

tween horror and excitement. Where the smooth beach commenced above the farthest rocky shelf, the body of the boy was visible, stretched at full length upon the sand, either dead or sleeping, while at or about half a mile above him a huge black bear was coming leisurely along the beach, snuffing the air as if it detected the taint of human breath on the pure atmosphere.

"Great God!" he cried. "Look, Chief, look yonder. What is to be done?"

The 'White Cloud' took the glass, to the use of which he had become accustomed during his many excursions with Archer, and gazed calmly in the direction indicated. As soon as he had caught the object, he closed the glass, and spoke promptly and calmly:—

"Boy not dead yet; asleep; not lie dead. Bear she one—mad like fury; got cubs suckin. Best paddle heap hard, get there first."

Not another word was spoken, but the paddles were plied with a will, and the canoe literally flew over, rather than through, the translucent waters. The canoe and bear were about equally distant from the boy when they started, but the wind favored them and the canoe travelled by far the fastest; still the suspense and agitation of Archer was horrible, for the indentations of the coast and a second long, rocky point, concealed both the child and the monster from his view.

At this moment, attracted probably by the fiery speed at which Archer's canoe was rushing up the lake, Forrester turned his glass likewise to the southern shore, and, discovering the child and its peril, discharged both barrels of his rifle in the air, and uttered a long whoop, hoping to scare the fierce brute from his intended prey.

"Heap bad, Frank shoot," exclaimed the Indian. "Wake up boy, may-be. He run, then, make bear madder, sartain. How! Harry!—how! how! how!"

And, wonderful as had been their exertions before, they now redoubled them, and the passage of an arrow through the air is scarce swifter than was that of the flying vessel through the water.

They doubled the long point, and then was it seen, how near an Indian's instinct is akin to prophecy. The boy had been roused from his sleep by the shot and the outcries, had started to his feet, discovered the she bear, which was now within a few hundred yards of him, and had turned to fly down the lake, though his trembling limbs almost refused to perform their office, while, exasperated almost to madness at the sight of the fugitive, the wild beast had set forth, with a savage growl, hard upon his traces. They were but just in time. As they rounded the point, the boy, who had just reached it, dropped exhausted to the ground, while, gnashing its tusks, with its eyes fiery-red, and all its jaws and throat bathed in foam, the fierce brute was within ten paces of him.

The Indian thrust the blade of his paddle deep into the sand through the shallow water, stopped the canoe in a second and studded it.

"Shoot, brother Archer, right in breast. Kill, sartain."

And as he spoke, Harry's heavy rifle rose to his shoulder, and he took a deliberate aim and fired; but his arm was unsteady through his recent exertions, and, though the ball took effect, it only broke the bear's right shoulder, without touching the vitals.

The monster rose erect with a tremendous roar, beating the air with its fore paws in senseless fury; but that attitude was fatal to it—that roar was its last. For, cooled by the emergency, Harry was now as steady as a rock, and the belted ball from his second barrel clove its heart to the very cavity, and, though it tore the ground with fang and claw, it was dead ere they reached land.

The boy was easily revived, but who shall describe the rapture of the father as he clasped him in his arms, or Archer's joy at witnessing it. The night was passed happily and festively at their old camp, and when Forrester and Archer returned to their lowland homes, after restoring the child to his half-distracted mother, they carried home with them feelings of gratitude and joy at having been the permitted instruments of saving human life, inseparably connected with the memory of THE CAMP IN THE ADIRONDACK HIGHLANDS.

THE BRITISH INFANTRY SOLDIER.

That the British infantry soldier is more robust than the soldier of any other nation, can scarcely be doubted by those who, in 1815, observed his powerful frame, distinguished amidst the united armies of Europe; and, notwithstanding his habitual excess in drinking, he sustains fatigue, and wet, and extremes of cold and heat, with incredible vigor. When completely disciplined, and three years are required to accomplish this, his front is lofty, and his movements are free; the whole world cannot produce a nobler specimen of military bearing, nor is the mind unworthy of the outward man. He does not, indeed, possess that presumptuous vivacity which would lead him to dictate to his commander, or even to censure his real errors, although he may perceive them; but he is observant, and quick to comprehend his orders, full of resources under difficulties, calm and resolute in dangers, and more than usually obedient and careful of his officers in moments of peril. It has been asserted that his undeniable firmness in battle is the result of a phlegmatic constitution, unspiced by moral feeling. Never was a more stupid calumny uttered! Napoleon's troops fought in bright fields, where every helmet caught some beam of glory; but the British soldier conquered under the cold shade of aristocracy; no honors awaited his daring—no despatch gave his name to the applause of his countrymen; his life of danger and hardship was uncheered by hope—his death unnoticed. Did his heart sink therefore? Did he not endure, with surpassing fortitude, the sorest of ills, sustain the most terrible assaults in battle unmoved, overthrow with incredible energy every opponent, and at all times prove that, while no physical military qualification was wanting, the fount of honor was also full and fresh within him? The result of a hundred battles, and the united testimony of impartial writers of different nations, have given the first place amongst the European infantry to the British.—Napier's Peninsular War.

