

'Mary,' resumed the miser; 'come here—I am weak—I am not well—I do not know if I shall ever rise from this bed—it was such a blow—but I ought to have expected it—I'm such a foolish old man.—Mary,' he resumed collecting his thoughts, 'will you bring me the turquoise ring which your mother wears—a turquoise ring my child.'

The child obeyed. Jake examined the ring closely.—'It is the same,' he said at last; 'I took it from my poor wife's finger and tied it about my little daughter's neck—my little daughter that was stolen,' and he began to sob.

'Stolen!' exclaimed the school master. 'Yes,' said the old man; and he proceeded into a feeble voice to relate the history of his child's disappearance, and concluded by dwelling upon the resemblance between the features of his wife and those of Mrs Parks and Mary; after which, rising on his elbow, he exclaimed, in an earnest voice, and an almost inspired look—

'Cicero Parks, that child is now your wife!'

'I believe it; nay, I'm convinced of it,' cried the school master, walking hastily about the room. 'It is a fact, Mr Ward—she is your child; her early history coincides exactly with the circumstances you have mentioned—her age—her looks—the ring—every thing, sir, every thing!'

'Then God bless you both,' cried the old man, falling back to his pillow; 'and you too, Mary, my child; and he emphasised the last word with a sort of pride, and closed his eyes as if to realize within himself that he was the toy of an idle dream.'

'I wish I could get up,' he said at last; 'I should like to see my daughter.'

'She is coming, sir,' said the school master, supporting his wife into the room.

Jake held out his hands; she took them within hers, and sinking into a chair by the bed, exclaimed with a torrent of tears—

'Father!'

'My child,' gasped the old man.

Cicero wept; and Mary wept and laughed by turns.

At last Jake spoke again.

'I can die contented now, for am I not surrounded by my children? It is more than I deserve—a great deal more! But God has been very merciful to me—very, when almost every one on earth despised me. Yes I can die in peace and gladly forgive those who hated me. I was to blame. Cicero, my son,' he added with business like energy, 'some paper and a pen, quick—I have not long to live—I do not care to live; of what joy could an old man like me be to you? I feel it—I'm going. Some paper, Cicero—some paper, quick, my son.'

Mr Parks hesitated. He did not think Jake was in a critical situation, and thought any precipitancy might look indelicate, especially as he expected to inherit the old man's riches.

'Cicero,' cried the old man, in an imperious manner, 'I want some paper, a pen, and some ink.'

Mary flew to her father's desk and brought these articles. The old man ordered the school master to call in some witnesses, and in their presence he executed a will bequeathing his property to Cicero, and a handsome dowry to Mary, his pretty grandchild, and making several legacies to the poor who had suffered from his persecution.

'Now, my children,' he said feebly, 'kiss your old father,—farewell,—he's going—meet him in heaven.'

Mary threw herself wildly in his arms, sobbing painfully, and had to be borne from the apartment. Mrs Parks summoned all her resolution, and bid her father the long, long good bye of the grave; and, as he said it, he passed from this world in peace, holding the hands of Cicero and his wife in his own, his last words being a blessing upon their heads, and those of their children.

The town was astounded upon learning these unlooked for events; and when the day came to carry the dead to his last home, the concourse in attendance was large, and many were the reproaches which the people addressed to themselves for ever having embittered Jacob Ward by their taunts, and lack of charity.

Cicero Parks was now the most wealthy man in the country. His wife, upon whom the anxieties attached to a life of privations no longer preyed, gradually recovered the possession of her health; and with her husband lived to see Mary the lovely, happy bride of a young man of most promising abilities and who soon rose to distinction among his countrymen.

RED JACKET'S STUDY OF ORATORY.

THE INDIAN DEMOSTHENES.

Many years ago, says Thomas Maxwell, Esq., of Elmira, in conversation with Red Jacket at Bath, after a little fire-water had thawed his reserve, the chief remarked that when a boy he was present at a great council fire held at Shendoab. Many nations were represented by their wise men and orators, but the greatest was Logan, who had removed from the territory of his tribe to Shemokin. He was the son of Shilkelleimwe, a celebrated chief of the Cayuga nation, who was a warm friend of the whites before the revolution. On the occasion alluded to Red Jacket remarked, that he was so charmed with his manner and style of delivery that he resolved to attain, if possible, the same high standard of eloquence, though he almost despaired of equalling his distinguished model.

He said that after his return to his then home, at Kanadesaga, near Geneva, he some-

times incurred the reproaches and displeasures of his mother, by long absence from her cabin without any ostensible cause. When hard pressed for an answer, he informed his mother that he had been playing Logan.

Thus in his mighty soul, the fire of a generous emulation had been kindled, not to go out until his oratorical fame threw a refulgent glory on the declining fortunes of the once formidable Iroquois. In the deep and silent forest he practiced the elocution, or tone of his great master. What a singular revelation? Unconsciously the forest orator was an imitator of the eloquent Greek, who turned his voice on the wild sea beach, to the thunders of the surge, and caught from nature's altar his lofty inspiration.

