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Written for the Experiment.

THE FATAL VOW.

BY A. G.

It was evening: the proud king of day had retired in glorious majesty behind the western hills. Twilight's dusky shades had fallen o'er the hills and valleys of Judea. The blue arch of Heaven was glowing with sparkling light. The zephyrs bore on their wings the perfume of flowers, and in the distance the "Song of the Tuttle," and the gentle murmuring of streams were heard. Presently the "moon took up the wondrous tale," and reigned in bright and peerless majesty, the queen of night.

It was a dark period in the history of the Jews. Torn by discord, and exhausted by civil wars, they were in no condition to repel an invader; and to complete their misfortune, the children of Ammon had already invaded their coasts and threatened their destruction. At this eventful period the Israelites began to look about them for a leader, but they knew of no one in whom they could repose implicit confidence. They remembered, however, that a man named Jephthah had been banished from his home by his brethren, in consequence of their jealousy. A council of the elders resolved to place Jephthah at the head of their army, and as a proof of confidence on their part, they promised, in the event of his accepting their invitation, to make him ruler of the people. A messenger clothed with full powers was immediately despatched to the land of Tob, the residence of Jephthah; and after the usual salutations, and the forms of ancient hospitality were over, the message of the elders was immediately made known. The offer was accepted, and Jephthah prepared with his daughter Rebecca to bid adieu to their long loved home.

Rebecca was the fairest of her race. She was scarce sixteen; yet her form was tall and graceful, and moulded in the most exquisite symmetry. Her flowing hair was dark as the wing of the raven, and her sparkling eyes were brighter than diamonds, and when shielded by their long dark lashes, would wound the hardest heart; and such was the glow of health on her lovely cheeks, that the rose in all its beauty bloomed not fairer than Jephthah's daughter. At length, with many tears, she bid adieu to the scenes she loved so well, and accompanied her father to the land of Israel. Jephthah was received by his countrymen with the deepest protestations of esteem and affection; and he hastened to place himself at their head, and marched to give battle to the Ammonites, who had advanced as far as Aroer. He arrived in sight of the enemies' camp on the evening we have mentioned above, and having placed proper sentinels, he walked in the open plain to admire the beauty of the scene, and to muse on his former condition, and his present perilous situation. Around him the majestic palm, the luxuriant olive, and the clustering vine flourished in all their beauty. He thought how he had been spurned and insulted by his brethren,—how he had been driven by them a solitary exile, from the land of his birth, the home of his fathers; and as the bitter thought rose in his mind, the cheering reflection that he had forgiven them, immediately overpowered it. They had solicited his return; they had conjured him to bury the actions of the past in oblivion; they had restored to him his former estates and dignity, and his name was no longer covered with ignomy and disgrace. Instead of being despised by his countrymen, he was their only hope. He considered how uncertain would be the conflict with his enemies, for the army he commanded, when compared to their multitudes, was but a handful. He knew that his only hope was in the God of Israel. Alone and unseen by any but the All-seeing Eye of Heaven, Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord and said: "If thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands, then it shall be that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering." He retraced his steps to the camp, and before the rays of the sun had guided the mountains of Gilead, Jephthah's chosen band was drawn up in battle array on the plain that was that day to witness the death struggle of thousands.

The Ammonites rushed to the attack, and long and doubtful was the conflict. At length the Israelites prevailed, and the broken legions of Ammon fled dismayed from the field. The Israelites pursued, and dreadful was the carnage. The countless myriads of idolaters were slain almost to a man, and the plain of Aroer, which a few hours before was wet with the dews of Heaven, was covered with the bodies, and deluged with the blood of the slain. After the battle was ended the Israelites returned to their homes, and Jephthah received in every city through which he passed the congratulations of his countrymen who flocked around him to hear the glad tidings of victory. He arrived at Mizpah, and approaching his house he beheld his daughter advancing to meet him, and singing a hymn of thanksgiving for his safe return.

His rash vow was remembered; his eyes overflowed, which had never dropped a tear when driven an exile from his home; his heart, which had never quailed amid the deadly strife, now well nigh broke; his knees trembled; his brain became giddy; and a sense of the deepest and most insupportable anguish pervaded his mind. He leaned against a friendly olive for support, while Rebecca asked him in the sweetest and most tender accents, the cause of his grief. Pale, as if the King of Terrors had already claimed her as his own, and motionless as a statue, the unfortunate maiden heard her doom from the lips of her heart-broken parent. "Weep not for me," at length she said, "for thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, and canst not go back. But, oh my father, grant me a last request. Permit me to wander upon the mountains for two months with my maidens—

"To mourn my hapless fate,
And train my mind to meet a change so great."
Her request was granted; and Rebecca with her little band of maidens departed to the mountains, where they visited each well remembered spot, and mourned in hopeless sorrow the fair being who would soon be torn from their embraces forever.

The clouds of night had been dispelled by the light of day. The sun had risen above the mountains of Benjamin. The feathered songsters were carolling in the groves. The flowers again unfolded their petals to the rays of the sun, and all things wore an air of joy and gladness, except this little band of mourners, as slowly they visited for the last time the scenes they loved so well. The sun had approached his meridian when a stranger stood before them, who announced to the chieftain's daughter that he was a messenger from her father.

She called her maidens around her and said, "mourn not for me, for I go to a land of bliss beyond the skies; and oh comfort my father; remember that I am a willing victim; and as we part forever, grant me a last request. As often as returning springs beautify our plains, return to these mountains and mourn my untimely fate." A wail of agonizing sorrow burst from her companions, as she was borne to her father. But let us draw a veil over the scene. Suffice it to say that her father did with her according to his vow.

The fair daughters of Israel mindful of her last request, returned yearly to the mountains and mourned four days in each year their lost Rebecca.

WONDERS OF GEOLOGY.—More than 9000 different kinds of animals have been changed into stone. The race of genera of more than half of these are now extinct, not being at present known in a living state upon earth. From the remains of some of these ancient animals, they must have been larger than any living animal now known upon the face of the earth. The Megatherium (Great Beast,) says Buckland, forms a skeleton, nearly perfectly colossal. With a head and neck like the sloth, its legs and feet exhibit the character of an Armadilla and the Aunteeater. Its fore feet were a yard in length, and more than 12 inches wide, terminated by gigantic claws. Its thigh bone was nearly 3 times as thick as that of the elephant, its tail, nearest the body, was a feet in circumference. Its tusks were admirably adapted for cutting vegetable substances, and its general structure and strength were intended to fit it for digging in the ground for the roots, on which it principally fed.

NATURAL HISTORY.
CHAPTER I.

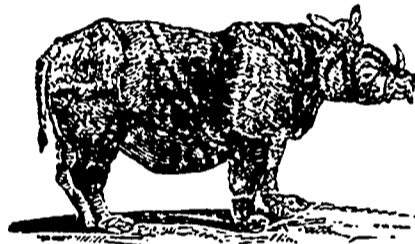


THE PANTHER.

The length of the Panther is usually more than six feet, not measuring the tail, which is about three feet long. The color of the upper parts of the body is light tawny-yellow, with many black, roundish marks, several of which have in the middle of them a black spot. The under parts of the body are white.

In most of its habits of life, the Panther is like the Tiger; it lurks in secret amongst bushes or shrubs, on the borders of the forests, and springs with a sudden leap on such animals as pass by. The Panther has none of the noble qualities of the Lion.—His thirst for blood is very great; and his ferocity is such, that even when in the power of man, and in his gentlest moments, he seems rather to be subdued than tamed. He has a fierce countenance and a restless eye; his cry is similar to that of an angry dog.

The mode adopted to destroy the Panther is usually as follows: A bait, consisting of a piece of flesh, is suspended on a tree, near which the hunter has previously erected a hut for his own concealment and security; the smell of flesh attracts the animal to the spot, and, whilst he is seizing it, the hunter shoots him, and almost always wounds him mortally.

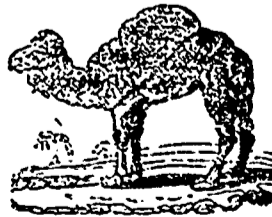


THE RHINOCEROS.

The single-horned Rhinoceros is not exceeded in size by any land animal except the Elephant, and in strength and power it gives place to none. Its nose is armed with a formidable weapon, a hard and solid horn, sometimes above three feet in length and eighteen inches in circumference at the base, with which it is able to defend itself against the attack of every ferocious animal. The Tiger will rather attack the Elephant than the Rhinoceros, which it cannot face without danger of being torn to pieces. The body and limbs of the latter are defended by a skin so hard as to be impenetrable, except in the belly, by either a knife or a spear.

The upper lip of this animal answers, in some measure, the same purpose as the trunk of the Elephant; it protrudes over the lower one in the form of a lengthened tip; and, being extremely pliable, is used in catching hold of the branches of trees and shrubs, and putting them into the mouth.

The Rhinoceros is generally of a quiet and inoffensive disposition, but when attacked or provoked he becomes extremely dangerous. This animal has a most acute and attentive ear, and runs with great swiftness.



