

She sat down beside him, until his heavy breathing proved that his senses were indeed steeped in forgetfulness, when cautiously and noiselessly she proceeded to the bedside of her husband. He too was sleeping, but even in his dreams he seemed to re-act some frightful tragedy, for foam was around his lips, and a heavy sweat was upon his brow, while his features worked, and his hand was clenched as if in agony. She knelt beside the bed, and overcome with the frightful sensations she had experienced for many hours, she sank into a state of stupor, which if not refreshing as sleep, at least afforded a short reprieve from misery.

Whitley, who did not propose immediately to return to his own house, entered the waggon, which still stood at the door, and drove off towards the dwelling of a friend and associate. His heart was full of hate and vengeance, and his eye scowled on the lovely objects which the young morning presented to his view. To his ear there was no music in the song of birds, to his eye no beauty in the glittering dew which sparkled on bush and tree, giving to everything a greener and a richer tint. Within him there was a dark and fearful spirit which covered as with a pall every beautiful object which the bounteous God of nature has given for man's enjoyment.

"I'll make him wince yet—the puppy!" he said. "His father *shall* hang, and himself, fine as he is, shall see it. And his farm, too—I'll have it. He was a fool to make an enemy of me, and I'll be a greater fool if I'm not revenged!" And with muttered oaths and curses, and threats of vengeance, the ruffian pursued his way.

(To be continued.)

THE GREAT WESTERN.

The following lines were suggested by the very interesting account of the late terrible gale encountered by the "Steam Ship Great Western," which appeared in the last number of the Garland.

BY F. W. H.

Hark! hark! the dread sound of the hurricane's sweep,
Flies fiercely along on the wings of the gale,
And loud booming thunders awaken the deep,
And mingle their notes with the mariner's wail.
Deep, deep in the ocean, then high on the wave,
Our tempest-torn ship dashes fearfully on,
While darker, and louder, and fiercer did rave,
The storm in its might, when hope's last ray had gone.
"Then loud shrieked the timid and still stood the brave,"
As swift on her course, to destruction we flew;
"No friend there to rescue, no hand there to save,"
And despair its dark mantle around us it drew.
But, hark! through the roar of the elements wild,—
Oh! Saviour, have mercy! we bow to thy will.
With smile of compassion, and words soft and mild,
He rebuked the fierce wind—"Peace, be thou still!"

CHRISTMAS REVELS.

BY T. D. F.

MY DEAR F—, I fancy you engaged in the festivities which mark this season of the year in your gay city,—the revels, routes, the drives and picnics, which fill the Christmas holidays; but I doubt, if any of them are of so magic a character, or afford so much real enjoyment, as the *fête* I attended on Christmas eve, at our friend L's; and which I would fain describe to you, though words of mine can but faintly shadow forth the outlines of the scene, leaving your imagination to fill up the bones and sinews, and give life to the *tableau*.

I was summoned by his usual quaint invitation to join a festive party at his cottage at half past eight o'clock on Christmas eve, and of course I could not choose but render myself there at the appointed time, where I found a gay group of old and young, examining with eager eyes the beautiful gifts dropped by St. Nicholas on his rapid flight through our quiet town. The house was tastefully decorated with evergreens, and all seemed to breathe of the joyous sport of "Merry Christmas." We chatted gaily till ten o'clock, when we were ushered into the dining room, and seated at a table the gods themselves might have envied. In the centre was a basket of pyramidal form, filled with candied fruit, from the top of which fell a gauze-like veil of barley sugar, so transparent that it reminded me of the spray-like drapery which half hid and half revealed the shadowy form of the White Lady of Avenel. Fruits, confections, birds, all that luxury has devised to tempt the palate, were upon the table, arranged with such exquisite taste, that the eye was gratified equally with the grosser sense. The clatter of knives and forks, touching of glasses, with merry laugh and piquant jest, rang round the room. The more solid part of the feast was soon despatched, and when it was removed from the table, our host proposed that, according to good old custom, St. Nicholas should be propitiated by a libation to his health and prosperity. The glasses were filled, raised to the lips, and "Health to St. Nick!" just uttered, when the sweetest music fell upon the ear, faintly first, but gradually deepening and swelling, till the notes seemed to fill the room; all looked round in amaze, then every eye turned to the open door, through which we almost expected to see the patron Saint enter,—but no! after a short interval the music gradually faded away till lost in the distance. It was some moments before the usual tone could be restored to the circle; but conversation being resumed, the