

of the ladies; for he was endowed for the moment with unnatural strength by the intensity of feeling.

In the cemetery of —, where the eye stretches wide and far over beautiful wooded slopes and a broad expanse of water—rock, ravine, spire, hamlet, and the distant city—where all is peace, and the weary soul is tempted to covet the repose of those who wait beneath,—now rest the remains of Mr. A—

After life's fatal fever, he sleeps well! Standing beside his grave, as the moon beams flickered on the marble, contending with the shadows of o'erhanging leaves that rustle in the night breeze, I thought how rapidly every haunt of my own bright, holiday youth was yielding to the inroads of another populous capital.

The pond on which we used to ply the armed heel when winter ruled the year, has disappeared.—Its site is occupied with civic palaces. The shady glen where the winged hours of stary summer nights flew all unheeded in converse with the loved who are no more, lies bare and sere beneath the August sun.—The very stream that wound so gracefully among the trees is dry.—The dews of heaven that fed its crystal sources fall now in vain upon a mountain mass of marble—column,—plinth and dome—rising in mockery of posthumous benevolence,—a long enduring witness of perverted trust.

Peace to thy broken heart and early grave! But why repeat these woes that are the lot of all?—who is there that has learned the value of the bubbles that entice us here—Wealth! Fame! Power! or sublimary Love!—but will join in the secret aspiration with which I left the silent resting place of a perturbed spirit—Take! oh! Take me home!

From Grant's Pictures of Popular People. AFFECTION FOR THE MATERNAL PARENT.

Even in after life the minds of the generality of mankind cherish a warmth of affection for the maternal parent which they feel not for father, brother, or sister. She retains possession, too, to the last hour of their existence, of the same hallowed shrine in their hearts which she occupied at the first.

SPRING.

Now to the music of the purple dawn The bright entranced stars go slowly by, Linger to see the golden sunlight born! Now all is vocal 'neath the broad blue sky.

Rises, and revels in delicious gladness! The unchained rivers and laughing rills Bound wildly forth, and from the throned hills Leap down like living streams of light and glory! The ancient skies look young; the fresh-born air Is all alive with sound and fragrance rare; And o'en the moss-clad rains look less hoary!

WHITE THUNDER, OR THE INDIAN MURDERER.

It was the summer of 1833, while a member of one of the western colleges and being somewhat out of health, I resolved to spend my vacation among the cold lakes of the north, thinking thereby, not only to improve my health, by breaking the pure air of that region, but also my mind by a personal inspection of those inland seas and the country surrounding them.

Accordingly, I made ready my bundle, and was immediately on my way. On my journey I passed over the lakes Erie, St. Clair, Huron, and stopped not until I arrived at the Falls of St. Marie, at the outlet of Lake Superior. At this place there is an American garrison and settlement, which, I believe, the most northerly of any in America.—The fur traders resort to their place in great numbers during the summer season, for their outfits of goods suitable for the Indian trade, and carry them thousands of miles into the interior, to be exchanged for furs, which are brought down the ensuing season to this place, and shipped to New York.—The Hudson Bay Company have also a post on the opposite side of the river at this place, being engaged in the same trade.

Soon after I arrived here, the traders, accompanied by numerous French and half breeds, came in for their supply of goods, bringing along with them an Indian, bound hand and foot with strong cords, to be delivered up to the civil authority to answer for the crime of murder, committed on the person of a trader, who, under the guise of friendship, had visited his wigwam, stolen the affections and seduced the wife of his bosom; and, as though this was not enough to fill the man's cup with bitterness, had on a public occasion, when many of the tribes and whites were assembled, boasted of his success, and dared the enraged husband to do his worst.

Some months after, as this same trader was passing from one post to another, through a portion of that frightful wilderness which stretches away from Hudson's Bay on the east to the Pacific Ocean on the west, and from the great lakes on the south to the arctic regions on the north, he was waylaid and shot by the Indian he had so basely treated.—And it was for this complaint that he had been made a prisoner to the government of the United States—the murderer demanded, and given up by his tribe.

As soon as he arrived at the settlement, he was handed over to the civil authorities, and confined in jail until he could be sent over to Mackinaw, where he could be tried, and where he was expected to be executed.

Learning his situation, I went to the sheriff, and was permitted to visit him. He was fettered, and lying on the floor of a most wretched prison, entirely naked and destitute, with the exception of a very small remnant of a blanket around his body, and a bark sack under his head. He was not more than twenty five or thirty years of age, thick set, strong built, with beautifully round and well proportioned limbs, a breast that any consumptive person would be likely to covet, and the sharp, penetrating look common to his race.