THE CAMEL.

These animals are mild and inoffensive. They are of great value in hot and sandy countries.—Their great power of living without water, enable them to proceed for seven or eight days' journey without any supply. They can discover water by their scent at half a league's distance, and will hasten towards it long before their drivers perceive where it lies. Their patience under hunger is perhaps equally remarkable.

A large Camel will bear a load of a thousand twelve hundred pounds, and with this will traverse the deserts. When about to be loaded, the animals bend their knees at the command of the conductor. If any disobey, they are struck with a stick, or their necks are pulled down; and then, uttering their groan of complaint, they bend themselves, put their bodies to the earth, and remain in that posture till they are loaded and desired to rise.

If over-burdened, they give repeated blows with their heads to the person who oppresses them, and sometimes utter the most pitiful cries.

THE LAMA.

The Lama is the only animal associated with man, and undebaused by the contract. The Lama will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, an Indian going a long distance ahead as guide. If tired, they stop, and the Indian stops also. If the delay is great, the Indian, becoming uneasy towards sunset, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. If the Lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but when they are in ill humour, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might imagine these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, of a happier existence. The straight neck, and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air, at once noble and sensitive. It must be so in fact, for the lama is the only creature employed by man, that he dares not strike. If it happens (which is very seldom) that an Indian wishes to obtain, either by force or threats what the Lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity and without attempting to escape ill-treatment by flight, he lies down, turning his looks toward heaven, large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, and in half or three quarters of an hour he expires. Happy creatures who so easily avoid sufferings by death! Happy creatures who appear to have accepted life on condition of its being happy! The Indians of the Cordilleras alone possess enough patience and gentleness to manage the lama. It is doubtless from this extraordinary companion that he has learned to die when overtaken.

A TENANT WANTED.—We learn (says the New York Mirror,) that an Irishman was seen in the upper part of the city on Thursday with the words, "A tenant wanted," painted in large letters on pasteboard, and suspended around his neck. Patrick was asked, "Who wanted the tenant, and where?" "And it's me, meself," he replied, "that wants a tenant." "Well for what house?" "House" he said. "And do I care what house, so long as it be a dacent and respectable place and sure wages?" "You're a fool, Paddy, or somebody has been making a fool of you—for if you have a house to rent then you want a tenant; but if you want a situation, why don't you say on your showbill 'A situation wanted.'" "Aha, my darlint," replied the Irishman, "and is it there ye are? And perhaps I ain't a fool? Sure I was t to be occupied, and can I be occupied unless I have a tenant?"

WALKINGAME'S ARITHMETIC
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JOSEPH WILSON, Publisher.

glare of the mid-day sun, the ground was covered with cotton tapestry, while all his subjects of high and low degree, who lined the sides of the causeway, bent their heads and fixed their eyes on the ground, as unworthy to look upon so much majesty. Some prostrated themselves on the ground before him, and all in that mighty throng were awed by his presence into a silence that was absolutely oppressive.

The appearance of Montezuma was in the highest degree interesting to the Spanish general and his followers. Flung over his shoulders was the *tilmatti*, or large square cloak, manufactured from the finest cotton, with the embroidered ends gathered in a knot round his neck. Under this was a tunic of green, embroidered with exquisite taste, extending almost to his knees, and confined at the waist, by a rich jeweled vest. His feet were protected by sandals of gold, bound with leathern thongs richly embossed with the same metal. The cloak, the tunic, and the sandals were profusely sprinkled with pearls and precious stones. On his head was a *penuche* of plumes of the royal green, waving gracefully in the light breeze.

He was then about forty years of age. His person was tall, slender, and well proportioned. His complexion was somewhat fairer than that of his race generally. His countenance was expressive of great benignity. His carriage was serious, dignified and even majestic, and, without the least tincture of haughtiness, or affectation of importance, he moved with the stately air of one born to command, and accustomed to the homage of all about him.

The strangers halted, as the monarch drew near. Cortez, dismounting, threw his reins to a page, and, supported by a few of his principal officers, advanced to meet him. What an interview! How full of thrilling interest to both parties! How painfully thrilling to Montezuma, who now sat before him, standing on the very threshold of his citadel, the all-conquering white man, whose history was so mysteriously blended with his own; whose coming and power had been foreshadowed for ages in the prophetic traditions of his country, confirmed again by his own most sacred oracles, and repeated by so many signs, and omens, and fearful prognostics, that he was compelled either to regard him as the heaven-sent representative of the ancient rightful lords of the soil, or to abandon his early and cherished faith, the religion of his fathers, and of the ancient race from which they sprung.

Putting a royal restraint upon the feelings which almost overwhelmed him, the monarch received his guest with princely courtesy, expressing great pleasure in seeing him personally, and extending to him the hospitalities of his capital. The Castilian replied with expressions of the most profound respect, and with many ample acknowledgements for the substantial proofs which the Emperor had already given of his more than royal munificence.—He then hung on the neck of the king a sparkling chain of colored crystal, at the same time making a movement, as if he would embrace him. He was prevented, however, by the timely interference of two Aztec lords from thus profaning, before the assembled multitudes of his people, the sacred person of their master.

After this formal introduction and interchange of civilities, Montezuma appointed his brother, the bold Cuiclahua, to conduct the Spaniards to their quarters in the city, and returned in the same princely state in which he came, amid the prostrate thousands of his subjects. Pondering deeply, as the train moved slowly on, upon the fearful crisis in his affairs which he had now arrived, his ear was arrested by a faint low voice in the crowd, which he instantly recognized as Karee's, breathing out a plaintive wail, as if in soliloquy with her own soul, or in high communion with the spirits of the unseen world. The strain was wild and broken, but its tenor was deeply mournful and deprecatory. It concluded with these emphatic words—

The proud eagle may turn his cyrie again,
But his pinions are clipped, and his foot feels the chain,

He is monarch no more in his wide domain—
The falcon has come to his nest.

With an air of bold and martial triumph, their colors flying, and music briskly playing, the Spaniards, with the singular trail of half savage Tlascalans, the deadly enemies of the Aztecs, made their entrance into the southern quarter of the renowned Tenochtitlan, and were escorted by the

brave Cuiclahua, to the royal palace of Axayacatl, in the heart of the city, once the residence of Montezuma's father, and now appropriated to the accommodation of Cortez and his followers.

As they marched through the crowded streets, new subjects of wonder and admiration greeted them on every side. The grandeur and extent of the city, the superior style of its architecture, the ample dimensions, immense strength, and costly ornaments of the numerous palaces, pyramids and temples, separated and surrounded by broad terraced gardens in the highest possible state of cultivation and teeming with flowers of every hue and name—the lofty tapering sanctuaries, and altars blazing with inextinguishable fires,—and above all, the innumerable throngs of people who swarmed through the streets and canals, filling every doorway and window, and clustering on the flat roof of every building as they passed, filled them with mingled emotions of admiration, surprise and fear.

The swarming myriads of Aztecs were, on their part, no less interested and amazed at the spectacle presented by their strange visitors. An intense and all-absorbing curiosity pervaded the entire mass of the people. Nothing could surpass their wonder and admiration of the prancing steeds, or four legged and double-headed men, as to their simple view they seemed to be, the rider as he sat with ease in his saddle, appearing to be but a part of the animal on which he rode. The piercing tones of the loud mouthed trumpets, astonished and delighted them exceedingly. But the deep thunder of the artillery as it burst upon them amid volumes of sulphurous smoke and flame, and then rolled away in long reverberated echoes among the mountains, filled them with indelible alarm, and made them feel that the all-destroying god of war was indeed among them in the guise of men.

While these scenes were enacting in the city, the palace was shrouded in the deepest gloom.—When the monarch arrayed himself, in the morning, to go forth to meet the strangers, several incidents occurred, which were deemed peculiarly ominous, confirming all the superstitious forebodings of the king, and tending to take away from the yet trusting hearts of his household, their last remaining hope. The imperial clasp, which bound his girdle in front, bearing as its device, richly engraved on the precious *chalchicill*, the emblem of despotic power, which was the eagle pouncing upon the ocelot—snapped in twain, scattering the fragments of the eagle's head upon the marble pavement. The principal jewel in the royal diadem was found loose, and trembling in its setting. But, more portentous than all to the mind of the devout Montezuma, the priest who had charge of the great altar on the Teocalli of Huitzilopotchli, had been seized with convulsions during the preceding night, and fallen dead at his post. The perpetual fire had gone out, for want of a hand to replenish it, and when the morning sun shot his first beams upon that high altar, there was not a spark among the blackened embers, to answer his reviving glow.

It was impossible to shake off the influence of presages like these. From infancy, he had been taught to read in all such incidents, the shadowy revealings of the will of the gods, the dark lines of destiny foreshown to the faithful. The soul of Montezuma was oppressed almost to sinking.—But he roused himself to his task, and went forth, feeling, as he went, that the ground trembled beneath his feet, while an untimely night gathered at noon-day over the sky.

