

accompany his friend, and serve his country, likewise accepted the king's pictures; and was enrolled in the company. He was called the volunteer. He was the only son of his mother, and she a widow; she was much grieved at this step which he had taken without her privy or consent; and being in an easy situation, and not wanting his assistance for her support, she lamented only through affection for him. The widow sent forth her son with tears and blessings; the maid eyed her lover from a distant window, [a nearer approach not being permitted,] and beat time to his steps with her heart till he was out of sight; and then sent her soul after him in a deep sigh. They had not been long in the camp before the volunteer had woful proof of the wide difference between the ideal gentleman and soldier, which he had dressed up in his imagination, and the miserable half starved food for powder. As for the lover, he was insensible to hardships of the body; the agitations of his mind absorbed his whole attention. In vain he had endeavoured to fly from the object of his love; he brought his person only, leaving his thoughts and his heart behind him, and was absent from himself in the noise and bustle of the day, as in a silent midnight watch, or when stretched upon his bed at night. They communicated their situation to each other, and took the fatal resolution to desert. Thus winged by love, and urged by fear; the hills of Scotland flew from their heels; and they had arrived at a valley within a mile of their own town, when they were overtaken by a horse pursuit, and reconducted to their camp. A court-martial was held, and they were condemned to die; but the General ordered, as is usual in such cases, that they should cast lots, and only one of them suffer. At the appointed time the ring was formed, the drum placed in the centre with the box and the disc upon its head, and the delinquents made to enter.

The horrors which sat brooding on their souls, the preceding night, and were now overwhelming them at the awful crisis, were strongly painted in their wan and pallid countenances. Their friendship was real and sincere, but not of that fabulous and heroic kind as to wish to die for each other; each wished to live; and each was disquieted at the thought that his safety must be built on the welfare of his friend. They alternately requested each other to begin. The lover looked earnestly at the little instruments of death, took them in his trembling hand and quickly laid them down. The officer was obliged to interpose, and command the volunteer to throw; he lifted the box in his right hand, then shifted it to the left, and gave it to his right again; and as if ashamed of weakness or superstition, cast his eyes upwards for a moment, and was in the act to throw, when the shrieks of female sorrow struck his ear, and in burst from an opposite part of the circle, the widow and the maid;—their hair dishevelled and their garments by travelling soiled and torn.

What a sight was this! the mother and son on one side of the drum, and the maid and lover on the other! The first transports of their frantic joy, on finding them alive, was soon abated by the dreadful uncertainty of what was to follow. The officer was a man who did not hurry the volunteer to throw. He put his hand to the box of her own accord, his mother fell prostrate upon the earth, as did also the maid; and both with equal consistency and fervour, poured forth their different prayers.

He threw nine: a gleam of imperfect joy lighted upon the widow's face; and she looked as you might suppose her to have done, if standing on the shore, she had seen her son shipwrecked, buffeting the waves; when presently he gains a raft and is paddling to shore, and already she thinks to feel his fond embrace but still is anxious lest even some envious billow should snatch him forever from her eyes. Meanwhile the lovers giving up all for lost, were locked in each other's arms, and entreated to be killed thus together on the spot. She was held from him by force. He advanced towards the drum with much the same air as he would have ascended a ladder for his execution. He threw ten! the maid sprang from the ground as if she would leap to heaven; he caught her in his arms; they fainted on each other's neck and recovered only to faint again. The volunteer was the least affected of the four; and all his attentions were employed about his mother, whose head was on his lap;—but she was insensible to his care. Soon after the women had rushed into the ring, an officer had come to the Duke's tent; to inform him of the uncommon tenderness of the scene. He accompanied the officer to the spot, and standing behind the first rank, was an unobserved spectator of the whole transaction. He could hold out no longer: he came into the circle, raised the widow, and echoing in her ear "he is pardoned," restored her to life and happiness together. Then turning to the lovers, he commanded them to go immediately to the chaplain, to be united by that tie which death can only dissolve. He always declared he felt more pleasure from this action, than from the battle of Colloden. He shed

tears, but they were not those of Alexander, when he wept for more worldsto conquer.

FROM MISS STRICKLAND'S PICTURE OF PRIVATE LIFE.  
TO THE FORSAKEN.

