

mother's lowly tomb. The earth seemed to have been freshly stirred, but not a flower had yet sprung up that I might bear away with me. I determined to wait, however. Day after day found me beside my parent's narrow bed, scanning with eager eyes the verdant turf that wrapped her mouldering form. Six weeks had elapsed in this way, when at last, one morning, when the bright sunbeams had just ushered in the day, I beheld a little flower of azure blue open its blossoms to the golden rays. It was one of those lovely little flowers which are called *myosotis* in the cities, but which we simple rustics name *forget-me-not*. As I plucked the beautiful gem I watered it with rapturous tears. It seemed to me as if that flower had been an embodiment of my mother's spirit; it seemed as if she had been sensible of my presence, and that under the form of this tiny little flower, she had come to comfort and cheer me. After this I had no tie to bind me to my old home. My father had not been long in following my dear mother to the grave; and then, when I gathered this precious little flower, what was left for me to do? I now remembered my mother's counsels—I recollected her emphatic words, 'Do your duty,' and presenting myself to the gend'armes, I have deserted; arrest me.' And now it only remains for me to die; and if, as you have assured me, I have found in you a friend, I shall do so without regret, for you will render to me the only service I will require of man. That flower which I gathered upon a grave, at the peril of my life, is here in this little perfumed bag which you suspended over my heart: Promise me, then, that you will see that it is not taken away from my bosom after I am dead. It is the strong link which binds me to my mother; and if I thought that that link which was to be broken, oh, my courage would desert me, and I would die with a trembling heart. Speak! do you promise that you will perform this last service for me?

'Yes, I promise,' said the soldier, with emotion.

'Oh! give me your hand then, that I may press it to my heart, my comrade,' cried

Avale tout-cru, with rapture. 'Oh! you are so kind to me that in my soul I love you; and if God, in whom is all power, were to restore me once more to life, I would consecrate that life to thee, for this one generous act.'

The friends embraced each other, and then they parted.

On the morrow, when the prisoner had been led to the place of execution; when the long, close ranks of soldiers in their glittering array had been drawn up to witness the death of one who had dared to love his mother more than the gay field of war—who had dared to disobey the commands of man at the call of a holy inspiration of his nature, when the company had been led forward that was to execute vengeance upon this slave of his affections, and were just about to fire the fatal volley—first a low murmur was heard to run along the line, and then the welkin rung with loud and deafening shouts of 'The Emperor—Napoleon! Long live the Emperor!' Napoleon, for it was indeed he, rode up in front of the line, and then, dismounting from his horse, walked, in the quick manner and with the short step so peculiar to himself, right up in front of the condemned.

'Pierre,' said he, looking steadily in the soldier's face. Pierre gazed at him, with astonished bewilderment painted in his expressive countenance. He strove to speak, but he could not; for in Napoleon he recognised his companion of the previous night. 'Pierre,' continued Bonaparte, 'dost thou remember thy words of last night? God does grant to thee a renewal of thy term of life. Consecrate that life not to me, but to our dear France. She, truly, is a good and noble mother also. Love her only as thou hast loved thy mother now dead and thou wilt do well.'

He ceased, and long and vehement peals of rapturous applause were echoed and re-echoed along that glittering line. Several years afterwards, Pierre, who was then a captain of the old guard, fell upon the field of Waterloo; and although mortally wounded, he still retained vigour to cry with a firm voice, ere he died, 'Vive l'Empereur! Vive la France! Vive ma mere!' They buried him upon that blood-soaked field of death, and in his bosom he still retained the withered leaves of the tiny 'forget-me-not.' Alas! that he who loved his mother so well, could have so lent himself to make poor mothers weep!

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE FOX AND SPANIEL.

