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AUNT MARY'S NOTE BOOK.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.—Conclusion.

And now my story, (if such it may be termed, while it consists only of simple incidents, calculated to draw out the character of those amongst whom I was a sojourner,) takes a darker hue, the clouds of passion, anger, revenge, and of grief, are collecting, to fall on the devoted heads of those who have slighted and resisted the voice of friendship and religion. Alas, why should they involve the innocent; but while the sun shines alike on the just and the unjust, so will life's tempest break equally over God's most favoured children and the sinner, not in anger, but in love—for he draws nearer to those, who in wisdom he chastens, and compensates their light afflictions of a day, by infusing more strength, more hope, and more faith into their troubled souls, and displaying to their enraptured view a clearer knowledge of those glories for which He is thus preparing them in a brighter world.

Thursday, the eventful Thursday arrived; we were sitting at the breakfast table, where we had lingered to talk over the gay preparations which were being made for the approaching bridal morn of the fair sisters, when Mr. Harrington suddenly entered the room, with a newspaper in his hand, his countenance expressing the most intense agony—he threw himself into a chair, gasping, speechless.

"Good heavens, my dear," said Mrs. Harrington, with the utmost indifference, and a smile on her lip; "are the corn laws repealed, or what has Mr. Roebuck been doing to move you so unusually?"

"Madam," returned Mr. Harrington, striking his hand emphatically and violently on the table; "I am a ruined man—my banker has stopped payment, and you are all beggars."

It may well be imagined the effect which was produced by this terrific speech. Mrs. Harrington uttered a wild shriek, and was immediately seized by an hysterical affection, while Marion fainted in the arms of Aaron Feldbach. Belinda rushed towards her father, and fell weeping on his neck.

"Good God, is it indeed the case?" enquired Captain Harrington, taking the paper, which fully corroborated the calamity; "but your whole fortune was surely not embarked in one house."

"All but what I have unfortunately expended in speculations, which have failed. Almighty father," continued the unhappy man, clasping his hands; "how have I deserved this severe judgment?"

"Oh, my father, compose yourself, I implore you," cried Belinda, sinking on her knees; "your fearful agitation may make things wear a more gloomy aspect than is needful. God will not desert us—has He ever forgotten to show mercy or compassion—lose not your confidence, which has great recompence of reward."

Mr. Harrington could not reply, but folding her in his embrace, he wept like a child. After a time, he said mournfully:

"St. Margerets, the home of our childhood, must now pass into other hands, for it is no longer mine."

"Never, while uncle Sam is above ground," exclaimed Captain Harrington, in his loudest tone; "rise up brother, from this unmanly grief—leave these, screaming women to themselves, and come with me to your library."

He assisted to raise him as he spoke, and led him from the room. Mrs. Harrington was then conveyed to hers, while Marion, restored to herself by the assiduities of the Baron, continued pacing the room, distractedly wringing her hands. Belinda and I endeavoured to soothe her, but she cast us from her, and rushing past us, she flew to her own apartment, where she locked herself in, and to all our tears and entreaties, would make no answer. It was in truth a most miserable day—the first of those few unhappy ones which were to terminate my visit at St. Margerets. Belinda, as I expected, bore her reverse of fortune most heroically—indeed her thoughts were so completely absorbed for others, that self was forgotten—her greatest distress was