Among the noble princes who graced the court of Montezuma, there was no one of a nobler bearing, or a loftier heart, than his nephew Guatimozin, the favored lover of Tecuichpo. Unlike her disappointed suitor, the Prince of Tezcuco, he had uniformly and powerfully opposed the timid policy of the king, and urged, with Cuiclahua, a bold and unyielding resistance to the encroachments of the intruding Spaniards. His reluctance to their admission to the capital was so great, that he refused to witness the humiliating spectacle; preferring to shut himself up in the palace, and sustain, if he could the fainting courage of the princess, and her mother. All that could be done by eloquence, inspired by patriotic zeal and inflamed by a pure and refined love, was attempted by the accomplished youth, till, excited and inflamed by his own efforts to comfort and persuade others, and nerved to higher resolves, by a new contemplation of the inestimable heart-treasures, which were staked upon the

issue, a new hope seemed to dawn upon the clouded horizon of their destiny.

"My fair princess," cried the impassioned lover, "it shall not be. These wide and glorious realms, teeming with untold thousands of brave and patriotic hearts, ready and able to defend our altars, and our hearths, shall never pass away to a mere handful of pale-faced invaders. They *must*, they *shall* be driven back. Or, if our gods, have utterly deserted us,—if the time has indeed come, when the power and glory of the Aztec is to pass away for ever, let the Aztec, to a man, pass away with it.—Let us perish together by our altars, and leave to the rapacious intruder a ravaged and depopulated country. Let no one remain to grace his triumph, or bow his neck to the ignominious yoke."

"Nay, my sweet cousin," she replied, with a tone and look of indescribable tenderness, "we will indeed die together, if need be, but let us first see if we cannot live together."

"Live?" exclaimed Guatimozin. "O! Tecuichpo, what would I attempt, what would I sacrifice, to the hope of living, if I might share that life with you. But my country! my allegiance! how can I sacrifice that which is not my own—that inheritance which was all my birthright, and which, as it preceded, must necessarily be paramount to, all the other relations of life."

"But, my father! dear Guatimozin! must he not be obeyed?"

"Yes, and he shall be, But he *must* be persuaded, even at this late hour, to dismiss the strangers, and banish them for ever from his domains. He has no right to yield it up. It belongs to his subjects no less than to him. He belongs to them, by the same sacred bond that binds them all to him.—He may not sacrifice them to a scruple, which has in it more of superstition than of religion. I must go to the Temple of Cholula, and bring up the hoary old prophet of Quetzalcoatl, and see if he cannot move the too tender conscience of your father, and persuade him that his duty to his gods cannot, by any possibility, be made to conflict with his duty to his empire, and the mighty family of dependent children, whom the gods have committed to his care."

"Oh! not now, Guatimozin, I pray you. Do not leave us at this terrible moment. Stay, and sustain with your courageous hopes the sad heart of my dear father, who is utterly overwhelmed with the dire omens of this dismal morning."

"Omens! Oh! Tecuichpo, shall we not rather say that the gods have thus frowned upon our cowardly abandonment of their altars, than that they design, in these dark portents, to denounce an irreversible doom, which our prayers cannot avert, nor our combined wisdom and courage prevent?"

At this moment Montezuma returned. But the deep distress depicted in his countenance, and the air of stern reserve which he assumed in the presence of those whose counsels would tend to shake his resolve, effectually prevented Guatimozin from pursuing, at that moment, the object nearest his heart. He retired into the garden, where he was soon joined by the fair princess, who wished to divert him from his purposed visit to Cholula, knowing full well it would be a fruitless mission.

"But why, my brave cousin, may not my father be right, in feeling that these strangers are sent to us from the gods? And if from the gods, then surely for our good; for the gods are all beneficence, and can only intend the well-being of their children, in all the changes that befall us here. Perhaps these strangers will teach us more of the beings whom we worship, and direct us how we may serve them better than we now do, and so partake more largely of their favor?"

"Alas! my beloved, how can we hope that they who come to destroy, whose only god is gold—to the possession of which they are ready to sacrifice life, love, honor, every thing—how can we hope that they will teach us any thing better or higher than we learn from the ancient oracles of our faith and the holy priesthood of our religion? No, it cannot be. Their pathway is drenched in blood, and so it will be, till the throne, and he who honors it, are laid in dust at their feet, and you and I, and all the myriads of our people, have become their abject slaves."

"Say not so, I beseech you, dear Guatimozin.—Where my father leads, I must follow, and hope for the best. And you must follow too, for I can-

not go without you. Here, take this rose, and wear it as a pledge to me, over this sparkling fountain, that you will no more hazard the imperial displeasure, and the anger of the gods, by your bold and rash resistance of the known decrees of fate.—And I will weave a chaplet of the same, to lay upon the altar, to propitiate for us all the favor of heaven."

There was too much real chivalry in the heart of Guatimozin, to resist the earnest love and eloquent persuasion of his lady-love. He kissed her fair cheek in token of submission to her sway, and then led her to the palace, to learn if any thing new had transpired to encourage his hope that his wishes would yet be realized, in the exclusion of the Spaniards from the city. As they passed along, they heard Karee-o-than, the garrulous pet of the Princess, seemingly soliloquising among the branches of the flowering orange that hung over the favorite arbor. They paused a moment, but could gather nothing from his chattering, but "Brave Guatimozin! noble Guatimozin! all is yours."

"An omen! my sweet cousin, a genuine emphatic omen! Even Karee-o-than encourages me, in my treason. I wish I knew how she would respond to the name of this redoubtable Cortez.—Pray ask her, Tecuichpo, what she thinks of the Spaniard."

"Fear you not to trifle thus?" asked Tecuichpo.

"Fear not, brave Guatimozin!" responded the parrot.

"There, I have it again, my love; all she says is against you. And what do you say of Malinche, pretty Karee-o-than?"

"Poor Malinche! brave Guatimozin."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the Prince, "the bird is as good as an omen, and I"—

At that moment, Karee appeared, and coming towards them in great haste and trepidation, informed them that the Spaniards had already reached their quarters in the old palace, and that Montezuma had gone thither, in royal state, to receive them.

"And what think you of all these things, my fairy queen," asked Guatimozin, playfully.

"Wo! wo! wo! to the imperial house of Tenochtitlan!" energetically replied Karee,—"its glory is departed for ever,—its crown has fallen from the head of the great Montezuma, and there is none able to wear it, or redeem it from the hand of the spoiler. Thou, most noble Prince, wilt do all that mortal courage and prowess can do, to rescue it from desecration, and to protect the house of Montezuma from the cruel fate to which she has delivered it up; but it will be all in vain. *He* must perish by an ignominious death. *They* must pass under the yoke of the strangers, and thou, too, after all thy noble struggles and sacrifices, must perish miserably under their cruel and impleacable rapacity."

This was too much for Tecuichpo. She looked upon Karee as an inspired prophetess, and had always found it exceedingly difficult to sustain the filial confidence which sanctified every act and every purpose of her royal father, when the powerful incantations of Karee were directed against them. It was a continual struggle between an affectionate superstition, and filial love. But that first, and holiest, and strongest instinct of her heart prevailed, and she clung the more warmly to her father, when she found that every thing else was against him. But now the shaft had pierced her another and an unguarded point. Her spirit fainted within her. She swooned in the arms of Guatimozin, and was borne to her apartment in a state of insensibility, where, under the kind and skillful nursing of Karee, and the affectionate assurances of Guatimozin, she was soon restored to health, and her accustomed cheerfulness. But these ceaseless agitations, these painful alterations of hope and fear, were slowly wearing upon her gentle spirit, and undermining a frame so delicately sensitive, that, like the aspen,

It trembled when the sleeping breeze
But dreamed of waking.

CHAPTER VI.
MUNIFICENCE OF MONTEZUMA—THE ROYAL BANQUET—THE REQUITAL—THE EMPEROR A PRISONER IN HIS OWN PALACE.

"Was that thunder?"
Those splendid halls resound with revelry,
And song, and dance lead on the tardy dawn.

From the hall of his fathers in anguish he fled,
Nor again will its marble re-echo his tread.
Montezuma was always and every where munificent. When he had, though reluctantly, admitted the strangers into his capital, he prepared to give

them a joyfully hospitable entertainment. Partly by way of triumph in the success of their movements hitherto, and partly by way of amusing, and at the same time overawing their entertainers, the Spaniards, the day after their arrival in the city, made a grand military display in their quarters, and in the neighboring streets. They exercised their prancing steeds in all the feats of horsemanship, racing, leaping, and cantering, in all the wild majesty of the trained charger, under the three-fold discipline of bit and spur, and cheering shout.—They rushed upon each other in the mock warfare of the tournament, with clashing sword and glancing spear, and then, discharging their carbines in the air, separated amid clouds of dust and smoke, as if driven asunder by the bolts of heaven in their own hands. The astonished natives, accustomed only to the simple weapons of primitive warfare, looked on with undisguised admiration, not unmixed with fear. The strange beings before them, wielding such untried powers, seemed indeed to have descended upon earth from some higher sphere, and to partake of that mysterious and fearful character, which they had been wont to ascribe to inhabitants of the spiritual world. But when, to closing off the day's entertainment, they brought out the loud-mouthed artillery, and shook the very foundations of the city with their oft-repeated thunders, the spirit of the Aztec sunk within him, and he felt, as he retired to his dwelling, that it was for no good end, that men of such power, having such fearful engines at their command, had been permitted to fix their quarters in one of the fortresses of Tenochtitlan.

