

the look of affection, "yet a little time longer, and all sorrow and suffering will be over:

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:

And I have obtained it through long and sincere repentance. If hereafter temptations should beset thy path, remember thy mother. Leora, for nineteen long years, I have never known one happy hour, burdened even through the solemn night and weary day by the canker of remorse. You were by my side to reproach me for desertion and wrong; I could not shake your image from my soul, as I had left you in helpless infancy—and oh, what torture there was in such remembrance.

She was silent for a long time; her mind held commune with the past; then she turned to her daughter, and asked, if the tale she had heard was true, that she loved, and her father opposed her attachment.

Leora saw how earnest her mother was, and she gave a clear, but brief history of the past.

"Thank you, love," and Aline spoke faintly; "go now to your father, tell him I am dying, and would see him once more."

Leora trembled as she listened, for she saw already a fearful change had passed over the face of the sufferer; tears gushed from the maiden's eyes as she exclaimed, "Bless me before I go, mother—bless your child."

"God bless thee, for ever and ever, Leora," and Aline joined together the bound up hands, that had been burned for her sake, and asked of her God once again to bless her child. Then she was alone, and her low murmurings were of gratitude to an all-merciful Father, who had sent comfort and support to her dying hours. She did not fear to die; she knew "He judgeth not as man," and she felt assured her repentance had found favour in his sight. There was a movement in the room, Aline turned her dim eyes to the door—it was Everard. He took the seat by her side, yet he professed no greeting, and made no attempt to speak; it was indeed terrible to look upon all that was left of the high born and beautiful Aline Delavel.

"I have not deserved this, at your hands," she said; "for myself I should not have asked it, but for Leora. Make her happy in her love; Everard. Oh! remember my father spurned at such appeal—mocked my distress—set at nought my objections—and lo! the result—guilt, and suffering, and death—beware, lest you expose your child to equal temptation. It may be, Everard, you once loved me—you were by nature stern and harsh, if it was so, oh! if it was so, recall your own feelings, and trample not upon your child's affections." Aline paused, she had been faint, and almost gone, but strong excitement had imparted a momentary and unnatural strength. Everard bent forward, and looked full into the now brightened eyes.

"Aline," he said, "answer me in truth—did you not know I loved you?"

"I am dying," was her solemn reply; "where is my hope but in truth? The night I left your roof, I believe you hated me rather than loved—scorned, instead of respected me. If I was wrong, it was owing to your coldness and estrangement."

"Then I have been fearfully to blame," said Everard, and his voice faltered, while a shudder passed over the frame of that self-satisfied and haughty man. "I have need of the pardon you have sought—Aline, it shall be as you wish—Clare shall marry my daughter."

Aline reached forth her hand—her voice sounded faint for an instant, and was gone for ever. The weary, and the suffering, and the long repenting, had gone to her rest.

It was an hour ere Luis Everard came forth from the chamber of the dead; his face was paler and his glance humbler than his wont; and the after years of that stern man were touched with a kinder and gentler spirit, than had ever marked the days of his early life.

It was an English home, a stately and proud one—the mansion of the Clares. A dressing room that opened into a chamber, was occupied by a young, glad mother, her husband, and one that husband had loved in his youth, and tenderly cherished as advancing years came on—his mother. Much of early beauty still lingered about the face and form of that noble lady—to her son had descended the open and striking expression that dwelt upon her features. How fair and beautiful was Leora! She sat upon a large cushioned chair, supporting in her arms a tender baby of some few weeks old, its soft, downy cheek lay upon her hand, and her eyes were bent in tenderness and love upon it. None might tell her feelings—holy were they, full of all solemn yet happy thoughts, was the mind of that young mother. Fondly the husband smiled upon them both, and as he took the tiny hand of the child within his own, he said, "It is very like you, Leora."

"But the name," said Mrs. Clare, "what is the name to be of this sole daughter of your house and heart?"

"Ah! the name," said Leora, "what shall it be, Frederic?"

"Let it be Aline Everard," he replied: "To her we owe our present happiness—may we repent our faults as sincerely, and amend them as well. Let it be Aline!" And Leora lifted her dark and shining eyes to her husband's face; their expression stole into his heart, filling it with happiness unutterable; they spoke of gratitude, of love unchanging, then, and for ever!

For the Pearl.

