

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE BRITISH MAGAZINES.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## A BRUSH IN THE BUSH.

BY ABEL LOG.

'To the hut, Mark—to the hut—every moment is precious,' cried the breathless Tom Fling, turning hastily to his friend Hive, and re-loading his rifle as he ran. 'Once there, and we may defy a whole band of redskins, though Tecumseh himself led them on. How many do they number, think you?'

'I counted thirty,' replied Mark Hive, priming his piece; 'and each man has his rifle, for I saw the barrels gleaming in the moonlight as the villains jumped ashore. Where is Noll Tump? I hope he carries his scalp, Hark!'

A frightful yell broke the stillness of the night. The two retreating trappers increased their speed, and loosened the tomahawks in their belts.

'Welcome, good Tump,' exclaimed the joyous Tom Fling, seizing the hand of a dark figure that fitted to his side. 'To the hut, Oliver; we shall have an ugly brush for it, yet.'

Oliver Tump made no verbal reply, but the violent squeeze he inflicted upon the wrist of his friend sufficiently indicated the depth of feeling under which his bosom labored. In less than another minute they had reached the hut.

This hut, or shanty, was composed of solid pine logs, which had neither been squared by axe nor smoothed by chisel. It was about seven feet in length, by perhaps six in breadth; and backed by a high rock which overhung the roof, and served to render the little fortress doubly secure. A low square hole in one of the sides of the rough edifice answered in lieu of a door; and through this the three trappers nimbly crawled upon their hands and knees.

'There will be no child's play to night,' remarked Tom Fling, divesting himself of his light hunting shirt. 'Thirty to three! pretty odds. Off with your coat, Mark; let us leave them nothing to grapple but our naked bodies.'

'They are coming,' whispered Hive, who was gazing into the moonlight through a chink in the logs.

'Who heads them, can you tell?' asked the trapper, backing the flint of his rifle with a rusty knife.

'Pinesplitter; an old friend of Noll's, I believe. Is he not, Tump?'

'Poor lad,' said Fling; 'they massacred his father in cold blood. Oliver has not forgotten it.'

The dumb hunter was kneeling on the ground near the door way, with axe ready uplifted to brain the first red man who should attempt to affect an entrance, now uttered something between a sob and a sigh—then laughed strangely, and made a signal for silence. The sharp crack of five rifles followed, and, as the bullets rattled among the logs, the hideous face of a Sioux chief, smeared with paint, was seen to glare down through the roof of the hut. Tom Fling seized his rifle, and in an instant sent a ball into the heart of the Sioux.

'The fool,' cried the trapper, coolly re-loading, as the body of the savage rolled heavily to the earth; 'did he think to catch us sleeping.'

As Mark Hive was opening his lips to make some appropriate reply, a second Indian thrust his head and arm through an interstice, and essayed to force his body after them; but the effort proving an abortive one, he was about to withdraw himself, when Mark caught him by the wrist, and, clubbing his rifle, dealt the warrior a blow that literally dashed his skull to pieces. A whoop that seemed to fill the forest then burst from the whole Sioux band, and three of their boldest braves, leaping to the roof of the shanty, wrenched away two of its protecting timbers.

'That leaves a balance of five and twenty, does it not?' asked Mark Hive, as the three Indians, each with a bullet through his body, came toppling heavily down. 'Aye, howl away, ye curs; you little know what old experienced hands you have to deal with to-night. Are you loaded, Fling? Keep an eye on the roof. What are you hit? I felt something drop upon my hand.'

'A scratch, Mark; a mere scratch. See, Oliver has him. It is the Pine splitter himself. I know him by his quick and heavy breathing.'

The trapper was correct in his conjecture. Pine splitter had discovered the aperture in the bottom of the hut, and was now endeavoring to push himself through it. Oliver Tump made a blow at him; but the tomahawk missed on one side, and the savage succeeded in grasping his old enemy by the hair and arm. Thrice the knife of Tom Fling was raised to give the 'coup de grace,' but the evolutions of the two combatants were so rapid, that, fearful of wounding his comrade, he was compelled to withhold the blow. Oliver Tump was striving with all his might to drag Pine splitter in, and Pine splitter with the strength and ferocity of three men, was struggling to drag Oliver out.

'Give them room,' gasped Tom Fling, pulling at the Sioux by the scalp lock; only listen to his breathing; he is a perfect dragon.

Suddenly, however, the strife ceased, and the dumb man rose to his feet. He had buried his blade, to the very buckhorn haft, in the heart of the prostrate red skin.

