

Sioux; and when Florimond de Rance saw the light of her mild eyes suddenly and timidly veiled by its deeply-fringed lid, he knew that he had lost none of his power.

The marriage song was soon heard in the royal wigwam, and the young adventurer became the son of a king.

Months and years passed on, and found Tahmiroo the same devoted, submissive being. Her husband no longer treated her with the uniform gallantry of a lover. He was not often harsh; but he adopted something of the coldness and indifference of the nation he had joined. Tahmiroo sometimes wept in secret; but so much fear had lately mingled with her love, that she carefully concealed her grief from him who had occasioned it. When she watched his countenance with that pleading innocent look which had always characterized her beauty, she sometimes would obtain a glance such as she had given her in former days; and then her heart would leap like a frolicsome lamb, and she would live cheerfully on the resemblance of that smile, through many wearisome days of silence and neglect.

Never was woman, in her heart-breaking devotedness, satisfied with such slight testimonials of love, as was this gentle Sioux girl. If Florimond chose to sulk, she would herself ply the oar, rather than he should suffer fatigue; and the gaudy canoe her father had given her might often be seen gliding down the stream, while Tahmiroo dipped her oar in unison with her soft rich voice, and the indolent Frenchman lay sunk in luxurious repose. She had learned his religion, but for herself she never prayed. The cross he had given her was always raised in supplication for him; and if he but looked unkindly on her, she kissed it, and invoked its aid, in agony of soul. She fancied the sound of his native land might be dear to him, and she studied his language with a patience and perseverance to which the savage has seldom been known to submit. She tried to imitate the dresses she had heard him describe, and if he looked with a pleased eye on any ornament she wore, it was always reserved to welcome his return. Yet, for all this lavishness of love, she asked but kind, approving looks, which cost the giver nothing. Alas for the perverseness of man, in scorning the affection he ceases to doubt! The little pittance of love for which poor Tahmiroo's heart yearned so much, was seldom given. Her soul was a perpetual prey to anxiety and excitement; and the quiet certainty of domestic bliss was never her allotted portion.

There, were, however, two beings on whom she could pour forth her whole flood of tenderness, without reproof or disappointment. She had given birth to a son and daughter of uncommon promise. Victoire, the eldest, had her father's beauty, save in the melting dark eye, with its plaintive expression, and the modest drooping of its silken lash. Her cheeks had just enough of the Indian hue to give them a warm, rich coloring; and such was her early maturity, that at thirteen years of age her tall figure combined the graceful elasticity of youth with the majesty of womanhood. She had sprung up at her father's feet with the sudden luxuriance of a tropical flower; and her matured loveliness aroused all the dormant tenderness and energy within him. It was with mournful interest he saw her leaping along the chase, with her mother's bounding sylph-like joy; and he would sigh deeply when he observed her oar rapidly cutting the waters of the Missouri, while her boat flew over the surface of the river like a wild bird in sport; and the gay young creature would wind among the eddies, or dart forward with her hair streaming on the wind, and her lips parted with eagerness.

Tahmiroo did not understand the nature of his emotions. She thought, in the simplicity of her heart, that silence and sadness were the natural expression of a white man's love; but when he turned his restless gaze from his daughter to her, she met an expression which troubled her. Indifference had changed into contempt; and woman's soul, whether in the drawing-room or in the wilderness, is painfully alive to the sting of scorn. Sometimes her placid nature was disturbed by a strange jealousy of her own child. "I love Victoire only because she is the daughter of Florimond," thought she; "and why, oh! why does he not love me for being the mother of Victoire?"

It was too evident that De Rance wished his daughter to be estranged from her mother and her mother's people. With all members of the tribe, out of his own family, he sternly forbade her having any intercourse; and even there he kept her constantly employed in taking dancing lessons from himself, and obtaining various branches of learning from an old Catholic priest, whom he had solicited to reside with him for that purpose.

But this kind of life was irksome to the Indian girl, and she was perpetually escaping the vigilance of her father to try her arrow in the woods, or guide her pretty canoe over the waters. De Rance had long thought it impossible to gratify his ambitious views for his daughter without removing her from the attractions of her savage home; and each day's experience convinced him more and more of the truth of this conclusion.

