

to reduce the fortress. All night Akbar superintended the siege, with untiring vigilance, and excessive anxiety. Through the intervals of the clamors of war, he thought he heard, at times, on the mountain breeze, female voices, cries of lamentation. He thought he saw, at times, through the blaze of the musketry and artillery, a red lurid light, like the flames of a suttee.

Soon after sunrise, a loud, exulting shout, "Allah Hu!" rose among the besiegers. Part of the wall that was undermined had fallen.—The last sad relics of the Indian garrison left after the murderous cannonade of the Moslems, stood in the breach. There they fought with unflinching resolution, sternly refusing quarter, and dropping where they stood, till all had perished, till the last man was cut down.

Akbar in a tremor of eagerness and apprehension, spurred his horse through the breach, and galloped into the fortress, heedless of everything but his desire to find Padmani alive. His guards dashed after him in full career. On they rushed through the depopulated streets, through a fearful scene of desolation and carnage. Yet Akbar scarcely glanced at the smoking ruins and the ghastly corpses all along his way. He reached the lake. The Island Palace was enveloped in smoke; yet it was not, apparently, on fire. With a choking sensation he plunged on horseback into the lake. His guards followed; their horses brought them safely across. At the landing place they dismounted, gained the palace, and forced open the door. There was a dense and oppressive smoke rising from the lower apartments, which were evidently filled with some smouldering fuel.

"Burst open those windows! Fling water here! Force the door of that chamber!"

There was a hideous sight within: a multitude of female corpses lay stretched upon the floor in heaps, suffocated by the rising smoke, purposely admitted from below through perforations. This voluntary death was the self-sacrifice called 'the *Jour*'; to this all the rajpoot women had devoted themselves rather than fall alive into the hands of the victors.

"Padmani! Padmani!" cried Akbar, in a mixture of grief and horror.

"Seek her! oh! seek her among these corpses. Let me see her but once more, even though in death."

They raised the bodies, brought them forth, and scanned their blackened features. There were all the women of the fortress, from the Majee to the humblest servant. There lay the old and the young, the noblest and the meanest.

The last corpse was removed; but where was Padmani? She was not found among her kindred and her subjects. Hope sprang up in Akbar's bosom. He mounted, and swam his horse back again across the lake. He hastened towards the Ranah's palace. Beside the way, leaning against a fallen pillar, sat the ancient Brahmin, Madeo, his head drooping to his knees.

"Where is Padmani?" cried Akbar, impatiently.

The old man looked up; death was in his face, and delirium in his eye. He began to repeat incoherently verses from the sacred books of his religion.

"There is no other way for a virtuous woman (he recited) but ascending the pile of her husband. There is no other duty whatever after the death of her husband. The woman who follows her husband expiates the sins of three races. A pigeon devoted to her husband, after his death, entered the flames, and ascending to heaven, she there found her husband."

"He raves," said the Sultan; "the nand of death is upon him."

Akbar spurred on to the palace of the deceased Ranah. In front of the building he saw the charred fragments of a funeral pile, and perceived the fetid smell of burned flesh. Amid the embers was a shapeless mass; on the ground were the relics of some royal insignia, and a wreath of scorched mougrees. Beside the extinguished pile lay Lali Singh, the brother of Padmani, his life-blood welling from a mortal wound.

"Oh! what is this?" groaned Akbar, clasping his hands in an agony of apprehension.

"Oh! what is this?"

"The funeral pile of the Ranah of Mewar, and his devoted Rannee," replied Lali Singh, rallying his last energies. "Look, tyrant, at you black mass! That is all that remains of Padmani—the beautiful, the faithful, the beloved. That is the prize of thy conquest. Was it well to sacrifice thousands of brave men merely to brighten the innocent happiness of one loving and constant woman? Go, baffled conqueror thy victim will not be avenged. The flames of that fatal pile will be often re-kindled in thy own bosom by the hand of remorse, to sear all thy future pleasures; thy sons will descend to the grave before thee; thou wilt die blighted by useless sorrow; and the history of thy many glories will be marred by the black page that tells the tale of Sultan Akbar's baneful love."

