and his wife gave way to weeping, perfectly overcome; and at last, when they absented themselves on a plea of making some necessary purchases in the town, it was with the promise of returning so as to take leave of him before got home.

Fournier pushed the house as they quitted it. He saw the sick man follow them with a look of derision, drink off another glass, and smack his lips together with a smoking smile.

and the astonished doctor.

"Better!" stammered out Duret, half intoxicated. "Yes, yes! much better—thanks to their dinner. Ha! ha! they are paying court to the inheritance by means of fat geese and new wine. I accept of everything. One ought always to take, of course—besides it is only polite to do so."

"Then, you believe their generosity springs merely from interested motives?" inquired Fournier, with a smile.

"Only an investment, neighbour—an investment of a thousand to one. They believe me to be their dupe, because I drink their wine and partake of their goose, fattened purposely for me, as that woman said. Ha! ha! ha! we shall see who will laugh the last."

"Do you then intend to disappoint their hopes?"

"Why not? The little that I possess belongs to me, I suppose! I can dispose of it as I like; and in that case, if I wish to benefit a poor girl——"

"Mademoiselle Rose?" hastily exclaimed the young man. "If you decide to do this, father Duret, every honest person will be on your side."

"Bah! dishonest people," stuttered out the miser; "what does that signify to me? What amuses me is the thought of overreaching that cunning fox Tricot, and his wife into the bargain."

This plea caused Duret to laugh immoderately; but a sort of suffocating spasm quickly ensued, that caused him to fall back on his pillow. Fournier hastened to render him assistance. The old man revived, recommenced speaking, but was again cut short in the midst of what he wished to say by an attack more violent than the first. The extraordinary excitement to which he had been exposed while in so weakened a state shortened the duration of an existence already so near its close, and hastened the final crisis. The young doctor saw with dismay that these stifling spasms were recurring with violence and rapidity. Duret, freed from the intoxicating effects of the liquor by the mysterious presentiment of approaching death, began to be alarmed.

"Ah! Mr. Fournier, I am ill—very ill," he exclaimed, in a broken voice. "Am I in danger? Let me know in time if I am in danger. Before I die I have a secret to tell."

"Say it then, at once," replied the young man.

"It is true, then," continued Duret, wild with alarm. "There is no longer any hope? Must I renounce all that I possess, all that I have amassed together with so much trouble? Must I leave it all to others?—all—all!"

The miser wrung his hands, a prey to despair, almost amounting to frenzy.

Fournier used every effort to calm him, by speaking to him of Rose, who had none out, but who, he felt assured, would soon return

"Yes, I must see her," murmured Duret, grasping like all who approach their end, to those who survive them, as though their means they could retain a longer hold on life. "Poor girl! they would strip her of all; but I have taken good care of her. She has only to look——"

He stopped.

"Where?" demanded Fournier, anxiously bending over the bed.

"Ah! there is—there is still—some hope?" sighed Duret. "Speak—it is only—only weakness."

"Where is your god-daughter to look?" repeated the young man, perceiving that the eyes of the dying man were becoming dim and glazed.

"Open—open wide the window," faltered the dotterer. "I wish to see the light. Go to the garden. Down there—behind the well—the top of the parterre."

The sick man ceased. The young doctor saw the lips move a little longer, as if endeavouring to utter words which could not be heard; a convulsive movement agitated the face; then all became immoveable. The miser had breathed his last sigh.

Rose returned shortly after. Her grief on hearing the death of her godfather was silent, but deep and sincere. He was the only person who had taken any care of her; and knowing nothing of human kindness beyond that bestowed on her by her last benefactor, her affectionate nature was naturally driven back to cling to him, in fault of some one more worthy on whom to bestow her love.

The farmer Tricot, and his wife, found her kneeling beside the dead, with her face resting on one of the hands which she had bathed with tears. They had heard that Duret was no more, and hastened back, less to pay a tribute of respect to the deceased than to secure their right over whatever he might have left behind. Both began taking possession of the house by securing to themselves the keys hidden under the bolster of the dead man. Tricot then left his wife as a guard over the house, and hastened to perform whatever formalities might be necessary prior to the funeral. Rose waited in vain for a kindly word of sympathy and encouragement from this woman; she was left to her grief beside the dead until they carried away the bier.

The young girl had the courage to follow it to the cemetery; but when she returned, her strength was exhausted and her spirits were crushed. As she regained the threshold she hesitated to pass beyond it. Tricot and his wife already within, had commenced making an inventory of what was to belong to them. The cupboards were standing open, the furniture in disorder. Rose felt a sensation of pain, and sat down on the stone bench outside the door.

