

THE MORAL WARFARE.

When freedom on her natal day
Within her wall-rocked cradle lay,
An iron race around her stood;
Baptized her infant brow in blood;
And thro' the storm which round her swept,
Their constant ward and watching kept.

Then, where our quiet herds repose,
The roar of baleful battle rose,
And brethren of a common tongue
To mortal strife as tigers sprung,
And every gift on freedom's shrine
Was man for bread, and blood for wine!

Our fathers to their graves have gone;
Their strife is past—their triumph won;
But sterner trials await the race
Which rises in their honored place—
A moral warfare with the crime
And folly of an evil time.

So let it be. In God's own might
We gird us for the coming fight,
And, strong in him whose cause is ours,
In conflict with unholier powers,
We grasp the weapon he has given—
The light, and truth, and love of heaven.

—John G. Whittier.

PERILS OF PIONEERS.

The perils of pioneers have been faced and overcome by brave men the world around. Those who have resolutely gone to work to carve out homes and fortunes in regions not yet brought under the rule of peace and civilization, are often entitled to much honor for their valor in achieving peace and quiet for those who come after them. Many in our own country have survived most serious dangers, and both to those who have acted in such scenes and those who have listened to the thrilling recital of them, the following account of pioneer life in Tasmania will be interesting:

Mr. James Robertson, a strong, sinewy Scot, from Badenoch, arrived in Van Diemen's Land as a free settler in 1825; he being then just as old as the century. He got a grant of land on the South Esk river, some 12 miles down stream from the present township of Avoca, and was living there, unmarried, in one of the primitive bush dwellings of those days commonly called the "hut," about three years after his arrival. He had two assigned servants, well-conducted prisoners, or "Government men," as they were usually termed—one employed as cook and general servant, and the other as shepherd. One day he was out alone on the "run" (sheep farm), not far from home, when he observed four men carrying firearms approaching him. He had heard that a party of convicts had taken to the bush, but did not know they were in his neighborhood, and supposed that the men coming towards him were constables, till they presented their pieces and ordered him "to stand." Being unarmed, and one against four, he had no alternative but to throw up his hands, in token of submission, after the approved fashion. They told him to lead on to the hut, which he did, the men following and covering him with their guns. Arrived at their destination, they made prisoner of the cook, who was a big, powerful fellow, slightly lame. This done, one man stood guard over the captives while the others rummaged the hut and collected everything they thought might be useful to them, making up bundles of tea, sugar, flour, and other stores. They also turned out Mr. Robertson's wardrobe, and dressed themselves in his clothes; ordered the cook to prepare dinner for them, and heartily enjoyed the meal. Just as they had finished, the shepherd came in from the "run," and he, too, was made prisoner; and not long afterwards Mr. Gray, a magistrate, whose land adjoined Mr. Robertson's—where the well-known estate of Vauluse now is—came along on horseback, and was "hauled up" before he knew that he was in danger, and his horse appropriated by his captors.

The four bushrangers had now secured as

many prisoners, and determined to make a start, and to take their captives with them for some distance, either to prevent their going off to the police-station at the nearest township and giving the alarm, or possibly, with some ulterior end in view. They tied Mr. Robertson's hands to a strong stick—going from wrist to wrist—behind his back, and Mr. Gray and the shepherd were fastened together by a wrist of each, so that they two had each one hand free.

One of the outlaws was named Howe, and was a nephew of a more celebrated desperado of the same name, Mick Howe, who some years before had been the terror of the Colony. Another was called Brown, and was a tall, strong-looking man, while the names of the others my informant had forgotten. The big cook was not bound, and him they forced to carry an immense bundle composed of the various stores and other articles they had appropriated, while Howe armed himself with Mr. Robertson's new double-barrelled gun. The whole party now proceeded for several miles along the bank of South Esk, the prisoners in front, Mr. Robertson all the time planning and plotting a way of escape, but seeming to be light-hearted and merry, and exchanging jokes with his captors. Howe appeared to fancy something was wrong; he was suspicious of Robertson's unseasonable gaiety, and several times proposed to his comrades that he should shoot "that blasted Scotchman;" but to this proceeding the others, fortunately, did not give their consent. At length they came to a place where a boat was moored on the other side of the river, and there it was determined to cross, the intention being, apparently, to make for the Ben Lomond tiers. For this purpose Howe, who had been riding Gray's horse, swam the animal across the stream, which was there of a good width, and, having tied him to a tree, proceeded to return in the boat.