The man who hooped, to enable him to contain himself, was mistaken for a cask of liquor, and had his head stove in recently at Bangor.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

### THE DEAD WIFE.

Yes, the wife you loved so fondly, cherished so tenderly, is dead. She lies in the shady little room she loved so well; but she heeds not now where they place her. You go in and look on the calm sweet face—marble-like in its repose—no smile beams there on your approach. The warm blood mounts no longer to the soft cheek. You press your lips wildly to hers, that for the first time give back no answering pressure. You take the little pale hand in yours, but the slender fingers clasp around your own no longer. You breathe the name that has ever been the dearest to you in the wide world, but she hears your voice no more; she is dead! They robe her in a snowy shroud and lay her in a narrow coffin. Oh! can you live while she is prisoned there, you wildly ask. The minister of God says a few solemn words—weeping friends gather round to take a last farewell, and when they turn away, you stand by her, but for the last time. Can it be, you must now part with her for ever; that you look for the last time on that dear face—press the last kiss to her cold lips; but no tears came to your relief, and friends draw you away; but you watch as the undertaker folds the muslin over that face, and turns the coffin-lid closely down. You feel as if you would suffocate. He does not heed, but puts the screws in quickly, tightly, and you follow her to the grave that yawns to receive the form clasped so many times to your heart. You see them lower her slowly in, and hear the clods fall with a dull, hollow sound on her coffin. Oh! methinks there is no sound on earth that brings such feelings to the heart, as the sound of the earth as it falls, covering the forms of those we love. You seek your darkened home, but no white arms are clasped round your neck; no sweet voice bids you welcome; no blue eyes look into yours, speaking the love which lips do not always utter.

Here is where she used to sit close by your side; here the books she read, there her piano stands open with your favorite song spread out; but she will sit by your side, play for you, no more forever. You stand by the window and look out in the garden; the flowers she planted are blossoming as brightly as if her hand had trained them up this very morning, but off beyond the garden you see the quaint church spire rising, and there, close by, she slumbers. You turn away and sit down with all this agony at your heart, and memory takes you back to the long ago, to the first hours of your acquaintance with her, and you feel you loved her then and love her now better than you can love any one on earth. And you are right; she will ever be nearest and dearest. You remember talking with her long ago of death, and of her saying she would wish to go first, for she could never part with you on earth and live, and she has gone first; but can you live without her? You read the letters she penned to you in absence—you look on a tress of sunny hair severed after death, with a grief at your heart that will not be hushed.

Years pass on, and another may brighten your home; but as you listen to her merry words and joyous laugh, when her dark eyes look into your own, when her hand is warmly clasped in yours, the memory of the early loved and lost will creep over your heart until you forget the loving one by your side. Sometimes you see a face or form that resembles hers, or hear a voice low and soft as hers used to be, and you find the young heart mouldering in the grave is as dear as ever, though another fills her place by your side, and you thought for a time you had given her up. But no; she often comes to you as you sit by your cheerful fireside; you feel the arms circling round your neck, the soft lips pressed to your brow; see the eyes so mild and loving, looking down through yours into your soul; you hear the low tones telling you again how dear you are; but you start up nervously, and look round on those gathered about you, trying to shake off the illusion, as you remembered how long she has been sleeping. Ah, the first true love of the heart never will, never can die out. It may be silent for a time, but it will rise up like a ghost to haunt the hours that might otherwise be happy. The heart, thank God, is locked away from all human eyes.

