

greatest stability for its institutions and the greatest possible amount of that manly independence, which is to him who wears it a triple-fold shield of defence—in truth, the final end of all man's efforts toward the acquisition of wealth; as, indeed, the poet has finely made it—

.. To catch dame Fortune's golden smile,  
Assiduous wait upon her,  
And gather gear by every wile  
That's justified by honor;  
Not for to hide it in a hedge,  
Not for a train attendant,  
But for the glorious privilege  
Of being INDEPENDENT."

## THE SCALP TREE.

Many years ago, in one of the most romantic and beautiful portions of ———, where the primal forests are still untamed by civilization, and the wild freedom of Nature is but little trammelled by the hand of Art, there stood, embosomed in the silent woods, a small but thrifty Indian village. Its ruler was a young chieftain of the great Cherokee tribes, and, though scarcely twenty summers had passed over his head, he was already hearkened to with respect in the councils of his nation. Bold and determined at heart, and tall and manly in person, none of his years was so active in the chase, so fierce in battle, or so wise and prudent in deliberation. His lodge was always filled with the game that had fallen beneath his arrows, and his long bow was decked with the scalp-locks of foes who had already yielded to his prowess. But not many wars had called him from his home, and, among his wild brethren, he was rather noted for a disposition that preferred peace and quiet to the bloody scenes of strife. He did not, however, love to spend his days in indolence; his canoe was ever seen skimming over the dark lagoons, and his voice heard ringing through the woods in the mad excitement of the chase. In usefulness and energy he soared high above his fellows, and all the old men of the tribe knew him by the name of the Young Eagle. He had taken to his wigwam the daughter of a neighboring chief—a frail, obedient, girl, whose voice fell so sweetly on

the ear, and whose presence was so gentle and refreshing, that all knew her as the May Shower. It was said the pine straw scarcely bent beneath her gliding feet, and that the mock-bird paused to listen to her voice, as she warbled forth some low, native song, while rocking, in his bark cradle, the little babe that gazed into her lustrous eyes.

The village stood perched upon the declivity of a gentle hill, in the midst of a grand, solemn forest. At the foot of the slope was a wild lagoon, that stretched far away in the distance; its dark waters shaded by the dense cypresses that shot up in close array, like the ranks of some silent army, guarded by voiceless sentinels that stood in the shape of giant pines, rearing their hoary heads to the sky. In the summer days, fair fields of Indian corn grew by the side of the village; the earth brought forth her produce, and Nature luxuriated in her natal dress. The cricket chirped in the long, rank grass; the locust piped sleepily from the tree-tops; and the mock-bird and red-bird, sweet leaders of the forest choir, mingled their notes with the organ-like tones of the solemn wind that moaned through the forest. The squirrel frisked in sportive gambols upon the verdant carpet of the woods, and the lizard peeped, with cunning eye, from his mossy couch on the limbs of the venerable oaks. The crow wheeled in lazy flight through the air, and the buzzard poised himself in the regions of the sun, till he looked like a speck in the distance. All sorts of shrubs and blossoms decked these beautiful woods. The perfume-laden breeze came murmuring among the tender canes, and shook the dwarf palmettoes, till they fanned the drooping flowers into life and beauty. The honey-suckle peeped from every corner; each tree was crowned with a garland of some clambering vine, that stepped from limb to limb, and, at last, gaily waved its arms above the summit. The sweet myrtle, the tender morning-glory, and the spotless Cherokee rose, vied with each other among the tree-roots, while aloft clung the wild wood-bine and the radiant yellow jasmine. The bay trees, white with flowers, shed their delicious fragrance on the air; the sweet guans seemed strangled in the muscadine's close embrace, and the blood-red blossoms of the trumpet-flower hung, like ear-rings, from the stately magnolia, whose head was crowned with those large, beautiful flowers, that render it the pride and glory of the forest. Here, the woods were green through the live-long year; for, in this land, Nature never put on her mourning-dress of bleak, cruel skies, and sad, leafless trees; here, the birds always sang, the flowers always bloomed; the wind was as merry as a marriage-bell, and the sweet Summer was not buried by the stern undertaker, Winter, but her gay youth was renewed like the eagle's. And here stood the Indian village in the full enjoyment of peace and plenty. The May Shower tripped through the woods, scarce brushing the dew-drops from the grass, or sang her native songs,

as she sat midst the flowers weaving the hunting-dress of her husband, or playing with her child. The Young Eagle roved through the forest, close on the track of the deer, or lunched his light canoe upon the waters of the wild lagoon; now shooting, like a sun-beam, o'er its surface, and anon stealing like a shadow among its sombre shades. The old men sat beside their wig-wags, gazing into the sky, and scarcely wished to seek the happy hunting-grounds, so full of peace and security they were. The children played in the forest, as merry as the birds. The matrons wandered far away, fearless of danger or of wrong. All were buried in a dream of peace and joy, and the fair spot was known to all as the Happy Village.

