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From Chambers' Journal.

WE FLY BY NIGHT.

WE suddenly received from home the intelligence that my father had been taken ill, and had expressed a wish that we should return. The necessity was so urgent that delay was not to be thought of, and we started the same hour. It was a sad journey we had to make. A few days before, it had thawed, and had then again frozen hard; now the snow fell in thick flakes and the weather was piercingly cold. My anxiety about my father left me no rest, and Axinia longed earnestly to be at home, and beside the sick-bed. We determined to travel the night through; and we were the better enabled to do this, as toward evening, it having ceased to snow, we expected a moonlight night, and our driver, Rosko, was well acquainted with the road. We were well furnished with furs, and also with provisions for our journey. Before the night came on, we had reached the wide-spreading forest, which separated us from our native home, and which stretches away, in the distance towards Lithuania, there to unite itself with the boundless forests of that country. The road we travelled, was wide enough to receive, without hindrance, the complete light of the full moon; but the frequent rough places in it which had been caused by the sharp frost following immediately upon the thaw, checked our progress, and cost our horses the greatest exertion. A perfect stillness reigned around us, which was broken only by the trotting of the horses, and the heavy breathing of the lady's-maid, an old Frenchwoman, who had fallen asleep.—My thoughts were by the bed of my sick father, and neither Axinia nor myself felt inclined to talk. It was just an hour before midnight, and nothing particular had happened on our lonely way, suddenly the horses which drew our sleigh began to show an unusual kind of uneasiness; they snorted and chafed, and without being urged by the whip, they galloped faster. They were horses we had had for several years, and which could be induced to go out of their usual speed only by some very extraordinary cause. They appeared anxious and fearful, and often turned their heads round to look back, and then it always seemed as if some unknown power impelled them to renewed exertion. —From these sudden dashings forward, their pace soon became so wild and irregular, that Rosko was obliged to use some restraint: to this they gave way, it is true but not without resistance, and with an appearance of the greatest terror. Axinia was too deeply engaged in her own thoughts and feelings to pay any attention to the altered behaviour of the animals; but I, being used to them and their habits, felt agitated, and prepared as it were for some strange and wonderful occurrence; and old Rosko also appeared now to be seized with certain uneasy feelings. He looked back several times quickly, and seemed to be listening: then he gave the horses the reins, so that they were free to go at their own speed, and off they set at a full gallop. I was so seated in the sleigh that by just turning my head my mouth was close to my driver's ear. 'What is the matter Rosko?' whispered I so gently to him that it was impossible for Axinia to catch what I said. 'You seem to be alarmed, as if the uneasiness of the horses had communicated itself to you.'

The old man considered for a moment, and then answered me in the same low tone; 'I fear the wolves are upon our track; the cold has driven them out of the woods, and hunger makes them follow us; and if the speed of the horses does not save us, we are lost.'

I have since then led the life of a soldier, and have beheld death in its most fearful forms; but never in the thick of the battle's roar, nor in front of a flaming battery, did I ever feel the terror and horror I felt at this moment.—My first thought was my sister. I saw, in imagination, her delicate, lovely form torn by the teeth of the monsters; I saw them appease their hunger with sanguinary delight. I had often heard that these creatures pursued their prey with an obstinacy and a speed which made it impossible to escape from them. If our horses could hold out, we might be saved, but I felt sure that their strength would be exhausted before that of our pursuers, and that we should fall a sacrifice to them. I wore a hunting knife by my side and had also with me a rifle and a pair of pistols; but my provision of powder and ball was small, and could only serve to bring down some few of these savage animals, which I knew were accustomed to go out upon their nightly expeditions in flocks of several hundred strong. In the meantime, on the sleigh drove the horses, onward with unceasing speed, but it was no necessary to urge them, for the acute instinct of the terrified beasts understood their approaching danger better than we. I felt an unceasing inclination to look back behind us, in order to listen, through the stillness of the night, for some sound that might confirm the horror of our fate.

