

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Times.

THE ALMA.

THOUGH till now ungraced in story, scant although thy waters be,  
Alma, roll those waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea.  
Yesterday unnamed, unhonoured, but to wandering Tartar known,  
Now thou art a voice for ever, to the world's four corners blown.  
In two nations' annals written, thou art now a deathless name,  
And a star for ever shining in their firmament of fame.  
Many a great and ancient river, crowned with city, tower, and shrine,  
Little streamlet! knows no magic, has no potency like thine;  
Cannot shed the light thou sheddest around many a living head;  
Cannot lend the light thou lendest to the memories of the dead;  
Yea, nor all unsoothed their sorrow, who can proudly mourning say—  
When the first strong burst of anguish shall have wept itself away—  
He has passed from us, the loved one; but he sleeps with them that died  
By the Alma, at the winning of that terrible hillsibe.  
Yes, and in the days far onward, when we all are cold as those  
Who beneath thy vines and willows on their hero-beds repose,  
Thou, on England's banners blazoned with the famous fields of old,  
Shalt, where other fields are winning, wave above the brave and bold,  
And our sons unborn shall nerve them for some great deed to be done  
By that twentieth of September, when the Alma's heights were won.  
Oh! thou river, dear for ever to the gallant, to the free,  
Alma, roll thy waters proudly, roll them proudly to the sea.

A TOURNAMENT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY JOHN MILLER.

THE following narrative surpasses in thrilling interest the scenes of chivalric days.

In a close line our party continued to advance, brandishing their lances, and from time to time, giving vent to the most discordant cries which met with a ready response on the part of the enemy in their war-whoop of defiance.—It seems, indeed, necessary for the savage when going to fight, to excite his courage by shouts and yells, and those primitive means are doubtless productive of a corresponding effect with the white warrior's drum and spirit-stirring life.

With as noble a bearing as a knight of old when about to tilt for his lady's love, Black Wolf sat upon his horse and led the van as became the chief of the Osages. With that love for display which is an innate passion with the Indian, he pulled his horse's neck into a curve and keeping an antique pair of Spanish rowels pricking against his flank, proudly curvetted him at the head of his troop 'trimmed like a younger prancing to his love.'

We had now approached so near to the Pawnee band that momentarily I expected to see them sweep towards us; as in Indian warfare neither side wait with the coolness, which well disciplined courage can only inculcate, to receive the others charge, and each brave is free to fight on his own plan, or any mode which the impulse of the moment may direct.

Much, however, to my surprise, a solitary warrior singled himself from his party, and with something white flying at the head of a lance, approached at foot pace. The Osages instantly checked their horses to the command of their chief, and unattended he rode forward to meet the messenger of peace.

I may here remark upon the singularity that the flag of truce—a piece of white buffalo skin—should be adopted by those sons of the wilderness similar in color to our own. The copy doubtless was taken from the pale faces upon learning that the emblem met with such inviolable respect; but the Indians deny this, and avow their fathers regarded it as a signal of peace before the great canoes came across the great lake. In support of this it is worthy of observation that the skin of the white buffalo—a most rare prize—is held in great reverence by them.

The conference was brief between the Pawnee and the Black Wolf, and the latter riding back to where we stood watching their movements with an interest easier to be conceived than described, informed his brother in arms that the Pawnee chief was willing to settle the fight in single combat, and that he himself would meet either of the Osage braves who might be the chosen champion of his nation.

This plucky challenge created the wildest commotion among the aspiring warriors of our party, and so numerous were the volunteers

and so urgent their claims to have the honor assigned to them, that unless Black Wolf had settled the contention by claiming it for himself, it was far from improbable that a new diversion might have arisen in mutiny against his orders. There was no disputing, however, the right of the chief to take the precedence of all; but the opinion veered to the opposite point, concerning the policy of the measure, when they found they were to take no share in the glory. The greater number urged the expediency of a general fight, alleging that we were stronger than the enemy, and should capture all their horses and skins with which they were laden like ourselves, in addition to a pretty haul of invaluable scalps.

