

Literature, &c.

NEW WORKS.

From the Sea and other Poems.

FRANKLIN AND HIS CREW.

But thou hast secrets dark, thou moody deep!
 Hid in thy secret archives, thou dost keep
 Records of blood and tales of mortal woe,
 Which judgment's day of dread shall only show;—
 Earth's trust embosomed, treasured in thy store
 Brave ships that sailed and ne'er was heard of more;
 The dead who, 'midst thy greedy surges thrown,
 Have to thy deeps gone down, and down, and down,
 And there sleep on, unheeding of thy roar,
 The loved, the lost whom thou wilt not restore,
 With many thousand schemes, and hopes, and fears,
 Which thou hast swallowed for six thousand years.
 And thou hast forms of life most wondrous rare,
 Unknown to sage philosophy; and there
 Thou cherishest thy weeds of varied hue,
 Thy shell adorned with purple, pearl, and blue,
 And gems unknown to kindle in thy ray
 Which hails thee, sire, thou kindling king of day!
 Yet, that earth's progeny may know thy might,
 And wonder more at that thou hid'st from sight,
 Thou speest with thy slime upon the shore
 The soil too sordid for thy waters pure—
 The grave defrauded corpse; the carcass vile
 Of some sea-monster perished long ere while;
 The nameless plank, wrrenched from the sinking bark
 By the eddying gulf that whelmed her in the dark,
 Or broken weeds that strew the stony beach,
 And mark the boundry thy surges reach.

Thou art compassionless, remorseless, cold;
 Thy fury nor entreated nor cajoled.
 I've seen a mother, in the agony
 That wailed and shuddered o'er her drowning boy,
 Bend over thy devouring waves' abyss,
 And, in her wild delirium of distress,
 Sob, wrieth, and wring her hands, as she implored
 Thy waves to render back the form adored,
 Her joy, her pride, her strength, her hope, her stay,
 Her dearest light of life's declining day,
 And sinking convulsed beneath the sickening three,
 Her swelling heart crushed with her withering woe;
 But thou didst roll relentless, and thy roar
 Seemed as it would deride her anguish sore;
 While the stark corpse thou in thy weeds didst fold,
 And hang it with thy foaming waters cold.

But I am wandering from my theme away
 When o'er those wilds I let my fancy stray.
 I would not ask thee, thou devouring sea!
 If thou wouldst moot a secret dark to me,
 What of those Arctic deserts canst thou tell,
 Where ice, and rocks, and desolation dwell?
 And what of him whom all the world deploras,
 Whose fate on those inhospitable shores,
 Where horror reigns, a grateful land has wept,
 Whose fate of nine long winters thou hast kept
 Sealed with the frost-king's signet, and unknown
 To all who erst have braved this frigid zone?
 Of him, the ardent, dauntless voyager,
 Whom three-score years and ten could not deter.
 Nor even the perils which his prime had dared,
 When frost and famine toils unwonted shared,
 But would entrust his fortunes to the waves,
 To bear him on to glory or a grave;
 Rushed to the deserts of eternal frost,
 And in the depths of wilderness was lost,
 Where ever-during desolation, throned
 On hills of ice, rules the wide realm around?

He went; time passed away; the world passed on
 As he had left it. When a year was gone
 They hoped, and looked for his returning sail;
 And when the winter winds began to wail
 They feared not; he had ample stores to dare
 Three winters in the numbing polar air.
 Another year was numbered with the past,
 And brought no further tidings than the last;
 When some began to doubt, and some to fear,
 But all hoped on; and yet another year,
 And still he came not, and light rumour's tongue
 Was busy with the changes which it rung.
 And then they sought him through the wilderness—
 Those noble, daring spirits, kin to his;
 They sought in vain those cumbered seas which flow
 Round islands wrapped in everlasting snow;
 Year after year they sought him on the waste,
 And year on year of fruitless daring passed,
 Yet found him not, nor hailed his gallant bark,
 Nor traced his path through depths of desert dark;
 But on a desolate and lonely shore,
 All still and silent save thine own sad roar,
 Beneath a canopy that whispered of the lost,
 They found three graves forever sealed in frost.

