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## Heroes.

O LIBERTY ! thou glorious thing,  
Inspire my tongue and pen,  
Vouchsafe thy spirit while we sing  
Of high heroic men.  
Say not the old heroic age  
Is wholly passed away,  
And that the hero saint and sage  
Unknown are in our day,

For there are high heroic hearts  
From money-worship free,  
Hearts stout and brave that never have  
To Mammon bent the knee.  
Yes, we have heroes, tho' they're few,  
Who lead a manly life,  
Are to themselves and honor true,  
Where all dishonors rife.

Great earnest souls, that here in time  
Have scaled the heights of duty,  
And caught some tone of the sublime  
Immortal realm of beauty ;  
Who find no nobler work to do,  
(A work the great world shuns)  
Than bringing hope and solace to  
Earth's poor downtrodden ones.

True men, of what the world calls birth,  
And yet despising some  
Of those who proudly walk the earth,  
As but its titled scum.  
Men who despise wealth's heartless game  
(Too few are they alas)  
And have to blush for very shame  
Of deeds done by their class.

Yes, we could point to more than one  
True gentleman and scholar,  
That, like a pestilence do shun  
Each dirty unearned dollar.  
Yes, there are men within our ken,  
Who would disdain to lay  
Wealth's traps to catch their fellow-men,  
As they were beasts of prey.

True gentlemen 'bove all that's mean,  
With hearts both stout and brave,  
Whose mission is to stand between  
The tyrant and the slave ;  
And while with tyranny they strive,  
Hate not the erring creature,  
The noble souls ! that keep alive  
Our faith in human nature.

Yes, men of whom we're proud to say—  
Tho' all unknown to fame,  
They put such fellows as John A.  
To everlasting shame.  
And such a one we'd rather be  
With neither blood nor birth ;  
The hearts they bear we'd rather wear  
Than all the crowns of earth.

ALEXANDER MCLACHLAN.

## THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS,

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

### CHAP. VIII.

As Mr. Tremaine, having ceased reading, was folding his manuscript and replying to sundry comments on the part of Mr. Bramley in respect to the story just narrated, a loud snore from Mr. Gramshaw's berth proclaimed the fact that that redoubtable mariner was wholly oblivious of all that was going on, and if the truth must be told he had been so since the middle of the narrative. He had at first made most heroic and strenuous efforts to display a tremendous amount of interest in the recital, and had

fired off occasional remarks, such as "Wonderful!" "Hah!" "Go on, Tremaine," and so forth, like minute guns at stated periods, but as the story proceeded he had, so to speak, become more and more irregular in these verbal discharges, and had finally punctuated the different passages in it with snores of immense power and resonance. When, however, the speaker's voice ceased he had started up with one gigantic effort of his nose, and assuming the air of a man who had been intensely interested, exclaimed:—

"I never heard anything like it, upon my word; did you, gentlemen? but help yourselves. Why, sir," looking at Mr. Yubbitts, who was reclining in a very limp and uncomfortable attitude on the locker, with an exceedingly white and ghastly face, "you look pale; is anything wrong?"

Mr. Yubbitts, upon whom, during the reading of Mr. Tremaine's story, the fact had been gradually dawning that a cigar is a very poor antidote to sea-sickness, had helped himself somewhat freely to the steaming beverage upon the table with the laudable desire of overcoming the attacks of that detestable enemy. Instead, however, of having the intended and much desired effect, the punch had produced an entirely contrary one, and Mr. Yubbitts was in a very bad way indeed, for, having eaten nothing since he had rushed 'forrud' to cogitate about those peak halliards, his interior mechanism was in no way fitted, as may easily be imagined, to cope successfully with such foes as the allied powers of tobacco and the fumes of rum punch, the latter of which on finding plenty of room to disport themselves inside that gallant Pickwickian, had taken advantage of the unprotected state of the fortress and had mounted rapidly to the citadel, or in other words to Mr. Yubbitts' head. He, however, made a desperate though most unsuccessful effort to appear at his ease, and, regarding Mr. Tremaine with one eye closed, he reached forth his hand to grasp that of the gentleman mentioned, and said:—

"Ish mosh storn'ry; mosh stronery," beginning in a very high key and dropping his voice to a most sepulchral tone as he proceeded. "Mish Tremaine, thatsh cap'tal story, an' love you like brothersh; Bramle, love you like brothersh; love you all like brothersh; letsh have s'more punch." Here he rose unsteadily from his seat and was about to cross over to Mr. Tremaine's chair with the intention of claspng that person to his bosom in a fraternal embrace, when, the vessel giving a somewhat heavier roll than usual, he staggered backwards, and falling with a terrific crash, struck one of the panels of the cabin door with such force that his head went clear through it, and he lay, unable to move, and apparently with but little desire to do so, presenting to any one who might happen to be outside the cabin, the extraordinary phenomenon of a head without any visible body attached to it. At this moment, a little vagrant terrier, the property of some passenger who was probably in that bodily and mental state of prostration so common during the first few days of a sea voyage, when for aught he cares all his belongings might be in Davy Jones' locker, came sniffng past, and surprised, though not awed by the apparition of the trunkless head, made a vigorous spring towards it and seizing a large bunch of Mr. Yubbitts' hair in his teeth, probably laboring under the delusion that he had discovered some new species of rat, shook it with a violence that caused the head to emit sounds perfectly blood-curdling in their hideousness. In vain Mr. Yubbitts protested against this rough treatment; the dog enjoyed it if he did not, and the louder the latter