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"FREEDOM AND RIGHT AGAINST SLAVERY AND WRONG."

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HE'S COMING.

He's coming! the blushing rose
Whispers it low to me,
And the starlight hastens with it,
Over the twilight sea.
Hush'd, trembling, the zephyrs tell me,
On light wings hurrying past,
And my own heart, quickly beating,
Coming, coming at last.

The soft-lipped waves of the ocean,
Gathering at my feet,
Breeze-borne from the coral islands,
Murmur the secret sweet.
There's not a dew-steeped blossom,
Or glistening orange tree,
But furnish their leaves glee-laden,
To breathe this joy to me.

List! that is the sound of rowing
Stealing along the air;
I must gather round my temples
The weight of this braided hair,
And trust to the growing darkness,
And evening shadows dim,
To hide with their wings the traces
Of tears I've shed for him.

THE WOLF'S GLEN.

The events on which the following tale is founded are of so extraordinary a character that, in presenting it to the reader, I should have felt considerable reluctance in the relation of them, had not the chief actors in the scenes become personally known to me while on a brief tour in that part of *la belle France* which is washed by the Atlantic Ocean, and is named Bretagne, or is more familiar to our readers as Brittany.

The incidents are well known to most of the inhabitants of the little fishing village of Cornatin, near which the occurrences to be related happened: and it was one evening, whilst I was sitting on the edge of an iron bound coast, watching the billows breaking in sullen majesty on the rocks beneath, that my guide and companion *pro tempore*, Jacques Antoine, an old tracker, probably a smuggler, who was too aged for the perils and hardships of his calling, after directing my attention to a ruined hovel, midway down the cliff, in a sheltered but unfrequented spot, proceeded in a simple, quiet manner to relate the following tale, which appeared to me so far out of the common run of country adventures that I determined to take down the heads of the old man's narrative, and reduce them into the shape in which I now present them to my readers.

'It is now,' commenced the old man, 'more than thirty years since the events took place which I am about to repeat to you, *Messire;* and as I am nearly seventy years of age, you must not expect my memory to be so good as it was at the time I am speaking of.'

'Indeed,' said I, 'my friend, from your hale looks and bright eye, I should imagine time had not dealt so hardly by you as you would seem to imply, for though your hairs are white as silver, that in itself is no indication of impaired faculties.'

'Most true,' replied he, 'yet my life has been one of continual toil, exposure and toil, and to most of us, grim death has sent more than one of his three warnings, ere the three score and ten years allotted to us by *le bon Dieu*,' at the same time crossing himself devoutly, 'have been brought to a close. But I will go on with my tale,' said he, 'that I may get to the end of it before the shades of evening drive you to your hostel:

'It was towards the close of a lovely autumn day in the month of September, in the year of grace 1814, that I was in the act of bidding good night to a comrade who had been engaged with me in some business in a neighboring town, near a cabaret which then stood about a mile from this spot, at the cross road on the hill leading from Corantin to Morlaix, when we observed a stranger advancing at a steady pace towards the place where we were standing. His air and mien were at the time I am speaking of most likely to excite attention; his upright bearing and bronzed countenance needed not his uniform, which was that of the Emperor's old guard, to proclaim him a soldier. His clear, bright eye, and drooping moustache, added to his general appearance, and several scars, which I may almost say adorned his face, showed that, to him at least, war had brought its disasters, as well as its glory. His appearance was certainly striking, although he looked fatigued, as from long and arduous travel. He had upon his shoulders his knapsack, and in his hand a stout oaken staff, which seemed calculated both for defence and support. At his side, ever looking wistfully up in to his face, as if inquiring how much further their journey was to continue, was a dog, the like of which I had never before seen. Large, bony and fierce, it seemed a cross between a bloodhound and a mastiff, and appeared to possess the ferocity of the former and the fidelity of the latter species, but withal, a docility and affection for its master which is the characteristic of this peculiar breed. I am particular in thus describing the dog, (said Antoine,) because he will be a principal actor in the catastrophe I am about to relate.

'As the traveler approached the spot where we were standing, he courteously inquired if we could direct him to the abode of one Marion Cloquet, who, he understood, resided in those parts?

'Marion Cloquet!' said I, 'and if it be not an impudent question, monsieur, what business can you have with that old hag?'

'The stranger gave a peculiar look, half in anger and half in surprise, and he replied:

'Hag, my friend; wherefore so hard a term? My comrade, whom I left in Siberia, and on whose account I have undertaken this journey, so far from my own home, would ill relish to hear you speak of Marion Cloquet by such an insulting epithet.'

