

sweet cousin and his duty to a father.—The heart of the young man was, however, in its right place, so cost what it might, he determined to comply with the severe call of duty. The shock which these untoward circumstances had on the sensitive mind of St. Clair was great, yet she uttered no complaint which might tend to unnerve the virtuous resolution of her lover.

They parted!—and fondly did the young exile vow, that on the wide ocean, and by the dark Indian stream, his thought by day and his dream by night would be ever centered on her alone, until he returned to claim her as his wife.

After the departure of her cousin, a deep melancholy settled on the mind of St. Clair. She felt that with him the sunshine of happiness had vanished, and that until his return her days and hours would be numbered by her sorrows alone.—A fragment of one of the songs she composed shortly after his departure displays alike the depth of her love for the exile, and the melancholy to which it had given birth in her gentle bosom:

“No bath bid farewell to the Father land,  
And his home's on the stormy sea,  
But in midnight dreams and in morning thought  
His spirit is ever with me:  
It comes to my soul in the breezy sound  
Of my harp's last lingering tone—  
In the festive hall, in the gayest scene,  
It breathes of him alone.”

It was at the commencement of the autumn after the departure of her cousin, that the first alarming symptoms of the melancholy disease to which her mother had already fallen a victim, began to show themselves in the frail frame of St. Clair. With the flowers and the verdure, the cheek of the maiden seemed to grow paler, as if by sympathy,—still her clear sweet voice was to be heard every Sabbath morning in the anthem of praise which ascended like incense to the throne of the Deity, from the humble chapel of Roslin, nor did her letters to Charles breathe any complaint, but spoke rather of the hopes which the Future held in store for them both. Mournful presentiments would at times whisper that she might never behold him more, for she felt the worm of Decay was busy at work in her bosom. Yet Hope would at times brighten her heart, as a sudden burst of sunshine from the April cloud gladdens the face of Nature. She had no cough and felt no pain; but the beautiful clear lustre of her eye, which seemed to swim in light, and the rich bloom upon her cheek, revealed to the discerning few that her lovely form was melting slowly away in the linden flame which disease had kindled in her bosom, like the pure spring snow in the sunshine, gleaming brighter and lovelier although the beams that beautify it are by slow degrees wearing away.

Winter passed, and shed her buds and bloom upon the earth, calling on the pale children of disease and care to fly from the city, and drink health and happiness in the pure mountain breezes. Once more St. Clair and her careful guardian returned to their silver retreat on the banks of the Esk. Fanned by the pure breezes of spring, with all nature smiling around her, the drooping form of St. Clair seemed to regain much of its former energy, her step to grow firmer, and the delicate rose-tint of her complexion to assume a healthier glow. The happiness of her dearest aunt, on observing those illusory signs of returning health, was deep as it was unexpressed. Morning and evening did the humble prayer in behalf of her interesting charge, ascend to the throne of Him who “slumbereth not nor sleepeth,” that her innocent life, if it seemed good in His sight, might be prolonged yet for a time upon the earth. But the wisdom of the Most High willed otherwise.

The fall of the “sere and yellow leaf” is the signal for the aged

“To lay down his staff like one that is weary,  
And gently repose him forever.”

Then fall thick around us the friends of our manhood and the loved companions of our youth, and it is then, more than at any other season of the year, that Consumption claims the greater number of her victims. The spring and the summer had passed away, yet was not the pale invalid restored to health; and now the autumn breezes began to waft through the woods, and the leaves to fall. It was mournful to mark how fast in one short month the work of decay had proceeded in the form which, in the language of the poet,

“Was stealing ghost-like to the tomb.”

The physicians who attended the young sufferer could give no hope. St. Clair felt that she could not survive the winter, and she begged that her aunt would remain as long at Sacot Hope as the weather would permit.

“I feel,” said she, that “I must soon die; let me linger out the few days that yet remain for me on earth surrounded by the objects I have loved in life, and which I will cherish in my dying hour. But oh! merciful God! is it thy will that I shall never behold

him more? And I have deceived him all along—he thinks not that death will soon rob him of his all. And yet it is better that it should be so; for had he but heard that I was ill, he would have spurned all hopes of worldly advancement, and hastened to my side, although even he could not save me.”

The autumn of 18— was exceedingly beautiful. It was in the evening of a warm day in the middle of October.—The western sun shone brightly on the melancholy woods, and poured a rich flood of amber coloured beams on the bosom of the Esk, tinging the summits of the blue hills in the distance with a mellow glory.—Through all the past day the heart of the fated girl had been fluttering between life and death—she felt that she could not survive many hours. The sunbeams streamed sweetly through the clustering ivy of the casement of her little room.

“Aunt, said she, with a faint sweet voice, ‘how I should love to gaze once more upon my native woods and hills!—to behold once more, for the last time, the sun set behind the stately Pentlands!—Bear me out to my own little spot of garden: let me die among my faded flowers!’

The day was exceedingly mild, and the physician who knew that she could not survive the night, granted her request. When borne out in her easy chair, the fresh evening air seemed to revive her for a time. She gazed upon the fair though melancholy scene around her.

“Farewell,” said she, “ye hills and vales of my youth! my eye will soon open upon a brighter landscape, whose verdure fadeeth not and whose flowers bloom forever.—where the tear of sorrow falleth not, where no pain and no sorrow can darken the brow or bow down the head!—yet it is mournful to think that I shall never behold ye more.”

