

things to be considered. If Sir Richard Conway is acquitted of this, you know, love, there will be Conway Park and twenty thousand a year awaiting some fortunate girl, and it will not do to throw away such a chance. The Frewens and the Hollingses and the Stranshams are all going, and you must remember, my dear child, that your two sisters have less fortune than you have, and are not likely to make such a conquest as you have done. Younger sons are not always as fortunate as Lord Alfred, in having large fortunes left them, and unless I do something to help them, my poor girls may both die old maids."

Conway Park and twenty thousand a year! The owner an "extremely fine-looking young man," as the mother of the four blooming Misses Frewen said complacently to herself. "What a catch for one of the girls!" And so looking their loveliest, there they were on the day Sir Richard Conway was to be tried for his life, and with them a bevy of fair Stranshams, with their cousins "the three graces," as they were called among their gentleman acquaintances. And there, too, sat Lady Constance between her father and brother, the young lover whose attention was divided between the proceedings and his indolent lady love.

There were few witnesses, the old steward of the murdered man being the principal. He had parted with his master in the library at ten o'clock, had seen that the house was secure, and immediately retired to his own apartment. At twelve o'clock he was awakened by a strange noise; had heard a groan, followed by hasty, heavy steps, and the slamming of a door. On hurrying to his master's room he found him on the floor dead, and lying in a pool of blood; had roused the other servants, but found all efforts to recall life unavailing.

His wife gave precisely the same testimony, and both were positive as to the hour.

The head game-keeper was examined next. He had met "Master Richard" in the park at daybreak. Thought he looked badly, as if he had not slept any all night. Told him what had happened, when he caught hold of a tree to steady himself, and looked dreadful pale.

Then came young Conway's housekeeper and her husband. "He ordered dinner earlier than usual that evening, and rode away immediately afterwards and was gone all night. But that was not uncommon; Mr. Conway had been gone all night several times during the past two months."

There were a few other unimportant witnesses, and then the bar had it to themselves.

The case looked very gloomy for the prisoner; though even the circumstantial evidence was slight; for it was known that a difference had long existed between the uncle and nephew. Evidently his own counsel was laboring under some difficulty; so that he thought his client guilty, for many reasons, and he remarked the careful avoidance of one particular.

"If the prisoner was not at Conway Park at midnight, why not prove where he was at that particular hour of the night in question?" asked the counsel for the Crown. "It was proved that he was there at dawn, wandering in the park, looking pale and weary. It was a singular coincidence that the heir should have been so near at the very hour when the blow of a midnight assassin was putting him in possession of a princely fortune." He alluded to the ill-feeling between the uncle and nephew, and other suspicious circumstances, until "guilty" was written in the expression of each jurymen's face as plainly as if the letters themselves had been there.

The prisoner had cast but one glance on the assembled ladies and their attendants; and unconscious of the one pale face watching him with trembling anxiety, gave his whole attention to the court.

"Don't you think him extremely handsome, so romantic looking?" asked Eveline Swinton of her "most devoted," in a languid whisper.

Lord Alfred scarcely liked the superlatives. He raised his glass and took a cool survey of Sir Richard; then inhaling the delicate perfume of his handkerchief, drawled out—"Passable! I think he is passable; but the idea of murder is so vulgar. To get one's hands and clothes stained with blood, how the thought turns me sick. If they let him off I shall always turn faint when he comes near me."

Miss Swinton gave an affected little scream, half smothered by her lace handkerchief. "How dreadfully you talk! You'll frighten me to death!"

"I am afraid there is no chance for him," whispered Mrs. Swinton to her next neighbor. "And the next heir is a married man with a family. Oh, what a pity!"

"My child, you are very pale, and I feel you tremble," said the earl to Lady Constance. "You allow this to agitate you too much. We had better retire. The scene has lost its interest for most of our acquaintances."

"But father, you do not believe he did it," she said; and there was something in her face which made her father draw back.

"I shall be really angry if you allow this to make you so nervous, Constance," said he. "Of course he did it—there is not a doubt about it. What is more probable? Besides, why not tell where he was that night?"

"Lady Constance Burford!"

How the name echoed through the court, sending a thrill of astonishment through the whole assembly, striking the prisoner like an electric shock, for he well knew what was coming, and paralysing Lord Alfred so that he only made a feeble grasp at his sister's dress as she rose from her seat and moved forward.

There was a great stir and agitation in court as the lady threw back her veil, and laying her white hand on the book presented to her, took the customary oath, speaking the words distinctly and slowly, her face meanwhile wearing the cold, calm, haughty expression which had long gained her the name of being the proudest of her proud race.

Turning to the judge before any questions could be asked, Lady Constance thus addressed him;

"My lord, I came not here to answer impertinent questions, but to inform your lordship and the gentlemen of the jury of a fact which is important in the present state of this case. The prisoner, Sir Richard Conway, was not at Conway Park at twelve o'clock on the night of the murder."

The lady's words were distinctly heard in the dead silence which had fallen, and never perhaps did so short a speech make so great a sensation.

"If not at the scene of the murder, can the witness declare where he was?" asked the judge.

The slightest possible tinge of color rose to the lady's cheek as she replied, "At the hour mentioned, he was at Burford House."

The judge mused for an instant. The counsel for the prosecution rose.

"My lord," said he, "the prisoner could scarcely have been at Burford House without the cognisance of other of its inmates. Some of the servants must be able to swear to this fact; in so important a case it is well to have all the evidence possible."

Lady Constance felt the crimson flushing cheek and brow, as she heard the next question. "Too well she knew that none but herself knew of Richard's visit. Again the judge asked—"Who can prove this, Lady Constance?"