To favor his project, he assumed an affectionate manner towards his wife; for he well knew that one look, or word of kindness would at any time win back all her love. When the deep sensibilities of her warm heart was roused, he would ask for leave to sell her lands; and she, in her prodigality of tenderness, would have given him anything, even

her own life, for such smiles as he then bestowed. The old chief was dead, and there was no one to check the unfeeling rapacity of the Frenchman. Tract after tract of Tahmiroo's valuable land was sold, and the money remitted to Quebec, where he intended to convey his children on pretence of a visit; but in reality with the firm intent of never again beholding his deserted wife.

A company of Canadian traders chanced to visit the Falls of St. Anthony, just at this juncture, and Florimond de Rance took the opportunity to apprise Tahmiroo of his intention to educate Victoire. She entreated with all the earnestness of a mother's eloquence but she plead in vain. Victoire and her father joined the company of traders on their return to Canada. Tahmiroo knelt and fervently besought that she might accompany them. She would stay out of sight, she said; they should not be ashamed of her among the great white folks of the East; and if she could but live where she could see them every day, she should die happier.

"Ashamed of you! and you the daughter of a Sioux king?" exclaimed Victoire, proudly, and with a natural impulse of tenderness, she fell on her mother's neck and wept.

"Victoire 'tis time to depart," said her father, sternly.

The sobbing girl tried to release herself, but she could not. Tahmiroo embraced her with the energy of despair; for, after all her doubts and jealousies, Victoire was the darling child of her bosom—she was so much the image of Florimond when he first said he loved her.

"Womn! let her go!" exclaimed de Rance, exasperated by the length of the parting scene. Tahmiroo raise her eyes anxiously to his face, and she saw that his arm was raised to strike her.

"I am a poor daughter of the Sioux; oh! why did you marry me?" exclaimed she, in a tone of passionate grief.

"For your father's land," said the Frenchman coldly.

This was the drop too much. Poor Tahmiroo, with a piercing shriek, fell on the earth, and hid her face in the grass. She knew not how long she remained there. Her highly wrought feelings had brought on a dizziness of the brain; and she was conscious only of a sensation of sickness, accompanied by the sound of receding voices. When she recovered, she found herself alone with Louis, her little boy, then about six years old. The child had wandered there after the traders had departed, and having in vain tried to waken his mother, he laid himself down by her side, and slept on his bow and arrow. From that hour Tahmiroo was changed.

Her quiet, submissive air gave place to a stern and lofty manner; and she who had always been so gentle, became as bitter and implacable as the most blood-thirsty of her tribe. In little Louis all the strong feelings of her soul were centred; but even her affection for him was characterized by a strange, unwonted fierceness. Her only care seemed to be to make him like his grandfather, and to instil a deadly hatred of white men. The boy learned his lessons well. He was the veriest little savage that ever let fly an arrow. To his mother alone he yielded anything like submission; and the Sioux were proud to hail the haughty child as their future chieftain.

Such was the aspect of things on the shores of the Missouri, when Florimond de Rance came among them, after an absence of three years. He was induced to make this visit, partly from a lingering curiosity to see his boy, and partly from the hope of obtaining more land from the yielding Tahmiroo. He affected much contrition for his past conduct, and promised to return with Victoire, before the year expired. Tahmiroo met him with the most chilling indifference, and listened to him with a vacant look, as if she heard him not.

It was only when he spoke to her boy that he could arouse her from this apparent lethargy. On this subject she was all suspicion. She had a sort of undefined dread that he, too, would be carried away from her; and she watched over him like a she-wolf when her young is in danger. Her fears were not unfounded; De Rance did intend, by demonstrations of fondness and glowing descriptions of Quebec, to kindle in the mind of his son a desire to accompany him.

Tahmiroo thought the hatred of white men, which she had so carefully instilled, would prove a sufficient shield; but many weeks had not elapsed before she saw that Louis was fast yielding himself up to the fascinating power which had enthralled her own youthful spirit. With this discovery came horrible thoughts of vengeance; and more than once she had nearly nerved her soul to murder the father of her son; but she could not. Something in his features still reminded her of the devoted young Frenchman, who had carried her quiver through the woods, and kissed the necessaries he stooped to lace; and she could not kill him.

