voice, 'Save him!' Her husband, the only person present who was armed, snatched his carbine, and levelled it at the animal; but, as Paul lay, the slightest misdirection of the ball might have occasioned the death of the son by the father's own hand. M. de Lucienne trembled excessively, and feeling his utter inability, let fall his weapon, and rushing toward Paul, shouted for assistance, and was followed by the other huntsmen.

"Just at this moment a young man sprang from his horse, and seized the carbine. 'Make way there!' cried he, in that firm tone of command which is sure to be obeyed, and the hunters stepped back to let pass the messenger of death.

"All eyes were now turned on the marksman and his fearful aim. There he stood, as calm and collected as if he were firing at a common target. The peice was slowly raised, and when it had reached a certain elevation, both man and gun became as motionless as if carved out of stone: he fired, and the wild-boar, mortally wounded, fell, and rolled a few feet from Paul, who, being thus relieved of his adversary, raised himself on one knee, with his hunting knife ready in his hand. This was, however, needless; for the ball had been sent by a hand too unerring, to fail of being mortal. Madame de Lucienne shrieked and fainted; Lucy faltered on her horse, and would have fallen had not one of the prickers supported her. I dismounted, and hastened to Madame de Lucienne, and the sportsmen all gathered round Paul and the dead boar, with the exception of the marksman, who, having sped the ball, had quietly turned away, and rested the carbine against the trunk of a tree.

"Madame de Lucienne came to herself in the arms of her husband and son. Paul had only received a slight wound in the thigh, so rapidly had all passed that I have been relating: and her first emotions over, Madame de Lucienne looked round for her son's deliverer, to whom she had all a mother's gratitude to express. Her husband, guessing her wishes, led the young hunter forward; she seized his hand, and tried to thank him, but burst into tears, and could only articulate, 'Oh, M. de Beureval!'

"It was he, then?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, it was he;" continued my companion. "I saw him thus for the first time, surrounded by the gratitude of a whole family, and amid all the illusion of the exciting scene of which he had just been the hero. He was a young man, rather below than above the ordinary size, extremely pale, with dark eyes, and very light hair. At the first glance he appeared scarcely twenty, but on looking more attentively, some slight wrinkles were discernable at the corners of the eyes, widening toward the temples; and there was also a scarcely perceptible furrow across the brow, indicated the habitual presence of some sombre thought. Pale, thin lips, remarkably fine teeth, and womanish hands, completed his *tout ensemble*, which, at first, inspired me with repugnance rather than sympathy; so cold, amid the general excitement, appeared the countenance of the man who was in the very act of receiving the thanks of a mother for the safety of her son.

"The chase was over, and the party returned to the chateau. On entering the drawing-room, Count Horace de Beureval excused himself from remaining to dinner, alledging that he had an engagement in Paris. It was urged that he was forty miles off, and that he had hardly four hours to perform the journey; but he replied, with a smile, that his horse had become accustomed, in his service, to that sort of travelling, and ordered his servant to bring him to the door.

"This servant was a Malay, whom Count Horace had brought with him from India, (where he had once been to receive a considerable inheritance,) and who still wore the costume of his country. Though this man had been three years in France, he spoke only his native language, of which the count knew enough to make himself understood by him. He obeyed his master with wonderful promptness, and, from the windows of the drawing-room, we soon saw the two horses led up, bearing themselves most proudly. The gentlemen were unanimous in praise of their pedigree, and they were indeed, as well as I could judge, magnificent animals. The Prince of Conde had been desirous of purchasing them, but Count Horace, having offered double the price his royal highness had been willing to give, had succeeded in obtaining them.

