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WILSON'S EXPERIMENT.

A MONTHLY FAMILY NEWSPAPER - - - - - PRICE, FIFTEEN PENCE A YEAR.

VOL. 1.

BELLEVILLE, C. W., JANUARY, 15, 1848.

NO. 5.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

THE CARRIER OF THE
"Victoria Magazine," & "Wilson's Experiment,"
TO HIS PATRONS.

The ground is white with frost and snow,
The sleighs are darting to and fro,
The sky is bright and clear.

While at each corner of the street,
Sleigh loads of turkeys you will meet,
To grace the coming year.

And plump and rosy country cousins,
Are flocking into town by dozens,
To buy their winter gear.

The men are laughing, joking, sparking,
Pigs are grunting—dogs are barking,
There never, sure, was seen such larking
In any other year.

The merchants sing a doleful song
About hard times, with faces long,
No money to be had.

No cash to pay for farm produce,
And scarce enough for their own use,
It never was so bad.

But what care farmers for such things,
They till their lands—and feast like kings,
And all are warmly clad.

They feed their stock and raise their wheat,
Their girls make stockings for their feet,
With good dry wood their stoves they heat,
And should they not be glad?

In Front Street Wilson may be seen
Chuckling o'er his "Magazine,"
In all its splendid colors.

He rubs his hands and strokes his chin,
While new subscribers dropping in,
Pay him down the dollars.

For Joseph Wilson is not slow
He's got two strings to every bow
That he holds in his fist.

The "Magazine" he'll first present,
But if on saving you are bent,
He tries his grand "Experiment,"
To get you on his list.

Next comes along quite sleek and civil,
The little harmless "Printer's Devil,"
Who takes the papers round.

No nap from the infernal fold
Did ever look so blue and cold
Upon the frozen ground.

He blows his fingers as he goes,
And with his mittens rubs his nose,
And hastens on with joy.

He greets you with the best of cheer,
And wishes you all "a happy New Year,"
Give what you please, and never fear,
'T will please the "Carrier Boy."

POSTSCRIPT.

Alas! the snow's entirely gone,
The thaw has come—the sleighing's done,
We're used up now I guess.

What shall we do?—our hopes below
Melt just as fast as ice and snow,
Or our "New Year's Address."

What carriage now is to be found,
To bear us o'er the bare black ground,
And puddles in the street.

How shall we make our annual calls?
How shall we go to all the balls?
The mud and slush our sight appals,
And clogs up all our feet.

The times now sadden us the more,
For in each idle shop and store,
They're making up their bills.

What can they do—with well filled sheaves,
It's time to try and help themselves,
And fill their empty tills.

Black Snipes are flying rough the air,
With lengthy bills, (not "bills of fare,")
The boldest heart they well may scare;
They're worse than Doctors' pills.

"A Merry New Year" in time of need:
A friend is now a friend indeed;
Ye Gods give us a hint!

Send us some frost with lots of snow,
Until the roads are hard below,
Just for "a New Year's Gift;"

And free the writer from the bore,
Of two imps waiting at his door,
Impatient all the time.

And last of all on this great day,
Of gifts and gabble, think I pray,
That there will be the "Devil to pay,"
For this poor stupid rhyme.

* A fact.

Sketches of Aboriginal Life.

THE AZTEC PRINCESS;

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.

(Continued from our last.)

The monarch was thunderstruck at the charge, which he, as usual, the few attendants that remained near his person, with difficulty restrained the expression of their indignation at the disrespectful tone of the address, so unlike that to which the royal ears were accustomed. He peremptorily denied the charge. But Cortez was not to be foiled thus. He knew that he had now gone too far to retract, and that the change of feeling now produced would ensure his speedy destruction, if he failed of securing the object of the present interview. He, therefore, repeated the charge, assuring the monarch that such was the belief of all his men, and that nothing would convince them of his innocence, or make them willing to rest quietly in the capital, but the consent of the king to transfer his residence, for a time, to their quarters. And this he boldly demanded of him, in the name of their common sovereign, the great king of Castile, and he could not refuse obedience, without breaking allegiance with him.

"When was it ever known," exclaimed the astonished and offended king, "that the monarch of a great people voluntarily left his own palace, to become a prisoner in the camp of a foreign nation.—If I should consent to such indignity, my own subjects would every where cry out against it, and a storm would be raised, which could only be hushed when the last Spaniard was sacrificed to the outraged honor of their king, and the wrath of their offended gods."

"No my imperial lord," replied the politic and smooth tongued knight, "your majesty entirely misapprehends my meaning, and the position in which I would place you. I only propose a temporary removal from one of your royal palaces to another, a thing of frequent occurrence, and therefore not likely to excite remark among your people. You can bring all your household and your court with you, and have the same royal attendance, as you now do. This show of confidence and regard, on your part, will inspire my men with new confidence in your kind intentions, and give stability in the eyes of your own people, to the friendly relations existing between us."

Montezuma still protested that it was unworthy the dignity and majesty of the sovereign lord of Anahuac, thus to submit his motions to the direction of strangers, as it was a daring presumption and impiety, on their part, to suggest it. He therefore, peremptorily declined the proposal, and requested the general to say no more about it, if he would retain the position he now held in his regard, and that of his people.

Upon this, the iron-souled Castilian assumed a loftier aspect, and a bolder tone, and abruptly assured the monarch that it was a point he was not at liberty to dispense with. If he would not remove peaceably and quietly to the Spanish quarters, he must be carried there forcibly, though it should involve a struggle that should drench the palace in blood, and sacrifice the life of every man in his army.

Suddenly, the spirit of the monarch was gone.—His old dread of the white man revived in all its power. He felt himself compelled by the destiny, to do as he was required. Signifying his assent to the haughty demand of the stranger, he ordered his nobles to make ready his palanquin, that he might go in royal state, and not appear in the eyes of his subjects, as he passed along, as a prisoner in his own capital.

With looks of astonishment, not unmingled with indignation, the proud chiefs obeyed, marching under their royal burden, with solemn peace and downcast looks, in utter silence, but nursing in their hearts an implacable hatred against the insulting Castilians, and a burning rage, which was yet to burst upon their devoted heads in an overwhelming storm of wrath. As they passed the threshold of the imperial palace, which their once proud but now humbled lord was never to recross, they heaved a deep sigh, as if the dark shadows of the future already hung frowningly over their heads.—It was responded to by a deep, mysterious, sepulchral groan, which seemed to issue from the very heart of the earth, while, at the same instant, a royal eagle, sailing proudly over the capital, struck by an invisible leaden messenger from one of the sure-sighted marksmen in the Castilian camp, fluttered in his lofty flight, drooped his strong wing, and, with a terrible death shriek, the blood streaming freely from his wound, fell into the court, at the very feet of the royal procession.

The fate of Montezuma, and of his empire, was now sealed. He had, with his own hand, taken the crown from his head, and laid it at the feet of the Spaniard. And, more than all, he had humbled himself in the eyes of his own subjects, and diminished, though few were hardy enough to avow it, the profound respect and reverence with which they were accustomed to regard him. To his own immediate household, he had represented this removal as a voluntary act of courtesy, on his part, designed to compliment the strangers, by becoming, for a time, their guest, and to inspire them, by his personal presence among them, with confidence in his professions of regard, as well as to show his own people how strong the bond of amity was between them. At the same time, however, that he assured them of his personal safety and his confidence that all would end well, he recommended his wives and children to leave him, for the present, and take up their abode in his rural mountain palace at Chapultepec.

The timid and sensitive Tecuichpo was thrown into the deepest distress by this suggestion. She could not doubt the repeated assurances of her royal father, and yet she could not divest herself of the sad impression that his liberty, and perhaps his life was in danger, in thus separating himself from the strong arms and devoted hearts of his own people, his natural protectors, and throwing himself, unarmed, into the garrison of the fearful strangers. What security could she have that he would ever return, or that violence would not be offered to his sacred person by those who looked upon him only as the vassal of their own sovereign, to be used for his purposes and theirs, as their own selfishness and rapacity might dictate.

"Leave us not, my dear father," she exclaimed, "or at least compel not us to leave you. Rather in darkness and in trouble than at any other time, would we stand at your side, to administer, as far as we may, to your comfort, and to share, and perhaps lighten, your sorrows."

"Nay, my beloved child," the grateful monarch calmly replied, "I have no need, at this time, of your solace, or your counsel. I go among friends, who respect my person and my authority, and who well know that their own safety in Tenochtitlan, depends entirely upon retaining my friendship, which alone can shield them from being overwhelmed, and swept away like chaff, before the countless hosts of my warrior bands. Why then should I fear for myself. But for you, and your mother, and your sisters, the camp of the strangers is not a fitting place for you. They have customs of their own, and are slow to recognize the propriety of ours, deeming us, as they do, an inferior race of beings. They are bold and free in their manners, quite too much so for the refined delicacy of an Aztec maiden, or an Aztec matron, as you yourself both saw and felt, at the festival of their reception. How shall I expose you to the rude gaze of these foreign cavaliers, and perhaps to the rude speeches of their soldiers. No, my beloved, go to your retirement at Chapultepec, and train the flowers there for my coming, which will be at the approaching festival of the new moon."

"But will you certainly come to us then, my dear father? Karze says?"

"Trouble me not with the dreams of Karze, my sweet child. They are not always as loyal as they should be. I believe I am right in what I am now doing, and I cannot be diverted from it by the mystic night visions of your favorite. Go, and the gods, be with you."

So saying, he tore himself from her embrace, and returned to his own apartments to attend himself to his toilette.

The fiery, high spirited Guatimozin was so disgusted with this act of suicidal cowardice, on the part of his royal master, that he withdrew at once from the city, taking with him his servants and retainers, as well as his immense private treasures, and took up his abode at his country palace or castle, where he lived in all the pseudo-regal state and magnificence of a feudal baron, or a petty sovereign. Here he opened a correspondence with a large number of the principal nobles of the realm, who, like him, felt that the time had come to prepare for a terrible crisis. They concerted no measures, for they dared not move openly without the command or assent of their master; but they exchanged sentiments, and encouraged each other in their patriotic purpose, to defend their country from subjugation to a foreign foe, and their altars from desecration.

Passing Chapultepec on his way, the noble Prince sought an interview with his lovely mistress, to inform her that while the pledge he had given, in accepting the proffered rose, over the sparkling fountain of Tenochtitlan, should be sacredly regarded, he must be allowed to see with his own eyes, when danger was near, and to raise his arm in her defence, and in that of his country, from whatever quarter the threatened danger might come. He found her, bathed in tears, wandering wildly up and down, amid the shade of the tall cypresses that overhang and almost bury that mountain retreat. Her raven hair had escaped from its pearl-studded band, and was flying loosely in the breeze; the wonted bloom was gone from her cheek, and the brilliant lustre of her dark flashing eye had given way to a sad and subdued expression, which was more in keeping with the uniform mildness and gentleness of her spirit. Separated from her adored parent, and banished from the city of her love and her pride, she began to feel more deeply than she had ever done, the terror of those dark omens which had clouded her destiny, and marked her out as the doomed Princess of Anahuac. While she could cling to her father, and feel that she saw

to share all that might befall him, and perhaps, by sharing it, extract some portion of the bitterness from the cup which he was compelled to drink, she was calm and hopeful. But now, the sheet-anchor of her soul was gone, and she was drifting, at the mercy of the waves, she knew not whither.

