

upon the shoulders of four soldiers—before it marched the Sepoys, and behind it, seated in a palanquin, borne by four Hindoos, came the widow of the deceased. A large black veil thrown over her head, almost enveloped her person. Her head was bent upon her bosom, and she seemed to weep bitterly.—We followed behind them to the burial-place—but, before the service was half concluded, the heavens overcast, and a storm, such as I had never witnessed, burst over our heads, and hurled its fury upon the graves. The rain poured down in a fierce and impetuous torrent—but you know not, in this country, what a torrent of rain is. The thunder seemed tearing heaven in twain. It rolled, reverbed, and pealed, and rattled with its tremendous voice over the graves of the dead, as though it were the outbursting of eternity—the first blast of the archangel's trumpet—announcing the coming judgment! The incessant lightnings flashed through the air, like spirits winged with flame, and awakening the dead.

The Sepoys were in terror, and hastened to the city, to escape the terrible fury of the storm. Even those who accompanied my friend's body fled with them, before the earth was covered over the dead that they had followed to the grave. But still, by the side of the officer's grave, and unmindful of the storm, stood his poor widow. She refused to leave the spot till the last sod was laid upon her husband's bosom. My heart bled for her—within three yards from her, stood a veteran English sergeant, who, with the Hindoos that bore her palanquin, were all that remained in the burial-place.

Common humanity prompted me to offer her a place in my carriage back to the city. I inquired of the sergeant who the deceased was. He informed me that he was a young

Scotch officer—that his marriage had offended his friends—that they had denounced him in consequence—that he had enlisted—and that the officers of the regiment which he had first joined, had procured him an ensigncy in a corps of Sepoys, but that he had died leaving the young widow who wept over his grave, a stranger in a strange land. And," added the sergeant, "a braver fellow never set foot upon the ground."

When the last sod had been placed upon the grave, I approached the young widow. I respectfully offered to convey her and the sergeant to the city in my carriage, as the violence of the storm increased.

At my voice, she started—she uttered a suppressed shriek—she raised her head—she withdrew her handkerchief from her eyes—I beheld her features!—and, gracious Heaven!—whom, sir!—whom did I see, but my own Katie Alison!"

"Doctor! Doctor!" exclaimed the old dominie, and starting from his seat, "what do I hear?"

"I cannot describe to you," continued the other, "the tumultuous joy, combined with agony, the indescribable feelings of that moment. We stood—we gasped—we gazed upon each other; neither of us spoke. I took her hand—I led her to the carriage—I conveyed her to the city."

"And, O doctor, what then?" inquired the dominie.

"Why, sir," said the doctor, "many days passed—many words were spoken—mutual tears were shed for Jamie Johnstone—and bonny Katie Alison, the lassie of my first love, became my wife, and is the mother of my children. She will be here in a few days and will see her old dominie."

## WELLINGTON.

BY L. E. L.

The conqueror of a thousand fields!  
Not as in olden time,  
When carnage urged its crimson path,  
And conquest was a crime—  
But in a universal war  
For every right sublime.

The laurel that he wears should have  
In English hearts its birth;  
His victories kept inviolate  
Our island's sacred earth;  
They were the glorious ransom given  
For every English heart.