

remarkably pretty bonnet, one indeed which was quite the *chef d'œuvre* of a country milliner. A strange coincidence, however, occurred, for she was handed into the carriage by the very same gentleman to whom she had lent the sovereign on the former occasion, and who it appeared was returning to town by the very same train as herself. Indeed he took his seat as before, exactly opposite to her; but after a smile of recognition had passed between them, Mary observed an expression half-mirthful, half-scornful, pass over his face, as old Nurse entered the carriage; but it was evidently not occasioned by patrician distaste at the prospect of a plebeian fellow-traveller, for he paid the respect due to age, and assisted her in with care and attention. It was somewhat remarkable that no attempt was made to admit any other passengers into the vacant seats of the carriage our travellers occupied. What passed on the journey has therefore never been clearly ascertained, for old Nurse pleads guilty to having fallen asleep, and the other parties, to this day, refuse to give any account of their conversation.

About a month after this event, Matilda Lawford received a long letter from her cousin Mary. It treated of divers matters; and towards the end, just on a corner of the paper, communicated the fact that she, the writer, was engaged to be married, of course to the handsomest, cleverest, and most delightful person in Europe. She added, however, that he was not rich, being yet "struggling at the bar," and expressed in touching language her own thankfulness to Providence, for that fortune which would always relieve them from the pressure of poverty. The postscript, however, contained the pith of the letter. It run thus:—"I may as well tell you at once what you must know sooner or later—don't quiz me!—but Mr. Raymond is the stranger who sent me the beautiful bouquet, and the white and silver purse. He managed to procure an introduction to uncle William, who knew him very well by report, and has visited here constantly since I came to London."

One surprise, however, was to mount on another; for the next morning's post brought a short and almost incoherent letter from Mary. From it enough was gathered to contradict some of the assertions contained in the former epistle, for it stated that though Mr. Raymond had been for some years "struggling at the bar," he was no longer a poor man, but sole heir—after the payment of a few eccentric legacies—to the immense wealth of Sir Digby

Randle, who it appeared was his mother's elder and half-brother." "Slandrous tongues had poisoned truth," and they had been for years separated; but on a sick bed the heart of the kind old man yearned for his only relative, and when they met, and the past was explained, the pent-up feelings of Sir Digby gushed forth, and he seemed anxious only to live long enough to make amends for past neglect, by granting, almost forestalling, every wish of his nephew. What induced him to leave Mary Marstor a legacy, or how Digby Raymond discovered the precise hour of her return to London, and how he contrived that the remaining seats in the carriage should be unoccupied, we pretend not to determine; but we know "love or money" can perform wonders. Why he passed himself off as still "a struggling barrister," is another affair; but it was just the conduct that might have been expected from a man who, having found a heart which poverty had failed to render suspicious and selfish, and knowing its priceless value, was inclined once more to test it; but—by the opposite ordeal.



#### THE MISANTHROPE.

THE day of my destiny's over,  
The hour of my fate is unfurled;  
I must wander unfriended alone  
Through the strifes of this desolate world.  
Though mem'ry may tell in its dreams  
Of joyousness *once* in my heart,  
No word shall acknowledge the truth,  
Nor gesture the secret impart.  
Though affection yet lives in my breast,  
And holds o'er my heart its controul,  
No longer shall Hope in its flight  
Excelling, bring joy to my soul.  
No more shall the welcoming smile,  
Or affectionate greeting declare—  
That there lingers within one fond thought,  
Untinged by the shadows of care.  
Not again shall the vipers of earth  
Find the place of my darken'd retreat;  
Sweet fellowship find in my love,  
Or the sword of my deep vengeance meet.  
But abstracted from pleasure and joy,  
Afar from the comforts of life,  
I will live 'till the messenger comes  
To relieve me from sorrow and strife.  
The day of my destiny's over,  
The hour of my fate is unfurled,  
I must wander unfriended—alone—  
'Through the woes of this desolate world!  
Bridgetown, N. S., 1843.      ARTHUR.