

to think the party stupid, but would certainly find it pleasant now, and on his expressing some surprise at not seeing the flowers he had sent her, she regretted deeply she had not received them, and suggested that they had probably been left at another house, owing to some mistake in the direction. Very soon after she allowed Mr Bostwick to lead her to a seat in the corner of the room, and to monopolize her conversation during the greater part of the evening.

Three times in the course of it her eye met Harry's, but there was no apparent jealousy in the glance—his eye rested inquiringly upon her, and she at once coldly averted her gaze. A week before, how different it had been! How sweet was even the momentary interchange of sentiment a glance conveyed! But still determined that even by a look she would not make the first advance toward a reconciliation, she only flirted more desperately with Mr Bostwick than before, and had rarely appeared in more brilliant spirits. But oh! the storm that raged within that fair and seemingly tranquil breast!—the storm of anger, of disappointment of baffled hope—but amidst it all she preserved the same gay exterior, and no being could guess that while she exchanged a bright repartee with one, an affectionate adieu with another, and a gentle reply to the soft speeches with which Mr Bostwick was regaling her, she was almost suffocated with the violence of the feelings she so perfectly repressed. But when the restraints of society were removed—when, after throwing off her gay apparel, she dashed herself upon the bed in a paroxysm of indignation against him of whom a few hours before she had thought so tenderly, all her former love seemed turned to hatred—and how to be most fully revenged on him was her only thought.

'Have you heard the news, Harry?' said young Staunton, as he entered the office of his friend a few days after the incidents we have related. Georgiana Harcourt is engaged to Mr Bostwick.

It was well that Harry was seated in his large office chair or he certainly would have fallen. At last he stammered forth—

'Are you sure of this, Staunton?'

'Sure?—why I heard it from Bostwick himself, man. Never saw a fellow so delighted in my life. It's as fixed as fate, and certainly no one can be surprised at it after the way in which she has received his attentions all winter. It is a capital match—she will do the honors of his grand new house elegantly, and there is no end to the parties she will give—such a fine, dashing, spirited creature as she is. But I see you are hard at work,'—for Harry had again bowed his head over the parchment with which he had been occupied when young Staunton entered—and I will not disturb you. I only looked in to tell you the news.' And Harry was left alone—alone with his breaking heart—the beautiful fabric of his once imagined happiness shivered to atoms at his feet.

Could this indeed be true?—could she who but little more than a week before had been his plighted wife—whose vows were still his, and from whom, though for a while estranged, he had never dreamed of withdrawing his allegiance—thus to give him up without by a single look endeavouring to recal him? His first impulse was to rush to her—to reproach her with her cruelty, her treachery, and to let her witness the agony she had caused. But his pride—that pride which in their last interview she had so wounded,—and which had determined him, though suffering deeply under their estrangement, to wait for some sign to show that she regretted it also, restrained him even in this moment of desperation from such an outbreak.

Then came the humbling question—had she ever really loved him? And when the first burst of anguish was over, and he was able to review the past more calmly, he began to doubt whether he had not from the first been the mere victim of her coquetry—whether she had not from the first been sporting with his affections, and leading him to pour out upon her the deepest feelings of his heart, only for the purpose of breaking it at last.

As Harry had been prevented from revealing to any one his happiness, his misery was now equally his own; and carefully baring it within his own bosom, he soon reappeared among his friends, a shade paler and more serious than before, but outwardly exhibiting no traces of disappointment. Thus Georgiana was deprived of one great source of triumph—but though she saw him unsubdued she knew him too well to doubt that he suffered deeply, and this consciousness enabled her to support her part with spirit.

In her acceptance of Mr Bostwick, who had addressed her when her anger against Harry was at its height, her first thought was the blow it would inflict upon him; but the delight with which he received her assent, the joy of her parents at the match, and the splendid establishment that a marriage with him would secure, was not without its effect upon her. As Mr Bostwick had remarkably soft and insinuating manners, and was really much in love with her, she hoped to be able to govern him completely; she, therefore, tried to forget that he was neither young, handsome nor interesting, and pleased by the constant flattery of her new admirer, and his perfect submission to all her caprices, and kept in a constant whirl of excitement by the preparations that were rapidly making for her marriage, she believed that her love for Harry was completely annihilated by his misconduct.