A fox and spaniel met each other frequently, till at last they became acquainted, and were so fond of each other's society that they were seldom separated. The spaniel followed the fox in all his rambles, and was the witness of all his depredations. Sometimes the fox went into the hen-roost, and stole a hen or chicken; sometimes he stole a lamb from the hill-side; and sometimes he ran off with a pig that was astray in the woods. On all these occasions, he was attended by his playmate the spaniel. One day the fox entered a fine barn yard, where there was a great deal of poultry of all kinds (hens, turkeys, geese, and ducks), attended, as usual, by his companion the spaniel. Prowling along carefully, so that he might not be seen, the fox slyly drew near a fine fat goose, which he intended for his dinner. Just as he had seized the poor bird, and was bearing him off, the poultry set up so loud a cackling as to call the attention of the farmer, who was at work in a field close by. Seeing the mischief, he seized a loaded gun and fired at the fox and dog, just as they

were leaving the yard. The shot wounded both the animals, and they instantly fell. The farmer came up, and, seizing the fox, knocked him on the head, saying, 'Rogue and thief that thou art! this is the last goose of mine which thou shalt steal, and I know well that it is not the first meal you have made from my poultry-yard.' Then, turning to the dog, he said, 'And you, too, shall die!' 'Oh, dear sir,' said the poor spaniel, 'do not kill me. I never stole a goose in my life.' 'How can I believe what you say?' said the farmer; 'I find you in company with the fox, and therefore you must suffer with him.' So saying, he killed him without more words. If children do not wish to be thought wicked and bad, they should not keep company with others who are so, for they will suffer disgrace by being found with such companions.

From the Christian Treasury.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY DR. HAWKES OF NEW ORLEANS.

'Dear Mary,' said the poor blind boy,

'That little bird sings very long;

Say, do you see him in his joy,

And is he pretty as his song?'

'Yes Edward, yes,' replied the maid,

'I see the bird on yonder tree;'

The poor boy sighed and gently said—

'Sister, I wish I could see,

'The flowers you say, are very fair,

And bright green leaves are on the trees,

And pretty birds are singing there—

How beautiful for one who sees!

'Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,

And can feel the green leaf's shade,

And I can hear the notes that swell

From those dear birds that God has made.

'So, sister, God to me is kind,

Though sight alas! he has not given,

But tell me, are there any blind

Among the children up in heaven?'

'No dearest Edward, there all see—

But why ask me a thing so odd?'

'Oh Mary, he's so good to me,

I thought I'd like to look at God.'

Ere long, disease his hand had laid

On that dear boy, so meek and mild;—

His widow'd mother wept and prayed,

That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,

And said, 'oh never weep for me,

I'm going to a bright, bright place,

Where Mary says, I God shall see.

'And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;—

But, mother, when you get up there,

Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—

You know I never saw you here.'

He spoke no more, but sweetly smil'd,

Until the final blow was given—

When God took up that poor blind child,

And open'd first his eyes in heaven.

New Works.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

Hudson Bay; or Every-Day Life in the Wilds of North America. By Robert N. Ballantyne.

The following is his account of York Factory, on the Hayes River, his point of embarkation in the new world:

'York Factory is the principal depot of the northern department, from whence all the supplies for the trade are issued, and where all the returns of the department are collected and shipped for England. As may be supposed then, the establishment is a large one. There are always between thirty and forty men residing at the post, summer and winter; generally four or five clerks, a postmaster, and a skipper for the small schooners; and the whole is under the direction and superintendence of a chief factor, or chief trader.

'As the winter is very long, nearly eight months, all the transport of goods to, and returns from, the interior, must necessarily be effected as quickly as possible. The consequence is, that great numbers of men and boats are constantly arriving from inland, and departing again during the summer; and, as each brigade is commanded by a chief factor, trader, or clerk, there is a constant succession of new faces, which, after a long and dreary winter, during which the inhabitants never see any stranger, renders the summer months at York Factory, the most agreeable part of the year. The arrival of the ship from England, too, delights them with letters from home, which can only be received twice a year.

'The fort (as all establishments in the Indian country, whether small or great are called) is a large square, I should think about six or seven acres, inclosed within high stockades and built on the banks of Hayes river, nearly five miles from its mouth. The houses are all of wood, and of course, have no pretensions

to architectural beauty; but their clean, white appearance and regularity, have a very pleasing effect on the eye. Before the front gate stand four large brass field pieces, but these warlike instruments are only used for the purpose of saluting the ship with blank cartridge on her arrival and departure, the decayed state of the carriages rendering it dangerous to load the guns with a full charge.

