

which offered a chance of concealing his dishonorable conduct, and its ruinous results, it may easily be imagined with what dread he watched the looks of the Vicomte de Villeneuve, trembling lest any attachment should be formed between him and Matilde, and with what anger he discovered his son's engagement to Mademoiselle de Villeneuve, which offered a bar to the completion of his plan. The marriages of his children in the family of De Villeneuve could not take place without the state of his fortune being made known; and once known, would they, could they be permitted by any prudent parents? Who would consent to receive the portionless son and daughter of a ruined, dishonest gambler? No, his gentle and high minded Louise, and his honorable and impetuous Gustave, would be spurned by the parents of De Villeneuve, and *he—he* would be the cause of all this. There was agony, there was bitterness in the thought, and the reproaches which his too lately awakened conscience whispered, almost avenged the crime that excited them. The unhappy man still loved his children, fondly, truly loved them; and perhaps the cruel injustice he had committed in reducing them to poverty, added poignancy to his affection: for remorse and pity were added to his paternal feelings.

This affection for his offspring, which, had he been untainted with the vice that had caused his ruin, would have been a source of the purest happiness to him, was now the instrument of his heaviest punishment; for the pang of disappointed hope which he had inflicted on them, in opposing their love, recoiled on his own heart, making him feel that he had brought misery on those whose felicity he might have insured.

He was writhing under repentance for the past, and terror for the future, when the Chevalier Roussel was announced, and his presence added poignancy to the bitter feelings to which the Comte de Breteul was a prey.

Roussel was a *chevalier d'industrie*, who, though far from being *sans reproche*, was *sans peur*, and who had attained a proficiency in the science he professed, never acquired but at the price of infamy. Luckily for society that it is so, the exposure which ultimately awaits such characters, limits the power of plundering that their knowledge of the art might otherwise afford them. Gamblers, like alchemists, pass their lives in endeavoring to acquire gold, but never arrive at the end to which all else is sacrificed: and dazzled by alluring and magnificent dreams of ever ending riches, both close their days in equal disappointment and poverty.

Le Chevalier Roussel was a man so hardened in crime, that he had become almost reckless of its consequences. Never did temptation to commit any enormity, however heinous, present itself to him, but in mortal turpitude and desperate fortunes prompted him to yield a ready assent; invariable consoling himself with the sophistical reasoning which had already led him into so much guilt, that a crime more or less in the long catalogue of his, was of no importance. He had passed the Rubicon of sin, and felt there was no returning; and this desperate consciousness of his irremediable ignominy prompted him to take a fiend like pleasure in luring others to pursue a similar course. He now came as an important creditor to the Comte de Breteul, determined to enforce *payment contre qui coute*. The haughtiness and ill-disguised contempt for Roussel and his associates, which that unhappy man could not always conceal, had endangered a feeling of hatred in the breast of the chevalier, which induced him to vow that he would humble the proud spirit of his arrogant debtor, by plunging him into crimes that would reduce him to a level with himself. Hitherto De Breteul was unstained by any other delinquency than his appropriation of the fortune of his ward, and the vice which led to it. He was ignorant of the arts by which he had been plundered, and had only advanced the first step in the career of a gambler, that of being the dupe, but had not yet arrived at that of being the defrauder, which, according to some writers, is the second and inevitable stage. In yielding to the crime of robbing his ward, he had disguised the enormity of the action to his paralyzed feelings of rectitude, by the sophistry of a vitiated parental tenderness, which whispered that the course he had adopted was the *only means* of rescuing his children from poverty and shame. The conversion of all the affections intended as sources of happiness, into the acutest torments the guilty can experience, is but one of the fatal and certain consequences of crime. The love which the unfortunate man bore his offspring, now became the avenger of his vices; he shrank reproved before their untarnished integrity of mind, and received the proofs of attachment and respect they showered on him, with shuddering consciousness, that if they

knew his guilt they would turn from him with shame and loathing.

Roussel found him almost maddened by the various and conflicting emotions which assailed him, and his presence and its cause served but to increase his excitement.

