

"No, father, not ungrateful. But no matter; my mother's heart will tell her how I yearn for her sight, and how I load her name with blessings. Farewell, sir; there will come a time when your own heart will be your punishment."

And these were the last words of Arthur ever heard in the Old Family Mansion. His wife had an uncle established in the West Indies, and thither the devoted and unhappy pair went. But the constant shocks of misfortune had undermined the health of Emily, and she was soon carried to a premature grave, whither—and let this be recorded with due deliberation—her heart-broken husband followed her in the course of a fortnight. On learning these events, the heart of the worldly Marmaduke was stricken, and, though he concealed his remorse even from the wife of his bosom, he sent for the child of the loving and wretched pair, to educate and rear. He found her beautiful and winning, and his affections soon centred in the child. Her infantile grace and angelic beauty flung a spell over the old family mansion. Her cheery laugh sounded musically and strangely as it echoed along the old chambers and the paved gallery. She grew up and was married, and now a portion of the ancient edifice was allotted for her dwelling, together with a liberal dowry taken from the treasure-room. But there was one peculiarity observable in the conduct of Marmaduke towards his *protege*, he always called her his *niece*. That he deeply repented his conduct towards his unhappy son was evident from the rapidity with which he declined towards the close of his life. At length his mind failed him. At times he passed hours in his treasure-chamber, listlessly counting his gold, or seated by the chimney corner, muttering and singing to himself.

One winter his faculties seemed to revive, and as Christmas approached he entered into all the gaieties of that season of festivity with spirit. On Christmas day he was engaged to dine with his grand-daughter and her husband. The latter had just received from his wife's West Indian relative a present of two full length portraits by Copley, which were now to be displayed in the dining-room for the first time. They represented the ill-fated Arthur and Emily in their bridal garments.

Old Marmaduke dressed himself in great state. He appeared with powdered hair, a brown satin coat, and white underdress. His hands, of which he was particularly proud, absolutely blazed with jewels. His lofty man-

ner was tempered by a smile of benignancy and though his step tottered with infirmity, eye shone with something of its original brilliancy and intelligence. The dinner passed gaily, the cloth was removed. Marmaduke filled his glass to the brim, and the rest followed his example. He then rose, supporting himself by the table. It was then apparent that his mind was wandering, his eyes roamed restlessly around the table, as if they missed some familiar objects.

"A happy Christmas to you all!" he faltered. "Happy Christmas! But are you all here? My old eyes are dim—dim—failing fast—where's Arthur? Where's Hugh? Oh! I forgot, he lies in a bloody grave, with a rebel bayonet rusting in his bosom. His memory! At this moment his eyes rested on the face of Arthur's portrait, his faculties made a desperate attempt to rally, he appeared to recognise the likeness, and to confound it with the original. He raised his glass to the image, waved it, smile curved his lips, and with the words "here! I'm satisfied!" his spirit passed away. There was Death in the Old Family Mansion."

THE AMARANTH.

THE MONTREAL GARLAND.—This deservedly popular Magazine has just been issued in an entirely new dress; and the very fine appearance which it presents, is highly creditable to the mechanical skill of our brethren of the sister Province, excelling as it does in clearness of print and general execution many of the English Magazines. Of its contents it is unnecessary to speak, further than to say, that the elegant and choice articles of the present number, are even of a higher order than those that have previously graced its pages. The frontispiece is a very pretty engraving, entitled "Beauty and Innocence," and a touching Ballad, "Oh had she loved," the music of which is composed expressly for the Garland, enhances the value of the present number, which by the way, is the first of the fifth volume. Canada has cause to be proud of this beautiful literary gem; and we hope the time is not far distant,—if we may judge from the present prospect of *better times*,—when the people of this Province, will, by their patronage, enable us to cope with the Garland, and give to our Province as high a literary name as is enjoyed by any of our sister Colonies.

The number of poetical effusions received have been larger than usual—and several of the main unpublished—those entitled to a place on our pages, will receive attention—we can consistently promise to insert all that have, hereafter, may be sent to us.—We are often compelled to reject articles on account of the difficulty experienced in deciphering the manuscript.