'And pray,' said I, 'what may your comrade be, that he should care whether I spoke ill or well of the old Marion? She hath no kith or kin, save an ugly mis-shapen dwarf, who is as deformed in mind as he is in body.'

'My comrade,' replied the soldier, 'has the right which every child has of vindicating its parent's honor, and especially when years have elapsed since he had tidings of his mother.'

'His mother!' exclaimed I; 'is it possible that Victor still lives? Poor fellow;—I fancy it is but yesterday that he voluntarily offered himself to the conscription, mainly, I am sure, to relieve himself from the hardships, obloquy and ill-treatment heaped upon him by his unnatural mother and abandoned step-father.'

'He lives,' said the stranger, 'and will shortly present himself to his old mother, who, I fear, will find him changed much since he went to the wars. Fifteen years have elapsed since he joined the ranks, and there have been but few battle-fields from which he has been absent. He had the misfortune to be captured by the Russians after the event-ful passage of the Beresina, by a patrol of Cossacks, who picked us up half-frozen by the roadside. We were sent together, my comrade and I, to the interior of Siberia, where we remained until recently, when the peace allowed us to return to France and our homes.'

'From what you say, I am inclined to fear Victor will not be pleased with the state of affairs here.'

'Why so? What is the matter with the old Marion?' said the stranger.

'Since the death of her second husband, who joined to the honest calling of a fisherman the dishonest trade of a smuggler and brigand, the old wretch has given herself up to liquor, and in this habit she is ably assisted by the monstrous abortion, the fruits of her second marriage.'

'And is her second husband then dead?'

'He was apprehended upon the charge of murdering an officer of the coast guard, who had taken refuge from the inclemency of a winter storm, and his wife and their son stood side by side with him in the dock. For some fortunate flaw in the indictment, the two latter escaped free, although considered guilty by all who knew them. The husband, however, was convicted, and paid the deserved penalty of his numerous crimes by his life. Did you say your errand takes you to the widow's cottage to-night, friend?"

'I should certainly wish to lose no time in seeing her,' replied the guardsman.

'Take my advice,' replied I, 'accept shelter under my roof; darkness is rapidly falling, and few in these parts would care to spend a night with Marian Cloquet and her fiendish son, especially if," casting a glance at the apparently well-filled knapsack which hung, as we have stated, from the stranger's shoulders, 'they had anything to lose about them. Believe me, the morrow and the broad daylight will be soon enough, and a better time to visit the *Fausse des Loups* (*Anglice*, Wolf's Glen,) as we call the widow's cottage.'

'I thank you, friend, for your generous offer and kind caution in my behalf. I have, however, but little to fear from an old woman and her dwarf of a son, if I were not accompanied by my faithful companion, Russ.'

'He is, indeed, a noble fellow," said I;—'and, although the breed is unknown to me, I should say he would not suffer by comparison with the best of our own country, or the favored bull-dogs of our opposite neighbors.

The stranger smiled an assent, and after stooping for a moment to caress the animal, who seemed fully conscious of being the object of our remarks, replied:

'Yes; he is, indeed, an old friend, and has amply repaid me by his fidelity and affection for rescuing him as I did from the pangs of starvation. I was returning,' continued he (as if in anticipation of my own and my comrade's inquiry,) 'from the scene of my captivity in Siberia, and had already traveled many leagues of sterile and lonely deserts, when it chanced one evening that I found myself, towards nightfall, about the centre of a dismal pine forest, which lay in the route prescribed to me. I was proceeding in ignorance of the way, and knew not whether I should find shelter for the night or not, when my attention was attracted by a low wailing tone, as of a creature in distress. Prompted by a feeling of humanity, mingled with curiosity, I left the beaten path, and proceeded in the direction of the sound, and after walking a few hundred paces, found myself at the entrance of what appeared to have been once a wood-cutter's hut, which was now almost entirely destroyed by fire. All around the spot, the grass was trampled down, as if a deadly struggle had taken place there. On entering the ruins of the hut, the first object which I saw, was the corpse of a peasant, frightfully mangled, and lying in a pool of congealed blood; stretched by the side of the body was a dog, who was licking the cold face of his master, seemingly striving to recall him to life, and frequently uttering plaintive howls, as if mourning over his master's fate, and his own inability to succor him.—On my entering, the noble animal, for it was Russ who stands by my side, growled his displeasure at my intrusion, and attempted to rise, but without success; hunger and watching had rendered him powerless.—Speaking kindly to him, I essayed to remove him from the body, and it was not until I procured some water from an adjoining spring, that I succeeded in my attempts.—(To be brief, my friends, as the evening is drawing on, and my time precious)—I stayed all night in the hut, and after burying the corpse, and sharing my meal with the poor dog, who gradually recovered his strength under the influence of food, I found myself again on the road home with Russ, who had adopted me as a new master, and from that time we have never separated, and our attachment will remain until death.'

