

ing to some witticism of Col. S.— But her hand was suddenly withdrawn and a flush of joy overspread her face, as she recognized, in the companion of Allan Cummins, the bronzed but manly features of her 'old school-mate.' But with a slight bow to her, and with one glance of utter contempt, at her companion he passed and disappeared. He lingered in the hall, watching Merran's movements, and now and then listening to whispered remarks, in which her name was unpleasantly coupled with that of Col. S.—, from whom she was receiving pointed attentions, until, half-distracted with the hot stir of many passions, he departed.

When he passed her with such a cold recognition, Merran was surprised, grieved and angry all at once. For a moment she could have given way to a passion of tears. But pride and self-will came to her aid, and she silently vowed that she would care nothing more about him, and that she would be as scornful and careless as need be. She seemed suddenly to have received a new and bracing flood of animal spirits. Never did she excite more admiration. There was a proud bright flashing of her eyes, a slight curl of her lip and a loftiness of movement, as she promenade the rooms leaning on the arm of the admiring Colonel, which were more attractive to the general eye than her usual quiet and retiring manner. When they reached home Mrs Bradshaw warmly congratulated her on her success; but she complained of headache and went to her bed with the heart-ache.

CHAPTER IV.

It was evening in Nithsdale. About half a mile from the village, and a little aside from the foot-path, which festooned with woodbine and sweet-briar wound deeper and deeper into the forest, sat John Paul and Merran Blair on the trunk of an uprooted tree, which served as a rude bridge across the brook. It was twilight where they sat although not far below them the speckled trout still leaped up in the disappearing sunbeams. They spoke not. Their hearts were too full for words. Yet there was language in the infinite tenderness with which he drew the light shawl around her shoulders and encircled her waist with his arm, as they rose to depart, and the answering expression which glowed in her tear-dimmed eyes, as she looked up into his face, more eloquent than any utterance by articulate sounds. They were no longer divided. Words had been spoken—those solemn and fearful words, which were to unite them for time and eternity, and the listening forest leaves had murmured a benediction, solemn and low, over their betrothal.

They had met at the house of a mutual friend by accident. Anger, coldness and pride had given way. Mutual explanations and concessions had been made; and the afternoon previous to his departure for the West Indies, they had gone to that beautiful spot, which had been one of their favourite haunts in childhood, and there, after the ancient Scottish custom, standing on opposite sides of the stream, with their hands laid in the water, and clasping a Bible between them, had exchanged vows of eternal love and truth. With lingering footsteps they turned homeward, and heeded not the delicate mosses, nor little flowers that were crushed in their path. They spoke in low, thrilling tones of his approaching voyage, of his return and of the hour when he would claim her for his own wedded wife. Merran's father, without any manifestation of surprise, had given them his blessing as soon as it was asked, for he had long been accustomed to feel that it could not be otherwise.

As they approached the cottage gate, where they were to part for the night, John Paul turned again and again to look at the beautiful being beside him and press his lips on her brow. At length he said—"Merran, henceforth you must not cease to remember that you are not your own; I do not wish to withdraw you from society; but, in every place and on every occasion, you must remember that you are mine, and mine only. You will promise this?" She looked inquiringly into his face as she replied, "How can it be otherwise, John? Do you doubt me?"

"No, no, Merran, God forbid! But you are beautiful, frank and impulsive. These characteristics which have won you many acquaintances and admirers, some of whom are above our own rank in life. You will be exposed to familiar approaches and attentions, which, for my sake, you must not suffer. I do not like your acquaintance with Mrs Bradshaw. You are mine, and I cannot bear that any one should be suffered to approach you too closely. Do you understand this feeling? Will you regard it, and understand that I have it because I love you so infinitely?" he asked, holding both her hands in his and looking down into her clear eyes, as if he would seek his answer there.

"Time and thine only!" was the reply. He had intended to say more. He had intended especially to exact a promise that she would have no further connection with Mrs Bradshaw. But these words and the tone in which she uttered them with her head resting on his breast, made him forget every anxious fancy and charmed his whole being into that holy trust and worship of love which makes the earth and air, and all that they contain, glad and glorious as paradise. And oh! how often, in after years, did he live over that moment! How those words and tones would haunt him in his various and perilous wanderings, in all places, when alone with the stars, on the orange groves of the Indies, in the wilds of Pennsylvania, and when sailing in search of pearl on the ocean, until he would have given worlds if he could have been permitted to go back to that hour in his life, when he stood

there with Merran in the moonlight, in front of the old cottage and heard her utter them. [To be Concluded.]

