

which time the old woman dying, revealed to him the secret of his birth.—He immediately repaired to Paris, but finding that Count de Brisson refused to acknowledge him—and his claims were regarded as unfounded, he connected himself with a gang of *roues*. His genteel appearance, and a natural quickness, were well calculated to aid him in his nefarious profession. In a short time he perpetrated the crime of forgery, for which he was apprehended, arraigned, and convicted, as described.

Count de Brisson's second alliance, had proved of short duration—his wife dying two years after their union, and without issue. Frederic was, therefore, the only lawful heir to the title and domains. Happy in the society of his mother, he retired to his paternal castle in Lorraine, but grief and suffering had done their work, and she shortly after expired in the arms of her son. Ten years had passed away, when circumstances leading me in the neighbourhood of his estate, I ventured to make myself know to him. My reception was most generous. A beautiful and noble lady was introduced to me as the Countess de Brisson. My name was already to her familiar, while a blooming family, who called her mother, hailed me by the title of—"Their Father's Benefactor!"

NOTE.—The incidents and character of this tale are founded upon facts which occurred in France a few years since, and many of our readers will no doubt recognise in it a *detail* of the leading incidents of a newspaper paragraph which appeared in some of our city papers a few months since.—ED. AMARANTH.



As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so is the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts are ministering angels sent
To point a pathway to the firmament;
The brazen serpent raised amidst our grief,
On which to look and find a sure relief;
The bow of promise in our mental sky,
A pledge of after immortality!

Literary Garland.

AULD FRIENDS.—By DAVID VEDDER.

My word! but ye seem nae sheep-shank,
I like your visage free and frank;
That ye're a man o' wealth and rank
I shouldna wonder,
Wi' credit in Sir Willie's bank
For twa three hunder;

Forby a selated hoose to bide in,
A pony cart to tak' a ride in;
Sax guid milk-kye, ye'll hae a pride in,
A mare an' filly;
This comes o' thrift an' frugal guidin',
Auld mairland Willie!

An' when ye gae to tryste an' fair—
Gin ye hae little time to spare—
Ye'll trot the cannie auld gray mare
Through dubs an' plashes,
Your legs happed in a cosie pair
O' spatterdashes.

Nae doubt but ye hae struggled sair
Through fifty years to gather gear;
Your manly brow wi' lines o' care
Is sair indented,
But *truth* an' *honesty* are there
As deep imprented.

The parish kens that ye've maintained
Through life a character unstained;
The eldership ye'll hae attained,
As is right meet:
Or, if ye benna yet ordained,
Ye're on the lect.

When neebours cam' to altercation,
Aspersions, an' recrimination;
An' naething for't but Courts o' Session,
An' judge an' jury;
Your mild an' righteous arbitration
Aye laid their fury.

When tailor Tam broke yard an' shears,
An' listed i' the Fusileers;
His widow'd mither, bathed in tears,
Mourned o'er the staff
An' stay o' her declining years,—
Ye bought him aff.

Ise wad ye hae an ample store
O' solid theologic lore,
Frae Bailey, Boston, Brown, and More,
An' weel can quote them;
An' ither worthies, half a score,
Though I've forgot them.

I see ye've trotted owre the green
To meet your valued early frien';
He's sittin' on an auld grey stane
Quite at his leisure;
The vera twinkle o' his een
Denotes his pleasure.

Ah! had we mony mare like thee,
To prop the State's auld randle-tree;
An' drink the stream o' libertie
In moderation;
In spite o' grumblers, we should be
A happy nation.

There is this paradox in pride—
It makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.