



The Literary Gem.

THOUGHTS ON A NIGHT SCENE IN THE FOREST—A THUNDER STORM—GOD.

PART SECOND—NIGHT SCENE.

My path is lonely, all around is drear,
No murmur stirs along the vault of night;
From out whose womb some few pale stars appear;
And you sweet moon are all that glad the sight.
O! Solitude, how dreadful! Fancy's flight
Is on the shades where joyless phantoms reign;
Where hope hath faded with her bowers of light,
Where friendship dwells not, nor hath love a fane,
Borne on the wings of thought I sweep that spectral plain.

Where are the dead?—are they to dust consign'd,
Whose lofty minds their earthly thralldom spurn'd?
Are spirits quench'd, odores the grave unbind
Their mortal chains who earth in earth is urn'd?
Where are the dead—impetuous souls that burn'd
With wild imaginings—where are they now?
Lived they to fade?—Fare thou hast time return'd
And night thy womb hath mine; unveil thy brow,
Or give us back what time, nor earth, nor death could bow.

The radiant suns that glitter on thy breast
Illumine thee not, nor wither in thy shade;
Thy boundless wing surround the fancied Blest,
And on thy palm ten thousand worlds are laid,
Immeasurable Solitude! He who hath made
The rolling Universe—the vast unknown,
Bids starry Oceans from thy bosom fade,
And dawn again! He treadeth thee alone,
Yet even He, O night, surrenders thee thine own.

Perchance before the latter age o'erpass'd
This endless solitude, e'en on this spot
Some Indian sang his requiem to the blast;
In wilder numbers from a lyre untought—
Perchance his soul from night's dark bosom caught.
Sublimar glories as his songs were pour'd;
Perchance he bow'd to Him—yet who does not—
Our God is still with various names ador'd;
Who worships nature bows to the apparent Lord.

O, could the past surrender from its womb,
Forgotten deeds and glories that are fed;
Embattled heroes from oblivion's tomb,
Unwritten splendors of the mighty dead;
Triumphant hymns that echoed to the tread
Of Indian warriors as they swept along,
When o'er the warpath mighty tribes were led,
Fired on to glory by traditions song—
Of father's fam'd who fell though in battle strong.

But where are they? quench'd in oblivions night,
And o'er their tombs the towering pine tree waves,
No record glows to tell the Indian's might—
Dimm'd are their memories, nameless are their graves.
Unblest and desolate the Indian braves
The forest now that knew his father's fame;
The few that live have stoop'd to be the slaves
Of whiteman's traffic. Deathless be the name
Of fallen glory on the page of christian name!

Iunissl, C.S., Oct., 1851.

SILVICOLA.

A CURIOUS RELIC.

We saw a man yesterday, who had in his possession a pocket knife upwards of 80 years old. The blade was about four inches long, and an inch wide, rounding at the point. It was manufactured by an Indian in the Mackinaw country,

war, the bone on one side was from the thigh of an Indian, and that on the other from the thigh bone of an English soldier, killed at the heights of Abraham, in Canada, where General Wolfe lost his life. From the associations connected with it, it has become a great curiosity. It is really a relic of the past.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

When the mind calls up the memories of the thrilling history connected with the events in which the three pieces composing this wonderful knife, were placed in a position to be put to their present use, how full are they of strange thoughts?

