

There was a moment's silence, and at its end came a low, half-suppressed sigh. I began to think I was on the right track.

"You won't grant my favor!—if now it was to mend Mr. Thornton's glove—"

"It's too provoking—" she burst out in her old mood, but directly added, in a pensive tone, "how can you think I care so for him?"

"How can I?—you do fifty things for him you wouldn't for me."

"Cousin!"

"I ask you for the smallest favor—I take one for a sample, and you refuse—you are a very unfair cousin," and I took her hand.

"Why?" said she, lifting her dark eye till its gaze met mine. It thrilled me in every nerve. "Why?" and her voice shook a little.

"Because you never do anything I ask you to."

"Indeed I do!" said she earnestly.

"I wish I could think so," said I pensively.

We were standing by the window, and I thought her hand trembled as I spoke, but she only turned away her head with a sigh, and without speaking, gazed out upon the lawn. At another time, perhaps, she would have listened to my language differently; but I was going away, perhaps forever, and it made her so pensive. Yet she did not know her own feelings. Something told her to grant my boon; it was but a trifle; it seemed so foolish to hesitate; but then something whispered to her that she ought not to do it. But then it would be so reserved and un-cousinly to refuse; and might I not be justly offended at her prudery? What could she do? I could hear her breathe, and see her snowy bosom heave, as she held her taper finger in a puzzle to her mouth. The conflict was going on between love and reserve; and yet poor little girl! she knew it not!

"And you really won't come to-morrow night, without—without—" she paused and blushed; while the low, soft, half-reproachful tone in which she spoke—smote me to the heart, and almost made me repent my determination. But then it was so pretty to see her look perplexed!

"Ellen," said I, as if hurt, "I am serious—you don't think I'd trifle with you—but I never before tried to test how true were the professions of those I loved—if one is thus bitterly deceived, I care not to try again," and half letting go her hand, I turned partially away.

For a second she did not answer, but she looked upon the ground. Directly a cloud came over the moon, and just as the whole room was buried in sudden shadow, I heard a sigh that seemed to come from the bottom of my little cousin's heart; I felt a breath like a zephyr steal across my face, and—what's the use of denying it?—I had conquered. But a hot tear drop was on my face; and, as I pressed her hand more warmly than became a cousin, a sudden revulsion of feelings came across her, the true secret of her delicacy flashed like sunlight upon her mind, and feeling how utterly she had betrayed herself, her head fell upon my shoulder, and I heard her sob. My heart stung me—vain, ungenerous sinner that I was—and I would have given much to have saved her that one moment of agony. But in another instant came the consciousness that I loved her. We spoke no word, we whispered no vow, but as I felt how pure a heart I had won, a gush of holy feeling swept across my soul, and putting my arm gently around her, I drew her to me as softly as a mother embraces her first-born babe. That moment I shall never forget. She ceased to sob, but she did not as yet look up. It might have been five minutes, or it might have been half an hour—I could keep no measure of time. At last, I said softly—"Ellen!"

"Will you come to-morrow night?" whispered she, lifting her dark eyes timidly from my shoulder.

"How can I refuse, dearest?" said I, kissing the tears from her long lashes.—*Confessions of L. Lorrimer.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER AND COUNTRYMAN.

"Dilatory fellow," said the lexicographer, for such, by his conversation, he evidently was, "where have you been loitering, defalcating in your time so egregiously?"

"What did you say, my master?" replied the countryman.

Lexi. Did you meet with any casualty in your way, that stopped you so?

Coun. No, he wur an old acquaintance that stopped me—Jemmy Hancock.

Lexi. Hum! and so you procrastinated with him?

Coun. No I did'nt, I went to the Goat in Boots wi' him.

Lexi. Ah! had you dinner in the interim?

Coun. No, we had it in the tap-room.

Lexi. Blockhead! the terms are synonymous.

Coun. Are they? I thought them very dear—tenpence for eggs and bacon.

Lexi. Confound the fellow! how does this amalgamate?

