

and seemed not to listen to the savages; but he knew that to apprise him of his presence would be to endanger his own and the boy's life, while with prudence his rescue was certain. He heard Winged Arrow detail his intended death of his horse, when he knew that the hunters were on the prairie and there was not a hoof in the fort; he heard him boast of stealing the young chief of the palefaces, and calculate with Stoneyheart the advantages of the Sioux destroying the Longknives or taking away their children, before they became powerful and swept the Iroquois away; and he heard Stoneyheart exultingly boast of a conspiracy amongst the tribes to destroy the paleface nation.

Warily, as before, the white man crawled from his hiding place, he gained the river, plunged into its waters and swam rapidly towards the creek as precisely as if it had been day. It was well he did so, for Marcus and Corrigan, burning with impatience, had emerged from the creek, and were about to pull for the island, despite the protestations of Seth. The hunter was quickly dragged into the canoe and as they swept towards the spot indicated by Mackenzie, he told what he had seen, and means requisite to rescue the boy. The heart of Marcus Buckley beat quickly, and his cheek flushed with suppressed emotion as he followed Mackenzie and Corrigan upon his hands and knees into the forest, and left the canoe behind, in which sat Seth like a sentinel of night. His thoughts were at home picturing the feelings of his father, his hopes and fears of their long absence, and his joy when he should restore his brother; and then his imagination conjured up the suffering of little Ethan, and the joy that he must feel when clasped to his father's bosom; and then his own bosom thrilled with ecstasy as he thought of the rapture which he must experience from contemplating the joy of those he loved best. There is no saying how long he might have ruminated had he not been brought to a halt by the hand of Mackenzie.

"Now, boy," said the hunter in the youth's ear, "be cool; that is your first brush with them Iroquois, so do not be too rash, like a young hound, nor too skeery, like a colt. Let eye, foot, and hand be ready; let them know their duty, and they'll do it. You will not advance from this till you hear the hoot of the owl; keep close till then. Ned Corrigan and I will circumvent you varmint; and Winged Arrow will hang from the beams of Fort Astor if Dan Mackenzie has the casting vote on the jury."

A slight rustling was heard on the dark ground, and Marcus Buckley knew from the gleam of light that fell upon him, that he was now alone. It was a wild and picturesque group that met his eye. The light of the fire fell strongly on part of their persons; and the others were in obscurity, as dark as ever was laid in by Rembrandt's pencil. Ethan was asleep, and as Marcus described him, tears started into his eyes, and a cry almost broke from his bosom. Salvator Rosa, as he romanced amongst the caverned wilds of Abruzzi never saw warriors more savage or picturesque, and his transcripts from Basilicata were symbolical of artistic capabilities, no more striking than the scene which fell upon the eager vision of the young woodsman. He was alone, and his position was one requiring courage. He saw the robber of his home sitting cross-legged like an eastern fetish, with his back to a tree his brother slumbering on the leaves of the forest, far away from home, and the enemy of his people sleeping beside him. Marcus was young, and his mind was governed more by impulses than by deductions from mental discussion; he had a rifle in his hand, and it required the strongest effort to restrain his desire to fire. Suddenly he saw the redman as he listened, then with a yell he seized the boy and bounded for the river. Winged Arrow was swift and Stoneyheart was strong; but the hunters were on them, and the grasp of Mackenzie, as it twined round the arms of Stoneyheart as the old ivy creepers of the oak. The redman felt the powerful arms of his foe compress his writhing form like some superhuman agent, and ceasing to struggle he yielded to the paleface brave. But onward, through the forest bounded Winged Arrow, like the missile from which he drew his name. Marcus beheld the dark shadow interrupt the light of the fire, and his rifle was to his shoulder, but then a thought of Ethan flashed across his mind, and laying aside his weapon he sprang to his feet; he was dashed down and trodden over before he had stood a second. Suddenly recovering himself he followed the footsteps of fugitive and pursuer, and when he reached the water's edge the sounds of strife were ended; the kind hearted Corrigan was hugging the boy to his breast, while Seth Greenwood swept the waters into a circle with his canoe, for the Winged Arrow had plunged into the river and in the darkness escaped.