She felt that hundreds of eyes were scanning her face, hundreds of whispers would be spread to her shame, if she yielded to the confusion, and lastly the thought that Richard's life depended on her firmness, gave her strength. She was on the point of declaring that their interview had been alone, when from out a gay party of ladies stepped Clarence Frewen, and walking slowly forward, took his place close to the witness-box.

Constance sank into the chair placed for her, while the elegant Clarence, after taking a survey of the assemblage, the greater part of whom appeared to inspire him with intense disgust, having been sworn by the usher of the court, thus addressed the bench:—"Sir Richard Conway was at Burford House on the night of the murder, at the hour of twelve. The Lady Constance had an interview with him, at which no one was present but myself. Her father and brother were away, and none of the servants were aware of his being there. When the clock struck twelve, the lady warned him of the lateness of the hour; at a quarter past he took his leave. Sir Richard having chosen to keep this secret, doubtless for fear of bringing the lady's name into court, I did not feel at liberty to speak of it; but Lady Constance having come forth nobly to tell the truth, and save an innocent man, I am happy to be able to confirm her evidence."

Lady Constance left the place with her father, but her brother did not return until Sir Richard was declared not guilty.

As if to confirm the verdict, a note was handed to the judge immediately after, from the keeper of a lunatic asylum, saying that a young man had been placed in his care, and from the nature of his case it was assumed that he had been the murderer of Sir Richard Conway. Sir Richard left the dock, but was immediately captured and borne off in triumph to "Eveline Lodge," very much to Alfred Burford's discomfort, who could not help contrasting this stately owner of twenty thousand a year with his own puny self and very moderate fortune.

But as no harm came from the match-making lady's manoeuvres, we must believe that Sir Richard wore a shield upon his heart, which rendered him invulnerable to the charms of fair ladies.

As soon as he could escape from the attentions of his fair hostess, the baronet hastened to ascertain who the man was for whose crime he had suffered so much. It proved to be Owen Craig, "the poacher of the Black Moor," and very little inquiry sufficed to give a reason for the dreadful deed. Madened at the recital of his mother's wrongs, he had taken fearful vengeance on the author of her sufferings, and with one blow ended Sir Richard's wicked life. The excitement of doing such a deed, added to what he had previously suffered, had completely unhinged his mind, and he lived for many years a dangerous maniac, in custody of the crown.

The exciting scene of the trial proved almost too much for Lady Constance, but after a few days' illness, she began to regain her usual health—a recovery which was greatly hastened by her father one day leading in Sir Richard Conway, to whose visits he now gave an unqualified consent.

The old mansion of the Conways was soon after thoroughly and tastefully beautified, in accordance with its fine old style of architecture, and to it Sir Richard carried his fair bride one summer evening, amid the ringing of bells and the cheers of his devoted tenants.

"May your pathway be ever as now, strewn with flowers," said Clarence Frewen, as he bowed over the bride's fair hand, too well bred to let other's see the pang it cost him to lose the only woman he had ever loved; but when a few years of travel had cured him of this romance, he became the most intimate friend at Conway Park. His presence at the stolen meeting in the garden, on that eventful night, was a subject he loved to jest them about, and at last the fair lady herself learned to speak of it without turning pale.

"I little thought," he would say, "when I was cursing the fate that led me there to be an unwilling listener to your conversation, that it would be in the end the means of doing you both a great service."

Sir Richard, remembering with a thrill his gentle wife's unpleasant situation on that day, grasps Clarence's hand, forgetful of all his foppishness in the recollection of the timely assistance he had been to them both.

PARLIAMENT.—The oldest member of the English House of Commons, is eighty-four years of age, and has been a member without interruption for the past fifty years. Another member is nearly eighty. Some fifty others have given notice of their exemption from serving upon Committees, all being upwards of sixty years of age. Lord Lyndhurst is eighty-four years of age.

The only money that does a young man good is what he earns himself. A ready-made fortune, like ready-made clothing, seldom fits the man who comes into possession.

PATHWAYS IN PALESTINE.

The pathways of Thon are little changed Since Thonert there; The busy world through other ways has ranged, And left bare. The rocky path still o'er the glowing steep Of Olive. Though rains of two seasons wear it deep, Men tread it yet. Still to the gardens of the brook it leads, Quiet and low; Before his sheep the assid on it treads, His voice they know. The wild fig throws his shadows o'er it still, As once of Thon. Peasants go home at evening up that hill To Bethan. And, as when gazing he didst weep o'er them, From hence to height The white roofs of dismused Jerusalem Burst on a sight. These ways were strewn with garments once, and palm, Which windeth thus; Here through Thy triumph on Thon passed, calm— On to Thross. The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore Of Gallilee; Thy path lies evermore But chiseled in the hillsides evermore Thy path lies ever. Man has not changed on in that slumbering land, Nor time is dead; Where Thy feet trod to us, we still may stand; All can be traced. Yet we have traces of footprints far Truer than these; Where'er the poor, anced, and suffering are, Thy stephath sees. Nor with fond sad regn Thy steps we trace;— Thou art a dead! Our path is onward, true see Thy face. And now, wherever men Thy lowliest band In praise of prayer, There is Thy presence, and Thy Holy Land,— Thou, Thou art there! —The Three Waking.

For the Olive Branch of Atlantic Weekly.

THE PHANTOM;

—OR—

THE MISER'S DREAM, &c.

BY J. H. GOULD.