Her hands clasped together on her knees, and her head bent low, tears silently chased each other down her cheeks. A voice pronouncing her name caused her to look up, and she recognised Mr. Fournier.

He had remarked her as she returned, and, touched with her look of hopeless sadness, he came over to offer what consolation he could.

Rose was unable to reply otherwise than by her tears. The young man inquired kindly why she remained outside, and and advised her to dissipate the sorrowful impression she must feel on re-entering home.

"Affliction is like a bitter draught," he said. "The best plan is to drink it at once; delays only increase the pain by subdividing it."

"You mistake the cause, sir," replied Rose, in a suppressed voice. "It is not to spare myself of sorrow that I remain here; it is because were I to enter within, I might occasion inconvenience to the relations."

"They are come then?" asked the young man.

"Yes, with Mr. Leblanc.

"What! the old notary who was once condemned as a sharper?"

"Take care, they may hear you."

The doctor glanced at the interior of the house, and saw Tricot and his wife busily occupied in emptying the presses.

"Why," he exclaimed, "they are taking every thing."

"They have the right to do so," replied Rose, softly.

"That is to be seen," said Mr. Fournier, passing within.

The lawyer, who was taking out some papers from a ponderous portfolio found in the cabinet of the deceased, turned round.

"Stop, sir," exclaimed the young man, "you are not the proper person to examine those papers."

"Why so?" demanded Mr. Leblanc.

"Because they concern the successors of the deceased."

"And who are his heirs, if we are not?" exclaimed Tricot, insolently.

"That remains to be discovered," replied Fournier. "Father Duret may have left a will."

"A will!" repeated the peasant and his wife, looking at each other with dismay.

"Perhaps this gentleman may be the trustee?" demanded Leblanc, in a soft, oily tone.

"I did not say so," replied the doctor; "but the deceased positively declared to me what his testament were."

"And desirous now, sir, were he to be the legatee?" inquired Leblanc, with the same ironical politeness.

The doctor coloured.

"This is no question of myself," he replied with dignity; "but it concerns the godchild of father Duret."

"Ah! it is for Rose," exclaimed Pierre Tricot, in a scornful voice. "I suppose this good gentleman must be some relation of the girl—at least, to take so much interest in her welfare."

"I am her friend, sir."

Here he was interrupted by a burst of coarse laughter from both the Tricots.

"Then doubtless you are possessed of a power of attorney?" observed the lawyer.

"I have come to the resolution to try, by every means in my power, that her rights should be respected," replied Fournier, avoiding a direct answer. "Although unacquainted with the minutiae of law, sir, that they command to those in your

nalities, that none are at liberty to set aside. Before entering into possession of the property of the deceased, it must first be shown to whom it belongs."

"And if we take it provisionally?" observed Mr. Leblanc, continuing his occupation of looking over the papers in the portfolio.

"Then you may be demanded to give an account of such violation of the law."

"By means of a lawsuit, eh? But this is a costly proceeding, doctor; and your *protégé* would have some trouble, I think, to pay the expenses of stamps, legal proceedings, and registration."

"Then I am to gather from this that you take advantage of her poverty to attack her rights?" exclaimed Fournier, highly indignant.

"We are only using the means of guarding our own, quietly responded Mr. Leblanc.

"Be it so, then; but it is I who now demand the right administration of our laws," replied the young man with energy. "The deceased received from me medical care, medicines, aid of every kind. As a creditor to his heirs, I demand that the payment of this debt be secured to me. I protest against the violation of those seals."

Tricot and his wife, who had long been endeavouring to interfere, now commenced a great outcry, which Mr. Leblanc stopped by a significant gesture.

"Well," he said, turning with a smile towards the young man. "The doctor is, of course, able to prove the correctness of his claim? He can give us receipts and written proofs for whatever medicines may have been given?"

"Sir," replied Fournier, in some perplexity, "a doctor does not take such precautions with his patients; but you may question Mademoiselle Rose."

"You are right," continued Leblanc, with a smile. "You will depose for her, she will depose for you; it is only a mutual and just exchange of good offices. Unfortunately, however, our tribunals do not allow themselves to be guided by sudden ebullitions of sympathy or gratitude; and until you have regularly established and proved your rights, perhaps you will kindly allow us to exercise those privileges which we hold by right of parentage."

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

## LORD RAGLAN.

Let the dead rest in peace! Let not the cold breath of scandal sweep over the grave of a Good Man, but rather let us weave chaplets to his honor and drop a tear of sorrow to his memory. Vices he had none, then let not his virtues be forgotten. If success did not crown all his efforts in the existing struggle, it was owing to difficulties unforseen either by himself or others. If he conquered on the Alma—if he vanquished his foes at Inkerman, and failed in achieving a final victory at Sebastopol—it should be remembered that he lost his life in the attempt, and his country could hardly require more of him.

