

Alfred read the letter and proposed starting immediately, which they accordingly did; and after two day's journey, reached the dwelling of their afflicted sister. Alfred came not to be a passive spectator of their distress, but as an angel of mercy to relieve. He told his wife that he had saved two hundred dollars by denying her some useless expense, at different times; he had intended to devote it to some charitable purpose, and it was now hers if she wished to present it to her sister. He cheered the heart of the sick man, and inspired him with new courage, till the fever left him, and he was able to adopt the means which his true friend proposed, of providing for the wants of his family. Alfred's influence was exerted and his purse opened, till the household were again restored to comfort and happiness; and they saw him depart with tears and blessings.

When they were alone in the carriage, Sarah wept upon her husband's shoulder. She confessed her former faults and implored forgiveness for the wrong she had done him—for the pain she had given his noble heart. She felt that those only can be truly generous, who deny themselves, that they may give to others; no more unkind words fell from her lips, she was careful not to make any unreasonable requests, and she now blessed the day when her husband, to bring about this change, commenced with denying her the "love of a hat."

#### CHARACTER AND FATE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

In the fate of the Aborigines of our country—the American Indians—there is, my friends, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment, much which may be urged to excuse their atrocities; much in their characters, which may betray us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwags, and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes. The shouts of victory and the war dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young men listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity, and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors, a few and faint, yet fearless still. The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, out of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed

by them,—no never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.—*Story.*

#### From the London Times. THE MORAL FLOOD.

WHEN sailing down the Thames, upon one of the most beautiful voyages in the world, from London to Margate, few people are aware that at high tides they are borne upon a flood of waters several feet higher than the level of the surrounding country. The whole of that vast river is an aqueduct, raised and supported between banks of stupendous construction, the work at first of immemorial ages, but gradually increased in strength and height as the bed of the river has grown higher by continual deposit. They glide between forests of masts, and admire the magnificent and proud-sailing vessels, as it were the swans of ocean with their gallant snow-white wings, between fair and golden fields and emerald meadows,—the wealth of universal, of British commerce, borne upon the water, the wealth of British agriculture and industry enriching the land; but they little think upon what all these fair prospects and riches depend, and what disasters must invade the occupiers of land and water, and their ripening riches, if but a small portion of the artificial barrier of earth were to be loosened from its position. Yet these banks having been once commenced, must from time to time be made higher continually, and the danger also must become continually greater in magnitude, and more imminent. If nature had been left to take her own course, the deposit of soil would have taken place over the whole surface of the land, as well as on the bed of the river; the beds and banks would have maintained their same relative height, or rather the land would have gained most, as on the banks of other rivers; the harvest of wealth would not have been reaped at so early a period, but it would have been sure for ever. The social system in this country is in an equally artificial state. We see the tide of riches and commerce, and trade and manufacture in all its branches, borne onwards and aloft at a very artificial elevation, an elevation which requires to be continued and constantly increased for the very maintenance of its existence, and one which carries with it the utmost ruin in its consequences, should it ever meet with disaster and interruption. In the early part of the last century the Thames burst its bounds, and overwhelmed the rich harvests of its shores in Essex, with a terrible inundation. The site obtained its name from the calamity, and is still called Dagenham Breach. A century has elapsed, and if the same catastrophe were to happen again, the calamity must be still more dreadful. There is at the present moment some alarm excited, and some symptoms of a recurrence, in the same neighbourhood. If the majestic Thames should burst its bonds asunder again, bearing on its bosom the riches of the world, and the means of every luxury, the ruin would be greater than all the riches which it now bears. If through the loss occasioned by it, or other changes and distresses, the mischief should not be repaired, the whole adjacent country must become a swamp, like the once magnificent Babylon. Let us look to it, lest this wealthy and majestic British empire should itself become as Babylon.

#### RECOLLECTIONS.

TIME mellow ideas. Things in themselves indifferent acquire a certain tenderness in recollection; and the senses of our youth, though remarkable neither for elegance nor feeling, rise up to our memory dignified and at the same time endeared. As countrymen in a distant land acknowledge one another as friends, so objects, to which when present we gave but little attention are nourished in distant remembrance with a cordial regard. If in their own nature of tenderer kind, the ties which they had in the heart are drawn still closer, and we recall them with an enthusiasm of feeling which the same objects at the immediate time are unable to excite.—The hum of a little tune, to which in our infancy we have often listened; the course of a brook, which in our childhood we have frequently traced; the ruin of an ancient building which we remember almost entire: these remembrances sweep over the mind with an enchanting power of tenderness and melancholy, at whose bidding the pleasures and the ambition of the present moment fade and appear. Our feelings are generally not more grateful to the fancy than genial to the mind.—Of this tender power which remembrance has over us, several uses might be made;

this divinity of memory, did we treat it right, might lend its aid to our happiness as well as our virtue.

