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THE FIRST DEBT.

A TALE OF EVERY DAY.

BY SUSANNA MOODIE.

Continued from our last Number—Conclusion.

CHAPTER XXII.

Low moan the waters, the white crested wave
Is rolling its strength to the shore ;
Oh, that its depths were this moment my grave,
That this troubled existence was o'er—
Rave on fitful blast,
Angry waters dash high ;—
When I think o'er the past,
I could cheerfully die!—
Why should I shrink from my watery bier,
And sigh when the wind whistles loud ?
Perhaps she may shed o'er the sad tale a tear,
And weep for the dead, in his billowy shroud—
Then Ocean uncover,
Thy dark heaving wave ;
Receive the sad lover,
Who longs for the grave!—

“What a mad performance is this!” said Amelia Ogilvie, to Miss Watson, in the early part of the evening of that eventful day, as they stood together by the piano forte. “Where did you find this?”

“He dropped it out of his pocket last night on the lawn, before the Vicar’s parlor window. The servant found it this morning, and gave it to Lucy, and she lent it to me. Lucy thought it very pretty, and imagined herself the lady referred to. What say you?”

“That she deceives herself, like many others in her situation,” said the heiress. “It is evident that it is Alice Linhope to whom he alludes. I wonder Lucy can for a moment so far demean herself, by trying to attract the attention of that girl’s discarded lover.”

“It is very foolish. But I am sure she loves him.”

“Nonsense! I will not hear you say so. It is an insult to the whole family. Where is Philip this evening, and the Count?”

“Did you not hear?” said Harriet, blushing deeply.

“No. What is it?”

“Only a party of pleasure formed by Lucy and her brother, without our concurrence. Mrs. Austin, too, has lent herself to the thing, I think, in a most unhandsome manner.”

“Don’t be so prolix,” said the heiress, impatiently. “What sort of a party is it?”

“A picnic to the ruins of C—— Church. Captain Ogilvie accompanies the ladies in the boat, with Lieutenants White and Marsham; and Count de Roselt, Miss Linhope, on horseback. I think it is a well arranged scheme to insult us both.”

“They knew that I would not go at any rate,” said Amelia, with a frown. “But were you, Miss Watson, not asked?”

“I can’t say that, exactly,” returned her companion, hesitating; “for all the gentlemen asked me to accompany them, as did Mrs. Austin and Lucy. But do you think, Miss Ogilvie, that I would go to play the second to that puritanical Miss Linhope? Indeed I am so little satisfied with Count de Roselt’s flirtations in that quarter, that I have serious thoughts of discarding him altogether.”

“Don’t be too rash,” said her friend, with a bitter laugh. “Men will please themselves, and I find that the more we interfere with them, the more it increases the evil we seek to avoid. Husbands like Count de Roselt are rather scarce articles, even with young ladies of fortune.”

This was said in a manner that convinced the Doctor’s niece, that the heiress wished it to be felt. The truth was that Amelia, tortured by jealousy herself, and too proud to acknowledge it, was glad of finding some one on whom to vent her own disappointed and malignant feelings. Miss Watson writhed beneath her sarcasm, but was too mean-spirited to resent it.

At this awkward moment Sir Philip entered the room, and without perceiving Miss Watson, flung himself into his superb easy chair, and thus addressed his daughter.

“This is a dreadful piece of business, Mill. The Count de Roselt has been murdered by young Mar-