The night was dark and dreary, and the sound from the forest was doleful and boding. The hoot of the owl came stealing on the ear with its sudden startling echo; as the brothers wept in each other's arms, Seth Greenwood and his friend longed for the advent of Mackenzie. The air became sultry and close they paddled up the stream, and shouted in their impatience for their friend, but no shout gave reply to their signal. They whistled, but nothing save the echo of their own warnings gave answer. The heat became more intense, and the hot puffs of air were like stray breathing from the Sicilian sirocco. Gradually the moaning from the forest swelled into a groan, so deep and awful that the earth seemed cramped with agony. Far up the black sky, a gleam was seen like a falling meteor,

and then it was densely dark again. And then the hunters knew that fierce destruction was on its path, armed with its wildest weapon, and careering in its most fearful element; and bowing their heads in terror, they muttered their prayers to God, commended their lost companion to his care, and dashing their paddles into the water, swept onward like the wind. The bark flew over the waters like foam before the gale, and the gleam of the blazing forest, companioned it in its speed. The flames tossed their red banners to the sky, and the mighty trees, like giant staffs, bore the streaming webs of fire till they crumbled beneath their volcanic weight. And then came the yell of the beasts from the forest; not the cry of wrath that startles the traveller on his way, but a cry of agony, so wild and loud that the heart might have thrilled to hear it.

And well might Mackenzie's heart quail as he fled for life through the mazes of the wood. Stoneyheart is bounding at his side, but Stoneyheart is no longer his foe. The Indian can defy the thunder-bolt, or like Ajax, shake his clenched hand at the lightning, but the 'fire spirit' of the prairie or the forest can subdue the boldest of their souls and make them crouch for fear. Passion shrinks within itself when nature rouses herself to Titanic violence, and man forgets the puny angers that stir him when the world trembles to her core and the earthquake engulfs ten thousand mortals in its devouring throat. The white man and savage, no longer struggling for each other's life, rose appalled at the too well known harbingers of desolation, forgetting everything but the horrors behind them, and the faint chance of escape before, they started like competitors in a race of life. High over their heads curled the black smoke, and the birds, roused by the roar of the fiery avalanche, flew screaming and bewildered amongst the stifling atmosphere. The beasts sprung from their lairs, and snuffing the tainted breeze, dashed onward for their lives. Confusion and despair reigned over animate nature, and every thought was lost in the mad flight save the impulsive aspiration for safety. The devouring element crawled amongst the dry leaves like a snake, and then it writhed round the massive trunks of the forest, and darting along the hissing boughs, twined its forked tongue round the twigs till they crumbled into dust, and then with an impetuous sweep it shot aloft forming ten thousand pyramids of flame. Fainting, weary, and almost stifled, Mackenzie reached the river's bank, and fearlessly dashed into its glaring waters; a shout of joy rung in his ears, he felt himself grasped by a powerful hand, his brain swam, every sound and sight vanished, and the sturdy hunter lay unconscious in the sweeping canoe of his friends. It was a fearful thing to look upon that conflagration, apart from contingent horrors. It swept like a rush of waters over both wood and meadow, and breathed destruction from its burning lungs. But, the hunters of Fort Astor, as they grouped round their fires in winter, and recalled the events of the fall, shuddered when Seth Greenwood and Corrigan told of two human figures who stood like statues in a frame of gold and then were swept over by the hungry flames.

Winged Arrow was seen no more in the village of the Sioux; and the Iroquois mourned for him and Stoneyheart, who had gone together on the path of the palefaces, but had never returned since the 'fire spirit' lighted his last flame on the Missouri.

Dr. Buckley received his child with a full heart from the hand of his joyous brother; but the boy had imbibed a seriousness of demeanour, during his absence, beyond his years. His father returned once more to civilized life; and the boy, amongst companions of his years, forgot the terrors of his captivity but when the wild conflagration was casually mentioned it brought a cloud across the brow of Ethan Buckley.

SONG OF THE SPADE.

BY THOMAS R. J. POLSON.

On the brow of a frozen hill,  
In a cold December morn,  
A poor man dug with a shivering frame,  
In garments ragged and torn,  
His cheeks, so pale and white,  
Proclaim'd his wants extreme:  
In fact, he appear'd such a perfect fright,  
I fancy 'twas but a dream!

