

strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had feared harder with thee in spite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel and I will trust, notwithstanding the present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

To be Concluded in our next.

FROM THE CHAMELEON, A NEW WORK IN THE STYLE OF THE ANNUALS.

THE PROUD LOVER'S REMONSTRANCE.

NAY, dry those tears!—thy flashing eyes
For weeping look too proud,
That regal breast is not for sighs,
Or sighs that breathe aloud!
There's sobbing for the trembling heart
That sheds in drops its woe;
There's wailings for the Feeble's part
But none for thee, love—no!
Thy dauntless soul—though woman's still,
Should not in tears its sorrow spill!

"I am the cause"—Well! spare my pride
The humbling—hated thought,
That I can only stir the tide
Whence woman's tears are brought,
Till it flow—but to ebb again;
Yet have no power to print
Regrets deep stamp, where Love's grown pain—
By heaven there's madness in't!
Pd rather quail beneath thy rage
Than thus a woman's grief assuage!

I will not weep that thou art cold,
For that hath frozen all
The founts whence burning drops are doled,
And only these should fall
From eyes, whose fire hath flashed to thine
Responsive, look for look;
The heart can bend not to repine
To crave which will not brook!
There is for it no choice of states,
It fiercely loves—or deeply hates!

Which shall it be? The love thou know'st,
The hate thou ne'er shalt see;
'Twill live—but, aye, it is my boast!
'Twill only live for me.
As charnel droppings wear the tomb,
But cannot reach the dead,
So will it slow my heart consume
But ne'er fall on thy head!
Then weep no more—'twas Love I sought;
I was a fool,—and thou wert not!

BED CURTAINS.—A free circulation of fresh air being necessary to promote the health and prolong the life of man, it is difficult to conceive any more effectual means of impeding the operation of this most beneficial agent than bed-curtains. Where thick heavy bed-curtains are closely drawn around a family bed, for instance, in which a husband and wife, and occasionally an infant, pass a third part of their time, the air within the curtains must necessarily be breathed again and again by the unfortunate occupants of the bed, and every additional time that it is respired it becomes more and more unfit to support life.—*Henderson's Rules for Improving Health.*

HORSE SHOES.—The useful custom of shoeing horses was unknown to the Greeks and Romans. Aristotle and Pliny relate that, in time of war, the camels were furnished with shoes made of ox-leather. When the hoofs of the oxen were injured, they were provided with shoes made of a kind of hemp, wove or plaited. Horse-shoes being unknown to the ancients, they were careful to procure horses with strong hoofs, and also employed every method to harden and render these durable. In speaking of a terrible enemy, the prophet Isaiah says: "The hoofs of their horses shall be counted like flint;" and Jeremiah speaks of the noise made by the horses stamping with their hoofs. It was certainly, at first, a bold attempt to nail a piece of iron to the foot of a horse. In Ethiopia, Java, and Tartary, horses are still unshod. The practice of

shoeing horses was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, who gave the city of Northampton to a person for paying an annual sum for shoeing horses. In the graves of the old Germans and Vandals, horse shoes have been found, but their antiquity cannot be ascertained.

SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—Some Italian Journals mention that a new organized being has been discovered in the interior of Africa, which seems to form an intermediate link between vegetable and animal life. This singular being has the shape of a spotted serpent. It drags itself along on the ground, and, instead of a head, has a flower shaped like a bell, which contains a viscid liquor. The flies and other insects, attracted by the smell of this juice, enter into the flower, where they are caught by the adhesive matter. The flower then closes, and remains shut until the prisoners are bruised and transformed into chyle. The indigestible portions, such as the head and wings, are thrown out by two lower spiral openings. This vegetable serpent has a skin resembling leaves, a white and soft flesh, and instead of a bony skeleton, a cartilaginous frame filled with yellow marrow. The natives consider it delicious food.

CURIOUS INDIAN PROCESS.—The abominable custom of flattening their heads prevails among all the Indian tribes. Immediately after birth the infant is placed in a kind of oblong cradle, formed like a trough, with moss under it. One end, on which the head reposes, is more elevated than the rest. A padding is then placed on the forehead, with a piece of cedar-bark over it, and, by means of cords passed through small holes on each side of the cradle, the padding is pressed against the head. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year, and is not, I believe, attended with much pain. The appearance of the infant, however, while in this state of compression, is frightful; and its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandages, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. When released from this inhuman process, the head is perfectly flattened, and the upper part of it seldom exceeds an inch in thickness. It never afterwards recovers its rotundity. They deem this an essential point of beauty, and the most devoted adherent of our first Charles never entertained a stronger aversion to a Roundhead than these savages. They allege, as an excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads, and, accordingly, every child of a bondman, who is not adopted by the tribe, inherits not only his father's degradation, but his parental rotundity of cranium.—*Cox's Scenes and Adventures in North America.*

