

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

MY FRIEND NED.

BY JOHN RICHARDSON.

His hands are hard and brown and rough,
And his garments coarse and old;
But he deems them good enough,
If they guard him from the cold.
For he has a noble mind,
And a heart that's warm and kind—
Not a better in the land
You will find:
Living in a humble shed,
Working for his daily bread,
Rearing God and loving man—
My friend Ned.

A mind serene, a conscience clear—
These are jewels of his own:
A heart unknown to guilt or fear,
But touch'd with sorrow's tone:
Labour when the day's begun,
Rest and quiet when it's done,
And he keeps upon his course
Like the sun:
Early up, and soon to bed;
Sound in heart and clear in head:
And his labour is a joy—
My friend Ned.

He is brave though he is poor;
And would scorn to do a wrong;
And his trust in God is sure,
And his faith in virtue strong:
Like a noble hearted wight,
Though the wrong had all the might,
He would battle with a host
For the right:
One whom tyrants well may dread:
Bold in heart, and wise in head—
He's a hero in his soul—
My friend Ned!

Low and humble though his state,
Poor his garment, coarse his food—
Where's the monarch half as great?
Where's the Bishop half as good?
Proudly I would grasp his hand
With the noblest in the land;
For amongst the best and bravest
He may stand:
Noble—though he toils for bread—
Rich though living in a shed—
First of all my friends I rank him—
My friend Ned!

New Works.

From the 'Hunter-Naturalist.' By C. W. Webber, Philadelphia.

CAPTAIN DAN HENRIE:

HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WOLVES.

Everybody remembers the famous escape of Captain Dan Henri at Encarnacion. This reckless and daring ranger probably passed through a greater number of perilous and singular adventures than any other man of the same age in the service. Though one of the most lighthearted mortals that the warm sun ever smiled upon, yet he had a careless knack of getting into the most desperate scrapes on every possible occasion, and then, of course, fought his way out with the most dashing gallantry. Mark you, Dan never got into scrapes with his own people—he was far too kindly and generous for that; but he had a hatred for the "terrible yaller bellies" and copper heads, as he called the Mexicans and Indians. His dislike of the Mexicans was amusingly bitter and contemptuous while you listened to him talk of them; but when this hatred came to be expressed in action, it was of the most savage and deadly character. At Encarnacion, when the little band found themselves surrounded by the heavy masses of Minon's cavalry, the proposition, which we believe originated with Cassius M. Clay, was made to stand to their arms, and fight it out with the Mexicans to the last gasp, in spite of the disparity of numbers. Lieutenant Dan, who was then their guide, seconded this proposition warmly, and went about among the men, urging them "to stand up to the rack," as he called it, representing that they could hope for nothing but bad faith, resulting in cold-blooded massacre, if they surrendered to the Mexicans. He reminded them of Goliath, and the Meir surrender, and of his own experience in the last case. After showing, to his own satisfaction, that the resolution of fighting their way through was the only chance of safety or honourable death left them, he concluded with this characteristic piece of savage advice: "Shoot low, boys—shoot them through their bellies, so that their groans will frighten their comrades. One groaner is worth half a dozen dummies!" His perfect knowledge of the Mexican character was fully displayed in this advice. Dan knew perfectly that there would be no chance for him, for he had already been recognised as one of the Meir men by several Mexicans, whose faces he remembered well; the surrender, therefore, placed him in a desperate predicament. He knew perfectly that whatever faith they might keep with other prisoners, they would keep none with him, although his safety had been provided for in an express stipulation of the terms of surrender. I have never seen the role of his escape correctly related yet, so that it is worth while to give it in his own version.

The Mexicans have a mortal hatred of the

Mere prisoners, one and all, but more particularly do they detest those of them who rose at the Salado, and escaped from Perote. Dan had unfortunately not only been prominent in both these affairs, but, from the fact of speaking the language as well as a native, he had always acted as an interpreter, and thus been put forward more conspicuously than any one of the other prisoners. Besides this, he had previously made himself very notorious, too, as a ranger. All these causes combined to make his recognition general and sure at almost any point on the whole route to Mexico; and if it had not occurred immediately, there was no telling at what moment it might occur, and, of course, when his body might be made the target of their cowardly hate.

