

that my father is innocent. Now, sir, I implore you to save him."

"I cannot do so, Luke," replied Sir Robert, "though I share your convictions. I have essayed it. I went to the jailer with untold gold in my hands. I had arranged for your father's flight beyond the seas. I would have given the half—ay, all my fortune to secure his life and liberty.—The attempt failed—the bribe was spurned. Now, nothing can save him."

"Yes, Sir Robert—there is one way to save him. Produce the murderer."

"Ha! if that were possible!" cried Sir Robert, wildly. "True! true! I never thought of that. You speak like an oracle. What hour is it?"

"It is one o'clock—my father dies at eight to-morrow," said the wretched young man, bursting into tears.

"It is twenty miles to London; one can ride forty miles and have time to spare within that time. Gray Selim is fleet as the wind. Look to my pistols. One's life is not always safe in this favored land. Murder stalks in the highway, as we both know, Luke."

The young man was astonished at the agitation evinced by his patron. The latter handed him a letter.

"To-morrow at twelve o'clock, noon, give this to Miss Freeland. It is a formal renunciation of her hand. She loves another; I have discovered one worthier of her—and she only accepted me because she believed my rival indifferent to her. But why do I speak of love—and a death sentence hanging over your father's head, dear Luke! Farewell! Believe me, I will save your father or die in the attempt."

"Shall I let the man go?" thought Luke. But while he deliberated, Sir Robert, snatching up his pistols, ran down stairs, and the next moment he was dashing away through the dark night, at the full speed of his blooded horse.

High against the serene blue sky of a summer morning, rose the fatal tree, barkless and leafless, whose fruit is death. At the foot of the scaffold rolled the waves of a vast multitude, gathered to witness with curious eyes the death struggle of an erring fellow-being. Sad to relate there were women with their babes in the surging tide of life, over whom the pressaging shadow of death would soon be flung. Bearing back the throng, a troop of horse, their polished helmets and sharp sabres glittering in the sunlight, curvetted and pranced beneath the gallows. On the platform stood the sheriff and his attendants, and the prisoner with the fatal rope around his neck and the handkerchief in his right hand.

"One moment longer!" cried Luke, clinging in desperation to the arm of the dread minister of the law. "One moment longer by your hopes of heaven. Look there! see you that cloud of dust? It is a horseman riding hither at the top of his speed. He waves a paper in his hand. It is Sir Robert Ashland with the reprieve! Joy! joy! father. You are saved!"

"Reprieved, not pardoned!" said the sheriff, as he lifted the cap from the deadly-pale face of Farmer Horton, and allowed him to look once more upon the light of day.

In the meanwhile Sir Robert had dismounted from his reeking steed, and ascending the ladder, stood beside the sheriff, and handed him the document that suspended the execution of the sentence. He was paler than the prisoner, and leaden semicircles gave a preternatural effect to his sunken black eyes.

"Luke!" said he, "I have kept my word.—Horton—you are a free man."

"But how did you obtain the reprieve, Sir Robert?" asked the sheriff.

"By swearing that I had discovered a clue to the commission of the murder. By pledging my word that the assassin should die upon the scaffold."

"But who is he? Where is he?" asked the sheriff.

"He stands before you," cried Sir Robert Ashland.

"You are mad," said the sheriff.

"I am not mad," replied the baronet. "Into your hands I surrender myself, and command you to take me into custody. It will not be for long though. Hear me. On that fatal night, burning with the injury and shame I had received, I followed in the path of my enemy. I had no weapon, but by chance I stumbled on the horn-handled knife that Farmer Horton had lost. The temptation was not thrown away on me. As I clutched the weapon, I hugged the thought of revenge to my heart. I spurred my horse after my retiring foe. I overtook him at the cross-road—I seized him in his saddle, stabbed him to the heart and hurled him to the ground. His horse galloped home riderless. I made a wide circuit and fell

in with a party returning through the wood from the village. The rest is known—how Horton, by a sad chance, came upon the body and recognized his knife—how we surprised him in the very act—as all exclaimed. You know his trial and his sentence—but you know not the pangs of conscience, the agonies of remorse, the imperious demands of pride and honour that have contended in my bosom since the fatal night. It is over now—the confession is made. My own lips have blasted a name that came down to me from the Conquest unsullied by guilt or dishonour.—Luckily it dies with me—for I am the last of my race."

Luke wrung his hands as he listened to this mournful tale.

"My benefactor," he cried, "would I might die for you."

"Live to be happy," said the baronet. "But forget not how low one hour of evil passion has brought me."

"Help! help!" cried Luke, "he is falling—his limbs are giving way under him."

The sheriff caught the unhappy man in his arms. The surgeon who was in attendance felt his pulse.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "he is dying!"

"Right, doctor, right!" said the baronet, feebly. "I promised to die on the scaffold—but not by the halter. I die by my own hand, poisoned.—Another crime, you will say. Ay, ay—one crime brings on another—but I owe it to my ancestry; the hangman—never! Darkness—death now!"

