

but just as she was stepping into the boat, he drew close to her side, and whispered—'he in the little cove yonder at midnight and I will help you to the possession of the body you are so desirous to obtain.' Sarah with a stifled cry of joy seized his hand.

'And will you indeed help me? God bless you!'

'Restrain yourself, we shall be observed; sail out of sight of the camp, and at midnight come as I have directed to the cove—the grave is near by—you can see the tree,' he hesitated, but too late, Sarah's eye had fallen on that fatal old oak, standing bleak and alone, spreading its huge branches against the sky, like the congregated arms of giant executioners. A remnant of rope dangled from one of its guarded limbs. Sarah gave one piercing look, and her heart seemed for one moment in the clutch of a vulture; and then with a shuddering gasp of horror she sprang into the boat and shut out the fearful sight with her locked hands.

The same moon that had witnessed the parting of Hale and his betrothed, now shone upon her as she sat by the side of his old father in the boat that lay upon her oars in the cove, rocking to the swell of the rising tide, and drifting by degrees towards the shore.

The watchers were anxiously looking for the appearance of the generous Englishman, within hearing of the sentinel stationed near the grave. His heavy, measured tread, at length ceased; and the sound of some voices came from where he was standing. There was a silence for a few minutes, a cracking of the brushwood that skirted the cove, and then the young officer stood on the beach within a few yards of them.

'Quick, pull on shore,' he called out in a suppressed voice; 'I have got rid of the sentinel for half an hour—quick or we shall not have been done.'

Two or three strokes of the oars brought the boat to his feet. The old man arose, the very picture of stern grief—the moonlight displaying the still lineaments of his pale face, as he grasped with both of his, the large white hands extended to assist him on shore. The boatmen followed and Sarah was left alone.

It was a fearful half hour to that poor girl, the waves moaning like unquiet spirits about her, and the dreadful sound of shoveling of earth and muffled voices coming from the distance. She dared not look after the three as they went toward the grave, for her heart sickened at the thought of again looking at the gallows tree with its horrid appendage.

A suspension of sounds caused Sarah to raise her face from the folds of her shawl where she had buried it,—no living being was in sight. But the shadow of the bloody oak had crept along the water like a vast pall endowed with vitality, till its extreme lay upon the edge of the boat,—and was insidiously moving towards her. With a cry of terror, and shuddering all over as if the unearthly dew of another world was upon her, the poor girl snatched an oar and shoved into the moonlight,—again she looked up, and the three who had disinterred the dead appeared, bearing over the bright grass, wrapped in a cloak of the Englishman, the feet supported by the generous officer, and the gray hairs of the father streaming over the bosom of his lifeless son. Noiseless they came to the shore. There the old man left his burden in the arms of the officer, while he took his seat in the boat and then his quivering arms were extended, and the body of Nathaniel shrouded in his military winding sheet, was laid across the lap of his father, while his head rested on the chilly bosom of his betrothed wife.

They went out upon the waters—the living and the dead, when old Hale raised his gray head and spoke to the young lady. 'Sarah, in our mourning for the dead, we must not forget the duty we owe to our country. Let us search for the papers we are to carry to Washington.' Then with his old quivering hands he unfolded the cloak, and found the papers containing the information purchased at so great a sacrifice secured in the vest. In taking them out of the bosom, the corpse was laid bare. The moonlight poured full upon his broad white front, and there, just over the pulseless heart, Sarah with a cry of agony saw that long, bright ringlet of her own hair.

AMBER.

AMBER is a beautiful yellow, and generally, transparent substance, found principally in the form of small lumps, roundish and like bird's eggs, on the

shores of the Baltic. Pliny speaks of the substance 1800 years ago, and poetically supposes they may be the chrysalized tears of men and animals, who are wandering in sorrowing grief. Amber is one of the most ancient of all the substances noticed by early writers. It frequently contains small insects, completely surrounded and thus preserved to the most distant age. Thus have lost species of insects been preserved by specimens being included in Amber.

SONG.

Oh! never dwell on sorrow,
While so many joys abound;
There's time enough for sadness
When no pleasure can be found.

Though a cloud sometimes will hover,
And obscure the sun's bright ray,
Still we hope a fairer morn,
When the cloud has pass'd away.

There's not a plant that springeth
But shows our Maker's care,
And some sweet blessing brieth;
Thou why should'st thou despair?

Be sure the same kind power
That feeds the humming bee,
From the blossom and the flower,
Will have a thought for thee,

Then, never dwell on sorrow,
While so many joys abound;
There's time enough for sadness
When no pleasure can be found,

A CURLING PARODY ON WOLFE'S ODE ON THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a grumble was heard, not a murmuring note,

As the clab to the curling hurried;
Not a member but buttoned his good storm coat,
And sheltered the bosom he carried.

They shouldered them proudly at dawn of day,
And never once thought of returning,
Till glooming came on with her dusky gray,
And the evening star was burning.

