

heavy blow dealt him over the head with the butt of a gun. The last objects which met his eyes as he sank down, were the horrified faces of his two children and his wife looking out upon him!

The blow deprived him of his senses for some time, and when he recovered he found himself half stripped, and lashed to a tree, a short distance from his house. Hinch in front of him, with a knotted rope in his hand, his wife on the ground, wailing and clinging with piteous entreaty around the monster's knees, his children weeping by her, and outside this group a circle of men with guns in their hands. That fearful awakening was a new birth to Jack Long! His eye took in everything at one glance. A shudder like that of an oak rifting to its core, sprang along his nerves, and seemed to pass out at his feet, and through his fingers, leaving him as rigid as a marble; and when the blows of the hideous mocking devil before him fell upon his white flesh, making it welt in purple ridges, or spout dull black currents, he felt them no more than the dead lintel of his door would have done; and the agony of the poor wife shrieking a frantic echo to every harsh slashing sound, seemed to have no more effect upon his ear than it had upon the tree above them, which shook its green leaves to the self same cadence they had held yesterday in the breeze. His wide open eyes were gazing calmly and scrutinizingly into the faces of the men who stood around—those features are never to be forgotten!—for while Hinch lays on the stripes with all his furious strength, blaspheming as they fall, that glance dwells on each face with a cold, keen, searching intensity, as if it marked them to be remembered in hell! The man's air was awful—so concentrated—so still—so enduring! He never spoke, or groaned, or writhed—but those intense eyes of his—the wretches could stand them, and began to shuffle and get behind each other. But it was too late; he had them all ten men! They were registered!

We will drop the curtain over this horrible scene. Suffice it to say, that after lashing him until he fainted, the Regulators left him; telling his wife, that if they were not out of the country in ten days, he should be shot. He did go within the specified time; and, as it was said, returned with his family to Arkansas, where his wife's father lived. The incident was soon forgotten in Shelby county, amidst the constant recurrence of similar scenes.

About four months after this affair, in company with an adventurous friend, I was traversing Western Texas. Our objects were to see the country, and amuse ourselves in hunting for a time over any district we found well adapted for a particular sport—as for bear hunting, deer hunting, buffalo hunting, &c. Either of these animals are to be found in greater abundance in peculiar regions; and as we were anxious to make ourselves familiar with all the modes of life in the country, we made it a point in passing through, to stop wherever the promise of anything specially interesting offered itself. Prairies, timber and water were better distributed in Shelby than any county we had passed through—the timber predominating over the prairie, though interlaid by it in every direction. This diversity of surface attracted a greater variety and quantity of game, as well as affording more perfect facilities to the sportsmen. Indeed it struck us as a perfect Hunter's Paradise; and my friend happened to remember a man of wealth, who had removed from his native county, and settled as he had understood, in Shelby, we inquired for him, and very readily found him. Whatever else may be said or thought of the Texas, they are unquestionably most hospitable. We were frankly and kindly received, and horses, servants, guns, dogs, and whatever else was necessary to ensure our enjoyment of the sports of the country, as well as the time of our host himself, were forthwith at our disposal, and we were soon to our heart's content, engaged in every character of exciting chase.

[To be concluded.]

From the Southern Rose. TO YOUNG MEN.

THERE is no moral object so beautiful to me as a conscientious young man! I watch before him, but we know that his light is other's prosperity may outshine him, but we know that, though unseen, he illumines his own true sphere. He resists temptation not without a struggle, for that is not a virtue, but he does resist and conquer; he hears the siren of the profligate and it stings him, for that is the trial of virtue, but he hears the siren of the watchword of fashion if it lead to sin; with his lips, "There is no God," controuls him not, for he sees the hand of a creating God, and reverences it—of a preserving God, and rejoices in it. Woman is sheltered by God's arms, and guided by loving counsel, old age is protected by its experience, and manhood by its strength; but the young man stands amidst the temptations of the world like a self-balanced tower. Happy he who seeks and gains the prop and shelter of Christianity. Onward, then, conscientious youth! raise thy standard, and nerve thyself for goodness. If good has given thee intellectual power, use it in that cause; never let it be said of thee, he helped to swell the tide of sin, by pouring his influence into its channels. If thou art feeble in mental strength, throw not that power drop into a polluted current. Awake, ye young men! assume the beautiful garments of virtue! It is easy, fearfully easy to be virtuous; it is difficult to be pure and holy. Put on thy strength then, let thy chivalry be aroused

against error, let truth be the lady of thy love—defend her.

