I've wandered far from thee, mother, Far from my happy home; I've left the land that gave me birth In other climes to roam ; And time since then has rolled its years Yet I have often thought of thee-I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, mother When at thy tender side, You watched the dawning of my youth And kiss'd me in your pride; Then brightly was my heart lit up With hopes of future joy, While your bright fancy honors wove,

To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother, When, with anxious care, You lifted up your heart to Heaven Your hope, your trust was there: Fond memory brings your parting words While tears rolled down your cheek, Thy long, last loving look told more Than ever words could speak.

No friend is near me now. Or cool my burning brow; The dearest ties affection wove, Are all now torn from me: They left me when the trouble came-They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now Unpitied and unblest; Yet still I would not have thee know How sorely I'm distress'd; I know you would not chide; mother You would not give me blame, But soothe me with your tender words, And bid me Rope again.

How brightest hopes decay; The tempter with his baneful cup. And shame has left its venom sting To rack with anguish wild-Yet still I would not have thee know, The sorrows of thy child.

Oh, I have wandered far, mother, Since I deserted thee. And left thy trusting heart to break Beyond the deep blue sea. Oh! mother, still I love thee well And feel again thy balmy breath Upon my care-worn cheek.

But, ah! there is a thought, mother Pervades my bleeding breast, That thy freed spirit may have flown, To its eternal rest; And while I wipe the tear away There whispers in my ear, A voice that speaks of Heaven and thee,

PAUL LAROON

OR, THE SCOURGE OF THE ANTILLES. A STORY OF SHIP AND SHORE. BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR. Concluded.

'Now, my sweet lady,' she said, 'you may sleep in peace, for no one shall trouble thee But you will not leave me ? uttered Mary timidly.
Not if you wish it otherwise.

' I will. I can make me 'No, no —you will sleep with me.'
It was some time before Otehewa consent to this

Stav with me.

' I am but a poor Indian girl,' she said, 'and 'You are my saviour!' cried Mary throwing her arms about the neck of the faithful creature, and kissing her dark cheek. 'O,

look at the thing—the toad—the asp—the serpent—that would have shared my bed but for you! You are my sister, Otehewa—my sister; and so will I ever love and bless

she had not wept for years; and from that moment her life was devoted to the benefit of the noble, generous being whom she called mistress. From that moment Mary possessed the love of one who would at any moment have sacrificed life itself at that love's call.

the shoulder. He opened his dull, leaden eyes, and saw Otahewa standing over him.

'Come, my master,' she cried, you have slept long enough.'

The pirate saw the bright sunlight shining in through the windows, and he slowly arose to his feet. It was some time before he could comprehend what had passed, but at length mind, and he started and gazed wildly into the Indian girl's face. wa I have a wife!

Yes sir, returned the girl, looking calmly into his face. Don't you remember—you were married to Mary last night?

pirate, in anger with himself alone. solved that I would not drink much last Did I drink much?

Now Otehewa knew just where to tal man, for she had seen him helped to b many times after his carousals, and had heard him talk the next morning the

room without noticing Hagar, who ye upon the floor but whom the Indian girl ly awakened. The old hag was much prised when she found how she had but Otehewa did not wait to hear her w

In half an our after this breakfasts was served, and Marl sent for his wife to lown. Mary refused at first, but Ot told her she must. 'And,' she added, must not show one angry look, nor spea bad word. Keep the pirate on good with you, and if help comes not to-day, will fix your oppressor the same as he was last night. He shall take his night's rest is his

At length Mary went down, and a the door of the eating room she found her had waiting for her. Her first impulse wishrink away, but she remembered her pr to Otehewa, and she gave the pirat hand. At that moment she felt a s degree of strength come to her soul. haps her hope had overcome her fear. She had been a wife one dark, cheerless nig and when she saw how calm that nobl girl looked it gave calmness to herself. S allowed Laroon to lead her to a seat, an ist down by her side, and yet she did no shudder. He made all sorts of excuse for not having joined her as he should have been more careful how you did your work,' said the baronet. 'Your whole plan of that night, when you stole into my soom and looked upon the scar you gave me so many years ago. was overseen and overheard.'

