

audience was assembled: and seated in the front row directly below the pulpit, was the gaily attired and beautiful Cecilia.—Mordaunt read the psalm in a low sweet voice, which like the air rather felt than heard, seemed to pervade every part of the building. The prayer which followed was one of the most affecting appeals to heaven that ever issued from the lips of mortal. When it was finished he sat with his face bent down between his hands, as if to recover strength for the more important task which now awaited him. At length he rose. His voice was extremely tremulous as he repeated the text which he had chosen, but in a few minutes his self-possession seemed to return, and his manner so firm, so dignified, and so impressive, gave new force to the truths which his eloquence had adorned. The attention of the audience was intently fixed upon the preacher, as he proceeded to explain the disputed points of his subject, and he was gradually approaching that part of his discourse which is usually designated the practical applications, when he suddenly paused. A deep silence and almost breathless attention denoted the interest of his hearers. Still the pause was unbroken. I looked at Mordaunt—his face was crimson with emotion. He appeared busily turning over the leaves of his manuscript as if in search of some connecting link which had been wanting. His search seemed in vain.—His brow grew almost black with suppressed agitation. A slight titter began to be heard among the younger part of the audience—Mordaunt was still silent. At length a laugh was distinctly heard from the pew which Cecilia occupied. Mordaunt bent over the pulpit, and for a moment fixed a stern and wild gaze upon her. He in vain endeavoured to speak.—The words seemed to rattle in his throat, but he could form no articulate sound. He sat down. The more serious part of the audience remained in mute amazement, while the laugh had become almost universal among the young people. After the lapse of several minutes, Mordaunt again rose, and in a low and hurried voice muttered something about the loss of a part of his sermon, and hastily apologizing to the audience abruptly left the church. The confusion which followed can scarcely be conceived. I made my way to Cecilia as soon as possible. Her immoderate mirth convinced me that she knew more than any one else of the mystery. But I could get no information from her, and, disgusted at her heartlessness, I left her and hastened to Mordaunt. In vain I knocked at his door and implored to be admitted. He refused to allow me to see him. I could hear him pacing his apartment with steps which betrayed his agitation. But it was not until some hours had passed that I was allowed entrance. His face was dreadfully pale, his eyes bloodshot, and his whole appearance was that of a man just recovering from an attack of epilepsy. The mystery was soon explained. In the anticipation of a frolic Cecilia had cut out a leaf of the sermon. Taken completely by surprise, Mordaunt entirely lost his self-possession. In vain he endeavoured to regain the thread of his discourse. Overwhelmed by mortification and anguish (for he well knew that it could be ascribed to no hand but Cecilia's) he was unable to frame a connecting link for his ideas, and the consequence was utter humiliation.

After a long and agitating conversation between us he rose to seek Cecilia.

'Shall I accompany you?' said I.

'If you choose,' was the reply: 'but remember I must see her alone.'

When we arrived at the house I took a seat on the piazza with Mary, while he, having requested a private interview with Miss Davenant, retired to the drawing room.

What passed during the time they remained together I never heard. Mary and myself were completely engaged in the discussion of the painful circumstances in which a thoughtless jest had placed both. I remarked with some surprise that Mary seemed much agitated, and spoke of her cousin with a degree of severity very foreign to her usual sweetness and gentleness. For a moment a suspicion that Mordaunt might have found a more congenial spirit in her crossed my mind, but the recollection of her uniform tranquility during the progress of his love affairs with Cecilia entirely destroyed the probability of it.

In a few minutes we heard a confused murmur from the room. The low and tremulous tones of Mordaunt's voice were distinctly heard, followed by the accents of deprecation and entreaty from the lips of Cecilia. By degrees the voices were raised. We heard Mordaunt utter these words:

'I have loved you as few men can love, as few women deserve to be loved; but in proportion to the strength of my affection is now my aversion. I know that christian charity would condemn me for this, but I cannot help it. You humbled me to the very dust, trampled upon my feelings, ruined my prospects, and crushed my spirit beneath a weight of humiliation which can never be shaken off, and at this moment the poisoned adder is less loathsome to my sight than

the vain and selfish being who could sacrifice her best affections to a senseless jest. Farewell.'

In an instant he issued, from the room, and hastening down the steps of the piazza, scarcely allowed me time to overtake him before he arrived at his own apartment. The next morning a note was handed me from Mordaunt, stating that he had quitted the country forever. I hastened to his lodgings, but he had left them at day break, taking with him all his baggage, and none knew his destination. What were the feelings of Cecilia at this unforeseen event, I never know. She loved Mordaunt as well as such a gossamer spirit could love, but she probably soon forgot his loss and her folly. She immediately left Princeton, and a few months afterwards I heard of her marriage with a southern planter.

Fifteen years passed away, during which time, being deeply engaged in professional duties, I heard nothing of my early friend. One afternoon conversing with a gentleman from England, the discourse turned upon the popular preachers of the day. He mentioned one who had for some years, he said, attracted the largest audience in London.

'One of your countrymen too,' added he, 'educated, I believe, at Princeton.'

Feeling a vague sort of interest in his account, I asked the name of the popular preacher.

'His name is Ormesby.'

