

LITERATURE.

ORIGINAL.

AIR: "Oh Susannah!"

Cold winter now is coming on
The piercing winds doth blow;
The streams in icy fetters bound,
The landscape clad with snow.
The tree, now bare, the other day
From scorching sun did screen,
The wild flower and the grasses too,
No longer can be seen.

Oh! New Brunswick
We find thee ever true,
Thy bracing air, thy daughters fair,
And thy sons with noses blue.

O, would I were a chipping bird
To hop from tree to tree,
Then from the chilling wintry winds
To the South I could flee.
But Natives in our own free land,
We'll brave the frost and snow,
Long evenings spend at Lectures, or
To Singing School we'll go.

Oh! New Brunswick, &c.

But summer it will come again
And little birds so gay
Will chirp and sing as they were wont,
In the merry month of May.
So let the seasons come and go
Ye lads and lasses blest,
Let's here enjoy our Brunswick home,
The Good the Better, Best.

Oh! New Brunswick
We find thee ever true,
Thy bracing air, thy daughters fair,
And thy sons with Blue-Noses.

THE SECRET.

Jean Baptiste Veron, a native, it was understood, of the south of France, established himself as a merchant at Havre-de-Grace in 1788, being then a widower with one child, a young boy. The new-comer's place of business was on the south quay, about a hundred yards west of the custom-house. He had brought letters of high recommendation from several eminent Paris firms; his capital was ascertained to be large; and soon, moreover, approving himself to be a man of keen mercantile discernment, and measured, peremptory, unswerving business habits, it is not surprising that his commercial transactions speedily took a wide range, or that, at the end of about fifteen years M. Veron was pronounced by general consent to be the wealthiest of the commercial capital of northern France. He was never, albeit, much of a favorite with any class of society: his manner was too brusque, decided, unbending—his speech too curt, frequently too bitter, for that; but he managed to steer his course in very difficult times quite as safely as those who put themselves to great pains and charges to obtain popularity. He never expressed—publicly at least—any preference for Royalism, Republicanism, or Imperialism; for fleur-de-lis, bonnet-rouge, or tri-colore; in short, Jean Baptiste Veron was a stern, taciturn, self-absorbed man of business; and as nothing else was universally concluded, till the installation of a quasi legitimacy by Napoleon Bonaparte, when a circumstance, slight in itself, gave a clearer significance to the cold, haughty, repellent expression, which played habitually about the merchant's gray, deep-set eyes, and thin firmly compressed lips. His newly engraved private card read thus:—"J. B. de Veron, Mon Sejour, Ingouville." Mon Sejour was a charming suburban domicile, situate upon the Cote, as it is usually termed—a sloping eminence on the north of Havre, which it commands, and now dotted with similar residences, but at the period we are writing of, very sparsely built upon. Not long after this assumption of the aristocratic prefix to his name, it was discovered that he had insinuated himself into the very narrow and exclusive circle of the De Merodes, who were an unquestionable fragment of the old noblesse, damaged, it is true, almost irretrievably in purse, as their modest establishment on the Cote too plainly testified; but in pedigree as untainted and resplendent as in the palmiest days of the Capets. As the Chevalier de Merode and his daughter Mademoiselle Henriette Delphine-Hortense-Marie-Chasse-Loup de Merode—described as a tall, fair and extremely meagre damsel, of about thirty years of age—were known to be rigidly uncompromising in all matters having reference to ancestry, it was concluded that Jean Baptiste de Veron had been able to satisfy his noble friends, that although de facto a merchant from the sad necessities of the evil time, he was de jure entitled to take rank and precedence with the illustrious

though decayed nobility of France. It might be, too, as envious gossips whispered, that any slight flaw or break in the chain of De Veron's patrician descent, had been concealed or overlooked in the glitter of his wealth, more especially if it was true, as rumor presently began to circulate, that the immense sum—in French eyes and ears—of 300,000 francs (£12,000) was to be settled upon Mademoiselle de Merode and her heirs on the day which should see her united in holy wedlock with Eugene de Veron, by this time a fine-looking young man, of one or two-and-twenty, and, like ninety-nine in every hundred of the youth of France, strongly prejudiced against the pretensions of mere birth and hereditary distinction.

Rumor in this instance was correctly informed. "Eugene," said M. de Veron, addressing his son in his usual cold positive manner, and at the same time locking his private escritoire, the hand of the clock being just on the stroke of five, the hour for closing—"I have a matter of importance to inform you of. All differences between me and the Chevalier de Merode relative to your marriage with his daughter, Mademoiselle de Merode, are"

"Hein?" ejaculated Eugene, suddenly whirling round upon his stool, and confronting his father. "Hein!"