'You should have been more careful how you did your work,' said the baronet. 'Your whole plan of that night, when you stole into my soom and looked upon the scar you gave me so many years ago. was overseen and overheard.'

'The less you think of triumph while I live!'

'The less you think of triumph while I live!'

not having joined her as he should have one, but she made no reply to this.

The meal was finished—the buccane and his bride had eaten alone, while Ot waited upon them; and Laroon was up the point of rising, when the door was opened and Paul entered the apartment. But he was not alone, for close behind him came mes

Early in the morning Buffo Burni ton came down from the masthead, where he had been for over an hour, and sought the surgeon, and informed him that he must back to the castle.

'Ask no questions,' said Buffo. 'but with me at once. There are a score of nen or more in the woods, and they will go with

us. Come, if you would save Mary, cor Paul was bewildered, but that was can and he prepared himself quickly. The boat was manned with our hero's own creether. same four whom he used to take with hi then they set off. Half-way up the rivipulled in to the shore, and having Buffo and Paul told the boatmen that might return to the brig when they and tell the captain's crew to come up set. After this our hero and Bu struck off towards another path which the castle, and when he reached it Pa not a little astonished at meeting a c pany soldiers, and one of them in the splend dress of an infantry colonel, to whom the outh

was introduced. ' Now,' said Buffo, speaking to Paul lead these men to the back of the small ed hill by the castle. I must go and c Fox. who lies in waiting close at hand, may keep on up to Garonne's. If I clude to keep on, Fox will join you at ceed at once to the castle, and I shall j there in season for the denoument. As Burnington thus spoke he started

a narrow cross path, and Paul turned to onel Tafalla, remarking as he did so:

'Do you understand all this, sir?' ' Perfectly,' replied the officer.

There was a promptness and decision the look and tone of the man which Paul to ask questions, and he at once on his way. In just about one hour he ed the back of the hill, which lay only rods from the castle wall, and here, than ten minutes, they were joined by Fox. The old gentleman shook the warmly by the hand, and then proporthey should start at once for the cas happened very fortunately that all t who lived in the cots without the w gone off to their work upon the other ing cochineal, so the party approach main building without alarm, and even the postern without being discovered.
This postern was often left unlocked

daytime, and it happened to be so w, so Paul opened it and passed in. There were some dozen men—male slaves—leabout the buildings in that part of the but they gave no alarm, for they sat first, and hence supposed of course right. Then when they came to be the dwith death by the solders if the many conditions are supposed.

gentleman who had been here before, colonel and his men, and proceeded at seek Marl Laroon, and with what suc

youth; and when his eyes also rested to old gentleman whom he had worked to get out of the way, he trembled and pale. But he was not long with speech. What do you do here,

Paul, with a flashing eye. And who shall command here besigned in the state of the pivote of the pi CARLETON-PLACE, GANADA WEST, JULY 17, 1856.

shrill whisper.
'Ay,' answered Laroon, with a demoniac smile. 'This sweet girl was made my lawful wife last evening. It seems to astonish

know who rules here, and you shall know the and called to mind the act that the more he know who rules here, and you shall know the fate of those who tread in my way! What ho! slaves! Here, I say! Here!'

The door was quickly opened, and a defiant simile had already begun to work upon the pirate's face, but it passed away immediately, for those were not his slaves who entered; they store a Spanish selected who entered;

they were a Spanish colonel and a score of 'Take that man!' uttered Fox, pointing to

Laroon as he spoke. There was a short struggle, and a few

He gazed fixedly into the pirate's face as he spoke, and the bold, bad man cowered and trembled. He did know who it was that trap.

ess you'll feel of disappointment when the nangman takes you,' quietly remarked the clonel. sober quietness of that remark that carried an ice-bolt to the pirate's heart.

