

THE SNOW-STORM.

A TALE FROM THE RUSSIAN OF DOUBTSKINE. About the year 1811—a period so memorable in the history of Russia—there lived on his domain of Nenardof a rich proprietor named Gabrielovitch. He was noted for his kind disposition and hospitable habits. His house was at all times open to his friends and neighbours, who resorted there in the evenings—the elder ones, in order to enjoy a quiet game of cards with their host and his wife Petrowna; the younger, in the hope of gaining the good graces of Mari, a fair girl of seventeen, the only child and heiress of Gabrielovitch.

Mari used to read French romances, and as the natural and necessary consequence, was deeply in love. The object of her affection was an almost penniless young ensign belonging to the neighbourhood, and then at home on leave, who returned her love with equal ardour. It is scarcely necessary to add, that the young lady's parents had strictly forbidden her to think of such an alliance; and whenever they met the lover, they received him with about that amount of friendliness which they would have bestowed on an ex-collector of taxes. Our young lovers, however, managed to keep up a correspondence, and used to meet in secret beneath the shadow of the pine-grove or the old chapel. On these occasions, they of course, vowed eternal constancy, accused fate of unjust rigour, and formed various projects. At length they naturally came to the conclusion that, as the will of cruel parents opposed their marriage, they might very well accomplish it in secret. It was the young gentleman who first propounded this proposition, and it was most favourably received by the young lady.

The approach of winter put a stop to their interviews, but their correspondence went on with increased frequency and fervour. In each of his letters Vladimir Nicolavitch conjured his beloved to leave her home, and consent to a private marriage. 'We will disappear,' he said, 'for a short time; then, one day, we will go and show ourselves at your parents' feet, who, touched by our heroic constancy, will exclaim: "Children, come to our arms!"' For a long time Mari hesitated. At length it was agreed, that on a certain day she should not appear at supper, but retire early to her room, on the pretext of a violent headache. Her waiting-maid was in the secret, and they were both to slip out through a back-door, near which they would find sledges waiting to convey them to the chapel of Jadrino, about five versts distant, where Vladimir and the priest would await them.

Having made her preparations, and written a long letter of excuse to her parents, Mari retired at an early hour to her room. During the day, she had complained of a headache, which certainly was more than a pretext, for nervous excitement had made her really ill. Her father and mother watched her tenderly, and constantly asked her: 'How do you feel now, Mari; are you still suffering?' Their fond solicitude went to the young girl's heart, and with the approach of evening her agitation increased. At dinner she ate nothing, and soon afterwards rose to take leave of her parents. They embraced her, and, according to their usual custom, gave her their blessing. Mari could scarcely refrain from sobbing. When she reached her chamber, she threw herself into an arm-chair, and wept aloud. Her waiting-maid tried to console and cheer her, and at length succeeded.

There was a snow-storm that night: the wind howled outside the house, and shook the windows. The young girl, however, as soon as the household had retired to rest, wrapped herself up in thick muffings, and followed by her maid carrying a valise, gained the outer door. They found a sledge, drawn by three horses, awaiting them; and having got into it, they started at a rapid pace. We will leave them to pursue their journey, while we return to Vladimir.

All that day he had been actively employed. In the morning, he had visited the priest of Jadrino, in order to arrange with him about performing the ceremony; and then he set off to procure the necessary witnesses. The first acquaintance to whom he addressed himself was a half-pay officer, who willingly consented to what he wished. 'Such an adventure,' he said, 'reminded him pleasantly of his youth.' He prevailed on Vladimir to remain with him, promising to procure for him the other two witnesses. Accordingly, there appeared at dinner the geometriean Schmidt, with his moustaches and spurs; and the son of Captain Ispasnik, a lad of seventeen, who had just entered the Ublan corps. Both promised Vladimir to stand by him to the last; and the happy lover, having cordially embraced his three friends, returned to his dwelling, in order to complete his preparations. Having despatched a servant on whom he could rely with the sledge for Mari, he himself got into a one-horse sledge, and started for Jadrino. Scarcely had he set out, when the storm commenced with violence; and soon every trace of the road disappeared. The entire horizon was covered with a thick yellow cloud, whence fell masses rather than flakes of snow; and soon all distinction between land and sky was lost. In vain did Vladimir try to find his way. His horse went on at random, sometimes climbing over

heaps of snow, sometimes falling into ravines. Every moment the sledge was in imminent danger of being upset; and, in addition, the pleasant conviction forced itself on Vladimir that he had lost his way. The wood of Jadrino was nowhere to be seen; and after two hours of this sort of work, the poor horse was ready to drop from fatigue.