From Western Wanderings, by W. H. Kingston.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

On the evening of the 18th of July, three men were loading a barge with sand on the American side of the Niagara River, some way above the Falls. The youngest of them was Joseph Ebert, a fine, tall, active lad of about 18 years of age. This day's work being concluded one of them proposed to try and catch some fish for their supper before returning homewards. They accordingly got into the small boat belonging to the barge, and at once became completely engrossed in their sport. No sooner did they throw out their lines than the bait was seized, and they very quickly had caught as many as they could wish for, when the gathering darkness warned them that it was time to pull to the shore. Still unwilling to desist, they were about to throw in for the last time just to catch one more a-piece, when the boat gave a sudden whirl, lifting slightly on a wave. The unexpected movement now for the first time made them look up to see where they had got to. Horror seized their hearts, when they perceived through the thickening gloom, that they were already within the power of the dreaded rapids. They seized the oars, and with frantic strokes endeavoured to pull towards the shore. The fierce current carried them away rapidly to destruction. They strained every nerve. The oars bent with the force of their strokes. They shrieked in their eagerness; the waters answered mockingly to their cries. In vain were all their efforts. No bark had ever floated on that tide and lived. Still hope did not abandon them; like true sons of the Anglo-Saxon race, they exerted themselves to the last. They might still guide their boat, if she should escape the rocks in their course, to reach Goat Island, if not the main shore. Alas! that faint chance of escape was denied them. As they tugged and tugged with a strength which despair alone could give them, one of their oars broke, the next instant the boat came broadside to the current and hurled against a rock, was instantly dashed to pieces. For a few moments they struggled in the wild vortex, and then the waters closed over the heads of two of the party for ever. One still floated, keeping his head above the boiling flood. Dreadful, indeed, were his sensations, as he was thus fiercely hurried along to what he deemed inevitable destruction. He approached the Falls; a few yards more, only, and he must take the plunge, to be no more seen, when directly before him, appeared a log of timber, firmly jammed between the rocks in the stream. With a desperate effort he clung to it, and succeeded in dragging himself out of the water. Hope now revived; but still his position was full of danger.

Night came on. No chance passers by could see him, and the roar of the cataract would drown his voice should he cry for aid. How he passed that dreadful night it is impossible to describe. When morning dawned, he was seen by those on shore clinging to the log. He soon discovered that he was observed, and he knew that his fellow-men would rescue him if they could. His dreadful situation soon became known, not only in the village, but throughout the country, and thousands from far and near came hurrying to the spot, either anxious to learn if means had been found for his escape, or to assist by their own efforts in his rescue. The position he was in was about half way between the bridge leading to Goat Island and the American Fall. The bridge was soon crowded with anxious spectators; but among them all there was no naval man capable of taking the command in any measures adopted for his preservation. At first sight it might have appeared easy to let a rope with a piece of timber float down to him, with lashing by which he might secure himself to it, and thus be hauled up to the bridge; but, dragged through that tremendous current, there were many chances against his being landed alive, even if the rope should withstand the strain, or escape being cut by the sharp rocks which there rise almost to the surface of the troubled water. It was painful in the extreme to watch him as he clung to the log, which itself might any moment be washed away. So near was he that it seemed a hand might almost have been stretched out to help him, and yet how far from human aid. Sometimes he would descend from the end of the log and walk about on the rocks surrounding it, as if contemplating the possibility of reaching dry ground by swimming or wading, till he was beckoned back by the spectators. In the mean time, numbers were at work to render him such aid as they could devise. The first thing suggested was a raft. This they formed by placing a cask in the centre, with some strong timbers fastened over it in a square form, and several stout ropes secured it on either side. The spirits of the poor lad revived when he saw the preparations making, as did the hopes of the spectators. The raft was launched, and floated slowly down towards him. All watched it with anxiety; but none could have felt, as did he, for whose preservation it was intended. It swam buoyantly on the waves—it drew nearer—it was almost within his reach—in another minute he might be saved, when, alas! more of the rope was slackened than was requisite, and sinking for a moment, it jammed between the rocks, leaving the