'The country is flat and swampy, and the only objects that rise very prominently above the rest, and catch the wandering eye, are a lofty 'outlook' of wood, painted black, from which to look out for the arrival of the ship, and a flag staff, from which on Sundays, the snowy folds of Saint George's flag flutter in the breeze. 'Such was York Factory in 1841.'

His description of the country, and of the Company's arrangements, will give some idea of the internal economy and domestic society of that vast territory:

'Imagine an immense extent of country, many hundred miles long, covered with dense forests, expanded lakes, broad rivers, and mighty mountains; and all in a state of primitive simplicity—undefaced by the axe of civilized man, and enlivened by a few roving hordes of Indians, and myriads of wild animals. Imagine amid this wilderness, a number of small squares, each inclosing half a dozen wooden houses, and about a dozen men, and between each of these establishments a space of forest varying from fifty to three hundred miles in length, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Hudson's Bay Company's territories, and of the number of, and distance between, their forts. The idea, however, may be still more correctly obtained, by imagining populous Great Britain converted into a wilderness, and planted in the middle of Rupert's Land; the Company, in that case, would build three forts in it, one at the Land's end, one in Wales, and one in the Highlands; so that in Britain there would be but three hamlets, with a population of some thirty men, half a dozen women, and a few children! The Company's posts extend, with these intervals between, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and from within the Arctic Circle to the Northern boundaries of the United States.

'Throughout this immense country there are probably not more ladies than would suffice to form half a dozen quadrilles; and these poor banished creatures, are chiefly the wives of the principal gentlemen connected with the fur trade. The rest of the female population consist chiefly of half-breeds and Indians; the latter entirely devoid of education, and the former as much enlightened as can be expected from those whose life is spent in such a country. Even these are not very numerous, and yet without them, the men would be in a sad condition, for they are the only tailors and washerwomen in the country, and make all the mittens, moccasins, fur caps, deer skin coats, &c. made in the land.

'There are one or two favoured spots, however, into which a Missionary or two have penetrated, and in Red river settlement, the only colony in the Company's territories, there are several churches and clergymen, both Protestant and Roman Catholic.

'The country is divided into four large departments. The northern department, which includes all the establishments in the far north and frozen regions; the southern department, including those to the south and east of this, the posts at the head of James's Bay, and along the shores of Lake Superior; the Montreal department, including the country in the neighbourhood of Montreal, up the Ottawa River, and along the north shore of the Gulf of Saint Lawrence and Esquimaux Bay; and the Columbia department, which comprehends an immense extent of country to the west of the Rocky Mountains, including the Oregon territory, which, although the Hudson's Bay Company still trade in it, now belongs, as every one is aware, to the Americans.

'These departments are divided into a number of districts, each under the direction of an influential officer, and these again are subdivided into numerous establishments, forts, posts, and outposts.

'The name of fort, as already remarked, is given to nearly all the posts in the country, but some of them certainly do not merit the name; indeed few of them do. The only two in the country that are real, *bona fide* forts, are Fort Garry and the Stone fort in the colony of Red River, which are surrounded by stone walls with bastions at the corners. The others are merely defended by wooden pickets or stockades, and a few, where the Indians are quiet and harmless, are entirely destitute of defence of any kind. Some of the chief posts have a complement of about thirty or forty men; but most of them have only ten, five, four and even two, besides the gentlemen in charge. As, in most instances these posts are planted in a wilderness far from men, and the inhabitants have only the society of each other, some idea may be formed of the solitary life led by many of the company's servants.

'There are seven different grades in the service. First, the labourer who is ready to turn his hand to anything;—to become a trapper fisherman, or rough carpenter, at the shortest notice. He is generally employed in cutting firewood for the consumption of the establishment at which he is stationed, shovelling snow from before the doors, mending all sorts of damages to all sorts of things; and during the summer months, in transporting furs and goods between his post and the nearest depot. Next in rank is the interpreter. He is for the most part, an intelligent labourer of pretty long standing in the service, who having picked up a smattering of Indian, is consequently very useful in trading with the natives. After the interpreter comes the post-