As dark shadow were beginning to envelop the city one rainy afternoon, Simon Mudge entered his little hovel, threw off what might once have been called an overcoat, and seating himself upon the hearth close to a few smoking fagots, he drew from his pocket a bag, and emptying its contents upon a table, began to compute its value. Every piece of gold had been replaced in the bag, several jewels had been examined, and carefully placed in his pocket, when he took up a ring, and in holding it to the light to determine its exact value, he perceived an inscription on the inside. As he examined it more closely, his features grew pale and rigid, while his hand trembled till the ring dropped from his grasp.

He now began to start at every sound, and glance wildly about the room. In doing so he perceived a footprint, which he felt quite sure, on first examination, could not have been made by himself.

"Can it be possible any one has entered my room?"

Seeing nothing to confirm his suspicion except the one footprint, he again seated himself, and indulged in the rare luxury of a lighted candle, for every sound started him.

The last ember died out, and the fast consuming candle was too great extravagance for Simon Mudge long to indulge; therefore, extinguishing it he crept upon his miserable pallet. He slept at length, but he was troubled by dreams. A phantom stood beside him.

"Who are you, and what seek you in a poor man's hovel?" inquired the miser.

"You call yourself poor," replied the phantom, "but you think yourself rich, sleeping as you do upon a bed of coins. I am come to give voice to each of these, and teach you how really poor you are, and how much more so you soon shall be."

"O, no, no! let me not hear of the future," pleaded Simon, "if I am to see the day when I shall have less possessions than now."

"Do you remember your sister Alice?" inquired the phantom, pointing upwards.

"O, do not speak of her. She loved me, confided in me."

"And you settled her husband's estate, and took her children as your own," said the Phantom, inquiringly.

"And here is what ye gained by the benevolent act," cried a large number of rusty coins.

"Have you forgotten your niece?" inquired the Phantom.

"Hold! hold!" pleaded the affrighted miser.

"Ah, then, you remember her, as on her knees she begged you to revoke the command, to wed an old gold hoarder like yourself. And you remember your reply."

"Go, then, from my presence, nor seek shelter beneath my roof, and food at my table, while you are unwilling to obey my reasonable command, and save your poor uncle from penury!"

"And here is what ye saved by it," cried a few coins.

"Does the gingle of these coins make music like her voice? Does the sight of them make gladness like her presence?" inquired the Phantom.

"Merciful heaven! save me!" cried the miser.

"And her brother, ye have not lost all recollection of him, I ween," continued the Phantom.

"O don't mention his name; I wronged him."

"Yes, you see the cruel Captain whom you hired to induce your nephew to run away from his tyrannical uncle."

The Phantom continued to show him how by treachery, deceit, and pressing the poor, each coin had found its place in his hidden hoard, when gathering a large number from all the others, her voice sounded high, and a smile of triumph overspread her countenance as she said,

"Know ye how these came here?"

"We are the price of your life," cried the coins.

"Ay," responded the Phantom, "ye saved all these by eating unwholesome food, and of that, too, sparingly; by sitting without fire in mid-winter, and wearing clothes unsuited to the season."

"O, spare me! I am sinking, dying!" cried the miser.

"Ay," replied the Phantom, "and where are the friends ye have made, to come and comfort ye now, or drop the friendly tear upon your grave?"

"Merciful heaven! where am I?" exclaimed Simon Mudge now waking.

All was darkness, yet he still seemed to see the Phantom as in his dream; to hear her voice ringing in his ears. Every scene to which she had drawn his attention, seemed as vivid as when acted.

He was presently startled by the sound of footsteps, where he could scarce define. Again he heard the sound, apparently in his cellar.

"God heavens! this place is haunted," said Simon, as he raised himself in a sitting posture and listened, almost paralyzed by terror.

The secret door, which led to his hoarded wealth, now opened, and the figure of a man moved into the room.

Simon had been so terrified by his dream that he now trembled for his life, and dared not even attempt to arrest the progress of the intruder, lest death should be the consequence. This danger over, the man gone, he began to bemoan the loss of his treasures, and endeavor to conjecture who had thus obtained access to them. He rose and went immediately to the spot where they had been concealed. To his dismay every farthing was gone. His chest had been taken in pieces, so not a till remained unopened. The intruder must have had hours to do his work, and some knowledge of the place beforehand, Simon felt sure.

Morning was now advancing, and Simon began to make preparations to go in search of his treasures. The sun he had counted into the bag the night previous, he now bound to his belt and was about to go out into the street, when some one rapped on his door. As he opened it he started back and trembled.

"Well, Fred, so you have come back to your poor old uncle. I thought you were not in the land of the living," he at length said.

"Yes," replied Fred. "How are you prospering now?"

"Alas! I'm poor, and I'm sick this morning besides. Where have you been these long years?"

"When I left here," replied the nephew, "I shipped at sea, with a tyrant, too. He seemed to owe me a grudge from the moment he saw me; but for the mate who took a fancy to me, I believe he would have killed me with abuse."

Simon trembled, but made no reply. "That mate treated me like a father, took me to his house, when I came on shore the first time, and secured a better chance for me," added Fred.

The thought of his lost treasure was first in the mind of Simon, yet he was not inclined to mention the fact to his nephew, always been told, that he was poor. Every minute seemed an hour. He waited impatiently for Fred to leave; but finding he felt inclined to make inquiries and converse, he told him that he had a little business of importance that must be attended to at an early hour.

"I will detain you but one moment," said Fred. "I wish to make some inquiries in regard to my father's affairs. Was he ever considered worth property?"

"People that are very poor, are sometimes thought to be rich," was the evasive reply.

"Did he not, at the time of his death, own some real estate?"

"Have you not always been told, that your father died insolvent?" said the old man, effecting to be very calm.

