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A POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL

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## AND COMMERCIAL JOURNAL.

TERMS—FIFTEEN SHILLINGS PER ANNUM, WHEN PAID IN ADVANCE—
SEVENTEEN SHILLINGS AND SIX PINCE WHEN NOT SO PAID

VOLUME XIX.]

ER CANADA.

Grace of God, of the United Britain and Ireland, Queen, 'aith, &c. &c. &c.

aith, &c. &c. &c.

presents shall come, Greet.

the night of Tuesday, the of August now last past, the urrch, situate in the Township Midland District of our Product, was forcibly entered, and committed therein.

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will be paid to any Person or
the actual offender or offenden)

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of we have caused these Our e Patent, and the Great Seal

e Patent, and the Great Seal nee to be hereunto affixed, y and well-beloved Sir Fran, Baronet, K. C. H., &c. &c. overnor of Our said Province,

ond day of September, in the One Thousand Eight Hunseven, and in the First Year of

ebted to Mr. John Rutter late f Kingston, Hatter, are respect the Subscriber is duly appoint election of his, the said Kutter's ess payment is immediate commenced without furt

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WILLIAM HEPBURN,

S-CAPS, &c.

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3, 1837.

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His Excellency, ERON, Secretary.

NOTICE.

aid offence.

[JOHN WAUDBY, Editor.]

KINGSTON, UPPER CANADA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1837.

[T. H. BENTLEY, Printer & Proprietor.]

[NUMBER 976:

We subjoin the pastoral letter of his Lordship the Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Montreal, which was promulgated in this city last Sunday. [Mont. Courier.

JOHN JAMES LARTIQUE. FIRST BISMOF OF MONTREAL &c.

To the Clergy, and all the faithful of our Diocese, Health and Benediction.

For a length of time back, dear brethren, we hear of nothing but agitation, and even of revolt, and this in a country which has hitherto been disand this in a roundry whom are the tringuished by its loyalty, its spirit of peace, its love tinguished by its loyalty, its spirit of peace, its love for the religion of its fathers. On every side, we be-bold brothers rise up against their briends, citizens against their friends, citizens against their fellowaguish their friends, citizens against their fellowaguish their against their friends, citizens against' their fellow-citizens; and discord from one extremity of this Diocese to the other, seems to have burst asunder the bonds of charity which united the members of the same body, the children of the same church, the children of Catholicity, which is a religion of unity. In circumstances of such moment, the only position that we can take, is, not merely to stand to an opinion (which nevertheless, as citizens, we and our worthy fellow-labouers in the holy Ministry should have, equally with others, the right of emitting,) but to act up to the obligation which the ) but to act up to the obligation which the milting,) but to act up to the configuror which the Apostle of the Gentiles imposes upon us by saying, Wo is uno me if I speak not the Gospel: for a necessity lieth upon me: Necessitas enim mihi incumbit. 1. Cor. 9. 16.

bil. 1. Cor. 9. 16.

No, dear brethren, no one of you is ignorant of these truths;—that the duties of the different members of society form as essentially a part of Christian morality, as the duties of the different members of a family; that this divine code of morality is a portion of the sacred deposit of Faith, which has been transmitted to us by the pure channel of Scripture and Tradition; and that We, as a successor of the Apostles, are bound to transmit it to you with equal fidelity.

There is moreover nothing that can render us the object of suspicion. In our veins, as in yours, flows Canadian blood: We have given frequent proofs of the love we have for our dear and com-

flows Canadian blood: We have given frequent proofs of the love we have for our dear and common country; and, as the Apostle, so can we take food to witness, how we long after you all, in the towels of Jesus Christ. Philip. I. S. Besides you know that we never received any thing from the Civil Government,—se we expect from it nothing but that justice which is due to every British subject. And we bear testimony to the truth, when solemnly protest, that in speaking to you on e present occasion, we speak of ourselves, im-lled by no exterior influence, but solely actuated notives of conscience. It is not then our in pention to give an opinion, as a citizen, on this purely political question: among the different penaches of government, which is in the right, or shich is in the wrong; (this is one of those things thich God has delivered to the consideration of the men: mumdum tradulit disputatione eorum:) but ne moral question, namely, what is the duty of a atholic towards the civil power established and onstituted in each state? This religious queson falling within our jurisdiction and competen-y, it is undoubtedly the province of your Bishop tive you all necessary instruction on this sub-tand your province to listen to him. For, as a celebrated Lamenais says, "Bishops being parent of wor, unter the direction of the Sover-gn Pontiff, we profess that we believe that in e-rry thing which appertains to the spiritual ad-inistration of each Diocese, clergy and laity with, faithfully, to obey the orders of the bishop situated by the Pope. 79

nstituted by the Pope."

