

POINTER

There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.—PROVERBS, CHAP. XI, VERSE 24.

There is whose bounty largely flows,  
And waters all around;  
Who with a liberal hand bestows,  
Yet is not poorer found:  
For God hath blessed his ample store,  
And made him prosper more and more.  
Softly upon his fields by night,  
The dew of Heaven shall fall,  
The Sun mature, while noon is bright,  
The clusters on his wall,  
His flocks and herds shall still increase,  
And his own heart shall yield him peace.

There is, who from the tale of grief,  
Impatient turns away,  
Whose wealth affords to none relief;  
Whose care by night and day,  
Is but to gain, and heap and hoard:  
Whose riches are his only God.

But lo! a tempest sweeps the main;  
His riches buried lie!  
The forked lightning blasts his grain,  
His sick'ning cattle die.  
In fruitless toil he wastes his days,  
For God approveth not his ways.

THE CONVICT GIRL.

My home! my home! my mountain home  
I see thee now no more!  
My path is now on Ocean's foam,  
My lullaby its roar;  
And parting thus, my home from thee,  
No hope the pang endears—  
No voice hath breath'd a prayer for me,  
Unwept I shed these tears.

Around me crowd strange things of crime,  
Pollution meets mine eye,  
But not a look of childhood's time—  
Nor tone of home is nigh;—  
And this, ay THIS, they MERCY call  
For her who sought a grave;  
Homeless, they hold me still in thrall—  
An outcast, yet a slave!

Dark wave! dark wave, that roll'st in  
pride  
To lash you distant shore,  
Oh! bear my spirit on thy tide,  
To visit it once more:—  
If but my tears could there find rest,  
In mingling with the spray;  
I'd fling my fondness on thy breast,  
And weep this heart away.

But no! thou'rt false as he whose spell  
Worked madness in this brain,  
Whose love destroyed where'er it fell—  
Whom vengeance sought in vain.  
Farewell! I'd sooner trust thy hate,  
'Mid Ocean's wildest swell,  
Than trust thy love to such a fate;—  
My mountain home, farewell!

THE DROPPING GLEN.

(Concluded from our last.)

Standing erect in his stirrups, he believed he discerned the sweep of the turnpike road, about a gunshot a head; and cheered by the discovery, he applied the spurs vigorously, but the horse, instead of going forward, began to rear and tremble, as when on the verge of the cliff. While contending with the animal, he thought he heard a foot pattering on the sod behind, but it was now so dark, that he could distinguish no one. "I am right," said he, "I am again near the trodden track. There it lies below me in the hollow. Get on, poor jade, I promise you a good supper and a warm stable to-night." He again applied the spurs stoutly, but the animal again refused to proceed, and it was by main force that he urged it on a few steps, when a startling voice in his rear called out "Hilloa friend! where are you bound for?"

"I am for the adjoining road, and I have no time to parley." He gave his shivering steed another sharp remembrance.

"For God's stop! if you are not mad, al ground for uneasiness, and yet that he not, but notwithstanding the warning, he and want to break your neck in the Dropping Glen—you are riding directly in by a dream of the preceding night. This chasm of the Dropping Glen, as if all drew from the company the usual observations upon the folly, &c., &c., but he to destruction. I spurred after him as M'Alpine, as he fixed and eager and alarm-

ed glance upon what he had believed to be the road.—The profile of the spectral face of the white Rock was dimly discernible.

"You'll have lost your way sir," said the man at his side, laying his hand on the horse's bridle.

"I have, indeed, friend," said M'Alpine, scarcely able to speak, for the big drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead as he turned from the appalling object, and thought of his hair breadth escape. "I have been roaming about the neighbourhood these two hours, without being able to escape from this hateful glen."

"Where want you to go sir?"

"To Cairndale House. Can you lead me thither?"

"That I can; but you are two miles from it here, and it is late, and—"

"But I have money in my pocket, and you shall be well rewarded if you will only take me there. I thought I had myself known the way, but the sight of this—"

"It is an ugly place, to be sure, as there is in all Auchteradar, and it's odd how your honour could get into such a lonesome track; I am only here to-night myself by accident."

"Lead on—lead on," said M'Alpine, impatient of the Lowlander's talk, and away they went together in a direction quite contrary to that in which the returning exile had been benighted.

One of the most pleasing subjects of contemplation to him who is far from his native land, is the meeting with friends on his return; and often and often had M'Alpine pictured to himself the home-scene as he wished and expected to be. But how different was the reality! Sick and exhausted, with pallid features, and a joyless smile, he entered the house which contained his betrothed, and gazed around with an expression that awakened the curiosity and the alarm of the inmates.