### HOPE.

How very beautiful is that fable of the ancients about Pandora and the box presented to her by Jupiter, on opening which there proceeded from it a multitude of evils and distempers which quickly dispersed themselves over the world, and which from that fatal moment have never ceased to afflict the human race. Hope alone remaining at the bottom of the box—thereby indicating that it is she alone who has the wonderful power of easing the labours of man and of rendering his trouble and his sorrows less painful in life. Hope has the power of soaring with a strong and upstriving pinion from all that is dark and drear, into the radiant atmosphere of poetry. It takes us into a world of dreams, and causes the heart to wander among visions. It diverts the thoughts from the real to the ideal, and leads us among the picture-gleams of fancy to linger in the fairy realms of art. It hastens us into a vision-

ary world that we may have dreams of glory, power, and fame. It unfurls a dazzling scroll, and shows us engraven on it an immortal name. Its holy task is to exhibit to us, even when cares surround us, and we are treading along a harsh path, a time of dizzy joys, and to change into bright enchantments the stern realities of actual life. Nor do the strength of its dreams, the nobleness of its desires, and the beauty of its thoughts, cease to actuate and influence our hearts even when life grows pale and wanes fast, when we turn our thoughts from earth to heaven, on the couch of sickness and weakness, and when the faint voice and the fainter pulse speaks in warning whispers of a time to die. It boldly walks along with us, prompting the spirit never to repine, from the cradle to the grave. It is like the last bright spark of a dying candle, flashing up before all is dark. We all hope. In every one of us that passion finds an object to feed upon. We all form some beau ideal;—we all sketch some fancy portrait, which we fondly cherish, and hope to find the fair original. When hope first sheds its influence upon the heart, all one's roving thoughts are concentrated upon one object. A vacuum within is filled, of which we have never before known the extent. Heedless indifference to success in life forsakes one. A new stimulus succeeds, the mind revolves splendid success. All the alluring avenues of fame spread open before us. We burn to achieve some arduous enterprise which shall be worthy of the mind of man. But strong as is the spell of hope to incite and inspire us, equally strong is it to elude and deceive us. The fraud is sweet, but bitter pain and keen despair awaits to torment us, upon our awaking and finding its chain broken and lying around us in glittering fragments. The heart that trusts the siren smile of Hope drinks the most copious draughts of pleasure while it grasps its soul-sought treasure; but when the mystic gleam departs, the heart sinks coldly, and too often breaks amidst the world's unkindness. The souls of the young are most full of hope. Hope is the sun, the centre, the source of their existence. The poison of its evil—for to them hope is a poison and an evil—infects their whole being, and clouds their intellects with its noisome vapours. From it they can hardly discern correctly the things that are around them; they only feebly apprehend those which are being crowded with fantastic shapes, as of troubled sleep, or of an overcast dawning.

### INFINITE SPACE.

To acquire a correct idea of magnitude, we must ascend some elevation, from whence a prospect might be obtained of an uninterrupted horizon; here would be displayed an extent of view; stretching forty miles in every direction, forming a circle eighty miles in diameter, consequently one hundred and fifty in circumference, and an area of five thousand square miles. This, then, would be one of the largest objects that the eye could grasp at one time; but, large as it is, it would require forty thousand such prospects to constitute the whole surface of the earth; but this is comparatively nothing; for one of those glittering points which ornament the celestial canopy (Jupiter), is fourteen thousand times larger than the earth, and the sun 1,384,480 times larger than our terrestrial globe! Here, then, the imagination begins to be overpowered at an early step of the comparison; for there are, it is probable, a hundred millions of such bodies as the sun within the scope of modern instruments, each individual of which may be as vast as our solar orb; and if all of these were congregated into one mass, it would probably be but as nothing when compared with the material creation that lies beyond the reach of human research. Intimately connected with the idea of magnitude is that of space—the theatre of astronomical science. When the midnight sky is refined by frost, the deep azure canopy is seen to be thronged with glittering points, which we call stars. It is admitted that these are at an immense distance; for were we to travel in the direction towards which they lie, they would not increase their apparent magnitude, which is the case with those objects which we approach on the earth's surface. The diameter of the earth, therefore, is too small a scale with which to measure their distances; the diameter of the earth's orbit also fails in accomplishing the desired object. This amazing length of line (190 millions of miles) fails to increase or diminish their visual angle, or alter their relative positions to each other. Without availing ourselves of every step which reason and science afford, it will be readily admitted that space lies far beyond where the faintest star-beam may be supposed to indicate the verge of creation.

