

"What will be my fortune?" asked the girl, in a faltering voice.

"Low and base, like your character," returned the Gipsy. "But in death you will be exalted above your fellows."

"That will do me no good."

"It will serve as a moral to others," returned the Gipsy, with a glance of contempt. "The good in you lies all upon the surface. Within, your heart is corrupt and your temper bad. Those who would be happy and fortunate, should eschew your company."

"Thou art a witch!" said the basket-maker's daughter.

"Am I not a true prophetess? It needs no magic to read your character, or the fate that it involves," said the Sybil. "But one piece of advice I will give you, though I know that it will be given in vain. Shun that man's company. The thistle and the rose cannot be placed in the same nosegay, without injuring each other."

She glided down the lane as she ceased speaking, and was soon out of sight.

"Dorothy! Dorothy! my pretty Dorothy!" cried Fenwick, leaping over the stile. "What did that strange woman say to you?"

"She told me that I should marry a handsome cavalier, and die a rich gentlewoman," said the girl, with a ready lie.

"Ha! did she so? Thou art indeed a pretty flower, worthy of being worn in a nobleman's crest. But the flower is wild, and needs cultivation. Dost thou think that thou couldst love me, Dolly?"

"I will tell you when you bring me the pretty ring," said the girl, tossing back her fair hair from her comely round face. "But hark! there is father's voice. I hear him speaking to the boys in the swamp. Good-den!"

And casting a bright, saucy glance, at the young man, she entered the cottage, and clapped the door after her, and he pursued his way to the town.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A THOUGHT.

BY IVAN.

God gave the Eagle wings to soar
Aloft, and heav'n's high arch explores
With firm undazzled sight:
God gave to man the winged mind,
Its dwelling-place to seek and find
Beyond the source of light.

Confine the monarch of the air
To some dim cage; in fierce despair
He beats his bars and dies
While grov'ling man consents to dwell,
Immersed in vice's sombre cell
Nor e'er for freedom sighs!

Frederickton.

THE SAILOR-LOVER'S SONG.

BY H. H.

Oh! bound my barque o'er the waters free,
And dance o'er the sparkling foam,
Oh! bear me swift o'er the moon-lit sea
To my lov'd one's peaceful home!
As the waters wild thy rible'd sides lave
I'll sing to the evening wind:
Oh! we'll gaily cleave the crested wave
And leave all our cares behind!

Away! away! o'er the moon has set,
Or yon taper's twinkling sped!
Away! away! 'tis years since we met,
And my heart with doubt hath bled!
Through far foreign lands I've wander'd long
But I've ne'er forgot my home—
I've ne'er forgot that my heart belong'd
To thee, love!—to thee alone!

On the barren shores of northern climes,
Or beneath more southern skies,
At morning's prime, and at evening's chime,
For thee, did each hope arise:
Oh! minded well was thy golden hair,
And thy last sweet sparkling smile,—
Thy sunny eyes, and thy cheek so fair
Dimpled with many a wife!

Thy parting words, and thy love-forc'd tears
And thy dear sweet trustful lies,
Oh! I've ne'er forgot though many years
Have pass'd since that night of bliss!
Away! away! o'er the bright waves bound,
Onwards with the speed of light,
For my heart has found in all around
This fair world all pure and bright!

Away! away! to yon moon-lit shore,—
Away! to yon taper's ray,—
Away! 'till I pour at her feet the store
Of my pent-up love! I away!
Then bound my barque o'er the waters free,
And dance o'er the sparkling foam.
Then bear me swift o'er the moonlit sea
To my lov'd one's peaceful home!

Hamilton, December, 1815.

SONNET.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PIETRO NALLATI.

"I fear, long looking on my lady's eyes,
That rival yonder sun's resplendent light,
May in the end destroy the bias of sight!"
So did I speak, determin'd to be wise,
And turned my gaze aside: but heaviest sighs
Shook my poor heart, and I had died outright
If once again their glance (alas! how bright!)
Had not revived me, "All in vain he tries
To 'scape, who carries in himself a foe,
And death is worse than blindness. Should it be
The will of fate that I must cease to see
My latest look on her I will bestow,
Whom, but to be permitted to behold
Is worth a Cæsar's fame, a Cæsar's cherish'd gold."

FRICKTON.

Frederickton, N. B., December, 1842.