

WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

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NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

THE CARRIER OF THE
"Victoria Magazine," & "Wilson's Experiment,"
TO HIS PATRONS.

The ground is white with frost and snow,
The sleighs are darting to and fro,
The sky is bright and clear.

While at each corner of the street,
Sleigh loads of turkeys you will meet,
To grace the coming year.

And plump and rosy country cousins,
Are flocking into town by dozens,
To buy their winter gear.

The men are laughing, joking, sparking,
Pigs are grunting—dogs are barking,
There never, sure, was seen such larking
In any other year.

The merchants sing a doleful song
About hard times, with faces long,
No money to be had.

No cash to pay for farm produce,
And scarce enough for their own use,
It never was so bad.

But what care farmers for such things,
They till their lands—and feast like kings,
And all are warmly clad.

They feed their stock and raise their wheat,
Their girls make stockings for their feet,
With good dry wood their stoves they heat,
And should they not be glad?

In Front Street Wilson may be seen
Chuckling o'er his "Magazine,"
In all its splendid colors.

He rubs his hands and strokes his chin,
While new subscribers dropping in,
Pay him down the dollars.

For Joseph Wilson is not slow
He's got two strings to every bow
That he holds in his fist.

The "Magazine" he'll first present,
But if on saving you are bent,
He tries his grand "Experiment,"
To get you on his list.

Next comes along quite sleek and civil,
The little harmless "Printer's Devil,"
Who takes the papers round.

No nap from the infernal fold
Did ever look so blue and cold
Upon the frozen ground.

He blows his fingers as he goes,
And with his mittens rubs his nose,
And hastens on with joy.

He greets you with the best of cheer,
And wishes you all "a happy New Year,"
Give what you please, and never fear,
'T will please the "Carrier Boy."

POSTSCRIPT.

Alas! the snow's entirely gone,
The thaw has come—the sleighing's done,
We're used up now I guess.

What shall we do?—our hopes below
Melt just as fast as ice and snow,
Or our "New Year's Address."

What carriage now is to be found,
To bear us o'er the bare black ground,
And puddles in the street.

How shall we make our annual calls?
How shall we go to all the balls?
The mud and slush our sight appals,
And clogs up all our feet.

The times now sadden us the more,
For in each idle shop and store,
They're making up their bills.

What can they do—with well filled sheaves,
It's time to try and help themselves,
And fill their empty tills.

Black Snipes are flying rough the air,
With lengthy bills, (not bills of fare,)
The boldest heart they well may scare;
They're worse than Doctors' pills.

"A Merry New Year" in time of need:
A friend is now a friend indeed;
Ye Gods give us a hint!

Send us some frost with lots of snow,
Until the roads are hard below,
Just for "a New Year's Gift;"

And free the writer from the bore,
Of two imps waiting at his door,
Impatient all the time.

And last of all on this great day,
Of gifts and gabble, think I pray,
That there will be the "Devil to pay,"
For this poor stupid rhyme.

* A fact.

Sketches of Aboriginal Life.

THE AZTEC PRINCESS;

CHAPTER VI.

MUNIFICENCE OF MONTEZUMA.—THE
ROYAL BANQUET—THE REQUITAL—
THE EMPEROR A PRISONER IN HIS
OWN PALACE.

"Was that thunder?"

Those splendid halls resound with revelry,
And song, and dance lead on the tardy dawn.

From the hall of his fathers in anguish he fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo his tread.

(Continued from our last.)

The monarch was thunderstruck at the charge, which he, as usual, the few attendants that remained near his person, with difficulty restrained the expression of their indignation at the disrespectful tone of the address, so unlike that to which the royal ears were accustomed. He peremptorily denied the charge. But Cortez was not to be foiled thus. He knew that he had now gone too far to retract, and that the change of feeling now produced would ensure his speedy destruction, if he failed of securing the object of the present interview. He, therefore, repeated the charge, assuring the monarch that such was the belief of all his men, and that nothing would convince them of his innocence, or make them willing to rest quietly in the capital, but the consent of the king to transfer his residence, for a time, to their quarters. And this he boldly demanded of him, in the name of their common sovereign, the great king of Castile, and he could not refuse obedience, without breaking allegiance with him.

"When was it ever known," exclaimed the astonished and offended king, "that the monarch of a great people voluntarily left his own palace, to become a prisoner in the camp of a foreign nation.—If I should consent to such indignity, my own subjects would every where cry out against it, and a storm would be raised, which could only be hushed when the last Spaniard was sacrificed to the outraged honor of their king, and the wrath of their offended gods."

"No my imperial lord," replied the politic and smooth tongued knight, "your majesty entirely misapprehends my meaning, and the position in which I would place you. I only propose a temporary removal from one of your royal palaces to another, a thing of frequent occurrence, and therefore not likely to excite remark among your people. You can bring all your household and your court with you, and have the same royal attendance, as you now do. This show of confidence and regard, on your part, will inspire my men with new confidence in your kind intentions, and give stability in the eyes of your own people, to the friendly relations existing between us."

Montezuma still protested that it was unworthy the dignity and majesty of the sovereign lord of Anahuac, thus to submit his motions to the direction of strangers, as it was a daring presumption and impiety, on their part, to suggest it. He therefore, peremptorily declined the proposal, and requested the general to say no more about it, if he would retain the position he now held in his regard, and that of his people.

Upon this, the iron-souled Castilian assumed a loftier aspect, and a bolder tone, and abruptly assured the monarch that it was a point he was not at liberty to dispense with. If he would not remove peaceably and quietly to the Spanish quarters, he must be carried there forcibly, though it should involve a struggle that should drench the palace in blood, and sacrifice the life of every man in his army.

