

he saw now that it might be the coarse, jealous, quarlesome Tam Grinnell, one of his school mates. He could not be furious at the dying wretch. He tried to speak gently, and said—

"Tam Grinnell, how could a school boy's pleasure induce you to hate me with such dreadful hatred? Was I not always your friend? Did I not always take your part against this same scoundrel Kerr?"

"The bonnie Merran liked you well enough, and what did you care for *Crouche Tam*? I wanted to see how you would feel, and I hate Andrew Kerr. Oh, you are not John Paul, if you do not have a brave time when you meet him!"

"And did Merren believe Andrew when he lied about me? Could he believe I took no pains to see her? Does this seem like truth? And now she is Kerr's wife? Fellow? Why should I believe you? How am I to know that you speak the truth?"

"Perhaps I could have lied to you, John Paul, if the truth had suited me better than a lie. Kerr insisted on burning your letters as fast as we got them, but I contrived to keep some of them. If you will not believe me, look in my chest, in that little black box under the till, and see what you can find."

Paul opened the box and found in it several worn letters. Among them were two of his own written to Merran from London, and one of her's to him of nearly the same date. With a quivering face he read Merran's letter, then sinking on a seat he remained some time with his face buried in his hands. At length, he went again to the dying man, and said—

"Grinnell! Grinnell! For the love of heaven, tell me, does Merran know how basely she has been deceived?"

Grinnell had fallen into a half slumber. At the sound of Paul's voice, his eyes opened, and staring vacantly, he muttered— "Heaven! who speaks of Heaven? There is no heaven—no hell. 'Tis all a lie."

The question was repeated, and when he was sufficiently roused to understand it, something like an expression of malicious triumph flitted on his face, and he replied—

"Does she know it? Yes, she knows it all. When the cursed English guager was on my track, I fled to Kerr for shelter; he drove me away with curses, he who owed half the ship-ping in Whitehaven, and had been himself both a smuggler and a pirate! But I swore to be revenged on him. I had more of your letters, and, afterwards, I found means to give her some of them, and tell her the whole story. She turned white as the sea foam. Kerr had always treated her as the brutal devil that he is. She has since left him, and lives, I believe, with old Nannie Henderson, at Arbigland. Her father died soon after you went to America. I have told you the truth, John Paul, and I have done it because I was sure that when you knew all you would certainly kill Andrew Kerr."

Paul Jones left the man and went to his cabin, where he sat alone several hours, until an officer came to inform him that Tam Grinnell was dead and to request orders for his burial.

He had sailed with the design of making a descent somewhere on the coast of Great Britain. Urged by some of those undefinable impulses which sometimes impel us onward, we cannot tell why, he had directed his course toward Scotland. Now all his thoughts were directed to Whitehaven. It contained the home and property of Andrew Kerr. This was enough. That night at ten o'clock his vessel was off the harbour, but owing to the weather and some other circumstances, it was impossible to effect a landing. Postponing the attack, he sought shelter in one of the little bays or coves that indent the northern shore of the Solway and with which the occupation of his youth had made him familiar. He well knew where he was and chose his shelter with admirable judgment.

A little eastward was the village of Arbigland. For some time he paced the deck in thoughtful silence. It was a wild, dark, and gusty night. Great jagged clouds were overhead. Suddenly he paused, and casting a rapid glance first at the sky and then at the position of his ship, he called his lieutenant, spoke a few words in a low tone, and ordered his boat. A fine time to reconnoitre, thought the lieutenant as his commander entered the boat. The captain took the helm and steered with unerring precision through a narrow, rocky inlet, which formed the eastern entrance to the cove, and in less than an hour, his boat lay in that little cove which I have attempted to describe in the beginning of my story.

He sprang ashore, and ordering his men to lie on their oars, plunged into the wooded foot-path and hastened rapidly toward his mother's cottage. It was past midnight and the inhabitants of the village were silent in sleep. He reached the house and clearing the fence at a bound, stood a moment beneath his mother's bedroom window. He knocked on the window and called but, there was no answer. Again and again he called, but still there was no answer. Startled at the strange silence, he was at a loss how to proceed, but remembered a window in the back part of the cottage, through which he used to find entrance in his boyhood, he ran around the house to see if it remained unfastened as of yore. As he did so he noticed a light in the cottage of Davie Blair. Probably some one is ill, he thought, and it may be that mother is spending the night with them.

He quickly crossed the space between the cottages, and deeming it prudent to reconnoitre before he sought entrance, he approached the window. He was right. His mother was

sitting in Davie Blair's great arm chair, which occupied one corner of the ingle. Old Nannie was on a low stool in the other, weaving her body to and fro, and crooning in a low, monotonous tone. They were evidently watchers. Who could be the object of their care? Was Merran really there? and was she ill? He tapped gently at the window. The old nurse paid no heed, but his mother started and bent her head to listen.

"Mother, mother," he said, "Don't be frightened. Let me come in."

"And who may ye be that's spiering to come in? And what can ye want in this waefer house at sic an hour?"

"Mother, do you not know me? Come and speak to me."