But Georgiana had ventured on a dangerous experiment. The wedding gaieties were hard-

yet over before she began to discover that the quiet, obsequious Mr Bostwick was not quite the submissive husband she expected him to be. It is true he was never tired of admiring his youthful bride, but he showed a strong disposition to monopolize her society himself. He did not choose that she should flirt and dance with gay admirers, as she had done in the days of her unfettered girlhood, or that every time they had no engagement out she should assemble round her a young and giddy circle, instead of devoting her mind to him. And as she from the first showed that his wishes did not influence her conduct in the least, he soon found ways and means to reduce her to obedience.

Their first serious quarrel, which occurred within two months of their marriage, effectually proved who was to be master. They had received an invitation which Mr Bostwick wished should be declined. His wife, after vainly endeavouring to alter his determination, quietly sent an acceptance, hoping some lucky chance might take him out of the way on the appointed evening, when she could well brave his displeasure, after having enjoyed the pleasure she coveted. Contrary to her hopes her husband remained at home, and, after having presided at the tea table, she was just going up to dress, when he inquired, why she was leaving him.

'To dress for Mrs. Lawrence's,' said Georgiana carelessly—'You need not go if you do not want to, but as I have a particular desire to be there I shall go alone.'

'I thought I requested you to decline that invitation,' replied her husband—'did you not understand me so?'

'Oh, perfectly,' said Georgiana, 'but as I wished to go, I thought proper to accept it'—and passing before her husband as she spoke she rang for lights in her dressing room.

'There is no need of dressing, Georgiana—you cannot go to this party.'

'Cannot?' she repeated. 'Why, I pray you! Because I do not wish it. Is not that a sufficient reason?'

'By no means,' said Georgiana; 'If your wishes are unreasonable you cannot surely expect a reasonable woman to yield to them. I have promised to call for Eugenia and Clara Stewart, and, therefore, I must go,'—and with a smile of triumph she left the room. 'Tell Smith to have the carriage at the door at nine,' she said to a servant whom she met in the entry, and then hurried up stairs.

When the toilet was completed she again descended to the parlor, where her husband was sitting reading the newspaper, and as he showed no signs of displeasure in his face, she concluded he had yielded and therefore addressed him as though nothing had happened—'And you think I look well to night?' she said as he was assisting to clasp a bracelet on her arm.

'Charmingly, my love,' he replied 'I am much gratified by your appearance—those garnets are exquisitely becoming to your lovely neck.'

'But I wonder the carriage does not come,' said Georgiana—'I ordered it at nine.'

'The carriage!' exclaimed her husband—'what can you want with the carriage?'

'Are you crazy Mr Bostwick?—to go to Mrs Lawrence's, of course.'

'I told you before, Georgiana, that you were not to go there—so make yourself comfortable, my love, and we will have a pleasant evening together.'

In vain Georgiana stormed—in vain she essayed, finding the carriage was countermanded, to set out on foot by herself. The doors were locked and the servants deaf to her commands.

In vain she tried entreaties, reproaches, tears, and finally hysterics. Mr Bostwick was immovable, and what is more, imperturbable. He sat reading his paper, and did not seem to hear a word. At last his wife threw herself upon a sofa, completely exhausted by the violence of her passions, and wishing—oh how bitterly—that she had never married him.

'You see, my love,' he said, when all was quiet, save a few hysterical sobs, 'how needless it is to agitate yourself in this manner. You have spoiled a very pleasant evening, and gained nothing by it but a very disfigured face.'

'Cruel man, I hate you,' exclaimed the wife.

'You will change your mind to-morrow, my dear,' replied the husband. 'You hated me when you burned a bouquet I once sent you, and yet next day loved me well enough to consent to marry me. I understand the whole matter perfectly, my love, and I hope by this time you understand that I am master here.'

But we need not follow Georgiana further in her wedded career. It was in vain she tried to circumvent her husband by her cunning, or to destroy his happiness by her evil temper. He seemed armed at all points in the most perfect panoply of insensibility—not even a heel was vulnerable to her attacks. She is, therefore, her own tormentor, and by turns a victim to discontent, to enmity, and to morbid melancholy. Her beauty is gradually fading and her interest in life apparently gone. She has, too, the misery of seeing Harry rising rapidly in his profession, to which after his cruel disappointment he devoted himself with tenfold diligence, and recently by his marriage with a beautiful and amiable woman, proves how entirely she is forgotten. But in the daily trials she has to encounter, not the least is the self-reproach that fills her heart when she remembers how wilfully she threw away her own happiness, and how fatally, in seeking to revenge her wounded pride upon another, the punishment has recoiled upon herself.