'Stephen Humphrey?' uttered Paul, as soon as he could command his speech, at the same time letting go his hold upon Mary and rning towards the old gentleman.

Yes, Paul,' returned he whom we have cnown as James Fox. 'I am Stephen Hnm-

hrey. Do you remember the name? 'Uncle Stephen ?' ' Yes,' answered the old man with a smile

And I lived with you when a child? And Mary ? whispered the youth, trem-

upon his bosom. She gazed up into his face, and in a very low whisper she murmured ' Father!'

Sir Stephen only said 'Yes,' and then fell weeping.
'But you are not my father?' cried Paul. No. nor am I any relation, save such as my solemn pledge, given to your dying father, and my love, may make.'

Quickly the youth clasped raised them towards heaven. O, great God, I thank thee !' he ejecula ted with all the fervency of his soul. Sir Stephen looked on with surprise.
'What?' he uttered.' 'Are you thankful

that you are no son of mine?'
'Ay,' quickly returned Paul. 'Marl Largon told me, a short time since, that Mary was my own sister; and from that moment my heart lost all its joy. I could love a sister, sir;
but O, for such a sister I must have given up
my very soul—my life of love and joy!

'Ah, I understand you now,' said the baronet, with a beaming smile. But fear no more,
Paul, for you shall not lose your love.'

man, for she had seen him helped to be many times after his carousals, and had heard him talk the next morning the knew he never remembered anything transpired after he had become intoxica the previous evening.

'Lost! Cost! gasped Paul, sinking down into a chair and covering his face; and at the strong the previous evening.

'You drank a great deal of wine, si answered; and you know it was the strikind.'

'Foo!! dolt! idiot! But why didn' put me to bed?'

'Because you sent them all off ba Don't you remember of telling put that cushion auder your head and le lie P. And don't you remember of telling that those words were prounced that those words were prounced that the swert had a le lie P. No. Lames have been very drunk-where is Mary—my wife?'

'She has not arise greated Laroon, and simply informs the broad of his frock, and than the land only the threat of his frock, and the threat of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish chew the broad of his frock, and the wish the bread of his frock, and the wish created his more has a firm socket for his he to sail the leg of the town of the leg oppear some shad her was a bout his neck, 'I am not lost! Loot up, look up, Last night a foul mockety was all her application of the pear of Laroon, and simply inform the sail with the leg of the town as firm socket for his he the oppear some shad her was a bout this neck, 'I am not lost! Loot up, look up, Last night a foul mockety was all the could be wish with the sail of the point of the pear of Laroon, and at the sail of the best of his frock, and the threat of his her the sail of the town of the pear of the proper some time to the town of the pear of the proper some that those words were prounced that those words

clenbhed fists and brought them down upon the table with such force that the dishes leaped again.

'Now by the holy motner!' he cried, 'I'll the strange look of Mr. Fox's eyes,

tounding development? At first he seemed hardly to credit the evidence of her own senses companied her loved mistress, and Billy Mason but soon the whole truthwas open to him, and for a few moments his lead sank upon his breast. When he looked up his anger had ssumed a dejected cast, for he saw that at man, 'your race has come to an end! You every point he was met leyond the power of

'O,' he muttered, 'if Warda had done his work, I had been free from this accursed

'Ay,' the Indian girl said, looking him full in the face, '1 was awake that night, and

I now receive back all that I have lost, and I find no harm is done to it, since I know that the souls of these two children are as pure as anything of earth can be. Yes, Mari, with my whole heart do I forgive you; but I cannot save you, for the laws you have so long outraged, and the blood you have so cruelly spilled, call for justice! God grant that you may repent ere you die, and may he—your Father in Heaven—forgive you as I do!'

