

shine in light,' and see if you can detect in the flushed brow, the loose and idle jest, the very worthlessness of that levity imparting a disgusting and unhallowed character to the manner and speech of the seemingly elated being at your side—ought of a strong, yet blasted spirit, which, while its griefs are as freshly rankling through heart and brain,—seeks and hopes to smother and forget itself and them in the insanity of intemperance, or the vitiating oblivion of riotous dissipation. If your scrutinizing glance has not yet fully tasted the motive of its curiosity, follow its object into the home of its privacy and loneliness, when artificial excitement is not by to deceive yourself as well as the feelings of its unhappy victim—where his breast is bared to the retrospect of thoughts and scenes, which but make the hopelessness of the future more dreary and dreadful.

Aye,—it is then that the lofty brow and proudly glancing eye of him, who 'plays the lord' nobly and well among his kind, bow and soften before a host of tender and overpowering recollections, and which memory ever brings to the lonely hour of the one, whose heart has been sacrificed at a shrine whose worship has proved but a blighting and an endless curse to the frenzied idolater.

Yet when the high bearing of manhood's haughty spirit quails and cowers to the torture of that wound, which ever is green and festering although forgetfulness has been vainly and wildly wooed in the allurements of dissipation, or the turmoil and strife of a more noble resource, and when—

"Woman, war, the ocean—all that gave  
Promise of pleasure, peril of a grave,"

has been resorted to and of little effect, and the rankling tooth of one 'fell serpent thought' keeps gnawing at the heart strings—unsated and unsated in the thousand chances and changes of man's eventful career.

Alas! then, how deeply must the cankering anguish of such a quenchless grief prey on the soul of fond, devoted woman, in the silent solitude of her comparatively quiescent existence. The peculiar habits of her unobtrusive nature are bonded to the nurture of a sorrow which consumes her vitals,—for how little is left her of refuge from the wild distraction of her thoughts, and the crazed agony of her pent up feelings;—and then the idle and sneering crowds of a heartless world pass on in their selfish neglect, and too plainly 'bid the poor stricken deer to weep' in unheeded and soul-sickening loneliness—and, like a blasted flower, to decay unnoticed on its stem—adding another to the thousands of victims to the soul fevered dreaming and withering blight of a 'Broken Love.'

Some twelve or fourteen years ago, a dispute, emanating from a national reflection by one party, and when both were under the influence of wine,—and worse than this of feelings then ripe with a hostile inveteracy, but long since, we would hope, extinguished and forgotten—gave rise to a meeting between an American Officer and a young Englishman of some fortune, whom pleasure or business, or any other probable cause you like, constituted a traveller through a part of the American States. The duel took place on the British side of the Boundary Line,—a precautionary prudence by mutual agreement in case consequences should unfortunately subject either of them to the legal authorities, (an interchange of national sanctuary, frequently, as it is well known here in Canada, in affairs of the kind, provided for and secured.) The one to which we immediately refer terminated as most duels founded on similar provocation generally end—the American, and he could do no more, yielded his life in atonement for the hasty and intemperate insult he had given, and his opponent was severely wounded, but, of course, perfectly satisfied.

Four, five, six, and many months went over, and found the dark eyed and handsome stranger, now perfectly recovered, still the occupant of his neat room in the snug farm house, where, from its being immediately contiguous to the Lines, over which his friend safely conveyed him beyond the pale of the country's laws to which he now stood committed, he had been first carried bleeding and senseless from the field of rencontre, and where he had since remained. Luckily, a surgeon resided in the village close at hand, and the wounded man was deeply indebted to an exercise of much

skill and attention, in his behalf on the part of this gentleman.

Mr. Gray had left his native Scotland early in life with his profession alone to depend on; and being blest or cursed with a disposition too erratically inclined, not to verify the truth of a homely proverb too often applied in similar cases. After years of wandering, which had realized him little but the gain of experience, he came to America,—married; and, after a time, settled himself in the practice of the healing art, where I have first introduced the mention of him to my reader. His family was not a large one; and the budding beauties of womanhood were enwreathing their brightening bloom round the fine form of his eldest and most favoured child, about the time of his professional assistance became necessary to the young Englishman. As a matter of course, a certain intimacy, friendly as it was familiar, grew between him and his patient, as the latter slowly yet surely regained his former stability of frame under his skilful attendance. Even while yet in a state of convalescence, the pale and interestingly fine features of the stranger were frequently observable at the little parlour window where Miss Gray sat at work or bending over the wicket gate of the pretty flower garden, as she busied herself in the light and pleasing task of nursing and arranging its blooming beauties.

