



HUMANITY, TEMPERANCE, PROGRESS.

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(ORIGINAL)

LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MY SISTER HELEN.

Helen my sister, like the flower
Of lovely June's bright morn,
The flower whose name is morning glory,
Whose lovely form full many an hour,
When with the sun it's was new born
I've seen thy fingers soft adorn;
Thy youthful beauty's shown!

Ere womanhood and maiden love
Had graced thy bloom,
Untimely death like midday's sun,
The morning glory did remove,
And send thy body to the tomb,
Expiring nature's final hour,
And youth's and age's doom.

The spring returns—the sun will rise,
Bright as each former one;
And crimson beauties deck the skies,
When morning comes and twilight dyes:
Unfading as the golden sun,
That through the heavens his courses run,
But thou art ever gone.

The flowers that deck the mountain's brow,
The thrush with song so rare,
Come oft again to greet our hills,
And mother nature's sweetness show:
But Helen thou art passed away,
On thy infant haunts no more to play,
To mingle with the clay!

Is this man's sure-awarded fate,
To live, to think, to die?
To nature see, the universe,
Behold bright suns, infinite great,
And yet with dust forever lie?
If so and we no more shall rise
To open other scenes our eyes,
Lies but a dream, a lie.

Written 29th December, 1835, by C. M. D.

THE PEDLAR AND HIS DOG

A TALE OF THE FAR WEST.

Some years ago I travelled through a portion of Michigan. I set on foot or rode as suited my purpose. I carried rich stores of jewelry to sell to those disposed to buy. My only companion during my journey, was a large dog of the Newfoundland breed. Lion was fit to be the king of his species. He was good natured and quiet, and there was something human in his eyes. He attended to his town business, and never quarrelled like curs of low degree. He would bear an insult from worthless puppies, with a philosophy worthy of emulation. And I never knew him on a few occasions, resent the audacious liberties of puppies in their growth. When his nose, however, was touchingly aroused, made such offenders a terrible warning to evil-doers. When I travelled, he trotted along by my side, and when I stopped to trade, he seated himself near me, and watched as my wares with a business-like expression. It annoyed him a little, but he would see my customers drag the goods from my pack, handle them with scornful freedom, which he expressed by a growl, while he followed every pace with his eyes, to see that they were not appropriated without proper compensation, and about my full consent.

He really took a strong dislike to those who were disposed to cheat with everything, and my prices in particular. I believe he knew the value of everything I carried, and the value I attached to them. Be this as it may, he seemed satisfied when I was and tried his tail when I made a good trade. He was an excellent watchdog, and there was no danger of anything confided to his being taken away. Customers were so scarce and uncertain, that I was often obliged to go on foot from one settlement to another. These journeys were anything but pleasant, and the country was then in the state of society anything but good. robberies were frequently perpetrated upon those lonely roads, and there were those who, to whom the rich stuff I carried would be a sufficient temptation to commit murder. The idea frequently occurred to me, while traveling through the wild woods of the West. But old Lion was always by my side, ready to die in my defence, and so to share in my wanderings. I always went armed. An

excellent brace of pistols, steel-barrelled, and loaded with lead, were never from my pocket—save long enough to see that they were in order—and at night they lay under my pillow. I felt quite safe with those and Lion, who was my companion of my nights as well as days. He always laid down between my bed and the door, with his face turned towards the latter. No one could enter without attracting the attention of Lion.

One day in the summer of 1833, I found myself in a small settlement on the border of a small lake, anxious to get forward to the next, which was about eighteen miles distant. No conveyance could be obtained without waiting all the next day, which I was not inclined to do, so I set out on foot. It was near night, and I walked forward briskly. I was not long in discovering that my expedient would be by no means an agreeable one.

The road—if road it could be called, was very bad, and through the thickest forest in this part of the country. The night too, crept on apace, and promised to be darker than common. But Lion trotted along by my side. I was a smart walker, and was confident I was getting over ground fast; so I didn't mind it much.

The darkness was on me before I was aware of it. It seemed to me that I had already walked eighteen miles, but I could see no settlement. This surprised me a little, for I was used to trading, and knew my ability to calculate distance. But I kept up a good heart, and went on, until I was quite certain I had mistaken my way, or been misinformed in regard to the distance. I concluded it would be best to keep the road that I was in until I reached some habitation.

In a short time I was obliged to make the resolution for I saw a light emanating from a cabin. I approached it as soon as possible. It was rather above the medium size. I thought I would be accommodated there very well. I had the appearance of being very comfortable within. I knocked for admission. The door was opened by a man. Now I am in a position to here in previous events, in-givings and all that sort of thing, but I certainly saw something in that man's countenance that I did not like, the moment I set my eyes on him. In a gruff voice he asked my business. I told him I had lost my way, and was under the necessity of asking accommodations. After hesitating a moment he asked me to enter. A tall female was seated in a corner near a large rock fireplace. She seemed busy in watching a piece of meat sizzling over the fire. It struck me I had never seen a more sympathetic countenance than hers. She hardly noticed my entry. She might as well have been a stone. Her face was remarkably bright, and shined in a degree to excite curiosity. Her nose was sharp and shining, as was indicated by her face. The head gear was not soiled, and beneath it grey hairs were visible. Her countenance was unlike anything I had ever seen. I could hardly keep my eyes off her. She, as well as the man looked eagerly at my pack as I had it down. The latter was a coarse looking fellow, and his countenance appeared more indicative of rapacity than that of the female.

