

esteem which had succeeded even in acquitting him of duplicity—the being who had wrought so much of pain and misery for those that never injured him; who, like the evil spirits in the old tales of magic, had saved Agnes and himself from death, but to poison the happiness and torture the hearts of those whose existence he had prolonged. Never since the day that Agnes left her husband's house had Henry seen him; and this was now their first meeting.

Contempt was Shoreland's first feeling, but pity was the second—this was no moment for the remembrance of wrong done him by his now hopeless fellow creature. He laid his hand on the heart, it beat, though feebly, and he called for aid to remove Woodbridge to the tent. But ere his summons could be obeyed Agnes joined him. The sight of the lady who had been taken bruised and half insensible from the broken wagon had led her to imagine whom she should find, and—we do not say, with the affection of former days, but forgetful of the injuries which had destroyed it, until this hour of pain and danger to one she had once so truly loved awoke gentle memories of the past, and with them some faint remnant of bygone feeling, she came to give aid if it might be, and alleviate sufferings if she were able.

He is dying Agnes—this is no scene for you, said Henry, who had already sprinkled the dying man's face with water, from a little vessel close by.

Then I must remain with him to the last, replied Agnes. God has not released me from my vows; and she whose vows supersede them in the world's opinion, is now unable to attend to him.

She knelt down beside Woodbridge, and her tears fell fast, though they were not more bitter than he had often made her shed before; but now she could have given worlds to bid him live, slight as the hope of life must be for him. His death was nearer even than she thought; he moved convulsively, and a name was on his lips—it was not her's but her successor's. Agnes bent down to hear if he would speak again, but in that feeble effort the breath had passed away forever.

With it, too passed away the shadow which had so long been cast on the path of Agnes Shoreland. For, though the gentler feelings of the past had been in part recalled, and she wept his death whose life had been her bane, it was not as she could have wept, or even as she had wept, in former days; and as the grief soon fled by, it was not possible that it should be of long continuance. It scarcely needs to add that her voyage to England was no longer thought of, and that instead, Agnes returned to her girlhood's home, where eventually she held that place by marriage which she had so long held by adoption.

From Hogg's Instructor.

### ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND FORTY EIGHT.

OLD Father Time, with one foot on the apex of this terraqueous ball and the other on the borders of Lethe, hath struck another blow upon the bell whose pealings echo the knell of years in the great abyss of eternity. Another wrinkle has been added to the plastic brow of our old mother earth; another link has been welded to the chain of annual circumstances, whose first ring was forged when chaos died, and long before Tubal-Cain essayed his cunning skill. Eighteen-forty-eight has gone! He was born in pain and sorrow; he was cradled in snow, and rocked by howling Boreas; he has tottered from being, over a black and slippery path, and has sunk into the gulf of ages on a revolution. Strange fact! This great world and all that it inherits, revolving in its chainless might—coursing on in the eccentric path, which zodiacal signs and wonders point out by glittering starlight, brought eighteen-forty-eight, the last-born son of Time, to the point where he began his reign, and then buried him from his throne. Eighteen-forty-eight has passed away, and another year, arising from the sleep of the future, has caught his robe and diadem as he fell, and seated himself upon his throne. The Pleiades sparkle in the New Year's crown, and Orion's belt is bound around his loins; the pole-star dances hopefully in his young eyes, and the planets sing anthems of joy at his advent; but is eighteen-forty-eight forgotten, although he is gone? Ah, no! for, despite his young and hopeful air, there is trouble in the eye and trembling at the heart of his successor. The quivering agonies of hopes and fears live still; the mournings or triumphal shouts of events are vital yet; the trials, cares, and sorrows of men have not departed. Humanity still does, and feels, and suffers, and ages yet unborn shall often revert to the terrible and eventful year that has just fled away.

January, 1847, saw a young Arab chief pass from conquest to conquest, and bear the silver standard of Mohammedism triumphantly over the plains of Algeria and Tunis; and cunning politicians shook their heads and predicated a north-western African empire, of which this second Ismael should be chief; but in January, 1848, the crescent had fallen before the Lily of France, and Abd-el-Kader, the prince of ten thousand thousand spears and soaring hopes, beat down a captive before the throne of the crafty old man whom the world styled King of the French, and who glorified himself because of the stability of his power.