This then is what the sacred Scriptures teachrou on the above question. "Let every soul,"

ays St. Paul,—Rom. 13, "Be subject to the highrowers, for there is no power but from God, and
hose that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he God. And they that resist, purchase to themod to them for good. He beareth not the sword vain. For he is the minister of God, an aven in vain. For he is the minister of God, an aven-ger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil, wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath, but also for conscience sake."—Rom. c. lst. v. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. "Be ye subject therefore," adds St. Peter, the chief of the Apostles, to every human creature for God's sake; whether it be to the King, as excelling; or to the governors as sent by Him for the punishment of evil doers, and for the praise of the good. For so is the will of God. As free and not as making liberty of ma-God. As free and not as making liberty of ma-ice, but as servants of God, bonour the king.vants, be subject to your masters with all fear not only to the good and gentle, but also to the roward. For this is thanks worthy, if for conence towards God, a man endures sorrows, suf-ing wrongfully."—1st. St. Peter, c. 2, v. 13,

Such, Dear Brethren, are the oracles of the Ho-Such, Dear Brethren, are the oracles of the 10-ly Ghost, as we find them in the sacred volume; such the doctrine of Jesus Christ, as the Apostles Peter and Paul, had learned it from the mouth of their Divine Master. But clear as these words may be in themselves, a Christian does not inter-pret the word of God by his own private judg-ment; he knows that it is a fundamental point of his faith, that the Segintures as St. Peter assures is faith, that the Scriptures, as St. Peter assures as, 2d Ep. 1, 20, are not to be understood accorus, 2a Ep. 1, 20, are not to be understood according to each man's private interpretation; and that it belongs to our mother the Catholic Church alone to expound them to us, according to the decision of Jesus Christ in the Gospel; "If he will not hear the Church let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican."—St. Mat. 18, 17. Now, his present Holiness, Gregory XVI., has expounded from his pontifical chair, these passages of Scripture.—He has interpreted the passages which we have a ponumeat chair, these passages of Scriptureie has interpreted the passages which we have
ited from the secred volume, according to the
actine of the Holy Fathers, and the perpetual
addition of the Church, from its establishment
own to the present day: he has dictated their
neaning to the true Christian world, in his Encycical letter, addressed in the havinging of his Ponal letter, addressed in the beginning of his Pon or a solitary Bishop since that period has raised is voice against the doctrine of that letter, so that has received at least the tacit consent of the real body of Partner and at body of Pastors, and consequently, it must looked upon as anauthoritative decision in point

it is net our voice that you are now going to hear, at that of the Vicar of Jesus Christ,)—"as we have learned that writings disseminated among the people proclaim doctrines which shake the fidelity and submission due to Princes, and cause the standard of twolt to be raised on all sides, it becomes accessary to use aware designed. essary to use every precaution to prevent deof duty. Let all bear in mind, according to the advice of the Apostle "that there is no power but from God; and therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God: and they that resist, purchase to themselves damnation. Both human and divine laws ise up in condemnation of chose, who, by schemes and sedition and revolt endeavour to shake allegiance to Princes, and and in order to avoid sullying themselves with such a crime, that the first Christians, amidst the Emperors, and sought as is certain they did, the interest of the empire. Of this they gave abundant proofs, not only by faithfully executing every order that was not contrary to religion, but by shedding their blood on the field of battle. The ty. Let all bear in mind, according to the

Christian soldiers, says St. Austin, (in Psalm 124, No. 7) served a Heathen Empire: but when there

No. 7)served a Heathen Empire: but when there was question of the cause of Jesus Christ, they acknowledged only Him who reigns in Heaven.—They distinguished eternal from their temporal Lord; and yet for the sake of their eternal Lord, they were submissive to the temporal one. This it was that the invincible Martyr, St. Mauritim, commander of the Thebun legion, had before his eyes, when, as St. Encherius relates, he answered the Emperor:—We are your soldiers, Prince, but we are at the same time the servants of God; and now even the danger of loosing our lives, with which we are threatened, does not induce us to

table monuments of the Tradition of the Church."