During the conversation, after I entered, and he had seen the contents of my pack, I saw from him what I had suspected to be the case. I had taken in the wrong town.

A short time elapsed, and peace between the two, after which I was dismissed to my own way. This did not appear to me a very great matter, as I had time to observe my way and return.

The next day the case was set upon the table at length. I was not at all surprised, which I did not wish my host, who had been my guest, to know. I had a few articles which I carried, being my request, Lion took his station by my side, receiving a portion as he always did.

When I had finished I drew away from the board, and taking a paper from my pocket proceeded to be busy reading.

I looked up occasionally from under my brows, and was amazed to see the quality of the woman, as well as that of the man, staring off to my side. Her eyes grew animated, and in answer to her gaze, as the dog with evident signs of satisfaction.

Presently, I nodded over my paper, like a sleeping person. Instantly the number of the two persons became more alarming. The tall man laid his hand on the dog's head, and weighed it in her hand as if it were a serpent. Her eyes flashed like a serpent's, and she emitted a soft quantity of spittle, besides various jewelry and costly trinkets. I always made a practice of putting my outer coat in a bag, and depositing it in a corner of my pack, but my tools were placed in a belt which I wore next to my skin. After she had done this she motioned for him to come and sit down, which he did with apparently as much satisfaction as his object had experienced. He then opened the door softly, and

motioned the dog to go out. Though I have no doubt but Lion understood the pantomimes as well as anybody, he did not stir a stir, but lay at my feet as quietly as ever. At last the old hag grew impatient, and shook a poker at him. Lion showed two rows of white teeth, and uttered a low growl. The pantomime ceased instantly. The door was closed, and the poker returned to its place. I stirred a little. They were quick to observe me. "A fine dog," said the man, thinking probably I might hear the remark. "I reckon he wants to get out—he growls as though he did."

A pause followed this remark. He thought I might order him out, but I did not do such thing.

"Nice dog," the woman added, after a moment; "nice dog," and then she offered him a piece of meat and attempted to fondle him. Contrary to her expectations, Lion utterly refused the meat, and put an end to all familiarity by showing his teeth again in a very testy manner.

This was something very strange for him. I never before knew him to refuse meat when it was offered him. Had Lion shared my suspicions? Had his instinct taught him that the head outstretched was not a friendly one?

By this last hostility on the part of my dog, the hag appeared not a little disconcerted. She retreated almost behind my chair, and shook her skinny fist at him, but he did not condescend to express any uneasiness at that, and had energetic expression of her feelings.

I now thought it time to wake up, which I did, with a preparatory yawn or two. The same spavily came back and out upon the features of my entertainers. I made them understand that I wished to retire. There were but two apartments in the cabin, and both left the one I was in to make some arrangements for my accommodations in the other. They came out at length, and I was told my bed was ready. They watched my movements with considerable interest when I arose to retire. I started first without my pack on purpose. The faces of the worthy pair were lighted up, I returned and took it, and they fell in a moment. This was not all—I passed in first and the woman attempted to shut the door on Lion, but the latter putting forth his strength, sprang after me in an instant, almost upsetting the hag in the operation.

"I thought the creature would like to stay by the fire, said she, by way of apology.

"Call the villain out—'twas likely the gentleman wants to sleep in the room with the beast," added mine host, in a way that expressed a good deal of christian anxiety for my welfare.

"I prefer to have him with me," I answered.

"He won't eat that quarter of meat in three, will he?"

"Oh, no, I answered. You are quite right—he never takes anything that is not his."

They had provided me with a dim tallow candle, and the first thing I did was to examine everything in the room. It was pretty well lumbered up. Various kinds of vegetables occupied different corners, among which were pumpkins, potatoes, melons, &c. and a quarter of venison, some jerked beef, and skins of animals. It was a poor concern, the frame being made of round poles, in the same state they were taken from the wood; and the cooking upon it was coarse enough for a hermit. But what struck me as being a little singular, was, that the bed was turned towards the partition separating the two rooms, and right opposite the pillow was a wide crack, which had the appearance of being left open by design.

I began to feel queer, (and that is not just the word to express what I mean) I had large sums of money about me, enough to excite the cupidity of my entertainers, at any rate, as their actions had already convinced me. How easy would it be for them to show me through the crevice whilst I slept. The idea got possession of me fully, and I could not drive it from my mind. I would have fastened the door, but there was nothing to fasten it with, and I was impressed with the idea that the danger would come in that direction. If it should Lion was there to apprise me of it. I laid off my coat and huddled about me as though I was asleep. I put my pistols under my pillow and laid down, but such an uncomfortable and terrible sense of evil pressed upon me that I could not sleep. Lion, too, appeared uneasy, came and put his fore paws upon the bed every few minutes, then went back to his post by the door, and laid down in a kind of feverish anxiety.

At last I feigned sleep, and moved most unobtrusively, but I did not fail to look through the crevice and see what my host and his wife were doing. They laid down upon the bed which