On February 9, scarcely more than the revolution of a month from Abd-el Kader's fall, he to whom Mahdi Eldin's son had done homage, stood up like a proud Canute, and commanded that his people should not assemble together at a feast, but the people, like the ocean's waves, heard him not, and they came on and on, and they surged and roared around

the foundations of the throne of France, and they swept it at last away; and the old mass fled like some poor frightened one, and fierce men, that would not have harmed him, broke up the seat on which he had sat, and cast it into the flames. The phantasmagoria of events in 1848 made one monthly revolution, and France was a republic; and kings, and princes, and prime ministers fled away from that land where they had laughed to scorn the voices of history and men.

February, 1848, has written upon its broad phylactery strange sentences of wonderment and change. On the 11th, Tuscany, which, since the days of ancient Rome's disruption, had been a lordling's fief, became once more a free nation, and the grand duke a responsible monarch. On the 11th of February, 1848, was granted to Tuscany a representative government; and the fires of hope and reform blazed up, after its long sleep of ages, in the heart of Italy; and Sicily caught the flame as it rolled southwards, and she too would be free. On the 22d, 23d, and 24th, the cannon of the royal Neapolitans played upon revolted Messina, in answer to her cry for freedom, and the ashes and ruins of her buildings buried up the corpses of many people, and covered over £400,000 worth of property. It will take busy fingers, and long vigils, and aching limbs, through long days and nights, to restore the wreck and ruin of these three days of warlike game; but kings must reign though nations should perish.

Eighteen-forty-eight made one other monthly turn upon her axle, and brought us boisterous March; and with the first streak of its first day the little mountainous canton of Neuchâtel declared herself independent of Prussia; and on the 3d, M. Guizot, who had risen from obscurity, through his free genius, to be first minister of a mighty nation, landed in Britain, a fugitive from the land of his birth; and on the same day Louis Philippe set foot upon the same shores, an exile for the second and last time in his eventful life. On the 7th, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha endeared himself to his people by voluntarily granting to them a representative government, freedom of the press, and trial by jury. On the 18th, Vienna rose, after thirty years of mental bondage and imprisonment, and the arch-chancellor Metternich left in fear his broken web of tyranny, and the weak emperor fled away, but bore with him his greatest enemy, his own dotard cowardice; and blood was shed upon the streets like water, and men with loud cries of hope upon their lips lay down and died at the feet of liberty.

On the 18th, the fiery Huns, from the Carpathians to Slavonia, rose up in their anger, and shook their battle-blades at Austria's throne, and the feeble old emperor conceded to them the freedom which he could not withhold. His hand that day had scarcely signed the imperial missive of constitutional liberty to Hungary, when the burghers of Berlin rose up also against despotism, and six hundred of them lay weltering in their blood, before the sun went down, although the living ones rejoiced over a promised constitution. And on that day, too, the Milanese lighted the fires of revolution upon the Adriatic, and by the waters of Como and the Po; and they drove the remnants of their Austrian conquerors from their city, after two thousand of them lay weltering in their gore. On the morrow, the cities of Venice, Vicenza, and Padua, were in open insurrection. On the 23d, Venice had declared herself once more a republic. The banners of San Marco were once more shaken out to the breeze of the Adriatic. Europe, trembling in all her parts, sent mutterings up from her bosom of liberty, and individuality, and fury, and fanaticism; and Germany's diverse dialects were heard highest in the warlike din. Holstein, on the 24th of March, threw off the cable of Denmark; and Hungary, too impatient to parley with her late monarch, declared herself her own mistress on the 30th, while, to seal the works of March, and inaugurate the idea of German unity, a grand national congress met on the 31st at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, to discuss the question of a united German parliament.

April, that month of sun and showers, was full of wars and fightings, and the fear of them filled the public offices of London with armed men and munitions of war; but it did not fill the souls of legislators with wisdom and plans for the melioration of a starving nation. On the 9th, Danes and Germans met in fierce conflict on the plains of Schleswig, and on the 21st that city was taken by the German confederation. On the 26th a new constitution was granted to Austria, whose government was to be composed of the king, senate, and chamber of deputies; and on the 4th of May the French National Assembly met and proclaimed the republic of the 24th February, with its motto of 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity;' while on the 6th, Piedmontese and Austrians met each other again in the deadly rift of battle at Verona, and slaughtered each other in hatred because of some old feud.

