

the air, and playfully chasing each other over the plain. There are few hearts that would not have responded to such a scene, and Tryon's was now attuned to all that spoke of gladness; beneath its influence the only dark spot in his sky—his Kate's sorrow—seemed to grow lighter; and he was again wandering through his dreamland, and seeing Kate the beloved, and loving bride of some one he deemed well worthy, when he approached the edge of the declivity, and the Dell lay before him. He stopped abruptly, and gazed down as one lost in wonder, raised his hand and passed it quickly across his brow, as though to clear his vision, then, uttering one loud cry of agony as the truth burst upon him, rushed rapidly down the hill.

The cottage around whose dear inmates he had but now been raising such airy structures was no longer visible, and where it so late had stood a column of grey smoke was slowly curling upwards, telling a dark tale of ruin, but to what extent as yet he knew not; though he was gazing on the site of his vanished home and standing beside the spot that was once his earth; for there was none by to tell him if the beloved ones by whom it had been shared had escaped, or if he now looked on their funeral pyre. He gazed eagerly and anxiously around. A person riding rapidly down the hill met his eye, and he sprang towards him.

It was Walter Hume. He was ashy pale—paler yet than when he last had passed from Tryon's presence; and even the latter could perceive that his hand trembled as he gave it to him in silence.

"My wife—my children?" murmured Tryon in a broken voice.

Still Hume was silent, but he drew away his hand and covering his face with both, sunk upon the grass in anguish he could no longer repress.

"My darlings! my precious ones! and is it come to this!" exclaimed the bereaved man, wringing his hands in agony. "And are you all taken from me—you for whom I toiled with so much pleasure—you for whom I even sinned? Tell me, Hume, tell me all my sorrow, all my misery!"

And Hume did tell him, gently and tenderly the tale that his having lost his way alone prevented him from hearing earlier, as of the two servants who had escaped, one had gone along the Graham's Town road in quest of him, while the other had hurried off to Hume's farm, to tell of how the Kafirs had burst upon them at dead of night, and how they two had fled in the darkness, and under cover of the trees had witnessed the fierce assailants deal death to all around, and even seen the noble-hearted Kate shot by a tall savage, in a vain attempt to shield her mother. And then the trader's vast stores of ivory and skins were rifled, and his cattle swept away; and finally firing the house of death, the murderers departed, carrying their plunder across the border.

"Who! who!" exclaimed Tryon, breathlessly, "who was the Kafir that has so bereft me?"

"I know not; I never thought of asking," replied Walter. "But here is something that perhaps may tell," and he lifted a new rifle from among the long grass where it had lain concealed.

"It is—it is my sin that has overtaken me!" cried the wretched man, throwing up his clasped hands. "It is one of the guns I sold to Kuru. Oh, I am well punished!" he continued, pacing to and fro distractedly. "I pined for wealth to aggrandise my children, and I sold arms to the Kafirs that I might do it more quickly; those arms they have turned against me, and have left me childless. My children, it is your father who is your murderer!"

Hitherto, amid all his own grief, Hume had appeared to feel deeply for the bereaved father; but now he started from his side with a look of horror and detestation; and wild were the words of reproach and indignation that burst from his lips as he realised the truth, that the being he had so deeply loved—whom still he loved, though now there was between them the barrier of a fearful death—had fallen a victim to Tryon's ambition—that it was no evil chance that had caused Wil- low Dell to be the scene of such a tragedy, but the deliberate resolve of the Kafir to regain possession of the valuable ivory and skins Tryon had received as his recompense—when he remembered that had not that fatal passion filled Tryon's heart, Kate and himself might have been among earth's happiest; and that now he stood well nigh broken-hearted beside the smoking ruin that was her grave. And in the anguish of those thoughts he forgot that Tryon was yet more unhappy than himself, for he had no self-reproach; and he poured forth upon him a flood of bitter accusations, which the miserable man's conscience echoed to the uttermost; nay, even more, for he mourned for all his children and the wife of his youth, for whom he had procured a violent death.

But the violence of these self-upridings could not last; and ere the sun again shone on the grave-ruin, Tryon, unconscious of all things, was writhing in the agony of a brain fever. Walter Hume attended him as though he were his son; for he saw in him for the time but the father of the gentle girl to whom his love had been so terrible. But when that was once over, (for Tryon did recover, as those to whom life is a burthen often will) Walter shrunk from him again, as one whose hand had fired the mine that overthrew his happiness.