"My sweet cousin," said Guatimozin gently, as he arrested her flying step, "why this sudden abandonment to grief and despair. Dark as the clouds may be over our heads, all is not lost. Know you not, my love, that ten thousand times ten thousand brave hearts and strong arms are pledged, by every bond of loyalty and love, to rush to the rescue, the moment that any violence is offered to the sacred person of our lord. Be assured not a hair of his head shall be touched."

"Ah! my brave Guatimozin! I know full well your courage and your zeal. But of what avail to us will be the direst vengeance you arms can wreak on the strangers, after the violence is done, and the honored head of my father—oh! that I should live to speak it!—laid low at their feet!"

"Fear not, my beloved, they dare not, with all their boasted power, they dare not lay a rude hand upon that sacred person. They know, they feel, that they are treading on a volcano that might burst out at any moment, and overwhelm them in hopeless destruction. It is this sense of impending danger only that has induced them to invite the Emperor to their quarters, and so to urge their suit, that he could not, as their professed friend, deny it. While he is there, they will feel safe, for his hand alone can stay the pent up fires, that they break not forth at once. Fear not. I go to-night to Iztapalapan, to confer with your royal uncle, the intrepid Cuicahuac. The noble Cacama joins us there, convinced already that his was a mistaken policy, when he counselled your father to receive the strangers courteously, and treat them as friends."

"And what can Cacama do?"
 "That is yet to be seen. He is convinced of his error, and is ready to atone for it with his life.—With Cacama, with Cuicahuac, with a thousand more like them—chiefs who never feared danger, and never knew defeat—why should we despair, or even doubt?"

"But how know you, Guatimozin, that these Castilian strangers regard their own safety as any way involved in that of Montezuma?"

"I know not, but I have seen them from a distance, and they seem to be of a noble and brave race."

"What oracle? What omens? I pray you explain?"

"The omens were their own troubled looks and clouded brows, while this strange negotiation was pending, and the guarded watchfulness, with which they now protect their guest, and prevent the intrusion upon his privacy of any considerable number of his friends, at the same time."

"Prince Guatimozin, do I understand the import of those terrible words? Is my father already a prisoner in his own palace?"

"What else, my sweet cousin, seeing he cannot come forth, if he would, and we can only approach him by permission?"

"O ye gods! has it come to this? Fly, Guatimozin. Fly to Iztapalapan. I release you from your pledge. Sound the alarm throughout the realm. And, if need be, I will arm, with you to the rescue."

"Not so fast, brave princess; it is just this rashness that may endanger the precious head we would rescue. His life is safe at present; let us not put it to hazard, by moving too soon, or striking a useless blow."

"But I see not yet, my dear cousin, how it is ascertained that my father is secure from further outrage. May it not be their policy to take away the head, hoping thus to dishearten and distract our people, and make them an easy prey to their victorious arms?"

"If so, they know not the spirit of the Aztec.—To a man, throughout these broad realms, they would shed their last drop, to avenge the foul sacrilege, nor rest in their work of vengeance, till every altar in the land was drenched in the blood of the captive foe. But you forget that I have an oracle as well as an omen to sustain my faith."

"What oracle has condescended, at last, to give us light? I thought they had all been silent, not deigning, since the advent of these mysterious strangers, any response to our prayers."

"Karee is never deaf, or silent, where the welfare of Tecuichpo is concerned."

"Karee?"
 "Yes, love, Karee! I want no better or more trusty oracle. She has, you know, a sort of ubiquity. Nothing escapes her keen observation.—Few mysteries are too deep for her sagacity to unravel. In her brief occasional encounters with the strangers, she has gathered the meaning of not a few of the words of their strange tongue. What she has once heard she never forgets. Presuming that no one could understand them, they have talked freely and boldly in her presence. And it is from her that I learn, that the Castilian general said to one of his officers, as he crossed the court yard, this morning:—While we have the Emperor with us, we are safe. We must see to it, he does not escape."

"Escape!" shrieked the agitated Princess; "then he is indeed a prisoner. But these white men are gods, are the gods treacherous?"

"The gods of the deep are all treachery, but not those of the blue fields and bright stars above us. But, be they gods from below, or gods from above, they are not the gods of Anahuac, nor shall they chain a foot of its soil, till it is drenched with the blood of the Aztec. Farewell. Fear not. I will yet see you return in triumph to the imperial halls of Tenochtitlan."

CHAPTER VII.

TREACHERY AND RETRIBUTION—MASCARE OF THE AZTEC NOBILITY—DEATH OF MONTEZUMA.

And bloody treason triumphed.

Feeling dies not by the knife;
 That cuts at once and kills; its tortured strife
 Is with distilled affection, drop by drop
 Oozing its bitterness. Our world is life
 With grief and sorrow; all that we would prop,
 Or would be propped with, falls; where shall
 the ruin stop!

Passing lightly over some of the subsequent incidents of this stirring period, we must hasten to the catastrophe of our long drawn tale.

Secure in the possession of his royal prisoner, Cortez now thought he might safely leave the capital, for a while, and respond to a demand which pressed urgently upon him, to relieve his little army at Vera Cruz, threatened with destruction by the Aztecs, but a new band of conquerors from Spain, who had come to dispute the spoils with the conquerors. Leaving one of his principal officers in command, with a part of the forces, he placed himself at the head of the remainder, and marched quietly off on his new expedition.

Alvarado was a brave knight, but of a rash and headlong disposition, and utterly destitute of that cool prudence and far-seeing sagacity which was requisite for so important a station. He soon involved himself in a most wicked and unjust quarrel with the Aztecs, which had well nigh overwhelmed him and his diminished band in utter ruin.

Not long after the departure of Cortez, one of the great national festivals of the Aztecs occurred, at which the flower of the nobility, not of Tenochtitlan alone, but of all the neighbouring cities and towns, were present. They came only to the peaceful performance of the wonted rites of their religion, and consequently came unarmed. Their numbers were very great. They were all apparelled in the richest costume of their country. Their snow white vestments, their splendid mantles of feather-work, powdered all over with jewels; their sandals of gold or silver, and their gaudy head-dresses of many-colored plumes, made an imposing and magnificent display, as they moved in solemn procession, to the simple music of their shells and horns, towards the court yard of the great Teocalli, where the festival was to be celebrated. The immense area was thronged with the gay multitude of worshippers, who, unsuspecting of treachery, gave themselves up to the wild dances and all the customary evolutions of Indian festivity. In the midst of their solemn sports, Alvarado, with his band of armed followers, rushed in, like so many tigers let loose upon their prey, and put them to an indiscriminate slaughter. Scarce one of that gay company escaped the ruthless massacre. The holy place was drenched with the best blood of Anahuac, and mourning, desolation, and woe were carried into all the principal families in the land.

It was a fearful stroke, and fearfully was it repaid upon the heads of the guilty murderers. On

every side the cry of vengeance arose, and its hoarse murmurs came rolling in upon the capital, like the howlings of a gathering tempest. Myriads of outraged Aztecs, smarting and chafing under their wounds, and thirsting for a worthy revenge; thronged the avenues to the capital, and demanded the treacherous strangers to be offered in sacrifice to their offended gods. Guatimozin, and many other brave, powerful, fearless chiefs were there, eager to seize the opportunity to chastize the inoffensive intruder. Day after day, they stormed the quarters of the beleaguered foe, pointing in upon them volleys of arrows, darts and stones, that sorely discomfited, though it could not dislodge them.—Every assailable point was so well guarded by those terrible engines of destruction, the fire-belching artillery, that the assailants, numerous as they were, and spurred on by an ungovernable rage, could make but little impression upon them.—Nevertheless, they would inevitably have carried the defences, and swept away the little band of ruthless murderers, had not Montezuma interposed, and besought them, for his sake, to desist from their hostile attacks. From regard to his safety, they suspended their active operations, but did not relinquish their settled purpose of vengeance.

One means of amoyance was left to them, which would soon have reduced the fortress to submission, had not an unexpected succor arrived. All supplies were cut off from the camp,—already famine began to stare them in the face, and relax the iron sinew and with it the iron will, of the haughty Castilian. They were beginning to be reduced to extremities. A few days more, and the undefended garrison would have fallen into the hands of those merciless avengers of blood, who would have doomed every individual to the sacrifice.

At this critical juncture, the all powerful, invincible Cortez returned, his forces greatly increased by the accession of the very band that had been sent against him—Navez, who had been commissioned to displace him, having become his friend, and arrayed himself, with his whole company and munitions of war, under his banner. Hearing of the disastrous position of his friends in the capital, he hastened with rapid strides and forced marches to their relief. His progress was unimpeded by any hostilities on the part of Aztecs, or their allies, till he entered the city, and joined his forces with those of Alvarado in the beleaguered citadel. It seems that the Aztecs, who had been permitted a free ingress of the entire force of the enemy, preferring rather to shut them up to famine there, than to meet them in the open field.

No sooner was the General, with his augmented army, enclosed within the walls of the fortress, than active and fearful demonstrations of the roused and unappeasable spirit of the people began to be made. The streets and lanes of the city, which were silent and deserted as he passed through them to his quarters, began to swarm with innumerable multitudes of warriors, as if the stones, and the very dust of the earth, were suddenly transformed into armed men. The flat roofs of their temples and dwellings were covered on every side with fierce wild figures, frantic with rage, who taunted the Spaniards with their cruel treachery, and threatened them, in the most violent language, with a terrible revenge.—"You are now again in our power," they cried, "and you cannot escape. Shut up in your narrow quarters, you are doomed to the lingering tortures of famine, and wo to the traitorous Aztec, that furnishes a morsel to relieve your hunger. When, at length, the faintness of death overtakes you, and you can no longer offer resistance to our arms, we will again spread the tables in your prison-house, and fatten you for the sacrifice."

No longer restrained by their reverence for Montezuma, whose pusillanimity had been the cause of all his and their troubles, they recommended their active operations, and stormed the defences with an energy and perseverance that was truly appalling. Day after day they deluged the place with arrows and missiles of every kind, which fell in pitiless showers upon the heads of the besieged, till scarcely one was left without some wound or bruise. In vain did they apply, as before, to their royal prisoner, to appease the rage of his subjects, and induce them once more to send them the customary supplies. In moody silence he shut himself up in his room, brooding over the ingratitude and treachery of Cortez, and the injuries and insults he had received at his hand.

Exasperated by this sudden reversal of his schemes of conquest, and maddened by the sense of hunger which began to be severely felt in his camp Cortez resolved to strike terror into the ranks of the besiegers, by a vigorous sortie at the head of all his cavalry. First sweeping the avenue by a well directed fire from his heavy guns, which were planted at the main entrance of the fortress, he rushed out with all his steel clad cavaliers, trampling the unprotected assailants under the iron hoofs of his horses, and dealing death on every side. The mighty mass gave way before the terrific charge of the advancing column, but immediately closed in upon its rear as it passed, till it was completely swallowed up in an interminable sea of fierce and angry foes, whose accumulating waves swept in from every avenue, and threatened to sweep them all away, in despite of the fury and power of their dreaded chargers. Convinced of his danger, the intrepid Castilian wheeled his horse about, and with a furious shout, called on his brave band to break a way through the serried ranks of the enemy. Plunging, rearing and leaping, under the double spur of the rider, and the piercing shafts of his foe, the fiery animals broke in upon the living wall that impeded their way, and rushed fiercely on, trampling down hundreds in their path, till they regained the open avenue, that was defended by their own artillery. It was not without serious loss, however, that this retreat was achieved. The fierce Aztecs threw themselves upon the horses, in the crowd, hanging upon their legs, sometimes inflicting serious wounds upon them, and sometimes grappling with their riders, dragging them from their saddles, and carrying off to captivity or sacrifice. At the same time, they were sorely beset by showers of stones and darts that poned upon their heads from every building as they passed, battering and breaking their armor, and terribly bruising both the horse and his rider.

