

your shop previously and abstracted your goods feloniously?" continued he.

One said he could, the others hesitated—they thought they were right in their suspicions, but would not swear.

"Can you specify the particular date when she visited your shop?" inquired Matthew, a gleam of hope occurring to him.

Yes—the 12th and 21st of last month.

Are you sure of that—sure you are correct?

Quite certain.

Then you are under a positive mistake as to her identity, for Mrs Munn was from home at that period. My Lord I undertake to prove an alibi, said Matthew smilingly.

Bail was immediately accepted for Mrs Munn, and she and her husband drove off. He left her at home without saying anything, and returned to his office, meditating the practicability of improving the present incident to his own and wife's advantage. Upon his reappearance at home, by word or look no allusion was made to the affair. He asked no questions, nor exhibited the slightest curiosity to learn any particulars. Mrs Munn felt surprised at this, and at the same time humbled, suspecting that her husband would put the worst possible construction on the matter, and yet not allow her an opportunity of vindicating her innocence. She would have given anything to know his thoughts, but dreaded to introduce the subject. Next morning on taking up the papers she almost fainted on observing the following paragraph, which a morbid curiosity compelled her to read through—'Suspicious circumstance.—A lady of genteel appearance, the wife of a well known merchant, whose residence is not a hundred miles distant from Row, was brought up yesterday before Mr Lawlinton, on charge of shoplifting. Several distinct acts were preferred against her, and her identity sworn to by some of the witnesses, but owing to a lawful defect in the evidence, she was admitted to bail. We shall watch the result of the case.'

The newspaper dropped from her hand; she sank back in her chair overwhelmed with the most poignant shame and indignation. She felt her character ruined—gone; herself stamped as a thief. What would society think—what would it say? and her husband—? Matthew had gone and hour ago to the city. How shall we tell the misery of that forenoon—how speak of the heart burning sense of wrong—wrong she could not vindicate—and stinging disgrace and humiliation, Mrs Munn experienced? She tremblingly waited Matthew's return. When he did return she dare hardly speak to him—dared hardly look in his face; was restless and unhappy, thinking she detected a lurking smile of triumph in his features. But she was wrong.

At night Matthew said, 'My dear Mary, you were talking some time since of going to Brighton. Have you arranged for the trip? You would be much the better of a month or two at the coast. I shall be able to accompany you to-morrow; will it suit?'

Mrs Munn looked her husband full in the face. The delicacy, tact, and kindness of his proposal flashed upon her heart. She felt her undeservedness of it—keenly felt now to full how she had wronged her husband. She could not speak; she burst into a flood of tears, and flinging her arms about his neck, exclaimed 'oh my husband!'

'What's the matter, my dear Mary?' soothingly, inquired he.

'Oh, forgive me, forgive me! I have been unkind, unjust to you Matthew. I cannot bear it longer. You are too good, too kind to me. Say that you don't hate me for my wicked sinful temper; that you don't despise me; that you love me. I shall try, heaven knows how willingly, to be a better wife to you than I have been, Oh, Matthew!'

'Come, come, Mary my dearest, dry your tears, I don't despise or hate you, but love you as much as ever I did. Keep your resolution, and I shall love you still more. You will go to Brighton will you.'

Two months later Matthew's friend Lettuce accosted him on the street. Are you wishing the deed prepared still? said he. 'I was to have an answer by this time.'

'Oh, no, no, no, my dear friend!' replied Matthew, 'I have been very foolish. Pray don't tell anybody of it. Mrs Munn is the best wife in London. Come and dine with us to-morrow.'

A LADY'S VISIT TO THE FAR FAMED BLARNEY STONE IN IRELAND.