As he ceased speaking he made a sign to the colonel, and Mari Laroon was led from the room. The pirate stopped as he reached the souls of the colonel that I have lost, and that the golden key she possessed opened the door of the best society, and her dark skin was little noticed, even by those who did not fully know how bright and pure was her soul.

The summer came and passed, and autumn followed with its withering touch upon all without, but within the home where dwelt our friends the cloud and storm never came. All there was peace and joy, experienced by souls that had learned the value of God's blessings through lesson's of bitter adversity. And the the room. The pirate stopped as he reached the door, and turned back. His eyes rested upon Mary, and a strange look of sadness stole over his feature. Something seemed struggling within him for utterance. But in a moment more he saw Paul, and Sir Stephen, and Otehewa—and the whole of his momen-

Those in that room whom he had so deeply wronged never saw him again! He was conveyed to Caraccas, and his whole crew, save the four boatmen who had brought Paul up in the morning, were taken with him. There he and they were tried for piracy, condemned, and executed under the laws of Spain. Of these four boatmen three made their escape, but Billy Mason came up to the castle, and Sir Stephen gave him liberty and protection, for he knew that the youth had been taken when a boy by Laroon, and had ever since retary emotion ended in a curse!

'Did you say, wedded?' asked Fox, in a him once again!' him once again!' him once again!' had searched every nook and corner in vain, about two years after to the city, and I have events."

And what will you do?' asked Sir Stephen, I sank down in utter despair. On the follow-recommended the same cure to many; and Ministers of the city, and I have events."

eaming smile. 'You would have Mary take

your name, eh? Yes, sir.' 'If she will consent, i assure you I shall be most happy to see it done. Yes, my noble boy, you shall be my son after all.'

Within a week the Spanish authorities Caraccas had taken possession of the pirate's valuable estate on Silver River, and Sir Stephen Humphrey had gone to the city with his friends. Of course the faithful Otehewa ac-

When another spring opened its gifts of sunshine and flowers upon the soil of 'Merrie England,' the great house at Humphrey Park, in Northamptonshire, was alive with joyous spirits. Sir Stephen was young again, and I'aul and Mary were made one for life upon the spot, and amid the scenes where their ear-

liest childhood was spent. And young Mason, who had ever proved himself a noble, faithful fellow, whispered a strange question in Otehewa's ear. ushed and hung down her head, and then told him to go to her mistress. Mary smiled at his request, and sent him to her husband, his request, and sent him to her husband, he robber to the heart. He became enpossibly rival their mutual love for each other,

This was too much for the iron spirit of the practice chieftain. To find that he had been but the mere tool of an old man and a poor landian slave—and that, too, while he thought in the master of more than an landian slave and that, too, while he thought landian slave and that, too, while he thought landian slave and that too much for the iron spirit of the pour of the was narried that ling to die. I shall not cease to plead with ling to die. I shall not cease to ple but the mere tool of an old man and a poor Indian slave—and that, too, while he thought himself carrying all before him at his will—atruck him so near the heart that he sank back upon a chair and bowed his head.

'Now, Marl Laroon,' spoke Sir Staphen, in a sad tone, 'we are about to part to meet no more on earth. For all that you have done against me and mine, I freely forgive you, for I now receive back all that I have lost, and I with respect to Otehewa, we will only add.

With respect to Otehewa, we will only add.

through lesson's of bitter adversity. And the with the night of anguish which had passed

GETTING UP IN THE MORNING.

But few men die of age. Almost all die or disappointment, passional, metal, or bodily toil or accident. The passions kill men some times even suddenly. The common expression choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it; for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong, use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves; the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or like the candle run; the weak burn out. The inferior animals which live, in general, temperate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years son is obvious—man is not only the most irregular, and the most intemperate, but the most laborious and hard-worked of all animals. He is also the most irritable of all ahi-mals; and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what an animal secretly feels that more than an any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consume himself with the fire of his own reflec-

A young man in the vic unity of Philadelphia, was one evening stopp ed in a grove; with the demand, 'your money or your life.'