Scarcely believing my own ears, I eagerly questioned him concerning his private history, and was told that he had taken up his abode in London about ten years since, had soon become very popular, had accepted a valuable gift of a nobleman who was very much attached to him, and through whose means he had risen to the highest dignities of the church; that he had been married about five years to an American lady whom he had met with in London, and finally, that he was living in great splendor, as much beloved for his virtues as honored for his talents.

As I was upon the point of visiting England myself, I obtained Ormesby's address, and my first visit after my arrival in London was to him. He received me with the utmost affection, and introduced me with a smile to his wife, the identical Mary Wilson whom I had once known at Princeton. I learned from his own lips the particulars of his history. After he had been for some time established in London he accidentally encountered Mary Wilson, who, with her father, was travelling in search of that health which a hopeless love for Mordaunt had destroyed. He had by that time learned more of human nature, and he could not have long remained blind to Mary's partial regard.—He offered his hand, and never had cause one moment to repent his generosity. Though not warmly attached to her when he married, her sweetness of temper and tenderness had won his most devoted affections, and they were completely happy. I ventured to ask about Cecilia. He smiled sadly.

'She is a widow, the mother of two destitute children,' said he. 'Her husband squandered away her fortune, treated her with the utmost harshness, and finally died of intemperance, leaving her without a friend or shilling in the world. She is now an inmate of my house. Mary sent for her as soon as she heard of her misfortunes, and for the last two years she and her children have been members of my family.'

The next day I dined with him and saw Cecilia—Her sunken eye and pallid cheek told a melancholy tale. Her spirits were entirely gone, and when I contrasted the blooming appearance of the happy Mary with the faded and wretched countenance of her once brilliant cousin, I could not but feel that Cecilia paid dearly for an untimely jest.

TEXAS.—The last accounts received from that Republic are very favourable as regards the state of tranquillity and advancement of the country. Great disappointments and difficulties were however encountered by the new settlers and land speculators in the location of lands, on account of the high prices of all kinds of produce, and of the land offices being closed, which will not be opened again till the first of June next.—The number of land speculators that are flocking there from all quarters of the Union, is comparatively greater than that of new settlers. This has occasioned an abundance of money, and a considerable rise in house rents, as likewise in the prices of every commodity, which renders, for the present living almost intolerable in that country.

SPAIN.—The minister of the U. S. has presented an energetic protest against the proposal of the Spanish Government to pawn Cuba to England as security for a loan, declaring that the U. S. never would permit England to hold that.

THE EMBARGO ACT.

From the Yarmouth Herald.

Our readers who have not already heard of it, will be astonished at a recent and unexpected Act of our Legislature, which received the immediate sanction of His Excellency the Lieut Governor, and a copy of which will be found in another column, prohibiting, under severe penalties the exportation of potatoes, oats and wheat out of the Province from this date to the 10th of June. This is a most high-handed measure, and justifiable only, if at all, in case of the last necessity—for which previous accounts had not prepared this community.—We are informed there are throughout this Township a considerable quantity of potatoes for sale. Several vessels were loading with them for New Brunswick, where, it is said, they are as much wanted as in any part of Nova Scotia—and we are commanded to love our neighbours as ourselves. These vessels will now have to proceed eastwardly, in search of any market they can find. A strong feeling of dissatisfaction prevails—at the same time sympathy is expressed for the inhabitants of those districts whose destitution must have led to this enactment—the particulars of which distress, however, have not reached us. Had an order to purchase all the potatoes for sale in the District at the current price, accompanied the Act, perhaps no complaints would have arisen. We hope our Legislature will never again have occasion to follow this very bad precedent—any interference of the kind having a certain tendency to discourage both agricultural and commercial industry. We understand that Messrs Huntingdon and Clements opposed the measure.

From the St. John N. B. Courier.

EMBARGO ON POTATOES IN NOVA-SCOTIA!—It is with some concern we state that a Bill has passed the House of Assembly in Nova-Scotia, to prevent the exportation of Potatoes and Grain from that Province during the present Spring. This measure, it appears has been deemed necessary, in consequence of the failure of the crops last season, and the great distress which prevails in many parts of the Province at this time. It is doubtless the paramount duty of Legislators to consult the wants of their constituents, and to endeavour to alleviate them by every means within their power; but, while the crops in New-Brunswick suffered equally with those in Nova-Scotia last season, and while many of our citizens lost their stock of provisions by the fire which destroyed a large portion of the City in January last; we regret that our neighbours in Nova-Scotia, whose surplus produce has always found a ready sale in our market, should now be prohibited from availing themselves of it, particularly when the articles of provisions usually brought by them are now so much wanted to replace those lost by the conflagration.

THE SUBSCRIBER

KEEPS constantly for SALE, a large assortment of

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Chemical preparations, Dye Stuffs, oil and waxes, Colours, Apothecaries' Glassware, Perfumery, &c.

Every article usually kept for sale by Druggists may be had at his shop, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

JAMES D. B. FRASER,

September 21. 18

Druggist.

NOTICE TO CUSTOMERS.

THE subscriber in expectation of a large supply of Goods in the ensuing spring, will sell his present stock at greatly reduced prices.

R. DAWSON.

Pictou, January 4, 1837.

18