Such is the doctrine of the supreme Pastor of souls, of the venerable Pontiff now sitting on the eternal chair, in conjunction with the documents of the Church in all ages and in all places. You must now feel, dear brethren, that we could not, without violating our duty, and endangering our personal salvation neglect the direction of your consciences in circumstances so critical. For as a Catholic cannot pretend to choose what point of faith he will admit, and what point he will reject: and as St. James says, (Ep. c. 2. v. 10.) "the who offends in one point, is become guitty of all," the present question amounts to nothing less than his—whether you will choose to maintain or whether you have been dearly to the present Government, under the pretext that you form a part of the Sovereign People, suffer not yourselves to be a sovereignty of the people, because it was to this principle that it owed its existence, took good care to condemn popular insurrections, by inserting in the Declaraceion of Rights which heads the constitution of 1795, that the Sovereignty resides, not in a part, not even in the majority of the people, but in the entire body of the citizens: adding that no individual, that no partial union of citizens can pretend to the Sovereignty. But how will date to say, that in this country the totality of citizens desires the overthrow of the Government?

We conclude, dear brethren, by appealing to your noble and generous hearts. Did you ever seriously reflect on the horrors of civil war? Did you chamblets deluged with blood, the innocent and your hamlets deluged with blood, the innocent and the suilty carried of by the same tide of calamity the course of the proposed course

you ever represent to yourselves, your towns and an Arcadia like this, our hamlets deluged with blood, the innocent and "The course of true love always did run smooth." your hamlets deluged with blood, the innocent and the guilty carried off by the same tide of calamity and wo? Did you ever reflect on what experience teaches, that almost without exception, every popular revolution is a work of blood? Did you ever reflect that even the Philosopher of Geneva, the author of the social contract, the great neva, the author of the social contract, the great in the bends of the curls, with gleams resembling these of suburn; and it was so lone and luxuriant, neva, the author of the social contract, the great upholder of the Sovereiguty of the people, says himself, that a revolution which cost only one drop of blood, would be too dearly bought? We leave these important reflections to your feelings of humanity, and to your sentiments as christians.

manity, and to your sentiments as christians.

"The Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the charity of God, and the communication of the Holy Ghost be with you all."—2 Cor. 13. 13.

This charge shall be read and published at the Parochial or principal Mass of each Church, in chapter by each community of our Diocese, on the first Sunday or Festival after its reception. Given at Montreal the 24th Oct. 1837.

JOHN JAMES LARTIQUE. Bishop of Montreal.

Varietn.

THE DREAM-GIRL. IN TWO CHAPTERS-CHAPTER THE FIRST.

There is a certain valley in Languedoc, at no great distance from the palace of the bishop Mendes, where, to this day, the traveller is struby some singular diversities of scenery. The val-ley itself is the most quiet and delightful that France can boast. A stream wanders through it, with just rapidity enough to keep its waters sweet and clear; and on either side of this line of beauty, some gentle-swelling meadows extend on one side to a chain of smooth, green hills, and on the other to the base of a mountain of aimost inaccessible rocks. The river is bordered by willows and other shrubs, crowding to dip their branches in the transparent wave; and here and there in its neighbourhood, groves of walnut-trees stud the meadows, serving as a rendezvous of amusement for in-numerable nightingsles, which, at the first dawn of summer, assemble on the branches, and, as if in mockery of the poets, fill the evening air with their mirthful musick.