From Arthur's Magazine. THINGS WITHOUT WORDS.

THERE is a language of the soul, Entirely free from art, Which speaks in true simplicity The feelings of the heart; And though its whisper never greets The most attentive ear, Yet we its meaning may perceive Distinctively and clear. Relic of times, when man stood high In truthful, simple grace; When all his inmost loves and thoughts Beam'd frankly from his face, Yes, ev'ry thought which mov'd his soul, Or fill'd it with delight, Was brought in effigy to view Before the sense of sight. Yet, it is only with the good That we this language find; Deceit, hypocrisy, and art Erase it from the mind. It speaks alone where innocence Within the bosom dwells, And by the eye's inspiring glance Its hidden secret tells. Then what are words, but varied sounds; We make them what we choose; And though we speak them as we mean, They half our meaning lose. Yes, there are things more closely To which fond mem'ry clings— The soul's expressive speaking looks I deem more real things.

From Bowring's Minor Morals. THE GOOD FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.

HE talked to his boys of the beauties of nature that surrounded them, and showed them in what a wonderful variety of ways beauty is a source of pleasure. He then bade them listen to the songs of the birds, to the fall of the waters, to the thousand sounds of earth and air—teaching them how each had added something to the great account of living happiness. When the wind blew in their faces, or the sun shone on their foreheads, or the frost bit the ends of their fingers, he told them how much each administered to man's enjoyment. If the air was fragrant with the flowers of spring, or the sweet hay of summer, he explained to them how the organs of smell were made subservient to the same great end; and as they looked upon the different tribes of busy creatures partaking of the various food presented to them by their Maker's munificence, he pointed out how numerous their pleasures; how perpetually renewed, how marvellously provided for, how infinitely spread. "See," said he, "the great purpose of Providence; the general lesson of creation—happiness."

Time (said he) is the material out of which pleasure is made; and he who makes most pleasure out of it, is the man who employs it best. And Edith said, "I fancy I understand you papa. Nobody can be happy unless he is pleased at something, but it is not pleasure that makes happiness." "That is my meaning, love. Happiness is made up of pleasures; but the best pleasures are those which do not bring any pain after them. It would be a bad bargain if you were to borrow a penny to-day, and have to pay a shilling to-morrow for the loan of it. Yet that is exactly what people do who never think of the consequences of a pleasure. Do you recollect, when you were a little girl, how you ate the twelfth cake in excess, and how you suffered from it, and took disagreeable medicine, and looked so wretched, and made us all so uncomfortable about you? When you ate the cake, it was the pennyworth of pleasure, for which you were obliged to pay the shilling's worth of pain."

From the Boston Cultivator. THE COURSE OF TIME.

How true it is that we all do fade as a leaf. And as year after year runs its circuit, we are especially reminded of the vanity of life, and the utter futility of every scheme to ensure unalloyed happiness upon earth. Everything wears indications of decay, too palpable not to be seen; but humanity, in its various stages, from vivacious youth to the decrepitude of old age, tells the saddest tale. But it tells no louder of utter dissolution, than of its regular and periodical change in habit and temperament, from infancy to the grave. And if there is anything that will check the impetuosity of youth, or damp its buoyant aspirations, its passions and impulses, it is the certain change which may be discerned, even through the vista of many long years, in the objects of present attachment, in opinions now pertinaciously adhered to, and hopes fondly and ardently cherished. So too, disappointments, crosses, care and anxiety, if experienced in the little affairs and concerns of youth, will imperceptibly work a change in habit and feeling, such as to accelerate the wane of early impressions. But so it is. And one change succeeds another, till at last death closes the drama, and we are borne away, to be remembered only for a little season after our obsequies, and that remembrance bedewed perhaps only with a few tears, and the wheels of time still revolve, the same event happening to one and another, till a new

generation knows only its own, with the exception of those whose names are interspersed on the pages of history.

