

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

LIBERTY'S CHAMPION.

BY THE REV. J. B. TALBOT.

On the wings of the wind he comes he comes
With rolling billows' speed;
On his breast are the signs of peace and love,
And his soul is nerved with strength from above.

While his eyes flash fire:

He burns with desire

To achieve the noble deed.

To the shores of the free he goes, he goes,

And smiles as he passes on;

He hears the glad notes of Liberty's song,

And bids the brave sons of Freedom be strong;

While his heart bounds high—

To his crown in the sky,

He triumphs o'er conquests won.

To the home of the slave he flies he flies,

Where manacled mourner's cry;

And the bursting groan of the mind's overflow,

Transfixed on the dark and speaking brow.

With a murmuring sound

Ascends from the ground

To the God that reigns on high.

To his loved father's throne he hastes, he

hastes,

And pours forth his soul in grief:

Uprising, he finds his strength renewed,

And his heart with fervent love is imbued;

While the heaving sigh,

And the deep-toned cry,

Appeal for instant relief.

To the hard oppressor he cries, he cries,

And points to the bleeding slave;

He tells of the rights of the human soul,

And his eyes with fierce indignation roll;

While his spirit's moved,

And the truth is proved—

He seeks the captive to save.

Again to the foeman he speaks, he speaks,

But utters his cry in vain:

He breathes no curse—and no vengeance

seeks

For the broken hearts or the anguished

shrieks,—

For the mother's pains,

Or the father's gains—

Upon the oppressor's name.

To nations of freemen once more he hastes,

To raise Liberty's banner high;

He tells of the wrongs of the bonded slave,

And cries aloud 'mid the throngs of the brave

"Oh freemen arise,

Be faithful and wise,

And answer the mourners' cry.

In melting strains of love he calls,

To the great and good from afar;

Till sympathy wakes to the truthful tale,

And the prayer of faith, which cannot fail,

Ascends to heaven,

And grace is given

To nerve for the bloodless war.

The truth, with a magic power, prevails:

All hearts are moved to the strife:

In a holy phalanx, and with deathless aim,

They seek a peaceful victory to gain

O'er the tyrant's sway,

In his cruel way,

And raise the fallen to life.

At the mighty voice of the glorious free,

The chain of the captive breaks;

The slave from his bondage springs forth to

love,

And standing erect, his eyes fixed above,

He honors his race,

And in the world's face

The language of liberty speaks.

The oppressor no longer owns a right,

Or property claims in the slave;

The world, in the glory of freedom's light,

Beam out from the darkness of wide spread

night,

Throughout all its length,

In greatness and strength,

The home of the free and the brave.

From the London People's Journal.

THE TWO FIRESIDES.

A TALE FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

By Georgina C. Munro.

PART I.—THE CHRISTMAS HEARTH.

But neither of the Hewston's were men to

relinquish easily the attempt to recover one

who was so very dear to them. They cared not for difficulty, fatigue or danger, and were ready to dare anything for success. With all the anxiety and energy of those whose sole hearts were in their exertions, did they prosecute the search for the lost Harry so long as the faintest glow of daylight lasted, but all in vain, or worse than vain, for it served but to increase their anguish, and sweep away the last vestiges of hope which were lingering in their hearts; for, on an island some two miles distant from the house, they discovered the still warm ashes of a fire wick had just burnt out. The snow around was very much trodden and beaten, yet they could distinguish traces of the feet which had been near their home, and likewise of a boy, and a feebler and more uncertain step, which seemed a woman's. At one part, on the lake-ward side, the ice had been broken to the beach, which bore signs of a canoe having been launched; so, it was evident that, cold and inclement as was the weather, the Indians had departed by water.

As they turned away in this conviction, William's eye was arrested by something red hanging amid the dark green of a young fir which grew low down on the beach. He caught it up—it was part of a child's embroidered collar, and its crimson hue was from the blood with which it was deeply stained. This token of his child's fate was too much for the calmness William had hitherto struggled to maintain, and, flinging himself in the snow, he gave way to a burst of that passionate grief which manhood rarely indulges in, but which, when it is yielded to, is so terrible to witness.