Nor did Tryon seek his companionship, but wandered away none knew whither, a sad and solitary man, leaving his name and

his story to haunt the once fair spot which his evil passions blighted.

From Hogg's Instructor,

### EVENING NEAR A GREAT CITY.

In a sweet summer's eve, when the sun was declining,  
I stray'd forth alone through the grass-  
cover'd fields;  
Though my spirit was sad, yet it felt no re-  
pinning;  
'Twas only the musing which solitude  
yields.

Overcome by the spell that was breathing  
through nature,  
I calmly sat down 't' inhale its repose;  
At my side grew an oak of magnificent sta-  
ture,  
And round me there bloom'd the wild thorn  
and the rose.

What a picture of peace in the quiet feeding  
cattle!  
How soft and subdued is the song of the  
lark!  
Scarce a word can be heard of the boys  
wearied prattle,  
As homeward they wend ere the falling of  
dark.

But far off to the east, with its smoke-cloud  
o'erhanging,  
The city has stretch'd, as if silent in death;  
Surely there is a lesson that needs no ha-  
ranguing—  
It weighs on the soul till it stifles the  
breath.

There the thousands of men from all coun-  
tries assemble,  
To toil for a pittance, to grasp after gain;  
Life is urged to a speed that may well make  
us tremble—  
The hotbed of passion, and sorrow, and  
pain.

Ah! 'tis easy for those who are villa-lodged  
magnates  
To talk of the beauty and wealth of the  
town;  
But 'tis there the deep cesspool of misery  
stagnates,  
And all the worst seeds of corruption are  
grown.

If we knew the sad tale of the spirits who  
languish,  
While toiling like slaves in yon close hud-  
dled cells,  
It would wring from the heart an expression  
of anguish—  
Great towns are a curse; they are prisons  
and hells.

Lord! have mercy on man; he is wretchedly  
dying;  
Send light from above; let him breathe thy  
free grace:  
Christian, run to the bed where thy brother is  
lying,  
What joy might he feel in thy loving em-  
brace!

Scenes from "Life in the Woods."

### FOREST MUSIC.

How often we speak of the solitude of the forest, meaning by that the contrast its stillness presents to the hum and motion of busy life. When you first step from the crowded city into the centre of a vast wilderness, the absence of all the bustle and activity you have been accustomed to makes you at first believe there is no sound, no motion there. So a man accustomed for a long time to the surges of the ocean cannot at first hear the murmur of the rill. Yet these solitudes are full of sound, ay, of rare music too. I do not mean the notes of birds, for they rarely sing in the darker, deeper portions of the forest. Even the robin, which in the fields cannot chirp and carol enough, and is so tame that a tyro can shoot him, ceases his song the moment he enters the forest, and flits silently from one lofty branch to another, as if in constant fear of a secret enemy. If you want to listen to the music of birds, go to some field that borders on the woods, and there, before sunrise of a summer morning, you will hear such an orchestra as never before greet- ed your ears. There are no dying cadences, and rapturous bursts, and prolonged swells, but one continuous strain of joy. Yet there is every variety of tone, from the clear, round note of the robin, to the shrill piping of the sparrow. No time is kept, and no scale fol- lowed; each is striving to outwarble the other, and yet there seems the most perfect accord. No jar is made by all the conflict- ing instruments—the whole heavens are full of voices tuned to a different key—each pau- sing or breaking in as it suits its mood—and yet the harmony remains the same. It is unwritten music such as nature furnishes, filling the soul with a delight and joy it never before experienced. But this is found only in the fields—our great forests are too sombre and shadowy for such glees. Still you find music there. There is a certain kind occurring only at intervals, which chills the heart like a dead-march, and is fearful as the echo of bursting billows along the arches of a cavern. The shrill scream of a pan- ther in the midst of an impenetrable swamp, rising in the intervals of thunder-claps—the long, discordant howl of a herd of wolves at midnight, slowly travelling along the slope of a high mountain, you may call strange mu- sic; yet there are certain chords in the heart of man that quiver to it, especially when he feels there is no cause of alarm. The howling

of a moose, echoing miles away in the gorges—the solitary cry of the loon in some deep bay—the solemn hoot of the owl, the only lullaby that cradles you to sleep, all have their charms, and stir you at times like the blast of a bugle. So the scream of the eagle, and cry of the fish-hawk, as they sweep in measured circles over the still bosom of a lake after their prey, or the low, half-sup- pressed croak of the raven—his black form, like some messenger of death, slowly swing- ing from one mountain to another—are sights and sounds that arrest and chain you. Yet these are not all—the ear grows sensitive when you feel that everything about you treads stealthily; and the slightest noise will sometimes startle you like the unexpected crack of a rifle.

