

play, heavily, the officers are after me, and I want you to save me mother!

'What do you mean Derwent?' I asked for he spoke so fast, and in such a changed voice—so weak, and yet so hoarse—that I, confused yet by my own sudden failure of strength, could not follow half he said.

'I have committed forgery,' said Derwent, with terrible distinctness, 'and if I cannot redeem the bill before to-morrow at noon, I shall be arrested as a felon. Besides all this I am dying of fever and ague.'

Here that woman bent over him and kissed him, and I heard her whisper:

'No, my Derwent you shall not die, if Melly's love can save you!'

Had I been a man, had I been even a passionate woman—I should have struck her. I never knew before what passion might arise from mingled jealousy and disgust. But I conquered myself, and said in a cold, measured voice:

'And what do you ask for me to do Derwent?'

I saw my son's lips quiver; I saw that woman's face flush, and her hand involuntarily clench, as she set her teeth, as if to keep back rebellious words. But Derwent who had my blood in him, answered as coldly as I had spoken,

'I want you to pay the forged bill, mother, and so rescue me from the hulk.'

'For how much Derwent?'

'For five thousand pounds!'

'I have not got it,' I said. 'I have not above twenty pounds at my bankers; with your allowance I live now up to my full income, and have not saved.'

'Is there nothing to sell?' exclaimed the woman, savagely, her large, black eyes glaring at me from under her tangled hair.

'Hush, Melly!' said Derwent; 'do not interfere, you will only do harm, and make bad worse.'

'Curses on her proud, cold heart!' I heard her mutter. It is she who has brought you to this by her pride and want of love!

'Well, mother,' said Derwent, 'I cannot advise you what to do. If you have not got the money, and will not raise it for me, I must suffer for my own act. My last chance was to send to you; if that fails me I can meet my fate like a man. I have been the only one to blame; and now that punishment must come, I will not whine over my fate, nor swear I was ill-used innocence. I have been mad, reckless, headstrong, and unprincipled—I will not add unmanly cowardice to the list.'

There was something in his tone which went to my heart. Had he cowered or whined I should have left him to his fate; but the indelible manhood with which he fronted his fate—sick, ill, deserted as he was—filled me with an admiration that stood somewhat instead of my old love. I felt my eyelids droop over my swollen eyes. I rose from my chair—not passionately, and yet with some irrepressible signs of emotion—I laid my hand on his shoulder, and said, (O! how I tried to steady my faltering voice, and how I failed!)

'I will not let you suffer Derwent! To-morrow before noon this fearful evidence against you shall be cancelled and destroyed. Sleep in peace—you shall have a mother for your hour in need.'

'God bless you, mother!' cried Derwent, flinging his wasted arms round me, and burying his face in my bosom; and, 'O, you have something of a mother's heart in you, after all,' said the woman, in a softened voice, passing her coarse hand caressingly over my shoulders. But through all the fur and velvet of my dress I felt her touch, like a repelling magnet, and shivered. She took her hand away, more sadly I fancied than insolently; and I felt sorry that I had allowed my repugnance to be seen.

'Ah, mother!' said Derwent, 'you and I have been unfairly matched. I needed a freer life than that which you gave me when under your control, and the consequence was, what it always is, that, when I got my liberty, I carried it into license. And license leads to sin, mother, and sin to crime. It is a fatal union, but an inevitable one. If it had not been for Melly here, I should have been utterly lost; but she saved me when almost too late though, by giving me something to love and live for. She is not of your station, mother,' continued Derwent, while the woman laughed, and chimed in with—'Thank God, no! I am no cold lady.'

But she has a heart that would do honour to a throne, and a power of love that you, mother, ought to envy. I was glad to make my wife of one who cared for natural and dared be free.'

'I am glad, Derwent, that you are contented with your choice,' said I coldly, for I could not feel pleasure or participation; 'our lives are too far sundered now to make your surroundings matters of much consequence to me. You have made your own life; and, be it ill or well, little of its shadow or sunshine can fall upon me.'