At length a sort of dark line became visible in front; he urged his horse onwards, and found himself on the borders of a forest. 'Oh!' he exclaimed, 'I am all right now; I shall easily find my way to Jadrino.' He entered the forest of which the branches were so thickly interlaced that the snow had not penetrated through them, and the road was easy to follow. The horse pricked up his ears, and went on readily, while Vladimir felt his spirits revive.

However, as they say in the fairy tales, he went on and on, and yet could not find Jadrino. His poor tired steed with the utmost difficulty dragged him to the other side of the forest; and by the time he arrived there, the storm had ceased, and the moon shone out. No appearance, however, of Jadrino: before him lay extended a large plain, towards the centre of which the poor traveller descried a cluster of four or five houses. He hastened towards the nearest, and descending from the sledge, knocked at the window. A small door in the shutter opened, and the white beard of an old man appeared.

'What do you want?' 'Is it far to Jadrino?' 'Jadrino! About ten versts.'

At this reply, Vladimir felt like a criminal condemned to execution.

'Can you, said he, furnish me with horses to go there?' 'We have no horses.'

'Well, then, a guide: I will give him whatever he asks.'

'Wait, then,' said the old man; 'I'll send my son.'

The window was carefully closed, and a considerable time elapsed. Vladimir, whose impatience became quite uncontrollable, knocked again loudly at the shutter.

The old man reappeared.

'What do you want?' 'Your son.'

'He's coming: he is dressing himself. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself.'

'No, no; send out your son.'

At length a young lad, with a stout stick in his hand, made his appearance, and led the way across the snow-covered plain.

'What o'clock is it?' asked Vladimir. 'Day will soon break.'

The sun's rays, indeed, had begun to gild the east, and the village cocks were crowing when they arrived at Jadrino. The church door was closed. Vladimir, having paid and dismissed his guide, hastened towards the priest's dwelling. What was he about to hear?

Let us first inquire what was going on in the mansion of the master of Nenardof. Just nothing at all. In the morning, the husband got up as usual and went into the eating-room—Gabriel Gabrielovitch in his woollen vest and night-cap, and, Petrowna in her dressing-gown.

Tea was served, and Gabriel sent a maid to inquire for Mari. The girl returned with a message, that her young mistress had passed a restless night, but that she now felt better, and was coming down. In a few minutes Mari entered and embraced her parents.

'How do you feel, my poor little one?' asked her father.

'Better,' was the answer.

The day passed on as usual; but towards evening, Mari became very ill and feverish. The family physician was summoned from the nearest town, and when he arrived he found his patient in a high fever. During fourteen days she continued on the brink of the grave.

Nothing was known of nocturnal flight, as the waiting-maid, for her own sake, was prudently silent on the subject; nor did any of the other accomplices, even after having drunk wine, breathe a word on the subject, so much did all parties dread the wrath of Gabriel. Mari, however, during her delirium, raved so incessantly about Vladimir, that her mother could not doubt that her illness was caused by love. She and her husband consulted some of their friends on the subject; and, as the result of the conference, it was unanimously decided that Mari was destined to marry the ensign—that one cannot avoid one's fate—that riches do not insure happiness—and other fine maxims of the same kind.

The invalid recovered. Vladimir, during her illness, had never appeared at the house; and it was determined, that his unexpected good fortune should be announced to him—that he should be told he was now free to marry his beloved. What was the astonishment of the proud owners of Nenardof, when they received in reply a letter from the young ensign, in which he declared that he would never enter their dwelling again, and prayed them to forget an unhappy being, for whom death was the only refuge!

