

'Do you know,' he whispered if the captain—if the officers have left the town?

'I believe not,' was the reply; 'they are at the Crown.'

'Is there any one here,' rejoined Heyworth, in a louder voice, 'who will be the bearer of a message from me to the captain of the king's guards?'

'I will,' said a young man, at once stepping forward.

'Come close then, for the message is for the officer's private ear.'

This was done, and in a couple of minutes afterwards the messenger had left the church.

He found captain Turnbull alone. Major Redwood had left a few minutes previously, to pay a visit to a friend in the neighborhood, after arranging with his comrade to meet in the morning for the division of the spoil, at a place on the rear side of Wilton, where the sergeant had been directed to halt with the prisoners and booty.

'Which of the traitorous scoundrels, do you say wishes to see me?' asked the captain. The fellow to whom I gave the quietus?

'No; the other, I believe.'

'Heyworth! What can that rascal want with me?'

'He bade me say that he will tell you where the brother and sister that you have been so long vainly seeking for are to be found.'

'The devil he will!' exclaimed the officer with surprise. 'But this fellow must be mocking me.'

'I think not: men in his situation seldom jest.'

'That is true. Lead on then; I'll follow you.'

The scene which presented itself to captain Turnbull as he entered the ancient church was a sad and solemn one. The silent and extended figures, especially that one his own hand had struck down a brief space before, the religious hush of the place, the dim and scanty light, in which only the light faces of the dying men were distinctly visible—all objects else, the observing groups of grave, indignant men, the aisle-columns, the stone monuments, presenting only shadows more or less defined, irresistibly impressed him; his breath came thick and short, and but for very shame he would have turned back at once.

'I have an important communication to make to you, captain,' said Heyworth, as soon as the officer had approached sufficiently near to hear him; 'one which will in some degree, I trust, require the favors I have received at your and your friend's hands.'

He spoke with great difficulty, and after a pause, said—

'If you would condescend to stoop somewhat lower, this revelation could be more easily and distinctly made.'

Captain Turnbull bent down and placed his ear close to Heyworth's lips. As the words of the dying man were slowly and deliberately hissed into his ear, an inexpressible horror gradually overspread his countenance; his flaming eyes protruded from their sockets, and dilated as if confronted by some frightful corporeal vision; and when the whispered accents ceased, his frame appeared to involuntarily stiffen and become rigid and erect by the influence of an unutterable terror.

For more than a minute he struggled vainly for utterance.

'It is false!' he at length shrieked—'a lie, an accursed lie,' and in his frenzy he fiercely shook the expiring but exultant tormentor; 'an invention of the fiend to whom you are going.'

The bystanders dragged the captain forcibly from Heyworth, who immediately by a gesture commanded the company to be silent.

'Mark Turnbull,' said he 'tell this sceptic who you are. He wishes not to believe that you are the son of Captain Stephen Turnbull, that your sister Rachel is now in the power of Major Redwood, and that you have a brother in the king's horse guards.'

'Yes, that is true,' responded Mark Turnbull, faintly. 'Do you know my brother Steven, sir?' he added; 'I would fain see him.'

'He stands before you!' shouted Heyworth with demonic energy; 'he, your murderer, is Stephen Turnbull—ha, ha, ha! And hark you,' he added, in low distinct serpent tones, taking advantage of the dumb horror which sealed the lips of every person present; 'major Redwood knew all this—knew it from me yesterday: so that you have chiefly to thank your friend for what has happened—ha, ha, ha! Dogs! villains!' he continued, half springing up and shaking his hand with impotent rage at Captain Turnbull; 'I spit at you, spurn, triumph over you, even from my grave, and die, detested blood hounds, die.'

What more he would have said was stifled by the gripe of death; and after a brief, frightful stare, he fell back on the mattress lifeless.

'Stephen, my poor, misled, unhappy brother,' murmured Mark Turnbull, come near to me—nearer—nearer yet. The world is passing, and I would fain speak the blessing our father charged me with for you. He often said how brave and valiant you were when—' He paused; and his hands, misguided by his failing sight, sought for some time vainly those of his brother, who had staggered towards him and fallen brain-smitten at his side. One word only, Stephen—you will protect Rachel and the old man—but no revenge. Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord. Lay that to heart, dear Stephen. For-

give, ever forgive, if thy brother offend thee seventy and seven times—compassion—mercy—love! with these words, slowly and faintly uttered, that gentle spirit passed away.

