

incurred while living, and to inter him decently when dead.

Many years after this, and when the melancholy story of the gentleman who had died in the inn had been long forgotten, or but remembered by a very few, as a young man was sauntering one Sunday morning early on the sea-shore between Greenock and Gourrock, during a very low ebb of the tide, he observed something protruding through sand which was all smooth around. It attracted his attention. He endeavoured to start it from its bed with the toe of his shoe; but being a soft substance, it yielded too much to be thus disengaged. It was leather. The young man's curiosity was excited. He stooped down and seized it with his hand, and with a pretty forcible jerk, extricated it from the clay or sand in which it was firmly imbedded. He raised it up. It was a leathern bag, and remarkably heavy for its size. It was filled with coin. It was, in short, the identical purse which Sinclair had lost many years before. The weight of the gold had carried the lower part of the bag deep into the sand, but the upper part, above the string which secured the gold, had continued projecting above the surface, and it was this which had attracted the notice of the fortunate finder. This person, whose name was Melville, hurried home with his treasure in an ecstasy of joy, and related the circumstances to his father, who was a common ship-carpenter, and a very poor, but well known as a remarkably well-principled man. On seeing the purse, and being told where it had been found, he instantly recollected the melancholy story of Sinclair, and did not doubt, strange as the circumstance was, that it was the very purse which that unfortunate person had lost. Satisfied of this, he resolved that it should not be touched until every means had been tried to discover the natural heirs of its late owner. No means, however, were open to him of accomplishing this but that of advertising in the new papers, which was accordingly done to a large extent; for the honest man could not think of appropriating a single expence of money so acquired while there was the slightest chance of discovering a lawful owner; and in order to increase this chance, every particular known regarding the purse and its loser, together with all the melancholy circumstances attending it, were carefully and minutely detailed in the advertisements. This was all that could be done. For the space of nearly two years these advertisements were repeated at intervals, but as no name could be given nor any particular part of the country alluded to, as being, or likely to be the residence of the parties interested, no discovery took place, and old Melville was at length persuaded, though still not without some reluctance, to allow his son to avail himself of his good fortune, and appropriate the contents of the purse. But even then the old man resolved, in as far as he could exercise any control over its disposal by virtue of his parental authority, that the money should be so employed that a reasonable chance should always exist of his son's being able to restore the amount to the rightful owner, should such at any time appear to claim it; for he never could be brought to view it in any other light than as merely borrowed money, which its present possessor was bound to repay, whenever it should be demanded, without any limitation as to time.

In accordance with these sentiments, he recommended to his son to employ the money in setting himself up in some small safe business, in which with ordinary prudence and attention, he might be pretty sure of making a livelihood, without much risk of expending his capital. Fortunately, the son inherited all his father's integrity of character, and therefore perfectly concurred with him in all his views regarding the application of the found money; and after mature deliberation, it was resolved by both that the young man should commence the business of a ship-chandler, to which the latter had been bred, on a

scale proportioned to their means. A shop was accordingly taken and stocked, and year after year saw the latter gradually enlarging through the industry, prudence and steadiness of its owner, who, at the expiry of ten years from his first beginning business, began to be looked upon as one of the most substantial and thriving traders in town. He had, in short, by that time amassed a very handsome sum.

Acting on the excellent principles of his father, which were also his own, Mr Melville had, several years previously to this time, laid aside at interest the three hundred guineas which had been the foundation of his fortunes, that if its lawful owner should ever appear, he might be ready at a moment's notice, to restore it, not only not deteriorated, but improved to the fullest extent it would admit of consistently with its perfect safety; and this sum, which he had laid aside the moment he could dispense with it in his business, he had resolved never again to touch under any circumstances.

About this period Mr. Melville had occasion to go to London on some important business, which having settled, he again stepped into the mail coach for Scotland, and was not a little pleased to find a very beautiful and modest young lady one of his fellow-passengers. The singularly pleasing manners, good sense, and uncommon personal charms of this lady, soon led Mr. Melville to associate something more than an ordinary interest with the chance which had brought them together. In short, he quickly found himself very deeply in love with his fair travelling companion; and before they had reached the end of their journey, which was in those days a tedious one, he had fairly proposed marriage, and was accepted, both parties trusting to the favourable conclusions which they had come to regarding each other; in which, though certainly an imprudent and dangerous experiment, neither was deceived.

