

hand of one of his own wicked companion,—in a concealed pocket within his vest was found the roll of bank-notes, in their still unbroken cover. It had escaped the eyes of his murderer, or the passing by of some honest settlers had disturbed him in his unfinished search. They forwarded the parcel to Mr Raby, with a narration of these facts.—A year after this event, it would have been impossible to recognize the spirit-bowed and fragile Mrs Heathcote in the by no means inconsolable widow which she had then become. Thanks to her brief matrimonial career, she was not rich, but beautiful and happy as you see her now, Mr Grantly, or rather as you did see her until within these few months. My brother married her with the full knowledge of her former life, and has never had a moment's cause, as he says himself, to regret his choice.

This narration which the kind-hearted but misdoubting little old maid made piquant with various garnishments of her own, in the way of things at the foolishness of young girls, and the fatality of early marriages, did not much enlighten me, as to what was ailing with poor Mrs Markham, although it increased my interests in her fortunes. Her conduct towards myself remained unaltered, or was marked by a greater communicativeness. She put to me several hypothetical cases of conscience, of which I could see no possible bearing on herself, and begged me, as a clergyman, to give her my best opinion on the subject. She told me she often bewailed the having no children, which she had once considered to be the sole blessing that had been denied her; but now she thanked God she was childless. The horrible thought began to cross me that my dear benefactress and firm friend was going out of her mind; and that idea grew stronger, although Miss Markham shook her head at it, and hoped it might be no worse. She was as good a person as ever lived; but she had the weakness of her order, which somehow is always to think the worst than can be of all her sex. But when I had seen Mrs Markham come out of firwood, under the sandcliff, a little after sunrise one morning, and she told me, pale as spectre, and quivering in every limb, that she had only been to get an appetite for breakfast; when she asked me at another time for the loan of twenty pounds, for a very pressing emergency, and begged me to keep it secret; and when I coupled with these things her piteous endeavours, so transparent to myself and her sister-in-law, to conceal her unhappy condition at all times—a mark most significant of an unsettled brain—I felt quite sure of my painful surmise being but too true. I was even debating how to break this horror to Mr Markham, that remedial measures might be resorted to before it was too late, when a circumstance occurred which changed my suspicions into a certainty even still more terrible.

(To be Continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE GONE WITH MARRIAGE.

THE romance of life gone! when with the humblest and most sordid cares of life are intimately associated the calm delights, the settled bliss of home; when upon duties, in themselves perhaps often wearisome and uninteresting, hang the prosperity and the happiness of wife and children; when there is no mean hope, because there is no hope in which regard for others does not largely mingle—no base fear, because suffering and distress cannot affect self alone; when the selfishness which turns honest industry to greed, and noble ambition to egotistical lust of power, is exercised; when life becomes a perpetual exercise of duties which are delights, and delights which are duties. Once romance meant chivalry; and the hero of romance was one who did his knightly devoirs, and was true and loyal to God and his lady love. If with us it has come to mean the sensual fancies of nerveless boys, and the sickly reveries of girls for whose higher faculties society can find no employment, it is only another instance in which the present is not so much wiser and grander than the past, as its flatterers are fond of imagining. To us it appears that where the capacity for generous devotion, for manly courage, for steadfast faith and love, exists, there exists the main element of romance, and that where the circumstances of life are most favorable for the development of the qualities in action, they are romantic circumstances whether the person displaying them be, like Alton Locke, a tailor, or like King Arthur, a man of stalwart arm and lordly presence. Nor do we see that the giants, dragons, and other monsters of the old romance, are to themselves one whit more interesting than the obstacles that beset the modern true knight in his struggles to perform manfully the duties of his life, and to carry out the noble spirit of that vow which he has solemnly taken at the altar to love, comfort, honor, and keep in sickness and in health the woman who has put her youth, her beauty, her life, and her happiness into his hands.—George Brinsley's Essay.

COLOUR OF WINE.