The robber then presented a pistol to his breast power. The young man having a large sum of money over to his enemy, at the same time setting before him the wickedness and peril of his raged, cocked his pistol, held it to the young their noble young master and mistress.

It was not until after he was married that save my money I would not risk my life; but to save you from your evil course, I am wilthe robber was overcome. He handed the money all back with the remark, 'l cannot rob

A Touching incident.—The saddest God is. story that we ever read, was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom his mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket all shinug with silk and buttons, and gay as a mothwith silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it—and then permitted him to go out to play. He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle swooped him from the earth, and bore him to its nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy.

There he was killed and develved the agriculture had executed the country of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point which was literally inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the Eagle so

Ing a smooth kettle to within six inches of the top with water, and covering the surface with chaff. The first chap who gets in makes an outcry because he cannot get out, and the rest coming to see what the matter is, share

we have to did ally or condition that momentary better to that all seasons are the post had been taken and the post had been taken and the been ta your party of horse hunters were apprehended. And now, Paul, continud the old man, turning to where the youth and maiden stood, 'you know why Burnington did not want you to know why Burnington did not want you to dangerous. This was in the spring. In not dangerous. This was in the spring. In the following autumn he came to my house in the following autumn he came to my ho

him once again!

And what will you do? asked Sir Stephen, with a strange smile.

I sank down in utter despair. On the following morning one of my men brought me a piece of paper which had been found stuck in one of the crevices of my carriage. It was a strong the broad within the breast of his frock, and took in the leg of which there was a firm socket for a small sized foot, such as the baronet possion the leg of which there was a firm socket for a small sized foot, such as the baronet possion the leg of which there was a firm socket for a small sized foot, such as the baronet possion the leg of which there was a firm socket for having followed the between and ague district, were cured, and favor and ague district, were cur

No. 44.

ate lives, have generally their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion about twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea pig six to seven. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to grow to its full size. But man of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to his average.—He ought to live a hundred years, according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred, but instead of that he scarcely reaches on an average, four times his growing period; the average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of the measurement. The reayet to learn from the papers which Lord Clarendon promises speedily to lay on the table."

INTELLIGENCE FROM KANSAS.

Expected Battle at Topeka

(Special Despatch to the N. Y. Times.) Lawrence, K. T., June 26,

via St. Louis, June 30th.

Kansas affairs are more threatening than

Major Gay, the Shawnee Indian Agent, was murdered and robbed near Westport, recently, by the Southern Army. Their forces they are laying in large stores of provisions in order to make a long and strong pull on the

A Company of sixty seven, mostly from Chicago, bound for Kansas, were disarmed at Lexington, on Monday, while on the boat. The men have since been threatened, and have not

ret reached Lawrence. No aid is yet received from the States. There must be a great battle at Topeka. Colonel Sumner threatens to go home to the Fort, and abandon his work if the

FROM THE "TRIBUNE." It appears by the latest advices from Kanobtained the appointment before the extension of Slavery plank, had been added to the Democratic platform, and who, by some accident or other had escaped removal.

This murder, perpetrated by their own par-ty, seems to have alarmed the citizens of Westport, Missouri, who have taken a lead-In tearing the child to pieces, the Eagle so placed his gay jacket in the nest and it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years, it was visible from the low lands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

Westport, Missouri, who have taken a leading part in all the outrages of which Kansas has been the scene. Had Mr. Gay been merely a Free-Stateman, no doubt, to judge from their past history, the people of Westport would have highly approved of his murder, and would probably have honored the murder, a la Brooks, by presenting him with a rifle, a bowie-knite or a hatchet, whichsoever might have been the instrument of the murder. might have been the instrument of the murder. But considering that he was a United States officer the people of Westport are a little alarmed, and have passed resolutions condemning the act, and offering a reward for the President Pierce, as established by the case of the Indian agent Clark, allows his Indian

agents in Kansas to commit murder with im-