

and Exeter; she was the only passenger. The night was cold, wet, windless, and dark, and no living thing could be seen from the vehicle, the lanterns of which were the sole lights that cheered the dreary road. The only noises audible, besides the mournful howling of some distant watchdog, were the rattle of heavy drops on the roof, the hurried plashing of the horses' feet, and the occasional sounds of encouragement addressed to the animals by the coachman and guard, anxious to get forward to where they knew that a good fire and comfortable meal awaited them.

"The passenger endeavoured to while away the tedium of her midnight journey, by watching through the rain-dimmed glass the stunted trees, and cold-looking wet hedges, as, for a moment illumined by the passing glare of the lamps, they seemed to flit away ghost-like to the rear.

"On a sudden, as the vehicle was crossing one of the gloomy and extensive plains that abound on that line of road, it was hailed from the wayside by a person who stood alone, enveloped in a voluminous cloak, and drenched with wet. The coachman halted, and the stranger craving a passage to the next town, he opened the door for his entrance.

"The lady remarked, as he passed under the light, something peculiar and unusual about his aspect, something by which she was led to believe him one of her own profession, and most likely travelling with similar views to hers. She was consequently induced to notice him with some interest.

"As the vehicle drove on, he seated himself before her, with his back to the horses, and commenced a conversation, which—she being a woman of considerable talent—was kept up for some time with much spirit. The extraordinary manners and language of the stranger afforded her not a little entertainment at first, as she believed their peculiarities to be acted for the time, and she listened to him with great attention.

"At length his topics and words became so strange and wild, that she could not follow them, and ceased to understand him. A feeling of wonder, doubt, and vague alarm seized her, and she sat trembling, and fervently wishing for the termination of the stage. Suddenly she heard a slight clicking sound, as of a small spring, and her eye could catch a dim, metallic gleaming through the darkness of the vehicle—a moment, and the head of her fellow-traveller fell heavily forward upon her lap, and her hands were bathed with some scalding fluid. She screamed aloud—the horses were suddenly drawn up—the guard pulled open the door, and the light from the lantern showed him the lady, pale and gasping with terror, with the male passenger prone upon her knees, his head turned to one side, and air gurgling from a deep wound in his neck. The fluid that bathed her hands and dress was blood. In the bottom of the carriage was a pocket-case of surgical instruments, and a slender bright bistoury, falling out as the door was opened, tinkled among the stones of the roadway.

"I shall go no further with the scene.

"This traveller turned out to be the young Pole, my former patient. In a pocket of the instrument-case, was found a note addressed Alexis Maryanski, of such a street, London—his father. It was in

German, and merely stated, that finding his present body unsuited to him, he had made arrangements to divest himself of it, and take another."

DON'T SAY ONE THING AND MEAN ANOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

The little lane—the greenwood lane—

Where Mary dwelt, was gay with singing,
For brook and bird in many a strain
Down vale and moor their notes were flinging;
But Mary's heart was deaf to song,
No longer she her tears could smother,
For she had learnt—at last—'twas wrong
To say one thing, and mean another!

'Tis right—'tis due, when hearts are true,
To show that heart without deceiving,
And not to speak, in idle freak,
To try if one's the power of grieving!
In Mary's heart, and Mary's mind,
She loved one youth, and loved no other,
But Mary's tongue was oft inclined
To say one thing, and mean another!

Would all might see how sweet 'twould be
If truth alone their words directed;
How many a day might then be gay
That passeth now, in tears, dejected.
Would all might learn, and all discern,
That truth keeps longest, friend or brother;
Then maids be kind, and speak your mind,
Nor say one thing, and mean another!

A REMINISCENCE.

I knew thee when
Thou wert a little child,
And dream'd not then
A thing so sweet and mild
Could ever be
Aught but a child to me.

I watched thee growing
To beautiful womanhood,
And scarcely knowing
Why entranced I stood,
Unconscious duty
Offered to thy beauty.

The spell came on,
And thou in beauty's pride
Now brilliant shone;
Whilst standing at thy side
I altered grew,
And thou wert altered too.

In silent sadness
I gazed with deep devotion;
Love grew to madness—
When thou with sweet emotion,
Bathed pain
By loving me again.