He saw those men who had recognised him whispering among themselves, and from his knowledge of the Mexican character, felt sure that, so soon as the commanding officers had retired and left them in charge of the guard, he would be shot from the ranks. It fortunately occurred that, when they were started, Minon and his staff were moving in the same direction down the lines of the Mexican force. Colonel Gaines rode a very swift and powerful mare. Dan rode up to his side, and whispered to him the discoveries he had made, his fears, and his determination. Gaines at once, with a generous promptness, proposed that he should take his mare to make the attempt upon, as her high blooded metal would distance any Mexican horse with ease. This was precisely what Dan desired, and he eagerly accepted the offer. The officers had not yet been deprived of their pistols, and the holsters of Gaines remained on the saddle.

The mare was very spirited and fiery, and Dan slyly roused up all her mettle by touching her with the spur. She began to pitch and plunge, and throw out her heels. This compelled the escort, or rather guard, which rode on either side of the prisoners to open their line occasionally. Dan kept it up for some minutes so as to remove all suspicion, and watched his chance, until he saw the guard were beginning to become careless, and regard those unruly capers rather with amusement than otherwise. Then, seeing his way open as they moved through the squadrons of green-coated cavalry, he suddenly reined up the mare in the midst of her capriciousness, and plunging the spurs into her, she darted off like an arrow loosened from the bow, while he stooped, lying himself close along her side, after the manner of the Comanche Indians. A shower of balls was fired hurriedly after him, but without effect, as they all passed over him.

The plain to the foot of the mountains was very narrow just here; and he had observed before he made his break, that they were opposite a road which came down a narrow valley. He made for this gap, running the gauntlet between several squadrons of cavalry before he reached its shelter. Just as he was diving into it, he wheeled in his saddle, and amidst the whistling of balls, shook his clenched hand at them, and shouted back his defiance. This sudden escape caused great uproar and confusion among the Mexicans, and several hundred men started at full speed in the pursuit; but the gallant mare soon left them all far enough behind, as she clattered with sparkling hoofs along the deep ravine. Before the first two miles had been passed, the pursuit was out of sight in the rear.

The valley road, which he had taken at hap-hazard, without the slightest idea of where it led, now opened upon a small plain of table-land, which was occupied by a hacienda of considerable extent. As he swept by in front of the building, he saw a number of green coats hastily mounting, and in another moment heard the clatter of their pursuing horses coming down the road. He looked over his shoulder, and saw that it was probably a foraging party of about ten lancers. The first agony was over now, and he felt sure of the game and speed of his mare; and with his usual audacity, he determined to give the "yaller bellies" something to remember him by before he took his final leave. He accordingly reined up his mare gradually, and let them gain upon him. They thought she was failing, and raised a yell of triumph as they urged their horses to yet greater exertions. He looked behind again, and the officer with one of his men was now considerably in the advance, and closing rapidly upon him. He loosened a pistol from the holster. The officer was foremost, and was already scutching to him, with many "Garachoes," to surrender, when he wheeled suddenly in his saddle, and shot him dead. The lancer, who was close behind, and coming on at furious speed, attempted in vain to rein up his horse. It was too late; he was carried by the impetus of his speed within ten feet of Dan, who had by this time drawn his other pistol, with which he shot him through the head, and then galloped leisurely along, feeling sure that the remainder of his pursuers would be stopped effectively by this bloody barricade he had left across their path. He was not mistaken, for they halted there, and this was the last he saw of their green coats.

All that day long he kept the noble beast in swift motion, since at every little rancho or village he came to, it would be necessary for the fugitive to make a desperate run for it, before a pursuit could be organized. The roads were filled, too, with scouting parties of the enemy, and it required all his knowledge of their sort of tactics, to enable him to dodge them. He several times very narrowly avoided rushing into the very midst of these advance parties. The Mexicans are usually very noisy troops, and he would hear them talking on their march in time to dodge to one

