

—to avenge his death on the whole of that vindictive race who thus dare to deface the image of their Maker—my poor, poor brother!" and the rough soldier, overcome by the agony of his grief, deposited the mangled body on the ground, and throwing himself prostrate by his side, "lifted up his voice and wept aloud." The manly heart of Stuart was deeply affected by this awful catastrophe, and the violent emotion it had excited in one of the most intrepid of their band. That the treacherous deed had been committed by one of those tribes, of whose hostilities Sakamaw had warned him, he could not doubt; and he looked forward with dark forebodings, to the stormy warfare that must ensue after such bold and daring outrage. He turned toward Augusta, who, pale with terror, stood with her Indian friend, somewhat aloof from the dark-browed group that surrounded the mourner and the mourned, and the thought that even the arm of love, "stronger than death," might not be able to shield her from the ravages of such an enemy froze for a moment the very life blood in his veins. Sakamaw was no unmoved spectator of the scene we have described: but whatever were his internal emotions, his features remained cold and calm as the chiseled bronze they resembled. He saw many a fierce and lowering glance directed toward him, but like lightning on the same impassive surface, neither kindling nor impressing, they raged around the stately form of the eagle chief.

(To be Continued.)

For The Pearl.
STANZAS.

I ask not earthly joy,
Which cannot long endure;
But that which time can ne'er destroy
The fadeless, deep, and pure.

I would not linger here—
I long from earth to flee
To some far higher, holier sphere,
Where all from death are free.

This frail and feverish clay
Befits not this high soul
That longs to wing her joyful way
To Heaven, her blissful goal.

E'en now, as on the verge
Of mortal life I stand,
There come sweet thoughts my flight that urge
To that immortal land.

Well, I will bear this strife,
And calmly wait till He
Who spake the world to light and life,
Shall speak my spirit free!

Halifax, Jan. 24, 1840-

J. McP.

From adventures of Titmouse.—Blackwood's Magazine.

LOOKING FOR RENT.

Gripe, the collector, called one morning for the poor's rates due from Mrs. Squallop, (Titmouse's landlady,) and cleaned her out of every penny of ready money which she had by her. This threw the good woman upon her resources, to replenish her empty pocket—and down she came upon Titmouse—or rather, up she went to him; for his heart sunk within him one night on his return from the shop, having only just taken off his hat and lit his candle, as he heard the fat old termagant's well-known heavy step ascending the stairs, and approaching nearer and nearer to his door. Her loud imperative single knock vibrated through his heart, and he was ready to drop.

"Oh, Mrs. Squallop! How d'ye do, Mrs. Squallop?" commenced Titmouse, faintly, when he had opened the door. "Won't you take a chair?" offering the panting dame almost the only chair he had.

"No—I ain't come to stay, Mr. Titmouse, because, d'ye see, in course you've got a pound at least, ready for me, as you promised long ago—and never more welcome; there's old Gripe been here to-day, and had his hodious rates—(dear the poor, say I! them as can't work should starve!—rates is a robbery!)—but howsomdever he's cleaned me out to day; so, in course, I come up to you. Got it?"

"I—I—I—'pon my life, Mrs. Squallop, I'm uncommon sorry"

"Oh, bother your sorrow, Mr. Titmouse!—out with the needful, for I can't stop palavering here."

"I—I can't!" gasped Titmouse, with the calmness of desperation.

"You can't! And, marry, sir, why not, may I make bold to ask?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, after a moment's pause, striving to choke down her rage.

"Pr'aps you can get blood out of a stone, Mrs. Squallop; it's what I can't," replied Titmouse, striving to screw his courage up to the sticking place, to encounter one who was plainly bent upon mischief. "I've got two shillings—there they are," throwing them on the table; "and cuss me if I've another rap in the world; there, n'nam!"

"You're a liar, then, that's flat;" exclaimed Mrs. Squallop, slapping her hand upon the table, with violence that made the

candle quiver on it, and almost fall down. "You have the *himpérance*," said she, commencing the address she had been preparing in her own mind ever since Mr. Gripe had quitted her house, "to stand there and tell me you've got nothing in the world but *two shillings!* Heugh! Out on you, you odacious fellow!—you jack-a-dandy! You tell me you haven't got more than them two shillings, and yet turn out every Sunday morning of your life like a lord, with your pins, your rings, and your chains, and your fine coat, and your gloves, and your spurs, and your dandy cane—ough! you whipper-snapper! You're a cheat—you're a swindler, jack-a-dandy? You've got all my rent on your back, and have had every Sunday for three months, you cheat!—you low fellow!—you ungrateful chap! You're a robbing the widow and fatherless! Look at me, and my six fatherless children down there, you good for-nothing, nasty, proud puppy!—eugh! it makes me sick to see you. You dress yourself out like my lord mayor! You've bought a gold chain with my rent, you rascally cheat? You dress yourself out?—Ha, ha!—you're a nasty, mean-looking, humpty-dumpty, carrot-headed!"

