

pleasant and improbable things, she saw Gilbert Rodney leave the house with a rapid step, and instead of speaking to him, as she would so naturally have done at any other time, drew back and hastened to her sister.

"Well, is it all over?" exclaimed Rose, putting her bright face round the door of the library, in which Constance still sat.

"Yes, come in, Rose, it is all over—all over—and I have lost him for ever!"

"Ah!" said Rose, and smiling as she kissed her pale cheek, "Gilbert loves you too well for that. And so he was very angry. Somehow I cannot fancy cousin Gilbert in a passion. But what did he say, Constance?"

"I forget—I forget it all now—only that he is lost to me for ever!"

"My poor, foolish Constance. You will have him at your feet again long before to-morrow night, and then it will be his turn to ask forgiveness. I could not have imagined that he would have been so displeased at a mere jest. It is not as if you or I had ever doubted him for an instant. Of course you explained this, Constance!"

"I explained nothing—he did not give me time; and I was too frightened."

Rose looked grave and thoughtful.

"That is a pity," said she, at length; "suppose you were to write to him?"

"I would do anything you wish, Rose."

Her sister was alarmed by her manner, and the expression of anguish and despair upon her pale face; but she went nevertheless, and brought a light, and materials for writing, which she placed before her.

"I cannot write," exclaimed Constance, helplessly, "I do not know what to say."

"Shall I write for you?" asked Rose. But her sister did not answer. Rose sat down and wrote hastily, but it was to her mother. And Mrs. Dinorben, upon her return, found Constance in a high fever.

"He will come now," thought poor Rose, as she sat by her sister's bedside. "He cannot help forgiving her, when he sees how much she has suffered."

But Gilbert Rodney came not; and Rose felt very angry with him, and very, very sorrowful, and knew not what to think or what to do.

Mrs. Dinorben guessed immediately that there had been some misunderstanding between the lovers, and it grieved and displeased her that Gilbert should keep away so long at such a time. But when she afterwards came to learn the particulars, she was able to make every allowance for his deeply-wounded feelings, and resolved to take the first opportunity of explaining away the error into which he had fallen in believing that Constance herself, however much to blame she might have been—and the mother did not attempt to palliate her conduct—had ever for a moment doubted the faith which she had dared to test. Accordingly, the first time she could leave Constance with safety, she went in search of her nephew, and learned that he had gone to India.

Constance did not die of a broken heart. Sorrow rarely kills, its mission is to purify and make us better and wiser. The first thing she did when she recovered, was to write a long letter to her cousin, confessing and explaining everything, but many weary months passed away before she could even expect to receive a reply. It came at length, a few lines hastily written, but breathing of love and forgiveness, and enclosed in a letter which told her that the writer was no more, he had died of a fever, after a few days' illness. Constance wept when she heard it, but not as one without hope. She did not say, "my punishment is greater than I can bear?" "but Thy will, oh God, not mine, be done." When Constance had kissed and placed those few lines in her bosom, she felt that she had done with life, and resolved henceforth to live for others. Again she exclaimed to her mother and sister, "Oh, the good that I will do!" And to this day the name of Constance Dinorben is seldom mentioned in her native place unaccompanied by a blessing.

Constance never forgot her cousin Gilbert's last words—neither must we, for therein lies the warning and moral of our little history—words which deserve to be written in letters of gold, although they are far oftener recorded in tears.—"LOVE TRUSTS WITHOUT TRYING."

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

[From the Chicago Daily Chronicle.]

It is a trite, but at the same time true remark, that the real incidents of life constantly occurring around us, possess a far more romantic interest than the fanciful ones, conceived in the teeming brain of the novelist. Of this the following "o'er true tale," told us in brief by the steward of the packet boat Louisiana, on Saturday, will furnish an illustration.

Some ten years ago, as our readers will remember, there was what was termed a rebellion in Canada, and after the "patriots" were all subdued, some were summarily executed, and a portion banished for a long term of years to Australia. Most of these latter were men with families, from which they were torn, without money, to expiate in a far distant land, by imprisonment and hard labour, the crime of having failed in their attempt to rid their country of the evils of misgovernment. We think they acted very unwisely in proceeding to the length they did, but this point we shall not stop to consider. With one of these expatriated men our tale has chiefly to do.

