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ATHEISM

BY MRS. L. E. SIGOURNEY.

The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God.—
Ps. xiv. 1.

"No God, no God!" the simple flower
That on the wild is found,
Shrinks as it drinks its cup of dew,
And trembles at the sound;
"No God!" astonished echo cries
From out her cavern hear,
And every wandering bird that flies
Reproves the Atheist's lore.

The solemn forest lifts its head,
The Almighty to proclaim;
The brooklet on her crystal bed,
Doth leap to praise his name;
High sweeps the deep and vengeful sea,
Along its billowy track,
And red Vesuvius opens its mouth,
To hurl the falsehood back.

The palm-tree, with its princely crest,
The cocoa's leafy shade—
The breadfruit bending to its load,
In you far island glade—
The winged seeds, borne by the winds,
The roving sparrows feed—
The melons of the desert sands
Confute the searmer's creed.

"No God!" with indignation high
The fervent sun is scirred,
And the pale moon turns paler still,
At such an impious word;
And from their burning thrones, the stars,
Look down with angry eye,
That such a worm of dust should mock
Eternal Majesty!

SLEIGHING SONG.

O! the raging sea has joy for me,
When the gales and tempests roar;
But give me the speed of a foaming steed,
And I'll ask for the waves no more.
O scurry we go, o'er the sleazy snow,
When moonbeams sparkle round;
When hoofs keep time to the music's chime,
As merrily on we bound.
On a winter's night, when hearts are light,
And health is on the wind,
We loose the rein and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind.
With a laugh and song, we glide along
Across the sleazy snow;
With friends beside, how swift we ride
On the beautiful track below.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE.

James Morgan, a native of Maryland, married at an early age, and soon after settled near Bryant's Station in the wilds of Kentucky. Like most pioneers of the west, he had cut down the cane, built a cabin, decimated the timber, enclosed a field with a worm fence and planted some corn.

It was on the 7th of August, 1782. The surrounding wood: the cane bowed under its influence, and the broad green leaves of the corn waved in the air. Morgan had seated himself in the door of his cabin, and with his infant on his knees. His young and happy wife had laid aside her spinning wheel, and was busily engaged in preparing the fragrant meal. That afternoon he had accidentally found a bundle of letters which he had finished reading to his wife before he had taken his seat in the door. It was a correspondence in which they acknowledged an ardent and early attachment for each other, and the perusal left evident traces of joy to the countenances of both: the little infant, too, seemed to partake of its parents' feelings by its cheerful smiles, playful humor, and infantile caresses. While thus agreeably employed, the report of a rifle was heard; another followed in quick succession.—Morgan sprang to his

feet, his wife ran to the door, and they both simultaneously exclaimed "Indians!"

The door was immediately barred, and the next moment their fears were realized by a bold and spirited attack of a small party of Indians. The cabin could not be successfully defended, and the time was precious. Morgan, cool, brave, and prompt; soon decided. While he was in the act of concealing his wife under the floor, a mother's feelings overcame her—she arose, seized the infant, but was afraid its cries would betray the place of concealment. She hesitated—gazed silently upon it—a momentary struggle between duty and affection took place. She once more pressed her child to her agitated bosom, and again and again kissed it with impassioned tenderness. The infant, alarmed at the profusion of tears that fell upon its cheek, looked up in its mother's face, threw its little arms around her neck and wept aloud. "In the name of heaven, Eliza, release the child or be lost," said the distracted husband, in a soft, imploring tone, as he forced the infant from his wife, hastily took up his gun, knife, and hatchet, and ran up the ladder that led to his chamber, and drew it up after him. In a moment the door was burst open and the savages entered.

By this time Morgan had secured his child in a bag, and lashed it to his back; then, throwing some clapnets from the cabin's roof, he resolutely leaped to the ground. He was assailed by two Indians. As one approached he knocked him down with the butt of his gun. The other advanced with uplifted tomahawk; Morgan let fall his gun and closed in. The savage made a blow and missed, but severed the cord that bound the infant to his back, and it fell. The contest over the child was carried on with knives only. The robust and athletic Morgan at length got the ascendancy: both were badly cut, and bled freely, but the stab of the white man was deeper, and the savage soon fell to the earth in death. Morgan hastily took up his child and hurried off.

The Indians in the house, busily engaged in drinking and plundering, were not apprised of the contest in the yard until the one that had been knocked down gave signs of returning life, and called them to the scene of action. Morgan was pursued, and a