

morning following the love scene between Wah-o-ola and Checoula, he was found dead at the foot of the sacred tree. A poisoned arrow had been driven almost through his body. Great was the consternation of the whole tribe. It was considered a mysterious evidence of impending evil; while not a single person could divine who was the murderer. 'The mistletoe grows not upon young trees!' thought Checoula, and for the first time she knew the full meaning of the words, as she bent over the body of Rousseau. She attended his obsequies with a sorrow less visible but more deeply felt than that of her people; although the whole tribe had, in the short residence of the departed, learned to respect him and to look upon him as a great 'Medicine.'

His grave was dug where he had so often prayed, and the same sod covered him that drank his heart's blood. According to Indian custom, all that he possessed, as well as those articles appropriated to his use, were buried with him in the grave. His little crucifix reposed upon his breast, and he was remembered as one who had mysteriously come and as mysteriously passed away.

A few years after the events we have detailed, a Jesuit missionary, who understood the Choctaw language, announced his mission to the tribe, and was by them kindly received. His presence revived the recollection of Rousseau, and the story of his being among them was told. The priest explained to them his office, and these gentle people in a short time erected over the remains of Rousseau a rude chapel; his spirit was called upon as their patron saint; and Checoula was the first to renounce the superstitions of her tribe, and receive 'the holy sacrament of baptism.'

In the year 1829, a small brass cross was picked out of the banks of the Mississippi near Natchez, at the depth of several feet from the surface.—The crucifix was in tolerable preservation, and was exposed to one of those cavings of the soil so peculiar to the Mississippi. The speculations which the finding of this cross called forth revived the almost forgotten traditions of the story of Rousseau, and of his death and burial at the Place de la Croix.

From the American Magazine.

RISE AND FALL OF FAMILIES.

Every young man should start in life determined to act upon the motto *Nihil desperandum*, or don't give up the ship. Let him on commencing life, look around him, and see who are the courted and respected of society, and ask from whence they sprang. In ninety nine cases in a hundred he will find them to be those who at his age, possessed as little of the world's gear, as little extraneous aid, as himself; men who commenced the world with nothing, and whose advancement in life depended solely upon their own husbandry, frugality, integrity and strict attention to business.

Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be born poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at once in good business, —this is a very mistaken notion, for so far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if we may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing, for the chance is more than ten to one in favor of the success of such a young man over one who starts with plenty of money. Look back twenty years and see who commenced business at that time with plenty of means, and trace them down to the present day. How many of them can now boast of wealth and standing? On the contrary how many have become poor, lost their standing in society, and are passed by their once boon companions, with a look which plainly says, *I know you not.*

In this country the wheel of fortune is constantly turning, and he who is at the top this year, may be at the bottom the next, and excite no surprise. It is seldom that the fourth or even the third generation enjoys property or station in society which was won by the industry of the first. This constant change is the natural result of causes in continual operation. The first generation starts in life poor, but industrious and honest; he resolves to acquire property and at the same time sustain a character that shall command respect. By dint of long perseverance in business, and the attainment of a high character for integrity and fair dealing, he succeeds (such a man never fails) and becomes wealthy. His sons succeed him, perhaps maintain the character of their father, and add to the wealth he left them—they were educated for business, and know how the property they enjoy was acquired. But their sons grow up, and from infancy find themselves in the lap of luxury and rocked in the cradle of ease—their minds are never turned to business—that is beneath them—they are engrossed in important nothings—scorn labour—run the rounds of folly—marry light headed and fashionable ladies, who have as sovereign a contempt for laborers and the useful things of this life as themselves,—dash away a few years in their carriages—lose their parents, divide the property, attempt to carry on business, are incapable of managing it, fail—struggle to keep up appearances, and their places in fashionable life—are obliged to retire—wretched and miserable at home—and get through the world as they can, carrying always the appearance of shabby gentlemen,

and being looked at askance by their former companions. Their children are even more miserable than themselves, being brought up with the idea that labor is degrading; and that they are of a superior order, while necessity compels them to resort to some means of getting a living—pride and poverty are at war with them, and they drudge out a miserable and precarious life.

