

The evening came. Isabella had made her dinner toilette with rather more expedition than usual, and was sitting in the drawing room in expectation of lady Staunton's appearance, when the door was opened by the butler and Mr De Grey announced. The room was imperfectly lighted, and the visitor advanced to the fire place ere Isabella could distinguish his features, though his figure was evidently tall and elegant. A lamp near the fire place at length threw its light on his features.

'Isabella! Miss Manvers!' 'Captain Thornton!' burst simultaneously from the lips of each. A moment's reflection explained the whole matter to Isabella; Edmund Thornton was now Edmund De Grey; though, if the eager joy in his looks might be taken as an evidence, his change of name had left him unchanged in feeling, while the warm blush which overspread Isabella's countenance did not tend to damp his pleasure in meeting her. But that blush died away, and her eyes filled with tears, as she replied to her companion's affectionate inquiries after her father and mother, by the intelligence of their great loss, and of her mother's delicate health; while Edmund on his part shared in the emotion he had excited.

When lady Staunton entered the room she was not a little astonished to see the agitation painted on the countenances of her friend and her guest, and the degree of embarrassment with which Isabella presented Captain De Grey, who had been a most intimate friend of her father's, when staying at Thurlstone as Edmund Thornton. A very short time, however, served to enlighten her somewhat as to the nature of the friendship existing between the young officer and her *protegee*; and as the latter bade her farewell for the night, to return home under De Grey's escort, she whispered, 'Ah, Isabella, I see the fates have determined that you shall yet bear the name of De Grey; and may it be under happier auspices than would perhaps have attended your union with my poor cousin.'

Isabella made no answer, save an affectionate pressure of the hand, and a vivid blush, as she accepted Edmund's proffered arm.

A few sentences passed on different subjects after they commenced their walk; but ere many minutes had elapsed, De Grey exclaimed, 'Isabella, pardon me if I appear abrupt; but the years of suspense which I have endured must plead my excuse. You must have seen my feelings towards you ere I left England—the ardent admiration and love which you had created in my heart. And that love has remained unchanged; and I have dared to hope, in spite of all the thousand chances against your remaining free till my return—in spite of your disregard of my farewell letter.'

'I received no letter,' said Isabella in a low voice.

'No letter! not the one which I addressed to you, when, though not daring to ask for any promise on your part, I told you how irrevocably my heart was yours, and for you I would acquire fame and fortune, either to lay it at your feet, or make me worthy to have loved you, even if you had given yourself to another.'

Our readers must pardon us if we leave De Grey and Isabella to finish their walk *de-a-tete*:

We do not write for that dull elf
Who cannot picture to himself

the conclusion of the explanation, the happiness of the lover, and the thankfulness of Mrs Manvers at the destiny thus opened before her child.

Isabella had nobly borne their adversity; she had been willing to give up the only love she had ever known, for the sake of others, to give peace to her mother's declining years, and to make the happiness of a noble and true hearted man; and now she was rewarded for all her fortitude by an union with the object of her early love; and while blessed with his affection, and able to surround her mother with every luxury her health and age required, she had the additional delight of repaying Beatrice, the original cause of her happiness. A relative of De Grey's was minister at Madame de Haro's native city, and through his exertions and influence, a portion was recovered of the property she had lost, which, though small in comparison with the large estate once hers, was yet sufficient to place her in comfort, and enable her to dismiss all anxiety for herself or for Adele.

In short as lady Staunton said, she was the only injured person in the affair; and perfectly angelic in her disposition not to hate De Grey. For had he not robbed her Edith and Agnes of their sweet preceptress, an injury not to be repaired; since even among the hundreds of 'superior' and highly competent governesses, we should seek in vain for another Isabella Manvers, the Rector's daughter.

THE TRUE PALLADIUM OF LIBERTY.