In youth our affections are fastened to the fascinations and allurements which jut from a thousand springs through the fountain of the senses. We are borne along with airy tread through the fantastic bowers of mirth, and beside green pastures and still waters. We heed not the admonitions of experience, but are wont to regard them as little else than the unfeeling expressions of gloom and austerity. But how changed. Solid and reflecting years have succeeded our childhood, and we have put away childish things. We are exploring the mazes of science and scholasticism. We court the applause and benediction of the world, and we love its pomp and tinsel. Yes, we grasp at honor and distinction, and would fain sway the sceptre of power and rule. The tenderness and innocence of childhood, are exchanged for the more manly but less beautiful traits of maturity; and the countenance which once beamed as radiant as the morning orb is mantled with involuntary blushes. The ingenuousness, the amiable modesty and courtesy of early years, are also supplanted, too often, by the high look, the lofty bearing, the proud reserve, and heartless etiquette of riper years. Indeed, how few of the simple virtues and endearing characteristics which glowed in the sunshine and artlessness of youth, are carried through a long life!

Another year is added to those which can never be recalled, and with it have sped all its attendant vicissitudes and changes. But some of those changes and vicissitudes are deeply interwoven with our personal history; nor perhaps will their effects ever be effaced, or their memory obliterated. Memory writes as with a pen of iron, and the heart's tablet is a record of adamantine immutability; for however much its nature may change, like as the flesh is renewed, its history knows no material effacement.

Another year has commenced! We know not what scenes and events its veil shadows; but whatever they may be, whether of weal or woe, we must patiently abide their coming and pray the Lord of all mercy and goodness, that we may be prepared for every dispensation of his providence.

From Sergeant Talfourd's Vacation Rambles. FIRST GLIMPSE OF PARIS.

WHEN the morning broke through the shutters, I eagerly opened them, to ascertain if Paris answered to my notions of it. Of course, it was as unlike as possible; but nevertheless the truth had abundant charms. The line of houses in which we were happily domiciled, the Rue de Rivoli, fronted the gardens of the Tuileries, which occupied one side to the left with its stately, if not magnificent, pile. Beyond it to the left, the arch of the bridge crossing the river obliquely was just seen, all alive with carriages, and, still further, the clustered piles of the old, lofty houses, the lights of which had shone so airy through the gloom of the last evening. The gardens directly before me, laid out with perverse regularity in flower-beds, flaunting amidst broad gravel walks, were still gay with the bright basin of water, the rows of orange trees, and the castles from the antique which garrisoned the plain, and were terminated by a noble terraced walk. To the right the garden space, separated from the busy street with tall palings, was occupied by what should be trees, pusty, stunted, still looking noble in the mass, and relieved by the vivid green of the orange bushes which edged them. In the extreme distance to the right rose the triumphal arch of the Champs Elysees, looking as if fashioned of straw-coloured marble, and carrying the mind into a classical vista of thought beyond the scene. The gardens, which might with more propriety than many of our more verdant gardens in England be called pleasure grounds, were dotted with strollers, happy idlers in the summer's sun, who not only gave "no thought for the morrow," but had none for to-day, vexed by no home-tending cares, no thought of breakfast, but as something to be enjoyed at some restaurateur's when hungry, and leaving dinner as a distant possibility to take care of itself. The very soldiers who guarded the gate, each in a different-coloured uniform, instead of standing stiff and stupid like our sentinels, lounged with an air of gay indifference, and added life to the scene. I did not at first recognize the ingredient which threw an elegance into a view so formal in its outlines; but I soon ascertained it was the quantity of flowers bordering the beds, and glistening like ribbons on the eye, and which, dusty and faded as they looked when you approached them, shed a faint perfume on the hot air. The whole, viewed from the slight balcony which ran round our apartments, beneath the cope of a cloudless sky, really enchanted me; and I could scarcely believe the twofold delight real, of at once seeing it, and knowing it to be Paris.

From Traces of Travel. THE DESERT OF GAZA.

FOR several miles beyond Gaza, the land, which had been plentifully watered by the rains of the last week, was covered with rich verdure and thickly jewelled with meadow flowers, so fresh and fragrant that I began to grow almost uneasy; to fancy that the very desert was receding before me, and that the long desired adventure of passing its "burning sands" was to end in a mere ride across the field. But, as I advanced, the true character of the country began to display itself, with sufficient clearness to dispel my apprehensions, and before the close of my first day's journey I had the gratification of finding that I was surrounded on all sides by a tract of real sand, and had