Captain Turnbull long remained in breathless stillness where he knelt, as if he hoped against hope that those blessed accents might be renewed. The deep silence remained unbroken, unprofaned, but the balm breathing voice returned not. At last the elder brother rose to his feet, glanced at the dead face, made one step towards it, and then, as the consciousness that he was a spotted fracticide flashed upon his mind with sudden agony, uttered a bitter cry and fled from the church.

The clear bright dawn of a new day was glimmering on the eastern horizon when captain Turnbull overtook the waggon in which Rachel and her uncle were sadly journeying. 'You and your men, sergeant Weevil,' he said, 'will return immediately to Bridgewater.'

The man looked surprised, but military discipline permitting no remark, the heads of the trooper's horses were immediately turned round, and after exchanging the customary salute, the party went off at a smart trot on their return to head quarters.

'Proceed,' said captain Turnbull, addressing the waggoner, 'in whatever direction Mr Matthews pleases.'

The vehicle then moved on, followed by the officer, in silence.

Two hours afterwards the waggon drew up before the door of a tavern in Salisbury market-place. Ebenezer Matthews, after the terrible incidents of the previous evening, could scarcely believe that he was really free and in a place of safety. The officer who had accompanied them for the last two hours was still there mounted, and with his back towards them.

'Sir,' said Ebenezer, timidly approaching with the weeping Rachel trembling on his arm, 'how shall we thank you for this great service?'

There was no answer, and the grateful cloth-worker varied and repeated the question.

'The lady with you,' said the officer, in a husky voice, 'is Rachel Turnbull, is she not?'

'Yes—she is,' was the somewhat hesitating reply.

'She has a brother, one Stephen Turnbull—an officer in the king's guards. Does she remember him?'

'You are he,' said Rachel with a scream, and springing forward she seized his hand. 'Yes, yes, it must be so, for father told us that—'

The horseman turned suddenly towards her, and the expression of his face, white, ghastly, and the eyes on flame, frightened and silenced her. He stooped suddenly, imprinted a kiss upon her forehead, drew back with a shudder as if his lips must have left a stain there, turned in his saddle, gasped out, 'Yes, I am he, and my brother's murderer,' dashed his spurs fiercely into the horse's flanks, and rode off at furious speed.

The morning was considerably advanced when captain Turnbull, after a swift gallop, drew bridle beneath a clump of trees, about three miles beyond Wilton. The young day was abroad in all its beauty, but the freshening stir of joyous life, which awoke the music of the streams and woods, vainly fanned the hot pulse and throbbing temples of the expectant soldier. The fever in his veins could not be so allayed, and his fiery impatience seemed but to increase with the passing moments. At length a horseman, similarly accoutred to himself was seen merrily carolling along, full of lusty life, and gay as the lark singing over his head. Captain Turnbull's horse gained the road at a bound, and dashed madly towards the approaching cavalier. Major Redwood, for it was he, recognised his friend, and greeted his appearance with a loud shout of welcome. The answer was a startling one:

'Draw, miscreant—villain—dog!' cried captain Turnbull, reining his horse fiercely up.

'Turnbull, you must be mad,' exclaimed the astonished and frightened Major. 'What can—'

'Draw!' shouted the captain, cutting short the question, 'or I will hew you in pieces as I would a hound!' draw, I say! and he struck Redwood across the face with the flat of his sword.

The major's weapon sprung from the scabbard; but it scarcely glittered in his hand when it was struck away, and himself a minute afterwards fell, slashed, stabbed, backed and stone dead, upon the road. The body was found by some peasants about an hour afterwards, but in the hurry and fever of these days, there was little time for minute inquiry as to the cause of one solitary death, and the matter slept with hundreds of other homicides in unregarded silence.

Captain Turnbull did not join his regiment. He went abroad, and according to his sister's report, distinguished himself in after years under Marlborough, in one of those great battles he was slain.

Ebenezer Matthews and his niece ultimately settled at Newport in the Isle of Wight. Rachel married and prospered there. Her eldest son, Mark Harrison, was twice Mayor of Portsmouth, to which town he and his mother when a widow had removed.

