

most truly attached to him. How little he knows of woman if he conceives appearance could weigh in the balance with such qualities as he possesses—but he must discover it himself—I would not spoil the denouement for worlds. I must perform my old maid's part with discretion—I will be a perfect piece of starch prudism, and neither by word nor look, hasten the conclusion of this little romance, and we will see what a day may bring forth." I descended to the favourite room as I came to this determination.

(To be concluded in our next.)

(ORIGINAL.)

THE DEATH OF MONTCALM.

The lamp scarce shone, and in the room
There reigned the silence of the tomb,
Long now the monk, had ceased his prayers
And over now all earthly cares,
All hopes and passions, love and fame,
The laurels which had decked his name,
Aye, life itself, scarce tasted cup
Of earthly joy—all yielded up.
Alone he was, without a friend
To ease the fame of life—at end :
He dared not hope again to hold
The blade he wielded well of old,
But bending 'neath the joy of those,
Who long had been his deadly foes,
He felt that life itself could not
Now expiate on fame the blot.
Yet in that agonising hour,
His thoughts would turn on earthly power,
How could he check the silent moan
There, in his dying hour—alone—
How could he quell the sigh which spoke
Of glory marr'd, and fortune broke
He who from foeman scorned to fly
Now lay, how unprepared, to die.

A burning flush came o'er his cheek,
There was an effort made to speak,
While furrows deep came o'er a brow,
There never written until now.
Again the monk awhile did bend
O'er him the wounded, and did lend
His oft repeated prayers.—

My son,
Think not thy course is ended now,
Or that life's hours have swiftly run,
Before thy father thou shalt bow,
And find an everlasting rest,
A rest unbroken with the blest—

Where sin and sorrow, words here known,
Ne'er are, e'en in remembrance, spoken,

Where thou shalt cradle near the throne,

In joy untroubled, rest unbroken,
While bending down, he prayed the soul
Might reach in joy its heavenly goal.

Those prayers to him, in vain were said,
Now earth alone his thoughts controlled,
And armies which he once had led
Now onward to his vision rolled
As when he, stern in strength and pride,
Had sought for glory by their side.

And wild those faint and sick eyes gleamed,
Throughout the dark and curtained room,
When mournfully the daylight beamed,
Stealing so slowly on the gloom—
While on his soul there seemed to light,
The strength and passions known in fight.

He sat upright, his hand in air,
Well nerved and seeming strong was thrown,
He dreamed that it descended where
A legion slept—But still and lone
He heard no echo, knew no groan,
He woke again—to be alone.

And reason half returning, came
To find him desolate and sad,
Then inwardly he cursed his name,
And cursing deepest, felt most glad,
Again he rose—with fondest care,
The monk still knelt beside him there.

The dying warrior cried "They fell
By hundreds round me ; who shall tell
Of broken hearts, of mother's love
Now without peace, save from above,
Of warrior souls now bent in dust,
Of swords now broke and gone to rust.
Mine army give me, let mine arm
Lead thousands on, and foes disarm,
My steed, my noble steed, by all
That's sacred, how I long to fall
In bloody and victorious fight,
While on my soul such joys should light."

The monk arose, and o'er him bent
There was a smile upon his brow,
His teeth were closed as though intent,
Upon the scenes described but now,
But life with that bright smile had fled,
Montcalm was with the "mighty dead."

E.

EPIGRAM ON A LADY, WHO BEAT HER HUSBAND.

Come hither, Sir John, my picture is here,
What think you, my love, don't it strike you ?
Can't say it does, just at present, my dear,
But I think it soon will, its so like you.