

she has grown weaker for several months, and I fear she will not live to feel the cool September air. We shall bury her in time for the autumnal flowers to spring on her grave.—Come, let us go. She will wonder what has kept us so long.

Walter had not the heart to inquire further, but his heart told him that Werner must be that unhappy son. The Doctor never mentioned him again, nor showed any disposition to recur to the subject after that day. But Linnetta died; she was buried under a beautiful young linden tree in a corner of the churchyard. In pity of Walter's grief Doctor Weiman gave a costly ring, the one which he had given to Lenny and his son to Linnetta. 'Take it, Walter,' said he; you loved her, and it should be yours.

A few days after this last sad event, Walter saw a face in the street; was it? yes, it was Werner! Hastily stepping forward, he would have greeted him, but the other drew himself up with such an air of strangeness and surprise, that Walter passed on half persuaded that he had been mistaken. And yet that was surely his old friend, his college mate; he could not mistake, though the old frank look was gone, and the eyes had a cautious, furtive glance, like those of one continually on his guard. Walter returned to his lodgings in great perplexity; he could do nothing all day but think over the strange and sad events of the last few months; of Linnetta's death; of Werner and the meeting in the street.

That same evening there was a quick ring at his door; he opened it and Werner entered. Walter started back and his friend pressed in. He was pale and worn. Shutting the door hastily and turning the key, he begged Walter, in piteous tones, to conceal him a few days from the police, who were dogging his footsteps, he said, from town to town, and should be taken, his life would end in prison.

Walter could scarcely reply. Old college days and friendship came pressing to his heart; but the strange suspicion that Werner was the Doctor's son seemed to paralyze his lips.

'Don't think hard of me for not recognizing you this morning, Walter,' said Werner, the cold drops standing on his forehead.

'I was not thinking of that,' replied Walter. Werner looked at him, with a deadly palor in his cheeks, while he trembled all over like a leaf. 'You will not give me up, Walter?' said he at length, with such a heart-anguish in his voice that Walter, touched at his very core gave him his hand. 'No, my friend,' said he, 'you shall be safe here.'

As Werner grasped the proffered hand his eye fell on the ring, and starting back, he gasped out, hardly articulate, 'Linnetta's ring! where did you get it?'

This brought Walter to himself. 'Serpent! monster!' he exclaimed; 'dare not to breathe her name again! You have murdered her; she sleeps now sweetly under ground.'

Werner threw himself on the floor at Walter's feet.

'Alas, Alas!' he cried, 'do not spurn me! God only knows my misery.'

'Rise, and be a man.'

'Oh! do pity me, and have mercy. The police have none. They will hang me. Good God! here they come!'

A loud ring at the door occasioned these last words. Hesitating a moment, Walter stepped forward to open it. As he turned the key, the report of a pistol echoed through the house. The door opened, Doctor Weiman entered, and the next minute knelt, with tears and clasped hands, over the corpse of his son.

Thus does sin punish itself.

## SOUTH AFRICAN REPTILES.

I was going quietly to bed one evening, wearied by a long day's hunting, when close to my feet, and by my bedside, some glittering substance caught my eye. I stooped to pick it up, but, ere my hand had quite reached it, the truth flashed across me—it was a snake! Had I followed my first natural impulse, I should have sprung away, but not being able clearly to see in what position the reptile was lying, or which way his head was pointed, I controlled myself, and remained rooted breathless to the spot.—Straining my eyes, but not moving an inch, I at length clearly distinguished a huge puff adder the most deadly snake in the colony, whose bite would have sent me to the other world in an hour or two. I watched him in silent horror; his head was from me—so much the worse; for this snake, unlike any other, always rises and strikes back. He did not move, he was asleep. Not daring to shuffle my feet, lest he should awake, and spring at me, I took a jump backwards that would have done honour to a gymnastic master, and thus darted outside the door of the room. With a thick stick, I then returned and settled his worship. Some parts of South Africa swarm with snakes—none are free from them. I have known three men killed by them in one harvest on a farm in Oliphant's Hoek. There is an immense variety of them, the deadliest being the puff adder, a thick and comparatively short snake. Its bite will kill occasionally within an hour. One of my friends lost a favourite horse by its bite in less than two hours after the attack. It is a sluggish

reptile, and therefore more dangerous; for, instead of rushing away like its fellows, at the sound of approaching footsteps, it half raises its head and hisses. Often have I come to a sudden pull-up, on foot and on horseback, on hearing their dreaded warning! There is also the cobra copello, nearly as dangerous, several black snakes, and the boom-slang (or tree snake) less deadly, one of which I once shot seven feet long. The Cape is also infested by scorpions, whose sting is less virulent than a snake bite; and by the spider called the earantula, which is extremely dreaded.—*The Cape and Kaffirs*

From the London Weekly Dispatch.  
OUR INDIAN EMPIRE.