The soldier here paused, and after a moment expressed his desire to continue his route, and, as I and the traveler were going nearly in the same direction, we bade my companion good night, and proceeded on our way.

'As you appear,' said the soldier, 'to be so well acquainted with all that regards Marion Cloquet, you may, perhaps, be able to give me some information about a beautiful young maiden, to whom my comrade, Victor, had paid his addresses. Indeed they plighted their troth, and would have been married had he not been compelled to depart for the wars. Is she married? Has she remained faithful to her vows?'

'By St. Denis, you could not have applied for information on that subject to one better qualified to give it. The maiden you speak of is Eugenie, my first born, one of the best and most virtuous of her sex; during many years she has daily, at the shrine of Our Lady of Tears, offered up her vows for the safety and prompt return of Victor, but on learning the report of his death, she made a solemn resolution never to transfer her affection to another mortal, and religiously has she kept her word. Offers of marriage have been numerous, not only in her own circle of acquaintances, but from persons far, very far above her in station and fortune; her heart, however, remains unchanged, and she lives only to deplore the untimely death of her first and much loved Victor.'

On hearing this, our hero started, and wiping the tear that glistened in his eye, seized me by both hands, and exclaimed—

'What, old friend, am I so altered, then, that you have not recognized your old protege, Victor Duplessis?'

'By Saint Denis, is it so? but who could have recognized the boy Victor under his bushy beard and drooping mustaches?'

'I was dangerously wounded, and left for dead on the field of battle, when I was found as I told you before, by a party of strolling Cossacks, and removed to the rear, and as soon as my wounds were healed, I was sent off with the other prisoners, to Siberia to await an exchange of prisoners. Now, friend, my tale is told. I have made up my mind to take up my quarters for the night at the *Fausse des Loupes* (Wolf's Glen,) and leave you to follow your road home and gradually prepare Eugenie for my coming—a sudden disclosure might prove dangerous.'

'As you will. Yonder, about half a league down the valley, lies your road,' replied I; 'you cannot miss it, so fare you well. May the saints watch over you!'

Here we parted; our hero followed a sheep track, and soon found himself at the edge of a cliff, and in view of the spot where the cottage stood. It was a dark, low building with a miserable roof of sods and rushes; a wretched attempt at a chimney occupying the gable, and the front, containing two small square apertures, closed by a wicker contrivance to serve as shutters, one of which lay open to permit the exit of the smoke, which rolled more freely through this than through the chimney, looked over the sea. A filthy pool of green-colored water stood before the door, through which a little causeway of earth led. Upon this, a meagre lank-sided sow was standing, her long pointed snout meditatively turned towards the slime and mud beside her. Displacing this important member of the family with an unceremonious kick, our hero stooped to enter the low doorway, which he found was securely barred and bolted from the inside. He knocked repeatedly, without obtaining any answer, though he plainly heard voices within; the purport of their conversation he could not distinguish. After waiting a few moments, he recommenced his knocking, much louder, and with more effect. At last, a hoarse and cracked voice inquired who was there?

'A way-worn traveler,' was the reply, 'who needs rest and refreshment. One who would be glad to communicate some news to Marion Cloquet.'

'What can your business be with me?—business and I have long since parted company. None hold communion with the hag, as they call Marion Cloquet, who has nothing to give, and is herself starving with her poor fatherless child.'

'Make yourself easy on that score. I am both able and willing to pay for my entertainment.'

Here there was a low murmuring for a short space between the parties inside, which was at last broken by one of them saying—

'Mahu, my dear, let the stranger come in.'

On hearing this, our hero placed his glove upon the ground under the furthest window, and pointing to it made the dog understand he must lie down there, saying, in a subdued voice, 'Lie down here till I call.' Russ understood the bidding, and coiled himself up in the smallest possible space, patiently awaiting further orders.

The door now stood wide open, and gave entrance to our hero. He paused upon the threshold, and gazed upon the inmates of this dreary abode. The younger of the two having closed the door, and once more secured all the fastenings, resumed his seat beside the embers burning on the low hearth, which shot a lurid glare around, and imparted to their countenances a most unearthly and cadaverous hue.