From Bell's London Messenger. SIR ROBERT SALE.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It is extremely painful to record the fact, that a veteran who had passed unscathed through a hundred fights should have fallen in the 64th year of his age by the hands of an army which deserves no worthier designation than that of a horde of robbers. So much interest is attached to this melancholy event, that the following brief memoir of Sir Robert cannot fail to be acceptable.—Robert Sale, a Colonel in the service of the East India Company, married the daughter of Mr. Harry Brine, of Buckden, in Huntingdonshire, and the second son of that marriage was the distinguished commander whose recent death the whole people of England, and most of the inhabitants of British India, will deeply deplore. Sir Robert Sale was born on the 19th of September, 1782, and before he completed his 14th year he had the honour of carrying his Majesty's colours as an Ensign in the 36th Foot, to which he was gazetted on the 24th of February, 1795. Within two years from that time he was advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant, and immediately proceeded to India. In the course of the next year he exchanged into the 12th, and served with the army that Lord Harris commanded at the battle of Mallavelley, which memorable action took place on the 27th of March, 1799. Again on the 4th of May, in the same year, we find his name mentioned with honour as having been much distinguished at the siege of Seringapatam, although still a subaltern. He served throughout the whole of the campaign of 1801, under General Stevenson, yet it was not until the month of March, 1806, that he became a captain, being then in the 24th year of his age. He married Florentina, daughter of the late Mr. G. Wynne. Sir Robert's marriage, which took place in the month of May, 1809, does not appear to have interfered in the slightest degree with that ardent devotion to his professional duties which seems to have been at all times the distinguishing feature of his character. Within a few months after his marriage, we find that he formed part of the army which, under the command of Colonel Chalmers, stormed the Travancore lines; and again, under General Abercromby, he aided in the capture of the Mauritius. Notwithstanding the activity and the efficiency of Captain Sale, his promotion proceeded slowly; he had passed through a distinguished career of 19 years before he reached the rank of a field-officer, his majority bearing date in the year 1813. The regiment to which he belonged was the 2d battalion of the 12th; and that having been reduced in the year 1818 Major Sale was placed upon the half-pay list. Notwithstanding the ardour of his character he submitted to three years inactivity; but flesh and blood could endure it no longer—at least his temperament would allow him no longer to remain excluded from professional occupation. Accordingly, in June, 1821, he "paid the difference," exchanged into the 13th Light Infantry, and with that regiment proceeded in 1820 to the scene of his early services; and once more we find him engaged in the military operations then going forward in India under Sir Archibald Campbell. He was present at the capture of Rangoon, in May, 1824, where his heroism became an object of special notice to the military authorities on the spot and of general admiration, throughout India. It was on the 10th of June in the same year that he stormed the stockades near Kemmendine. That service was considered of so much importance, that he received the thanks of the commanding-officer on the field of battle. The gallantry and skill displayed by him on that occasion were further noticed in the general orders issued on the 10th of July following. Upon the 1st of December in the same year he stormed the enemy's lines, and on the 6th of that month he led a body of 1,600 men in an affair which terminated with signal success, the enemy having been driven from every one of their positions. He likewise achieved another equally distinguished victory near the great pagoda of Rangoon.

On the 15th December, 1824, he received a severe wound in the head while storming an intrenchment of the enemy near Koskein, making altogether four victories in the course of one month; every one of them hard fought battles. As was to have been expected, his services were again noticed in the general orders, his fame spread, and he was advanced to the command of a brigade sent to reduce Bassein, in which object he proved as usual, to be eminently successful, as well as in the subsequent operations from 10th of February to the 2d of May 1826. The rank of Lieutenant-Colonel was conferred upon him on the 2d of June, 1825; on the 1st of December following he distinguished himself in command of the 1st Brigade, repulsing the Shauns and Burmese at Proma, and attacking the lines in the neighbourhood of that place on the succeeding day. He received a severe wound on the 18th of January, 1826, in storming Maloon or Melloon, but his gallant conduct was immediately acknowledged by the commander-in-Chief, and he was presented with the badge and riband of a Companion of the Bath. On the 29th of June, 1841, he became a Colonel by brevet. The advance throughout the campaign in Afghanistan was confined to the 1st Bengal Brigade of the Army of the Indus, and from October, 1838, the command of this brigade was held by Sir Robert Sale. He likewise led the detachment of 2,500 men, who were sent to Girishk in May, 1839; and on the

23rd of July he commanded the gallant band which stormed and carried the fortress of Ghuznee. A sabre wound in the chin, and musket bullets in the chest and shoulder, were to Sir Robert the results of this formidable conflict; but not the only results, for his services were suitably acknowledged in the general orders of Lord Keane, and her Majesty conferred upon him the local rank of Major General, with the star of a Knight Commander of the Bath; while Schah Soojah-Molk added his name to the list of those Eastern knights who constitute the Order of the Douranee Empire.

