

me lose confidence in Heaven. Never shall I forget the time and place when first we met; never shall I forget the sweet sad tones of her voice, the steadfast yet melancholy expression of her eyes, or the very words of the old ballads which she sang. It was an August night, and the great yellow moon hung over the eastern shore of the harbor, making a path of rippling light across the water, where our boat floated, while I and three brawny friends and a party of gay young girls listened, not only with ears but with hearts. In the distance the City shone with myriad lights, and afar off could be heard the confused sounds of those on the wharves and on board the ships whose spars stood out against the sky in bold relief. But it was only the sweet old ballad which we heard, for even other pleasure-seekers, rowing across the moonlit waters, like ourselves, rested upon their oars and listened. Alas for love's young dream! I am an old man, more glad than sorry for the death of a rich wife; and she, my only love, so far as I know anything, died long years ago.

My present quarters are comfortable, though somewhat shabby, in a large granite building, formerly occupied by two or three Banking Companies. The banking offices are now filled with fish and marine stores: the upper storeys are tenanted by my landlady, whom I have never seen, who is said to be very old and infirm and somewhat eccentric, and who never appears on the streets except rarely at night time, and on one particular day, I think the eighteenth day of May, when she visits a cemetery on the outskirts of the City. The pretty girl who lives with her, and who I believe is her niece, is conversable enough, but does not care to talk of her aunt's peculiarities. Yet, by her very reticence, she makes me feel that there must be some mystery about the good lady. The old man and his wife, who are the only domestics, are not averse to an occasional chat, but, even in my conversation with them, I can see that, if I wish to satisfy my curiosity about their mistress, it is absolutely necessary that I should make it appear that I am not seeking information.

The French have simply translated the names of most of the