Even now, the human population of the valley is not particularly abundant; and he who chances

to pass that way on his journey to the more cele-brated scenes of travelling curiosity, finds some-times a little difficulty, no doubt to his great mor-tification and surprise, in obtaining all the luxuries which render London and Paris so agreeable.— Two centuries ago, however, in the reign of Louis the thirteenth, matters were still worse; for there was then only one village in the whole area be-tween hill and mountain, and that was a very

seemed just touched on their golden summits by the sun, she looked more like a thing of air than Nor was the illusion dissipated, when flinging

Not was the illusion dissipated, when flinging away with her white arm the redundant tresses, her face flashed upon the gazer. There was nothing in it of that linge of earth—for, there is no word for the thought—which identified the loveliest and happiest faces with morality. There was no shade of care upon her dazzling brow—no touch of fender thought upon her lip—no flash, even of hope in her radiant eyes. Her expression spoke neither of the past nor the future—neither of graves nor altars. She was a thing of wind, and the dews; who exchanged, as carelessly and and the dews; who exchanged, as carelessly and unconsciously as a flower, the sweet smell of her beauty for the bounties of nature, and pierced the ear of heaven with her mirthful songs, from nothing higher than the instruct of a bird.

It seemed as if what was absent in her mind had been added to her physical nature. She had

had been added to her physical nature. She had the same excess of animal life which is observed in young children; but, unlike them, her muscular force was great enough to give it play. Her walk was a bounding dance, and her common speech like a gay and sparkling song: her laugh echoed from hill to hill, like the tone of some sweet but wild and shrill instrument of music. She out-stripped the boldest of the youths in the chase skimmed, like some phantom-shape, along the edge of the precipices, approached even by the wild-goat with fear: and looked around with careless joy from pinnacles which interrupted the flight of the eagle through the air.

With such beauty and such accomplishments,

for the place and time, how many hearts might not Julie have broken! Julie did not break one. She was admired, loved, followed; and she fled rendin; the air with her shricks of musical laughrenains the air with her shrieks of musical laugh-ter. Disconcerted, stunned, mortified and alarm-ed, the wooer pursued his mistress only with his eyes, and blessed the saints that he had not gained such a phantom for a wife.

A year before, there had been one youth of the

village, who was able to keep pace with Julie, nay, even to outstrip her, at least toward the close of the day, when even her suength began to fail. Antoine in addition to being the best and boldest

they were submistaive to the temporal one. This is was that the similarity of the temporal one. This is was that the similarity of the temporal one is the similarity of the temporal one of the Theban legion, had before his the Empetor — We are your coldities, Prince, but we are at the same time the servants of God; and now the temporal one of t

es, and regrets. She was a being to be loved—not as we love a picture, on account of the art of its designs and the glory of its colouring, but by passion.

In ording more to scare them than the deadly silence and solitude of nature, they might whisper their passion.

the external enchanment of sympathy.

How this metamorphosis had been produced on
the partrait which he had carried abroad with him in hisstripling heart, it would be vain to inquire. The mind, however, is never at rest; nor any more than the body does it permit what it imbibes, or swillows, to be so. The idea, as well as the substance, acted upon by the powers of nature, soon changes its form, and is turned into food—or noise.

Attoine arrived at the valley of Rossignol at the same season of the year in which he had quit-

rounded into a mould that made Antonic ask indignantly, how he could have imagined her ormer beauty to be perfection. Was she stil as coldly lovely? The village said, yes; but into the swore a great oath to himself—no. The attributes of his ideal Julie he so lavishly bestowed upon the original, that the two were inextically blended in his imagination. Her very scorn had something of tenderness to his love-sick mid; her wild laugh made his heart quake and tremte like the atmosphere in which it sounded; and the

her wild laugh made his heart quake and trembe like the atmosphere in which it sounded; and de flish of her sunny eye fired his thoughts in such a manner, that, as if there had been trains of pow-der, the young soldier sometimes ran into the woods, to leave, if possible, himself behind, and avoid the explosion.

In the meantime, a day was appointed for a expedition to the black mountain. The interval was passed in jeers directed at Antoine, who was supposed, from long disease, to be incapable of en gaging with his former vigour and advoitness it the sport. The anticipated triumph of Julie was nainted to him in terms of bitter mockery; and was passed in jeers directed at Antoine, who was supposed, from long disease, to be incapable of engaging with his former vigour and adroitness it the sport. The anticipated trimph of Julie was painted to him in terms of bitter mockery; and various young girls, who had budded into beauty since his departure, were pointed out as proper substitutes for her who would only be wooed by the wind, and return a love as cold and unsubstanthe wind, and return a love as cold and unsubstan-

When the day came the party assembled to the When the day came the party assembled to the number of twenty, nearly half of whom were handsome young girls, all in their holiday costume. They were escorted out of the village, according to immemotial custom, by a tribe of little children, screaming henedictions and scattering flowers; and when they had gained a huge oaktree near the cutrance, each one pulled a branch; and, the women racing themselves two by two and, the women ranging themselves two by two in the van, while the men followed in the same order, the whole set forth, singing a hymn in parts, and keeping time with their feet, and waving their oak branches to the musick.