DEATH.

To lay this wearied body down,
And soar beyond the sky,
To wear an everlasting crown—
Why call we this—to die?

To die? The spirit can not die;
She but resigns her clay,
To dwell in endless life on high—
To triumph o'er decay!

To close on this dark world the sight,
To yield this mortal breath—
Is but to rise to Heaven's own light,
To wake from sin and death.

Then who would dread the welcome change
That gives him to the sky,
Through all the unexplored to range,
From star to star to fly!

J. McP.

August 5, 1840.

WILD TURKEY SHOOTING.

The discovery of America resulted, among other great events, in the addition of the Turkey to the table of the poor man and the epicure, and in adding to the list of game the most remarkable bird that presents itself to the notice of the sportsman. The Americans are charged with being rather complacent when they touch upon their peculiar advantages. They do believe, we have no doubt, that they have rivers the longest, mountains that stick up the highest, valleys that squat the lowest, horses that run the fastest, politicians that talk the loudest, and girls that are the prettiest, of any other in creation. But the Englishman, Frenchman, or any other European, have all these things in kind, and they will vaunt about the Thames, the Seine, and the like, and thereby grow very self-conceited and satisfied; but they knock under when you mention the Wild Turkey, and willingly admit that America is a great country: indeed, Franklin knew all this, and with a wisdom that eclipsed himself, wished to have this bird of birds introduced upon our national emblem, instead of the Eagle. The idea was enough to have immortalized him if he had not been a philosopher, or a modern Ajax, defying the lightning.

The Eagle, after all, is no great shakes of a bird, if we look into Audubon for its history, being own cousin to the Turkey Buzzard, and the most respectable of the family are fish thieves, and the like. Besides, an Eagle is no more peculiar to America than rats and mice are, it being common to all countries, and anything but a democratic bird to boot. Caesar enslaved the world with his eagle banners borne in front of him; Russia, Prussia, and Austria, all exalt the eagle as the ensign of royalty, and we think that a bird thus favoured by emperors and autocrats ought to be very little respected by the sovereign-people-democrats. So Franklin thought, and so we think, and we shall always go for the Turkey as the most appropriate national emblem of our country, even if we can have no other stripes associated with it than those given by a gridiron.

The Turkey, in its domesticated state, though he may be, and is, the pride of the festival dinner and the farm-yard, gives, but an indifferent idea of the same bird when wild, both as regards its appearance and flavour. To see the bird in all his beauty, he must be visited in the wild regions of the South and West: there, free and unconstrained, he grows up in all the perfection of his nature, with a head as finely formed as the game-cock's, and elevated, when walking, perpendicular with his feet, much larger in the body than the tame Turkey, possessed of a never-varying plumage of brownish black, that glistens in the sun like bronze, he presents at the same time the *ne plus ultra* of birds for beauty and for game, ranking with the Indian and the Buffalo, as the three most remarkable living productions of the Western world. The haunts, too, of the wild Turkey are in harmony with the same character as the Aborigines and the Buffalo. In the deep recesses of the primitive forest, on the shores of our mightiest rivers, or buried in the midst of our vast prairies of the West, only is the Turkey to be found. In these solitudes the Turkey rears its young, finding in the spontaneous productions of the soil a never-failing supply of food, and always occupying the same section of country in which they are found; their disappearance from their peculiar haunts is indicative of total extinction. Thus it is that their numbers are irreparably lessened yearly by the sturdy arm of the pioneer and the hunter, and a comparatively few years more are required to give a traditinary character only to the existence of the wild Turkey upon the borders of our very frontier settlements.

Skillful indeed is the shot that stops the Turkey in his flight of alarm, and yet the wing is little used by the bird; like the quail, and the partridge, he depends upon running more, and their speed is wonderful, and we doubt if the hounds could match them in a race even if their wings were clipped, and they could not resort to heights to elude their pursuers. So little indeed does the wild Turkey depend on the wing, that they find it difficult to cross rivers moderately wide, and the weakest of the birds are often sa-

crificed in the attempt. We have seen the wild Turkey gathering upon some tall cotton wood on the Mississippi, and we have known by their preparations that they intended to cross the river; after mounting the highest tree they could find on the banks of the river, and stretching out their necks once or twice as if for a long breath, they would start for the nearest point on the opposite side of the stream, descending constantly until they reached it, and frequently very many would find their strength overtaken and would light in the water and be drowned. The Squatter on the banks of the Mississippi often notices these gatherings, and makes preparations to meet the bird with a warm reception, and often with a club and a canoe, he supplies himself with a quantity and quality of game that royalty cannot command.