Katherine looked affectionately, yet scrutinizingly in his face, repeated unconsciously his answers to her questions, and seemed to marvel at his demeanour; while her mother shook her head as he related the adventure of the Dropping Glen. At length the gentlemen returned from seeking him, congratulated him heartily on his safe arrival, late as it was, and laughed at the idea of his going astray on the second night after setting foot in Scotland. Cheerfulness and enjoyment were by degrees restored, and a pleasant hour was spent before the party retired to rest.

Gregor's adventure was soon consigned to forgetfulness, amid pleasurable engagements and the various affairs preparatory to the marriage. Whenever he did think of the occurrence, in riding in the neighbourhood of that dreary section of the country which girdled the glen, it was only as one of those fugitive impressions that flit across the minds of men with no more permanent effect than the breeze over the water. Finding, however, greater delay in the matters which stood in the way of his marriage, than he had anticipated, he became gradually nervous and impatient; and strange fancies would often intrude upon him with a misgiving or presentiment that some unlooked-for ill would occur, and that this long contemplated match, with its promised happiness, was after all destined never to take place.

At last the leading preliminaries about which he was solicitous were in a great measure settled, and in the course of another month, he expected to be finally united to his beloved. He continued to reside at Cairndale, the house of his uncle, an infirm and hypochondriacal old man. One morning, while some strangers were on a visit at the house, M'Alpine joined the breakfast-table, exhibiting so much embarrassment and thoughtfulness in his manner, that his friends immediately observed the change, and his sister in particular began to rally him on the subject. This drew more strongly the attention of the rest, and as he did not attempt to conceal the disturbed state of his mind, all present insisted on his disclosing the cause. M'Alpine hesitatingly answered that he was ashamed to confess that he had no reason for ground for uneasiness, and yet that he could not help feeling peculiarly troubled by a dream of the preceding night. This drew from the company the usual observations upon the folly, &c., &c., but he to destruction. I spurred after him as M'Alpine, as he fixed and eager and alarm-

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relate his dream; and with a reluctance which made some people smile, he at length did so as follows:

He imagined himself, he said, to be near an unknown place, into which he had a wish to enter; but over him frowned a huge gate, so closely shut that he could espy nothing beyond it. Suddenly, the gate partially expanded, and he walked in, when it as suddenly closed behind him. Above appeared a gigantic face, which to his slumbering recollection, bore a perfect resemblance to the White Rock in the Dropping Glen. As he turned away with instinctive dread, it unlocked its stony jaws, and although no sounds were uttered, seemed to demand of him what he did there. The question from such a querist was embarrassing, and he could only beg, with trembling lips that the gate might be reopened.

The gigantic countenance assumed an expression of compassion, as looking down in his face, it observed his extreme dismay, and although he was not distinctly aware that it spoke, yet he received an indefinable intimation that it would suffer him to depart, if he would pledge himself to return, and again ask admittance on the same day of the following month. This condition, he for a time attempted to resist, but his horror became so overwhelming, that he at length gave the promise. The massive bars of the gate were then withdrawn, and its vast compartments unfolding, were just clashing behind him, when with the thundering noise he awoke.

The dream the company said, was certainly a very singular one, inasmuch as it bore reference to visions that had visited and impressed him before; yet what were dreams? And although in the conversation excited by his narrative, several wonderful facts were related in connexion with nocturnal visions, still Mr M'Alpine would be foolish to indulge in further meditation upon the subject. He took the advice, and the traces of this wayward visitation, were speedily obliterated by the exhilarating engagements connected with an active preparation for the nuptial ceremony. Time passed on and some days before that appointed for the solemnity, he had occasion to visit the neighbouring village of Crief, on business connected with his late father's affairs. When he reached the place, he missed one of the persons whom he expected to meet, and was obliged to engage to revisit the village on the following day. Circumstances barred the keeping of his appointment, and occupied with ante-nuptial concerns, it was put off until the very morning previous to the one on which his neighbours were invited to attend his bridal.

Taking horse early, he promised if possible to return by nightfall. Night came, however, and he was still absent. His bride was with the family at Cairndale, occupied by the agreeable employments of the time, when a gentleman who lived at some distance, arrived, and narrated a circumstance he had witnessed as he crossed the country.