The elder Hewston stood by, with features rigidly fixed in an expression of deep, stern grief. He shed no tears, nor did he utter a single word of lament or consolation; but after a time, he laid his hand on his son's arm, and said gently—

'Come, it grows dark, and Margaret will be

trembling for your safety.'

'And what tidings shall I carry to her?' cried William, starting to his feet. 'But you are right, father, we must go home; Margaret must no longer be left alone in her sorrow, had as it will be to tell her that all her worst fears are true!'

It was quite dark when they reached home, and Margaret placed lights in the window to guide them, and, cold as it was, she stood watching anxiously at the door. Oh! how she had wept and prayed through the long hours of that dreary day, until anxiety for her boy's fate was lost in the dreadful certainty that he was lost for ever; and at last the fear came over her that the father's life might have been sacrificed in the wild hope to save the son's; amid all the terrible visions which imagination conjured up to torture her, it was joy to once more see him who was more than all the world to her.

But no young voice blessed her with its sweet greeting, and as she flung herself into her husband's arms, the deep and mournful silence in which he embraced her, told the mother's heart that all farther hope was vain—though it was weeks after ere William dared show to her the blood-stained fragment of her own embroidery, which, having been round her child's neck on that morning, spoke so fearfully of his fate. Then the little Caroline came with the plaintive inquiry which had distressed her mother a hundred times that day—'Where is Harry? What have you done with Harry? Why does he not come and play with me?'

At this demand Margaret leaned her head on the arm of the large arm-chair into which she had sunk, and wept in all the abandonment of that despair which knows no earthly hope. And William pressed her hand, but could not offer the comfort he needed so much himself. Then the old man stood before them, and said in a voice choking with emotion—

'Do not hate me—do not curse me, Margaret, for the loss of that precious child! I feel that I deserve it; I know it was I by my savage cruelty tore him from you. But I could not bear your reproaches, Margaret, they would drive me mad; for I loved that child even as I loved the sons I have lost. He was as the child of my old age; and how my heart clung to him even you, who loved him so well, can scarcely tell.'

Margaret's tears flowed too fast for reply, but William clasped his father's hand, as he said in a deeply agitated tone—'We know how you loved him, and how fully you share our grief, and all the bitterness of my self-reproach. Would that this blow could fall on us alone, father, for we have deserved it, and in that thought lies tenfold agony. What would I not give that the last few hours of my existence could be cancelled—that I could live but those few hours over again, and strive to see in every man a brother! For it feels to me as if it was my own hand that smote my child, and his blood was on my soul.'

'William! William! mine was the guilt!' cried the old man, every feature writhing in agony, while Margaret rose, and stretched forth a hand to each.

'We have all sinned against the law of God written in our hearts,' said she, gently. 'Let us then bear our punishment meekly, and bow in submission to him who has inflicted it. Better, perhaps, for our beloved child that he should die in his innocence than be left with us who might have stained his spotless heart, and shadowed his bright spirit with the dark passions of revenge and hatred.'

'Oh Margaret, Margaret, had we but listened to you ere it was too late!' exclaimed her husband. 'But we are unworthy of the bless-

ings bestowed on us, and when cruelty and hatred sat beside our Christmas hearth, we should have known that peace and happiness would forsake it.'

PART II.—THE NEW YEAR'S HEARTH.

Fourteen years had passed away since the merry laugh of little Harry Hewston last gladdened his mother's heart; yet though they had done their usual work in soothing their parents' grief, they could not bring oblivion on their wings; and still was the memory of their lost child hoarded up as the most precious relic of the past.

A great change had come over the scene. The Hewston's dwelling no longer stood alone on the shores of the secluded bay, but on either hand a dozen gray bark roofs were nestling amid the groups of tall cedars and stately oaks which reared on high their lofty heads, brilliant with the rich but fleeting hues of autumn; and their white walls gleamed brightly in the slanting sunrays. Around them spread wild fields, whose golden stores of wheat and maize had long been gathered into the barns, while the stumps of the ancient trees still lingered to behold generation after generation of feebler plants vanish from the earth which their giant branches had for centuries shadowed.

