

had rested) "why may we not, at least, here commune together?" "It is dark," said his companion, "and our absence from home may create alarm." "Not for a few moments," he replied. "The calm which reigns around, and the shroud which veils us from all observing eyes, leaves us at liberty to act for ourselves. It is at such a season that the soul feels its own powers; and, discarding the cares of the world, and the ignominious tyranny of custom, dare act for itself. Do you not feel this? Do you not feel how vain the mind-enthraling precepts, which fraud and folly claim authority to impose on youth?" "I know not what you mean, Sir," said Mary "but here I must not remain, and with you."

"And why not? Here we are all the world to each other. Why may we not converse?"

"It is not meet that we should tarry in this lonely place."

"Whence the alarm, you testify, dearest? confide in me."

"I may not, Sir. If you desire to wait, I will go forward alone."

"That must not be. Why do you withdraw your arm? Nay, shrink not from your friend. In ancient days, the mysteries of love were celebrated in temples raised in honour of immortals. Why should they now be deemed unholy?"

"I understand not your discourse, but must go home without delay."

"This impetuous haste is folly. As it thus coldly you reply to the lively interest I take in your welfare? Forward girl! you shall not leave me thus."

"The time—the place—nature, and fond devoted love, all forbid you to withdraw. Nay, by Heaven you shall not."

So speaking, he threw his arm round her neck. She started from him with indignation and amazement. That moment a strange hand seized the Abbe by the throat, and dashed him to the ground with violence.

"Pass on," said a voice, which addressed itself to her, and which Mary instantly knew to be that of Rossiter.

She promptly obeyed. The Abbe rose and attempted to expostulate. "What means this rudeness? Who—who art thou?" he enquired of the stranger.

"Question not, but follow at a becoming distance, if you have any regard for your own safety; if broken bones are not to your taste."

[To be continued.]

A NIGHT AMONG WOLVES.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

'Twas a night of January 17.—We had been to a fine quilting frolic, about two miles from our settlement of four or five log houses. 'Twas rather late, about 12 o'clock I should guess—when the party broke up. There was a moon—and a dull overhead-sky and few pale and sickly looking stars gave us their dull light as they shone through the dingy curtain. There were six of us in company; Henry Mason, and four as pretty girls as ever grew up this side of the Green Mountains. There were my two sisters, and Harry's sister and his sweetheart, the daughter of our next door neighbor. She was a downright handsome girl—that Caroline Allen. I never saw her equal, tho' I am no stranger to pretty faces. She was so pleasant and kind of heart; so gentle and sweet spoken, and so intelligent besides, that every body loved her, and she had an eye as blue as the hill violet, and her lips were like a red rose leat in June. No wonder, then, that Harry Mason loved her—hoj that he was—for we had neither of us seen our seventeenth summer.

Our path lay through a thick forest of oak, with here and there a tall pine raising its dark full shadow against the sky, with an outline rendered indistinct by the darkness. The snow was deep—deeper a great deal than it ever fell of late years; but the surface was frozen strong enough to bear our weight, and we hurried on over the bright pathway with rapid steps. We had not proceeded far before a long, low howl came to our ears. We all knew it in a moment; and I could feel a shudder thrilling the arms that were close to my own, and a sudden cry burst from the lips of all of us—"the wolves!—the wolves!"

Did you ever see a wolf—not one of your caged, broken down, show animals, which are exhibited for a sixpence a sight, and children half price; but a fierce, half starved rager of the wintry forest, howling over the barren snow actually mad with hunger? There is not one of God's creatures which has got such a fiendish look as this animal. It has the form as well as the spirit of a demon.

Another and another howl; and then we could distinctly hear the quick patter of the feet behind us. We all turned right about and looked in the direction of the sound. "The devils are after us," said Mason pointing to a line of dark gliding bodies. And so in fact they were—a whole troop of them—howling like so many Indians in a howl-wow. We had no weapons of any kind; and we knew enough of the nature of these vile creatures who followed us to know that it would be useless to contend with them. There was not a moment to lose; the savage beasts were close upon us. To attempt flight would have been a hopeless affair. There was but one chance of escape, and we instantly seized upon it.

"To the tree! let it climb this tree!" I cried, springing forward towards a low boughed and gnarled oak; which I saw at a glance could be easily climbed into.

Harry Mason sprang lightly into the tree and aided in placing the terrified girls in a place of comparative security among the thick boughs. I was the last on the ground and the whole troop were yelling at my heels before I reached the rest of the company. There was one moment of hard breathing and wild exclamations among us and then a feeling of calm thankfulness for our escape. The night was cold and we soon began to shiver and shake like so many sailors on the topmast of an Iceland whaler. But there were no murmurs—no complaining among us, for we could distinctly see the gaunt, attenuated bodies of the wolves beneath us, and every now and then we could see great glowing eyes staring up at the trees where we were seated. And then their yells—they were loud long and devilish.