WHILST Wellesley was victorious at Assaye, General Lake advanced upon Delhi, the ancient capital of the Mogul empire, recently disgraced by the most odious and atrocious cruelties practised on the English during their occupation of Hindoostan. Under the walls of this place an engagement was fought, in which the British gained a decisive victory, and Shah Alim, the titular great Mogul, whom Scindiah had long held captive in the city where his ancestors reigned in unsurpassed splendour, experienced a change of masters, and expressed great gratification when he found himself in the hands and under the protection of the English. He was very old, blind and miserably poor; by Scindiah he had been always treated with the insolence and cruelty of an upstart barbarian, and as a specimen of the usage to which he had been subjected, it may be mentioned that one of the Mahratta captains had, on one occasion, struck out one of the poor old man's eyes with his own dagger. So low had fallen the descendant of the mightiest Emperors of the East! From Delhi, Lake marched to Agra, which city he seized and garrisoned, and then, following the Mahratta army into the field, fought and won the decisive battle of Laswarree—a victory almost as brilliant as that of Assaye. Meanwhile Assaye was not the only great Indian victory gained by the soldier whom Napoleon insolently called 'the Sepoy General.' On the 29th of November Wellesley defeated and dispersed another Mahratta army at Argaum, and when the year closed Scindiah had sullenly and reluctantly sued for peace. A treaty was accordingly signed, by which the English acquired much valuable territory and many important advantages. Perron had withdrawn at this time from Scindiah's service; but General Wellesley, mindful of the dangers which might result from French interference in India, forced upon the Mahratta Sovereign a condition that he should not, for the future, without British consent, retain in his service any European officer.

The brilliant successes of Lake and Wellesley impressed the Mahratta sovereigns with an undisguised terror of the English, but neither disarmed their hostility nor annihilated their power. The Peishwa, whom we had restored to his dominions, as soon as the opportunity presented itself, as might have been anticipated attempted to play us false. In 1816, great complaints reached Calcutta, of the devastation caused by the inroads of a race of robbers called Pindarees, in the central parts of Hindoostan. To exterminate these scoundrels, the English called upon their Mahratta allies for assistance; but, under pretence of raising troops against the Pindarees, the Peishwa prepared to take the field on his own account against the English, and Scindiah and Holkar joined their Mahratta friend. In the encounters that followed, the English sustained the reputation they had won under Clive and Wellesley. The Mahratta chiefs were signally defeated in several hard-fought contests, and most of their dominions were added in 1818 to the territory of the Company; the Marquis of Hartings being at this time Governor General of India.

We must now pass in rapid review the more recent achievements of British power in Hindoostan. After the Mahratta war, for many years the history of British India was barren of stirring incidents and great events. It is not our purpose to dwell on any of the minor conflicts in which, during this period, the English sword was drawn; for, as our readers will perceive, these columns have been necessarily devoted only to the most marked and striking events which have influenced the progress of English dominion in the East. Unusual tranquillity had for some time reigned in India, when in 1838, rumours of war reached each of the Presidencies and roused the military ardour of many a British officer who, in unglorious ease, had sighed over the records of the achievements of Clive and Wellesley, and wondered when such stirring times would come again.—Proceeding in their accustomed fashion, the English had determined to interfere in the affairs of Afghanistan by setting up a right king and deposing a wrong one. Putting aside the more distant and indirect purposes of the war, (which were said to be justified by a far-sighted statesmanship) nothing could be more openly flagitious than its avowed object.—The English took under their protection a worthless and treacherous Oriental despot, named Shah Soojah, detested by the subjects who had deposed him, and resolved to restore him to the Afghan throne, in the place of Dost Mahomed, an able and popular ruler. In their eagerness for action and lust of war and con-