'Stick him against the door, Oliver,' said the trapper; 'if he's fit for nothing else he'll serve to stop a gap.'

Oliver Tump obeyed, and a dozen additional knives were immediately plunged into the back and shoulders of the unconscious Indian.

'Aye, aye, you imps, let us have all your waste lead,' laughed Tom Fling, as a fifth and sixth shower of bullets came pattering like rain around him. 'A few more of these dead fellows would form a capital barricade. We want one or two for yonder chink through which the moonlight is streaming in upon us.'

While the words were yet upon his lips two Sioux slid down from the rock, and were in the act of scaling the wooden wall of the shanty, when Mark Hive, who was a man of Herculean proportions, sprang forward, and clutching the intruders, each in one hand, by the throat, held them at arm's length, and continued to squeeze until the eyes of the throttled redmen protruded two fingers' breadth or more from their sockets. At the same moment the torch became illuminated, and a yell of fierce exultation broke from the hostile band.

'The hut is in flames,' cried Tom Fling, as he hurled the corpse of Pine splitter from the door, 'and it is now time for us to decamp. I am in hopes that the smoke will cover our retreat. Follow me, and with his tomahawk in one hand, and his rifle grasped by the middle in the other, he stooped down, and closely pursued by his two brave companions, emerged into the moonlight. A wild whoop rent the air as they leaped to their feet, but, before they could strike a blow for their freedom, they were surrounded, made prisoners, and securely pinioned—Mark Hive and his friend back to back, and Oliver Tump to a young hemlock tree hard by. Another and still wider whoop then proclaimed the triumph, and several Indians began to kindle a fire.

'What are they going to do?' said Mark Hive, regarding these preparations with interest.

'To cook us, to be sure,' replied Tom Fling. 'They'll find me pretty tough though—that's one comfort.'

'I wonder whether it is a painful death,' soliloquised Mark, more with the air of a man who was propounding some scientific inquiry, than of one who was in any way appalled at death.

'It is by no means a pleasant one, depend on it,' returned his comrade with a laugh. 'Look at poor Oliver.'

A gigantic Sioux, with vermilion profile and chest, was flourishing a tomahawk within an inch of the dumb boy's brow, and endeavoring to make him wink. The eye of the hunter glared with suppressed rage, but the muscles of his face remained firm under the infliction.

'I think I could die contented were Oliver but to give them the slip,' said Tom Fling. 'As for you, Mark, I know you would not escape if you could—unless I were free also. Ha, there is hope yet.'

As the trapper spoke, the sharp crack of a dozen rifles echoed through the forest, and five Indians, who had been feeding the fire, sprang a yard into the air, and fell dead upon the logs. A second volley heaped three more corpses upon the pile of slain, and then thirteen white men leaped shouting from the brake.

For a few seconds the baffled Siouzes stood their ground, and the battle was a desperate one; but their new leader, Walk-the-water, being among the killed, they uttered a howl of savage despair, turned their backs, and fled.

'We smelt powder,' cried a tall backwoodsman, with red ringlets and beard, as he passed his knife through the thong that bound the wrists of the two trappers, 'and, fancying there was mischief afoot, crept towards you, waiting the fit moment to say a word in your behalf. Nay, no thanks, brothers; you would have done as much for any of us, I daresay. Come, we have killed a fine buck, and want to eat him.'

From the London People's Journal.

## THE TICKET-TAKER.

BY MISS H. M. RATHBONE.

ONE sweet evening in the month of May, and in the heart of London, Mrs. Churchill sat by the sick couch of her eldest son—a fine young man who was the pride and delight of his parents, and whose high wages had contributed not a little to their comfortable maintenance. But this latter source of support had been for sometime withdrawn, in consequence of a brain fever which had confined him to his bed for a fortnight, and from which only his mother still dared to hope that he would recover. The crisis, when life or death should be decided, was, she knew, near at hand; and she watched the long continued heavy sleep from which her child must soon awake or die in breathless silence, which was only interrupted by the entrance of her husband.

'I suppose you are going, love?' she said. 'Yes, it is quite time, and for our dear sufferer's sake I must fulfil my appointed duties, or else heaven knows nothing else should take me from his side at this moment;' so saying, Churchill pressed a kiss on the burning brow of his son, embraced his wife, and quitted the room. As he passed down stairs he met his second daughter, Lizzie, and greeted

her with exclamations of pleased surprise; which were quickly checked when he heard that she had only returned home in consequence of being obliged to leave her situation as governess because of her late employer's bankruptcy.

