

sence of the maiden of Eigg. Yet still, night after night, the signal light gleamed from the turret of Duntulna, and the timid Ulla, shrinking from her own light footsteps, would steal from the castle, and seek in doubt and hope the place of meeting. There, wrapped up in her mantle, seated upon the dark grey stone, her eyes anxiously turned to the spot where the form of her lover was wont to meet her straining gaze, and the night wind lifting her tresses from her cold cheek, would she await his coming; and if, alas, he came not, she would still linger, still hoping, until the first rays of light played over the mountain summits, then sad and weary regain her chamber to weep over her disappointment. And oh, how the heart of Malcolm loathed the bondage which restrained him from her lovely presence, so faithfully, as his own heart assured him, keeping her trust in that lonely glen! And he would have struck to the earth the faithful servants of his father—who dared thus to do the bidding of their lord against him—him, their future chief—only that, by seeming to yield a passive obedience, he might more easily obtain the accomplishment of his wishes.

In the meantime, it appears that Donald McDonald had committed some flagrant outrage upon the rights of one of the Earls of the Orkney Isles, and to indemnify himself against the threatened vengeance, had boldly offered him the hand of his daughter in marriage—a proposition which was at first met with scorn and derision by the Earl. That McDonald, the petty chieftain of a small insignificant island, a ruler over a mere handful of savages, should presume upon such a treaty! Why the affront was deemed even beneath the anger of the proud Earl Ranald of Kirkwall!

Yet so loud was the chief of Eigg in extolling the exceeding loveliness of his daughter, which his followers, with many oaths also confirmed, that curious to behold one calling forth such extravagant praise, and somewhat sated, may be, with the tame beauty of the Kirkwall ladies, the earl agreed to suspend all hostilities until he should visit the castle of Duntulna, and view for himself those lauded charms.

Upon an appointed day, accordingly, the numerous galleys of Earl Ranald, with their banners flying, and the shrill music of the pipes sweeping over the water, were seen standing across the sound of Rum, and anchoring within the little loch of Eigg, the only accessible harbour the island afforded. Here the Earl was received with rude hospitality by the chief of Eigg, and conducted with his kinsmen and followers to the castle.

Unsuspecting of her father's motives, Ulla arrayed herself at his bidding in her most becoming garments, and, with a sad heart, was led forth by the exulting chief as a lamb to the sacrifice to grace the feast prepared in honor of his guest.

Never, perhaps, had she looked more lovely, and the earl could not suppress an exclamation of wonder and pleasure as his eyes first rested on the fair young creature nestling like a dove so timidly by the side of her father, the gigantic McDonald.—He found the praises to which he had listened disbelieving, but faint in comparison with the actual charms of the island maid. His heart exulted and his eyes turned passionately upon the blushing girl, whom his rude gaze affronted, when he reflected she was his by her father's vow—his by his own superior power to make her so.

And McDonald, keenly eyeing the earl as he presented his daughter, saw at once that the victory was his, and that the charms of poor Ulla had not only secured him safety from his late aggressions, but gained, perhaps, the future co-operation of the most powerful earl of the Orkneys in various schemes he had in prospect.

Gladly would Earl Ranald have made Ulla his bride that very hour, so captivated was he by her beauty. Summoning the chief to a private conference, he attested his readiness to accept the proffered hand of his daughter; and suspicious of treachery on the part of his host, he vowed he would not weigh anchor from Eigg without bearing away the beautiful Ulla as his bride.

Nothing loth, the chief assented, and the morrow was accordingly appointed for the nuptials.

It was in vain for the victim, the wretched Ulla, to weep or implore? It was in vain she bathed her father's feet with tears—vain she besought him to have mercy upon her, and not to give her to one whom she could not love! But no mercy had that stern chieftain. What to him was love?—a bubble in the mouths of silly maidens! What were her tears?—any glittering bauble would turn them to smiles! What to him was her happiness?—what even her life when weighed against his plans—his ambitious schemes.