He wrought but by the day,  
And by the day was paid;  
And still, as he toed and turn'd the clay,  
He sang this song of the spade:—

"Toil—toil—toil!  
I must ere break of day;  
Toil—toil—toil,  
Till I scarce can see the clay;  
From early morn till night,  
In frosty weather and cold,  
I work while you see a glimmer of light,  
Though poor, infirm, and old.

"Toil—toil—toil  
Till the frame grows faint and weak;  
Toil—toil—toil  
Till your heart is like to break;  
If at a Christian's hand  
Men thus must work and toil,  
'Tis a pity of those in a heathen land  
Who cultivate the soil!

"Oh, mothers bless'd with sons!  
Oh, mothers with husbands dear!  
What can there be in a life like this  
That could existence cheer?  
With scarce a shred of clothes  
To keep out wind or snow—  
If this be not misery indeed,  
Oh, what is human woe!

"Dig—dig—dig  
Till the run sinks in the sky;  
And dig—dig—dig  
Till the ground you can't descry.  
In weather rough and mild,  
'Tis work the live-long day;  
Oh, would I had died when I was a child,  
Then we had kept away.

"With scarce a crumb of bread  
My weak frame to sustain;  
Though exposed from the hour I leave my  
bed  
To sleet, and cold, and rain;  
With such a scanty meal,  
My days of labour few—  
Would it be wonder'd at if I'd steal?  
Oh, God! what shall I do?

"But why should I wish to steal?  
Though I lie on a pellet of straw?  
'T would but add to the misery that I feel,  
The sin of a broken law.  
Over furrow and rig—  
Oh, that I ever was born!—  
How can I help wondering, while I dig,  
That I look like one forlorn!

Toil—toil—toil,  
Unceasing through the day;  
Toil—toil—toil—  
For a nominal trifle of pay.  
While others through the streets parade  
So cheerful and so gay,  
'Tis for me, the companion of shovel and  
and spade,  
To labour and dig away.

"With frame exhausted and spent  
By woes that can't be told,  
Withal I must toil, and turn the soil,  
Though benumb'd with frost and snow  
Oh, God! in such a state,  
Who'd like a long career?  
But why do I speak?—such a shocking fate  
Must shorten existence here.

"Oh, for to taste the joys  
The wealthy daily know—  
To breathe the fragrance of the air  
Which follows where they go!  
The dog, though meaner far  
Than a Christian with a soul,  
Will frequently ride in their coach or car  
And on their carpets roll!

"But the labourer with his spade,  
Unseen, may sigh and moan:  
Hath he aught of feeling? it may be asked;  
Or is he but a stone?  
Oh, mothers blessed with sons!  
Oh, mothers with husbands dear!  
What can there be in a labourer's life  
His weary soul to cheer!

On the brow of a frozen hill,  
In poverty array'd,  
A poor man was placed the ground to till.  
Oh, would you could see him! your heart  
would fill,  
If not harder than his spade!

A PORTRAIT.

A large city, in fact, as things now are, is one huge manufactory of foul air—one compact conspiracy against the lungs and lives of its inhabitants. We are doomed to encounter foul air always and everywhere—by day, and by night—out of doors and in doors—at every period of our existence—amid the convocation of business, and in the pursuit of pleasure. Out of doors tall chimneys and steam funnels vomit forth dense clouds of smoke; manufactories emit their noxious vapours; sewers pour through their gullyholes offensive gases; the churchyards and the slaughter-houses contribute their quota of animal exhalations, the streets are reeking with putrefying mud, and the banks of our rivers are thick with filthy deposits. Who when he recollects all these sources of impurity, can wonder at the dark cloud which hangs over our large cities, and the dense fogs which visit us in the winter months? Who can wonder that disease is busy with us, and that pestilence is never absent? The interior of our houses—our shops our workshops—our factories, is still worse. The foul air from without is parity itself to that which we encounter within. What with overcrowding, the almost total neglect of ventilation, the use of stoves, the barbarous custom of burning gas in the open air of our houses without making any provision for carrying off the poisonous products of combustion, aided and abetted by the national indifference to foul air; what with all these sources of impurity and obstacles to improvement, the air from

without, becomes into the interior of our buildings nothing more or less than a subtle and deadly poison. The labouring class, and especially those who follow sedentary occupations in doors, are of course the chief victims of this aerial poison; but no one, from the highest to the lowest, can altogether escape it. We encounter it everywhere—at home in our bedrooms and nurseries, abroad in all our places of resort. We breathe it at private concerts and theatres; we cannot escape it even at church. Our children are poisoned by it at school; our adults in the prison, the shop, the workshop, the factory, our soldiers in their barracks, our sailors in their ships; our miners in the bowels of the earth. In one word, the chief characteristic of our large towns may be summed up in a short phrase—'Foul air always and everywhere.'—*Dr Gray.*

JERUSALEM.

