

dear Jerry Wag, I feel as if I was a-going to cry. How foolish. Well, I can't help it, and that's the truth; and the good house-wife wiped her eyes, and then threw her arms round the neck of her dearly beloved Wag, who, albeit that he was unused to the melting mood, found his eyes suddenly grow dim, and so they performed a weeping duet together.

It is pleasant to record, that at the termination of this natural paroxysm, they neglected not to return thanks to a higher power; for the wonderful change that had thus suddenly taken place in their prospects. [To be continued.]

From the Monthly Chronicle. MURDER OF THE COUNT DE ESPANA.

THE count took the chair, and began to open the business of the evening for they had met together. This was to devise some mode of obtaining money to afford a supply of double rations, and a gratuity of half a month's pay, to the soldiers, for the purpose of celebrating the approaching fete of Don Carlos. He had commenced making some suggestions on the manner of effecting the object proposed, when the curate Ferrer suddenly arose from his seat, and in a loud voice, desired the traitor to be silent; declared that he ceased to be any longer commandant of Catalonia; and ordered him, in the name of the king, to surrender his sword to the junta of Berga. The count was struck dumb for a moment with astonishment at such an interruption; but, after a short pause, he replied with much presence of mind, that he should comply when he saw the order in writing to that effect, signed by his majesty, but that he would never yield to violence. In saying this he laid his hand on the hilt of his sword, and drew it halfway from the scabbard. At this moment the curtains of the alcove at his back were dashed aside, and two men rushed forward, and presented their pistols at his bosom. One was the brother of Ferrer, and the other a medical student of Berga. The count still manifested a disposition to offer resistance to his assailants, when the priest Ferrer, drawing a heavy cavalry pistol from beneath his soutan, with all his force struck the old man on the bald temple with its massive handle, and felled him senseless and bleeding to the earth! He then tore from his person his sword, and the other insignia of command! He lay for twenty minutes, and more, in this condition, and when he awoke from his trance he felt very faint, his throat was parched, and his lips were clinging together. He demanded in a faint and trembling voice, a glass of cold water; but the priests mocked him, and refused his request! Seeing then, for the first time, the advocate Ignacio Sanz, his ancient confidant and his friend from childhood upwards, and on whom he had bestowed wealth and honours, he implored him to moisten his lips; but Sanz smote him in the face as he sat upon the ground and passed him without reply. It was then about eight o'clock in the evening;—about half past eleven the assassins forced their victim through the narrow staircase which led from the priest's house to the church. At the gate stood a mule ready, on which they placed him. They moved on in the darkness and silence of the night, with a loaded musket pointed at his head. His companions were the vice president of the junta, Orten, the priest Samponiz, Ferrer and his brother, the medical student, and Llabot, the commander of the escort of the junta, with twenty six armed guides. They proceeded to a lone house about three leagues distant from Berga, where they stopped for some time, keeping guard in the same apartment with the count, but refusing him either a light or a bed. Early in the morning of the 26th, Orten and Samponiz, returned to Berga, and entrusted to Ferrer the consummation of the bloody deed. They again proceeded onwards in the same manner as before, but through the most secret paths they could find, and took the direction of Coll Oden. Arriving about noon in a retired and remote spot, the count was ordered to dismount and strip himself of his uniform, and to assume the tattered dress of a mountaineer. On his refusal, the guides by a signal from the priest, tore his clothes in pieces from his person, and forced upon him the rags of a peasant, in spite of all his efforts to repel the indignity. They then moved towards Urgel, in the direction of the frontier, and, after wandering about for some time, they passed the night, and the greater part of the next day, near the village of Cambrils. They remained at Organa on the 29th, and in the evening they made a retrograde movement, and again retraced their steps to Cambrils. The next day they informed their prisoner

