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Poetry.

REBUKE.

The world is old the world is cold.
And never a day is fair, I said;
Out of the heavens the sunlight rolled,
The green leaves rustled about my head,
And the sea was a sea of gold.

The world is cruel, I said again,
Her voice is harsh to my sinking ear,
And the nights are dreary and full of pain.
Out of the darkness, sweet and clear,
There rippled a tender strain:

Rippled a song of a bird asleep,
That sang in a dream of the budding wood:
Of the shining fields where the reapers reap,
Of a wee brown mate and nestling brood,
And the grass where the berries peep.

The world is false, though the world be fair,
And never a heart is pure, I said.
And lo! the clinging of white arms bare,
The innocent gold of my baby's head,
And the lisp of a childish prayer.

Interesting Tale.

UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH.

It was three o'clock on a fine warm afternoon in the latter end of April. The garden at the rear of the comfortable, whitewashed, thickly thatched cabin, was abundantly stocked with early cabbage and potatoes; everything bore the look of humble prosperity; from the blue smoke curling up from the freshly made fire on the kitchen hearth, to the green meadows where the cows were lying, peacefully ruminating A broad river, glistening in the sun's rays, rolled smoothly beside the boundary wall of their pasture.

Yet Kate Moran stood at her fathers door looking sadly across the river to the mass of shipping, houses and spires, which rose on the other side.

Mother, honey, I can't keep me eyes aff that dhreadful place! said she, turning as she spoke to an elderly woman who sat knitting on a bench near the fire.

Musha, acushla, what good 'll that do ye? said she, rising and going over to the door also. Come in now, putting her hand on her daughter's shoulder caressingly.

Oh, mother! To think o' the poor fellow bein'—here she fairly broke down and burst into a wall of distress.

Whisht now! cried her mother. Here's your feither comin', and don't let him see ye cryin'.

Kate ran hastily into a bedroom as her father entered the kitchen.

There's no chance for the poor craythur, Pat? asked his wife, as a broad faced, good humored looking man came forward and sat down on the settle.

Chance? said he, roughly, while his face clouded. Sorrow chance! He'll be hung, as sure as I've this pipe in me hand.

Lord have mercy on his sowl, the craythur! moaned his wife

Oh, musha! amin, said her husband, sighing. "I'm goin' in wud the cowlt to the fair tomorra, an' to see the last of him. It's niver I thought to see poor Mick Welsh's son on a gallus!

The sun was setting over the opposite hill where the tall many-storied houses rose in terraces and steep lanes, and was shedding the last beams of his radiance on the large dark stone building which crowned the height.—The red light seemed to be concentrated on one part of the building, where there was an iron gateway, spiked and double-locked. Far above in the dark massive wall was a small black door. And beneath this door and around the gateway, men were busy, putting up strong timber railings; while a crowd, talking and gesticulating, constantly pressed in upon the workmen, and were driven back by officials in uniform and a few soldiers.

Inside the massive walls, other workmen were busy, but their work was commonplace enough. Something was wrong with the great main sewer of the jail. Masons and brick layers had been labouring for some hours; and now, when the city clocks and bells were striking six, they were taking up their tools, putting on their coats, and leaving their work till next day.

There were no rough jests among them.—One man laughed as a companion slipped down into the slimy ditch whence they had emerged; but his merriment was checked by an involuntary look from the others towards the far side of the yard, where a man in a felon's dress and with manacled hands, was walking slowly up and down.

Lord have mercy on his sowl, muttered the old mason, compassionately. Poor Tim Welsh! As honest a boy, afore he got into bad company, as iver a father rared.

Whether the prisoner had caught the sound of his name or not, he raised his head and looked sadly towards them.

Lord help him! said two or three of the men, for makin, away with one poor sheep:—what a rich man had plenty of!

An official came across the yard to look at their day's work, and after asking some questions, walked away, saying, Come along now, the gate is open.