AFRICAN MONARCHS.—The sovereignty of the coast is divided between two barbarians; one called "King Pepel," residing on the river Bonny, and the other "Duke Ephraim," on the Old Calabar. The contest for making slaves, and the opportunity of disposing of them, has excited a deadly enmity between the native ruffians, which the English cruisers avail themselves of. Whenever one of them proposes a cargo, the other immediately sends information of it to any ship of war on the coast, detailing the particulars of the cargo, and the state of forwardness for sailing; by which means many have been seized, and the envious and malignant passions of these savages made subservient to the cause of humanity. On one occasion of information of this kind, sent by King Pepel to the British, by which his rival lost his cargo, he was so exasperated, that he prepared an expedition to attack him, and take vengeance for the injury and insult. He got a coffin made for Pepel, which he intended to bear before him as an ensign, and sent a messenger to surprise him of it. "Tell Pepel," said he, "that I am coming, and bringing his coffin." "Tell Ephraim," said the other, in reply, "to bring the coffin, and I will put myself into it." The legal traffic which these men carry on is principally with Liverpool ships. These supply the powder, each bringing two hundred barrels, having an especial order in council for the purpose. A short time ago King Pepel prepared a grand expedition to seize slaves, in order to supply an extensive order which he had received. His war canoes were large, and well appointed, and all mounted with brass cannon, which, as well as the powder, were fabricated

in England. The use thus made of English manufacture is afflicting to humanity. By us the native kings spread desolation through the country, and extend and perpetuate the very thing we are so anxious to suppress: we wish to put down the slave trade, and we supply the most effectual means of carrying it on. From the superiority we confer on them, each of them fills a ship every month with captives dragged from their homes, and every ship contains a cargo of from three to four hundred slaves; so that we are indirectly the instruments of sending off twenty four slavers from these two rivers every year, containing 8000 natives, for the markets of Cuba and Brazil.—*The Amulet, 1832.*

SAVAGE CRUELTY OF THE FLAT-HEADS AN INDIAN TRIBE.—There was, in the midst of our festivities, a great drawback from the pleasures we should otherwise enjoyed. I allude to the unfortunate Black-feet who had been captured by the Flat-heads. Having been informed, that they were about putting one of their prisoners to death, I went to their camp to witness the spectacle. The man was tied to a tree; after which they heated the old barrel of a gun until it became red hot, with which they burned him on the legs, thighs, neck, cheeks, and belly. They then commenced cutting the flesh from about the nails, which they pulled out, and next separated the fingers from the hand joint by joint. During the performance of these cruelties the wretched captive never winced, and, instead of suing for mercy, he added fresh stimulants to their barbarous ingenuity by the most irritating reproaches, part of which our interpreter translated as follows: "My heart is strong. You do not hurt me. You can't hurt me. You are fools. You do not know how to torture. Try it again. I don't feel any pain yet. We torture your relations a great deal better, because we make them cry out loud like little children. You are not brave; you have small hearts, and you are always afraid to fight." Then addressing one in particular, he said, "It was by my arrow you lost your eye," upon which the Flat-head darted at him, and with a knife in a moment scooped out one of his eyes; at the same time cutting the bridge of his nose nearly in two. This did not stop him; with the remaining eye he looked sternly at another, and said, "I killed your brother, and I scalped your old fool of a father." The warrior to whom this was addressed instantly sprang at him, and separated the scalp from his head. He was then about to plunge a knife in his heart, until he was told by the chief to desist. The raw skull, bloody socket, and mutilated nose now presented a horrid appearance, but by no means changed his tone of defiance. "It was I," said he to the chief, "that made your wife a prisoner last fall; we put out her eyes; we tore out her tongue; we treated her like a dog. Forty of our young warriors" The chief became incensed the moment his wife's name was mentioned; he seized his gun and before the last sentence was ended, a ball from it passed through the brave fellow's heart, and terminated his frightful sufferings. Shocking, however, as this dreadful exhibition was, it was far exceeded by the atrocious cruelties practised on the female prisoners; in which, I am sorry to say, the Flat-head women assisted with more savage fury than the men. I only witnessed part of what one wretched young woman suffered, a detail of which would be too revolting for publicity. We remonstrated against the exercise of such horrible cruelties. They replied by saying the Black-feet treated their relations in the same manner; that it was the course adopted by all red warriors, and that they could not think of giving up the gratification of their revenge to the foolish and womanish feelings of white men.—*Cox's Scenes and Adventures in North America.*

IRISHMEN IN AMERICA.—All New York, poor as well as rich, labour under dyspepsia. One fourth of their local literature is comprised of treatises on dyspepsia. It would fill a waggon. Every door of sale in the town has placards with titles of half a dozen treatises on dyspepsia put forth. Ask my good friend Dr. Payne the reason of it, and he will tell you, like Abernethy, "Sir, they feed too much." Famines are terrible things in Europe, but I verily believe that a famine in the United States once in three years would save many lives. They positively die of the