"Alas!" said an ancient Cacique from the northern frontier, "we are fallen upon evil times.—Our enemies are even now in the citadel—enemies whom we know not, whose mode of warfare we do not understand, whose weapons defy alike our powers of imitation and resistance. Let us abandon the field, and retire to the far north, whence our fathers came, and rear a new empire amid the impregnable fastness of the mountains."

"Who talks of abandoning the field to the enemy?" interrupted Guatimozin.—"Let no Aztec harbor so base a thought. Rather let us stand by our altars and die, if die we must."

"Right," cried the youthful prince Axayatl, from the southern slope of the Sierra, "why should the all-conquering Aztec tremble at this display of the mysterious stranger? Are not the millions of Anahuac a match for a few hundred of their enemies, in whatever form they come? Be they gods, or belching demons, they belong not to this soil, nor this soil to them, and, by all our altars and all our gods, they must retire or perish, though we, and our wives, and our children perish with them."

"Give us your hand, brave Axayatl," exclaimed Cuitlahua and Guatimozin, at the same instant, "be that our vow in life and in death, and woe to the base Aztec, that abandons the standard of Montezuma, or whispers of submission to the haughty stranger."

Thus were the councils of the people divided between a timid superstition, and a bold uncompromising patriotism. There wanted not the material, it well directed, to annihilate, at a blow, the hopes of the daring invaders. The arm of the nation was strong and sinewy, but "the head was sick, and the heart faint." The emperor, the hitherto proud and self-sufficient Montezuma,—

Like a struck eagle fainting in his nest, had cowered to a phantom of his own diseased imagination, and weakly consented to regard them as gods, whose passions, appetites and vices proved them to be men, and whose diminished numbers, after every battle they had fought, showed they were of mortal mould.

On the following day, a magnificent banquet was prepared for Cortez, and his officers, in the imperial palace. It was graced by the presence of all the nobility of Azteca, with all the pride and beauty of their household divinities—for, among this refined people, the wife and the daughter held her appropriate rank, and woman exercised all the influence, which, among (so called) civilized nations, Christianity alone has assigned her. Every apartment of that spacious and magnificent pile blazed with the light of odiferous torches, which sent up their clouds of incense from hundreds of gold and silver stands, elaborately carved and embossed in every form that fancy could suggest, or ingenuity invent.

Flowers of every hue and name were profusely distributed through the rooms, clustered in beautiful vases, or hung in gorgeous festoons and luxuriant chaplets from the walls. The costume of the monarch and his court was as rich and gorgeous, as the rare and variegated plumage, with a lavished use of gold and gems, could make it. The women were as splendidly apparelled as the men. Many of them were extremely beautiful. Some were distinguished for their easy refinement of manners, which charmed, no less than it astonished, the Castilian knights, who had been accustomed to suppose that nothing so beautiful, or refined, could be found without the borders of Spain!

By special command of the Emperor, all his nobles were present at this festival, so that Guatimozin, contrary to his own will and purpose, was brought into contact with Cortez, and his steel-clad cavaliers. Tecuichpo also was there, in all her maiden loveliness, outshining all the stars of that splendid galaxy. And yet she was as a star in eclipse, for her soul was oppressed with those mysterious shadows that hung over her destiny and that of her father, as connected with the coming of these white men. Karee was there in attendance upon her mistress, as she still delighted to call her; but her attention was more absorbed by the strangers than by Tecuichpo. She watched every movement, and scanned every countenance with a scrutiny that did not escape their observation, in order to read, as well as she could, the character of each. Her scrutiny satisfied herself, and she whispered in the ear of the Princess, that "if these were gods, they came from the dark, and not from the sunny side of heaven."

It was a rare spectacle, which this royal banquet presented. The contrast between the steel-clad cavaliers of Castile, whose burnished armor blazed and glittered in the brilliant torch-light, and hung under their heavy martial tramp upon the marble floor, and the comparatively fairy figures of the gaudily apparelled Aztecs, was as strong as could possibly be represented in a scene like this. The costumes and customs of each were matter of wonder and admiration to the other. The Aztec trembled at the mysterious power, the incomprehensible weapons, of the white man. The Castilian, if he did not tremble, fully appreciated the danger of a little band, separated and scattered among a festive throng of writhing men, amid the interminable labyrinth of the imperial palace, and under the eye of a monarch whose word was absolute law to all the myriads of his people.

But, whatever was passing in the inner man, the Aztec and the Castilian, alike, appeared perfectly at ease, each abandoning himself to the festivities of the occasion, as if each, unmolested by the presence of a stranger, were revelling in the security of his own castle, and celebrating some time-honored festival of his own people.

With a benign dignity and grace, the Queen, and her suite of high-born ladies, received the homage of the cavaliers, after they had been presented to the Emperor. She was struck with admiration at the graceful and dignified bearing of the Castilian, which, while it showed all the deference and respect due to her sex and her rank, had nothing in it, of that abject servility, which placed an impassible barrier between the Aztec noble and his monarch, and made them appear to belong to distinct races of being. To the chivalrous, impassioned Castilian, accustomed to worship woman, and pay an almost divine homage to beauty, in the courtly halls and sunny bowers of Spain, the scene presented a perfect constellation of grace and loveliness. The flashing eye of the Aztec maiden, as lustrous and eloquent as any in the gardens of Hesperides; the jetty tresses, glittering with gems and pearls, or chastly decorated with natural flowers; the easy grace of the loose flowing robe, revealing the full rich bust and the rounded limb, in its fairest proportions, won the instant admiration of every mailed knight, and brought again to his lips his oft-repeated vows of love and devotion.

But of little avail were honied lips and eloquent tongues to the gallant cavaliers at that magic fete. They formed no medium of communion with the bright spirits, and gay hearts around them. The doom of Babel was on them all, and there was no interpreter. Nothing daunted by obstacles seemingly insurmountable, the gay Spaniards resolved, that, where bright eyes were to be gazed on, and sweet smiles won from the ranks of youth and

beauty, they would make a way for themselves.—The first ceremonies of presentation over, each knight addressed himself to some chosen fair one and by sign and gesture, and speaking look, and smile of eloquent flattery, commenced a spirited pantomimic attack, to the infinite amusement of all the gay throng around. It was met with wonderful spirit, and ready ingenuity, by the Aztec maidens, to whom the dialect of signs, and the language of hieroglyphics was perfectly familiar; that being the only written language of all the nations of Anahuac.

The spirit and interest of the scene that followed surpassed all attempt at description. Abandoned to the gaily of the hour, the Spaniards forgot alike their schemes of ambition and aggrandisement, and the peculiar perils which surrounded them; while the Aztec revellers dismissed, for the moment, both their superstitious dread of the white man, and their patriotic disgust at his daring pretensions to universal dominion.

The noble Sandoval, attracted by the mild beaming eye, and sweet smile of the Princess Tecuichpo, with a profound obeisance, laid his plumed helmet at her feet, and choosing, from a vase at her side, a half-blown rose, which he gracefully twined with a sprig of amaranth, he first pressed it to his own heart and lips, and then placed it among the glittering gems upon her bosom. With queenly courtesy and grace, the fair princess received this gallant token, and instantly responded to it, by stooping down, and weaving among the plumes, so courteously laid at her feet, another, of such rare beauty and brilliancy of hue, that it quite eclipsed the gayest feather in the hall.

Cortez and Alvarado were, each in his turn, struck with the deep, dark, piercing eye of Karee; and each put forth his best endeavor to win from her a smile. But it was so coldly given, and accompanied with a look so deep and searching, that the general quailed before it, as he had never done before to mortal eye.

Instantly recovering himself, he put on such a smile of blended grace and dignity, as melted at once the icy reserve of the maiden, and opened the way for a long and animated party. It was full of sparkles and power, but could not be translated into any living tongue, without losing all its force and brilliancy.

Meanwhile, an animated discussion had arisen between Guatimozin and the Prince of Tezcuco, touching the propriety of receiving gifts from the strangers, or, in any way, acknowledging their claims as friends. The showy trinket, which Cacama had received from Cortez at Ajotzineo, and which he displayed on his person at this festival, gave rise to the dispute.

"It is wrong," urged Guatimozin, "wrong to our country and wrong to ourselves. Let them gain what they can from the exuberant munificence of the Emperor, and let them stay in peace, while he permits and requires it,—but let us not weaken our hands, by touching their gifts, or accepting their tokens. When they depart, let them not boast that they have left any remembrance behind them, or laid claims upon our hands, by their gifts, which we have freely accepted."