We ascended from a lower floor up a terrace, on which were several little domed chambers, or pavilions. From this terrace, whence we looked in the morning, a great part of the city spread before us: white domes upon domes and terraces of the same character as our own. Here and there, from among these whitewashed mounds round about, pinnaret rose, or a rare date tree; but the chief part of the vegetation near was that odious tree the prickly pear—one huge green wart growing out of another, armed with spikes as inhospitable as the aloe, without shelter or beauty. To the right the Mosque of Omar rose; the rising sun behind it. Yonder steep tortuous lane before us, flanked by ruined walls on either side, has borne, time out of mind, the title of Via Dolorosa; and tradition has fixed the spots where the Saviour rested, bearing his cross to Calvary. But of the mountain, rising immediately in front of us, a few grey olive trees speckling the yellow side here and there, there can be no question. That is the Mount of Olives. Bethany lies beyond it. The most sacred eyes that ever looked on this world have gazed on these ridges: it was there he used to walk and teach. With shame and humility one looks toward the spot where that inexpressible Love and Benevolence lived and breathed; where the great yearning heart of the Saviour interceded for all our race; and whence the bigots and traitors of his Jay led him away to kill him.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Men of genius, in former times, have often languished in obscurity, not because their merits were neglected, but because they were not understood. This, however, can scarcely happen in the present day, in which all sources of useful information are laid open, and in which unparalleled exertions have been made in the higher classes of society to diffuse improvement, and to promote all objects of inquiry which can benefit or enlighten the public. There are other uses, still greater uses, resulting from the communication of general and popular science. By means of it vulgar horrors and common prejudices are constantly diminished. It offers new topics for conversation and new interests in life. In solitude, it affords subjects for contemplation, and for an active exercise of the understanding, and in the cities, it assists the cause of morality and religion, by preventing the increase of gross luxury and indulgence in vicious dissipation. Man is designed for an active being, and his spirit ever restless, if not employed upon worthy and dignified objects, will often rather engage in mean and low pursuits, than suffer the tedious and listless feelings connected with idleness; and knowledge is no less necessary in strengthening the mind, than in preserving the parity of the affections and the heart.—*Sir Humphry Davy.*

MORNING ON THE NILE.

Hail! O venerable father of crocodiles! We were all lost in sentiments of the profoundest awe and respect; which we proved, by tumbling down into the cabin of the Nile steamer that was waiting to receive us, and fighting and cheating for sleeping berths. At dawn in the morning we were on deck, the character had not altered for the scenery about the river. Vast flat stretches of land were on either side recovering from the subsiding inundations; near the mud villages, a country ship or two was roasting under the date trees; the landscape everywhere stretching away level and onely. In the sky in the east was a long streak of greenish light, which widened and rose until it grew to be of an opal colour, then orange, then, beheld, the round red disk of the sun flaming up above the horizon. All the water blushed as he got up; the deck was all red. The steersman gave his helm to another, and prostrated himself on the deck, and bowed his head eastward, and praised the Maker of the sun; it shone on his white turban as he was kneeling, and gilt up his bronzed face, and sent his blue shadow over the glowing deck. The distances which had been grey were now clothed in purple, and the broad stream was illuminated. As the sun rose higher, the morning blush faded away; the sky was cloudless and pale, and the river and the surrounding landscape were dazzlingly clear. Looking a-head in an hour or two, we saw the Pyramids. Fancy my sensations, dear M—; two big ones and a little one! There they lay, rosy and solemn in the distance—those old, majestic, mystical, familiar edifices.

IGNORANCE.

Nothing can be more ignominious than a gentleman only by name, whose soul is ignorant, and life immortal.