

nothing about all this yet,' he continued, looking earnestly at the young girl.

'It will be very hard to keep it from him, uncle.'

'But it must be kept,' rejoined Vincent in a decided and somewhat grave tone.

Susan was silent; for she knew there was no appeal from such a decision. It was very difficult, however, for her to keep this secret from her lover; and it would have been still more so, but that Charles was so fully occupied at this moment, that he had little leisure for conversation.

About a fortnight afterwards, on a fine holiday, Vincent proposed to the young people that he should treat them to a drive. 'And afterwards,' continued he, 'you can go out together, and enjoy more of what is going on.'

This they joyfully acceded to. At the end of a few minutes' drive, to Charles's great surprise the carriage stopped at the door of the *mugasin* which had formerly belonged to his old master.

'What is the man about?' he inquired rather impatiently.

'We shall see, we shall see,' replied the old man smiling.

The steps were let down. Vincent, leaning upon Susan, got out, and entered the shop. Charles was about to follow them, when the name of 'CHARLES VINCENT,' in large gold letters, placed above the entrance, arrested his eye. For a moment he stood petrified; the next he hastened into the shop, and embracing his uncle and cousin in a transport of joy, exclaimed, 'Ah, this is your secret! and you have kept it from me all this time,' said he reproachfully to Susan.

'It is the last I will ever keep from you,' she replied, looking somewhat confused.

'Yes, yes; it was all my fault; so don't scold her. No scolding to-day,' repeated the old soldier, hobbling into the back room, where a huge block of wood was burning brightly on the hearth, and a small table was laid for dinner. The furniture was plain, but neat, and the tablecloth white as snow. Vincent, shaking his nephew by the hand, said, 'Charles, you are welcome as the master of this house.'

'Thank you, thank you a thousand times, uncle; but, turning to his cousin, 'I do not care to be the master of it, unless Susan promises to be its mistress.'

'And so she will,' interrupted the old man. 'Don't you remember her promise?'

'Yes, but I wish her to repeat it once more.'

Susan blushed, and gave him her hand.

'Need we say what a happy and joyous evening followed this explanation.'

Before many days had elapsed, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vincent were installed in the formal possession of their new habitation. Susan carried the same cheerful and elastic spirit into her married life which had sustained her in her earlier and more trying course; and even in her busiest moments, she found leisure to talk with the old soldier, as he sat by the fireside in a comfortable arm-chair, with his beloved pipe and pouch placed convenient at his side.

A year passed away, and the first anniversary of their wedding-day found this happy trio still happier than on the eventful day which fixed them in their present comfortable dwelling.

At supper, the old man drank to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

'Thank you, good uncle,' said Charles; 'and whatever share of enjoyment may be mine, I have to thank you for much of it, as it was you who first taught me that happiness does not lie in wealth or distinction, but in a life of honest industry, and a mind at peace with itself. You, too, I have partly to thank,' continued he, smiling and looking at his wife, 'for having given me here a greater treasure than ever I hoped to have possessed, had our expedition into Spain been crowned with the most entire success.'

MISCELLANY.

LOVE, REVENGE, AND SUICIDE.

In the year 1780, a young London merchant having won the affections of a lovely girl, also obtained the consent of her father, to whom she was an only child. The old gentleman had a singular fancy that they should be married at the same village church where his own happy union took place; and being a sufferer from the gout, he placed the young lady under the charge of her aunt; and the happy lover, taking his own valet, set out for Westmoreland. Soon after their arrival at that place, a letter full of transport was despatched to the father; the wedding had first taken place, the bride had been pronounced nearly as handsome as her mother; although the bridegroom, wore no 'shoulder knots, open sleeves, or pantaloons,' he might still compete with the bridegroom of earlier days in appearance. After the ceremony, the happy couple took a walk in the vicar's garden; and the valet aware that they would soon leave the place for their future destination, went in to the refreshment; and knowing that his master had drawn the charge from his pistols the night before, and that the state of the roads required every precaution, took this opportunity of reloading them. Upon their return from the stroll, the young couple went into their room, and the gentleman, seeing his pistols laid where he had left them the night before, and being sure that

he had unloaded them, took one of them and presented it at his fair bride, saying, with the most winning flattery.