'O, mother!' said poor Derwent, bursting into tears, 'be, for once, good and loving to me. I am weak and broken now, and you do not know how I have longed—hungered, mother—for your voice and words; could they be only more loving and more kindly than they used to be. O, mother! if you had been softer to me; if you had drawn me to you and made yourself my friend, not only my mistress; if you had

been more the woman, and less the mere abstract principle, you might have saved me from all that has befallen me. God knows, I do not mean to reproach you,' he added passionately, 'still less to throw on you the responsibility for sins which I alone ought to bear. You followed the instincts of your own nature; and, if that nature did not accord with the needs of mine, that was not your fault, only my misfortune,' he added, with a faint attempt at his old, wild levity, but failing as once before, and failing to broken, child-like, yet not cowardly weeping again.

And something broke in me too. My pride fell from me, like ice under the breath of summer, and I took my son to my heart as I had never taken him since he had lain cradled there in childhood. His wife, too—the artist's model, the low-born daughter of a day laborer, the woman whose antecedents I knew and felt would not bear close scrutiny—even she I suffered to kiss my cheek, and checked the shiver of disgust while she did so.

But do not think I am a lying pretence of instantaneous conversion, I did all for my boy that I promised. I redeemed his forged bill; I sold my estate, and established him in comfort and respectability. But—that done, and done with iron nerves and unfeeling heart throughout—I wrote him an adieu forever, changed my name, and left the country, never to return. I could not live in England under the altered conditions of fortune and my child's social regression—I, who had held my head so high, who had worn the emaculate ermine with never a stain on its whiteness—I could not stay to be the scorn where I had so long been the envy of my circle. No, the pride which the excitement of passion had been able to meet could not be destroyed. What I was then I must still continue to be. My nature was not one either to change or to bend. I had never been able to contemplate disgrace with philosophy. In a country where I shall not be known, and under an assumed name, I may once more walk with my former dignity. If lower, according to our ideas, in social surroundings, at the least I shall be untouched in moral pride. No one there, can point at me as the mother of a possible felon; no one there, can say that a false education bore fatal fruit, and that pride and exclusiveness produced degradation and ruin.

THE MYSTERIES OF ORNATION.

THE power of vitality, so wonderfully conspicuous in the vegetable kingdom, which enables a seed to retain its vegetating power though dormant for many years, has a remarkable analogy with the revivification of some of the animalcules. The rotifer redivivus, or wheel animalcule, can live only in water, and is commonly found in that which has remained stagnant for some time in the gutters of the houses. But it may be deprived of this fluid, and reduced to perfect dryness, so that all the functions of life shall be completely suspended, yet without the destruction of the vital principle: for this atom of dust, after remaining for years in a dry state, may be revived in a few minutes by being again supplied with water. Nothing stands alone in this world. The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown. How strongly is this felt, even in the vegetable creation? Who does not perceive it while looking on the principal constituents of plants, *i. e.*, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, and contemplating their gradual transformation into vegetable albumen, and vegetable casine, or on any of the elementary forms of the nitrogenized compounds, so absolutely essential, directly or indirectly, to animal life. And even should it also occur to the mind, that the same process ceases not with us, but that these human bodies, thus marvellously made and nourished, are, even the organs by which the high functions of the brain are performed, material and perishable, and that 'we feed ourselves to feed the worms,' and, being dust, return literally to that dust again; let us not pause on the threshold of the argument, where despondency might await us, but go beyond, on through the portal, and calmly consider what deduction we may draw, by the simple light of reason, from this undeniable truth. We see that everything around us here, when it has accomplished the end of its being, is not annihilated, but only transformed into some other state, in which it still continues to work out the will of Him who created it; every material thing perfectly fulfils its destined purpose; but Man has that within him which assures him that he neither is nor does all that the soul could be and perform were it disencumbered of the body in its grosser state. Has he not, then, the strongest reason to confide in Him who gave that body for good purposes here, that he will, at its dissolution, still make it subservient to his wise intentions, and after he separates it from its present union with the soul, will assuredly place his rational creature in a condition to be able to do all for which that creature was made?—Man would then no longer be the exception to the rest of sentient beings. Their wishes and desires are so arranged, that the means of their gratification are within their reach on earth; we, on the contrary, feel aspirations which never can be fully gratified here, and whose very existence forshows a time when they will have their fruition.—Collinson.

REVOLT IN INDIA.

