

ously; she was quick in her mood, and irritable to her attendants—a quenchless and insatiate thirst tormented her.

The fourth day came. It was the blessed Sabbath; but for the first time in her life she refused to accompany Sir Hugh to the village church, and kept her chamber during the noon day meal. As sunset drew nigh she grew more impatient; and as the early twilight rustled down on the sear woods and silent waters, she donned her cloak, and walked forth alone, and took her way up the accustomed path towards the tank which still bears her name—Margaret's well.

It was quite dark when she returned, wet with the night dew, and shivering with cold, but she declined all refreshments, knelt by her bed side, and prayed fervently, and laid her down, not to her sleep, but to think, to hope, to despair.

The fifth day came, and again she went not forth until evening; again took her sad fruitless walk; again returned, colder and sadder, and more silent than ever; again dismissed her woman, and prayed, and laid her down in mute and tearless agony.

The next day came—the last; and she must either accept Acton's hand this night, or quit her native land forever.

Meanwhile anxiety had grown into fear, concerning the absence of the old forester, who had not been seen for a week; and the country was searched far and near, but no tidings were heard of him, and it was whispered that the old man had been murdered. But the secret had leaked out among the household of the terrible decision which was that day to be made by their young Mistress; and the fate of the forester was forgotten in the horrid anticipation of something more awful yet.

At noon Sir Andrew Acton returned to the Hall, for the first time that week, and was closetted with Sir Hugh in his own study. But Margaret knew not, heeded not—but she was immersed in the deepest and most awful meditation.

Just before sunset she braided her hair firmly, trained her beautiful ringlets to fall down over her fair shoulders, arrayed herself from head to foot in spotless white, as a virgin bride, and then wrapping a heavily furred mantle around her, and covering her head with its capuchin, or hood, stole forth softly, and sped with a quick silent step, up the dark gloomy wood path.

'I will fly with him—I will fly with him if he be here,' she muttered. 'This absolves me from all duty; and if not—Jesu Jesu have mercy, and forgive.'

She reached the tank, and gazed around her earnestly. All was lonely and dark and silent as the grave.

'Lionel!' she shrieked aloud. 'Lionel, Lionel Thornhill!' and her wild thrilling tones were re-echoed many times from wood and hill, but no answer came and again all was silent.

The sun had already set—the distant clock from the stable turret struck seven.

'It is past the time,' she said calmly. 'And thou too hast forsaken me. But I will wait—I will wait yet an hour. When we last met here I chided him for impatience; I will not therefore, be—impatient.'

And she laughed bitterly. Oh! what an awful sound was that, how fearfully indicative of a broken and disorderly spirit! and she folded her arms on her bosom, and sat down at the base of the very tree, beneath which they had sat at their last meeting—sat down awaiting the next chime of the distant clock.

The dews fell heavily around her; the sere leaves dropped upon her motionless head; an aquatic bird cried several times hoarsely and fearfully from the ponds below, but she moved neither hand nor foot, nor spoke, nor sighed, nor trembled—but sat there a dark statue.

What awful thoughts passed through her mind in that strange place, in that terrific hour, One knows alone, what fearful misery it was that drove that gay and innocent young spirit to such despair, One knows alone—may He be merciful.

The stable clock struck eight. Then she arose and cast off her shrouding cloak, and stood in the murky night pure in her virgin vestments, cold and resolved, and—was she fearless?

She knelt down, buried her face in her hands, and prayed, or seemed to pray, for a little space. Then she arose again, listened one little moment—

'It is too late—too late. Jesu forgive us both! Jesu, sweet Jesu!'

There was a heavy plash, a sullen plunge! two or three bubbling sobs, and dull undulations of the water followed, and all was again solitude and silence.

The dews fell heavily, the leaves dropped silently into the tank above her, once more the aquatic night-bird shrieked in the sedges—but that immortal soul had gone before its Maker and its Judge.

It was perhaps half an hour later, when the clang of a horse's hoofs came thundering at mad pace down the steep hill-side—it ceased—a rapid footstep followed it bounding in rapid haste along the rugged path. A loud voice, trembling with anxiety, cried 'Margaret, Margaret!' but Margaret was not—to hear those beloved accents.