All inside bespoke misery and want—that cold and speechless companion had followed them, step by step. Opposite the door, and crouched upon a low stool close to the embers of the fire, sat Marion Cloquet. Hers, indeed, was a countenance that required no additional circumstances to heighten its deformity: she was one of those aged women, the moral sewers of humanity, the sinks towards which flow all the impurities of human passions; one of those sacrilegious wretches who dishonor the sanctity of grey hairs: hideous wrinkles marked her countenance; huge and bony hands, whose touch would chill you, even through the folds of your cloak; and yet that old woman had shared the lot of the young, and was herself the widow of crime. For the rest she was gloomy in her own wretchedness, was stern towards the wretchedness of others. Hers was one of those tough souls, which have become so in passing over all the rough places of life—a soul battered, tanned, soiled by crime, scraped, peeled, wrinkled, washed, and pliable as the India-rubber on the desk of a critic or bailiff. The hag remained for a short space of time shrunk in her contemplations, cowering, as it were, at the bottom of her own filthy soul. Then, lifting up her eyes, she looked on that fair and manly countenance before her, that dark eye, with its long lashes, and breathed from her foul breast a tainted sigh. That fine face had brought before her the memory of happier times.

Directly opposite this woman, on a low stool, sat the dwarf. He had a prodigiously large head, broad face, and small eyes; he appeared half giant, half dwarf, so disproportionate was the contrast between his height and the vast breadth of his shoulders, the length of his arms and the extreme shortness of his legs; the muscles of both of which indicated agility and strength.

Our hero stood as if entranced, till roused from his contemplation by the shrill voice of the hag, who said—

'Soldier—for by your dress I see you are one—what, in the name of St. Lucifer, can your business be with me? If it be for good, speak out at once—if evil, take my curse, and may ill fortune attend you, like your shadow, wherever you go, with sorrow behind you, and bad hopes before you. I have spoken—now speak.'

Victor made an effort to reply, but so powerful was the effect of what he witnessed, that it rendered him speechless for the moment, and, when he mustered up sufficient strength to do so, there was a tremulousness in his voice that evinced a great degree of mental agitation. He told her that he was the bearer of tidings from her son, who had returned safely from Siberia, and proposed to come and see her shortly.

'What!' exclaimed the hag, 'are the dead come to life again?—to me he has been dead a long time. It was reported here he had been killed.'

'The report was incorrect,' replied Victor, 'he was wounded, and made prisoner, sent to Siberia, where he suffered many hardships.'

'I am glad to hear it,' replied the hag, 'he forsook, and then forgot, the mother that bore him.'

'He much repented having joined the army,' said Victor, 'but he never forgot his friends, and longed for the time that would bring peace, that he might revisit his home.'

'But,' said the hag, 'did he not send his old mother some more substantial proof of his love than a bare message?'

'Why, no,' said Victor; 'he intends to visit you soon himself, and will be the bearer of his own gifts, but as the mother of my comrade, if you are in immediate want, I am both able and willing to assist you.'

'Hey! what is that you say?—you have money with you, and will give me some,' said the hag, with much eagerness. And again, after a short pause, during which she seemed busy with her own thoughts, she continued—'you require shelter for the night—you shall have it. You are, indeed, come to a poor house, that can afford you scarce any accommodation——'

'We soldiers of the old guard are not very particular, and I have often put up with worse quarters. At present I am tired with long travel——'

'And,' replied the hag, 'require refreshment, also, but we have not a solitary crust to offer you.'

'I do, indeed,' replied Victor, 'require refreshment; if any is to be procured in the vicinity, here is money that will procure sufficient for us all, and to spare.'

Her eyes sparkled with delight as she stretched out her withered and skeleton hand to grasp the money which our hero offered her.

'Only look,' said she, addressing herself to the dwarf, 'look, Mahu; it is long, long since such a vision has blessed our sight.'—And, turning to the guardsman, said—'Neither of us have broken our fast this day.—Come, be alive, Mahu; bestir yourself, run to the hamlet, and purchase some food; and mind—make the most of your money.'

As the dwarf departed, she drew him on one side and whispered in his ear—

'Answer no questions, and say not a word about the stranger's arrival. His visit must remain a profound secret, or it might lead to detection. You understand me, Mahu?'

The dwarf gave an assenting nod, and departed.

We shall not follow him in the discharge of his commission. Suffice it to say that, within the hour, he returned with a goodly provision of edibles and two flasks of brandy.

The hag now rose from her seat—where she had sat on her low settee, cowering over the embers of the hearth, humming a Bacchanalian song, which had stolen into her memory because she was athirst—pointed with her skinny fingers to the hearth, and the dwarf laid some fuel on the embers. She now began to busy herself in preparing the approaching meal. As she stood exhibiting the full stature of her person, which was above the usual female standard, she presented a striking contrast to the diminutive height of her elfish-looking offspring—as she stood heaping fresh fuel on the blazing fire, she might have suggested the idea of a witch engaged in some work of nocturnal incantation;—while, to complete the illusion, the dwarf, like an attendant sprite, stood near, waiting with impatience the conclusion of his task.—All being at length prepared, a candle was procured, and the trio sat down to partake of the refection.