'Why, why have you come to my house?' demanded the comte. 'Have I not forbidden you to appear here? You might have written to me, or trusted to our meeting at the usual place; but *here*, where my children and my ward reside, this is no fit place for you—that is, for us to meet;' added the alarmed man, correcting the first observation, as the recollection of the power which his creditor possessed, flashed on his mind.

'I must say that your reception is not very gracious,' replied Roussel; 'but I forgive it because I see you are agitated—I am come for the money you owe me; I have forbore to press you for some days; but my wants are so urgent, that I can wait no longer.'

It was in vain that the Comte de Breteul pleaded for time, even for a few days, to enable him to comply with this arrogant and hostile demand; Roussel was inflexible.

'I know all the intricacies of your situation,' said the wily gambler, 'you are ruined, irrecoverably ruined; you have not only spent your own fortune and that of your children but you have robbed your ward's, start not, seeing that De Breteul was angered, for he who hesitated not to commit the action has no right to take offence at the name. In a short time, the course you have pursued must be notorious, and what then will be your position? Branded by a crime that adds disgrace to the poverty you have drawn on your children, how could you again meet them? But one way remains to save them from penury, and you from infamy.'

'Name it, name it!' cried the agonized father (forgetting in his anxiety too his children, the indignation which the insolent familiarity of Roussel's observations had excited) 'and if my heart's blood be the price willingly, oh! most willingly shall it be paid.'

'You speak idly,' said the unfeeling Roussel; 'of what advantage could your death be to your children? You can leave them no inheritance, but—shame! for, were you by suicide to evade the exposure that awaits you, your children must still bear the disgrace of your crime, which cannot be concealed. No, your death of—another, would save you and them.'

'What! would you make me an assassin, base and wicked as you are?' asked De Breteul, while his cheek became blanched, and his lips trembled with emotion.

You suffer your imagination to get the better of your reason, and of your good manners too,' said Roussel, with a malignant scowl; 'I am neither so base nor so wicked as yourself: for I have plundered no orphan confided to me by a doing parent. Yes, yes, you may look as fierce as you please, yet you dare not deny the degrading accusation. You have violated the most sacred trust that man can repose in man: you have committed an act of dishonor that admits neither of extenuation nor atonement; and as a traitor to the dead, and a despoiler to the living; I denounce you! But come, it is useless for us to quarrel, our disunion will do more mischief than good perhaps to both of us; so let us remain friends,' he added with an ironical smile, 'for yours is not a position in which you can make an enemy with impunity.'

[To be concluded.]

THE GREEN, GREEN WOOD.

BY A JOURNEYMAN PRINTER.

Through the green, green wood I love to roam,

When Summer smiles on the blooming earth;
The green, green wood is oft my home,
Far from the revelry of mirth.
I love to see the green beech tree
Waving to every passing breeze,
And lay my head on the mossy bed
Beneath the lofty branching trees.

The green, green wood is tall and fair—
Fairer than vale in flowers arrayed—
Rustled by every breath of air,
Cooling the bland and welcome shade.
And here the mind may always find
Relief from the sting of misery—
Fondly embrace a resting place,
And, freed from the world, itself be free.

The green, green wood is dark to view,
For the foliage drinks the radiance bright;
But the gleam the canopy pierces through,
And the forest is lit with pearly light.
And here is the dell where the Muses dwell:
Here tuneful Pan delights to play;
And while I rove through the leaf-clad grove,
The lyre of the winds responds his lay.

The green, green wood is Nature's pride;
In the forest she reigns supremely queen;
Her empire stretches far and wide,
Where the touch of refinement is not seen
And the scenery—so wild and free—
Can never be equalled by earthly power:
No array of Art can e'er impart
The beauty of her umbrageous bower.

In the green, green wood the vines ascend

Round the trunk of many a spacious tree,
And clusters of luscious grapes depend
In purple and azure drapery.
'Tis Nature's feast, by Nature drest,
Which she yields to me as I recline
Beneath the shade by their foliage made,
And commune with her in rosy wine.