'Now, maiden, repent of these cruelties you have been guilty of towards me—my sleepless nights, my days of anxious hope. I will revenge myself! Fair tyrant, you shall die with your instruments of torture about you, that enchanting smile, and those killing ringlets!'

'Pray, do not suffer me to linger,' said the confiding girl, laughing merrily at his agreeable nonsense. 'Fire!'

He did so, and shot her dead!

Who can paint his horror? After a pause he rung the bell—his servant entered, and his master locked the door, and said, in a singularly marked voice—

'William, did you load those pistols?'

The unfortunate wretch, horrified at what he saw, mechanically answered, 'Yes!'

His master instantly shot him dead with the undischarged pistol.

After this in a state of insanity he wrote an exact account of the occurrence to the bereaved father, and concluded by telling him, that two hours ago he was made the happiest man alive, and that now, as the object of his love lay dead at his feet, he should finish his wedding day and his life, by falling on his sword, if his heart did not break before he could complete his intention. This sad epistle being finished, he put an end to his life.

The body of poor William, whose carelessness had led to the fatal catastrophe, was interred in a church yard, and the corpses of the lovers, attended by the half-bewildered aunt, were brought to London, and privately laid in one grave, in the parish where the now wretched father had once lived a prosperous and happy man.

HOW TO GET A WIFE AND A FORTUNE.—The elevation of Mr. Labouchere, now a member of the British Cabinet, is rather a singular story. In 1822, Mr. Labouchere, a clerk in the banking house of Hope, of Amsterdam, was sent by his patrons to Mr. Baring, the celebrated London banker, to negotiate a loan. He displayed in the affair so much ability as to entirely win the esteem and confidence of the English banker. 'Faith!' said he one day to Baring, 'your daughter is a charming creature. I wish I could persuade you to give me her hand.' 'Young man, you are joking; for seriously you must allow that Miss Baring could never become the wife of a simple clerk.' 'But,' said Labouchere, 'if I were in partnership with Mr. Hope?' 'Oh, that would be quite a different thing; that would entirely make up for all other deficiencies.' Returned to Amsterdam, Labouchere said to his patron, 'You must take me into partnership.' 'My young friend, how can you think of such a thing? it is impossible; you are without fortune, and—' 'But if I become the son-in-law of Mr. Baring?' 'In that case the affair would soon be settled, and so you have my word.' Fortified with these two promises, Labouchere returned to England, and in two months after married Miss Baring, because Mr. Hope had promised to take him into partnership; and he became allied to the house of Baring on the strength of that promise of marriage.

O'CONNELL'S CHARACTER OF LORD NORBURY.—The seemingly gravity of the bench was in the hands of a bad keeper when committed to the care of Lord Norbury. All who remember him as he presided in the court, can bear witness that nothing appeared to delight him so much as the uproar of merriment created by his volleys of puns. 'What is your calling and occupation, my honest man?' he once asked a witness. 'Please your Lordship, I keep a racket court.' 'So do I,' rejoined Lord Norbury, in gratified allusion to the racket which his witticisms constantly excited in court. It was an appropriate joke at the burial of a joking, hanging judge—that test of a butcher's apprentice that Brophy the dentist told me. When they were burying Norbury, the grave was so deep that the ropes by which they were letting down the coffin did not reach the bottom of it. The coffin remained hanging at mid depth, while some one was sent for more rope. 'Aye,' cried a butcher's apprentice, 'give him rope enough, don't stint him! He was the boy that never grudged rope to a poor body!' It is told of Lord Norbury, that when passing sentence of death on a man convicted for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit, 'My good fellow, you made a grasp at time, but, egad, you caught eternity.'—O'Neil's Irish Recollections.

Colonial and United States News.

NOVA SCOTIA.

GREAT IRISH MEETING.

There was an immense gathering of the Irishmen of Halifax last night, at the Parochial School Room—hundreds having gone away, who were unable to gain admittance.—The Meeting was addressed by the Very Rev. Mr. Connolly, Wm. Hackett, Esq., and Messrs. Condon and Morrisay, and appropriate resolutions passed, with enthusiasm and unanimity. About £200 was subscribed in aid of the League Fund. A Committee appointed for the purpose, will attend at the Room this evening, and subsequent evenings, until the arrival of

the Steamer, to receive additional subscriptions.—*Novascotian*, Aug. 16.

