

who, in the olden time, ruined themselves, and beggared their children, by their insane quest of the philosopher's stone; but will not posterity regard with the same contemptuous pity the mad and headlong career which the men of our own time have followed, in their pursuit of wealth? We were smitten with avarice as with a pestilence—the strong and the weak—the wise and the ignorant—the virtuous and the depraved—all fell victims to the plague, and many an untimely grave—many a broken heart, which ‘brokenly lives on,’ remains to attest the fearful ravages of the disease.

Mr. Harley had *risked all, and lost*. From a condition of affluence and splendor, he was cast headlong into beggary. Every thing was gone—his money—his credit—even his character, as a man of honor, was lost, in his vain attempt to sustain himself, and in the very crisis of his misfortunes, he was found lying dead on the floor of his counting-room. He had died in a fit of apoplexy, produced by intense mental distress, but the good natured world, of course, suggested that an event so judiciously timed, could scarcely be a natural one, and thus the cloud of suspicion rested even upon the grave of the unhappy bankrupt. Major Morris sought in vain to discover the retreat of the bereaved family. Whether from pride, or some accidental cause, they had left no trace of their course after the final sale of all their furniture and effects, and Mrs. Wilkinson, whose sense of past wrongs had long since been forgotten in sympathy for their misfortunes, in vain lamented her ignorance of their condition.

Some months had passed away, when Mrs. Wilkinson, having occasion to employ a sempstress, received information from a person who kept a sort of haberdashery store, that she could not perform a greater act of charity, than by giving her work to a lady who lodged in the upper part of her house. Upon further inquiry, Mrs. Wilkinson ascertained that the person whom she was required to employ, lived alone, in great seclusion, and that her name was never mentioned to the ladies who gave her work. “The work is left with me, ma’am,” said the woman, “and I am responsible for it; but the lady does not want to be known; I believe she was once very rich, and she is afraid some of her acquaintances will remember her.”

“Has she a daughter?” inquired Mrs. Wilkinson.

“She has, ma’am, but the unnatural creature has left her mother, and gone off with a

young Frenchman, who took a fancy to her pretty face.”

“Was she very handsome?”

“Yes, ma’am, but she was no better than a beautiful wax figure—she did not seem to care for any body, and all she did was to dress herself in all the little finery she could get, and sit by the window to attract the attention of the gentlemen. Her mother was almost killed by her desertion, but it did not destroy the poor lady's pride; I believe she has gone without a dinner many a time, because she was too proud to let any one know her poverty.”

Mrs. Wilkinson's interest was excited, and she insisted on being allowed to visit the nameless lady. In spite of the remonstrances of the kind-hearted shop-keeper, she made her way up the narrow stairs, and in the miserable apartment, found, as she had expected, her bereaved and impoverished niece.

Mrs. Morris did not insult her unhappy cousin by calling to see her in her carriage, nor yet did she make her way by stealth to the abode of poverty. A comfortable home, a competent provision for her comfort were provided, and then Mrs. Wilkinson conducted her daughter to the presence of her relative, whose claims to kindred were not now disavowed. Doubtless, of all the parties, Mrs. Harley felt, with the most acuteness, the difference between *poor relations* in '36 and '40.



ODE TO PEACE.

ALL hail the long expected day

When Peace shall dwell on every shore,

When angry strife shall pass away,

And men shall wield the sword no more;

When turns our race to peaceful toil,

The hand to guide the shining plough,

And when upon the blood-stained soil

The yellow, waving harvests bow:

When silent is the widow's wail,

Nor tearful is the Orphan's cheek:

And when upon the moving gale

No more the martial thunders break.

Then shall all coming time abound

With moral virtues blest increase,

And Earth be consecrated ground,

To great and holy deeds of Peace!

And man shall rise in conscious power,

And cast the passion's thrall away:

Whilst onward hastes the happy hour

That ushers in Millennium Day.