

a mound of new fallen snow: it was the natural grave of Tomar; there was nothing in that smooth, white heap, that could lead you to believe a human being slept beneath; there was nothing to distinguish it from the fallen trees and logs that lay around, similarly covered. Poor Tomar! oft will thy Lolah look forth along the path that leads to thy lowly hut; oft will thy dark-eyed children shout thy name through the forest to guide thee home; oft will they pause and listen, as the echo of their own voices, borne on the wings of the wind, leads them for a moment to believe it is the tones they shall never more hear on earth.

But at length comes the fearful confirmation to their terrors: his dogs come home alone, weary, exhausted, and Lolah knows that while their master lived they would not have deserted him; hope is gone—he is dead—and she and her little ones are utterly destitute. But the Great Spirit, “the father of the fatherless,” He that “forgetteth not the cause of the widow,” still watches over the bereaved family: a party of hunters of their own tribe pursued their game to the very door of the wigwam, and there killed it; they fed the destitute mother and her hungry babes, and then taking them under their protection, they led them through the trackless forest to the dwelling of their brethren and of their own people. Ye great and wise ones of the earth—ye who boast of your learning, your superior intellect, your civilisation—would ye have done likewise?



**A Fragment from the Autobiography
of a Duck.**

SOME men are said to make “ducks and drakes” of their fortune; my provident master, on the contrary, makes his fortune of ducks and drakes.

A large weedy pond on the borders of his little patrimony was the scene of my youthful pleasures. The place was surrounded by sedgy banks, agreeably shaded by willows which they call “weeping,” although I can assert from personal observation that they never ad-

ded a single tear-drop to our aquatic demesne. People may “cry them up,” but they never cry themselves.

In a snug nest, on the borders of this secluded place, I first “saw the light,” with eight brothers and sisters. Led by our dear mother, we might be seen on our birthday rushing instinctively towards the cooling element, as *bright* and *yellow* as a new *issue* of *gold* from the *Bank*!

My mother was congratulated upon the appearance of her family by all except an old duck, who was dabbling solitarily in the distance. “That old duck in the *weeds* yonder,” observed my mother, “is a *widow*, she has lately lost her drake, and feels no sympathy in my pleasure.” We rapidly gained strength, and were soon able to provide for ourselves; in fact no family ever went on more *swimmingly*. We were very gay, and sported about, with all the heedlessness of youth, during the day; and in the evening, harboured by her downy breast, we lay as snug as a little fleet in Brest harbour!

One day, in the midst of our pastime, the whole community was thrown into the utmost confusion by the bark of a dog, and the next minute the monster leaped into the water.

My mother, with her usual presence of mind, dived, and we, following her example, reached the opposite bank in safety. I do not know what might have been the consequences of this intrusion if our master and a friend had not arrived immediately, and expelled the dog; who went howling away to his owner,—a shabby-genteel fellow, who appeared on the opposite bank to our asylum; and so the affair ended with our master beating the dog, and our beating a retreat.

“Do you know that fellow?” inquired our master.

“O! very well,” replied his friend “’Tis Tim Consol, the stock-broker.—I suppose he wanted a pair of ‘white ducks,’ for he is very much out of ‘feather.’ What a ‘dabbler’ he has been! You know that he is a *lame duck*, I suppose? Yes; he lately *waddled*;