Lionel Thornhill rushed into the little space that all was vacant. A nameless feeling led him to the base of that tree; he trod on something, he knew not what, of a strange texture, stopped—it was Margaret's mantle.

One bound to the tank's margin, and there, revealed in the gloom of night, in the black-

ness of those awful waters, by the brightness of her own purity, he found his lost one.

At that hour, in Margaret's withdrawing room, sat two men by a blazing hearth, with cheerful lamps above, and a steaming posset cup between them.

They talked, they laughed, they were merry.

Sir Hugh Claverings and Sir Andrew Acton.

There came a strangely sounding footstep, fleet as the wind, yet heavy as lead on the road before the house, the hall was cast violently open—the strange step came direct across the oaken hall, across the antechamber, along the corridor, every door dashed open with rude force—the door of the withdrawing room, the last; and in the doorway with that white dripping figure, its long locks of gold, lank and dishevelled, its white robes clinging to the unrivalled form, cast a dead weight upon his shoulders, stood Lionel Thornhill, the brave bannered, the successful soldier.

One stride brought him to the table, one stroke swept cup and goblets from the board. Then reverentially he composed the dead form thereon, while the soulstricken pair gazed on him, scarcely conscious, and aghast; and at a single movement removing his hat and unsheathing his rapier,

'If that,' said he, pointing to the body, 'it that sight slay not, swords are useless. For the rest, you have done this thing, and another that is yet to be, look to it. Margaret! Margaret! I tarried not; and if I came too late—nor do I tarry now—Margaret, Margaret, my wife I come!'

And with the word he drove the sword into his own breast with so true an aim, and a hand so steady, that the point cleft his heart and he was a dead man, while he yet stood upon his feet.

They lie in nameless graves—their murderers beneath emblazoned monuments. No record is preserved of them, save in this humble tale, and in these touching words carved on the brink of that fatal tank:—

MARGARET'S WELL.
STRANGER,
WHO DRINKEST HERE,
PRAY FOR THE SOUL OF MARGARET.

From the People's Press.
ON THE MIND AND ITS PHENOMENA.

It is mind which is the distinguishing property of man. The mind is a man's self; by it he is allied to the highest intelligence; it is the remnant of his original greatness; the trace of his creator. Animals have thought, as we know by their dreaming; memory, as they show by coming to be fed at a certain time and place; but they are destitute of reason and moral sense, as is proved by their showing neither admiration nor curiosity. In being incapable of progression, all species and all individuals are equal in the amount of their knowledge; man alone can contemplate.

The possession of mind and that of speech necessary, for the operations of the mind, are so quick and fugitive, that no real apprehension of them can be obtained except by their representatives—words; and those are most likely to have the clearest apprehension of the mental powers and their operations, who most philosophically and effectually examine the structure and right meaning of these instruments of thought.

The mind is endowed with faculties, or attributes; these are not in the mind, but it can enter into any one of these evanescent states; for instance, thinking is an attribute of the mind; thought is the mind itself in that peculiar state—it is the mind thinking. In the same way the body is capable of certain states, such as the state of standing, 'sitting,' etc., which are not separate from the body, but are attributes of it; the analogy between mind and body in this respect seems to be very complete.

The phenomena of mind appear to be endless; it would be impossible to enumerate our sensations; for not only are they so changeable and evanescent, (one state of mind constantly calling up another,) but they are almost all complete. Thus, although the 'moon' may appear at first sight to be a simple idea, it is in reality very complex, being composed of colour, form, mass, distance, motion, direction, gravitation, etc., which are in themselves complex ideas.

From considering the above, we may form some faint notion of the rapidity with which the mind acts, embracing as it does in one fleeting emotion so vast a range, which infinitely itself can scarcely limit; its activity, too is ceaseless; even while thinking on a subject, our thoughts wander; and when we are in that dreaming state of mind called 'thinking of nothing' our mind is busy employed, and idea chases idea, image succeeds image, phantom calls up phantom and 'the mind's eye' becomes, as it were, a magic mirror wherein we see vividly depicted some episode of our lives. The scenes of our childhood arise before us; the grave gives up our beloved companions; past, present, and future, are harmoniously blended; and the mind reveals in its own activity, unchecked and untrammelled by time or space.