We have elsewhere mentioned a tall obelisk-like cliff that stood on one of the capes between which lay Sandy Bay, for the deep inlet had now a name. One bright day in that brief but beautiful portion of autumn called Indian summer, a girl was seated at the foot of the cliff, embroidering with gaily dyed porcupine quills, a deerskin pouch, such as hunters use for holding their bullets. She was about nineteen, with eyes dark as night, and hair black as the raven's wing, parted over a calm brow of ivory whiteness. Very beautiful she was, as every tongue in the village owned, and more than one heart felt the power of her loveliness, and would gladly have found happiness in her smile. But Caroline Hewston was no coquette, and but one lover had ever dreamed that she marked his devotion with pleasure, or cared to hold the first place in his thoughts. She had not sat there long when a bark canoe shot round the low point almost to her feet, and an exclamation of joy burst from those it bore.

'Ah, Carrie, I thought we should find you here!' cried a boy of some fifteen years, springing to the shore, as the prow of the canoe touched the smooth white sand.

Caroline started at his voice, and a bright flush crimsoned her cheek as she beheld his companion, who was at her side in an instant, exclaiming—

'We thought you would be in your favorite haunt, so Edward and I have come to carry you off with us to Hazel Island, to see us load our canoe with nuts. Come, don't lose a moment of this beautiful day in thinking of all that barbaric finery,' he added, as Caroline stooped to collect the chosen employment of her solitude, which, intended as a gift to her lover, was destined never to be completed.

Then, in a few minutes more, the canoe was skimming the bright blue waves of the sunny lake; and gliding amid the islets clustering near the entrance of the bay, it darted onward to a lonely island which stood apart, looking with its bold rocky shores, and wild wooded nooks, like the stronghold of some pirate chief. And stepping on one of the natural piers of rock, the voyagers were soon wandering amid a labyrinth of richly laden bows, which alike waved round the rugged cliff, and hung heavy with ripe nuts into the clear waters of the lake.

But they were not the sole occupants of the isle. In another part where the hazels from which it took its name were less numerous, and the usual forest trees were shading the ground with their fast falling leaves, a group of six or seven Indians sat conversing gravely as they smoked. Though he was equally attentive as his companions to their discourse, the eyes of one of the eldest of the number turned frequently, and with a glance of deep and thoughtful interest, on two forms, partially visible at some twenty paces distance, through the scantily clothed branches.

On the sloping turf at the foot of an old tree, around whose supple trunk a wild vine hung in lavish provision the garlands of brilliant leaves which foretold its own decay, a young Indian was reclining half supporting himself on his elbow, and resting his head upon his hand, while his gaze upturned to the face of another Indian, who stood scarce a spear's length from him. The latter was about thirty, prepossessing in features, and though haughty in mien, displaying the dignified elegance so frequent with Indian warriors. He leaned with folded arms against a red-leaved maple, looking down with a quiet smile on the handsome countenance and graceful form of his young companion, who seemed not twenty, and who, with features radiant with animation was relating some wild legend, which he had heard beside a hunter's fire where the others had not been.

The scarlet cloth mantles worn by both, their gaily wrought moccasins, and gilt bracelets, proclaimed wealth and consideration; and the same richness of attire distinguished the old Indian whom we mentioned as gazing so frequently in this direction. He had shaken the ashes from his pipe, and leaving his companions, approached the young men. The younger started up at his step, quiet as it was, and met with a gay glance the earnest look which was intently fixed upon him, while the elder said with a half pensive smile—

'The voice of my young brother is to the ears of Assiganack as the murmuring waters to the wounded deer. I cannot part with him.'

The youth glanced rapidly from the speaker to the old man, and a strange and painful emotion shot through his heart. But he had been from his childhood too well inured to control his feelings to allow them to betray him now, and in an instant the glance was withdrawn, and his features wore the same bright careless smile as before. Then the old chief drew near his elder son, and uttered a few words in a low tone. Assiganack bent his head in reply, and signing to the youth to follow, plunged into the woods.

