

one evening, he said to Bertha: 'Will you become my wife? I am only a poor clerk, but am honest and upright.'

Bertha blushed, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

'Can you love me, Bertha?' he asked again in an overflow of feeling.

She was silent, and did not raise her head; but held out her hand. He seized it and kissed it fervently.

'Bertha,' said he, 'I love you immeasurably: you have saved my life.'

A few days after, the young couple, simply but respectably attired, and accompanied by Herr Schmidt went to church, where they were married in a quiet way. When they came out man and wife, an elegant carriage was standing at the door, and a footman in rich livery let down the step.

'Come,' said the happy husband to the bewildered wife, who looked at him with amazement.

Before she could utter a word, the three were seated in the carriage, driving at a quick pace. The carriage stopped before a splendid house in the best part of Frankfort. They were received by a number of domestics, who conducted them to apartments decorated in the most costly style.

'This is your mistress,' said T—to the servants; and her commands you have henceforth to obey. My darling wife, said he then, turning to Bertha, I am Karl T—, one of the wealthiest men of this city. This house is yours, and these servants will attend on you—I hold a pledge from you that riches will not corrupt your heart. Here it is, in the prayer-book of your poor mother, written by your own hand: 'If thou wert to give me all the treasures of the world, O Lord, I would still remain Thine humble servant. For what is gold before Thee, that lookest into the heart? Thine is my heart, and Thine it shall remain.'

It is the Lord's and thine, my beloved Karl, whispered Bertha, and sank in his arms.

'Hurray for the leap from the Main Brucke,' exclaimed T—, embracing his father-in-law.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A PINE TREE.

WRITTEN BY ITSELF.

(Copied from the *Miramichi Mercury* by the request of a Subscriber.)

'Somebody says there are tongues in trees, and that they talk with as much ease as when cut and squared, as while they grow.'

Hundreds of years passed away, furnishing little but Birds and Wild Beasts for the object of my speculations. Now and then, to be sure and Indian, and sometimes a tribe, would disturb the stillness by which I was surrounded and about the year 1723, I was a witness to a bloody battle between the Richibuctos and Micmacs—two hostile nations, whose war whoops not unfrequently rang through the forest, scaring the Moose from his lair, and the birds from my branches. A deadly feud had for a long time subsisted, and numerous had been the scalplings and tomahawkings on both sides, when a large body of the Richibuctos coming down the river, headed by a Chief called Majocteagan, which in English means the Arrow, met a fleet of canoes, filled with Micmacs, under the command of a distinguished warrior, named Mondooake, or *Hell*, which appellation he had acquired by his acts of desperate valour, and his fondness for an Indian phrase which corresponded with the words kill and spare not.

The fleets no sooner came in sight, each party commenced singing their respective songs of defiance, and paddled their Canoes with a steady and fiendlike resolution. On their nearer approach two flights of arrows were shot with mutual strength of arm and deadly correctness of aim. Several were killed on both sides by the first onset—and when the Canoes were forced against each other, and the combatants began hacking and hewing with their tomahawks, and dealing vigorous thrusts with a kind of sharp pointed spear; the scene became frightfully interesting I assure you.

There might be seen two tall swarthy Warriors, drawing their arrows to the head and pointing them against each other, till the twang of their bowstrings broke upon the ear, followed by the splash of their bodies as they fell into the waves, transfixed by each other's arrows, and as they lay struggling and stiffening in their blood the last breath was collected to swell the cry of defiance and revenge.

Here another brace, who after repeated thrusts at each other with their spears, had seized each the end of his adversaries weapon, might be seen tugging and straining—darting defiance from their eyes, and yelling and swearing like a couple of demons, while their frail barks threatened every moment to upset; and finally being forced asunder, the combatants were precipitated into the water, when dropping their javelins, and seizing each other by the throat, they rolled and floundered upon the surface, until their fingers were forced through the skin and flesh, which defends the human gullet, and their eyes forced out beyond the bridge of the nose, while blood rushed from their mouths and ears, and crimsoned the blue waters of the Miramichi, till exhausted and fa-

tigued, they sunk to the bottom, without relaxing their grasps and finished the work of death among the weeds.