"You'd better not say that again, Mrs. Squallop."

"Not say it again!—ha, ha!" Hoightly-toightly, carrot-haired jack-a-dandy?—why, you hop-o-my-thumb! d'ye think I won't say whatever I choose, and in my own house? You're a Titmouse by name and by nature; there ain't a cockroach crawling down stairs that ain't more respectable-like and better behaved than you. You're a himpudent cheat, and dandy, and knave, and a liar, and a red-haired rascal—and that in your teeth! Ough! Your name stinks in the court. You're a-taking of every body in as will trust you to a penny's amount. There's poor old Cox, the tailor, with a sick wife and children, whom you've cheated this many months, all of his not having spirit to summons you! But *I'll* set him upon you; you see if I don't—and I'll have my own, too, or I wouldn't give *that* for the laws!" shouted Mrs. Squallop, at the same time snapping her fingers in his face, and then pausing for breath after her eloquent invective.

"Now, what is the use," said Titmouse, gently, being completely cowed—"now, what good *can* it do to go on in this way, Mrs. Squallop?"

"Missus me no Missus, Mr. Titmouse, but pay me my rent, you jack-a-dandy! You've got my rent on your back and on your little fingers; and I'll have it off you before I've done with you, I warrant you. I'm your landlady, and I'll scil you up; I'll have old Thumbscrew here the first thing in the morning, and distrain every thing, and you, too, you jack-daw, if any one would buy you, which they won't! I'll have my rent at last; I've been too easy with you, you ungrateful chap; for, mark, even Mr. Gripe this morning says, 'haven't you a gentleman lodger up above? get him to pay you your own,' says he; and so I will. I'm sick of all this, and I'll have my rights! Here's my son, Jem, a far better-looking chap than you, though he hasn't got hair like a mop all under his chin, and he's obligated to work from one weak's end to another in a paper cap and fustain jacket; and you—painted jackanaps! But now I have got you, and I'll turn you inside out, though I know there's nothing in you! But I'll try to get at your fine coats, and spurs, and trowsers, your chains and pins, and make something of them before I've done with you, you jack-a-dandy!"—and the virago shook her fist at him, looking as though she had not yet uttered even half that was in her heart towards him.

[Alas, alas, unhappy Titmouse, much-enduring son of sorrow! I perceive that you now feel the sharpness of an angry female tongue; and indeed to me, not in the least approving, of the many coarse and heart-splitting expressions which she uses, it seems nevertheless that she is not very far off the mark in much that she hath said; for, in truth, in your conduct there is not a little that to me, piteously inclined towards you as I am, yet appeareth obnoxious to the edge of this woman's reproaches. But think not, O bewildered and not-with-sufficient-distinctness-discerning-the-nature-of-things Titmouse! that she hath only a sharp and bitter tongue. In this woman behold a mother, and it may be that she will soften before you, who have plainly, as I hear, neither father nor mother. Oh me!

Titmouse trembled violently; his lips quivered; and the long pent-up tears forced their way at length over his eyelids, and fell fast down his cheeks.

"Ah, you may well cry!—you may! But it's too late!—it's my turn to cry now! Don't you think that I feel for my own flesh and blood, that is my six children? And isn't what's mine theirs? And aren't you keeping the fatherless out of their own? It's too bad of you—it is! and you know it is," continued Mrs. Squallop, vehemently.

"They've got a mother to take—care of them," Titmouse sobbed; "but there's been no one in the—the—world that cares a straw for me—this twenty—years!" He fairly wept aloud.

"Well, then, more's the pity for you. If you had, they wouldn't have let you make such a puppy of yourself—and at your landlady's expense, too. You know you're a fool," said Mrs. Squallop, dropping her voice a little; for she was a *MOTHER*, after all, and she knew that what poor Titmouse had just stated was quite true. She tried hard to keep up the fire of her wrath by forcing into her thoughts every aggravating topic against Titmouse that she could think off; but it became every moment harder and harder to do so, for she was consciously softening rapidly towards the weeping and miserable object on whom she had been heaping such violent and

bitter abuse. He was a great fool, to be sure; he was very fond of fine clothes—he knew no better—he had, however, paid his rent well enough, till lately—he was a very quiet, well disposed lodger, for all she had known—he had given her youngest child a pear not long ago—Really, she thought, I may have gone a little too far.