Very true, but a bit of paper which I found this morning, seems to indicate the contrary."

He now presented a much worn and stained paper. Simon Mudge glanced at it, clenched his teeth, and came near falling from his chair. Fred seized him by the arm, and as he raised him up suddenly, something fell jingling upon the floor.

"How came you in possession of this?" inquired Fred, whose turn it was to be startled.

"I took it in payment of an honest debt."

"Of whom? Tell where he may be found, and let me fly!"

James Hanscom sat bolstered up in his easy chair, regarding with a saddened expression his daughter, a young and beautiful being, as she removed the dishes after the morning meal. "Two years to-day, Annie," he said at length, "since my limbs have been benumbed, since misfortune began to follow in my path, and what have I not suffered and you sacrificed during this time."

"I have but done my duty, father," was the gentle reply.

"Ah! your pale cheek but tells too plainly how stern have been her commands," said the rich man. "And now we are to be without even a shelter."

"Oh no!" replied the daughter smiling.

"That is secure for another week and we have a few coins beside."

"And have you sacrificed that jewel? Alcott's gift?"

"Yes, father, I could not keep even that, when I knew it would buy you so many comforts. Before another week has passed, we shall hear from the Enterprize, when I trust our prospects will be brighter," said the daughter encouragingly.

"We shall certainly hear from her soon, or never."

"I see Captain Melcher, father," said the girl, "and from his appearance he is coming here; but his visits do not seem to cheer you much. I wish he would discontinue them."

"I believe he gluts over my crushed situation," replied the father, "the rascal, to offer to mend my fortune, if I would consent to it."

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of the captain. "Still here, hauled up for repairs, old fellow," said he. "Yes, and heaven only knows when I shall be fit for sea again," replied Hanscom. "Any news from the Enterprize?"

"Well, not such as you expect," said the captain, lowering his voice, and casting his eyes to the floor. "Let me hear it. It can-

not be worse than I have feared." "Well, the cargo in which you owned largely is nearly all lost, and your protegee with it."

"My fortune, my protegee, my child!" muttered Hanscom, "I was not prepared for all this."

Annie waited to hear no more, but left the room. Captain Melcher scarce waited for Hanscom to recover from the shock, which this sad news gave him, when he began rather in the tone of one who supplicates.

"Now old friend, I sail to-day at noon, therefore any arrangements you and I may make in business matters, or otherwise, must be done at once. You know the proposals I have made to you several times, and the objections you have raised, which I considered equal to an acceptance, provided these obstacles were removed; that, now, being the case, I claim your daughter for my wife."

"Great God, what do I hear! You claim my daughter to be your future wife!"

"Yes, and dare you refuse me," hissed the captain. "Have I not claims against you?"

"Do you think to drive me to consent to this? By heavens! I would sooner be dragged to the stake than thus consign my child to a living death."

"What do you mean to insinuate?"

"That you are a tyrant, a villain, at the very sight of whom come to my recollection acts of cruelty which make my blood curdle."

"Scoundrel, liar! you have always tried to thwart my plans, but the girl shall be mine in spite of you." And he seized Annie, who had now entered the room, by the arm, and attempted to drag her to the door.

"Out of my presence you black fiend!"

said Hanscom, and he actually stood upon his paralyzed limbs, and was in the act of rescuing his daughter, when Melcher hurled him to the floor. Two men at this moment entered the room, and one of them placed his hand on Melcher's shoulder and claimed him as his prisoner. And he was led away.

When Hanscom awoke from the state of insensibility into which he had been thrown by his fall and gazed upon those who were bending fondly over him, he exclaimed,

"Has the sea given back its dead, or do I see the living form of Fred Alcott before me?"

My friend, my benefactor, thank God I have found you at last," was the reply.

"How pleasant it is to have a home and everything that makes home happy," thought Edward Holman, a respectable merchant, as he bade his wife good morning, and ran down the steps into the street.

"What is that black figure lying on the sidewalk down the street?" inquired his wife, who still remained standing in the door. "It is the form of a man," replied her husband, after having examined the figure and returned to her, who has evidently fallen down from exhaustion, caused by hunger and cold, no doubt."

"O help him in here," said the wife quickly, and let us try to restore him.

Ere the husband, assisted by another gentleman, bearing his burden to a temporary bed was in readiness near the fire, and a cup of tea prepared for the stranger.

"Alas! that in the midst of plenty any should be reduced to such a state," said Mr. Holman, as he laid the insensible man upon the bed prepared for him. His wife now bent over the stranger, and was in the act of putting some tea to his lips, when she started back. "What is the matter?" exclaimed her husband quickly, while he supported her by his arm. "This is indeed a sad sight, but I am sorry to see you so affected by it. Just see, Alice," said the husband, "the poor man begins to revive even now under the influence of our warm room."

"Yes, Edward, but to think what he has suffered. And he is my mother's only brother."

"Possible! But, you were unable to prevent this, not knowing his whereabouts," said the husband. "Now he shall remain with us and we will make him comfortable and happy. I will call a physician at once," he continued.

Mrs. Holman, happy in the thought that her husband would allow her destitute relative a home with them, immediately began to chafe his limbs and apply restoratives. Slowly the old man opened his eyes, and gazed about him, then fixing them upon her who bent over him for a moment, he exclaimed—

"Take me away, cast me into the street, I will not receive this kindness from you."

"Oh, uncle, I disobeyed your commands in past years—that I left you; I have a husband who will provide for us both."

"Forgive you!" he repeated, while an ashy paleness overspread his features, "O, that I could hope for forgiveness as free," and he trembled in every limb.

His kind niece endeavored by every means to console him, but it only seemed to "heap coals of fire upon his head."

