

every thing to him, he evaded the blow aimed at him by the brave and revengeful mother, seized from the fire a burning brand, and with it, succeeded partially in warding off the furious attack which followed. In a little time they fell struggling together, the Indian desperately wounded, and the unfortunate woman faint with loss of blood and her extraordinary exertions. Both were too weak to harm each other now, and the wounded savage only availed himself of his remaining strength to crawl away. In this piteous plight the poor woman remained until near noon on the following day when she was accidentally discovered by a straggling party of whites, to whom she told her story, and then died. After burying her on the spot, they made some exertions to overtake the fugitive Indian, but unsuccessfully. He succeeded in reaching his tribe, and from his tale, the little stream, before mentioned, was ever afterwards known among the Cherokees, and also by the pale faces, as the 'War-Woman's Creek.'

From Lights and Shades of Military Life, by Sir Charles Napier.

#### A GLEAM OF MILITARY LIFE.

[The following is a passage in the Life of Captain Renaud, a French officer.]

It was in 1814: it was the beginning of the year, and of the end of that dismal war, in which our poor army defended the Empire and the Emperor, while France looked on with dismay. Soissons had just surrendered to Bulow, the Prussian. The armies of Silesia and the North, had there formed their junction. Macdonald had left Troyes, and abandoned the basin of the Yonne to establish his line of defence from Nogent to Montreau, with thirty thousand men.

We were to attack Rheims, which the Emperor wished to recover. The weather was gloomy and the rain incessant. We had just lost a superior officer, who was escorting prisoners. The Russians had surprised and killed him in the preceding night, and delivered their comrades. Our colonel, who was what is called a *tough one to cook*, resolved to have his revenge. We were near Epernay, and were turning the heights that surround it. Evening came, and, after taking the whole day to rest, we were passing a very pretty white mansion with turrets, called Boursault, when the colonel called me. He took me aside, while arms were piled, and said to me with his old croaking voice:

'You see that barn up on that peaked hill? where that great booby of a sentinel is walking to and fro?' 'Yes, I see distinctly both the barn and the grenadier.' 'Well you must know that that is the point which the Russians took the day before yesterday, and which the Emperor is particularly anxious about just now. At eleven to night you will take two hundred of your boys and surprise the corps-de-garde which they have established in that barn. He took, and offered to me a pinch of snuff; and throwing away the rest by little and by little, as I may do now, uttering a few words as he sprinkled each dust in the breeze; 'You may be sure that I will be behind you with my column—you will not have lost more than sixty men—you will have the six pieces they have placed there—by eleven o'clock—half past eleven the position will be ours. And then we will lie down and rest ourselves a while—from the little affair at Craonne, which was no ball play, as the saying is.

'That's enough,' said I to him, and away with my second lieutenant. I ordered the arms to be examined, and the cartridges to be drawn from all that were loaded. I then walked about some time with my sergeants, waiting for the hour of starting. At half past ten I ordered them to put on their great coats over their uniform. I had taken especial notice of the paths leading to the Russian corps-de-garde, and I picked out for the job the most resolute fellows I ever commanded. The scouts we fell in with as we ascended were put out of the way without noise, like reeds that you lay down upon the ground with your hand. The sentry posted before the guns required more precaution. One of my grenadiers clasped him in his arms, and squeezed him till he was almost stifled; while two others, having gagged him, threw him into the bushes.

I came up slowly, and I could not, I confess, get the better of a certain emotion, which I never felt at the moment of other encounters. It was a shame for attacking men who were asleep. I saw them wrapped in their cloaks, and my heart throbbled violently; But all at once, at the moment of acting, I feared that it was a weakness very like that of a coward. I was afraid that I had for once felt fear, and taking my sword, which

had been concealed under my arm, I briskly entered first, setting the example to my grenadiers. I made a motion to them which they comprehended; they fell first upon the guns, then upon the men, like wolves upon a flock of sheep. Oh, it was a dismal, a horrible butchery. The bayonet pierced, the butt end smashed, the knee stifled, the hand strangled. All cries were extinguished, almost before they were uttered, beneath the feet of our soldiers; and not a head was raised without receiving the mortal blow.

On entering, I had struck at random a terrible stroke at something black, which I had run through and through. An old officer, a tall, stout man, whose head was covered with white hair, sprung upon his feet like a phantom, made a violent lunge at my face with a sword; and instantly dropped dead, pierced by the bayonet. On my part, I fell beside him, stunned by the blow, which had struck me between the eyes, and I heard beneath me the tender and dying voice of a boy, crying 'Papa.'

I then comprehended what I had done, and looked at my work with frantic eagerness. I saw one of those officers of fourteen, so numerous in the Russian armies which invaded us at that period, and who were dragged away to that awful school. His long curling hair fell upon his bosom as fair, as silken, as that of a woman; and his head was bowed, as though he had fallen asleep the second time. His rosy lips expanded, like those of a new born infant; and his large blue eyes, half open, had a form of beauty that was fond and feminine. I lifted him upon one arm, and his cheek fell against mine, dripping with blood, as though he were burying his face in his mother's bosom to warm it again. He seemed to shrink from me, and crouch close to the ground, in order to get away from his murderers. Filial affection and the confidence and repose of a delicious sleep pervaded his lifeless face, and he seemed to say to me; 'Let us sleep in peace.'