side and let them pass, for he had no fancy to try the hacienda trick over again with empty pistols, since he had nothing to load them with again. He finally threw them away as so much "make weight" that was useless to him, and embarrassing to his mare. So he hurried on, not daring to pause a moment to rest or obtain food, until the next day, when, in a deep, wild gorge among the mountains, his game and gallant mare fell beneath him, dead! The ravenous and filthy galapotes (turkey buzzards) were gouging at her fawn like eyes before they were fairly glazed; and before her stiffened and staggering rider was out of sight. Now came the most terrible part of this wild and remarkable adventure. He was totally without food, except what little fruit of the cactus he could gather during the day while he was skulking, for he only ventured to travel at night now. This was scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, while his clothes soon became torn to pieces, and hung about his bleeding limbs like broad and tattered ribbons. He, however, still continued making his way steadfastly in the direction of General Wool's camp. At last, some of his scouts picked the poor fellow up when almost speechless with thirst and hunger; he was yet feebly feeling along like a ghostly and haggard drunkard.

This affair very properly got him his promotion to a captaincy. But strange, perilous, and even wonderful as this escape seems, it is only one of many others quite as remarkable, by which his most eventful life has been chequered. In the Texan war with the Cherokees, which was a very bloody business while it lasted, he passed through scenes as bad, if not worse than this. Then his adventures as a ranger are very remarkable, for of many of these I am myself personally cognizant; and of his cruel sufferings and headlong daring during the Meir imprisonment, all the country has been, to a certain degree, made aware since the publication of General Green's book. It is one of the drollest of his many personal affairs that I propose to relate now. I shall endeavour to give it as nearly as I can remember in his own way, as he related it to me; though, I must confess, it will be very difficult, if not impossible, to preserve the raciness of his rattlepate and peculiar manner. It was before he joined the Meir expedition, and while yet with the ranger, under the command of McCulloch.

Dan, whose excellence as a guide was well known to the captain, was despatched with others of the troop, on a scouting expedition towards the head waters of the Nueces. This was in the early winter of the year before the Meir expedition, and the Mexicans were in many ways annoying and threatening the weak settlements along that river. This state of things had encouraged the Indians, as well, to make very bold descents. McCulloch had on his first arrival given them both a severe lesson, upon which the Marauders had taken the hint, and nothing further had been heard from either party for several months. Unwilling that his men should lie in camp at such a place as Corpus Christi, with nothing to do but drink and carouse, the prudent captain of rangers had thought best to despatch all the most restless spirits on tours of observation in various quarters. Besides, the aspect of affairs in that part of Texas generally had begun to seem rather forlorn, and seemed to call for unremitting vigilance.

Dan and his companions had reached the foot of the mountains in which the western branch of the Nueces takes rise, without meeting any other sort of incident than those which are common to prairie travel. Here they formed their camp, and as they had yet discovered no signs of Indians, it was concluded that they would take each his own course the next day, and, after traversing as much ground as possible, return to camp and report; and, if it should then appear that no sign had yet been discovered by any of them, it was agreed that they should spend several days in a buffalo hunting frolic, as these animals seemed to abound greatly in this region. Accordingly they were under way quite early, each man following the bent of his own humour and fancy for the time.

Dan had been travelling in a leisurely sort of a way until noon, when he came upon a scene of such remarkable beauty that he involuntarily stopped to gaze upon it. He had, without observing it, followed up the west branch of the Nueces, until he now found himself at its very head spring. In front of him, a bold and broken mountain stood out, somewhat from the chain, at the foot of which he had been riding all the morning. The front of this mountain was almost a square perpendicular, and looked as if it had been cleft from crest to foot by a bolt of thunder, and hurled from out the ranks of its peers. The huge masses of stone with which it appeared built were seamed with a sort of eccentric regularity, and evergreens were rooted along these seams. As the eye descended, these masses became more broken, and assumed a fantastic resemblance to the lines and forms of Gothic architecture in decay—while from the prairie level sprung a broken arch, one side of which was perfect in outline, and the other concealed by the overhanging masses of evergreen shrubs. At a distance, this seemed the arched gateway of some huge cavern; but, when he approached it, he found that the rock slanted in at just sufficient angle to give it, at a distance, the appearance of shadow. Instead of an enormous cavern, it proved to be only a recess or slanting niche, some twenty feet, from the back part of which a bold spring burst a little above the level of the prairie,

and rushed down and out from the shadow, rejoicing over the white sand, until it sparkled in the chequered sunlight, beneath the overhanging evergreens outside; then it coursed away toward the chain of mountains, and wound about their feet. All off to the left, and beyond this mountain, seemed an interminable stretch of rolling prairies, over which, amidst clumps of cactus, were scattered herds of deer, mustangs and buffalo, in view at once.