raft scarcely a dozen feet from him. A sigh of regret ran through the crowd; but other means of escape for him might be found even should this fail. Ebert, still undaunted, maintained his spirits. He sat contemplating the raft for some time, as if discussing in his mind the possibility of disengaging the rope from the rocks. Then bracing up his nerves to the hazardous task, he slid down into the water and waded out till he could reach the rope; grasping it, he hauled and pulled, jerked it up and down, till, after some time and great labour, he succeeded in freeing it from the rocks which held it. The spectators shouted with satisfaction, and still more so when they saw him manfully towing the raft out of the strength of the current towards the place of his refuge. He was not long in securing himself to the raft by the lashings made fast for that purpose, and in giving the signal that he was ready to commence his fearful voyage. Those who had charge of the raft commenced hauling away, and it floated where the boiling current was deepest: then it sheered over towards the little Islands near Goat Island and had reached within thirty feet of one of them in safety, when again the rope caught in the rocks, and the raft lay in the most fearful part of the rapids. Now more than a sigh—a groan of sorrow and commiseration, escaped from the bosoms of the spectators. In vain those on shore hauled at the rope, fearful all the time lest it should be cut by the rocks, and the poor fellow, after all, be hurled over the precipice. Ebert himself could not now venture to move lest he should be washed off the raft. But there were many gallant hearts anxious to save him, though the wish to do so was evidently greater than their knowledge of the best means to obtain success. A boat was now brought overland, and with a long rope secured to her, a volunteer bravely shoved off from the island as far as he could venture towards the young man. Courage Ebert! courage, my lad! he shouted, 'we'll heave you a rope, and just you make yourself fast to it, and we'll haul you safe on shore.' But Ebert shook his head. He felt his strength failing, and fearful that while he was securing the rope to his body he might be washed off the raft. Various other plans were now proposed for getting the raft or its occupant to the shore; but one after the other was abandoned as being too full of risk. Seldom has a human being been placed in a position of danger so terrific, yet so close apparently to aid. As soon as he was discovered, some humane person had sent off to Buffalo for a life-boat, under the belief that it would more safely float in those troubled waters than one of ordinary build. How frequently are the best intentions the means of destroying those they are intended to aid! Had Ebert remained in his first resting place, while in the meantime food had been conveyed to him, till the arrival of the life-boat, he might have managed to leap in to it, and have escaped the peril in which he was now placed. However, at length the life boat arrived by the railway, was dragged down to the Falls, and with a strong tow line attached to her, was launched a little above where the raft floated. With anxious gaze poor Ebert watched what was going forward. Now was the time to summon all his energies. In another moment he expected to grasp the side of the life-boat and be saved. He cast off the lashings by which he was held to the raft—the boat came floating down buoyantly towards him—the lookers on held their breath with the intensity of their anxiety—would the boat reach him, or would it even then be dashed to pieces in those fiercely agitated waters? No; she floats, she floats—the boat nears him—she has touched the raft itself—Ebert sees her—the courage for which he has been so conspicuous throughout this terrible day revives within him. A shout of joy is heard—all think he is in safety. He springs up and leaps towards the boat. What means that cry of horror which escapes from the crowd? Alas, he has missed his aim. The boat sheers away from him, and he falls headlong into the foaming current. 'Haste! haste ye who hold the rope, slacken it out—let the boat drop down to him—he may grasp it yet!' Still he is not lost. He rises to the surface—he strikes out boldly—his foot touches a rock—he springs with the last efforts of despair towards the shore—he makes three or four almost superhuman leaps—as many more and he will be safe; but alas! the water deepens—again he swims—he swims strongly in spite of all his exertions. Life is sweet, and Ebert has life, and youth, and strength; the fair world, and its joys and pleasures. He seems to make way against that headlong tide; it was but for a moment, the waters are too mighty for him—his strength begins to fail—his strokes grow feeble—slowly he recedes from the shore—his straining eyeballs fixed on those who would save him but cannot. Now he is borne backwards into the fiercer part of the current. All hope has fled; swiftly and more swiftly he is borne onward towards the brink of that terrible precipice. The unrelenting Spirit of the Cataract claims the brave youth as his victim. He has him as his own. No human aid can avail him now. His fellow-men, those standing around, sicken at the sight. In another moment he reaches the fatal edge, still full of hope and nervous energy. Even then he strives to combat with his inevitable fate. Just as he reaches the very edge, as if to gain one more look at the fair world he is about to leave, he springs up

right, clear out of the water—his arms waving frantically above his head; he seems thus to stand for a moment, rigid and fixed, then uttering one last fearful shriek, heard even above the ceaseless roar of the torrent, he falls backwards and the next instant is hid for ever from human eyes amid those wildly foaming waters as they fall into the river.

