

and in his native tongue, 'Green towering mountains of my sires, would I could press my breast to your proud untainted bosoms?'

As he spoke, the commandant Mackovich, approached him; he was attended by an aged Circassian, who had entered the fort under the pretensions of a flag of truce, and also at the request of the Russian. Such visits were often permitted by the mountaineers because they had faith in the integrity of their messengers: they were often desired by the Russians because they believed in the universal corruptibility. The aged chief had a beard as white as snow, and it waved upon his steel clad breast. His face was deeply marked, but his complexion was transparent and healthy. His grey eyes were bright and restless, and his small mouth wore a sarcastic and haughty expression. His head was covered with a red turban, and the tail of a white horse waved from it over his shoulders. His tunic was of brown cloth, purchased from the adventurous Turks, who, scorning the imperial blockade, brought their merchandize to the guarded shore. Long white trousers, wide and clean, covered his nether extremities, while his small feet were encased in moccasins of untanned leather; he was tall and spare, and bore himself with the dignity and freedom of one who had never bent to mortal as his superior. Schamyl-Oku looked upon the gallant old chief with eager interest, and strove to recognize in his some features of the past; but time had either obliterated their impression from his memory, or his glance was sufficient to call up his latest recollections.

Lieutenant Maximoff will attend the conference to be held in my quarters immediately,' said Mackovitch, as he passed the young man; and Schamyl-Oku bowing, followed the commander and his visitor.

It was considered politic to impress the Circassians with the grandeur and power of the czar, and on every occasion that they visited the invaders' strongholds the soldiers of Russia were paraded, all the officers were convened to give effect to the most simple intercommunication of the general and a chief, and flags and tinselled articles of furniture garished the apartment where they met. Mackovitch on this occasion, occupied an elevated seat as the representative of the greatest of the greatest of potentates, and his officers were all arranged around him. The aged Circassian seated himself crosslegged upon an ottoman confronting the general.

Mackovitch commanded the dragoman to harangue the chief on the folly of his countrymen resisting the all but superearthly power of Russia; to impress him with an idea of the clemency and loving kindness of the emperor; and to finish by offering a reward for the head of Schamyl-Tat. The blood of Schamyl-Oku ran cold as he listened to the murderously debasing overtures and proposals of the soldier, and he could have smitten him where he sat when he heard him breathe his father's name. The interpreter looked uneasily around when he began to translate the words of the officer, for he knew the Circassian's scorn of dishonor, and he dreaded the outburst of his wrath; and Schamyl-Oku, anxious to catch their import in the Adigee language, and to watch their effect upon his countrymen, pressed forward and gazed upon the aged warrior. The lights of the last now began to illuminate his memory, and dim indefinite recollections were revived, as the face of the old man expressed scorn or ridicule in answer to the palaver of the dragoman. The lights shone full upon the manly countenance, with its deep furrows and striking lineaments, and when the old chief sprung to his feet and grasped his yataghau, at the conclusion of the dragoman's speech, Schamyl-Oku recognized, in his passion of insulted honor, his own beloved atalik Achmet-Tughuz.

Schamyl Tat, bore my son Arslan from the fangs of the Muscovite vultures,' cried Achmet, furiously waving his brand; 'I was the atalik of his son, whom some coward bore away; and I would strike your emperor down did he ask me to betray so dear a friend.' The passion that had kindled in the old man's eyes slowly faded away, and sheathing his weapon and resuming his seat, he prepared to listen to any further harangue after this vigorous and spirited protest.

Mackovitch's sinister, mean countenance became livid with passion as he beheld Achmet's haughty look and unmistakable demonstration of scorn. The slave in soul and body to his emperor, he had no idea of honour or independence—fit instrument of a tyrant whose unscrupulous ambition required agents capable only of deeds of carnage and rapacity. This wretch, in the presence of his victim, and with twenty gentlemen around him, proposed a reward to any officer who would assassinate Achmet-Tughuz when on the morrow he had gone beyond the boundaries of the fort. Schamyl-Oku saw at a glance the danger of his friend, and as prompt in thought as in action, he intimated to the general his readiness to comply with his desires.