The heart grows sad and weary as it recounts the wars and fightings of men made after the image of God, made to dwell in peace with each other upon the earth, and it turns with a sense of relief to other events and scenes. On the 11th of March, 1848, the ships Enterprise and Investigator, under the command of Sir James Ross, departed to the Arctic regions in search of Sir John Franklin. Science, calm amongst the revolutions of nations, turned her eyes to the far-off regions of the earth, and, leaving our hemisphere in the turmoil of change, the savant departed for the unexplored regions of nature.

The deepest emotions are the quietest and stillest. The deepest worship is the quietest worship. Be still, and know that the Lord he is God; 'In sitting still is thy strength.'

From Hogg's Instructor.

### HOPE ON.

If hope were from existence taken,  
Who could life's burden bear?  
The heart, with gloomy sorrow shaken,  
Must yield to dark despair;  
For few, if any, in this life  
Have all their wishes won;  
While numbers meet with ceaseless strife—  
To such I say—Hope on.

The youth, allured by beauty's eye,  
Pours forth his tale of love,  
And thinks to hear his mistress sigh  
Of bliss all else above:  
And when by duty forced to part,  
Her yielding bosom won,  
She is the day-star of his heart,  
To him I say—Hope on.

While grief the mother's heart doth wring,  
Her boy so sick and weak,  
She trusts returning health will bring  
The roses to his cheek:  
Death comes and takes that trust away;  
She has yet the heavenly one,  
That he may rise to realms of day—  
To her I say—Hope on.

The youthful pair, in the world's path,  
Oft with reverses meet,  
As though misfortune poured her wrath  
In floods unto their feet.  
Perchance affection's all their store,  
All other solace gone;  
But while affliction's billows roar,  
To them I say—Hope on.

The widow'd mourner oft will steal  
To his beloved one's grave;  
And though he sad and lone must feel,  
Yet will not vainly rave.  
He knows at most a few short years  
Are his to grieve alone;  
From those around he hides his tears,  
And hopes in silence on.

The aged pilgrim, who has seen  
Dear friends beside him die,  
And learn'd on Heaven alone to lean—  
Whose hopes are fixed on high—  
He would beseech us to resign  
Our vain pursuits for one  
Which through eternity will shine—  
And, like him, to hope on.

From the Book of Human Character.

### PREJUDICES.

The beautiful Island of Madeira appears, to distant observers, perpetually enveloped in a cloud. This cloud, at noon, floats like a thin fleece over the summit of the mountain. At night, however, it settles on its head, and there remains till morning. In North and South Wales the clouds frequently steam up of a morning and return at night, sitting on the mountain like so many night caps; leaving clear spaces over the valleys beneath. These appearances have often reminded me of the empire of Prejudice.

It is astonishing how closely men hug, nay, even incorporate themselves with their prejudices; even though those prejudices may be so inordinately prejudicial as to resemble "those gloomy shadows deep."

"Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,  
Lingering, and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved."

To encounter a long established and deep-rooted prejudice, requires, sometimes, more courage than it does to face an army of fifty thousand men.

For some prejudices may be compared to the snow of the north. All markings are lost; and he who travels during a thaw, if once he make a stop is swallowed. A soul of divine perspicuity is demanded; and a perseverance and courage worthy the best and most fortunate of men. If we raise trophies to heroes, we should erect monument, as high as the pyramids, to those who encounter and conquer prejudices, destructive to the welfare of human society. There are no trophies so well deserved as these: yet who can point out an instance in which such a trophy has ever been granted?

I remember hearing Mr Wilberforce state an opinion, that he was convinced that provided the prejudices of the Hindoos were not insulted no people in the world would more willingly listen to instruction in religion and manners.—How easy it is for zeal to hoodwink knowledge and conquer reason! To Hindoos, prejudices stick so close, that even when we only attempt to eradicate them

"Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound!"

And this may serve to remind us of a remark by Lord Erskine in his speech for the Council of Madras: "Some of the darkest and most dangerous prejudices arise from the most honorable principles of the human mind. When prejudices are caught up from bad passions, the worst of men feel intervals of remorse to soften and despise them; but when they arise from a generous, though mistaken source, they are hugged close to the bosom, and the kindest and most compassionate natures feel a pleasure in fostering a blind and unjust resentment."

One reason why the middle classes are more enlightened than the higher and the lower, arises out of the circumstance, that they have greater opportunities of becoming acquainted with what are prejudices and what are not.

'Say, Cæsar Augustus, why am your legs like an organ grinder?'

'Don't know Mr Sugarloaf—why is dey?'

'Cos they carry a monkey about the streets.'