From the Southern Companion.

MY FATHER.

As die the embers on the hearth,
And o'er the floor the shadows fall,
And creeps the chirping cricket forth,
And ticks the death watch in the wall;
I see a form in yonder chair,
That grows beneath the waning light;
There are the wan, sad features—there
The pallid brow and locks of white!

My Father! when they laid thee down,
And heaped the clay upon thy breast,
And left thee sleeping all alone
Upon thy narrow couch of rest,
I know not why, I could not weep—
The soothing drops refused to roll;
And oh! that grief is wild and deep,
Which settles tearless on the soul!

But when I saw thy vacant chair,
Thine idle hat upon the wall,
Thy book—the pencilled passage where
Thine eye had rested last of all:
The tree, beneath whose friendly shade
Thy trembling feet had wandered forth—
The very prints those feet had made
When last they feebly trod the earth:

And thought, while countless ages fled,
Thy vacant seat would vacant stand—
Unworn thy hat, thy book unread,
Effaced thy footsteps from the sand;
And widowed in this cheerless world,
The heart that gave its love to thee;
Torn, like a vine whose tendrils curled
More closely round the falling tree!

Oh, Father! then for her and thee
Gushed madly forth the scorching tears,
And oft, and long, and bitterly
Those tears have gushed in latter years;
For as the world grows cold around,
And things take on their real hue,
'Tis sad to learn that love is found
Alone above the stars with you!

H. R. JACKSON, ESQ.

By Dewey.

CHILDHOOD.

Ah, childhood—beautiful mystery—how does nature lie all around thee, as a treasure house of wonders. Sweet and gentle season of bloom whose flowers bring on the period of ripening, or bloom but to wither and fade in their loveliness—time of thick coming joy and tears, that passed quickly away, as if they did belong to the class of joys that linger and abide long, and yet make the long day short—time of weakness, yet a power to charm the eyes of sages from their lore. Childhood! what a mystery art thou, and what mysteries dost thou deal with. What mystery is there in thy unfolding faculties, that call forth wonder from those that gaze upon thee, and seem to thyself at times almost as if they were strange reminiscences of an earlier being! What ministry is there in thoughts, when 'thou art first struggling to grasp the infinite and eternal,—when thou art told of immortal regions where thou shalt wander over for ever, and sayest even to the teaching voice of authority, 'it cannot father, it cannot be.'

There is so divine a holiness in the love of a mother, that, no matter how the tie that binds her to the child was formed, she becomes as it were, concentrated and sacred; and the past is forgotten, and the world and its harsh verdicts swept away, and that alone is visible,—and the God who watches over the little ones sheds his smile over the human deputy, in whose tenderness there breathes his own.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

From Recreations of Christopher North.

SCOTTISH THISTLE.

Bold son or bright daughter of England! hast thou ever seen a Scottish thistle? What height are you—Captain of the Grenadier Guards? Six feet four on my stocking soles! Poo—a dwarf! Stand up with your back to that stalk. Your head does not reach above his waist—he hangs high over you 'his radiant crown of rubies.' There's a flower, dear to lady Nature above all others, saving and excepting the rose, and he is the rose's husband—the guardian genii of the land consecrated the union, and it has been blest. Eyering the son like an angry star that will not suffer eclipse either from light or shadow—but burns proudly—fiercely—in its native lustre—storm brightened, and undisveiled by the tempest in which it twings. 'See it stoops beneath the blast within reach of your hand will be as if it had crushed a sleeping wasp swarm. But you cannot crush it—to do that would require a giant; with an iron

glove. Then let it alone to dally with the wind, and the sun, and the rain, and the snow—all alike dear to its spears and rubies; and as you look at the armed lustre, you will see a beautiful emblem, and a stately of a people's warlike peace. The stalk indeed is slender, but it sways without danger of breaking in the blast; in the calm it reposed as gently as the gowan at its root. The softest leaf that enfolds in silk the sweetest flower of the garden, not greener than those that sting not, if but tenderly you touch them, for they are green as the garments of the fairies that dance by moonlight round the symbol of old Scotland, and unchristened creatures though they be, they pray heaven to let fall on the awful thrissil all the health and happiness that are in the wholesome stars.