quest, the English Sepoy leaders thought little and cared less about the justice or injustice of the quarrel. It was enough that a great army had been summoned to the field; that drums beat the notes that had called to victory, and colours waved, on which were inscribed the names of world-renowned battle-fields. Old friends meet, and, with a friendly grasp, congratulated each other that their names had been included in the muster-roll of the expedition; gaiety and excitement lit up every English face; the Sepoys caught the ardour of their officers, and even the 'farewell,' which had to be said at last to many dear ones, was uttered in a buoyant and confident tone. Alas! how little was anticipated the sad reverse that followed; how few participated in the prophetic dread of near disaster which flashed on the mind of Lady Sale, when, opening a volume of Campbell's poems, recently received from England, her eye fell on that expressive stanza in the lines on Hohenlinden, which described so minutely the fate of so many dear friends, husbands, brothers:—

Few, few shall part where many meet,  
The snow shall be their winding sheet,  
And every sod beneath their feet,  
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The march of the Anglo-Indian invading army was attended by circumstances which gave the most decided indications of bad generalship and individual incapacity. Gen. Nott, the ablest officer of his time in the Indian army, saw with undisguised indignation and alarm, the evidences of degeneracy which presented themselves on all sides. It was noticed that the officers encumbered themselves with useless luggage and ridiculous luxuries; with cases of perfumery and bears grease, champagne and soda-water; that the number of servants and animals attached to the force, was out of all proportion to its strength, and taxed the skill and tired the patience of a badly managed commissariat. Before the dominions of Dost Mahomed were reached, many camels and horses had perished miserably for lack of nourishment, and it was with spirits less high and bounding than at the outset, that the army entered Candahar, in April, 1839, and formally restored Shah Soojah to his subjects—a present they neither asked for nor desired. The strong fortress of Ghuznee defended by the sons of Dost Mahomed, yielded shortly afterwards to the English; Dost Mahomed himself evacuated Cabul at their approach, and thus far the expedition was completely successful. Once more everything wore a smiling aspect to the invading force. The fine climate of Cabul is in itself a luxury; but what shall we say of the rich and luxurious fruits which were daily brought into the city, the unequalled musk-melon, the gigantic grapes and mulberries, which would have gladdened the eye of an English epicure? Surely for a time the invaders were justified in thinking that 'their lines had fallen in pleasant places,' and many a subaltern said that campaigning at Cabul was better than playing 'those eternal billiards in hot Bengal.'

The English had established Shah Soojah on his throne; but a worse task remained to be accomplished, and that was to keep him there. The authorities at Calcutta grumbled at the burden which the occupation of Cabul, cast on the Indian revenues; but the English could not leave. The Shah himself, meanwhile, felt the irksomeness of British 'protection,' whilst his well beloved subjects regarded him with undisguised contempt. Many of those who had counselled the expedition, and predicted its immense advantages, as time rolled on, began to wish they had never meddled with the Afghans.—At length, after two years of the 'occupation,' the storm burst over the heads of the aggressors. In November, 1841, Sir Alexander Burnes received warning of an extensive conspiracy among the chiefs; and a short time afterwards he was set upon by an infuriated mob, and literally cut to pieces, with his brother. The insurrection spread. Menacing cries were heard on all sides, and it was evident that only prompt and decisive measures could prevent revolt, and save the British occupants of Cabul. Such measures were not taken, for, unfortunately the man at the head of our forces was quite unequal to the crisis. The general in command (Elphinstone) was an incapable invalid, feeble alike in mind and body. Instead of acting, he tried negotiation—negotiation at once humiliating and fruitless. Precious moments were wasted; the troops became dispirited and disheartened; and an active enemy had made his appearance in the person of Akbar Khan, the son of Dost Mahomed. The approach of winter, which in these regions is keenly, even bitterly cold, was watched with apprehension, and to add to the horrors of their situation, the English were paralysed by intelligence of fresh treachery and murder. The brave and able M'Naghten, and three other officers, having left Cabul to negotiate with the Afghan chiefs, were shot in cold blood; M'Naghten being killed by Akbar Khan with a pistol which he had the moment before presented to that barbarian. Not only was this cruel murder suffered to pass unrevenge, but it soon proved the prelude to greater disasters. Every hour afforded painful proof of the English General's infirmity of purpose, weakness and pusillanimity, till at length a crowning horror laid prostrate the British host. On the 6th of January, 1842, with the snow fall-