'Was this an enemy?' I exclaimed. And that paternal feeling which God has put into the bowels of every man leaped and thrilled within me. I clasped him to my bosom, when I felt that I was pressing against it the hilt of my sword, with which I had pierced his heart and killed this sleeping cherub. I would have stooped my head to his, but my blood covered him with large stains; I felt the wound on my forehead, and recollected that it had been given by his father. I looked around, with an emotion of shame, and saw nothing but a heap of dead bodies, which my grenadiers were dragging off by the heels and throwing outside, taking nothing from them but their cartridges.

At this moment the Colonel entered, followed by his column, whose step and arms I heard. 'Bravo, my dear fellow,' said he, 'you have done that job cleverly. But you are wounded.' 'Look there,' said I—'what difference is there between me and a murderer?' 'Eh! Sacre-dieu, comrade, what would you have?' 'Tis our trade.'

'Precisely so,' I replied; and I rose to resume my command. The boy fell back into the folds of his cloak, in which I wrapped him, and his hand dropped a bamboo cane, which fell upon my hand, as if he had given it me. I took it, resolving, whatever dangers I have to encounter in future, to have no other weapon. And I had not courage enough, to draw my slaughtering sword out of his bosom.

I hastily quitted that den which stank of blood, and when I was in the open air I felt strong enough to wipe the gore from my bleeding brow. My grenadiers were in their ranks; each was coolly wiping his bayonet on the greensward and fastening the flint in the lock of his piece. My sergeant-major, followed by the quarter-master, walked before the ranks, holding his list in his hand; and, reading it by the light of a candle's end stuck in the barrel of his gun, calmly called over the names. I sat down meanwhile, at the foot of a tree, and the surgeon came and bound up my wound. A heavy March shower fell upon my head and somewhat refreshed me. I could not help heaving a sigh. 'I am tired of war!' I said to the surgeon. 'So am I,' said a grave voice which I knew. I pushed the bandage from over my eyes, and saw, not Napoleon the Emperor, but Bonaparte the Soldier. He was alone, dejected, on foot, standing before me, his boots sunk in the mud, his coat torn, the rain dripping from the brim of his hat; he felt that his last days were come, and around him he beheld his last soldiers.

He looked at me stedfastly. 'I have seen thee somewhere, grumbler,' said he. From the concluding word, I perceived that it was merely a familiar phrase

which he had employed. I knew that I had grown older in look than in years and in fatigues: moustaches and wounds disguised me sufficiently. 'I have seen you everywhere, without being seen,' I replied. 'Don't thou wish for promotion?' 'It is full late,' said I. He crossed his arms for a moment without answering. 'Thou art right,' he then said; 'in three days we shall both of us quit the service.'

He turned his back on me and mounted his horse, held for him at the distance of a few paces. At this moment our *tele de colonne* had attacked, and the enemy was firing bombs at us. One of them fell before my company and some of the men started back in the first moment's alarm, of which they were afterwards ashamed. Bonaparte advanced alone towards the bomb, which burned and smoked at his horse's feet, and made him snuff up the smoke. All continued silent and motionless; the bomb burst and hurt nobody. The grenadiers felt the terrible lesson that he gave them, while I felt that in this conduct there was something besides which bordered on despair. France was forsaking him, and for a moment he had doubted the attachment of his brave veterans. I deemed myself too signally avenged, and him too severely punished by so complete a desertion. I rose with effort, and, approaching him, grasped and pressed the hand that he offered to several of us. He did not recognize me, but it was for me a tacit reconciliation between the most obscure and the most illustrious man of our age. The drums beat a charge, and, at daybreak, Rheims was re-taken by us. But, a few days afterwards, Paris was in possession of the Allies.

#### NEW WORKS.

From Allison's Principles of Population. PHYSICAL CONFORMATION OF THE GLOBE.

