

"You have already had your answer!" exclaimed the lovely Rose, all trace of weakness having vanished in the excitement of the moment, "and be assured it can never be changed."

Colonel M. had, with difficulty, repressed his anger hitherto; but now, his brow darkening, and his whole frame shaking with passion, he exclaimed:

"You have thus far known but my love; you shall hereafter feel my revenge! Know that you never pass from these walls until you are mine."

"Then God help me!" ejaculated Rose, looking upward, her hands clasped together as if in prayer; "God forgive me! I can but die!"

"You have a father," added Colonel M. slowly, as if weighing every word he uttered; "you have a father! He, too, can suffer—and die!"

The holy enthusiasm which had shone in her beautiful countenance faded, and the soul's light that had sparkled in her eye, grew dim at the mention of her father. She had for the moment forgotten him, and that he was exposed to the vengeance of such a man; the grey hairs of her father stained with his blood, and all that fancy could picture to her mind of terrible in the threats of Colonel M., made her feel her desperate situation.

"You surely but jest," exclaimed Rose. "You dare not injure one of his grey hairs!"

"In this, at least," answered Colonel M., with a sneer, "I can prove my sincerity!"

Clasping her hands together in an agony of grief, she besought Colonel M., by all he held sacred—by all that was dear to him—to spare her father. She threw herself at his feet, and adjured him by his hopes of Heaven, his dread of punishment, his honour as a soldier and a man, to spare the grey hairs of her father. Her entreaties were of no avail to move Colonel M., who saw that he had touched the true chord to which her heart vibrated, and who, was resolved to make the most of it; he assured her that not a hair of his head should be touched, would she but acknowledge and return his love.

Colonel M. heard her continued entreaties without visible emotion; and, in answer, assured her the fate of her father was in her own hands. Her own obstinacy in rejecting his suit, and that alone, would bring upon her father all the sufferings she feared. "I leave him in your hands," said Colonel M., as he departed. "You are safe from intrusion till tomorrow, when I shall await your answer. Think well of it, and, for the present, farewell!"

To be concluded.

GREEK AND LATIN.

THAT man must have a strange value for words, when he can think it worth while to hazard the innocence and virtue of his son for a little Greek and Latin, whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, and furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life—Locke.

(ORIGINAL.)

WHY TARRIES MY JOHNNIE?

INTRODUCTION.

THE following humble imitation of a very affecting Scottish lyric was suggested to the author by the much lamented death, at the early age of twenty-four, of his dear relative, John Robertson, junior, Esquire, Advocate of this Province, on board Her Majesty's steamship *Prometheus*, while on her passage from Malta to Gibraltar, on the 18th of March last.

In explanation of this feeble effort to commemorate the virtues and accomplishments of the deceased, which, considering his youth, were, indeed, of a high order, it may be mentioned, that while prosecuting his professional studies in this city, Mr. Robertson was attacked by a pulmonary complaint, which finally brought him to his grave. Having been admitted to the Bar, after a public examination, which elicited complimentary congratulations from the Judges and the professional gentlemen present, he was advised to take a voyage across the Atlantic for the benefit of his health. He travelled with delight, and, at first, somewhat improved health, through Scotland, which was his native country, though brought to Canada in his infancy by his parents, who still survive to deplore his premature loss. But at Edinburgh he was subjected to another severe attack of his complaint, and was recommended by Dr. Sir G. Ballingall to return to Canada with as little delay as possible. Upon going to London with the view, among other objects, of taking a passage for this purpose, he again had occasion to take medical advice; but, instead of returning to Canada, he was strongly advised to proceed to some warm climate on the Continent, and to reside there during the winter. With this advice he was induced to comply, though his passage had actually been taken for America; his case being, as he himself expressed it in an explanatory letter to his father, one of "life and death," and the severe winters of Canada being adverse to every symptom of his complaint. Accordingly, he went to Paris, whence he travelled across France to Marseilles, where he embarked for Naples, with the intention of passing the winter months in that capital and the neighbourhood. But after remaining there for several weeks, he found the climate more unpropitious than he had been led to expect, the season being unusually rainy, and the mountains not far off frequently covered with snow. This and a third severe attack of his malady, combined with what he conceived to be bad medical treatment, induced him to proceed to Malta, where he arrived early in February. The sequel of his melancholy and somewhat romantic story, will be found in the notes which I have ventured to append to the following production.