

Literature, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Hogg's Instructor.

LOVE IS POWER.

TRONG men dragged him within the enclosure of the trading-house, and they beat him and bound him with thongs. His horse, the sole companion of his solitude during many a long summer day and night march, was torn from him, and the rifle which had so often borne death to the buffalo on the prairie and the deer in the forest, was broken before his eyes. From a rich and free Indian who had cattle and venison browsing wherever he roamed, and who was respected by his tribe for his prowess and his wealth, Hisoona was almost in a few seconds reduced to beggary, and rendered more helpless than a squaw. Cold, silent, and impassible, there he stood in the centre of the stockade, with his brawny arms bound across his broad, manly chest, his wide nostrils breathing fire and scorn, and his piercing black eyes rivetted on the sky. He might have been taken for a bronze statue of a barbarian gladiator, whom the civilised subjects of a second Commodus were striving to provoke to life and action with their taunts and sneers. But though he heard he heeded them not; he seemed to have only sufficient Promethean fire to supply him with the breath of life, he had none to spend in flashes of passion. The acquired stoicism of the Indian was superior to the fierceness of his human nature; for although he felt the vibrations of fury at his heart, he scorned that man should know them only in his weakness.

Hisoona was a Seminole Indian, and he was reputed to be the fiercest and most sanguinary of his tribe. He had been scorned in his infancy on account of his birth, his father being a Spaniard; and as the education of the boy invariably reacts in manhood, he had repaid to mankind in scorn and blows the account of sullen malevolence which the full breeds of his tribe had lent him. He had grown up the very Cain of his race—jealous, cruel, dishonest and sullen, but strong, impetuous, and utterly dauntless in battle. He had fought himself into consideration among his mother's people, and his name was known and feared by all the enemies of her tribe throughout the broad expanse of Florida. He was indeed a dauntless warrior who had longings to meet face to face this famous Seminole. He seemed to have no fear, and it was said that he had no mercy. Nearly fifty dried scalps hung in his lodge, which he had torn indiscriminately from the heads of men, women, and children; and many villages that no longer stood on the Banks of the Oltamaha owed their blackness of desolation to his single hand and midnight brand.

The name and fame of Hisoona were sung by the squaws in their wigwams while they sewed the buffalo-ropes, or sung to their children as they hung in their wind-rocked cradles on the forest branches while they hoe the maize-patches, with much the same feeling that inspired them when they spoke of the evil spirit Wacandah. They said that Hisoona was too fierce even for a warrior, too powerful for a man, and too crafty for anything mortal; the fox and the beaver were neither of them so wise. He was a mystery, deeper and darker than the wigwam where slept the sun at night; he was stronger than the storm, and more unsearchable in his ways than the moose or the cougar. They dreaded the half-breed of the Seminoles, and yet they admired him, and many was the tale they recounted of his deeds, and many was the speculation they had hazarded regarding his fate, and now here he stood, as weak and helpless as the weakest of them, bound and scorned within the square of the white man's trade-house, rest of his arms and horse, and taunted by white hunters, and scourged by white men's hands.

'You are a thief,' said Abel Paynter, a strong and hardy Kentuckian, as he swung a thong round his head and laid it on Hisoona's shoulders. 'You stole my traps last fall when I was out on the Oltamaha, and you burned my shanty at Oatas Creek. I'll pay you, you savage?'

The dark red streaks followed the cruel and degrading blows, but Hisoona moved not, not a muscle of his fine athletic frame gave one quivering indication of pain. He stood as rigid as if he had been hewn from the sacred red-pipe-stone, which is found only in that Indian theatre of human creation, the Cotieau du Prairie, and with his eye fixed on the blue sky above, he seemed not to hear or feel.

'It was this Indian rascal that shot my horse two days ago when I was out scouting on the flats,' said Aaron Bardel, as he shook Hisoona violently. 'otherwise I should have been in time to apprise Governor Ellis of the black-foot war-party, who surprised Middleton's waggons last night, and robbed the Florida Trading Company of more powder and lead than will be good for the trappers and hunters on the Mississippi this fall. I shall make his black steed carry me in lieu of my brown Bess, however.'

'Stop till the old man comes,' cried several of those who stood around and eyed the prisoner sullenly. 'He is coming up from the Red Beech Creek, and if he does not order this Seminole to be suspended from all future service in mischief and upon the tough limb of some sycamore, I am no judge of law.'