The last cutting blow was soon given to the heart of the Indian wife. Young Louis, full of boyish curiosity, expressed a wish to go with his father, though he at the same time, promised a speedy return. He always had been a stubborn boy, and she felt now as if her worn-out spirit could vainly contend against his wilfulness. With that sort of resigned stupor which often indicates approaching insanity, she yielded to his request; exacting, however, a promise that he would sail a few miles down the Mississippi with her the day before his departure.

The day arrived. Florimond de Rance was at a distance on business. Tahmiroo decked herself in the garments and jewels she had worn on the day of her marriage, and selected the gaudiest wampum belts for the little Louis.

"Why do you put these on?" said the little boy.

"Because Tahmiroo will no more see her son in the land of Sioux," said she mournfully, "and when her father meets her in the spirit land, he will know the beads he gave her."

She took the wondering boy by the hand, and led him to the water side. There lay the canoe her father had given her when she left him for the "wigwam of the stranger." It was faded and bruised now, and so were all her hopes. She looked back on the hut where she had spent her brief term of wedded happiness, and its peacefulness seemed a mockery of her misery. And was she—the loved, the wretched, the desperate and deserted one—was she the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, for whom contending chiefs had asked in vain? The remembrance of all her love and all her wrongs came up before her memory, and death seemed more pleasant to her than the gay dance she once loved so well. But then her eye rested on her boy—and, O God! with what an agony of love! It was the last vehement struggle of a soul all formed for tenderness.

"We will go to the spirit land together," she exclaimed. "He cannot come there to rob me!"

She took Louis in her arms as if he had been a feather, and, springing into the boat, she guided it towards the Falls of St. Anthony.

"Mother, mother! the canoe is going over the rapids!" screamed the frightened child.

"My father stands on the wave and beckons!" she said.

The boy looked at the horribly fixed expression of her face, and shrieked aloud for help.

The boat went over the cataract!

Louis de Rance was seen no more. He sleeps with the "Startled Fawn" of the Sioux, in the waves of the Mississippi. The story is well remembered by the Indians of the present day; and when a mist gathers over the falls they often say,—

"Let us not hunt to-day. A storm will certainly come; for Tahmiroo and her son are going over the Falls of St. Anthony."

ODE TO MY BOOTS.

BY FAGAN.

Although you're wrinkled hard and dry  
You shall not be forgot!  
My comrades dear, I'll leave you by  
In some secluded spot.  
You never pinched my corns the least,  
But kept me warm and dry;  
And well you stood the trying test  
When mud was ankle high.

And when the drifting snow beset  
Each pathway to the door,  
You never brought it in to wet  
The hearth or kitchen floor,  
But just a gentle tip you took  
On either heel or toe,  
And then, like water off a duck,  
You shed the mud or snow.

And when you took me to the inn  
At public show or fair,  
You brought me sober home again  
Instead of spunging there.  
You often saw me treat a friend  
Or take a jovial tot;  
But seldom saw me on the bend  
When prudence is forgot.

When wrath would rise like thunder cloud,  
'Twas then you showed your pluck;  
You always took me from the crowd,  
For fear of some bad luck;  
And not that Fagan fears his skin,  
You know it's not the case;  
But still it shows you hate the din  
And love the public peace.

And now I'll leave you by awhile,  
To rest your faithful pegs,  
But first I'll rub with tanner's oil  
Your well shaped feet and legs.

THE WEIGHT OF AIR.

Little as we realize the weight of gaseous bodies, it is meteorologically certain that a cubic mile of atmospheric air weighs over five millions six hundred thousands tons, and one cubic mile of pure hydrogen, the lightest known substance, weighs no less than three hundred and eighty nine thousand tons. It will, therefore, appear somewhat startling to those who laugh at the terrors of our forefathers, comets, to learn that such a gaseous body has an enormous weight, and its mass is not less than that of an asteroid. It would have, if reduced to the density of the earth, a diameter somewhere between thirty-two and two hundred and thirty-seven miles; and if reduced to the density of a sphere of lead, would have a diameter which may approximately be put at least as high as fifty miles.

