

HOW TO LIVE

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SIR WALTER AND THE LION.

(From the German of Professor Alfred Wakenner.)

BY R. P. SHILLABEE.

Sir Walter of Thurn o'er the Symon waste
Rides away with a flowing rein,
But he hears a groan that checks his haste.
As if Death were in the strain
He spurs his steed
Whence the sound proceed;
And there, from a rocky chasm arise
Flashes of fire that assault the skies,
And his horse uprears
In excess of fears.
As the glance of the lion attracts his eyes!
Flashes struggling there, in the monster folds
Of a serpent that round him twines.
Sir Walter a moment the scene beholds,
Then to save the beast inclines;
His good sword stout
From its sheath leaps out;
Then down it falls on the Python's crest,
And cleaves the coils that the lion invest,
And the noble beast,
From its thrall released,
Shows grateful joys most manifest.

He shakes his mane, and bends his form,
And licks his preserver's hand,
As if he yields all-guance warm—
To his supreme command—
Like the faithful hound
To the war-world,
And follow his steps for evermore—
And thus he follows on sea and shore;
In the battle's tide
He stands by his side.

Or with him rests when the strife is o'er.
In Palestine Sir Walker is known—
Long years attest his fame,
And many brave deeds he there hath done
That ray with glory his name;
But his heart doth expand
For the Fatherland,
And he fain its pleasant scenes would see,
With his friendly lion for company;
But with fearful breast
The sailors protest,
And they glance at the beast in his majesty.

Rich guerdon he proffers, and golden store;
But, though the prize were great,
The sailors hurry away from the shore
As if from the doom of fate!
The poor beast moans,
In piteous tones,
Then darts impetuous o'er the sands,
Then looks to the ship and mournfully stands,
Then plunges into the gloomy wave,
The perils of its depths to brave!
Already he hears the fleeing bark,
Already his roar of grief they hark;
But his strength is spent, and the sea is strong,
And he may not the fearful struggle prolong.
His dying glances are fondly cast
Along the track where the loved one past,
Then he sinks to his grave
Beneath the wave,
And the night and the ocean behold him the last.

[For the Home Journal.]

BLACK HAWK.

A TALE OF "THE PLAINS."

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER having travelled for some short distance through the unbroken forest, our two adventurers came suddenly upon a clearing of considerable size, and in the midst of which stood a log-house of more than ordinary pretensions. This building, in the rear of which were some comfortable sheds, was surrounded by a verandah, the rustic pillars of which were completely entwined with scarlet-runners, hops and wild grape-vine. The door, which was handsomely painted, opened into a

large hall with rather spacious apartments on either side,—the two principal ones looking towards the East, while the others ran back in the direction of the kitchen, which occupied a portion of a wing that projected from the main edifice. Towards this picturesque dwelling Black Hawk now made his way, after having left his ponderous game in charge of Kondiarok and Brown, the sturdy farm servant, who met them at the rustic gate. Scarcely had he crossed its threshold, however, before he was met by an elderly lady in deep mourning, to whom—from the cordial manner in which she extended both hands towards him, and the smile that overspread her somewhat haughty features—he was evidently no stranger.

"Hail dear madam," he exclaimed as he gracefully removed his cap, after having taken both the proffered hands; "you see I have kept my promise, although I should have been with you before, had I not been prevailed upon to stay a day or two with my friends at Rice Lake."

"Ah! dear, dear Black Hawk, how anxiously we have been expecting you," replied the lady; "Daylight, as you have always called her, will be with us in a moment. Olive! my darling Olive! The Chief!"

Scarcely had these exclamations escaped the lips of Mrs. Mornington, until a miracle of beauty came bounding along the hall—her beautiful face dashed with sunlight and roses, and her two white hands extended before her.

"O! Chief! Chief!" she cried, while a gleam of light shot from her eyes and the pearls of her mouth; "how delighted I am to see you again—how happy you have made us once more."

"The happiness is mutual, dear Daylight," returned the Huron, as he kissed her cheek; "and now that I am here again, I will, with your permission, send down to my canoe for such habiliments as shall make me more presentable than I at this moment appear in your eyes."

"You are welcome to us in any guise," replied Mrs. Mornington, "but as you will; for you must be fatigued and in need of rest and refreshment."

At the close of this conversation, which took place hurriedly in the hall, Kondiarok and Brown were despatched to the canoe, and soon returned with some cases and valises; while Black Hawk, under the direction of a serving lad, gained his room and began to make the necessary alterations in his attire.

Now, notwithstanding all this joyous welcome, and that kiss, Black Hawk was not in love with Olive Mornington, nor she with him. The tie between them—although a hackneyed term—was that of brother and sister; or, perhaps, more properly—father and child. She was given to him on the battle field—bequeathed to him by a dying comrade, when she was scarcely ten years of age. From that hour he watched over her with an eye of affection that never wearied. Owing to his instrumentality, the family had removed from the turmoil of frontier life, to their present happy location, where now, with the pension of an officer's widow, and an excellent grant of land, they were free from everything like penury at least.