These sorties were several times repeated, but always with the same doubtful success. The loss of the Spaniards was always much less than that of their enemy. But the latter could better afford to lose a thousand, than the former to lose one. Their ranks were instantly replenished with fresh combatants, who crowded in upon the scene of conflict, like the countless thousands of the over-peopled North, that swarmed upon the fair fields of Italy, as if some lead-up world had been suddenly emptied of its inhabitants. Their numbers seemed rather to increase than to diminish with every new sortie. In the same proportion their fierce resolution increased.

The haughty Spaniard was now convinced that he had wholly mistaken the character of the people, whom he had thought to trample down at his pleasure. A spirit was raised which could not be laid, either by persuasion or by force. He saw and felt his danger, without the power to avert it. At length, either by threats or entreaties, or both, he prevailed on the captive Montezuma once more to interpose in his behalf, by employing what authority remained to him against his own best friends and faithful subjects.

The Aztecs, forsaken of their monarch, had bold and talented leaders, who were competent both to devise and to execute the measures deemed necessary for the public good, and to lead on their marshalled hosts, to battle and to victory. Cacama, the young Prince of Tezcuco, burning to retrieve his fatal error in counselling and aiding the friendly reception of the Spaniards, now joined all his resources with those of Cuicahuac and Guatimozin, in endeavoring to recover the ground they had lost. Their first object was, to rescue the Emperor from his inglorious imprisonment, never doubting that, with his sacred person at their head, they would be able to annihilate the treacherous intruders at a blow.

Not far from the city of Tezcuco, and standing out on the bosom of the lake, several hundred yards from the shore, was a solitary castle of a heavy and sombre architecture, built upon piles, at such an elevation as to be above the influence of any extraordinary swell in the waters of the lake. Consequently, when at its ordinary level, boats could pass freely under. At this place the princes were accustomed to meet for private deliberation.

Cortez was informed of these meetings, and knew too well the effect of the counsels there matured, not to wish them broken up. With a boldness of design peculiar to himself, he resolved to make Montezuma the instrument of their destruc-

on. He represented to that monarch the danger to his own interests, of allowing such a junta of able and ambitious men to assume the guidance of the public affairs, and undertake to direct the movements of the people. "What can they do more," he cravily exclaimed, "but assume the reins of government, under the specious pretence, which they now falsely set up, that their king is deprived of his freedom to act, and therefore no longer a king. If, now, you would save your sceptre and your crown, assert at once your imperial prerogative—show them you have still the power to speak and to act—command them, on pain of your royal displeasure, to lay down their arms, desist from their treasonable assemblages, and repair at once to your court, to answer for their unloyal designs."

Misled by false representations of the facts, and deceived by the specious arguments of the Spaniard, Montezuma despatched a message to the lord of Tezcuco, under the great seal of the empire, which it was high treason to disregard, commanding him instantly to appear before his master, to answer for his irregular and ill-advised proceedings. Cacama was too well aware of the real position of Montezuma, and of the constraint under which he acted, to give any heed to his mandate.

"Tell my royal master," he replied, "that I am too much his friend to obey him in this instance. Let him banish the false-hearted Spaniards from his capital, the vipers whom he has taken to his bosom; let him ascend once more his imperial throne, not as a vassal, but as the rightful lord of all these realms, and Cacama will joyfully lay his crown, his life, his all, at his feet. Montezuma is my master when he is master of himself. To that dignity we intend to restore him, or perish in the attempt."

On the evening of the fourth day after the return of the royal messenger, with this spirited reply of Cacama, a light pirogue, guided by a single hand, its sole occupant, might have been seen gliding silently over the lake to the water-palace, the chosen rendezvous of the patriot princes. By the proud and majestic bearing of the boatman, it could be no other than Guatimozin. Securing his skiff by a cord passed through the fingers of a gigantic hand, curiously carved from the jutting rafters on which the floor of the palace was laid, he ascended the steps to the hall, which he found unoccupied and still. He was presently joined by Cuiclahua and Cacama, arriving from different directions, in the same stealthy manner. Their number was soon increased by the arrival of four Tezucan lords, from whom some important communications were expected. Scarcely had they entered the hall, and seated themselves, when, a slight noise from without, attracting his attention, Guatimozin rose, and went towards the door, to ascertain the cause.

"It is only the chafing of our pirogues against the dikes," said one of the new comers—"let us proceed to business."

Guatimozin, true to his own impulses, heeded not the remark. Stepping upon the outer battlement, he discerned a slight figure in a canoe, moving in the shadow of the building, and apparently seeking concealment. Supposing it might be a servant, left by the Tezucans in charge of their boats, he was about returning, when a gentle voice whispered his name.

"Who calls Guatimozin?" he replied in a whisper, at the same time leaning towards the intruder.

"Beware of the Tezucans, beware." The voice was Kere's, but the skiff shot away, like an arrow, before the Prince had time for further parley.

Returning to the council, he instantly demanded, as if nothing had happened, that the plans of the evening should be laid open.

A pictured scroll was then produced by the Tezucans, representing the contemplated movements of the enemy, which they professed to have ascertained from authentic sources, and delineating a plan of operations against them. Guatimozin, somewhat bewildered by the warning he had received, sat down with his friends to the examination of this scroll. But, while seemingly intent upon that alone, he contrived to keep a close watch upon the movements of the Tezucans. It was soon evident that their thoughts were not wholly engrossed by the business before them. A slight noise from without, followed instantly by an exchange of significant looks between two of the party, confirmed his suspicions. Instantly dashing away the false scroll, and springing to his feet, he boldly charged the traitors with a conspiracy, and

demanding an immediate explanation. Alarmed at this mysterious and premature disclosure of their designs, the chief of the party, without venturing a word of reply, gave a shrill, piercing whistle, which was immediately responded to from without. Finding himself entrapped, and not knowing what numbers he might have to contend with, Guatimozin sprang to the door, stretching one of the conspirators on the floor as he passed, and succeeded in reaching his skiff, just as a band of armed men rushed in from the other quarter. Cuiclahua also effected his escape, though not without a desperate encounter with one of the advancing party, who attempted to arrest his flight.

To seize his antagonist with a powerful embrace, to fling him over the parapet into the water, and to plunge in after him, was the work of an instant. Swimming under water for some distance, and rising to the surface within the shadow of the building, he took possession of the nearest canoe, and, following in the wake of Guatimozin, was soon out of the reach of danger, or pursuit.

Cacama, unsuspecting of danger, and intent only on the object of their meeting, was so engrossed with the scroll, and the plans delineated upon it, that he did not fully comprehend the meaning of this sudden interruption of their council, until his two friends had disappeared, and, in their place, a band of twenty armed men stood before him. Resistance was in vain. By order of the chief of the conspirators, he was seized, securely bound, and carried a prisoner to Tenochtitlan. There, though treated with indignity by Cortez, and with severity by Montezuma, he maintained a haughty and independent bearing, sternly refusing to yield, in the slightest degree, to the insolent dictation of the one, or the pusillanimous policy of the other. Cuiclahua was afterwards seized in his own palace of Iztapalapan; but, after a short detention, was released again, at the instigation of Montezuma.

These outrages, so far from intimidating the people, only excited and incensed them the more, and led to other and more desperate assaults upon the beleaguered foe, till Cortez, apprehensive of ultimate defeat and ruin, applied once more to Montezuma, proposing that he should appear in person before his people, and require them to lay down their arms, retire to their homes, and leave his guests in peaceable possession of the quarters he had voluntarily assigned them.

Arrayed in his royal robes, with the imperial diadem upon his head, preceded by his officers of state, bearing the golden wands, the emblem of despotic power, and accompanied by a considerable train of his own nobles, and some of the principal Castilian cavaliers, the unfortunate monarch appeared on the battlements, to remonstrate with his own people for their zeal in the defence of his crown and honor, and appease the rage of his subjects for insults offered to his own person, and to those of his loyal nobles. His presence was instantly recognized by the thronging multitudes below and around. Some prostrated themselves on the earth in profound reverence, some bent the knee, and all waited in breathless silence to hear that voice, which had so long ruled them with despotic sway.

With a sad, but at the same time a calm and dignified tone, the monarch addressed them—"My children," said he, "why are you here in this fierce array. The strangers are my friends. I abide with them as their voluntary guest, and all that you do against them, is done against me, your sovereign and father."

When the monarch declared himself the friend of the detested Spaniard, a murmur of discontent and rage arose, and ran through the assembled host.—Their ungovernable fury burst at once the barrier of loyalty, and vented itself in curses upon the king who could, in the hour of their peril forsake his people, and endeavour to betray them into the hands of a treacherous and blood thirsty foe. "Base Aztec!" they cried, "woman! coward! go back to the viper friends whom you have taken to your bosom. No longer worthy to reign over us, we cast away our allegiance for ever." At the same moment, some powerful arm, more fearless than the rest, aimed a huge stone at the head of the king, which brought him senseless to the ground. His attendants, put off their guard by the previous calm and reverential attention of the crowd, were taken by surprise. In vain they interposed their shields and bucklers, to protect his person from further violence. The fatal blow was struck. The great

Montezuma had received the death-wound from the hand of one of his own subjects, who, but a moment before, would have sacrificed a hundred lives, had he possessed them, to shield the person of his monarch from violence and dishonor.

The effect of this unexpected catastrophe seemed equally appalling to both the belligerent parties.—The Aztecs, struck aghast at their own sacrilegious deed, dispersed in sorrow and shame to their homes; while the Spaniards felt that they had lost their only remaining hold upon the forbearance and regard of a mighty people whose confidence they had shamefully abused, and whose altars and houses they had wantonly desecrated. It was a season of agonizing suspense. To retreat from their post, and abandon the conquest which they once imagined was nearly achieved, might be as disastrous as it would be humiliating. To remain in their narrow quarters, surrounded with countless thousands of exasperated foes, on whom they must be dependent for their daily supplies of food, seemed little better than madness. To the proud spirit of the haughty Castilian, the alternative was scarcely less to be dreaded than martyrdom. It was manifestly, however, the only resource, and he resolved to evacuate the city.

Meanwhile, active hostilities had been temporarily suspended. The unhappy Montezuma, smitten even more severely in heart than in person, refused alike the condolence of his friends and the skill of the Castilian surgeon. Tearing off the bandages from his wounds, "leave me alone," he cried, "I have already outlived my honour and the affection and confidence of my people. Why should I look again upon the sun or the earth. The one has no light, the other no flowers for me. Let me die here. I feel indeed that the gods have smitten me, when I fall by the hand of one of my own people."

In this disconsolate mood, the spirit of Montezuma took its flight. In vain did the Castilian general endeavor to suppress, for a time, the tidings of his death. The loud wailing of his attendants, would have published it far and wide among the thousands of affectionate hearts, that listened for every sound that issued from the palace, if they had not, unknown to the Spaniards, established a kind of telegraphic signal, by means of which they communicated to the priests on the great Teocalli daily reports of the progress of the disease. When the sad signal was given, announcing the solemn fact, that the great Montezuma had laid down his honors and his troubles together, it was responded to by the mournful tones of the great drum of the temple, by ten measured muffled strokes, conveying the melancholy intelligence to every dwelling in Tenochtitlan.