ling, and without fuel or provision, the army marched out of Cabul, accompanied by young children and delicate women, to commence a retreat through the mountain passes of a hostile country. Since Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, we have heard of nothing more terrible than the incidents of this march. Numbled with cold and famine, the Sepoys sank down and died; a deadly fire was kept up along the route by the fierce mountain tribes; and Akbar Khan, red with the blood of a British officer, was in the rear. To this chief, the women and children were at length surrendered, whilst the remnant of the army pursued its miserable way. Through the blood-stained snow drifts, silent, famine smitten and despairing, the mass struggled on. Discipline was no longer observed; each man fought for himself; and at each mountain pass were found fierce foes to encounter. Of the Cabul army, 16,000 strong, only one officer reached the promised goal—Jellalabad, where Sir Robert Sale had fortified himself and made good his position. Comment on this sorrowful tale is superfluous, but we cannot refrain from quoting the emphatic words in which the moral is pointed by the accomplished historian of the Afghan war. 'In the pages of a heathen writer,' says Mr. Kaye, 'over such a story would be cast the shadow of a tremendous Nemesis. The Christian historian uses other words, but the same prevailing idea runs like a great river through this narrative, and the reader recognises the one great truth, that the wisdom of our statesmen is but foolishness, and the might of our armies is but weakness, when the curse of God is sitting heavily upon an unholy cause.'

When the Anglo-Indian community recovered from the stupor into which it was momentarily plunged by the news of this great calamity, urgent cries for vengeance were heard on all sides. Lord Ellenborough arrived in Calcutta, armed with full powers, and every one prophesied, and many recommended, vigorous measures. General Nott was at Candahar; Sale still held Jellalabad against the Afghans; while Shah Soojah occupied his throne at Cabul.—The treachery of the latter was not to be tolerated, and the troops who fought under the English flag were burning to avenge their slaughtered comrades. At length an order came from the Governor General, to Nott and Pollock, to return to the Indian frontier, but giving them the option of doing so by the route of Cabul. The English Generals did not hesitate in availing themselves of this permission to strike a parting blow at the Afghans. In Aug. 1842, they commenced their march on Cabul, and having beaten the enemy in the field, reached that city in October. Terrible vengeance was now taken for past insults to the British name. Loaded fruit trees, were cut down, and blackened wastes appeared where once were smiling garden grounds. The bazaar, where the body of M'Naughten was exposed to the insults of the populace, was totally destroyed, and many portions of the city shared the same fate. Thus terminated the Afghan war, one of the saddest episodes in Anglo-Indian history.

The disasters of this campaign inspired many enemies of the English with hope and courage. In Scinde, once considered a subject state of Afghanistan, the long cherished hostility to the conquerors of India, soon began to develop itself. With the Ameer (as the rulers of Scinde were called) a treaty of commerce had been concluded by Sir A. Burns in 1831; but, from various circumstances, it proved nearly or wholly useless. The Ameer had refused assistance to Shah Soojah when he attempted to recover possession of his throne in 1834, and they beheld with some displeasure his triumphant restoration by the aid of the British bayonet. Before that event, the Ameer had been compelled to accept the terms of a treaty, under which it was provided that a British military force should be permanently stationed in their country. A great man and experienced soldier, one of the most illustrious members of an illustrious race—Sir Charles Napier, was invested with the command of this army. It was fortunate for the English in Scinde, that they had such a leader for hostilities on a large scale were in preparation. Encouraged by the Afghan defeat, the Ameer attacked the English Residency, and Napier, who had advanced into the country, was compelled to fall back. An immense army of Beloochees, a warlike and indomitable race, menaced the English with destruction. But Napier met them at Meeanee, with 3,000 troops, gained a splendid victory, slew upwards of 5,000, and took all their artillery. Another conflict took place, near Hyderabad, the capital, with a like result, which left the Ameer at the mercy of the conqueror. In 1843 Scinde became a part of the immense empire of the English in the East.

With yet another warlike race had the British to cope in India, and yet another fair and fertile province remained to be appropriated.—When the English entered Afghanistan, they formed an alliance with the ruler of the Punjab (or country of five rivers), the celebrated Run-Singh, leader or chief of the Sikhs. During a long life, Runjeet had cultivated the friendship and revered the power of the British nation. As early as 1805, when apparently only a petty chief, he had an amicable interview with Lord Lake. Since that period he had gradually widened his dominion till a vast extent of country owned the Sikh sway. As he extended his