Rosko saw and heard plainer than I.—'They are coming—they are coming!' whispered he suddenly. 'Don't you hear the rushing and panting? They look like a dark shadow coming up out of the valley. It is a pack of more than a hundred.'

I now saw what Rosko's quicker sight had already seen. With a strange gliding motion, an enormous black mass came nearer and nearer; it passed so quickly over the snow, that one could not exactly distinguish the manner of its motion, and it became evident that it would very soon overtake our horses, the strength of which was beginning to give way. Awful, horrible sounds broke through the stillness of the night. They seemed to be sent forth from the depth of the chest, and resembled sometimes a grunting noise, and sometimes the painful hollow, but yet partly repressed yells of one in agony. Axinia still suspected nothing; nothing could arouse her from the thoughts of home which engaged her so deeply. I was not able, however, much longer to leave her in that happy unconsciousness of the danger which threatened us. I could already distinguish the separate groups of eager monsters; already several had burst forward out of the mass, and were within gunshot of our sleigh. I raised my gun, cocked it, and aimed it at the foremost of the creatures.—'Stoop down!' cried I to Axinia, who had started up as if frightened out of a dream. She looked at me inquiringly, but it was evident from my actions that this was no time for questions. She instantly bent down her head and shoulders; my gun went off, and the foremost and largest of the animals, fell to the earth. My shot had waked the lady's maid, and she began to scream, thinking that we were attacked by robbers.

'It is only the wolves,' said Rosko, with astonishing coolness. 'We are rid of one; but a hundred others will be our faithful companions until'— He said no more, for he did not wish the females to hear the worst. In the meantime, the horses, startled by the report which the gun made, darted forward with renewed vigour, whilst the wolves made a stop to gather round the dead body of their companion.

'It will not last long,' murmured Rosko to himself. 'I know them well; they will soon be close behind us again; and their perseverance will put the best horse to shame.'

I now had an opportunity of seeing how great was Axinia's strength of mind. She spoke words of comfort to the weeping lady's-maid with perfect composure, and exhorted her to join her in prayer to Him whose will could instantaneously tame the wild beast of the desert. She sank on her knees in the bottom of the sleigh, and beside her the lady's-maid; but the latter was not capable of collecting her thoughts to pray, and she gave way to continued lamentations, and to repeated denunciations of the journey itself. By this time I had reloaded my rifle, and it lay against my shoulder in a state of readiness, whilst the horses were doing their best to escape from our pursuers.—Then the rushing, snuffing, and panting, drew nearer again: the dark mass came on with wonderful speed, and I soon perceived that a few of the creatures had outrun the others, and were approaching with their gaping jaws extended towards us. A second ball struck the most daring of them to the ground. I hoped by this again to gain time; I hoped that, favoured by the frequent stopping of the beasts over their dead comrades, we might be able to gain the outside of the forest, and perhaps some human dwelling. But how vain were my calculations with their dead companion as with the first! I had scarcely time to reload before they were after us again.

'It is all of no use,' whispered Rosko to me; 'the horses cannot last much longer, and then we are lost.'

And it is true that by this time there was a visible decrease in the strength of our horses; their breathing became an anxious gasping, and their pace unsteady. They did their best, for they knew that the bloodthirsty destroyers were at our heels, and that only speed could save us; but their powers were becoming more and more exhausted. Often had one or other of them already fallen on its knees, and then sprang up again with desperate effort. We were, indeed, in a fearful situation; I trembled for Axinia's life, not for my own. My balls brought down a few more of our pursuers, but that no longer disturbed them in their chase. They were now close behind us; their heavy breathing was more distinctly heard,—I could see their gaping jaws with the rows of frightful teeth, and their tongues hanging out; and I could see their savage, fiery eyes. And what a multitude was there of them! My last charge was expended, and I possessed no means of defence against the attack of the infuriated animals, except my two pistols, which had not yet been fired off, my hunting knife, and the butt-end of my rifle. This Rosko had remarked.