True and extensive knowledge never was, and never can be, hurtful to the peace of society. It is ignorance, or, what is worse than ignorance, false knowledge, that is chiefly terrible to states. It is the ill taught, the blind, and the misguided, that are prone to be seized with groundless fears and unprovoked resentments, to be raised by incendiaries, and to rush desperately on to sedition and acts of rage: subjects that are the most instructed and best informed, are ever most peaceable and loyal; whereas the loyalty and obedience of those whose understandings extend not beyond names and sounds, will be always precarious, and can never be thoroughly relied upon. Any turbulent and

artful man can arouse them by din and clamour, and the continual application of those sounds which intoxicate and inflame them even to madness, and can make them believe themselves undone while nothing can hurt them, or think they are oppressed when they are best protected, and can drive them into riot and rebellion without the excuse of one real grievance. It is a true observation, 'that it is easy work to govern wise men; but to govern fools or madmen, continual slavery.' It is from blind zeal and the cleaving to superstition—it is from the ignorant rashness and rage attending faction, that so many sanguinary evils have destroyed men, dissolved the best governments, and thinned the greatest nations; and as a people well instructed will certainly esteem the blessings they enjoy, and study public peace for its own sake, there is great merit in instructing the people, and in cultivating their understandings. They are less credulous, in proportion as they are more knowing, consequently less likely to be the dupes of demagogues, and the property of the ambitious. They are not then to be surprised with false cries, not animated by imaginary danger; and wherever the understanding is well principled and informed the passions will be mild, and the heart well disposed. They, therefore, who communicate true knowledge to their species, are true friends to the world, and benefactors to society, and deserve all encouragement from those who preside over the nation, with the applause of honest men.—*Anon.*

FLOWERS AND LIFE.

BY MRS HOWITT.

The autumn sun is shining,
Gray mists are on the hill;
A russet tint is on the leaves,
But flowers are blowing still!

Still bright, in wood and meadow;
On moorlands dry and brown;
By little streams; by rivers broad;
On every breezy down,

The little flowers are smiling,
With chilly dewdrops wet,
Are saying with a spirit voice—
'We have not vanished yet!

'No, though the spring be over;
Though summer's strength be gone;
Though autumn wealth be garnered,
And winter cometh on;

'Still we have not departed,
We linger to the last,
And even on winter's early brow
A cheerful ray will cast!

Go forth, then, youths and maidens,
Be joyful whilst ye may;
Go forth, then, child and mother,
And toiling men grow gray.

Go forth, though ye be humble,
And wan with toil and care;
There are no fields so barren
But some sweet flower is there.

Flowers spring up by the highway
Which busy feet have trod;
They rise up in their dreariest wood;
They gem the dustiest sod.

They need no learned gardeners
To nurture them with care;
They only need the dews of earth,
The sunshine and the air.

And for earth's lowly children;
For loving hearts and good,
They spring up all around us,
They will not be subdued.

Thank God! when forth from Eden
The weeping pair was driven,
That unto earth, though cursed with
thorns,
The little flowers were given.

That Eve, when looking downward,
To face her God afraid,
Beheld the scented violet,
The primrose in the shade.

Thank God, that with the thistle
That sprang up in his toil,
The weary worker Adam,
Saw roses gem the soil.

And still for anxious workers;
For hearts with anguish full,
Life, even on its dreariest paths,
Has flowers for them to cull.

A GOOD ADVICE.

The following hint to young artists by Sir Walter Scott is invaluable—it is at once a guide, a warning and a stimulative:

'I have rarely seen,' he writes, 'that a man who conscientiously devoted himself to the studies and duties of any profession, and did not omit to take fair and honorable opportunities of offering himself to notice when such presented themselves, has not at length got forward. The mischance of those who fall behind, though flung upon Fortune, more frequently arises from want of skill and perseverance. Life, my young friend, is like a game of cards—our hands are alternately good or bad, and the whole seems at first glance to depend on mere chance. But it is not so; for, in the long run, the skill of the player predominates over the casualties of the game. Then do not be discouraged by the prospect before you, but ply your studies hard, and qualify yourself to receive fortune when she comes in your way!'

THURSDAY'S MAIL.

EUROPE.

From Willmer & Smith's European Times,
March 20.