Away! away, I heed thee not,  
Tell me no more thy mournful tale:  
I have no pity for thy lot,  
No ear to listen to thy wail.

Weep not; thy tears are like the rain  
That falls upon a senseless stone,  
I may not, will not weep again,  
My sighs are hushed, my tears are gone.

Smile on some brow more calm than mine,  
Press on some fairer cheek thy kiss;  
I have no joy to blend with thine,  
No love to answer love like this.

Touch not the harp; I will not hear  
One tone that tells of former days;  
Sing to the waves that murmur near;  
Pour on the winds thy charmed lays.

Where is thy heart? Go, ask the wind  
That wanders through yon ruined tower,  
If e'er its piercing search can find  
The hearth that blazed in festive hour.

No! lost is every trace of mirth,  
And hush'd is every festive sound;  
The very breeze which fann'd that hearth  
Has strewn its ashes o'er the ground.

But still the glorious beams of day  
Shine brightly on that castle wall:  
On bastion worn, and turret gray,  
The silver streams of moonlight fall.

Fresh glittering ivy weaves a wreath  
Of shining beauty round its brow:  
The mouldering ruin stands beneath,  
Unconscious, cold, as I am now.

—FROM PINKERTON'S RUSSIA.

INCREASE IN THE TERRITORY AND POPULATION OF  
RUSSIA.

IN the 13th century, the irruptions of the Mongolians, who penetrated westward as far as Novogoroth, reduced the Tzars and their subjects under their sway, and kept them in bondage for nearly three hundred years; until their great deliverer, Ioan Vassillivitch, roused the energy of the natives to cast off the Tartan yoke, and led the Russians on to subdue their powerful oppressors. Since their emancipation from the yoke of the successors of Jingsis Khan, in the middle of the 15th century, the Russians have extended their dominions by conquest, in an almost unprecedented manner, until their empire now far surpasses in extent that of Rome in the meridian of her power. This extraordinary accession of territory and population has advanced in steady progression from the period above mentioned to the present day, nor is it possible to affix any probable limits to its further advances, especially towards the south east and south. Let us, however, glance at the growth of this mighty colossus of modern times, which already throws into the scale of European affairs such a preponderating influence, and which probably is destined to act a still more prominent part among the nations. In 1462, when Ioan Vassillivitch ascended the throne of the Tzars of Muscovy, the whole extent of his dominions was estimated at about 18,200 square miles; but when Ioan Vassillivitch Grosnoi came to the throne, in 1533, it was already more than doubled; and at his death in 1584, it compassed 144,000 square miles. When the present dynasty of Romanoff was elected by the assembled Boiars and Clergy, in 1613, and Michael Feodrovitch was raised to the throne, his dominions were nearly the same in extent as at the death of Ioan Vassillivitch; but in 1645, when he left them to his son Alexie, they were enlarged to 258,000 square miles. Peter the Great extended considerably the limits of the Empire, and at the accession of his daughter Elizabeth, 1741, they included 325,000 square miles. Catherine the Second also added to the Empire; and at the death of Alexander, his surface was calculated to contain an area of 340,000 German square miles; so that in the course of 364 years, Russia has increased in extent of territory, near twenty-fold! Nor is the increase of population in the last 100 years less remarkable, though thinly scattered over its immense extent than in the thinnest inhabited parts of Europe. The first census taken by the order of Peter the Great, in 1772, gave the number of males paying taxes at 5,794,928; and if we give an equal proportion of females, the whole of his subjects, exclusive of the clergy, nobility, and army amounted to 11,589,856 souls. But in the sixth revision, made in 1812, this population was found to have augmented to 37,700,000 souls, though the accessions by conquest, were estimated only at fifteen millions; and in the present day, according to the last statistical accounts, the population of the Russian empire is estimated at upwards of fifty-four millions; of whom about thirty-six millions are native Russians, speaking the same language, and belonging to the national or Oriental Church. The Poles and Lithuanians belonging to the empire amount to eight millions, and are mostly Roman Catholics. The Finns, Livonians, Esthonians, and Germans are Protestants, and are estimated at three millions. Jews, two millions. The Caucasian, Crimean, Kazan, Astrachan, Bashkear, Kirgizian, and Siberian Tartars are all Mahomedans, and probably do not amount to more than two millions.