The physician came, and though he gave little encouragement of his permanent recovery, he ordered a cordial, which seemed greatly to revive the poor man, and he soon slept quietly to appearance.

"I told you before we were wedded" said the wife, as she and her husband sat near the bedside of the sick man, that I was an orphan, and poor, but—"

"You are a rich treasure to me," said the husband interrupting her, and drawing her nearer his side.)

"I didn't tell you I had been disinherited by my uncle, because I refused to wed a man old enough to be my father, by which he said I should obtain wealth sufficient for my own wants, and could support him in his old age."

The old man, who had heard all, now raised himself up, clenched the bed-covering and exclaimed, while a maniac expression overspread his features—

"Great God! what have I not sacrificed for gain, and now I'm dying," and he sank back upon his pillow.

"Send for your brother," he said, when revived a little.

"My brother," repeated the niece, "would that I knew where I might find him. I've not heard from him for a whole year, and I fear"—tears choked her utterance. Her uncle, at length told her how he had seen him at an early hour in the morning, and whether he seemed bound.

O! what a joyous meeting was that be-

tween Fred and Alice, the brother and sister long separated. But at the sound of Fred's voice, the old man shook like an aspen leaf, and seizing his garments with a maniac grasp, he muttered in broken sentences through his clenched teeth—

"I'm dying, forgive me, Fred. I concealed your father's Will; I forged claims against his estate; I concealed the gains thereof, but I was robbed last night; it's all gone," and he sank back like a dying man.

Restoratives were applied, and when he returned to consciousness, Fred told him that Captain Melcher was arrested for assault that morning, and on his person was found a large amount of gold, and a crumpled paper with the name of Simon Mudge upon it.

"Great God, did he rob me, he whom I"—Fred interrupted him by words of soothing kindness; he knew what he would say.

After a time the old man related in substance the dream, which had so unmanned him, and added,

"Get money if you can, but never put a dollar in your pocket, which if voice were given it, could reproach you for the manner by which it was gained."

Simon Mudge lived long enough to identify the gold found upon Captain Melcher, and it was restored to its rightful owners, Fred and Alice.

Fred was soon wedded to Annie Hanscom. She was not a little surprised to receive as a present, the ring with which she had reluctantly parted to save a shelter for her sick father.

James Hanscom not only had the pleasure of welcoming his protegee, but of learning that the greater part of his fortune had been saved. He never recovered the use of his limbs, but he was happy in the thought that he had befriended the boy who had now become such a kind son to him, and such an excellent husband to his daughter.

THE TWO BUSH RANGERS.

AN AUSTRALIAN SKETCH.

To waste as few words as possible in unnecessary details, or by way of preface—the names of these two bushrangers were Dalton and Kelly, both prisoners of the Crown in Van Dieman's Land, where their many outrages, escapes, and deeds of daring, will be long remembered by those who suffered thereby. Dalton, at the time at which our narrative opens, was a powerfully built, active man, about thirty years of age. He had been transported when in his teens to Van Dieman's Land, and had besides passed a short period of his time in Norfolk Island, well called "the Convict's Ocean Hell." Those who wish to know how far it was possible to convert one of the feral isles of the South Pacific into an earthly pandemonium, have only to read the Blue Books published with reference to that place of penal servitude before the convicts were removed thence by a recent government order. Therein will be found facts almost too horrible for credence.

From this abode of crime and suffering, hardened by the evil associations of the place working on a nature already brutalized, was Dalton taken back to Van Dieman's Land once more. There he, and his friend and accomplice, Kelly, then about two and twenty, were confined in a penal establishment on an arm of the sea or strait, which the officials thought wide enough to prevent the possibility of escape. But desperate men love desperate means, and where there is a will, salt water will not prevent them from finding a way to liberty. And so, one day, reckless of the loaded muskets of their guards, whose vigilance for awhile they had ingeniously managed to elude, Dalton, Kelly, and some half dozen more convicts made up their minds, shackled with fetters as their legs were, to reach the opposite shore by swimming, or perish in the attempt.

They were all stalwart men, but, save Dalton and Kelly, none were particularly versed in the art of keeping their heads long above water. Four of them had not swam far when they began to sink, one after the other,—then there was a shriek—a stifled cry—and the billows rolled over the heads of the dying. But still Dalton and Kelly swam desperately on for life and liberty. Dalton had outstripped Kelly by twenty or thirty yards, when he heard a "convulsive splash" behind him, followed by that appalling

Of a strong swimmer in his agony.

It came from Kelly. Dalton swam back to his drowning companion and succeeded in keeping his head above water, encouraging him by exclaiming, "Take hold of me, old boy; I can swim for another hour yet!" And so at last, greatly exhausted, their feet touched terra firma—and they were free.

To knock off their fetters was of course the first step. To obtain arms, which, as knowing they would soon be hotly pursued, they needed to protect themselves from capture, they started off on a pillaging expedition, robbing the neighboring stations one after another, with the intention of ultimately reaching Victoria across Bass's Straits.

Their mode of procedure at one of these stations, in its audacity is almost unparalleled, when we consider its apparently poor chance of success. Indeed, did we not know of other and like cases occurring about that time, we would not venture to ask anybody to believe us. Let our readers picture to themselves a hut outside one of these stations filled with the settler's servants, some free hands, others "ticket of leavers," some eating, others smoking their pipes placidly in the doorway. Two men approach the station, and one of them falls back behind the other, who goes up to the doorway of the hut and asks one of the smokers if he knows the bushrangers are about. On being answered in the affirmative, he points his gun at his respondent's breast, saying,—"I'm one of them, and you're a dead man if you don't go into the hut. This was Kelly. The man could see no valid reason for non-compliance under such peculiarly unpleasant pressure, and was obeying the imperious order, when turning round, he saw another of his fellow servants standing against a corner of the hut, and another man standing over him with a gun leveled at his heart. This other man was Kelly's accomplice, Dalton.