The cautiousness of the wild Turkey is wonderful, excelling that of the deer or any other game whatever, and nothing but stratagem and the most intimate knowledge of its habits will command success. We once knew an Indian who gained a living by bringing game into a town in the West, who always boasted exceedingly, if he could add a wild Turkey to his common load of deer, and as the bird was in greater demand than he could supply, he was taunted by the disappointed epicures of the village for want of skill in hunting. To this charge he would always reply with great indignation, and claim the character of a good hunter from the quantities of venison that he disposed of. "Look here," he would angrily say, "I see deer on the prairie, deer look up and say maybe Indian, maybe stump, and deer eats on, come little nearer, deer look up again, and say, maybe Indian, maybe stump, and first thing deer knows he dead. I see wild Turkey great way off, creep up very slowly, Turkey look up, and say first time he see me, dat Indian any how, and off he goes, no catch Turkey, *he cunning too much.*"

A Turkey hunter must be a man possessed of the anomalous character of being very lazy, and yet very fond of rising early in the morning; he must also be a shot most unquestionable, for he can have but one as the reward for his morning exertions,—the game never waiting for a second notice to quit their feeding grounds, so as to be entirely secure for that day at least. A wild Turkey hunter must also be something of a musical and imitative genius; for unless he can gobble turkey-like, so as to deceive the bird itself, he can seldom succeed. The imitation, however, is frequently perfect, and can be acquired with practice. The large bone of the turkey's wings, cut off at one end, and properly used in the mouth, will produce the plaintive sound exactly of the female, who in the mornings of the Spring seems to be calling to her notice her proud lord and master, who like most dandies, employs himself in the presence of his mistress in strutting himself poor. The hunter, armed with one of these turkey calls, and the sure rifle, starts for the woods where he knows the turkey frequents, long before the sun shows the least light in the eastern horizon; silent, and generally alone, he places himself under some previously marked tree, and waits patiently for the fight. Sometimes lie is fortunate in placing himself directly under a roost, and when he can discern objects, he sees his game asleep over his head; but if this is not the case, he at least finds his game in the vicinity of his hiding-place, and here concealed by brush, he listens until he hears the gobble of the morning begin. The first sound from the old gobblers the hunter answers by the plaintive note of the female. Pup, pup, lisps the hunter—gobble, gobble, utters the proud bird,—and here the interest of the hunt commences. Then is to be seen the alluring on of the gobbler, his struttings and prancings, and a thousand gallant airs; anon, his suspicions get the better of his love, and the coward is plainly visible, in his suddenly contracted body, and air of ready flight. The hunter warily plies his music, and the bird comes on, until the sure rifle finds the beautiful bird in its range,—its sudden report, and the breaking of the dried brush in the bushes beyond, tells of the death throes of the bird, while his companions, frightened by the sudden noise, scatter like lightning; but not unfrequently until a second rifle, held by veteran hands, careens another bird o'er as he speeds by on the wing. Here the hunt of the day generally ends, and if success has crowned the efforts of the hunter, he feels that he has acquired game and glory enough for that day at least; and no man goes home better satisfied with himself and the world, than the successful wild turkey hunter.—N. Y. Spirit of the Times.

A VILLAGE HOUSE.—The houses of the villages in Turkey seem very much alike. I have been into many; and will describe the one appointed for me last night at Behralm. On the outside it looked like a square box, and the inside measured from twelve to fourteen feet; it was built of stones of all shapes, put together with mud. The roof was flat, and covered with earth; a small roller, generally a piece of a column, lying on the top to make this compact, in order to keep out the wet. There was no window, and consequently light was admitted only by the door, which had no lock or fastening, except a piece of wood suspended over the top withinside, and falling down when the door shut, whilst on the outside hung a peg, with which this inside fastening might be pushed up on entering. The wall and floors were of mud, mixed with short pieces of straw; the roof was a tree laid across, and boards placed transversely; the interior was black with the smoke from a large open fireplace, and, on entering, the house appeared quite dark.