A SCENE AT THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

In the course of the afternoon I was favoured with numerous anecdotes of what had occurred at the tomb of Napoleon within Mr. Carroll's recollection. I was particularly amused at an account of an irascible Frenchman, who conceived himself insulted by a

Yankee. Though such an anecdote must lose in the repetition, I shall give it as nearly as possible in the language of the narrator. An Englishman some years since visited the tomb, and indited in the register a verse on the ex-emperor to this effect:—

Bonny was a great man,
A soldier brave and true,
But Wellington did lick him at
The field of Waterloo.

This was not in very good taste, nor exactly such an illusion as an Englishman would be guilty of at the tomb of a conquered foe. Nevertheless it contained indisputable truths. A Yankee visited the place soon after. Determined to punish the braggart for so illiberal and unmanly attack on the dead, he wrote immediately under it:

But greater still, and braver far,
And tougher than shoe leather,
Washington the man wot could
Have licked 'em both together.

The next visitor was a Frenchman, who like all his countrymen, was deeply attached to the memory of Napoleon. When he read the first lines he exclaimed with looks of horror and disgust. 'Mon dieu! quel sacrilege! Sans doute, les Anglais sont grand cochons!' The Yankee's addition next attracted his eye. He started as he read; gasped, grinned, read the lines again; then dashing his hands into his hair, danced about the room in a paroxysm of indignation, screaming, 'Sacre diable, Monseur Bull is one grand brute; but le Fierre Jonathan is one savage horrible. Sacre! sacre! I challenge him, I shall cut him up in vera small pieces.' He called for his horse, rode post haste to town, and sought the Yankee everywhere. Alas, the bird had flown! A ship had just sailed, the skipper was gone! Unhappily in his wrath the Frenchman called on the consul for redress, but was told redress could not be had there. Straightway went the enraged man with his complaint to the governor. His excellency reasoned with him, moralized, philosophized, but to no purpose. Nothing would satisfy the irascible Frenchman but erasure of the offensive lines, which, by order of the governor were stricken from the register.—*Etchings of a Whaling cruise by J. Ross Browne.*

HABITS AND STATISTICS OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

The Indians are, on the average, remarkable for longevity, though they frequently shorten their lives by the intemperate use of strong drinks. Instances are not rare of Indians living to be 120 or 130 years of age, and retaining full possession of their bodily and mental powers. Stevenson mentions that on examining the church registers of Barranca, he found that within an interval of seven years eleven Indians had been interred whose united ages came to 1,207, being an average of 109 years to each. In the year 1839, there was living in the valley of Juca an Indian, who according to the baptismal register, shown to me by the priest, was born in the year 1697. He himself declared that he had not, for the space of ninety years tasted a drop of water, having drunk nothing but chicha. Since he was eleven years of age, he alleged that he had masticated cocoa at least three times a day, and that he had eaten animal food only on Sundays; on all other days of the week he had lived on maize, quinoa, and barley. The Indians retain their hair in extreme old age; and it is remarkable that their hair never becomes white, and very seldom even grey. Those individuals whose advanced ages have been mentioned above, had all fine black hair. Since the Spanish conquest, the population of Peru has diminished in an almost incredible degree. When we read the accounts given by the old biographers of the vast armies which the Incas had at their command; when we behold the ruins of the gigantic buildings, and of the numerous towns and villages scattered over Peru, it is difficult to conceive how the land could have been so depopulated in three hundred years. At the time of the conquest, it was easy in a short space of time, to raise an army of 300,000 men, and likewise have an important reserved force; whilst now, the government, even with the utmost efforts can scarcely assemble 10,000 or 12,000 men. According to the census drawn in 1836, Peru did not contain more than 1,400,000 men, being not quite so many as were contained at an earlier period in the department of Cuzco alone.—*Von Tschuddi's Travels in Peru.*

New Works.

THE DAISY.