Through the green, green wood there flows
along
A crystal stream of purity,
By whose flowery banks the son of song
May breathe in secluded liberty—
Where Nature gives to all that lives
Freedom to taste her pleasures there;
Nor me alone, but all who own
That Art can never with her compare.

In the green, green wood there flowers a tree,
Filling the air with rich perfume—
The tall magnolia, branching free,
And the noblest of all trees in bloom;
And the sweet primrose in beauty glows,
And the bluebell wanders far and wide,
While violets play in the shade of day,
On the moss-crowned banks where the
riv'lets glide.

Through the green, green wood the vestal
Queen
With her band of nymphs delights to rove,
With quiver and bow, and stately mien,
Pursues the stag through the winding grove.
All graceful she in modesty,
The huntress far from the world retires,
To the bowers where Truth unveils to youth,
And the bosom feels nought but chaste
desires.

Let the rich rear the stately dome,
In all the pomp and pride of wealth:
Where is the blessing of such a home?
If there be wanting peace or health?
Or an open heart, free to impart
Some genial blessing to those who need—
Some gentle balm, that soul to calm,
Where peace once reigned, now lost indeed.

Through the green, green wood may I then
stray,
Where trees, and vines, and flowers are
seen—

Where the rivulets glide and the zephyrs play,
And Nature herself is solely Queen.
There may I find that peace of mind
Which the venal world cannot destroy;
There woo the Nine in truth divine,
While fancy furnishes rich employ.

Perchance, when my day of life is past,
Some friend of the muses here may tread—
Round the green, green wood in his glances
cast,

To spy the lowly poet's bed.
Remove me not from the once loved spot,
But grave on the green beech tree my name;
Nor judge me hard—a humble bard,
Who sought not wealth, but sighed for fame.

From Dow's Index.

A NOVEL SEA FIGHT.

A gentleman of Arkansas lately placed in our hands the substance of the following graphic sketch from the pen of a young sea voyager of his acquaintance, which we gladly lay before our readers. We trust the worthy voyager will give the whole of his journal to the public:

October, 1841.—On the fifth day out from Halifax, at 12 o'clock, our attention was called by the captain to what appeared to be a whirlwind, apparently about one mile to leeward, but which the captain assured us was over three miles distant. As the ship neared the spot, we discovered the agitation of the water was produced, not by winds or currents, but by a contest between a thrasher and a sword fish on one side, and a tremendous whale on the other. Of all the battles ever witnessed by me—and I have seen some fighting in my day, having been engaged during the late war with England, at Bladensburg, and at the White Horse, below Alexandria—this was the most terrific. The surface of the ocean, for a mile at least around, was crimson. In the centre of this lake of blood lay the whale. The thrasher now threw his body out of a straight line curving the head and tail inwards, thereby bringing his powerful muscles in the best position for effective use; he then leaped into the air from forty to fifty feet, and dropped upon the whale's back with tremendous force, giving his saline majesty such a shock as to confuse and perplex him. While the whale was in this quandary, the sword fish made at him with much violence, and gave him a dreadful stab in the side. The whale, now in great agony, leaped, with a mighty effort, from fifty to sixty feet into the air, and descended with a crash resembling the loudest thunder, shaking old Ocean to her centre. The thrasher then gave the mighty victim another thump, taking care to select the most vulnerable place for the point of descent, and then the sword fish sheathed his weapon in the victim's side again. Another bound—streaming with blood—and the whale lay motionless upon the water. At length the sword fish touched a vital part, and for several minutes the whale continued to leap from the Ocean into the air, snorting and spouting water to an immense height, while streams of blood poured from his black body like lava from a volcano, wrapped in night. At length, overpowered by wounds, and exhausted by loss of blood, he gave a low roar, the

most awful the human mind can conceive of, and floated lifeless upon the sea.

