

had been hanged, although the cap, which was still over his face, prevented the shepherd from seeing his lips move. At first, the old man had started with terror and nearly sank to the earth, but now his natural conclusion was, 'Good heavens! are you not dead yet?'

'No,' replied the voice, 'not even hurt, except by remaining so many hours here. The rope does not press upon my neck at all, and somehow I am hanging by my legs and my arms.'

'Stay, stay,' cried the shepherd eagerly; 'I will get a ladder, and take you down; but do not speak to any one else, for fear they should hang you again.'

Thus saying, the old shepherd ran faster than he had run for thirty years, to a detached barn and rick-yard at a short distance, in which were lying several thatching ladders. Taking the largest of these, he was speedily at the foot of the gibbet, and had soon placed the feet of poor Frederick Prevot firm upon one of the rounds of the ladder. It was now very evident how he escaped death. The hangman, both inexperienced and half drunk, had twisted the rope round the chains in such a manner that the noose never slipped at all, and the lateness of the hour at which the sentence was executed, prevented the mistake from being perceived by others. The very suddenness of the spring which Frederick had given, had entangled the cord more strongly than ever in the chains, and as the last strong exertion which he made had exhausted, for the time, all his remaining corporeal powers, he fainted before he himself perceived that the anticipated death was warded off for the moment.

The shepherd went skilfully though cautiously to work to set him free. He first cut the cord that pinioned his hands, and having thus enabled him to grasp the ladder firmly, he cut the noose from round his neck, and hastened to descend, leaving room for Frederick to follow. The poor young man, however, was so feeble, and so stiff, that it was with the greatest difficulty he crept down, and even then could not support himself upon his feet, though the poor shepherd was in great agitation and terror lest any one should come up, as the sun was now fully risen. For Frederick to reach his cottage quickly was out of the question; and as the best thing he could do for him, the old man supported him to a deep little hollow on the moor filled with tall heath, and hid from any much frequented path. There he made him lie down, covered him over as well as he could, and hastened home to get some hot milk and other restoratives, such as he thought best calculated to give him strength to complete his escape. His efforts were fully successful; Frederick recovered sufficiently to reach the old man's cottage as soon as it was dark, and, under cover of the subsequent night, he made his way towards the dwelling of her who was now weeping him as dead and lost to her forever. The disappearance of the body from the gallows excited some conversation, but small surprise. Many people said that the corpse had gone to the anatomists, and the chains to the old iron shop; others again, declared that the friends of the criminal had carried off the body to bury him; but no one entertained a suspicion of the truth. In the meanwhile, the shepherd, making some reasonable excuse, gave his flock into the charge of a neighbor for the time, and accompanied Frederick to the house of Mary Gore.

The old man undertook the task of breaking the news to her, and delicate indeed was that task; for, at the best, the tidings had well nigh killed her with joy. The door of the neat small house which she had inhabited alone since her mother's death, about two years before, was soon placed open for Frederick Prevot, and this meeting was one on which it will not do to dwell. He found her in the dress of a widow; and though he would fain have lingered and would almost have risked anything rather than leave her again, yet Mary's only anxiety was to get him beyond the shores of England as speedily as possible.

She promised to follow him immediately if he would go to the West Indies, and there to unite her fate to his. Though his property was of course, lost for ever, yet hers was ample, according to all the calculations of love, and she proposed to sell everything in England immediately, and to purchase property beyond the jurisdiction of the English law. The sum required to enable Frederick himself to proceed on his way, was soon provided; and as there were no careful Bow-street officers watching the ports anxiously for a man who was supposed to be dead, Frederick Prevot was suffered to sail quietly away in a West India trader, and arrived safely at Jamaica after the ordinary time occupied by the passage in those days. The captain and several of the passengers, indeed, had remarked about him a certain degree of anxiety and reserve, which the captain, who was a good humoured soul, had striven to overcome by various little acts of kindness. When the vessel arrived, the captain took him on shore in his own boat, with another passenger, and promised to show them a house where they could get good lodging. As they were walking along, however, before a long row of stores and warehouses, the captain and the other passenger suddenly perceived the blood rush up into their companion's face, and with a leap like that of a

maniac, he darted forward and seized the arm of a gentleman who was walking slowly on before them, talking to a negro.