Not long since, a very nervous lady took passage at the Tip-Top House, White Mountains, to descend by the almost perpendicular railroad. Her fears were apparent to every one, and the following unique dialogue took

place between her and the conductor: Lady.—Mr. Conductor, how do you hold these cars when you want to make a stop? Conductor.—Madam, we supply the brake, which you see there. Lady.—Suppose, Mr. Conductor, that brake should give way, what do you do then? Conductor.—Madam, we then apply the double-acting brake, which you see at the other end of the cars. Lady.—But, Mr. Conductor, suppose that brake should not be sufficient to check the cars, where will we go then? Conductor.—Madame, I can't decide. That depends entirely upon how you have lived in this world!

HUMOROUS.

THE MIDNIGHT CAT.

Yes, sir, I know lots of men who will start up in bed and shiver and shake and curse and swear if a tom cat, prowling along the garden fence, but opens his jaws and utters one single yell. On the contrary the midnight cat never disturbs me. In fact, I like to lie and listen to the music of a dozen cats holding mass convention on the garden fence.

As the first cat breaks out I heave a sigh and wonder if the world wouldn't be as well without cats, but I don't get mad. Some men bear around and declare that they'll never sleep again until they kill every cat within a circle of four hundred and fifty miles; and nothing will soothe them.

After the third yell I wonder if it wouldn't be just as well if some bad boy should buy an ounce of arsenic, a pound of meat, and distribute the two around in back yards, but I don't go further. Some men jump out of bed and yell: "Where in thunder is that hoot-jack—where's a club?" and they rush to the door and sling clubs and yell "scat" and wake every body in the block.

After the fifth yell, I wonder if I hadn't better raise the window and ask the cat to adjourn round the block, on account of my wife's nervousness, but I don't get mad. Some men allow their hair to come right up, fall over chairs, stub their toes against the stove and exclaim: "Helen Blazes, but won't I sicken those felines!"

By and by the cats cease howling, and my eye-lids begin to ache. I am rapidly losing consciousness when the old Maltese rises to a question of order, and the opposition commences yelling him down. He yells back, and I get up to see what time it is, and then wonder if it wouldn't be as well for me to go out and explain matters, and entreat the convention to go down the fence to the grape arbour. Mind I don't run round after the shot gun, and wake up my wife and ask her for powder and old nails and broken glass and bark my shin on the stove hearth and call out: "I'll kill a million cats to pay for this!"

Maltese yields the floor, and the convention goes ahead in an orderly manner. I imagine that the business which called the crowd together has been disposed of, and creep back to bed. My wife wakes up and wants to know what I got up for, and I tell her that I was after the peppermint for my neuralgia. Some men would lie and jaw and fume for an hour, and finally get up a fight with their loving partner.

I just close my eyes to sleep when old Maltese offers an amendment to some motion, and the opposition go for him again. He yells back, spits at them in scorn, and they fall upon him. He backs under my window and stands at bay. I creep out of bed and seize a club, but drop it again as I remember that I am not mad. It would perhaps, be well to creep to the door, and throw the boiler, and the tin-box, and the cupboard, and the axe, and the wood-pile and the whole summer kitchen at the cats, but I refrain, and merely tap on the window, and urge old Maltese to cover himself with glory. Some men would grab up the table or sofa, or the first thing handy and ejaculate, I'm a sinner if I don't murder somebody or something.

Years of observation have convinced me that the general antipathy to cats is entirely unfounded.—M. Quad.

LIVELY BUTTER.

There is an old goat owned in Detroit which has received a great deal of training from the boys. Last fourth of July they discovered that if they stuck a fire-cracker in the end of a cane and held it at William, he would lower his head and go for them; and they have practiced the trick so much that the goat will tackle any human being who points a stick at him. A few days ago he was loafing near the corner of Third and Lewis streets, when a corpulent citizen came up and stopped to talk with a friend. They happened to speak of sidewalks, when the corpulent citizen pointed his cane just to the left of the goat, and said,—

"That's the worst piece of sidewalk in this town."

The goat has been eyeing the cane, and the moment it came up he lowered his head, made six or eight jumps, and his head struck the corpulent citizen just on "the belt." The man went over into a mass of old tin, disheveled butter legs and abandoned hoop skirts, and the goat tared a somersault the other way, while the slim citizen threw stones at a boy seated on a doorstep, who was laughing boys as big as chestnuts, and crying out,— "Oh, it's 'nuff to kill a feller!"

THE TOAST OF THE LADIES.