Mr. Oshman, the officer mentioned, spoke Indian and English, and was kind enough to interpret for me. I asked him why he was fettered, where came from, and where he was going. His reply was, that 'he had shot a white man in the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods, was fettered that he might not run away, and was on his way to Mackinaw to die.'

'But could you not have run away after you committed the act?' 'Oh yes,' said he, 'nothing was easier. I could have gone over the big mountains to another tribe, and been safe; but then our great white father would have been angry, and punished my brethren.'

He here recounted in an affecting manner the cause of the murder—how the white man was received into his cabin as a friend—had betrayed the confidence placed in him—had seduced his young and beautiful wife and destroyed his happiness forever.

'Oh!' said he, his savage face lighting up with the never dying fires of jealousy and revenge—'what could I do? he destroyed my wife; he called me a coward, an old woman, a dog. I shot the the miscreant, and would have done so had it cost me a thousand lives.'

I felt the force of his argument. He had received the death blow to his happiness—was a savage in a savage land; and who was there to look after his wrongs and see that they were redressed? Not one. As I left his cell, I felt my bosom swell with pity, and could not help mentally exclaiming, what else could he have done!

As his journey to Mackinaw was delayed a few days, I visited him again, taking with me a good blanket, a loaf of bread, a pair of scissors and some vermilion, with which he could trim his hair. He seemed much pleased with these things, and in return arose and took from his sack a wolf skin, ornamented with wampum and the quills of the warrior eagle, presented it to me; giving, at the same time, a minute account of the manner of taking this bird. The eagle, according to his account flies too high to be shot, and seldom alights unless for food; that he killed the deer, left the carcass on the ground, and shot the bird from a thicket, as he descended from the sky to his feast.

The wolf skin was very large, and was on some occasions worn as a blanket, and was highly valued, not only as an article of clothing, but as a token of the hunter's skill; besides, it was the poor f flow's all, and I hesitated to take it, but he insisted upon it, saying at the same time, 'when you look upon it, remember a poor unfortunate red man.' Thinking I might say something to comfort him, I undertook to tell him something of the forms of a criminal court; how he would be required to stand up and plead 'guilty or not guilty,' and if there were no witnesses present to prove him guilty, and he should deny the fact, I did not believe he could be convicted, and consequently would not be harmed.

'But,' said he, 'I did shoot him.' Finding that he could not be made to understand me, or for the sake of life deny the fact, I was on the point of leaving him, when he took me affectionately by the hand and said, 'If they let me live I should be glad to see you again.'

I then left the prison, and saw him no more, but was told by the interpreter at the trial that there was no evidence against him, but that which he gave himself; that he rested his defence solely on the ground of revenge, and seemed amazed that the court did not, like himself, consider it a virtue rather than a crime. When the sentence of death was pronounced, his only request was that he might be shot. 'I shot my enemy, shoot me.' But even that poor petition was denied. White Thunder was hanged!

From the Edinburgh Review. INSTINCT OR REASON.

Mr. Colquhoun in his sporting volume 'The Moor and the Loch,' gives the following instance of the sagacity of a favourite retriever:—'Having a couple of long shots across a pretty broad stream, I stopped a mallard with each barrel; but both were only wounded. I sent him across for the birds: he first attempted to bring both, but one always fluttered out of his mouth; he then laid down one, intending to bring the other, but whenever he attempted to cross to me, the bird left fluttered into the water; he immediately returned, laid down the first on the shore, and recovered the other: the first one fluttered away, but he instantly secured it, and, standing over them both, seemed to cogitate for a moment; then, on any other occasion he never ruffles a feather, deliberately killed one, brought over the other, and then returned, for the dead bird.' This recital satisfactorily solves the question as to the reasoning faculties of the animal. Mere instinct would not account for such sagacity.

THE HEN AND PIG.

At the farm-stead of Mr. Douglas, of Kirkcaldy, a hen lately took up her abode with a young pig. The hen, after sitting the usual period, walked out with the pig (she having, as she seemed to assume, hatched him,) and she now goes about, cluck, clucking, with her fourfooted brood, and feeds in the usual way a hen does her chickens. He lies at night with his head under her wing (being two or three times as big as herself,) if any person attempts to touch him, she flies at him furiously. Sometimes, when going about the doors with her, he takes it in his head to have a dance, when she seems a little astonished, and runs backwards and forwards after him, trying to check his daffin', but in vain until it suits himself. He proves a most unruly and ungrateful fellow; for, notwithstanding all her care and attention, he goes off and leaves her sometimes, at which she appears to be very uneasy. She feeds out of the same trough with him, and when she gets a particularly good piece, she tick, ticks, until he comes and takes it from her.