It was not long before they entered into the cold shadow of the mountain. "Heating many a read"

It was not long before they entered into the cold shadow of the mountain, "floating many a rood" upon their path. There was a savage grandeur in the scene before them, which, for a time, awed even the hearts accustomed to it from infancy.—This remarkable range of mountains formed, for the most part, of granite rocks, of which the scanty vegetation affords subsistence to no animal except the wild-goat. So irregular are these masses of cliff, that, at several points of the view, the cept the wild-goat. So irregular are these masses of cliff, that, at several points of he view, the traveller fancies he sees before him some gigantic city of the desert, with chimneys, comes and spires, rising in the midst. On nearer approach, the objects of his wonder change into ridges of rocks and pinnacles, so bare and ofty, that he shudders to scale them even in imagination. Toward the summit of the mountain, the majestick dimensions of the scene exceed conception.— Frightful chasms seem to split asurder the entire ridge; and the stranger, leaning over the preci

typon the horrid secrets of subterrangen nature.
Such was the scene of the villagers' recreation.
A considerable part of the forenood was spent in repairing their huts along the base of the cliffs, which a storm, since their last valit, had almost

\* Louis the thirteenth was the last who observed this

Julie was seen gliding up height after height, and skimming precipice after precipice, to the farthest ridge of the magnificent picture. Her shrill and musical laugh at last melted faintly on the ear, and she and her lover were observed, but so dimly as to be scarcely discernable, near the summit of a pinnacle in the background. They were seated beside an eagle's nest, in which two young ones were lying, warmly cradled and asleep. Antoine sighed as he looked.
"Julie," said he "what are you gazing at?-

the sume season of the year in which he had quitted it; and so little appearance of change did he observe, that, in winding through the knots of willows by the side of the stream, in his approach to the houses, he was almost tempted to code whether his absence ned been anything more than a dram. His reception, however, by the villagers som convinced him of the reality of his travels. News was eagerly demanded of the world; but he could tell little to interest or satisfy them. They were still busy with the conspiracy of Marshall Biron, under Henri the fourth, and debated firstly upon the terms of the promise of marriage, given by that prince to Madamoiselle d'Estragues.

They thought that the mayor of Paris was the author of all disturbences in the kingdom, and that; Cardinal Richelieu was persecuted by the Protestants for his religious opinions. Antoine at last, so great was the majority eganst him, was ashanded of his ignorance, and wished he had neve left the valley of Rossignol, where they knew so huch better what was done in the world, than they who of air! Lord of the desert land! dweller of the There is not even a cloud in that fair, blue sky, to give you matter for a thought. Look here! Oh! Julie, how sweetly these little creatures are sleep-

ed of his ignorance, and wished he had neve left the valley of Rossignol, where they knew so much better what was done in the world, than they who had been in the world themselves.

But Julie! She was a year older. Her voice had sunk about the millionth part of a tone; her eyes were more intensely blue; her figure was rounded into a mould that made. Antone ask indignantly, how he could have imagined her ormer beauty to be perfection. Was she still as new them he loves? and is not his heart stirred with sweet and tumultuous emotion, as he descries from afar his own evrie in the cliff?"

"Ay, stirred," cried Julie—"stirred to its inmost core; but with pride and joy, and a ferce consciousness of mejesty and might! Look! he is alone—alone in the boundless air! The earth is beneath his feet, with all its degrading ties of habit and pages its. He can think as the properties of the constitution of the constitutio is beneath his feet, with all its degrading ties of habit and necessity. He only thinks at this moment, if eagles think, that he is the sole inheritor of the space he surveys; and he only feels that he is the lord and sovereign of himself—a right royal heritage! Antoine sighed. The moment was unpropitious for his suit; but this was her usual mood, and he could contain his passion no longer. "Come," cried Julie, starting up, as he was beginning to speak: "chilgren of earth as we are. ginning to speak; "children of earth as we are,

"Speak on, then," said Julie, calmly; "what is "Speak on, item, state to be about?"