"The whole party attended the count to the door. Madame de Lucienne seemed to feel that she had not been allowed time enough to express half her gratitude, and pressing his hands, she entreated the count to repeat his visit. He promised to do so, at the same time throwing around the company a rapid glance, which made me cast down my eyes; for it seemed to me, I know not why, that he addressed himself to me in particular. When I again looked up, the count was on horseback; he bowed once more to Madame de Lucienne, made a general salutation to the crowd on the steps, waved his hand to Paul, in sign of friendly adieu, and giving his horse the rein, set off at full speed, and was out of sight in a few seconds.

"Everybody remained on the spot looking after him in silence: there was something extraordinary about this man, which forcibly arrested the attention. He was endowed with one of those powerful organizations, which nature, as if through caprice, sometimes amuses herself by joining to a frame, seemingly too weak for it. To those who did not know him, he had the feeble, languid appearance of one laboring under some malady; but by his companions he was known to be a man of iron, capable of resisting fatigue, subduing emotion, and defying difficulty. Paul had known him, he said, to pass whole nigths at the wine-table or at cards, and the next day, while his comrades were asleep, to set out, without having taken an hour's rest, on a hunt or some other expedition, with fresh companions, whom he tired out like the first; and all this, without manifesting any symton of fatigue, further than greater paleness of complexion, and a dry cough, which was habitual with him, but which on these occasions became more frequent.

"I know not why, but to all these particulars I listened with extreme interest. Perhaps the scene I had first witnessed, the *sang froid* displayed by the count, and my own recent agitation, may account for the attention I paid to every circumstance related of him. Besides, the most artful calculation could have invented nothing better than this sudden departure, leaving the chateau, in a manner, deserted; so extraordinary an impression had the guest who had just taken his departure, produced upon those he left behind him.—*New World.*

MR. LEDBURY'S ADVENTURES AT EHRENBREITSTEIN.

They had been some time at dinner, so long, that the moon was beginning to give the sun a mild notice it was time for him to quit, by just showing her face above the mountains, when they heard the sound of music in the street, and directly afterwards a girl with a guitar made her appearance at the open window. She was very pretty, with a slighter figure, and darker hair and eyes than is common amongst the German women; and she gazed upon Mr. Ledbury with such a captivating expression of her full, lustrous pupil, rendered more bewitching by its dilation in the twilight, that he was almost in doubt whether one of the maidens he had been thinking about had not risen from the Rhine to meet him. Nor was the enchantment at all dispelled when she began to sing with a clear, melodious voice, some popular German air, accompaning herself on the guitar, and, what, was more extraordinary, with English words, in which, however, a foreign accent was perceptible. This was too much for Mr. Ledbury, who was always keenly alive to the power of female loveliness, and his spectacled eyes twinkled through the smoke of his pipe with the deepest sentiment, until, with the combined effects of the hock, the moon, and the music, he put it beyond all question that some baron's daughter upon the Rhine had fallen in love with him as she saw him pass in the steamer from her father's castle, and had taken this method of disclosing her attachment. With this impression, he was somewhat surprised when, upon the conclusion of the song, the girl came close up to the window, and said in a subdued mysterious tone,

"Does Monsieur wish to buy any fine eau de Cologne or cigars?"

"None, my love," replied Jack in a very offhand manner, as he produced a full tobacco-*blague*, in size somewhat less than a carpet-bag.

"Any gloves, brooches, *kisrchwasser*?" again asked the singer.

"No, no, you gipsey, none!" returned Jack. "There, run along," he continued, throwing her some small coin; go on to the Geant. They have no end of travellers there, and all English—think of that."

As the girl smiled at Johnson, and withdrew, Mr. Ledbury's face crimsoned with shame and confusion at the very unceremonious manner in which she imagined she had been treated by his friend. For he had imagined that her appeal to his commercial generosity was a delicate *ruse* to obtain an interview; and when he saw Jack answer her in such an unconcerned manner, and give her such a trifling amout of coin, he felt assured that her feelings were deeply hurt, and that she had felt in painful humility. So without saying a word, he started up from the table: and hurrying out of the room with a precipitation which at first gave the people of the hotel some slight reason for thinking that his ideas, of payment for what he had regaled upon were rather indistinct, he followed the fair *minnesinger*, whom he overtook just as she was entering the adjacent hotel, leaving Jack Johnson completely amazed at his excitement. But the spirit of chivalry held an equal sway over Mr. Ledbury's actions with the spirit of wine; and the combination of the two acting upon his natural bland and gentle idiosyncrasy, led him to the commission of most of those daring feats of benevolent gallantry, which it has been our happy lot to chronicle.