The breathing of that populous city was now one universal wail, that seemed to penetrate the very heavens. Partly from a sincere regard for the fallen monarch, and partly for the hope that he might thus conciliate the good will of his afflicted subjects, Cortez directed his remains to be placed in a splendid coffin, and borne in solemn procession, by his own nobles, to his palace, that it might be interred with the customary regal honors. It was received by his people with every demonstration of affectionate joy and respect. Conveyed with great pomp to the castle of Chapultepec, followed by an immense train of priests, nobles, and common people, it was interred amid all the imposing ceremonies of the Aztec religion. His wives and children, frantic with grief, gathered around those hallowed remains, and testified, by all those tender, and delicate tokens which seem the natural expression of a refined feminine sorrow, their profound sense of the inestimable loss they had sustained.

By one of those singular coincidences, which tend so strongly to confirm the too easy credulity of the superstitious, and give an unnatural emphasis to the common accidents of life, it was the festival of the new moon, the very day on which Montezuma had promised Tecuichpo that he would join the household circle at Chapultepec, that his lifeless remains were borne thither, in solemn funeral procession.

"Alas! my father," she cried, "is this fulfilment of that only promise which sustained my sinking courage in the hour of separation?" She said no more. The more profound the sorrow, the fewer words it has to spare. "The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb."



THE ZEBRA.

In beauty this animal must be confessed as superior to almost any other quadruped; but its native wildness defies every effort to render it serviceable in a domestic state. These creatures live in herds, frequenting the open plains, and usually in company with the Ostrich, where, by their beauty and liveliness, they adorn and animate the dreary scene; their voice is remarkably shrill, somewhat like the sound of a post-horn.

Mr. Burchell says he saw troops of thirty, intermixed with Ostriches, on the arid plains of Africa, and he thus describes their beautiful appearance; "I stopped to examine these Zebras with my pocket telescope; they were the most beautiful marked animals I had ever seen: their clean sleek limbs glittered in the sun, and the brightness and regularity of their striped coats presented a picture of extraordinary beauty, in which, probably, they are not surpassed by any quadruped with which we are at present acquainted. It is, indeed, equaled in this particular by the mountain horse, whose stripes are more defined and regular, but which do not offer to the eye so lively a coloring."

There does not appear any reason why Zebras should not be tamed by patience, perseverance and kind treatment.



THE ELK.

The Elk, or Moose Deer, have legs of great length, and a neck so short that they cannot graze on level ground like other animals, but are obliged to browse the tops of large plants, and the leaves or branches of small trees. In all their actions and movements they appear very awkward. Their faculty of hearing is supposed to be more acute than that of sight or scent, which renders it a very difficult task to kill them in the summer time; and the Indians have then no other method of doing this than by creeping after them under the trees and bushes, till they get within gun-shot. In winter, the natives are able frequently to run these animals down; for their slender legs break through the snow at every step, and plunge them up to the belly. They are so tender footed and so short winded, that a good runner will generally tire them out in less than a day. In summer the Elks frequent the margins of rivers and lakes, getting into the water in order to avoid the innumerable multitudes of musketoos, and other flies that pester them during that season. When pursued in this situation, they are the most inoffensive of all animals, never making any resistance.

A gentleman from the country, (says a Boston paper,) now stopping at one of our hotels, entered into conversation with one of the boarders, asking questions about the Fair at Quincy Hall, &c.: after some minutes conversation, the boarder drew out his cigar case and asked the countryman—

"Will you take a cigar, sir?"

"Wa-a-al, I don't mind if I dew," was the reply.

The cigar was passed to him, and, also, one which the boarder was smoking, for the purpose of giving him a light. He carefully placed the cigar first handed to him in his pocket; took his knife and cut off that end of the lighted one which had been in the mouth of his generous friend, and commenced smoking the remainder, remarking—

"It ain't often that a man from the country runs foul of so clever a feller, in the city, as you am."

AN INDIAN'S JUDGMENT
ON MODERN CIVILIZATION.

Civilization, even in Christian and Protestant countries, is far from having attained its advancement to perfection. And various anomalies exist in the most improved nations, which surprise savages. A striking illustration of this fact we find in the judgment of Braudt, the celebrated American Indian, who had been favored with an education at Dartmouth College. In reply to the inquiries of a gentleman, of European descent, he is believed to have written the following letter regarding his view of our various customs in civilized society. The document is a rare literary curiosity; but it is especially remarkable, as being full of just and weighty observations by one partially emancipated from the degradation of savage life, after having taken a limited, but shrewd, survey of the condition of mankind, in its utmost improvement, in the United States and in Europe:—

MY DEAR SIR,—Your letter came safe to hand. To give entire satisfaction, I must, I perceive, enter into the discussion of a subject on which I have often thought. My thoughts were my own, and being so different from the ideas entertained among your people, I should certainly have carried them with me to the grave, had I not received your obliging favour.

You ask me, then, whether, in my opinion, civilization is favourable to human happiness? In answer to the question, it may be answered, that there are degrees of civilization, from cannibals to the most polite of European nations. The question is not, then, whether a degree of refinement is not conducive to happiness, but whether you, or the natives of this land, have obtained this happy medium. On this subject we are at present, I presume, of very different opinions. You will, however, allow me, in some respects, to have had the advantage of you in forming my sentiments.

I was, sir, born of Indian parents, and lived while a child among those whom you are pleased to call savages. I was afterwards sent to live among the white people, and educated at one of your schools; since which period I have been honored much before my deserts, by an acquaintance with a number of principal characters, both in Europe and America. After all this experience, and after every exertion to divest myself of prejudice I am obliged to give my opinion in favour of my own people.

I will now, as much as I am able, collect together and set before you some of the reasons that have influenced my judgement on the subject now before us. In the government you call civilized, the happiness of the people is constantly sacrificed to the splendour of empire.—Hence, your codes of criminal laws have had their origin; from hence your dungeons and prisons.

I will not enlarge on an idea so singular in civilized life, and perhaps disagreeable to you; I will only observe, that among us we have no prisons—we have no pompous parade of courts—we have no written laws, and yet judges are as highly revered among us as they are among you, and their decisions as much regarded. Property, to say the least, is as well guarded, and crimes are as impartially punished. We have among us no splendid villains above the control of our laws. Daring wickedness is here never suffered to triumph over helpless innocence; the estates of widows and orphans are never devoured by enterprising sharpers. In a word, we have no robbery under the colour of law. No person among us desires any other reward for performing a brave or worthy action, than the consciousness of having served his nation. Our wise men are called "fathers;" they truly sustain that character; they are always accessible,

I will not say to the meanest of our people, for we have none mean but such as render themselves so by their vices.

The palaces and prisons among you form a most dreadful contrast. Go to the former places, and you will see, perhaps, a deformed piece of earth assuming airs that become none but the Great Spirit above; go to one of your prisons—here description utterly fails. Kill them if you please—kill them, too, by torture; but let the torture last no longer than a day. Those you call "savages" relent; the most furious of our tormentors exhausts his rage in a few hours, and despatches the unhappy victim with a sudden stroke. Perhaps it is eligible that incorrigible offenders should sometimes be cut off. Let it be done in a way that is not degrading to human nature; let such unhappy men have an opportunity, by the fortitude of their death, of making an atonement, in some measure, for the crimes they have committed during their lives.

But, for what are many of your prisoners confined? For debt. Astonishing! And will you ever again call the Indian nation, "cruel?" Liberty, to a rational creature as much exceeds property as the light of the sun does the most twinkling star. But you put them on a level, to the everlasting disgrace of civilization.

I knew, while I lived among the white people, many of the most amiable contract debts, and I dare say with the best intentions. Both parties, at the time of contract, expect to find their advantage. The debtor, we will suppose, by a train of unavoidable misfortunes, fails; here is no crime, nor even fault; and yet your laws put it in the power of the creditor to throw the debtor into prison, and confine him there for life!—a punishment worse than death to a brave man; and I seriously declare, I had rather die by the most severe tortures ever inflicted on the continent, than languish in one of your prisons for a single year!

Great Spirit of the Universe! And do you call yourselves Christians? Does, then, the religion of him whom you call your Saviour inspire the spirit, and lead to these practices? Surely not! It is recorded of him that "a bruised reed he never broke." Cease, then, to call yourselves "Christians," lest you publish to the world your hypocrisy. Cease, too, to call other nations "savage," when you are ten-fold more the children of cruelty than they!

A CURIOSITY OF LITERATURE.

MAIDSTONE JAIL, March—, 18—

DEAR MOTHER—It is with a broken heart I inform you that my death warrant arrived last night. I hoped I should have got off for transportation; but that was not to be. Your poor son Jack is to be hung on Monday morning. Pray dear mother, come over and see me once before I die. My heart is too full to say any more. From your poor broken-hearted son.

JOHN—

CATHAM, March—, 18—

DEAR SON JACK.—I am very sorry you cannot be transported insted a bein' hung I would come over and see you only Mrs. Thompson's great wash is on Monday, and I want to yarn a shillin wen I can. I am told Jack Catch has the clothes what people are hung in. Do not, dear Jack, be hung in your coat. Put on your jacket, leave your coat with the turnkey, and I will get the carrier to call for it. May the Lord have mercy on your soul; and pray dont forget to be hung in your jacket. I remain your fectinate mother

MARYAN—

RICHES.—Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

CURIOSITIES OF ARITHMETIC.

An eastern prince was so much delighted with the game of chess, which had been devised for his amusement, that he desired the inventor to name his own reward. The philosopher, however, was too modest to seize the opportunity of enriching himself: he merely begged of his royal master a grain of corn for each square on the chess table, doubling the number in proceeding from the first to the sixty-fourth square. The king, honoring his moderation, made no scruple of consenting to the demand: but on his treasurer making the necessary calculations, he was somewhat surprised to find that he had engaged to give away the impossible quantity of 87,076,425,546,692,656 grains of corn, or near two hundred millions of bushels.

The story of the horse shoe is of the same kind, and, like the above, is usually met with in books of scientific recreation. A man selling a fine horse is to receive for it nothing more than the value of the twenty fourth nail of the animal's shoes, supposing that the first nail is worth a farthing, the second two, and so on doubling each time. The bargain is a tolerably good one, since the twenty-fourth nail at this rate proves to be worth eighty thousand dollars.

Suppose that all the prodigious number of eggs in a female herring, only 2000 come to maturity, and that each of them in its turn gives birth to the same number, half males and half females. In its second year, we should have a family of twelve millions; in the third, of two thousand millions; and in the eighth, the number would be expressed by the figure 2 followed by 24 ciphers. This number of herrings would not find room even if the earth were turned into a globe of water, as its whole volume would furnish only about a square inch for each fish.

A sprig of henbane sometimes produces 50,000 grains; but if we take the average at 10,000, the number of sprigs in the eighth generation would be expressed by 1 followed by 16 ciphers. At this rate, it would take nearly the entire surface of the globe to contain all the henbane produced from a single plant in four years.