As the intimacy of the betrothed pair increased, their conversation of course gradually became more familiar; and it was when this improvement had taken place in their acquaintanceship, that Mr. Melville said laughingly to his fair companion, when they were within a few miles of their place of destination, and at the same time interrupting her in something she was saying relative to it—

"But it strikes me Miss Sinclair, that there is something regarding this journey of yours that you have not fully explained to me."

The lady coloured and smiled.

"Why, Mr. Melville," she said, after a pause of a few moments, "your conjecture is perfectly right. There is something connected with this journey of mine which I have not explained to you, and that because it is so foolish and absurd that I am really ashamed to mention it. But if you promise not to laugh at me, nor to consider me altogether an idiot, I will tell it you."

The promises were of course readily obtained.

"Well, then," continued the lady, "to confess a truth, my principal object in coming down to Scotland is to look for a lost purse!" and she expected a burst of laughter in return for her intelligence from her companion; but, to her great surprise, in place of indulging in any expression of mirth on the occasion, he looked extremely grave.

"Indeed!" he said, seriously; "and pray what are the particulars regarding this lost purse?"

"The particulars," replied his fair companion, "are few, but they are not without interest." And she went on to say, that, many years ago, her father, in disembarking from a ship in which he had arrived at Greenock from the West Indies, where he had accumulated a little money, had dropped the purse which contained all his store into the sea, and that she had been lately informed that it had been afterwards found, and advertised. That some friends, relations of her mother, with whom she was staying in London, who had heard of the advertisement alluded

to, advised her, nay insisted on her, repairing to the spot in person, to see, late as it was, whether or not she could discover any trace of the finder, or recover any part of the lost property. "But" she added, laughing, "I am afraid it is a wild-goose chase, and there is little chance of succeeding in either at this distance of time. However, I could not resist the importunity of my friends in the matter, and have therefore come thus far on my errand, rather to satisfy them than from any other motive."

If Mr Melville looked grave before, he looked ten times more so now, and not a little amazed and agitated to boot. He however contented himself with saying, after a pause of two or three minutes' duration, in which he had somewhat recovered himself, that perhaps her journey might not be so fruitless in respect to the purse as she feared. "There was no saying," he said, "what chance might throw up; leave the seeking of the purse to me; I will make all the necessary investigations; and, at all events, I trust you will have no cause to rue your journey to Scotland."

Two or three days after the arrival of the parties at their journey's end, Mr Melville was married to Miss Mary Sinclair; for the lady was indeed no other than the daughter of the unfortunate loser of the leathern purse, and subsequently the wife of its finder.

On the day of their marriage, Mr Melville who still carefully concealed the circumstance from his intended, took from his pocket a leathern purse heavy with coin, the identical one which he had found, and which he had ever since carefully kept as a curiosity, and presenting it to his lady with an air of good-humored mock gallantry, told her he had much pleasure in restoring to her what she had come in quest of; remarking at the same time, that she had found a purse and a husband in the same day. Mr Melville then in more serious mood, proceeded to inform his astonished bride that he was the finder of her father's purse, and that it had been the foundation of his fortunes. He then laughingly bade her count the contents, which, he said, he believed she would find right, principal and interest. I need carry the story no farther; Mr and Mrs Melville live happily together for many years; and their children found themselves born to tolerable competencies; and thus, by a strange combination of accidents, poor Sinclair's "little Mary" reaped after all, the benefit, and in a way and to a much greater extent than he could ever have dreamt of, of his little hoard, rendered nothing the worse for the adventure it had undergone.

UNITED STATES.

From the New York Emigrant, June 22.

We noticed in our last the anticipated failure in the wheat crop in the north-western counties of this State. Since then further accounts have reached us from the middle and southern States of a yet more alarming character. In many parts of Pennsylvania, it is not expected that the farmers will reap more than they sow, while in others they are ploughing up their wheat fields as though no wheat had been deposited. In Virginia, what the length and severity of the winter spared, the fly has destroyed; in addition to this, James River, and other streams, have been visited by a freshet, the greatest for 22 years. Portions of South Carolina appear to have fared no better. The rice plantations on the Santee, from the canal to the mouth of the river, are described as being all under water, and presenting the appearance of an inland sea. A letter received from St Mary's, (Ga) dated the 3d instant, says:—

"We have had a hail storm surpassing any thing ever seen in the lower country—the earth was covered three inches deep with hailstones larger than musket balls—the alleys of my cotton fields filled—limbs from large oaks many yard broken off—turkeys and fowls kil-