After watching for a long time for deer on the banks of some small stream, almost motionless myself, the unexpected spring of a trout to the surface has sent the blood to my temples as suddenly as though it had been the leap of a panther. By living in the woods, your sense of hearing becomes so acute that the wilderness never seems silent. It is said that a nice and practised ear can hear at night, in the full vigor of spring, the low sound of growing, bursting vegetation, and in the winter, the shooting of crystals, 'like moonbeams splintering along the ground.' So in the forest, there is a faint and indistinct hum about you, as if the spreading and burst- ing of the buds and barks of trees, the stretch- ing out of the roots into the earth, and the slow and affectionate interlacing of branches and kiss of leaves, were all perceptible to the ear. The passage of the scarcely moving air over the unseen tree-tops, the motion it gives to the trunk—too slight to be detected by the eye—the dropping of an imperfect leaf; all combine to produce a monotonous sound, which lulls you into a feeling half melancholy and half pleasing. You may, on a still summer afternoon, recline for hours on some gentle slope, and listen without weariness to this low, perpetual chant of nature. Some- times the hollow tap of the woodpecker, or the low, babbling voice of the streamlet, rushes under arches of evergreens, gives ani- mation to the song. If you are on the bor- ders of a lake, the clear and limpid sound of the ripples, as they hasten to lay their lips on the smooth pebbles, blend in with the anthem, till the soul sinks into reveries it dare not speak aloud. But there is one kind of forest music I love best of all—it is the sound of wind among the trees. I have lain here by the hour, on some fresh afternoon, when the brisk west wind swept by in gusts, and listened to it. All is comparatively still, when, far away, you catch a faint murmur, like the dying tone of an organ with its stops closed, gradually swelling into clearer distinctness and fuller volume, as if gathering strength for some fearful exhibition of its power, until, at length, it rushes like a sudden sea over head, and everything sways and tosses about you. For a moment an invisible spirit seems to be near—the fresh leaves rustle and talk to each other—the pines and cedars whisper ominous tidings, and then the retiring swell subsides in the distance, and silence again slowly settles on the forest. A short interval only elapses when the murmur, the swell, the rush, and the retreat, are repeated. If you abandon yourself entirely to the influ- ence, you soon are lost in strange illusions. I have lain and listened to the wind moving thus among the branches, until I fancied every gust a troop of spirits, whose tread over the bending tops I caught afar, and whose rapid approach I could distinctly measure. My heart would throb and pulses bound, as the invisible squadrons drew near, till, as their sounding chariots of air swept swiftly over- head, I ceased listening, and turned to look. Thus, troop after troop, they came and went on their mysterious mission—waking the soli- tude into sudden life as they passed, and filling it with glorious melody.

### HINTS TO HUSBANDS.

Do not jest with your wife upon a subject in which there is danger of wounding her feelings. Remember that she treasures every word you utter, though you may never think of it again. Do not reproach your wife with a personal defect, for if she has sensibility you inflict a wound difficult to heal. Do not treat your wife with inattention in company; it touches her pride—she will not respect you more or love you better for it. Do not up- braid your wife in the presence of a third person. The sense of your disregard for her feelings will prevent her from acknow- ledging her fault. Do not often invite your friends to jaunt, and leave your wife at home. She might suspect that you esteemed others more companionable than herself. If you want a pleasant home and cheerful wife, pass your evenings under your own roof. Do not be stern and silent in your own house, and remarkable for your sociability elsewhere. Remember that your wife has as much need of recreation as yourself, and devote a por- tion at least of your leisure hours to such society and amusements as she may join. By doing so, you will secure her smiles and in- crease her affection.

JUDGMENT.—Never let it be forgotten that there is scarcely a single moral action of a single man, of which other men can have such a knowledge in its ultimate grounds, its surrounding incidents, and the real deter- mining causes of its merits, as to warrant their pronouncing a conclusive judgment upon it.

An American paper says the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for hus- bands that they sometimes take up with Printers and Lawyers!