'There is still one hope left,' said he; 'I remember to have seen on our way here an uninhabited hunters' hut, which cannot now be far off. If we can succeed in reaching it, we are safe for the present; if not, the wolves will tear us to pieces, and relieve their fierce hunger with our flesh. If it comes to that, sir,' continued he, with a trembling voice, 'then—you have still the loaded pistol—then be compassionate and give your sister a speedy death, that she may not die by inches under the teeth of the wolves!'

I stared in speechless silence at the old man; a tear ran down his cheek; without speaking, he looked at me, and nodded his head, as if by that means to add force to what he had said. Never shall I forget that moment! A shudder ran through my veins; I looked into the innocent face of my sister; I turned my eyes in desperation towards heaven; it seemed to me that deliverance ought to come, and must come from above to that pure and pious being, who forgot all her earthly dangers in her resignation to the will of the Almighty. Then the panting and trampling came closer to us, and I saw that the foremost of the creatures had reached us, and that they seemed to be smelling our carriage, as if they wished first to see of what the freight consisted, before they made the attack. With my left hand I seized the ready-cocked pistol, and with a searching glance I looked at the head of my sister, in order to select that part where death would reach the surest and quickest. My right hand had mechanically drawn my hunting-knife. A veil of blood appeared to be drawn over my sight, and through the blood I beheld the praying Aixmia, the hungry wolves, and the wide waste of snow.—Then one of the creatures got nearer to our sleigh: it gave a frightful spring to clear its side, but my hunting-knife caught it in the flank as it sprang, and it fell dead before it reached us. Aixinia had sunk in terror by the side of the lady's maid, who had long since been cowering in the bottom of the sleigh.

'Well done!' cried Rosko to me, with all the spirit of a young man. 'Spare your powder, and use your knife! I can see the hut now. Hold out only a little longer, and then we shall be secure.' Then the bloody veil fell from before my eyes, and it became again light within me and around.—Rosko flogged the horses unmercifully, and once more the faithful beasts made incredible exertions; it seemed as if they felt that this was the last piece of service they should render their masters, and were therefore willing to put forth their last strength. In the meantime, I had put the pistol in my breast-pocket, and stood upright, with the gun-stock held up in my hand, ready to strike. Whether it was that this threatening attitude made an impression on our pursuers, or whether the accelerated speed of the horses was the cause, I know not; but so it was that we began to leave the savage monsters a little behind, and we gained a slight, but in our situation invaluable, advantage over them. I looked around me. There stood the hut; the door was open; and Rosko gave a cry of joy, as with his powerful hand he drew up the horses, and then sprung from his seat, saying: 'We are here—we are here!—Quickly out, and into the hut; there's not a moment to be lost!' But already had poor Axinia with wonderful energy, sprang out of the sleigh and into the hut; Rosko followed her, carrying the fainting lady's-maid; I was the last. As I was going in, the old man snatched the gun out of my hand, and rushed out again. I looked after him in astonishment; I saw that the wolves were coming up in enormous numbers, and I knew that they would be up with us in a minute or two. I called after him to come back, but his work was already done; with two cuts of the whip he had set the horses off again, into a full gallop, and had got back again just as two of the savage beasts came springing towards the hut. With two blows of the butt end of the gun he struck them both down, and then was by my side again; and just as the foremost of the pack reached the hut, and would have pressed in, we pushed too the strong oaken door, and bolted it with the iron bolt, which, providentially, we still found there.