The alarming intelligence which the present mail carries to England (says the Bombay Times of May 27), has perhaps no parallel in the whole history of our relations with India during the last hundred years. From Calcutta to Lahore, the troops of the Bengal presidency are either in open mutiny or verging thereon, and at Meerut, Delhi, and Ferozepore, they have traitorously thrown off all allegiance, and have committed the most frightful atrocities upon the Europeans who have fallen into their hands. The outbreak occurred, strangely enough, at Meerut, which is garrisoned with a considerable body of European as well as native troops. On Friday, the 15th May, the Government received the startling information that Delhi, the capital of India, was in the hands of the mutineers; that they had proclaimed a king in the person of the son of the late Mogul Emperor; and that it was feared every European of the place was murdered.

Our readers will recollect that our last advice stated that a troop of the 3rd cavalry, at Meerut, being ordered on parade to load and fire with the cartridges supplied by the government, under distinct assurance that no such material had been used in their manufacture, as the men seemed to suspect, only five men out of ninety obeyed. The eighty-five men who refused, were at once ordered to their lines, and a court-martial being severally sentenced to a term of imprisonment varying from five to ten years.—On Saturday, the 9th inst., a brigade parade was assembled at the station, and the prisoners were ironed on the parade ground, in presence of the troops, and marched off to gaol. No suspicion seems to have been excited for one moment, that a rescue would be attempted, but towards the evening of Sunday, the 10th, while Meerut was wearing the quiet, dull aspect of an Indian station on a Sabbath day, a sudden and furious rise was made by the regiment, in which, by evident preconcert, they were joined by the bazaar and townspeople, and by the two native infantry regiments, the 11th and 20th, also cantoned in the place. They at once liberated their comrades in the gaol, and one thousand two hundred other prisoners, and now commenced their bloody work. Meerut is one of the largest stations in India, and before the European part of the force, consisting of her Majesty's 6th dragon guards, the 60th rifles, and the artillery, could be assembled, half the station was in flames, and the terrified women and children of our soldiers were in the hands of the savage and infuriated crew, who murdered them under circumstances of unheard-of barbarity. Each officer, as he rushed from his bungalow to call back the men to their allegiance, was shot down, and ere the European force could reach the lines, the bloody work was pretty well completed. At the 2nd volley of the 60th rifles, the whole crew ran, and were followed some miles out of Meerut by the dragoons, who sabred a considerable number; but by some lamentable oversight, the pursuit was now discontinued, and to this we owe a repetition of the dreadful tragedy at Delhi, which had just been enacted at Meerut. The mutineers reached that city, early on Monday morning, and were immediately joined by the three native regiments stationed there, the 48th, the 54th, and the 74th native infantry, and by the artillery, who seem, however, to have done so most unwillingly. During the Monday, all the Europeans of the place, except a few ladies and gentlemen who rode for their lives to neighbouring stations, seem to have been butchered, but as the place remains in the hands of the mutineers, we may hope that others of whose fate we have no certain news, have also escaped. The powder magazine fell into their hands, but a gallant young hero, Lieut. G. D. Willoughby, of the artillery, is said to have blown up the other magazines, himself perishing with them.

The mutineers at once set up a king, in the person of the son of the late Mogul emperor, but we have no certain news of what has transpired since.

Seven companies of the 34th regiment native infantry, were disbanded at Barrackpore on the 7th inst., the men maintaining the most mutinous and insolent behaviour on the occasion.—Thus in the short space of one month, have the following regiments disappeared from the ranks of the Bengal army, either by disbandment, or by having openly arrayed themselves against the government:—

Mutined at Meerut: The 3rd regiment light cavalry, the 11th regiment native infantry, the 20th regiment do., the sappers and miners.—Mutined at Delhi: The 30th regiment native infantry, the 54th regiment do., the 74th regiment do., a native battery of artillery. Disbanded at Barrackpore: The 19th regiment native infantry, the 34th regiment do. (seven companies). These regiments represent a force of nearly 8000 men.

The young Maharajah Sindia, of Gwalior, no sooner heard of the rising at Delhi than he hastened, with every expression of friendship, to place the whole of his contingent at the disposal of the Lieut. Governor of Agra. It is said further that the king of Delhi sent a deputation of the revolted cavalry to the Rajah of Jhind, asking his assistance against the English. The Rajah was on the parade ground with his troops

at the time, and immediately ordered his soldiers to cut down every man of the messengers. The Rajah of Bhurtpoor came forward also at once with the offer of his regiment, and there is no reason whatever to doubt the perfect good faith with which these men have acted. The Rajah of Puteeahall has intercepted and sent to the commissioner of his district many seditious letters which had found their way into his territories; and so far as we can yet see, the districts of the north-west neither desire nor were prepared for the success of the mutineers at Delhi, but hold their bloody outrages in detestation. The fact is, the Bengal army is the sole focus of the mutiny, and its state is a disgrace to the administration of that presidency.