The Potatoe Rot is doing its work on all parts of the peninsula. In one or two fields which we have examined the disease has appeared in a somewhat altered form, commencing at the base of the vine and extending upwards.—*Halifax paper*.

The potatoe blight has again made its appearance. We saw a field in this vicinity yesterday, which was seriously affected with its blighting influence.—*Yarmouth Herald*.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

The St. John New Brunswicker says:—

We are glad to learn that the crops in all parts of the Province look most luxuriant. The reports relative to the appearance of the disease among the potatoes are, we rejoice to say, unfounded. From all quarters we hear of the most gratifying accounts.

CANADA.

Upwards of two thousand persons have taken the pledge of total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, at Laprairie, since Sunday last. The greatest number of them appear to be of the 'rising generation.' This is another instance of the rapid progress which the temperance cause is making in this section of the world owing to the philanthropic exertions of the clergy.—*Montreal Pilot*.

We are glad to learn from all sides most excellent accounts of the crops. On the Island of Montreal nothing can be more promising. The country is perfectly lovely. Instead of herbage parched by the heat of the sun, as is generally the case at this time of the year, everything is looking as green and as pleasant as in June; the trees thick and clustering, and the grass full of promise for the farmer. We see that several fields are 'already cut' near the city, and in a few days more hay making operations will generally have commenced.—We suspect, too, that the late rains have checked the grass-hoppers, as we hear nothing more of them.—*Pilot*.

We are sorry to perceive that the dreadful crime of incendiarism is rife at Cobourg, Canada West. The local papers state that there have been six or seven attempts within the last few months. The property hitherto destroyed has been empty houses, and the progress of the devouring element has fortunately in every case received a timely check.

A man named Dugald C. Macnab, some time Editor or something else about the Prince Edward *Gazette*, and at another time connected with the *Perth Constitutionalist*, was committed for trial by John Bell, Esq., the sitting Alderman on Tuesday last, on three distinct charges of forgery, and obtaining money under false pretences. He was to be brought up again for further examination on another charge of a similar nature.—*Toronto Globe*.

A furious wild beast, supposed to be a Lioness, escaped from some menagerie, has committed great depredations amongst the sheep, pigs, and cattle in St. Maurice County, Lower Canada. The animal has been seen accompanied by two cubs.

General Tom Thumb is on a visit to Quebec, giving exhibitions.

FIRE AT NIAGARA.—The Table Rock House and stair case on the Canada side, at Niagara Falls, were burned down on the night of the 25th ult. A stable, containing several horses and carriages, near the hotel, was burned at the same time, and both fires are attributed to incendiaries. Those who saw the burning of the Stair Case and the Table Rock House, describe the scene as one of surpassing beauty and grandeur, throwing the great cataract, the rising mist, the American Falls and the islands, out in bold relief, while the river appeared like a grand rolling sheet of liquid fire.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—Fire Engines surpressed in Water Street.—Yesterday, Mr. Minto, the Engineer of the Water Works, tested the capacity of the *Fire-Plugs* for supplying a powerful current of water in cases of fire. To the plug opposite the premises of Messrs. Baine, Johnston & Co. a set of hose was attached, and the cock being turned so as to allow the water to rush out with only *one-fourth* of its full pressure, a copious stream was discharged with much greater force than we ever saw propelled by the most powerful engine; and which was played with ease against the walls, and on and over the roofs of the adjoining buildings. The result satisfied every one present that *four hose* might, in case of fire, be attached to each plug, which would forcibly discharge such streams of waters on a burning building as to extinguish the fire in a few minutes, and that the risk of loss by fire was now so much reduced as to yield an ample return for the expenditure on the Water Works.—*Newfoundland Courier*.

WEST INDIES.

The *Baltimore Patriot* has received very late news from the Island of Jamaica.

A severe shock of an earthquake was felt over the island on the 9th ult. It proceeded north-east, and was accompanied with a terrible noise, and the vibration of