Fair reader!—in the serious, the unspeakably important affairs of love and marriage, be-

ware—oh! beware of acting from the dictates of pride and pique.

## KINDNESS REWARDED.

DAYLIGHT was fast fading from the sky, on a cold and lowering evening in November when a poor woman, leading a little boy by the hand, rang at the door of a handsome house in the outskirts of the pleasant town of W—. The girl who answered the bell soon returned and told the lady that a poor woman was at the door, begging a night's lodging. The lady cast a troubled look at the dead leaves that were whirling in eddies along the streets, and then at the clouds that were drifting together over head and sighed. Her husband had a nervous dislike to admitting unknown persons into his house, and had often charged his family not to suffer any such to cross his threshold. She therefore arose with a heavy heart, and went to the door where the stranger stood holding the hand of a pale sad-looking little boy, about six years of age. The woman, dejected and care-worn, seemed ready to sink with fatigue. The lady kindly inquired into her situation, and heard the following account: Several years ago she had emigrated to the West with her husband and five children, in hopes of bettering their condition. Their hopes had been disappointed—sickness had entered their cabin—the husband and father was carried off by one of the fevers of the climate, and the children, one by one, had followed; the poor feeble boy which she held by the hand, alone remained. When all was over she sold the little property that was left, and, with the boy, began on foot their melancholy journey back to their native place. That evening, for the first time she found herself obliged to ask charity, but it was so hard to bring her feelings to it that she had passed through the whole town without having courage to stop at a door, until she made her first application at that house. 'But,' said she, 'we do not want food, nor clothes, nor money; we only ask for shelter for the night.' The lady felt that this was a case in which she ought rather to risk the displeasure of her husband than to send the strangers away. Accordingly, she led them into the house, and, while the bed was preparing, she urged them to eat, but they both refused food, and when their bed was ready they retired and soon fell asleep.

When the master of the house returned and heard what had happened, he exclaimed, angrily: 'They shall not stay here. My father never would harbour any vagrants, neither will I.'

'But, my dear,' said the lady, 'they are now asleep—you cannot send them away now; it is very dark, and what harm can they do here?'

'They will get up when we are asleep and rob the house, and be off before we know anything about it. It is all a pretence to get inside of the house; but they must be up and off.'

Oh, pray, do not turn them out this dark, cold night,' said the lady. 'If you are afraid of their robbing the house, I will sit up and watch them; but they are worn out and unable to go any farther.'

'We will soon see how that is,' said he; and going into the small room where they slept, he called out in a loud voice, 'Come, get up and be off—you cannot stay here—I cannot have you here.'

The woman raised her eyes with a look of silent despair; but the boy, with a nervous agitation, painfully different from the motions of a happy, healthy child, sprang from the bed, and clasping his hands together, fell on his knees and cried out, in a shrill, imploring tone, 'Oh, sir! don't turn us out this dark night! We are tired almost to death. Oh, do let us stay till daylight!'

The gentleman relented at the appeal, and turning to his wife said, 'If you choose to give up your night's rest for the sake of their staying, I have no objections; but you must watch them all the while.'

The lady willingly consented, and soothing the boy, sent him back to bed. She then took a seat in the neighbouring room, and prepared to fulfil her promise, by watching them all night.

The strangers slept heavily, but not quietly. The poor woman groaned, often, and murmured in her sleep of many sorrows. Once or twice she said with a deep sigh, 'Well, well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good.'

In after years, that lady was called to endure loss after loss, and trial after trial until her heart was almost crushed within her; but often when she was ready to sink with despair, the sleeping words of that unknown widow came home to her heart and brought strength and comfort, and she felt herself richly repaid for a sleepless night when she had learned to say, 'Well, well! my heart is breaking, but the Lord is good!'

Poor unknown woman! if you are still an inhabitant of this world—if the Physician has healed your breaking heart, know that your words, unconsciously spoken, have often strengthened the spirit of a widow almost as desolate as yourself, and in return she now longs to tell you what she has since learned. If we truly know and acknowledge that the Lord is good, our hearts will never break, but grow stronger and stronger under trials.