But there was another and a more powerful reason why Black Hawk did not love Olive Mornington. He once had a wife, and his heart lay buried in her grave. He lost her in Europe, while travelling with her for her health's sake; and never loved again. Now, all his pulses were even; and he could look upon his exquisite protegee, as calmly as he could on the immortal marbles of the Vatican. So it is:

The heart can but one faithful impress bear,
The scar of the first, blighted passion's there.

When the chief made his appearance again, he found the ladies seated in an apartment widely different, indeed, from what might be expected at so early a date of the settlement, and at such a distance from the great centres of civilization. The furniture was dark, antique and massive; and the hangings of the two large windows in front, rich and costly. The walls, too, were handsomely wainscotted, and the floor elegantly carpeted, giving to this part of the building an air of graceful and substantial independence. Over the mantel-piece hung a portrait of Arthur Mornington in military uniform, while some exquisite little scraps in water colours, from the pencil of Olive, and other paintings were scattered at intervals, about the room. On a centre-table of solid mahogany stood a small silver lamp and a few choice books; while in a distant corner lay a harp that loved to feel the touch of the brilliant and harmonious fingers of its mistress. Most, if not all, of these articles were brought to this country by poor Arthur, who had determined to "sell out," and take up his abode in another clime, rather than remain in what was to him, at least, inhospitable England. Among such refinements, and under the elegant guardianship of her accomplished mother, Olive grew up from childhood to what was, now, the broadest blaze of womanly beauty; and, as she arose to greet the Huron a second time, a more bewildering specimen of celestial loveliness never burst upon your startled vision.

She was above the medium height, with a dower in the voluptuous sweep of her form and the queenly fulness of her limbs. Your stealthy gaze wandered along her shining arms till you caught a glimpse of her magnificent bust and throat, and then lost yourself amid the heaven of her face. Her head was beautifully poised upon marble, fresh from the very chisel; while her dark eyes sent the light out from their depths in long, soft shafts that found you and touched you. Her forehead although not high, was ample; and the slight wavy swell beneath her chin, a study. Her mouth and nose harmonized with the rest of her features so charmingly, that all seemed to shine together, and you caught but one broad-tinted sunbeam only; while her dark masses of glossy hair, her small sea-shell ears, pearly feet and hands, gave a finish to the picture, beyond the reach of mortal pencil.

'Twas thus she stood before Black Hawk, when he entered the apartment, and as he looked upon her smiling face, and knew that she was as good as she was lovely—knew that she was a high-souled and generous girl, he warmly pressed her hands once more, and led her to a seat.

"Daylight, my dear," observed the Chief, opening the conversation, "is my friend

Kavanagh in these regions yet, as I have not heard from him for some time? Rely upon it that is a fine, noble-hearted fellow. I know him well; and when I introduced him to you, when last here, I was satisfied of what pleasure his company would give you all."

At the mention of the name of Stanhope Kavanagh, a deep blush suffused the countenance of Olive; and she stammered out, incoherently, that she believed "Mr. Kavanagh still resided in the neighborhood."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Black Hawk, smilingly; "because he is an acquisition to even the most distinguished society; and I hear that you have some very nice people settling along the river now, as well as in the body of the village. I must call on him at the first possible moment, and renew your acquaintance, if it should have flagged in my absence."

At this point, a shade past over the brow of Mrs. Mornington, and joining the conversation, she said that "very little was known of Mr. Kavanagh's antecedents in that vicinity; and that he never visited any of the people just mentioned."

"Ah! my good lady," returned Black Hawk, "that's because Stanhope is too poor and proud; for I know from his own lips, and those of others, that he has as good blood in his veins as the best of them; and that, like more than one honest fellow in the world, he has been robbed of his inheritance by a villain! Kavanagh belongs to one of the first families in the south of Ireland; and, if I am correctly informed, but few obstacles stand between him and an ample fortune."

"My dear Chief," replied the lady, "all these Irish gentlemen are of high families, and heirs to something or other; only that there are invariably obstacles in the way that are insurmountable, and I am afraid Mr. Kavanagh is one of that class."

At this point Olive, under some slight pretence, left the room and sought the verandah. When she reached the corner of it, and was stooping to pull a carnation from one of her little flower-beds, a tear fell amongst its leaves, like a heavy pearl.

"There's some foul play here," thought the Huron, as his quick eye caught the emotion of Olive, and the shade that passed over the face of her mother. But resuming the subject, he continued: "Yes! yes! good lady, there is some truth in what you say, but where there is true dignity of spirit, we carry the title-deeds in our heart, and need no patent of Nobility in our pockets. It is true, that honors are not to be thrown aside as worthless; but I'd rather shake Stanhope Kavanagh's hand this evening than that of many a man who wears a blue ribbon."

There were now two beautiful white hands thrust up into the balmy evening air, quite close to the open window where the Chief was speaking, and two moist dark eyes turned towards the deepening heavens, and two trembling, rosy lips calling down a blessing on the Huron's head.

Supper was soon ready under the able superintendence of Mrs. Brown, and the active aid of little Tim, whom Brown christened "the Squirrel." So the party adjourned to the dining-room, on the other side of the hall, the Chief leading in both the ladies, Olive having sufficiently recovered herself to