"About—about—" and the lover gasped—
"Julie, I wish to speak to you about—love."

"Love?" and she laughed till the rocks rang

with the music.
"Laugh on!" cried Antoine; "laugh on, but

"Laugh on!" cried Antoine; "laugh on, but hear me. I have loved you, Julie, since I was a boy; I havethought of you by day, and dreamed of you by night; I have fled from you in vain, for your imag still pursued me; I have fought for gold, and you it, only to lay the spoil at your feet; I love you now, as I have loved you ever."

"And of with do you complain?" asked the maid; "have not always thought of you, the instant you cane in sight? Have I not dreamed several times, when I had the nightmare, that you

"Laughon!" cried Antoine; "laugh on, but hear me. I have loved you, Julie, since I was a boy; I have hought of you by day, and drawamed of you by night; I have fied from you in vain, for your imag still pursued me; I have fought for gold, and won it, only to lay the spoil at your feet; I love you now, as I have loved you ever."

"And of whit do you complain?" saked the maid; "have I not always thought of you, the instant you cant in sight? Have I not drawamed several times, when I had the nightmare, that you were a hound aid I a hare? Have I not fled from you again and again? and did not you pursue me not merely in ida, but in fact, breaking once your arm, and many times almost your neek, in the face? I have enfought for gold, indeed, to lay at your feet, but I have climed for pheasants and thrown them at your head. In short, I love you now, just as I love! you ever. I love you as well, or almost rs well, a I love that glorious bird, who looks as if he were hout to swoop down upon us. Do try if you can ht him with a stone?" and the gay and heartless maiden sprang, with another laugh, down the cliff.

Even Julie was almost tired toward the close of the day; and she at lingth listened to the entreaties of Antoine, and chesented to return and rejoin the party at the commen rendezvous. They were now on a pant of the singe of mountains where even the foot of the daing peasants seldom trod, on wing to its difficulty of access. It was a talular rock, at a considerable evacion above the others; and the sides of which, steept at one particular point, were absolutely perpendicular for several nundred feet from the top lands of smooth as to present the appearance of the wall of a fertizes.

travelled in this province, about the time referred to, his imagination was greatly struck by the peculiarities of the occupation about to be described. The following (in his own words) is the simple way in which he first chanced to hear of it:

"In a journey," says he, "which I made into Languedoc, I paid a visit to the bishop of Mendes, at his delightful seat in that province, w o treated us at table 1 ather with the magnificence of a nobleman, than the simplicity of an ecclesiatick.—

We observed, however, that all the wiid-fowl wanted either a leg, a wing, or some other part.

"Why," cried the prelate, good-humouredly, it does not look very elegant, indeed; but you must excuse the greediness of my caterer, who is a laways for having the first of what he brings."

Upon heing informed that his caterers were no looking are to the adventure, in the herald was going about to be described. Every where the herald was going about to be described. The following (in his own words) is the simple to comparison and eternal peace, carried fire and sword through Europe at the head of a general runmage of the moor always joined, commenced.—
This consisted of a general runmage of the moor always joined, commenced.—
This consisted of a general runmage of the moor always joined, commenced.—
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This consisted of a general runmage of the moor always joined, commenced. had something terrific even for the boldest imagi-

round to see if some assistants had not risen from the fissures of the cliff, to sustain and repeat the almost unearthly sound; her cheeks swelled with beauty; her figure seemed to dilate; and her dancing eyes flashed sparks of light, as she waited on tiptoe the signal to start. Her companions looked at her with wonder and admiration; but the oldest man of the party, the same who was to give the signal, was seen to regard her with a strange expression of concern.

"Antoin.