#### From the Thames and its Tributaries.

#### THE SOURCE OF THE THAMES.

WITHIN two miles of Cirencester is the source of the Thames—a clear fountain in a little rocky dell, known by the name of Thames Head. This is the little infantine stream, so great a giant when it arrives at its full growth.

The little dell, whence issues the gentle stream, is in hot seasons perfectly dry; but the drought that stops the supply at the fountain head, has but slight effect on the course of the stream. It has so many feeders from various parts of the country, that at Lechlade and Cricklade it runs on its usual course uninfluenced by the scarcity at the head. There is an amusing story told of a simple cockney, who, on his way from Bristol to London, turned aside to visit the source of the river he was so proud of. It was warm weather; there had been no rain for three weeks, and the spring was dried up, 'Good God,' said he, with an expression of the utmost alarm and sorrow, 'what ruin this must cause at London. Whatever will the poor people do for water?'—and his busy fancy conjured up a direful picture of a thousand ills consequent upon the stoppage of the stream; no more ships arriving at London laden with the wealth of the world, the bankruptcy of rich merchants, the shutting up of 'Change,' the failure of the Bank of England, the anguish of ruined families, and the death of thousands in the agonies of thirst. The Germans tell a similar story of a traveller who visited the springs of the Danube; and which, as we are upon the subject, may serve as a pendant to the story of our cockney. The traveller in this case was a Swabian, and whenever the Germans wish to palm off a joke, a Swabian is sure to be the butt. On noticing in what a small stream the water trickled at the source of that great river, the Danube, he formed the bold resolution of stopping it up. He put his hand across it; and as he fancied the various cities upon its course deprived of their supply of water, by this deed he exclaimed, in the pride of his heart, 'What will they say at Vienna?'

#### NEW WORKS.

##### History of Scotland. By Patrick Fraser Tytler.

We cannot, in our very limited space, do more than notice a work of this kind in general terms. To descend into particulars would carry us beyond all reasonable bounds. A glance at two or three passages will sufficiently show the minuteness and accuracy of relation that characterize the whole. Passing over the murder of Rizzio, which is strikingly detailed, and the subsequent assassination of Darnley, by the very men who were associated with him in that sanguinary act, we come to that inexplicable incident in the life of Mary—her marriage with Bothwell—the murderer of her favourite and her husband. Whatever history may say of Mary—in whatever language her faults may be extenuated—or whatever excuses of her conduct may be drawn from her misfortunes, it is quite impossible to account for her marriage with Bothwell, otherwise than by ascribing it to an infatuation which our reason at this distance of time cannot explore. The manner in which the intended union between the murderer and the Queen was broken to the nobles by Bothwell himself, fresh from that mockery of a trial which acquitted him of a crime which his judges knew he had committed, is thus described by Mr. Tytler.

After his departure the events of every day exhibited some new proofs of the infatuated predilection of the Queen. Happy had it been for this unfortunate princess, had she listened for a moment to the calm and earnest advice of her ambassador, at the Court of France, when he implored her to punish her husband's murderers, and warned her in such solemn terms, that the eyes of Europe were fixed upon her conduct; but his letter appears to have made little impression; the collusive trial of Bothwell gave a shock to her best friends, and the extraordinary events which now rapidly succeeded confirmed the worst suspicions of her enemies.

On the evening of the day on which the Parliament rose (April 19.) Bothwell invited the principal nobility to supper, in a tavern kept by a person named Ansley. They sat drinking till a late hour; and during the entertainment a band of two hackbushers surrounded the house and overawed its inmates. The earl then rose and proposed his marriage with the Queen, affirming that he had gained her consent, and even (it is said) producing her written warrant, empowering him to propose the matter to her nobility. Of the guests some were his sworn friends, others were terrified and irresolute; and in the confusion one nobleman, the Earl of Eglington, contrived to make his escape; but the rest, both Papists and Pro-

testants, were overawed into compliance, and affixed their signatures to a bond, in which they declared their conviction in Bothwell's innocence, and recommended "this noble and mighty lord" as a suitable husband for the Queen, whose continuance in solitary widowhood, they declared was injurious to the interests of the commonwealth. The most influential persons who signed this disgraceful instrument were the Earls of Morton, Argyle, Huntly, Cassillis, Sutherland, Glencairn, Rothes and Caithness; and of the lords, Herries, Hume, Boyd, Seton and Sinclair.

