



I LOVE TO LIVE.

"I love to live," said a prattling boy,
As he gaily played with his new-bought toy,

I LIVE TO LOVE.

"I live to love," said a laughing girl,
As she playfully tossed each flaxen curl,

"I live to love," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath of her sister's hair,

A TALE OF LOVE.

DUNDEE SHERIFF COURT, SCOTLAND.

James II., vs. Margaret II.

Jamie, the son of well-to-do parents in Fifeshire, fell acquainted, some years ago, with Maggie, a brisk young lass, the daughter of a neighbouring family.

British AND YORK RIDINGS' GAZETTE.



WITH OR WITHOUT OFFENCE TO FRIENDS OR FOES, I SKETCH YOUR WORLD EXACTLY AS IT GOES.—Byron.

RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1858.

Vol. I.

No. 42.

lover, now a married man, resident in Melbourne. He asks repayment by her of the £40 remitted for the express and avowed purpose (as the summons expresses it) of paying her passage and other expenses to Melbourne, where he intended to marry her, as they had been previously on matrimonial terms; but which sum she illegally and improperly failed to pay to the purpose for which it was sent, she having not only refused to go out to Australia to become his wife, but having retained and applied the money for other purposes than that for which it was sent.

"I will marry for love and work for gold after. I won't leave my native country before I get married, so I might give over thinking of you, Jamie. I have no thought of sitting up here all my life waiting on you to take me off, for that will never come to pass. I think I have kept up myself too long before this time. Many a good marriage you made me lose, but I will not wait longer than another year; so I leave you, Jamie, to do as you have a mind. You might think me very cruel, Jamie, but I feel obliged to speak to you plain. I am exposed to a great many dangers, and I now no longer go out at night, as I have no one to take me home without getting too friendly, and then I would not be keeping true to Jamie."

Jamie's effusions, again, average about fifteen foolscap pages each; and, as a specimen of the rapturous endearments and clated hopes that proceeded from the enamoured soul, followed in the end by a strain of the vile taunts and bitter jeering of the disappointed wooer, we give the following extracts:—

"Oh, Margaret, you don't know how I feel at this moment, or I think you would mingle tears with mine. When I am walking alone by myself, Maggie, I may say my cheeks are dry—all for you, dear. \* \* \* If you never don't come out, my dear, and are going to wait on me till I come, would you send me out with the first opportunity one of your pocket-handkerchiefs which you have used, for I would like something you have used. The little silk napkin you sent me, with your portrait in it, I would not give to any one for £20. Often I put it next my heart; I feel as if it was comforting me. Would you, my dear, make a white shirt for me, and before sending it, put it on yourself, and sleep with it on, so that I may have the same on that my dear lassie has slept with. \* \* \* There was a little girl came to me, and she said she would give me a kiss for a penny. I gave her the penny; but I said to her, I thought too much of them I kissed last for to give it away to another, and she told her mother what I said, so I have got teasing enough about it."

had a letter from M.—H.—to-night. He is lamenting the loss of his wife. It was a sad check for him, poor fellow, but we must all submit to death. We must try and prepare for it, and then we will be all right and safe. Often I think if I had the love for Jesus that I have for you I would be a happy man. My dear, I must away to my bed. I bid you good night."

March 9, 1855. \* \* \* "And oh, Maggie, if I don't get you, pity me after. I would not for all the gold in Australia that this should happen. My dear, I would not do any ill to myself, but I rather doubt it would put me wrong in my mind. \* \* \* Oh, you dear lassie, what would I do for you? Life is sweet, but thou art sweeter by far to me. I am like Annie Lawrie, I could lay me down and die."

June 4th, 1855. \* \* \* "There was never a man thought more of a woman than what I do of you, and you should know that. Believe me, my dear, I have not been in a young woman's company since I left you that morning. Oh, I often think how I took you by both of your hands, standing before the drawers. I mind the words I said to you. I said I must go, so I said good bye, and you never spoke. I need you go up the hedges. I looked as far as I could see you. I seed you look back once, just before you entered the hedges when you went out of sight. The tears came over my cheeks, and I said to myself, will I ever see that dear lassie again? My love, I cannot say any more just now, my heart is too full. I don't know what I am about, so good bye, my dear, dear lassie. Oh, Margaret, my love, what would I give for a shake of your little hand, or a kiss of your sweet lips?"

