

young girl of uncommon beauty, who yet lives upon the hope that she may become his wife. To make some provision for her is the last thought to which her destroyer applies himself. To that end, he effects an insurance upon his life to a considerable amount, and so fences his self-murder round, as to make it seem like a sudden but natural death. He writes letters to his friends and clients, appointing meetings with them as usual for the next day and the next again, and sends a messenger to his club to give notice of his intended coming. He then despatches his housekeeper for a coach, to convey him thither at the appointed hour, and during her absence puts an end to his existence by means of poison. To do the author justice, however, it will be necessary to quote the closing scene of Gammon's guilty existence, which, fictitious though it be, is not without a moral:—

He was not more than a quarter of an hour over his toilet. He had put on his usual evening dress, his blue body-coat, black trowsers, a plain shirt and black stock, and a white waistcoat—scarcely whiter, however, than the face of him that wore it.

"I am going for the coach, now, sir," said Mrs. Brown, the housekeeper, knocking at the door. "If you please," he replied, briskly and cheerfully—and the instant that he had heard her close the outer door after her, he opened the secret spring drawer in his desk, and calmly took out a very small glass phial, with a glass stopper, over which was tied some bladder. His face was ghastly pale; his knees trembled; his hands were cold and damp as those of the dead. He took a strong peppermint lozenge from the mantelpiece, and chewed it, while he removed the stopper from the bottle, which contained about half a drachm of the most subtle and potent poison which has been discovered by man—one extinguishing life almost instantaneously, and leaving no trace of its presence except a slight odor, which he had taken the precaution of masking and overpowering with that of the peppermint. He returned to get his hat, which was in his dressing-room; he put it on—and in glancing at the glass, scarcely recognised the ghastly image it reflected. His object was, to complete the deception he intended practising on the Insurance Company, with whom he had effected a policy on his life for £2,000—and also to deceive every body into the notion of his having died suddenly, but naturally. Having stirred up the large red fire, and made a kind of hollow bed in it, he took out the stopper and dropped it with the bladder into the fire; took his pen in his right hand, with a fresh dip of ink on it; kneeled down with his feet on the fender; uttered aloud the word "EMMA;" poured the whole of the deadly contents into his mouth, and succeeded in dropping the phial into the very heart of the fire—and the next instant dropped down on the hearth-rug, oblivious, insensible—DEAD. However, it might be that the instant after he had done this direful deed, he would have GIVEN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, had it been his, to have undone what he had done—he had succeeded in effecting his object.

Poor Mrs. Brown's horror, on discovering her master stretched senseless on the floor, may be imagined. Medical assistance was called in, but "the vital spark had fled." It was clearly either apoplexy, said the medical man, or an organic disease of the heart. Of this opinion were the coroner and his jury, without hesitation. He had evidently been seized while in the very act of writing to some broker, Mr. Hartley came, and produced the letter he had received, and spoke of the disappointment they had all felt on account of his non-arrival; the other letters—the appointments which he had made for the morrow—all these things were decisive—it was really scarcely a case requiring an inquest—but as they had been called, they returned a verdict of 'Died by the Visitation of God.' He was buried a few days afterwards in the adjoining churchyard, (St. Andrew's,) where he lies mouldering away quietly enough, certainly—but as to any thing further, let us not presume to speculate.

This has been one of the most popular stories ever published. Scarcely second to the "inimitable" tales of the laughter-moving Boz, it has been looked for, month after month, with wonderful anxiety, and its conclusion has been longed for with impatience by thousands upon thousands of readers. The great fault in it is its length—published as it has been periodically. It will, however, in this instance be forgiven, and as it will speedily be published in a connected form, the lovers of light and pleasant reading will not fail to possess themselves of copies.

AMERICA, HISTORICAL, STATISTICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE—BY MR. BUCKINGHAM.

THIS celebrated traveller, whose visit to Canada will still be fresh in the memory of the public, has issued an interesting journal of his tour upon this continent, accompanied with strictures and remarks upon all matters of interest which came under his notice. The work is spoken of in terms highly flattering to the author, and the extracts which we have seen afford evidence that the commendations are deserved.

Mr. Buckingham has been one of the most extensive travellers of his age. He has seen almost all that other men have read of, and his talent for observation, and retentiveness of memory, admirably qualify him to communicate to the world the scenes and incidents which, in his wanderings, have come before him. His travels in America may therefore be expected to pos-