The gentleman instantly turned round, and exclaimed 'Ha! Frederick Prevot!'

'Frederick Prevot!' cried the captain, running up and gazing upon his face, 'why this is the man that was hanged for the murder of Mr Gore.'

'I am the man that was hanged for the murder of Mr Gore,' replied Frederick, turning round, but still holding the other by the hand, 'and this is Mr Gore himself, for whose murder I was hanged.'

'Well, this is the oddest story I ever heard, cried the captain; 'how can two dead men come to meet at Kingston, Jamaica?'

'Are you all joking, Frederick,' demanded William Gore, with a grave and sorrowful face. 'Is it possible that the accident which befel me at the inn, has led to such misery and sorrow as your strange words seem to imply?'

'It is too true, indeed,' replied Frederick.

'Why, I have got the newspaper in my pocket, myself,' said the captain, 'with the account of the execution, and there is another in the ship containing all about the murder, and the woodcut of the bloody villain cutting his friend's throat in bed.'

'The fools!' said William Gore, 'why the whole thing was as simple as possible. I ate and drank too much that night, Frederick, and I was awake by a violent bleeding at the nose. I searched about for some cold water and washed my face, thinking that would stop it; but finding that it did not succeed in so doing, I determined to go out into the air. I recollected, however, that I had not much liked the appearance of the people of the house, and as it was necessary to leave the door open, I tried to wake you, but you slept like a stone; and I thrust my pocket book under your pillow. I then went down stairs and out into the orchard, intending to go down through the garden, which I had seen on the preceding night, to the top of the cliff, when, suddenly, I stumbled upon three or four men, who were dragging up what I now find were contraband West India goods, upon a little truck. At first they seemed inclined to murder me, declaring that I was a custom-house officer come down from London, and I could only obtain mercy upon the hard condition of suffering myself to be carried on board the ship, which was then lying off the coast. They promised to set me on shore again, or to put me into the first fishing boat they met with; but they either met with none, or were determined to keep their word in neither respect, for they brought me straight on to St. Lucie, and with difficulty have I found my way hither, having nothing in my pocket but a couple of stray guineas. I am now waiting here for remittances from England, but certainly had no idea of seeing you, Frederick, though I took it for granted that your marriage with Mary would be postponed in consequence of the uncertainty attending my fate.'

It was not very long after this interview that Mary Gore herself arrived, and strange indeed were her sensations, when a boat came out to welcome her, containing the brother and the lover, both of whom she had for a time believed to be dead.

NEW WORKS.

From Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses; the Narrative of twelve Months' Experience in the Hospitals of Koulali and Scutari.—By a Lady Volunteer.

EASTERN HOSPITAL AND ENGLISH NURSES. Very touching are the accounts of the patience of the wounded, subdued by the least attention, so easily pleased with what was done for them. Very often we wrote letters for them from their dictation, says the Lady Volunteer. And then they were so full of solicitude. Were we not to tired to do it? or was it not uncomfortable sitting on that there bed? There is a great arrival in the advent from England of writing paper with views of the war.

I spread one of each different view out on the table and begged the soldiers to make their selection. Everybody that could walk at all crowded round the table. Orderlies and sergeants left their work to have a look, and even the medical officer was attracted by the crowd came to look and admire. The different views were carried round to the patients in bed. The business of choosing took a long time. Each wanted some scene in which he had formed a part. Some had been with Colonel Chester when he so gallantly led on the twentieth; those who had been in the battle of the Alma wished for that; those who had been at Balaklava; those again who had fought at Inkermann another. Some had seen General Strangways die, and wanted his last scene; others were less warlike, and chose the pretty views of the valley of the Alma before and after the battle; while the comic pictures were not without their share of admirers. One sergeant was particularly struck by the Fresh Arrivals—two young officers fresh from England, in all the pride of new uniforms and polished boots, meeting an old campaigner on a mule who had been out foraging for the mess-table and was bringing his purchases. The sergeant held this up

for the admiration of his comrades, and there was a shout of laughter instantly raised. I much wish my friend and Messrs. Rock also could have seen the extreme pleasure these gifts were the means of giving—the delight it gave the soldiers to write home on these sheets of paper, or how they were treasured up and compared with each other day after day; and many a tale did the picture elicit as they brought back more vividly to mind past scenes of Alma and Inkermann, &c.