So, casting a backward glance at the manacled prisoner, the men passed through an arch into an inner court, where the great doors opened to let them out into the street.

The manacled man gazed after their retreating figures, with a sigh—almost a groan—as he thought of their return to their homes, free and happy from their honest labour, while he——the 'rap, rap, rap, tap, tap" of carpenters' hammers outside beat at the thought he could not dwell upon.

There was no one with him, no one near him, but a turnkey pacing up and down an angle of the building; for in those days there was far less vigilance than now. He was not confined to his cell on this, the last day of his life, but was permitted to walk about the quadrangles of the prison; apart from the other criminals, however, and securely handcuffed.

Bitter and desparing were his thoughts.—He thought of his grey-haired, widowed mother, of his stalwart young brothers, of the lads he had played ball with, of Kate Moran, whom he had danced with at the fair only two months ago. Mechanically he walked across the square to the place where the bricklayers and masons had been busy: thinking as he did so, half unconsciously, how large the opening was, how long the great sewer was, and where it emptied itself. Suddenly a thought occurred to him, making his pale thin face flush, and his fettered hands tremble with excitement. He turned sharply away, lest he should excite suspicion, and loitered with his former heavy weary step towards the door way of the inner court-yard.

Goin' in, are you? said the turnkey.

Yes, replied the prisoner.

The official stalked on before him into the adjoining square, then opening a door, passed through a long stone corridor, and stopping before a cell door, unlocked it. If you want anything, you can call, he said, graciously, through the trap in the door as he relocked it.

Thank ye, answered the condemned man. If the official had been better skilled in reading faces, he might have looked to the fastening of the cell door a little more carefully.

Tim Welsh had noticed that the bolt of the lock was very shaky, and he knew that a shaky bolt can be forced back.

It would not be dusk for a long while yet, but he could not wait; the one chance—desperate—hopeless, as it seemed—must be tried quickly. While the turnkey's steps re-echoed in his hearing, he, still fettered, unscrewed the iron leg of his bedstead, and, stealing forward, waited until he heard the great doors at the end of the corridor clash; then putting the leg of the bedstead between the bolt and the wall, he strove with all his strength to force it back. But it resisted and he dared not make a noise.

In dispair he replaced the leg, and sat down to recover breath. Soon he heard another turnkey coming He went to the cell-door and called.

What is it? What d'ye want?

A dhrink of water, plase; I'm very thirsty

When the turnkey had brought in the water and retired, Welsh, who had been watching the lock, saw that though gone to its place, it was not half as far home as before. He drank the water to cool his burning mouth and parched throat, and, seizing the iron leg again, listened as before until the doors clashed, when, placing the instrument in the old place, gently shaking the bolt—gave it a vigorous blow the sound of which was lost in the noisy echoes from the shutting doors. The bolt shot back, he pulled the door open, and peered around; returning to his bed, he replaced the leg, and made up a bundle under the clothes, as well as he could, with the aid of the bolster; then closing the cell door softly after him, he ran lightly down the gallery to the door that opened into the yard. The key was in it, he turned the key, and, glancing around for the second time, shut it after him and darted across to the arched doorway, where a sentry passed.

How to get past this soldier was the question, while he trembled in mingled horror at the sound of the 'rap-rap-rap,-tap-tap" coming freshly to his ears, and the thought of probable freedom, and more probable recapture. At this moment the sentry turned back on his beat, and the prisoner, crouching in the doorway, stole swiftly along by the wall to the opposite side of the yard, and slunk in beside a buttress. The open sewer was on the same side, but further down. Trembling in every limb, he lay huddled up, not daring to move, lest he should attract attention, until the sentry turned for the third time. Then he fled along by the wall, and dropping into the sewer crept into the darkness there.

Safe for a while, anyhow, glory be to God! he gasped.

But as the poor creature pushed his way onward, through the foul air, in a stooping position, with his fettered hands pushed out before him to feel his way, a deadly sickness came over him. Still the faintly glimmering prospect of escape kept him up.