CANDOUR.—Charitable and candid thoughts of men are the necessary introduction to all good-will and kindness; they form, if we may speak so, the only climate in which love can grow up and flourish. A suspicious temper checks in the bud every kind affection.—Blair.

## IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

## DISSOLUTION OF THE MINISTRY.

## SIR R. PEEL'S EXPLANATIONS.

House of Commons, June 30.

[Continued from our last.]

Sir, I trust that the stability of our Indian empire has not been weakened by the policy we have pursued—and that the glory and honor of the British arms, both by sea and land in every part of the world have been maintained, not through our exertions, but through the devoted gallantry of the soldiers and sailors of this country. Sir, although there have been considerable reductions, great reductions made in the public burdens, yet I have the satisfaction of stating to the house, that the national defences of this country have been improved both by sea and land, and that the army and navy are in a most efficient state. I trust I may also congratulate the house, that notwithstanding the great reductions in the fiscal burdens of the country, our finances are in a prosperous state; and that on the 5th of July next, the return which will be made to this house will be, that notwithstanding the reduction of taxation, the increased consumption of articles of customs and excise, and the general prosperity of the people have supplied the void which might otherwise have taken place. Sir, lastly, I think I may say, that without any harsh enforcement of the law, without any curtailment either of the liberty of the subject or the liberty of the press, speaking of Great Britain, there has been as much of obedience and submission to the law as there ever was at any period of our history. Nay, I will say more; in consequence of the greater command of the necessaries and minor luxuries of life in consequence, too, of confidence in the administration of the law, there has been more of contentment, less of seditious crimes, less necessity for the exercise of power for the repression of political outrage, than there ever was at any antecedent period in this country.

I said, lastly—but I have reserved one topic on which I also think I may, without any unbecomingly boast or invidious contrast, say a few words. I think I may take credit to her Majesty's government, at least to that distinguished member of it, less prominent, perhaps, in debate, than others, but as deserving of public honour and public credit for the exertions he has made in the maintenance of peace.—I mean my noble friend the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,—he has dared to avow that he thinks in a christian country there is a moral obligation upon a christian minister to exhaust every effort before incurring the risk of war. But while he has not shrunk from the avowal of that opinion, I will in justice say this—it is perfectly consistent with that opinion, as to the moral obligation of maintaining peace while peace can be maintained with honor, that there never was a minister less inclined to sacrifice any essential interest, or abate anything from the dignity and honor of this country, for the purpose of securing even that inestimable blessing.

Sir, I do hope that we leave the foreign relations of this country in a satisfactory state—that, speaking not only of France, but speaking of the other great powers of Europe, there is confidence in the intentions of this country, and a real desire on the part of the governments of other powers to co-operate with us in the maintenance of peace. Sir, it is that mutual confidence in the honor and intentions of public men which most facilitates the maintenance of peace. We come in contact with France in different parts of the world; there are heated partisans naturally and justly jealous of the honor of their respective countries; quarrels, small in themselves, might be magnified by the spirit of jealousy, and a too nice rivalry about national honor might easily be fomented into a cause of war, desolating nations, unless the counsels of the great powers were presided over by those who, feeling peace to be the true interest of the civilized world, are determined that the angry passions of heated partisans shall not involve their respective countries in war. Sir, if anything could have induced me to regret a decision on the part of the house, prematurely terminating the existence of the government, it would have been the wish that we should have survived the day when intelligence might be received from the United States as to the result of, perhaps, our last attempt to adjust those differences between this country and the United States, which, unless speedily terminated, might have involved us in war. The house will probably recollect that, after we had offered arbitration, and that offer had been rejected, the President of the United States sent a message to the House of Congress in that country, which led with regard to the termination of that convention which provided for a temporary adjustment of our difficulties,—at least, for a temporary avoidance of quarrel,—and enable the two countries jointly to occupy the territory of the Oregon. Sir, the two houses of the American Congress, although advising the President of the United States to signify to this country, as he was empowered to do, the termination of the existing convention, by giving a year's notice, added to that advice, which might, perhaps, have been considered of an unsatisfactory or hostile character, the declaration that they advised the notice for the termination of the convention to be given, in order that it might facilitate an amicable adjustment of the dispute. We thought the addition of these words by those high authorities, the expression of a hope that the termination of the convention might the more strongly impress upon the two countries the necessity of amicable adjustment—we thought these expressions removed any barrier to a renewal by either country of the attempt to settle this difference. We did not hesitate, therefore, within two days after