THE colour of wine is owing to the following causes:—If the skins of the grapes, or marc, are entirely excluded from the fermenting vat, a white wine is always obtained, the juice of al-

most all grapes, black and red, as well as green, being colourless. Champagne is made from a red grape, so deep in colour as to approach to black; and sherry is made from a mixture of white and coloured grapes. The colour of red wine is derived from permitting the wine to ferment in contact with some of the marc, the colouring matter of the grape residing altogether in the skin, with the exception of the grape called tintilla, from which tint-wine is made, in which the juice is coloured. This colouring principle is soluble in alcohol; therefore, when the alcohol is developed by the fermentative process, the must becomes coloured in consequence of the action of the spirit upon the marc. The wine is also more deeply coloured from a higher degree of pressure given to the husks of the grapes. The colour of red wine varies from a light pink to a deep purple tint, approaching to black; the clarets hold the intermediate rank between these two extremes. Dr Henderson observes that 'on exposing red wine in bottles to the action of the sun's rays, the colouring matter is separated in large flakes without altering the flavor of the wine. The colour derived from the skins of the grapes alone is not generally very deep: the high-coloured wines of France and Portugal are often rendered so by colouring ingredients, particularly by mixture with an intensely deep red wine, called *vino tinto*, and sometimes by elderberries and colouring drugs.'

THE LION AND THE BUFFALO.

THE African lion is of a tawny colour, like that of some mastiffs. The mane in the male is large, and gives the idea of great power. In some lions the ends of the hair of the mane are black; these go by the name of black-maned lions, though, as a whole, all look of the yellow tawny colour. At the time of the discovery of the lake, Messrs. Oswell and Wilson shot two specimens of another variety. One was an old lion, whose teeth were mere stumps, and his claws worn quite blunt; the other was full-grown, in the prime of life, with white perfect teeth. Both were entirely destitute of mane. The lions in the country near the lake gave tongue less than those further south. We scarcely ever heard them roar at all. The lion has other checks on inordinate increase besides man. He seldom attacks full-grown animals; but frequently, when a buffalo calf is caught by him, the cow rushes to the rescue, and a toss from her often kills him. One we found was killed thus; and on the Leambye another, which died near Sesheke, had all the appearance of having received his death-blow from a buffalo. It is questionable if a single lion ever attacks a full-grown buffalo. The amount of roaring heard at night, on occasions when a buffalo is killed, seems to indicate there are always more than one lion engaged in the onslaught. On the plain, south of Sebituane's ford, a herd of buffaloes kept a number of lions from their young by the males turning their heads to the enemy. The young and the cows were in the rear. One toss from a bull would kill the strongest lion that ever breathed. I have been informed that, in one part of India, even the tame buffaloes feel the superiority to some wild animals, for they have been seen to chase the tiger up the hills, bellowing, as if they enjoyed the sport. Lions never go near any elephants, except the calves, which, when young, are sometimes torn by them. Every living thing retires before the lordly elephant, yet a full grown one would be an easier prey than the rhinoceros. The lion rushes off at the mere sight of the latter beast.—Dr. Livingston's Missionary Travels.

ALI PASHA AND ENGINEERING DIFFICULTIES.

'Ah!' said the pasha, laughing, 'I know all that; I shall have difficulties; what can be done without difficulty? All my life I have been contending against them; I have always overcome them, and Inshallah, I will do so still!—Did you see,' he added, with increased animation, 'a canal that joins the Nile a few miles northward of this spot?' Mr Thorpe had noticed it, but had not thought of inquiring whither it led. 'Well, then,' continued the pasha, 'that canal leads to a large village in the middle of the Delta, from which and from the neighbouring provinces it brings the produce down to the Nile. How do you think I made that canal? You shall hear. Two years ago I stopped here on my way to Cairo from Alexandria, and having determined to make a canal from the Nile to that village, I sent for the chief engineer of the Province, and having given him the length, breadth, and depth of the canal required, I asked him in what space of time he would undertake to make it. He took out his pen and paper, and having made his calculations, he said that if I gave him an order on the governor of the province for the labour required he would undertake to finish it in a year. My reply was a signal to my servants to throw him down and give him 200 blows of the stick on his feet. The ceremony being concluded, I said to him, 'Here is the order for the number of laborers you may require; I am going to Upper Egypt, and shall come back in four months; if the canal is not completed by the day of my return, you shall have 300 more.' 'By Allah, the canal was completed when I returned.'—Hassan; by the Hon. C. A. Murray.