The cravings of hunger being satisfied, the party drew round the hearth. The spirits were produced and our hero pressed to drink. He did so, but with moderation; and, soon after, from fatigue, and unwilling to witness the debauch that appeared ready to succeed the food, expressed his desire of retiring to rest. He rose, and the dwarf accompanied him into the other room; and, having pointed to the bed, left him, and, as he bade him good-night, a fiendish and malicious grin played upon his countenance.

The bed was composed of some miserably bad straw, laid upon some boards, supported at each end by two trestles, and some indifferent old horse-rugs as covering. To a veteran of the old guard, this was of no consequence. He recollected how sound and tranquil he had slumbered on the bare earth with no other covering than the wide canopy of heaven. He removed the wickerwork that secured the window, and relieved his faithful dog, who had remained steadily at his post, and noiselessly bid him enter by the casement, which the dog cleared at one bound, and took his station under the bed.

Our hero could not sleep, for a melancholy foreboding filled his mind; he apprehended evil. He determined to be wakeful, and on his guard; he placed his staff beside him, and lay thus motionless for a couple of hours, when sleep at last overpowered him.

I must bring you back to the inmates of the outer room, where the dwarf had drawn his stool close, and both commenced drinking deeply from the flagon of spirits which the liberality of the stranger had provided. After a pause of some time, during which the hag and her mis-shapen offspring were intently observing each other, the woman, in a hoarse whisper, exclaimed—

'He has gold, Mahu! gold! Did you not observe his purse, which was well filled with gold Napoleons? I warrant you he has taken Paris in his way hither, and touched his pay, which has been accumulating for him during his captivity. It is but one thrust, and a home thrust of your knife, and the money will be ours. There can be no risk, he is a perfect stranger, and nobody in the neighborhood will trouble their heads about the wandering soldier.'

The dwarf gave a quick, comprehensive, and most malignant glance towards the old woman, whilst she was speaking, and he drew from a drawer in the table a long pointed knife, which was firmly set in a buckhorn handle, and appeared, from the marks upon its blade to be no stranger to human blood. The hag watched his proceedings with a savage smile, and beckoning to the dwarf, led the way on tip-toe towards the apartment where the soldier was sleeping. Before lifting the latch, however, she turned to the hideous imp by her side, and, with a suppressed whisper of fearful import, muttered out, rather than uttered, 'See, Mahu, that you have not to strike twice; remember the last one, and the trouble he gave you for your want of dexterity!'

The dwarf grinned horridly, and nodding a hurried assent, motioned to the hag to open the chamber.

All was still. The soldier was lying with his back to the door, and buried in a profound slumber. As she stood for a moment, the light fell on the features of the dwarf, who was standing behind her, in an attitude of savage expectation. His eyes glowed like heated coals, and his whole frame, uncouth as it was, presented a picture of demoniac ferocity. At a glance from the old hag, he moved stealthily forward, and measuring his distance, rapidly raised his gleaming weapon, and rushing forward, was in the act of burying his knife, when the sleeper, actuated by some passing dream, turned suddenly round, just in time to avoid the thrust aimed at his heart, which penetrated his clothes, and inflicted a long superficial wound in the fleshy part of his right side. He uttered a loud cry of alarm, but before the dwarf could raise the knife for a second stroke a deep bark was heard, the dog was roused by the noise, and uttering a growl like an enraged wolf, sprang at the dwarf, and pinning him by the throat, threw him to the ground, where they rolled together in deadly conflict; the dwarf, with his long bony fingers, endeavoring to throttle the dog, who, on his side, seemed determined not to quit his hold until his master was avenged.

The old woman, paralyzed by this sudden and unexpected appearance, dropped the light, which instantly went out, and tried in vain to assist her fiendish offspring. But more of her anon. For I must here (said Antoine) go back and tell you what was passing in another place, before I conclude this tragic tale.

When the soldier and I parted at the cross road, I made the best of my way home.—When I arrived about a few hundred yards from my house, I met one of my younger sons, who imparted to me the welcome intelligence that my daughter Eugenie had arrived in the course of the day from the Chateau de Pelesses, where she was residing as companion to the young Countess de la Roche Guyon, to spend the holidays with us; this intelligence gave me much pleasure, and was doubly welcome under existing circumstances, as I did not expect her till after the Feast of the Assumption. I had not progressed many yards, when at the next turning I met the maiden herself, who had come to greet me in person, followed by the rest of the family.