#### THE MOB.

The mob is a demon, fierce and ungovernable. It will not listen to reason; it will not be influenced by fear, or pity, or self-preservation. It has no sense of justice. Its energy

is exerted in frenzied fits; its forbearance is apathy or ignorance. It is a grievous error to suppose that this cruel, this worthless hydra, has any political feeling. In its triumph it breaks windows; in its anger, it breaks heads. Gratify it, and it creates a disturbance; disappoint it, and it grows furious; attempt to appease it, and it becomes outrageous; meet it boldly, and it turns away. It is accessible to no feeling but one of personal suffering; it submits to no argument but that of the strong hand. The point of the bayonet convinces; the edge of the sabre speaks keenly; the noise of musketry is listened to with respect; the roar of artillery is unanswerable. How deep, how grievous, how burdensome is the responsibility that lies on him who would rouse this fury from its den. It is astonishing, it is too little known, how much individual character is lost in the aggregate character of a multitude. Men may be rational, moderate, peaceful, loyal, and sober, as individuals; yet heap them by the thousand, and in the very progress of congregation, loyalty, quietness, moderation, and reason evaporate, and a multitude of rational beings is an unreasonable and intemperate being—a wild, infuriated monster, which may be driven, but not led, except to mischief—which has an appetite for blood, and a savage joy in destruction, for the mere gratification of destroying.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

#### SEED-TIME AND HARVEST.

CHEER thee, faint and weary one,  
Wearied with the sowing,  
On the rugged paths of life,  
Tears from eyes o'erflowing.  
Deem not one shed is vain,  
Doth not Heaven's gentle rain  
Set earth's blossoms blowing?

Thou must learn on Nature's page,  
How, from present sorrow,  
Leaving faith and noble trust,  
Future good may borrow—  
That, how dark so'er the cloud  
Folds our sun god in a shroud,  
He must rise to-morrow.

Sow in faith, or tears, or seed,  
O'er thy pathway flinging;  
Then await the rich reward  
From these germs upspringing.  
Over each God's angel bends,  
To the earth-born flowers he tends,  
Dew and sunshine bringing.

So in hope—no dark despair,  
Mingled with thy weeping;  
Sad may be the seed-time here,  
Joy awaits the reaping.  
He who wept for human woe,  
Deems thy tear-drops as the flow  
Worthy of His keeping.

But o'er all things sow in love,  
Hand and heart o'erflowing;  
Soon, oh, faint and weary one,  
Thou shalt cease from sowing,  
And behold, each seed time tear,  
'First the blade and then the ear,  
In God's harvest growing.

#### FEMALE SOCIETY.

Of all the refiners of the course of nature of man, true female society is the most effective. There is a respect for the softer sex implanted in us by nature, that gives a desire to appear well in the presence of delicate and intelligent females, and has a tendency to elevate our feelings and make us assume a gentleness and propriety of deportment totally at variance with all coarseness of vulgarity. Such is the influence of the intercourse of which we speak, in forming the character, that we do not recollect ever having seen a young man devoted to the society of ladies of his own age, that did not turn out well, and prosper in life; whilst on the other hand, we have observed many who by confining themselves to associations with their own sex, acquired a roughness and uncouthness of manner that entirely unfitted them for the intercourse of life. We are perfectly aware that a foolish timidity is at the bottom of this; we esteem it a great defect of character. If the ladies were only aware of the power they rightfully possess in forming the habits and manners of men, they would take pains to allay the sensitiveness which produces want of ease in their presence, and by becoming affability and kindness, cherish confidence and self-possession. The members of the two sexes were intended by their Maker to be companions for each other; and the more easy and free their intercourse can be—due regard being had to strict propriety—the more delicate and refined will be the sentiments of all concerned.

PATHEtic—Some poet who evidently thinks 'our wrongs is intolerable'—probably himself the unfortunate husband of a bloomer—comes out in the 'Carpet Bag' in a dozen stanzas of profound grief, most eloquently done into rhyme. The following is his description of the gradual encroachment of womankind on the territories of pantaloon. He says:

They took our hats—at first we hardly missed them—  
And then they aped our dickeys and cravats;  
They stole our sacks—we only laughed and kissed them,  
Emboldened then they wore our very hats;  
Until, by slow degrees, the witches,  
Have taken all, our coats, hats, boots and breeches.

