

pistol at his belt, and the *corch*, or large black knife, concealed within his sleeve. There was a brief halt while they thrust their friar's weed under the bushes; and Randal, hastily adjusting the pillion of the garron, lifted Beatrice to the seat. In a few moments they were ready to set forward; the *gille beg* proceeded in advance, to guide them through the darkness of the wood, and Randal, walking at the shoulder of the horse, was followed by the formidable guard of his foster-brothers, now completely armed with their match-locks and pistols, and the heavy two-handed swords which they had been obliged to leave for their disguise.

While Mac Donnell pursued his retreat along the north side of Loch Awe, Alister Mac Coll pressed forward, with fire and sword, towards Inverara. The numbers and valor of his celebrated legion left no thought for opposition, and the only consideration of Alan Dubh and the Black Knight was to remain secure within the walls of Froach-Elan. Their alarm, however, was chiefly excited for Beatrice; for though they had little apprehension that the objects of an inroad would incite an attack upon the fortalice, they much doubted lest the active and exasperated Kinloch should avail himself of the opportunity to attempt some enterprise to carry off his mistress. Continually expecting to see boats appear through the darkness, the two chiefs sat on either side of the bride, with their hands on their swords, and never quitted her arms until they led her under the portcullis of Froach-Elan.

Arconnel's heart bounded when he heard the heavy grate fall behind him; but the bridal company had scarce entered the hall, when he was summoned by Alan Dubh to concert preparations against the chance of an assault. Before he left the bride he offered some hearty words of encouragement, which she heard with the same silence in which she had suffered the bridal ceremony; and the bridegroom, drawing back the plaid from her face, to offer a salute of consolation, suddenly started back at uncovering, not the fair pale features of Beatrice, but the round ruddy cheeks of *dey** Margaret, her foster-sister!

* Dey. A term for a milk-maid.
To be concluded in our next.

APPLES OF SODOM.—Every reader has heard of the Apples of Sodom, a species of fruit which, extremely beautiful to the eye, is bitter to the taste, and full of dust. Tacitus, in the fifth book of his history, alludes to this singular fact; but, as usual, in language so brief and ambiguous, that no light can be derived from his description, *atra et inania velut in cinerem transcunt*. Some travellers, unable to discover this singular production, have considered it merely as a figure of speech, depicting the deceitful nature of all vicious enjoyments. Hasselquist regards it as the production of a small plant called *solanum molongena*, a species of night shade, which is to be found abundantly in the neighbourhood of Jerich. He admits that the apples are sometimes full of dust; but this, he maintains, appears only when the fruit is attacked by a certain insect, which converts the whole of the inside into a kind of powder, leaving the rind whole, entire, and in possession of its beautiful color. M. Soefzen, again, holds the novel opinion, that this mysterious apple contains a sort of cotton resembling silk; and, having no pulp or flesh in the inside, might naturally enough, when sought for as food, be denounced by the hungry Bedouin as pleasant to the eye and deceitful to the palate. Chateaubriand has fixed on a shrub different from any of the others. It grows two or three leagues from the mouth of Jordan, and it is of a thorny appearance with small tapering leaves. Its fruit is exactly like that of the Egyptian lemon, both in size and color. Before it is ripe it is filled with a corrosive and saline juice; when dried, it yields a blackish seed, and may be compared to ashes, and which in taste resembles bitter pepper. There can be little doubt that this is the true apple of Sodom, which flatters the sight while it mocks the appetite.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library*.

ST. PETERSBURG.—It is rumored that the Czar is either larked or a Bedlamite—defunct or demented—mad or mad, but *per contra*, it is certain that the

Empress has been delivered of a son. We wish the Poles were delivered of his father. The infant prince is to be named, or nick-named Nicholas. He will be Young Nick, of course; and the Autoerat becomes Old Nick, "*jure divino*."—*Age*.

FROM THE DEMOCRATIC SPY.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter has come again—alack!

How icy and how cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back—

He's a saucy old chap to white and black—

He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,

For he comes from a cold country!

A witty old fellow this Winter is—

A mighty old fellow for glee!

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet miss—

The wrinkled old maiden unfit to kiss,

And freezes the dew on their lips—for this

Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old winter's a frolicsome blade, I wot—

He is wild in his humor and free!

He'll whistle along for "the walt of his thought,"

And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,

And rattle the lanes by pretty girls bought—

A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morning 'till night he will sing his song—

New moaning and short—now howling and long,

His voice is loud for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,

As tough as ever you see!

He will trip up our trotters, and rend our clothes,

And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—

He minds not the cries of his friends or foes—

A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,—

A cunning old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crannies day by day,

To see how we're passing our time away—

And marks all our doings from grave to gay—

I'm afraid he is peeping at ME!

THE POLISH ARISTOCRACY.—Much has been said of the hundreds of thousands of nobles in Poland. They must not, however, be confounded with the aristocracy of other countries. They had no exclusive privileges; they could boast neither entails nor hereditary dignities, nor, in fact any distinction which appertains to the feudal lord of the soil. The great bulk of the nobility were rich if they possessed a few acres of land, a horse, and a sabre; and were nothing more than a permanent caste, bequeathing their participation from father to son. Great damage was done to this caste by the second partition of Poland.