It is sufficiently clear from the ministerial statements in both Houses of Parliament, on Monday, that the new Government will not appeal to the country until they are compelled; but compelled they will be, and speedily, by the popular branch of the Legislature. It must be confessed the present state of things is most unsatisfactory. Of all states of society the most fatal to commercial prosperity is that of uncertainty. No man is justified in entering into engagements the nature of which may soon be seriously interfered with by the statute law of the land. The movements of every merchant and man of business are literally paralysed during the crisis which has come upon the country by the accession to power of Lord Derby and his friends. For years past they have been clamoring for the restoration of Protection. By its incessant advocacy they have at length acquired the reins of government; but now that they are seated in the saddle, they profess to see no immediate necessity for bringing to an issue the great question which has so long agitated the nation, and the speedy solution of which is an act of mercy to all concerned. Lord Derby desires to introduce measures of Chancery Reform, to carry through a Militia Bill, to distribute amongst other constituencies the seats attached to Sudbury and St. Albans, and trumpery measures of a similar character, while the country is convulsed to its centre with the only question which engages men's thoughts and affects their pockets—namely the great question of Free Trade vs. Protection. The game of delay, which is both unjust and cruel to the leading interests of the nation, must not be permitted. To gain time at whatever cost, for party manoeuvres, is clearly the object; but the house of Commons must step in and put an end to the suspense and anxiety with which the new Government for months to come desire to tease and irritate the nation.

We alluded, some time ago, to the formation of an Irish company for the manufacture of beet-root sugar in the sister kingdom. This company, which consists mainly of London capitalists, has already commenced operations at Mount Mellick, in Queen's County, and may now be said to be in working trim. It has already received a charter of incorporation, and as the company has plenty of capital it can command skill, and may possibly prove pecuniarily productive. The amount of unemployed capital in the British metropolis, which is always seeking for any profitable investment, leaves no kind of doubt that, if the speculation should succeed, it will be followed by similar undertakings. Some time must necessarily elapse before sufficient data can be obtained on which to base permanent calculations; but, hitherto, the proprietors seem to have gone about their work in an earnest spirit, and, judging by what has been done, there are evidently practical men connected with the undertaking, whose sole object will be to make the undertaking remunerative.

This new company has not trusted to such unskilled labor as they could procure in Ireland. They have gone to Belgium for their workmen, who have been transplanted to Queen's County, and with the new hands have been united a number of natives, who will be taught by the foreigners every necessary essential in the way of extracting from the beet-root the greatest amount saccharine matter. Belgium, beyond any other European country, has become famous for its beet-root sugar, the chemists of that country, as we have before mentioned, have had their attention devoted to the subject by strong pecuniary inducements, and the result has been considerable improvements in the mode of producing the article, accompanied, as in all such cases, by greater economy, the result of superior skill. It is stated that the Irish beet root is the best which can be found for the purpose of extraction. Fifteen tons of beet will yield a ton of sugar, and as the consumption of Ireland is calculated at 50,000 tons annually, it follows that 750,000 tons of the root will be required for this purpose.

This experiment will be approved of by all who are interested in the prosperity of Ireland; and if the speculation can be made to pay, there are sufficient inducements, as we have said, to greatly extend a trade which will introduce British capital into the sister country. The amount of wages which the undertaking will distribute, is in itself a very important element, and cannot fail to benefit a country the poverty of which is unhappily notorious. Employment in the cultivation of the root will progress in proportion to the success which may attend the development of this novel scheme, and if that success realises one half of the glowing pictures which certain parties are now engaged in painting, the material prosperity of Ireland cannot fail to feel its influence.

The intelligence from the Cape of Good Hope, pointing to the speedy termination of the Kaffir war, has been received with feelings of general satisfaction. The accounts extend to the 3rd of February, when it was known that some of the Kaffir chiefs were suing for peace. This result is attributed to the successful expedition across the Kei, the river which forms the extreme boundary of British Kaffraria, and beyond which the Kaffirs were in the habit of despatching for safety their women and children, and also their

plunder. The detachment to effect this object, which captured 23,000 head of cattle, and a considerable number of horses and goats, appears to have struck dismay into the Kaffirs, and induced the chiefs to sue for peace. Sir Harry Smith afforded them eight days' respite, and although the Kaffirs are said to be daily improving in military tactics, they have sense enough to know that the British force now in the colony is sufficiently strong in number to inflict upon the insurgents a much more severe punishment than any to which they have yet been subjected. The fact of the Galka chiefs suing for peace, shows that they apprehend even worse disasters; and it is not anticipating the probable course of events to assume that this costly and most inglorious struggle with the savages of Southern Africa is on the eve of termination. The next mail will, it is hoped bring the agreeable tidings that the war is at an end.