Her voice failed for a time and her eyes were closed in a prayer. The rich sunset flush seemed to encircle her drooping head with a mellowed hale of glory, such as Raphael loves to draw around the head of sainted virgin loveliness. Oh! she was beautiful, even as an angel, as she was about to wing her flight to Paradise!

“Oh! that I might see him once more before I die!” she faintly murmured; “but I shall meet him in glory!”

The words had scarcely passed her lips, when a faint smile was heard in the woodbine walk, and the next moment the drooping Lily bent on the bosom of her lover!—No words were spoken, but the tears of the young man told the anguish of his spirit. The face of St. Clair was hid on his neck—her wish had been granted. Charles arose from his half kneeling posture by the chair of his cousin, and quietly lifted her head from his bosom; but the Lily of Eskdale had expired!

Charles Erskine had received news of his cousin's declining health soon after his arrival in India from a faithful correspondent. The very circumstance of no mention being made regarding her health, in the kind letters of his betrothed, nor even in his father's, increased his anxiety, which soon amounted to such an agony of doubt, that he threw up his commission and embarked for Europe, where he arrived but in time to close the eyes of his beloved. Was it chance, or rather that the prayer of the dying had been granted for the wisest purposes? Charles Erskine, from his youth upward, had been distinguished for the purest moral conduct; yet never until that hour, when all his earthly hope faded in his arms, had he thought deeply of that eternal and unseen world beyond the grave. A complete change from that hour took place in the mind of the young soldier; the hope of meeting his lost one again in heaven now filled his heart with a panting desire to render himself worthy to enter into the company of the angels.

Having lost his commission in India, by so abruptly quitting the service, he determined, since his father's affairs had assumed a more promising appearance, to endeavour to qualify himself for a soldier of the Cross. His wishes were granted, and the once gay and thoughtless Charles Erskine is now the pastor of the sweet parish of Roslin. He is a solitary though a happy man; and I have often felt that his simple eloquence was irresistible, when speaking of the futility of all earthly hopes, he would point through the little gothic window fronting the pulpit, to the sunny churchyard, with its humble stones, where sleeps in peace the faded “Lily of Eskdale.”

#### NAILS, ON CONSIGNMENT.

THE Subscriber has received, ex Sch'r ADLE, from Montreal, a large consignment of best bending or tough Cut Nails, of all sizes, from 2lb. or shingling, to 30lb per thousand, and which he now offers wholesale or retail, very low for cash. These nails have been pronounced superior to any wrought nails for house work, wherever they have been introduced.

JAS. DAVSON.

December 1.

LONDON, Dec. 20.

We are enabled to give the most positive contradiction to the report that the Emperor of Russia has had an “altercation” with Lord Durham. His Lordship has had his audience of the Emperor; but the rumoured “altercation” is a pure fiction.—*Globe*.

The *Journal des Debats*, has the following:—The steamer Crocodile, that left Oran, on the 10th of December, arrived at Roses (Spain) on the 16th, having been prevented by contrary winds from making the coast of France. The Prefet immediately dispatched his estafette with the letters sent by the Crocodile. Those letters contain the following intelligence:—“Mascara was taken and razed on the 6th of December. The Emir gave battle twice to the French troops, and was, on both occasions, defeated. Deserted by all the tribes upon whom he relied, he retired into the mountains. The object of the expedition has been completely accomplished, but not without bloodshed. We have not as yet got sufficiently precise details on the subject. Marshal Clausel had conducted the expedition with a prudence and activity worthy of his old reputation. The Duke of Orleans was preparing to return to France. His Royal Highness has received a strong contusion, caused by a ball, which, however, did not prevent his mounting his horse again. The Prince intended embarking at Mostaganem, the point of the coast nearest to Mascara. His Royal Highness was expected at Toulon on the 19th.

SPAIN.—The following letter from an Officer in Colonel Kinloch's regiment of the Spanish Auxiliary Force, contains the most recent accounts of the movements of the legion:—

“BURGOS, Dec. 5.—Upon the 1st of this month General Evans, with the head quarters and two brigades of the legion marched from Briviesca, on their route to Vittoria; the rest of the legion will unite with them on their way, and the whole march into Vittoria together, where the inhabitants are preparing to receive them in a most generous and hospitable manner. A troop of the 1st Lancers marched hence to Prudanoz on the 30th ult. and joined the General on the following day. They are now at Vittoria; where, I also presume, we shall be in the course of 10 days or a fortnight. Some expected that the legion would have a fight by the way. It was said that the Carlists were prepared to meet them at Puebla, where there is a pass about half way betwixt Miranda de Ebro and Vittoria, very favourable for the Carlist murderous mode of warfare. I have not heard, however, that they met with any interruption, nor I do think they would. The Carlists are in a box you may depend on it, and if they do not receive succours, which seems altogether improbable at this moment, spring, or the beginning of summer, will see their sun set. They are being completely surrounded on all sides by the Queen's troops.”—*Courier*.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 26.

The French expedition against Abdel Kader has been completely successful. After defeating him in two actions, they entered his capital on the 9th and razed it, while he and his followers fled to the mountains.

The *Courier* contains a letter from an English officer in St. Sebastian, dated 13th. Colonel Arbuthnot held a conference with the Carlist Chief to learn whether the murderous decree for shooting prisoners was still in force, and received an answer in the affirmative. There had been some firing on both sides, but with little effect.

The Carlists have resumed the siege, rather blockade, of St. Sebastian, which however, too strong, to leave them any chance