

was the daughter of some noble house, who had disgraced her family and been exiled in consequence. That the gentleman was really her brother, who had aided in removing her from the circle of their mutual acquaintance, and who now doubtless believed she was dead. Others fancied her the *chere-amie* of Captain F——, who having tired of her companionship and charms, had cruelly brought her to this lonely spot, and left her to linger out her years, unfriended, and to die unloved and unknown, far from the familiar faces of her youth, those loving eyes and fonder hearts, among whom her early and blessed days of innocence had been spent, and from whose guardianship and affection she had been torn, to gratify and occupy the idle moments of a man without regard or principle, who flung her off from him in the hour of her repentance and sorrow, like a worthless weed drifted upon the wild sea shore. Others again, with equal credibility, asserted her to be the wife of the gentleman under whose protection she came to these Provincial shores; but who had either disgraced or offended him beyond forgiveness, and to avoid the expense and publicity of a divorce, had brought her to this distant land, and left her to solitude and repentance, fitting punishment for one who had abused his affection, and cast discredit upon the tenderest and holiest tie that elevates humanity. These and numberless other narrations of a history, which decidedly had enough of mystery to excite the invention of the curious, were believed and circulated by numbers, and now when so many years have passed away since the period when the events of her life were transacted, these versions, hoary with time and like all other traditions gathering from the mediums through which they pass, are alternately believed by nearly all who have heard of the circumstances attending her arrival and residence in Nova Scotia.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SOCIETY.

A PARAPHRASE.

SOCIETY! a very grave word we opine,
 Whose true import, and meaning 'tis hard to define,—
 Its lines are so marked, that its shades never blend,
 Yet still all its flights to the same centre tend.
 To enter the magical circle of fashion,
 Is now not so much of an aim, as a passion;
 While that yeapt "good" when applied to Society.
 Not always means "goodness," "good faith," or sobriety:
 Such words are too vulgar—but sweet aristocracy
 Hides vice, and ill temper, and smiling hypocrisy:
 Not learning, or morals can hope to preside,
 But those versed in escutcheons, the "*ton*," or Court guide—