Meanwhile the captive party were allowed to sit down and rest on a fallen tree, apart from one another, but near enough to converse, the bushrangers being at a little distance watching the proceedings of their comrade who had crossed the river. Taking advantage of this opportunity, Mr. Robertson explained to his companions in bondage his plan of escape, and obtained their promise of hearty and vigorous co-operation. He had a clasp knife in his coat-pocket behind, which, as he sat on the log, he contrived, pinioned as he was, to get out; and, having with great difficulty opened it, he cut the cord which bound him sufficiently to allow of his getting his hands free, though in so doing he inflicted a severe gash on his wrist, the mark of which he bore till his death.

When Howe was seen returning with the boat the other outlaws came over towards their prisoners, and told them to stand up, which they did. They were then all close together, the bushrangers unobservant of any attempt to escape. Holding a large horse-pistol at full-cock in his hand, Brown, having first looked to see if Mr. Gray and the shepherd were securely tied, advanced for the same purpose to Mr. Robertson, who was then merely holding the stick behind his back with his unfettered hands. Just as he came close Robertson shouted his preconcerted signal, "Now," at the very top of his voice, and at the instant clasped Brown round the body, over his arms (the pistol dropping from his hand), and "downed" him on the grass. Taken by surprise, and feeling the sinewy arms of the Highlander grasping him like bands of steel, Brown cried out "Don't hurt me," just as Mr. Robertson planted his knee upon him. "Turn on your face then," said Robertson, at the same time helping him to roll over; and, then, tearing the black silk kerchief from his own neck, he firmly tied his prisoner's hands behind his back. In the meantime, at the moment when the warning signal had been shouted, Mr. Gray and the shepherd, who had each one arm free, had rushed at the second bushranger, and the big cook at the third, and as soon as Mr. Robertson had finished tying Brown, he ran to the assistance of his fellows. Both men were secured, much to their

disgust and chagrin, their arms taken from them, and Gray and the shepherd unbound. Howe was now approaching in the boat; but, seeing his late captives on the bank with arms in their hands, he pulled away down the stream. Several shots were fired at him, one of which passed through his left arm above the elbow; but he escaped for the time, only to be captured a few hours later, wounded as described, by a party of constables.

Mr. Robertson and his associates marched their prisoners back to the hut, and the shepherd went off with the news to the nearest police-station, from whence a detachment of constables came and removed the bushrangers, glad to find that the work of capturing such reckless villains had been so well done for them. Howe was brought in the same evening, and next morning all four were marched off to the gaol at Launceston. Strange to say, the three unwounded men escaped from the prison before the time fixed for their trial had arrived, and again took to the bush, vowing vengeance on Mr. Robertson. He applied to the authorities for protection, and a corporal and five privates were sent to garrison his domicile. This guard lay concealed in the house all day, and patrolled around at night. But, though the escaped desperadoes "stuck up" many houses in the district, and said that at all events they were "going to kill that confounded Scotchman," they never went near his place. They were afterwards again taken, tried for robbing and shooting at a man near the township of Oatlands, and were all three hung.

And the brave Scotchman was not killed, but lived to a ripe old age, and at a ball on the occasion of the celebration of his seventieth birthday, danced a reel with all comers, and exhausted partner after partner of both sexes before he himself gave in. He lived to see the colony peaceable and prosperous, free from blacks and bushrangers, and he died quietly in his bed, surrounded by his weeping family, not in a bush hut, but in his own handsome mansion, that would be an ornament to any street or square in the metropolis of England.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.—In an address at the late New York Dairy fair, Mr. T. Whittaker voiced these sentiments: We once heard, or read, of a farmer's daughter in the full freshness of youth and bloom. When passing along the street, a young man exclaimed, "Painted, by Heaven!" she turned and said, "Yes sir, painted by Heaven." Then must we say that the farmer who stays at home amid health, happiness and the purest of pleasures, makes a sacrifice, and he who chooses a city life reaps all the rewards? What a fascination there is in that word, reward. How few know the price paid or realize the reward. Last night I met an old friend with whom, not many years ago, I took dinner. Then prosperity shone upon him: he occupied and owned a \$50,000 house with plenty of other property. In the course of conversation, he said: "I suppose you know that I am a poor man?" I said: "No, I have not heard of that." He replied, "It is too true," and this is too often the case. After years of toil, care and anxiety, there comes a chilling, blighting wind which sweeps away all his wealth, and buries his long-cherished hopes in the ashes of desolation and despair. Farmers, I do not say that you have no cares, no sorrows, no trials and no obstacles to overcome, but remember, he who has none of these must ever fail to attain the true standard of man. Labor develops the muscles and gives bodily strength, the trials of life develop the mind and every attribute—the man with these undeveloped is an idiot. Then do not let us turn and run from those evils of which we so often complain, for they are blessings disguised to lead us upward and onward to higher attainments, and overcoming them all develops our highest natures.

DID you ever notice the fact, that a tramp who claims he has a trade, but can get no work at it, in the winter is a brickmaker, and in the summer a lumberman or ice lawyer?