

the white man, yet it is wind when spoken to the Indian.

'I have put my life in your hands,' said the Judge, 'is not that an evidence of my good intention? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and will not believe that he will abuse and betray the trust that is thus reposed.'

'So much is well,' replied the chief, 'the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust, he will trust you. Let the boy go with me to my wigwam—I will bring him back in three days with my answer.'

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang forward, and running to the boy who stood at the side of the Sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration, she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him to her bosom, she was about to fly, from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W.—He knew that the success of their enterprise, the lives of his family, depended on a decision of a moment. 'Stay, stay, my daughter,' he said, 'Bring back the boy, I beseech you. He is not more to you than to me. I would not risk a hair of his head. But, my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him! He will be as safe in the Sachem's wigwam, as beneath our own roof.'

The agonized mother hesitated for a moment; she then slowly returned, placing the boy on the knee of the Chief, and kneeling at his feet, burst into a flood of tears. The gloom passed from the Sachem's brow, but he said not a word. He arose and departed.

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from her sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling on its mother for help. But the time slowly wore away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass. The morning waned away noon arrived; yet the Sachem came not. There was a gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent. Judge W.—walked the floor to and fro, going every few minutes to the door and looking through the opening in the forest towards the Sachem's abode.

At last the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the trees around, the eagle feathers of the Chief were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly—and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins, a fine beaver skin on his shoulders, and eagle feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honours, that he seemed two inches taller than he was before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

'The white man has conquered!' said the Sachem; 'hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted an Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship.'

He was as good as his word; and Judge W.—lived for many years in peace with the Indian tribes, and succeeded in laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

From the N. Y. Spirit of the Times. WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The following splendid imaginary sketch of the wonders to be achieved by the Magnetic Telegraph is from an article in a recent number of the Christian Citizen, entitled, 'The Elements and Agencies of Universal Brotherhood,' by Elihu Barritt.

Then there is the Magnetic Telegraph, what imagination can contemplate that the mysterious agencies of man's invention, without being awed into reverence by Him who made man so wonderfully and so fearfully, in endowing him with capacity to work out such wonderful and fearful things? As much as any one, we have familiarized our imagination with the prospective possibility of the human mind. As sanguine as any one we have believed in great things to be achieved away ahead in the geometrical series of human nature. But the Magnetic Telegraph rises like an extra mundane column, to testify and terminate the farthest reach of infinite mind. Our imagination dares not look beyond this monument of human genius for new conquests: we cannot, without a feeling awe, as if treading within the fearful jurisdiction of Omnipotence. Still we cannot believe it profane in man to suborn this agency into his service. Was it not left in his way by him who created it, and man too, who is little lower than the angels? It is awful to think of, and we think of it most reverently; in speaking of angels in the aspired terms of comparison, suggested almost an advantage on the part of man in connection with this wonderful medium, for the transmission of thought. In the night visions of the mind, this apparition has crossed the disc of our imagination. It might be stout—we fear it was—but we must make a clean bosom of it.

We conceive that man had webbed the earth by a network of magnetic wires; so that, in the twinkling of an eye, he could thrill its entire surface, and all that dwell thereon, with an unwithered thought of his heart.—And we fancied that while he was standing at the grand junction battery of all

these lightning lines, the Archangel who had taken down the trumpet to proclaim through the world, that time should be no more, before he put it to his lips, approached man, and touched his diadem, as to an emperor, thus addressed to him:

'Human brother, the great Father of Spirits has made thee but a little lower than the Angels. In one respect he has given thee eminence over Gabriel himself, and in that respect the angel of the trumpet bows to thee. I am sent to announce the end of time to all that dwell on the earth. With this trumpet I can blow a blast that shall find the circumference of eternity with the voice of the summons. But I may not alter the laws which the planter of the ear, and the creator of the air hath prescribed to sound.—Days would elapse before the trumpet's voice would make the circuit of the globe. Our Omnipotent Father hath endowed thee with a quicker speech than the 'Kolm Elohim,' or the travelling thunder. Charge thy battery and thy netted wires with my awful message to mankind, that the eyes of the living may read its summons in the same instant of time. Do this for God hath made thee a fellow with me to do his will.'