Coun. Oh, I never stopped for that.

Lexi. Ah! totally abstracted from the consequences—fell into a reverie on your road, I dare say.

Coun. No, I did'nt. I fell into a ditch though—ale were so strong.

Lexi. And came out covered with chagrin?

Coun. No, but there wur plenty o' mud.

Lexi. Impervious dolt! Chagrin, I said.

Coun. Green! eh, I know now; we call it duckweed in our parts.

Lexi. I shall lose all patience; you were born incorrigible.

Coun. No I worn't; I wur born in Yorkshire.

Lexi. Again mistaking! do you never deviate?

Coun. No, I only goes out to work.

Lexi. You want common ratiocination, fellow.

Coun. No, I don't. I only want you to settle my account—one and eightpence; that can't be dear, such a load as this.

Lexi. I am foiled with my own weapons. Can you not discriminate even a common case?

Coun. No, I can't take any less—it's more than three miles, and case, as you call it, be heavy.

Lexi. I must succumb; here is your money, fellow; go your ways, and let me thank heaven I am released from the purgatory of your obtusity.

A VERY INTERESTING DEBATE.

We have the following account of an "interesting debate" from a gentleman who was present when it took place. He says that at a meeting of a negro debating junto in a neighbouring village, one of the members rose and said—"Honorable gemmen, I move we rebate dis subjec, 'Wich is de mose profable to de human famley, de Hos or de Ox.'" This being agreed to, sides were taken, and two of the "champions" went on with the discussion.

H. Honorable gemmen, I 'pear fore you on a werry important subjec, and 'pears dat I must take de side for de Hos. I wants to know if I had two hoses in de stable and two oxens, a gemman wants to ride, which do you think he'd take? Why, he'd be rite at de hos. And if a gemman sick, and want ago for de doctor, would he take de ox? No, he'd be right at de hos agin. But my repolent tell you better, you mus'nt b'lieve him.

O. Mister honorable gentlemen, I'm restonished at de gemman wat war up dar, talken out de hos; yes, I'm restonished, and I speak werry cam. Whar do you go for beef? Do you go to de hos? No, you go to de ox. But I speak 'gin and tell you more. Jist tink about eaten hos, honorable gemmen.

H. Well, I makes my 'pearance fore dis Bord agin for de hos, kos I likes de hos, and so does you, honorable gemmen. Why, if dey carried de mail wid de ox, you never git yer letter. Why, I'm restonished at dat repolent talken about goin to de ox for beef. War I cum from we go to de butcher. But I won't say no more, for 'Vm sartin de hos goes de caper.

O. I'm werry much restonished at dat gemmen talken bout karrien de mail wid de hos or de ox. What de Locomotion? Go away, de ox git de subjec.

A TRANCE OF A WEEK'S DURATION.—A young girl residing in a house back of German street, between 5th and 6th streets, Southwark, on the evening of Wednesday, the 25th ult. arose from her bed and began to pray. The religious exercises, with the workings of her own imagination, produced such a state of excitement in her mind as to throw her into a trance, in which condition she remained since yesterday week, insensible to every object and event around her. During that period she had partaken of no food except such aliment as thin gruel, which her friends or attendants force into her mouth between her clenched teeth. Such a long period of unconsciousness and abstinence has had no apparent effect upon her health; she breathes regularly, her respiration is similar to that of a person in a deep sleep, and her cheeks and lips have the glow and hue of health, the ruddy color of which, added to a face possessing regularity of feature, gives her an extremely interesting and beautiful appearance. The only motion that has been observed during this length of time by those around her, is a movement of the head, which turned occasionally from one side to the other as she lies upon her back, and a rapid rolling of the eyeballs under the closed lids.