Not without previous preparation and the severest discipline, did Red Jacket acquire his power of moving and melting his hearers. His graceful attitudes, significant gestures, perfect intonation, and impressive pauses, when the lifted finger and flashing eye told more than utterance, were the results of sleepless toil; while his high acquirement was the product of stern, habitual thought, study of man, and keen observation of eternal nature.

He did not trust to the occasion alone for his finest periods, and noblest metaphors. In the armory of his capacious intellect the weapons of forensic warfare had been previously polished and stored away. Ever ready for the unfaltering tongue, was the cutting rebuke or apt illustration. Let not the superficial candidate for fame in Senate halls, suppose for a moment, that Sa-go-yewat-ha, "The Keeper Awake," was a speaker who sprung up fully equipped for debate, without grave meditation, and cunning anticipation of whatever an adversary might advance or maintain.

By labor, like all other great men, persevering labor too—he achieved his renown. A profound student though unlettered, he found "books in the running brooks, sermons in stones." By exercising his faculties in playing Logan when a boy—one of the brightest standards of moral eloquence, either in ancient or modern times—he has left a lesson to all ambitious aspirants, that there is no royal road to greatness; that the desired good is only to be gained by scaling rugged cliffs, and treading painful paths.

From the London Working Man's Friend. KEEP IN STEP.

Aye, the world keeps moving forward,
Like an army marching by;
Hear you not its heavy foot fall,
That resoundeth to the sky?
Some bold spirits bear the banner—
Souls of sweetest chant the song—
Lips of energy and fervour
Make the timid-hearted strong!
Like brave soldiers we march forward;
If you linger or turn back,
You must look to get a jostling
While you stand upon our track.
Keep in step!

My good neighbour Master Standstill,
Gazes on it as it goes,
Not quite sure but he is dreaming,
In his afternoon repose!
'Nothing good,' he says, 'can issue
From this endless moving on;
Ancient laws and institutions
Are decaying or are gone.
We are rushing on to ruin,
With our mad, new-fangled ways.'
While he speaks, a thousand voices,
As the heart of one man, says—
'Keep in step!'

Gentle neighbour, will you join us,
Or return to 'good old ways?'
Take again this fig-leaf apron
Of old Adam's ancient days;
Or become a hardy Briton—
Beard the lion in his lair,
And lie down in dainty slumber,
Wiapp'd in skin of shaggy bear—
Rear the hut amid the forest,
Skim the wave in light canoe?
Ah, I see! you do not like it.
Then, if these old ways won't do,
Keep in step!

Be assured, good Master Standstill,
All-wise Providence designed
Aspiration and progression
For the yearning human mind.
Generations left their blessings
In the relics of their skill;
Generations yet are longing
For a greater glory still;
And the shades of our forefathers
Are not jealous of our deed—
We but follow where they beckon,
We but go where they do lead!
Keep in step!

One detachment of our army
May encamp upon the hill,
While another, in the valley,
May enjoy 'its own sweet will';
This may answer to one watchword,
That may echo to another;
But in unity and concord,
They discern that each is brother.
Breast to breast, they're marching onward,
In a good and peaceful way;
You'll be jostled if you hinder,
So don't offer let or stay.
Keep in step!

THRILLING INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

Our noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme

northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and west, but along towards the close of the afternoon the sea breeze died away, and one of those sultry, evenlike atmospheric breathings came from the great sunburnt Sahara. Half an hour before sun down the Captain gave the cheering order to the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards.

One of the studding-sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm, and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys—Tim Wallace and Fred Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding-sail on a race.

There was a loud shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy on the star-board quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells like a drunken man.

Toward this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred Fairbanks taking the lead; but when they were within twenty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot a-head and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his son with a vast degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the poop, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck with a cannon ball.

A shark! a shark! came forth from the captain of the fore-castle, and, at the sound of these terrible words, the men who were in the water, leaped and plunged towards the ship.

Right a beam, at a distance of three or four cables' lengths, a shark's wake was seen in the waters, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys.

For a moment the gunner stood like one bereft of his senses, but on the next he shouted at the top of his voice for the boys to turn; but the little fellows heard him not—stoutly the swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still ringing over the water, and at length they touched the buoy together.

Oh, what drops of agony started from the brow of our gunner. A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it would not reach the boys in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight; then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy.

The cry startled old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang to the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded fore and aft; and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand, made strong by a sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming wire, and pricked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; he took from his pocket a percussion waler and set it in its place, and set the hammer of the patent lock. With a giant's strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle all his hopes and fears.

Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea monster was fearfully near.—Suddenly the air awoke by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the hatch, and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts, for if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost.