Here our imagination ventured to far in this conception. We fear it.—Perhaps we mistook the angel that stood by man at the grand junction battery of those lightning lines. Yes we were wrong; it was not Gabriel; it was the angel of the other trumpet—the one John saw flying through the midst of Heaven with the everlasting Gospel of Peace! Peace on earth and good will to men. Yes, it was the angel of the Rainbow diadem, descending amid the choral allelujahs, to proclaim that God hath made of one brotherhood, all nations of men. That was the angel, and this the message which shall thrill simultaneously the network of those magnetic wires, in which copper-eyed mammon is pursuing the earth to fill its greasy purse with lucre of the guinea's stamp. They are trailing them over the coral beds of the seas; down among the skeletons of the Phoenician Argosies, shipwrecked on a Columbus voyage to Britain, and all others that of three thousand years have gone down unrecorded in the English Channel and Straits of Dover. Paris and London will soon be brought within the same whispering gallery, and the 'natural unanimity' between the two nations be lost forever in the unbroken current of friendly conference in the local identity which these message wires shall work out of them. On, on, they are stretching, the lightning train of thought—onward to the extremest inde—over seas and deserts that have swallowed up navies and armies; knitting the ends of the earth together, consentaneous sympathies—bringing the distant and unexplored continents of humanity, with all their tribes and tongues, and colours and conditions, within the converse of an hour.

Think of that moment! Compressing the solid earth, or twenty four thousand miles in circumference, in a social system of a dozen furlongs in girth. If Christianity keeps a pace with commerce, will there not be a glorious brotherhood, a nice family circle of mankind, by the time these literary lightnings shall be mounted and running to and fro over the whole earth?

But who are doing all this? Why, who else but the wonderful Anglo Saxon race that is diffusing itself over the world—that wonderful race, that thrives better abroad than at home, conforms to any climate or condition, whose language is fast absorbing and displacing all the spiritless tongues and dialects in the heathen world; in which millions of young pageants in the far off ocean rise, 'From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand,' and thence to the yellow sea, North and South American Indians, Polynesians, Australians, Hottentots, Caffres, Egyptians, Hindoos, Seikhs, and Japanese, are now learning their first lessons in civilization and christianity.

If British and American Christians do their duty, the boy is at school who will see half the human family speaking the English language, and half the habitable surface of the globe covered with the Anglo Saxon race, and blessed with civilization. The railway engines that shall thunder thro' the heart of Asia, Africa, and the American continent, will speak and teach the English language, and so will the mounted lightning on all the highways and wire bridges of thought that shall be erected for the converse of the world's extremes.

WOMAN'S LOVE

What lawyer has not observed this difference between the sexes, namely:—If a woman is indicted for an offence, who attends her in the awful presence of justice to console and cheer her, braving the stare of the gaping crowd, the humiliation of such companionship and such a connection?—a mother or sister. How seldom a father a brother or a husband. If a man is placed in the bar, who is most solicitous for him?—always his aged mother, his broken hearted wife, or his sorrowing daughter. Shame, sorrow, degradation, contempt, are all forgotten in the strength of a woman's love. How seldom is a man's! If he attends—and when does he?—he looks towards the prisoner, though his nearest relative, is often dark and scowling—a sense of the shame that attaches to himself weighing on him at the very crises of the prisoner's fate. A woman's look is that of compassion and sympathy. She thinks not of her own situation, or of the opinion of the crowd around her, as regards herself; if she glances at them, it is only when some part of the testimony makes for or against him, or the judge or the lawyer speaks upon some strong point, that she may discern their opinion of his fate. She

