said Mr Wilton. 'An ample equivalent was at once received in the pleasure of assisting those who were worthy. Do not, then wound my feelings by so unjust an allusion. But tell me is your venerable father no more?'

Wilder briefly sketched the late events; and Mr Wilton now shook him warmly by the hand. 'Farewell, dear Wilder,' he said, 'my carriage has been some time waiting. Believe me that I rejoice in your prosperity, and also remember, that you may always command my friendship.'

Wilder looked wistfully after him as he departed, but the form of Isabel was not visible. She had shrunk back in the carriage at his approach, and had thus escaped observation.—From her father, who was himself too much excited to notice the agitation of his child, she now heard a description of his first knowledge of Wilder Lee. She made no comments, but every word was treasured up in her heart; and, though years passed away without a single event to recall his memory, every vision of her fancy, every idea of romantic excellence in the imagination of Isabel, was identified with his image. This imperishable attachment, however, partook of the high tone of her mind. It was a deep and sacred principle, hidden in the recesses of her heart, and leaving no trace on the surface of her character.

Isabel was far too lovely to remain unsought, and Mr Wilton was astonished at her decided rejection of repeated and splendid offers. He expostulated, he entreated, he taxed her with perverseness. She deprecated his anger with seraphic gentleness. She anticipated his every wish; but her firmness remained unshaken.—His attention was at length called to objects of yet deeper anxiety. His love of pleasure, his recklessness of gain, had gradually wasted an estate which, though sufficient for all the chaster elegancies of life, was inadequate to the support of prodigality.

He now stood on the verge of ruin, and those who had shared his substance looked coldly and carelessly on his wreck; while the unhappy Wilton, driven to madness, could scarcely believe the perfidy of the world he had implicitly trusted. The family seat was to be publicly sold, and the fearful day arrived. While it was yet under the hammer a new bidder appeared, apparently from a distance; his horse dripped with sweat, and his countenance was pale and agitated. The property, as usual in such cases, was going at half its value, and the stranger bid it off. Mr Wilton was still the occupant, and the new proprietor waited on him immediately. Isabel had that moment left her father for some domestic duties and the unfortunate man was musing on their impending expulsion, when Wilder Lee stood suddenly before him.

'Welcome, most welcome to my heart, dearest Wilder,' exelalmed Mr Wilton; 'I can no longer welcome you to my home. You have come to witness my removal from all that was once mine. I am now here only on sufferance. To-morrow I may have no shelter for my head.'

'Not so,' cried Wilder; 'you have yet a shelter; your present home is still yours; and no earthly power can expel you from it.'

'What mean you?' said the astonished Wilton.

'Fourteen years since,' he replied, 'you presented my father a sum which then perserved him from want, and secured my subsequent wealth. He received it but as a loan, and that debt devolved on me. True you disclaimed it; but it was yet uncancelled. Reluctant to offend you, I delayed its discharge, though the amount was long since appropriated in my imagination for that purpose. It has not however lain idle. The profits of the house in which I some years ago became a partner, have been considerable. Your little capital has acquired its share, and its amount has this day assisted in redeeming your forfeited estate. By a mere accident I saw it advertised, and I lost no time in hastening hither; and now,' he added with a smile, taking the hand of Mr Wilton, 'will you not welcome your Wilder to your home? is not long since you gave me a check on your friendship—I have come to claim it; and surely you can to longer refuse the title of my benefactor, when from your bounty I derived not only wealth, but the pleasure of this moment.'

Mr Wilton wept. The thoughtless man of the world, wept at the sacred triumph of virtue. Wilder himself was overcome by the scene, and paced the floor in silence. A portrait of Isabel hung directly opposite him, and it now caught his eye. Starting back with amazement, he gazed at it as a lovely phantom. It looked indeed like a thing of life. The blue eye seemed to beam with expression through its long dark lashes, and there was surely breath on the deep red lip. Just so the auburn hair was parted on her white forehead when he last saw her, Just so its shining ringlets strayed over her snowy neck.

'Tell me,' he at length exclaimed, turning to Mr Wilton, 'who is the original of this picture?'

Surprised at the agitation of his manner, Mr Wilton replied, 'Have you ever seen her?'

'Seen her,' said Wilder, 'oh yes! her image has long been engraved on my heart; but of her name I am yet ignorant.'

'Her name is Wilton,' said the astonished father. 'She is my only child.'