The forces sent to subdue the Kohistan country in September, 1840, were entrusted to the command of Sir Robert Sale; on the 29th of that month he assaulted and took the town and fort of Tootum Durrah. Before the 3d of the following month the fort of Jhoolgur yielded to his attacks, and in less than a fortnight Baboo-Koonsh-Ghur was added to his triumphs; in four days more he destroyed the fort of Kar Durrah. On the 2d of November he expelled the enemy under the command of Dost Mohammed Khan from the forts and town of Perwan; and was enabled to return to Cabul by the flight and surrender of Dost Mahomed, whose submission Sir William Macnaghten received. These triumphant results were acknowledged by Schah Soojah, who raised Sir Robert Sale to the first class of the Order of the Douranee Empire! The series of events which immediately preceded the heroic defence of Jellalabad are still fresh in the public memory.

In that year, (1841) he commanded the Khoord Cabul pass, drove the enemy from off the heights of Tezeen, with eminent skill forced the Jugdulluck pass, stormed the fort of Mamoo Khail, and finally retreated upon Jellalabad. Here, from the 12th November, 1841, to the 7th April 1842, he was shut up with the garrison by the besieging forces. After numerous sorties with varied success, their intrepid commander led the wearied prisoners to a final effort; and on the last mentioned day attacked and utterly routed the besieging army under the notorious Akbar Khan, capturing their guns, ammunition, and camp.

In forcing the Khoord Cabul pass he was shot in the leg, and he was slightly wounded in storming the heights of Jugdulluck, where he commanded a brigade; but he enjoyed the gratification of contributing to those closing operations which redeemed the British name in Afghanistan; he took a part in the general action of Tezeen, and the recapture of Cabul; and was immediately afterwards created a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, receiving the thanks of Parliament for "his skill, intrepidity, and perseverance displayed in the military operations in Afghanistan." In the month of December, 1843, he was rewarded with the command of the 13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry; and after a short visit to his native country, he returned to India to close his 51st year of military service in repulsing a horde of barbarian invaders.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—ITS POWER AND PREVALENCE

BY THE REV. R. W. HAMILTON.

The Circulation of our language co-extensively with our power, will seem to us no slight advantage, when we think on its long consecration as the vehicle of religious ideas and of noble sentiments. In libraries, where now it is almost impossible to think of such a collection, the minds of our theologians and moralists will be preserved and embalmed. Suffering no injury from translation, the originals will be explored. Intercourse will find the benefit of such a medium. Of such a speech who but can be proud? In all the provinces of a language it is great. Its thrilling vocables, its significant powers, its fine discriminations, its majestic compounds, leave us nothing to desire. Its tones stir like a clarion and soothe like a lute. There is a philosophic radix and a multitudinous expression. It has incorporated each image of nature and attained itself to every chord of sympathy. In it men have been accustomed to think with vigour and freedom, until it is only fit for the independent and the free. The treasures imbedded in it are confessedly unparalleled. It has not been unfashionable to depreciate it and to declaim against its uncouthness, asperity, and poverty. Of the justice of these charges we are very sceptical. Though it declines to admit, and perhaps is incapable of receiving, the unnatural, and the unnatural—it loves to adapt some sterling dialect—magnificent stores—sumptuous tributes—such a Plato expounded and Cicero enunciated. The scions grafted on it are quickly to its own temperament and fibre. At this moment science has made it her favourite stamp favourite hold, and our literature upon it an undecaying permanence. It is "married to immortal verse." It must always be studied, should it ever become absolute and dead; its poetry, its criticism, its legislation, its ethics, ensure it an immortality. Commerce repeats it, new worlds invoke it as their parent speech, and we dictate it to our antipodes. Without an arguery we may predict its course. It bears with it a train of master-spirits. Wherever the emigrant wanders he will talk it, though it be only to the echoes. Wherever the lion-standard of this "accepted isle" sweeps the air and flaps to the wind, the settler loves to sing his native lays. Rivers unknown to song, forests which the axe is just beginning to thin of the trunks which centuries have rooted, deserts in which until almost now the beast of prey prowled unmolested and not a fletcher grew—resound to the words of our households, our exchanges,