Black Wolf, however, either from prudential motives, or a desire to gratify his own vanity, decided to accept the challenge on the terms on which it was sent, and agreed that the horse and horse accoutrements of the vanquished should become the prize of the conqueror, which he was to take unmolested possession of in the presence of the respective parties.

These preliminaries being adjusted, the arms of Black Wolf were now carefully examined by his companions, who threw aside all jealousy the moment the question was settled. One took his lance and tried the soundness of the shaft by bending it so as the two ends nearly met. Another thumbed his bow-string, while several changed their best arrows for those of his which appeared defective. The touch-hole of his rifle was pricked and re-primed, and even the knife and tomahawk underwent a careful scrutiny. The honor of the nation was at stake, and the breast of each individual present seemed to burn with patriotic pride and solicitude for the event which was to decide the fate of Osage or Pawnee chief.

All being in readiness, Black Wolf dashed his spurs into his horse's sides, and bringing him upon his haunches by way of a start, and galloped before us, for the combined purpose of showing himself, and announcing to his enemy that he was ready for the strife.

Nothing nobler can be pictured to the imagination than the appearance of the chief, as naked as he came into the world, with the exception of his arms slung across his shoulders, he sat upon his plunging and excited steed with grace, ease, and confidence. A tuft of the war eagle's plume surmounted his head, proudly raised and threw back, while his finely developed chest stood out like that of a gladiator's. With tightened rein he held his horse's head close to his chest, and using the spur freely, roused the animal's fiery blood, until large flakes of foam flew from his jaws, his nostrils dilated, and his eyes looked ready to spring from their sockets.

After making the circuit, he suddenly reined in his horse, and the two stood motionless, as if carved from granite, some two hundred yards in advance of where we remained stationary to watch the result and see fair play; there was not however, as I subsequently learned, the slightest apprehension for treachery, as in the combats, which although rare between Members of rival tribes are occasionally indulged in, the strictest faith is kept with the terms on which they are fought.

The piebald horse with the bearer of the lance, on which a small red flag fluttered, now darted from the horsemen drawn up closely in the distance, and making a corresponding circle with Black Wolf, drew up in the same way opposite to him, and they appeared for a few brief seconds, to be eyeing each other with intent far from charitable. As if moved by a common impulse, both drove the butt ends of their lances into the ground, and then raising their rifles from their thighs, dashed forward and fired at the moment of passing each other, some fifteen or twenty paces apart. Whether the bullets flattened, or were rendered harmless against the tough shields of some buffalo hides which were suspended round their necks, or whether they flew wide of their marks, I cannot tell; but, for aught I could see, no harm was done.

Dropping their reins to take aim, their horses carried them unchecked to within a few yards of where the respectful armies of Osages and Pawnees were posted. Indeed, room had to be given to the Pawnee chief, who came with such a rush towards us as to threaten to upset a handful of the foremost spectators, among whom, as there was no danger to be apprehended, I had placed myself on Squabby Nigger. There was little opportunity to examine him closely; but he was evidently of much less stature than Black Wolf, and possessed none of that fire and noble bearing which characterized the chief of the Osages. He seemed equipped in precisely the same way, and was equally devoid of the smallest article of attire. If, however, his personal attractions fell short of his antagonist, in horsemanship and manner of using his weapons, he appeared in every way equal to him,—snatching up his reins he checked the animal, and brought him round as if turned upon a pivot, and then adjusting his rifle with a rapid movement, he drew an arrow from his quiver, and with bending bow, swept towards Black Wolf like an eagle as he stooped down upon his prey.

But the Osage knowing the expertness of the enemy with whom he had to deal, was prepared in like manner, and as they met about midway between the plated lances, their barbed weapons

were drawn to their heads, and whiz they went at the same moment with barely a dozen of feet intervening between them. At close quarters such as these, and with unrivalled skill, it was barely possible that they should miss each other but their bucklers received the arrows, and both the warriors as yet remained unscathed.