It is worthy of observation in this view, how singular the physical qualities of the earth, in the immediate vicinity of the regions where man was first created, were adapted for his infant necessities, and the means of the early and rapid increase of his race, both in the tents of the herdsman and the fields of the plain. To the north of the sunny slopes of Armenia, where profane not less than sacred history assigns the first appearance of the destined lords of the earth, extend the boundless grassy wilds of Tartary and Scythia, where not a tree was to be seen, nor a range of impassable mountains intervened, from the banks of the Danube to the frontiers of China; and where mankind, multiplying with the herbage which grew beneath their feet, and the herds which increased around them, found every facility for the rapid extension of their numbers in the shepherd state. At the foot of the same mountains, to the south, lay extended the noble plain of Mesopotamia, with a natural irrigation unparalleled in the world, furnishing the means of ample subsistence under the prolific sun of Asia, and teeming with a luxuriance of natural riches, which in every age excited the astonishment of mankind, and which all the labour of subsequent ages has been unable to exhaust. Had either been wanting, the species must have perished in its cradle; had the plain of Shinar not offered to his hand unbounded natural riches, had the wilds of Tartary been as sterile as the rocks of American forests, the shepherds of the hills could never have formed the fathers of mankind. But the boundless riches of the Babylonian fields gave birth, even of the first ages, to those stupendous cities, from whence the enterprize of commerce dispersed the human race in every direction through Central Asia; while the uniform pasturage of the Scythian wilds spread before them a vast highway stored with food, by means of which they could penetrate with ease to the remotest extremities of the old world; and where those countless swarms of men have sprung from the unlabored bounties of nature, who, in every age, have exercised so great an influence on the fortunes of mankind. The physical conformation of the globe is singularly adapted to facilitate the incessant regeneration of mankind. The human species might have been placed in situations where no such revolutions could effect it. Impassable mountains, or arms of the ocean might have separated the rude from the civilised inhabitants of the world; the empires of the east might have been secured by their situation from hostile invasion, and human wickedness might have continued undisturbed in the places where its career first commenced. If the forests of Burnah or America had stretched along the north of the eastern world, the inhabitants of Scythia would have been chained to the hunter life; and the citizens of the Roman or Persian monarchies, how effeminate soever, might have beheld with contempt a few naked savages emerging from the woods on the frontier. The corruption incident to early civilization would then have been without a remedy, and the channels of

human felicity choked by the magnitude of early population. It was the vast and open plains of Tartary and Arabia, lying in the immediate vicinity of the spot where it was first cradled, which, in the infancy of the species, led to the pastoral life, and made the tents of the desert coeval with the cities of the plain, on the first dispersion of mankind. While the wandering life of shepherds spread the race of man far and wide over the globe in the first ages of the world, the rapid multiplication of the species in the pastoral state prepared, in later times, those periodical and dreadful irruptions which were destined to punish and regenerate the stationary part of mankind. The same wilds which first served as a highway to the dispersion, afterwards became the channel which led to the regeneration of the species. When the vices of the south called for the infusion of barbarian valor it was not a few scattered savages who answered the summons, but Timour at the head of the Tartar horse, or Genghiskhan with hordes of the Scythian cavalry.

From the Democratic Review.

#### PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

But the question naturally arises, must the course of society stop here. Shall we, because the hand of an overruling Providence has placed our lot at this particular point of time, venture to turn our eyes away from the future, and, looking backward only at the past, say to the overswelling tide of human progress, thus far shalt thou come and no farther? Why should we deny to our posterity the ability to press as far in advance of us as we have gone beyond our predecessors? It cannot be. Even now the forecast shadow of coming events falls upon us. Let us look around us, and, although the smoke of battle does not obscure the sky, and the tumult of revolution does not now fill the air, we may yet see all the causes productive of change silently but surely at work;—The principle of progress is in unimpeded operation. The elements of society are in restless fermentation throughout Europe, foreshadowing some impending commotion. We may see this in the outbreaks of the German students, the hot impetuosity of youth drinking too deeply of liberal and classic lore. We may see it in France, in the fierce ebullitions of popular fury which indicate on how insecure a basis rests the throne of Louis Philippe. We may see the same spirit displayed in our own country in the numberless schemes, both feasible and absurd, for social improvements, in the loud demand for universal education, in the increasing associations for the diffusion of light and knowledge, in the devoted heroism of the missionaries of the Cross, who take their lives in their hands, and go to bear the Gospel, with its accompanying liberty and civilization, to the distant heathen. Here are many and prominent signs; and, if they mean anything, they must indicate that some new change in the aspect of the world is approaching. When and what shall it be?—There are many who believe that the good yet in store for our race is not remote; that, though our feet are not permitted to enter the happy precincts of the promised land, yet we have gained a Pisgah height from whence we may gain some glimpses of its silver streamlet, fertile valleys, and plains laughing under the load of abounding harvests, and that the day when admission to it shall end man's weary pilgrimage through this wilderness of thorns is not far off. God grant it may be so!

From Master Humphrey's Clock.

#### HOME AFFECTIONS OF THE POOR.

If ever household affections and loves are graceful, they are graceful in the poor. The ties that bind the wealthy and the proud to home may be forged on earth, but those which link the poor man to his hearth are of the true metal and bear the stamp of heaven. The man of high descent may love the halls and lands of his inheritance as a part of himself, as trophies of his birth and power; his associations with them are associations of pride and wealth and triumph; the poor man's attachment to the tenement he holds, which strangers have held before and may to-morrow occupy again has a worthier roof, struck deep in a purer soil.

His household goods are of flesh and blood, with no alloy of silver, gold, or precious stone;—he has no property but in the affections of his own heart; and when they endear bare floors and walls, despite of rags and toil, and scanty meals, that man has his love of home from God, and his rude hut becomes a solemn place. Oh, if those who rule the destinies of nations would but remember this,—if they would but think how hard it is for the very poor to have engendered in their hearts that love of home from which all domestic virtues spring, when they live in dense and squalid masses where social decency is lost, or rather never found,—if they would but turn aside from the wide thoroughfares and greathouses, and strive to improve the wretched dwellings in bye-ways where only Poverty may walk,—many low roofs would point more truly to the sky than the loftiest steeple that now rears proudly up from the midst of guilt and crime and horrible disease,