"Surely, my dear cousin," said the Princess, "you make too much of so small a matter. They are but common courtesies, and too trifling for such grave consideration and argument."

"Not so, believe me, my fair cousin. They take us on the weak side of the heart—they blind our eyes to our relations, unnerve our arms, and blunt our weapons of defence."

"What then would you do," asked Cacama, as if more than half-persuaded that Guatimozin was right in his views of duty.

"Do," replied the Prince, with startling energy of tone and manner, "I would fling it at his feet, or trample it under my own, before his eyes, and show him that I scorn him and his gifts alike."

Tecuichpo turned suddenly round at this remark, as if fearing the strangers would understand it, and in her agitation, dropped a magnificent jewel from her dress, and with it the rose so gallantly presented by Sandoval. A dozen princes and cavaliers sprang, at the same instant, to replace the precious toy. Pedro Outegulla, the beautiful young page of Cortez, was so fortunate as to recover it. Doffing his cap, and kneeling gracefully at her feet, he presented it to the Princess with an air of admiring deference, and by signs, solicited the honor of replacing it upon her arm.

This little incident put an end to the discussion, which was growing too warm for the occasion, and the festivities went on as gaily as before.

A group of sprightly, mischief-loving girls, who had clustered round the cool basin of a sparkling jet d'eau, and were amusing themselves by free and fearless comments upon the appearance and manners of the strangers, arrested the eye of the impulsive, humor-loving Alvarado, and drew him to solicit a share in their sport; for, in beating a retreat from the eagle glance of Karee, he had strolled into an illuminated arbor, in one of the open courts of the palace. With hand, and eye, and lip, now appealing in emphatic gesture to the stars above, and now, with ready tact and admirable sagacity distributing the flowers among the gay maids of the tountain, he soon ingratiated himself into their favor, and engaged them in a brilliant and animated pantomime, which if it wanted the eloquence of words, found ample compensation, or that defect, in the merry shout and ringing laugh, that accompanied each labored attempt to utter, or interpret, a sentiment. The gallant cavalier soon found himself loaded with a profusion of floral favors. For every flower he bestowed upon the fair nymphs, he received an appropriate return, till his hands were full, and he found it necessary to arrange them upon his person.

Instantly the whole group, as by one impulse of artistic taste, seized the idea, and resolved to array him as a flower-god. The magnificent cactus flashed among the plumes of his helmet—a pair of splendid magnolias, tastefully adjusted on either shoulder, supplied the place of the silver epaulette—a rich cluster of unfading forget-me-not, covered and eclipsed the gilded star upon his breastplate; while every joint in his armor, and every loop and button of his doublet, was set with its appropriate garden gem. Long wreaths of a blossoming vine were dexterously intertwined with flowers of every brilliant hue, and hung like a gorgeous sash over his right shoulder, its gay streamers waving in the gentle breeze, or winding themselves about the scabbard of his sword. His hands were gloved with a moss of the most delicate green velvet, dotted with golden stars, and his boots transformed into baskins of the most approved classic pattern, by alternate bands of jessamine and scarlet lobelia, crossed and plaided with strings of anemone and hyacinth.

Thus arrayed, his face skillfully masked with the flowering wax-plant despoiled of its leaves, he was conducted into the presence of the queen, under a continually increasing escort of bright girls and fair dames, where, with due reverence to her majesty, and with the gallantry becoming a true knight, he begged, by significant looks and signs, to be permitted to lay all his bright honors at the feet of the lovely Tecuichpo.

The signal being given at this moment, he offered his arm to the Princess, and led the way into the banqueting hall, where the luxuries of all the climes of earth seemed to be spread out in endless profusion, and, anywhere, the native song of the Aztec alternating with the martial strains of the Castilian land, the night wore away with feasting and revelry.

The day had almost dawned, when the strangers, laden with presents of inestimable value, returned to their quarters, burdened with the weight of their treasures, and deeply impressed with the more than regal munificence of their host, and the unimagined loveliness and grace of the fair being, who gave life and beauty to his magnificent court.

"If these white gods can be bought, dear father," the Princess naively remarked, as they took their leave, "you have surely paid a price worthy of the ransom of the proudest monarch on the earth."

"The more you bribe them," interrupted Guatimozin, "the less you bind them. They have not the soul of an Aztec, who scorns to receive a favor that does not pledge his heart in return. The Spaniard's heart has nothing to do with his hand. He takes your gift, only to be the better able to plot and compass your ruin."

The Emperor sighed, as he listened to a remark, to which he could make no reply. It brought again before his agitated mind, the only course he could safely adopt in the present crisis of his affairs. In vain did his paternal heart second the suggestion, and his kingly pride urge its immediate adoption. He had not the moral courage to execute his own resolve. Superstition had wholly unmanned him.

The victorious Spaniard had now reached the goal he had so long aimed at. But his position was far from agreeable, or promising. With a small force, he was completely shut up in the heart of an immense and powerful empire, teeming with millions of warriors, who were deemed terrible and invincible by those whom he had found so formidable, and who might, at a word or a look from their sovereign, either rush in and overwhelm him at once, or withhold all supplies, and leave them to perish of famine in their quarters.

Cortez realized the critical position into which he was drawn, and resolved immediately on one of his bold measures, to turn it to his own advantage. Soliciting an interview with Montezuma, in which he was accompanied by some of his bravest cavaliers, he informed the monarch, that it was not an idle curiosity that had drawn him to encounter the perils, and undergo the toils, of the adventure that had brought him to the capital. He came, as the accredited ambassador of the mighty monarch of Castile, to whom many kings and many broad lands were tributary, and who was the rightful lord of all the territories on which his armies had set their foot. And the object of the present interview was, to demand of the king an acknowledgment of his allegiance to his royal master, and his consent to pay an annual tribute for his crown.

The mind of the superstitious Montezuma had long been preparing for this acknowledgement.—With little apparent constraint, therefore, he responded to this haughty demand—that the oracles of his religion had long ago instructed him, that the territories over which he reigned belonged to a race of white men, who had removed to other lands beyond the rising sun, but would return, in process of time, invested with more than mortal power, to claim their original inheritance. For his part, he was fully convinced that that time had now arrived—that the Spaniards were the men of destiny foretold by a long line of presages and traditions, and that he was fully prepared to acknowledge the king of Castile as his lord, and pay allegiance to him as such.

"And recognize me," interposed the wily Castilian, "as his accredited ambassador, and representative?"

The monarch assented.

The Aztec nobles, who surrounded the throne, were thunderstruck at the humble tone, and humiliating attitude assumed by their once proud and imperious lord. But they were accustomed to unquestioned and unquestioning submission to the word of the king. They accordingly, at his command, gave a full assent to all that he had said, and agreed to recognize Cortez as the representative of their new sovereign. Guatimozin left the hall in disgust, and hastened to Iztapalapan, to report the progress of their humiliation to Cuicahuac.

Even with this arrangement, which had been accomplished so much more easily than he had expected, Cortez was by no means satisfied. He was still in the power of the Mexican, and could never feel safe in the position he held, without some substantial pledge, that the peace of the city would be preserved, and the ground he had already secured he left to him in undisturbed possession. To secure this, he conceived and executed a bolder and more audacious measure than that which we have just related. Soliciting another and a private interview with the Emperor, and directing his best and bravest cavaliers, with some of their chosen men, to keep near and about the palace, and be in readiness to sustain and defend him, if any resistance or outbreak should follow his daring attempt, he entered the royal presence. As the Spaniards always carried their arms, it excited no suspicion, to see them on this occasion fully equipped.

This disposition of his men and officers being effected, the bold cavalier addressed himself, in a stern voice, to the Emperor, charging him with secretly designing the destruction of his guests, and alleging, in support of the charge, some of the incidents already related, and others of more recent occurrence, in which some of the vassals of Montezuma had surprised and slain a party of Spaniards, who relied upon their hospitality. These were artfully woven into a tale of imaginary wrongs, for which he boldly pretended to claim instant redress, or rather security against their repetition.

(To be continued.)

Written for the Experiment.
THE SECRET SOCIETY.

BY GANANOQUE.

During the past summer I had occasion to spend a week in the City of K——n, when one day passing along one of the principal streets, I met a large procession, headed by a fine band of music. The splendid flags and banners, the beautiful dresses and aprons, wrought with various devices and colours, quite unlike anything I had ever seen before, all presented a very imposing appearance; and the orderly conduct, gentlemanly bearing, and cheerful countenance of all who appeared to be taking a part on the occasion, struck me very forcibly. I inquired of a friend whom I met just then, who and what they were, and what was the occasion of the meeting.

"Oh!" said he, rather sharply, "they are one of those detestable Secret Societies with which the Province is overrun, and I wish to God our Parliament or the Government would put them down, one and all; but I am afraid that they never will. They have now become so numerous that they do not care to meddle with them, or dare not."

