

freshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raising her hand to her mother's face, 'Mother,' said she, in faltering accents, 'are you here?'

'Yes, child: are you better?'

'No, mother—I am sick, sick unto death! There is a canker at my heart, my blood grows cold, the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me!'

'In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford us sustenance and shelter.'

'Do not thank Heaven, mother; you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call it to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!'

'Be composed, daughter; you need rest!'

'Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred, oh God! fatally erred, and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, my mother, for laying the snare by which I fell, for enticing me from the house of virtue, the home of my heart-broker father, to the house of infamy and death; but oh, I implore you repent, be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.'

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half stifled sigh.

'Promise me, then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavour to make peace with Heaven.'

'I do—I do! But, alas! my child, what hope is there for me?'

'God is merciful to all who ——'

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death. Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smitings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of

daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the coloured woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled, the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the gloomy place, A MANIAC!

The coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the booby of that humane and charitable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded, LETITIA L*****.

THE WELSH MARTYR DOG—CILIART.

At the base of Snowden, the highest mountain of Wales, is a stone standing at this day, called Bedd-Ciliart, or the grave of Ciliart. There, many centuries ago—for the last Welsh king was slain in 1283—was buried a favourite dog of Llewellyn, the Great, of which and his end we have the following pitiful story:—

Llewellyn had come to this place, with his wife and family, to spend the hunting season, of which sport he was passionately fond. He had among his pack a favourite dog, of the name Ciliart; or, as it sounds in English, Gelert. He missed him one day in the chase, and was much vexed to be obliged to return without his usual success, on account of the absence of his dog. His wife had been with him, as it was the custom of the time for females to engage in such exercises. As he dismounted, and entered the door of his house, followed by his wife, the first object he met was Ciliart, who came wagging his tail, and expressing all the welcome characteristic of that faithful and affectionate animal. Llewellyn would have rebuked him for his absence from duty that day, and for the subtraction he had occasioned from their pleasures; but his mouth, and head, and parts of his body