It is gratifying to observe how almost unconsciously rudest natures acknowledged the self-devotion, the goodness of the Lady Nurse—(among the hirelings there were sad examples of neglect and depravity)—by a sudden reverence. The moment we approached, writes the lady, all coarseness was hushed. In due season, system takes the place of confusion.

Our life was a regular routine of work and rest (except on occasions of extraordinary pressure) following each other in order; but whether in the strain of overwork or the steady fulfilment of our arduous duty, there was one bright ray ever shed over it, one thing that made labour light and sweet,—and this was the respect, affection and gratitude of the men. No words can tell it rightly, for it was unbounded, and as long as we staid among them it never changed. Familiar as our presence became to them, though we were in and out of the wards day and night, they never forgot the respect due to our sex and position. Standing by those in bitter agony, when the force of old habits is great, or by those in the glow of returning health, or walking up the wards among orderlies and sergeants, never did a word which could offend a woman's ear fall upon ours. Even in the barrack-yard, passing by the guard-room or entrances, where stood groups of soldiers smoking and idling, the moment we approached all coarseness was hushed; and this lasted not a week or a month, but the whole of my twelve months' residence; and my experience is also of that of all my companions. With some brilliant exceptions, the manner in which the war has been conducted is a source of humiliation to England; and yet she has something left to boast of in her noble sons—brave before their enemies, gentlemen to their countrywomen—yes, many a time have our hearts bounded with joyful pride in our countrymen. Many instances of their nobility of character might be given; we select the most remarkable as we pass through each ward. In No. 3 lower was M—; he was the only one seriously ill in the ward, so that a lady sat up one night for his sake only: this he knew, and he was quite distressed about it, and did nothing but cry, for he was very weak. Really, M—, said she, it is useless for me to sit up if you are going to make yourself ill about it in this foolish way. I am quite strong enough to sit up till the morning, when I shall go to bed; but it is mere waste of time to come if you are going to cry in this way all night. I can't abate it, said he, to see you running about and tiring yourself for me. At length she succeeded in quieting him; and when the morning came, finding him better, she left him. Shortly after the lady of the ward came into her daily work when he eagerly inquired after his night-nurse; and though he was assured of her perfect health and well-being, again did his tears begin to flow at the remembrance of what he had taken into his head was such very hard work. He was an orphan, and on his return to England had no home but the workhouse; his constitution being shattered, we fear, for ever. Perhaps it was his lonely lot in this world that made him cling to us, and seem so astonished at any one caring for his comfort. It was the look of surprise on his face when he first came down from the Crimea, at the least little act of kindness, that affected one more than anything: he had evidently not been much accustomed to receive it through life: but he always said, with a smile on his face that was all right—God knew best. In this ward was Walter, a little drummer-boy about twelve; he was a pretty child, with a remarkably clear sweet voice, and had been admitted into the singing class; he was very much spoiled by the soldiers, and had grown saucy and conceited. He caught fever and came into No. 3 lower. When he was getting better, he said to the lady, I have been a very naughty boy before I was ill, but I mean to change now. I promised father when I came away, that I would read the Bible every day and say my prayers: and I have kept my promise in a sort of way, for I always did it; but then I chose out the very shortest chapters, and said my prayers as fast as I could just to get over it somehow; but I shan't do that again if I get well. Afterwards he used to bring the lady beautiful flowers, as a childish mark of affection and gratitude for her having nursed him.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR AN EDITOR IN AMERICA.