Kelly still kept his position at the hut's doorway, gun in hand, informing them inside—there were actually fourteen of them—that he would "blow out the brains of the first man who offered to move."

It may here be said by an incredulous reader that we are crediting an absurdity. Facts are stubborn things. These fourteen men were afterward tried for alleged collusion with Dalton and Kelly, when those who were "ticket of leavers" were imprisoned till the governor being petitioned by their free fellow servants, who strenuously declared their innocence, they were set at liberty. And such cases were by no means uncommon; two armed bushrangers, before and since, have cowed more men than these, as any Australian settler might testify. But to continue: Kelly then called out to his craven captives that if there were any Crown prisoners amongst them they were to speak. One man only replied in the affirmative. The others, possibly, were too frightened to speak at all. The bushrangers then, with many fearful imprecations, ordered him to tie the arms of his companions together one by one. And this was actually done, the servants offering no resistance whatever.

As soon as they were all tied "tight and safe," as Kelly ordered, the desperado went out to his worthy friend Dalton, who was still "mounting guard" over the unhappy man against the corner of the hut, as aforesaid. Kelly then tied his hands behind his back and dragged him into the hut to his fellow victims. Whereupon Dalton proceeded to deliver with emphasis greatly assisted by the murderous weapon he kept levelled point point-blank at their heads, a speech much as follows, divested of the oaths that garnished it:

"Hark ye, my lads, this sort of game ain't my choice, and I'll oath it. The fault lies with them that 'lagged' me (transported him, in polite English) when I was only fourteen years old. I've tried hard, over and over again, to get my freedom by fair means. And I think I've got it now. What I want is money, my boys, and money I'll have. I don't want to hurt a man of you. Some may be good men, and some scoundrels. I'd be sorry to hurt a good man, anyhow. So only keep you mute as mice—or I'll scatter your brains on that floor."

Thus adjured, it may readily be imagined the poor men stood still enough, while Dalton walked off, leaving them under Kelly's charge, to the house of the settler whose servants they were. On arriving there he pursued similar tactics; advancing towards the sitting-room, where several men and women were assembled, with his gun cocked and pointed at the occupants. Luckily a lady was sitting behind the door, and on Dalton's opening it, she perceived, through the chink, his gun; and so, with great presence of mind, she slammed the door in his face; which gave the others time to collect their energies, and reach guns, &c., which hung over the chimney-piece. Dalton, hearing these bellicose preparations going on inside, to use an Americanism, "made himself scarce," and after looking about to see if Kelly, who was guarding the servants in the hut, and with him at his side, made good his flight.

Not satisfied with this lawless deed, they went on robbing station after station, with the police now fairly awakened on their trail. Their ammunition was fast failing, and it became necessary to replenish at a lonely hut, whose occupants they resolved should contribute powder and bullets, if nothing more. They accordingly opened the door as aforesaid, guns in hand—but for once they made a mistake as to a hut's occupants—some of whom happened to be police officers who were on the look-out for them.

No sooner had Kelly opened the door than one of the officers with (as old Fuller quaintly phrases it in his "English Worthies") "more of the sails of valor than the ballast of discretion," rushed to capture him, when Dalton fired, and the hapless delegate of colonial justice fell dead on the threshold, shot through the heart. With a sardonic smile on his face, and a second barrel ready cocked, Dalton said to the rest of the party inside:

"What do you think of that for one? Now then, can't you send another?"

This probably for the occasion saved his neck and Kelly's—for they got away without trouble. But their impunity was of brief duration. Heavier rewards were offered for their capture, and they were hunted up and down the island which had been the scene of their lawless exploits, like wolves. At last, seeing no other means of escape, they had the hardihood to seize a whaleboat, and by threats of instant murder in case of refusal, prevailed on three or four boatmen to man and work it over Bass's Strait to Victoria. In this open whaleboat, after narrowly escaping death by water, they landed to risk their necks on land on the beach of Western Port, whence they made their way straight to Melbourne. The police of Victoria were, however, keeping a sharp look-out for such visitors. The unfortunate boatmen who had safely worked the whaleboat across Bass's Straits were arrested at a place between Western Point and Melbourne. But nothing more as to the whereabouts of the fugitives was ascertained till the capture of Dalton at Melbourne; which, as a sample of Australian "cuteness," deserves commendation.

After playing "hide and seek" in the most disreputable quarter of that city for some days, Dalton had resolved on taking a berth in a ship bound for England. But he was not to escape outraged justice. The following account of his capture is correct in its principal details. At the time it occurred the Melbourne Argus was full of nothing else. About the hour of midnight the desperado entered a tavern with a man to whom he had promised £4 if put on board "The Northumberland" at daylight. Little did the man think that his intending employer was no other than the famous bushranger for whose apprehension such heavy rewards had been offered day after day. Dalton then asked the landlord to change some Van Dieman's Land notes into Gold for him, saying that he was going to sail the next morning for England. The landlord had not gold enough for that purpose, and while they were talking, a gentleman who had formerly

been a cadet in the police, came in and went up to the bar. He immediately, for some reason or other, supposed that there was "a screw loose somewhere," and resolved on seeing further into the matter.