This time she recognized his voice. She hastened to the door, and as she once more held in her arms the form of her favorite child, she "lifted up her voice and wept." Then followed all those long and ardent greetings, in which so much is expressed, and yet in which there are so many words that seem to express nothing. At length the old lady said, with the tears still in her eyes:—

"The Laird be thankit for gladdening my auld een with the sight o' ye ance more, my bairn. Even in the midst of afflictions he gives us blessings. A sair and waefer sight is here, my son. This day these auld hands have closed the een and smoothed the winding sheet of Merran Blair."

"Merran here, and dead! mother?" he exclaimed.

"I ken she was even ower dear to ye, my bairn," she continued, taking his hand and pressing it; "and among ye're many trials that was the sairest to bide. It was a sad day for ye baith when she went away with the gay laddy. But she was a gude lassie, and she blessed ye wih her dying breath."

"Mother, mother," he whispered, "I must see her."

"And so ye shall, my son."

She took the light and advanced to the parlor door. She was about to enter, when he laid his hand on her arm and said:—

"No no, mother I would be alone."

She gave him the light and closed the door behind him, and who may tell his feelings when he drew back the snowy sheet and gazed at the pale, still face of her whom he had cherished and worshiped as his heart's idol? He pressed his lips on the cold forehead and bathed it with warm tears. He pressed the cold lips, and murmured:—

"Oh, Merran, why was another suffered to profane the kisses of our betrothal? Why did you not die when you were mine, and mine only? Why—why did I leave you?"

Drawing a small dagger from his bosom, he severed one long ringlet from her brow and tore himself away.

Before sunrise next morning he was on board the Ranger. Two nights afterwards he made that daring attack on Whitehaven, of which all have heard. His subsequent career is well known. With desperate resolution and with a reckless disregard of danger, he went on to perform those brilliant deeds which make him a terror to all enemies of the cause in which he fought and spread his fame throughout the world.

DISCONTENT.

Why is it that so few are contented with their lot? Look the world, and you will find but here and there one who appears to be satisfied with the situation in which Providence has placed him. As we cast an eye about us, we see the lines of grief and the looks of discontent. Here is a sad face, and there is a fearful eye. One is complaining, and another hangs his head. There are sighs audibly, and another grieves. Why is it so?—we ask again. For our part, we see no reason why every body may not be contented and happy. There is truth as well as poetry in the following lines:—

"Discontent is the mildew that feeds on the mind,

That robs the warm cheek of its roses;
That Cankers the breast of the rude or refined,

Where'er it a moment reposes.

'Tis a wizard whose touch withers beauty away.

And forbids every pleasure to blossom;
Insidiously creeps to the heart of its prey
And invites cold despair to the bosom."

Believe us, reader—this is the true picture of that fiend you harbour in your bosom. Will you still retain him? Be wise and you will be contented.—Our lot is no better than yours. The same sky is above us—the same earth beneath. We alike have the refreshing shower and the glorious sunshine—and we continue to be contented: while you, it may be, are suffering your days to pass in sorrow and discontent. Come, reader, unite with us in prayer—

"O, grant us, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble nor too great;
More than enough for nature's ends,
The something left to treat our friends."

Amen and amen. If you were sincere in your petition, as we trust you were, you are in the right path to happiness and contentment. Go by yourself once or twice a day in your closet, if you prefer—and let this be the burden of your petition, and ere long the devout wish of your heart shall be gratified—

"O, may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see;
Content me with an humble shade,
My passion tamed, my wishes laid:

For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
'Tis then the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care."

ON THE DEATH OF SIR ROBERT SALE.

Far o'er the Orient billows' flow,

The battle cry is borne;

One laurel more England's brow

From Indian field is torn.

But high above the trumpet's breath

Our response rings of wail—

For 'tis no common note of death

That tells the fall of Sale.

Few, few of us his voice had heard,

But few his aspect known;

Yet was his name a household word—

We loved him as our own.

For he it was in hours of ill,

Mid route and ruins tale,

Upheld Old England's honour still,

Our own unconquered Sale.

It is a light and easy thing

To head the warrior throng,

When Victory waves a favourite wing,

And friends are staunch and strong;

But he who stems the adverse tide,

When all around him fail.

He shows the true heroic pride

And such a chief was Sale.

Long, long, shall wild Afghanistan

Tell of her leaguer vain.*

When, flushed with blood, her victor Khan

Stormed round our scanty train,

Nor comrades' fall nor crumbling wall,

Could make our chieftain quail—

The earthquake's shock† might move the

rock,

But not the soul of Sale.

Thou, too, right valiant English heart,‡

That 'mid the conquering foe,

Though woman, playedst the hero's part,

Still darker hours must know.

If prayers and tears could purchase life,

A nation's might prevail,

And give thee, glorious from the strife,

Once more to welcome Sale.§

Yes, it is ours and thine to weep—

Yet they are tears of pride;

He sleeps the Conqueror's chosen sleep.

The Soldier's death he died.

A fame is his no stain can dim,

No time can ever pale—

Who would not live and die like him,

The brave Sir Robert Sale!

* The siege of Jellalabad.

