

ward for the detection of any of the gain, and sent spies out in all directions, besides doubling the number of police and military stationed in the neighbourhood, but all as yet to no purpose.

It was a dark and dreary December evening—the snow lay deep upon the ground, and a hard frost was rapidly concealing its minutest particles together. The sky was cloudless and uncommonly bright, while thousands of silver stars lit up its broad, blue, dome, and a fresh, cold breeze sighed mournfully through the leafless branches. The interior of Brody's cabin was only lighted by a decaying peat fire, which dimly showed the confused and disarranged appearance of every thing within. Beside that fire a female form, holding a child to her bosom, was sitting, or rather crouching down, while with one hand she feebly poked the turf ashes together, to try and gain even a little warmth. She was lean to emaciation, and there was no ruddy glow of health on her cheek, and her outstretched arm was faded. The child at her breast began to cry, and she tried to soothe it, while the faltering, indistinct tones of her voice came hollow, and with a great seeming effort, from her chest. That degraded looking, stooping figure, so mean and so dejected, was Rose—the once bright and beautiful Rose—the pride of her father, and the joy of her brother's heart. For months, her husband's affairs had been growing worse and worse; and as rumour said that he was connected with the midnight band to which we have alluded, both her father and brother, from whom could not now be disguised the secret of her ill treatment, wanted to withdraw her entirely under their own protection. But she would not leave her husband, as, let him act however he pleased, her love was still unchanged, and as fervent as ever; and from this out, she was in a manner left alone, as her father ceased his importunities and his visits, and her brother, having got married, was so engrossed with his new cares, as to be for some time forgetful of his once dearly loved sister.

A tear had fallen on her infant's face, (it was her last baby, and the only survivor of three), and she brushed it hastily away, though another and another followed it in quick succession, when on a sudden the tramp of rapid and hurried footsteps was heard outside, and the crazy door of the cabin was burst in with a rude shock, and a single figure, hastily entering, closed it as quickly as possible. He bore a dark lantern in his hand, which he set down on the table, and then proceeded to divest himself of his muffler and hat, retaining still his tightly belted, though loosely made coat. It was Dick Brady himself—but, oh! how changed from the first time we have described him to the reader. His face was still strikingly handsome, and his eyes as black and brilliant as ever; but there was a devil in their glance, and an evil soul beamed forth in every change of feature. His gestures were bold and sudden. His whole outward man bore the sullen; and his whole disposed midnight raze, and perhaps plunderer.

"Well, Richard, is it you at last?" weakly asked his wife, without rising up from her crouching position.

"Yes, don't you see it is, without asking questions?" he sharply replied. "But come stir yourself, an' get me somethin' to ate, for, phoo! I'm famished; and he began to blow the tops of his fingers to create heat.

"You know, Richard," she meekly and uncomplainingly answered, "I've got nothin' to get you, unless two or three potatoes, which I'll hate for you to wish. It's sad change from the comfort I once knew!"

"Am I to be always annoyed with this complainin' an' whinin'?" he fiercely exclaimed. "Nothin' but growl, growl, from mornin' till night. I'm sure, I wish you'd never left yer comfort, as you call it!"

The meek, broken-hearted Rose did not answer this unfeeling rebuke, but raised her eyes timidly to his face with one reproachful look, and then, seeing nought there but cruelty and harshness, she sobbed convulsively, and burst into a fit of tears. This somewhat moved him, and he advanced, and taking her hand, raised her up, saying, in a gentler tone of voice, though one far, far removed from his former bland and sweet intonations—

"Come, come, Rose, I didn't mean id so had as all that. Now, like a good girl, don't cry, an' think no more about it! Let this kiss make us friends—do now—I'll never spake so to you agin." Then leading her to the table, and opening the side of the dark lantern, which immediately sent forth a brilliant gleam of light, he pulled a heavy purse from his pocket,

which seemed full of gold, and continued— "Look there, Rose; we'll not want money for some time now, any how, and no thanks to any one for it," and he spilled out a quantity of guineas on the rude table.

Her breath, as she gazed, was gaspishly drawn in—her hand shook like an autumn leaf—her voice was husky in her throat as she tried to speak, and her eyes stared wildly at him, as she at length forced out—

"Where—where did this come from, Richard? Don't deavne a new. I've dhraded it all this long time. Oh, gracious Heaven! you won't answer I'm—miserable—miserable!—Richard!—husband!—man!—will you tell me—where did you get so much gold?"

"Phoo! phoo! child," he sneered in a sarcastic tone, "I don't care for yer suspicions. What matter wher I got id?—I'll say, if you like I found id—will that satisfy you?"

While speaking, he had carelessly been tossing it about with his fingers, which, by the mere motion, brought immediately into the single gleam of light emitted by the lantern, and upon which her eyes immediately became riveted, while the blood coagulated about her heart, and horror-struck in the glare of her dull (rightened) eyes.

