

The Dove, so true, so gentle,  
 A-weary of her chase,  
 Brought back, at eve, the olive-bough,  
 And sought again her place.

If I were like the Raven,  
 I would not now be here ;  
 If I am like the Dove at all,  
 Now surely comes my cheer.

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## CHAPTER XLIV.

### CURIOSITY.

THREE evenings after the singing of the harper's song, (a song, by the way, which caused, as may be supposed, strange conjectures in some, and stranger emotions in others,) Henry Mangan was safely and soundly seated at his own tea-table, with his sister and his wife. Though he did not bring with him his father-in-law, still he brought the explanation, and other intelligence.

Why did not M'Dougald come? The arrangements which the old man had made in order to facilitate his journey to France, were all to no purpose. He thought of retiring from his Professorship, and of having Henry installed in his place. In this he was disappointed. He, therefore, deferred his visit until something else could be done. The affair, he hoped, would be all settled in about three months.

Of course the ladies now gave up all hopes of ever seeing the old doctor. If, thought they, his coming to France take him, as no doubt it will, as long as has taken the much procrastinated hanging of his bonnet upon some religious peg, that coming will scarcely ever take place.

When Henry was starting for Scotland, Mary charged