

them for the present adieu, and went to Inverness.

He had no business to transact there; his only object was to obtain the aid of justice in pursuit of the three men whom he supposed to be the murderers. Neil McKinnon was apprehended at the house where Laidlaw first saw him, but though his guilt was strongly suspected, no positive proof could be adduced against him, and he was dismissed. The two other men were never heard of. It was supposed that they had gone on board a smuggling cutter, which left Fort-William, and afterwards perished, with all its crew, in the sound of Mull.

The dream still continued to agitate the young yeoman's mind to a great degree, and from being the gayest farmer of the Borders, he returned as thoughtful as a philosopher.

WHAT IS LIFE?

Oh! what is life? 'Tis like a flower

That blossoms—and is gone:

It flourishes its little hour,

With all its beauty on;

Death comes—and like a wintry day,

It cuts the lovely flower away.

Oh! what is life?—'Tis like the bow

That glistens in the sky:

We love to see its colors glow—

But while we look they die;

Life falls as soon; today 'tis here—

To-morrow it may disappear.

Lord, what is life?—If spent with thee,

In humble praise and prayer,

How long or short our life may be,

We feel no anxious care:

Though life depart, our joys shall last

When life and all its joys are past.

CRUELTY OF MEHEMET ALI'S SON-IN-LAW.

THE notorious Detturdar had a den in his garden, in which he kept a lion, which became so tame that he ran about the grounds at liberty, and followed his master like a dog. But before he was quite domesticated, and while yet in confinement, one of the gardener's assistants was guilty of some error, of which the superintendent complained to the Detturdar. In no case dilatory in passing judgment, he ordered the accused, without going into details, to be cast into the lion's den. This order was immediately complied with; the beast, however, treated the poor condemned wretch like a second Daniel; it not only did him no harm, but to the astonishment of the beholders, licked his hands. The gardener's assistant was

not the animal's attendant, but had occasionally thrown some of his bread into the den in passing. The noble animal had not forgotten this kindness, and spared his benefactor's life.

The Detturdar, on hearing this, was by no means pleased; but blood-thirsty as ever, and without feeling the slightest appreciation for this act of generosity, ordered the lion to be kept fasting during the whole of the day, and the delinquent to remain in confinement; thinking, in the anger of ungratified hunger, to force the beast to become the executioner of its benefactor. But even hunger could not overcome the magnanimity of the royal animal, and the poor gardener remained the whole day unhurt in the den with the lion. In the evening he was liberated, but did not long escape the vengeance of the tyrant, who, meeting him one day in the garden, where he had brushed up a heap of leaves, accosted him with—"Dog, thou art so bad that a lion will not eat thee, but now thou hast made thine own grave." Hereupon he commanded him to carry the dry leaves to an oven, and then to creep in himself. When this order was executed the tyrant had the leaves lighted, and the poor wretch expired under the most horrid tortures.—*Travels in Kordofan.*

HEBREW MUSICIANS.

I SPEAK not of the past, though were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it in the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers—not an orchestra in a single capital—that are not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, spring from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate—too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your "Muscadins" of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi, little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to the sweet singers of Israel!

A FALSE friend is like the shadow on a sun-dial, and vanishes at the smallest cloud.