THE FAIRIES.

Tradition tells, that on no other banks did the fairies so love to thread the mazes of their mystic dance, as on the heathy, and brackeney, and oaken banks of the Orchy, during the long summer nights when the thick falling dews perceptibly swelled the stream, and lent a livelier music to every waterfall. There it was, on a little river island, that once, whether sleeping or waking we know not, we saw celebrated a fairy's funeral. First we heard small pipes playing, as if no bigger than hollow rushes that whisper to the night winds; and more piteous than aught that trills from earthly instrument was the scarce audible dirge! It seemed to float over the stream, every loam bell emitting a plaintive note, till the airy anthem came floating over our couch, and then alighted without footsteps among the heather. The pattering of little feet was then heard, as if living creatures were arranging themselves in order, and then there was nothing but a more ordered hymn. The harmony was like the melting of musical dewdrops, and sang, without words, of sorrow and death. We opened our eyes, or rather sight came to them when closed, and dream was vision! Hundreds of creatures, no taller than the crest of the lapwing, and all hanging down their veiled heads, stood in a circle on the green plat among the rocks; and in the midst was a bier, framed as it seemed of flowers unknown to the Highland hills; and on the bier a fairy, lying with uncovered face, pale as the lily, and motionless as the snow. The dirge grew fainter and fainter, and then died quite away; when two of the creatures came from the circle, and took their station, one at the head and the other at the foot of the bier. They sang alternate measures, not louder than the twittering of the awakened woodlark before it goes up the dewy air, but dolorous and full of the desolation of death. The flower bier stirred, for the spot on which it lay sank slowly down, and in a few moments the greensward was smooth as ever—the very dews glittering above the buried fairy. A cloud passed over the moon,—and with a choral lament, the funeral troop sailed duskily away, heard afar so, still was the midnight solitude of the glen. Then the disenthralled Orchy began to rejoice as before, through all her streams and falls; and at the sudden leaping of the waters and outbursting of the moon, we awoke.

From a new Novel, entitled The Herberts.

WOMAN'S LOVE OF APPROBATION.

Woman was not made to live alone any more than man, and the absence of the natural assistant of the gentle sex was felt in ways separate from protection and support. All the actions of a woman, whether of useful industry or of ornament, are subject to the approval and pleasure of the other sex, to which their own are subordinate, and on which they are founded. To descend to the humblest form of this feeling—every one knows, that when a fair lass has arrayed herself in her new gown or ribbons, or any finery put on for the first time, although the admiration of her female acquaintance may give a degree of pleasure, the applause or compliment of one man is more valued than that of a thousand women: and this feeling modified by the circumstances of individuals, runs through the whole sex, and is part of the nature of the human being, implanted in the heart by the Divine Artificer, to produce the most delicious fruit that grows in the garden of human life. Women by themselves, require little to be comfortable—they can live without bustle and without form: neither in beauty of raiment nor in delicacy of food can they find happiness, so long as they have it to themselves alone. They require to please the other sex before they can please themselves. A knot of old maids may, to be sure, be bitterly merry over their tea and scandals, and despise the other sex with profound disdain—but there is something unnatural in that enjoyment: nor does any body suppose that the respectable spinster's heart bounds with such a sweet human delight at the compliment of her female friends, on her neat room, darling spaniel, and strong tea, as the cottager's wife, when her tired husband tells her how nicely she has cooked his bit of supper, and how pretty she looks in her clean cap. It matters not whether the husband be the master of a palace or the occupier of a hovel—whether his day be spent in the sports of the field, the drudgery of a profession, or the labour of a farm,—the pleasure of the wife, and the object of her labour, is to have a table comfortably spread at his return, and to see that he enjoys the delicacies or the necessities

which she has provided for him,—whether the provision be merely a piece of bread and cheese and a snow white table cloth on the deal table, or the rich soup, the superb joint, and the bottle of exquisite wine laid out in the magnificent dining room, the feelings of a woman relative to man are the same.