"All differences, I say," resumed M. de Veron, with unruffled calm and decision, "between myself and the chevalier are arranged a *Paimable*; and the contract of marriage will be ready, for your and Mademoiselle de Merode's signature, on Monday next at two precisely."

"Mine and Mademoiselle de Merode's?" repeated the astounded son, who seemed half-doubtful whether he saw or heard aright.

"Yes. No wonder you are surprised. So distinguished a connection could hardly, under the circumstances, have been hoped for; and it would have been cruel to have given you any intimation on the subject whilst there was a chance of the negotiation issuing unfavorably. Your wife and you will, for the present, at all events, take up your abode at Mon Sejour; and I must consequently look out at once for a smaller, a more bachelor-suitable residence."

"My wife and me?" echoed Veron, junior, with the same air of stupid amazement as before—"My wife and me!" Recovering a little, he added—"Confound it, there must be some mistake here. Do you know, *mon pere*, that Mademoiselle de Merode is not at all to my taste? I would as soon marry"

"No folly, Eugene, if you please," interrupted M. de Veron. "The affair, as I have told you, is decided. You will marry Mademoiselle de Merode; or if not, he added with iron inflexibility of tone and manner—"Eugene de Veron is likely to benefit very little by his father's wealth, which the said Eugene will do well to remember is of a kind not very difficult of transference beyond the range of the law of inheritance which prevails in France. The leprosy of the Revolution," continued M. de Veron, as he rose and put on his hat, "may indeed be said to have polluted our very hearths, when we find children setting up their opinions and likings and dislikings, forsooth! against their fathers' decision, in a matter so entirely within the parental jurisdiction as that of a son or daughter's marriage."

Eugene did not reply; and after assisting his father—who limped a little in consequence of having severely sprained his ankle some eight or ten days previously—to a light one-horse carriage in waiting outside, he returned to the office and resumed his seat, still in a maze of confusion, doubt and dismay. "How could," he incoherently muttered—"how could my father—how could anybody suppose that—"

How could he especially be so blind as not to have long ago perceived—What a contrast?" added Eugene de Veron, jumping up, breaking into passionate speech, and his eyes sparkling, as if he was actually in presence of the dark-eyed divinity, whose image filled his brain and loosed his tongue—"what a contrast! Adeline, young roseate, beautiful as Spring, lustrous as Juno, graceful as Hebe! Oh, *par exemple*, Mademoiselle de Merode, you with your high blood and skinny bones must excuse me. And poor, too, poor as Adeline! Dear little, the old gentleman must be crazed

and—and let me see—Ay, to be sure, I must confer with Edouard at once."

Eugene de Veron had only one flight of stairs to ascend in order to obtain this conference, Edouard le Blanc, the brother of Adeline, being a principal clerk in the establishment. Edouard le Blanc readily and sincerely condescended with his friend upon the sudden obscuration of his and Adeline's hopes, adding that he had always felt a strong misgiving upon the subject; and after a lugubrious dialogue, during which the clerk hinted nervously at a circumstance which, looking at the unpleasant turn matters were taking, might prove of terrible import—a nervousness but very partially relieved by Eugene's assurance, that, come what may, he would take the responsibility in that particular entirely upon himself, as, indeed, he was bound to do—the friends left the office, and wended their way to Madame le Blanc's Ingouville. There the lover forgot, in Adeline's gay exhilarating presence and conversation, the recent ominous and exasperating communication from his father; while Edouard proceeded to take immediate counsel with his mother upon the altered aspect of affairs, not only as regarded Adeline and Eugene de Veron, but more particularly himself, Edouard le Blanc.

Ten minutes had hardly passed by ordinary reckoning—barely one by Eugene de Veron's—when his interview with the charming Adeline was rudely broken in upon by Madame le Blanc, a shrewd, prudent woman of the world, albeit that in this affair she had somewhat lost her balance, tempted by the glittering prize offered for her daughter's acceptance, and for a time apparently within her reach. The mother's tone and manner were stern and peremptory. "Have the kindness, Monsieur Eugene de Veron, to bid Adeline adieu at once. I have a serious matter to talk over with you alone. Come!"

Adeline was extremely startled at hearing her rich lover thus addressed, and the carnation of her glowing cheeks faded at once to lily paleness, whilst Eugene's features flushed as quickly to deepest crimson. He stammered out his willingness to attend madame immediately, and hastily kissing Adeline's hand, followed the unwelcome intruder to another room.

"So, Monsieur Eugene," began Madame le Blanc, "this ridiculous wooing—of which, as you know, I never heartily approved—is at an end. You are, I hear, to marry Mademoiselle de Merode in the early part of next week."