No water had flocked the ice bound lake,
Nor a sheet of snow had wound it;
But they swept from the lee each wandering flake,
To bring gaggard stones around it,

The play was good, and their hearts were light,
And they spoke not a word of sorrow,—
Though they sometimes thought of the toddy at night,
And the headaches that come to-morrow,

They loudly hurraed when a good shot was played,
And they cheered the glorious fellow,
They would stiffen his tumbler on going to bed,
To help him to snooze on his pillow,

The winners talk light of the game that is gone,
And the play that the losers played them,
But little they'll reck, if they let them drink on,
From the bowl that the losers have made them,

But more than the half of the toddy was done,
When the cock told the hour for retiring,—
And twas plain, from the laughter and frolic and fun,
That the brains of the members were firing.

Slowing and sadly the chairman fell down,
As calm as a hero in story,—
So we sang 'Auld Langsyne,' as we put him to bed,
Where we left him alone in his glory.

From Gleig's Veterans of Chelsea Hospital. A MILITARY EXECUTION.

I do not believe that there were fewer than four or five thousand men in the plain that day, including of course the division of unarmed marines, the general and squadron of horse artillery. We were formed along three sides of a square, the fourth side, which looked towards the sea, being open, that is to say, it represented to our gaze only three graves, with three coffins, which lay side by side, upon the mound of earth that had been cast up from the centre one. Our division with some regiments of the line that were brought I know not whence, occupied parallel fronts of the square. The marines were placed so as to immediately face the graves, of which we were in some sort on the flank. In front of the unarmed mass again were two or three parties of armed men, all marines, in this order,—forty stood with ordered arms about fifteen yards apart from the coffins, and on their right flank, though a space of two removed from them, was a single sergeant

carrying a fusee. He wore neither pouch nor side arms nor belt, but seemed to be equipped in every respect like one from whom some sudden display of activity was to be expected. About fifteen yards to the rear of these forty stood sixty more, all, like the foremost detachment, armed, and all marines. Next came two field pieces, which the artillerymen loaded in our sight with grape, and besides which they kept post with lighted fusees in their hands. While last of all, was a troop of horse, mounted, with swords drawn, and ready, as it seemed, on a given signal, to bear down the first movement towards mutiny. Moreover, I observed that as a single sergeant flanked the more advanced of the armed parties, so he in his turn was supported by other sergeants, two standing on a level with the flank of the second line, and six more succeeding them. The whole of these, be it observed, were equipped like the first, each having merely his fusee: while all were disencumbered of everything which might affect the rapidity of their movements. The purpose for which they have placed puzzled us, of course, a good deal when we first beheld them; but the event proved that the deposition was a wise one. We had been on the ground, perhaps, half an hour, when the shrill notes of the fife, and the low roll of the muffled drums, caused us to turn our eyes the direction of the citadel. There, winding slowly down the road, we beheld an armed party on the march; in the midst of which moved three marines, with their wrists manacled together. The culprits, for such they were, appeared to be men in the very prime and vigour of their days, tall, stout fellows, with no palpable mark of the traitor about them; and their countenances, though pale, exhibited, as they approached our ranks, few traces of despondency, or even unmanly terror. Their dress was, of course, the ordinary fatigue dress of their corps, on their heads, were foraging caps; but they appeared to have taken great pains with themselves, for it was impossible to be more clean, or to carry about them an air more decidedly professional. They were conducted to the coffins, where a corporal struck off their irons; and the guard falling back left them to converse with a priest, who had accompanied them from their cells. It was a long and, apparently an interesting one; while the mode in which it was carried on affected us greatly. Two out of the three soon knelt down upon their coffins, as if their confessions were made, and their souls shrived. The third continued for some time in an erect position, the priest's hand being all the while clasped in his. Poor fellow! there was a surmise prevalent in the camp to the last, that he protested his innocence of the crime with which he had been charged, and that his conference with the priest had for its object the vindication of his character after his fate had been sealed. I cannot tell how much of the truth was in this rumour; nor is it for me to cast a shadow of reproach on the finding and sentence of the court which tried him; but I perfectly recollect that the interval of his conversation with the clergyman was to all of us exceeding distressing; and that, though it could not have lasted more than five minutes at the utmost, we began by degrees to fear that it would terminate. At last, however, the general's impatience broke forth into words. I believe that he was quite as much affected as any of us. Who, indeed, can be otherwise than affected while watching the conduct of a fellow creature who, in perfect health, is preparing for immediate death? But he felt, I presume, that it was his duty to shorten this trying scene as possible. Accordingly he called aloud to the priest to withdraw, and threatened, in case he did not attend to this warning, that the party should fire upon him also. The priest had fulfilled his part as became him; and, having once more pressed the culprit's hand and committed him to God's keeping, he retired behind our lines. Then knelt the unhappy man down in his place with a cheek that blanched not, and an eye that never lost its brightness,—and, the signal being given, the forty marines who composed the executive party came to the 'present' and fired. There was something more than commonly startling in the result. The companions of the object of our intense interest dropped on the instant: they never moved a limb, but died upon the spot. He who seemed so reluctant to part with life escaped without a wound,—yet he rose not from his kneeling position, nor was a moment granted him for rising. The sergeant who stood alone on the flank of the party saw that their volley had failed,—and, in obedience to the instructions which placed him where he was, he hastened to atone for the failure. He sprang towards the condemned man, clapped the muzzle of the fusee to his head, and in an instant he was a corpse. The wretched man who thus brought their days to an untimely end had been implicated in a plot for the destruction not only of the barracks of their division, but every man, woman and child that dwelt within the walls.

