

her hands within her husband's, and looking into his eyes confidently and imploringly, she said, "May I prove worthy of your love, your noble and generous conduct, and oh, may you never repent your hasty marriage with one whom your generous, confiding heart trusted and believed."

Mr. Best clasped his lovely wife to his bosom, and was about to utter his thanks for her love and confidence, when the report of a pistol was heard. Ellen turned pale, but Charles, releasing her, and saying, "That old villain has been doing more mischief," rushed out of the room, and Ellen followed. On proceeding to Mr. Chiffney's library, the door was found fastened, but one vigorous kick sent it off the hinges, and on the floor, bathed in blood, with a discharged pistol in his hand, lay Mr. Chiffney, who goaded to desperation by the discovery of his villainies, had rushed thus unprepared into the presence of his Maker. In his left hand he held a piece of paper, which was handed to Charles by a servant, who read it. It was merely "I die cursing both of you." Drawing his shrinking wife from the room, Charles gave directions to summon the Coroner, who soon came, and having examined into the case, a verdict of suicide was rendered: and thus closed the mortal career of one who had every quality to make him honored and respected, but whose wicked heart ever prompted him in the wrong course.

As for Mr. Best and his beautiful wife, who can doubt that they live happy? Two hearts like their own, coming together as they did, must beat

in unison. Ellen was easily persuaded to dispose of her property here, and retire to the South, with her husband, who, before he departed, did not forget Capt. Jones or his other shipmates, all of whom had ample cause to remember the SAILOR'S WIFE.

Original.

Lines on the death of an Infant by its Father--C. M. D.

He came, a beam of light from He'ven,
A gentle lamb, a lovely flower,
To its fondling parents given,
To greet them for an hour.

Then to ascend to realms of light,
To him who formed the soul so fair,
Mingling with spirits as pure and bright,
And in their praise of God to share.

Too good, too pure, for grov'ling earth,
Loved herald of a happier world,
Mortal for an hour! then by a spirit's birth,
It's mind in glory was unfurled.

Thou hast seen the early bird of spring,
Come the harbinger of future flowers,
O'er fields of snow its song of gladness fling,
And with us spend a few bright hours.

Thou hast seen the budding rose in June,
Opening fast its lovely form;
Nipped by the frost—it bloomed too soon;
And the bird was slain by a northern storm.

So lovely babe—thou angel spirit,
Thou came'st to point to an endless spring,
And stayed for a while a thing of light
'Pon earth—then fled on an angel's wing.
Toronto, August 24, 1849.

"While thousands fall by clashing swords,
Ten thousands fall by corset boards!
Yet giddy females, thoughtless train,
For sake of fashion yield to pain,
And health and comfort sacrifice,
To please a foolish coxcomb's eyes."