From the commencement of the last Kaffir outbreak, the nation has felt angry and humiliated. It originated in a blunder, and there was neither profit nor glory to be reaped from its continuance. The expense, too, was enormous, and public indignation wanted a vent for the expression of its vexation. Lord Grey saw this, and fancied that by sacrificing Sir Harry Smith he might possibly propitiate the country's wrath. He was mistaken. The ex-Colonial Secretary was himself regarded as the primary offender. It was felt that had he given a constitution to the Cape years back, the Colonists would have had a voice in the management of their own affairs, and would have been enabled to check the official antics which led to these Kaffir hostilities. Again it was alleged, with considerable reason, that when the struggle commenced, Sir Harry Smith was not supported as the case demanded. These and a variety of other reasons produced such dissatisfaction that the resignation of the Ministry may be traced in effect to the painful position of affairs at the Cape of Good Hope. It is now well understood that the Ministry resigned on their militia bill, to prevent the certain defeat which awaited them on the Cape debate. The blundering thus met with something like retributive punishment.

Throughout this contest we have not been able, on every occasion, to award the policy of Sir Harry Smith the meed of our approbation; but we shall be heartily glad to hear that the war has been brought to a close before his administration, and before the arrival of his successor. A slur has been cast upon the gallant officer by his official superior which was hardly warranted under the circumstances, and not a little of the delight with which the news of the speedy close of the war has been received may be traced to the triumphant exclamation which it will give to the bravery and energy of a veteran, whose professional character and personal feelings must have been deeply wounded by the stinging condemnation involved in his recall.

FRANCE.—M. Carnot has been elected deputy by an increased majority over his rival, M. Moreau, the Government candidate, in the second election. Great exertion was made to defeat the Government nominee, whilst, on the other hand, the Government established an additional polling place in the ward of an hospital, to enable the patients to stagger to the poll. M. Carnot's success is the greatest blow the Government has received. He is the most respectable Socialist in France, and even General Cavaignac agreed to withdraw his own candidature for the Presidency if M. Carnot would consent to come forward. It is now stated that the Civil List of Louis Napoleon will be eight millions of francs (about £340,000 sterling), free from the charge of maintaining the royal establishments, which fell upon Louis Philippe. The Civil List of the late monarch was twelve millions of francs.

It is difficult to form a correct opinion of what is passing between France and Switzerland, but, in spite of the statements made to the contrary, we believe that matters are somewhat more pacific. The answer of the Federal Council to the arrogant demands of the French Ambassador has been published, and its tone is as firm and dignified as a weak power can with safety adopt to an overwhelming unscrupulous neighbor who dictates to her humiliating terms. The struggle which has been renewed between the Radical and Catholic cantons will no doubt be seized upon by Austria and France to promote their respective views; but, so long as the Federal Pact is mainly adhered to, no power can have a right to interfere.

The Belgian Government has, it said, apologised for the masquerade at Ghent, in which Louis Napoleon and his Parliament were caricatured by puppets. The communications which passed on the subject were officious, not official; no notes were exchanged.

The arrival of the Bosphorians from the Cape of Good Hope confirms the intelligence we gave last week of the success of the Trans-Kei expedition. The number of cattle captured and brought into King William's Town was no less than 23,000.—A body of 7000 Fingoes, from Butterworth, have also immigrated into British Kaffraria, bringing 30,000 head of cattle with them, which must rather embarrass those which were so foolish as to believe that we should retire from our boundary of the Great Kei. Our own conviction is, that the intervening country between British Kaffraria and Natal will be annexed in spite of any instruction which may be sent from England. Our contemporaries