"Why," I replied, "you speak as if there was something dangerous and immoral in such societies; but certainly the one before us does not bear that appearance, and as I see some of the first and leading men of the city in this procession, I should feel inclined to judge very favorably of a society that could boast of having such men in its ranks."

"Hypocrites—all outside show"—was his reply, "and so is their pretended morality and charities; of the latter I never saw a case yet where they had done any good, though they pretend to minister to the wants of their brethren, and their widows and orphans; but it is all humbug; and I say again, I wish they could be put down, and their society scattered to the four winds."

"And I say, may God bless them, one and all, and forever prosper them for their kindness to me and my poor husband, and my little Mary, who, I trust, are now in Heaven"—said some one behind us.

I turned to see who it was that had so fervently uttered these words, and close behind me I saw a fine intelligent looking female, dressed in deep, though rather plain, and humble mourning. Tears were in her eyes, and a sad and mournful expression in her countenance, that told a tale of suffering and woe, which at once interested me, and made me feel a strong inclination to know her history.

"You speak feelingly, Madam," I said; "and I think I should rather appeal to you for some account of this Society, than to my friend here, who appears to have no love for them."

"I do, sir, speak feelingly, and I have good cause to do so; it grieves me to hear them spoken of in so harsh a manner. Oh! had it not been for these good men—whom your friend calls hypocrites and imposters—where would I have been now. But I beg your pardon, sir; I did not intend to interrupt your conversation;" and she moved on, but had not proceeded far before she stopped, and leaned, as if for support, against the house in front of which she stood. I watched her for a moment, and observed that she appeared as if very much agitated and unable to proceed. Prompted by the interest she had excited in me, and a desire to assist her in her present distress, I walked towards her, and respectfully tendered her my assistance, with a request that she would allow me to attend her home, which she thankfully accepted,—saying that she did indeed feel very weak and distressed, and that it was very kind in me to offer to assist her; but she added, perhaps you also are one of them, and this is but another of the many kindnesses I have received at their hands. God bless them, I say again. I can never repay them for all they have done for me; but if the prayers of a lonely and desolate widow can avail, then they shall have their reward.

Perceiving her to be much agitated, I forbore to question her further, and we walked on in silence until she stopped before the gate of a comfortable and neat looking house. "This, sir, is my home, and as you have been so kind to a lone woman, if you will walk in and rest yourself, I will, if you wish, tell you why I appeared so much moved by your friend's remarks, about this Society, whose anniversary they are celebrating, and why I have

such good reason to be thankful to them." I at once accepted her offer, and entered the house with her. After handing me a seat, she retired to another room, where, for some time, I could hear the low and stifled sob of grief, with occasional ejaculations of Oh! my God; my dear Henry, and my little Mary—am I never to see you again; and then I heard her in earnest and fervent prayer addressing the throne of Grace, praying Heaven to give her strength to bear up under the manifold afflictions which had been laid upon her; and she besought Heaven to shower its blessings upon the kind friends who had been to her and her departed husband, as brethren. Then she prayed for father, mother, brothers and sisters, far away in happy England. After an interval of half an hour she again entered the room where I was sitting, with deep grief and bitter anguish depicted in her countenance, but apparently somewhat calmer, and better able to tell me her short but sad and touching history.

"I am a native of England," she said, "and both myself and my late husband were born in the Parish of B——, in Northumberland. We had known each other from infancy; and a strong attachment existing between us, we were united in marriage in 1831. The year after our marriage, my husband's father decided to emigrate to Canada, with the hope of better providing in the new world for the wants of a numerous family. My husband, also, after much entreaty, on the part of his father and family, consented to accompany them. In 1832, that dreadful year of the cholera, we sailed from Liverpool for Quebec. On the passage out the cholera made its appearance on board the ship, and three of my father-in-law's family were amongst its first victims;—a son and two daughters were consigned to a watery grave in the broad Atlantic. On arriving at Grosse Isle, our ship was ordered into quarantine, and we were landed on the island and the sick sent to the hospital, when in a few days my husband's father, mother, two brothers and a sister, all that remained of the family, save my husband, died with the cholera. This severe visitation of Providence was a great blow to us, and when we reflected upon the high hopes and happy auspices with which we left our native land, we could not but look forward with somewhat gloomy apprehension to the future, not knowing but our turn would come next. We were, however, mercifully preserved, and at last were sent on with other healthy emigrants to Quebec. We came on to Kingston, but before arriving there, had the misfortune to lose part of our baggage, amongst which was a trunk containing all my husband's money, and that which had belonged to his father, amounting to nearly £200. We made use of every means to trace it, but could never find it. This was another severe blow to us, as it left us penniless in a strange land. We arrived at K——n, but had scarcely done so, before my husband was attacked with a fever, and was immediately sent to the cholera hospital, against my most urgent entreaty, as I knew he had only a fever, and dreaded to have him taken where he would be so much exposed to the cholera. A kind hearted physician who attended him in the hospital, in some way found out that my husband was a member of the same society to which himself belonged, and from that day to this, has he been a kind Samaritan to me and mine. Before night of the same day some ten or twelve gentlemen called to see my husband; and in the evening some men came with a litter and removed him from the hospital to a clean and comfortable lodging, when, in the course of the evening, the kind physician called with two other persons, who brought wine and some nourishing food for my husband and myself; and they remained to watch by the bedside of my sick husband; nor would they permit me to sit up and watch with them, but insisted upon my retiring to rest. I told them we were poor and total strangers in the country, and could not possibly pay them for their trouble; that we had lost all our money on our passage up, and did not know what we should do. I perceived they smiled, as one of them said, 'My good woman you can rest easy on that account; your husband will be taken care of; he is our brother; and as for pay, we could take nothing from you had you a fortune at your disposal; it is our duty as well as pleasure to minister to your own and your husband's wants.' I retired to another room, but before going to rest, I fell on my knees and earnestly prayed God to restore my poor husband to health, and to make me duly thankful

that in our darkest hour of need, such kind friends and such timely assistance had been sent to us. In the morning when I awoke and went to my husband's bed-side, I found the two persons whom I left with him the evening before were gone, and two others had taken their place. Tears of joy and gratitude filled my eyes when I saw that Henry was much better, and that his fever had left him. I said, surely my dear husband God has heard and answered my humble prayers for you: let us cheer up our hearts, and, notwithstanding our heavy losses, we may yet repair our fortunes, and be happy in this beautiful land. He said he was thankful and happy, for he had met with brethren when he did not expect to find them. I did not then know the full meaning of his words, as I had quite forgotten that in England he had joined one of these Secret Societies, your friend spoke so unkindly of to-day. For several nights until Henry was able to leave his bed, did some of these kind men watch by his bed-side, and during the day they often called to see him. Nor did they come empty handed, but they brought many necessaries of which we stood in need, and which we could not otherwise have procured. At the end of the first week, two gentlemen whom I had not seen before, visited us, and one of them placed in my hands a sum of money, which I at first refused to take, saying that I could not accept it, as we had no means of repaying it; and that I hoped my husband would soon be able to work, when we could support ourselves, and be no longer a tax upon the charity of those who had already befriended us so much, and so efficiently. One of the gentlemen said, 'My good woman, you need not accept this money as a charity; it is your husband's by right; and he will receive this sum every week until he is able to support himself.' Then I learned that there was one of the Secret Societies here, that Henry had joined in England. Not to weary you, sir, with a detail of all their good deeds to us, I will only say that as soon as Henry was able to work, they procured him a good situation, which he held for several years. All things prospered with us, until at length we were enabled to buy a town lot, and build this house with the money saved from my husband's salary. We had lived here happily until the last summer, a year ago, when my husband was attacked with an affection of the lungs, which confined him to the house; and now again was these kind-hearted and generous men found at the bed-side of my husband, when his illness had become so severe that he was confined to the bed. The physician said he must have the greatest care and attention or he could not recover. I once more began to fear that the troubles and adversities which came upon us when we first landed here, were about to be revisited upon us, and I daily prayed to God to give me strength and patience to bear with cheerful resignation all that might befall me. To add to my afflictions at this time, my little daughter Mary, who was now 5 years old; was taken ill, and died after a short illness. This sad event so wrought upon my husband's mind, and made such a change in him, that his physician warned me to be prepared for the worst; and his prediction was speedily fulfilled, for in a few days he breathed his last. I knew not what happened for some days; but they told me that kind friends had taken all the charge of his funeral, and that all his funeral expences were paid. All this, sir, was done by the men I heard your friend reviling to-day; and they have not yet ceased their kindness to me, but they have enabled me to make a good sale of this little property, so that I shall be able to go home to England; but, alas! I go alone. Yet I shall carry with me to my grave the remembrance of the thousand kind acts and charities I have received at the hands of those who were indeed my husband's brethren. May God bless and prosper them, and daily shall the prayer of a now lone and desolate widow ascend to Heaven for their welfare."

