

CANADIAN SON OF TEMPERANCE AND LITERARY GEM.



"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—PROVERBS, Chap. 20.

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HOW BEAUTIFUL THEY ARE.

FROM THE POEMS OF LYDIA ANN APPLETON,
Of Whitechurch.

The broad blue arch of Heaven,
With scarce a cloud to mar,
The sun's refulgent flood of light,
How beautiful they are.

The wild bird's morning measure,
Poured on the air afar,
The forest's waving verdure,
How beautiful they are.

The sober hues of autumn
That every wind doth mar,
That tell us plainly all must die,
How beautiful they are.

The page of ancient story
That tells of darksome war,
To eyes that love its mazes,
How beautiful they are.

The eyes of infant loveliness,
Where guilt can claim no scar,
To minds that read their story,
How beautiful they are.

The lines that point to brighter worlds
Where beams the morning star,
To hearts renewed by grace divine,
How beautiful they are.

O may our hearts be tuned indeed
From sinful thoughts afar,
That we with all the good may know
How beautiful they are.

JANET McREA.

AN INDIAN STORY.

We seated ourselves in the shade of a large pine tree, and drank of a spring that gurgled beneath it.—The Indians gave a groan, and turned their faces from the water. They would not drink of the spring nor eat in the shade of the tree, but retired to a ledge of rocks at a short distance. I ventured to approach them

and inquire the cause of their strange conduct. One of the Indians said in a solemn tone, "That place is bad for the red man; the blood of an innocent woman, not of our enemies, rests upon that spot—she was there murdered. The red man's word had been pledged for her safety; but the evil spirit made him forget it. She lies buried there. No one avenged her murder, and the Great Spirit was angry. That water will make us more thirsty, and that shade will scorch us. The stain of blood is on our hands, and we know not how to wipe it out. It still rests upon us, do what we will." I could get no more from them; they were silent even for Indians. It was the death of Miss McRea they alluded to. She was betrothed to a young American, Mr. Jones, who had taken sides with the British, and become a captain in their service. The lovers, however, had managed to keep up a correspondence, and he was informed, after a battle in which he distinguished himself for his bravery, that his innamorata was concealed in a house a few miles from Sandy Hill. As it was dangerous for him to go to her, he engaged a party of confidential Indians to take his horse to her residence, and bring her to his tent in safety. He urged her, in his letter, not to hesitate a moment in putting herself under their protection; and the voice of a lover is law to a confiding woman. They proceeded on their journey, and stopped under a large pine tree near a spring—the one at which they drank. Here they were met by another party of Indians, also sent by the impatient lover, when a quarrel arose about her, which terminated in her assassination. One of the Indians pulled the poor girl from her horse, and another struck his tomahawk into her forehead—tore off her scalp, and gashed her breast. They then covered her body with leaves, and left her under the huge pine tree. One of the Indians made her lover acquainted with the facts, and another brought him her scalp. He knew the long, brown tresses of Miss McRea, and, in defiance of all danger, flew to the spot to realize the horrid scene. He tore away the thinly spread leaves, and clasped the still bleeding body in his arms, and wrapping it in his cloak, was about bearing it away, when he was prevented by his superior officers, who ordered her to be buried on the spot where she had been immolated. After this event a curse seemed to rest on the red man. In every battle their forces were sadly cut up, the Americans attacking them most furiously whenever they could get an opportunity. The prophets of the Indians had strange auguries: they saw constantly in the clouds, the form of the murdered white woman, invoking the blasts to overwhelm them, and directing all the power and fury of the Americans to exterminate every red man of the forest, who had committed the hateful deed of breaking his faith and staining his tomahawk with the blood of a woman, whose spirit still called for revenge. It was agreed among the Indians in a body to move silently away, and by morning's light not a red man was to be found near the British troops. Captain Jones, too, was no more. In battle he led on his men with that fearfulness and fury that distressed a soul of steel, but his men were tired

of following him to such perilous attacks and began to fly. As he returned to rally them he received a ball in his back. Burning with love, shame, and frenzy, he turned and threw himself on the bayonets of the enemy, and at once closed his agonies and expiated his political offence. He was laid by the side of her he had so ardently loved and lamented.—Events of the Revolution.

A PICTURE.

Strolling through the Shockoe Hill Burying Ground, a few evenings since, says the Richmond Times, we unexpectedly became an eye witness to a scene that even angels might look down upon with an approving eye.—Within the railing of a neatly though plainly enclosed section, near the southern boundary of the burying ground, we discovered three sweet little girls—the eldest had probably seen ten, and the youngest not over six summers. The trio of little innocents had noiselessly gathered around a little green mound which appeared to be the newly made grave of an infant. The elder sister—for sisters we judged them to be—occupied an attitude of deep devotion, kneeling softly and gently by the side of a little green mound, which hid from view the loved form of a little sister or brother, who, "in the morn and liquid dew of youth," had been translated to a happier sphere. On either side, speechless and motionless, stood her little sisters, whose eyes, like her own, were running down with the meltings of their pure and innocent hearts.

Not an audible whisper escaped the lips of the little mourners. The orison of the kneeling child was in secret, but her whole manner bespoke the eloquent nature of the prayer she offered up to the throne of Heaven for the little one. That prayer, we doubt not, has been registered in Heaven, and if, in after life, its author should waver in the path of rectitude, it will plead trumpet-tongued in her behalf. Fearing that our presence might disturb the secret devotions of the sweet little trio, we paused, and quietly took a position which would enable us to watch, unobserved, the action of the devout little mourners. The elder sister held in her right hand a bunch of flowers—the earliest which a genial spring had called forth—consisting of violets and hyacinths. These she would press to her lips, and then scatter them over the grave of the little child. The sun was rapidly descending the western horizon—his last rays were gilding the tops of the obelisks which mark the repose of the opulent or the gifted, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around the holy scene. Softly and reverently the little sister arose from her kneeling posture, and as she arose we caught a glimpse of her sadly sweet face; it was illumined by an angelic radiance, which for a moment induced us to believe her more than mortal. Gently kissing her sisters by the hand, the little trio of innocents softly left the enclosure, the eldest sister closing the gate with a degree of caution which seemed to indicate her great anxiety, not to disturb the slumbers of the little child reposing in the enclosure. After casting one long lingering look at the little green mound, the sisters departed, and with the hurried eager steps of childhood soon reached the street. After they had left we drew near the spot rendered sacred by the outpourings of their pure