With an oath, he pushed his kneeling child away, and sternly bade her prepare to wed Ranald of Kirkwall on the morrow. There was no alternative; she must be the bride of the earl or death!

"Of death rather!" thought the unfortunate

maiden, as she left the presence of her cruel parent.

Once more the signal light, like a star, beamed from poor Ulla's turret. What must have been the feelings of the maiden, when with a trembling hand, for the last time she placed it there—that beacon of love and joy! For should Malcolm that night fail in his attempt to reach the island, then her fate, like that twinkling taper, whose rays had so often sent happiness to the heart of her lover, must be for ever lost in the silence and darkness of the grave! Waiting until the last sound of the mad revel below had ceased, and the inmates of the castle sunk in the stupor of inebriety, Ulla, pale and trembling, once more sought the little glen hallowed by the vows of pure and faithful love.

The night was gloomy. The clouds heavy with the threatened tempest, rolled their black shadows across the heavens, through which the moon faintly struggled to emit her light. No sound was heard save the chafing of the waves over their rocky bed, or, perhaps the dismal clang of the sea-fowl heralding the coming storm. The footsteps of Ulla faltered, and scarce could her trembling limbs sustain her as she drew near the spot, so great were her apprehensions lest Malcolm should not appear.

Yet happiness almost despaired of—joy, now that it is certain, more than her fainting heart can bear! He is already there; and as he catches the gleam of her white garments through the surrounding gloom, flies to meet her, and once more Ulla is pressed to the faithful heart of Malcolm!

Stern and silent in his despair, Malcolm listens while she reveals her sad fate—tells him in language broken by grief, that by the stern will of her father she will to-morrow be forced into the arms of Ranald, Earl of Kirkwall. Then almost fearful was the storm of passion in the soul of the young chieftain. What! Ulla, his own, his beautiful Ulla, the bride of another! No! sooner would he plunge with her from the summit of yon dizzy crag into the boiling sea below, and end at once their sorrows with their lives! Together they could welcome death, but not live to endure the agony of separation.

But there was yet an escape from a fate so dreadful—there was yet a way to secure their happiness, and that was in flight. True, the attempt would be hazardous in the extreme; but what will not true love dare for the possession of its object?

In a short time Malcolm had revolved and matured a scheme, of the success of which his sanguine nature permitted no doubt.—(To be continued.)

Miscellaneous.

THE RAPID GROWTH OF CANADA.—In the Eastern Hemisphere, States are the growth of centuries; in the Western Hemisphere they spring into existence with a rapidity which keeps pace with the growth of individual man. A thousand years after the Saxon Conquest, we find England just beginning to emerge from barbarism, and to become powerful. It was only in the age of Columbus and Vesputius that the Spanish Kingdoms, after eight centuries internal strife, coalesced into a mighty monarchy. It was not till the reign of William and Mary in Britain, that Prussia was elevated to the dignity of a Kingdom, and numbered among the great powers of the earth. In America, however, the case is otherwise. Here populous States suddenly appear in regions which a little while before were overshadowed by the forest and ruled by the Indian.—On the shores of the Pacific, California, which is now a powerful Republic, was, less than twenty years ago, a lonely wilderness, and at the opening of the Nineteenth Century, hardly one of these opulent and prosperous Commonwealths existed that adorn in our days the banks of the Mississippi and her tributaries. Nor is it alone in that part of the American Continent which is under the dominion of the United States Government, that communities spring up and prosper, with a rapidity utterly unknown in Europe. Even in that portion of Western world which is still in colonial dependency there may be found instances of progress in material wealth and well being which almost rival anything in that line that Democratic America can exhibit. Canada will serve as an example of what they have been doing for the last quarter of a century beyond the St. Lawrence and the Lakes.—Canada East or French Canada, has been long settled, but the settlement of Canada West, or British Canada, has been comparatively recent.—As it is from the enterprise of the latter, however, that the progress and prosperity of the whole have almost altogether sprung, we shall mark the growth of the Western Provinces ere we proceed to illustrate that of the entire Colony.