THE PENNIES.

In Liverpool there are many Welsh people, and at one of the Missionary Meetings, a Welsh preacher was invited to address them. What he said produced such a powerful effect, that the English people who saw it anxiously inquired what he had said. 'I talked to them about the pennies!' 'The pennies! and what did you say about the pennies?' 'Why,' he said, 'I told them, some of you say, we cannot give more than a penny, and what good will a penny do? As I came over the hills on my way to Liverpool: I saw a little rill, and I said Rill, where are you going? I am going down to the larger stream? Stream where are you gliding? I am gliding to the larger river Mersey? Mersey, where are you going? I am going down to Liverpool!—And what will you do at Liverpool? I shall take the ships out of the dock at Liverpool, and carry them away to a distant country, and then by-and-by, I shall bring them back again laden with produce of other lands.' And so I say, Pennies, where are you going? 'We are going to the missionary collection; and Shillings; where are you going? We are going to the Missionary association; and Sovereigns, where are you going? We are going to the missionary society, and when we get these, we shall go to London; and when you get to London what will you do? We shall take missionaries and Bibles and carry them away to the utmost ends of the earth.'

From Smith's Work on Horses.

THE COURAGE MEMORY AND AFFECTION OF THE HORSE.

It is asserted that horses with a broad after-head and the ears far asunder are naturally bolder than those whose head is narrow above the forehead; some are certainly more daring by nature than others, and judicious training in most cases, makes them sufficiently staunch. Some—habituated to war—will drop their head, pick at grass in the midst of fire—smoke—and the roar of cannon; others never entirely cast off their natural timidity. We have witnessed them groaning, or endeavouring to lie down when they found escape impossible, at the fearful sound of shot, sharpshells, and rockets; and it is most painful to witness their load of horror, and groans upon being wounded. Yet many of the terrified animals, when let loose at a charge dash forward in a kind of desperation that makes it difficult to hold them in hand; and we recollect at a charge, in 1794, when the light dragoon horse troop was larger than at present, and the French were wretchedly mounted, a party of the British bursting through a hostile squadron as they would have passed through a fence of rushes. Horses have a very good memory. In the darkest nights they will find their way homeward if they have but once passed over the main road. They remember kind treatment, as was manifest in a charger that had been our own for two years: this animal had been left with the army, and was brought back and sold in London—about three years after we chanced to travel up to town, and at a relay getting out of the mail, the off wheel horse attracted our attention, and upon going near to examine it with more care, we found the animal recognizing its former master, and testifying satisfaction by rubbing its head against our clothes and making, every moment, a little stamp with the fore feet, till the coach man asked if the horse was an acquaintance.

We remember a beautiful and most powerful charger belonging to a friend, then a captain in the 14th dragoons, bought by him in Ireland, at a comparative low price, on account of an impetuous viciousness, which had cost the life of one or two grooms: the captain was a kind of Centaur rider, not to be flung by the most violent efforts, and of a temper for gentleness that would effect a cure, if vice were curable: after some very dangerous combats with his horse, the animal was subdued and it became so attached that his master could walk anywhere with his horse following him like a dog and even ladies mount him with perfect safety. He rode him during several campaigns in Spain and on one occasion, where in action horse and rider came headlong to the ground the animal, making an effort to spring up, placed his forefoot on the captain's breast but immediately withdrawing it rose without hurting him, or moving until he was remounted. When we saw him he was already old, but his gentleness remained perfectly unaltered,—yet his powers were such that we witnessed his leaping across a hollow road from bank to bank, a cartway being beneath, and leaping back without apparent effort.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHN BULLISM.

It is extraordinary, nor do we know how to account for it that Englishmen, with all their education and opportunities, should have acquired an European reputation for dogged incivility towards men who are strangers to them, never by any chance, condescending to exhibit that sort of cheap politeness which, manifested in a look a word a smile, or even a gesture, makes men self satisfied, and contributes materially to enhance the sum of human comfort and good comfort has so much in common. Our statute law supposes a man innocent until he is proved to be guilty,—our social law, on the contrary