

nubial happiness, and attachment of the most tender and enduring nature. But is Trevors indeed good enough to make my sweet Emily thus happy? Will he understand a creature so diffident and retiring, and give her the support her real importance entitles my daughter to receive? Will he cherish and indulge her as I have done, estimating her humility as a virtue, not presuming upon it as a medium of his own authority? Oh! what a miserable old age should I have insured, if, as the gypsy says, 'the dove in my nest' were removed thence to a kite's dwelling, or oven to an eagle's eyrie."

At this moment Miriam approached him, leading the dog by a lash she had procured in his mansion."

"I thought it best to deliver Caesar up to your honour's own hand for he's mighty loath to leave me; he's a good dog, but truth to say, he has his fancies, and hates some particular persons wonderfully, so that he might do mischief amongst your honour's company if not tied up."

"He does not fly at vagabonds and beggars, does he."

"No, Sir, there's no *ingratitude* in him, poor fellow; he loves his old friends, who have shared many a scanty bit with him."

The squire felt that he had spoken unfeelingly, and with a more kindly look, he said, "I hope the dog is not fierce towards clergymen, you would not teach him that, my good girl, I know."

"Oh! no, Sir, for was it not our own curate that brought Miss Beckenham to see my dear mother? and, for sure, I always thought it was like a saint fetching an angel to help a poor sinner. No, to my mind they are *vile* curs that bark at those who pray for us and teach us, whether they run on two legs or four. I don't know one man in the three next parishes, who rails at ministers of any sort that does so from anything but shame or fear. There's our own blacksmith, your honour."

"He's a bad man, sure enough, Miriam,"

"And the old general who swears so, and yowls—"

"Aye, aye, girl, you're right: but who is it that the dog dislikes? that's the question."

"All cross, ill-tempered, cruel people. He will look shy at any proud, hard-hearted man, and would snap at the king on the throne, if he weren't (as they say he is) a real good natured soul. But trust Caesar for never showing a tooth at a good man; and I'll be bound, he'd die on the spot for you or your daughter."

"Well, we'll try him; but I think both you and your dog are rather wiser than you ought to be, Miriam—you know more of your neighbours than would be quite agreeable to them, if aware of it."

"They that wander by bush and dingle, late and early, that buy of the wicked and sell to the mean (and barring your honour, I've plenty such customers) must see something of all sorts especially in some cases, when one's not as old as your honour's pedigree, nor as ugly as one's own donkey."

As Miriam spoke a deep blush gave richness to her olive skin, and brilliance to her dark eyes, but she turned away speedily and was almost instantly out of sight, not however till her late querist had pronounced an eulogy on his daughter's discernment for calling her "as good as she was pretty," and promising himself to befriend her more effectually if her habits permitted it.

But Mr Beckenham's guests were now assembling—he adjourned to his dressing room, and then to his drawing room, still accompanied by his new purchase. Guest after guest entered, and all was well until Mr Trevor appeared, who was received naturally with more than usual cordiality by the master, but with such outrageous conduct on the part of the dog as to alarm the whole party, and occasion, of course, the expulsion of the offender, who was carefully immured for the rest of the day.

A shade came over the heart and reached the brow

of their entertainer, which he endeavoured to banish, by pointing out to a stranger guest some admired points in the prospects from the window. Mr Trevor stood beside them at the time; but, on its being remarked that the young clergyman, who was their latest visitant, was coming down the terrace, he turned away with an air of disdain, saying, "Surely, Sir, you did not wait dinner for the curate?"

"Why not? He has been detained by doing his duty—besides, letting alone his office which is sacred, and entitles him to respect, Mr Monsal is a gentleman by birth, a distinguished scholar, and a worthy man: brother, too, to one of the bravest naval officers in our service."

"He may be all that and more, for ought I know, but I confess I dislike all men of his cloth;—and I am sorry to say Miss Beckenham seems partial to them—she has given the last half hour entirely to the rector, who is as deaf as his own pulpit cushion."

Poor Mr Beckenham, habitually hospitable and intentionally polite and attentive, never appeared to such disadvantage at his own table as on this eventful day; for not only was his mind troubled and his prospects blighted, but his conscience awakened, and continually whispering words of blame to one, who, with abundant wealth, had allowed himself to hanker after more; and who, after carefully educating his daughter as a religious and virtuous woman, had yet been willing to peril her present and eternal happiness by marrying her to one whose estates he had examined, but whose principles and disposition he had taken on trust, in a case demanding rigid scrutiny.

