

A BLACK RIVER REVERIE.

WITH silvery sheen the rounded moon
Illumines forest, lake and stream;
Like skeletons, the leafless trees
Wave answer back to night owl's scream.

The glistening snow, so pure and white,
Unsulled yet by earth's foul breath,
Mutely pleads for holier lives,
And innocence to last till death.

Fond memory flies, with pensive wing,
To brighter scenes in other lands,—
A father's eye, a mother's love,
The tender care of vanished hands.

And sad reflexion brings to view
Hell's direst curse,—a wasted life;
The closing scene must set in gloom,
When with regrets the heart is rife!

But, hark! what savage yells are those
(Commingled, too, with cries of pain)
That rend the stillness of the night,
And wake the world to life again?

The Indian's war-cry, too, I hear,
(Blood-curdling shouts that chill the heart)
And trampling feet, and shrieks that tell
That life and limb will quickly part.

Some fellow creature in distress,
Pursued by redskin's savage hate;
But vain will be the race for life,
For death will be the runner's fate!

And shall I let these devils wreak
Their vengeance on a white man's head,
And strike no blow, however weak,
To save him from a fate so dread?

With eager haste I seized my stick,
(The only weapon chance could give)
And vow by every sainted name,
"I'll either die or he shall live!"

I rush before the raging throng,
I lift on high my wooden brand;
With scornful jeers they bear me down,
And dash the weapon from my hand.

They raise me to my feet unhurt,
They point to him who flees amain;
With knitted brow they hoarsely shout,
His blood we've sworn our hands shall stain!

What are his faults? what is his crime?
I do not pause to ask or think,
The murderer's thirst burns in my veins,
The thirst that must have blood to drink.

I join as one the savage crew,
Forgetful of my solemn vow;
The madd'ning thirst for living blood
Turns pity into murder now!

By cruel fate, the flier falls;
With brutal yells we gather round;
Fast and furious rain the blows,
And blood-gouts stain the snow-clad ground.

Bereft of friends, bereft of hope,
His life he scarcely cares to save;
Reproachful eyes he bends on me—
Those eyes will haunt me to the grave.

Yet, still like tiger brought to bay,
Our victim fights in wild despair;
'Arf a brick I leave at 'is 'ed—
Somebody's Tom lies purrless there!

THE JUNIOR PICKWICKIANS;

AND THEIR MEMORABLE TRIP TO NORTH AMERICA.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

"WELL, Crinkle," exclaimed Yubbitts, bursting into his friend's room at about eight o'clock a.m., on the following day, "how are you this morning, old fellow? How's the snake bite?"

Crinkle had, for the past hour been tossing restlessly about in bed in all the agonies of a splitting headache, and when Yubbitts threw open his room door and entered his department, he gave vent to a dismal moan.

"Oh! Yubbitts, my end is not far off," he groaned, "I feel terribly ill."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried Yubbitts, "why, man alive, you'll be as right as a trivet after I've administered a dose to you," and he touched the electric knob and summoned a bell boy who sharply made his appearance. "Here boy!" he continued, "bring up a bottle of soda water and some brandy. Stir your stumps; cut," and the boy disappeared.

"How's your fist, Crinkle?" asked Yubbitts, "ha! got it bandaged, I see, well, that's all right. I say, old chap, how muzzy you were, ha! ha!"

"Yubbitts, this is no laughing matter," said Crinkle dolefully. "I should have been a corpse by this time if I hadn't taken proper precautions."

"By the lord Harry!" exclaimed his friend, "we thought you were a corpse as it was when we first found you; but bosh! man, you'll be all right in a brace of shakes. Thanks, boy," he said, as the lad returned bearing the articles Yubbitts had ordered, "here now, take this; there she goes, pop, fizz!"—as he let the cork fly out of the soda water bottle, "now, down it goes while it's fizzing."

"Oh! Yubbitts, why can't you say effervesce!"—

"Drink it up, I say, or I'll shove the bottle down your throat; there now, don't you feel better already?" as Crinkle gulped down the refreshing draught.

"Well, it has somewhat alleviated the distressing sensations I experienced," replied Crinkle. "Yes, I am better."

"Told you so," said Yubbitts, "now, get into your togs and come down. I say, I'm afraid Bramley's booked."

"Booked! how? What do you mean? Surely he does not intend to return to England."

"No, no; you mistake my meaning," returned the other. "No, I don't think he'll go home just yet, what I mean is he's dead spoons on Miss Douglas—clean gone."

"What! Bramley!" cried Crinkle in a tone of intense surprise.

"Yes, Bramley; no less a person than Bramley. Bramley the faultless; Bramley the impregnable; the invulnerable Thomas himself; taken at the first assault of the Douglas battery, ha, ha!" said Yubbitts laughing with an air of keen relish and enjoyment.

"I am surprised," was all Crinkle said; "I am surprised," and indeed he looked so.

"Well, get up, old man; here are your togs," and he threw Crinkle's inexpressibles on the bed; "now, turn out; I'm going down stairs," and away he went, whistling merrily, to find Bramley and Coddleby already in the parlor in which they generally passed their time at the hotel—when not in the dining-room.

"Ha! good morning Thomas, good morning Algeron," he said as he entered. "Why, Bramley, you look uncommonly white about the gills; what's the matter?"