"Man!" she shrieked "there is blood upon you hand!"

A tiger bounding from his lair on some helpless prey, was not more furious than he at this expression. He hastily chuckled it from the light, and seizing both of hers, drew her face close to his, which for the first time was turned away in aversion, and hissed in her ear—

"There is blood upon id—but what then? dare you betray me? Rose Lacy, would you dare betray me?"

"Betray you?" she feebly almost inarticulately, repeated, her heart recoiling with horror at the thought. "He that sees our hearts, an' is watchin' us this minnit, knows I could not!"

He was about to reply; but the noise as if of a number of men advancing to the front door was heard outside, and he hastily extinguished the lantern, swept the gold into the purse, and muttered—

"Rose, I must away!—don't say I was here!"

Then he strained her to his bosom with fetters, and imprinting one long and burning kiss on her cold, cold lips, rushed to an inner room, where a window overlooked a thick shrubbery; and in another moment her ear, which listened with painful acuteness, heard his fall outside. It seemed as if, at that moment of guilt and detection, all acuteness, all his former love returned; at least, so thought his poor and wretched wife, whose heart rose from its depth of misery, to welcome with joy—pure, unspokeable joy—the wild, visionary delusion!

He had scarcely disappeared, till the door was driven in, and a party consisting of eight or nine armed police, entered the cabin, and without preface seized poor Rose, and bound her, while one or two passed into the inner apartment to look for her husband. Nothing could equal their disappointment on finding that he had escaped; and they cursed with fury as they roughly interrogated her. She would not utter a word in answer, so fearful was she of saying ought that could implicate him; and so perceiving that present examination was useless, they departed, bearing her with them, and allowing her, as an especial favour, to retain her child. From their conversation, she could gather that her husband was none other than the leader of the gang which had so long infested that neighbourhood, and he had at last been informed on by a treacherous comrade, who could not resist the offer of the reward; but it was not till the following morning at the police station; that—the measure of her woes was full," for she heard them speak of a man who was found murdered on the night previous, and who was known to have a large sum of money in gold about him. The gold her husband had shown her—the blood on his hand—his rage at her noticing it—all rushed in one tumult to her mind, and thrilled the very marrow of her bones, as she thought that he!—her choice!—her lover!—her husband!—was a brutal and blood-stained murderer! Oh! such agonies as those rend the very deepest places of the soul, and scar it as with a hot iron—making the blood boil, and maddening the brain, as if a heated in a furnace!

They could not detain her, as they had nothing to lay to her charge; and on her brother calling, they surrendered her up to him, although she was scarcely conscious whether he was leading her.

Weeks and months rolled by, and still there was no tidings of "the handsome captain;" and the redoubled reward that was then offered for his apprehension, seemed likely to be of no service in his arrest. Rose, whose constitution was almost broken with constant suffering, had taken a severe fever on her removal to her brother's house, and reved with frightful paroxysms of madness. Then she grew calm and conscious, and spoke quietly to those around her—but it was the calm which precedes death. Her whole wish, expressed alike in her ravings and in her collected moments, was, that some tidings would arrive to convince her that her Richard was not a murderer—that the last charge against him was false; and she did not care if the whole world believed it, so as she knew it to be without foundation. The last evening that she lived, the news arrived that he had been pursued to where he had taken shipping, and was made prisoner, and had in a fit of despair confessed himself the murderer of the man whose body was found. This was thoughtlessly uttered by some one in her hearing, and scarcely were they aware of their indiscretion, when a bubbling cry of "Lord, pardon him," was heard issuing from her lips—then a low fearful groan, and her sufferings were over.

This is a simple, unvarnished, not exaggerated tale, unfortunately, too true. The moral needs not to be pointed out.

One week from the burial of Rose Lacy, Brady underwent the last sentence of the law, and died despairing of the past, and degrading the future.

UNITED KINGDOM.

Ministers, it is said, destine Mr. Spring Rice for the Speaker's Chair, in the event of Mr. Abercromby's resignation; but whether with the view of availing themselves of his talents in one capacity, or getting rid of them in another, is not stated.—Cumberland Packet.

William Laidlaw, Esq., the confidential friend of the late Sir Walter Scott, has lately been appointed factor to Sir Charles Ross of Balmagowan, and is now residing at Barnagowan Castle, the magnificent and beautiful seat in Ross-shire.

REPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.—We believe that the quickest reporting ever known was Mr. Shiel's speech at Penenden-heath which appeared in print in London, about three hours after it was spoken. Our readers will admit that the following instance of despatch throes the above into total insignificance.—Sir William Molesworth's speech on the Canada question was actually received in Cornwall in a printed form, with all the anticipated "hear, hear," and "great laughter," "cheers" and other parliamentary expressions, more than three hours before it was spoken in the House of Commons!—Cornwall Royal Gazette.

