



WE HAVE LIVED AND LOVED TOGETHER.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears.

I have never known a sorrow
That was long unsoothed by thee;
For thy smile can make a summer;
Where darkness else would be.

Like the leaves that fall around us,
In Autumn's fading hours,
Are the traitor's smiles that darken
When the clouds of sorrow lowers;

And though many such we've known, love,
Too prone, alas! to range;
We both can speak of one, love,
Whom time could never change.

We have lived and loved together
Through many changing years;
We have shared each other's gladness,
And wept each other's tears,

And let us hope the future
As the past has been, will be;
I will share with thee thy sorrows,
And thou thy smiles with me.

Miscellaneous.

From the Dublin University Magazine.
THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF WATERLOO".
In our days, the high born and wealthy have small inducements to violate the salutary restrictions of the law. However the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honor, aristocratic delinquency is chiefly comprised, and loss of character and caste, the severest penalty incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, within our own recollection, some melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and as the well being of society demands, the impartial hands of justice visited the offence with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, one will be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more apologists—for no punishment more general sympathy—and while his sentence was accordant to the letter of the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was a descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served abroad under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt had particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the 21st Fusiliers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet major, it was said had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is that between these officers no cordiality existed; little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place, and the temper of Campbell, naturally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The 21st regiment was quartered in Newry when the half yearly inspection occurred. As senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Capt. Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade. A hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Intoxicated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartment, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Capt. Boyd, brought him to an inner mess room, closed the door, and without the presence of a friend or a witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly discharged; and with the first fire, Boyd fell mortally wounded. The dying man was removed to his barrack room, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion had subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental phrenzy he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family.—"Throwing himself upon his knees, he supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit that everything was fair." The dying man whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent, replied "Yes, it was fair—but Campbell, you are a rash man—you hurried me—" and shortly afterwards expired in the arms of his wife.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him, and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial, and in due time surrendered himself, as the summer assizes were approaching.

From the moment the unfortunate duel entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanor won the commissary of all within. The Governor confident in the honor of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint. He occupied the apartments of his keeper—went over the building as he pleased—held unrestricted

communication with all that sought him—and in fact was a captive but in name. I shall never forget the 13th of August 1803. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the Major's trial, and when I entered the court house the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen, and the hall of justice was rendered gloomy, if possible, from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge Mayne was seated.—A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked around the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin billious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression, from the shading produced by an accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed on him, for the fate of a fellow creature hung upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal, and what a subject of contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded across his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that would seal his destiny; his noble and commanding figure, thrown into an attitude of determination, was graceful and dignified—and while on every countenance beside, a sickening anxiety was visible, not the twinkle of an eyelash, or motion of the lip betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury reluctantly returned to their box—the customary question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—guilty, was faintly answered, accompanied with a recommendation to mercy, however.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then, planting his feet firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and prepared to listen to his doom. Slowly Judge Mayne assumed the fatal cap and all unmoved, he pronounced, & Campbell heard his sentence.

While the short address that sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered, the silence of the court was broken by smooth-edged sobs; but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy on your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that grave old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the highland soldiers thronged the court ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had effected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honor of the condemned soldier. On his return to the jail, an assurance that he would not escape was required and given, and to last, Campbell continued to enjoy all the comfort and liberty the prison could afford.

Meantime strong exertions were made to save him: petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the Lord Lieutenant. But the judge declined to recommend the convict, and consequently the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

The mental agony of Campbell's attached wife was for a time severe beyond endurance, but by a wonderful exertion she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London to throw herself at the queen's feet, and implore her commiseration. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced was frequently tedious and uncertain, and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted, a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet-stay was torn, and the crew were compelled to abandon ship. The storm at the pier was so violent that the ship was dashed to pieces, and the crew were compelled to abandon ship.

After being extended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell, and a hearse in waiting received it, and drove off rapidly. The remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland.

There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. Innumerable numbers escorted the body to the family cemetery, and in the poet's words, "they laid him in his father's grave."

From the *Genesee Farmer*.

BREAKING COLTS.—The habits of a horse whether good or bad are frequently the result of the first efforts to subject him to the service of man. On these mainly depend his future usefulness. It cannot be denied but that there are a variety of temper among these noble animals which may require diversified means to effect their subjection; yet in no case should gentleness be disregarded. The practice generally prevalent, of letting colts arrive at almost their full vigor before an attempt is made to accustom them to the bit or saddle, is believed to be erroneous.

By the saddle we do not mean that the colt should be made to bear heavy burdens, for he has arrived at a suitable age; but by an early use of it, he will become so habituated to its uses as to receive at a proper time, the addition of weight without remonstrance or fretfulness. If the colt has acquired considerable age before an attempt is made to curb his waywardness, nothing should be neglected to render the attempt successful and decisive.—If the colt is to be broke to the saddle, care should be used in securing it firmly upon him, because carelessness in this may lead to bruised limbs, besides being a positive injury to the temper of the horse. To prevent the colt from rearing, and falling backwards, as is frequently the case, a rope should encircle his body near the fore legs—another passing over his neck, and between his legs, should be firmly tied to the one enclosing his body, which will effectually prevent his rearing. For further suggestions, on this point, we subjoin the following from Deane's New England Farmer:

The way of breaking a young horse that is mostly used in this country, is highly absurd, hurtful and dangerous. He is mounted and ridden before he has been shod from the manger with their eyes invoking blessings on her journey.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife

of Captain —, seldom left him.—She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he dropped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness which are so peculiarly the province of woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from the prison, but Campbell recoiled from a proposition which would compromise his honor with the keeper.—"What?" he exclaimed when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never shall I deceive the person who confided in my honor."