After the show of resistance on the part of the whale had ceased, to my astonishment the two victorious combatants took themselves off to a respectful distance, and they seemed to be as intensely anxious about their prize as any human being would be about a valuable treasure not perfectly secure, watching the slightest movement or indication of remaining life on the part of the victim. At last, the sword fish, whose additional duty it seemed to be to see that the monster was fairly done for, made a circuit of the body, and, stopping at the tail, penetrated it first at its junction with the flukes—a part considered vital by naturalists and phrenologists, on account of its being the termination of the animal—thereby placing the power of further resistance out of the question.

The whale being now dead, curiosity prompted me to see what disposition the victors would make of him, so I remained watching their movements. At length I discovered the sword fish pass from his position at the tail, and move in the direction of the head. When about ten feet from the place where the head joins the body, (as near as I could judge) he thrust his sword into the side of the whale, and ripped him longitudinally a length of from fifteen to twenty feet,—then withdrawing the sword, he inserted it about one yard higher up, and retraced his course longitudinally to the water line, or the level of the first gash. He then cut cross wise at each end, through into the body, and discharged the piece by pushing it inwards: The thrasher, (who all this time seemed an uninterested spectator of what was going on, and of whom I began to form rather a bad opinion) discovering what had been done, rushed up, and began to help himself to the spongy flesh. The sword fish selected his favorite morsel the heart, and cutting it in halves with his sword, devoured it in a twinkling. Having both satisfied their hunger, as I supposed, the sword fish plunged his snout back of the forehead of the monster, while the thrasher took up his position at the dividing line of the flukes, and seized the point between his ponderous jaws. So they took up their line of march with him, and we left them and went on our lonely way, while a thunder storm to the westward fired minute guns over the dead monarch of the sea.

The thrasher and sword fish never attack the whale unless in company, but when they sail together, we go unto the Sea King that lifts his mountain form above the waves in their track.

We have only to add that this is no 'fish story, in the common acceptance of the term.'

STATISTICS OF MUSCULAR POWER.

Man has the power of imitating every motion but that of flight. To effect these he has, in maturity and health, sixty bones in his head, sixty in his thighs and legs, sixty two in his arms and hands, sixty seven in his trunk. He has also 434 muscles. His heart makes sixty four pulsations in a minute; and therefore 3840 in an hour, 92,160 in a day. There are also three complete circulations of his blood in the short space of an hour. In respect to the comparative speed of animated bodies, it may be remarked, that size and construction seem to have little influence; nor has comparative strength, although one body giving any quantity of motion to another is said to lose so much of its own. The sloth is by no means a small animal, although it can travel only fifty paces in a day. A worm crawls only five inches in fifty seconds; but a ladybird can fly twenty million times its own length in less than an hour. An elk can run a mile and a half in seven minutes; an antelope a mile in a minute; the wild mule of Tartary has a speed even greater than that; an eagle can fly eighteen leagues in an hour, and a Canary falcon can even reach 230 leagues in the short space of fifteen hours.

A GHOST OUTWITTED.

A short time ago a joke, to good not to be narrated, was played upon a jolly old worthy at one of our inns, in the town of—. This scion of the Bacchanalian school, be it understood, laid siege to the bottle and harlot for several days. Some of his red nosed companions being aware of the circumstance, and thinking that he was doing it rather too hard, agreed upon trying an experiment to frighten him into a more sober way. Night being fixed upon for the joke, away they went to the inn described, and there they found his worship in a back parlour, quite intoxicated and fast asleep. Whilst in this apparently happy state he was taken and placed full length inside a coffin, which had been procured for the job. Having slept in this receptacle for the dead for some three or four hours, he awoke, and upon raising himself up he gazed about him, first on one side of the coffin and then on the other, muttering to himself, as he viewed the melancholy piece of furniture—'Where am I? Where have I gotten to?' Whilst in the act of saying so, a tall, portly looking figure, shrouded in a white sheet, walked from a large cupboard, and on marching up to the box, faintly whispered 'You are dead.' 'Dead!' said the disciple of Bacchus; 'Aye, an' hoo lang hae I been dead?' 'A week,' answered the ghost. 'An' are ye dead too?'