An American Editor tells us that an editor must possess the constitution of a horse, the obstinacy of a mule, the independence of a wood-sawyer, the pertinacity of a dun, the endurance of a starving anaconda, an entire resignation to the most confounded of all earthly treadmills; and we will add, says another, he must be a moving target for every body to shoot at.

A word of kindness is a seed which, when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

The Politician.

THE COLONIAL PRESS.

From the Picton Eastern Chronicle.

DISSOLUTION OF THE NEW BRUNSWICK LEGISLATURE.

The Governor of New Brunswick has performed an act that few persons could have believed any representative of royalty at the present day in British America would have ventured upon. In compliance with the petition of a portion of the population who are dissatisfied with the action of the Legislature at its last sitting, and contrary to the advice of his Executive Council, he has assumed the responsibility of dissolving the House and ordering a new election of representatives for the whole Province. This high-handed measure has been resorted to in consequence of the dissatisfaction expressed in some parts of the Province against the Prohibitory Liquor Law, and the refusal of the late House to repeal that measure. The position of the education question is also a matter of complaint in the petition for dissolution, but the former is understood to be the principal cause of discontent. There is no doubt much excitement in New Brunswick on the subject of the Prohibitory Law, but no more than was naturally to be expected for the first year or two of its operation—certainly not so much as to justify the Executive Council in asking the country a second time to pass upon the question, after a new House had already decided by a respectable majority to maintain the law. The Council accordingly decided against the prayer of the petition, and when His Excellency determined to take his own course in opposition to their advice, they wisely resigned in a body. Supposing that any just ground did exist for demanding a repeal of the law, or that the House of Assembly did not fairly represent the wishes of the people, Governor Sutton has not adopted the right policy to bring about that end. The course he has taken will prevent, to a certainty a proper expression of opinion on the liquor law. His extraordinary conduct has raised a question which the people generally, or we mistake the character of the people of New Brunswick, will regard as of far more immediate importance,—that of self-government—whether the Governor is to be the representative or the tyrant of the Commonwealth—the servant or the master of the people—the official head of the State to give effect to the will of the people as expressed through their representatives, or the dictator to use the government prerogative as his own whim or interest may direct, regardless alike of the popular will and of constitutional principles. This is the first time since the introduction of Responsible Government into these Colonies, that a Governor has ventured upon such an extreme exercise of the prerogative, and it is a case which, if the people of New Brunswick would avoid future difficulty, must be promptly and energetically met. This, as we have said, at the approaching election will probably be the principal question, overshadowing totally that of the Prohibitory Law, so that the new House when elected, can scarcely be expected to give as fair a reflex of public opinion on that point as the one which has just been dissolved.

Governor Sutton has ventured upon a bold policy, and one the consequences of which he should have well weighed before committing himself to it. The history of Nova Scotia could have furnished him with examples that might have warned him from listening to the suggestion of back stairs influence against the counsel of his regular advisers. If he be sustained by the new House, which is exceedingly doubtful, in the policy he has adopted, the people and not he, must then bear the legitimate consequences of his high handed acts; but if the popular voice should pronounce against him, it is probably the last time he will have an opportunity of violating the principles of constitutional government. The St. John Courier says:

The question is, shall the people through their representatives, rule; shall the sworn advisers of the crown be listened to, or shall the old back stairs influence, which has for a long series of years cursed the government of these Colonies, control the administration of the government? Let provincialists everywhere fairly examine this subject. The Election now approaching will raise a new question—one tried in the House, but never formerly submitted to the whole provincial constituency before—shall the Governor rule without advice of his Council, or shall he be compelled to take it?

The retiring Councilors have acted nobly. They have given up their offices rather than sacrifice their rights. Thousands who are opposed to the Prohibitory Law, and many who seldom take part in political controversies, will go to the polls and vote for men who will uphold in the new House the rights of the people. If the principle of self-government be sustained by this Election, and we confidently believe it will be, Governor Sutton is the last Governor of New Brunswick who will ever take such a high-handed course. The Government found to sustain him will be shattered as soon as the people