The population of the globe is supposed to be under a thousand millions. If, then, says a French writer, all mankind were collected in one place, every four individuals occupying a square metre, the whole might be contained in a field ten miles square. Thus, generally speaking, the population of a country might be packed, without much squeezing, in its capital. But the mean idea this gives us of the number of the human race is counterbalanced by its capability of extension. The new world issued to contain of productive land 4,000,000 square miles of middling quality, each capable of supporting two hundred inhabitants; and 6,000,000 of a better quality, capable of supporting five hundred persons. According to this calculation, the population of the new world, as peace and civilization advance, may attain to the extent of 4,000,000,000. If we suppose the surface of the old world to be double that of America (and notwithstanding the comparative poverty of the land, this calculation may be accepted, if we say nothing of Australia and the various Archipelagos,) it would support 8,000,000,000; and thus the aggregate population of the entire globe might amount to 12,000,000,000, or twelve times the number.

How many curious speculations suggest themselves here! What space will it take for the inhabitants of the earth to increase to twelve times their present number? Will such increase ever take place? Supposing the epoch to approach when 'the table is full,' what will be the condition of the then races of mankind? In what way, through what proximate causes, will the number of births adjust themselves to the number of deaths!—Will war be once more resuscitated from

the ashes of ages—for war must have been dead to admit of the completion of the ranks of the species? Will hatred, want, misery, follow as usual the footsteps of the destroyer, and the earth swallow up the children which her uncalculating instincts have produced! But it is folly to perplex ourselves with inquiries upon subjects which are obviously beyond the grasp of the intellect. All we know with certainty is, that the human world has gone on for at least four thousand years, without attaining to more than one twelfth part of its possible extent.—Our knowledge is limited and must be always so. Not to talk of the interior of the earth which we can learn but little about from hammering upon its crust, we are each individually ignorant even of our fellow beings on the surface.—One of us may know something of insects, and so on; but the mind does not exist which is able to comprehend the organic world in its entirety. It is said that there are 100,000 species of vegetables, five or six times that number of insects, about 1200 of quadrupeds, 6800 of birds, and 1500 of reptiles. The sea we know almost as much about as the interior of the earth; but as its bottom is at least double the extent of the surface of our continents and islands, we may roughly take the number of its species animal and vegetable, as equal to that of the species which require atmospheric air. As for the microscopic world, there we are entirely lost; but in all probability it is as rich in species as the world that is cognisable to our ordinary senses. But if we take the entire number of organised beings at only 2,000,000, what human intellect is capable of studying them to any purpose? If a man gave himself up to the task as the business of his life, attending to the examination of each species but one minute, and working incessantly during ten hours in the day, he would not accomplish the cursory unreflecting survey in less than twenty years! These considerations should at least teach us humility, and for the rest, we may safely trust in the Creator of these unspeakable wonders; that His almighty hand will sustain the work which His omniscient wisdom conceived, and that the same power which originated the plan will extend to its consummation

COMBAT

BETWEEN A HORSE AND A LION.

A nobleman, in the early part of the reign of Louis XV., having a very vicious horse, which none of the grooms or servants would ride, several of them having been thrown, and one killed, asked leave of his majesty to have him turned loose into the menagerie against one of the largest lions. The king readily consented, and the animal, on a certain day, was conducted thither.

Soon after the arrival of the horse, the door of the den was drawn up, and the lion, with great state and majesty, marched slowly to the mouth of it when seeing his antagonist, he set up a tremendous roar. The horse immediately started and fell back, his ears erected, his mane raised, his eyes sparkled, and something like a general convulsion seemed to agitate his whole frame.—After the first emotion of fear had subsided, the horse retired to a corner of the menagerie, where, having directed his heels towards the lion, and having reared his head above his left shoulder, he watched with extreme eagerness, the motions of his enemy. The lion, who presently quitted the den, sidled about for more than a minute, as if meditating the mode of attack, when, having sufficiently prepared himself for the combat, he made a sudden spring at the horse, which defended itself by striking its adversary a most violent blow on the chest. The lion instantly retreated, groaned, and seemed for several minutes inclined to give up the contest; when, recovering from the painful effects of the blow, he returned to the charge with

unabated violence. The mode of preparation for this second attack was the same as the first. He sidled from one side of the menagerie to the other for a considerable time, seeking a favorable opportunity to seize his prey; during all which time the horse still preserved the same posture, and still kept his head erect, and turned over his shoulder.—The lion at length gave a second spring, with all the velocity he could exercise, when the horse caught him with his hoof under his under jaw, which he fractured. Having sustained a second repulse, the lion retreated to his den as well as he was able, apparently in the greatest agony, moaning in a most lamentable manner. The horse was afterwards shot.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

THE TANDEM RACE.

There is a valley in ———, which we will not specify. It is bounded on the left hand by high and rugged mountains, cultivated to about one-third part of their elevation in grain fields, and rough upland pastures, and above these covered still with the dense foliage of the primeval forest. Hills of a moderate height, waving with grass and grain to their very summit, and dotted here and there with patches of natural wood, shelter it on the right, as you drive eastward, from the chill blasts blowing direct from those Hyperborean realms, beyond Canada.

This vale, which varies from one mile to five in breadth, runs nearly twenty miles from the head waters of its clear rapid stream, in any other land than this a river, to its outlet in the Hudson. It has within itself, between its boundary chains, every variety of earth, of wood, of water. Here, its surface undulates gently, knoll following knoll, with many a murmuring brook between, in beautiful succession; here it lies level, as a sheet of water, from the foot of one hill ridge to the base of the chain opposite, a wide gentle tract of rich green meadows; and here again shoot up, from the level of the stream, tall peaks, and isolated sugar loaves, rock-ribbed and rock-crested, and cloth'd from head to foot with oak, and hickory, and chestnut.

Amid blue lakelets lie embosomed in its green recesses, with lone farm-houses, each nestled in its grove of locusts, or its luxuriant orchards, jutting out on some small peninsula into the serene waters.

Quick rivulets rush down the hill sides, and gully their stern flanks, torrents when swollen by the melted snows of winter, and gurgle in the summer time over their pebbly beds, crossing the road at every mile or two, and traversed, now by low one-arched bridges, now at bright rippling fords, in which, if you are quick-sighted, you may see the rapid trout glancing away into their mossy lairs, before the feet of your keen trotters.

In a word, it is a valley of valleys.

And through it, parallel with its lovely river, though, at times, when the Naiad becomes too boisterous in her glee, and shoots from some satyr-haunted oak knoll at a curve too devious, it crosses the laughing waters, there runs a road as excellent, as that known to all sportsmen as the Third Avenue.

It is not quite so wide, nor quite so level; but it is built of the natural limestone, firm yet elastic, solid yet springy; broad enough at its narrowest place for three wagons to run easily abreast; kept always in good order; traversing as lovely scenery as any in America; and last, not least, dotted along its margin by those delightful resting places, yclept country inns, where you can procure every comfort that the rational traveller can desire, not forgetting the qualifying

drop, which renders even cold water palatable, and makes "the whole world kin."

Well! over this valley, and upon this road, the broad full moon of an early month in autumn was pouring down a flood of yellow light, making every object nigh at hand as clear and distinct as in the sunniest day time; although there was a sort of twinkling haze over the middle ground of the picture, and a thin gauzy mist clinging to the mountain's side, which blended all the asperities and softened all the harder features of the scenery.

It had been a very hot noon-day, yet the evening air was chilly. A long sinuous line of ghost-like vapor lay to the left of the road, marking the course of the river, where it was a little way distant; but, where the highway ran along its marge, you might see the thin mist smoking up from its foam-marbled waters, like steam from a boiling caldron.

In fact, it had frozen sharply on the previous night, and it was clear enough to all the weather-wise, that there would be another smart frost before morning.

The woods, and the wild forest, indeed, on the upper slopes of the hills, and on the mountain tops, had not yet changed in a single hue of their deep green verdure, and the willows of the dale were still in their full flush of summer foliage; but all the other deciduous trees in the swamps and along the river bottom, were changed into all gorgeous colors by the sharp night frosts, which chilled the dense air of the valley, while they had no effect on the purer atmosphere above the hill tops.

The maples had been crimson as the hectic flush on consumptive beauty's cheek, and were now rapidly become leafless; the hickories were changed by nature's alchemy into masses of leafy gold, and every several shrub and tree had its distinctive garb of autumnal beauty.

There was not a cloud in the azure firmament, and the stars were out in myriads, and tens of myriads, gommeing the canopy of heaven with lights of diamond purity.

There was not a breath of wind in the sweet valley, not a leaf quivered on its stalk, not a blade of grass trembled in the meadows. The heavy dews fell silently around; and not a sound was to be heard, save the incessant chirrup of the night revelling katydid, the long-drawn hooting of a pair of responsive owls, answering their melancholy call from opposite hill tops, and now and then, at distant intervals, the protracted howl of some sleepless watch-dog, baying the silver moon.

A distant clock, in a small manufacturing town among the hills, had just struck eleven, when the sharp clatter of many hoofs, and the rattle of wheels, coming up the road from the direction of the river, at full speed, woke all the echoes of the mountain gorges. Then a loud cheerful whoop came ringing up the valley, and a free, hearty laugh.

The road, at the point where this occurred, was for a mile or two nearly level; but at the end of this it entered into a little maze of spurs and knolls, projecting from the mountain chain, which here edged down the river, and wound among them to and fro at short and abrupt angles.

To the east, or river-ward, a steep ridge bounded the prospect, across the brow of which the road passed, cutting clear against the blue sky.

Over this ridge, had there been any person standing in the valley at this moment, he might have seen, first one and then a second vehicle, wheel up into strong relief for a moment, and then disappear again in the shadows which clothed the slope; though still the sound, the carriages themselves no longer visible, would have informed him that they were rapidly approaching.

But, as it happened, there was no person moving in the valley within a mile's distance; and in the very farm-houses which lined the road at intervals, the lights were all extinguished, and the inmates sound in their second slumbers.

By and by, with a loud shout of the driver to his horses, down rattled the first carriage into the level ground. It was a dark green dog-cart on two very high wheels, pinked out with black and scarlet. The driving-seat was so high as to admit of the dragsman's standing nearly erect while driving, and so having full command over his horses. It had a patent-leather apron drawn up over the knees of the two persons who sat in it, and from under this peeped out the rich fur of a handsome grisly-bear-skin, which the cold of the autumn night rendered anything rather than uncomfortable.

The horses were two in number, rigged tandem fashion, in very light black harness, with covered buckles, and brass mountings. The pair was admirably matched, being dark copper-colored chestnuts, each with three white stockings, two behind and one before, and a white blaze down his face. Their pace, moreover, was identical, being several seconds under three minutes, as they came along the flat, perfectly fresh, with their ears pricked knowingly, and their square docks well up, at a beautiful round slashing trot, without a particle of *darting* in the action of the fore-legs, or the least roll behind.

Their driver, who was a well built, rather handsome man, of some twenty-eight or thirty years, with short black curly hair, and a keen quick eye, sat very firmly in his seat, with his legs braced hard against the foot-board, holding the prads together, and pulling against them with almost all his strength, his arms being extended in a right line from his shoulders, and ribbands as taut as if they had been iron wires.

He drove on snaffle bits, with martingales; and the horses, at the top of their speed, carried their heads low and ungracefully, not much, indeed, above the level of their withers, although the pace at which they whirled the light dog-cart over the level road was prodigious.

A long, straight whalebone-stocked whip, with a heavy lash, stood upright in the socket at his right elbow, but he drove without its aid, his team bearing dead upon the bits, and pulling themselves the harder, in proportion as he himself pulled harder against them, and increasing their stroke at every shout or yell, which he gave out with a deep sonorous voice.