"I may be a little superstitiously disposed," said the gentleman, "with regard to a certain place in this neighbourhood, which we all know by the name of the Dropping Glen, ever since a remarkable anecdote told me concerning it by my grandfather, to which I can now only barely allude. Lying in my way to this house, I felt something I confess like a foreboding, on observing that the darkness had overtaken me before I cleared myself in a dangerous vicinity. When I quite near it, my attention was fixed by the clatter of a horse-tramp. I stopped and listened. A horse and rider approached at an irregular gallop. Well acquainted with the broken and bushy nature of the ground, it seemed to be almost a proof of madness for any man, even under the influence of the most headlong haste, to dash on with such furious speed, particularly in the thickening darkness. It was then so obscure, that I could not judge who the desperate rider might be. Conscious of the imminent danger he was in, I shouted more than once as he passed, but whether the hard breathing horse passed, but whether the sounding hoofs of his horse prevented him from hearing my call, I know not, but notwithstanding the warning, he could not help feeling peculiarly troubled by a dream of the preceding night. This drew from the company the usual observations upon the folly, &c., &c., but he to destruction. I spurred after him as M'Alpine, as he fixed and eager and alarm-

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time I heard his horse's feet ringing on the ledge of the cliff, and the clang resounding through the low-lying hollows. Again the receding echoes died away and nothing broke the dead silence, save a voice-like murmur, which might have been the affrighted man's exclamations on finding himself in this dreadful situation. To me it seemed like the unearthly whisperings of the fiends that are said to haunt the inner gulfs of that fearsome place. The horse's hoofs rattled again upon the rocks, and presently there broke upon my ear a piercing shriek, followed by a low dashing noise that arose from the extreme depths, answered as it were by a hollow moan, rolling down the windings of the glen. Then all was again still, as if the fearful chasm had just been made a grave—as if the spirits of doom had been appeased by a sacrifice.

"I stood transfixed with terror, when I observed something flying towards me, and presently a horse, with empty saddle came rushing past. I rode up, and tried to seize hold of the bridle, as the animal floundered among the brushwood, but my nerves were too greatly agitated, and it broke away.—God grant that all our friends may be safe! Some unhappy mortal, I fear me, has this night been called to his last account in that accursed spot!"

It was long past the hour the bridegroom of the morrow should have arrived, and the effect of this narrative on the alarmed bride, I need not attempt to pourtray. A horse prance was heard without—it was M'Alpine's horse—riderless!

Next morning, on search being made in the inner recesses of the glen, the remains of the unfortunate young man were found at the bottom of a steep precipice, just beneath the spectre like crag, where fall the incessant drops which gave its name to the fatal scene. The story made a deep impression in the superstitious neighbourhood of Beulaws, in Perthshire; for on comparing dates, the catastrophe was found to have occurred on that very day month, after Gregor M'Alpine had his remarkable dream.

On Saturday Mary Lee, an infirm old woman, apparently upwards of 60, was brought before the Magistrates at Greenwich charged with having attempted self-destruction. It appeared from the evidence adduced, that the old lady had for some time previous been violently in love with a pensioner of the name of Smith. Unfortunately, however, the passion was not reciprocal, as was plain from the fact that a few days before Mr Smith whose age is 70, had been wedded to a young lady of great personal attractions, a Miss Eugenia Letitia Montgomerie. The rejected Miss Lee took this so much to heart that she determined to put a termination to all her woes by drowning herself in the Thames, which determination she attempted to carry into effect on Wednesday last. A man named Gilbert however, succeeded in saving her. In her pocket was found a letter addressed to Mr Smith, couched in the most affectionate and endearing terms.—The Magistrates gave her a suitable admonition, and ordered her to be conducted to the workhouse.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes choose to make on one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes. But a week or two since, in my ode upon Spring, which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing, where I talk'd of the "dew drops from freshly blown roses!" the nasty things made it, "from freshly blown noses!" And once when to please my cross aunt, I had tried to commemorate some saint of her clique, who'd just died having said, he "had tak'n up in heev'n his position," they made it, he'd tak'n up to heav'n his physician!—From the Fudges in England.

The turn for repartee in the Irish of all classes is proverbial. A gentleman the other day, intending to be smart upon some bricklayers' labourers, said they were "Odd Fellows." "No, please your honour," rejoined Pat, "We are Ho Fellows!"

WESTERN NAMES.—The Omoan Buckeye; an Indiana, a Hoosier; an Illinoisian, a Sucker; a Missourian a Pew; a Kentuckian, a Corn-cracker; and a Michiganian, a Wolverine.