A lady says: "When I go to the theatre I am very careless of my dress, as the audience are too attentive to the play to observe my wardrobe; but when I go to church I am very particular in my outward appearance, as most people go there to see how their neighbours dress and deport themselves." A pretty home thrust—wonder how many that cap fits?

In order to live justly, and be respected, we must abstain from doing what we blame in others.

## Legislative News.

Extracts from the Journals.

FREDERICTON, June 27.

On motion of Mr Montgomery, the House went into committee of the whole on—a Bill to amend the first Section of Chapter 19, Title iii, of the Revised Statutes, "of Buoys and Beacons." The Chairman reported, that the Committee had the Bill referred to them under their consideration and agreed to the same. Ordered that the Report be accepted and the Bill engrossed.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £36,000 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for the repair of the Roads and Bridges.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £8,450 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for the Officers and Contingent expenses of the Legislature, including the Library, Printing, and expenses of holding Elections.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £2,000 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for repair of public buildings, including Miscow Light House.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £2,300 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for Internal Navigation and Steam Communication, including the Dredging Machine.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £2,600 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for the expenses of the Provincial Penitentiary.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £700 be granted to His Excellency the Lieut. Governor, to provide for the expense of the Tracadie Lazaretto.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £— be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor to provide for the expense of the Lunatic Asylum. This Resolution being sustained—it was moved—That the blank be filled up with the sum of £4,000. Upon the question, the Committee divided—Yeas 16. Nays 16. And the division being equal, the Chairman decided in the affirmative, and the blank to be filled up with that sum.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £2,078 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for Miscellaneous Services.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £7,000 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to defray the expenses of the collection and the protection of the Revenue, and of the Controller and Customs Department.

Resolved, That a sum not exceeding £3,330 be granted to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, to provide for certain Educational purposes.

On motion of Mr Connell, Resolved, As the opinion of this House that it is the duty of the Government to cause an immediate enquiry to be had into the management of the Provincial Penitentiary—Lunatic Asylum—Lazaretto at Tracadie, and such other Institutions as receive public aid, with a view, if possible, of reducing the expenses of maintaining the same, and cause such change, if necessary in the management thereof as will best serve the public interest.

Mr Lewis, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor with the Address of the House of the 25th day of June instant, praying that His Excellency would cause to be laid before the House, a statement of the cost of Public Printing and Advertising since the 1st day of May, 1856, reported—That they had attended thereto and His Excellency was pleased to say, that he would comply with the wishes of the House.

Mr Mitchell, from the Committee appointed to wait upon His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor with the Address of the 25th day of June inst., communicating a Resolution expressing the opinion of the House that no practising Attorney or Sheriff should hold the Office of Registrar of Deeds, reported—That they had attended thereto, and His Excellency was pleased to say, that he would consult his Council on the subject matter of the Resolution.

On motion of Mr Kerr, Resolved, That an humble address be presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, praying that His Excellency will be pleased to move the Lords of the Admiralty to cause to be published for the use and information of Ship Masters and others, a chart of Miramichi River and Bay, on a scale of three inches to the nautic mile, with the soundings, shoals, and bars thereof, from the survey of Admiral Bayfield, and such other sources of information as may be in possession of the Admiralty. Ordered, That Mr Kerr, Mr End and Mr Sutton, be a Committee to wait upon His Excellency with the Address.

June 29.

On motion of Mr Mitchell, Whereas it is considered that the expenses and Contingencies of this House can be materially curtailed without detriment to the Public Service; and whereas in the present embarrassed state of the Finances of this Province it is desirable to use the utmost economy; therefore Resolved, That