A shudder passed through his frame, and then he lay motionless—lifeless!

It was not until many months after this tragic scene that the good old rector united the hands of Luke Horton and Amelia Freeland, before a worthy company, in the old village church. The trials they had undergone chastened their joy, but they were so evidently fitted for each other, that every heart in town throbbled with pleasure, as they entered their carriage to start on their bridal tour, while Farmer Horton, after bidding them adieu, walked thoughtfully home to the pleasant farm-house which had been purchased for their future residence.

GREAT BRIDGES OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The Menai Straits is a beautiful stream, about half a mile wide, which separates Wales from the Isle of Anglesea, where the tide rises from 20 to 25 feet, and rushes through the straits with considerable rapidity. The chief object in visiting the Menai Straits is to see the two celebrated bridges—the one known as the suspension bridge, and the other as the tubular bridge, both thrown over the Menai Straits, in sight of each other, and connecting the Island of Anglesea with Wales—they are both stupendous and wonderful works, and do lasting honour to their respective architects, Messrs. Telford and Stephenson.

The suspension bridge was finished in 1825-6. When originally projected, it was denounced as visionary and impracticable; but the impossibility was achieved, to the astonishment of the scientific world. It is elevated 100 feet above the level of the water, so that ships of the largest class can pass under it in full sail, and without lowering sail or spar. It rests on arches to a certain distance on both sides of the river, the space between the points of suspension being a span of 500 feet.

The platform is about 30 feet wide, and has two carriage ways, with an intermediate foot path. It is paved with stone, and on walking or riding over it, no giving or motion is perceptible, although, I am told, it sways or swings somewhat, in a storm or high wind. The Suspension Bridge, at Niagara, is unpaved with stone and gives very perceptibly as you ride over it in a carriage. The whole of this great structure is suspended from four lines of strong iron cables by perpendicular rods, at intervals of five feet. The cables pass over rollers on the top of pillars, and are fixed to iron frames under ground, kept down by strong and heavy masonry. The weight of the entire bridge, between the points of suspension, is 489 tons. The tolls are exceedingly moderate, being 1d. for a foot passenger, 6d. for a man and horse, and 1s. for a two horse carriage. From the bridge the view of the river or strait on both sides, navigated by numerous ships and other craft and of the adjacent country, is one of striking beauty. At the Anglesea end of the bridge is quite a flourishing town or village; and the river bends most gracefully between its lofty and verdant banks, just beyond the Tubular Bridge. In the river there are several islets, used as fishing stations, and on one of them, a peninsula at low tide, there is a romantic little church. At the landing, near the George Hotel, and on the opposite side of the Strait, there

are numerous fishing and sail or rowboats, for the recreation of visitors.

The Tubular Bridge, situated about a mile South East of the other structure, is a still more wonderful achievement, immortalizing the genius of Stephenson. It forms a part of the great Railroad connection between London, Holyhead, and (thence by steamer) to Kingstown, Ireland, near Dublin, and is a vast tube of iron, at an elevation high enough for the passage of the largest ship under full sail, and strong enough for the passage of the most heavily laden railroad trains. It has two railway tracks, and bears the name of the Britannia Bridge. It is quite an ornamental structure, at its extremities—each end being adorned by two colossal lions, of native stone, all of them costly works of art. The Britannia Tower, near the Welsh end of the bridge, 221 feet in height and affords a most extensive and enchanting prospect. The tubes are not round as one would naturally suppose, but square or a cube in form. Professor Siliman describes it as "an immense iron corridor or parallelepiped; closed in, forming a horizontal iron gallery, or passage, in which the rails are laid"—30 feet high in the middle and 22 towards the ends. The tube was built in separate pieces, and floated to the site, whence they were raised from the water by means of a Brahmah hydraulic press into which the water was injected by means of powerful steam engines.

This force was sufficient to throw water to the height of 20,000 feet, five times the height of Snowden, the highest mountain in Wales, and 5,000 feet above the summit of Mount Blanc in Switzerland. The second tube was floated to its place Dec. 4. 1849, and the bridge was open for the passage for cars March 6, 1850. Two thousand men (the maximum) were employed in the construction of the bridge at one time, and but seven fatal casualties occurred. It may be deflected 13 inches without injury, and would bear 1000 tons. A weight of between three and four thousand pounds caused a depression of less than 1-8th of an inch, detected by instruments; and a pressure of more than 600,000 pounds produced a deflection of 1.47 inch.

Among the most extraordinary features of this structure are its liability to expansions and contraction from heat and cold, and scientific means resorted to for counteraction and prevention of all mischief from this source. On this head the following extract from Professor Siliman's visits to Europe will give satisfactory details:—

"This stupendous structure proves to be a very delicate thermometer. A little sunshine raises the centre an inch, (as the expansion cannot extend downwards) and produces a horizontal deflection or swelling of an inch and a half. For every fifteen degrees of Fahrenheit it expands .0001, or 1,10000 of its length, or half an inch."

