

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Working Man's Friend.
THE GOLDEN AGE WILL COME.

BY JOHN ALFRED LANGFORD

Work on work on for ever, in the good old cause of right,
With truth and justice hand in hand, oppose resisting might;
With a firm faith in the cause, and a firmer faith on high,
Work manfully and hopefully, till comes the victory:
And, oh! be sure, my brothers, in the golden days to come,
This grand old earth will revel in the great work's harvest home.

Though for a time the lowering clouds may o'er the sun have sway,
The coming brightness brings at last the full meridian day;
Though winter hold the lovely flowers deep in the heart of earth,
The sunny smiles and showers of spring will call them into birth;
And manfully and hopefully work for the better time,
And, spite the winter's barren hour will come the glorious prime.

For the golden age that's promised is not an age of dreams,
Even now its welcome dawning upon us brightly gleams;
The age that has been heralded by anthem and by song,
Will bless at last the sons of toil, though oft deferred long;
And the glad earth, full of joy, will receive with grateful heart,
The blessings, love, and peace, and plenty, will to her age impart.

There is a ray of golden light beams in the eastern sky,
That only shines at present on the upward gazing eye;
But unto each horizon soon that golden ray will spread;
The light of truth and freedom over all the earth will shed;
The voice of God revealed it, and his profits sang the strain
Of the blissful coming time when the Lord of Life shall reign.

Then work, and hope for ever, for the good old cause of right,
With truth and justice, hand in hand, oppose resisting might;
With a firm faith in the cause and a firmer faith on high,
Work manfully and hopefully till comes the victory!
For, oh! be sure, my brothers, that the golden days will come,
And earth will revel, full of joy, in the great work's harvest home.

New Works.

From the "Hunter Naturalist." By C. W. WEBBER, Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN DAN HENRIE:
HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES.

THE hurry and necessities of his flight had taken him off his course back to the rendezvous of his companions. He now first discovered this as he emerged from the timber upon the prairie again, and found himself far enough away from the course of the stream. He paused but for a moment to collect himself, and try and get back the true idea of his direction. Thinking he had it, he urged his horse into a swift run again. This was kept up for several hours, until night began to close around him, and his horse to give unmistakable indications that he must have rest before he went much farther. He came at last to a small rivulet trickling along a deep rough cut, and, as he supposed, in the direction of the west branch of the Neeces. He had passed the camp far enough, he knew, but this would set him right if he followed it up when daybreak came. So he selected a small piece of meadow ground which was covered with musquit grass, and well protected from view by the great clusters of cactus which surround it on three sides. Here he stripped his faithful horse, and turned him loose to graze, and then, taking for supper a hearty draught of water, throw himself upon his blanket to sleep. He had lost his provision-wallet in the chase, and it was more than he dare venture upon to shoot game, for fear of betraying his hiding place; and though hungry enough, he was fain this time to go to bed supperless. He thought of home before sleep came, of course, and wished himself there most heartily, that he might attack the well-stocked pantry, the contents of which danced in tantalising visions before him during the whole night. This was too much a common predicament, however, to make a very strong impression on him otherwise.

He was mounted and off very early the next morning, and was by no means delighted to perceive that his horse was considerably gaunted by the yesterdays hard work and the somewhat narrow commons of the night. However, he moved on now with something less of a hurry, as there were no indication