As these rude lawless men spoke, the strong, heavy outer gate of the stockade was opened, and a horseman, armed and seemingly somewhat agitated, rode into the square. A broad

straw hat spread over his square shoulders, from which hung down his back a screen of gauze. His shirt was of the purest, whitest linen, gathered round his waist, and tightly bound to his body with a red silken sash, in which were stuck pistols and a bowie-knife. A rifle lay on his crupper before him, and as he lightly sprung to the ground, threw the reins over the neck of his docile steed, and laid his handsome rifle carelessly against the logs that walled in the trade station, it was easy to see that he had authority. He was low in stature, but strong and active in form, and the motion of his agile limbs seemed to keep time with his rolling, restless eye. As soon as he perceived the group which encircled Hisoona, he walked quickly towards the spot where those who termed it were collected, and, pushing his retainers aside, he confronted the Indian.

'And so you have trapped the big beaver of the Oltamaha at last,' said Governor Ellis, glancing his eyes proudly and rapidly round; 'you have torn the fangs from the grisly bear of the Seminoles. Ay, ay, my man,' said he drawing his knife and cutting the thong that bound the Indian's arms, 'you have neither rifle nor horse, now so go home and tell your squaw that you will help her to nurse the papoose and hoe the corn.'

'Hugh, hu! wa, ha!' was Hisoona's only response to this insulting speech, for in a moment he had bounded towards the gate of the stockade, seized the rifle of the governor, mounted his horse, and dashing out of the fort swung the murderous weapon over his head with a triumphant grim smile. Once he paused when he gained the open plain, but it was only to shoot defiance to all the trappers and hunters at the station, and to declare that he would kill the first white man he met.

The sun was gradually sinking in the west. His beams were streaming over the uncultured wilderness, which lay like the mother of vegetation asleep, by the murmuring Oltamaha, until labour should come with his ploughshare and reaping-hook to awaken her up to action. It was a peaceful scene, because there were no warring elements at work in all the wide prairie and forest-lands that stretched westward from the most extreme settlement of the whites to the trading house of Governor Ellis. It is true that Hisoona was abroad, and Hisoona, it was said, was an incarnation of war, but he had no one to call forth his evil passions now, although the vow of death was on his haughty lips, and the scowl of defiance was on his cheek. It has been argued that war is natural to man, and that when he fights he but obeys the impulses of his nature. Does it not seem wonderful, then, that they who most studiously imbibe the most of love? Old Horace declares that his nature and studies disqualify the poet from being a warrior, and that although he sings in admiring strains the deeds of the warrior, yet he has not the spirit which he canonises in his song. Hisoona might be called a child of nature with his pride and savagery; but does not this seem erroneous when examined? This Indian loved the woods, and the plains, and streams, and strange musings came over his soul when he was amongst them. He felt the faint flutterings of a sympathy which he knew not when amongst men; he felt the feeble stirrings of that love which his education of scorn and repulsion had crushed and overshadowed. As a child of nature, Hisoona was not dead to the universal sympathy which tells us that all creation comes from one source. It was as a child of Cain's first act of hatred that he was feared and fierce.

'I will slay the first white man I meet,' he muttered, and he examined the rifle he carried to see that it was fit for the dark purpose. At that moment the song of the whippoorwill and the soft sighing of the west wind fell upon his ear, and slowly and silently he let the murderous weapon fall upon the crupper before him, and gradually his dark eye softened as he turned his ear to the sound with an abstracted, listening air.

Equally abstracted, but more exquisitely delighted with the scene, was a traveller who wended his footway over the unclaimed wild. He saw in this broad plain the handiwork of a revealed God, and viewing it as a provision of his beautiful providence for future generations of men, he felt his heart stirred with a recognition of the Almighty's love, and he whispered 'Father,' and turned his eyes sloft in the fullness of his soul. He had come across the deep, this pious traveller, to see how it fared with his redskin brother, and to tell him of a better life on earth than that which he now led, and of a better land where love in God was king. He wore no weapon by his side, he carried no rifle on his shoulder. His simple coat of brown covered his meek and loving heart, and not a coat of steel. Love, shining in his mild blue eyes and lighting up his beautiful and placid features was the vizor which covered his countenance, and faith in the all-protecting power of God was this good Christian's shield. A lonely traveller there is a fierce, and wronged, insulted savage, armed and breathing vengeance, on thy path. He will meet thee soon, he is strong and active, and his rifle is loaded with two leaden balls. Thou hast no carnal weapon, not so much as a staff to crush the enemy of this foe to thy race. Who shall conquer?