APHORISM:—The reason why the dishonest man, and sometimes even the fool, are more successful in their journey through life than the man of honor and talent, is simply this:—the dishonest man and the fool have less difficulty in assimilating themselves to the manners and tone of the world in general—which is, in fact, nothing but dishonesty and folly; while, on the other hand, the man of honor and talent, not being able to enter immediately into a commerce with society, loses an opportunity the most precious for "pushing his fortune." The first are merchants, who, knowing the language of the country, dispose of their goods, and provision themselves without delay; the others are obliged to learn the language of the dealers and the purchasers; before they can either submit their merchandise to public inspection, or enter into any arrangements. Sometimes they disdain to make themselves acquainted with this language, and then they return to their own homes without even a handful.

NARROW ESCAPE.—"Just before we reached the mouth of this contracted defile, a buzz from the head of the column proclaimed the enemy's infantry to be at hand, and the musketry had no sooner commenced, than an officer who had been amusing himself by the perusal of a volume of *GIL BLAS*, hastily placed it under the breast of his grey pelisse. Almost at the same instant a musket ball buried itself in the middle of the book, and displaced him from his horse, without inflicting any further injury. It is a curious fact, that the exact pattern of the silk binding of the pelisse was indented in the leaden bullet."—*Cooke's Narrative*.

"It was here I saw the remarkable death of one of the rifle corps, who had killed a French soldier, and who, before he had taken his rifle from the level, received a ball through his body, which caused him such excruciating agony, that his face was all at once distorted, his eyes rolled, and his lips, blackened with the biting of cartridges, convulsively opened. His teeth were tightly clenched; his arms and legs were thrown into an extended position, and he held out his rifle, grasped at arm's length, and remained stationary in this extraordinary attitude for a few moments, until he dropped down dead, as suddenly as if struck by a flash of lightning."—*Ibid*.

POLISH CHIEFS.—The property of most of the chiefs of the late Polish army has been sequestrated. It is reported, however, that the heroic Countess de Plater has been released from "durance vile," and that she is now placed under the surveillance of the Russian police. Her gallant brother has escaped, but the whole of his immense possessions are confiscated.

GRAMMAR VERSUS ORTHODOXY.—A worthy young clergyman who has a respectable kirk in his eye, was in company, a few days ago, with a venerable matron of the old school, who congratulated the reverend gentleman as follows:—"Hech, sir? I hear ye're coming out to be a minister noo! Eh, man, see that ye preach gude common sense and orthodoxy. Dinna fash your head wi' grammar, callan, for a hantle o' grammar sermons dinna edify; and the world were bair better when nae grammar was heard tell o'. Preach ye gude common sense, laddie; but aboon a' things preach orthodoxy."

LONDON.—The following lively description of London is from the pen of a correspondent of the Southern Religious Telegraph:

What a city is London. From the top of St. Paul's, an elevation of 414 feet, I have endeavoured to estimate its extent. Imagine yourself on the pinnacle of your highest edifice. Survey an area of ten miles square, and excepting the river that passes through it, crossed by numerous bridges, and covered with vessels of every description, let our city overspread the whole; that is London. Suppose next that you have the whole population of Virginia and North Carolina, or of the two Carolinas and Georgia, assembled, and residing in that one city. That is the population of London. It is a congregated world. Men of all nations, of all languages, of all religions, of all trades and pursuits, in every class of society, and of all descriptions of character, are here assembled. Every department of business and of pleasure is occupied. Every conceivable mode of acquiring or spending property, of redeeming in wasting time of doing good or ill, is here exemplified. We have seen the king, and we have seen the beggar; the man of stars and robes in the house of lords, and the creature of crusts and rags in the streets; and at each extreme, perhaps, and certainly among the intermediate grades, we might find all that is excellent and all that is base; the most excellent virtue, and the blackest depravity. They are all here. The stages and steamboats are ever emptying into this great receptacle the precious and the vile of the whole kingdom. Indeed all kingdoms bring their glory and their abominations into this mammoth metropolis, for she sitteth a queen among the nations.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe gold is gold, unless it has been minted in London.—There is no trickery there, no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition; there worth has only to show itself if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says—whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Show but your craft, and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why, you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and damn you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all!—*Englishman's Magazine*.

A GOOD SHOT AND NOBLE GAME.—Now that hundreds of sportsmen, Sassenach and Gael, are traversing our hills and moors, indulging the free and bracing air of the North, we beg to recount a feat of rather an extraordinary description, which we suspect the experience of a few of them at the close of the campaign will be able to parallel. As Alexander Macdonald, game-keeper to the late Sir Hector Mackenzie of Gairloch, was one day passing through the forest on the estate, his attention was attracted by an eagle—almost as noble looking a bird as any described by the graphic genius of Wilson or Audubon—in the act of attacking a roe, its talons being firmly fixed in the neck of the animal. The hapless denizen of the forest evidently quailed before the presence of the prince of birds, "the terrors of its beak and lightning of its eye" being enforced by still more palpable signs of supremacy. But unwilling to yield without a struggle, the roe plunged forward to reach a fresh water lake close by, when the eagle prevented it laid hold of the stump of an old tree, and endeavored with might and main to pull back and overcome its adversary. The roe, however, triumphed; it burst into the lake, carrying in also the eagle, who lost one of his talons in the contest. At that moment, Macdonald, who was anxiously watching the scene, lifted the gun and at one shot terminated the struggle of the two born antagonists, and put an end forever to their gory and evolutions.—*Inverness Courier*.