

## THE DEATH OF A SCHOOLBOY.

BY BOZ.

He was a very young boy; quite a little child. His hair still hung in curls about his face, and his eyes were very bright; but their light was of heaven, not earth. The schoolmaster took a seat beside him, and stooping over the pillow, whispered his name. The boy sprung up, stroked his face with his hand, and threw his wasted arms around his neck, crying out that he was his dear, kind friend.

"I hope I always was. I meant to be, heaven knows," said the poor schoolmaster.

"Who is that?" said the boy, seeing Nell. "I am afraid to kiss her, lest I should make her ill. Ask her to shake hands with me."

The sobbing child came closer up, took the little languid hand in hers. Releasing his again after a time, the sick boy laid him gently down.

"You remember the garden, Harry," whispered the schoolmaster, anxious to rouse him, for a dullness seemed gathering upon the child, "and how pleasant it used to be in the evening time? You must make haste to visit it again, for I think the very flowers have missed you, and are less gay than they used to be. You will come, my dear, very soon now—wont you?"

The boy smiled faintly—so very, very faintly—and put his hand upon his friend's gray head. He moved his lips too, but no voice came from them no, not a sound.

In the silence that ensued, the hum of distant voices borne upon the evening air came floating through the open window. "What's that?" said the sick boy, opening his eyes.

"The boys at play upon the green."

He took a handkerchief from his pillow and tried to wave it above his head; but the feeble arm dropped powerless down.

"Shall I do it?" said the schoolmaster.

"Please wave it at the window," was the faint reply. "Tie it to the lattice. Some of them may see it there. Perhaps they'll think of me, and look this way."

He raised his head and glanced from the fluttering signal of his idle bat, that lay with slate and book and other boyish property upon a table in the room. And then he laid him softly down once more, and asked if the little girl were there, for he could not see her.

She stepped forward, and pressed the passive hand that lay upon the coverlet. The two old friends and companions—for such they were, though they were man and child—held each other in a long embrace, and then the little scholar turned his face towards the wall and fell asleep.

The poor schoolmaster sat in the place, holding the small cold hand in his and chafing it. It was but the hand of a dead child! He felt that; and yet he chafed it still, and could not lay it down.

to the system of operation it was proposed to be adopted, in order to bring about the objects so much desired by all, viz: the overthrow of Mr. Bantwick, and the revenge on Emily Dartmouth.

The discussion which these last mentioned points elicited, was very animated; and if there were not splendid patriotic speeches, such as would grace a legislative hall, put forth on the occasion, it cannot be denied, that these were rare samples of the ingenuity of invention, and refined specimens of the depravity of human nature, proclaimed both from feminine lips, and manly tongues.

Pestley's impatient nature prompted him to recommend the adoption of open and avowed measures; but he was overruled by the more cool and prudent Cotts, who said truly, that such a course would not only fail to bring about their ultimate designs, but would lead to disastrous consequences. He insisted on the most secret, plausible, and deep-laid measures, as the only means of effectually gaining their points, and at the same time, enabling them to rise unsuspected, and unharmed above the ruin; and to enjoy peaceably the fruits of their victory. Cotts' views were at length fallen in with by the unanimous voice of all present, and after explaining the details of their measures, and designating to each, his or her share of action, and designating the time, place, and means of operation, this noted assembly adjourned its sittings, *sine die*.

Soon after this event, the marriages of Pestley and Cotts were consummated with great pomp and circumstance, and the occasion was made the opportunity of drowning all suspicion of their designs against their intrepid victims, in the most studied kindness and good feeling. Chauncey Bantwick, and his friends, and the Dartmouths, and their friends, were specially invited to be present. Even Emily and Calista were honoured with a particular request to act the part of brides' maids to the fair brides, as also were Chauncey and Albert assigned the honour of performing corresponding services on the part of the bride-grooms. During the whole course of the ceremonies and of the amusements which followed, the most cordial good will and the greatest desire to please, were manifested on the part of the new married people towards Chauncey and the Dartmouths; and they expressed a desire to bury all former misunderstandings in oblivion, and to live in future friendship with all the world. Thus were Chauncey and the Dartmouths lulled into a feeling of perfect security, and led to believe that those, who were actually plotting their ruin, were their greatest friends.

(To be continued.)

A MAN cannot call in a better physician than himself; he will take all the good advice he gives away to others.—Old Humphrey's Observations.