Edinburgh Cabinet Library No. 32. THE MARSHES OF BABYLONIA.

A great tract of marshes lies near Hillah and is seen stretching out like a vast sea. These swamps are fed by the Euphrates, at the season of its great rise the embankments which restrained its waters having been destroyed. They communicate with the Roomyah and Lemlum marshes, through which the river winds, but probably also send a considerable portion of their fluid down the ancient Pallacopas, and to an unknown distance in the Arabian desert. The Lemlum themselves are the next in succession southward, though connected with the former and constituting part of the Paludus Babylonia, in which many of the galleys of Alexander lost their way when they accompanied him on his voyage. These marshes, according to Col. Chesney, occupy a space of 65 miles in breadth, and rather more in length. A considerable portion of them however, are cultivated by Khezail Arabs. The next ferry tract is the one that surrounds the ruins of Worka, considered by Mr Atkinson and Colonel Taylor to be the district of Chaldea proper; and which doubtless is connected with the marshes of Lemlum.

Of its extent there exists no accurate information, as the nature of the country renders travelling there extremely difficult. The industry of the inhabitants restrained with proper embankments the over abundance of the water with which it was surrounded; but when wars and troubles arose these were neglected or destroyed, and the populous provinces accordingly returned to a state of nature, and became a country of lakes and morasses.

THE BLACKBIRD.

It is not in the wild valley, flanked with birchen slopes, and stretching far away among craggy hills that the music of the blackbird floats upon the evening breeze.—There you may listen delighted to the gentle song of the mavis; but here, in this plain, covered with cornfields and skirted with gardens, sit they down on the green turf by the glistening brook, and mark the little black speck stuck as it were upon the top twig of that tall poplar. It is a black bird, for now the sweet strain, loud, but mellowed by distance, comes upon the ear, inspiring pleasant thoughts, and banishing care and sorrow. The bird has evidently learned his part by long practice, for he sings sedately, and in full consciousness of superiority. Ceasing at intervals, he renews the strain, varying so that although you can trace an occasional repetition of notes, the staves are never precisely the same. You may sit an hour or longer, and yet the song will be continued; and in the neighboring gardens many rival songsters will sometimes raise their voices at once, or delight you with alternate strains. And now what is the meaning of all this melody. We can only conjecture that it is the expression of happiness which the creature is enjoying when uncarried by care, conscious of security, and aware of the presence of his mate, he instinctively pours forth his soul in joy and gratitude and love. He does not sing to amuse his mate, as many have supposed, for he often sings in winter, when he is not yet mated; nor does he sing to beguile his solitude, for now he is not solitary; but he sings because all his wants are satisfied, his whole frame glowing with health, and because his Maker has gifted him with the power of uttering such sweet sounds.

From Croikshank's Omnibus. JACK O' LANTERN.

Every man has his Jack o' Lantern—in dark night, in broad noon day—in the lonely wild, or in the populous city—each has his Jack o' Lantern. To this man Jack comes in the likeness of a bottle of old port, seducing him from his sobriety, and leaving him in a quagmire,—to that man he appears in the form of a splendid phaeton and a pair of greys, driving him into bankruptcy, and dropping him into the open jaws of ruin. To one he presents himself in the guise of a cigar, keeping him in a constant cloud; to another he appears in no shape but that of an old black letter volume, over which he continues to pore long after his wife are gone. Jack o' Lantern is to some people a mouldy hoarded guinea—and these he leads into the miser's slough of despond—with others when he pays them a visit, he rolls them up into the form of a dice box—and then he makes beggars of them. Poetry is one man's Jack o' Lantern, and a spinning jenny is another's. Fossil bones buried fathoms deep in the earth are Jack's part, and lure away one class to explore and expand.—Cuyps and Claudes in the same way play the same part with a second class, and tempt them to collect at the sacrifice of every other interest or pursuit in life. Jack will now take the likeness of a French cook, and draw a patriot from his beloved country to enjoy a foreign life, cheap; and now he will take the appearance of a glass of water, persuading the teetotaler who 'drank like a fish' in his young days, to go further afield and drink a great deal more like a fish in his old days.

THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

That ancient emblem of Scots punicity, the thistle, with the motto, Nemo me impune lacessit, is represented of various species in royal bearings, coins, and coats of arms,—