that they were about to conduct him immediately to the frontier, and would soon leave him at liberty to go where he pleased. This assurance infused some hope into the heart of the old man, and he flattered himself for a moment that he might finally escape assassination. Two days more, however, passed away, and they evinced no symptom of moving forward. On the evening of the second day, the impatience of the count became so great, and his anger so fierce, that he could restrain himself no longer; and he began not only to utter the most bitter reproaches against his tormentors; but even to manifest a disposition to use personal violence. His physical force was gigantic; and his frame, notwithstanding his years, had now nearly recovered from the ill usage to which he had been subjected for the last few days. His fury rose to such a pitch, that it was with much difficulty Ferrer, together with six of his companions, could succeed in binding with strong cords his arms and legs to a beam which stood upright in the apartment. In this condition he remained until the 31st, venting his wrath in uttering the direst imprecations on the conspirators, who revenged themselves by casting their spittle in his face, smiting him on the head, and inflicting such indignities as their rage could suggest. Late at night a messenger arrived bringing despatches to Ferrer. A long and secret conversation ensued, at the termination of which orders were issued to prepare for immediate departure. The prisoner was again unbound, and once more placed on his mule; and he was assured with an air of sinister pleasure that the moment of his final liberation was at hand. They proceeded onwards towards the banks of the Segra. On arriving at the narrow wooden bridge called La Espia, which crosses the stream at a most precipitous and dangerous spot, they were met by a party of armed men, who were evidently placed there in ambush, and whom the count at once recognised as belonging to the fourth battalion. He lost all hope on perceiving their commanding officer to be Antonio Ponz, brother of the infamous Bep-ap-Oli, who was also accompanied by the General Bartolomeo Porredon. These men had in 1827, been leaders of the Carlist insurrection in Catalonia, and had been banished by the count to the condemned fortresses on the coast of Africa, and as may be supposed, they became his most unrelenting enemies. He recognised, too, his own aide de camp, the Brigadier Orten; and as he pronounced his name, and was about to call on him for protection, the ruffian coolly and deliberately presented his pistol, and discharged the contents into the bosom of his aged chief! This became the signal for general vengeance: as he fell to the ground, the other assassins, headed by the priest Ferrer, cast themselves upon him, and buried again and again their knives in every part of his body. The murderers had come supplied with all the means necessary to consummate the work of blood, and to bury, if possible, in the depth and silence of this mountain solitude, their horrible crime. The body lay bleeding on the ground; but life had not yet left the palpitating members. They stripped him naked, and forced the neck and hams to meet together, in such a manner as to break the spine; they bound the limbs with strong cords: they then fastened a huge stone on his chest, and lifted him from where he lay. The priest Ferrer, and the aide de camp Orten, bore the body between them to the centre of the bridge, and swaying it to and fro for a moment, flung it with all their force, down the precipice, and into the torrent which raged far below. The silence of that mountain pass was for a short space, wounded by the crash of the body forcing its way through the shrubs and briars which covered the edges of the crags; but all was again hushed to breathless silence.

The bleeding carcass bounded from rock to rock, staining their sharp points with gore, and at length, to all appearance, sunk sullenly into the boiling flood below! But the water, no more than the earth, will not hide a deed of blood; and inanimate nature, as well as the voice of man, will proclaim the work of murder. Either from the bursting of the cord, or the separation of the stone from its ligatures, the body did not long remain within its watery grave, but floated the same night along the stream, and was cast on a bank of sand and mud near Coll de Nargo, where it was found the next morning by some peasants. The Count de Espana and been known throughout Catalonia for the ferocity of his character, and his insatiable cruelty: the country had groaned for years beneath his iron rule; yet, surely nothing dies but something mourns,—two or

three rude peasants compassionating the grey hairs of the aged man whose name had once struck terror into the hearts of all, bestowed, in the dead of night, a rude and hurried sepulture on his smashed and gory remains!—Art. 'Notices of Spanish Generals.'

From the Metropolitan. SONG.

THERE'S a time for love and a time for war, For beauty's smile, and for honor's scar, There's a time for the mind's deep thinking, 'Neath the weight of knowledge sinking— Put battle and woman and thought afar, For now is the time for drinking.