By sunrise on the following morning Achmet was mounted on his black impatient charger, and Schamyl Oku, whom Mackovitch introduced as a guard of honour, rode by his side. A varjeant from the fort accompanied them a short distance, until the young officer, as if recollecting himself, ordered the soldier to return with a letter to General Mackovitch. It was a short and pithy epistle, and ran thus: 'Villain—I was stolen from my home ten years ago, and conveyed to the chief city of your master; I was instructed in the art of war, that I might slay my countrymen; I breathed the atmosphere of falsehood that it

might destroy my recollection of, and make me hate my country. But nature was too strong for your tyrant and his myrmidons. I have never forgotten that I am a Circassian, I have never ceased to remember that I am the son of Schamyl-Tat, the pkhooor of Achmet-Tughuz whom you would kill, and the enemy of Nicholas and Mackovitch.'

Mackovitch was furious when he read this pointed intimation, and, giving way to his passion, he dashed his clenched hand in the face of the messenger, he stormed, threatened, and vowed the annihilation of the Circassian tribes; but Achmet and his atalik were beyond his power, and he was outwitted.

The sun's rays were dancing in the mountain torrents and streaming over meadow and fell, when Achmet and his yet unknown foster-son entered the valley of the Pshat. They rode in silence, for Achmet believed his companion to be a Russian incognisant, and Schamyl's heart was full.

'The hills of Pshat are beautiful,' said the youth at last, 'and their flowers are bright and sweet; but I have seen a flower in the valley of Dogwai fairer than them all.'

Achmet suddenly drew up his steed and gazed in mute amazement on his gallant young companion. It was some time before he found the power of utterance, and when he did so he slowly said, with a softened voice: 'The flowers of both Pshat and Dogwai have been blighted by thy Moscow brothers, we part at this cross before us, and we may never meet again save in battle; but I never thought to find one whose tongue can discourse in the Adigee language an enemy to my country.'

'The eagle may be torn from its eyrie,' said the youth, with enthusiasm, 'and its wings may be shorn, the lion may be caged and chained, and its courage for a time subdued, but let the freebird to the cliff and the king-beast to the forest, and they return once more to the habits of their nature. I speak the language of the Adigee because I am a psho of their blood. I will not part with Achmet at the stone-cross, because he must return his pkhooor to Schamyl-Tat, and I will never blight a flower in Pshat or Dogwai, because I am Schamyl-Oku.'

The old man gazed upon the animated face of the youth till his own illumined visage trembled with emotion. He slowly dismounted from his steed, but not a sound escaped his lips; then stretching out his arms, while the youth threw himself from the horse, he clasped him in a yearning embrace to his aged bosom. The tarco-khass and his protegee turned aside from the path that conducted to Schamyl-Tat's dwelling, and in a few days arrived in the valley of Dogwai: and fleet messengers scoured the hills of Notwhatsh and Shapsuk, and beacons blazed on every peak, for Achmet could now perform the last office of an honourable atalik, and Schamyl-Oku was about to be restored to his people when due time arrived. The young man loved the speech of his youth, and he listened to its sounds with rapture.

That it was harsh and dissonant, his Russian tutors had often told him, but they had never heard it discoursed from the lips of Zewoo, and he deemed them but sorry judges. Her voice was low and musical, and might have rendered even the dialect of Moscow beautiful: so at least thought Schamyl-Oku before he had been a week in Dogwai. At last he resumed the garb of his country. Achmet presented him with every accessory of a warrior, and his ample wardrobe had been fashioned by the fair hands of Zewoo. A strong and gallant steed was led behind the charger he rode, and a hundred nobles formed his escort to Pshat. There was pride in the face of Achmet, and rapture in that of Schamyl-Tat, when the atalik presented his friend with his long-lost son. The young man was led into his father's house, and all the inmates bowed to him and pronounced his name; and the young maidens smiled on him, and whispered that there would soon be a rival to the lion of Notwhatsh on the plains of the Kha-Shkhu and Kuban. And then the feast was served upon the hill-top, and twice a hundred warriors sat down to eat. They spoke of freedom, captivity, and the dishonorable assassin Mackovitch; and Achmet, to show his scorn of such a foul plot as Schamyl-Oku had saved him from, commanded the minstrels to play.

'Let joy be in the valley of Pshat,' sang the minstrels, 'and peace in the bosom of Schamyl-Tat. Achmet-Tughuz, whose name is truth, and whose heart is pure as the streams of Gul, wept for the pkhooor whom the Moscovs stole away, and Schamyl's bosom was lonely, for his young sato was gone. But Achmet now rejoices, for he brings the young oak to its own green hills—he restores the full fledged eagle to his parent; and Schamyl's eye grows bright for when he scatters his fees his son will be at his side; when his black horse breathes terror into the hearts of the red-haired Moscovs, Schamyl-Oku will be at his back. There grows a rose in Dogwai,' they continued changing the theme—'a fair and lovely flower. It would be well if Schamyl-Oku could plant it on the hills of Pshat; there is a star in the north which must shine in the valleys of Notwhatsh.'

