

MISCELLANY.

"Various that the mind of desultory man,
Studies of change, and pleas'd with novelty,
May be indulg'd."

ered on the still bosom of the lake and glared upon the gaze of the beholder. Having wearied themselves with exertion, they all betook themselves to rest at midnight, with the exception of stationed sentinels. Early in the silence of night, was frequently seen to start from his rest and strike in a furious manner with his battle-axe, starting the silence of night with his frightful screams, and his comrades who gripped their battle-axes, which they held in their hands the firmer.

As soon as morning's orient tints crimsoned over the sky, the Hurons arose; and, after an impressive oration an appeal to them, on the part of their Chiefs, by which the secret passions of their hearts glowed with savage fire, they marched towards their enemies, whom they met encamped upon the plain where they had rested the previous evening. The Chippawas retreated before them to the Banks of the River Sables, when turning upon them with a piercing yell which shook the forest, the Hurons gave way again wheeled upon them with horrid shouts and again gave way. The Chippawas attacked them in turn and received a second repulse; when, a company of Hurons attacking them in rear, the fight became indiscriminate. It was on this savage butchery that Blackfoot fell by his brother Eagle, an arrow having pierced his heart sent by Little Bear, one of the rival chiefs of the enemy. Eagle, thus left alone, sustained the united attack of Great Moose and Little Bear, and with one stroke of his war-club he laid the latter dead at his feet, having at the same time received a severe blow from the battle axe of Great Moose in his head. He grappled his opponent and stabbed him through the breast with his dirk, and received at the same time a corresponding wound in his back, from an enemy. The two chiefs, after struggling for a time, fell firmly grasped in each other's embrace of death, bleeding with wounds. The Hurons, having got the better of the Chippawas, pursued through the woods the stragglers and killed them without mercy wherever they found them. Many of their bones and skeletons may be seen at this day, though many years have rolled their rounds since that time, scattered thro' that country.

The Hurons returned victorious though with great loss having completely rid the country of the Chippawas for the present. Such is the sketch of an Indian Legend: although not famous, still it may deserve a place on the records of fame, with its chiefs in after song.

BRITON.

C. M. 23

RESIGNATION.—A military officer being at sea, in a dreadful storm, his lady, who was waiting near him, and filled with alarm for the safety of the vessel, was so surprised at his composure and serenity, that she cried out, 'My dear, are you not afraid? How is it possible you can be so calm in such a storm?' He arose from a chair lashed to the deck, and supporting himself by a pillar of a bed place, he drew his sword, and pointing it to the breast of his wife, he exclaimed, 'Are you not afraid?' She instantly replied, 'No, certainly not.' 'Why,' said the officer. 'Because,' rejoined the lady, 'I know the sword is in the hand of my husband, and he loves me too well to hurt me.' 'Then,' said he, 'remember I know in whom I have believed, and that he holds the winds in his fist & the waters in the hollow of his hand.'

HOMER AND VIRGIL. Homer was the greatest genius, Virgil the better artist: in the one we admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careless magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream. And, when we look upon their machines, Homer seems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, shaking Olympus, scattering the lightnings, and firing the heavens; Virgil, like the same power in his benevolence, counselling with the gods, laying plans for empires, and ordering the whole creation. [Pope's Preface.

TRAVELLING AND THE CENSORSHIP IN LOMBARDY.—No inhabitant is allowed to leave Milan for the purpose of travelling without the permission of the Austrian authorities, which is with difficulty obtained, and, when granted is limited to a year—confiscation of property and other penalties attending an extension of the authorised period. In addition to the vexatious inquisition exercised into domestic meetings and private society, a censorship of the most vigorous nature emasculates every literary publication "Look (exclaimed our new acquaintance, with just and trembling indignation, drawing forth a card with his name and address inscribed,) even this, before it can be issued, must be submitted to the censorship."—[Dates and Distances.

THE MOON.—There is, I know not why, something peculiarly pleasing to the imagination in contemplating the Queen of Night, when she is wading, as the expression is, among the vapors which she has not the power to dispel, and which on their side are unable entirely to quench her lustre. It is the striking image of patient virtue, calmly treading her path through good report and bad report, having that excellence in herself, which ought to command all admiration, but bedimmed in the eyes of the world, by suffering, by misfortune, by calamity.

There is a singular society formed in Lincoln by a few young men called "The last man." embracing the following regulation:—A bottle of wine is sealed up in a neat mahogany case, and at a particular period of the year lots are cast by the whole society to determine in whose care the case shall remain, and that person at Christmas is bound to give either a dinner or supper to the whole of the society. The bottle of wine is to be kept sealed up so long as two of the society remain alive, and when "the last man" is left he is to open the bottle and drink the Wine to the memory of his former friends.—[Stamford Mercury.

Once allow a man to turn seventy he has then escaped the fatal three score and ten, and would consider himself an ill-used person should he receive notice of ejection a day short of ninety. Ninety comes, and he grows insolent. Death, he thinks, has passed on, and overlooked him. He asks why nature has so long delayed to claim her debt. She has suffered thrice seven years to elapse beyond the period usually assigned for payment, and he indulges in wild fancies of a statute of limitations. In his most rational moments he talks of nothing but old Parr. He burns his will, marries his house keeper, rector's son and heir, who is seventy, and names his grand-child (a lad of fifty,) for keeping late hours.

SHORT SENTENCES. Do more good than long speeches—we can remember the one, while we can scarcely find time to read the other. One is like a guide post, distinctly pointing out a way; the other like a general map, in which we are puzzled, after a long search, to find where we are. Neither Solomon nor Solon, Napoleon nor Franklin, were famous for long speeches; nor was it a long speech that made Belshazzar quake, or Felix tremble