But soon the white man began to intrude upon the home of the Indian. The great army of white settlers, that had rested upon the shore of the ocean, were fast pressing to the interior, and bearing every thing before them. They came not, as the gentle breeze, with kindness and friendship, but as a devouring element, with fire and sword. A great council of the chiefs was called to take measures for the safety of their people. The Young Eagle, apprehensive of no immediate danger, was obliged to hasten to the convention of his tribe, and set out from his home full of confidence and hope. The village seemed to smile more sweetly than ever; the old men still gazed into the sky; the children sported merrily still; and the low tones of his wife crept into his ear, as he pressed on to thread his solitary way through the wilderness. The business of the council was soon finished, and the Young Eagle started homewards, with light heart, to remove his people from the level country, and to hide them among the defiles of the mountains, until the danger should have vanished. He tripped on through the forests as light as the deer, and his thoughts were as bright as the sky above his head. But, as he drew near to the happy village, an unwonted sadness came over him. His mind was tuned to the mean of the melancholy wind, that sung its ceaseless requiem through the forest; a strange and unnatural fear stole into his heart; the woods did not wear their old welcome look; and, casting his eyes upon the ground, they were riveted by a white man's track in the rich, loamy soil. He bounded madly through the forest, and came to the old familiar spot; but, alas! the Happy Village was gone; the white man had swept over it like a hurricane; a mass of black ruins, trees scorched by fire, and the mangled bodies of old and young, male and female, were all that told it had once existed. The merry cries of the children were hushed; the song of the May Shower was heard alone in the happy hunting-grounds; the old men still gazed into the sky, but their eyes were glassy and fixed. The Indian had been schooled in that stern philosophy that forbade any evidence of feeling to those around. But here was none to see him; he

stood in the dark, silent woods, and the eye of the Great Spirit alone looked on him from the spotless sky. No tears came to his relief—his woe was too deep for that—but the fire of hell kindled in his dark orbs, and his manly frame shook like an aspen. In a moment the Young Eagle was changed. All the love and kindness of his heart froze into vengeance and despair. It seemed as though some demon-hand had been placed before his eyes, and shut out the sight of all that was gentle and peaceful, to usher in a horrid vision of bloodshed and revenge. He slowly gathered the mangled bodies of his people, placed them in the ground, and piled the earth upon them; and there he swore, by the Great Spirit above him, that he would rest neither by night nor by day, until his knife had drunk deeply of the white man's blood; for he knew that his people in the happy hunting-grounds were crying for revenge, and their words smote upon his ear in the black night, when the wild storm-wind wailed through the forest.

Far away, in the dark lagoon, was a small island, hidden in the gloomy shade of the cypresses that hung over it like a pall. Below, the ruins of the former forest lay piled in wild confusion, while aloft towered the mournful trees, wrapped in the sober livery of the gray moss, that wound around their branches, or hung in wavy tresses to the very surface of the water. Here and there, an enormous pine reared its hoary head to the heavens, and shook its skeleton arms, like some grim and terrific spectre. On the tree-tops, the wild cormorants and herons hatched their young, while here and there might be seen the great nest of the eagle or fish-hawk. A dense growth of canes fringed this gloomy island; the moccasin glided along its muddy banks; and the grim alligator floated from point to point, or raised his head above the surface, and bellowed till the very waters trembled. The melancholy night-bird croaked on his passing flight, and the ill-boding owl "greeted the moon with demoniac laughter." To this dismal spot the Young Eagle guided his frail canoe, for he knew that, in its gloomy shades, he was safe from all pursuit. Here, on this lonely island, he built a solitary hut, and nursed his wrongs and steeled his heart in its black solitude.