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

RESULTS OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Camp Futtyghur, June 2.

LOOKING to the actual results achieved, I may say without fear of contradiction that not one of those who now inveigh against the conduct of the war ever dreamt, in his most sanguine hour, when this year first opened that so much could have been accomplished before the end of May. Most old Indians predicted that all our army would be required to subjugate Oude alone, and so far they are justified by the fact that the unruly province is not yet our own. But its capital is in our hands, our military posts keep the communications with the main trunk road at Cawnpore open, and until the heat, which even natives yield to, forced us to withdraw our soldiers from the open country, our columns traversed the ex-king victoriously, with the exception of one mismanagement, blundering attack. Police stations and numerous bodies of police have been established, and a few zemindars, or rather chuckledars and talookdars, have been emboldened to seek pardon at our hands. It is even said that one of the native chiefs has just now seized Khan Bahadoor Khan, and has made him prisoner on our account. But it must, nevertheless, be admitted that the state of Oude is not satisfactory, the chiefs and the population are hostile. They have rejected our offers of reconciliation and forgiveness; they have refused to accept either the terms offered by the Governor General in his original proclamation, or the more liberal conditions of his commissioners, and they are determined to risk the chances of a guerilla war, and to try the effect of an armed opposition against the introduction of the civil power into their territories. The gage having thus been thrown down, no course is left to the British Government but to crush and politically exterminate those who have defined its power and scorned its forgiveness. The end of the year will probably see our troops employed in destroying the stronghold of those who, now merely revolters, will then in all probability be traitors. Oude must not only be conquered, but it must be occupied militarily; all forts must be laid in ruins, its chiefs brought to utter subjection, its population disarmed, and its social state entirely reconstituted. The arrogance of such men as Beni Mando, Nirput Singh, Gorhuccus Singh, will necessarily be severely punished, but even in revolt, mutiny, rebellion, or treason there are degrees of guilt, which the severest judge will appreciate and distinguish. The task reserved for our army is arduous and tedious, rather than dangerous.—There is nothing to fear from the enemy in the multifarious operations in which our troops split into numerous small columns, will be engaged, each depending for success on the judgment of its individual leader, there is reason to apprehend the occurrence of errors which may produce a temporary discouragement, unless, indeed, those officers are fettered by very strict regulations. No doubt the Commander-in-Chief, whose tendency it is to leave nothing to the discretion of his subordinates—a tendency very probably strengthened by the results of a few departures from the usual course, voluntary or forced—will take every precaution to guard against such contingencies. We cannot afford to have another Rhadamow or Judgespore. So far as we can now judge, the only district in India which will require the presence of an army next autumn, and of large operations for its reduction, will be Oude, and perhaps part of Goruckpore. But let us recollect that Lucknow is in our hands, that its enormous garrison and its armies have been beaten and dispersed, that all the serviceable field artillery of the enemy has fallen into our possession, and that we have deprived them of all their considerable strongholds. These results have been achieved at the cost of very little life, and without great effusion of blood. There is not in Central India, or in the North West Provinces, or Bengal, any assemblage of the enemy which has the smallest pretensions to be considered an army.

In one short campaign Sir Colin Campbell has tranquillised the Doab, crushed the Gwalior Contingent, taken Lucknow, overrun Oude with moveable columns, rested Rohilcund from the rule of the rebels, secured our possession of that rich province, and re-established the civil rule of the Company in its old sites of power, while his lieutenants have restored the prestige of our arms in Central India, pacified large provinces, have carried Jhansi by storm, captured Calpee, cleared out Banda, swept Judgespore, laid waste the haunts of numerous chieftains, and broken every band which met them in arms, seizing their guns, and dispersing them in hopeless flight. But because there are some fugitive enemies still in the field, because there are flying foxes running to and fro now that their earths are stopped, and our bulldogs are not able to run them down, because bodies of men holding together in masses as their only chance of safety cross the trunk roads, and finding some unhappy travellers in their path, murder and burn as is their wont, the cry is set up in the Indian press and in the Anglo-Indian cities that "nothing has been done," and that it would have been better to let the rebels remain in the cities unmolested than to have

driven them out into the plains. Although the military skill of the Commander-in-Chief's combinations is not questioned, his operations are severely criticised by people who actually seem to regret our possession of an artillery so powerful that it crushes opposition, saves the lives of our soldiers, and almost unassisted reduces the strong places of the enemy. "He did not kill enough." "Kill! kill! kill!"—that is all their cry. After every victory they shout for "Blood! more blood!" They care not for the results achieved,—they look rather to the flying enemy, and rage for impossible slaughter.