There was much in the situation and demeanour of the young man to promote a kindly intercourse between himself and the family of Mr. Gray. The serious result of the duel did not influence the latter, strict and exemplary as he was, on all points of moral feeling and observance, to the prejudice of the individual thus introduced to him in its consequence. He had seen the world, and well knew the unrelenting obligations of honour; and in this instance the conduct of his youthful friend in the affair was altogether of so redeeming a character, that he beheld it not in that unfavourable light in which it might have been viewed by a more rigid and less indulgent construction. Possibly much of this generous opinion might have been influenced by the mild and winning manners of his wounded charge, and whose impression on the members of his domestic circle made him a particular favourite there.

Handsome, and accomplished beyond all she had ever the chance of meeting in the seclusion of her village home, it cannot well be supposed the mild and beautiful girl, whose charming society still fascinated him to the spot, was indifferent to the attentions of her father's visitor, tinged, as they were, with a devotedness that could not but win its way to her heart. If there was a motive in these attentions on the young man's part, it was certainly honourable. He had lived and moved, it is true, in circles of fashionable and dazzling society, but was unvitiated by its depraved follies; and he could appreciate the bright excellence of the gentle being dawning a sweet light over the comparative morn of his own existence. A like fond, and gentle, and beautiful, how could it be that two such should not love?—and they did love—and a father's smile and blessing was upon his child and the choice of her young affections—and the moments flew on with the lovers, as they ever fly with those who, in the 'spring day of life, breathe the bliss of a mutual faith, and inhale the joys of that heaven in the vestibule of this care-darkened world, to which beyond it, our weary souls are buoyed in hope.

But when was happiness like this of any lasting stay? Letters from home, announcing the death of a relative from whom he had much of pecuniary expectation, recalled the young English stranger. The mandate was from a father's hand, and it was imperative in enforcing haste, as some legal barrier awaited his appearance in his native land to be rendered nugatory.

Lover's partings after all being much in the same style of occurrence are generally and as wisely passed over. However, it was an understood thing, that Mr. Gray would alone sanction his daughter's alliance with her suitor, under the concurrence of his kindred. His family was one of wealth and repute; and a father's possibly too refined and high toned spirit would not brook his child's unbidden and perhaps unwelcome connexion with those so far above his humble pretensions.

If shadows of doubt rose in the moment of parting on the prospect of their union, there were hopes so strongly beaming through the transient gloom, as to dispel it from their bosoms,—and they parted—never alas! to meet in life again.

To be Concluded in our next.

FROM THE KEEPSAKE, FOR 1831.

#### THE RETURN.

Nantz is a fair city, but it seemed the very fairest in the world to the traveller, for he had been absent years: he left it poor, but he came back rich: and the home of his youth was again to be the home of his age.

"Drop down your oars, the waters trace  
Their own path fast enough for me;  
Life sometimes asks a breathing space—  
Such I am fain this hour should be.

"Fair city, I am come once more;  
Travel and toil are on my brow;  
With all I thought so great of yore—  
With all I think so little now!

"Sorrow for friends I left behind—  
Miserable fears were with me then;  
And yet I bore a lighter mind  
Than now I see those walls again.

"Hope is youth's prophet, and foretells  
The future that its wish reveals,  
The energy that in us dwells  
Then judges but by what it feels.

"And it feels buoyant spirits, health,  
And confidence, and earnestness;  
And it ascribes such power to wealth  
Which but to seek is to possess.

"The future was my own, my life  
Has past as many men's have past;  
Adventure, trouble, sorrow, strife,  
Yet with success and home at last.

"But hope has fled on morning's wings,  
And memory sits with darkened eye;  
And I have learn'd life's dearest things  
Are those which never wealth could buy.

"Affection's circle soon grows less—  
The dead, the changed, what blanks are there!  
And what avails half life's success,  
No early friends can see and share.

"My heart has still turn'd back through years,  
Whose shadow now around me falls;  
I dread to turn to truth the fears,  
The hopes in yonder city's walls.

"How fair a scene, the morning light  
And human life's most cheerful sound;  
The banks so glad, the stream so bright,  
I hear my native tongue around.

"Oh! for some voice I used to hear,  
The grasp of one familiar hand;  
So long desired, and now so near—  
On, boatmen, on, I long to land."

MISS L. E. LONDON.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### REMINESCENCE.

The brig in which I had engaged my passage, being nearly ready for sea, I bade farewell to many dear friends, among whom, there was one, who for many years, had been the dearest of my soul; one whose dear image neither time nor distance could ever efface from my recollection. She, I must admit, during my absence, made time drag on heavily, hours seemed days, and weeks years. As the brig dropped down the river, we parted,—a brisk breeze wafted the brig swiftly along, and about noon of the 20th July, the shores of Newfoundland had sunk in the distance, beneath the horizon.

A strong North West gale commenced on the night of the 30th, during which, a heavy sea swept the decks of bulwarks, companion and head, broke the tillar, and swept the helmsman overboard, and we saw the poor fellow no more. Towards morning—the brig being tossed about during the night, at an unmerciful rate, sprung a leak, and soon became so deep, that we could no longer stand to work the pumps, so that all hopes of saving the vessel forsook