I should in vain endeavour to describe the feelings I experienced at that moment. Many years have passed away since that time; I have gone through much that was calculated to try the soul; but never had I anything equal to these. The direct joy at the deliverance of my sister took possession of me, and with it the feeling that I had sinned against the greatness and the goodness of the Almighty. I felt the utmost contrition; I could not speak to Axinia, whose confidence in Heaven had never for a moment, and with a steady voice, was offering thanks for her merciful deliverance.—The snuffling and rattling of the wolves at the door roused me from the train of thought into which I had fallen. Rosko had had the presence of mind, when he went back to set the horses off, and thereby give them a chance of saving their lives, to snatch the lantern from the sleigh, and bring it with him into the hut. We now began to examine the interior, to see whether we were in safety; and as we did so, we heard the low growling of the wolves, which continued jumping against the door, and climbing against the windows; but fortunately the windows were fastened with very strong shutters. Mud-walls surrounded us, and a bank of earth was built on one side; a little hay rotten straw lay in a corner, and by the side of it lay an invaluable treasure, a heap of fire-wood, sufficient in all probability, to save us, during four-and-twenty hours, from the severity of the frost. The old servant lost not a moment in finding the discovery. A most grateful fire soon flamed in the middle of the room, the smoke from which went upwards and found an outlet at one of those openings in these hunters' huts. I now breathed more freely, and could look more calmly upon my sister, who had sat down quietly upon the earthen bank, and was engaged in endeavouring to restore the fainting lady's-maid, with Rosko's flask; she at last succeeded; and we all gathered round the fire, the beneficial effects of which soon gave us new life; and whilst we listened to the savage growling of our fearful enemies outside, we congratulated ourselves upon having escaped from them. The Frenchwoman, now that the paralysing effect of the fear had left her, began to describe, with astonishing volubility, all she had suffered, and how she had expected every moment to see one of the monsters spring into the sleigh and swallow us all up. I sat holding Axinia's hand in mine, and an expression of unspeakable joy might be seen in the faces of us both. Old Rosko alone appeared unmoved at the favor which fate had shown us; he sat looking with gloomy thoughtfulness into the rising flames; his brow was knit, and from time to time he shook his head. Suddenly we now heard resounding from a distance so loud and heart-piercing a cry of pain, that we looked at each other in astonishment, and Axinia crept close to me, as if for safety. I had never heard a sound like it before; it could be the tones of no human being that pierced the air with so much strength, and I knew of no animal the cry of which it resembled. It soon ceased; but the piteous complaint, the heart-piercing distress of that tone continued to sound in our ears. Rosko had gone uneasily towards the door, and was looking through a crack in it. It had now become stiller without, and it appeared to me that the growling and howling of the wolves no longer sounded so directly in our neighborhood. Old Rosko came back from the door, and he must have seen in the expression of my face an interrogation as to the shocking, unnatural tones we had heard.

(To be concluded in our next.)

SINGULAR ILLUSTRATION OF INDIAN SAGACITY.—A correspondent of the Tribune writing from Philadelphia, says, "Appropos of Gov. Floyd: when he was in the gubernatorial chair of Virginia, it become his duty, as chief Executive of the State, to pay over to a certain tribe of Indians a sum of money which has been bequeathed to them by a distinguished son of Virginia, in whose veins coursed Indian blood. The Indians assembled at the executive chamber to receive the money. The Governor, as a matter of course, was bound to make a speech on the occasion. It commenced grandly by saying, 'Brethren—I am proud to call you brothers, for the blood of the red man courses through my veins as well as yours.' Whereupon an old chief stepped up to the Governor, put his finger down the back of the Governor's neck, and then under his own nose, and exclaimed, 'No Indian, Nigger! Nigger!'"

ST PAUL'S SHIPWRECK.

In the second edition of Mr. Smith of Jordanhill's Voyage and Shipwreck of St Paul, there occurs a new and important observation, confirming and illustrating the narrative of St. Luke. It consists of the discovery of the ruins of the town of Lasea, mentioned by Luke as nigh unto the Fair Havens, on the south coast of Crete, the modern Candia. The place is not mentioned by other ancient authors, and its site has been purely conjectural. The discovery was made during a yacht cruise, in the month of January last, by Hugh Tennent, Esq., of Wellpark, Glasgow, and the Rev. George Brown, a young preacher of the Free Church, and son of Robert Brown, Esq., of Fairley.

