

the water, and swam rapidly after the fugitive Turk. It was but a few moments and the Circassian's left hand was upon the stern of the boat, while the sword of the implacable Hamed flashed in the moonbeams over his head. The captive maiden beheld the movements of the agent with a beating heart, for well did she know whose was the hand that grasped the bows of the bark. But she was a Circassian, who had lived too much a life of troublous action to be paralysed by the imminency of Jamesa's danger; so springing upon Hamed, she pushed him aside, and allowed her lover time to pull himself on board. The Turk recoiled before the impetuous onset of the girl, and almost fell as he placed his foot upon the corpse of one of the boatmen. But he recovered himself in a moment; his keen blade flashed in the broken rays of the moon for an instant, and then the headless trunk of Wusu sank with extended arms towards Jamesa. Uttering a cry of horror and agony, the mountaineer sprang like a tiger upon the merchant, who, laughing in derision, leaped into the sea. For some time there was a wild commotion of the waters around the rocking vessel, a fearful muttering and gurgling sound, and then the Circassian, throwing himself into the skiff, and dragging the body of Hamed behind him, pushed the boat with its bloody freight towards the shore.

The girl's corpse was conveyed to the mountains, and buried according to the forms and amid the silence of her people. There was not a tear shed as the flowers were showered upon her grave, nor was the voice of a warrior heard to bemoan her fate; but Jamesa and Ozban grasped each other's hands over her green narrow couch, and vowed that they would never live at peace with Turk or Moscow more.

These are no imaginative details of Russian turpitude and Circassian suffering; they are but faint shadows of barbaric aggression, and that reaction which cruelty and injustice educe from driven their foaming steeds into the very hearts of the czar's ranks, and shouted the name of Wusu a hundred times in Russian fort and village; and the settlements on the Kuban know no more fearless freebooters nor more terrible warriors than the son of Indart Oku and the steeds of the jettiest hue, frightening the boors during the hay-harvest, and cutting down the soldiers who are sent to protect them. Oh, war and alavery! who can tell how many warm and generous natures ye have perverted, and how many bright and glowing spirits ye have blighted

and cooled! Must the rocks of the Caucasus ever echo the shout of battle, and its green valleys, so formed for temples of peace, ever be desolated and deserted, that the wolf of St. Petersburg may satisfy his lust of power and batten on the bones of liberty? Must the poor weary Tcherkesses, who have flashed the red scimitar for a hundred years, never know "how beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of those who bring glad tidings of peace?"

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE REV. R. L. LUSHER.

—
BY L. L.
—

Has the arrow of death found its way to thy heart,
And the life-blood congealed in the fount where it rose?
Oh! if talent or worth might foil death's poisoned dart,
Thou hadst not been laid where his victims repose.

If the grave's gloomy sovereign extending his sway,
Can linger to triumph o'er conquest achieved;
Well might the grim tyrant with thee for a prey,
Exult o'er the tribute his prowess received.

Must I think of thee now, as the guest of the tomb,
Pale captive consigned to that dreary abode;
No! for faith sheds a light on the depth of its gloom,
And shews me that thou art at home with thy God.

I'll think of thee now, 'mid the glorified throng,
I see thee in silence, extatic, adored;
I hear thee, the song of the ransom'd prolong:—
Unto Him who has loved us, be praise evermore.

Yet fond recollection will often restore thee,
Meek pastor, fulfilling thy errand of love;
Oh! in heaven-taught eloquence, few were before thee,
When teaching the way to the kingdom above.

I'll remember thee still, as the brightest and best,
And when life's pulse shall cease, and this spirit be free;
If permitted to enter the home of the blest,
Methinks, that with rapture, again I'll meet thee.

Three Rivers, September, 1849.

THE QUEEN AT EU.

What echoes hither from my home? The roar
Of navies, prelude to a noble scene!

The Deep exults aloud! for England's Queen
Is out upon her waves, that never bore

A richer burden to the Norman shore;

Where Albion's royal flag—how often seen

Waving a sign of terror! floats serene

O'er our White Rose, beside the Tricolor.

—Well may'st thou boast, gray King! to harbour now

This Sovereign Flower;—nor deem she only wears

Fresh womanhood, and state, and wide command;

For England's very heart, and pride, and prayers,

Rest like a glory on that fair young brow—

The Cynosure of Earth descends to bless thy hand!