

ed upon B——, in order to perform her marine operations.

Miss Pansford felt herself as little inclined to sleep, when she retired to her apartment, as her lover was when he repaired to his after the joyful proceedings which had been carried on between them. She remembered all his looks, words and actions, with singular pleasure; and did not quite forget when she could no longer keep her ideas out of a state of confusion.—She dreamt of him, and as soon as she awoke, wished to see him—to hear him.

While she sat earnestly wishing for his arrival, which she very rationally expected, as he had communicated his intentions when he took leave of her, and received no discouragement, her servant entered the room, and with an abruptness more natural than discreet, exclaimed—"Good God! madam, what do you think? poor Mr. Trimnel is run through the body by Mr. Monson!"

The sudden disclosure of this intelligence, deprived Miss Pansford instantly of her senses, as she felt herself the cause of the duel between her two admirers; and deeply affected by the fate of the preferred one. She fainted back in her chair, and remained for some time, in spite of all the usual applications, motionless and speechless. When she recovered, and saw her aunt hanging over her in the most affectionate attitude, she grasped her hands hard, and cried—"Oh! madam, is Mr. Trimnel alive or dead?"

"Alive, my dear," replied Mrs. Hindley, and in a fair way to do well, being but very slightly wounded."

"Thank heaven!" answered she, "if Mr. Trimnel had been killed, I should have looked on myself as instrumental to his murder.—Thank heaven!"

A card from Trimnel arriving at the moment, addressed to her, confirmed her aunt's information. With the card she was the more satisfied, as he gave room to believe she should in a few days receive a visit from him.

His reception, after his recovery, by Mrs. Hindley and her niece, was quite agreeable to his wishes; and as he found every succeeding visit more agreeable to them, the matrimonial preliminaries were soon adjusted, to the satisfaction of the whole trio. When those preliminaries were settled, Edward set out for London to stimulate his lawyer, and to transact some business which could not be so well managed by proxy.

During his absence from his Harriet, Edward felt not a little pleasure at the thoughts of his

going to marry a handsome, amiable, accomplished girl, who had ever appeared to him the best natured creature breathing; and who had never shown the smallest inclination for, or rather an aversion to, cards. Inexpressible therefore, was his surprise, when on his coming back to Mrs. Hindley's apartment, at B—— he saw his Harriet at a card-table—at a whist-table too. He was still more surprised at her scarce taking any notice of him when he advanced towards her, so intent was she upon her game. Astonishment was in a short time followed by concern; for he perceived, during the rubbers, that he had been under a considerable mistake with regard to the sweetness of her temper.

Harriet had been tolerable fortunate before the arrival of her lover—unluckily for her, she was very unsuccessful afterwards. As she had a partner whose skill was just upon a par with her own, she had soon the mortification to see their best cards rendered useless to them by the superior play of the enemy. After having fretted and fumed a great deal, scolded at her partner, and exhibited herself in the most disagreeable light, she flew into such a violent passion upon the loss of the *Odd Trick*, which they had all the honours in her own hand, that she looked like a fury; Edward thought so, and stole away.

J. F.

St. John, January, 1842.



THE BUTTERFLY.

A BUTTERFLY basked on a baby's grave,

Where a lily had chanced to grow:

"Why art thou here, with thy gaudy dye?"

When she of the bright and sparkling eye

Must sleep in the church-yard low."

Then it lightly soared through the sunny air

And spoke from its shining track:

"I was a worm, 'till I won my wings,

And sho whom thou mourns't, like a seraph

sings—

Would'st thou call the blest one back?"



MONEY, being the common scale

Of things by measure, weight, and tale,

In all th' affairs of church and state,

'Tis both the balance and the weight;

Money is the sov'reign power,

That all mankind falls down before:

'Tis virtue, wit, and worth, and all,

That men divine and sacred call:

For what's the worth of any thing,

But so much money as t'will bring.