Reader, this is no idle tale of fiction, but in save the names of the parties, it is an "O'er True Tale." And he, the young Englishman, who died so far away from his native land, but whose dying pillow was smoothed by a brother's hand, he was an Oddfellow, and they who ministered to his wants when living, and wept over his grave when dead—they too were Oddfellows.

One of the most vicious methods of lying is said to be lying abed late in the morning.

THE EXPERIMENT.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1847.

We do not commence the history of "Old Hicks the Guide," in this number as promised in our last, from the fact that a part of our Copy has, we fear gone astray. We received it regular up to the late change in the Post Office Department, and since that we have missed one or two parts of it, and fearing that we may not be able to obtain the stray parts, we will not commence publishing it until all is received.

Writs have been issued, returnable on or before the 24th of January next, for a new general Election throughout the Province.

Thunder Bay Island Fishery.

It was our fortune in the summer of 1838, to spend a few weeks upon this celebrated Island, and as it may not be uninteresting to our readers, we will give them a short account of the manner in which the fish are taken, the location of the Island, and the hardships and dangers the fishermen are exposed to, in tending their nets and lines.

There are only two kinds of fish taken at this fishery: the Whitefish, and the Salmon Trout, the former in what they call the gill net, (as this fish never bites at the hook,) and the latter is taken both in the gill net and by set hooks. The gill nets are made of a very fine twine, or common sized thread, net into meshes of two and a half or three inches square, and from twenty-five to thirty meshes wide, and varying in length from seventy-five fathom, to one hundred and fifty fathom in length. This piece of network is stretched through the water, being anchored down strong at the one edge, and buoyed up at the other, so that the fish in attempting to pass through these meshes, become entangled in the net, by their gills, fins &c., and soon drown themselves by their exertions to get out of the snare so dexterously set for them. It is not uncommon to take out of one of these nets, at a single over hauling, (which is always done once in forty-eight hours, if the wind will in anywise admit,) fish sufficient to make two, three, and sometimes five barrels. Both the Whitefish and the Trout caught in this Lake, are much larger than those taken in Lake Ontario, or Lake Erie, never requiring more than about fifty Whitefish to the barrel, and often a less number. The Salmon Trout are also very large, weighing from twenty to fifty pounds, and sometimes sixty-five and even seventy. The mode of taking, these are more generally with the set hooks, notwithstanding many are caught in the gill nets, set for the Whitefish. The Trout hook is made fast to a small cord from three to five feet long, and then tied to a larger cord, or ship rigging, which is anchored and buoyed at one end, and then drawn horizontally through the water, until a very great length of line is spun out. With these short lines with the hooks fast to them, tied to it at a distance of six or ten feet apart, anchored and buoyed at equal distances, the main line being sometimes two or three miles in length, and are likewise over-hauled every forty-eight hours if possible. The amount of fish taken in this way is almost incredible; at the time that we speak of, there were some hundred and fifty men engaged in the fishing at this one locality. Thunder Bay Island is located very near the centre of Lake Huron, as it regards its length from South-east to North-west, but within about ten miles of the main land on the Michigan side. It is a small round island,

containing, we believe, about seventy acres, and covered for the most part with low shrub cedars, with three or four tall pines, which answers for the fishermen's land marks. The soil is shallow, the rock coming near the surface, indeed in many places, nothing but the bare grey lime stone is to be seen. This Island situated as it is, being entirely exposed to all the winds that blow, (excepting the South,) and to the dashing of the waves that come in unbroken, or in any way unchecked, for a distance of a hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and here spending all their gathered force and fury upon this iron bound Island, presenting to the beholder, some of the most grand, and awfully sublime scenes that can possibly be imagined or conceived of. On this Lake, as in the Gulf of Mexico, the most sudden squalls of wind arise. At times when all is calm, and the waves to all appearance just lulling to rest, a small white cloud may be seen far in the distance, and to appearance upon the blue arched sky, no larger than a man's hand. When this signal is discovered by the fishermen that are out at their hooks and nets, which is often at a distance of six, eight, and ten miles in the broad and open Lake, with nothing to ride the forthcoming waves, or withstand the fierce and fast approaching gale (which this signal is sure to betoken,) but their light and almost shell like fishing skiffs which they are in; but these nut shell boats are made for the emergency, they are of the most beautiful model that art can design, and made of that texture where the greatest strength can be got with the least weight of material, verifying to the letter the old adage of "sitting like a duck upon the water," or, riding the sea "like a thing of life," or indeed they might be compared, when so dexterously handled by the long practiced and perfected oarsmen, their movements being so rapid, and still so graceful to the "wild swan" upon our great Western Waters. But to return to the white cloud, or the sure signal of a gale, the fishermen instantly cease overhauling their hooks or nets, and immediately apply themselves to their oars and commence pulling with all their strength for the Island; being urged on by a full sense of their danger, knowing that if they do not reach the Island before the wind gets to its height, or the sea so much enraged, as to prevent them from propelling their little bark against it, they must inevitably be blown across the Lake, a distance of some two or three hundred miles, and then perchance be dashed to pieces against the perpendicular rocks of this iron bound coast.

We have stood upon this Island Rock and witnessed one or two of these awfully sublime scenes. Looking in the far distance upon the windward side of the Island, where the clouds in great commotion would appear to meet with the madened and frenzied waters of the great Lake, the waters looking in the distance not unlike an immense forest, visited by a dreadful hurricane, bending the sturdy trees nearly to the ground, and then raising to appearance in their strength and majesty, as if defying the force of the half-spent cloud, to do them more harm; but the wind apparently alive to the insult, renews its force, and brings them prostrate to the ground; thus surge after surge, would come dashing in, each more fierce than the former, until dashed to atoms against the rocks of the Island; and then turning to the leeward side, and witness the fishermen coming in; to see with what skill they manage their tiny boats, and the nerve required to force them along against those combined elements; the anxious solicitude of those upon the land in watching the slow progress they are making towards the shore, and counting the probabilities and improbabilities of their being able to reach the Island—the joy

expressed in every countenance, and the ready assistance rendered to each boat as it nears the landing.

We could dwell much longer upon this scene, and the effect that it produced upon our mind; but as we intend at some future day, to give a short history of a summer spent in coasting the Lakes, which is filled with the most exciting incident, we forbear saying any more at present.

WINTER has now fairly set in, accompanied with its usual retinue of cold winds, snow, frost, &c., at the presence of whom, our gardens and fields have been stripped of their many attractions; and the myriads of pleasing objects so lately to be met with, arrayed in all the beauty of summer, have given place to one broad sheet of snow and ice—the chains with which the Ice King binds his summer captives throughout the brief period of his reign. And now is the season when the endearments of the domestic circles are drawn out, and reciprocated. What more pleasing scenes can there be met with than those which are to be witnessed within many of our Canadian domiciles, in the long winter evenings—all outside is cold and dreary, while within is a happy and contented family, knit together by the tie of pure affection and love, congregated perhaps around the hospitable board partaking of their evening meal; or forming a compact circle, of old and young, around the bright and sparkling hearth, engaged in the various means of amusement had recourse to, to while away the long hours. It is at this period when a good family newspaper is peculiarly valuable and appropriate. The mind, like the body, requires exercise, otherwise it becomes dull and heavy—and there are few persons who will not take up a newspaper with much more relish than they would that of a book of some one or two hundred pages; so that a paper, having a moral and useful tendency, should be in the hands of every family. The want of periodicals of a more literary cast than the generality of our Canadian newspapers have been very much felt in the province. It was to remedy this deficiency that we commenced publishing the EXPERIMENT, the price of subscription to which we have fixed at a rate that no man, woman or child, can give their organ of readativeness the shadow of an excuse for not taking it. The encouragement we have, and are daily receiving, has satisfied our best expectations, and will urge us on in endeavoring as far as our abilities allow, to make our paper both entertaining and useful, and every way worthy of its patrons. To those who have not yet subscribed, we say, send on your orders; you will find a very pleasing visitant in WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

It was lately decided in an English court that the absence of a married man from his wife for four years in America, made his wife a widow.

For the Experiment.

Solution to the Mathematical Question proposed in the Experiment for October, 1847:—

1) Put x - the greater part,
2) & y - the lesser do.,
3) then will x - 31 y } by the Q.
4) & x - 7 x 25 - 257 }
5) 7 x x }
4th cleared of Fractions, x 2 - 25 y 2
5th root extracted, x 5 - y
6th & 3d compound, 75 y - 31 - y
7th transposed, 86 y - 31
8th: by 6, 97 - 31 - 5 - the lesser part,
6 2-3
and 31 - 5 - 28 - the grtr do.
2-3 1-3

Then 28 1-3 : 5 2-3 - 5 - the greater quotient;
and 5 2-3 : 28 1-3 - 1-5 - the lesser quotient, which
x 25 - 5—thus fulfilling the conditions of the question.

M—k W—ds, Nov., 1847.

J. W.

ALMANACS FOR 1848.