"Madame le Blanc," exclaimed the young man, "what is it you are saying? I marry Mademoiselle de Merode next or any other week! I swear to you, by all that is true and sacred, that I will be torn in pieces by wild horses before I break faith with"

"Chut! chut!" interrupted Madame le Blanc, "you may spare your oaths. The sentimental bavardage of boys in love will be lost upon me. You will, as you ought, espouse Mademoiselle de Merode, who is, I am told, a very superior and amiable person; and as to Adeline, she will console herself. A girl with her advantages will always be able to marry sufficiently well, though not into the family of a millionaire. But my present business with you Monsieur Eugene de Veron, relates to a different and much more important matter. Edouard has just confided to me a very painful circumstance. You have induced him to commit not only a weak but a highly criminal act; he has let you have, without Monsieur de Veron's consent or knowledge, two thousand francs, upon the assurance that you would either reimburse that sum before his accounts were balanced, or arrange the matter satisfactorily with your father."

"But, Madame le Blanc"

"Neither of which alternatives," persisted that lady, "I very plainly perceive, you will be able to fulfil, unless you comply with Monsieur de Veron's wishes; and if you have any real regard for Adeline, you will signify that acquiescence without delay, for her brother's ruin would in a moral sense be hers also. Part of the money has, I understand, been squandered on the presents you made her: they shall be returned."

"Madame le Blanc," exclaimed the excited young man, "you will drive me mad! I cannot, will not give up Adeline; and as for the

paltry sum of money you speak of—my money as it may fairly be considered—that will be returned to-morrow morning."

Madame le Blanc did not speak for a few seconds, and then said—"Very well, mind you keep your promise. To-morrow is, you are aware, the Fete Dieu; we have promised Madame Carson of the Grande Rue to pass the afternoon and evening at her house, where we shall have a good view of the procession. Do you and Edouard call on us there, as soon as the affair is arranged. I will not detain you longer at present. Adieu! Stay, stay—by this door, if you please. I cannot permit you to see Adeline again, at all events till this money transaction is definitely settled."

"As you have now slept upon a proposal I communicated to you yesterday afternoon," said M. de Veron, addressing his son on the following morning at the conclusion of a silent breakfast—"you may perhaps be prepared with a more fitting answer than you were then?"

Eugene warmly protested his anxiety to obey all his father's commands; but in this case compliance was simply impossible, for as much as he, Eugene, had already irrevocably pledged his word, his heart, his honor, in another quarter, and could not, therefore, nay, would not, consent to poison his future existence by uniting himself with Mademoiselle de Merode for whom, indeed, he felt the profoundest esteem, but not the slightest emotion of affection or regard.

"Your word, your honour, your heart—you should have added your fortune," replied M. de Veron with frigid, slowly-distilled, sarcastic bitterness—"are irrevocably engaged, are they, to Adeline le Blanc, sister of my collecting clerk—daughter of a deceased sous-lieutenant of the line?"

"Of the Imperial Guard," interposed Eugene. "Who aids her mother to eke out a scanty pension by embroidery."

"Very superior, artistic embroidery," again interjected the son.

"Be it so. I have not been quite so unobtrusive, Eugene, of certain incidents, as you and your friends appear to have supposed. But time proves all things, and the De Merodes and I can wait."

Nothing further passed till M. de Veron rose to leave the room, when his son, with heightened color and trembling speech, although especially aiming at a careless indifference of tone and manner, said—"Sir—sir—one word, if you please. I have a slight favor to ask. There are a few debts, to the amount of about two thousand francs, which I wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact."

"Debts to the amount of about two thousand francs, which you wish to discharge immediately—this morning, in fact," slowly repeated De Veron, fixing on his son a triumphant mocking glance, admirably seconded by the curve of his thin white lips. "Well, let the bills be sent to me. If correct and fair, they shall be paid."

"But—but, father, one, the chief item, is a debt of honor!"

"Indeed! Then your honor is pledged to others besides Mademoiselle la brodeuse? I have only to say, that in that case I will not assist you." Having said this, M. de Veron, quite regardless of his son's angry expostulations, limped out of the apartment, and shortly after, the sound of carriage-wheels announced his departure to Havre. Eugene, about an hour afterwards followed, vainly striving to calm his apprehensions by the hope, that before the day for balancing Edouard's accounts arrived, he should find his father in a more Christian-like and generous mood, or at any rate, hit upon some means of raising the money.

The day, like the gorgeous procession that swept through the crowded streets, passed slowly and uninterruptedly away in M. de Veron's place of business, till about half-past four, when that gentleman directed a porter, who was leaving the private office, to inform M. le Blanc, that he, M. de Veron, wished to speak with him immediately. On hearing this order, Eugene looked quickly up from the desk at which he was engaged, to his father's face; but he discerned nothing on that impassive tablet either to dissipate or confirm his fear.

"Edouard le Blanc," said M. de Veron with