THE daisy was Chaucer's favourite flower; and never since bath bard done it such reverence as the venerable father of English poetry. All worship, saving his own, is that of words only: his is the adoration of a heart which overflowed with love for the daisy. He tells us how he rose with the sun to watch this beautiful flower first open, and how he knelt beside it again in the evening to watch its starry rim close; that the daisy alone could allure him from his study and his books, and when he had exhausted all his stores of beautiful imagery in its praise, his song was ever ready to burst out anew, as he exclaimed, 'Oh, the daisy, it is sweet!' for his sake it ought to have been selected as the emblem of poetry, and throughout all time called 'Chaucer's flower.' For our part we never wander forth into the fields in spring to look for it, without picturing Chaucer, in his old costume, res-

ting on his 'elbow and his side,' as he many a time had done, paying lovely reverence to his old English flower, which he had happily called the 'Eye of Day.'—*The poetical language of flowers.*

BE KIND.

How foolish it is to be anything else. Kindness to all God's creatures is like soft soap upon a ship's ways. It enables one to slide off into the great ocean of eternity without friction—without smoke or smell of fire. There is no excuse for unkindness, even in the vilest of the vile. It is the bane of society, and yet all are more or less liable to indulge in it. We may be determined, resolute, unyielding in what we believe to be duty, but still we may be kind. Indeed firmness and decision in our treatment of wrong doers, are required by kindness, for one of the first dictates of a kind spirit is, that we should consult the good of an offender, and his good can be effectually promoted only by intercepting him in his evil way.—*American.*

POWER OF IMPUDENCE.

No modest man ever did or will make his fortune. The ministry is like a play at court; here is a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost. People who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd—is shoved about by every body—his clothes torn—almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get before him who don't make as good a figure as himself. I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced than the greatest qualifications without it. How many statesmen have since acted upon Lady Mary Wortley's maxims besides the old Dragon of Wantley, who if he did not obtain great political power, at least put money enough in his purse.—*Tait.*

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

If we would be happy, we must glide along through life as the river does between its banks; expanding here, and contracting there—now in noisy shallows, and then in deep, still pools; accommodating itself all the way to the sinuosities of its surface, and the winding humour of its banks—and yet leaving every rock and every projection, and closing the very borders which so rigidly confine it, and compel it to double its length to the ocean with green leaves and luxuriant flowers, from the beginning to the end of its course. But if on the other hand, we want to be miserable, and make all about us miserable too, we have only porcupine like, to erect our double pointed quills, and roll ourselves up in them, with a dogged obstinacy, and we shall goad others, and be goaded ourselves, to the utmost degree of our wishes. O, there is nothing like 'lowliness, and meekness, and long suffering, forbearing one with another in love,' to lubricate the ways of life, and cause all the machinery of society to go without jarring or friction!—*Blake.*

WHAT CONSTITUTES CHRISTIANITY.

But when we look into the beautiful, simple, natural gospel—sparkling with heaven's own dew, and see the radiant face of the Redeemer as he says 'go and sin no more,' to the trembling woman taken in adultery; and when we look again into the world, and see the humble Washingtonian, dividing his last loaf with his fallen brother saying, 'Cheer up now; put your name in with ours, and we'll bury up the past, and you shall be a man again;' or when we see, as thank God we often do, the rich and learned man devoting himself to daily and nightly toil, to heal and comfort the sick, or relieve the poor; or when we see a minister of the gospel laying down his life in a loathsome prison, that the slave may be free—we rejoice in christianity as an achieved fact, which no depravity of men or Devils can destroy.

FEVER AND DRAINAGE.

The country villages were in the same predicament as bye towns. I have had some experience in this matter, having been, at a former period, connected with Bishopthorpe, which was ravaged by typhus fever to a great extent, till at last the important measure was adopted, regardless of the expense, of carrying a covered drain through the village. I have scarcely heard of a single instance of that disease since.—*Rev. W. B. Barcourt.*

NEW IDEA OF A GREAT MAN.

All things are great or small by comparison. The following anecdote, besides having the merit of being true, affords a new standard of greatness. A sheep farmer in the Highlands, remarkable for the amount of his stock and sales, while boasting one night over his cups of his doings at Falkirk, and the vast number of his flocks, was interrupted by one of his companions with the remark, 'Why yeu are making yourself as great a man as the Duke of Wellington.' 'The Duke of Wellington' replied the other with a look of astonishment, not untinged with pity; 'it was easy for the Duke of Wellington to put down his men at Waterloo—some men here and some there, up and down the fields; but let him try to put down ten thousand sheep, forby black cattle at Falkirk Tryst, and it's my opinion he'll make a very confused business of it.—*Inverness Courier.*