THE BATTLE OF SOBRAON, (10TH FEBRUARY, 1846).—The battle of Sobraon stands pre-eminent on the records of our Indian history as the most sanguinary ever fought by the British in the East. Rivalling in its fierceness and number of slain the greatest of European combats, it has been aptly designated the "Waterloo of India." From six o'clock in the morning till ten an incessant cannonade was sustained on both sides, and only ceased on that of the British to allow of the closer conflict of the advance under a fire perhaps never equalled—certainly never surpassed for rapidity and death-dealing effect. The slaughter amongst the British at this period of the battle was immense. Hundreds fell at every moment; but retribution was at hand. The Sikh gunners remained firm at their post—lying beside their guns—the objects of their adoration; their cavalry and infantry in thousands rushed into the river, whilst the artillery of the British General (limbered up on its banks,) hurled death and destruction on dense masses of the fugitive enemy. The waters of the Sutledge—the Hydaspis of the olden time—was literally crimsoned with blood—thousands of dying and dead Sikhs floated down the stream, the victorious British army looking on in triumph.—The carnage was terrific—a dreadful but necessary infliction of summary punishment proved how utterly futile was the attempt of the Sikhs to push an unprovoked war with success upon their British neighbours, and annihilated for ever the vaunted and hitherto supposed invincible prowess of the land of the five rivers. The Punjab was trod beneath the heel of the gallant Gough.

BABIES IN CHURCH.—The editor of the Pittsburg Chronicle, for aught we know, a bachelor, thus discourses of the impropriety of taking babies to church:—

Babies are fine things in their places. We like them at home in the nursery, the only proper place for that class of juveniles, coming under the denomination of babies.—But in church, babies are nuisances. Now crowing, now crying, constantly keeping up some noise or other, they distract the attention of the audience, and disturb the nerves of the speaker. Gingerbread will sometimes keep them quiet, but not often.

Babies never sleep in church—not they. They are as wide awake as weasels, but by no means as still. Some fond mothers take their babies to church for the purpose of showing them. This is bad policy. Nobody, except the doating parents, ever sees any beauty in babies at church. We never saw a baby yet, however smart at home, that did credit to itself in a public assembly. It would be sure to do something to make everybody hate it before meeting was half over. Mothers, therefore, who wish to preserve the character of their babies, for being well behaved and quiet babies, should not take them to church or in a stage coach.

An "anxious father" writes thus:—What am I to do with my boy? He is one of the worst unaccountables—steals his mother's sweetmeats, worries cats, dogs, and girls; fights all the small boys, plays truant four days out of five, and threatens to set the house on fire if I do not quit thrashing him.

Very dear and afflicted sir, the only remedy that we wot of in such a case is to have him run over by a waggon, kicked by a horse, or blown up by gunpowder. He will then immediately become a fine, intelligent, and amiable boy, and should he not survive the operation, you will have the satisfaction of learning from the papers that condole with you, that his loss was deeply lamented by a large circle of loving and mourning friends and acquaintances.

Or else send him to California, where his tricks may possibly insure him a good share of the yellow metal. If he brings some home to you, he will be one of the sweetest, most cherished, and perfectly faultless children; it'll "beat all water how much you do set by that boy." "Allers was a progedy, never had to beat him but once," and then "like to have cried your eyes out, a dear critter."

A miserly old lady, during the revolution, kept a tavern. One day a famished soldier called on her for something to eat. Some bones, that had been pretty well picked, were placed before him. After finishing his dinner, a little son of the landlady, noticing that the soldier found it very difficult to make out much of a dinner, put some money in his hand as he stepped out of the door. When his mother came in, he asked her how much it was worth to pick those old bones. "A shilling, my dear," said the old lady, expecting to receive the money. "I thought so," replied the boy, "and I gave the old soldier a shilling for doing it."

"Great age" this we live in. People don't laugh now-a-days—they indulge in merriment. They don't walk—they promenade. They never eat any food—they masticate it. Nobody has a tooth pulled—it is extracted. No one has his feelings hurt—they are lacerated. Young men do not go courting the girls—they pay attention to the young ladies. It is vulgar to visit any one—you must only make a call. Of course you would not think of going to bed—you would retire to rest. Nor would you build a house—they erect it. So we go!

A CAPTAIN'S PRAYER.—A good story is told of a rough sea captain in a storm, who, when the terrified passengers persuaded him to petition Heaven for a cessation of the tempest, preferred the following brief request:—"Oh, Lord! I haven't been in the habit of calling upon Thee often; and if you'll shift the wind from sou'-east to a little more sou', I won't trouble you ag'in!"

A RECOMMENDATION.—"Should you like to hire my gal, Bess?" asked a New Hampshire farmer of a tavern-keeper. "What can she do?" questioned the host. "Do!—why, anything and everything," returned the yeoman,—"she can saw and split up your fire wood,—wash, iron, cook and bake,—take care of your cattle,—harness the horse—milk, make butter and cheese,—always on her taps,—will go through the house like lightning,—and she's got a leg as big as your body!"

THE NEW RELIGION.

