

POETRY.

THE LAST WISH.

Av! o'er them shall the soft wind blow,
And kiss their lips of bloom—
The fair, the bright in sunset's glow:
---Plant roses on my tomb.

The cypress is a mournful tree,
And bodes an early doom:
But lovely eyes shall weep o'er me
---Plant roses on my tomb.

When feverish dreams assail with dread
The bosom's haunted gloom,
Oh, why should we lament the dead?
---Plant roses on my tomb.
The birds shall sing amid their leaves,
To skies of richest bloom;
But cypress-shade the spirit grieves,---
---Plant roses on my tomb.

I lov'd them when a careless child,
And bless'd their deep perfume,
When lute and song my dreams beguiled;
---Plant roses on my tomb.

The fragrance scold'd with golden light,
And beautified with bloom:---
Oh, plant them in the sunset bright,
To consecrate my tomb.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

n character; pensive, thoughtful, and reserved, possessed a sweet temper, and was beloved by all who knew her.

One evening as they were all seated round the tea-table, and the clouds were pouring rain, a knock was heard at the door and in a few moments the servant entered with a letter directed to Mrs Elliott.

"A letter from your cousin Walters in London," said Mrs E., as she looked at the signature and date.

"Indeed," returned Arthur, "by the last accounts we received, it appeared that so far from being able to move about, he was then confined to his bed."

"You will be more surprised," resumed his mother, "when I inform you that he is coming to spend a few months with us, as the Faculty have pronounced him sufficiently convalescent, and his health being still precarious, they have deemed it necessary for him to take a journey in the country, as confinement to business and the impure air of London endanger his recovery."

I must here interrupt the reader a moment to inform him that the preceding winter had been spent by Emma, (the name of the eldest daughter) with her uncle Walters in the metropolis. During her stay, her cousin Adolphus, who was an engaging young man, had been much taken up with her; he walked with her, and paid her every attention: In short they became perfectly enamoured with each other but for some reason unassigned the fatal question had not passed, and Emma returned not a little disappointed. Her mother was what the world terms "a good sort of woman" certainly she was "one of the old school"—she had brought up her children creditably, and given them an accomplished education. But to return to my story, the deviation from which, the reader will please to excuse.

"Now then," said Arthur rubbing his hands, and looking slyly at his sister, "we shall see whether Walters' influence will be as great over some of us, as report says it was last winter."

"I rather suspect," returned Mrs Elliott, "his disease lies more in his mind, at present, than in his body."

"What time is he expected down," asked Emma, blushing.

"In the course of next week, and I think since he showed so much kindness to you in London it will be your place to return that attention to him by doing every thing in your power to amuse him with the walks and scenery which our neighbourhood affords."

"There is not much danger of you Annette," returned Arthur, "you are already provided for. Good Heavens! I hope Mr Turner will not come while he is here, or we know not what may be the consequences."

"Really—now, Arthur, how very provoking," replied Annette, "but I think he will have too much good sense to cause any such consequences as you hint at."

"It is to be hoped not, but Adolphus is not yet acquainted with your engagement, and—I hope at least, he will not be disappointed in the choice he has made."

"Come, Come, Arthur," said his mother, "I think you have criticized the ladies sufficiently: suppose you try your skill Emma, on the harpsichord, with some of your new songs, sent from London, while your sister and brother accompany you with their voices."

"Most readily" returned Emma, as she seated herself by the instrument and drew from her music-drawer a quantity of songs.

The rest of the evening passed away cheerfully, and for several days things went on in their usual course. Towards the close of the following week as Annette and her mother were sitting in the back parlour, and Emma was at her toilet, Arthur entered the room with a gentleman dressed in black, he was tall and possessed an open and manly countenance.

"Mr Adolphus Walters from London," said Arthur, as he introduced him to his sister Annette, whom he had never before seen. "Welcome to our town Adolphus," said his Aunt, "I hope that the change of air and scenery will restore you perfectly to health."

"It is a great change indeed after the noise and bustle of the metropolis," replied he, "your neighbourhood appears to afford beautiful and picturesque scenes."

"How did you leave all the London friends," enquired Annette, as her eyes met those of her cousin's, and lingered for a moment as if by unanimous consent.

"I left them all quite well," returned he, "and I had almost forgotten that I have a letter for uncle."

"But where is Emma," interrupted Arthur, "does she know of the arrival of her cousin?"

"She does," replied his mother, "but I am inclined to think that she is spending a little more time at her toilette than she usually does."

Just at this moment Emma and her father entered, and after shaking hands and passing the usual compliments, they sat down to a splendid dinner, which had been kept waiting some time for Mr Elliott and his fair daughter. The conversation turned chiefly on politics, and as I think it would be neither edifying or interesting to my readers, I think it requires not any apology for its omission.

Weeks upon weeks passed away pleasantly and Emma and Adolphus either walked or rode out, nearly every day the weather was sufficiently tempting; when it was not, he either employed himself in reading to her as she sat at work, or accompanied her on the harpsichord with his fine clear bass. Indeed he was happy, and delighted with all he saw and he seemed daily to improve in health and bodily strength.