But there is a tide in the affairs of love, and if Jamie had reached the climax of his affection, a relapse occurred with extraordinary rapidity. On the 24th June, 1855, he bids her farewell:—

"I am very sorry," he says, "at the loss of you, but I must not let down my spirits for the loss of a woman. You are only a woman. Perhaps it is for my good; no one knows. I may marry soon, and I may not; it all depends if I see one to suit me. I never had a lass but you, and have none; so, as the old saying is, 'I am on the Session.'"

And on the 2d July following:— "I have burned all your letters, and I have sent all that I have got that belongs to you to Peter; so I have no more to do with you; and God be thanked, for you have been a pest to me for many a year. I expect to be married very soon as I see one to suit me—perhaps next week. I won't do with the rest as I have done with you. I have used you too well, and that to my loss. Let all now say, 'You are free and I am free.' I add no more. I am your affectionate well-wisher. "J. B."

Parties were fully heard thereon by the Sheriff, who has just issued the following Interlocutor, finding defender liable.

"Dundee, 30th January, 1858.—The Sheriff-Substitute having considered the closed record, correspondence between the parties produced, and whole process, and having heard parties procurators orally thereon, and made avizandum: Finds that the parties had come to a mutual understanding that they were to be married; but the pursuer, being resident in Melbourne, in Australia, and the defender resident in Scotland, a difficulty occurred as to where the marriage was to take place: Finds that in order to obviate this difficulty, the pursuer remitted from Australia forty pounds to the defender, which sum she received, to enable the defender to pay her passage to Melbourne, where the marriage was to take place: before pursuer made remittance, he felt assured that the defender would apply the money in

paying her passage to Australia, where the marriage was to take place: Finds that defender was unwilling to go out to Australia to be there married; that pursuer was so situated in Melbourne as to be unable to come to this country to be married to defender, unless at much loss and inconvenience: Finds that no marriage took place between parties, and ultimately pursuer married another woman in Australia, and defender retained the money which had been remitted to her to pay her passage there: Finds that the point to be decided is, whether defender is entitled to retain the passage money now sued for, on the ground of her disappointment, and as a compensation therefor, or whether said disappointment has not been occasioned by the defender refusing to go out to Australia, on which condition the money was remitted: If defender has suffered disappointment, it has arisen from her own fault in having failed to comply with the conditions on which alone the money was remitted to, and received by her, and therefore, she is not entitled to retain the money sued for, but must pay back the same to pursuer: Finds pursuer entitled to expenses, &c.

"TOO MIRTHFUL."

"Do stop that girl's laughing! It really makes me nervous to hear her. From morning to night her mouth is open, either laughing or singing, just as if there was no trouble or sin in the world. I think the brethren were in a hurry when they admitted such a rattle brain thing as she is to the church!"

So Hetty was made to suppress her glee, and to sing low. This was the utmost that her rulers could accomplish, for the girl's heart was light within her, and overflow it would.

But cheek after cheek was given her; and month after month she was told, with awful seriousness, that she was too wild, too merry, too imaginative; that it was her duty to measure her steps, her morals, her very smiles; to hold down her imagination; always to think "parlor, painting, and music," always to turn her thoughts towards cooking, mending, and sewing societies when she caught them starting off for a revel in the regions of beauty and delight—for the fair, fair skies of fancy; and always to wait till she didn't care whether she moved or stood still, spoke or held her tongue, when she glowed with a quick impulse to do or say something.

Well, they managed to tone Hetty down somewhat; but she never could be made to become exactly serious and proper until the hand of sorrow took her heart and pressed it so hard, so very hard, that the joyousness which had so long dwelt singing in it was crushed out, and went, none knew whither. Many burdens were bound for poor Hetty's heart, and it bore them bravely till the spring of joy was broken; then each additional load pressed down with more hopeless weight. Now she is what blindly they tried to render her when she was a child.

Oh! of the children and the maidens laugh and sing. Do not—oh! do not—be always checking and rebuking them for being gay. Little time enough have they before care will begin its gnawing, and grief its pain. They will grow old and give anon. Never fear. Their glory will soon enough be darkened, their buoyancy cease. The canker and the blight will not pass by them. Darkness and disaster, sooner or later, shuts down the morning light of all. Oh—the fated, the unconscious young! But let them, while the impulse yet is in them, laugh and play, and dance and sing. And let, perchance, ere the merry days are over, any sleep, murmur not. "Happy the early dead."