A brick grazed the head of Mr Sugarloaf just as he disappeared round the corner.

## The Politician.

### The Colonial Press.

From the Sherbrooke (Canada) Gazette.

### REWARDING TREASON.

The project of Mr. Lafontaine, to issue debentures, payable 20 years hence, to pay the losses sustained by the rebellion in Lower Canada, is causing the most intense excitement in Upper Canada, where meetings are being held and resolutions adopted, disapproving of, and protesting against any such misappropriation of the public funds. A meeting has already been held at Kingston; and one is called for Frontenac, and another for Brockville, for the purpose of opposing this measure.

We presume no one would object to the payment of losses sustained by loyal men in consequence of the rebellion, but to reward TREASON, to pay Dr. Nelson and his associates, who were found with ARMS IN THEIR HANDS, for losses sustained in consequence of their own attempts to overthrow the Government, would be an outrage which no loyal man could submit to without without using every lawful effort to prevent it. Just think of it, reader! You were perhaps called upon by the Government to shoulder your musket and march 10, 20, 30 miles to defend the Province from the invasion of midnight marauders, who were invited to cross the frontier by the very men whom you are now called upon to reward for their patriotism! Will you consent to be taxed to pay rebels for heating the poker to beat out your own brains? Or will you passively allow your children, 20 years hence, to be taxed to pay a debt, the creation of which would brand with censure their fathers for defending their Queen and country. For it is plain that any act which justifies or rewards the authors and abettors of a rebellion, stigmatises its opposers.

We have another objection to this measure. If the loyalists sinned in opposing the rebellion, they should pay the debt, and not allow it to be shirked off upon the next generation. That is a very sneaking and contemptible way of paying a debt. It we tamely submit to this gross outrage, what guarantee have we that a proposition will not soon follow openly to punish those who took up arms against the rebels. It was formerly the fashion to grant a lot of land as a bounty to loyal volunteers,—but the tables are now turned in Canada; and we shall expect soon to see a Bill introduced into Parliament giving a pension for life to Papineau, Nelson, Brown, the Widow of Lount, and the Widows of all the sympathisers who lost their lives in the repeated invasions of Upper Canada! We would suggest to Mr Lafontaine the propriety of introducing a clause into his Bill to provide for the erection of a monument in honor of Von Shoulze! as a tribute of gratitude for his assistance in placing him and his confederates in their present elevated position.

We beg to suggest to the people of the Township the propriety of immediately taking measures to express their opinions on Mr Lafontaine's measure. We think no time should be lost in getting up public meetings in each County or Township to remonstrate against the disgraceful spoliation contemplated. Should all attempts to prevent the adoption of the project by the Legislature fail, as they most likely will, remonstrances should be addressed to the British Government, urging the interposition of the Royal Prerogative, that so iniquitous a law may be disallowed. If we finally failed, we should have the satisfaction of feeling that our children, and children's children, could not rise up and taunt us with having proved recreant to their rights and their honor.

From the Cobourg Star.

### REBELLION CLAIMS.

Through our Montreal Correspondent we were able last week to lay before our readers the astounding news, that Mr Lafontaine had brought in a bill to indemnify the Rebels of Lower Canada for the losses sustained by them while they were in arms against Her Majesty. How say you, Farmers of Canada West? Are you willing to pay one hundred and eighty thousand pounds out of your pockets for such a purpose? Is not the proposition infamous? We can fancy the feeling of indignation with which you will read of the designs of the French—with which you will trample under foot the degrading yoke, attempted to be cast round your necks by the Ministry.

Will the British portion of the Cabinet assist them? We cannot believe that either Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Blake, Mr. Price, or Mr. Hincks will for a moment consent. But it is enough to make a man's blood boil in his veins,—enough to make him set at defiance the laws of the land,—to see such a proposition submitted to the House. Let not Mr Lafontaine attempt to justify the murderers of British subjects, much less indemnify them. Such an act would call the dead from their graves!—would cause every British heart to

"POINT AT THEIR WOUNDS AND CRY ALOUD,  
TO BATTLE!"

No, no, the time has not yet arrived for Upper Canadians, whatever be their political belief, to submit to see their hard-earned gains taken away for such a purpose as this.

The first protest against it has already been published. Kingston has done her duty.

From the Streetsville Review.

### THE REBELLION PAYMENT.

No words of ours can heighten the effect of these blistering details; trumpet-tongued do they proclaim how deep is the abasement of Victoria's loyal subjects in this frightfully mis-