Doctor Paul Cullen, styling himself "by the grace of God, Archbishop, &c.," has just issued a pastoral, preparatory to the convocation at Thurles, wherein he endeavours, with might and main, to transfer the fountain of all grace and the source of all perfection from the Supreme Being to a woman. We have seen many blasphemous productions in our time, but the address from which we cull the following passages surpasses every effort that has yet been made to exalt the creature above the Creator:—

"Now that she is seated on the right hand of her son, and crowned with glory, and now that she rules as Queen of Heaven, her power is still greater, and she will not be less ready to attend to our wants and supplications. By her prayers she can obtain whatsoever God can perform by his Omnipotence. "Quod Deus imperio, tu Virgo, prece potes." All the graces of heaven descend to us through her hands; she watches over the destinies of the church of God; she puts to flight heresy and schism, and she preserves the faithful from the attacks of the enemy of mankind."

There was no necessity surely to spoil the rhythm of a good heathen pentameter in the above quotation, by interpolating "Virgo" instead of "Dea," forasmuch as that word, which was, in the original applied to Juno, the wife of Jove (*horresco referens*), would have more fully expressed Dr. Cullen's real meaning. A Goddess (a married Goddess), beyond all equivocation, are those people labouring to place upon the throne of Heaven; and, in order to make room for her, it seems no less clear that they would fain thrust aside the third person of the Sacred Trinity.—Nay, for the matter of that the Godhead is altogether held subordinate, at her supremacy.

"Oh! my brethren, let us, then, not neglect to avail ourselves of this great means of salvation. In our dangers and our difficulties, in our wars and our sufferings, let us invoke the sweet help of Christians; in our temptations and trials, when we are tossed about by the waves of concupiscence, when we are led astray by the allurements of this world, let us raise our eyes to the bright star which will guide our steps in the right way, let us invoke the most holy name of Mary. This name is a tower of strength against our enemies; it is a shield of protection in the hour of danger, and sufferings, and sickness, and in the agonies of death it will be to us a safe anchor of hope."

Here, indeed, is "a name, which is above every name," in the veneration of its votaries.

The conditions on which she, "the mother, and refuge, and hope of sinners," is to be propitiated, are stated to be the indispensable ones of penance mortification, and reformation of life, without which we are told, she will pronounce their doom, in the very words of the Great God himself. What can be more opposed to his incommunicable power and glory than the following assumptions:—

"When you stretch forth your hands," she may say to us, "I will turn away my eyes from you, and when you multiply prayer I will not hear you—wash yourselves—be clean—take away the evil of your devices from my eyes—cease to do perversely—learn to do well—seek judgment—relieve the oppressed—judge for the fatherless—defend the widow." "If you be willing and will hearken to me, you shall eat the good things of the land; but if you will not, and will provoke me to wrath, the sword shall devour you, because the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." (Isaiah i 15)—Let us then, my brethren, begin to do penance for our sins—let us mortify our passions and sinful appetites—let us put on the new man and reform the tenor of our lives; and then we may with confidence approach the throne of the holy Virgin, and place ourselves under the shield of her protection."

It is not then an intercessor alone, but as a judge and an avenger, that the Virgin Mary is presented to the faith of modern Romanists. "If you provoke me to wrath, the sword shall devour you!"—D. E. Mail.

Two letters signed "Patrick William Ryan, Williamstreet, Limerick" addressed to the Roman Catholic Prelates about to meet in Synod at Thurles, suggest that Archbishop MacHale should move a resolution for adoption, defining the constitutional principle on which Irish Roman Catholics should proceed for the amelioration and legislative independence of Ireland! The writer's second suggestion is to solicit from the Pope a Jubilee for Ireland.

THE WHALE'S STRENGTH.—The most dreadful display of the whale's strength and prowess yet authentically recorded, was that made on the American whale ship, Essex, Captain Pollard, which sailed from Nantucket, for the Pacific ocean, in August 1840. Late in the fall of the same year, when in latitude 40 of the South Pacific, a school of sperm whales were discovered, and three boats were manned and sent in pursuit. The mate's boat was struck by one of them and he was obliged to return to the ship in order to repair the damage.

While he was engaged in the work, a sperm whale, judged to be eighty feet long, broke water twenty rods from the ship on her weather bow. He was going at the rate of about three knots an hour, and the ship at nearly the same rate, when he struck the bow of the vessel just forward of her chains.

At the shock produced by the collision of two such mighty masses of matter in motion, the ship shook like a leaf. The seemingly malicious whale dived and passed under the ship, grazing her keel, and then appeared at about the distance of a ship's length, lashing the sea with his fins and tail, as if suffering the most horrible agony. He was evidently hurt by the collision, and blindly frantic with instinctive rage.

In a few minutes he seemed to recover himself, and started with great speed, across the vessel's course to windward. Meanwhile the hands on board discovered the ship to be gradually settling down at the bows, and the pumps were to be rigged. While the crew were working at them, one of the men cried out—"God have mercy! he comes again!"

The whale had turned about forty rods from the ship and was making for her with double his former speed, his pathway white with foam. Rushing ahead, he struck her again at the bow, and the tremendous blow stove her