

light brown. Age, hunger, long captivity, diseases, make them whiter. It is said that they live about an hundred years; and that they at last die, not of old age, but from the beak turning inward upon the under mandible and thus preventing their taking an food.

## LITERARY DEPARTMENT.

### THE TWO MONUMENTS.

(Continued from page 107.)

Hamilton Herbert, then, was once affluent, —happy while successful,—more than that, he was always a generous and an honest man.

The tide turned and the scene changed! He had been lured and involved, and was now to be ruined, by speculation. A kind of phrenzy seized him, when, had he entrusted his affairs to some judicious friend, he again might have enjoyed, after paying his debts, a happy independence. But in his own troubles he was his own worst adviser, and at such a crisis the greediest grasp the lion's share of forced sacrifice. He apparently revived in confidence and hope after the wreck of his fortunes, though he could not but expect the remainder of life's journey would be, as indeed it proved to be, gloomy in the extreme. It was on a fine morning in the month of May, when he left, with many tears, yonder mansion of his ancestors—the home of his heart—the birth-place of himself and his three children. It is, sir, one of the most beautiful places on the face of the earth. But he left it grateful for the prosperity he had enjoyed there, though with the vivid recollection of its thousand pleasant associations came also the deepest sorrow and the darkest despair. I shall myself wish to die with that same moral courage which inspired him when he held me by the hand, on that morning of anguish, and expressed his trust in the goodness of God to deliver him out of all his distresses. He left me his kindest wishes and regretted—I shall never forget it—his inability to keep me longer from suffering; for I, though older than he, was his classmate at college, his friend through

life, and his fellow sufferer when age was creeping fast upon us both. But,' concluded the venerable speaker, as he wiped away the starting tears, 'I will not trouble you with any account of my own misfortunes. I have endured them alone since his departure and may pass them therefore in silence now. You, doubtless, long ago heard of Mr. Herbert's death—'

'Whose?—Say you he is dead!' exclaimed the listener, aroused as if the earth had shook with some tremendous convulsion; for he had been alternately burning with revenge and sinking with grief as he attended to Willie's tale, until he was quite overwhelmed by the last word—death.

'Ay, sir,' replied Willie, 'his monument is over yonder, where sleep, too, all his sweet family. Nor was HIS death the most lamented.'

'How?' impatiently vociferated the traveller.

'I see no occasion for this earnestness, my friend,' said Willie, 'I only mean, in saying her death seemed most lamented, that—'

'And who is SHE that has died?' again he interrupted.

'Good friend, have patience and you shall know all. Remember the old talk as well as walk slowly;' replied Willie, in a calm tone of reproof. 'I say then, all that family is extinct, and that when Miss Herbert died—who was the only daughter—the beauty and pet-lamb of this village—the gossips lamented for her the most, because she had lost, they thought, by her father's folly, such enviable prospects; in other words, sir, as themselves said, 'she was born an heiress and died in the poor house.' She outlived her brothers and mother, and her father died the last of his family; so my landlord fears no objections to his titles now but what I can raise from their graves.'

The single word, Villain! escaped from the traveller, and the tears fell profusely down his face. In vain did Willie seek to assuage his grief, ignorant as he was of its cause. He, therefore, after a few ineffectual attempts to