

and I shall die without ever predicting another hard winter.
How much farther my good old friend would have carried his recantation, can never be known; for just at this moment, methought he blew up with a prodigious explosion; a glare of light, so intensely brilliant as to be beyond endurance, flashed before my eyes, and a sense of suffocation came over me, with such overwhelming force, that I struggled myself awake; and the first sounds I heard in the street, were those of the little boys crying out "April fool! April fool!"

From the same.

THE CROWDED STREET.

Let me move slowly through the street,
Filled with an ever-shifting train,
Amid the sound of steps that beat
The murmuring walks like autumn rain.

How fast the flitting figures come!
The mild, the fierce, the stony face;
Some bright with thoughtless smiles, and some
Where secret tears have left their trace.

They pass—to toil, to strife, to rest;
To halls in which the feast is spread;
To chambers where the funeral guest
In silence sits beside the dead.

And some to happy homes repair,
Where children, pressing cheek to cheek,
With mute caresses shall declare
The tenderness they cannot speak.

And some, who talk in calmness here,
Shall shudder as they reach the door
Where one who made their dwelling dear—
Its flower, its light—is seen no more.

Youth, with pale cheek and slender frame,
And dreams of greatness in thine eye!
Goes thou to build an early name,
Or early in the task to die?

Keen son of trade, with eager brow,
Who is now fluttering in thy snare?
Thy golden fortunes—tower they now?
Or melt the glittering spires in air?

Who of this crowd, to-night, shall tread
The dance till midnight gleams again?
Who sorrow o'er th' untimely dead?
Who writhe in throes of mortal pain?

Some, famine-struck, shall think how long
The cold, dark hours—how slow the light!
And some, who flaunt amid the throng,
Shall hide in dens of shame to-night.

Each, where his tasks of pleasures call,
They pass, and heed each other not,
There is who heeds—who hold them all
In his large love and boundless thought.

These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its predestined end.

WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

London New Monthly for February.

A DREAM OF LIFE.

In a day-dream once I stood
On a winding river's brink,
And watched it as its water's wood
The meadows wide with many a link.
Lightly o'er its glassy face,
Galleys two together past;
One was of a rakish cast,
The orient sun upon them shone,
The morning breezes bore them on,
Headless how, and careless whither,
So that they but sailed together.

But at length the river ended
In the wide and windy ocean;
And its gentle waters blended
With the dark wave's angry motion.
One faint cry of fond farewell
Was wafted over the heaving swell;
One sad adieu,
From each mast-head fluttering flew.
And thus they parted company,
These loving barks, and met no more
In any clime—on any sea,
They ranged the ocean o'er and o'er.

Through storm and sunshine, weal and woe,
With consorts too; yet deem not they,
Where'er they sailed, where'er they lay,
Did e'er forget the sunny flow
Of that bright river, or the morn,
They down its mazy course were borne.

Now, gentle Agnes, read my dream,
And feel its spirit, mark its truth,
That silly flowing, sunny stream
Has been the river of our youth,
And gladly have we
Adown its mazy current gone;
No towering shadows dimmed our glee,
But still our airy pennants shone
In heaven unclouded, and the gales
Of earnest passion filled our sails.

But now the river meets the main
Whose link we ne'er may trace again;
And all abroad before us lies,
Outstretching far in dreary sweep,
With wrinkled waves and gloomy skies,
Of life mature the mighty deep.

Then outward bound, let us upon
Our separate courses bear away,
And though in truth I never may
Athwart thy path again be thrown,
Through sunny seas may it be ever,
And winding on by golden shores,

Thy light sails may no tempest shiver—
No dark sea monster strike thine oars—
And may the bark that sails with thee
Be all but loved as I have been;
But fitter o'er life's perilous sea,
To guide and guard thee than I ween
The crazy craft you e'er might deem
That traced with thee its morning stream.

But as in peace thou movest aye,
Should e'er be tidings from afar,
Of wreck and ruin brought—Away!
No more can I in symbols say
The deep emotion that doth mar
My very mind's existence. Nay,
My spirit bursts into the strain
With anguished thoughts it cannot quell,
We ne'er shall meet on earth again.
God bless thee, girl—farewell, farewell!

New Works.

Travels in the Great Prairie Wilderness—the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and in the Oregon Territory. By T. J. Farnham.