Suddenly, the spirit of the monarch was gone.—His old dread of the white man revived in all its power. He felt himself compelled by the destiny, to do as he was required. Signifying his assent to the haughty demand of the stranger, he ordered his nobles to make ready his palanquin, that he might go in royal state, and not appear in the eyes of his subjects, as he passed along, as a prisoner in his own capital.

With looks of astonishment, not unmingled with indignation, the proud chiefs obeyed, marching under their royal burden, with solemn peace and downcast looks, in utter silence, but nursing in their hearts an implacable hatred against the insulting Castilians, and a burning rage, which was yet to burst upon their devoted heads in an overwhelming storm of wrath. As they passed the threshold of the imperial palace, which their once proud but now humbled lord was never to recross, they heaved a deep sigh, as if the dark shadows of the future already hung frowningly over their heads.—It was responded to by a deep, mysterious, sepulchral groan, which seemed to issue from the very heart of the earth, while, at the same instant, a royal eagle, sailing proudly over the capital, struck by an invisible leaden messenger from one of the sure-sighted marksmen in the Castilian camp, fluttered in his lofty flight, drooped his strong wing, and, with a terrible death shriek, the blood streaming freely from his wound, fell into the court, at the very feet of the royal procession.

The fate of Montezuma, and of his empire, was now sealed. He had, with his own hand, taken the crown from his head, and laid it at the feet of the Spaniard. And, more than all, he had humbled himself in the eyes of his own subjects, and diminished, though few were hardy enough to avow it, the profound respect and reverence with which they were accustomed to regard him. To his own immediate household, he had represented this removal as a voluntary act of courtesy, on his part, designed to compliment the strangers, by becoming, for a time, their guest, and to inspire them, by his personal presence among them, with confidence in his professions of regard, as well as to show his own people how strong the bond of amity was between them. At the same time, however, that he assured them of his personal safety and his confidence that all would end well, he recommended his wives and children to leave him, for the present, and take up their abode in his rural mountain palace at Chapultepec.

The timid and sensitive Tecuichpo was thrown into the deepest distress by this suggestion. She could not doubt the repeated assurances of her royal father, and yet she could not divest herself of the sad impression that his liberty, and perhaps his life was in danger, in thus separating himself from the strong arms and devoted hearts of his own people, his natural protectors, and throwing himself, unarmed, into the garrison of the fearful strangers. What security could she have that he would ever return, or that violence would not be offered to his sacred person by those who looked upon him only as the vassal of their own sovereign, to be used for his purposes and theirs, as their own selfishness and rapacity might dictate.

"Leave us not, my dear father," she exclaimed, "or at least compel not us to leave you. Rather in darkness and in trouble than at any other time, would we stand at your side, to administer, as far as we may, to your comfort, and to share, and perhaps lighten, your sorrows."

"Nay, my beloved child," the grateful monarch calmly replied, "I have no need, at this time, of your solace, or your counsel. I go among friends, who respect my person and my authority, and who well know that their own safety in Tenochtitlan, depends entirely upon retaining my friendship, which alone can shield them from being overwhelmed, and swept away like chaff, before the countless hosts of my warrior bands. Why then should I fear for myself. But for you, and your mother, and your sisters, the camp of the strangers is not a fitting place for you. They have customs of their own, and are slow to recognize the propriety of ours, deeming us, as they do, an inferior race of beings. They are bold and free in their manners, quite too much so for the refined delicacy of an Aztec maiden, or an Aztec matron, as you yourself both saw and felt, at the festival of their reception. How shall I expose you to the rude gaze of these foreign cavaliers, and perhaps to the rude speeches of their soldiers. No, my beloved, go to your retirement at Chapultepec, and train the flowers there for my coming, which will be at the approaching festival of the new moon."

"But will you certainly come to us then, my dear father? Karce says?"

"Trouble me not with the dreams of Karce, my sweet child. They are not always as loyal as they should be. I believe I am right in what I am now doing, and I cannot be diverted from it by the mystic night visions of your favorite. Go, and the gods, be with you."

So saying, he tore himself from her embrace, and returned to his own apartments to attend himself to his toilette.

The fiery, high spirited Guatimozin was so disgusted with this act of suicidal cowardice, on the part of his royal master, that he withdrew at once from the city, taking with him his servants and retainers, as well as his immense private treasures, and took up his abode at his country palace or castle, where he lived in all the pseudo-regal state and magnificence of a feudal baron, or a petty sovereign. Here he opened a correspondence with a large number of the principal nobles of the realm, who, like him, felt that the time had come to prepare for a terrible crisis. They concerted no measures, for they dared not move openly without the command or assent of their master; but they exchanged sentiments, and encouraged each other in their patriotic purpose, to defend their country from subjugation to a foreign foe, and their altars from desecration.

Passing Chapultepec on his way, the noble Prince sought an interview with his lovely mistress, to inform her that while the pledge he had given, in accepting the proffered rose, over the sparkling fountain of Tenochtitlan, should be sacredly regarded, he must be allowed to see with his own eyes, when danger was near, and to raise his arm in her defence, and in that of his country, from whatever quarter the threatened danger might come. He found her, bathed in tears, wandering wildly up and down, amid the shade of the tall cypresses that overhang and almost bury that mountain retreat. Her raven hair had escaped from its pearl-studded band, and was flying loosely in the breeze; the wonted bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brilliant lustre of her dark flashing eye had given way to a sad and subdued expression, which was more in keeping with the uniform mildness and gentleness of her spirit. Separated from her adored parent, and banished from the city of her love and her pride, she began to feel more deeply than she had ever done, the terror of those dark omens which had clouded her destiny, and marked her out as the doomed Princess of Anahuac. While she could cling to her father, and feel that she saw