The short bows being easier to manage than rifles, round they turned their horses as soon as their arrows were discharged, and again they swept the same course, with their bows prepared as if by magic, for the bout. In this, the second turn, the Pawnee chief was not so fortunate; for as he came toward us, I perceived a stream of blood trickling down his bridal arm, the arrow having passed through the fleshy part of his shoulder, ripping it upwards, but not hanging in the wound.

Black Wolf also received a wound in the breast from the Pawnee's arrows, being buried almost so the feather in the shield; and, although thus greatly spent in the force with which it was driven, it carved a deep jagged gash in his right side, from which the blood flowed copiously.

With increasing excitement, the two now rode at each other, and delivering their arrows as fast as they could turn their horses, and it appeared to be a point to endeavor to give a shot without receiving one in return. But so well matched were they both in the skill of managing their horses and use of their weapons, that neither of them could obtain that advantage, in spite of the most strenuous exertions.

The bodies of the two chiefs became crimson with gore from the number of flesh wounds each had received; but, as yet, no mortal one had been given, and from the care observed in protecting the body by means of the shields, and lying along the backs of their horses, so as to present to view as little of their person as possible, there was no great probability of these weapons terminating the fight.

At length Black Wolf's last arrow was shot; and, as his enemy came towards him, he held up his bow to signify that his quiver was exhausted. In a moment the Pawnee turned his horse and galloping back to where he planted his lance, plucked it from the ground and touched it by his side; nothing loth to imitate his example, Black Wolf grasped his lance, and without breathing time, the pugnacious foes spurred on their hot and impatient horses again to the combat; and as they did so, thoughts of tilt and tournament fitted across my mind, albeit my attention was absorbed beyond description in the pending struggle.

With a terrific shock, the weapons crossed, and coming against the centre of the bucklers, the tough shafts bent like willow wands, and the horses were thrown almost upon their haunches. Either from the great weight of the Osage, or the more effective direction of his lance, the Pawnee was laid flat on his back; and, as his horse bounded forward, it seemed impossible that he could regain his equilibrium in the saddle; but with an effort which could be made only by an Indian, he flung himself into his seat, and seizing the rein, turned with the agility of a cat.

It was one of the fixed rules in these bloody frays, that there should be no time given between the acts, and that it was to be continued without let, check or step, until one of them should be slain.

As soon, therefore, as the horses could be brought round, their respective riders re-couched their lances and dashed at each other again with the fury of contending tigers. It might have been the effect of a heated imagination, but I fancied I heard the scratch of a lance as it entered the flesh, and at the same moment the Pawnee chief was flung as if a round shot had blown him from his seat. In an instant, however, he was upon his feet, trying to catch the lasso which was dangling at his horse's heels, but missing his hold, the animal made the best use of the opportunity, and fled away with all the fleetness he possessed.

Black Wolf now dismounted, and giving his horse and lance to Fire-fly, who rode forward to receive them, strode toward the Pawnee chief armed only with the knife and tomahawk.

The appearance of both as they advanced towards each other, was most appalling. From head to heel they presented one thick mass of blood from the enormous wounds which they had received; but, as if insensible to pain or faintness, each appeared apt as game cocks to renew their feud. They now went to work hand to hand, hacking at each other with their tomahawks with deadly fury, and inflicting now and then most terrible cuts. As the battle progressed, their shields became chopped to pieces, and hung in stripes from the surface, while the blows were showered upon them as thick as hail.

With that advantage, however, which a big man possesses in a personal encounter with a smaller one, provided his courage be not inferior the odds now became painfully evident in favor of Black Wolf. Up to the point of the Pawnee being hurled from his horse, the chances of the conflict appeared to be pretty nearly balanced; but when its feature became changed into a stand up fight between man and man, hand to hand, in sporting phraseology, it was a horse to a hay seed. Towering above his enemy but little less than a foot, the Osage drew his tomahawk down with tremendous force, and from

his superior reach of arm, often kept his antagonist completely on the defensive, and returned two blows for one.