Further conversation with Mr Trevor confirmed his fears and also his resolution to dismiss his suit, and having done so, he had an uncontrollable desire to see the gypsy girl, for, although he felt pretty sure the dog's aversion to Mr Trevor belonged to the individual, rather than to general intuition, and might be naturally accounted for by Miriam, still she seemed some way linked with the situation of his family. Besides, Mr Trevor had hinted something about the partiality of his Emily for the curate as being the cause of her coldness to himself, and since Miriam also had coupled their names very closely, ought he not to inquire after it?

The gypsy girl had always her share of the broken victuals after a great dinner, therefore she was easily found; and when Mr Beckenham showed a desire, to ask a few questions, professed a readiness to answer them, but at the same time assumed a dark, mysterious air, and affected to talk of the conjunction of certain planets, and the necessity of making an infusion of herbs by moonlight, and tracing circles in some magical incantation.

"Nonsense!" cried Mr Beckenham, "leave off moonlight rambling, you will spare Caesar the trouble of discovering bad designs and punishing bad men. Tell me in plain English, whether you think Mr Monsal is attached to any person in this neighbourhood."

"Yes! he loves General Davies' niece; and he will marry her too, sooner than he expects, for the general died of grief in the head not an hour ago. Mr Monsal entered your house by the library, as I came to the kitchen."

"Umph! I will tell him the news, and see how he is affected by it; but, surely, he never could be such a fool as to think of my Emily—and she—she has never thought of a lover."

"'The foam of the sea' alone can answer that," said the gipsy resuming her oracular sententiousness.

The squire, too much agitated to laugh at her pretensions, hastened to the library—he found her seated at her piano, just beginning to sing a song which Mr Monsal was placing before her, and to his surprise, she uttered these words—

"The foam of the sea on this bosom may rest,
The foam of the sea——"

"What can you possibly mean—what are you singing Emily?" This question to the timid, and, as

she thought *discovered* girl, was unanswerable. She appealed to Mr Monsal by a look, which, in her father's opinion, gave the lie to Miriam's assertion, and he hastily enquired "Whether he did or did not pay his addresses to the general's niece?"

"I do, my good sir, and most fervently do I love and esteem her: but you know her uncle's unhappy prejudice."

"Aye, aye, I know all that is unhappy about him—but that is past—he will no longer oppose you—no raptures on the subject, but tell me what *you* mean—what my daughter means by the "Foam of the sea," they seem to me simple words, but I am convinced they have a meaning—a connexion, a something, that is enbaltic, and understood only by the initiated—of whom I mean to become one."

The curate looked in Emily's eyes—she blushed, trembled, but was silent, and his looks seemed to depend on her's for the power of revelation."

"I must ask Miriam, the gipsy girl, for explanation."

"She can give you none I am sure," said the curate,

"Yet she told me but this moment that 'The foam of the sea' would tell me every thing I wished to know. Surely it is hard that such a father as I have been, should seek to learn from *her*, Emily could tell me in a moment!"

"Dear father, the truth is, that Captain Monsal (You know Captain Monsal) wrote this song—that this gentleman composed it—and that I was going to play it—and—and—in short—to sing it."

"And is that all? It is foam truly."

"Not all, dear father—not all—poor Monsal has long loved your Emily; and, certainly, I—do not blame me, I never will marry him, but I confess—I do confess that I love him."

"But you won't marry him, you say—why not, you have a large independant fortune in right of your beloved mother—what signifies my opinion?"

"Signifies! Oh, surely, every thing to me—it was that very power that sealed my lips—without your approbation I never would marry."

"But I give it you, my child, in this case, fully, freely,—we have been both to blame—I have brought you up in a seclusion which has made you too timid, and nearly led me into a fatal error. How much I have feared and suffered, only myself and the gipsy know; she shall be well cared for, cunning and trickery as she is, for the girl is truly modest, and has a thankful heart. Bow, wow, wow; ah, Caesar! my fine fellow, you shall never want a bone, but the events now crowding upon us are not matter for light gratulation—your happiness, dear Monsal is connected with an awful removal, and even ours, sweet as it is, yet tells us to 'rejoice with trembling.'"

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