LOSSES OF THE SEPOYS.

Since the beginning of the mutiny, and of the insurrection which followed it, not less than 30,000 Sepoys, according to the most careful estimates, have been slain in the field, or have died of their wounds and diseases incident to war. I should say that 8,000 or 10,000 armed men and inhabitants of towns and villages have also perished in encounters with our troops.—As to those shot, blown away from guns, or hanged in pursuance of the sentences of civil or military courts, the materials exist by means of which an estimate of the number of mutineers and rebels so punished can be formed. Up to this time there has certainly been no lack of work for the executioner. Rajahs, nawabs, zemindars, have been 'strung up,' or 'polished off' weekly, and men of less note daily—all, probably, deserving their fate; but, I confess that, anxious as I am for the punishment of the guilty wretches, whose deeds have outraged humanity, I have no sympathy with those who gloat over their death, and who, in the press and elsewhere, fly into ecstasies of delight at the records of each act of necessary justice, and glory in the exhibition of a spirit as sanguinary and inhuman as that which has prompted murderers, assassins, and mutilators to the commission of the crimes for which they have met their doom.

VENGEANCE.

At every large station which I have visited, executions have taken place during my stay, but I have never been yet induced to witness one of these spectacles, which, indeed, take place so secretly, that one object which the infliction of capital punishment has in view, to deter others from the commission of crime, must be frustrated. Thus you have missed many thrilling horrors, tales of men being blown away from howitzers, or swung off from carts, and always meeting their death with resolution and courage, which they never exhibit in the field, or when the chances of life and death are undecided. Unconscious of the real force of the real force of the term, the admirers of such sights apply the term 'white Pandys' to those who are bold enough to remember that they are Christians. Pandys—black or white—is the name of a savage, ferocious, merciless, blood-thirsty wretch, who has no pity and no stint in his lust for taking life—who disregards the voice of religion and of humanity, or has never heard it. Such a one is he who can write like this, almost as bad as he who can print and publish it:—'I did not get a cut at any of the wretches, but I had the satisfaction of riding my horse over the heads and faces of some of the beasts as they lay on the field.' I am glad to say the writer is not a soldier, at least a soldier by profession. I am sure that he is not a pure Englishman, but that he must have a dash of Pandys blood in his veins.

FEELING OF THE ARMY.

The first fierce excitement having died away, the army is only animated by the common instincts which actuate British soldiers, and they are little desirous of continuing a war in which there is no mercy to the vanquished, and no glory to the conqueror. For this reason, perhaps, it is that the tone which prevails among officers of the Queen's army in reference to this outbreak is more moderate than that of the civil servants of the Company, or of many of the Indian community at large. The secret dispatch of the Court of Directors to Lord Canning, although it will provoke a yell from the Jack Ketch party, will strengthen the hands of those who desire to see peace founded on some more solid basis than solitude and skeletons.—His Excellency will be somewhat fettered in the exercise of his discretion, perhaps, by the terms of these directions, but the large powers in his hands will no doubt be wisely and humanely employed, though he will not shrink from punishing criminals with just severity.—There is a wide difference between an amnesty to the guilty and a discriminating policy which shall separate the least culpable from the most atrocious offenders. In our application of that latter policy lies the principal hope of success in our efforts to extinguish the 'spirit' of insurrection during the ensuing season of military inactivity. We cannot declare a war of extermination against all those whom the Sepoy mutiny has drawn into civil war, and against all those who favour rebellion. If as a Christian people we could do so, even as conquerors we could not carry out our own decrees. The Sepoys as organized bodies have disappeared; they produced no leaders, and they have never proved as formidable—except at Cawnpore—as the cavalry and irregular levies of the country. The Moulvie, Koer Singh, Nirput Singh, Ben Mahdo, Feroze Shah, these and such as they were, men impelled by fanaticism or ambition