Fortunately there were but few rats. Five or six times he felt them biting at his feet, from which his coarse stockings had long been cut to pieces, and heard them squeaking as they scrambled up the dripping walls. "Will I ever smell a fresh breeze again, Lord help me!" he groaned. As he crawled along under the principal streets, he could hear the carriages rolling over his head, and at one grating he heard the words of a song choroused by men near a public house. At length, after he had been more than eight hours on his way he heard the rolling of the river, saw a faint gleam through the pitchy darkness, felt a faint breeze from the flowing tide. A few more steps—falling in his eagerness—and the glimmer grew clearer, the breeze grew fresher, and he reached the river bank.

It was just four o'clock, and the clear solemn light of the dawn was shed over the sleeping city; the noble river rippled serenely on, and the cottages, trees and medows lay far on the other side. Very far off they looked, and the river, cold, broad, and deep lay between; yet the undaunted fugitive, fettered, aching, sick, exhausted, muttered another prayer, and plunged in.

The cold water gave him a temporary strength; keeping his eyes fixed on the goal of his hopes, he swam on, almost entirely by movement of his legs and feet, and his hands were nearly useless to him.

But the bracing effect of the cold shock was soon followed by a distressing numbness. His utmost effort barely sufficed to keep his head above water and propel him slowly onward. Slower and fainter became each stroke and a wave of the rising tide rushed over his head, when with a gurgling moan he made a last effort and his feet touched the bottom. He now stood upright and slowly waded to the low muddy shore, when he sank down on the sedge and sea punks, and swooned away.

I must be stirrin' meself, said Pat Moran to his wife, about half past four o'clock that morning I've a power to do. I've to take the cowlt to the fair, an' the turnip field to plough afore I go.

Just as the first beams of golden sunlight were resting on the cabin chimneys, and on the city hills opposite, he led his two horses from their stables to the field by the river, where the plough lay; and having yoked them he began turing up the furrows afresh.

It's a fine mornin' glory be to God! he soliloquised, "on'y fer the poor sowl that's to see the last of it. Musha! What's that? Wou, tffin," he cried, suddenly chatching sight of something which looked like a heap of muddy clothes. Lord save us! And without losing a moment, he ran down to where the unconscious man was lying, face downward, on the sedge.

Pat Moran's first impulse was to run for help; his next to raise the body gently and drag it further up. The motion aroused the poor half dead creature.

Who, in heaven's name are ye, and what brought ye here? inquired the farmer, looking in terror at the hand cuffs.

I'm—aren't you Pat Moran?

Yes.

Pat, ye knew me poor father I'm Tim Welsh, the poor fellow that to be hanged today. Won't ye save me for the love of God? I've come through the sewer. I'm all night creepin' through it, an' I swam the river, an' I'm most gone! Won't ye thry an' save me, Pat Moran, and the Lord 'll remember it to you an' your children for iver.

Tim Welsh! Lord be good to me What am I to do wid ye? I'm done for, if you're found wud me, an' how can I save ye? What am I to? Sure 'tisn't in regard of say'n that I wouldn't do a good turn for ye, Tim. but the counthry 'll be roused afther ye, an' where will I hide ye, or what'll I do at all? Thus groaned the farmer, as he opened the little gate and led him into the kitchen, where Kate was baking a griddle cake for breakfast.

Father, honey! O lor! What's that? she cried, as the tottering figure in the soaked discolored garments came into the cheerful light of the turf fire. Whist, acushla! It's Tim Welsh. he wispered. Kate sprang up from her knees, and her face grew white.

Kate honey, what are we to do wud him? said her father, trembling, as he recounted the manner of Tim's escape

Hide him father! she cried, with all a woman's impulsive generosity. The Lord pity you! she added, bursting into tears at sight of the wretched object before her.

I'll do what I can, Tim. Give him a bit to ate, Kate. I'll spake to some one I can trust

Pat, me life is in your hands, broke in the fugitive.