His companion was rather younger than himself, and much handsomer, though very effeminate looking, with a profusion of long curly hair, of a dark auburn hue, neatly trimmed whiskers, rather an aquiline nose, and a bright blue eye.

His dress was excessively coxcombical, consisting of a sort of huzzar cap, of rich sea-otter skin, and a blouse, or loose frock of dark snuff-colored cloth, worn above his other clothes, with a broad cape of the same fur as his cap. He had long boots of patent-leather, lined with fur, reaching to his mid-thigh, and fur gauntlets on his hands, reaching nearly to his elbows.

The air of this young man was as jaunty as his dress; and his hair, or his dress, was so strongly perfumed, that it positively tainted the pure night air as they passed along. But if his dress was coxcombical, and his air jaunty, what must be said of his voice, his accent? They were both—do you know it, gentle reader? If not, it can scarcely be conveyed by description—they were both the most exaggerated models of the tone of a young man very much about town—in London be it understood—partaking at once of the lisp, the clip, and the

drawl—affected beyond all measure, but admirably adapted to the character and appearance of the man; irresistibly entertaining, and in this instance, as is often the case, combined with much readiness of wit, and real humor, as well as with a manner of enunciating even common-places, so as to provoke inextinguishable laughter.

"Hold them there, Ned. Hold them exactly there," said this worthy, to his friend who toled the drag—"and I'll take one to ten, Harry does not touch us, 'till we reach the Hall."

"I don't know that, baronet," said the other, gaily, with a slight emphasis on the word baronet, as if it were spoken half in jest. "As you say, it may come off *once in five* that I beat him, but that's a slashing team of his, I tell you; and, for all his English notions about driving, which I don't go, I can't name any one that can handle a tandem much more neatly than Harry Archer, especially in broken ground, short turns, or a very crowded street."

"Well, this is level and straight enough for you, I hope," said the other. "I never saw anything straighter or smoother in my life, except the Beacon Course. That leader 'll break, for a thousand! if you let him rake in that style."

"Hark! hark! here comes Archer."

And as he spoke, a superb silver-gray thorough bred, full sixteen hands in height, with his ears laid down flat in his neck, and his long bang tail floating at full length behind him, shot along side. He had no blinkers, and his white plaited reins and head-stall, scarcely thicker than a pipe-stem, his light Dutch collar, pad and traces of russet, mounted with white patent leather, and bright steel terrets, rings and crests, were scarcely perceptible, so little did they differ from the color of his glossy and glistening hide.

His action was superb, a long slinging, easy gallop, about one-half his speed, perhaps; for he had won cups in his day, and was not an easy one to beat at four miles and repeat; though his present owner, regardless of expense, had taken him out of training, to minister to his own more immediate pleasures.

Scarce was the gray abreast of the wheel-horse, before he had passed him and collared the leader; while in his rear, up came Archer's wheeler, a beautiful coal-black cob-built horse, of some fifteen two, high crested and high stepped, and not far short of thorough-bred either; as any connoisseur might have pronounced, without looking at his pedigree, by the small head, broad-browed and basin-faced; the full, wild deer-like eye; the large round nostril; the fine set of the neck on the withers; the skin of satin; and the large cord-like veins, filled, as it would seem, almost to bursting with the blood of a generous race.

The wheeler had no blinkers either, and his harness was of the same fabric and fashion, except that it was all plain jet black, the crests and mountings being of dark blue steel.

The effect of the different colored harness, adapted to the colors of the different horses was very singular, but the taste was admirable; and the most fastidious eye could have found no fault either with the turn-out, the horses, or the dragsman.

The wheeler trotted, in the true style of the English school of tandem driving, so fast that the leader was compelled to keep at a short hand gallop, in order to straighten his traces; and the different pace of the horses, agreeing so well with their different race and character, could not fail to attract attention, as something singularly striking and original.

The tandem-cart, which rolled almost noiselessly at the heels of the black trotter, was of white cane work, with an exquisitely wrought carriage of the same color, picked out with dark chocolate, in

Ford's best style, with a small crest, garter and cypher on the pannel, in the heraldic colors.

Though light it was a large and roomy vehicle, capable of carrying a brace of setters, with gun-cases and baggage under the driving seat, in addition to two persons; but at present it contained no load beyond the driver and his companion, who were no others than two characters, by this time far too familiar with my readers to require any regular or formal introduction—Frank Forester and Harry Archer.

Harry was sitting easily, and as it would appear loosely, on his high seat, with his elbows squared, the reins free in his left hand, yet feeling his horses' mouths constantly; and his long holly whip, with its light lash lapped up into what is technically called a Jenny, carried in his right diagonally across his own and Frank's body.

As he shot past the other tandem, which he did apparently without an effort of his horses, he saluted the other driver gnostically, by dropping the point of his whip, and elevating his right elbow, giving as he did so, a low whistle to his horses, which sprang to it, as if they had felt the lash.

But at this instant master Forester, who was most furiously excited, and who had been in a great state of disgust at being in the rear during the last half hour, exclaimed on a sudden—

"Give them a yell, give them a yell, Harry!"

And putting the action to the word, he set up so hideous and prolonged a howl, clapping his hand to his lips as he did so, that all the bay dogs and hounds, from one end of the valley to the other, responded to the sound, and all the echoes rang for ten minutes in the hill passes.

It had not, however, by any means the effect on which Frank had calculated, for the horses of the rival tandem, which were accustomed to be yelled and whooped at, as if they had been *Pottawatomies*, took no notice whatever of the war-ry, except, if anything, to increase the pace a little, and creep up again nearly alongside.

But Archer's black horse used always to be driven like a Christian beast, and understanding only decent and legitimate horse language, bounded with all his feet together into the air, and broke into a gallop.

Archer, however, did not pull him short up, or saw him, but merely holding him very hard in hand, stood up to his work, and brought down his double thong a dozen times across his flank and loin, with so strong a wrist, and so severe a draw, that every stroke left marks gridiron-wise, and the game brute settled down again to his old square trot, champing his bits, and tossing his head, as if he had intended to say, "a fig for your castigation!"

Still, in spite of the quickness with which he had recovered his trot, Archer's team lost time by the break, and the chestnuts had drawn clear away from the gray leader's head.

Within ten minutes, however, Harry had recovered his place; and for the next two miles, the two tandems ran laterally side by side, leader and wheeler-neck and neck, collar to collar, the rays of the wheels never above a foot asunder, oftentimes not three inches, and the spokes whirling round and round with such speed as to be fairly indistinguishable.

Harry might perhaps have run by them, but he knew, by the fretful jerking of the black horse's bit, that he was not perfectly steady, and was therefore afraid of breaking him, should he seek to shove him.

He held them, therefore, quite steady, knowing the pace at which he was going, and knowing also, that it is the pace which kills.

Not a word had been spoken since they lipped; but now, as they neared the broken ground, and as the first knoll loomed up dark before them,

"I have them, now, Frank," whispered Harry, "the first turn is a short curve to the right, we have the inside, and must pass, even if we do not break, them."

But the other dragsman was wide awake also; and saw his disadvantage—

"They have got us," he said to him, whom he called "The baronet"—"they have got us at this turn, unless I give the prads the string, and I daren't do it. I don't think they will stand it."

"Oh! d--n it! yes!" hisped the other. "Give them the string, just once!—once, you know, for a flier—but we can be beat after all."

Exhorted thus, Ned Bereton drew his long straight whip from the socket, and without relaxing his pull on the horses, dealt each of them two or three slashing stripes.

At first, they quickened their step prodigiously, and the chestnut leader headed the gray for a second's pace, Harry still holding his team hard in hand, and refusing to hurry them.

But the next instant, the baronet, elated by the apparent success of his advice, and of his friend's consequent manoeuvre, set up a yell, second only to Frank Forester's; and both the chestnuts broke, incontinently, as badly as can be well imagined.

Harry shot past them without quickening his pace, wheeled to the right, round the projecting spur, and was out of sight in the gorge, before the echo of the yell had subsided.

"That was sweetly done, Harry, lad," said Frank, "they are used up now, about as badly as they will be used up in the steep-chase on Friday."

"Why, Frank, I do think we can give it to them there; but I fancy they have not got enough of this work yet. Hark, now, I hear them comming up."

"Take a pull on the prads, Harry. The gray is racking a little, I think. Don't let the puff get out of him; for they will push us hard up the last straight mile to the Hall."

"Bah!" said Archer, laughing, "you do not suppose that I will allow them to come up with me in these steep pitches, and short turns. Nothing but a quick finger, and curls bits will do the business in such ground as this."

At this moment, Archer was descending a short abrupt descent, with the hill rising steep and rocky to his right hand, and falling off abruptly to the left into a dell or dingle, full of tall trees, and broken blocks of stone.

A large stream crossed the road, some fifty or sixty yards farther on in the bottom of the dell, on a narrow one-arched bridge of stone.

But at the very instant when Harry spoke, the other team came thundering over the brow of the hill, both chestnuts at full gallop.

"They are away with them, by the Lord! Harry," shouted Forester.—"Spring them to it! Archer, spring them to it! this is not for honor and glory, but for the dear life! He cannot steer them any more than he can fly, and we cannot avoid them in this narrow gully. Spring them to it, for God's sake! spring them to it!"

"Get away, lads! get away!" sang at Harvey Archer, before the words were half out of Frank's mouth; and at the same minute, out flew the long thin tongue, whistling through the air in a figure of eight, and the blood sprang from the high flank of the gray leader, and, in the next second, from under the shoulder of the black wheeler, under the collar.

Away! away! they went down the rough descent, quartering the deep ruts, and sheering the great blocks of stone—away, like the wind! the wheeler still holding his slashing trot, the gray at full gallop.

And close behind them, sheering from side to side of the rugged road, and making everything ring and rattle, with foam flying from their mouths, and their necks outstretched and rigid, as though they had been cast in bronze, came the two fiery chestnuts.

Ned Bereton sat firm in his seat, pulling as if either the horses' jaws or his arms must have been torn from their sockets; but their mouths were deadened by the dead pull of the snaffle bits; and he might just as well have pulled against the rocks which lay in their path.

The baronet was leaning back in the seat, laughing as though it were the best joke in the world, though his neck was in momentary peril.

"If they catch us before we clear the bridge, it is all day, Harry," said Forester, coolly enough.

"They cannot catch us, before we clear the bridge," said Harry, who had looked back and measured his distance carefully.

"It will be touch and go, Harry."

"It will be a near thing—get away, get away, lads!" and again out flew the lash, and both the good steeds sprung responsive; but now the black was in his gallop.

The nose of the chestnut leader of Ned Bereton's drag was within two hands' breadth of the body of Archer's tandem, when the wheels rattled on the hollow bridge.

The next moment, they had passed it; and scarce had the wheel cleared the abutment before, even at the fearful rate at which they were going, Harry wheeled hard and sharp to the right hand into a wood-road, which ran along the margin of the stream, and so escaped the shock, which otherwise he could not have avoided.

Just as he wheeled his tandem, the other rushed headlong past him, so close that the nave of their wheel literally grazed his tire, as they turned. Two or three inches more, and both had been dashed to atoms.

As Bereton was whirled by them, they just caught the baronet's laugh, and the words "for a flier"—came to their ears alone out of a sentence, shouted to them as they rushed onward, by the gay reckless dandy.

They flew up the opposite hill, crossed the brow, and were out of sight before there was time to ask how or whether.