Dan has not much poetry in him, he could not help being both astonished and enchanted by the strange, wild loveliness of this scene. He slid from his saddle, and stood leaning against it only for a moment or two of rapt contemplation, when the habitual instinct of watchfulness, peculiar to the ranger, caused him to change his position, and turn his head. As he did so, he perceived one of the droves of mustang (wild horses), moving slowly towards him. They were a long way off, and there appeared nothing peculiar about them, but it served to remind him that he had a short time before seen the unshod tracks of horses and mules moving at a gallop,—or that, though they might be nothing more than mustangs, yet the simple fact of their going at a gallop was in itself suspicious of another fact or so: either that they were the tracks of Indian horses and mules, or of mustang that had been chased or otherwise frightened by them; so that, whatever of enchantment there may have been for him in the scene, it now gave place quickly to caution, and his head turned rapidly from side to side, with the habitual manner of the old spy.

His eyes now and then fell upon the advancing drove, but not with any consciously defined suspicion. At length they disappeared slowly down a long valley, like the sway of the prairie undulations, and were out of sight so long that he had quite forgotten them, when suddenly they appeared again on this side, moving directly towards him at a swift gallop. He bounded into his saddle as quick as thought, supposing that perhaps one or two Indians who were mustang hunting had lain in wait for this herd in the deep grass of that prairie valley, and were now chasing them with the lasso. He urged his horse behind one of the many clumps of cactus around him, with the intention of lying in wait, to give these dusky wild horse hunters a trial for their scalps as they went past him. As he changed his position, the figures which were approaching became more distinctly defined against the background of sky, for they were descending towards him. He saw, what sent his heart into his throat, that each animal had an Indian slung along its side by one hand and foot, holding to either horn of the saddle. This is a common trick of theirs in approaching an enemy by daylight on the prairies; and it is difficult of detection at a distance by the most experienced eye, as they ride close together, and no part of the body is shown above the outline of the horse.

Dan was off in a twinkling. The tables were very suddenly turned; for, instead of taking a scalp or two himself, as he had expected, it would now require all his energy to save his own. It was well that he could trust his horse, for they had got so close him that his escape must be a matter of sheer speed—he must run away from them, or be run through by them. "To be or not to be," was the question now with poor Dan, while he desperately urged his good horse with whip and spur. So soon as they saw him start, they wheeled up into their saddles again, and yelled their war-whoop like exulting fiends. This was a sound which, though it came to his ears somewhat softened by the distance, was by no means calculated to diminish the energy urgency of the calls upon the speed of his horse which were made by Dan. He glanced furtively over his shoulder, and saw that they were spreading out into the prairie with the hemming him in against the mountains. He instantly perceived that his only chance was a desperate run for an elbow of the chain, which, if he could reach and turn first, he thought would secure his scalp for the prize, as around it the stream became heavily timbered, and he knew they would not follow him into it for fear they might come upon his friends.

It was a tremendous race, for the Indians knew the advantage as well as he, and Dan says that his long curly hair began to straighten and lift his cap on its ends before he reached the point, they pressed him so close and hard. However, he got past before they surrounded, and now, he says, his hair fell as smooth and sleek as if a pint of bear's grease had been poured over it; but not until he had reached up and taken down his cap off the stiff ends to wave as he shouted back at them in derisive triumph, and then darted beneath the shades of the friendly wood. They left him here, as he expected; but as this was most evidently a dangerous neighbourhood, he concluded it would be safe not to tarry here, but get out of it as fast as possible, for there was no telling what new whirl might take these fellows when they had spread around on his trail, and found him to be alone. So away he went through the woods for five or six miles without halting.

(To be continued.)

HENRY ESMOND.

By Thackeray.

Esmond is an autobiographical memoir of the first five-and-thirty years of the life of an English gentleman of family, written in his old age after his retirement to Virginia; and edited with an introduction by his daughter, for the instruction and amusement of her children and descendants, and to give them a