"Come—it ain't no use crying in this way. It won't put money into your pocket, nor my rent into mine. You know you've wronged me, and I must be paid," she added, but in a still lower tone. She tried to cough away a certain rising disagreeable sensation about her throat, that kept increasing; for Titmouse, having turned his back to hide the extent of his emotions, seemed half choked with suppressed sobs.

"So you won't speak a word—not a word—to the woman you've injured so much?" enquired Mrs. Squallop, trying to assume a harsh tone, but her eyes were a little obstructed with tears.

"I—I—I—can't speak," sobbed Titmouse—"I—I—I feel ready to drop—every body hates me"—here he paused: and for some moments neither spoke. "I've been kept on my legs the whole day about the town by Mr. Tag-rag, and had no dinner. I—I—I—wish I was dead! I do!—you may take all I have—here it is"—continued Titmouse, with his foot pushing towards Mrs. Squallop the old hair trunk that contained all his little finery—"I sha'n't want them much longer—for I'm turned out of my situation."

This was too much for Mrs. Squallop, and she was obliged to wipe her full eyes with the corner of her apron without saying a word. Her heart smote her for the misery she had inflicted on one who seemed quite broken down. Pity suddenly flew, fluttering his wings—soft dove—into her heart, and put to flight in an instant all her enraged feelings. "Come, Mr. Timouse," said she, in quite an altered tone—"never mind me: I'm a plain spoken woman enough, I dare say—and often say more than I mean—for I know I ain't over particular when my blood's up—but—I—I—I would n't hurt a hair of your head, poor chap!—for all I've said—no, not for double the rent you owe me. Come! I don't go on so, Mr. Timouse—what's the use? it's all quite—over—I'm so sorry—Lud! if I'd really thought"—she almost sobbed—"you'd been so—so—why, I'd have waited till to-morrow night before I'd said a word. But, Mr. Timouse, since you haven't had any dinner, won't you have a mouthful of something—a bit of bread and cheese?—I'll soon fetch you up a bit, and a drop of beer—we've just had it in for our suppers."

"No, thank you—I can't—I can't eat."

"Oh, bother it, but you shall? I'll go down and fetch up in half a minute, as sure as my name's Squallop!" And out of the room, and down stairs she bustled, glad of a moment to recover herself.

"Lud-a-mercy!" said she, on entering her room, to her eldest daughter and a neighbour who had just come in to supper—and while she hastily cut a thick hunch of bread, and a good slice of cheese—"there I've been a-rating that poor chap, up at the top room (my dandy lodger, you know,) like anythin—and I really don't think he's had a morsel of victuals in his belly this precious day; and I've made him cry, poor soul, as if his heart would break. Pour us out half a pint of that beer, Sally—a good half pint, mind!—I'm going to take it up stairs directly. I've gone a deal too far with him, I do think—but it's all of that nasty old Gripe—I've been wrong all the day through it! How I hate the sight of old Gripe! What odious-looking people they do get to collect the rates and taxes, to be sure! Poor chap," she continued, as she wiped out a plate with her apron, and put on it the bread cheese, with a knife—"he offered me a chair when I went in, so uncommon civil-like, it took a good while before I could get myself into the humor to give it him as I wanted. And he's no father nor mother, (half of which has happened to you, Sal, and the rest will happen one of these days, you know!) and he's not such a very bad lodger, after all, though he does get a little behind-hand now and then, and though he turns out every Sunday like a lord, poor fellow—as my husband used to say, 'with a shining back and empty belly.'"

"But there's no reason why honest people should be kept out of their own to feed his pride," interposed her neighbor, a skinny old widow, who had never had chick nor child, and was always behind-hand with her own rent; but whose effects were not worth distraining upon. "I'd get hold of some of his fine, crimson-cran-cums and gim-cracks, for security, like, if I were you. I would indeed."

"Why—no, poor soul—I don't hardly like; he's a vain creature, and puts everything he can on his back, to be sure; but he ain't quite a rogue, neither."

"Aha, Mrs. Squallop—you're such a simple soul!—Would'nt my fine gentleman make off with his finery after to night?"

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it! To be sure he may! Really, there can't be much harm in asking him (in a kind way) to deposit one of his fine things with me, by way of security—that ring of his, you know—eh? Well, I'll try it," said Mrs. Squallop, as she set off up stairs.

"I know what I should do if he was a lodger of mine, that's all," said her visitor, (as Mrs. Squallop quitted the room,) vexed to find their supper so considerably and unexpectedly diminished, especially as to the pot of porter, which she strongly suspected would not be replenished.

"There," said Mrs. Squallop, setting down on the table what