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

From the London Times.

This soldier of fortune, who has raised himself to the head of his profession by pure merit, possessing many friends, but no patrons, is properly a native of one of the remote Hebrides, the Island of Islay, in the county of Argyre, his birth in the City of Glasgow having been purely accidental. At eight years of age he came to England for his education, so that he is more indebted to England than Scotland for the eminence he has since attained. One of his uncles died a Colonel in the English army; another, a gallant youth, after whom he is named, lost his life in our piteous contest with America, scalped by the red Indians, a foe less savage than the Sepoys, for they kill only in battle. Of Sir Colin's pedigree, although with such a man the matter is one of the smallest consequence, we shall say a few words, chiefly because it is in itself rather curious. At the period of the Revolution the Highland clans were still troublesome, and two of them, the Macdonalds and the Macleans, fought a pitched battle for the possession of Islay, the fairest of the Hebrides, as well as for the adjacent island of Jura. The Government of the Revolution made short work with the combatants by confiscating the two isles in dispute, and handing them over, to James Campbell of Calder, a near relation of the Argyre. This powerful chieftain, like a feudal conqueror, took possession of the islands, planting in them a colony of Campbells, his kinsmen and clansmen, and partitioning among these the best lands on a tenure, at that time nearly equal in value to the fee simple. Among the foremost of the families so planted were the forefathers of Sir Colin Campbell, and thus, as such a pedigree can confer the distinction, he is of 'gentle blood.' Let us, if only for mere curiosity's sake follow up the history of the place of Sir Colin's nativity. Sir James Campbell of Calder, the ancestor of the present Earls of Cawdor, unable to get from the two islands sufficient revenue to pay his quit rent of £500 a year to the Crown, sold them to a prosperous trader of Glasgow, also a Campbell, for the sum of £12,000, which is about one-half of the amount of their present rental. In the family of this individual, a very distinguished one, the principal continued for five generations, but a few years ago it was again purchased by a London merchant, the late highly intelligent Mr. James Morrison, like Colin Campbell, sprung from the people, and the founder of his own great fortune. The sum paid for it was £450,000, which is about seven-and-thirty fold what it fetched about 140 years ago. The Campbell's we may add, were always a very loyal, very Presbyterian, very diffusive, and a very intrusive brood. They were originally, at least their chiefs were, French or Norman invaders, who, coming through England, seized which they call so loudly for sympathy, there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years when he has learned to love the draught, which we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of a brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love that 'was once his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated "for better or worse" would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the 'worse' fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah! me! what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God at their birth, the little ones of whom he had been so proud, when he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lip the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and full bottle; the natural craving of a depraved appetite. O, God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

Lynedoch, in his dispatch to the Duke of Wellington) to recommend to your Lordship, Lieutenant Colin Campbell, of the 9th, who led the forlorn hope, and who was severely wounded on the breach." Lieutenant Campbell's section consisted of twenty-five, and with one exception every man of it was either killed or wounded. In the long period of five and twenty years which have elapsed Sir Colin Campbell has served his country in almost every quarter of the globe,—during fourteen of them in India and China. How he led his column at the Alma, spared his men, and defeated the enemy opposed to him, is fresh in the recollection of the public, as is also his conduct at Balaklava. Those achievements, however, have been far surpassed by his relief of the garrison of Lucknow, his retreat from that place in the face of an organised force of fifty thousand men posted exactly in the position most favorable to native tactics. These masterly movements were instantly followed up by his forced marches that enabled him to repair the errors of a lieutenant by defeating an enemy flushed by a moment's success, numbering double his own force. Military men will, we think, be prepared to admit that in the conduct of these enterprises Sir Colin Campbell has displayed an amount of strategic skill perhaps never before exhibited in our Indian warfare, from the sublime of Clive and Coote down to the opposite profound of Gough or Ellenborough. We except only the two battles of Sir Charles Napier, but not one battle of the Great Captain who wanted when he fought it, for it was his first, the quarter of a century's longer experience of Napier and Campbell. Our Indian battles have too often consisted in the mere hurling of British battalions against artillery in position; the reliance being on the heart and arm of the soldier, and not in the head of the general. The pluck of our forefathers before the invention of gunpowder, have enabled them to win such fights as these with Asiatics, even with the cross bow, the pike, or the broad sword. Sir Colin has done already a great deal, but he has not only to conquer a kingdom more populous and incomparably more full of resources than his own native country, swarming with a warlike population and bristling with fortresses, but he has no over to raise, organize and discipline a loyal and effective army in the room of one that was formidable only to its employers. The country prays for the preservation of a life so valuable, and perhaps rather too freely exposed to danger. The popular vows are most earnest, as, if Sir Colin Campbell should unhappily fall, it is impossible to see far or near, a commander worthy to succeed him.

THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.—Of all the woes, which awaken our compassion; of all the scenes of misery, which call so loudly for sympathy, there is none that so harrows up the feelings as the drunkard's home! Look at him who began life with love of friends, the admiration of society, the prospect of extensive usefulness; look at him in after years when he has learned to love the draught, which we shudder while we say it, reduces him to the level of a brute. Where is now his usefulness? where the admiration, where the love that 'was once his? Love! none but the love of a wife, or a child, can cling to him in his degradation. Look at the woman, who, when she repeated "for better or worse" would have shrunk with terror had the faintest shadow of the 'worse' fallen upon her young heart. Is that she who on her bridal day was adorned with such neatness and taste? Ah! me! what a sad change! And the children, for whom he thanked God at their birth, the little ones of whom he had been so proud, when he had dandled on his knee, and taught to lip the endearing name of father—see them trembling before him, and endeavoring to escape his violence. Look at the empty basket, and full bottle; the natural craving of a depraved appetite. O, God, have pity upon the drunkard's home!

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

Take life like a man,—take it by the fore-lock, by the shoulders, by the spine, by every limb and part. Take it just as though it was—as it is—an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally was born to the task of performing a merry part in it; as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do, and to achieve; to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-sickened brother.

BELLES AND DANDIES.

The editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate has been "on the river," and in what he calls "cambot editorials," he describes some people he met. Look upon the two pictures:—

Now turn your eyes towards the other end of the boat, and watch, for a few moments, that specimen of humanity (if, indeed, she belongs to the genus homo) which we are all wont to call a 'fashionable young lady.' Look at her as she rises from her seat and flings across the cabin, and you will almost involuntarily exclaim, "Hoop, hoop, hurrah!" How does she manage to pass through the door of a state-room? That's none of our business, however. But only see how she is befrizzled, bedressed, bedizzled, befoxed, and befoiled! See how she twirls that gaudy chain that no person of refinement would wear, and displays that embroidered handkerchief. But stay! Now she is languishing. Isn't that look 'perfectly killing?' Who could withstand that? There, she speaks, or rather draws. "O, what tones! Don't she remind one of the fox in the viser's shop. 'Pretty things, pretty things,' said the fox, 'pity they have no brains.'"

ANTI-TOBACCO REFORM.

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1. It is a Fact—That many clergymen see the evil of using tobacco in a new light, and say so; and more clergymen have renounced its use within seven years, than any branch that the Educational Society has educated.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

"Beautiful, exceedingly," used to be the approach to Sunday in old times, with its threshold made of a Saturday night. The tide of passion and the glow of ambition went down with Saturday's sun, and life's fever followed by a sleep. The blacksmith's bellows grew breathless, and his hammer lay silent upon the anvil; the fulfil tinkling of a bell denoted the last wanderer of the flock safe in the fold; the mill's "big wheel" stood still, and the upper and lower sections of its battered door were closed; the "ironing" of the old-fashioned mother was aired, and folded, and laid away; the last loaf was drawn from the glowing cavern of the old brick oven; the boys had come back from the creek, their brown feet twinkling lighter in the grass, and their damp hair a shade darker than it was; a light glimmers dimly through the great windows of the church; young men and maidens go in, by pairs, and pretty soon, through the shadowy air, there float the blended voices that we used to love, in Windham, Mear and Silver Street, "Dundee's wild and warbling measures rise," and sweet old Corinth falls upon the ear; the moon surmounts the woods, and rides a moment like a ship upon the leafy waves, then bears away for the blue waters of God's Aegean, and over all that scene the night it rules. The dew's grow radiant and restless in the grass beneath it, as if earth were our mother, and she really leathed; the mist of grey that with the willows fringe the stream, are silver, and the memory of that hour is gold.—Chicago Journal.