Time flew on, and the white man pioneered his way into the wilderness. The forest began to yield to his axe, and the smoke of his cabin ascended among the tree-tops. Cattle began to crop the long, wild grass, and gardens bloomed where once only the beasts of the forest trod. But a strange, terrible fear haunted the settlers, and it was said that a demon stalked through the woods. For often the hunter started out with wild halloo, the old man went to walk through the forest, the maiden to cull flowers in the glades, and the children to sport beside the water; but oftentimes they never returned—they were never again seen, or but their mangled bodies were found grimly gazing into the

sky, with their scalps torn off by some ruthless hand. Men were afraid to sally forth alone, and women trembled when the night came on. Parties started out and scoured the woods, but in vain; the fiend was never discovered. At last, these murders suddenly ceased, and confidence was restored to the settlers. Men began to walk the woods in safety, and the dreadful assassinations of former days existed only a fearful tale, that, in the dark night, struck an awe into the soul, or crept with chilling horror in the heart of the child and the maiden.

At last, on one winter day, two hunters were pressing close upon a wounded deer; they had urged it to the borders of the dark lagoon; when, mad with pain and fear, it plunged in, and boldly swam across the water. A canoe was close at hand; the hunters launched it on the surface, and followed close upon the stricken animal. The deer pressed madly on, until, faint and exhausted, it reached a little island, far out from the shore. The hunters followed closely through cypress trunks and fallen trees, thick water-plants and canes, and, at last, struck their quarry on the land; but, as they hurried to the game, they were arrested by the sight of a dilapidated hut, all alone in the dismal shades. Beside it stood a gigantic cypress, seathed by the lightning from top to bottom, and wildly tossing its naked arms in the blast. As they drew near, an owl flew from it, with his hoarse cry, and a snake hissed fiercely at its foot. In the hut, on the bare, damp ground, lay the grinning skeleton of an Indian warrior, and in his hand was held, with deadly grasp, a rusted, blood-red knife. His face was turned to the withered tree, and, locking up, they were chilled with horror to behold white men's scalps bound to its jagged limbs; the snowy locks of the patriarch, the golden curls of the child, and fair hair of the maiden, alike streamed fearfully in the blast. Brave men they were, but an unnatural fear crept into their souls, and, hastily hiding the grim skeleton in the earth, they hurried from the scene.

Years have passed, and, in the sweet summer days, the wild spot smiles in its verdant dress, the birds rear their young in the moss-clad trees, the hum of insects is heard, and the flowers bloom in all their beauty. But when the black winter nights come on, and storm-clouds chase each other through the sky, the wind moans through the gloomy trees like the wail of departed spirits; the owls giggle, and cry through the live-long night; the white herons grow to the size of ghosts, and madly shake their shrouds in the blast; the cypresses moan in the wind, like the groans of dying men; the tall canes sigh mournfully, and the pine sob in the storm. A wild Indian yell is heard above the fury of the elements, and a chorus of human shrieks swells the mighty roar of the storm. The trees toss their arms with frantic gestures; the hunter, passing by, turns pale, and sick at heart; the eyes of his dog become

green, as he dismally howls at the moon, and snaps as though he saw spirits in the air. A strange, terrible fear broods over the place, and that man must be bold, indeed, who, in the dark night, will venture in the neighborhood of the Scalp Tree.

## MENSALIA.

With too many of our fellow-students the *University Literary Magazine* has ceased to be an object of interest. They do not condemn it openly, but they throw out innuendoes against it, thus doing it more harm than their open opposition would; while professing to be its warmest friends, they do all they can to arrest its progress, and then point to its languishing state as an evidence of what they assert. They are in favor of tearing down everything, and building up nothing. The consequences are ruinous—these persons do not write for the Magazine themselves, and do all they can to dissuade others from doing so. Now all we ask of those gentlemen is to be left alone. All we want on their part is non-intervention; and though the Magazine may languish, or, perhaps, prove a failure, yet we would have the consolation of knowing that we fell with the sincere regrets of many, and without the opposition of any of our fellow-students. We have never known a man to succeed who folded his arms, and waited for the tide of events to waft him onward. All the great achievements which gem the historic page have been accomplished by men, who, seeing the proper course, have followed it with zeal and energy. And though there may be a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune, yet the right moment for resigning oneself to the current has never yet been discovered, except by those who, animated by a lofty ambition, have labored zealously for their own advancement. So it is with our Magazine: If left to the tender care of those who are so constantly predicting its downfall, it would, indeed, soon perish, but if its friends would rally to its aid and give it the support of both their brains and their purses, then would this only evidence of the Literature of the University of Virginia be preserved, and remain always as an open theatre for the exhibitions of the talents of the Sons of the South, and a constant rebuke to those who have endeavored to retard its progress.