Never fear avick. I'll do me best for ye. He hurried away a few hundred yards to the house of his landlord, a Protestant minister; he knocked furiously at his front door, and was admitted by a sleepy maid servant.

Somethin' I want to spake to the masther about—I'm goin' to the fair this mornin'—tell him I'm in a great hurry, af ye plase

After a minute's delay the gentleman appeared.

Somethin' very particular, sir the farmer answered in a low voice. About that cow you were spakin' to me, sir, he added, for the maid servant's benefit.

Come into my study here, Moran, said his landlord.

Be your lave sir, I'll shut the door, said Moran. Then walking over to the table he put his clasped hand on it.

Misther Raymond, I can thrust you. I'm in a great hobble, sir, an' dunno what to do at all. Misther Raymond, you was always a kind friend, and a good friend, and you'll not betray me? It's another man's sayeret, an' you must give me your word, sir, else I'd be afeared to let mortal man hear me.

Moran, if you think I can promise as a man and a Christian, I will. You may trust me, whatever it is, said Mr Raymond.

Thus assured the farmer unfolded his story and begged his landlord's counsel.

I hardly know how to advise you, Moran, as soon as he could speak coherently in his astonishment. The poor fellow will be found out, I'm afraid, in spite of all you can do, and you'll get into great trouble. Have his handcuffs filed off, at all events, he went on in a low tone. Martin Leary will do it, and you can trust him, and may be the best you can do is to give the fugitive some of your clothes, and some food, and this He took a guinea from a drawer. Bury his prison clothes carefully in the manure pit, and start him on the road to Wexford This is all you can do safely, but be quick!

The farmer left the house and ran on to the blacksmith's forge, where the smith and his son were getting to work.

Martin, I'm in a great hurry, goin' to the fair, an' I wan't ye to run over wud somethin' to cut a chain for me; 'twon't take you five minutes. Martin, you niver did a better days work in your life if you'll come as fast as yere legs 'll carry ye! He said this in an undertone while the son's back was turned, "and whist for all sakes!" he added, clenching his hand and shaking it at the unconscious young Vulcan; then he rushed out, leaving the father grasping a bar of iron and staring after him.

(To be continued.)

The following is an extract from the "Toronto Globe's" report of Mr. Bolton's speech on seconding Mr. McKenzie's Railway Resolutions:

MR. BOLTON'S SPEECH.

Mr. Bolton seconded the resolutions. The question before the House, he said, was one of the most importani that could occupy the attention of the Legislature. Involving so seriously as it did the financial position of the country, it was surely of the utmost importance that for the large expenditure to be incurred some adequate return should be received. In the early part of the session, the member for Lambton had said that he was disappointed that in rising to second the Address he (Mr. Bolton) had not announced that the Government had decided on adopting the short and cheap route. He thought, if there was any blame in the matter, a large share of it belonged to the members for Ontario. Last session, they displayed a comparative indifference to the question If they had shown the same interest then as now in having the short route adopted, the result might have been very different. The route by the valley of the St. John had commended itself to many leading statesmen both of England and of British America during the last quarter of a century, both for commercial and Military considerations.—Among others who had expressed themselves very favourably to it was the present Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald, in a despatch written in 1858. Mr. Bolton read a paragraph from this despatch, and proceeded to contend that there was no validity in the objection to the valley of the St. John route from a military point of view, on account of its contiguity to the United States. He was satisfied, that military men who fairly considered the whole question, would come to the conclusion that that route was preferable for military reasons to the North Shore route.—He referred to a speech of Mr. Walsh, in Norfolk, soon after last session, in which he declared, that the Intercolonial Road could not be undertaken for commercial reasons; but that it was a military and political necessity. As regarded its being a military necessity, if the safety of the country was to depend on the road by the North Shore route our security was not great. Perhaps there was more force in the statement that it was a political necessity. It might be that the adoption of the Bay of Chaleurs route was necessary to prevent the Cabinet from tumbling to pieces. It had been said that in a commercial point of view one of the great advantages of the Intercolonial Railroad was that it would afford a route from Ontario to the sea in the event of the bonding system through the United States being stopped.