Two evenings before his sufferings, Mr. — urged him to escape. The clock struck 12, and Campbell hinted that it was time to retire.

As usual, he accompanied her to the gate, and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip—"Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion, "would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and"—

The convict put his hand upon her mouth; "Hush!" he replied, and gently forced her out, "would you have me to violate my promise?" Bidding her good night, he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailor.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertion to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant, and now that hope was at an end, he labored to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last, his courage was unshaken; and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold, with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the color never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner frightfully disguised presented himself suddenly. Campbell involuntarily shrank from this loathsome being, but as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness for an instant, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the 42d regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and the same he had led to a bayonet charge against the invincibles of Napoleon, formed the jail guard to witness his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders when drawn out to be present at the ignominious end of their lion hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer first appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish passed along the ranks, and every bonnet was respectfully removed—Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic. Instantly every face was turned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgement seat, and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.

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It is not, however, intended to make the "Companion" a mere reprint of any thing and every thing that first comes to hand.—

The magazines and literary publications of England vary in their quality at different times as they may happen to be struggling into existence or falling into decay, or as

they are more or less fortunate in their con-

NOTICE

WAS committed to my custody on the 17th inst. as a runaway slave, a negro man who calls himself Benjamin Martin. He is about five feet ten inches high, slender built, and of a yellow complexion, about twenty-five years of age, has on a straight bodied janes coat, and pantaloons of the same, a black hat and coarse-peg shoes, and has with him a black circassian coat and pantaloons, a gray casinet frock coat and pantaloons of the same, and a linen bosomed ruled shirt.

R. B. MARNEY, Sh. ff.
Lawrence c'ty, Illinois.

October 22, 1834.—40-3t

The cheapest reprint from English Periodicals ever offered to the public.

COMPANION TO WALDIE'S LIBRARY.

Before the Circulating Library had been long in existence, it was discovered that there was still something wanting—that many occurrences in the literary world must pass unnoticed, as regarded our agency, without an extension of the plan. To establish a fuller medium of communication and supply the desideratum, the "Journal of Belles Lettres" was added; which we have reason to believe has afforded general satisfaction. The very liberal patronage extended to the Library induced the proprietor to give that gratuitously as an evidence of his grateful acknowledgements.

More extended experience has shown other desiderata which the "Companion" is intended to supply. While reading for the "Library" a large mass of material accumulates on the hands of the Editor, of an interesting, entertaining, and instructive description, such as would properly come under the designation of *Magaziniana*, interspersed with the Reviews from the English Quarters. To publish every thing of this nature which we deem desirable would encroach too much on the columns of the "Library" designed for books, and yet to pass them by is constantly a subject of regret.

To concentrate, therefore, the publication of Books entire, Reviews, lists of new works, the choicest contributions to Magazines, &c. &c. the "Companion to Waldie's Library" will be offered to the patronage of the present subscribers and the public at large. It is believed that with the "Library" the "Journal" and the "Companion," such an acquaintance with the literature of the age may be cultivated as to leave little further to be desired. Being all published from the same office, more facility offers for subscribing, and having fewer people to deal with, mistakes are less liable to occur, and more readily corrected when they do. The short interval of two weeks between the publication of each number, it is thought too, will be an advantage over monthlies and quarterlies.

The following plan is respectfully submitted.

1. The "Companion" will contain the earliest possible reprints of the best matter in the British periodicals.

2. It will be issued every fortnight, and the form will be the same as that of the "Library"—each number containing sixteen pages—thus, every six months, giving thirteen numbers, which can be bound with the Library at little or no more expense, and making a better sized volume; and to those who do not take the Library itself, a volume every year, of 416 quarto pages of the size of the present.

3. The price will be three dollars for a single subscriber—five dollars for two—and clubs of five and upwards will be supplied at two dollars each.

4. As the work will not be commenced, unless a sufficient patronage be obtained, no payment is required at present, only the name, sent free of postage. Those wishing to support the publication will be pleased therefore to announce their intention as early as possible, as it is intended to commence the work on the first of January next. On the issuing of the second number, payment will be expected, as its appearance will evidence a sufficiency of patronage.

The proprietor of the "Select Circulating Library," fully aware from experience of the advantages to the public of the rapid diffusion of cheap and select literature, has induced to add the above important feature to the work, and of course leaves it optional with the present subscribers and others to take it or not.

It is confidently believed, that, with attention on the part of the Editor, who has already at hand the material for such a work, all the really valuable matter of the English literary and amusing publications may be comprised in this form at a rate of subscription and postage, so trifling as scarcely to be felt. It will form the cheapest reprint of reviews and magazines ever attempted in any country; a comparison with others will be useless here to enter upon, the "Library" itself being the