A few days afterwards, they learned that Vladimir had rejoined the army. It was in 1812. No one ever mentioned his name to

Mari, nor did she herself allude to him in any way. Two or three months elapsed, and one day she saw his name mentioned amongst the officers who had distinguished themselves at the battle of Borodino, and who were mortally wounded. She fainted, and had a relapse of fever, from which she slowly recovered.

Not long afterwards, her father died, leaving her the reversion of his whole property. Wealth, however, brought her no consolation: she wept with her mother; and vowed never to leave her. They left their residence at Nenardof, and took up their abode on another estate. Numerous suitors thronged around the rich and lovely heiress, but to none of them did she vouchsafe the smallest encouragement. Her mother often implored her to choose a husband; but she silently shook her head. Vladimir was no more: he expired at Moscow on the eve of the day the French entered that city. To Mari, his memory seemed sacred: she treasured up the books they had read together, his drawings, and the notes he had written to her—everything that could perpetuate her remembrance of the unhappy young man.

About that time a war, glorious for our country, ended. The triumphant regiments returned from the frontiers, and the people rushed in crowds to greet them. The officers who had set out as mere striplings, came back with stern martial countenances, their brave breasts covered with orders. Time of ineffaceable glory! How the heart of a Russian then bounded at the name of his country!

A colonel of hussars, named Vourmin, wearing in his button-hole the Cross of St. George, and on his face an interesting paleness, came to spend a few months' leave of absence on his estate, which joined that where Mari was residing. The young girl received him with far more show of favor than she had hitherto bestowed on any of her visitors. They resembled each other in many particulars: both were handsome, pleasing, intellectual, silent, and reserved. There was a species of mystery in the demeanor of Vourmin, which piqued the curiosity and excited the interest of the heiress. He evidently admired her, paid her every possible attention—why did he never speak of love? He had acquired a habit of fixing his bright dark eyes on hers, half in reverie, and half with an expression that seemed to declare the approach of a decisive explanation. Already the neighbors spoke of the marriage as a decided business; and Petrowna rejoiced at the thought, that her daughter would at length have a husband worthy of her.

One morning, when the good lady was seated in her drawing-room, Vourmin entered and enquired for Mari.

'She is in the garden,' replied Petrowna. 'You will find her there, if you wish to see her.'

The colonel went out hastily; and Petrowna, making the sign of the cross murmured to herself: 'God be praised! I hope everything will be arranged to-day.'

Vourmin found his lady-dove dressed in white seated beneath a tree, close by a lake, with a book on her knee, like any heroine of romance. After the interchange of a few common-place sentences, Vourmin, with considerable agitation, told her that for a long time he had been desirous of opening his mind to her, and now prayed her to listen to him for a few moments. She closed her book, and cast down her eyes in token of assent.

'I love you!' exclaimed Vourmin—'I love you ardently!'

Mari bent down her head a little more.

'I have committed the imprudence of seeing you, of listening to you, every day.' (Mari recollected the first letter of St. Proux.) 'Now it is too late to resist my destiny. The memory of your sweet face and gentle voice will form henceforward the joy and the torture of my existence; but I have a duty to fulfil towards you. I must reveal to you a strange secret, which places between us an unsurmountable barrier.'

'That barrier,' murmured Mari, 'has always existed. I could never have become your wife.'

'I know, replied Vourmin in a low voice, 'that you have loved; but death and three years of mourning—Dearest Mari, do not take from me my last consolation; do not deprive me of the happiness of thinking that you might have been mine, if not—'

'Hush! cried Mari. 'Cease, I conjure you; you pierce me to the heart.'

'Yes, I have the consoling thought that you would have been mine. But I am the most unfortunate of men—I am married!'

Mari raised her eyes with a look of amazement.

'I am married,' resumed the colonel—'married these four years, and I neither know who my wife is, nor where she is, nor whether I shall ever meet her.'

'What can you mean! What is the mystery! But go on, I beg of you—I will tell you afterwards.'

