

our for introducing her. The several parties arrived accordingly. Mr. Hartrow loved to the father, who did not return the recognition; and I could see his lipstrembling with ill-suppressed rage. I opened the conversation by asking the object of the meeting. He wished to offer terms; he cared not at what cost, so that the case was not dragged before the public. He concluded by asking what compensation we demanded.

'Compensation, sir?' said the father no longer able to control his feelings; 'what can compensate my child for the loss of health and happiness? What gold will buy the peace of mind you have destroyed for ever? Before she knew you, she was the gayest creature under the sun. You saved her life, and we were grateful; but you took advantage of our gratitude to rob us of our domestic quiet. You, rich, presumed that our poverty marked us as fit and passive objects for your sport. Thank you, sir, I deem any paltry excuse or bribe a compensation for my daughter's peace?'

'My good sir, believe me, I always intended to act honourably; for my regard for Mary was not an unworthy one.'

'Then prove it, by acting like a man whose conscience is not blunted.'

'I would not have thought to wrong you, but circumstances have placed me in this unenviable position. Now I will settle on your daughter a fortune—anything at all, say—'

'Tush, young man! exclaimed the father wildly. 'Do you also insult me thus? Think you a woman's heart is saleable?—think you a true maiden is thus purchasable? Away! you are worse than evil!'

Seeing my client so greatly exasperated, I interposed. 'Am I, then, to understand you decline giving the only just compensation?'

Hartrow paused for a moment in evident agitation. 'I would, I would,' he muttered; 'but my friends—my family—how can I become reconciled with them?'

'Are these narrow prejudices, this pride at home better than honour and justice?—Having put this question, I gave a sign to my client, who left the room, while I continued:—'Mr. Hartrow, I fear a worse crime still is in store for you, and that is, if this young lady—as I foresee, in case you persevere—pines away, you will be a murderer!'

'What mean you?' he exclaimed in terror.

'The best explanation I can give is here!' I continued, pointing to Mary, who at that moment entered the room, almost carried by her father. Hartrow started from his seat, and ran to grasp her hand with his usual warmth. She gently repelled him with a sigh, and leant upon her father's breast piteously sobbing. He was alarmed at the terrific change which she so soon presented, the havoc of his neglect. The lively and beautiful Mary was now before him, a drooping, sad, and wasted form. The blue veins visibly coursed along her thin hands, and a feverish glow, which was painfully perceptible, thrilled through the man's heart and affected him deeply. With agonizing attention he heard the injured parent exclaim—

'Look here, sir; see the wreck your conduct has made! None less than a villain would have thus wronged those whose hospitality he craved! Look at her, sir,—that tender burl,—and blush it you can! May the Lord forgive you, but I'm a man, a fiend man—I cannot—no, never!'

I regarded the speaker with peculiar sur-

prise, for he was not an educated man.—However, there is an eloquence inseparably connected with passion. He had it. It was now my time to speak.

'I must request a definite answer from you sir.'

'What must it be?' he asked thoughtfully; 'what sum will satisfy you?'

'Simply we ask you to redeem your solemn pledge; I heard you were a gentleman,' I said.

'And who dares deny it?' he demanded.

'I do,' I replied coolly; 'while your conduct proves the reverse.'

'That's enough,' cried the indignant father; the law had better take its course.—Shame will bend his spirit, and the good will shun him. Come away, Mary, my love; you had, after all, a happy deliverance from so wretched a miser—come!'

But Mary, instead of moving as directed, cast herself upon her knees, and clasping her father's hands, pleaded mercy. 'Hear me, father,' she continued; 'I have but a short time to live. Grant me only one request.'

'Speak, my love; I promise you anything.'

'Then abandon this law-suit. It may do me harm, and for the world I would not see him harmed. Though he has wronged me, I forgive him. I have never reproached and mean never to reproach him; why then will you? I am persuaded his motives are not discreditable.'

'Discreditable!' ejaculated the father; a villain's motives!'

'Pray do not, dear father, revile him. I can't bear it!'

'But my duty!'

'Forgiveness is our first duty, father; never shall you hear me breathe a word against him; forgive him as I do.'

'Gracious girl!' interrupted Hartrow, starting from his seat, and embracing her; 'no longer plead thus—I must fall down to you both, and seek forgiveness. I have been exceedingly wrong. But neither false pride, nor the sneers of friends, will now daunt a purpose which is right, if you will even yet deign to accept my hand.'