For seven or eight weary years he had borne the hardship of a lonely captivity, hopeless of ever seeing home or friends again, when a general amnesty was proclaimed by the British Government in regard to all, with one or two exceptions, of those who had been concerned in the rebellion. Our hero was now at liberty, and his first thought was to seek his home. He accordingly shipped on board a whaling vessel, which at the end of two years more, landed him upon his native shore.

Wife, children and friends filled his thoughts, and he hastened on to his residence in Canada. Every thing remained as it had been—neighbours and friends greeted him as he passed—but how his heart sunk within him to find the homestead deserted, and learned that his wife had been married two years to another, supposing the "husband of her youth" to be dead. She and her new-found mate had left that part of the country and settled somewhere in Illinois.

The poor man felt desolate indeed, and he determined to see, and if possible, to reclaim his wife and children. After a weary travel, and many inquiries, he traced her to Knox county, Illinois, where they were comfortably settled in their new home. There he presented himself a few days since. The wife could not have been more surprised or pained to see an apparition from the grave, for she had long considered him as dead. The new husband too, was rather disagreeably surprised to see before him a claimant for his wife, what should be done? The first husband was anxious to obtain the lady; the second was disinclined to give her up. We look upon his "claim" as good.

They were reasonable people all round. The original claimant remained in the neighbourhood a couple of weeks, during which time the matter was frankly talked over. At last the rivals came to the very just and rational conclusion that the lady was the person to make a final decision of the question, and to her it was mutually agreed to refer it, giving her time to consider it in all its bearings.

What more perplexing position could a woman be placed in than this? Here two men had almost equal claims upon her affections.—One was father of all her children but one—the companion of her youth—the other bound to her by near and sacred ties, and by the mutual love they bore an infant that had been born to them. She could not for a moment decide—what true hearted woman could? A tumult of thoughts and emotions filled her heart, alternately swaying her from side to side. Thus the conflict lasted for several days during which time she was enabled to look clearly into her own heart, and at last she was ready for a decision. Which could she choose but the man round whom were twined the tendrils of a first and strong affection—to whom she had given the first offering of her heart? The needle may vibrate for a time, but it points at last with unflinching constancy to the never setting Star of the North: and in like manner the heart of a true woman, having in the wide universe but one fitting mate, will, after all vicissitudes, turn lovingly to the sunny warmth of her "first-only love."

A disposition of the youngest must now be made—and it was mutually agreed by the two men that as it could not be deprived of a mother's care, the first husband should take it with the other children, to be restored to the father at some future time. The united family now made preparation to go to a new home: and so great was the interest excited in the neighbourhood by this singular affair that as many as a hundred and fifty persons from the neighbourhood were present to witness their departure. On Saturday last they came up in the packet Louisiana, on their way to Michigan, where they will take up their residence. We naturally sympathise with the first husband to whom wife and children are restored: but who will not feel for the bereavement of the second?

A GOOD—AN EXCELLENT BUSINESS.

We heard a story the other day which amused us not a little, and one we consider too good to be lost. A few weeks since a person of respectable exterior and gentlemanly deportment made his appearance in a little village not a thousand miles from New Haven, where the inhabitants are somewhat proverbial for keeping a closer eye to their neighbour's affairs than their own. The stranger took lodgings at the village inn, and having no visible means of employment to perplex or disturb him, his time passed off, apparently quite agreeable to himself, but much to the dispute of the neighbourhood. Curiosity, that ever restless-tormentor of the village, was all agog to learn the stranger's business and means of support, and many were the wise guesses and sage surmises as to both, until a pretty general consultation and thorough canvassing of the pros and cons by the board of gossips, it was concluded that he had neither, and that he would eventually leave the landlord with an uncanceled score as a token of remembrance.

At length one of the most inveterate meddlers resolved in his own mind to broach the subject to the stranger, and thus by performing an act of kindness for his neighbour, unsolicited—whose easy nature he was certain of being imposed upon—he would have an opportunity to satisfy himself as to the stranger's real character.