'My darling child! welcome! thrice welcome, to the embrace of your fond parent. God bless you, dearest and best! Great and bitter have been your trials; your cross has been heavy to bear, but you have borne it without repining; not a murmur has escaped your lips; you have passed through a severe ordeal, you have borne your troubles with Christian fortitude, and the blessing of God is upon you! in His infinite mercy He has ordained that I should be the messenger of joyful tidings. Cheer up! Victor lives! your own faithful Victor, whom we all numbered among the dead—lives! and will be here to-morrow to claim you as his own.'

Eugenie raised her eyes up to heaven in silent, pious thanksgiving and exclaimed—'Oh God, thou hast blessed me.' A deep convulsive sob escaped from her bosom, and I received her fainting in my arms. This sudden announcement was more than she could support. Sudden joy, as you well know, sir, like sudden sorrow, is sometimes too powerful for a sensitive mind: the weakness was but momentary; her eyes lighted up, and she gradually gained her consciousness, and exclaimed—

'Victor! dear Victor, oh where is he?—why did he not accompany you, dear father?'

'Long absence and sorrow,' replied I, 'and the remembrance of the ill treatment he had undergone, could not obliterate the spark of filial love that nature has implanted in his heart. He was desirous, as a paramount duty, to visit the mother that gave him life, and extricate her from the degraded condition in which he heard she had fallen.'

'But, father dear,' said Eugenie, 'should he not think proper to make himself known to her, or should she not recognize him, he will certainly meet the fate of all those who have sought shelter in that dreadful abode of crime. Oh, father, father,' cried she, wringing her hands, 'the dwarf will most assuredly murder him in his sleep. Let us hasten to the Wolf's Glen, and save him!'

There was wisdom in my daughter's words, and I resolved to act upon them. I desired my eldest son, David, to put the old horse to the chay cart, and accompany me. Eugenie exclaimed—'Father, I will accompany you,' and she put on her bonnet and cloak. I endorsed my sheep skin jucket, took down my pistols, examined the priming, and secured them in my belt, and, as the chaise was at the door, we all three sprang in, and proceeded at the rate of ten miles an hour.

On our arrival at the Wolf's Glen, we knocked violently at the door of the hut, without gaining admission. We forced the door. My son entered first; I followed, holding a cocked pistol in my hand, prepared for any resistance I might encounter. My son had taken the precaution to provide himself with a bull's eye lantern, such as we use as signals along the coast. A sight most appalling and dreadful to behold presented itself to our partially bewildered gaze; it can never be obliterated from my memory.

Figure to yourself, sir, the mangled carcase of the dwarf lying on the floor in a pool of congealed blood. On the bed, in a half-sitting, half reclining position, was the soldier, weak from loss of blood, his faithful dog by his side, licking his hands, and uttering doleful moans. The hag, who, on beholding the unexpected attack of the hound upon the dwarf, had, as I suppose, become alarmed, and, retreating to the farthest extremity of the front room, awaiting the result of the conflict, stood with the brandy flask in her hand, from which she had helped herself to copious draughts to rouse her courage, which must have begun to flag; with eyes starting from their sockets, her form dilated to its full height, the very personification of a fiend incarnate about to hurl destruction on all who should cross her path. Eugenie, who had entered last, and who had, unperceived, possessed herself of one of my pistols, sprang upon the hag, seized her by the shoulders, and placing the muzzle of the pistol to her head, demanded what had become of the soldier who had sought shelter under her roof that night.

The hag dropped the brandy flask from her grasp, became deadly pale, and appeared bewildered and stupefied. Victor was roused by the well remembered tone of Eugenie's voice; it acted as a vivifying electric shock upon his frame, and recalled all his nervous faculty, which, from loss of blood, had become almost totally inert, for his wound, tho' not dangerous, had from the severance of a small artery, bled copiously. He sprang from the bed, cleared at one bound the carcase on the floor, and the next instant was locked in the embrace of Eugenie. It was long and fervent; neither uttered a word.—Silence was to them eloquent; past sorrow was forgotten—the scenes of their early love were lit up in memory's lamp; their hearts were full, and throbbed in unison.

The brave and faithful hound, on seeing his master rise, had taken his station over the mangled corpse of the dwarf, placing one paw on the chest, and the other raised in a defying attitude, growling like a hungry lion over its prey. The hag staggered into the room, and on beholding the corpse of the dwarf, was roused to desperation. She drew a stiletto from her bosom, and was preparing to plunge it into the body of the dog, when her arm was providentially arrested by Victor, who entered the room exclaiming—

'Oh, mother! mother! do you not know your son, Victor, your eldest born?'