'What!' exclaimed Mary, staring in utter doubt; 'what! do I hear aright? It is—but no, it cannot be true!'

'I do not deceive you, Mary—I would not.'

'No!' she continued eagerly; 'you could not—your heart is not so—oh thank, thank!—and she swooned in Hartrow's arms. My poor client bent over them in joyous wonder, while I looked on, gratified at the successful issue of my simple device.

The suit, in which the most eminent counsel had been retained, was abandoned, and before another month had elapsed, Mary was Hartrow's wife. Of course I was a welcome guest at the wedding, and ever since have been welcome to Hartrow's mansion. Nor have I reason to regret in the least resorting to such a contrivance in order to settle a breach of promise. Though perhaps unprofessional, it is the opposite to ignoble.

Forgiveness is never without its reward—and you may be a timely friend, as well as a professional adviser. Such are the palpable suggestions of this sketch from real life.

MADAME ST. ARNAUD, who accompanies her husband, the Marshal, through the campaign in the East, is said to have not less than 1,500 (fifteen hundred) handboxes.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY OF COAL IN CANADA.—We have important news to communicate—important, considering the present and prospective price of fuel, and important to this province generally. Coal has at length been discovered in Canada. The important discovery was made a few days ago on the farm of Mr. Campbell, at the village of Middleton, in the township of West Gwillimbury, about two miles West of Bradford, and yet far from the line of the Northern Railroad.

The discovery was made by Mr. Campbell as he was in the act of sinking a well. When down about 16 feet, he struck on a rich bed of coal, which is pronounced to be a very superior quality. An old country blacksmith in the neighbourhood, who examined it, affirms that it is as good, and as rich as any specimen of coal he has ever seen. On being placed in a blaze it immediately ignites and burns brilliantly.—We have no precise information of the extent of the bed. The above statement is made on the authority of a highly respectable and well informed gentleman, and sincerely do we hope it may prove in all respects correct, as we have little doubt it will. Such a discovery must be regarded as an important blessing to Canada.—*Toronto Colonist.*

Letters have been received at Woolwich from several officers, non-commissioned officers, and men engaged in the battle of Alma. It is impossible to describe the enthusiasm and courage of the officers and men of the Royal Artillery under the most trying circumstances, owing to the nature of the approaches to the strongly fortified position of the Russians on the Alma. As an instance, it may be mentioned that one of the first of the artillery guns that attempted to cross the river Alma had one of the wheels of the gun-carriage completely destroyed by the shot from the Russian guns while the officers and men were in the water. Nothing daunted by their position, and the heavy fire kept up upon them, they promptly set to work, and in a short space of time attached another wheel to the gun carriage, and marched forward to the scene of action almost as soon as the others, and as if nothing had occurred to interrupt their progress. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men knew no distinction on the occasion, every one lending a helping hand, and it is stated that one of the officers of the Royal Artillery, killed in action, was serving the gun as No. 3 gunner at the time he was killed.

A NEW MODE OF COOKING OLD POTATOES.—After the 1st of April potatoes ought to be peeled at night for the one or two o'clock dinner, and for late dinners at any time before nine o'clock the same day. I have repeated this experiment many times, and the improvement in the quality of the potato is very great. It is well known that, owing to the inherent quality of the potato, it will grow in spite of every precaution to stop its growth, leaving the tuber very spongy, and with much of the water extracted out of it. By peeling and steeping them in cold water for ten or twelve hours, the pores and cells become filled, however limp the tuber may be, and in the process of boiling, this fresh water is again discharged, taking with it all bad flavour, as well as partly removing the dark spots which all potatoes at this time of the year have.—*Usterman.*

COMPPELLING THEM TO COME IN.—The Rev. W. Vance, incumbent of Cosely, has for the last three weeks descended the coal pits of Lord Ward, H. B. Whitehouse, Esq., and the Messrs. Bagnall, at the dinner hour of the men, and preached to them. The rev. gentleman informed them that as they neglected to come to church to hear the gospel messages he would bring the church to them. The number generally present, it is said, is about 60 men. It is gratifying to add that, so pleased were the men with this attention, that they invited the reverend gentleman again to visit them, which he promised to do in succession, as he means to descend all the pits in his district. The rev. gentleman, being remonstrated with on the danger of such an undertaking, replied that his life was of no more importance than a poor man's life.—*Wolverhampton Chronicle.*