watches his every movement; if she is near him she anticipates his every want—she hands him the glass of water to quench the fever that anxiety has produced—she walks by his side from the court to the prison, and from the prison to the court—she sits as near him in the court as possible—she would sit in the bar would they allow her—she waits for hours to exchange one word with him through the grated door—she rakes and scrapes all she can to make him decent at his trial, that his appearance may produce a favourable impression. If the awful verdict is against him she forsakes him not, though all the world have forsaken him. In the last extremity, she is by his side, with a love, that, like a noble arch, pressure strengthens. She attends him to the very foot of the gallows—his ignominy, his ill treatment of her are not thought of. Whose wail was that which, when the fatal drop fell, pierced every ear and every heart with the conviction that there was one whose pang was keener even than the dying convict's—'twas hers. And she will beg his body, and bury him with care. The spot where he is laid, though known as the murderer's grave—which the word points to with horror, and where superstition says no grass will ever grow—is, nevertheless, a hallowed spot to her, where she will even plant the flower, and nurture the grass, to induce the belief that if superstition is correct, the sleeper is innocent. What the poet makes her to say is true:—

'I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart; I but know that I love thee whatever thou art!'

From the New York Knickerbocker.

CRUEL KITTY.

An Irish Ballad, by John Broughton, Esq.

Ora, murder, murder, Kitty dear, I'm a-wastin' all away; B'raison of your cruelty My brains are gone astray; They tell me that the sun-line has the strength For to make the senses fly, So my poor head was emptied, By the bright beam of your eye.

Ora! what's the use in life at all, Since you have saved me so? I have no heart for to work or play, Lie down, stand up, or go; Just like a young tree breathed upon By a warm, but a blighting air, Your smile has stole all hope away, And left me to despair.

Ora! would some fairy change me To some purty bird or flower, That my Kitty's hands might tend on me Ev'ry day and ev'ry hour; For her dear eyes to look on me I'd be some lifeless thing, More gladly than, away from them, For to be a mighty king.

And when you die, I'd like to be Transformed into a stone, With outside smooth and shining, But with heart cowl'd as your own; That I might stand and guard your grave, When calmly there you rest, And bear my darling Kitty's name Engraved upon my breast.

The following humorous address is copied from the Bytown Patriot.

ADDRESS OF THE PIGS

TO THE MAYOR AND TOWN COUNCIL OF BYTOWN.

Gentlemen—It is with sentiments of the most unbounded respect, that we, the inhabitant Pigs of Bytown, approach your worshipful body, to tender our sincere congratulations on your election to office. In doing so, we take the opportunity of imploring you to ensure to us a peaceable continuation of those extensive privileges which we and our ancestors have enjoyed in the streets of our native city since its very foundation. It has been whispered abroad, that you have thought of expelling us from our own—our much loved native homes; but we trust and hope you entertain no idea of inflicting upon us a calamity so prejudicial to our happiness. The mere rumour caused so much consternation among us, that several elderly Pigs of the feminine gender, with large families of interesting little infants, fainted, and could not be revived until they were put to bed in the nearest gutter, and had their faces washed with volatile salts, obtained from the neighbouring Dispensary. If the bare report be productive of such effects upon the delicate nerves of our matrons, what heart-rending scenes must we not expect from the stern reality. Since the laying of the first stone of the first house, our race have held undisturbed and friendly possession jointly, with yourselves; and if long immemorial occupation gives a right, then our title is co-eval with your own, and therefore quite as good. We have been abused, slandered, and persecuted—but let our oppressors beware lest they rouse the dormant lion which long hath slumbered in our peaceful breasts. You have called us dirty, offensive, and troublesome, and we endured it without a murmur—but venture not to drive us into exile. The charge of dirtiness we retort back with indignation scorn upon the heads of those who have dared to traduce us. We ask who fills the streets with dead dogs, cats, horses, cows, offal, and such other abominations? Who keep ditches in the middle of the way, so constructed that that water cannot pass unless it runs up hill? Who builds tanneries, slaughter houses, and above all, useless factories for the manufacture of soap, an article which few