Hisoona and John Bartram emerged from two points of the forest, and they at the same moment observed each other. For a moment fear came over the spirit of the Christian, and he would have fled, but suddenly the sighing harmony of inspiration stole over his spirit, and muttering, 'Yea though I walk in the dark valley of death, yet will I fear no ill, for Thou art with me,' and with a heart reassured and at rest, he walked forth to meet his fate

with his eyes speaking love, and his extended open palm proclaiming peace and brotherhood. The fearless attitude, the calm face, the friendly sign seemed to come over the spirit of Hisoona like a dream, for he suddenly drew up his steed, and instead of showing hostility, gazed in wonder on the unarmed man.

John Bartram advanced calmly towards him, still extending his hand, and then he said, in soft, gentle tones, 'Peace be with thee, my brother.'

Hisoona's eyes shot fire, and his nostrils expanded and collapsed with the passions that agitated him. He threw the rifle before him in a threatening manner, and then he flung it on his left shoulder and then upon his right, until letting his eye rest upon the white man's, who was now close upon him, as if he sought to read his thoughts, he suddenly urged his horse towards John Bartram, and clasped his hand, while a smile stole over his features.

'Now, brother, you are safe,' said the redskin, calmly, as he flung the rifle on his shoulder. 'I thought to kill you as the young hunter slays his first buffalo, for I vowed to Manitou when the sun was over the cedar-tops, that I would slay the first white man I met. Yet I cannot take thy scalp—I feel that I cannot, for thou art unarmed, and thou seemest to have no fear of Hisoona.'

'Strange feelings are here,' said the redskin, striking his broad manly chest with his open palm—'feelings that whisper to me that thou art no enemy of Hisoona. Thy tribe has been cruel to me,' continued the warrior, his face becoming stern and fixed, 'and they have robbed me, yet they had arms in their hands, and I shall slay only warriors for breaking my gun, and stealing my horse, and scourging me.'

'My brother hath felt rightly,' said the Christian traveller, gently, 'I am not the enemy of Hisoona. The great chief whom I follow loved all men, and died for all men, and he has told all his people even to die rather than hate or kill, therefore I love Hisoona, and can never be his enemy.'

The Indian gazed for a few moments fixedly upon the open face of the traveller, as if he sought to resolve himself of a strange doubt, and then his face lighting up with conviction, he extended his hand again, and shook that of the unarmed man. 'There is a trade house a few miles onward,' said the Indian calmly and even softly as if influenced by John Bartram's manner, 'where some of thy nation have set themselves up, thou wilt rest with them, and they will wonder when they see thee. They will ask where Hisoona's eye was, and that he told thee that a mystery in thy helplessness had made him feel what he never felt before. Tell Abel Paynter,' he continued 'that I shall dye the waters of the Oltamaha with the red water of his heart yet, and let Aaron Bardel prepare his scalp for the sharpest knife of the Seminoles.'

Governor Ellis owes me nothing now but vengeance, and let him know that his paposes shall wail in sorrow when Hisoona meets their father, but traveller with the soft tongue, the open hand, and dove-like eye, farewell, and go in peace.' So saying he waved his hand, and dashed into the forest.

The fame of Hisoona for deeds of daring and enmity to the white braves continued to increase rather than diminish amongst his tribe, but now there were strange and vague ideas mingling in the minds of those who spoke of him. They knew of the white man who had escaped the death, and who had even gained his heart, and they longed to know the mystery medicine by which the unarmed traveller had conquered. Reader, wouldst thou know it. It was Christian love.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE OUTSIDE OF THINGS.

Daniel Defoe, in his once popular work 'The History of Magic,' describes an imaginary individual, by the name of Sir Timothy Titlepage, who knew the first leaf of everything, and never understood the inside of anything. The sagacious, though singular author, affirms that this character was the representative of a numerous class of his contemporaries; but it might have been demonstrated by deeper research, that the terms were of general application; and even Defoe himself was not beyond the number of those that read first leaves alone. More than a century has elapsed since that specimen skimmer was presented to the public by the Cobbe of his times. Revolutions have occurred in philosophy, politics, and social life, and the present world of thought and action resembles the generation of Defoe no more than its hoops were assimilated to the costume of our railway travellers; yet Robinson Crusoe is still the delight of the young, and characters like the renowned Sir Timothy continue to abound in every class of mind and condition of fortune. The outside of things is certainly the first that presents itself, yet, considering their natural turn for inquiry, it is strange that it should so frequently engross the attention of mankind. The child breaks up his Jack-in-the-box to learn what makes it spring—the student reads and thinks, to discover moving causes—travellers explore unknown seas and realms—physiologists experiment at times on life, which they can neither restore nor recompense; but the views of the great majority are still restricted to the tidepage of life's ever-increasing volume.