'Here, then,' said the colonel, 'are the facts. In the year 1812, I was going to Wilna, to join my regiment. I arrived late one evening at a station, and had just given orders to have the horses immediately harnessed, when suddenly there arose a violent snow-storm. The master of the house and the postilion both strongly advised me to defer my journey; but, tempest

or no tempest, I was resolved to push on. The postilion took it into his head that he could shorten the way by crossing a river whose banks he knew very well. However, he missed the right ford, and brought me to a place which was totally strange to him. The storm continued to rage, but at length we descried a distant light. I hastened towards it, and found myself outside a church, whence the light proceeded. The door was open. Sledges were waiting outside, and several persons were standing in the porch. One of them called to me: "This way! This way!" I got out of my sledge, and entered the church. One of the people in the porch said:

"In the name of Heaven, what has delayed you? The bride has fainted, and we were all on the point of returning home."

Half bewildered and half amused, I resolved to follow up the adventure. Indeed, I was allowed no time to deliberate, for my impatient friends hurried me into the interior of the church, which was faintly lit up by two or three torches. A girl was seated on a bench in the shadow, while another standing beside her was rubbing her temples.

"At length," said the latter: "God be praised that you are come! My mistress was near dying."

An old priest approached, and said: "Shall we begin?"

"Oh, begin by all means, my reverend father!" replied I giddily.

They assisted the young girl to rise: she seemed very pretty. Through a levity quite unpardonable, and, as it now seems to me, inconceivable, I advanced beside her to the altar. Her servant and the three men who were present were so much occupied about her, that they scarcely glanced at me; besides, the light, as I have said, was very dim, and my head was enveloped in the fur hood of my travelling-pe-lisse.

In a few moments we were married.

"Embrace each other," said one of the witnesses. My wife turned her pale face towards me. For an instant she gazed, as if petrified, then, falling backwards she exclaimed:

"It is not he! It is not he!"

Out of the church I rushed, before the astounded priest and the bridal-party had time to think of arresting my flight. I jumped into the sledge, and soon left all pursuit behind.

'And,' said Mari, 'did you never ascertain what became of that poor woman?'

'Never. I do not know the name of the village where I was married, nor can I recollect that of the station where I last stopped. At that time, so little importance did I attach to my criminal levity, that when all danger of pursuit was over, I fell asleep in the sledge, and did not awake until I found myself at another station. The servant whom I had with me was killed in battle, so that every clue seems lost, by which I might discover the scene of that folly which I now expiate so dearly.'

Mari turned her pale face fully towards him, and seized his hands.

'What!' cried Vourmin: 'was it you?' 'Don't you recognise me?'

A long and close embrace was the reply.

THE HEALTH OF CATTLE.—The American Veterinarian contains the following good advice towards promoting the health in cattle. There is a good deal in the following paragraphs expressed in a few words.

Mix, occasionally, one part of salt in four, five, or six parts of wood ashes, and give the mixture to different kinds of stock, summer and winter. It promotes their appetites, and tends to keep them in healthy condition. It is said to be good against bots in horses, murrain in cattle, and rot in sheep.

Horse-radish root is valuable for cattle. It creates an appetite, and is good for various diseases. Some give it to any animal that is unwell. It is good for oxen troubled with the heat. If animals will not eat it voluntarily, cut it up fine and mix it with potatoes and meal.

Feed all animals regularly. They not only look for their food at the usual time, but the stomach indicates the want at the stated period. Therefore feed morning, noon and evening, as near the same time each day as possible.

Guard against the wide and injurious extremes of satiating with excess and starving with want. Food should be of a suitable quality, and proportioned to the growth and fattening of animals, to their production in young and milk, and to their labor and exercise. Animals that labour need far more food, and that which is far more nutritious than those that are idle.

THE I
100
20 bbls
30 bbls
10 bbls
6 puncl
overpr
1000 B
50 doz
2 doz v
2 doz v
6 Casks
50 Cool
Brooms,
Pickles,
GLASS
es, Ct
Togethe
any E
CHAIR
nemen
toms a
SOFAS
BEDST
and fo
FEATH
Mattra
CLOCK
CRASH
WASH
TABLES
Comm
30 Bbls
The w
custome
low price
January
V
IMI
BRIT
OF THE
Scale of
NEAR TH
Tea, I
Confe
Fancy a
ALL Pen
Arecu
are requ
expans
Will also fi
whom Acco
Charlytt
PRIN
CA
The Almon
amb, of a
TRAS, and
y request of
very day in a