Never had the peaceful echoes been awakened by sounds so fearful and discordant, and Ossian's description of a battle between the heroes of his native land, might give something of an idea of the bloody scene. As Autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet and mix, and roar on the plain met Richibucto and Micmac, Chief mixes his stroke with Chief, and Man with Man; steel clanging sounded on steel, blood bursts and smokes around; strings twang on the polished yews; darts rush along the sky; spears fall like the circles of light that gild the stormy face of Heaven.

At length the two Chiefs, urged on by hatred and ambition, after having discharged their arrows without effect, and hurled their javelins at each other, succeeded in getting their little vessels side by side, when a most deadly struggle commenced; having expended their weapons, they grappled with each other, and twining their left hands in the long black hair which floated over their shoulders, began searching for their knives. The Micmac Chieftain had lost his in the fray, but while Majocteagan was drawing his with an air of triumph, Mondooake, by a sudden and desperate effort, bent his adversaries neck to the gunwale of his canoe, and seizing a tomahawk from the hand of his brother, hacked off the head of his enemy by repeated blows; and throwing his body into the river, held up the bleeding head of the Richibucto warrior, which was hailed by the Micmacs with a long and joyful yell, and struck such terror into their adversaries, that a general flight was the consequence; and the hands that had a minute before bent the bow, and hurled the spear, now wielded the paddle with energy and vigor.

Many were killed in the pursuit; the Richibuctos finally fled up the North-West Branch: ran their canoes ashore, and took to the woods, followed by the victorious Micmacs—while

'A thousand shrieks for helpless mercy call.'

But mercy was a quality upon which the Micmacs prided themselves very little. Mondooake fully proved his title to his brimstone appellation, by the number of scalps which he took with his own hand.

'The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there, Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air.'

The victorious savages having pursued the enemy for some time, called in their warriors, and lighted an enormous fire near the shore, and spent the night in feasting, singing and dancing round the flames, while the joyful shout, and triumphant War Whoop floated fearfully upon the midnight air. And the following is one of the wild songs they sang on the occasion;

THE SONG OF THE MICMAC.

Oh! who on the mountain, the plain, or the wave

With the arm of the Micmac will dare to contend;

Who can hurl the keen spear with the sons of the brave,

Or who can the bow with such energy bend.

Who can follow the Moose, or the wild Caraboo,

With a footstep as light and unwearied as he;

Who can bring down the Loon, with an arrow as true,

Or paddle his bark o'er as stormy a sea.

Who can traverse the mountain, or swim the broad lake,

Who can hunger and thirst with such fortitude bear;

Or who can the Beaver as skilfully take,

Or the Salmon so nimbly transfix with the spear.

And if the wild war whoop ascends on the gale,

Who can with the Micmac the tomahawk wield;

Oh! when was he known in the combat to quail,

Who e'er saw him fly from the red battle field.

Free sons of the Forest then peal forth the song,

Till each valley and rock shall of victory tell;

And the ghosts of our heroes, while flitting along,

With triumph will smile on the spot where they fell.

Several years after this bloody battle, commenced my first acquaintance with what is called the civilized part of mankind but from the treatment I have met with at their hands, I am very much inclined to think, that if we Pine Trees had been sent for to the christening, we would have found a more suitable and correct appellation. But be that as it may, I began to find that a different race of beings had taken possession of both sides of the river. In dress and appearance they were much superior to the savages, by whom I had been long surrounded, but as soon as they had built a few houses to protect themselves, as I afterwards

found, from the severity of the winter, commenced a most cruel and murderous crusade against my species—indeed, gentle reader, it was a bitter day for us when these implacable destroyers set themselves down on the Miramichi. The wild beasts had roamed about for ages, without molesting us; the birds had committed no outrages by which we were injured, and even the Richibuctos and Micmacs, although they scalped and murdered each other never made us the objects of their warfare, but these Christians and civilized men, had no sooner got among us, than the axe was laid to the root of the tree, and we were destroyed without mercy.

