

## POETRY.

HOME.

BY DR. PERCIVAL.

There is a spot, a quiet spot, which blooms  
On earth's cold, heartless desert. It hath power  
To give a sweetness to the darkest hour,  
As in the starless midnight, from the rose,  
Now dipped in dew, sweeter perfume flows;  
And suddenly the wanderer's heart assumes  
New courage, and he keeps his course along,  
Cheering the darkness with a whispered song:  
At every step a purer, fresher air  
Salutes him, and the winds of morning bear  
Soft odours from the violet beds and vines;  
And thus he wanders, till the dawning shines  
Above the misty mountains, and a hue  
Of vermeil blushes on the cloudless blue,  
Like health disporting on the downy cheek---  
It is time's fairest moment---as a dove  
Shading the earth with azure wings of love,  
The sky broods o'er us, and the cool winds speak  
The peace of nature, and the waters fall,  
From leap to leap, more sweetly musical;  
And, from the cloudy bosom of the vale,  
Come, on the dripping pinions of the gale,  
The simple melody of early birds  
 wooing their mates to love; the low of herds,  
And the faint bleating of the new-born lambs  
Pursuing, with light bounding steps, their dams;  
Again the shepherd's whistle, and the bark,  
That shrilly answers to his call; and hark!  
As o'er the trees the golden rays appear,  
Rise the last joyous song of chanticleer,  
Who moves in stately pomp before his train,  
Till, from his emerald neck, and burnished wings,  
The playful light a dazzling beauty flings,  
As if the stars had lit their fires again---  
So sweetly to the wanderer o'er the plain,  
The rose, the jessamine, and every flower,  
That spreads its leaflets in the dewy hour,  
And catches in its bell, night's viewless rain,  
In tempered balm their rich aroma shower;  
And with this charm the morning on his eye  
Looks from her portals in the eastern sky,  
And throws her blushes o'er the sleeping earth,  
And wakes it to a fresh and lovely birth---  
O! such a charm adorns that fairest spot,  
Where noise and revelry disturb me not,  
But all the spirits that console me come,  
And o'er me spread a peaceful canopy,  
And stand with messages of kindness by,  
And one sweet dove, with eyes that look me blessed,  
Sits brooding all my treasures in her nest,  
Without one slightest wish the world to roam,  
Or leave me, and that quiet dwelling---home.

## THE NOVELIST.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF A MURDERER.

Our counsel was taken together---the plan was at my instigation---the measures for accomplishing it were chiefly directed by me. But on the horrible night, when my fellow-ruffian accomplished our joint purpose, I stood aloof through cowardice or caution; and when subsequently he was arrested for the murder which he had committed, avarice absorbed all other feelings, and my evidence in a court of justice doomed him to death.

We had been school-fellows, and he once had traits of character which rendered him a choice companion and gentle friend: even in his debasement, a vein of that original purity remained; and as I went down from the witness-box, his eye fell upon me, and I read on his suffering countenance, a tale of other days---There was no vindictive passion towards his betrayer; he was sorrowful, but calm; and in silence he gave me a token that he had pardoned his treacherous comrade.

I stalked about the city, scarce knowing whether I should be applauded or hated for my conduct. There was a hope that men's curiosity would soon turn into admiration, and I calculated on a golden harvest for my pains. I had a mother-too, who had not seen me for many weeks---I dared not seek her, yet I could not bear to depart without one word of love and benediction from her aged lips. So, when the morning came that my associate perished for our common crime, my restlessness carried me near to the throng that looked breathlessly on the execution; and I heard the air rent with shouts of indignant appeal for another victim, and my name was clamoured for---Some one on the outskirts of the mob looked as though he recognised me, and I fled without food, though I had worldly riches enough to purchase it, in the relics of my plunder from the old woman, which we had not yet squandered, as had been our wont, in riot and in revelry!

The day was in midsummer---How long, how parching hot it seemed! My feet dragged heavily along the dust of the bye-road, but my heart was still heavier. Some, whom I met, saluted me with a kind of welcome---they were strangers, or they would not have done so. Did it not seem strange that the field labourers should pursue with so little weariness their harassing duties, singing merry songs all the while, and laughing with one another, while the sun stood just over them in heaven, so pitilessly bright and hot? Shall I take shelter, I thought, in this rude tavern, and forget myself in the hospitable garrulity of its master? Stop! I see the figures of other men within the doorway, and how can I stand amongst them?

On, on, on!--The sun surely will not stand still on this day only of the latter ages; kind twilight, and the happy shades of night, must befriend me soon---On! far from my home---my hopes---my remembrances! A desert cannot so imprison me, as that home. Despair itself is more cheerful than my present hope,---oblivion, vacancy, madness, would be dearer to me than my recollection!