The progress now making in the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway must convince all lookers on that the union of the Colonies by rail must take place at no very distant date.—[Sackville Borderer.

A heavy snow storm, which commenced on Saturday night last, has continued, at intervals, till Wednesday afternoon. The inhabitants are shoveling snow from the main road, which has drifted in places 7 or 8 feet high.—Ib.

RAILWAYS IN AUSTRALIA.—The second line of railway in New South Wales—or rather an extension of the original line—was opened for public traffic on the 1st of September last. The first line was from Sydney to Parramatta, distance thirteen and a half miles;—the second line is from Parramatta to Liverpool, a distance of eight and a half miles. The arrangements for the working of the line provide for the running of six trains daily from each end, between Sydney and Liverpool. The time occupied by the journey will be seventy two minutes, and the fares by the three classes 1s., 5s 6d., and 7s 6d. respectively. The charge for carriage of goods is 2s. 9d. per cwt. The entire cost of the new line, exclusive of rolling stock, is about £76,000. The first portion of the line is estimated to have cost £500,000.—[Emigration Record.

HISTORY AND FACT.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," writes as follows:—

"It never rains in Egypt; centuries may elapse without more than a shower of drizzling mist moistening the surface of the soil. It is said that it has not rained in Egypt for 1700 years.

A correspondent of the *Times*, whose letter is dated Alexandria, Oct. 21, writes as follows:—

Englishmen express their astonishment at the heavy rains we have lately experienced, having come with the erroneous impression that it never rains in Egypt."

It is asked is this the first which has appeared in Egypt for 1700 years.

We heard a good story of a rustic youth and country girl, who sat facing each other at the supper table of a husking party. The youth, smitten with the charms of the beautiful maid, only vented his passion in sly looks, and now and then touching Patty's toe with his foot under the table. At that time, there being no Bloomers, the girl, either fearful of the purity of her stockings, or determined to make the youth express what he appeared warmly to feel, bore with his advances a little while in silence, when she cried out, "Look here, if you love me, tell me so, but don't pinch my stockings."

LOSS OF VOICE.—In many instances the rapid loss of voice experienced by young singers of the present day, may be imputed to the ignorance of modern composers, who, instead of studying the natural construction of the human voice, and adapting their vocal musical creation to the display of its wonderful and varied powers, endeavour to force it to the execution of difficult instrumental passages, entirely unfitted for vocal performances, and therefore ineffective, even when conquered by hard practice, and performed with all the correctness of a violin or clarionet. —*Sabilla Novello.*

Two boys, one of them blind, of an eye, were discussing on the merits of their respective masters. "How many hours do you get sleep?" asked one. "Eight," replied the other. "Eight! why, I only gets four." "Ah," replied the first, "but recollect, you have only one eye to close and I have two."

BRITISH EDUCATION.—During the retreat of the British troops in Holland, after they were floundering through the ice, the commanding officer called out to the men to form two deep. "Bless me," said a grenadier, "are we to march between two mountains of mud?" "Fix bayonets and charge!—I am up to my neck!" roared the adjutant.

What makes a man and woman fall in love? Because one of them has a heart of steel and t'other a heart of flint, and when they come together they strike fire, and that is love!!

FEMALE SOCIETY.—Without female society it has been justly said that the beginning of men's troubles would be hopeless; the middle would be hopeless; the end would be hopeless. Without the sex, we should be all out of joint, and in a confusion as to our affairs.

A LESSON FOR DRUNKARDS.—Come home drunkard and then your friends will discover in you qualities of the most superlative excellence, the existence of which, in your moments of most intoxicated vanity, you never suspected before.

If you wish to know what are the "ups and downs of life," get drunk some day when the sidewalks are covered with ice.

Poor Condition
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