† During the siege of Jellalabad the fortifications which Sir Robert Sale and his little garrison had prepared with immense toil and peril, were thrown down by the shock of an earthquake. The defence was still made good, and the assault of Akbar Khan repulsed.

‡ See the narratives of General Pollock's campaign, for the meeting of Lady Sale, after her return from captivity, with Sir Robert Sale, after the gallant action by which the siege of Jellalabad was raised.

§ See the narratives of General Pollock's campaign, for the meeting of Lady Sale, after her return from captivity, with Sir Robert Sale, after the gallant action by which the siege of Jellalabad was raised.

From Gilbert a Beckett's Almanack.

AMBITION—A LITTLE TALE FOR JOINVILLE.

A mite, who lived in a piece of Neufchatel cheese, was surprised one day to find himself under a microscope. The exclamations of the children who were looking at him, turned his brain as he had no idea he was a millionth part so big. From that moment the Neufchatel which he prayed upon, was too small for a person of his greatness, and he must go aboard in search of larger and richer cheeses. He succeeded in entering an old Parmesan, which, being in a very decayed state, from the number of little pieces it had been cut up into he soon got through, as well as an adjoining Gruyere, and several Austrian, Spanish, and Dutch cheeses, every one of which he seized upon, and devided them amongst the greedy followers, he always took with him. But a fine rich Cheshire, which had never yet been entered by a single mite, had excited his appetite for a length of time, and at last he determined, especially as it was so near his own Neufchatel, to make his own. But a little drop of water happened to be in the way, and the consequence was, the poor little mite sank, in sight of the very Cheshire he had made so sure of walking into. The name of this ambitious mite, whose littleness has been so grossly magnified, was Napoleon, and we hope no one will accuse us of boasting when we say that England is "the cheese."

THOUGHTS OF THE MOMENT.—A man would do well to carry a pencil in his pocket and write down the thoughts of the moment.

Those that come unsought for are commonly the most valuable, and should be secured, because they seldom return.—Bacon.

The Politician.

The American Press.

[We copy below the opinion of several leading American Journals on the President's late Message to Congress, and other matters connected with the Oregon question.]

The receipt of the Message yesterday was marked by expressions of regret at the very serious turn the Oregon question has taken. The language of the Prime Minister of England, in his letter to the Queen dated on the 8th of December last, as disclosed in the advice by the last European mail, is so warlike, not to say threatening, that the U. S. Government is justified before the world, by all parties, in adopting course suggested by the President. No other alternative presents itself.

We cannot believe that the B. Government will endorse the language of its Minister, or encourage hostile intentions which that language implies. Still, whatever may be the interpretation of the latter, it cannot alter the necessity for immediate preparation on our part; we may hope, indeed, that war will be avoided, with honor to both parties; but this is no time to deplore the consequences of a conflict. We must prepare to meet it at once.

"It is difficult to believe that two great nations like America and England could plunge into war for a small piece of territory like that actually in dispute at this time. It seems impossible. The possibility of maintaining peace is alluded to by the President, but the duty of immediate preparation is not less clear on that account; and however much we may differ in our views of the management of the Oregon question, we cannot differ in our views of the course to be pursued by all parties, under the circumstances in which the country is placed. All must sustain the government. Unusually dissensions would disgrace our national character and invite aggression. The administration is responsible for the course pursued, and in the harmonious action of our constitutional system the time will soon arrive when the people can pass their verdict upon the merits or demerits of the policy which now controls the administration of our government.

Of the means yet left for avoiding war, it is hardly necessary to speak; they are all embraced in the commercial in the commercial interests of the two countries, in the power of the Senate to assist in negotiations, and in the national etiquette which would prompt one of the ablest sovereigns of our time to interpose his good offices for the preservation of peace in the same way that a late sovereign, justly styled "the Mediator," interposed his friendly mediation for the satisfactory adjustment of a dispute which, a few years ago, threatened to disturb our peaceful relations with the country governed by the able sovereign alluded to."

—N. Y. Sun.

It will be seen by the character of this message, that Mr. Polk is by no means sanguine in the belief that our difficulties with Great Britain will be amicably adjusted. Arbitration has been haughtily refused by our government—and the whole negotiation on this subject has been managed in such an unwise and unstatesmanlike manner by the President and his Secretary of State, that it seems by no means improbable that the whole question will yet be referred to the decision of those terrible arbitrators, the sword and the cannon! Mr. Polk seems determined to provoke Great Britain into a war.—So much for placing incompetent men—men noted for narrow minds and obstinate prejudices—in elevated offices, where their conduct may decide the fate of nations. The course of the Senate will now be watched with redoubled interest—for it is plain, that upon the wisdom and firmness of that body alone, can the people rely for an honorable and peaceful termination of our difficulties with Great Britain. We trust that the people will hear from DANIEL WEBSTER on this important occasion.—Boston Merc. Journal.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Express, speaking of the debate in the House, on the bill for raising two regiments of mounted riflemen, says:

"Three of the half dozen members who spoke, opposed the bill altogether, and as many defended it, though avowedly as a peace measure. Many of the members are most sensitive as to any increase of the Standing Army, and the American people are known to be more sensitive upon this point than per-