But I will not dwell longer on the general calamity, but come at once to those acts of barbarity by which I was more immediately affected. It was early in the fall of a year, which I shall ever have cause to lament, that about thirty stout, strapping fellows, appeared in my neighbourhood, they came in what they called Lapland canoes; but which in fact were nothing more than trees, which they had murdered in the forest, and after hacking and scooping their bowels out, they had thrown them into the water, filled them with provisions, ropes, rum axes, and all the supplies which they deemed necessary to carry on their cruel purpose. These vessels they forced through the water with incredible rapidity by means of what they called setting poles, which were small trees of different kinds, that had also fallen victims to their cruelty. They landed about a mile from where I stood, and struck into the midst of a fine grove, by which I was surrounded. Here they determined to commence their operations, and accordingly brought all their provisions, &c to the spot, and there began felling a few trees, with which they built themselves a Camp or Log house, where they slept, and deposited their stores.

I did not fall a victim to their barbarity, till after I had seen dozens of my old neighbours tumbling around me, which, to a tree, that does not rejoice in its neighbours misfortunes, is no pleasant sight, I assure you. My being spared for a time, gave me an opportunity of observing the manners and habits of these people, who go by the title of Lumberers, and I must declare, that if I had not felt so deep an interest in the business, they were upon I could have liked them vastly. I soon found that they were composed of men from different countries—Englishmen, Irishmen, Scotchmen, and some of the native Sons of New Brunswick. They were almost all strong built, tall, powerful fellows, and very devil at slinging an axe, every man of them would make as they called it, their two tons per day, and when the whole party was in active operation, the very hills resound with the strokes of their axes.

When the day's work was over, and they got seated round the evening meal, which their cook had prepared, one might suppose that all the Gods of fun and frolic presided at the repast. The fire blazed cheerfully, and the laugh, the song, and the tale went round, and the Camp seemed all life and gaiety.

The Irishman talked of the green fields of his Emerald Isle, over which he had bounded with a light and buoyant spirit, in his reckless and happy childhood—swore by St. Patrick, there was not as bright a pair of eyes on this side of the Atlantic, as the two he had left sticking in the head of his Bridget—then rattled out a stave or two of 'Norah Creina'—'Paddy Carey' or the ballad of 'Ireland for ever'; and cracked his jokes, and told his stories with the most irresistible gaiety and good humour.

The Englishman spoke of the chalky cliffs of Old England; of the glories of her flag, whether waved on the land or the sea; declared there was not an inch of Neptune's green carpet, which had not been whitened by her canvas, or a spot of earth but what had been a witness to the valor of her sons: told stories of Nelson following a Bear, with a rusty gun, or blowing a French fleet to the Devil, and sang with a voice like thunder—'Britons strike home.'—'The Battle of the Nile,'—'God save the King,'—or 'Rule Britannia.'

The Scotchman would boast of his heathery hills, and mountain scenery; dwell with enthusiasm on the deeds of the departed brave, who had died in the light foldings of the Highland plaid; and recount the actions of Bruce or Wallace of old, or of the gallant 42nd, in the more recent battles of Egypt, or the Peninsula. Perhaps he would chaunt some plaintive air from Burns or Tannahill, which would silence every sound in the camp, for the heart of a Lumberer, though inclosed in a frame like iron, and though it feels no compassion for the sufferings of a Pine Tree, yet is as easily affected by a sweet song, or a tale of human suffering as the hearts of the more effeminate of his species.