Far enough from the scene of my disgrace, I might now, it seemed, betake myself to a resting-place for the night. I looked timidly at the people, but they returned my look without suspicion, and I sat down

in the midst of them---I ate food for the first time since day-break. I listened to their discourse, and tried to join in it, but my heart sickened, for they began to prate about the late murder and its expiation. They gave me a newspaper, and bade me read for their entertainment the full story of that morning's horrible scene; and the crowds collected, and by their expressions evinced at once their interest in the tale, and their hatred of the unpunished criminal. They thought, perhaps, I might share in these emotions!

And thus, for days I wandered, without one tranquil hour of thought or slumber; sometimes known by my chance companions, and hooted down, and taunted as a double malefactor, whose penalty could only be inflicted by themselves. Sometimes, self-discovered by excess of fear or excitement; but never free from the spectre of self-accusation, whose features grew more and more tangible; whose airy dress had almost lost its transparency, to be replaced by stronger, and grosser, and more definite attributes---What refuge was there for a heart so houseless? Man-kind pronounced themselves leagued to render it an eternal outcast.

One event, that even now would curdle up the blood in a thousand veins, if for a moment thought upon, was, as it were, the seal set upon my misery. I entered into a vulgar alehouse, and seated myself in a side parlour, to be away whilst it was possible, from the ordinary haunt of village tipplers. The furniture or arrangement of the room did not provoke my observation. The boy brought me what I ordered, and as he left the room, loitered in the doorway to examine my appearance, as I afterwards discovered, though I was then unconscious of his motive. When I looked up, he retreated; but his stupid eye was glistening with unwonted significance. Presently, another came into the apartment, for some foolish pretence; sauntered here and there, and went away in much the same manner. Lastly, the master of the house himself advanced, and stood full fronting me for a minute or two, with his eyes raised above my head, and uttering a few words to me about ordinary matters, as if to allay my suspicions, and concluding with some such sentence as this, with which he broke forth, abruptly and incoherently---"No sense!--It cannot be! I said so before; it cannot be the same!"---he left me to myself, and I rose, to ascertain if possible the meaning of this mystery. It was soon apparent. Suspended against the wall, immediately above my head, was a rude, harsh print, freshly fitted to an old frame, and my own name was under it in huge letters, with a sentence lower down, in smaller characters, announcing the particulars of my recent life. The lineaments were coarse and ill-favoured, as the artist would naturally ascribe to such a character; but the resemblance might be confidently traced. My soul sunk into its uttermost depths, for I knew that my concealment could no longer be hoped for; I knew that my lable was on my forehead---my curse was every where!

Yet I went on; and as the phrase goes, lived well: some of the gold still remained, and more of the jewellery, which had been generously allotted to me as my share in the plunder, though I gave no assistance in the act which procured it. The former was spent freely, and the latter could be available only with much caution. I passed through a large and commercial town, and discovered one, perhaps as wicked as myself, who gave me a compensation in money for the jewels which he could not but believe to have been stolen. My purse was weighed down with the price of this barter: I ate, drank, and lived well. But the knave who provided me with the means of riot, thought to do himself a further service, and plotted to deliver me into the hands of justice for a presumed crime. But I foiled him; for I was by this time an experienced, and therefore a cautious fugitive. Still, the further I went, the more securely I could employ my money, and consequently mix with others as a fellow-creature. They wondered at my wealth---they wondered at my misery---they thought that a man should be merry who could live so well. It was not for them to know that every morsel of food I so purchased tasted to me like poison. The old woman's money fell from me like the drops of her own blood, which I was spilling at each fresh expenditure. It was not strange, therefore, that I still kept apart from these companions, and went alone over the face of the country, dreading all the common ways of men; but most of all, the thoughts of rest and home.

Days went by unnoticed, undistinguished. The endings and the beginnings of time's various divisions were all confused. One evening, covered with the dust and mire of a long journey, with my bundle in my hand, and altogether wearing the aspect of a wayfarer, I entered a calm and happy village. The slender spire rose from a bosom of rich forest trees; its bell was ringing a soothing and solemn cadence; the country people were collecting in front of the open door, in their cleanly attire; and contentment rested on the face of all nature. The poor houses, scattered about with little uniformity of size or arrangement, were for the most part closed. A few only seemed yet to retain their tenants, and at the threshold of these I saw the elders of the family, half impatiently looking backward and forward, till they were joined by the young people, whose tardiness kept them thus late within doors. Then, hastily proceeding, they also fell in with the general procession, and by amended speed made up for the time they had so lost. Presently, the whole village was like a solitude. The stragglers had ceased to follow, one by one, in rear of the more punctual portion of their little community; the church bell had ended its summons; not a door or shutter but seemed closed; and on the margin of the central pond, which was the resort of many a holiday beast---now that their masters were elsewhere occupied, the very animals, to my fancy, seemed touched by a gentler spirit, and moved themselves with some instinct of reverence for the ceremony which that day renewed.