She has now been eight days in this singular state, and seems no nearer a restoration to a state of consciousness than at the time of the first attack, though yesterday one of her attendants heard her whisper indistinctly, something about her brother, which made them believe that the fit of unconsciousness, was near its termination. She has been visited by five or six physicians, though it is not known to what they ascribe her present condition, whether to the effect of physical or mental causes. The name of the girl is Nancy Simpson.—*Am. paper.*

THE STEAMER DUCK.—Here (at Cape San Isidro) we saw for the first time that most remarkable bird, the steamer duck. Before steamboats were in use, this bird was denominated, from its swiftness in skimming over the surface of the water, "the race-horse"—a name which frequently occurs in Cook's, Byron's and other voyages. It is a gigantic duck—the largest I ever met with. It has the lobated hind toe, legs placed far backwards, and other characteristics of the oceanic ducks. The principal peculiarity of this bird is the shortness and remarkably small size of the wings, which, not having sufficient power to raise the body, serve only to propel it along, rather than through the water, and

are used like the paddles of a steam-vessel. Aided by these, and its strong, broad, webbed feet, it moves with astonishing velocity. It would not be exaggeration to state its speed at from 12 to 15 miles an hour. The peculiar form of the wing, and the short, rigid feathers which cover it, together with the power this bird possesses of remaining a considerable time under water, constitute it a striking link between the genera *Anas* and *Aptenodytes*. The largest we found measured forty inches from the extremity of the bill to that of the tail, and weighed 13lbs. It is very difficult to kill them, on account of their wariness and thick coat of feathers, which is impenetrable to any thing smaller than swan-shot. I am averse to altering names, particularly in natural history, without very good reason—but in this case I do think the name of steamer much more appropriate and descriptive of the swift paddling of the bird than that of race-horse.

A FAITHFUL DOG.—In Youatt's "Humanity to Brutes" is recorded the following anecdote of a Newfoundland dog: "A vessel was driven on the beach at Lloyd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously; eight poor fellows were crying out for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant: he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.

The following pathetic scene occurred recently, at Perth, U. C. The prisoner was indicted for the murder of his son-in-law.

Perhaps we should notice, that during the investigation, the widow of the deceased, and who was at the same time the daughter of the prisoner, was on the part of the defence, brought into Court to be sworn. She appeared in mourning, pale, thin, and greatly discomposed; and it was only with exertion on her part, that she could keep composed enough to speak; however, nothing very material was elicited from her. Her feelings frequently overcame her; and she burst out into loud sobs, at one of which times, she cast her eyes upon the prisoner, and screamed—"father! father!" The Court of course ordered her removal; she had to pass her father, to whom she extended her hand in the midst of her sobs and shrieks of "father! father!" The old man in tears reached out his hand to his widowed daughter: the hand which, at the instigation of his heart, had been the means alike of her misery and his own. She received it, and was taken away. The scene was tragical, and brought the tears to many an eye.—*Brockville Recorder.*

STATUE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A statue of Sir Walter, by Mr. Ritchie, was on the 15th Aug. set up at Selkirk! The statue (7½ feet high) is a striking likeness of the poet. Sir Walter is in the costume of the Sheriff, in his gown, with a roll of papers in his left hand, his right hand resting on his trusty staff. The following is the inscription under the statue:—

"Erected in August, 1839, in proud and affectionate remembrance of Sir Walter Scott, Bart., Sheriff of this county from 1800 to 1832.

"By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my weary way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick breaks,
Though it should chill my withered cheeks."

On the several sides of the pedestal are Sir Walter's arms—the arms of the burgh—on other compartments are emblematic allusions to the character of the poet and novelist—a winged harp, with the word "Waverly" under it, and a finely cut Scotch thistle on another panel.

BEAR AND STEAK.—Mr. Wilkes going to Dolly's Chop-house in Paternoster-row with a friend, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his steak, as he called it. Mr. Wilkes, in the meantime, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the City and the Bear-garden: in the latter the bear is brought to the stake, but here the steak is brought to the bear."

When pleasure is over, said Mr. Burke, we relapse into indifference, or rather we fall into a sort of tranquillity, which is tinged with the agreeable colour of the former sensation.