'Gracious Heavens!' exclaimed Wilder, what new excitement awaits me?'

'May I ask the cause of this emotion, Wilder' inquired Mr Wilton. 'How, or in what manner. have you known my beloved Isabel?'

Wilder gave a long and passionate description of their early and limited acquaintance, and the long concealed attachment of his daughter was at once revealed to Mr Wilton.

'Tell me,' he said, taking the throbbing hand of his friend, 'tell me, Wilder, in sacred faith, if this imperfect knowledge of my child has awakened a sentiment of tenderness.'

'Ah sir, have I not cherished her memory through the long season of utter hopelessness?' replied Wilder, throwing himself into his arms. 'Has not my spirit turned from all allurements of the world, to commune with the recollection of her virtues?'

Mr Wilton left the room in silence, and returned with the trembling Isabel. 'You are worthy of each other,' he said, and joining their hands, he invoked the blessings of Heaven on the dearest objects of his heart. He then left them, to pour out his gratitude to Him who had thus redeemed the everlasting promise—'Cast thy bread upon the waters, aad thou shalt find it after many days.'

From the London Weekly Dispatch.

OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

WHILST these enormities were perpetrated in Seringapatam, the fortunes of war underwent important changes. Sir Eyre Coote was dispatched to Madras, and retrieved in the field the honor of the English name and the prestige of British power. Hyder Ali died in 1782 and was succeeded by his son Tippoo, commonly called Tippoo Sahip, who, however sanguinary and arrogant, was inferior to his father in military capacity. In 1783 peace was proclaimed in Europe, an event which deprived the Mussulman prince of the active support of Christian allies. As the tide had turned against him, Tippoo was not, therefore, disinclined for peace, and accordingly a treaty, called that of Mangalore, was, in 1784, concluded between him and the English. This peace proved but a hollow truce. Tippoo's hatred of the English was only equalled by his arrogant belief in his own power. He employed authors to record his wondrous deeds, and, having been educated with some care and instructed in the arts of composition, he also used his own pen in the task of self-glorification. All the bombastic metophers which the congenial literature of Persia could supply, for the purpose of eulogy and adulation, were freely appropriated by Tippoo to himself. He persecuted his poor Hindoo subjects, compelling thousands of them to eat beef and to submit to forcible circumcision, whilst he caused every insult which depotent malice could devise to be heaped on the English name and nation. The walls of his palace and those of the chief houses in his capital were adorned with rude caricatures of our countrymen in every offensive and ridiculous attitude. 'In one place,' it is said, 'there was a tiger seizing a trembling Englishman, in another there was a Mysorean horseman rivalling the feats of Antar, and cutting off two or three English heads at a blow; and in other places there were Englishmen put into positions and subjected to treatment which will not bear description.' As capricious as he was cruel, Tippoo offended his Mahomedan subjects by arrogant and impertinent interference with things they held most sacred; changing the dates of their ancient festivals and giving new names to the months and days. It was also characteristic of his arrogant nature that he assumed the title of Sultan, thus throwing off even the semblance of dependance on the Mogul, which was still kept up by other native princes.

It was not long before a cause of quarrel occurred between Tippoo and the English. The Mysorean Sultan had invaded and appropriated the dominions of the Rajah of Travancore, a prince under British protection and a force was sent to Madras which restored the Rajah to his sovereignty. and at the same time rested from Tippoo his acquisitions on the Malabar coast. As it was conceived that half measures would be of no avail, it was now determined to carry the war into the heart of Mysore. Lord Cornwallis (who had been appointed Governor-General in 1786) arrived at this emergency, and took the command of the army. He laid siege to Bangalore, one of Tippoo's most important fortress, in February 1791, and having carried it by storm, announced his intention, amidst the cheers of his troops, of marching on Seringapatam. Hundreds of British veterans yearned to avenge the cruelties and insults inflicted by Hyder and Tippoo upon English prisoners, whilst the rumoured wealth and splendour of the capital of Mysore inspired the more sordid with hopes of plunder. Cornwallis's march, meanwhile, struck terror into the soul of Tippoo. He speedily caused the caricatures of the English to be effaced from the walls on which they had been painted, and, with the cruelty which always acompanies cowardice, he ordered the secret massacre of the English prisoners whom he had detained, contrary to the treaty. Among these victims of Oriental cruelty and treachery were 20 unfortunate English boys who had been educated as singers and dancers, for the amusement of the Sultan and his courtiers.