Accordingly, having hieroglyphed or telegraphed the landlord, who was his friend, to keep his own eyes, he civilly accosted Dalton, saying that he was a gold-broker, and would change notes for him if he would accompany him to his place of business, whereupon Dalton and the boatman followed the officer, while the way. The night was pitch-dark, and the time they had walked a short distance they came to the police court. Fortunately, owing to the darkness of the night, the outline of the building was not clear, and to the quick eye of the convict. The officer, pointing to the door—which was no other than the private entrance for the magistrates—said, "this is my office." As another piece of good fortune for society, the policeman at the door was in plain clothes, and were several detectives who were lounging about the threshold. As soon as they were inside, the officer said he had brought these men, pointing to Dalton and the boatman, there on suspicion of having obtained main notes (which the convict had given them as they were coming along) by foul means. Dalton, by this time, of course, was aware of the nature of the place; but knowing the necessity for coolness, he preserved his *froid* admirably, puffing leisurely at a cigar, and expressing surprise at being beiled to a police station on so absurd and needless a charge. The inspector on duty being there was really no charge sustainable returned his notes, and he was, much to the chagrin of the officer, swaggering out the office, when three of the detectives, probably recognizing him from his despatch as advertised over and over again, rushed upon him. The convict struggled desperately to draw a pistol from his belt, but the pée were too many for him, and he was overpowered after fighting sternly and silely for liberty like a fox among a pack of hounds for a few minutes.

And when he saw further resistance useless, he accepted his awkward position quietly, and ejaculated bitterly, "You have secured £500 reward among you for my name is Dalton!"

After a while he sterc added, that if the night had not been so dark, and if he had only seen the bars of that station windows, he assuredly would have at a bullet through his friend's the pretend gold brokers hand for his reward. He was handcuffed speedily, and when searched, hides three or four horse pistols, loaded the muzzle, there was found on him a stock of jewelry sufficient to set up any humble-minded tradesman on a small scale; or wches, rings, pencil cases, pins, seals and tys, nuggets, notes and sovereigns were all neatly stowed away about different parts of his apparel. On being brought before the magistrate, his demeanor was reckless in the extreme. He said he was guilty not only of the murder of the

desk of untraced bank notes to put up and he was utterly sick and weary of the hopeless life he had so long led; and that so far as he was concerned, he only wished he could be hung immediately.

Kelly, his old confederate, was soon after arrested, and they were both sent back, strongly guarded and heavily fettered, to Van Dieman's Land, where they were tried and executed, dying as reckless as they had lived, like men, to use Shakspeare's words, "that apprehended death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal."

THE TIFF.

BY C. M.

"Isabel!"

"What!"

"Now don't speak so short. You know I could not help it."

Isabel, with a gesture of impatience, moved her chair quickly round.

"You might, if you had chosen," she answered, tartly.

"But you would not have had me treat her rudely! Now listen to reason, Isabel, and don't let such a trifle come between us."

"A trifle! um—yes!" and the vexed maiden wheeled her chair still further round. "A trifle!" she continued; "it's no trifle to me that you should be seen by nearly every one in the town with Kate Clifford, when we haven't been friends for a year or more. After all she said about me, too! I declare, it's too provoking! A trifle! no, it is no trifle to her either; how she will exult over it! Never mind. I don't care; but you see if I am not even with you yet."

"Isabel, what more would you have me say? I told you I could not help it." And William, as he spoke, rose up from his seat and came round in front of her. "It was just this way. I told you all about it; how she met me near our factory gate; it was nearly dark then, and when she claimed me for an escort to the German fair, you surely would not have had me refuse her."

"You might have left her at the fair if you had wished to," said Isabel. "But no!—it suited you very well to play the devoted to her all the evening, while I was here alone, crying my eyes out. I'll not be so foolish again—I know that much."

"Now did you really shed tears for my absence, Isabel?"

"I did not say I cried for you," she replied. "I am sure I would not have cared where you were, so you had kept away from that maneuvering Kate Clifford. I cried because I was angry; for I saw you go down the street with her; and Harry told me when he came home from the fair that you scarcely left Kate's side all the evening, except when you were sent by her upon some errand. Very well; you can go again with her this evening, if you choose—it's all the same to me."

William was grieved, not angered, by this unusual mood, and he answered calmly—"If you would only be reasonable, Isabel. I have told you once that she claimed my services in such a way I could not refuse them; and, in-

deed, she found plenty to keep me busy, I assure you, or I should have been here, where I would much rather have been."

As he finished speaking William endeavored to imprison the dainty little hand that was pulling so impatiently at the massive chain, but in vain—it was drawn quickly and resolutely away; and the young man could not repress a sigh as he noted the change which ill-humor wrought in the countenance of one he loved so tenderly.

"I am not to be forgiven then?" he said, in a low, reproachful tone.

Isabel would not answer, but her feet beat nervously on the carpet.

William turned, and folding his hands behind him, paced the room to and fro. Suddenly he laughed as he approached Isabel. It was an unfortunate laugh; for it steered the heart that was just beginning to yield to its better feelings. But William could not help laughing. The two chairs standing back to back struck him so ludicrously, and Isabel filling hers with such an air of offended dignity.

"Let those laugh who win," William," said Isabel, fixing her large black eyes steadily upon him; "as for me, I am in no mood to be laughed at, and I advise you to go to Kate Clifford—she, no doubt, will tolerate your rudeness, but I never will."

William's cheeks grew paler at the haughty tone which his betrothed assumed. Without changing his position he slowly drew on his gloves.

"Good night, Isabel; I shall not trouble you soon again with my presence," he said at last, and lingered a moment, but vainly, for an answer. Another, and he was gone.