'Eh?—what is that you say?' exclaimed the hag, 'who and what are you? You were dead, and have returned in judgment to blast me—to bring my grey hairs to an untimely end upon the scaffold; but as I have lived, so shall I die. I defy you all. I had but one thing in the whole world that I loved, and who loved me, and you have barbarously slaughtered him. May my curse, living or dead, light upon you all!' And by a sudden jerk, she freed the arm that held the weapon from the grasp of Victor, and plunged it into her breast crying, 'Thus! thus! I bid you all defiance—ha! ha! ha!' And on withdrawing the dagger, she fell dead upon the corpse of her fiendish dwarf of a son.

The hound had retreated, one flown to the side of his master, as soon as he entered, leaping up and testifying his joy on seeing him safe once more.

This, sir, was the close of Marion Cloquet's life and that of her fiendish son. They were both consigned to the earth side by side, on the spot that had been the scene of so many crimes, the clergy refusing them a resting place in consecrated ground, as one had died in the very act of attempting to commit a murder, and the other by her own hand.

I am now come to the end of this sad tale. It only remains for me to inform you that, after a decent lapse of time, Victor and Eugenie were married and went to Paris. Victor obtained promotion, served in Africa, where he distinguished himself; and having passed through the several military grades, he is now a General of division, and as a token of his esteem and admiration, our beloved Emperor has conferred upon him the grand cross of the Legion of Honor.

'One word more before we part,' said he, shaking both my hands cordially—'*Vive l' Empereur!—Vive Queen Victoria!*'

The "Sands of Life" Run out.—Dr. Hall of the *Journal of Health*, who has investigated the matter and analyzed the drugs, finds that the mixture for which Old Sands of Life charges two dollars, when made from the very purest and most expensive materials used, costs exactly sixteen cents—bottle and all. And he furthermore charges, as do many others, that it is a deleterious article at best. The following from the *Gleaner* is a very severe rap:

Messrs. Editors:—Permit me, thro' your columns to bear testimony to a valuable medicine. My great aunt has been striving to reach heaven for twenty years. Having a cough, she finally fell into the hands of the "retired physician," whose "sands of life have nearly run out." She purchased a bottle of his Cannabis Indica, from which she gained strength. On taking the second bottle her strength so increased that she was able to cough day and night without interruption; the third bottle landed her in heaven. Thus in a brief space of time, the fond hopes and anticipations of more than a quarter of a century are realized for the sum of seven dollars twelve and a half cents.

In view of this and other facts that are almost daily coming to light, it is no more than an act of justice to that pious, conscientious, old, "retired physician," whose sands of life continue to run from him, to recommend his wonderful medicines to all who are afflicted with coughs, colds, asthma, brown creatures, loneliness of the gall, bladder, inflammation of the florax, refusal of the kidneys to respond to the jerks of the mucous membrane, vacant feelings in the head, &c. To those persons who are desirous of changing worlds, or changing husbands and wives, and all who are anxious to visit t'other side of Jordan, this medicine is confidently recommended. To those persons who take a lively interest in natural history, I would advise them to throw themselves into the arms of the "retired physician," and they may be assured they will see the elephant and rhinoceros.

Thirst Worse than Hunger.—That disturbance of the general system which is known under the name of raging thirst, is far more terrible than that of starvation, and for this reason:—During abstinence from food, the organism can still live upon its substance, which furnishes all the necessary material; but, during abstinence from liquid, the organism has no such source of supply within itself. Men have been known to endure absolute privation of food for some weeks, but three days of absolute privation of drink (unless in a moist atmosphere) is, perhaps, the limit of endurance. Thirst is the most atrocious torture ever invented by Oriental tyrants. It is that which most effectually tames animals. Mr. Astley, when he had a refractory horse, always used thirst as the most effective power of coercion, giving a little water as the reward for every act of obedience. The histories of shipwreck paint fearful pictures of the sufferings endured from thirst; and one of the most appalling cases known is the celebrated imprisonment of one hundred and forty-six men in the Black Hole at Calcutta.—*Blackwood.*

"Paradise Lost."—When this great production appeared, in 1667, the celebrated poet Waller wrote of it: "The old, blind school master, John Milton, hath published a poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered a merit, it has no other."

☞ "Good morning, Jones. How does the world use you?" 'It uses me up, thank you."

☞ Why is praising children like opium? Because it's laudanum!

They a'int done Apologizing yet.

When Dr. Kane was ten years old, says Dr. Elder, four or five neighbor boys, all bigger than himself, who had climbed upon the roof of a back building in his father's yard, were amusing themselves by shooting putty-wads from blow-guns at the girls below. Elisha attracted to the spot by the out-cry of the injured party, promptly undertook the defence, and in the firm tone of a young gentleman offended, required them to desist and leave the premises; which of course, was instantly answered by a broadside at him. Fired at the outrage, he clutched the rain-spout, climbed like a young tiger to the roof, and was among them before they could realize the practicability of the feat; and then had them on terms even enough for a handsome settlement of the case.