## The Politician.

### THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Morning Herald.

#### THE TIMBER TRADE.

In the first edition of his budget, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced his determination to reduce the duties on foreign timber by one-half, chiefly with the view of answering the complaints made last year by British shipbuilders against the unfair com- petition to which they were exposed with foreign ships built of untaxed timber, and, secondarily, to carry out his very benevolent schemes in favor of the dwellings of the poor. In the last edition of the financial statement, Sir Charles Wood still perseveres in his in- tention of effecting a reduction of the duties in question; but has either entirely forgotten the great object for which he originally pro- posed it, or, as in the case of the duty on seeds and the transfer of a portion of the charge for lunatic asylums, has thought prop- er to rebuke the indifference of his victims by taking no account whatever of their claims. No longer referring to the wrongs of the ship- builder the right hon. baronet pathetically ad- verts to the wretched state of the dwellings of the poor, and declares that as "for their sakes, last year, he carried his repeal of the duty on bricks, so, for their sakes, this year he proposes to reduce the duty upon foreign timber." Indeed, the versatile Chancellor en- larges so eloquently and so exclusively upon the physical miseries endured by the poor by reason of the insufficiency of their abodes that shipbuilders and their claims would seem at no time to have occupied an inordinate share of his attention.

The probable effects of the proposed re- duction of the timber duties are most point- edly displayed in a correspondence which will be found elsewhere in our columns, emanat- ing from Messrs. Pollok, Gilmour & Co., of Glasgow. That firm, having conducted an extensive business as timber merchants and shipbuilders in our North American colonies for nearly forty years, are eminently qualified to speak as to the practical results of a mea- sure which, for reasons, as it appears, not very clear to himself, the Chancellor of the Ex- chequer is bent upon carrying out. The con- clusions to which we are irresistibly led by the letters of Messrs. Pollok, Gilmour & Co., are, first, that the proposal of the Govern- ment must inevitably destroy our colonial timber trade, and thereby render the defection of our North American colonies almost certain; next, that the meditated reduction must be a boon of almost inappreciable value to the poor; and last, that relief may be given to the shipbuilders of this country, whom Sir Charles, in fact, no longer wishes to relieve, without at all interfering injuriously with our trade in colonial timber.

With regard to the first point, it is to be observed that the price of timber abroad con- sists principally of the price of labor em- ployed in cutting down the wood in the for- ests, in converting it into timber, and in bringing it to a shipping port. Now, as the price of labor in our colonies is considerably higher than in such wood-exporting countries of Europe as Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Prussia, there is a large difference in the first cost of colonial and foreign timber wholly in favor of the foreigner. But then comes the amount of freight, which Messrs. Pollok, Gilmour & Co., calculate at the following averages. From our North American col- onies the freight is on an average from 30s. to 33s. a load, and from the ports of Norway and the Baltic not more than 15s. a load, showing a difference in favor of the foreigner, in the item of freight only, of no less than 15s. to 18s. a load, a sum sufficient of itself to coun- tervail the duty. The results which follow- ed from the reduction of foreign timber du- ties in 1842 have been the bankruptcy of many of the colonial timber merchants, the in- crease of supply by foreign countries, and the advance of the price of foreign timber, as well as the deterioration of its quality. The consequences which must now accrue to the British shipping interest if the timber trade with our own colonies should be trans- ferred en masse to foreign countries are too obvious to require even a passing allusion.

We look in vain in the proposition of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for the slight- est justification for imperilling, if not utterly destroying, the trade of our North American Colonies, and, with it, their allegiance to the British Throne. Before the Ministerial crisis the proposal was made, as we have already said, in order to remove the com- plaints of shipbuilders as well as to improve the habitations of the poor; but in the inter- val between the 17th February and the 4th April the philanthropic designs of the Chan- cellor in favor of domestic architecture en- tirely superseded all consideration of the case of the unfortunate shipbuilders. Now, when people boast largely of their charity and munificence, we are invited to investi- gate and take an account of the value of their gifts. Our correspondents have made a mat- ter-of-fact calculation with respect to the saving possible to be made in the construction of dwellings for the poor from the reduction of the duties proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Upon the house of a com- mon laborer or mechanic, rented at from five to seven pounds a year, the whole saving in cost would be seventeen shillings. Upon a higher class of house, with rent at from nine to eleven pounds, the original cost of con- struction would be one pound six shillings and three pence less than at present; and on the best class of houses which could come