

TO MISS B.

Kind are thy words and flattering still,
Like those first led my heart astray;
Thou still can'st summon at thy will,
A smile to soothe or frown to chill,
The heart that feels too much thy sway:
But, ah! there's in thy soothing smile
A seeming truth, but real guile.

'Tis sad, that one who knows as well,
The better feelings of the heart,
And felt so oft her bosom swell
With rapture, words could never tell
Such as love only can impart:
Should war with him who loves her best—
Destroy his hopes and mar his rest.

Would'st thou that peaceful smiling hours
Should cheer thy pilgrimage through life;
Would'st thou evade the storm that lowers,
And call the sweetest, homed flowers,
Freed from the bitterness of strife!
Oh! war no longer with my peace—
No more, no more! I pray thee cease.

I would that thou for countless years,
Unmingled hapless days!st know;
That mad'ning thoughts or chilling fears,
May never stain thy cheek with tears,
Nor cause thy bright blue eyes to flow:
May earthly blessings all be thine,
Though sighs and tears alone are mine.

L. R.

York, November, 1832.

THE WAGGONER.

CONTINUED.

"Sir William Gwynne, you have drawn blood from me, you see," said he calmly pointing to his spotted handkerchief; "and in return be assured I will drain your heart of every drop of blood it contains. I will draw down the law upon you like a millstone, which shall utterly crush you. Great and high man that you are," he continued in the same calm tone uninterrupted by him he addressed, "it is in my power to drag you to the dust—to strip you of all you unjustly possess—to turn you out of this hall a beggar, and expose you to the world as an imposter. Do you hear me Sir William Gwynne?" All this was uttered by Oxleigh with the accuracy and impressiveness of a man, who unwilling to trust to extempore wording in a matter of the last importance, has carefully pondered his language and even committed words to memory. When he had finished speaking he paused and watched the baronet, who continued standing motionless and silent before the fire-place as before; but his countenance wore an expression of seriousness, and his eye rested on that of Oxleigh, as if he would have searched his soul.

"Mr. Oxleigh," said he in a lower tone than he had before spoken in, "whether you have, or have not, ground for what you say, you are a very bold man to hold such language as yours to Sir William Gwynne! You must know, sir, that I am a Magistrate; and as you profess to be a lawyer, you must further know that I can at once commit you to prison for coming to extort money from me by threats. That would be a serious charge, Mr. Oxleigh, you know well."—

"Have I mentioned money, Sir William?" inquired Oxleigh, calmly. "But commit me,

commit me this moment. You shall the sooner get rid of your title and estate."

"Why, you impudent man, do you dare come here to bandy words and threats with me?"

"Calling names is not talking reason, Sir William, and hard words break no bones," replied Oxleigh with a bitter smile. "I call you no names, Sir William, and yet I call you by your wrong name; for I shall elsewhere prove you to be *Mister* Gwynne—not *Sir* William! I can afford to be civil, because I have you quite within my grasp as closely as I could wish my deadliest enemy. I am in a condition to prove that you are not the rightful heir of this property; that there is some one living who has a *prior right under the entail*!"

"You—swindler!" said Sir William, striding up to him, seizing him a second time by the collar and shaking him from head to foot.

"Sir William Gwynne—Sir William—you must pay me handsomely for this, you must indeed!" said Oxleigh, nowise enraged.—"You had better be calm and count the cost! Every kick, thrust and shake you give me is worth its thousands! You are a magistrate, Sir William, you tell me. Have you not committed an assault upon me—a breach of the peace? However, I do not come to quarrel with you, nor am I disposed to do so even yet, ill as you have used me; but to tell you that your *all* on earth is at the mercy of him you insult!"

Sir William Gwynne was boiling over with fury; yet he controlled himself sufficiently to say, or rather gasp, "well sir—simply because I cannot think you a madman,—and a madman among the maddest you must be to behave thus without knowing well your ground," (Oxleigh smiled contemptuously)—"I am ready to hear what you have to say. Go on, sir. You may sit down if you choose." The baronet sat down in his easy chair, and Oxleigh took a seat opposite to him.

"Not liking to trust my memory in such matters as this, Sir William," said he leisurely, "I have committed to paper what I have to say to you, and beg your permission to read it." The baronet nodded laughingly and his features wore a very concerned air. Mr. Oxleigh drew out of his hat a sheet of paper, and distinctly reads as follows:—"Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne died in 1673, bequeathing his estates to his eldest son, Fowler Gwynne Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; but if his first son died without being married and leaving male issue, then to his *second* son, Glendower Fowler Gwynne, and the heirs male of his body; if his second son, however, died unmarried, and without having male issue, then to the heirs male of Sir Gwynne Fowler Gwynne's niece Mary Gwynne Evans,