Shortly after his restoration Schamyl-Oku bore Zewoo to his home in Pshat, and the blazing fort he captured was the beacon that was lighted at his nuptials.

We sometimes hear of the deeds of the Tcherkesses, as fital reprints of Circassian war are borne to our shores, and we know that the most gallant and unyielding of the mountain chiefs continues still to wave the banner of victory and to rejoice in the terrible name of Schamyl; and those who consult the

sitting records of passing events, will find that the capture and escape of Schamyl-Oku, the son of the redoubted Schamyl, is no fiction.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine.

ONWARD.

There is a voice in everything,
In every plant a lesson lies,
And every insect on the wing
Declares some maxim as it flies.

One autumn morn I careless laid,
Reposing in the greenwood shade;
Adown the vale the wind was sighing,
In many a woodland echo dying,
Wafting from flowers and fragrant trees
Sweet incense on its perfumed breeze.
And as it wildly swept along,
Down the deep valley—o'er the hill,
This was its everlasting song—
"Oh! Onward! Onward!—Onward, still!"
But as I listened to its sigh,
A merry bee came buzzing by,
It lighted on a budding flower—
Tarry'd awhile—then rose again—
Then chose another from the bower;
And thus—till it had touched each huc,
From gawdy red to modest blue;
When having spent its busy hour—
It flew afar across the plain,
And as it sped, a voice I heard
Re-echoed by each passing bird,
Which seemed the universe to fill,
'Twas "Onward! Onward! Onward, still!"
A brook went rippling down the dell,
And troutlets in its water play'd—
While light the joyous volume fell,
In many a picturesque cascade.
Stones—trees—and thickets, vainly tried
To stay its course, to stem its tide:
Despite them all—in ceaseless motion,
Meandering to its goal, the ocean,
In eddying stream it whirled along,
Giving an everlasting song—
The voice of the incessant rill,
Was "Onward! Onward!—Onward, still!"

Then, Onward! Onward! be our cry,
Our hearts are firm—our hopes are high—
Onward! through childhood—manhood—
youth:
From fact to fact—from truth to truth!
Onward! till freed from misery's power
The poor man knows a happy hour:
Onward! till rank be cast aside,
With all its emptiness and pride:
Till lofty names their grandeur smother,
And man in each man—greet a brother!
Onward! till open—unconfined—
Men's thoughts are free as God's own wind:
Till peace shall every nation bless,
And all the listening world confess,
That worth is—Majesty of Mind!
Till freed from trammels' bigots lay,
Casting all narrow forms away—
Man stands upon the flower-deck'd sod,
And lifts his rapturous soul to God!

There is a voice in everything,
In every plant a lesson lies,
And every insect on the wing
Declares some maxim as it flies.

From the Christian Parlour Magazine.

THE YOUNGEST.

It was twilight, and I sat watching the decaying embers, when my attention was arrested by the sound of voices in the adjoining apartment. I heard nothing except, 'Ah, you are the youngest!' in a tone of mingled reproach and fondness. The youngest! what an echo has it awakened!

I lately heard those words connected with a touching tale of truth, which I shall not soon forget. I was riding along the bank of a lake, when I suddenly came upon a farm house, with nothing in its appearance to distinguish it from an ordinary dwelling. But as I drew nearer, I saw that the hand of taste had been there. The most delicate wild flowers of the surrounding hills and forests had been transplanted to the garden, which sloped gradually from the house to the water's edge. The colours and shades were arranged with a painter's taste, and the effect was surpassingly beautiful. By the doors and windows of the humble mansion, the sweet brier and the pure white rose mingled their delicate blossoms with wild creeping plants, which had been trained up the sides of the house. My curiosity was strongly excited. The day was warm and sultry, and I ventured to claim a stranger's privilege—rest and a glass of water. An elderly female was the only occupant. I ventured to remark, in an inquiring tone, on the beauty and arrangement of the flowers, but for a while tears were my only answer. 'Oh,' said she at last 'it is the work of my daughter, who sleeps by the side of her two sisters under the shade of these old elms. She was my youngest, and so good and gentle that it was hard parting with her. Her elder sisters had drooped and wasted just as they