The Mongolan, Kalmuk, Manjur, and other heathen tribes of Siberia, whose numbers do not exceed one million, belonging to the Buddhist and Shaman systems of idolatry. The Georgian nation and with the recently conquered provinces of Persia and the Armenians, amount to about one million and a half. In the above estimate of the Russians, the privileged orders are included; viz:

1. The nobility (males only)	225,000
2. The Clergy	243,500
3. Officers and servants in the civil department	750,000
The emancipated peasantry (males only)	550,000
Free-born Russian peasantry (males only)	97,000

From these estimates it is manifest, that within the last century, the population of Russia, irrespective of its accessions by conquest, notwithstanding the bloody wars in which it has been almost constantly engaged, has more than doubled itself by natural causes. Nor can we be surprised at this rapid increase of the human race if, in addition to the extraordinary longevity so common among the people, we attend to the statements given in the registers which are kept by the bishops, and annually transmitted to the Synod and published. From these, the extraordinary results are drawn; that the proportion of males to females is as 44 to 40; of annual births, 1 in 25; of deaths, 2 in 40; of marriages 1 in 100; and that the proportion of deaths is 19 to one!

MAN'S LIFE.—There are two lives to each of us,—gliding on at the same time scarcely connected with each other!—the life of our actions—the life of our minds; the external and the inward history; the movements of the frame—the deep and overrestless workings of the heart! They who have loved know that there is a diary of the affections, which we might keep for years without having occasion even to touch upon the exterior surface of life, our busy occupations—the mechanical progress of our existence; yet by the last are we judged, the first is never known. History reveals men's deeds, men's outward characters, but not themselves. There is a secret self that hath its own life "rounded by a dream" unpenetrated, unguessed.—*Bulwer.*

LONDON RAIN AND LONDON MUD.—It is fine to witness a pure legitimate London rain, how it comes peppering down; not a mere drizzle—now a little harder, now a semi-cessation; but a true, right-lined, continuous equable outpouring of water pellets from above; each drop the fourth of an inch in diameter, and descending at the rate of thirty-three feet seven inches per second of time, as correctly computed by the learned Leslie. You feel that the clouds really mean what they are about; no half measure, no make-believe, but all in downright earnestness. On such a day the rain is like the blood, in truth, a circulating fluid; for all are in motion, man, beast, cab, coach, and omnibus,—not a loiterer among them; all is pensive submission; and, like the impersonation of detected guilt, every eye downcast. After the rain, comes, as meet it should, the mud; and is there any body this side of Crim-Tartary who has not heard of London mud? The mud of no town, city, province, duchy, or nation in civilized Europe is like that. Proverbial for the peculiarity of its attributes, it stands unrivalled by any plebeian mud yet known. Gluey, well-kneaded, closely packed, and slippy, it requires the foot of genius itself to maintain undisturbed the proud distinction of man over the lower animals—erectness of body. He or she who, without a fall, can walk the streets of London carpeted with London mud, may walk any portion of the earth's surface, fearlessly, confidently, securely.—*Tait's Magazine.*

TO PREVENT BIRDS DEVOURING SEEDS.—For frightening off birds from small seeds, an oblong square board suspended by a string of whipcord from an oblique placed stake, answers effectually, the suspending board being in constant motion if there be the least wind. A few feathers from the wings of poultry stuck into the side edges of the board give an additional appearance of alarm. The same method will preserve cherries &c. from standard trees, also with wall-trees, and it answers equal protection by using netting. A few bits of glass tied at the lower end of the board, and so placed as to come into contact when the board turns about, cause a ringing noise, which prevents any near approach of birds.

LOVE.—Love is so fairy-like a part of us, that even a fairy cannot make it differently from us—that is to say, when we love truly. \* \* \* It is singular, that love makes but a small part of our actual lives, but is yet the master-key to our sympathies. The hardest of us who laugh at the passion when they see it palpable before them, are arrested by some dim tradition of its existence in the past. It is as if life had few opportunities of bringing out certain qualities within us, so that they always remain untold and dormant, susceptible to thought, but deaf to action! 'You refine and magnify too much,' said Trevvlyan, smiling; 'none of us have any faculty, any passion, uncalled forth, if we have really loved, though but for a day.' Gertrude