our temples! Who can but exult that the strong, the vivid, the flowing language, which in our infancy we lisped, seems destined to become utterance of knowledge, of virtue, of freedom! the passport, through the nations, of generous and manly sentiment, of pure and exquisite emotion! the signal-cry of the desponding spirit of patriotism! the key-note of the uplifted chorus of liberty! the holy accents by which Christianity shall proclaim its message of peace and good-will to men! As from an urn, or rather a river source, what blessings will our idiom pour out upon the world!

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS AND THE COLONIES.

The following is a portion of Sir Howard Douglas' speech on the Corn-laws, in the House of Commons, on the 27th ult. Our Colonial friends will see that in Sir Howard Douglas they have an able and sincere champion:—

SIR HOWARD DOUGLAS—I use to make a few observations on the momentous subject which Sir Robert Peel has brought forward; and to explain and declare the vote which it is my intention to give, against withdrawing protection from British agriculture, and against the extinction of protection. I was brought forward for the representation of Liverpool on the colonial, and consequently on the protective interest. Although perfectly unfettered and unpledged, I yet distinctly and explicitly avowed myself the advocate of that principle. I have bestowed the most calm and dispassionate consideration on this question. I have listened with attention to all that hath been said on both sides in this debate; and far from being shaken, I find my opinion confirmed, and my vote must conform with my opinion. [Sir Howard then proceeded to show, which he illustrated by a variety of statistical facts, that the present movement of the government for the repeal of the Corn-laws was neither necessary or expedient and then proceeded to remark that the noble lord, the member for the West Riding, observed forcibly, the increase of population requires increased means and sources of subsistence.]

It appears to me, that by maintaining the Corn-Laws we shall best provide for this, by extending and improving the cultivation of Great Britain and Ireland. It seems a strange proposition, and one contrary to all experience, that the way to encourage the production of articles of any kind is to expose that branch of industry to unequal competition.—But can we not find, do we not possess, in our colonies unbounded sources—rich fields of virgin fertility, such as the noble lord has depicted in the United States, from which we may derive unlimited supplies of British produced food? I had imagined a species of free trade among ourselves, by which we might acquire, freely, the agricultural productions, as well as others, of our colonies, if we were really to treat them as it counties of the country.—There was a right move in that direction in the passing of the Canada Corn bill, for which I voted with great pleasure; but this admirable principle is very imperfectly carried out. I heard with great pleasure the other night the hon. members for Montrose, Stockport, and Conker-mouth, express their wish to see this great principle extended to other colonies; and their belief or hope that the time was now come when the colonies generally were ready to be incorporated with the United Kingdom as integral parts thereof, and that thus a new era of colonial management was about to commence.

Why, sir, from the moment that the protective spirit shall unhappily be extinguished, not only will the Canada corn bill, though at present existing in the form of a solemn compact between the Imperial Parliament, which originated, and the Canadian Parliament which enacted that measure—not only from that moment will this compact be annulled, but the colonial system itself will be virtually dissolved. For the Canada corn bill will become wholly inoperative—absolutely nullified. How much gain do those honorable members think will come from Canada, Prince Edward's Island, and Australasia, when the ports of the United Kingdom shall have been opened to foreign corn? Not a particle of the United States' bread stuffs will transit through Canada, by the costly inland routes which are now opening for that purpose, to be taken down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, to give the British shipowner the benefit of the freight home, and the British merchant the advantage of the transaction; and should this measure pass, the United States may well despair from the measures they have adopted, (the recent transit act) to countervail and defeat the important advantages which the Canada corn acts were intended to confer.

What becomes then of the agricultural prosperity of Canada? Canada is essentially, an agricultural colony. I well remember that in 1826, when holding the government of one of the British North American provinces, under a distinguished and justly celebrated statesman, Mr. Huskisson, at a time when emigration to Canada was becoming brisk, and Canada corn was only admitted to the United Kingdom in limited quantity, and at a considerable duty—I think 6s., to have written to Mr. Huskisson a despatch, in which, referring to his trade acts and to the measures proposed by his Majesty's then government, to promote the permanent interests of the British possessions abroad, I endeavored to represent the rapid progress then making in British North America in agricultural operations, and the necessity of improving inland communications and navigation throughout British North America, and to adopt a steady course of policy