Just Published, and now for sale, the COMMON ALMANAC for 1848, containing besides the Astronomical Calculations, a List of all dutiable articles imported into the Canadas, with the rate per cent on each.

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THE NIGHTINGALE.

Buffon in his natural history of this bird says in eloquent language, "When this Coryphaeus of the spring prepares to sing the hymn of nature, he begins with a prelude, and feeble, almost undecided tone as though he wished to try his instrument, and interest the listener. But gaining confidence, he gradually becomes warm and animated, and displays in their fullness all the resources of his incomparable organ; brilliant throat-noats; light and lively trills; volleys of music, in which the precision equals the volubility; subdued interior murmurs, scarcely appreciable on the ear, but well adapted to set off the brilliance of appreciable tones; sudden roulades, rapid and sparkling, articulated with the power and severity of perfect good taste; plaintive accents, cadenced with languor; sounds poured out without enchanting and penetrating sighs of love and voluptuousness, which issuing apparently from the heart, make every heart palpitate, and excite in all endowed with sensation the most soothing emotions and delicious languor."

In juxtaposition with the French philosopher's prose we may place the verse of the Dutch poet, Loots, who says enthusiastically—

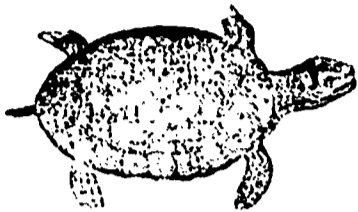
"Soul of living music! teach me,
Teach me, floating thus along!
Love-sick warbler! come and reach me,
With the secrets of thy song.
How thy weak, so sweetly trembling,
On one note long-lingering trill—
Or a thousand tones assembling,
Ours the rush of harmonies.
Or—when rising shrill and shriller—
Other music dies away.
Other songs grow still and stiller—
Songster of the night and day;
Till—all sunk to silence round thee—
Not a whisper—not a word—
Not a leaf-fall to confound thee—
Breathless all—thou only heard;
Tell me—thou who failest never,
Minstrel of the songs of spring!
Did the world see ages ever,
When thy voice forgot to sing?"

THE FROZEN STAR.

A snow flake left its lofty home,
In fleecy clouds afar,
And gently dropped upon the ground,
A perfect little star.

Its tiny points grew thin at first,
Then melted quite away,
And soon a sullied, shapeless thing,
The hapless snow flake lay.

The soul is like that starry flake,
A thing of heavenly birth,
Its holy beauties fade away,
Beneath the touch of earth.



THE TURTLE.

The muscular power of the turtle is so very great that, when wounded, he is a first rate tug. A rather curious proof of this was received in the year 1693, by a slave, who was fishing alone in his little canoe off the island of Martinique. The man fell in with an immense turtle lying fast asleep on the surface of the water, and conceiving that he had stumbled upon a prize, he drew near cautiously, and passed the boat's painter, with a running knot, round one of the creature's flippers. The sleeper awoke, and seeing something near him that was not an honest-looking turtle like himself, he took to flight, drawing canoe and man in his wake, without seeming to feel that he had any burden at all. The slave was nothing daunted by a proceeding which he of course had expected, and he sat very quietly in the stern of his skiff, steering with his paddle, and hoping every now and then that the turtle was getting tired, or was near drowning. But the courser, whose services he had thus treacherously impressed, was restive, and in one of his vagaries the canoe was capsized. This was too common an accident to be thought anything of; and after some trouble, he righted his boat, and took his seat in her as before but with the loss of paddle, knife, fishing-lines—everything, in short, it had contained. Having now no paddle to steer her with he was at the mercy of circumstances, and the capsize occurred again, and again, the turtle always taking advantage of his fare being engaged in turning up the canoe to rest himself on the surface of the water, and get into wind for a new career. On they skinned along the liquid plain, till the sudden night of the tropics came down upon that desert sea, and the slave found himself whirling in the dark at the tail of what must now have seemed a marine demon. The sun rose again upon his fate, and seemed to lend fresh vigor to his ravisher. Fair would he have dispensed with the services he had of his own will enlisted; but without paddle or knife, he felt himself even too happy in being allowed to cling to the boat at all. On, therefore, they hurried, on a journey which seemed to have no end, and which was diversified only by the occasional capsize of the canoe, and the simultaneous lull and refreshment of the turtle. Incredible as it may appear, the second night arrived, and was passed in the same manner; and it was not till the next morning that the animal exhibited symptoms of weariness and stupefaction and allowed himself to be stranded on a shoal. The slave by this time was half dead with hunger, thirst, and fatigue, but yet he had energy enough left to kill his enemy, and feast on his spoils.

GREAT CURIOSITY.

The Boston Post states that a Bosjeman, or Bushman, from South Africa, the first specimen of the race ever brought to this country, is now in that city, and will shortly be exhibited to the public. This race of men, certainly one of the most curious in their physical organization and habits, on the face of the globe, inhabit a district or country lying some 1500 miles northeast of Cape Town. The region of country which they inhabit is mountainous and difficult to approach. The Bushmen have manifested the strongest dislike to an intercourse with other people. They are exceedingly shy, and always fly at the approach of a white man. They have no laws, no chiefs, no language, except a kind of guttural utterance, very disagreeable to the ear. Their food consists of reptiles, lizards, ants, &c. In stature they seldom exceed four feet four inches in height. They live in the bush, having no shelter of any kind and dress in skins of the rudest description.

The Boston Post, in speaking of the Bushman now in Boston, says;

“He has been taught to speak a little English and we understand that arrangements are now being made to exhibit in this city, a part of the funds arising therefrom to be appropriated to the education of this specimen of nature's production—this evidently connecting link between the animal and rational works of the great Creator. When we take into view that he is a fair sample of a race of men inhabiting our globe and not a dwarf of that race, he is truly a great curiosity. He is about 18 years old, 3 feet 11 inches in height, and of the medium stature of his tribe. Great animal propensities are developed in the formation of his head: low forehead, high cheek bones, small black eyes, flat nose, small ears color light chocolate—hair black and curly, but growing entirely differently from the negro, sticking out from the head in little bunches, leaving other parts of the head entirely bare; his limbs are perfect in their shape, and well proportioned in every respect.”

PRESERVING THE DEAD.—Mr. Schofield, it is said, has patented a chemical process for embalming, which will preserve the human body fresh and unaltered, for an unlimited period; and by which it is hoped that the mandate of Omnipotence, “dust thou art and unto dust shalt thou return,” may be indefinitely postponed, or defeated altogether.

The preservation of the human remains may seem desirable in particular cases, but to make it general or universal, would be to defeat the order of nature. Constant production requires constant decay. The bodies of men and animals, by decomposition, furnish the material for other bodies. The same matter enters into the composition of thousands of successive generations. We may even suppose that in a densely peopled country, such a suspension of the natural laws, would not only fill the land with corpses, but would soon exhaust the stores of nature for the composition of human bodies.

It matters little what becomes of our bodies, when their animating principle has left them. The sooner they are resolved back to the pure elements the better; and it is by no means certain that the practice of burning is not, all things considered, the one to be preferred. The ashes might then be preserved in an urn, or vase, as the most beautiful of memorials, and we might be rid of ostentatious grave-yards in large cities, which it is well known are opposed to all sanitary considerations.

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JOSEPH WILSON, Publisher,
Front-st., Belleville, C. W.

Belleville, September, 1847.

Subscriptions received at the Victoria Bookstore, Front-st., Belleville.

BEARS IN CALIFORNIA.

Of beasts of prey, the principal are the jaguar or spotted leopard, the puma or American lion, and bears—black, brown and grisly. These three specimens of the bruin family differ greatly in their habits and degrees of ferocity. The black and brown bears are peaceable, well behaved animals, whose principal occupation seems to consist in furnishing amusement for the hunters by their comical antics. At night they came round the fires; “but you need not trouble yourself about a dozen of them, as in most instances, they will let you alone, and keep a respectable distance, sitting on their haunches, scratching themselves with their fore-paws, wondering what brought you here, and taking a look round to ascertain whether you have any spare meat left for their supper.”

The grisly bear is of a far more formidable character. Swift on foot, very powerful, and of enormous size, he jumps on the back of the largest Buffalo, and kills him with apparent ease. He walks out from a rock or thicket, drives the hunters from their fire, and if they have not left him the materials, of a hearty meal, follows him with much alarming boldness and rapidity. Dr. Coulter relates a running fight he had with one of them, who pursued him and his companion for nearly a mile, and fell only when he had received fifteen rifle-balls in his head and body. They do not always take so much shooting, one ball or two are sometimes sufficient as a quietus; but this fellow was unusually large and tenacious of life. “The hunter said, when he tried his tomahawk in the skull of the brute, as he yet tho' blind with the shot, kept upon his haunches,—‘I'm opinion, grisly bear, your the biggest and hardest critter of your kind to kill I ever shot at.’ The Indians cut off the claws of the beasts, and wear them on a string round their necks as trophies of bravery and prowess.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

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