'Now came Blarney, the celebrated Blarney where many a name is carved; where lords and ladies, peasants and beggars, have strolled and sat. Here was the seat appointed to me, where Mrs Hill, the writer on Ireland, rested; and the old priest suggested the inspiration that I might receive by sitting there on the same stone, by the same stone summer house. The whole is a romantic spot; a hermit's cell of stone, where he slept—his kitchen, where he cooked, and the grave where he is buried, were all shown us. The rocking stone on which Prince Desmond was crowned, some centuries gone by; ancient trees, seats of moss covered stone of the richest green water, laurels and ivies, green lawns spread out, made it a place of the most pleasing interest. It belongs to the family Jeffreys. Lady Jeffreys has improved it much. She passed so while we were admiring, and told our guides to show us all that it contained. The grand castle containing the blarney stone is a great curiosity, standing as it does on awful high rock, overlooking the river far below it, dead, and winding its way among the trees

and thick grass. To me it was frightful to look out from a loop hole and see the river below, and to climb to the top to kiss the blarney stone, stretching my neck out of the window over the dizzy steep, would have been madness, though I was told many a silly boy and girl had done it.—Mrs West.

From Douglas Jerrold's Magazine. THE PILGRIM.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL. When thou art young and life is fresh and gay,

And thine eye glistens, and thy heart beats high;

No fears to check, no tears to wipe away,

No retrospect to sadden with a sigh: Strong in thy youth and happiness, beware! Pilgrims and sojourners thy fathers were.

When in prosperity and all seems bright,

And the desire of weary years obtained;

When glad hope makes the future dance in light,

And all forgotten in the past that pained— Bear thy joys meekly! the dark days are nigh:

Thou art a Pilgrim passing to thy rest!

If thou have loved "not wisely but too well,"

If Fate have severed, or harsh words estranged,

If in thine ear shall ring the last farewell,

And the whole face of the earth to thee, be changed,

Chain down the tempest in thy yearning heart

Aek not for love a Pilgrim as thou art!

Listless and weary, when thou art among,

Scenes that have long since lost all charm for thee;

Dull 'mid the revel, lonely 'mid the throng,

With memory and sad thoughts for company;

Lock in thine heart thy sorrow, and pass by: A Pilgrim hath few claims to sympathy!

Love nothing much—thou canst not keep it long:

Thou to thy friends may'st change, or they to thee;

Hate not!—but school thine heart to bear the wrong;

Fear not!—the future thou may'st never see;

Courage, O Pilgrim! Life will soon be past;

Thy God is left thee, and thy grave at last.

CUNNING OF A LUNATIC.

A very laughable incident occurred at a lunatic asylum at Lancaster, (Eng.) some time ago. A parish officer from the neighbourhood of Middleton took a lunatic to the asylum, pursuant to an order signed by two Magistrates. As the man was respectably connected, a gig was hired for the purpose, and he was persuaded that it was merely an excursion of pleasure on which he was going. In the course of the journey, however, something occurred to arouse the suspicions of the lunatic with respect to his destination; but he said nothing on the subject made no resistance, and seemed to enjoy his jaunt. When they arrived at Lancaster, it was too late in the evening to proceed to the asylum, and they took up their quarters for the night at an inn. Very early in the morning the lunatic got up, and searched the pockets of the officer, where he found the Magistrate's order for his own detention, which of course led him completely into the secret. With the cunning which mad-men not unfrequently display, he made the best of his way to the asylum, saw one of the keepers, and told that he got a mad fellow down to Lancaster whom he should bring up in the course of the day, adding 'He's a very queer fellow, and has got very odd ways. For instance, I should not wonder if he was to say I was the mad man, and that he was bringing me; but you must take care of him, and not believe a word he says,' the keeper of course promised compliance, and the lunatic walked back to the inn, where he found the overseer fast asleep. He awoke him, and sat down to breakfast together. 'You're a very lazy fellow to be lying in bed all day. I have had a good long walk this morning.' 'Indeed,' said the overseer, 'I should like to have a walk myself after breakfast; perhaps you will go with me.' The lunatic assented; and after breakfast they set out, the overseer to deliver his charge; but it never occurred to him to examine whether his order was safe.