The loss of property in British shipping wrecked or foundered at sea is estimated at three million sterling per annum and the loss of life from the same cause is not less than 1000 a year.

32,045 persons emigrated from Liverpool last year, being 806 less than the year previous.

There are 25,000 members of the temperance society in Liverpool.

39,000,000 of letters, and 30,000,000 of papers pass through all the post offices of Great Britain in a year.

The average value of the total amount of grain raised in Great Britain and Ireland is £30,000,000, barley £10,000,000, and oats £6,000,000.

The value of potatoes is stated to be upwards of £29,000,000, or about \$80,000,000. George the IV. continues to have an immense sale, and is attributed (spite of a feeble denial in the John Bull) to Lady Charlotte Bury, who as Lady C. Campbell, was attached as a lady in waiting to Queen Caroline, while Princess of Wales. Lady Charlotte has been rather gay, and wound up by marrying a young clergyman, her son's tutor.

"The Weather Almanack, by P. Murphy, Esq." London.—This work published at one shilling and sixpence has ran since christmas into 45 editions say 200,000 copies. It is a fact, that the run for it is so great that Whittier, the London publisher, has been obliged to have a policeman at his shop door to keep off the mob of buyers. The work has been stereotyped, and though 11 presses were daily at work, when the Murphy-mania was in its utmost demand, they could not keep up the needful supply! very few copies were sold until after January 20 the prediction for which

day was that it would probably be the coldest day of the season—accordingly, it was five degrees lower than the lowest temperature for many years. "Murphy's weather almanack" is a simple almanack, which foretells through the whole year what the weather of each day shall be. So many of his predictions have come true that it is clear he has data to rely on. The new papers now regularly publish the predictions. This sale of 200,000 copies gives a profit of £5000 already! And the book will sell all through the year.

5,400 invitations were given at the royal ball at the Tuileries, Paris, on the 10th of Jan. Large numbers of the clergy attended.

UNITED STATES.

New York, March 24.—The London packets did not sail yesterday on account of head winds and thick weather.

The London packets lately arrived here brought out the following amounts of gold, in sovereigns:

Table with 2 columns: Ship Name, Amount. Ship Toronto: \$96,000; Ship Ontario: \$96,000; Ship Westminster: \$146,000.

Total amount ----- \$338,000

The Senate of Michigan have, by a unanimous resolution voted their thanks to Gen. Scott for his prompt and energetic conduct in preserving peace on the frontier, and sustaining the neutrality of the United States during the late Canadian troubles.—N. E. Evening Star.

At the close of the last year there were 602 convicts in the Ohio penitentiary.

A Theatre for blacks is about being opened in New Orleans.

The New York Post Office now receives the small notes of the city banks.

A centre table is exhibiting in New York, in which are several millions of pieces of marble.

"Three Degrees of Banking," is the name of a new play recently brought out in Boston.

We have recently read some horrid accounts of the ravages of the small pox among the Western tribes of Indians. It is estimated that not less than fifty thousand have become a prey to the disease, which is still raging.

The whole number of banks in the United States is 794. Capital stock paid in, \$300,299,185. Circulation exclusive of bills held by the banks, \$99,561,584. Specie, \$30,627,604.

The number of packages of silk exported from Havre to New York in November, 1839, was 2,827; last November the number was only 219. Our ladies must put up with homespun in these times.

There are 8,000 papers in New York. The profits of the Ohio Penitentiary the last year amounted to \$8,152.

Cooke, who was recently burnt out at Baltimore, has started a new circus in Philadelphia.

The Right Rev. Wm. Murray Stone, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Maryland, died on the 25th ult.

The project of a ship canal around the Falls of Niagara begins to attract the attention of the Western merchants.

The brig Poutney, from Sinal, arrived at New York, reports that on the 23rd February, at noon, in lat. 25, long. 79 30, passed five dead bodies afloat; one woman and child near to each other, and three men about half a mile apart.

A petition has been presented to the Pennsylvania Senate, one hundred 85 feet in length and signed by nearly five thousand ladies of the city of Philadelphia, praying legislative interference to prevent the increase of taverns and grog shops in that city.

A child in Baltimore, aged five years, seeing its father drink some whiskey in the course of the evening, and observing where the bottle was placed, rose from his bed, and drank so much that it expired before morning.

A house was recently destroyed by fire in Michigan, together with five children, the father barely escaping. The mother was absent.

Parker & Co.'s extensive paper manufactory at Sudbury, Mass. with a large quantity of stock, has been totally destroyed by fire.

UPPER CANADA.

Toronto, 2nd March.—Last week, two soldiers of the City Guards were accidentally shot when on drill, one through the arm, and the other through the leg. The latter died in consequence on the following day. This distressing accident arose from the circumstance