nothing at all to complain of, except that there peeped forth at intervals a few isolated blades of grass, and many of those stunted shrubs, which are the accustomed food of the camel. Before sunset I came up with an encampment of Arabs, (the encampment from which my camel had been brought,) and my tent was pitched amongst theirs. I was now amongst the true Bedouins; almost every man of this race closely resembles his brethren. Almost every man has large and finely formed features, but his face is so thoroughly stripped of flesh, and the white folds from his head gear, fall down by his haggard cheeks so much in the burial fashion that he looks quite sad and ghastly; his large dark orbs roll slowly and solemnly over the white of his deep set eyes; his countenance shows painful thought and long suffering; the suffering of one fallen from a high estate. His gait is strangely majestic, and he marches along with his simple blanket as though he were wearing the purple. His common talk is a series of piercing screams and cries, more painful to the ear than the most excruciating fine music that I ever endured. The Bedouin women are not treated up like the wives and daughters of other Orientals, and indeed they seemed almost entirely free from the restraints imposed by jealousy. The feint which they made of concealing their faces from me was always slight; they never, I think wore the yashmeek properly fixed. When they first saw me they used to hold up a part of their drapery with one hand across their faces, but they seldom persevered very steadily in subjecting me to this privation. Unhappy beings! they were sadly plain. The awful haggardness which gave something of character to the faces of the men was sheer ugliness in the poor women. It is a great shame, but the truth is, that, except when we refer to the beautiful devotion of the mother to her child, all the fine things we say and think about woman apply only to those who are tolerably good looking or graceful. These Arab women were so plain and clumsy that they seemed to me to be fit for nothing but another and a better world. They may have been good women enough, so far as relates to the exercise of the minor virtues, but they had so grossly neglected the prime duty of looking pretty in this transitory life that I could not at all forgive them: they seemed to feel the weight of their guilt and to be truly and humbly penitent. I had the complete command of their affections, for at any moment I could make their young hearts bound and their old hearts jump by offering a handful of tobacco, and yet, believe me, it was not in the first sciree that my store of Latakas was exhausted!

THE WAY QUARRELS BEGIN.

THE first germs of the majority of the dissensions of mankind are generally sown by misconception, wrong interpretations of conduct, a hazy, very possibly, at moments of ill humour—and the whisperings and suggestions of suspicion, aroused, perhaps, without any cause. The mutual coldness often turns at first upon paltry trifles; this feeling is then strengthened by absurd reports and statements; the effects of accident augment the evil. At last the false pride of neither party will give way, each must first see the other humbled; and thus those, perhaps who were completely adapted to mutually esteem and treasure each other, and possessed the means of rendering to one another essential services, part from each other's company in aversion. And does a mere trifle—for everything temporal and earthly is such—merit being the cause for rendering mutually our lives so bitter in every way?

From Richardson's Literary Leaves. STRENGTH OF MEMORY.

MAN'S abstraction, or what is called absence of mind, is often attributed, very unphilosophically, to a want of memory. I believe it was La Fontaine who, in a dreaming mood, forgot his own child, and, after warmly commending him, observed how proud he should be to have such a son. In this kind of abstraction external things are either only dimly seen or are utterly overlooked; but the memory is not necessarily asleep. In fact, its too intense activity is, frequently, the cause of abstraction. This faculty is usually the strongest when the other faculties are in their prime; and fades in old age when there is a general decay of mind and body. Old men, indeed, are proverbially narrative; and, from this circumstance, it sometimes appears as if the memory preserves a certain portion of its early acquisitions to the last, though, in the general failure of the intellect, it loses its active energy. It receives no new impressions, but old ones are confirmed. The brain seems to grow harder. Old images become fixtures. It is recorded of that prodigy of parts, Monsieur Pascal, that, till the decay of his health had impaired his memory, he forgot nothing of what he had done, read, or thought in any part of his rational age. It is said that the admirable Crichton was similarly gifted, and could repeat backwards any speech he had made. Magliabecchi, the Florentine librarian, could recollect whole volumes, and once supplied an author from memory with a copy of his own work, of which the original was lost. Speace records the observation of Pope, that Bolingbroke had so great a memory that if he was alone and without books he could refer to a particular subject in them, and write as fully on it as another man would with all his books about him. Woodfall's extraordinary power of reporting the debates in the house of commons without the aid of written memoranda is well known. During a debate he used to close his eyes and lean with both hands upon his stick, resolutely excluding all extraneous associations. The accuracy and precision of his reports brought his services