After a long and wearisome march, the army led by Cornwallis arrived before the capital of Mysore. Mosques and minarets glittered in the dazzling sunshine, and gardens were descried gay with flowers and rich in lucious fruits. Nor was the Sultan unprovided with the means of defence. His city was defended on all sides with strong forts, mounted with heavy artillery; and it was known that Tippoo boasted of the skill of his artillerymen, who, he said, could beat the Nazarenes, though the latter like Salamander, passed their lives in fire.'—In spite of the Strength of the place, the British troops were eager to commence the siege; but Cornwallis soon found that his force was insufficient, and, to his deep mortification, and the unbounded exultation of the Sultan, was shortly compelled to give the signal for retreat, and to retrace his steps to Bangalore. Tippoo's triumph was of brief duration. In the course of a few months, Lord Cornwallis took the field again with an increased force, which numbered in its ranks 100 elephants, marching two and two abreast, the foremost bearing the British flag. The Mahratta chiefs had at this time entered into an alliance with the British, and swelled the invading force. Thus provided for Asiatic war, Cornwallis assailed some of Tippoo's strongest fortifications, and in Februrary 1792 once more sat down before Serigapatam. Again did his soldiers gaze wistfully on the rich prize before them, and again did it elude their grasp. The siege works proceeded prosperously; the English, eager for vengeance and prize money, panted for the hour of assault; when the submission of Tippoo Stayed Cornwallis's hand. One half of his territories he agreed to cede to the English and their allies, together with a large amount of treasure; and, as hostages for the due peformance of the treaty, he promised to deliever up two of his sons.—In pursuance of this arrangement, the two Royal lads with a numerous and richly clad retinue, were dispatched to Lord Cornwallis's tent. They were under the charge of one of the Sultan's principal officers of State, who, in delivering them up to the English commander, said, 'These children were this morning the sons of the Sultan, my master; they must now look to your lordship as a father.' But for the presence of these youths in the British camp, Tippoo would probably have receded from his engagements. As it was, he was with difficulty prevailed upon to comply with each article of the treaty; but the threat of sending his sons to Madras roused his Royal blood, and brought him to his senses.

Defeated but not destroyed, conquered, but not conciliated, the time was not far distant when Tippoo Sultan was to close in a death grapple with his determined foe. The news of the wonderous events which followed in the fiery track of the French Revolution reached Hindoostan, and excited strange attention and wild hopes in many an Orental Court. The French (those ancient enemies of the English) were carrying all before them, it was said, in Europe; under a new banner, baptized in blood and blessed as the symbol of freedom, they were victorious on every field, irresistible wherever they appeared. Tippoo Sultan was in ectacies. Now was the time to rid himself and India of his most formidable enemies. France was at war with England, and would assist him with her invincible legions. He accordingly sent ambassadors to the Isle of France (the Mauritius) who were favorably received by the authorities there, and who returned with a proclamation from the French Republic one and indivisible,' which was circulated through the Sultan's dominions. In this proclamation, it was declared that Tippoo "only awaited the moment when the French should come to his assistance, to declare war against the English, whom he ardently desired to expel from India.' The Marquis of Wellesley (then Lord Morington) was at this time the Governor-General of India, and by him prompt measures were taken. As soon as circumstances permitted, he appeared at Madras, and preparations were made for entering the Mysore country. On this occasion, to the grievous discontent of many older officers, the brother of the Governor-General was appointed to the chief command of one division of the invading army. Favouritsm and aristocratic influence have made unfortunate selections; but, in this particular instance, a happy choice was made in the appointment of Arthur Wellesly, hereafter to be known as 'Wellington,' the greatest Captain of his age. In April, 1799 the English were again encamped before Seringapatam, and 'citizen Tippoo' wss in high dudgeon and alarm.