But it is not all wholesy accusations against him, for it will never be admitted that the chosen man of the great captain who triumphed at Waterloo could fall into the errors that thoughtless writers have attributed to him. No! the officer selected by the Duke of Wellington to carry his most important orders, to know his secrets, and share his confidence in all the hard won fields of the Peninsula, we may be assured was not a military blockhead. On the bloody plains of Waterloo, he left his right arm as a pledge of his devotion to his leader and to his country!—to England—to that country whose son he was, and who sitting enthroned in the bosom of the ocean has for a thousand years

"braved the battle and the breeze."

It has been said that he differed from his French colleagues, in command; that General Pelissier scouted his abilities and wished him out of the way. But let us read the eulogy pronounced by this same General Pelissier to his memory, in the general order to the French army after the hero's death; let us read it again and again and ponder on it, for although short, it says much. It breathes an eloquence and a pathos not less honorable to the pen than to the heart of the noble French chieftain:

"Those who have known Lord Raglan—who have known the history of his life, so noble so pure, so full of patriotic services—those who were witnesses of his intrepidity in the days of Alma and Inkerman—who can recal the stoical grandeur of his character throughout his rough and memorable campaign—in a word, all men with hearts will deplore the loss of such a man. The sentiments which the General-in-Chief here expresses will be those of the entire army. He himself is shocked by this unlooked-for blow. The general's grief is increased with him in finding himself for ever separated from a companion-in-arms whose cordial spirit he loved, whose virtues he admired, and with whom he always found loyal and affectionate concurrence."

It may be said that this is the voice of a friend—of a mere companion in arms. Be it so; but who can gainsay its truth and its justice? Yet suppose it to be only the voice of a friend, let us hear the opinion of a foe; let us read what the Russians say:—

"Lord Raglan has died. During the entire period of the command of this noble general, he succeeded in conciliating the esteem and respect not only of those with whom his nation was allied, but also of the enemy to whom he was opposed. He was one of the last heroes of that glorious English army which, under the command of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated the English name, on so many battle-fields, and of which the few remaining veterans bore on their breasts, till lately, the honorable tokens. Lord Raglan was on several occasions distinguished by the late Emperor Nicholas, as also by the reigning Emperor. He will be personally regretted in Russia by all who had an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the nobleness of his sentiments and the uprightness of his character. As a subject, he performed his duty by obeying the command of his Sovereign, and as a soldier by valiantly defending the honor of his flag; but even in the execution of his duty, he preserved unblemished to his death his own personal dignity and that of his country. He has fallen, like so many others, a victim to this disastrous war. Honored be his memory, and respected be his grave! which will be assured on the soil of Russia as on that of England, and, while pointing to it no Russian will refuse to say—*Sate, viator, heroem calcas.*"

There, Englishmen, read these tributes of Frenchmen and Russian to your departed General, and reflect how cruelly some of you have slandered a great and good man. But his country knew his worth and has done him justice. From his sovereign he received honors, from his country his family have received rewards, and he was emphatically a man whom the Queen delighted to honor. Of noble birth, of high and ancient lineage, he lived in honor, and died the patient and Christian soldier. Peace be to his ashes!

## CHANDLER WHITE AND NEWFOUNDLAND ANNEXATION.

The statesman or the merchant, in looking at the history of the wars between England and France for the last three centuries, and the treaties resulting from those wars, cannot but be struck with the immense importance which has always been attached to the possession of Newfoundland and its dependencies. The concession of a right to fish there has been sufficient to stop the gaping wounds of a nation's honour.

Nor have statesmen ever estimated the worth of these fisheries, for it has been, *and ever will be, that the possessor of Newfoundland and its dependencies* will rule the empire of the Northern Atlantic. Not less than 100,000 of the happiest seamen in the world, the very breath of whose nostrils is defiance to a rigorous climate and a boisterous sea, are engaged in that calling which, of all others, is best calculated to perfect them. Newfoundland alone, with her 120,000 inhabitants, has 40,000 of her stalwart sons whose home for many months is annually amongst the Arctic ice in pursuit of seals, or along the coast and bays fishing for cod.

France is at an immense outlay, for she gives a bounty of 50 francs per man and 20 francs per metrique on fish, maintains here her nursery of fishermen, and this to her mortification is the "source from which its current runs can alone drive up." England, her provinces, and the United States furnish the remainder of the [illegible]—All the world beside cannot parallel this school for seamen.

Newfoundland has an area larger than that of Ireland, a sea-coast of 1,000 miles, abounding with deep bays and safe harbors. Its south-east district the Peninsula of Avalon, has about 1,000 miles of [illegible] coast, [illegible] of [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]