

country seat, and I could find no means of communicating with Fanny. Winter came on, and the family were again in town, but I could gain no access to Fanny. I wrote to her, and my letters were returned, unopened. It was rumored that she was soon to be married,—and Haliday was named as the fortunate man, who had won from me my bride and her fortune; but I will do myself justice, I loved her for herself alone, and would then have taken her gladly without a shilling.

"At last, it was truly said that the day for her marriage was fixed—and at the appointed hour, I entered the church, where the ceremony was to take place, to witness, with my eyes, if it could indeed be true. It seemed to me an age before the bridal train entered—it came at last,—my little Fanny,—pale, but not so miserable as I could have wished,—the happy Haliday—groomsmen, and bridesmaids,—parents, friends,—a long procession,—silks, laces, and jewels in profusion. I cared for none of these,—I only asked myself, does *her* heart beat lightly, under the splendid dress of the bride? I remained with wonderful composure, to the last. As the clergyman pronounced the blessing, Jack Haliday took a fit of coughing; I looked at him,—he seemed to me, paler, and thinner than formerly. I thought to myself, there is hope for me yet! and I left the church, carelessly humming *nid desperandum*.

"In a few hours, I was on my way to New Orleans. I made some fortunate speculations, and finally embarked on an adventure to the East Indies. I was successful,—I accumulated wealth—I saw much of the world,—and, in eager pursuit of the phantom which had dazzled me from boyhood, ten years of the best part of my life were consumed. Still, I had enjoyed much. I had lived temperately, and retained unbroken health, and cheerful spirits. The image of my little Fanny often flitted before me,—I sometimes wondered if Jack Haliday's cough was cured by happiness—and whenever my sister wrote about her, I always closed the letter with a sigh. No one had ever taken her place in my affections, for I was too busy to fall in love, and I had seen no one among the adventurers of the East, who could satisfy my heart.

As I grew stouter, and white hairs began to plant themselves rather thickly in my head, and certain ugly lines, called *crow's feet*, were gathering round my eyes,—it seemed to me that a comfortable home, in my own native country, would be a blessed resting place,—I wondered if another Fanny could be found there, who would be to me like the vision of my youth; in fine, I wrought myself up to a fit of impatience, wound

up my affairs as soon as possible, and took passage in the first good ship, bound for New York.

"As I drove up Broadway, to my lodgings, the cab was impeded for a moment by a stately funeral. I inquired to whom so much honor was due, and with mingled feelings, heard that my old companion and rival, Jack Haliday, was enshrouded under the sable pall.

"From regard to our early friendship, I called on the fair widow, as soon as decency would permit, and she received me with the frankness of her girlish days. Time had only multiplied her charms,—it had expanded her slight figure into the full proportions, of a mature, and somewhat *enbonpoint* matron,—and it had also added four little responsibilities, who called her by the tender name of *mamma*. Her parents were dead, and she was the sole inheritor of their wealth; she was surrounded by every luxury, and in full possession of that entire independence which the heart of woman covets, perhaps above every other gift,—and probably, because she can so rarely attain it. But Fanny was still an unspoiled child of fortune,—with simple tastes, and a loving heart; neither was she fond of power, and care was a burden to her,—so, in due time I proposed to relieve her of the burden, and,—you know the rest, Frank.

"So now you have heard my story, nephew; cheer up, and profit by the moral of it; and believe me, a faint heart does not *deserve* to win a fair lady; but whoever has patience, resolution, and a persevering will, seldom fails, sooner or later, to attain the object of his wishes."

THE MAGIC SPELL.

A SONG.

BY J. W. DUNBAR MOODIE, ESQ.

The magic spell, the dream is fled,
The dream of joy sent from above;
The idol of my soul is dead,
And nought remains but hopeless love.
The song of birds, the scent of flowers,
The tender light of parting day—
Unheeded now the tardy hours,
Steal sadly, silently away.

But welcome now the solemn night,
When watchful stars are gleaming high,
For though thy form eludes my sight,
I know thy gentle spirit's nigh.
O! dear one, now I feel thy power,
'Tis sweet to rest when toil is o'er;
But sweeter far that blessed hour,
When fond hearts meet to part no more.
Belleville.