When they got within sight of the asylum, the lunatic exclaimed, 'What a fine house this is.' 'Yes,' said the overseer, 'I should like to see the inside of it.' 'So should I,' observed the lunatic. 'Well,' said the other, 'I dare say they will let us look through, however, I'll ask.' They went to the door; the overseer rang the bell, and the keeper whom the lunatic had previously seen, made his appearance with two or three assistants. The overseer then began to fumble in his pocket for the order, when the lunatic produced it, and gave it to the keeper, saying, 'This is the man I spoke to you about; you will take care of him, shave his head, and put a strait waist-

coat upon him.' The man immediately laid hands upon the poor overseer, who vociferated loudly that the other was the madman, and he the keeper; but as this only seemed to confirm the story previously told by the lunatic, it did not tend to procure his liberation. He was taken away and became so very obstreperous that a strait waistcoat was speedily put upon him and his head was shaved 'secundum artem.' Meanwhile the lunatic walked deliberately back to the inn, paid the reckoning, and set out on his return homeward. The good people were, of course, not a little surprised on finding the wrong man return; they were afraid that the lunatic in a fit of frenzy had murdered the overseer, and they asked him with great trepidation what he had done with 'Done with him,' said the madman, 'why I left him at Lancaster Asylum raving mad,' which indeed was not very far from truth, for the wisd of the poor overseer were well nigh overset by his unexpected detention and subsequent treatment. Further inquiry was forthwith made, and it was ascertained that the man was actually in the asylum. A magistrate's order was procured for his liberation, and he returned home with a handkerchief tied round his head, in lieu of the covering which nature had bestowed upon it.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

It used to be the fashion to say that the English—our own cartilagenous tongue, as a quaint writer styles it—is an unmusical language; and even Byron, whose own melodious verses show the infinite power and variety of our language, does yet, in one of his moments of impertinent caprice, describe it as—

'Our harsh, northern, whistling, grunting guttural,

Which were's obliged to kiss, and spit, and sputer all.'

Yet this is most ludicrously untrue. English is full as noble and copious a tongue as that "miraculous language;" the ancient Greek, and like it the appropriate vehicle to give forth to an admiring world,

"Man's towering thoughts in lofty language dressed."

Besides, with the solitary exception of the Greek aforesaid, which is beyond all criticism and compare, it is the most musical of languages that the children of clay have ever yet learned to use. This is to say, when properly and fully pronounced, judiciously read, or wisely and feelingly recited. But the fact is, not one in every hundred thousand—know how and feel how to do justice in reading or recitation to our English Tongue Men may learn things abroad in schools and colleges; but the secret is, to read English well the boy must learn to read at home under the guidance of gentle and accomplished parents, who know how to read themselves and have music in their souls. Read well, and you will disclose passages to the charmed ear, in prose and verse, in Bacon, in Bolingbroke, in Burke, in Shakspeare, in Spenser, in Milton, and in a host of others, the leaders in our mighty literature, which are altogether unequalled in fervor, grace, and melody, even in the Greek.—Fraser's Magazine.

THE LOVE OF THE YOUNG.

The love of boys and girls is an object on which grey bearded men vent much spleen and scorn; but depend upon it reader, where it exists in reality, it is the sweetest thing that ever life knows, it is the violet of our short year of existence. The rose is beautiful, richer in hues, full of perfume and brightness, as she flutters the day bosom in the ardent sun of June, but give me the violet, the dear early violet, that scents with her odorous breath the air of unconfirmed spring; the soft and timid violet, retreating from her gaze with her blue eyes cast down; the first sweet child of the sweetest season, the tenderest, the gentlest of all the flowers of the field; the emblem of earnest and innocent affection.

No, there is nothing like it. In all after years we may lay our hands upon what joy we will—pure and innocent it must be, to bear the comparison for a moment—but I say we may lay our hands on what joys we will in after existence, we shall never find anything on earth like the first flower of the heart.—G.P.R. James.

LAUGHTER.