He accordingly introduced himself, when the following dialogue ensued:

"Well, stranger, you have been in these parts a considerable time I reckon?"

The stranger nodded assent.

"Pretty dear travelling now: costs you a good deal to live at the tavern, I guess."

Another nod.

"Must have some business to pay, pretty good business, eh?"

"Yes, sir, you are correct there: I have a good business—and it is a good business—an excellent business."

"Thought so, how much might it bring a month?"

"Forty dollars, sir."

"Forty dollars a month! well, 'tis good business any how that pays you that."

"What is it, if I may be so bold?"

"Not bold at all, sir—I take pleasure in informing you. You must know, in the first place, I make twenty dollars a month simply by *mind*ing my own business, and again I make twenty dollars by *letting other people's alone*."

INHALATION OF ETHER.—On awaking from the inebriation, the personal experiences of the etherised are most interesting. A gentle aura, of the most curious and thrilling character steals over the entire frame; and a sensation of the most perfect well-being possesses the mind. Then comes a gradual loss of consciousness; sight, hearing, and tactile sensation disappear. The mind appears perplexed what to make of its new condition, and feeling as if the chains which bind it to the earthly tenement were burst, it is in a state of the most downright apathy with regard to the body. The soul then seems to bathe in an atmosphere of light, and revels in the happiness of apparently another world, while frequently a dream of transcendent glories passes before it. If the inhalation is discontinued, this blissful state is of short duration, and the stern, cold realities of our unspiritual world force themselves back once more upon the recollection. The baseless fabric of the vision and the glorious fade away, and some casual movement in the apartment summons the patient at length out of the beatific condition. But the same glorious things are not vouchsafed to every one. Some, on the contrary, are troubled with idle contests with fiends; some are violently altercationing with their relations; some are tumbling down bottomless abysses; and horrors of all sorts crowd in upon the minds of others. In these cases, it is frequent that during the process, violent struggles, contortions of the features, and other tokens of uneasiness, betray the troubled state of the dreamer's mind. A lady undergoing this process at our hands, during the removal of a tumor, was the whole time violently struggling and crying out to her child, with whom she believed herself to be violently contending. Where this state exists, the termination of the process is an inexpressible relief to the etherised, but it is an almost universal experience that no actual pain was felt: "It was a frightful dream," or "I thought a fiend had hold of me," are the expressions often made use of on awaking. In some cases these gloomy impressions are the results of imperfect inhalation; but in others it is a question whether the impurity of the ether employed is not the cause.—*People's Journal*.

THE RIGHT OF WAY.—Nothing on earth would induce me to put up boards threatening prosecution, or cautioning one's fellow-creatures to beware of man-traps and spring guns. I hold that all such things are not only in the highest degree offensive and hurtful to the feelings of the people whom it is every way important to conciliate, but that they are also quite inefficient; and I will venture to say that not one of my young trees have ever been cut, nor a fence trodden down, or any kind of damage done, in consequence of the free access which all the world has to my place. Round the house, of course there is a set of walks set apart and kept private for the ladies, but over all the rest of my land any one may rove as he likes.—*Sir Walter Scott*.

LOUIS PHILIPPE'S PRIVATE PROPERTY.—It is said that Louis Philippe and the Government have come to an understanding with respect to the private property of the ex-royal family in France. The Count de Montalivet is to be *liquidateur*, and a loan of 24,000,000 is to be raised to pay the most pressing claims on the property, and for the immediate support of the members of the royal family now in England. Louis Philippe is said to have bound himself, if this plan be agreed on, to pay regularly to the Duchess of Orleans her dowry of a million of francs per annum. The Government wished M. Dupin to be *liquidateur*, but this was objected to by the ex-King.

HARD TIMES FOR LAWYERS.—There is no dearth of lawyers in this city, but it looks very much like a dearth among them, if the calculation lately made by some gentlemen of the bar be correct. By this it appears that the aggregate nett receipts of the profession are so small as not to furnish over \$250 a year, to at least one-third of the members. There are over 900 attorneys in the city, and it is believed that 200 of these earn \$200 a year. The doctors are not much better off, and the clergymen still worse. How ridiculous it is, then, for parents to persist in thrusting their sons into these overfilled professions, instead of giving them