

I pity her too much. You know I said they were counterparts, just made for each other, and so they were; but they are of different sexes, made of different stuff, and trouble has had a different effect on them. He has neglected himself, and she is negligent of her dress too, but not in the same way. She is still neat, but utterly regardless of what her attire is; but let it be what it may, and let her put on what she will, still she looks like a lady. But her health is gone, and her spirits too; and in their place a little, delicate hectic spot has settled in her cheek, beautiful to look at, but painful to think of. This faint blush is kindly sent to conceal consumption, and the faint smile is assumed to hide the broken heart. If it didn't sound unfeeling, I should say she was booked for an early train; but I think so, if I don't say so. The hour is fixed, the departure certain; she is glad to leave Epauwit.

"Somehow, though, I must say I am a little disappointed in her. She was a soldier's wife; I thought she was made of better stuff, and if she had died would have at least died game. Suppose they have been unfortunate in pitching their tent 'on the home of the wave,' and got aground, and their effects have been thrown overboard: what is that, after all? Thousands have done the same; there is still hope for them. They are more than a match for these casualties: how is it she has given up so soon? Well don't allude to it, but there is a sad tragical story connected with that lake. Do you recollect that beautiful curly-headed child, her eldest daughter, that she used to walk with at Ilalifax? Well, she grew up into a magnificent girl; she was full of health and spirits, and as fleet and as wild as a hare. She lived in the woods and on the lake. She didn't shoot, and she didn't fish, but she accompanied those who did. The beautiful but dangerous bark canoe was her delight; she never was happy but when she was in it. Tom Hodges, the orphan boy they had brought with them from the regiment, who alone of all their servants had remained faithful in their voluntary exile, was the only one permitted to accompany her; for he was so careful, so expert, and so good a swimmer. Alas! one night the canoe returned not. What a long, eager anxious night was that! but towards noon the next day, the upward bark drifted by the shore, and then it was but too evident that that sad event which the anxious mother had so often dreaded and predicted had come to pass. They had met a watery grave. Often and often where the whole chain of lakes explored, but their bodies were never found. Entangled in the long grass and sunken drift-wood, that covered the bottom of these basins, it was not likely they would ever rise to the surface.

"It was impossible to contemplate that fearful lake with a shudder. Oh, had Emily's life been spared, she could have endured any and everything for her sake. Poor thing! how little she knew what she was talking about, as she broke the seal of a letter in a well known hand. Her life was spared; it never was en-

dangered. She had eloped with Tom Hodges—she had reached Boston—she was very happy—Tom was all kindness to her. She hoped they would forgive her and write to her, for they were going to California, where they proposed to be married as soon as they arrived. Whoever appealed to a mother for forgiveness in vain? Everything appeared in a new light. The child had been neglected; she ought not to have been suffered to spend so much of her time with that boy; both her parents had strangely forgotten that they had grown up, and—it was no use to say more. Her father had locked her out of his heart, and thrown away the key for ever. He wished she had been drowned, for in that case she would have died innocent; and he poured out such a torrent of imprecations, that the poor mother was terrified. Lest, as the Persians say, these curses, like fowls, might return home to roost, or like prayers, might be heard, and procure more than was asked.

MAJOR.—Here is a volume which I am glad the Yankees have had the good taste and the good sense to republish; I allude to *Men of Character*, by Douglas Jerrold.

LYNN.—I am blythe to hear the news. Many years ago I read the stories "captioned" as Lord said in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and often and often have I wished for a collected copy of the same. If you are no' wearied, would you read us a bit of *Jack Runnymede*?

MAJOR.—I shall do so with all my heart. It is necessary to premise that Mr. Runnymede's great boast was that he was an Englishman. Never tired was he of singing forth the praises of Magna Charta, trial by jury, habeas corpus, and other political treasures enjoyed by Britons. Jack, however, finds in the course of his experience that there is a slight difference between the theory and practice of his beloved constitution. Having told the truth of a certain scoundrel, he is criminally prosecuted for libel, and not being permitted to prove his averments, is convicted, and sentenced to fine and imprisonment. Hardly has he emerged from durance vile, than he is pounced upon by a press gang, and here Mr. Jerrold shall go on with the yarn:

Jack and his companions were placed on board the guard-ship at the Great Nore, to be distributed to various ships as hands might be required. "Thank God!" said Jack to himself, as he stepped aboard and saw several officers—"thank God! here are gentlemen! They must at once admit the flagrancy of the case—yes,—in another hour I shall be ashore." Jack stood eyeing the officers, making to himself an election of one for the depository of his secret, when he found himself violently, pushed and heard a voice, braying in his ears, "Tower Tender-men all aft!" and Jack, turning with