Nothing daunted however, the Pawnee maintained the unequal contest with a spirit that was only to be conquered with his life. Although his arm grew momentarily weaker, and he staggered before his enemy's fierce onslaught yet he made as good a requital as laid in his waning power, and faced his foe as the bravest of the brave could only do. But like an expiring lion he was to be conquered but with his death, and when apparently on the point of falling before the repeated strokes of the enemy, he suddenly sprung forward, and, clinging to Black Wolf's shield, endeavored to make a thrust with a draw knife under it. The wary Osage, was too much upon his guard to be taken by surprise, and shaking the Pawnee off as he would a snake, and caught him by the throat in his iron grasp, and holding him at arm's length, drove his long Spanish blade into the lower part of the belly, and ripped him to the chest.

A loud wild shout of exultation burst from the lips of our party as they witnessed this decisive act on the part of Black Wolf, who stood over the body of his fallen foe with his head proudly erected and turned towards the body of Pawnee, who were silent spectators of the defeat. For a few seconds the Osage maintained this attitude, without the perceptible motion of a muscle, and then stopping he took the dead chief's scalp lock between his fingers, and passing the point of his knife adroitly round the skull, plucked the scalp hot and bleeding from it, and held the prize up in triumph above his head.

Again his companions yelled with savage pleasure at the sight; but no one presumed to approach the spot where he has yet remained to complete the measure of his triumph.

A Pawnee brave now came forward leading the piebald horse, which had either been caught by the lasso, or stopped upon reaching the main body of his own free will, and moving slowly towards Black Wolf as if reluctance was in every step, he gave the rein without sign or word into his hands, and again returned to his party.

There was now little to be done. Black Wolf collected the arms of the slaughtered Pawnee chief, which were strewn upon the ground, and trying as must have been the feat, vaulted upon the back of the horse, and rode at a gallop towards us. Upon coming close I saw that his body and limbs were cut and hacked most fearfully; but Indian like, he paid no attention to his wounds, and as far as I could see, suffered but little from the loss of blood.

We now returned to the encampment, and permitted the discomfited Pawnees to bury their chief in peace where he had so bravely fallen. In the prairie wilderness they laid him; and, when all had quitted the solitary grave, a stranger visited it with sorrow for his fate.

FAIR AND UNFAIR THINGS AGAINST THE FAIR SEX.

BY AN OLD BACHELOR.

THE men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all. Romances generally end with a marriage. And many young girls, when they leave school, would wish to go through the romance of life—as they do most romances—by beginning at the end. Women should rule but not govern. Scandal with many women is an occupation. They pick characters to pieces in the same way that they pick their noses—because they have nothing else to do. If you wish to learn the worst fault of a woman, praise her highly to her friends. Woman is a most beautiful book, that too frequently is condemned for its errata. You can generally tell how popular you are with a lady by the length of time she keeps you waiting while dressing to receive you. A fan is a most handy little instrument for those who have lost the art of blushing. Vows are the bad money—the IO U's and post obits with which the man pays the woman the debts of his heart. If a young lady has a purse with two ends—silver in one and gold in the other—she is sure to open the gold end first. The only time when the women talk much amongst one another, is when they are waiting for the gentlemen after dinner. The eyes of a pretty woman are the interpreters of the language of her heart. They translate what her tongue has a difficulty in expressing. If you wish to close a lady's lips ask her age.—Few women keep a dairy after their first love. Tell me how many lady's maids a lady has had and I will tell you her temper. A man who has loved madly will laugh at his madness as soon as he has got cured of it, but a woman never laughs upon such a subject: with her, love is a madness of which she never sees the folly. I don't know which is worse—a man who marries for money, or a woman who plays at cards. The signal for conversation among women is when a girl begins to sing. Women will forgive everything in a man except his being a bore—everything in a woman except her being pretty. Female forgiveness, illimitable as it appears to be, has, however, its limits. A woman will forgive an angry word, or a sneer, or a shrug of the shoulders, or a slight elevation of the nose, or a pinch, or a scratch, or a cup of hot tea, which she may have received from the hands of another woman; she may even be