The feat had-been performed on this and some former occasions by Julie and her lover, from simple daring, "thout any prospect of advantage; for here the case of strillity was so complete, that even the eagles avoided the lonely rock. There was a dreavy grandeur in the view from the summit, which oppressed the heart. The region of cliff and precipice extended as far as the eye could reach. The only diversity in the scene was in the form of the craggy points, which shot up their bald heads around; and in the angle of the abrupt and dizzy steeps, which lung threateningly over gulfs of darkness that were bottomless to the vision. A grayish, brown colour, with no variety "Antome, day! There is that in her eygod. I never saw the expression but once pood. A grayish, brown constitute. A grayish, brown constitute. A grayish, brown constitute. A grayish, brown constitute, and the picture. Except of shade, overspread the picture. Except of sha

prevented him from ascertaining the position of the sun; and now, that he saw a dull round spot near the edge of the horizon, it was with surprise and some alarm he discovered that the day was nearly at a close. The old man's prediction how-ever, respecting the weather, was evidently false; for, excepting in that particular point, the sky was as clear as it had been in the morning; and Antoine, aware of the exact distance they had to tra-vel, and the time it would take, was certain of their being able to perform the journey long before

nightfall.

Julie, before consenting to return, had lingered so long, that a slight suspicion crossed Antoine's unid, that, impressed by the strange feelings which weighed upon his own heart, she had some reluctance to descend the dangerous arch. But then, she walked so fearlessly along the edge of the precipice, and looked with so earnest an admiration upon the scene leavour that the momentary the precipice, and looked with so earnest an admiration upon the scene beyond, that the momentary idea fled. A sudden shadow, however, that at the moment fell upon the earth, as when a thick cloud crosses the mid-day sun, caused him to start and almost tremble. He remembered the old man's prediction; and he knew full well that a storm on these mountains was preceded by no greater warnthese mountains was preceded by no greater warning than the flash which heralds the roar of the thunder.

thunder.

"Come—come. Julie," he said quickly, "you are afrud or this tottering arch! Let us try who shall get first to the bootom." Julie turned round and looked at him gravely.

"It is time," said she "to return. The air is heavy and hot; there is a strange stillness among these cliffs, where the wind always sighs so loudly. If I were weather wise, I would say, in spite of the him six above is, that a storm is about to ly. If I were weather wise, I would say, in spite of the blue sky above us, that a storm is about to burst." Antoine scarcely heard what she said, for he was gazing in her eyes; where he saw, or imagined he saw distinctly, the dark spot pointed out to him in the morning, in the midst of flashes of a most supernatural brightness. Impelled by a sudden feeling, which partook as much of pity as of devout admiration, he healt hefore he, and, of devout admiration, he hadt before he, and, seizing her hand, pressed it to his hips; and without another word, threw himself upon the

without another word, threw himself upon the arch and gained the firm ground in safety.

On looking, instead of following, she was standing upon the edge of the p ecipice, gazing upon the thick, black clouds, which, as it appeared, had covered almost instantaneously the sky above. At length, however, she put forth her foot to commence the descent, but withdrew it with a shriek, as a flash of lightning threw its sudden glare upon the rocks. The thunder followed with scarcely the rocks. The funder followed with scarcely the interval of a second; and its hollow roar, repeated by the thousand echoes of the cliffs, shock the air. Flash followed flash; peal rolled upon peal; the storm, as if awakened from its slumber, swept down upon the world like an armed man, to join the strife of nature; the air grew thick, and join the strife of nature; the air grew thick, and dark, and heavy; the fantastic ridges of the cliffs, now fading in the gloom, and now starting out in the red glare of the lightning, looked like the infernal genii of the place, called from their enchanted caves by some voice of power.

Antoine, as some mighter flash revealed the whole scene, for a moment, with the clearness of day, could still see his mistress standing upon the class of the precipice. Her head was uncovered.

day, could still see his mistress standing upon the edge of the precipice. Her head was uncovered, and her arms extended toward heaven in an attitude of enthusiastic admiration; and as she stood there; tall and motionless, with her long hair, which had escaped from its confinement, floating upon the storm, Antoine could scarcely repress the idea that he beheld a creature of another world.—In another moment the arch was struck with lightning, and its gizantic rains rolled around him. ning, and its gigantic ruins rolled around him. [To be concluded in our next.]

Morfeulture.

BRIEF HINTS FOR NOVEMBER .- As the farmer's work is now generally completed, implements should be cleaned, dried, and laid saide. Every farmer should have a building for his carts, ploughs

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