I know not how long we had remained in this situation, for we had no means of ascertaining the time—when I heard a limb of the tree cracking as if breaking down beneath the weight of some us; and in a moment afterwards

a shriek went through my ears like the piercing of a knife. A light form went down through the naked branches, and fell with a dull and heavy sound upon the stiff snow.

"Oh, God! I am gone?"

It was the voice of Caroline Allen. The poor girl never spoke again! There was a horrid dizziness and confusion in my brain, and I spoke not; and I stirred not, for the whole of that time was like an ugly, unreal dream. I only remembered that there were smothered groans and dreadful howls underneath! It was all over in a moment. Poor Caroline! She was literally eaten alive. The wolves had a frightful feast, and they became raving mad at the taste of blood.

When I came to myself—when the horrible dream went off—and it lasted but a moment—I struggled to shake off the arms of my sister, which were clinging around me, and could I have cleared myself, I should have jumped down among the raving animals. But when a second thought came over me, my attempt to rescue would be useless. As for poor Mason, he was wild with horror.—He had tried to follow Caroline when she fell, but he could not shake off the grasp of his terrified sister. His youth, and his weak constitution and frame, were unable to withstand the dreadful trial; and he stood close by my side with his hand firmly clinched, and his teeth set closely, gazing down on the wrangling creatures below, with the fixed stare of a maniac. It was indeed a terrible scene. Around was the thick cold night—and below the ravenous wild beasts were lapping their bloody jaws, and howling for another victim.

The morning broke at last, and our frightful enemies fled at the first advance of daylight, like so many cowardly murderers. We waited until the sun had risen before we ventured to crawl from our hiding place. We were chilled through—every limb was numb and cold with terror—and poor Mason was delirious, and raged wildly about the things he had witnessed.

We had not gone but a little distance when we were met by our friends from the settlement, who had become alarmed at our absence. They were shocked at our wild and frightful appearance. They assisted us to reach home; but Harry Mason never recovered from this dreadful trial. He neglected his business, his studies, and his friends, anon murmuring to himself about that horrible night.—He fell to drinking soon after, and died a miserable drunkard, before age had whitened a single hair of his head.—

For my part I confess I have never recovered from the terrors of the melancholy circumstance which I have endeavored to describe. The thought of it has haunted me like a shadow; and even now, the whole scene comes at times freshly before me in my dreams, and I start up with something of the same feeling of terror which I experienced when more than a half century ago, I passed a night among the wolves.

A DESPERATE FELLOW.—The following account of one of the most ferocious men we ever read of, is given by a correspondent of the London Times, who writes from Madrid, under date of August 8th, 1846.

An act of singular ferocity took place a day or two ago in the prison of Salamanca. A notorious robber and murderer, named Patino, the terror of the surrounding country for years, was lately captured and tried by a court martial. He was at first sentenced to be shot, but the military authorities thinking such a mode of punishment too honourable for such a miscreant, obtained its commutation to strangling by the garote. On the morning of the 3rd instant, the turnkey proceeded, as is usual, to inform the criminal that the Judge of First Instance, accompanied by the escribano, had arrived, to announce in form the sentence, and to transfer him to the condemned chapel, preparatory to his execution. He was found with one of his legs released from the fetters, having skillfully employed a file for that purpose, which he had concealed on his person.

Though still bound to the iron bar which traversed the dungeon, he flung himself on the turnkey, seized the massive keys, struck him on the head and dashed him against the wall outside. He then locked the door and shut himself up in the cell. The officers of the prison, the judge and chaplain implored him to cease such fruitless resistance and open the door, or pass the keys through the grating. He refused, and uttered against them the most horrible imprecations. A blacksmith was called to undo the lock, but did not succeed, its massive strength resisting all his efforts. Half a dozen strong men then tried to break open the door with crowbars and heavy pieces of timber. They succeeded, and the door fell in fragments. The fury of the criminal then rose to its height. He placed himself behind a strong beam which went across the upper part of the door on the inside, and brandishing the formidable key, actually broke the head of the first man who attempted to effect an entrance. The wounded man was dragged out by his legs by his comrades. The others tried to enter in a body but it was impossible; the doorway was too narrow. For more than a quarter of an hour he kept them at bay, and answered to the entreaties of the officers and the prayers of the priest with the most awful blasphemies and the most disgusting obscenities. He then flung the keys at their heads with his utmost force, and severely wounded two persons.