The roof was steep and dangerous to his cowed antagonists, but safe to his better balance and higher courage, and they were at his mercy; for no one could help another, and he was more than a match for any of them, in a position where peril of a terrible tumble was among the risks of resistance. Forthwith he went at them *seriatim*, till, severally and signally he had cuffed them to the full measure of their respective deservings. But not satisfied with inflicting punishment, he exacted penitence also, and he proceeded to drag each of them in turn to the edge of the roof, and holding them there, demanded an explicit apology.

Before he had finished putting the whole party through this last form of purgation, little Tom, who had witnessed the performance from the pavement below greatly terrified by the imminent risk of a fall, which would have broken a neck or two, mayhap, called out,—"Come down, Elisha! Oh, Elisha come down!"

Elisha answered the appeal in the spirit of the engagement.

"No, Tom, they a'int done apologizing yet."

Spirit of the Psalms.—Among all compositions these alone deserve the name of sacred lyrics. These alone contain a poetry that meets the spiritual nature in all its moods and in all its wants—which strengthens virtue with glorious exhortations, gives angelic eloquence to prayer, and almost rises to the seraph's joy in praise. In distress and fear, they breathe the low, sad murmur of complaint; in penitence they groan with the agony of the troubled soul. They have a gentle music for the peace of faith; in adoration, they ascend to the glory of creation and the majesty of God. For assemblies or for solitude, for all that gladdens and all that grieves, for our heaviness and despair, for our remorse and our redemption, we find in these divine harmonies the loud or the low expression. Great has been their power in the world. They resound amidst the courts of the tabernacle; they floated through the lofty and solemn spaces of the temple. They were sung with glory in the halls of Zion; they were sung with sorrow by the stream of Babel. And when Israel had passed away, the harp of David was still awakened in the Church of Christ. In all the eras and ages of that Church, from the hymn which first it whispered in an upper chamber, until its anthems filled the earth, the inspiration of the royal prophet has enraptured its devotions and ennobled its rituals. Chorused by the winds of heaven, they have swelled through God's own temple of the sky and stars; they have rolled over the broad desert of Asia, in the matins and vespers of ten thousand hermits. They have rung through the deep valleys of the Alps, in the sobbing voices of the forlorn Waldeness; through the steeps and caves of Scottish Highlands, in the rude chantings of the Scottish Covenanters; thro' the woods and wilds of primitive America, in the heroic hallelujahs of the early pilgrims.—*Henry Giles.*

"One of the Boys."—We find the following good story about Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the popular lecturer, travelling the rounds of our exchanges:

Rev. H. W. B., a distinguished clergyman of Brooklyn, was taken on a stage sleigh, from the depot in W——, (a new England town, where railroad communication then ended,) to B——, a place fifty miles distant, where he was to lecture that night. It was a warm February day; the sleighing was splendid. B. was on the box beside a young driver; the teams, of four horses each, were perfection, and the result was that the fifty miles were got over in something like four hours—pretty good railroad time on some tracks.—But it didn't do the teams of horses any good, and when, some days after, knowledge of their condition came to the proprietor of the line, he called up that particular driver, (Sam) and asked how he came to drive his horses that day at such a rate. "Well," said Sam, "I had one of the 'boys' on the box with me; he wanted to see 'em go, and I put 'em through!"

Fate of the Discoverers of America.—It is remarkable how few of the eminent men among the discoverers and conquerers of the New World died in peace. Columbus died broken-hearted; Roldan and Bobadilla were drowned; Ovando was harshly superseded; Las Casas sought refuge in a cowl; Ojeda died in extreme poverty; Enciso was deposed by his own men; Nicuesa perished miserably by the cruelty of his party; Vasco Nunez was disgracefully beheaded; Narvaez was imprisoned in a tropical dungeon, and afterward died of hardship; Cortez was dishonored; Alvarado was destroyed in an ambush; Almagro was garotted; Pizarro was murdered, and his four brothers cut off; and there was no end of the assassinations and executions of the secondary chiefs, among the energetic and enduring adventurers.—*London Inquirer.*

His Occupation.—A first rate joke took place quite lately, in the Court room. A woman was testifying in behalf of her son, and swore that he had worked on a farm ever since he was born.

The lawyer who cross-examined her said, 'You assert that your son has worked on a farm ever since he was born?'

'I do.'

'What did he do the first year?'

'*He milked.*'

The lawyer evaporated.—*Hartford Courant.*

☞ The happiest man in the world is the one with just wealth enough to keep him in spirits, and just children enough to make him industrious.