Let warriors wade through blood and fame, And marder millions for a name; But we, while our cups are filling, Old Time are employed in killing— And wine is the only stream we claim The noble merit of spilling.

Let lovers praise the tulip streak; That glows upon the Peri's cheek, Our brows are as brightly flushing From the tide through our veins now gushing, And the only hue that on earth we seek Is that of the red wine blushing.

Let the scholar by his lamp's dim light, In search of knowledge pass each night, Our hearts, while our bowls are flowing, Their inmost thoughts are showing— Our cups are our books, and our wine so bright Is a key to all worth knowing!

NEW WORKS.

THE DEATH BED.

The nurse led the way to the sick room; and the spectacle which there presented itself to Herbert's eyes almost deprived him of sense or motion. Isabel lay upon a sofa near the window wrapped up in shawls. Nothing was visible but her face, upon which the light partly fell, and one hand which hung over the cushion. Herbert looked upon that face—it was as if he looked upon a corpse. It was nearly impossible to recognise the being from whom he had parted but some months before. Always delicate, Isabel had been usually pale—but it was the paleness of a blush rose. Now all trace of colour had vanished from her cheek and lips, and a large blue circle was round her closed eyes. Her face was so thin, it seemed actually transparent, and but for the quick breathing, which reached Herbert's ear, he might have imagined that life was already gone. Dreadful as was this impression, it was perhaps still more heart rending to behold the form of her poor father, who sat in a low arm chair near the foot of the sofa. He did not speak; but as he looked upon the wan countenance of his child, the tears fell fast down his cheeks. He seemed to Herbert to have grown suddenly old—his hair was quite white, and his cheeks were more furrowed than his age warranted. Many years seemed to have passed over his head since Herbert had last seen him; he must have suffered much. Herbert stood as if transfixed a few paces from the sofa. Isabel's eyes were still closed, and the nurse made a sign to him not to speak. Mr Merton, at length perceiving him, held out his hand in silence. Herbert bent down, and pressed the withered fingers to his lips. In a few moments Isabel moved; she tried to raise herself, and faintly pronounced Herbert's name. 'He is here my darling,' said her father, 'he is come back to you.' 'Herbert, dearest Herbert!' exclaimed Isabel, as he sprang forward. 'Oh, why have you stayed away so long?' and with a violent effort she half raised herself from the couch, and clasping her arms round Herbert's neck as he knelt beside her, pressed her lips to his with a strength that appeared surprising. 'My own dearest Isabel!' said Herbert, as, after a few minutes, she relaxed her hold. But she heard him not—her head sank upon his breast, and the arms which had encircled him so tenderly a moment before, fell powerless by his side. The increasing weight of her attenuated form was alarmingly apparent to Herbert, and he hastily summoned the nurse, who had retired a few steps. 'She has fainted again!' she exclaimed. Herbert looked on her face, and laying her gently down on the sofa, hurriedly put back the hand of the nurse, who was about to apply some restorative; one look had told him that it was in vain. All was over—Isabel Merton was dead!

By Senior on Political Economy.

POPULATION AND SUBSISTENCE. It is obvious that if the present state of the world, compared with its state at our earliest records, be one of relative poverty, the tendency of population to increase more rapidly than subsistence must be admitted. If the means of subsistence continue to bear precisely the same proportion to the number of its inhabitants, it is clear that the increase of subsistence and of numbers has been equal. If its means of subsistence have increased more than the number of its inhabitants, it is clear not only that the proposition in question is false, but that the contrary proposition is true, and that the means of subsistence have a natural tendency (using these words as expressing what is likely to take place) to increase faster than population. Now, what is the picture presented by the earliest records of those nations which are now civilised, or which is the same, what is now the state of savage nations?