After a short time spent in siege operations, on the 4th May, the order came for the assault. At 10 minutes past 1, on the afternoon of that day, the gallant General Baird (who had been about three years prisoner at Seringapatam) leaped out of the trenches, and thus addressed the admiring troops; 'Now my brave fellows, follow me, and prove yourselves worthy of the name of British soldiers. Animated by every passion which could madden an excited soldiery nothing could exceed the fury of the assault.—Almost equal to it, however, was the desperation of the defence. Tippoo himself, on his own ramparts, met the assaulting columns; firing at them with his own hand, while his attendants loaded and presented him with the firelock's. When all was over, and the English were in quiet possession of the place, the body of their terrible enemy was found, rudely huddled amongst a mass of the undistinguished slain. It is related that one of our soldiers attempted to seize the jewelled sword belt of the Sultan, whilst he was lying wounded. The monarch however. it is said, 'who still held his sword in his hand, made a cut at the soldier with all his remaining strength. and wounded him about the knee; on which, he put his piece to his shoulder and shot the Sultan through the temple, when he instantly expired.' Thus fell one of the most determined opponents of English power in the East. Some compassion was felt in Europe for his fate, when it was told how he had fallen, fighting hand to hand with his assailants in the defence of his own capital: but it must not be forgotten that he was false, cowardly and cruel, in the height of his power—an Oriental despot of the old fashion. Eagerly sought out, and explored with sensations of pity and horror, were the terrible dungeons in his capital where English prisoners had died a lingering death, and many trophies of his cruel dominion were carried triumphantly away by his victors. The defeat of Tippoo Sahib was one of the greatest achievements of Western prowess in the East.

Thus, in the course of two centuries, were firmly laid the foundations of British dominion in the East, Before the prestige of English courage, vigour and capacity, the influence of every other European Power in Hindoostan had graduaily melted away. The people who, at the commencement of the seventeenth century aspired to no other mission in the far-off East, than to conduct, under the potent protection of the Mogul, the peaceful operations of commerce were, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, lords paramount over the fairest portions of what once constituted the Mogul's dominions They had battered down the strongest throne which had risen on the ruins of that far-famed empire: they had pursued the carreer of victory till there was nothing left to arrest the progress of conquest and annexation. As the rich landowner adds field to field and house to house, so within the circle of English dominion, the monarchs at Leadenhall Street enclosed State after State; adding every year dark skinned subjects to the English Crown. We have traced, as fully as our limited space permitted, how this dominion was acquired, asserted and maintained. To British courage all honout is due, and all honour be conceeded; for never was the patient daring of the Anglo-Saxon character more conspicuously displayed than in our Indian conflicts.—But whilst the retrospect furnishes matter for the gratification of national pride, it also contains many things deeply humiliating to us as a people. At every stage the records of English rule in India. are stained by deeds of cruelty, by injustice and sorid crime.—We grant at once the difficulty of our position. The circumstances which made Clive and Hastings liars and oppressors were exceptional and peculiar. They were often compelled by unjust means to retain what was unjustly won.—They threw away, as garments unsuited to their adopted clime, the openness and magnanimity of the English character, owning no responsibility, and free from all the restraints of Christian morality and the usuages of nations. In doing this their justification was—and some of the most pious men of the last century thought it sufficient—that they kept together our ill-gotten gains. 'The unhappy people of Hidoostan,' to quote the eloquent words of Erskine, 'feeble and effeminate as they are from the softness of their climate. and subdued and broken as they have been by the knavery and strength of civilisation, still occasionally start up in all the vigour and intelligence of insulted nature; to be governed at all they must be governed with a rod of iron; and our empire in the East would long since have been lost to Great Britain, if civil skill and military prowess had not united their efforts to support an authority which Heaven never gave by means which Heaven can never sanction.'

Not long after the fall of Tippoo Sahib, the English measured their strength against another formidable native Power. We have already spoken of the Mahrattas. Originally 'half robbers and half soldiers,' they broke loose from their fastnesses in the Western highlands of Hindoostan, after the death of Aurungzebe, and, taking advantage of the defencelessness of the fertile plains they visited, soon established themselves in many rich and important territories. War and plunder continued to be their trade long after they had settled themselves in their conquered provinces. When applied to, the freely lent their aid to the strongest side, and the English had often found in them serviceable allies. But the Mahratta power was too formidable and extensive to co-exist, for any lengthened period, side by side with the Imperial sway of the Western intruder. In the year 1802, the British Government also watched with some alarm and jealously the influence possessed by an adventurous Frenchman over the forces of a Mahratta chief called Scindiah. This personage was named Perron—a man of humble origin, but endowed with a spirit and ability equal to great enterprises and ambitious designs. He introduced the discipline of Europe into the army of Scindiah and accustomed the troops to European actics.—Through his influence and exertion t in fact, this chief became the most powerful of the Mahratta Sovereigns, too powerful to be regard-