The native Brunswicker, though he could not dwell upon any brilliant page in the history of his country, or single out, like his companions, any Heroes who had sprung from her soil, would contend that her sons were not deficient in point of personal courage or physical strength to prove which, he was ready at any time to box any man in the camp—or bet him a fig of tobacco on the issue of a day's chopping. And if his country had produced no bards whose songs might enliven his leisure hours—he went

to work, like a true native of a new Country and made a song for himself.

THE LUMBERER'S SONG.

Come push round the Can Boys, drive care from the Camp,
Let the song and the story go merrily round,
Since here there is nothing good humour to damp,
For the Lumberer's House stands on magical ground.

For spleen nor blue devils can e'er get within it,
And if they should chance to pass in at the door

And see all the frolic and fun that is in it,
By my soul they would never come here any more.

No Wives have we here to disturb or perplex us,
And bother our brains with their scolding and cries,

Nor Brats, with their bawling, to worry and vex us,
Nor sweethearts to tease us with smiles or with sighs.

Though our labor is hard, and our perils not few,
While in spring, o'er the freshet, the Timber we steer,

Though 't would frighten the Devil such scenes to go through,
The Lads of the Axe never dreamed of a fear.

Then push round the can, and while freely it flows,
Let the generous juice shed delights o'er the soul;

If a taste of true happiness Man ever knows,
'Tis the Woodman, while seated at night o'er his bowl.

[To be continued.]

RESPECTABILITY.

OURS is an age of the extreme respectability. It is enough to astonish and amuse one to examine this feature. The prevailing bend, and the accompanying form of head, is seen in women more than in men; in the inmates of cities, old and young, far more than in the country people, taken at large; in the descendants of the puritans more than in those of more worldly origin; in the communicants of one or two churches in particular, which we will not name less we offend. For, as our respectable era hath decreed: 'The truth is not to be spoken at all times'—and this is true, but not true to the extent we carry it to. Just so we must say of that other representative dogma of ours.—'Manners make the man.' O! most retangular modern world! Canst thou read Margaret Fuller, and not forgive her that she was 'queer?' Will nothing but 'manners' do?

Who does not know that we have turned to cutting our lives after patterns, and paying more heed to the pattern than to the material? Is one wanted or proposed for any post? The question he must face is, 'Is this a moral man?' not, 'Is he a good man?' That is, does he regulate, order, and furnish up his life, and keep it presentable? and not, does he love his neighbour, practice the golden rule, and keep his heart warm and sincere?

Indeed, what do we not wink at if a man's conduct, provided he retains his respectability? He may with impunity swindle his neighbour in the face and eyes of his church, and he may destroy widow's houses, and the hearts of those he has ensnared, if only he will not cease to be 'respectable,' about it! Among persons of such stamp, and even among the thousands who would be far from participation in their criminality, there has been established a formalism, a mannerism, and a routine that make life as tedious as it is false. There is a shunning of vital questions—the questions for all most profitable for discussion—and a fear of touching prejudices, which we are all taught to handle so gingerly that, if it were not a prominent feature in our education, it might well be pronounced morbid. And then there is, in all the strata of society, above that of the professional rowdy, such a life long monotony. Originality is overlaid with the dancing-masters rules until it is smothered. Spontaneity perishes of drouth. Society needs sub-soiling. We are all becoming thin and spindling plants, from this surface cultivation, this freezing formalism, this fashionable insignificance. All civilized nations are not so unfortunate, however, as ourselves. The Germans, sensible fellows, spend that time in a right hearty living of life, which we devote to a very laborious nullification of it. If any still doubt that the spirit of respectability is the master influence with us, let them note that our children are far more frequently incited to study and do study, in order that they may escape the disgrace of duiness, than with a view of any intellectual power or pleasure they may so secure. And so, thousands of persons in every great city, who live in elegant mansions, dress extravagantly, dine luxuriously, and surround themselves with a very atmosphere of splendor and taste, are found submissively buying that little monitor entitled 'Five Hundred Mistakes in Speaking and Writing,' because forsooth, their English is sadly patched, if not out at the elbows.

There are a few in every community who do