For a moment after the report of the gun died away on the air, there was a dead silence; but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was, at the first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—the murmur grew louder and stronger, until it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed on the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark floating with his white belly up, a mangled lifeless mass.

In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and half dead with fright they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon the gun for support.

I have seen men in all phases of excitement and suspense; but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment, when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

EXPERIENCE OF ANIMALS.

Animals are prompt at using their experience in reference to things from which they have suffered pain or annoyance. Grant mentions an ourang-outang which, having had

when ill, some medicine administered to it in an egg, could never be induced to touch one afterwards, notwithstanding its previous fondness for them. A tame fox has been cured from stealing eggs and poultry, by giving them to him scalding hot from the saucepan. Le Vaillant's monkey was extremely fond of brandy, but would never be prevailed on to touch it again after a lighted match had been applied to some it was drinking. Two carriage horses which made a point of stopping at the foot of every hill, and refused to proceed in spite of every punishment, were considered beyond cure, but it was suggested at last that several horses should be attached to the back of the carriage, and being put into a trot, be made to pull the refractory horses backwards. The result was perfectly successful; from thenceforth they faced every hill at speed, and were not to be restrained till they reached the summit. A dog which had been beaten while some musk was held to its nose always fled away whenever it accidentally smelled the drug, and was so susceptible of it, that it was used in some psychological experiments to discover whether any portion of musk had been received by the body thro' the organs of digestion. Another dog which had been accidentally burned with a lucifer match, became angry at the sight of one, and furious if the act of lighting it was feigned.

There are, besides, so many instances recorded of even higher degrees of intelligence, that it is impossible to deny that animals arrive at a knowledge of cause and effect.—Strende, of Prague, had a cat on which he wished to make some experiments with an air pump; but, as soon as the creature felt the exhaustion of the air, it rapidly placed its foot on the valve, and thus stopped the action. A dog, having a great antipathy to the music of the violin, always sought to get the bow and to conceal it. The well known story recorded by Plutarch proves the application of accidentally acquired experience. He says, that a mule, laden with salt, fell accidentally into a stream, and, having perceived that its load became thereby sensibly lightened, adopted the same contrivance afterwards purposely; and that to cure it of the trick, its panniers were filled with sponge, under which, when fully saturated, it could barely stagger.—*Passions of animals.*

ABSURDITY OF THE MALE COSTUME.

A philosopher has said that every man designs his clothing with the view of typifying externally what he feels to be his nature; and that seems to be a sound rationale of the true principle and the actual intent; but how near is it to the fact? The living statue, man, cannot be recognised in the living tailor's block. His vaulted head is roofed by a black chimney-pot,—though, by the way, he never uses that chimney when he lights a tobacco pipe in his mouth. His limbs he thrusts into shapeless cases, too loose to display the natural form, too tight to assume any symmetrical form as drapery. His feet are put into black cases which reduce the rounded and finely-fingered foot to a shape as nearly as possible to the model of a piano-forte pedal. His trunk is encumbered by the meeting of the several bits that make his garment—flaps lengthened here, curtailed there. The column of his neck he hides with a complicated system of swathing, bows, and flaps, called a stock, surmounted by the stiffened flaps of a white garment beneath; on grand occasions, men of refinement inclining to religious views, put a white table napkin round their throats, and boast themselves more lovely than before! There is a notion that our dress is regulated by climate and convenience. They have their influence bustling habits make us cultivate succinct forms: cold climates favours cloth; but the regulators of costume are, first, the tailor, who knows nothing about it; and that tasteless person, Mrs Grumby. As to climate, a narrow brimmed hat is not good for either sun or rain; a collar with an opening betwixt stock and coat neither for wind nor water; trousers are purveyors of mud, and an open waistcoat only another encourager of lung disease.

From the Dublin University Magazine

DUELLING.

Lord Mark Kerr, who distinguished himself at the battle of Fontenoy, was a good but eccentric officer, and a terrible duellist. His *debut* was very remarkable. He was a lad of slight, effeminate appearance, apparently void of any spirit. His father, the Marquis of Lothian, having brought him to London to join his regiment, the Coldstream Guards requested the colonel, who was his particular friend, to watch over him, to see that he submitted to no improper liberties, and to instruct him in the way he should go, in case he had the misfortune to be insulted. Those were the days of hard drinking, "prodigious swearing," according to my Uncle Toby, and much brutality of manners. The pacific young scion of nobility soon became a butt at the mess, a stop-peg to hang their practical jokes on, until at last a captain of some years standing actually threw a glass of wine in his face. He still said nothing, but quietly wiped his face with his pocket handkerchief, and took no further notice.

The colonel thought it was high time to interfere, and invited him to breakfast, tete-a-tete, on the following morning at nine o'clock. Lord Mark arrived punctually, ate his breakfast with perfect composure, and spoke but little. At length, the commanding officer broke ground. "Lord Mark," said he, "I must speak to you on rather a delicate subject;