master, usually a promoted labourer, who, for good behaviour or valuable services, has been put upon a footing with the gentlemen of the service, in the same manner that a private soldier in the army is sometimes raised to the rank of a commissioned officer. At whatever station a postmaster may happen to be placed, he is generally the most useful and active man there. He is often placed in charge of one of the many small stations, or outposts, throughout the country. Next are the apprentice clerks—raw lads, who come out fresh from school, with their mouths agape at the wonders they behold in Hudson's Bay. They generally, for the purpose of appearing manly, acquire all the bad habits of the country as quickly as possible, and are stuffed full of what they call fun, with a strong spice of mischief. They become more sensible and sedate before they get through the first five years of their apprenticeship, after which they attain to the rank of clerks. The clerk, after a number of years' service, (averaging from thirteen to twenty), becomes a chief trader (or half shareholder), and in a few years more he attains the highest rank to which any one can rise in the service, that of chief factor, or share-holder.

'It is a strange fact, that three-fourths of the company's servants are Scotch Highlanders and Orkney men. There are very few Irishmen, and still fewer English. A great number, however, are half breeds, and French Canadians, especially among the labourers and voyageurs.'

The Politician.

The British Press.

From Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

The progress of the French Revolution justifies in many respects, the fears regarding its final results anticipated by us in our last number. This revolution was not, as is generally believed, the accident of a cruel volley fired on a mob, not quite prepared to overthrow the throne, from the hotel of Guizot. The Revolution was prepared. The list of the Provisional Government was ready when Thiers and O'Dillon Barrot were dreaming of constitutional opposition, a change of ministry, a resignation of the crown, and a long run of power in their party, under the duchess of Orleans. The name of the due de Nemours was advanced by those gentlemen for the Regency; but there were undoubted obstacles to its acceptance. The second, and now the eldest son of Louis Philippe is unambitious. He is merely a good citizen, who, according to the Joinville vocabulary, should have been a shopkeeper. He had quarrelled with the fighting genius of the Orleans family, or that Prince had quarrelled with him; and he was generally denounced as spiritless. He was named as regent on the death of his brother the duke of Orleans, and it was formal even in the hour of Revolution to take a vote of the matter. That done, Thiers and Barrot inclined to the duchess of Orleans, as regent, acting for her son, the count of Paris who was to be their boy king. The duchess is a German lady, a Protestant; and although she exhibited more spirit and firmness than any member of the Orleans family, while endeavouring to secure the prospects of her son from the eclipse that has passed over them, yet Thiers and Barrot anticipated no future trouble from the German princess. They had before them thirteen years of sovereignty; for the gratitude of the duchess was to secure her favour during the regency. The education of the young king was in their hands; and that privilege was equal to a farther lease of power for thirteen years. This prospect was sufficient for the ambition even of trading statesmen. A politician has no right to reckon upon more, and no inducement to provide for more than a quarter of a century. Every minister of state cannot be a Metternich. Europe will never again have a Talleyrand on whom it can confer the honours of a jubilee when his fiftieth year in cabinets has been served out. Twenty five years is the maximum of uninterrupted power on which any party can now calculate; and prudent men in a party will try and make their fortune within a shorter time. This was the plot of Thiers and Barrot, or the alternative in their plot if other means of reaching the treasury benches were unsuccessful. It is highly probable that they contemplated gradual ameliorations in French grievances. They were not to stand still; and they were not to cast all their stock of reform to the people at once. They proposed to dole out improvement by morsels, as thieves bribe dogs to keep the peace until their purposes are served. That was the Thiers and Barrot plot. They were profoundly ignorant of the fact that other parties were planning.

The Republicans, perhaps, without expecting that their day was near, had their list of men prepared. Their proceedings must have been taken with great caution. The police knew them not. The Government party were ignorant of their opponents' organization. The opposition in the Chambers imagined that they could manage the Extreme Left, even as our Whigs by turns coax and bluster the Radicals. Nobody dreamed that Lamartine and Garnier Pages had constructed a Provisional Government—none but themselves and their friends. These friends must have been numerous; and the secrecy observed regarding the proceedings, indicates the sternness of the determination for a change. The secret was well kept from those who should not have been informed; and yet it was known in this