Oh, glorious laughter! Thou man loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that takest blood-baking melancholy by the nose, and makest it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of future, confoundest in the joy of present; that makest man truly philosophic conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs, a chromatic scale of merriment, reaching from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter of the Gods, to deify our clay, and in the abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Laughter is to the face of man what Synovia, I think anatomists call it, is to his joints, it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it, our faces would have been rigid, nyena like; the iniquities of our heart, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the face of the best among us a horrid, hoaky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter

—as it is, its first intelligence! The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world, smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes in its nurse's arms, or in waggish humour, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny, declares to him with ears to hear, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will, they must find confusion in laughter. Man may take a triumph, and stand upon his broad grins, for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine if you can, a laughing fish. Let man, then, send a loud ha, ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.—Douglas Jerrold.

Communications.

THE END OF THE YEAR.

"This is the fag end of a demoralizing age." Phrenogasto.

How transitory is Time, how swiftly it passes; another year hath sped its course onward to the never-ebbing ocean of Eternity. This portion of our existence measured by days and months, is about to close, and soon we will be ushered upon a new era in our probationary career. How wonderfully calculated is the reflection to awaken the thoughtless, and fix the attention of the careless.—Time is fleeting, Eternity alone is stationary.—Time is but momentary duration—Eternity is duration without end. How vain then is man to imagine happiness in the acquirement of any thing perishable. Was earth our home, then perhaps to be ambitious would be wise, but we are bound for immortality, and as intelligent, and consequently accountable beings, our great object should be to prepare for the citizenship of that far-off land that never yet presented its landscapes to the eye, or poured its music upon the ear. It is true that genius may strike out a path ascending to honour, power, and fame, and fancy may invest it with the rich beauties that cluster in the regions of imagination, yet if we are endeavouring to live independent of our aid that is superhuman, we must find that all is vanity, and must end in 'vexation of spirit.' How necessary is the command of inspiration 'redeem the time.' The paltry pleasures of a wicked world, should not engage the attention of an immortal spirit—its brightest allurements must eventually fade away, like the cloud castles of the evening, or the beautiful frost-work of an autumnal morn. From what is passing around us, we are continually reminded of the unstable permanency of material things. We admire the works of art—the astonishing handicraft of creative genius—the magnificent exploits of the crimsoned warrior—but how soon the noblest works, and the most vaunted displays of power, pass away, and modern times look back with wonder on the efforts of a former period. Fate rolls on undisturbed, amid the bustle of human weakness, or the quiet movements of domestic life, for change is the lord of the universe, and time the agent that brings all things under his illimitable sway. History, too, clothed in the gravity of antiquity, furnishes mournful evidence that the best and noblest works of man like himself, are mortal, and none but Omnipotence can brave the Eternity of ages, and look serene on the ever-varying mutations of nature. The closing moments of the year are peculiarly suited to concentrated and pious thought, to solemn and sacred recollections; for as the last shadows of the expiring December spread their mistiness and obscurity around, time appears to be passing the furthest verge of the visible and temporary, and stepping into the 'Invisible and Eternal.' Why then should its sacred hours be spent as a time wholly devoted to immorality. It would appear that the 'moderate and immoderate drinker'—the devotees of spotted parchment and ivory cubes—and the countless votaries of miscalled pleasures, look forward to the 'holidays' as the time when they can conscientiously indulge in a round of dissipation, and mingle in those scenes that 'lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind.' Friend meets friend over the 'social glass,' anticipation gilds the scene, hope lights the eye, and smiles sit upon every countenance—our lips are full of the customary congratulations, and thus passes our fleeting and shadowy existence, until the flashing tide of life is stilled for ever. Forming a deleterious and incorrect view of what constitutes happiness, mankind vainly imagine that in order to find pleasure they must

—putne into the crowd, And follow all that peace disdains to seek; Where Revel calls and laughter vainly loud, False to the heart, distorts the hollow cheek, To leave the flagging spirit doubly weak. Still o'er the lectures, which perforce they cheer;

To feign the pleasure, or conceal the pique, Smiles from the channel of a future tear." That there is a vast amount of physical and moral dissipation visible around, cannot for a moment be denied, but with pleasure do we reiterate the sentiment "this is the fag end of a demoralising age." Religion with its handmaid Science is rapidly revolutionizing our world, and mind that mighty and ever working engine is rolling on the railway prepared by the cultivation of the moral faculties, in a de-