of the inhabitants use, and which creates an odious smell in the making? Who empties stables and other outhouses of unpleasant fragrance in the streets, annoying us where we sleep? Is it the pigs, we ask; or is it the men? We pause for a reply. You dare not answer. You blush for the members of your species, and upon their shoulders must fall the foul accusation which they have so basely endeavoured to throw on our. It is laid to our charge that we soil the finery of ladies and gentlemen by running between their legs while our sides are reeking with the filth which you have thrown into the streets. The imputation of now and then damaging the flaunting dress of your fair ones, we neither seek to palliate or deny. We do nothing more than revenge what we consider an insult to the names of our ancestors. For, oh! *Horrasto referens! steteuntique comoe, et vox faucibus haesit!*—they were Pigs bristles in their Busile. Can any Pig with the soul of a Pig stand idly by and behold without indignation a gaudy painted animal wriggling herself along when he knows that the unnatural plumpness of her rear proportion is entirely owing to the base purpose to which she has applied the gray hairs of his fathers. It is enough that ye have killed and eaten the owner of those hoary locks, and when we find your fair ones adding insult to injury, can ye wonder that we cry out in the language of the poet—

'Arise ye Pig and glut your ire! Toss the lady in the mire.'

It is true that many a luckless weight has sallied forth, arrayed with all the pomp and circumstance of snow white pants, kid gloves, black hat, white vest new coat, and feet which spurn the earth in boots which gleam with all the light which Day can give his understanding. He glories in his togs—he is satisfied with his exterior—he feels himself the idol of the soft creatures at whose feet lords and emperors do bow. His pigeon breast swells with hopes of conquest near, and he is happy. But, alas! his big-blown pride must soon break beneath him. A distant yelp is heard—a lengthened squeal. A muddy Pig is seen approaching with the velocity of a comet, followed up by a tail composed of seven or eight dogs. He bears straight down upon our trembling hero—He flies to the right—the Pig heads toward him. He darts to the left—the Pig is at him again. With frantic speed he changes his position, and arrives at the opposite pavement just in time to be shot like a sky rocket into the nearest puddle by the very same animal which he has been vainly endeavouring to elude. He emerges from the gutter an altered man—hat, gloves, coat, vest boots and breeches totally done. Exteriorly he is converted into a walking rainbow, and interiorly into a volcano of imprecations on the "demed orrid og, who has given to his dress an appearance vulgaw, dirtaw and disgreeable in the extreme." Now, in this case, if you kept no dog, the dog would not chase, the Pig—if the dog did not chase the Pig, the Pig would not run against the dog, ergo, the dandy should not blame the Pig, but the owner of his own brother the puppy. We protest against dogs. Our tattered ears and shrieks of anguish daily attest that they entertain a mortal antipathy to our race. What right has the tribe of lean hungry, homeless, ownerless curs, which infect our streets to the freedom of the city? The town was never built for them in proof of this we appeal to the great philosophical principle of the eternal fitness of things, and triumphantly ask for what purpose, for what animal, was Bytown made, with its broad streets filled with such a vast extent and variety of gutters, ponds, mud-holes and dung-heaps? On looking back to the head of this address, we find that we have somewhat deviated from the polite tone with which we commenced; but if there be anything in it galling to your feelings, it must be attributed to that state of excitement into which the recollection of our wrongs invariably throw us. No Pig can think of such abuses without giving vent to a squeal of indignation. Once more, we ask you to look through every street in Town, and our numbers—swarming every where—many of gigantic size, and of such great strength and fierceness that no dog dare throw down the glove and combat challenge. Consider the consequence of a war between the races. We are enough to devour ye all, We are devoted to the soil of our fathers, and we will die in its defence; therefore again we say beware—

'Lives there a pig with a heart so dead That to himself hath never said, This is my own, my native Town.'

Signed by upwards of 2,000 of the oldest and most respectable Pigs in town.

THE FIRST SPREE.

'Never was drunk but once in my life' said a chap in my hearing; 'never mean to be again. The street seemed to be very steep, and I lifted my legs at every step as if I was getting up stairs. Several cart wheels were making convulsions in my brain, and one time I fancied my head a large carving and turning, establishment, the lathes of which I was keeping in motion with my own feet. I couldn't conceive what was the reason that the town had turned into such an enormous hill, and what made it worse was that it seemed all the time growing higher and threatened to pitch over on me. Stop, stop, thought I, and I'll head his old hill yet, or at least it shan't head me. So I turned round to go down and get at bottom—but, astonishment, the town turned round with me, heading me all the time, and presenting the bluff in front of me. Well, sure enough, the ground soon flew up,