Then Archer backed his tandem, and turned his horses neatly round into the road, and taking the team well in hand, trotted gently up the next hill.

"I am afraid we shall come up with them," he said gravely, "before we reach the Hall!"

"In course, we shall," responded Frank; "that next infernal hollow, Muddy Bottom, I believe they call it, will settle their hash, for a thousand!"

"I am afraid so. But so much for snaffle bits, with hot horses, on a hilly road!"

"What you say right, is perfectly true," said Forester. "Pull up on the brow, and let's listen if we can hear their wheels."

They listened, but there was not a sound.

"It is all up with them, I am afraid. We will go on gently."

"How dark it is here. Has the moon set?"

"Not she. It is always as dark here as a wolf's mouth, in summer at noon-day as dark as at midnight."

"Hilloa! ho! Hilloa!" rose shrilly from the bottom of the hollow, in the well-known tones of Edmund Bereton.

"What ho! how goes it?" answered Archer, at the top of his voice. "We'll be with you in a minute."

"On top of us, you mean, I think," shrieked the baronet. "Here's a sweet go of Bereton's."

"Where the deuce are you?" hollered Frank.

"Up to my knees in mud, with both my boots pulled off," answered the sufferer. "And Bereton is worse off than I. He's up to his neck."

"And the tandem?" said Harry, pulling up in the middle of the road, opposite to the spot whence the voices sounded in the swamp, and trying vainly to peer into the darkness. "And the chestnuts, where are they?"

"The tandem-cart, or what is left of it, is in the bog here beside us," said Bereton, dolefully, crawling up out of the wet morass, "and the chestnuts are —"

"In —, I hope, by this time," said the baronet, still in the quagmire. "For heaven's sake, help me to get my boot."

"Strike a light Frank," cried Archer. "Be alive, man. There is a flint and steel and tinder, in the driving box, and a large wax candle in the lamp by your side. Be alive."

"Ay! ay! Harry; and the click of the steel and fast-falling shower of sparks, truly showed that Frank was alive."

Written for the Experiment.
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

The sun shone bright o'er fair Judea's plains,
Where now the night of desolation reigns;
The bleating flocks around their keepers stray'd,
And grazed the spot where ancient Jacob pray'd;
The noble Jordan loved his honored strand,
And gentle zephyrs fanned the holy land,
The golden harvest waving o'er the plain,
Evoked the thankful happy minstrel's strain;
Fair Salem's daughters tuned their harps anew,
And o'er the strings their taper fingers drew;
The gentle strains arose, and swelled around,
Till all seemed holy consecrated ground.

One wretched man alone the scene survey'd,
And sigh'd for pleasant fields where once he stray'd,
Till proud ambition lured him from his home,
A stranger in a stranger's land to roam:
"My childhood's home, oh well remembered spot,
How sad my fate, how cruel is my lot;
I will arise and seek my father's face,
And ask of him a kind, a fond embrace.
Vast mountains, plains and rivers intervene,
I furnish here amid a herd unclean;
My thoughts on home do most intensely burn,
Oh will he hail the Prodigal's return."

On Kedron's banks a princely mansion stood,
Long ere it mingles with the briny flood;
An hundred hills surround the ancient place,
In all their native majesty and grace.

An hundred flocks o'erspread the vales below,
Their peaty whiteness rivalling the snow;
Judea's maidens watch with gentle care,
Their fleecy charge, and give to each its share;
A garden sloped down to the gentle stream,
Resembling more the poet's wildest dream,
Than any real habitable spot,
Of paterre terrace, water-font and grot.

Beneath that dome, bent down by weight of years,
An aged man sat in this vale of tears,
Mourns his lost son with all a parent's grief,
Nor seeks to find in distant hope relief:

"My son is dying in a stranger's land—
No friend to watch him, and no gentle hand
To smooth his pillow, whisper words of love,
Or point his straggling soul to realms above:
To watch for him has been my daily toil,
With earnest prayer I do the night beguile;
Oh God give back my erring, wand'ring son,
Thy will, not mine, indulgent Lord be done."

On velvet couch—with gold embroidered o'er,
And diamonds sparkling from famed Ophiel's shore,
A gentle maid reclined, with form and face
So perfect, that they seem like angel grace;

Luxuriant curls of raven blackness flow,
On bosom white, and pure as virgin snow.
Ezela mourned her Nathan's absence long,
Her only comfort was her harp and song;
She snatched her harp, a gentle prelude drew,
Then o'er the strings her taper fingers flew,
Evoked a strain of melody so sweet,
That angel hosts seemed mortal ears to greet.

SONG.
Oh why will you linger, Ezela is true,—
Oh, Nathan, dear Nathan, I mourn yet for you;

Sweet, sweet were your words, and kind was your eye,
But left me to mourn, to languish and die;
Oh could I now see you, how would it impart
New life, and new hope, to my fast-sinking heart;
Oh Nathan, dear Nathan, I watch yet for you,
Oh why will you linger, Ezela is true.

The flower's sweet beauties, bloom but to fade,
And such is the fate of poor trusting maid;
Heart-broken, unpitied, she droops to the tomb,
While man triumphs o'er her premature doom;
Oh, soon may the tomb enclose this sad heart,
Since I from my loved forever must part;
Oh, Nathan, dear Nathan, I hope yet for you,
Why, why will you linger, Ezela is true.

The lengthened shadow tells a traveller nigh,
As Sol declines adown the western sky;
The mourning father bends his knees to pray,
But sees the wanderer in the beaten way;
His near approach he views with strange alarm,
The fire he sees his erring Nathan's form;
Doubts arise—how meanly is he clad,
A deadly paleness o'er his face is spread.
He comes!—he comes!—now see the Patriarch
Fall on his neck and kiss his long-lost son:
The wand'ring son before his parent falls—
"I've sinned, I've sinned," and for forgiveness calls.

The sounds of joy and mirthfulness are heard
Within that mansion, by the festive band;
The fatt'ed calf is killed, the best robe brought,
And fair Ezela by her Nathan sought;
Their mutual vows renewed, of endless truth,
He clasps once more the idol of his youth;
And soon the mystic ring of diamonds bright,
Placed on her hand, their mutual loves unite;
And now his bride, the Patriarch's blessing given,
He kneels for pardon at the throne of Heaven;
While happy hearts conspire to raise the sound—
"The long-sought dead's alive, the lost is found."

A. G.

A HORSE FOR SALE.

BY SAM SLICK.

He is great, that's a fact; a perfect case, I assure you. He can trot his mile in two minutes and a half, and no break, shuffle-rack, or pace, but a handsome round trot, with splendid knee action, and dawning the air like make-believe, nor that foal-like breaking steeple, but a sort of such-a-light-and-go-easy style, like the heat of a gall's finger on the piano; and so gentle, a child can manage him. When you want him to go, take up the reins, and he's off like a fox; when you want him to stop, throw them down, and he'll stand all day. The way he makes the spokes fly round in a wheel, so that you can only see the rim, as it was a hoop, is amazing. It frightened me at first, and I aint easy scared by a horse. He is a superior animal, beyond all doubt. I never was suited before in my life, and I don't know as he aint spoiled me, so I never shall be suited agin. Sometimes I think I can't part with him any how, for I can't never get another like him; and sometimes I take a notion into my head I ought to sell him, as it is too much money for a poor man like me to have in a horse. You've heard tell of Heber of Windsor, haven't you? Well, he's crazy after him, and if he don't know a good one when he sees him, he does when he tries him, and that's more than most men do. I'd like you to have him, for you are a judge of a horse—perhaps the best in these parts (though I've seen the leak put into you, too, afore now.) You will take good care of him, and I wouldn't like to see the critter knocked about like a corn. He will lead your tandem beautiful, and keep his traces up without doing the whole work and killing himself. A thread will guide him, and then he knows how to slack up a-going-down-hill, so as not to drag the wheeler off his legs. Oh! he's a doll! His sinues are all scorpion tails and whipcords, and he's muscle enough for two beasts of his size. You can't fault him in no particular, for he is perfect, head or neck, shoulder or girth, back or loins, stifle or hock, or chest and pastions; and, as for hoofs, they actily seem as if they was made a purpose for a trotter. In fact, you may say he's the greatest piece of stuff ever wrapped up in horse-hide.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

It is supposed that the total number of Gipsies in the several counties of Europe, amount to about 700,000.

FORTITUDE OF A WOMAN JUST PREVIOUS TO HER EXECUTION.

A woman by the name of Mary Burlock was tried at the Bristol assizes for the murder of Mrs. Smith. She protested her innocence; but the jury found her guilty, and she was ordered for execution. The following account of the *sang froid* with which she treated the matter, is given in the Bristol Journal. Such accounts have something in them so mixed up of awfulness and eccentricity, that whilst we shudder, we can scarce repress a smile:—

On quitting the bar, she was taken to the prisoner's room under the Court, when she manifested the most perfect indifference to her situation. She was visited by her relations, including her brother and her children. Seeing them moved by the scene then passing, she desired them to be quiet, "and not to come there to make her low-spirited;" and immediately turning to her solicitor, said—"Now let us to business—about the £500 in the bank? They can't hold it, that's all stuff. What will be left for the children, when all the bills are paid?" Her attorney having answered her, she turned quickly round to her brother and said—"Mind, Jem, you *tax* his bill." On being pressed not then to think of this world's concerns, she said, "I must attend to business." She then called Mrs. Yowles, the matron of the prison, and asked, "Who makes the goal coffins?" On receiving an answer, she again turned to her brother and desired him "to get a good strong plain coffin," adding, "but mind, you are not to pay more than £2 for it," at the same time moving herself up from the bed, and lifting her elbows, she said, "Mind, it must be full sized, and let it be lined with flannel, and mind that I have a *warm comfortable shroud*, and don't let the coffin be screwed down too tight; recollect that it be brought to me this evening—I'll have it put by my bedside."

Her conduct during the final and awful scene was equally cool. When the hangman was adjusting the rope round her neck, she asked him if he could not "put something soft round it?" On reaching the platform it rained, and an umbrella was asked for by an officer, for the clergyman. The criminal being desired by the Governor to move on with him, she said, "No, I will wait for the umbrella." She was again reminded to proceed, but repeated that she would wait for the umbrella.

SINGULAR MESMERIC PHENOMENA.—Quite a sensation existed at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, last Thursday, in consequence of a colored girl having been successfully mesmerized by a man of the same stamp. It is stated that it was done merely to try the experiment, and that he had no thoughts of being successful. After the operation was performed—she being then in a mesmeric state—he tried to awaken her, but did not succeed. His attempts were in vain, and she has been under the influence of it ever since. Her life was despaired of.—[Wilson's New York Despatch.]

AN ART ILLUSTRATION.—A self-taught preacher once took his text from the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus. In describing the beggar at the gate of Dives, he said, it was not wonderful that the mendicant should have chosen such a position: "for," said he, logically, "provisions in them days was sumptuous and plenty. Even the beggars got a good living—and Lazarus, no doubt of it, liked his place. Individuals of his calling didn't then get from rich men's tables, as they do now, little bits of bread, and tature, and pork and pie; no, my hearers, they got great plates of pie, and sich things. Hence we view, that Lazarus was in danger, when surrounded with dogs, that might have stolen half his victuals!"

"What carrot-headed, ugly little brat is that, madam; do you know his name?" "Why, yes, that's my youngest son!" "You don't say so, indeed! why, what a dear little sweet dove-eyed cherub he is, to be sure!" This is the fashionable, scientific way of backing right square out.