The first and great essential to the improvement of a country, is population. Without men to till the land and develop its natural powers, it must remain unproductive and valueless, no matter what

may be its fertility and capabilities. Accordingly we find that emigration and increase of population preceded and produced; in the case of the Canadas that improvement and prosperity which have so much surprised economists and statisticians. In 1829 Western Canada was sparsely and thinly populated. Its whole population, at that period was only 196,000. In 1854 however, the number of its inhabitants was widely different—it then amounted to 1,337,000—a tolerable increase in the short space of twenty-five years.

But if the population of Western Canada increased greatly in the above named period, the real and personal estate of its people still more increased.—In 1829 the total assessable property of that Province was estimated at only £2,399,999, whereas in 1854 it amounted to no less a sum than £50,000,000, exclusive of the value of public lands, public timber, and minerals!

Nothing however, tends more to illustrate the rapid growth of this Province than the difference between the exports of wheat in 1838 and 1852.—In 1838 the quantity exported from the same Province reached the comparatively enormous amount of 5,496,718 bushels, being an increase of more than eighteen-fold in the brief period of fourteen years.

We shall now proceed to illustrate the commercial and industrial progress of the two Provinces of universal Canada, by contrasting the amount of their imports and exports in 1834 and 1853. The amount of a nation's exports and imports is an excellent criterion by which to judge of the extent of its business and the greatness of its wealth. Let us gauge the prosperity and well being of Canada by this test; in 1834 the sum total of her exports amounted to but £2,602,567; in 1852 they reached the sum of £13,954,684, which was nearly seven times the amount of the former period. The commerce and wealth of Canada must have consequently increased nearly seven-fold, according to our criterion in the short term of nineteen years!

From all these facts it is evident that our brethren beyond the Lake and St. Lawrence have not been slumbering and idling these latter days; and that in population, agriculture, commerce and opulence the growth of Canada has been unprecedentedly rapid and vigorous for a Colony and Province. In her prosperity and welfare, Americans must of necessity take a peculiar interest, knowing as they do that the more rapidly Canada progresses in opulence and power, the sooner will she break the bond which binds her to the Mother Country, and come with her wealth and her strength to seek admittance into the American Union.—*American Paper.*

HECTOR McPHERSON THE HANDSMAN OF THE 93RD. It was the custom to send a guard of honor of British troops, and the band of the regiment, to assist annually in the celebration of the "Fete Dieu" at Montreal. Hector was a bandsman of the 93rd Highlanders, many of whose men were persons of intelligence and piety. As the fete day was approaching, he contemplated with horror the prospect of being ordered to play at the imposing grand mass in the cathedral of Notre Dame. He solicited one of the captains to ask the colonel that he might be excused; but although desirous to oblige him, he declined. So that nothing was left to Hector but to go to the commanding officer, who at the time was in one of those moods which prevented even his friends from approaching him.

Hector entered and saluted. He then stated that the word of God and his own conscience told him that it was sinful to assist in the idolatrous ceremonies of "Fete Dieu," and begged that he might be excused. The Colonel heard with impatience and scorn at first; and after hastily pacing the room put some biting questions to the soldier about his conscience and his views of idolatry. Hector was at home on such points, and favoured his colonel with reasons and texts.

Suddenly the Colonel asked him, "If you are ordered to go and refuse, do you know the consequences?"

"I know my duty as a soldier, sir," replied Hector. "And if after what I state to you before you order me to go I will go; and on the day after, I will apply for and purchase my discharge."

Struck with the religious earnestness and firmness of the man, the Colonel quickly replied, "Very well, McPherson, you shall not go." Hector saluted and left the room with great joy.

The result was that a correspondence ensued between the authorities in Canada and the Colonial Secretary, and orders were sent out that no guard of honor or military band should assist thereafter at these fetes, and thus a custom of ages was swept away.