He returned in a minute or two, in a very volcanic state, with his head looking as if it only wanted a knock to make it go off with a bang like a detonating ball, and evidently upon the point of communicating some most important fact to his friend, as he exclaimed,

"I say Jack; what do you think?"

"Well, I can't say," replied Johnson, "what is it?"

"She has promised," said Mr. Ledbury, impressively, "to sell me——"

"I don't doubt it," interrupted Johnson.

"Now, Jack, you always make such fun of things! She has promised to sell me some real eau de Cologne at half-price, if I willgo for it after dark; and where to, do you suppose?"

"I don't know," said Jack; "perhaps where glory waits thee, or to Bath"

"No, no," replied Titus, half-vexed; "she will meet me—there!"

And with a very melodramatic expression, he pointed to the opposite side of the river, where the mighty batteries were snarling from the mountain, adding heroically,

"There! in the fortress of Ehrenbreitstem!"

"Why, you are cracked, Leddy," said Johnson; "what are you talking about? You are not going anywhere, surely?"

"Of course I am," returned Mr. Ledbury, somewhat offended. "Think of the romance of the adventure—an appointment on the Rhine, and at Ehrenbreitstem. It's beautiful! I shall go, and you shall accompany me."

Johnson replied: "If I do, I'm—"—and here he hesitated an instant—"I am only anxious to see that you get into no scrape. I think you had better not go."

"Excuse me, Jack," answered Titus. "I would not lose the adventure for the world, and you shall share it."

And Jack, in return, seeing that his friend was bent upon doing something foolish, from which nothing would turn him; consented to accompany him; then, having finished their wine, they strolled towards the Moselle bridge, and, hiring a small boat, amused themselves with rowing about the river, as well as they were able with the rude oars, until the time which Mr. Ledbury had fixed for his appointment.

At length the last glow of sunset, which had long lingered on the horizon, faded away behind the purple hill, and darkness crept over the Rhine. Lights appeared in the windows of the town, as well as in some of the lazy craft that were lying against the quays, the reflection quivering in long vivid lines upon the tranquil river. Everything was hushed and silent, except the occasional roll of drums upon the opposite side, or the cry of warning from the boatman as he guided his apparrently endless raft of wood down the stream.

"I think we will go now," said Mr Ledbury; "it is about the time. We can pull across, and that will save us going round by the bridge of boats."

Resolved to humour him in whatever he wished, Jack followed all his directions, and in a few minutes their craft touch the foot of the mountain on the other side, immediately under the fortress. Possibly, at this minute, if Johnson had proposed to return, Mr. Ledbury would have offered no opposition; but, as it was, he stepped on shore with an air of great bravery.

"I know where to go," said Titus. "She told me I should see a light in one of the windows of the battlements."

"Now, don't be a fool, Leddy, and spend all your money in trash," courteously observed his friend.

"No, no, Jack." You had better wait here to mind the boat. Good-bye—I shan't be long"

And beginning to ascend the bank, which at this precise spot rose rather abruptly from the water, Mr. Ledbury contrived to whistle some random notes of an impromptu air, indicative of determination and the absence of fear, whilst Jack sat dowm quietly in the boat, wondering what Titus intended doing, to await his return.

There was very little light to enable him to see his way clearly, but Mr Ledbury, sustaining himself by the idea that he was a spirited young traveller carrying out an adventure of gallantry, scrambled up the mountain immediately under

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