We have the following description of an Indian dance on board a steamer:—

AN INDIAN DANCE.

While the men were coquitting, in order to find out how much fire-water they were likely to receive as a reward of their exertions, rather than from any native bashfulness, the squaw came on board, leaving their infants leaning up in their frames against the side of their canoes. Not a cry escaped from one of the little creatures, but with their bright intelligent eyes, they seemed to be contemplating the curious looking monsters before them, and deeply interested in watching every movement on board. The negotiations about the grog having been satisfactorily arranged, the man with the drum seated himself on some of the cargo, and began drumming away, and uttering a monotonous chant, the rest arranging themselves in the open space in front of the ladies' cabin, which was to serve as the ball-room. Our friend with the enormous feather head-dress, and a fantail down his back, opened the ball with a *pas seul a la grenouille* to the most lugubrious of chants and least musical of drummings; though, when he had concluded, he appeared to have performed some most amusing act, for he burst into fits of laughter in which he was joined by all his companions. Next, six or eight of them came on at once, with war hatchet or tomahawks in their hands, jumping round and round, following each other in a circle in a squatting attitude, sometimes rising and then sinking again, uttering loud cries and yells, grunts and squeaks, apparently to imitate foxes; the drum and the singer making very appropriate music.

At the conclusion they gave way to shouts of laughter, to hide, I began to suspect, a certain amount of shame they felt at thus exhibiting themselves for the amusement of strangers. Next, two of them advanced to perform a war dance. This was far better; though, instead of war clubs, by the advice of the missionaries, on such occasions, they held in their hands large bunches of feathers. They knelt, they sank down, they glided cautiously towards each other, they struck, now slowly, then rapidly, they sprang backwards, then forwards, then on one side, then on the other; indeed, with the most admirable precision as to time, they went through every attitude into which men engaged in a deadly combat with short weapons could be supposed to throw themselves. All the time they were uttering the most unearthly shrieks and cries, while their eyeballs seemed almost starting out of their heads with their excitement and exertions. One of the dancers afterwards got a large bell, and rang it, instead of shaking the feathers, in his adversary's face, to the great amusement of the rest.

SKETCHES OF THE MODEL WIDOWER.

Begins to think of No. 2 before the weed on his hat loses its first gloss; may be seen assisting young girls to find a seat in church, or ordering carts off dry crossings for pretty feet that are waiting to pass over; is convinced he 'never was made to live alone'; his children must be looked after, or, if he has not any, he would like to be looked after himself; draws a deep sigh every time a dress rustles past, with a female woman in it; is very particular about the polish of his boots and the fit of his gloves; thinks he looks very interesting in black; don't walk out in public much with his children—when he does, takes the youngest; revives his old taste for moonlight and poetry; pities single men with all his heart; wonders how they contrive to exist; reproves little John for saying 'Pa' so loud when he meets him in the street; sets his face against the practice of women going home alone and unprotected from evening meetings; tells the widows his heart aches for them; wonders which of all the damsels he sees he shall make up his mind to marry; is sorry he shall be obliged to disappoint them all but one; has long since preferred orange blossoms to the cypress wreath; starts up, some fine day, and furnishes his house from garret to cellar; hangs his first wife's portrait in the attic, shrouded in an old blanket; and marries a playmate for his eldest daughter.—Sketches of Character.

PETRIFIED CITY.

The enterprising traveller, Mr Ritchie, who proceeded, some years since, with an expedition from Tripoli for the purpose of exploring the interior of Africa, wrote as follows:—'As one of my friends desired me to give him, in writing, an account of what I knew, touching the petrified city, situated seventeen days' journey from Tripoli, by a caravan, to the south east, and two days' journey south from Onguela, I told him what I had heard from different persons, and particularly from the mouth of one man of credit, who had been on the spot; that is to say, that it was a spacious city, of a round form, having great and small streets therein, furnished with shops, with a large castle, mag-