The opportunate return of our European forces from the Gulf enabled us to dispatch, without landing, her Majesty's 64th and 76th regiments to Calcutta some days ago, and the troop of Madras horse artillery which was waiting here for transports to convey it to Madras. In addition to these troops, the 1st Fusiliers have been dispatched up the Indus; so that the good conduct of our native army, and the perfect confidence we have in its discipline and loyalty have enabled us to despatch a force of 4,000 Europeans to the Bengal side, in the last ten days.—Madras, also, is readily furnishing its contingent and within a month the European army of Bengal will be strengthened by an increase of ten or twelve thousand men from the other presidencies.

A supplement to the Bombay Times, of May 27, gives a copy of a despatch from General Reid at Peshawur, from which it appears that a moveable column had been formed there to suppress revolt in the Punjab. The necessary orders had been issued. The column will move on every point in the Punjab where open mutiny requires to be put down by force, and officers commanding at all stations in the Punjab will co-operate with this column.

An express from Ferozepore had been received, stating that the 57th N. I. and the 45th N. I., had mutinied. The 10th cavalry stood by the Europeans, and the two native regiments were broken and dispersed, and the 57th were coming in and delivering up their arms.

PARTICULARS BY AN EYE WITNESS.

The following communication is from Meerut dated the 12th of May:—

On Sunday the 10th, between five and six o'clock in the evening, I was in my bungalow, in rear of the lines of the 11th native infantry, my attention was attracted to my servants and those of the neighbouring compounds going down towards the front of our enclosures, and looking steadily into the lines of the 11th whence a buzzing murmuring noise proceeded, such as I have often heard in cases of fire, or some such alarm. Of this I took little notice, but went down to my gate, still dressing, and the noise till increasing. I returned to the bungalow, put on my uniform, and again went out. I had scarcely got to the gate, when I heard the popping sound of fire-arms, which I knew at once were loaded with ball cartridge, and a European non-commissioned officer came running with others towards me from the 11th lines, saying, 'For God's sake, sir, leave! come to your bungalow, change that dress and fly!' I walked into my bungalow and was doffing my uniform, the bullets by this time flying out of the 11th lines into my compound, when the havildar-major of the 11th rushed into the room, terrified and breathless, and exclaimed:—'Fly sahib—fly at once! the regiments are all in open mutiny, firing on their officers, and Colonel Finnis has just been shot in my arms.' It was evidently becoming serious. I came out and ordered my horse to be saddled and brought up, my servants still begging me to fly for my life. I mounted. The lines of the 6th dragon guards (carbineers) lie to the north of my bungalow, separated by a rugged and barren plain, cut up by nullahs and ravines, on which, riding out on the back part of my compound, I descended. A Briton does not like actually 'running away' under any circumstances, and I was riding slowly through the uneven ground, when the havildar Major before mentioned exclaimed, 'You sahib, are mounted, and can make haste; ride to the European cavalry lines, and give the alarm.' Good: I galloped off, crossed the difficult ground all right, got into the cavalry lines and made for the colonel's house, which he had just left, and found him in the barrack lines on horseback, ordering the dragoons to saddle, arm, and mount without a moment's delay. Here I shall leave the dragoons and myself, and return to the native infantry parade ground, and the commencement of the mutiny and massacres.

About five o'clock the native infantry and the 3rd light cavalry rushed from their lines, armed and furious; the former regiment firing off their muskets, approaching the 11th native infantry, and calling upon them to arm, come out and join them. I believe the 11th hesitated at first—cause unknown; but presently they, too, armed and rushed out, and the mutinous fuel took flame. About this time Col. Finnis and several other officers of the 11th native infantry came upon the parade, and commenced haranguing the sepoys, and attempted to pacify them and bring them to order, when the colonel's horse was wounded by a bullet fired by the 20th. On this he saw that the matter was more serious