But he was like many of our frail race—fond of too much change, and at the moment he thought he tasted the cup of bliss, it was dashed from his lips, and he drank the very dregs of bitterness and sorrow in its stead.

By degrees his manner towards Emma became changed, his conduct cool, and his walks with her less frequent, and when they did walk together, almost silence prevailed. On the other hand, his attentions towards her sister were evidently increasing, and though her mother observed it not; if she did, she did so without passing the slightest remark. Annette and her sister, however, perceived it plainly; the former with pity and sorrow, the latter with pain and astonishment. Things were going on in this way for no great length of time, when one night as Annette had entered her room for the purpose of retiring to rest, she was astonished at finding a note directed to herself, the contents of which ran thus:—

Dear Annette,
You will extremely oblige by taking a walk with me alone to-morrow evening, as I have something to communicate something, of the most vital importance.

I remain,
Your affectionate Cousin,
Adolphus Walters.

Thursday afternoon.
"What can be the meaning of all this. 'Tis strange—passing strange," said she to herself, perusing the note again and again, he can mean nothing: he knows of my engagement—but his attention to me, and coolness to my sister—I ought not to encourage him—but, perhaps, if I meet him, I shall draw the truth from him." After thus reasoning with herself, she came to the resolution to be with him at the hour he had appointed.

The following morning as she entered the breakfast room, her feelings notwithstanding her care to conceal them, evidently betrayed themselves; Arthur observed it and said,

"Annette, both you and Emma, appear to be in trouble about something, I fear that all is not quite right."

"We must try and get at the real cause of it, and see if we cannot effect a remedy ere it be too late," said her father.

Mr Elliott had evidently observed the change of conduct in Adolphus, but had never given the least hint of it, until the present moment. Mr Walters look confused and agitated which could not be concealed, when silence ensued. In the afternoon he was passing up and down before the door immersed in deep thought; and it was for some minutes before he perceived that Annette was waiting for him according to promise; with a sigh she took his proffered arm, and they walked a considerable distance without speaking, at length the silence was broken by his saying

"You must have observed the change in my conduct towards Emma; I love her—I respect her—I would die for her—but—There was a pause, and Annette made no reply."

"But" continued he, "it can never be, there is one I love better, one with whom I can never live without, and from which nought but death shall separate me."

"But do you really mean to leave her, to disappoint her,—for whom?" replied Annette, rather surprised.

"Stay, stay," interrupted he, "that is all over now; call it not to my mind again, and

know that it is thyself, my dearest Annette." "Impossible," said she, in a low and stifled voice, "you know not, perhaps, that the die is cast; to him I will remain faithful."

He sprang from her side for a moment as though he had received an electrical shock; but he again approached, and putting his arm gently round her waist, he resumed

"Never, if thou wert the captive of an angel, I would not rest day or night until I had rescued thee from his arms."

"You know not what you ask, dear Cousin," said she, "ask anything else of me and it shall be granted, but I have made him a promise, and what would my father and mother say, but above all, how would he himself despise me?"

"Annette, Annette, I love thee with a purer love than he, I seek thee not to gratify my passion, and then to forsake thee, no, God forbid; if thou knewest what I feel," exclaimed he, as he flung himself in agony at her feet.

"Oh pain me not thus my beloved Adolphus, think if I were unfaithful what a curse would follow me; rise, I beseech you rise," said she, "and think of her, forget me and again be happy."

"Forget thee!" exclaimed he, "rather let the sun refuse to shine, or me to speak; I will give you three days to consider of what I have so earnestly besought you."

"I want no time," replied she, "I am firm, what I have done, shall never be undone by mortal, from this resolution I will not, I cannot flinch."

"You are perfectly determined," enquired he.

"Yes," returned she, "and may the God of Heaven wreak his vengeance on my guilty head, if from it I swerve."

"Then," said he kneeling by her side, and raising his clasped hands, "wilt thou promise me one thing, it shall be the last I will ever ever ask of thee?"

"I solemnly vow to grant thy request, let it be what it may, if it is not to become united to another."

"Oh now now I am happy," exclaimed he, rising and again walking by her side.—"Well, since we cannot live together—since thy vow must be performed, we will—mind you have promised—we will die together."

"Even so," answered his cousin, with a firm voice "that I will do, and without unfaithfulness—but when?"

"Prepare then this very night," replied he "this very evening in the drawing-room I will meet thee."

"I am ready, and I will there meet thee and the last prayer that ascends to heaven from my lips shall be the pardon and redemption of thy soul."

"It is enough," interrupted Adolphus, and I love, and thou lovest, and we will love in death."

They now approached the house, and shortly Annette entered; she contrived to put on a cheerful countenance, and to look as if nothing particular had transpired. She retired to her room, where she was joined by her sister, who plainly perceived she had been weeping. To her she confessed all that had passed, until she came to the fatal request she had granted, which she kept secret. Walters entered her room, and did not appear again until the awful hour had arrived, when he was to usher himself into an unknown eternity.