arrived at womanhood. I thought, perhaps, they had worked too hard, for we have always earned our bread by the sweat of our brow, and never knew what it was to be idle. Janet was the last, so we put no tasks upon her, but suffered her to work or play, just as she pleased. Our boys were all well to do in the world, and had good farms of their own, except John, who must needs go to college. He talked so well and coaxed so much, and told how much good he would do when he became a minister, that we at last consented. John came home in vacation, and brought several heaps of books. Her chief happiness seemed to be in reading the books he brought, and planted. After some time, I saw with many a heart ache, that her forehead and ears grew pale, very pale, while the red on her cheeks grew deeper and brighter. She began to have a slight cough, and her clear voice became faint and low; but oh! how sweet it sounded when she took some of the last flowers of autumn, and told me how they spoke of a heavenly Father's love, and that he who thus cared for the flowers, would surely care for us. 'See, dear mother,' she would say, 'how carefully the little flower is protected by its clasping leaves, so that it has braved the storm, as tender and delicate as it looks. God has taken care of it, and he will take care of you,' and her voice faltered when she added, 'even if you were left alone.' It was the first time she had spoken of what I feared, yet dared not whisper even to myself. I wept bitterly, and told her, selfish that I was, for I saw that this dark world was as a prison to her, that she must not die. And then she put her arms around my neck, and talked to me of heaven, and how sweet it would be to be there with Agnes and Mary and her little brother, and how soon I, too, should be there with them, till I wept no more, and only longed to go with my blessed child.

'We still thought she might live many months, and she talked cheerfully of the happiness she would enjoy when John came home in his winter's vacation. But all at once she grew very sick; and the doctor said she would not live three days. I told her the heavy tidings, for her poor father was broken down with this last trouble, and could not speak of it. 'So soon!' said she; but after a moment's pause she added, clasping her thin limbs, and looking upwards, 'Thy will be done!' But John,—you must send for him.' I told her he was so far off it would be more than a week before she could get him here. 'No matter for that; dear, dear mother do send for him.' We sent, and every day she grew weaker and her breath grew fainter. But how sweetly even then did she talk of heaven and a Saviour's love! Almost every hour she would ask, 'has John come yet?' At length the seventh day came. It was the Sabbath, and one of the brightest of early winter mornings. She roused from a deep lethargy, which we had thought would prove her last sleep, and asked me to give her a rose bud from the bush which stands there in that window. Just then we heard the sound of a horse's hoofs, he had come! but I cannot tell you of their meeting. My eyes were too blind with tears to see it, and my heart too full to remember much. I only remember that in a few moments she showed him the rose bud, and told him her lot was like that of the flower. 'But he told her no; the flower perished, but she would bloom again in heaven, where nothing is ever blighted or withered more. She thanked him fervently, and in the clear musical voice of her brightest days, for all his love to her—for his patient teaching—for instructing her to see a father's hand in the trees and flowers, in the sunshine and the storm. 'And more than all, my brother I bless you for pointing me to a Saviour's love—for leading my wandering, exiled soul to Cavalry. I shall now soon be with him. Kneel my brother, and commend my departing soul to him.' We all knelt by the bed side, and my poor boy, with her very thin, wasted hand clasped in his, in a few broken petitions implored the blessed Saviour to be with her where the love of earthly friends could avail nothing—in her passage through the dark valley. When we rose, her eyes were closed, and a sweet smile played upon her lips. We thought she slept, but it was the sleep of death. She had gone to heaven!

HINTS ABOUT BEDROOMS.

Their small size and their lowness render them very insalubrious; and the case is rendered worse by close windows and large thick curtains and hangings, with which the beds are often so carefully surrounded, as to prevent the possibility of the air being renewed. The consequence is, that we are breathing vitiated air during the greater part of the night; that is, during more than a third part of our lives; and thus the period of repose which is necessary for the renovation of our mental and bodily vigour, becomes a source of disease. Sleep under such circumstances is very often disturbed, and always much less refreshing than when enjoyed in a well-ventilated apartment; it often happens, indeed, that such repose, instead of being followed by renovated strength and activity, is succeeded by a degree of heaviness and languor which is not overcome till the person has been some time in a purer air. Nor is this the only evil arising from sleeping in ill-ventilated apartments. When it is known that the blood undergoes most important changes in its circulation through the lungs by means of the air which we breathe, and that these vital changes can only be effected by the respiration of pure air, it will be easily understood how the healthy function of the lungs must be impeded by inhaling for many successive hours the vitia-