I was alone there! No footsteps but mine startled the chirping birds from their hereditary boughs; the brute creatures gazed at me as something strange, for every one besides had left them to their peace. What sudden feeling stole upon me in that solemn hour? Who turned my feet from their old path? I followed the track which I had seen so many others pursue,

and the wicker gate at which it terminated opened easily on its hinges, even to my touch; and, through an avenue of yew trees and aged elms, I sauntered in a composed mood to the very church door---no one opposed my entrance---I advanced, and was in the midst of the congregation. The sight of so strange a figure disturbed many a one, I think, from their pious thoughts; and when I raised my eyes, I saw the looks of contempt; or rather pity still less pleasing, on their countenances; and they moved backward, as if to avoid a contact with one so foul; so that I stood once more alone, in the centre of the sacred and full house of God---unreached by charity, even at a time when its exercise was most encouraged. My heart drooped as of old---my social spirit left me, and I was shrinking back again to the door, which I had so lately entered with the calmness of restored health, when some one---a single creature of them all---held forth to me the hand of human fellowship.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## BIOGRAPHY

## POLISH HEROES.

MICHEL WOLLÓWICZ AND LEON PRZECŁAWSKI, concluded.

This new mission was more hazardous than the first; for its accomplishment it was necessary to traverse in all its length, the narrow palatinate of Augustow, occupied by 20,000 Russians, to deceive along a route of 200 leagues, the vigilance of the civil and military authorities. But the souls of the two Lithuanians were too strongly nerved, to be daunted by the dangers of the enterprise.

They left Warsaw on the 11th of April, 1831, armed with guns, sabres, and pistols, and continued their journey in a carriage, as far as Prasnysk, but foreseeing the impossibility of traversing the Russian army in this manner, they resolved to proceed on their perilous route on foot. Some leagues further they met with an envoy despatched into Lithuania, like themselves, by the Polish government, who was retracing his steps to Warsaw, having found it impossible to effect a passage. The recital of his failure, the details of the dangers and difficulties which he had encountered, could nothing deter Wollówicz and his companion; they persevered in their mission, trusting to their enterprising courage, and the justice of their cause.

For a length of time they were obliged to proceed with the utmost caution: here, compelled to throw themselves into a marsh, there, to conceal themselves in a forest; marching only during the night, and sometimes during the most horrible tempests.

At last they succeeded in joining a detachment of the Lithuanian partizan Godlewski, under the command of Captain Modlenski. This detachment was scouring the country, in order to pick up deserters from the Russian army. They had not parted company with it above an hour, when the whole detachment were made prisoners by the enemy. The captain, with the view of purchasing his pardon, discovered to the Russians that two Polish emissaries, charged with secret instructions from the government of Warsaw, were in the immediate environs. In a moment fifty cuirassiers, and twenty cossacks dashed forward in pursuit of the two Lithuanians, and pursued them as far as the Nieman. This long chase, in which seventy horsemen galloped in the traces of the two fugitives, was marked by a series of incidents that are not without interest. Along their whole route, escaping by miracle from their pursuers, Wollówicz and Przecławski, met from all classes succour, and frequently a protecting asylum. Overwhelmed with fatigue, surrounded always by increasing dangers, and obliged to make long detours, they never invoked in vain the sacred name of their country to obtain aid and compassion. Once, at the moment when they arrived, almost breathless, at a small town, a Russian corps, loaded with booty, was entering at the opposite gate. They were on the point of being captured and loaded with irons, when a man made signs to them to follow him, and conducted them to a place of safety. In another place, some persons, bribed by the Russians, gave information of the place of their concealment. A detachment was already approaching, when a peasant favoured their escape, and pointed out to them the safest route. On another occasion, a worthy curate received the patriots in his house, and by his care and attention, cured Przecławski, who was ill and exhausted from fatigue. A devotion on his part, that drew down on him the persecution of the Russian authorities. Shortly afterwards their presence in the cabin of a "garde forestier," gave rise to an act of heroism in a boy of fourteen years of age. The two emissaries had just quitted this asylum, when its owner, fearing the persecutions of the Russians, hid himself, and left this child its only tenant. A few minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the Russians arrive and ask what had become of the guard, for the purpose of interrogating him. In vain, to obtain the secret of his master's retreat, do the Russians employ by turns, ruse and violence, promises and threats---the sight of gold had no effect upon this faithful boy, who preserved an obstinate silence. When, at length, the barbarians could obtain nothing from him, enraged at his heroic resistance, they inflicted on him the punishment of the knout.