## Colonial News.

### Novascotia.

#### THE LEGISLATURE.

An Act relative to the Crown Land Department.

1. The Surveyor General and Commissioner of Crown Lands shall hereafter be styled "Commissioner of Crown Lands."

2. It shall be the duty of the Commissioner of Crown Lands, in addition to his present duties, when so required by the Governor in Council:

To cause a survey to be made of all the Crown Lands within ten miles on each side of any line of Railroad which may be first put under contract in this Province—such lands to be laid off in lots of 100 acres each, except in the neighborhood of any Railway Station, or other desirable locality, where Town Lots of smaller dimensions may be laid off.

To prepare and cause to be lithographed, plans or maps of such lands, with the lots numbered, and the course of the Railroad, or of any streams or public roads running thro' the same, and the price of the lots clearly indicated thereon.

To sell, without reference or delay, and where there is no adverse possession, at such price as may have been affixed by order of the Governor in Council, any such lot, to which the title of the Crown is clear.

To forward to every Emigrant Agent in the United Kingdom copies of such plans, with a public advertisement of the lands thus offered for sale.

To correspond with the Commissioners of Lands and Emigration in the United Kingdom, or other legally constituted authorities within the same, supplying them, from time to time, with information, and co-operating with them for the speedy sale and settlement of the public lands.

To collect, through the Deputy Surveyors in each County, annual returns of the number of Tradesmen, Mechanics, Laborers and Apprentices, which the formed settlements in such counties would probably require.

To transmit copies of such Returns to the Commissioners of Lands and Emigration in December, in each year, and generally to superintend and facilitate the transmission and location of such Immigrants as may land at any port within the Province, of which he shall have notice.

3. The Governor in Council may from time to time modify, alter or change the above regulations, such alterations to be published in the Royal Gazette, and laid before the Legislature at the next ensuing Session.

4. The Commissioner of Crown Lands, and any Deputy Surveyor who may be commissioned for the purpose by the Governor, shall be the legal guardian of such young persons as may be landed in the Province, under the authority and at the expense of the Commissioners of land and Emigration or of any legally constituted Board, having the sanction of Her Majesty's Government—such officers having power to bind, by Indenture, such young persons until they are twenty-one years of age, and to protect them from ill-treatment or neglect, by appeal to the ordinary tribunals, in as ample a manner as other apprentices are now protected by Law; but no greater number of such young persons shall be so protected than shall have been forwarded to the Province on requisition from the Commissioner of Crown Lands; and the expense of maintaining them after their arrival, and forwarding them to their destination, and of the requisite Indentures, shall be paid or refunded by the persons to whom they are bound.

5. The Governor in Council may direct the surveying and laying off, in manner herebefore mentioned, of other lands than those mentioned in Section two, and may direct plans thereof to be prepared and such other steps taken in relation thereto, as may be deemed advisable.

6. It shall be the duty of the Deputy Surveyors in the different Counties:

To collect information within their Counties relating to the ungranted Lands therein, the quality, description, and value of the buildings on the occupied portions thereof, and the quality of the soil and the quantity and quality of the timber thereon, and transmit the same to the Commissioner of Crown Lands.

To receive and transmit to the Crown Land Office all applications for Grants—the same, where no previous survey has been made, to be accompanied by a plan of the Lands applied for upon a survey and running out there-of by the Deputy Surveyor, made at the expense of the applicant; and also by a report setting forth the quality, situation, and value of the Land, and whether any and what portion thereof has been occupied or improved and by whom—when a survey shall have been previously made to refer specifically thereto, and to the number of the lot on any plan thereof, and the state of the Land at the time of the application; and whether it has been occupied, and if so, by whom, and what in his opinion is the then value of it—the value in either case, if improved, to be estimated as if in its original state, and separately taking into consideration such improvements.

7. The Governor in Council may, from time to time, subject to the previous provisions, settle the price to be paid for ungranted lands, and the manner of making application therefor.

8. Any of Her Majesty's subjects may, upon due application to the Commissioner of