

er been lavished, and were now brought up from their hidden depths and given to one, who seemed, notwithstanding the mystery which hung over him, worthy of her love.—Dimon had not concealed his errors—deceit he despised—but when did ever woman love, and not find a ready palliation for the faults of the adored one. They met not many times before Annette, not without feelings of self-reproach, and fears of bitter regret, at leaving those who had been so kind to her, consented to leave the convent, and with a pledge of protection till death, to cast herself on the wide world. Dimon's intentions were honorable, and he felt that to abuse the confidence reposed in him by one so artless and lovely, would be a crime to sink him beyond forgiveness. Dimon hastened to Plattsburg with his rich prize, intending to remain there until the excitement which her flight was sure to occasion, was past. As the orphan Annette had no relatives in Montreal, the matter soon died away; and as it was whispered that the noted Dimon was partner of her flight, the dread of consequences had the effect of silencing a too rigorous inquiry. At Plattsburg the lovers were united by a secret marriage, and after a few months, proceeded to Prescott, on the Canadian side of the St. Lawrence, opposite Ogdensburg, where Dimon intended to reside. He found it impossible to forsake all his old courses entirely, but the young creature, who had won his affections, formed a point of attraction from which he did not wish to fly;—and which induced her to hope he would soon wholly forsake the reckless and dangerous life he had hitherto led.

To be Continued.

*Passion.*—What is more unpleasant, and what so much derogates from the character of an amiable beautiful, or accomplished woman, as to behold her in a passion? For a young lady to become enraged at the misdemeanor of a servant: or because her milliner failed in executing her commands in proper season: or that her dress did not precisely suit her taste: or from any other trifling motive: at once discovers the want of amiability, as well as of sufficient strength of mind to suppress her temper. Such an one would never be selected as the partner of a sensible man; such could never kindle exalted admiration, true respect, or genuine love. I do not wish to applaud those tame beings, who have not a sufficiency of spirit to resent an insult, or to uphold an opinion against the obstinacy of some jackanapes fop; nevertheless all this might be done in temperate language, and with such a different bearing as is the true characteristic of a delicate female.—What is more admirable than to witness a young and beautiful female timidly adducing strenuous arguments in opposition to some positive theory of the lords of the creation,

and while her good sense and sound doctrine carry triumph with them, to see the deep blush of virtue stealing over her forehead, at her own success. When the passions of her opponent are excited, to witness her, cool and collected, and rather endeavoring to sooth than to triumph, to allay than to perplex.—Deliberate firmness in any moment of contest, or extremity, is ever commendable, and a woman who can fondly gaze upon the countenance of her husband, tell him, in gentleness, of his faults, and beseech that he will endeavor for her sake and for his own, to mend them, is as nearly allied to an angel as a mortal may be.

*Speaking out in Church.*—A most amusing instance of *speaking out* in church occurred some years ago in the church of —. The minister, in preaching upon the story of Jonah, uttered a piece of declamatory rhetoric to something like the following effect:—“And what sort of a fish was it, my brethren, that God had appointed thus to execute his holy will? Was it a shark, my brethren?—No—it could not be a shark; for God could never have ventured the person of his beloved prophet amongst the deadly teeth of that ravenous fish. What fish was it, then, my brethren? Was it a salmon, think ye? Ah, no; that were too narrow a lodging. There's no ae salmon i' the deepest pule o' a Tweed co'd swallow a man. Besides, ye ken, its mair natural for men to swallow salmon, than salmon to swallow men. What, then, was it?—Was it a sea-lion, or a sea horse, or a sea dog, or the great rhinoceros? Oh, no! These are not scripiter beasts ava. Ye're as far aff't as ever. Which of the monsters of the great deep was it, can ye tell me?” Here an old spectacled dame, who had an eleemosynary seat on the pulpit-stair, thinking that the minister was in a real perplexity about the name of the fish, interrupted him with, “Hoot, sir, it was a whale, ye ken.”—“Out upon ye, you graceless wife that you are,” cried the orator, so enraged as almost to fly out of the pulpit at her; “thus to take the word out of the mouth of God's minister!”

*Pleasures of News.*—Had I all the money, says Paley, which I pay in taxes to government, at liberty to lay out upon amusement and diversion, I know not whether I could make choice of any in which I could find greater pleasure than what I receive from hearing, expecting, and relating public news;—reading parliamentary debates and proceedings; canvassing the political arguments, projects, predictions and intelligence, which are conveyed by different channels to every corner of the kingdom.

*Marriage* is like money—seem to want it, and you never get it.