The following account of the first meeting of an Indian with the whites is interesting and graphically told:

"Among the several personages whom I chanced to meet at Brown's Hole, was an old Snake Indian, who saw Messrs. Lewis and Clark on the head waters of the Missouri in 1805. He is the individual of his tribe, who first saw the explorer's cavalcade. He appears to have been galloping from place to place in the office of sentinel to the Shosone camp, when he suddenly found himself in the very presence of the whites. Astonishment fixed him to the spot. Men with faces pale as ashes, had never been seen by himself or nation. 'The head rose high and round, the top flat; it jutted over the eyes in a thin rim; their skin was loose and flowing, and of various colours.' His fears at length overcoming his curiosity, he fled in the direction of the Indian encampment. But being seen by the whites; they pursued and brought him to their camp; exhibited to him the effect of their fire arms, loaded him with presents, and let him go. Arrived among his own people, he told them he had seen men with faces pale as ashes, who were makers of thunder, lightning, &c. This information astounded the whole tribe. They had lived many years, and their ancestors had lived many more, and there were many legends which spoke of many wonderful things; but a tale like this they never had heard. A council was therefore assembled to consider the matter. The man of strange words was summoned before it; and he rehearsed, in substance, what he had before told to others; but was not believed. 'All men were red, and therefore he could not have seen men pale as ashes.' 'The Great Spirit made the thunder and the lightning; he therefore could not have seen men of any color that could produce it. He had seen nothing; he had lied to his chief, and should die.' At this stage of the proceedings, the culprit produced some of the presents which he had received from the pale men. These being quite as new to them as the pale faces were, it was determined 'that he should have the privilege of leading his judges to the place where he declared he had seen these strange people; and if such were found there, he should be exculpated; if not, these presents were to be considered as conclusive evidence against him, that he had dealt with evil spirits, and that he was worthy of death by the arrows of his kinsfolk.' The pale men—the thunder-makers—were found, and were witnesses of the poor fellow's story. He was released; and has ever since been much honored and loved by his tribe, and every white man in the mountains. He is now about 80 years old, and poor. But as he is always about Fort David Crockett, he is never permitted to want."

The following account of the terrible ravages of the Small Pox among one of the numerous tribes described in this book, has a terrible interest:

"The Blackfoot Indians reside on the Marias and other Branches of the Missouri above the Great Falls. In 1828 they numbered about 2500 lodges or families. During that year they stole a blanket from the American Fur Company's steamboat on the Yellowstone, which had belonged to a man who had died of the small-pox in the Missouri. The infected article being carried to their encampment upon the 'left hand fork of the Missouri,' spread the dreadful infection among the whole tribe. They were amazed at the appearance of the disease. The red blotch, the bile, congestion of the lungs, liver, and brain, were all new to their medicine-men, and the rotten corpse falling in pieces while they buried it, struck horror into every heart. In their phrenzy and ignorance, they increased the number of their sweat ovens upon the banks of the stream, and whether the burning fever or the want of nervous action prevailed; whether frantic with pain, or tottering in death, they were placed in them, sweated profusely and plunged into the snowy waters of the river. The mortality which followed this treatment was a parallel of the plague in London. They endeavored for a time to bury the dead, but these were soon more numerous than the living. The evil minded medicine-men of all ages had come in a body from the world of spirits, and were working the annihilation of the Blackfoot race. The Great Spirit also had placed the floods of his displeasure between himself and them. He had cast a mist over the eyes of their conjurers, that they might not know the remedial incantation. Their hunts were ended; their bows were broken; the fire in the great pipe was extinguished forever; their graves called for them; and the call was now answered by a thud and dying groans. Mad with superstition

and fear, brother forsook sister; father his son; and mother her sucking child; and fled to the elevated vales among the western heights, where the influence of the climates, operating upon the already well spent energies of the disease, restored the remainder of the tribe again to health. Of the 2,500 families existing at the time the pestilence commenced, one or more members of 800 only survived its ravages. And even to this hour do the bones of 7,000 or 8,000 Blackfeet, lie unburied among the decaying lodges of their deserted village, on the banks of the Yellowstone. But this infliction has in no wise humanized their blood-thirsty nature. As ever before, they wage exterminating war upon the traders and trappers, and the Oregon Indians.

[We extract the following highly-wrought scene in a Peasant's cottage, in Ireland, from the February number of Lever's New Work of "Tom Burke, of Ours."