of pursuit apparent. Following the rivulet, he soon reached the west branch, and turned up this with a brisker movement, spurred by the cheerful hope of soon rejoicing his companions, and finding them safe. In an hour he was in sight of the ground, and put his horse into a swift gallop, in his eagerness to pass over the interval quickly. On coming up, he saw, instead of his comrades, the dead body of an Indian warrior lying across the very ashes of their camp-fire, all gashed and hewn with bowie-knife cuts. All around the earth was deeply broken up, with the evidences of a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. The breach of a rifle, which he recognised, and a number of arrows, with a broken lance and shield, were scattered around. He felt a choking sensation, and his blood ran cold at this sight. His comrades had been surprised, no doubt, by the same party which had pursued him, but with what result it was impossible for him to tell certainly, though he had little choice but to believe and fear the worst. Amid the multitude of the tracks of unshod horses, he could distinguish the few tracks of their shod horses. There was no trace of their bodies in the hasty surveys he had time to make, and it seemed very strange that this dead warrior should be left behind, so contrary to their well-known custom. He followed the trail for some time, with great caution, but could make no discovery, except great deal of blood on the ground, until towards noon, when, rising the comb of a steep ridge, he looked down into the plain below upon a large body of Indians, encamped about a mile distant. This was a startling sight, and they perceived him at the same moment. Now he felt he would have indeed to run for his life. One glance, as he wheeled, was sufficient to show him warriors mounting the horses of his friends. He did not dread a race with the horses of the Indians so much, because his horse was more than a match for the best of theirs; but the horses of his comrades were as swift, and in every sense as good as his—now they were to be turned against him! He deployed the rashness that had induced him to follow up their trail; but this was no time to pause for regrets; he was off, down the hill, at the best speed his horse, already somewhat fagged, could raise. All depended upon getting back to the timber, and losing them. He could hear their pursuing yells distinctly for a moment, and this was no syren's music to draw him back. He had a good mile the start, but that was no great matter, if, as he supposed, their horses were fresher than his own. He had not time now to feel any alarm, but only that there was not work before, and he had it to attend to. His object was to get out of sight as soon as possible, for he gained a great deal by compelling them to run on his trail. He strained his horse tremendously, and succeeded, for when the sudden burst of their voices came from time to time, proving that they had reached the comb of the ridge, he looked back, and could not see it or them. He felt a little less tight about the heart now, and had time to think something of his best course. It seemed a forlorn chance for an escape—he was over six miles from timber. He suddenly remembered that he had observed, for several days past, a heavy smoke off towards the south, and looking now in that direction, saw it filling the whole horizon with gloomy masses, which seemed to be rising but a few miles off. Observing that it was not very high, it instantly occurred to him in his extremity—for he felt sure from the action of his horse that he would not last much longer in the hard run before them—that the safest course for him would be the most desperate, and this was to make directly for the approaching line of this fire, and take his chance of being able to force his way through it alive. With such a barrier between himself and the Indians, he was safe. Acting upon this stern and strange alternative, he urged his horse steadily towards the fire. It was not long before he met the dark advance-guard of the smoke, as it rolled along the grass, and rode beneath its stifling shelter, the fire being yet a mile off.

He was now securely enough out of sight of the Indians, and springing from his horse, proceeded to prepare himself for a trial of the fiery sea. He cut his blanket into pieces, with one of which he blindfolded his horse; another he tied in a loose bag about the lower part of its head, enveloping the mouth and nostrils. He then enveloped his own face in a loose vizard of the same material. The blanket was coarse, and let in air enough to barely sustain life for a short time, while it kept out the smoke. He could hear the yells of his pursuers seemingly close at hand. He was now in utter darkness, and mounting quickly again, headed his horse directly for the fire. On he went not knowing where; the reins were tightened, and the lash and spur applied with the energy of desperation.

Hotter and hotter the air became, but on he cheered, heady and blind. The fire has struck him with a roaring surge! His hair flames crisply, and the flesh of his body seems to be burning! The frantic and panting horse attempts to shy; but no, the fierceness of the agony has turned that rider's arm and will to iron. It cannot shy—the poor horse! On, on, scorching through the stifling blaze! A few bounds more, and the terrific surges are past! The fresh air has met him! He tore the envelope from his face, and leaped from the staggering horse upon the charred hot ground. The blanket is torn away from its mouth, and the animal begins to revive quickly, though it shivers, and can scarcely stand for the mortal terror. He is safe. He has accomplished an

unparalleled feat. He hears faintly above the crackling and roar of the retreating flames a howl of triumph from his pursuers, who imagine they have driven him into the fire, and that he is burnt, horse and all. He makes a feeble effort to answer them defiantly, but can scarcely hear his own voice. Stunned, and gasping to recover the use of their almost stifled lungs, he and his horse stand, side by side, upon that blackened plain, without moving a step for more than an hour.

