

slightest movement of the carriage seemed almost to throw him into convulsions; and, to render it worse, the place in which we were stopping, was a narrow pass, precisely like that you behold in the picture; high woods surrounded it on each side, and so hemmed in was it, that, I thought, if banditti appeared, escape would be impossible. I now recollected having heard of its being infested with those prowling robbers, and, though not a coward, a shuddering fear crept over me, as I contemplated the near approach of night. Turning to administer a few drops of a reviving cordial, which I carried about me, to my friend, I had not perceived the approach of men, until, surrounding my carriage, stood half-a-dozen robbers; one holding the horses' heads, and the other presenting a loaded pistol, with a warning that if I stirred, I was a dead man, while another held, under a similar threat, my apparently dying companion. I can tell you, I did not at all relish their summary method of disposing of my property, for one had seized my portmanteau, another was possessing himself of the contents of my travelling-trunk, and beginning a dispute to whom my gold watch should belong. I watched my opportunity, and, cautiously seizing the whip, with its butt end, knocked the nearest to me senseless on the ground. This, I must confess, rash proceeding, was instantly repaid by a loaded pistol aimed at me, which fortunately missed fire, and before they had time to execute their revenge, a young man, well armed, and followed by my two servants and a physician, rode up, and in a short time put them to flight. I now turned my attention to my friend, but was horrified to perceive that he lay back in the carriage senseless. I should have believed that he was dead, had not the physician declared to the contrary, and ordered that he should be driven back to the inn immediately. Many weeks elapsed before he recovered sufficiently to be removed, and, during that time, the monotony of my situation was relieved by the presence of the youthful artist, who had so bravely assisted in our rescue. To describe Frederick Worthington, and to do him full justice in that description, would require a more eloquent tongue than mine. With manly courage he combined almost feminine sweetness and gentleness of disposition; and Nature, whose 'darling child'

he surely was, had not only added to his qualities of heart, rare endowments of mind, but, also, an appearance interesting in the extreme. A complexion naturally dazzlingly fair, but now slightly embrowned by the fervid rays of Italia's sun, a high forehead, smooth as marble, over which was parted dark, soft, wavy brown hair, large, dark blue eyes, now flashing with intellect, and now soft as tenderness could make them, —these charms, heightened by an expression touchingly mournful, quickly won my heart, and the stranger became dear to me as a brother:

"One thing I remarked in him as peculiar, namely, that he seldom or never laughed. If, now and then, a smile would pass over his face, it was but for an instant, and his countenance again assumed an expression which told that some corroding care was eating deeply into his heart."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## The Thirty-first of December.

There came a slow but solemn sound  
Upon the midnight gale;  
Methought it was a hero's dirge,  
Or wand'ring spirit's wail;  
And oft a dreaming child would wake,  
And listen to the blast;  
Then, shuddering, would turn away,  
And marvel why it past.

Was it a hero's funeral note?  
Was it a spirit's cry?  
Nay, nay! the notes distinctly said,  
"This night the Year must die;  
And heaving o'er of duty bright  
Will slumber in the tomb;  
Young forms scarce bursting into life  
Will wither ere they bloom.

"And childhood's hopes will fade away,  
Like flowers hid from the sun;  
And manhood's cares, and youthful joys,  
Will perish scarce begun.  
Before again the midnight bell  
Speaks of the waning year;  
And comes a slow but solemn sound  
Upon thy listening ear."

Mute was the voice,—the meaning wind  
Eush'd onward to the sea! —  
I thought upon these fearful words,  
Those words of misery;  
But they were true;—I've seen the forms  
Rife with the summer's bloom,  
Swept by a chilly autumn blast  
Into the silent tomb.

*Anon.*

You may glean knowledge by reading,  
but you must separate the chaff from the  
wheat by thinking.