Such acts of patriotic devotion were the more honorable, as the Grand Duke Michael and Gen. Sacken had set a price upon the heads of the two envoys, and had offered a reward of a thousand silver roubles (£160) to whoever should give them up.

Thus succoured and saved in so many instances, Wollówicz and Przecławski pursued their route, still surrounded with ambuscades and perils, till they at length reached the banks of the Nieman in safety. They saluted, with delight, their native land, and forgot their fatigue in the embraces of their friends. They communicated immediately to the insurgent chiefs, that the national government of Warsaw waited, with impatience, the arrival of the Lithuanian deputies, in order to deliberate on the future destinies and organization of the two people. They added, that two vessels, laden with arms and ammunition, would shortly make their appearance off the harbour of Polangen.

This mission fulfilled, our two courageous patriots did not think that they had done enough; without taking any repose, they joined the commander-in-chief of the insurrection of Telsze, and fought with him at the battle of Dorbiany. After a sanguinary affair, in which the chances of the day were twice turned, the Samogitians remained masters of the town. Two thousand insurgents, with scarcely seven rounds of ball-cartridge a-head, marched upon Polangen, but the superior forces which the Russians had concentrated upon this point, defeated the attempt. In all these actions, as well as that of Towrogi, which was fought later, Wollówicz and Przecławski nobly signaled themselves. They were both made captains on the field, and presented as candidates for the military decoration of Poland.

At this period, the state of affairs in Lithuania rendered it requisite to despatch two men, of known devotion to Poland. Wollówicz and Przecławski again offered themselves, and set out on their mission; but, at Rayrod, having fallen in with the corps of General Gielgud, advancing on Wilna, they thought their object fulfilled, and joined him. Wollówicz, although a captain in the service, entered the ranks of the 19th regiment, as a private soldier, which formed a part of Scymanowski's corps. Appointed, subsequently, aid-de-camp to this general, he was present at the three actions of Szawli; and at a later period, at those of Uzeventy, Chwaloynie, Powendene, Wornia, Szweksznia, Gordonia, and Nove-Miasto. Przecławski, on his side, attached to the corps of Gielgud, greatly distinguished himself in the action at Szawli.

When the cause at last became desperate, our two patriots retired into Prussia, with the wreck of the Polish Lithuanian army; but solely occupied with the question of national independence, that was making its expiring effort under the walls of Warsaw, they could not remain inactive while their countrymen were heroically defending the last bulwark of the Polish cause. Wollówicz succeeded in escaping, disguised as a Prussian, with two comrades as intripid as himself; but they had not proceeded many leagues, ere they were arrested. The Prussian General Schilpnagel, formerly in the Russian service, tried them by a court-martial, which sentenced them to confinement in the prison of Tilsit, where he was treated with the utmost rigour. More than once they offered him his liberty, on condition of giving his word of honour that he would not again bear arms against the Russians, but on his repeatedly and indignantly rejecting the offer, he was conducted to the fortress of Pilau, and thrown among the common malefactors. After the capture of Warsaw he was at liberty; but General Schilpnagel refused him the consolation of going to embrace his aged father, a refugee like himself, in Prussia, and a victim, at the age of sixty, to the cause of freedom and public virtue.

At last, after great fatigues and numerous vexations, Wollówicz arrived in France. He was joined there by his father, and by his friend and companion in arms, Przecławski, who also, after having made several fruitless attempts to escape, had been set at liberty at the same time, and had selected France as the land of his exile.

POPULATION OF ANCIENT ROME---In a French work recently published on Roman statistics by the Comte de Tournon, the notions of a large amount of population in ancient Rome are decidedly combated.---The Count thinks there were no more than 16,000 at the death of Romulus; about 30,000 at the death of Numa; from 50,000 to 60,000 at the end of the reign of Tullus Hostilius; from 90,000 to 100,000 at the death of Ancus Martius; and that long subsequently, in the reign of Aurelian, Rome did not contain more than 270,000 inhabitants.

The King of Prussia is accustomed to have a statement of the health of his army laid before him every month. From the last report it appears that there are no less than 10,000 men sick in the hospitals.

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