

ROMANCE.

'Tis evening! The setting sun, "dying like a cloven king in his own blood," has sunk behind the mountain. Night slowly draws her sable pall over the hot and palpitating city. The sounds that erst echoed and re-echoed in the crowded thoroughfares have ceased: nought disturbs the solemn silence of nature's hushed repose save the distant muffled tramp of the vigilant "Robert's," and the plaintive murmurs of the playful "Tabbies" on the adjacent tiles. Lonely sits he in the nursery mechanically watching the fragrant clouds that curl round the bowl of his amber-tipped mer-schaum,—his thoughts far, far away, where she, whose very heart-strings are entwined with his, sits, lonely, gazing on the blue summits of the far-off Brandy Pots! Every object that surrounds him brings back to his remembrance the one who made the starlight of his manhood,—the graceful crinoline hanging neglected from the back of his chair, the playful endearments of the amorous felines on the opposite roof,—all, all remind him, of his loved Angelina. And she?—Do the winged thoughts of love that, like carrier pigeons on the Derby-day, fly so constantly and swiftly from the domicile of her distant husband,—do these find a responsive echo in her breast? Ah! yes!

Seated on a balcony at far-off Cacouna, with the strains of music and the hum of the merry dancers within, sounding unheeded in her ears,—with the last fond epistle of conjugal love in her hand,—read again and again, till each glowing sentence is imprinted on her heart with a distinctness worthy of the best efforts of our own Tupper, her thoughts respond in mesmeric unison with those of him whom the stern trammels of commerce, and the claims of bills yet to mature, confine amid the mercenary haunts of venal trade. Curses on the sordid fetters of conventionality that can thus sunder loving hearts! She gazes with eager intentness, as if her eyes would pierce the hazy distance that separates her from her superior moiety², unwitting, that, owing to her limited geographical education, she is looking in the exact direction of California. A shiver passes over her delicate frame. Is it the cold air from the river, or a retrospect of the salmon at dinner? or can it be that, defiant of space, the yearning spirit of her Edwin has pierced the intervening distance to hold converse with his Angelina? Wrapping her mantle round her graceful form, with a last longing look directed to California, or, as she imagines, to her Edwin, she retires to her lonely couch! * * *

REALITY.

ANGELINA (*loquitur*).—"Now, Jane, mind you put Mary to bed early; and, recollect, I expect you not to go out this evening. I don't approve of young girls galivanting about. I am going to Rivière du Loup with Captain Robinson, and shan't be back till late."

"Really, Captain, I don't know what Mr. Jones would say if he knew I was going about with you in this way,—he is so absurdly particular; but, then, all you men are *so selfish*! He! he! Are not you all selfish, Captain Robinson? By-the-bye, that reminds me; I must not forget to call at the Post-Office, and see if dear Edwin has sent me a remittance, as he promised. He is so dreadfully stingy, and says I am more extravagant here than at Montreal. I believe he thinks one can wear any old rags at the sea-side! But, then, all you men are *so selfish*. He! he! Are not you, Captain Robinson?"

CAPTAIN ROBINSON (*log*).—"Haw! haw! 'Egad no, not

NOTE 1.—This is a graceful allusion by the author to our efficient police force.

" 2.—Probably a poetical way of expressing her "better half."

all, Mrs. Jones. Civilians are, because trade makes them so; but military men are never selfish. 'Egad no,—not at all!"

SCENE.—BILLIARD ROOM IN ——— CLUB.

EDWIN (*log*).—"Gad, Smith, my boy, that was a jolly night we had last Tuesday. Haven't enjoyed myself so much since I've been married! Don't care how soon we have another 'spree' like it; and, by Jove! now I come to think of it, there isn't much time to lose. I shall be having the old lady back by the end of the month, and, then, good-bye to anything like rational enjoyment! By-the-by, Smith, if ever you get married, don't send your wife to the sea-side to economize. Like an ass, I thought I was going to enjoy myself and save money into the bargain, but, by jingo! the old lady gets through more money there than she did in Montreal; and unless I pull up at whist this next week, I shall be dreadfully out of pocket by the operation. Come, old boy, I'm getting thirsty,—let's have a drink."

(*Exeunt to imbibe, &c., —.*)

THE KING AND THE PEASANT.

MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY.

"Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven. And again I say unto you, It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God."—*New Testament*.

Once, at the same point of time,

Two mortals passed from earth:
One was a King, of caste sublime,
Base was the other's birth:
But each had lived a stainless life
Amid this sinful planet's strife.

Upward the spirits took their flight,

Enfranchised and elate;—
Till soon they reached the realms of light,
And paused at Eden's Gate,
Where, waiting them, with joy they see
The Fisherman of Galilee.

He oped the Gate—one lustrous stone—

And ushered in the King,
While the poor peasant, left alone,
Heard songs of welcoming;
And strains of harps, divinely sweet,
Poured forth the Royal Guest to greet.

The music ceased—the Heavenly Guide

Flung back the Gate again,
And bade the peasant at his side
Join the seraphic train:

But,—strange to say,—no angels sang,
No harps through Heav'n symphonious rang!

"O Saint revered!" the peasant cried,

"Why chant no choirs for me,
As for yon Monarch in his pride?"

"Am I less dear than he?
"Can aught but equity have birth
"Here, in high Heav'n, as on the earth?"

"My Son," the Saint replied, "thou art

"As dear as kingly clay:
"But men like thee, of lowly heart,
"Come hither *every day*,"

"While Dives at the Gate appears
"Once only in a hundred years!"