Churchill then gloomily pursued his way to the opera house, and even the sight of the many groups of young children gaily enjoying that calm pleasant hour just before sunset seemed to jar upon the bitter sorrow which filled his heart. He thought on his son's danger, until the idea that he might even then be dying almost maddened him; and the return of his daughter, deprived of arrears of salary, which had been long due, and out of employment, gave additional sadness to his reflections. But such thoughts had to be put aside when he entered her Majesty's Theatre, and was forced to attend to the usual miscellaneous offices of its ticket-taker. How endless and uninteresting seemed to him the various customary disputes about boxes, seats, dress, prices, and all the wishy-washy flow of talk between different parties who stood in the ante-room waiting the arrival of friends. Calmly and patiently, as was his wont, Churchill answered every importunate question, comforting himself, like a man on the rack, by the remembrance that he would be released some time, if he could only hold out long enough.

The first thing that arrested his languid attention was the peculiarly melancholy countenance of a young lady, whom he overheard whisper to her companion—

'How very thankful I shall be when the next few hours are over.'

'Lady Blanche Castlemaine. So she too has her troubles,' he thought; and then he remembered what consolation it should be to him, under his present circumstances, that by Lizzie's return, though unfortunate in some respects, Mrs. Churchill would have a companion through these long trying hours of suspense, which must otherwise have been passed alone.

Presently the outer passages became quieter, as the opera advanced; only a few late comers from time to time kept dropping in; and the hon. Arthur St. Clair, and colonel Harrison entered as the clock struck ten, evidently hoping to be invited into the box of the Earl of Stamford who arrived soon afterwards, upon the arm of whose countess leant the lady Emma Berkeley, one of the fairest who had ever entered those doors. The brilliancy of this party, in rank, number and appearance, caused Churchill to notice them particularly, and he mused for a moment on the *ou dits* of the fashionable world, which he knew had sometimes coupled together the names of Arthur St. Clair and lady Emma Berkeley. A few minutes later a little sharp-eyed, poorly dressed girl stole up to him, and gave him a much desired note from his wife, which, however, only contained these words:

'Our Joseph still sleeps. There is no change since you left us, except, I fear, the breathing is becoming more oppressed.'

Churchill groaned, and pressed his hands to his head, as if to shut out the triumphant sounds of the celebrated duet between Grisi and Leblache in *I Paritani*; which at that instant filled the house, and appeared to defy his anguish, while he marmur'd: 'My Joseph, my Joseph I would I were beside thee, and had never left thee! Merciful Father, preserve to us, if it be Thy will, this dear, good son! Just then he felt a light touch on his arm, upon which his head rested, and starting up, perceived Mr. St. Clair and colonel Harrison. The former looked deadly pale, and with difficulty managed to articulate a request to the ticket-taker, that he would give a camelia round whose stalk was wrapped a bit of paper, and on which he hastily wrote a few words in pencil, to lady Emma Berkeley when she passed out. Churchill promised to do so, and as the two gentlemen left the theatre, he heard colonel Harrison say something about a vessel sailing the next day to India. The sight of this young man's evident distress made him feel that he was not singled out as the only victim of misfortune as he had been tempted to suppose, and partly relieved the crushing sense of loneliness which had been so oppressive when contrasted solely with excessive gaiety.

Another hour wore on, and his impatience to be released was becoming almost uncontrollable, when the entrance of the Earl of Stamford's party roused him, and he hastened to give lady Emma the camelia which he perceived was one that she had been wearing in the front of her dress in the earlier part of the evening. In spite of her proud attempt to suppress all manifestation of feeling, she grew very pale as she received it in silence, and had proceeded no further than the crush-room, when a cry arose that a lady had fainted; and Churchill when called upon for a glass of water, saw the lady Emma extended on one of the sofas, unconscious of everything around her. As soon as she recovered, the earl's carriage drove off, and a short time afterwards the loud music ceased; the lights were extinguished, the house emptied rapidly, and the different tired officials returned to their various homes, and to circumstances as unlike each other as were the characters of each individual. Churchill ran along the streets, and was passing down H— square, when he saw the earl of Stamford's carriage standing at the door of his lordship's town residence; and then he perceived on the opposite side of the road, and leaning for support against the iron railings of the square garden, Mr. St. Clair and his friend colonel Harrison. So much had he pitied the former, that in that trying hour of miserable suspense about his son's life, he stopped to speak to the two

gentlemen, because various small occurrences had made him think he could perhaps afford St. Clair some comfort. His own grief had made him totally unmindful of the common etiquette of society, or else he would hardly have ventured upon so unusual a proceeding; and to the young man's astonishment but very evident delight, Churchill related the incident of lady Emma's fainting fit, and then watched St. Clair spring across the road, and heard him knock at the earl's door as he again hastened homewards. 'I have no friend to help me!' was his first bitter reflection; checked, however, when he looked up at the bright stars overhead, and remembered who guided their course and also ordained the issues of life and death.

