

it contained between four and five hundred pounds in gold and bills.

'This,' thought I, 'is the wedding present of her father to my poor Catherine, and she has kept it until now! Bless her! Heaven bless her.'

I wandered to and fro across the room, in admiration of her excellence, and my bosom was troubled with a painful sense of my own unworthiness. I had often, when my heart was full, attempted to soothe its feelings by pouring them forth in rhyme. There were writing materials upon the table before me: I sat down—I could think of nothing but my Catherine, and I wrote the following verses:

TO MY WIFE.

Call woman—angel—goddess, what you will,
With all that fancy breathes at passion's call,

With all that rapture fondly raves—and still
That one word—Wife—outvies—contains
them all.

It is a word of music which can fill
The soul with melody, when sorrows fall
Round us, like darkness, and her heart alone
Is all that fate has left to call our own.

Her bosom is a fount of love that swells,
Widens and deepens with its own outpour-
ing,

And as a desert stream, for ever wells
Around her husband's heart, when cares
devouring

Dry up its very blood, and man rebels
Against his being!—When despair is low-
ering,

And ills sweep round him, like an angry
river,

She is his star, his rock of hope for ever.

Yes; woman only knows what 'tis to mourn—

She only feels how slow the moments glide,
Ere those her young heart loved in joy return

And breathe affection, smiling by her side.

Her's only are the tears that waste and burn,

The anxious watchings, and affection's tide

That never, never ebbs!—her's are the cares

No ear hath heard, and which no bosom
shares.

Cares—like her spirit, delicate as light.

Trembling at early dawn from morning
stars;—

Cares—all unknown to feeling and to sight

Of rougher man, whose stormy bosom wars

With each fierce passion in its fiery might;

Nor deems how look unkind, or absence, jars

Affection's silver chords by women wove,

Whose soul, whose business, and whose life
is—LOVE!

I left the verses upon the table, that she might find them when she entered, and that they might whisper to her that I, at least, appreciated her excellence, however little I might have merited it.

Lewis, even in my solitary cell, I feel blush upon my cheek, when I think of next part of my history. My hand trembles to write it, and I cannot now. Methinks even the cold rock that surrounds me lar at me in derision, and I feel myself the r of human beings. But I cannot describ to-day—I have gone too far already, and find that my brain burns. I have conq up the past and I would hide myself its remembrance. Another day when brain is cool, when my hand trembles r may tell you all; but in the shame of my debasement, my reason is shaken for throne."

Here ended the first part of the Her manuscript, and on another, which ran —he had written the words—

"MY HISTORY CONTINUED.

"I told you, Lewis, where I last brok my history, that I left the verses on the for my Catherine. I doubted not that I r devise some plan of matchless wisdom, that with the money so unexpectedly r into my possession, I would redeem my ken fortunes. I went out into the st taking the purse with me, scarce kno what I did, but musing on what to do. I one who had been a fellow-gambler wa when at the University.

'Ha! Fleming!' he exclaimed, 'is a man alive! I expected that you and Prince would have crossed the water tog or that you would have exhibited at G. or Tower Hill.'

He spoke of the run of good fortune he had on the previous night—(for he w gambler still.) 'Five thousand,' sa, 'were mine within five minutes.'

'Five thousand!' I repeated. I to Catherine's purse in my hand.

Lewis! some demon entered my so, extinguished reason. 'Five thousa repeated again, 'it would rescue my erine and my child from penury.' I th of the joy I should feel in placing the r and her purse again in her hands. I: panied him to the table of destruction a time fortune, that it might mock my. ry, and not dash the cup from my lip, they were parched, seemed to smile & But I will not dwell on particulars, my! 'laughed to see the madness rise' with. I became desperate—nay, I was insane all that my wife had put into my ha