At the chosen hour they met; the doors were locked—the curtains were drawn round the windows—they embraced each other for the last time—the pistols were loaded—she knelt, and repeated aloud a last short prayer—and then all was still—he stood with one pistol presented at her—the other, loaded, primed, and cocked lay on the table he fired—it only flashed in the pan—he was again preparing, when suddenly the door was burst open, and Mr Elliott and Arthur in a moment were at her side. Annette fell as one dead at the feet of her father, and she was carried to her bed in a fainting fit. Adolphus, as soon as he heard the door open had fled through the opposite one to his chamber.

It appeared that the servant had seen them enter the room, and observed the end of a pistol sticking out of his pocket, and immediately informed Mr E. with the circumstance. As soon as Annette was sufficiently recovered, he entered the room; he went to her bed-side, and taking her hand affectionately kissed it, but all he could say, was, "my daughter! my Annette! for his utterance choked him."

"Oh my father banish me not for ever from thy sight," said she, hiding her face bathed in tears in her handkerchief. She confessed the whole adventure to him, and both were deeply affected.

"I forgive you," said he after a long pause "most heartily—your feelings are more than sufficient punishment. My dear Annette, what suffering has been spared me, but enough enough—it is over now—I will forget it, and you shall be happy again."

The weeping girl made no reply, and he found it necessary to leave the room to conceal his feelings.

The following day, Walters who had kept himself in close confinement, was visited by his uncle; he entered the room, and found him weeping bitterly. He did not perceive Mr Elliott until he had taken him by the

hand, he spoke not, but gazed with a wild bewildered look on his uncle.

"Young man," said he "if you are sensible of your crime, you need not to ask my forgiveness. You were on the point of depriving me of a child that God had given me, and whom I affectionately loved; by the commission of such a crime, you would have thrown your nearer and dearer friends into the most poignant grief and distress."

"Oh Mr Elliott," exclaimed he, "punish me, exile me for ever to a distant land, but talk not like this to me, for every word you speak goes through my heart like barbed arrows; at that time the strength of my affection overcame every consideration of another nature."

He left him to his own reflections, and retired to consider the way in which he should treat this unfortunate young man. At last he came to the determination to receive him again into his family, to keep the circumstances secret from his parents; and to send Annette for the remainder of the summer to Cheltenham.

As soon as the affair had blown over a little, he put his determination into effect, and things were once more restored to proper order. But there was a melancholy cast over the hearts and countenances of Adolphus and his cousin Emma; each spent their time in total solitude, except when the affairs of the family called them to meet. Adolphus appeared excessively sad, and all that his friends said or did could not persuade him to mingle in society: he even at times evinced aberration of mind, and though closely watched, his friends were in constant apprehension for his safety.

It was early in the month of November, the sky was lowry, and a continual drizzling rain fell the whole day. They had kept tea waiting a considerable time for Adolphus, the clock struck seven—eight, but no appearance of Walters. In vain they sent in every direction to search for him—the family retired to rest in the greatest anxiety without his appearance at a late hour. The following day was employed in searching but no signs whatever could be discovered of him. His friends were now in a state of the most serious alarm, and the consideration of the responsibility they were under, to his parents doubly increased it.

But on the morning of the third day of his being missed, he was brought dead to the surgery of his wretched uncle, and his hand still clenched with a death-grasp, the pistol, with which he had committed the fatal deed I shall not attempt to describe the state into which that family was thrown; it baffles all description; and it now only remains for me to inform the reader the way in which he had thus destroyed himself in the very prime of life.

To the wood to which I referred he had wandered, and although so closely and constantly looked after, he had managed to conceal a pistol. He retired to a part of the wood called the parlor around which grew a cluster of fine stately pines. On one of these he cut out his name, under which was a deep hole, the day of the month, and the year. It appeared that he had stood facing the tree and shot himself through the head. He was found at last by some labourers who were employed in cutting wood, and was conveyed to that house a pale and ghastly corpse from which he had walked forth a living man. Reader, if ever thou visitest that spot, while the November blast, chaunts his funeral elegy, forget not to drop the tear of sympathy for him whose fate thou hast only heard recorded by one who was then an inhabitant of that town, but whose name on that fatal tree, will remind thee that HE ONCE WAS.

Such is the end of disappointed love, and I may well conclude in the words of the immortal Shakespeare:—

—"The world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

Annette was the following year united to Mr Turner, and blessed with children; Emma I believe still remains single. Time and trouble has made an impression on Mr Elliott but he lives to enjoy a few more fleeting years, of which his beloved and respected partner was deprived.

DUELING.—Is the only crime into which an upright man, wanting in moral firmness, can be impelled by the law of honour.—Surely there could be no difficulty in putting an end to this absurd and abominable practice by wholesome laws. Appoint six months' imprisonment for the offence of sending a challenge, or of accepting it; two years if the parties met; and if one falls, transport the other for life. Appoint the same punishment in all cases for the seconds, and from the day in which such a law should be enacted, not a pair of duelling pistols would ever again be manufactured even for the Dublin market.

LOVE.—What a beautiful fabric would be human nature—what a divine guide would be human reason—if Love were indeed the stratum of the one, and the inspiration of the other.

What is more appalling than to find the signs of gaiety, accompanying the reality of anguish.