SCENE IN AN IRISH CABBIN.

"This is a search-warrant, Mr. Malone, said Barton, laying down the paper on the table, 'empowering me to seek for the body of a certain French officer, said to be concealed in these parts. Informations on oath state that he passed one night, at least, one night under your roof. As he has not accepted the amnesty granted to the other officers in the late infamous attempt against the peace of this country, the law will deal with him as strict justice may demand; at the same time it is right you should know that harboring or sheltering him, under these circumstances, involves the person or persons so doing in his guilt. Mr. Malone's well-known and tried loyalty,' continued Barton, with a half-grin of most malicious meaning, 'would certainly exculpate him from any suspicion of this nature; but sworn informations are stubborn things, and it is possible that, in ignorance of the danger such a proceeding would involve—'

'I thought the thrubbles was over, sir,' interrupted Malone, wiping his forehead with the back of his hand, 'and that an honest industrious man, that minded his own business, had nothing to fear from any one.'

'And you thought right,' said Barton, coolly and deliberately, while he scanned the other's features with a searching look: 'and that is the very fact I'm come to ascertain: and now, with your leave; we'll first search the house and offices: and then I'll put a little interrogatory to such persons as I think fit, touching this affair.'

'You're welcome to go over the cabin whenever you like,' said Malone, rising, and evidently laboring to repress his passionate indignation at Barton's coolness.

Barton stood up at the same moment, and giving a wink at the sergeant to follow, walked toward the small door I've already mentioned. Malone's wife at this started forward, and, catching Barton's arm, whispered a few words in his ear.

'She must be a very old woman by this time,' said Barton, fixing his sharp eyes on the speaker.

'Upwards of ninety, sir, and bed-ridden for twelve years,' said the woman, wiping a tear away with her apron.

'And how comes it she's so afraid of the soldiers, if she's doing?'

'Arrah, they used to frighten her so much, coming in at night, and firing shots at the door, and drinking, and singing songs, that she never got over it, and that's the reason. I'll beg of your honor not to bring in the sergeant, and to disturb her only as little as you can, for it sets her raving about battles and murders, and it's maybe ten days before we'll get her mind at ease again.'

'Well, well, I'll not trouble her,' said he, quickly. 'Sergeant, step back for a moment.' With this he entered the room, followed by the woman, whose uncertain step and quiet gesture seemed to suggest caution.

'She's asleep, sir,' said she, approaching the bed. 'It's many a day since she had as fine a sleep as that. 'Tis good luck you brought us this morning, Mister Barton.'

'Draw aside the curtain a little,' said Barton, in a low voice, as if fearing to awake the sleeper.

'Tis rousing her up, you'll be, Mister Barton. She feels the light at wast.'

'She breathes very long for so old a woman,' said he somewhat louder, 'and has a good broad shoulder too. I'd like if it was only for curiosity, just to see her face a little closer.—I thought so.—Come, captain, it's no use—'

A scream from the woman drowned the remainder of the speech, while at the same instant one of the young men shut too the outside door, and barred it. The sergeant was immediately pinioned with his hands behind his back, and Malone drew his horse pistol from his bosom, and holding up his hand, called out:

'Not a word: not a word. If ye spake, it will be the last time ever you'll do so,' said he to the sergeant.

At the same time the noise of a scuffle was heard in the inner room, and the door burst suddenly open, and Barton issued forth, dragging in his strong hands the figure of a young, slightly formed man. His coat was off, but his trousers were braided with gold, in military fashion; and his black mustache denoted the officer. The struggle of the youth to get free was utterly fruitless—Barton's grasp was on the collar, and he held him as though he were a child.

Malone stooped down toward the fire, and opening the pan of his pistol, examined the priming: then slapping it down again, he stood erect.

'Barton,' said he, in a tone of firm determination I heard him use for the first time: 'It's bad to provoke a man with the halter round his

neck. I know what's before me well enough now. But see, let him escape; give him two hours to get away: and here I'll surrender myself your prisoner, and follow you where you like.'

'Break in the door there, blast ye,' was the reply to this offer, as Barton shouted to the soldiers, at the top of his voice. Two of the young men darted forward as he spoke, and threw themselves against it. 'Fire through it,' cried Barton, stamping with passion.