Seeing all entreaties useless, a party of soldiers was called to the spot. The officer of the guard once more summoned him to surrender, but he replied with the grossest ribaldry and the most insulting gestures, and howled defiance to the whole garrison. The soldiers were ordered to load their muskets; while they were doing so he wounded the officer with a piece of limestone. The priest, seeing that he was to be shot down like a wild beast in his den, entreated the men to fire low, so as to disable, but not to kill him, in order that some chance might yet remain of repentance. A shot was fired it missed him. The ruffian fell back to a dark corner of the dungeon, and as far as his chain permitted, and from thence flung stones and pieces of mortar at his assaulters. Another shot fired through the grating broke his leg.—The wound made him rage beyond description. He

belowed and howled, and foamed in rage; and still, dragging his smashed and bleeding limb along, flung missiles at the soldiers who yet did not dare to venture into the darkness of the dungeon. A third shot was fired and his right shoulder was broken. The arm fell lifeless by his side, and he lay on the ground.

He called out that he surrendered, but only because he could no longer resist. They entered, and he was dragged along the floor bathed in blood. As they were in the act of replacing the broken fetter, he collected his remaining strength and with his left hand struck the turnkey with the iron, on his head and laid him at his feet. Three or four men threw themselves on him, and completely mastered him. He was then removed to the condemned chapel, after the sentence had been fully notified. He was subsequently visited by the priest, who employed every effort, but in vain; to bring him to a sense of his condition. His exhortations and prayers were replied to with the filthiest obscenity and the most horrid execrations.—To the last moment he continued the same; and even on the scaffold, seated on the fatal chair, with the cold instrument of death about to clasp his bare neck, this monster in human form shouted to the horrified crowd about him curses and imprecations on God and man.

AN APOLOGY.—When John Clark (Lord Eldon) was at the bar, he was remarkable for the sang froid with which he treated the judges. On one occasion, a junior counsel on hearing their lordships give judgment against his client, exclaimed that "he was surprised at such a decision!" This was construed into contempt of court and he was ordered to attend at the bar next morning. Fearful of the consequence, he consulted his friend, John Clark, who told him to be perfectly at ease, for he would apologize for him in a way that would avert any unpleasant result. Accordingly, when the name of the delinquent was called, John rose and coolly addressed the assembled tribunal: "I am very sorry, my lords, that my young friend has so far forgot himself as to treat your honourable bench with disrespect; he is extremely penitent, and you will kindly ascribe his unintentional insult to his ignorance. You must see at once that it did originate in that. He said he was surprised at the decision of your lordships! Now if he had not been very ignorant of what takes place at this court every day, had he known you but half so long as I have, he would not be surprised at anything you did!"

An Italian noble being at church one day, and finding a priest who begged for the souls in purgatory, gave him a piece of gold.

"Ah, my lord," said the good father, "you have now delivered a soul."

The count threw upon the plate another piece.

"Here is another soul delivered," said the priest.

"Are you positive of it?" inquired the count.

"Yes, my lord," replied the priest, "I am certain they are now in heaven."

"Then," said the count, "I'll take back my money, for it signifies nothing to you now; seeing that the souls have already gone to heaven, there can be no danger of returning to purgatory."

"INCOMBUSTIBLE MAN."—M. Boutigny the author of the experiment of making ice in a red hot crucible, divides or cuts with his hand a jet of melted metal, or plunges his hand into a pot of incandescent metal. No precautions are necessary to preserve it from the disorganizing action of the incandescent matter, only have no fear, especially if the skin be humid, and pass the hand rapidly, but not too rapidly, through the metal in full fusion.—There is no contact between the metal; the hand becomes isolated; the humidity which covers it passes into the spheroidal state, reflects the radiating caloric, and does not become heated enough to boil. M. Boutigny has often repeated the apparently dangerous experiment in lead, bronze, &c., and always with success.—London Paper.

The following is the best definition of a loafer that we have yet seen:—A person who begs all the tobacco he uses—knows more people than are acquainted with him when he meets them in a coffee house—often looking at his borrowed watch to see the time—takes the paper about six months and then tramps.

During a season of great religious declension, an aged elder was asked, whether the church to which he belonged was united. "Ah, yes," replied the good man with emotion, "for they are all frozen together."

A CURIOUS OPTICAL ILLUSION.—On a warm day to sure to drink as much stout as seemeth necessary to quench your thirst, and thereafter take your bottle of wine to which a bowl of cold whiskey punch might be added towards evening. You shall now see, on coming home, the key hole of your house dancing before you in strange ways, the like whereof is very diverting, and presenteth a curious puzzle for the latch key.—Punch.

A man went home the other evening and found a new and somewhat original attachment on his wife's piano. It was put on by the sheriff.

PLAIN DIRECTIONS.—"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

AWFUL REVENGE.—Two boys fought out a quarrel one day, and the bigger proved the "best man." "Damn ye," said No. 2, when he found he was used up, "if I can't lick ye, I'll make mouths at your sister."

WHYS AND WHEN.—Why is a pig in a parlour like a house on fire? Because the sooner he is put out the better. Why is the sun like a good loaf? Because it's tight when it rises. Why is a bird a greedy creature? Because it never eats less than a peck. When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is rung for dinner. Why isn't a boy like a pretty bonnet? Because one becomes a woman, the other don't.