A state of habitual poverty and occasional famine—a scanty population, but still scantier means of subsistence. Admitting, and it must be admitted, that in almost all countries the condition of the great body of the people is poor and miserable, yet as poverty and misery were their original inheritance, what inference can we draw from the continuance of that misery as to the tendency of their numbers to increase more rapidly than their wealth? But if a single country can be found in which there is now less poverty than is universal in a savage state, it must be true that, under the circumstances in which that country has been placed, the means of subsistence have a greater tendency to increase than the population. Now, this is the case in every civilized country. Even Ireland, the country most likely to afford an instance of what has been called the tendency of things, poor and populous as she is, suffers less from want with her eight millions of people, than when her only inhabitants were a few sept of hunters and fishers. In our own early history, famines, and pestilences, the consequences of famine, constantly recur. At present, though our numbers are trebled or quadrupled, they are unheard of.

From Recollections of Childhood.

VIOLETS.

Spring-flowers, how I love them; flowers that come only in the spring. If the season is mild, you may find, in November even, a stray wall flower or polyanthus in the garden; or a weekly primrose in the hedge; but the snow drop and crocus in the nest border, and the violet on the sunny bank; if you find these it must be spring. And talking of violets, here we are in the beautiful lane where we find so many, white violets mostly, and such large ones, and so sweet. I always think of that and when I see a bunch of violets; the green moss and the snail shells, brown and yellow that we picked up there, and the sprays of blackthorn, leafless, but studded with their delicate blossoms; all is present in my mind. Long years after this, in the crowded market of the neighbouring city, I would seek out the neat farmer's wives, who came from our village and its neighbourhood; and, as I bought their sweet violets, could almost fancy I knew the very lanes where they had been gathered. How pleasantly, in the very heart of the city, and on its busiest day, does the farmers wives in their accustomed places, remind you of country scenes? There she stands; with her various goods nicely arranged; the fowls so white and plump, the snowy pail, with its store of butter, each delicate half pound wrapped round with the cool dock leaf; the eggs, the cream cheese, the large red apples, and the violets. Who will buy them? A penny a bunch! Surely they are worth it for the memories they bring, besides, as the mother pleasantly observes, 'It is the children's money.' In the gray twilight, along the quiet hedge rows, they went plucking one after another, till the early evening closed in, and they hastened home with the treasure. Who will buy them? Some mother perhaps will take a bunch of them to her sick child, and in the quiet chamber help those weak hands to arrange them in the glass. Some young sempstress will come—she and her companions were wondering yesterday, as they bent over their weary work; whether the violets were come; and she is planning a kind surprise by taking them a bunch. Here comes a smart footman; his mistress fancies some violets, and she will place them on her elegant chiffonier, in the opal vase, beside the Indian box, and amidst the gay confusion of cut glass and embroidery.

From the Edinburgh Cabinet Library.

MODE OF BURIAL IN GREENLAND.

In Greenland, the dead are buried in a sitting posture, dressed in their best clothes. As the earth is shallow or frozen, they build tombs of stone, and cover the body with plates of mica slate or clay slate, to preserve it from carnivorous animals. The kayak and hunting instruments of the deceased are placed at the side of the grave, and they put a dog's head into that of a child, in order that its spirit may guide the infant into the land of souls. On their return to the house, they continue their lamentation in a sort of monotonous howl, at the conclusion of which some refreshment is taken, and each departs to his own dwelling.

CATCHING SEALS IN FAROE.

The seals form a source of gain to the Faroeese, and of them there are two kinds sought after. The first is the common seal (phoca vitulina), which is usually shot sleeping on the rocks; the other the phoca hispida, is caught in the caves to which it retires to bring forth its young. The men enter these retreats in boats, and destroy with clubs first the old ones and then the calves. In some cases it is necessary to use torches, which blind the animals, and give the fishers an advantage over them, though they often, and especially the males, defend themselves with great fierceness, and many of them escape. The females are more easily secured, either remaining by their young or returning to them though they may have fled at the first. The mothers often push the little ones into the sea, but even there from their ignorance of swimming, their pursuers often despatch them. In each den there is an old seal, called by the natives the latu-verjar, or defender of the cave, which they are afraid to attack unless sure of assistance. Eight or ten seals are generally killed at a time in these recesses, but sometimes twenty or thirty, though they are now fewer and shyer than formerly. The skins are used for shoes,