A sword used in the great French and Indian wars against the then British colonists, now composing the mighty American Republic; a war in which General Braddock fell, and in which the noble youth of Washington distinguished himself for skill and bravery. The thigh bone of some savage war chief, whose wild whoop had startled many a Colonist soldier from his sleep, and whose possessor had scalped the trembling female, or danced before the midnight fire, before the battle in the gloomy forest. The bone of one of the conquerors of the bloody heights of Abraham; the companion of the noble hero General Wolfe; the combatant of the gallant Montcalm, with whom fell in North America, forever, French ascendancy. How eventful was that day, and how fiercely struggled the two armies, British and French, to maintain a power over Canada. The day was as direful for France as Waterloo. She lost an empire and England gained one. She lost her prestige and England gained it. It was the forerunner of Waterloo. The sufferings of the British American colonists were very great caused by the incursions of savages accompanied by Frenchmen. Terrible massacres were committed. The midnight fire of the white man's house often glared up to the sky mingled with the screams of dying women and children. The Valley of the Great Lakes and all of the Western Territory, now composing Ohio and Western Pennsylvania, Indiana, Western New York, Illinois, and Canada, were then full of savage tribes most of whom were opposed to the English settlers and in league with France. Against these, between the years 1700 and 1760, the American colonists were constantly obliged to guard themselves. The treacherous French made use of these savage allies. The thigh bone was that of one of these warriors. That blade manufactured in France had drunk the life blood of many a poor colonist and had flashed in the fires of the Indian wigwam, and in those of the burning colonist's home. The mind calls up the dreadful night when thousands of brave Britons, in the stillness of darkness, scrambled up the heights of Abraham, in the darkness before the day, when embattled hosts encountered each other in the deadly fight. When the day broke and the sun shown upon the two armies how sad were the thoughts of thousands at the coming event. Two things were certain, that one army must yield and thousands must fall and die. Wives and children dwell on the fates of husbands parents and brothers. The two armies were equally confident of success and fired with the greatest enthusiasm; led on by two remarkably brave men they commenced the awful and wicked strife of war. A few hours after all was over, and the field of battle stood before God,—the scene of murder, thick with mangled men, horses, carriages and fire arms. Wolfe lay in the arms of his comrades dying; Montcalm annoyed at the defeat, soon after died. The handle of

used often by the Indian who made it, probably in bloody strife. The Indian owner probably used it in the American Revolution and in the war of 1812, alternately against British and Americans. It has drunk the warm blood of his own Indian foes, and has struck the beating heart of the red deer. Where are the possessors of its components and he who made it? Gone forever from earth and their names and memory have perished. Oh vanity! vanity!

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.

Last week, Mr. Watson, stone-cutter here, obtained a large block of red sandstone, from the low quarry of Lochabriggs. While busy squaring the stone, a loose layer was removed, and on the face of the block thus displayed, a long indentation became visible. When examined it proved to be the mark of a human foot, which must have been impressed upon the mass of clay, now, in the course of ages afterwards petrified into hard and solid stone. At the heel and great toe the impress was considerable, from three quarters of an inch to an inch, and the whole print of the foot was sharp and distinct. When Robinson Crusoe discovered a foot-mark on the sand on his lonely island, he could scarcely have been more surprised than Mr. Watson at this revelation. Several persons in town were shown this remarkable and interesting trait of humanity stereotyped upon the rock.—*Dumfries Standard*.

It has seldom been our lot to allude to a more wonderful and strange discovery than this. We can scarcely credit so strange a thing. The Island of Scotland could not have been dwelt in by man long prior to the flood. The flood happened according to received chronology less than 5,000 years ago. Man was upon the face of the earth scarcely 2,000 years before the flood, and in these days lived according to the Bible an immense age. The latter circumstance would people the earth and multiply population much faster than at present. The earth may have been inhabited generally before the flood, and Scotland may have had its antediluvian races. But then the question comes up, is the stone upon which this impression of a human foot was made of so recent an origin as 6,000 years. Red sandstone is considered by geologists of very remote formation. Some limestone is of much more recent formation. The tracks of immense birds have been found impressed upon the red stone near the shores of the American Rivers. Scotland and England, as well as Ireland, were, no doubt, inhabited by savages long prior to the arrival of Julius Cæsar in England. He arrived there about half a century before the appearance of Christ. The races of men that inhabited Europe all sprung from the same race. The red sandstone formation is supposed to be more remote than the first appearance of man on earth. Much of our limestone rock must have been formed prior to the creation of man and when the earth was covered by a wilderness of waters, and was "void and without form." Mr. Lyell gives instances of the examination of limestone ridges that plainly show the grooves or constant rubbings of islands of ice passing over them about Newfoundland, very high above the present sea mark. The limestone ridge between Ontario and Erie over which the Falls tumble was formed under the sea and has existed as long as the Falls have. This is the barrier that impedes the progress southward of the Falls and has impeded them certainly for a period exceeding 6,000 years. Red sand stone is much older than limestone. It is a matter of