

part, I think it a great pity that you should be separated."

"If you think so, William," said poor Mary, and then unable to finish the sentence, burst into tears.

"Well, Madam, if I think so"—

"Then—oh William! William! how cruel this is, when you know that I love you, and nobody but you in this wide world."

"If I think so, madam, then—pray finish what you were going to say. There is nothing I hate so much as these sort of scenes."

"Then" said Mary, resuming her firmness, "we had better part."

"Certainly, madam, we had better part; I agree with you perfectly," said the intended bridegroom, walking out of the house, without listening to the threats of his father, the remonstrances of his sisters, or even the gentle assurances of Mary herself, that neither George Bailey nor she had ever thought of each other.

Joseph Dobson stormed, his little daughter fretted and wondered, and poor Mary cried; but all fully expected that that night at supper-time, or at least, by peep of dawn, William would re-appear, repent, and be forgiven; for a temper "which anger as the flint doth fire," had the redeeming grace of being eminently sweet and sunshiny, especially after one of those sudden storms; so that Mary, after feeling the exceeding delight of reconciliation, used sometimes to wonder whether she should like William as well, if he were always quiet and civil like other people. Mary cried, expecting to be comforted; but the comforter whom she expected did not arrive. The evening passed away—the night—the next morning, that which would have been the bridal morning!—the day—the intended wedding day! and still no tidings of William. His father traced him to London; and then came a report that he was gone board ship—he had had such a fancy in his boyhood, engendered by reading Robinson Crusoe; and then came rumours of shipwreck, at first, doubtfully listened to, but gradually believed, as month after month, and year after year, glided by, without any tidings arriving of the unhappy fugitive.—Surely if he had been alive he would have written, was the secret thought and feeling of all.

In his own home, long absence had produced its usual effect; and things had returned to their ordinary course, with little reference to the life or death of the young man. His father, first immoderately angry, then intemperately grieved, had resumed his former jovial temper, and bustling habits; his light-hearted sisters had ceased to hope or fear, or lament; and his old companions had well nigh forgotten that he had ever existed. Forgotten, indeed, he was by every body except poor Mary, who cherished his memory with the gentle sadness of a young widow, and turned from love and lovers with the fond fidelity of a turtle dove that has lost its mate. Never was heart more devoted and true; as Ben Brown, the fat exciseman, and Aaron Keep, the lean shoemaker, and tall Jem Ward, the blacksmith, and little Bob Wheatley, the carpenter, besides a score more rejected suitors, could testify—George Bailey being nearly the only young man in the parish who had never

made Mary Walker an offer, having within three months of the pheasant present, brought home a very sufficient reason for not doing so, in the shape of an exceeding pretty black-eyed wife. Poor Mary! she would have gone wisely in following the example of the rest of the world, and forgotten William Dobson; but, as she used to say, when urged on the subject, she could not.

Meanwhile, time rolled on, and it was now some years since any thing had been heard of him. May was drawing near its close—that loveliest month, which joins the spring-flowers with summer leaves. The country was in its prime of beauty; and Sandford Green, with its pearly bunches of hawthorn overhanging and reflecting in the clear bright pond, the horse-chestnuts covered with their pyramidal flowers, the golden broom skirting round the meadows where the young lambs were at play, the orchard one glow of blossoms, the lilacs and laburnums scenting the arbour, and the honeysuckle perfuming the porch. Sandford was the sweetest and prettiest of all country places; and Mary was standing under the honeysuckle, looking at the blue sky, and green grass, and flowery fruit trees so gay in the sunshine, and thinking how wrong it was in her not to be happy, when all on a sudden the good landlord advanced from the farm-yard with a troubled countenance, calling for Mary, and Bessy, and Kate, a mess of milk, a jug of ale, and a bottle of brandy. "There's a man lying dead or dying in the cart-house, added he; 'make haste, lasses! make haste!'"

Mary catching at the hope of life, hurried into the house to despatch some messenger for medical relief; his daughters flew to his assistance, and half the customers in the tap-room followed with instinctive curiosity to the cart-house.

The man was not dead, and my host and little Kate were administering, or rather offering, (for he seemed incapable of either speaking; or swallowing,) their various remedies.

"Who can he be, father," said Kate; what can have brought him here?"

"How should I know, child?" replied the man of the Tankard; "'tis a poor ragged famished wretch, as you see, who I suppose, could crawl no further. But I think he'll live: he's looking about him, and he seems likely to come to. Get your cousin's smelling-bottle, Bessy; and don't crowd round him so good folks: why even Neptune has crept up to him, and is half smothering the poor wretch. That looks as if it was somebody the dog knew."

And the poor creature, the sick, famished, ragged creature, writhed on his straw, and groaned and gasped for speech.

"Where are Mary's salts, girls? See how Neptune's licking the poor wretch's hands! Where is Mary?"

And at that instant Mary entered; the sick man half rose up, and she knew him; "William! gracious God! 'tis William!" And instantly she was kneeling at his side, and supporting him in her arms, aided as it happened, by our old friend the keeper, who had been taking his morning draught at the tap; poor William looked from one to the other.

"Are ye married?" said he with a strong effort.

"Yes," said George; "No," said Mary, both in a breath.

"To think of my not knowing my own son!" exclaimed the father, bending over him, the tears running over his rough cheeks. "But his very mother could not have known him, so fond of him as she used to be; Nobody would, but Mary. Welcome home my boy, we'll soon set thee up again; welcome home my own dear boy."

"Welcome home, dear William!" echoed the sobbing sisters.

But William listened to none of them.—"Are you married?" was again his question.

"Yes," said George, smiling.

"But not to me, William, not to me dear William!" said Mary; and the poor runaway grasped her hand between his trembling ones, (Neptune fondling them both;) and life, and health, and love, were in the pressure, and the toils, the wanderings, the miseries of his four year's absence, were all forgotten in that moment of bliss.—*Literary Souvenir for 1832.*

FOREIGN POLICY OF GREAT BRITAIN.—The *Globe*, in its accustomed *Palmerstonian* vein, makes light of all the stupidities, embarrassments, and losses, consequent on this mismanagement in our relations with Turkey; harping away in the old strain of the "good understanding between Great Britain and France" as a Whig of achievement of sufficient value to overbalance the admitted loss of friendly alliance with the European powers. How long will the public patience bear this most un-English nonsense? With respect to the blunderings of Lord Palmerston's management regarding Turkey, the public we believe, feel pretty generally that it is no such light matter as the *Globe* represents it to be. If it were so, the *Times* would scarcely venture to write as it does to-day, about the debate of Monday night—we have room for only a few lines at the commencement of the article:—

"The discussions of Monday evening which arose out of Mr Shiel's smart, but not ill-argued speech, on introducing his motion for papers explanatory of our relations with Russia and Turkey, have produced no slight effect on the minds of members of Parliament, as well as of the public generally.—It would have given us sincere pleasure to say, could we have done so with a safe conscience, that the defence offered by Lord Palmerston, and Mr Stanley, was a complete answer to the charges brought against the policy of Lord Grey's cabinet. The sum total of the apology made by the Foreign Secretary, was an admission that things were bad enough, though not quite so bad as they might have been, if Russia had not given us assurances of the innocent meaning of her stipulations with the Turk, which his Lordship thought more worthy to be relied on, than the formal treaties which she had signed and executed."

One part of the delusion then, as to the produce of our foreign policy, has pretty nearly received its death-blow—the other, touching the advantages of "our good understanding" with France, may survive a