AMBIGUOUS PREACHING.—On coming out from public worship, I asked Mr. Pe., a distinguished pious lawyer, how he liked the sermon of Dr. B. I think, sir, said he, that it comes under the third head. How so? said I. A certain French preacher, he replied, after a long and pompous introduction, said, I shall now proceed, my hearers, to divide my subject into three parts.

1. I shall tell you about that which I know and you do not know.
 2. I shall tell you about that which you know and which I do not know.
 3. And lastly, I shall tell you about that which neither you nor I know.
- Alas! how much preaching comes under the third head.

A SOFT QUESTION.—How are you off for soap? asked a wag of a man lately, whom he saw fall into a hoghead of the soft material. Very near out, replied the soapee, as he got his chin to the surface.

LIEB FATHER LIKE SON.—What's that? said a schoolmaster, pointing to the letter X. Daddy's name. No it isn't your daddy's name, you blockhead—it's X.

I'll be damned if it is. It's daddy's name, I'm blow'd if it aint. I've seen him write it often. Go to your seat, you booby.

GOOD HUMOR.—Let us cherish good humor and Christian Cheerfulness. Let us endeavor to shake off that sullenness which makes us so uneasy to ourselves, and to all who are near. Pythagoras quelled the perturbations of his mind by the use of his harp; and David's music calmed the melancholy of Saul, and banished the evil spirit from him. Anger, fretfulness and peevishness prey upon the tender fibres of our frame, and injure our nature.—*Lessons for Life.*

Miscellaneous Intelligence.

LATER FROM CALIFORNIA.

The steamer Star of the West arrived at New York on the 30th ult, with California dates of the 5th September—eighteen days later.

She brought \$1,150,000 in specie and 650 passengers.

The Star of the West brings the first number of Col. Kinney's paper—The Central American.—The Colonel has been elected Governor of San Juan and its territory, and his paper contains his inaugural proclamation. He intimates that the difficulties with the Accessory Transit Company are about to be settled by amicable negotiations, and holds out the prospect that at the next session of the U. S. Congress remuneration will be made by the American government for the losses occasioned by the bombardment of Greytown.

Col. Walker with one hundred and fifty men, landed at Virgin Bay on the 3d of September, when he was attacked by a party of 400 troops from Rivas, under Gen. Grandiola. The latter was defeated with a loss of fifty men. Walker's loss was only five.

It was reported that Colonel Walker was to attack Rivas in a few days.

The Government had demanded the arms and ammunition lately received by the Transit Company, and now at Castillo.

Trade at San Francisco was dull. The mines were doing pretty well.

An American steamer had been despatched to the Mexican coast to inquire into recent injuries to the persons and property of American citizens.

A disturbance had occurred at Rogar river in which the superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, three whites and two Indians were killed.

The British frigate Amphitrite has arrived at San Francisco from Petropaulowski and the Russian Fort at the River Amow. They found the places nearly deserted. She laid there five days, taking surveys of the river. A Russian man-of-war found there was blown up.

FROM THE ISTHMUS.—We have dates from Rustan, Honduras, of the 19th. The Revolutionists were within twenty miles of Truxillo, and the inhabitants of the latter place were fleeing to Ruatan for safety. The former commandant of the city was endeavouring to make a stand against the insurgents.

RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—The first accident of any consequence in connection with the Railway, occurred on Friday morning last. The particulars of which we clip from the columns of a contemporary:—

"The accident was caused by a horse. The animal had forced his way up a small ravine running at right angles with the railway which was inadequately fenced, and stood upon the track.—The train was travelling at an average speed, the usual look out was kept, and the steam whistle, we understand, was vigorously plied to frighten the unwelcome intruder off, the moment he was seen but in vain. The breaks were promptly put in requisition, but there was too much way on the engine to stop, and there was too much way on the engine to stop, and there was nothing for it but a collision, which literally tore the horse to pieces; and as we have seen, threw the locomotive, tender and waggons off the rails. With the exception of the Engineer, who received a slight wound in the face, and the Fireman, whose lower limbs were scalded, no one was hurt. There were about thirty passengers in the Cars, who had a most providential escape, one of the waggons having luckily been thrown into an oblique position, which completely checked the progress of the passenger carriages and prevented their being hurled into the steep.

The depth of embankment over which the Locomotive, Tender, and two of the Baggage Wagons were precipitated, was nearly twenty feet. Considerable damage was done to Locomotive, Tender and Baggage Wagons, and several weeks must elapse before they will be in working order.—*Haltfax Journal.*

The Encampment at Point Pleasant was broken up on Saturday evening last, when the troops marched into this City, and now occupy their several barracks. A rumour that 76th Regiment is under orders to embark for England and the Crimea is probable incorrect. At the same time justice compels us to say that the "Hindostanees" could not fail to prove a great acquisition to the army before Sebastopol.—*News Scotian.*

The Polymorphians of Saint John intend to celebrate the taking of Sebastopol on the 13th of October, and in a manner worthy of the occasion, if we judge by the programme.