Some may wish to know what has become of Hector. He has been promoted in his regiment.—He is in the Crimea. He was among the foremost of the brave at Balaclava; and unites in himself the enthusiasm of a soldier, and the sobriety and calm-

ness of a man who fears God. Were I in command in the Crimea, I would make him a Colonel.

THE SPY SYSTEM IN RUSSIA.—A writer in Harper's Magazine in his pictures of the Russians, says:—

"Annoying as is the minute open surveillance of the government, it is nothing in comparison with the secret police. The system of espionage is carried in Russia to its utmost perfection of evil.—Most European governments maintain secret spies. Under Napoleon they became a regular branch of the government, but he had the grace to be ashamed of them. In Russia the system is openly avowed. Count Orloff is the head of the department, but its tails and claws are everywhere. It has got into a proverb, that if three persons are talking together, one at least is a spy; and what is worse, no man knows who is not. The polite gentleman who conversed so pleasantly with you in the saloon may be a spy; so may the servant who stands behind your chair at dinner. The tailor who fitted you with a new coat; the milliner—French woman though she be—who brought home your wife's bonnet, may have 'secret relations' with the police."

A TAX ON BEARDS.—A bill has been presented to the Legislature of Tennessee, levying a tax of five dollars upon every gentleman who wears a moustache, and a fine of five dollars upon bachelors over thirty years of age, for the purpose of raising money to increase the School Fund. This will prove to be rather a close shave?

ALE IN THE MOON.—A rustic having gone to the Caldun-hill Observatory to get a sight of the moon after having got a sight of it, drew away his head to wipe his eyes, and, in the interval, the end of the telescope noiselessly fell down, so as, instead of pointing to the heavens, to point down to the earth. The rustic's surprise was unutterable, when he again looked through, and beheld the sign of a public-house at a short distance, with the customary sign, Edinburgh ale for sale here. He started with the exclamation; "Edinburgh ale in the moon. Gude preserve us, that beats a'!"

THE BRITISH CLAIMS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—The Washington Correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the following history of the claims of England to the Island of Ruatan:—

"It was taken by English pirates in 1650—retaken subsequently by Spain, and again taken possession of by England in 1742, and then fortified. In 1780 the English were dislodged by forces sent from Guatamala. In 1796, the English again became masters of it, but held it only for one year.—The British commander of the garrison at the Balize seized upon the island in 1830, but the act was subsequently, upon the complaint of Honduras, disavowed. It was again taken possession of in 1841 Col. Alexander McDonald, Her Majesty's Superintendent in British Honduras, who hauled down the flag of the republic of Honduras, and hoisted that of Great Britain in its stead. The island was taken by Great Britain without any right to it, no less than five times, and the last time only as late as 1852."

A young gentleman very conceited and vain of himself, but who by the by was rather despised, with a face much pitted by the small pox, was not long since addressed by a chap who, after admiring him for some time, said, "When carved work comes in fashion, you'll be the handsomest man I ever put my eyes on."

A waggish apprentice one day after dinner deliberately stepped up to his master, and asked him what he valued his services at per day. "Why, about six cents," said his master. Then putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out some coppers, he said: "Here's three cents—I'm off on a bender."

"Jake, did you carry that umbrella home that I borrowed yesterday?" "No, you have often told me to lay up something for a rainy day, and as I thought it might rain before long, I have laid the umbrella up."

"Here you begtrotter," said a dandy to an Irish laborer, "come, tell me the biggest lie you ever told in your life, and I'll treat you to a whiskey punch." "An by my sowl," quickly retorted Pat, "yer honor is a gentleman."

A barrister observed to a learned brother, that he thought his whiskers very unprofessional, "You are right," replied his friend, "a lawyer cannot be too barefaced."

A witty limb of the law, in passing a chap engaged posting bills, addressed him thus:—"How are you, William?" "My name is not William." "Ah, I thought your name was William, as I have heard them call you Bill Sticker."

SPANISH PROVERB.—What fools do in the end, wise men do in the beginning.