The events that followed in rapid succession, terminating in the imprisonment of the unhappy Mary—as unhappy in her own passions as in the tumultuous circumstances to which they were daily exposed—are familiar to the reader. The next great event was the regency of Murray, the ablest man of that day. His interview with Mary, on the eve of his acceptance of the hazardous office, is full of interest. The object of his visit was to satisfy some doubts he entertained respecting the act of surrender. He suspected that it was extorted from Mary, and he requested permission from the lords to see the Queen before he finally accepted the regency. At first they were startled by the request, and thought it would be injudicious to grant it.

At last, however, they consented, and on the 15th of August, Murray, in company with Morton, Athol, and Lord Lindsay, visited the Queen in her prison. It was a remarkable and affecting interview, Mary received them with tears, and passionately complained of her wrongs. Then taking Murray aside, before supper, she eagerly questioned him as to the intentions of the lords, and in vain endeavored to fathom his own. Contrary to his usual open and frank demeanor, he was gloomy, silent and reserved. When the bitter meal had passed, she again spoke to him in private, and torn by fear and suspense, pathetically described her feelings. He was her brother, she said, her only friend, he must know her fate, for he was all powerful with her enemies; would he now withhold his counsel and assistance in this extremity of her sorrow? What was she to look for? She knew some thirsted for her blood. In the end she implored him to keep her no longer in doubt, but to speak out and even were it to criminate her, to use all freedom and plainness.

Thus urged, Murray, without mitigation or disguise, laid before her the whole history of her misgovernment: using a severity of language and earnestness of rebuke, more suited (to use a Throckmorton's) to a ghostly confessor than a counsellor: her ill advised marriage with Darnley, her hasty love, her sudden estrangement, the dark scene of his murder, the manifest guilt of Bothwell, his pretended trial, his unjust acquittal, her infatuated passion, her shameless marriage, her obstinate adherence to the murderer, the hatred of her subjects, her capture; her imprisonment, the allegations of the lords that they could convict her by her own letters, of being accessory to the murder, their determination to bring her to a public trial, and to put her to an ignominious death; all these points were insisted on with a severity and plainness to which the Queen had seldom been accustomed, and the dreadful picture plunged the unhappy sufferer into an agony of despair. Throughout the dismal recital, she interrupted him by extenuations, apologies, confessions, and sometimes by denials. The conversation had been prolonged till past midnight, and Mary, weeping and clinging to the hope of life, again and again implored her brother's protection: but Murray was unmoved, or at least he judged it best to seem so, and retired to his chamber, bidding her seek her chief refuge in the mercy of God.

Next morning at an early hour she sent for him, and perceiving the impression he had made, he resumed a milder mood, threw in some words of consolation, and assured that whatever might be the conduct of others, to save her life he was ready to sacrifice his own, but unfortunately the decision did not lay with him alone, but with the lords, the church, and the people. Much also depended on herself: if she attempted an escape, intrigued to bring in the French or the English, and thus disturbed the quiet government of her son, or continued in her inordinate affection to Bothwell, she need not expect to live; if she deplored her past sins, showed an abhorrence for the murder of her husband, and repented her former life with Bothwell, then might he hold great hope that those in whose power she now lay would spare her life. As to her liberty, he said in conclusion, that was at present out of the question.

He had as yet only a single voice in the state, like other nobles, it was therefore not in his power to procure it, nor would it be for her interest at this moment to desire it. It was Mary's weakness to be hurried away by impulses. She had passed the night under the dreadful conviction, that she had but a short time to live. She now discerned a gleam of hope, and starting from her seat, took Murray in her arms, and urged him to accept the regency, as the best and safest course for herself, her son, and her kingdom. He declined it, she again pressed it on him, he gave his reasons against undertaking so arduous a task. She replied, and insisted, that the service of his sovereign and his country ought to outweigh every selfish motive. He at last assented; the Queen then suggested that his first efforts should be directed to get all the forts into his hands, and requested him to take her jewels and other articles of value, into his custody,