With their customary noiseless tread, they glided among the trees, but they had not gone far when the sound of voices, and occasional loud peals of laughter rose amid the stillness, and in a few minutes they looked down on a grassy bank, on the verge of the wood, where Charles Herbert was leaning at Caroline's feet.

One glance sufficed to read the nature of Herbert's speaking glance and her vivid blushes. The younger Indian gazed on the maiden attentively, and Assiganack looked alternately on the lovers and on him, while the happy trio before them laughed and talked as they do who neither know nor fear a shadow on their path.

At length a deer, startled perchance by some of the Indians, came bounding headlong towards them, but as soon as it became conscious of the presence of its mortal enemies, it turned and fled.

'Now is your time, Charles,' cried Edward gaily. 'He is sure in the end to make for the dell where we tracked him yesterday, and if you go there straight, you will intercept him.'

Herbert had already sprung to his feet and seized the rifle, which, like most skillful hunters in those parts, he seldom stirred abroad without, and pausing only to breathe a hurried assurance of his speedy return, to hasten away in the direction indicated. The moment the young Englishman disappeared, Assiganack touched his companion's arm, and with a rapid step led the way from the spot.

Without a thought of any one save his two young friends being with him on the island, Herbert hurried on, eager to prevent the deer regaining its favorite cover. Ere long the rustling of leaves arrested his attention, and he saw the lowest branches of a tree some twenty yards off shaken, as by the passage of some large animal, while a stray sunbeam seemed glancing on the smooth coat of a deer, and, without pausing to consider, he raised his rifle hastily and fired. The report of his gun was followed by a crashing of twigs, and Herbert sprang forward instantly to secure his expected prize.

But when he burst through the concealing boughs a young Indian lay bleeding at his feet. The truth flashed on him at once; but as he recoiled a step in horror, he found himself in the detaining grasp of several armed warriors, while glowing eyeballs glared threateningly on every side. Despite the anxiety of his own position, it was a relief to Herbert to see the wounded youth rise from the earth with assistance. For the shock had been very great to think that his recklessness had deprived a fellow creature of existence. For a moment general attention was drawn from Herbert to the wounded Indian, and his own eyes were as earnestly bent on discovering his condition. But the sight of his injured companion, from whose side blood was slowly flowing served but to irritate them; and when the disposal of their prisoner came immediately under consideration, his chance of mercy seemed slight indeed. The Indian mentioned as Assiganack appeared the most energetic, and, after a burst of exciting declamation, he stepped forward, and drawing a knife from his belt, was about to plunge it into the prisoner's bosom, when the youth flung himself between them, and received the stab in his own shoulder; and then, exhausted by the effort he had made, sunk into the arms of Assiganack, who, dashing the knife to the ground with a cry of horror, caught him as he was falling.

'Shingoo is right,' said the father of the young warrior; 'the blood of the paleface must not flow yet. Our path is open to the forest where our fathers hunted; there let him sing his death song while the red men have time to listen.'

'No, my father,' said the youth earnestly. 'Let the pale face live, why should he die? There is no charm in his blood to stay Shingoo's goons, if the Great Spirit has called him away. My brother knows,' he continued, looking up in the face of Assiganack, who was endeavoring to staunch the wound he had so unmercifully inflicted, 'my brother knows how the maiden loves to hear the paleface speak; let him go and tell her that an Indian is not afraid to travel alone to the spirit land.'

Assiganack laid him gently on the ground and he replied—'Shingoo is not wise; he has obtained the knife of Assiganack so that all the blood of the paleface could not wash it clean. But the words of my young brother shall not fall to the ground and wither while the heart of Assiganack is ready to gather them.'

This dialogue was unintelligible to Herbert. All he was alive to was the noble conduct of his unfortunate victim; and eagerly the white man strove to express his deep sense of the young stranger's generosity, as well as to explain the purely accidental nature of the injury he had received. But, if understood, Herbert's were unheeded by the Indians, who proceeded to bind him with a severity which