

and having done this, hobbled off towards home, as if he felt he was no further required.

"Come home, Mart; can you walk?" said Anno.

"Yes, yes, as well as ever; but I have not done with these grey men yet, (this being a common appellation for the wolves by the peasantry,) the night's work is worth two silver roubles to me; the rest of the brutes will be down their companions' throats before the morning;" and so saying he cut off his ears, by which token the Lettish peasant is entitled to a reward in money on showing it to a magistrate.

Mart was soon seated in his own warm house, waited on by his two tender companions, who examined his wounds and injuries with alternate horror and gratitude.

"You were praying for me grandmother, Anno tells me, when she left the house;—God heard you. Never say again that you and Karria Pois are of no use; you two have saved my life."

These words were more than the venerable parent could endure with composure; and she turned away to lift up her heart again.

"All have been of use tonight," said Anno in a low tone, "grandmother, Karria Pois, even the poor horse; only I have done nothing."

"You are my own *Einhokenne*," said Mart; lower still and leant his weary head against her.

"Now, Anno, *pai!* go and wash Karria Pois too." This was done, and soon master and dog were deep in slumber.

There are two other tales in the book, "The Wolves" and "The Jewess." From the former we extract a passage. It is one of many anecdotes illustrative of the ferocity of the savage animals which give the tale its name. The narrator is a lady, who, having seen the foot-prints of a wolf in her own garden, was naturally in terror for the safety of her own children:—

A woman, whose husband, being a *Junker*, or something less obnoxious than a *Disponent*, lived in a more comfortable way than the usual run of peasants, though still classing as a peasant, was washing one day before the door of her house, with her only child, a little girl of four years old, playing about close by. Her cottage stood in a lonely part of the estate, forming almost an island in the midst of low, buggy ground. She had her head down in the wash-tub, and, hot and weary, was bending all her efforts to complete her task, when a fearful cry made her turn, and there was the child, clutched by one shoulder, in the jaws of a great she-wolf; the other arm extended to her. The woman was so close that she grasped a bit of the child's little petticoat in her hand, and with the other hand, screaming frantically, beat the wolf with all her force to make it let go its hold. But those relentless jaws stirred not for the cries of a mother—that giant form cared not for the blows of a woman. The animal set off at full speed with the child, dragging the mother along, who clung with desperation to her grasp. Thus they continued for two or three dreadful minutes, the woman only just able to hold on. Soon the wolf turned into some low, uneven ground, and the woman fell over the jag-

ged trunk of a tree, tearing in her fall the piece of petticoat, which now only remained in her hand. The child hitherto had been aware of, its mother's presence, and, so long as she clung, had not uttered a scream; but now the little victim felt itself deserted, and its screams resounded through the wood. The poor woman rose in a moment, and followed over stoek and stone, tearing herself pitifully as she went, yet knowing it not; but the wolf increased in speed, the bushes grew thicker, the ground heavier, and soon the screams of the child became her only guide. Still she dashed on, frantic with distress, picked up a little shoe which the closing bushes had rubbed off, saw traces of the child's hair and clothes on the low, jagged boughs, which crossed the way; but, oh! the screams grew fainter, then louder, and then ceased altogether!

"The poor mother saw more on her way, but I can't tell what that was," said the lady, her voice choked with horror, and her fair face streaming with tears. Her hearers did not press to know, for they were chilled enough already.

"And only think," she continued, "of the wretchedness of the poor afflicted creature when her husband returned at night and asked for the child. She told me that she placed the piece of petticoat and the little shoe before him, but how she told him their great misery, God only knows! she has no recollection.

We have spun out this article to an unusual and undue length; and our only apology is that we did not know when to stop.

Every succeeding number of the "Home and Colonial Library" confirms and establishes the high opinion we have entertained and expressed in former numbers, of its claim to the patronage of the public,—the reading public of these Colonies.

One word as to the "Anonyme" of the amiable author, to coin a word for the nonce, and we have done. We thought in our wisdom, pluming ourselves upon our superior judgment and deep and acute penetration, that we had discovered in the fair writer, the spirit and genius of the greatest of our female authors, Mrs. Ellis; although we have subsequently found out the real name of author, and consequently our mistake, yet do we feel impelled to say, (and we could not pay her a higher compliment nor one that she deserves more richly,) that she has caught the full flowing mantle as it fell from that distinguished writer, on her last soaring ascent from the sad and stern realities of this changing scene of ours, high into a purer region, far, far, beyond it.

To the other tale in this pleasing collection, our limits, already far exceeded, will not permit us to advert.