But the perils of the day were by no means passed. Before him, as far as the eye could reach, there was only one charred, level, smouldering waste, which had to be crossed before he could reach water, for which both himself and horse were now almost perishing. He started on at last, taking his course at random, for one seemed to his bewildered senses about as good as another. He did not ride at first, but mercifully led his poor horse, until the heat of the ground and the still smouldering stubs of grass became insufferable to his feet, and then he turned to mount. He now for the first time looked at the animal carefully, and, to his horror, saw that nearly every hair upon its body was gone, and little but the bare skin left, and that was so badly scorched in places, as to come off at the slightest touch. This was dreadful enough, but—water, water, water! he must have that, or they would both die. He sprang into the saddle, and urged the wretched creature along with the last energies of his sinking life. In an hour he had begun to grow dizzy, and the blackened earth swam round and round, and tossed him to and fro. Now a strange noise was about him, and as the lifting waves of the earth would almost seem to leap up into his face, he would catch glimpses of huge wolves cowering on them, turning up their fiery eyes to his, and howling at him with red-hot open mouths and lolling tongues. Suddenly his horse rushed down a steep bank, and there was a great splashing. Water, water! He tumbled from his saddle into the cold, delicious fluid. In an instant his senses had returned, and he saw himself surrounded by thirty or forty prairie wolves, some of whom were swimming in the water after him, while the others sat upon the bank of the small lake, and howled their gathering cry. He struck those which were nearest with his gun barrel, and beat them off, while he had time to draw his heavy knife. One of them had seized his passive horse, who, while it was endeavouring to pull him down, stood still and drank—the long eager draughts. He split the wolf's head with his knife, and soon sent the rest back out of the water, yelling with their wounds. But those upon the bank only howled the louder, and they were answered near at hand and from afar by hundreds of others, who were swiftly gathering in at a well known call to a banquet.

He now remembered, that these wild brutes always collect in large numbers, to follow in the wake of a great prairie fire, and tear the carcases of those animals that are killed; or band together, to chase and drag down those that come through alive, but scorched, blinded, and staggering, as was his poor horse. They become very savage with blood, impunity, and numbers, and very few creatures which have escaped from the hungry flames can escape from their yet more ravenous jaws. The creature, at other times, is utterly contemptible for its cowardice; but he shuddered when he called to mind the dreadful stories he had heard of its deadly fierceness on such occasions as this.

"Oh God!" he moaned aloud, "wasn't it bad enough for me to pass that hell of flames back yonder! and have I only escaped that to meet a fate a thousand times more hideous?"

He looked at his horse; the animal was now, too, partially refreshed, and began to be conscious of the new danger, as it gazed around with staring eyeballs upon the eager and swiftly gathering crowd that howled along the bank. He snorted in affright, and lifted his head with a wildly mournful neigh, that seemed to poor Dan the most piteous sound that ever rung upon his ear before. There was some comfort though—the horse had life enough in him to make one more run for safety. He mounted, and, after having fired his rifle with deliberate aim into them, charged right through at full speed. They leaped at his feet, and attempted to seize his horse's legs, but the animal was too mortally frightened for them to impede his way for an instant. Through he tramped, and away across the prairie he flies, snorting with terror, and moving with as great speed as if perfectly fresh; and away, too, in pursuit swept the yelling herd of wolves. They were more than a hundred now, and seemed increasing every jump; for, as Dan glanced his frightened eyes around, he would see them straightened out with speed, and their mouths wide open, coming to join the terrible rout from every direction over the prairie. He looks behind him, they were close upon his heels. The great part of them, particularly those in front, and who seemed most fierce and ravenous, were scorched nearly naked; and, with the white foam flying, their long red tongues, their fiery glaring eyes, they presented the most hideous picture of unearthly terror that ever mortal lived to be chased by, unless by the horrible phantasmagoria of madness. He fired his pistols back at them, but it made no difference; they only yelled the louder, and came on the more fiercely, while five joined the long train for each one that he had killed. If his horse should fall or give out they would both be torn to fragments in an instant. This appalling conviction caused him to give all of eye or nerve that were left

him in the mortal fright to steady and guiding his horse, for the only hope now lay in him. He soon perceived, however, that he was leaving the pack far behind, for there is little comparison between the speed of a horse and that of a prairie wolf.