At last he gained his own lodging, and rushed up stairs, while as he opened the door of his son's apartment, a sickening sensation nearly prevented him from seeing how those within were occupied. His wife was sitting in the same position as when he had quitted her, five hours previously; but on hearing her husband's step she turned round, with a beaming look of hope and thankfulness which at once relieved the long suffering heart of poor Churchill.

The happy truth was soon communicated that a favorable crisis had occurred, and with his own eyes he could perceive that his Joseph was now sleeping as tranquilly and refreshingly as an infant. Fatigued as he was by long anxiety and subsequent exertion, Churchill insisted on his wife going to rest, and letting him take her place; and as he listened to the calm regular breathing which had succeeded the invalid's former stupor, he felt many a keen pang of remorse for the numerous distrustful and desponding thoughts which had pressed upon him so heavily during the evening; and two events occurred the following morning which served to heighten his feelings of self-reproach. One of these was the receipt of a letter from his eldest brother, communicating the intelligence of the sudden death of his only son; which caused Churchill to fully realise how blest was his own lot; especially when he heard the medical man declare that Joseph was out of danger; and the other was a letter from Mr. St. Clair, enclosing a ten-pound note, and expressing in the warmest terms his gratitude for Churchill's timely information, which, he said, had saved two persons from lasting unhappiness—

Not more than others I deserve,

But thou hast given me more.

rose to Churchill's lips as he finished reading the letter and placed it in the hands of his wife, with a strong resolve to attain that true spirit of resignation which would enable him hereafter to encounter trials with a more manly heart, and a will prepared to submit cheerfully to whatever of good or evil might be appointed as its issue.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## CITIES AND FAITH.

SUCH tribes as are all but destitute of a religion, who have no faith but in some mere Mumbo Jumbo, to whom is no law of morals; such tribes, being the lowest rank of mankind, are found to have little science, and to do little in the way of art. Covered with the tiger hide, the savage may have science enough (science is just another word for knowledge) to know the signs of the heavens, that the black, lowering cloud will slake the thirsty earth, that the pure blue sky will nourish the husky nut. Covered with the tiger hide, the savage may have art enough to make his arrows quick, and to dress a gay plume for war. But let the savage remain as he is, without an ennobling faith, then in vain will nature show her myriad beauties, in vain her awful sublimities—his eye is sightless and he cannot see. He will remain as he is, hunting and sleeping a dull, dreamless sleep. He will pass through his life as did his forefathers, contented to eat and to be clothed upon withal, a homeless wanderer on the prairie a shelterless sleeper in the forest.

Such is the savage; he is yet to be seen in the rich oases of Africa, and in the plains of the Western World. The race has continued from age to age, changeless as the soil under foot. This dead, stagnant life is the effect of a dead faith.

In proof of this, look at the hordes who lifted an eye to the sun, were dazzled with his splendour, and fell down to worship.—They remained not long prone on the earth, but rose with fired minds and vigorous arms. They sang hymns of praise, for the thoughts within them demanded utterance. They builded altars and sublime temples, and stoled priests were needed to do sacrifice. Then round the temples a city of palaces was reared, Ashtaroth, Baal, Baalim, and a whole troop beside, obtained a habitation on earth, and earth's sons gathered around their dwelling places. Man was drawn nigh his brother man; and each learned to help his brother. Because of a living faith in the mind did cities spring; the gods thus builded the cities.

The faith was strong but hollow. With keen thought, impious builders once said, 'Come, let us build a city, a tower whose top shall reach to heaven; they builded, but the work of their hands was marred; their impiety brought confusion, so Babel sank in ruins, an incomplete tower. The cities which the worshippers of the gods built in many lands have shared the fate of Babel. It was an earnest faith which prompted to build cities round the temples; it was a beautiful and simple faith beside. But the faith was hollow, for what help was in the gods? they were as reeds to lean upon. The great hea-