Well, by the North Shore route the people of Ontario would have 178 miles further to get to the sea board, at an expense of ten millions extra money. By adopting the North Shore instead of the Central route, did the member for South Ontario (Mr. Gibbs) think he would make much money, if he had to send a barrel of flour by that route to the ocean. He referred to the statement in the Duke of Buckingham's despatch, that the route crossing the St. John River either at Woodstock or Fredericton is one to which the assent of Her Majesty's Government could not be given, and that the objections on military grounds to any line on the south side of the St John River are insuperable. He begged to say that this showed an amount of ignorance on the part of the Imperial authorities that was perfectly inexcusable. A line crossing the St. John River at Fredericton would be 83 miles from the frontier. An offer had been made by parties in Montreal of the very highest credit to build the railway by that route, keeping as far from the Frontier as the road to Riviere du Loup for eight million dollars. Why did the Government reject that offer? He agreed with the member for Lambton that rather than build the North Shore road at a great expense they should sacrifice all commercial advantages for the cheap route, then get the Imperial guarantee for the expensive one He asserted that but for the assurances of the Minister of Customs and the member for St. John (Hon Mr. Gray) Confederation would never have been carried as regarded New Brunswick.

Hon. Mr. Gray—I stated that I was opposed to the frontier route, and that if I could not get that, I would go for the North Shore route.

Mr. Bolton begged to repeat without fear of contradiction, that if the Confederation scheme had been offered to New Brunswick, with the North Shore route attached to it, that Province would not have accepted it. In conclusion, he urged that it would be better to have no road at all than the North Shore route, as no commercial advantage would result from it, and it would be better to spend the money in opening up the North-West, improving the Canal system, &c. He believed such was the opinion of two thirds of the people of New Brunswick. He appealed to the Government even yet to stop this wasteful expenditure, and to devote the means at their disposal to promote what would be for the welfare of the people.

A REMEDY FOR THE BLUES.—When Whitlock was about to embark as Cromwell's envoy to Sweden, he was much disturbed in mind as he rested in Harwich, on the proceeding night which was very stormy, while he reflected on the the distracted state of the nation. A servant sleeping in an adjacacent bed, and finding that his master could not sleep, said to him.

Pray sir, will you give me leave to ask you a question.

Certainly

Pray sir, don't you think God governed the world very well before you came into it?

Undoubtedly.

And pray sir don't you think that he will govern it quite as well when you are out of it?

Certainly.

Then sir pray excuse me, but don't you think you may as well trust him to govern it as long as you are in it?

Dr. Bellows with his friends was on a tramp among the northen lakes in Maine some years since, and was piloted by a worthy deacon who lived on the shore of one of the lakes.—After several days absence they returned and paid off their pilot pretty liberally, when he replied:—"I guess you are pretty respectable fellers, for I haven't heard you swear once since we've been gone.

The ponies or horses peculiar to China are used only for riding, and by mandarins when upon official business. All agricultural work, plowing, irrigating, and the work of rice mills is done by the buffalo.

Why is the Bank of England like Windsor Castle? Because it has for a long time been the abode of many English sovereigns.

—Eleven millions of capital is said to be invested in the lager beer breweries.

A plucky girl in Jasper county, Ind., it is said, getting jilted, instead of taking arsenic, took a stout stick and licked the fellow handsomely. He "came to" and married her.

The next census will show a hundred thousands Chinese males over twenty-one years of age in California.

First class private houses in Paris, in good localities, rent at from eight to twenty thousand dollars a year.

Fresh beef and mutton, put up in tin cans in Australia, sell rapidly in England at six cents a pound.

Victor Hugo is coming to America.

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