He now began to feel something of hope, and, as the frantic speed of his horse placed yet a greater distance between them, the unimaginable dread seemed to be lifting from his life. Now he could not hear their yells, and could barely distinguish, far in the rear, the long snake-like train yet moving on in the relentless chase, over the undulations of the bare plain. He sees timber ahead, and shouts in an ecstasy of joyful relief, for then he himself at least is safe. He can climb a tree; and, in the delight of that thought, he has no time for thinking that his poor horse cannot climb trees. The horse sees, and is inspired too, for to all creatures on the prairie there seems to be a vague feeling of safety in the sight of woods. But, alas, poor horse! They have reached the timber, but scarcely a hundred rods had been passed over, when the faithful creature gives out; and after a few ineffectual efforts still to obey the urging spur, can only lean against the trunk of a tree, and pant and groan with exhaustion. Dan ascends the tree, lying the lariat of his horse to one of the lower limbs. He then loaded his arms, in the forlorn hope of defending him if they came up. All was still as death, but the loud panting of the exhausted animal. He ascended higher to look out for the approach of the wolves, or he had a faint hope that they had given up the chase. But, alas! his heart sinks again. There they come, the long, yellowish looking train, and several large white wolves have joined them now. He knows well the tameless and pitiless ferocity of these red-eyed monsters, and feels that his true, his noble horse, must go.

Now he can hear their cry! They are in the woods. The poor horse shivers, looks back, and utters that wild and wailing neigh, as they rush upon him in a body. Dan fires down among his gallant, but what avail is it? In a twinkling his gallant best is down, and has been torn to atoms! The halter of the lariat hangs empty besides the tree.

Now they lie panting around the foot of the tree, with their fiery eyes turned wistfully up at him, for the horse had been only a mouthful a piece. Whenever he makes a movement, they rise with eager yells, and leap up towards him, as if to meet his fall. Dan says, that, in the utter and dreadfully hopeless desperation of his position now, a grotesque sort of humour possessed him of a sudden, and he commenced deliberately firing down at the red glaring eyeballs of the white wolves, and would roar with laughter, and fairly dance upon his ticklish perch with glee, when he saw the creature tumble over with a shrill death cry; and then the whole pack rush on it, and tear it into shreds in an instant, with gnashing eyes.

He says he went on in this way for an hour, and made them tear to pieces every white wolf that had joined the chase. This sport delighted him so much, that he became careless, and narrowly escaped falling. He only saved himself by dropping his gun, which they seized, and almost tore its stock to pieces, before they discovered it was not eatable. I saw the dents of their teeth in the barrel afterwards. Darkness was coming on, and they seemed not in the least disposed to go; and he felt that he must tumble down from the faintness of hunger and fatigue, if he was compelled to spend another hour in that way without food. He had become entirely reckless now, and loaded up his pistols, determined, if he must fall, to bring death with him for some more of them.

Suddenly he heard a distant yelling on the prairie, like that which had sounded so dreadfully behind his flight. The wolves sprung to their feet in a body, and with pricked ears listened. He looked out towards the prairie, and could faintly discover a large buffalo bull plunging along over the plain, surrounded by a great herd of wolves, who were tearing him at every jump. He could even hear the low howling of the creature's agony. Another victim! and his thirsty guardians started to join the chase. One after another they went; while those who staid behind would turn their heads to look back wistfully at him, and whine and lick their dry chaps. When the chase came in sight, however off they started in a body, with savage yells. He fired his pistols after them in farewell, and killed one of the hindermost; while another, with a broken shoulder, kept on yelling with the pack.

He knew he would be safe now if he could get a fire kindled before they returned, if they did so at all. Before they were out of sight he had reached the ground, and with trembling eagerness proceeded to light a fire with the help of his flint and steel, which every ranger carries. He soon had a great fire blazing, and then cutting a piece from the last wood he had killed, proceeded to roast it for food. When he had eaten, he felt so much refreshed, that he could now proceed to make provision for the night's rest. He gathered a great deal of dried wood, and built a large fire in a circle about the spot he had selected to sleep upon. The wolves came back in about an hour after he had finished his arrangements for the night; but he now felt perfectly secure, for, though he could see their hungry eyes shining all round the outside of the circle, and they kept up a continual howling all night long, he laid himself down and slept soundly until morning.

When he waked up the wolves were all gone but one or two crouching at the bones of yesterday's feast. He shot one of them with his pistol, and made a breakfast off it.