As the door closed upon him, Isabel started to her feet. Her full crimson lips parted, as though she would have called him back; but pride conquered love, as it has often and often done before and since, and she sank back in her chair, vexed at her own hasty words, and vexed with William for obeying her so readily.

Moment after moment stole away. Not a sound, save her own quick-repeated sighs, and the nervous tapping of her foot. She drew her lockets from the folds of her rich brocade dress, where it was hidden, and gazed earnestly and sadly upon the expressive face which the artist had so faithfully drawn.

Those fall brown eyes! she could not forget how often they had showered their sunlight of love upon her. The manly tenderness of that mouth, ever more at home in joy than in sorrow!

"What if he should never come back?" she said, unconscious that she spoke aloud; while from beneath her drooping lashes a tear stole softly, and flashed like a diamond down the purely molded cheek.

Oh, blessed tears! what purifiers ye are of the unhallowed passions of the human breast! As falls the gentle rain upon the thirsty earth, giving new life to the parched and drooping plant, so fell on Isabel's heart that night the softening influences of her bitter tears of repentance.

And not unnoted were they falling. At the partially-opened door behind her, William

before her, he read in the reflection of her face the sorrow that she felt. Stealing in nearer, still nearer, he succeeded at length in reaching his vacant chair without arousing Isabel from her deep reverie. He sat down cautiously. She was still unaware of his presence. He drew one glove from his hand, and, turning his face partially around, watched to see the effect, as he playfully dropped it upon her neck.

Isabel sprang to her feet quickly. The storm-cloud had fled from her face, leaving it as beautiful as an hour's. And now, what did she do but laugh as merrily as William had done, when she saw how absurdly they had been sitting! He needed not to explain the cause of his merriment, for the chairs, back to back, revealed the whole.

Not in vain did William sue again for full and free absolution for the unpremeditated sin of the evening before; nor in vain did he seek to clasp the delicate hand which had once that evening been drawn so pettishly from him.

It was their first and last "tiff" before the holy marriage-bond united them. But alas! thereafter I cannot speak as favorably; for, although this happened many, many long months ago, human nature is the same at all times and at all places, and the clouds which so often mar the happiness of domestic life, as frequent and as heavily laden.

Be it said, though, to Isabel's praise, that whenever she found herself to blame, she was ever quick to seek a reconciliation; nor did she suffer her husband's trivial errors to estrange them. The smile of forgiveness often shone out upon her beautiful face, before William had opportunity, either by word or act, to make manifest his consciousness of error.

And did such a state of things exist always in married life, how much misery would have been spared to hearts that too often have been crushed by their self-inflicted sorrow.

A GAME DINNER.

We heard an amusing story, the other day, of a novel feast that we do not recollect ever to have seen in print. It is too good to be lost, and although it will certainly lose in our telling, we may succeed in giving the point.

Shortly after the war with Great Britain an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, and, in accordance with the old country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his ground with a high tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—and of the olden time—with the exception that none but the *élite* of the province and the officers of the neighboring garrisons were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stutered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into every sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore

for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree within the inclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired and brought down his game.

Coloffel, or whatever his title might have been—we will call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was reloading. He was very angry but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-by, that is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?" The soldier complied with the request. The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, and entreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite out of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe-nails. The Englishman gloated over the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave.

When he had got through vomiting and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him his gun, with the remark, "Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's inclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the imp in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back, he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulation, prayers and entreaties, were useless things. There was shoot then in the American's eye, as there had been in the Englishman's eye before.

There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had eaten lately on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while the Englishman was in an agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Col. ——— was announced.

"Sir," said Col. ———, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered imp.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief. Orderly, call Tom."

In a few minutes Tom entered and stood at attention, as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said the officer, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face: "I d-d-d-dined with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

New Publications.

THE GREAT TRIBULATION: or Things Coming on the Earth. By Rev. John Cumming, D. D. Second Series. New York: Rudd & Carleton. For sale by Crosby, Nichols & Co.

Dr. Cumming is a strong thinker, and an able and pleasing writer, and there are many excellent and profitable ideas in this volume of sermons. The author has long delighted in the study of the prophecies, and he thinks the year 1867 will usher in a new order of things; the end of sin, the emancipation of the oppressed, the extinction of war, and other desirable events.

ON THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, BY MEANS OF NATURAL SELECTION; OR, THE PRESERVATION OF FAVORED RACES IN THE STRUGGLE FOR LIFE. By Charles Darwin, M. A. New York: D. Appleton & Co. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

A book which evinces much ability, great study and the most patient researches. How far the theory of the respected author may be viewed favorably by those who are particularly interested in this speciality, remains to be seen; but that it will prove very useful to such in their pursuit of natural science, there can be no doubt. There are many exceedingly entertaining facts related, and some which may occasion no little wonder; as, for example, that of the "slave-making instinct," among insects, which commences on page 195, and the five hundred and thirty-seven different plants which grew from six and three-quarter ounces of mud gathered from the edge of a pond, on page 337. Whether agreeing with Mr. Darwin or not, all can gather instruction from the result of his labors given in this work.

LIFE IN SPAIN; Past and Present. By Walter Thornbury, author of "Every man his own Trumpeter," "Art and Nature," &c. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

Who does not love to read of Spain, the land of chivalry and song. Mr. Thornbury is a wide awake observer, and a spicy writer, and hence he gives us many well drawn and lively pictures. "Old Blowhard's Yarn," in the opening chapter, is rather tough, but the kind reader will overlook the toughness on account of its spirit and piquancy.

A TRIP TO CUBA. By Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 12mo, pp. 251.

A pleasing and useful book, and one that makes the reader desirous of seeing the pleasant things she has described.

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