Wealth, wealth! is the wish of the working millions, whose daily industry alone preserves them from want. They know its presence in city shops and country castles, as something which they could enjoy but may not hope for, and to how many does it appear the sum of

all earthly blessings! Yet they have seen sour faces in carriages, and discontented looks from stately windows; and when the account does not include the enervating power of luxury, the languor or derangement incident to energies not necessarily employed, and the indifference to things which habit has rendered familiar, it is evident that this over-esteem of riches is based on observing only the outside of things.

Among the sentimental part of the community there prevails a general custom of bewailing some past period of existence, presumed to be happier than the present. With the young it is childhood; with the more advanced, youth; and the light freshness of life's morning are sung and sighed over, as if it were subject to neither cloud nor storm. Whether the illusion be real or feigned, in a matter of such universal experience, is beyond our capacity to decide; but when the errors of unripened judgement, the liability to harsh or disqualified guidance, and the fact that all the adversities of outward circumstances are felt with tenfold pressure in our growing and helpless years, have escaped the mourner's memory, we must conclude that his reiterated lamentations arise from a melancholy glance at the outside of things.

Novelists are said to be the oracles of the multitude, though their works are the mirrors rather than the directors of public taste; but from Boccaccio to Panhoe Psa, whose tales still edify the fiction-readers of Pekin, they are one and all deplorably addicted to mere surface measurement. Ladies with form and features cast in nature's finest mould, characters of angelic goodness, and occasionally transcendent genius, are found in every volume, as if heartless vanity, mean selfishness, and despicable poverty of mind were never the accompaniments of those external attractions so indispensable to excellence in the fiction world. Who ever heard of the heroine of a novel described as decidedly plain? though one plain sensible woman is worth ten thousand Helens or Cleopatras; and when the lofty announcement of superior virtue and elevation of soul is illustrated by a few flirtations, some rather awkward predicaments, and at last a lucky marriage, we learn that the story-tellers of the world, like their audience can, see no farther than the outside of things.

History is full of outside view. How often will the glory and patriotism on which her praise is lavished, be found synonymous with the enormous sacrifice of a selling out shop, or a speech from the hustings at a contested election! Erostratus burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus that his name might be remembered, on the very night that Alexander the Great was born, for which he was executed with all the cruelty of his age, but the infant of that night lived to lay nations waste and burn many a city, for the same purpose, and he was deified; yet both their names are known, and the nations have seen many an example of such historical justice. Mirabeau's last speech was in praise of liberty, to the National Assembly of France, yet his own daily conduct proved him to be a slave to the meanest passions. George Washington gained his fame by fighting for American freedom, but at his death six hundred negro slaves were sold on his estate, his nurse being one of the number, and a useful, upright mechanic struggling to fulfil his duties and maintain his independence, in spite of the trials and difficulties of life, is a greater hero and a truer patriot than all the Bonapartes or Bolivars that ever the world saw; but historians cannot look beyond the outside of things.

Poets are believed to unfold the deeper meanings of nature, but to what mere titlepages has the practical reading of some of the tuneful brethren been confined. Milton regarded his wife and daughters as so many servants, and then wondered they had no affection for him, he and Salmasius quarrelled over the divine right of kings, and abused each other for entertaining different opinions, in a style unsurpassed by the cream of modern Billingsgate. Coleridge selected a partner for himself, who according to his own declaration understood nothing but pastry; and separated from her four years after because she could not sympathise with his poetical aspirations. Schiller wrote to a friend of his genius, 'It you could within a year hence, provide me with a wife, with twelve thousand dollars—one I could live with and attach myself to—I would then undertake to write you in five years' time a Fredericiad (an epic on the deeds of Frederic the Great).' His friend could not oblige him with the requisite article, and of course the Fredericiad remains unwritten. But how would a similar requisition for carrying on his business look in an English chandler? Are not these instances common enough? and do not the above mentioned examples prove that sometimes poets also are but lookers on the outside of things?

Philosophy itself is apt to become shallow with all the width of its range, and some of its sages have shown but superficial wisdom. Confucius, whom his countrymen of the celestial empire designate characteristically enough 'the undecipherable mind,' to whose understanding temples have been built and josh-sticks burned without number, turned his back on the Empress Nan-Sse, lest he should see her face, when the sage was exactly seventy five, and decided against the propriety of drawing his own sister-in-law out of the water when she was in danger of drowning. Certain of the Persean magi never cut her nails, and Apollonius insisted on wearing white garments, and never being seen at any manual labour, as the chief distinctions of a philosopher. Voltaire and Frederic the Great filled Europe with a quarrel concerning their respective merits. The historian of Rome's decline and fall exhibited a critical de-