'You will have it, will you, then?' said Malone, as he ground his teeth in anger; then raising his pistol he sprang forward, holding it within a yard of Barton's face, shouted out 'there!' The powder flashed in the lock, and quick as its own report, Barton hurled the Frenchman round to protect him from the ball, but only in time to receive the shot in his right arm as he held it uplifted. The arm fell powerless to his side, while Malone springing on him like a tiger, in terrible conflict. The Frenchman stood for an instant like one transfixed, then bursting from the spot, dashed thro' the kitchen to the small room I had slept in. One of the young men followed him. The crash of glass, and the sounds of breaking wood-work were heard among the other noises, and at the same moment the door gave way in front, and the soldiers with fixed bayonets, entered at a charge.

'Fire on them! fire on them!' shouted Barton, as he lay struggling on the ground; and a random volley rang through the cabin, filling it with smoke. A yell of anguish burst forth at the moment, and one of the women lay stretched upon the hearth, her bosom bathed in blood. The scene was now a terrible one: for although overpowered by numbers, the young men rushed on the soldiers, and regardless of wounds, endeavored to wrest their arms from them. The bayonets glanced through the blue smoke, and shouts of rage and defiance rose up amid frightful screams of suffering and woe. A bayonet stab in the side, received I know not how, sent me half fainting into the little room, through which the Frenchman had escaped. The open window being before me, I did not hesitate a second, but, mounting the table, crept through it, and fell heavily on the turf outside. In a moment after I rallied, and staggering onward, reached a potato-field; where, overcome by pain and weakness, I sank into one of the furrows, scarcely conscious of what had occurred.

Weak and exhausted as I was, I could still hear the sounds of the conflict that raged within the cabin. Gradually, however, they grew fainter and fainter, and at last subsided altogether. Yet I feared to stir: and although night was fast falling, and the silence continued unbroken, I lay still, hoping to hear some well-known voice, or even the footstep of some one belonging to the house: but all was calm; and nothing stirred. The very air, too, was hushed: not a leaf moved in the thin frosty atmosphere. The dread of finding the soldiers in possession of the cabin, made me fearful of quitting my hiding place, and I did not move. Some hours had passed over, ere I gained courage enough to raise my head, and look about me.

My first glance was directed toward the distant high-road, where I expected to have seen some of the party who attacked the cabin, but far as my eye could reach, no living thing was to be seen—my next was toward the cabin, which to my horror and amazement, I soon perceived enveloped in a thick, dark smoke, that rolled lazily from the windows and doorway, and even issued from the thatched roof. As I looked, I could hear the crackling of timber and the sound of wood burning. These continued to increase; and then a red forked flame shot through one of the casements, and, turning upward, caught the thatch, where, passing rapidly across the roof, it burst into a broad sheet of fire, which died out again as rapidly, and left the gloomy smoke triumphant.

Meanwhile a roaring sound, like that of a furnace, was heard from within; and at last, with an explosion like a mortar, the roof burst open, and the bright blaze sprang forth; the rafters were soon enveloped in fire, and the heated straw rose into the air, and floated in thin streaks of flame through the black sky. The door-cases and the window frames were all burning, and marked their outlines against the dark walls; and as the thatch was consumed, the red rafters were seen like the ribs of a skeleton, but they fell in one by one, sending up in their descent millions of red sparks into the dark air. The back wall of the cabin had given way to the heat, and through its wide fissure I could see the interior, now one mass of undistinguishable ruin; nothing remained, save the charred and blackened walls.

I sat gazing at this sad sight like one entranced: sometimes it seemed to be as a terrible dream; and then the truth would break on me with fearful force, and my heart felt as though it would burst far beyond my bosom. The last flickering flame died away; the hissing sounds of the fire were stilled; and the dark walls stood out against the black background in all their horrible deformity, as I rose and entered the cabin, I stood within the little room where I had slept the night before, and looked out into the kitchen, around whose happy hearth the merry voices were so lately heard. I brought them up before me, in imagination, as they sat there. One by one I marked their places in my mind, and thought of the kindness of their welcome to me, and the words of comfort and encouragement they spoke. The hearth was now cold and black; the pale stars looked down between the walls, and a chill moonlight flickered through the gloomy ruin. My heart had no room for sorrow, but another feeling found a place within it—a thirst for vengeance—vengeance upon those who had desecrated a peaceful home, and brought blood and death among its inmates! Here was the very realization before my eyes of what M'Keon had been telling