

myself on the eve of Uncle Toby.—You have no doubt seen the process of bringing the gas through those pipes, Mr. Stuart? Yes, sir, some years ago in England. Oh? in England indeed! (with rather a disappointment that this was not the first to astonish the natives with.) Oh certainly in England, but this has been attempted by many here before, but never has succeeded, with our large capital (thanks to Uncle Toby thought I) we must do the thing well, and a—and a—(the word generally took flight before uttered). I wish to observe the many advantages we have over others. I see them all, my dear Mr. Grandly, at a glance, but a hurried engagement must plead the incivility of running away—we shall however renew the introduction I hope with mutual pleasure, and walking off with more haste than politeness, I mentally vowed, never voluntarily to put myself either in the way of gas light proprietors, or washing tub societies, until this last dose had been well digested.

ST. IVES.



THE DUEL.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

Written for the Montreal Museum.

“ANOTHER of those murderous follies, duels, has lately been fought, and terminated fatally. One man has lost his life, and three or four others—if they have the feelings of men—their happiness for the remainder of theirs.”—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.*

Clara Delville was the only child of an opulent merchant residing in London, the capital of merry England. As this gentleman died when his daughter was in her infancy, it is unnecessary to enlarge upon his character or life. It is equally unnecessary for my purpose to give a minute description of the person of my heroine; it may suffice to say, that to a very pleasing exterior she united the most fascinating manners, and a mind endowed with every charm.