THE CRITICAL THEORY OF THE HERBERTS.

Industry, indolence, extravagance, and avarice, are as frequently the characteristics of a family as of a person,—and the virtues and vices which have produced family greatness or family ruin, will be generally in an exact agreement one with the other, and the events of generations arranged in as regular and consistent a concatenation, as the virtues and vices and the opinions and actions of a man. The reader will readily call to mind many a family as well as many a man reduced from wealth to poverty by a course of continual extravagance,—and I believe it will be generally found that when the riches of a family have been dissipated by generations of extravagance, it is as seldom that the descendant who inherits the empty coffers and the mortgaged estates of his ancestors lives a sober and careful life, that he may restore his family to its original splendour, as that an individual who has dissipated inherited wealth stops short in his career to work himself up to the state whence he has fallen. There is a family despair as well as an individual one,—and whether a man has dissipated wealth, or inherited only the memory of it, he generally depends on some lucky chance to retrieve his lost glories, rather than on the personal exertions which reason points out as more effectual towards that purpose.

From William Langshawe the Cotton Lord.

COMMERCIAL STRUGGLES.

In truth, it is wonderful to behold—and not the less wonderful because little known, and therefore a thing little esteemed—how fiercely and successfully men of high commercial fame battle with difficulties as they beset them. The politician, the soldier, the sailor, each has his loud acclaim for coolness and freedom of demeanour in time of danger,—but few remark, and nobody condescends to tell, how the mind of a tradesman battles with and subdues more fleshly fears when that which he holds dearest on earth, his credit and his name, are in jeopardy, and the terrors of 'stoppage' compass him about. In truth, that is no mean intellect; which, on a crowded exchange, in the face of rivals, of those great ones whom he has met as equals, and those men to whom a glance of recognition has been an acceptable favor, can cover with a face of cheerfulness a bosom of sorrows, and carry high the head when the last planks of the ship are about to part.

A BLIGHTED HOME.

'Well, Joe, what tidings? what news? Where is she? What does he say?'

'Nothing; he tells me nothing. May—'

We cannot write down the curse which was wrung from the agony of the broken hearted father on the destroyer of his child.

'What did you say to him?'

'Say! everything that a humbled wretch like me could say. I begged, I implored—pay, I went down on my knees, wife—down on my knees on the bare ground to him, and implored him to tell me where she was. I felt at that minute as if I could forgive him all, everything, if so be I could get my child again. He swears he knows nothing of her. But what's an oath to him?'

Halliwell flung himself into the loom shop, and shut the door after him,—nobody durst follow him. His poor wife leaned against the chimney, weeping silently,—her baby cried unheeded in the cradle,—the other little ones were rollicking about the dirty floor, and some bigger ones were making futile and ill-directed efforts to disentangle some hanks of yarn, which lay in matted heaps on one of the wheels, and quarrelling meanwhile as to whose fault it was so entangled. The big girl was looking heedlessly through the dim and undusted casement, and the big boys were out birdnesting. The looms were all silent,—none of the wonted merry din of labor was heard in the cottage,—and the pet plants in the garden were sickening and dying for want of the accustomed watering pot. The cottage hearth was unsightly with the accumulation of the refuse and ashes of the preceding days,—the dust lay thick on the bright carved oaken press,—and the children's soiled and cast off garments lay littering and unsightly around. Misery and desolation had entered this once happy and well ordered abode.

Nancy had disappeared, and had now not been heard of for some time. At first the hope of her speedy return had buoyed up her parents,—and trusting to this, and not wishing to spread the knowledge of their degradation, they had kept her absence secret. But as time passed and no tidings came of her, their grief had its way. Their neighbours were called in, and one and all, with the sincerest sympathy, assisted in a search for the poor girl; but it was unsuccessful. At last, some one suggested that her seducer might have concealed her; and in a mingled agony of hope and fear, Halliwell hastened to him. The result we know. Mr John Baltham denied all knowledge of the fugitive's proceedings; but nobody believed him.

From Binn's Anatomy of Sleep.

SLEEP OF ANIMALS AND MAN.

Most animals sleep more than man,—some