"Oh, mother," said a very little child, "Mr. S. does love aunt Lucy—he sits by her—he whispers to her, and he hugs her."

"Why, Edward, your aunt does not suffer that, does she?"

"Suffer it! no, mother, she loves it."

When a man chooses the reward of virtue, he should remember that to resign the pleasures of vice is part of his bargain.

THE EXPERIMENT.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

The Steamship *Hibernia* arrived at Boston on the 20th December, having sailed from Liverpool on the 11th. We give below the state of the English Markets up to the time of her leaving:

Best Western Canal Flour 28s. to 29s. per bbl., Richmond and Alexandria 26s. to 27s., New Orleans and Ohio 26s. to 27s., Canada 27s. to 29s., United States and Canada sour, 21s. to 23s. Wheat, U. S. and Canada, white, mixed per 70lbs., 7s. 6d. to 8s. 4d., Red, 6s. to 7s. 6d. Indian Corn, per quarter, 32s. to 36s. Cornmeal, 15s. to 15s. 6d. per bbl. Oatmeal per 260lbs., 25s. to 27s. Oats, per 40lbs., 2s. 6d. to 3s. Rye, per 90lbs., 5s. to 1s. Pease, per 50lbs., 30s. to 40s.

Beef, Prime Mess, per tierce of 30lbs., new, 81s. to 99s., Ordinary Common, 70s. to 87s.; (Old) quoted. Mess, per bbl. of 200lbs., 40s. to 48s. Ordinary, 36s. to 42s. Prime, 30s. to 40s. Extra India Family, per tierce of 330lbs., 9s. to 10s.

Pork, Prime Mess, per 200lbs., 56s. to 62s. Ordinary, 38s. to 40s. Mess, 60s. to 65s. Prime 38s. to 42s. Bacon, duty free, dried and smoked, old, per cwt., 30s. to 40s. Long Middle, free from bone, in salt, 38s. to 50s. Ham, smoked or dried, in canvas, duty paid, 20s. to 30s., in cask, salted, 25s. to 35s. Tongues, Ox, in pickle, duty paid, per dozen, 10s. to 16s., Pig, per cwt., 15s. to 25s.

Butter, U. S. not quoted. Canadian Butter, 70s. to 80s., duty paid. Cheese, fine, duty paid, 16s. to 50s. per cwt. Middling, 42s. to 47s. Ordinary, 30s. to 40s.

Lard, Fine Leaf, in Kegs, 52s. to 54s. per cwt. in bbls. 49s. to 52s. Ordinary to Melba's, 40s. to 54s., do. in bbls. 49s. to 50s., inferior and grease, 20s. to 22s.

Hops, in bond, 40s. to 50s. per cwt. Linseed Cake, duty free, 48 10s. to £10 10s.

Ashes, U. S. Pots 25s. 6d. to 29s. Deals 22s. to 31s. Montreal Pots 25s. to 29s. Pearls 3s. to 3fs.

On Thursday, the 17th November, the Imperial Parliament assembled at Westminster. Mr. Shaw LeFevre was re-elected Speaker. On the Tuesday following the Royal Speech was delivered by Commission.

The Government has concluded with the Republic of Equator a treaty for the suppression of the Slave trade.

A Commission has been appointed to Report on the best means for improving the health of the metropolis.

The project is entertained at Vienna of annexing Parma to the Austrian territory in Italy.

War in Switzerland.—Advices have been received at the French Capital from Berne, with the news that in a secret sitting of the Diet, that body had definitively decided in favor of war, and that an attack on the Catholic Cantons was to commence forthwith.

A civil war, or rather feud has been going on in China, between two neighboring departments of Chang Chao and Tseven Chao, in the province of Goken, in which 21,515 houses, and 668 huts were pillaged and burnt to the ground, and 13,038 persons killed and wounded. Wars of this kind are of frequent occurrence, without the Government daring to interfere.

The last year's Potatoe-crop in Galway, Ireland, is said to have been more abundant than that of any preceding year.

A Propeller named the *Western Miller*, capable of stowing 4,000 barrels, was launched at Toronto on the 4th of Dec. last.

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Direct to

JOSEPH WILSON, Front Street, Belleville.

15th January, 1848.

The following very flattering notice of the Magazine, is taken from the *New York Alliance*.

THE VICTORIA MAGAZINE is the most popular periodical lately established at Belleville in Canada, published by Mr. Joseph Wilson, who, the first number only of which has appeared, is under the editorial management of Mrs. Moore, a gentleman and lady well known in Canada, and long accustomed to literary work. The contents of the first number embrace subjects both prose and poetic, well calculated to interest the public, and we are rejoiced to hear that the work has already 700 paying subscribers, and that it is the Canadian public as their patronage and protection.

A TEXAN MESMERIST.

Dr. Elgin, of Texas, has written to the *Union*, the following serious account of a man who practices Mesmerism for the relief of disease, in that region. We believe the truth of this statement may be relied upon:

James Lewis is the name of this singular man. He is about thirty-five years of age—below the ordinary size of men—is hare-lipped—rather low order of intellect and entirely uneducated. He discovered by accident, many years since, that he possessed the power of allaying pain and removing diseases, by passing his finger over the part—long before he had ever heard of Mesmerism. He will not only relieve pain and disease, but will trace out and detect the seat of pain or disease. He uses principally the fore-finger of his right hand. When a patient applies to him he immediately passes his finger over him from head to foot, near the surface, but not touching the patient. If it is a local affection, as an ulcer, as soon as his finger comes near it, it shakes violently, and evidently involuntary; he then makes repeated passes over the part with his finger, terminating each pass by suddenly jerking it off, which frequently gives the patient severe pain. He has cured a great many cases of neuralgia and rheumatism. The impression that he makes seems to be upon the nervous system, the allaying of nervous irritability. He has relieved some cases of blindness. He is now treating a case of blindness, well known to me of four years standing, from Gutta Serena or paralysis of the optic nerve, probably from debility—*amaurosis atonica*. At the last accounts the young man's eyes had become sensitive to the light and quite sore. If he perseveres he will, doubtless, relieve him. His power seems to stimulate the restoring energies of the system to more intense activity, without inducing sleep; and thus he makes an impression on most diseases to which he applies it, though he frequently fails to effect a cure.

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YOUTH AND AGE.

The following beautiful lines originally appeared in the *Etonian*, a periodical started about twenty years ago by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness and melody, they are incomparable:—

I often think each tottering form
That limps alone in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of life thoughts as mine:
And each has had its dreams of joy,
His own unequal'd pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.
And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes! they could tell of tender lays,
At midnight penn'd in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
As I am more fair than modern maids.
Of whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek,
Each kiss, each whisper, far too dear,
Our modern lips to give or speak,
Passions too untimely crossed;
Or passions slighted or betrayed—
Kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossom but to fade.
Of dancing eyes and tresses gay,
Of plastic form and noble brow,
Of forms that all have passed away,
And left them what we see them now.
Is it thus—is human love
So very light and frail a thing?
Must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?
All the eyes that still are bright,
All the lips that talk of bliss,
All the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this!
O what are earth's best wisdom worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

SINGULAR FACT.

A nobleman of the city of London, who kept a great number of servants, reposed considerable confidence in one of them, which excited a jealousy in the others, who in order to prejudice their master against him, accused him of being a notorious gamester.

Jack was called up, and closely interrogated, but he utterly denied the fact, at the same time declaring that he never played a card in his life. To be more fully convinced, the gentleman ordered him to be searched, when, behold! a pack of cards was found in his pocket.

Highly incensed at Jack's want of veracity, the nobleman demanded, in a rage, how he dared persist in an untruth?

"My lord," replied he, "I certainly do not know the meaning of a card; the bundle in my pocket is my almanac!"

"Your almanac, indeed! then I desire you will prove it."

"Well, sir, I will begin. There are four suits in the pack, that intimate the four quarters in the year; as there are thirteen cards in a suit, so there are thirteen weeks in a quarter. There is also the same number of lunations; the twelve signs of zodiac, through which the sun steers his diurnal course in one year. There are fifty-two cards in the pack: that directly answers the number of weeks in a year. Examine them more minutely, and you will find three hundred and sixty five spots, as there are many days in a year; these multiplied by twenty four and sixty, and you have the exact number of hours and minutes in a year.

"Thus, sir, I hope I have convinced you it is my almanac; and, by your permission, I will prove it my prayer-book, also."

I look upon the four suits as representing the four prevailing religions—Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism and Paganism; the twelve court cards remind me of the twelve patriarchs, from whence sprung the twelve tribes of Israel, the twelve apostles, and the twelve articles of the Christian faith.

The king reminds me of the allegiance due to his majesty.

The queen, of the same to her majesty.

The ten brings to my recollection the ten cities in the plains of Sodom and Gomorrah, destroyed by fire and brimstone from heaven; the ten plagues of Egypt; the ten commandments; the ten tribes cut off for their vices.

The nine reminds me of the nine muses, the nine noble orders among men.

The eight reminds me of the eight beatitudes; the eight attitudes; the eight persons saved in Noah's ark; the eight persons mentioned in Scripture, to be released from death to life.

The seven reminds me of the seven administering spirits that stand before the throne of God; the seven seats wherewith the book of life is sealed; the seven liberal arts and sciences given by God for the instruction of man; the seven wonders of the world.

The six reminds me of the petitions contained in the Lord's Prayer.

The five reminds me of the senses given by God to man; hearing, seeing, feeling, tasting and smelling.

The four reminds me of the four Cardinal points of the compass, north, east, south and west.

The three reminds me of the Trinity, the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

The two reminds me of the two testaments; the contrary principles struggling in man—virtue and vice.

The ace reminds me of the only true God, to adore, worship and serve; only one faith to believe; one truth to practice, and one good master to serve and obey.

"So far is very well," said the nobleman: "but I believe you have omitted one card the knave."

"True, my lord; the knave reminds me of your lordship's informer."

The nobleman became more pleased with Jack than before, freely forgave him, raised his wages and discharged the informer.—*Old Paper.*

LIFE FROM A LIE.

Charles XII. of Sweden condemned a soldier, and stood at a little distance from the place of execution. The fellow, when he heard of this, was in hopes of a pardon, but being assured that he was mistaken, replied with a loud voice, "My tongue is still free, and I will use it at my pleasure." He did so, and licentiously charged the King, with much insolence, and as loud as he could speak, with injustice and barbarity, and appealed to God for revenge. The king, not hearing him distinctly, inquired what the soldier had been saying. A general officer, unwilling to sharpen his resentment against the poor man, told his majesty he had only repeated with great earnestness, "That God loves the merciful, and teaches the mighty to moderate their anger." The king was touched by these words, and sent his pardon to the criminal. A courtier however ran an opposite interest, availed himself of this occasion, and repeated to the King exactly the licentious expressions which the fellow uttered, adding gravely, that "men of quality ought never to misrepresent facts to their sovereign." The King for some moments stood pausing, and then turned to the courtier, saying with reproving looks, "This is the first time I have been betrayed to my own advantage; but the lie of your enemy gave me more pleasure than your truth has done."

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BOUNDLESSNESS OF CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.—*Chalmers.*

Ladies who do not love flattery, seldom receive much of it from those who know them. Some say that they do not like it but sweetly receive it. They who take much of it cannot be highly esteemed. Selfishness is not one of the attributes of beauty.

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