At the 25th anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation of London, held on December 1st, Mark Twain, the well-known American author, was presented with the toast of "The Ladies," as he termed this important subject from a far more important point than is usual, we make no excuses for giving his remarks in full. He said:—I am proud, indeed, of the distinction of being chosen to respond to this special toast, to "The Ladies," or to women, if you please, for that is a preferable term, perhaps; it is much the older, and therefore the more entitled to reverence. I have noticed that the Bible, with that plain blunt honesty which is such a conspicuous characteristic of the Scriptures, is always particular to never refer to even the illustrious mother of all mankind herself as a "lady," but speaks of her as a woman. It is odd, but you will find it so. I am peculiarly proud of this honor, because I think that the toast to women is one which, by right and by every rule of gallantry, should take precedence of all others—of the army, of the navy, of even royalty itself, perhaps, though the latter is not necessary in this day and in this land, for the reason that, tacitly, you do drink a broad general health to all good woman when you drink the health of the Queen of England and the Princess of Wales. I have in mind a poem just now, which is familiar to you all familiar to everybody. And what an inspiration that was (and how instantly the present toast recalls the verses to your minds) when the most noble, the most gracious the purest, and the sweetest of all poets says—

"Woman! O woman!—cr—  
Wom—"

However you remember the lines; and you remember how feelingly, how daintily, how almost imperceptibly the verses raise up before you, feature by feature, the ideal of a true and perfect woman; and how as you contemplate the finished marvel, your homage grows into worship of the intellect that could create so fair a thing out of mere breath, mere words. And you call to mind now, as I speak how the poet, with stern fidelity to the history all humanity, delivers this beautiful child of his heart and his brain over to the trials and the sorrows that must come to all, sooner or later, that abide in the earth; and how the pathetic story culminates in that apocalyptic—so wild, so regretful, so full of mournful retrospection. The lines run thus:—

"Alas!—alas!—a—alas!  
—Alas!— — — — — alas!"

—and so on. I do not remember the rest; but, taken altogether, it seems to me that this poem is the noblest tribute to woman that human genius has ever brought forth, and I feel as if I were to talk hours I could not do my great theme completer or more graceful justice that I have now done in simply quoting that poet's matchless words. The phases of the womanly nature are infinite in variety. Take any type of woman, and you shall find in it something to respect, something to admire, something to love. And you shall find the whole joining you in heart and hand. Who was more patriotic than Joan of Arc? Who was braver? Who has given us a grander instance of self-sacrificing devotion? Ah, you remember, you remember well, what a throb of pain, what a great tidal wave of grief swept over us all when Joan of Arc fell at Waterloo. Who does not sorrow for Sappho, the sweet singer of Israel? Who among us does not miss the gentle ministrations, the softening influences, the humble piety of Lucretia Borgia? Who can join in the heartless libel that says woman is extravagant in dress when he can look back and call to mind our simple and lowly mother Eve arrayed in her modification of the Highland costume. Sir, women have been soldiers, women have been painters, women have been poets. As long as language will live, the name of Cleopatra will live. And, not because she conquered George III., but because she wrote these divine lines—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so."

The story of the world is adorned with the names of illustrious ones of our own sex—some of them sons of St. Andrew, too—Scott, Bruce, Burns, the warrior Wallace, Ben Nevis, the gifted Ben Lomond, and the great new Scotchman, Ben Disraeli. Out of the great plains of history tower whole mountain ranges of sublime women—the Queen of Sheba, Josephine, Semiramis, Sairey Gamp; the list is endless; but I will not call the mighty roll, the names rise up in your own memories at the mere suggestion, luminous with the glory of deeds that cannot die, hallowed by the loving worship of the good and true of all epochs and all climes. Suffice it for our pride and honour that we in our day have added it to such names as those of Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale. Woman is all that she should be—gentle, patient, long-suffering, trustful, unselfish, full of generous impulses. It is her blessed mission to comfort the sorrowing, plead for erring, encourage the faint of purpose, succour the distress, uplift the fallen, befriend the friendless—in a word, afford the healing of her sympathies and a home in her heart for all the bruised and persecuted children of misfortune that knock at its hospital door. And when I say God bless her, there is none among us who has known her exalting affection, but in his heart will say, Amen.