

singing snatches of sea songs, whistling some merry air, or spinning tough yarns with a sailor's usual skill, seemed totally unmindful of his recent loss. When the stage stopped at the hotel where we were to dine, I observed that only George appeared at the table, the father having contented himself with some crackers and cheese. This piece of economy, so corroborative of the tale I had just heard, led me to watch their proceedings with some interest; and when we arrived at our resting place for the night, I noticed that instead of repairing to the tea-table, they were taking a glass of ale at the bar. What passed afterwards, I learned principally from the old man's own confession.

"It appears that the father, having persuaded his son that he could not defray the expense both of tea and lodging, had declined the meal, but ordered a bed to be prepared. While waiting in the bar-room, a half-witted negro, belonging to the establishment, entered and placed on a table in a remote corner, a plate containing several buttered muffins. Just as he retired, the bar-keeper was called away for a few minutes, and Giles Grimstone, unable to resist the temptation of satisfying his hunger so cheaply, crept stealthily to the table, and, after greedily devouring one of the cakes, pressed his son to follow his example. Impelled by the cravings of appetite, George ate two of the muffins, and then both hurried up to their apartment. In less than an hour afterwards there was a terrible commotion throughout the house. Every one was on the alert to discover who had taken the missing cakes, and in the midst of the busy inquiry, it was suddenly recollected that the old man and his son had been left alone in the bar-room after the cakes were brought in. In a moment the truth seemed to flash upon the minds of all. In a state of dreadful agitation, the master of the house burst into their apartment, and at once accused them of the theft, at the same time announcing that the cakes were *poisoned*! Such was, indeed, the fearful truth. They had been prepared with *arsenic* for the destruction of the rats which infested the barn, and owing to the stupidity of the negro, had been placed within reach of the penurious old man.

"The scene which ensued defies description. Medical aid was immediately procured, but all efforts to relieve the agonies of the young sailor proved fruitless. Before the morning dawned he was a lifeless corpse, the victim of a father's avarice! To increase the horror of the whole affair, the old man, in a paroxysm

of terror and remorse, confessed that he had been the robber of the preceding night, and produced the notes which he had purloined from the pillow of his sleeping son. In the language of the first murderer, he might have exclaimed, 'my punishment is greater than I can bear!' Rescued from immediate death, but crippled in all his limbs from the effect of the poison, and stupified by the shock of his son's death, he dragged out a helpless and half-unconscious existence for a few months, and then sunk unpitied into the grave.

"His wife and daughter returned and took possession of the old mansion, which has been to them a perfect gold mine, as they still continue to find money in every possible hiding-place. Thus the hoardings of years of penury have at last fallen into the hands of those whom the wretched miser hated and persecuted. Truly 'man walketh in a vain shadow, and disquieteth himself in vain.' 'He heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.'"

NOTE.—Lest the catastrophe of the preceding story should seem extravagant, I would merely state that it is the only part which is strictly true. The incidents of the tale are purely imaginary, with the exception of the fate of the son, which was related to me soon after the circumstance occurred.

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For The Amaranth.

THE DAYS OF YEARS LONG FLED.

FLED are the days of other years,
And with them all their hopes and fears;
Dried are the widow's—orphan's tears,
In the realms of the dead.

Fled is the glory!—all is gone,
Except dim memory's ray alone,
Of days and years long fled.

Honours pageantry's dimly seen—
The haziness of years between,
Throws only to the mind a gleam,
Where darkness lies o'erspread,
Grandeur's pomp has ceased to gild,
Or single ray of light to yield,
The days of years long fled.

Time, the destroyer of our race,
Our names and titles all efface—
Yea, covers honour with disgrace,
Assurance with a dread;—
Gives to oblivion all the great,
The pomp, the splendour, and the state,
Of days and years long fled.

WILHELMINA.

Bridgetown, N. S. July, 1841.