

For The Amaranth.

RECOLLECTIONS OF TOMBE STREET.

BY MRS. B——N, LONG CREEK, Q. C.

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My next recollection of Tombe Street, is a plain, unvarnished tale of pity and the crowd of misfortunes that arose from one false step. I well remember in the street of my nativity, a small, two-storied house, that seemed to stand apart from the others; not merely from the difference in its size, but from the exquisite neatness of its appearance, and the indescribable air of quietness and comfort which was diffused over the outside of this happy looking dwelling. The paint always seemed as if the brush of the artist had but that instant left it. The brasses of the door might have served for mirrors, and the stone steps had a whiteness and a purity, that might have excited the envy of a Dutchwoman. The large glittering windows were shaded by sun-blinds, whose snowy fringes contrasted with the heavy folds of dark crimson curtains, that fell from the ceiling to the floor. This much was visible from the street, and when you entered the door all predilections in its favour were doubly increased. The hall was covered with a Turkish mat, whose bright tints seemed as if they reflected the hues of the rainbow. Large rugs from Astracan received the feet, and imparted a delightful sensation to any biped who had experienced the pleasures of a rainy day in B—t. A small greenhouse and aviary, with glass doors, opened in the landing, and from its precincts sent forth a rich strain of music, blended with perfume from rare plants.

There was much elegance and many strange things in the apartments of this mansion. The mantel-pieces and tables were loaded with the delicate shells of the West Indies—curious stones and beautiful minerals, branches of coral, and the elaborately carved ornaments of the Chinese and Egyptians; odd looking cabinets and vases from the East, with the fairy basket of the Indian; the carved war-club of the New Zealander, and the feathered arrow of the savage, reposed on the polished surface of the piano. An ancient parrot occupied a gaily painted cage in one of the parlour windows, and a pair of ship's compasses stood in the recess of the other. A marine telescope and quadrant lay on a stand in a corner of the room; the walls were covered with charts and views of storms and calms at sea. One cherished picture of a gallant barque, was placed

in the best light and most conspicuous situation of them all; opposite this painting, at a table strewn with books and papers, might generally be seen the master of this house, who had passed his youth on the blue waters, and in many journeys to distant lands.

ABEL GRAY was a man of strong natural abilities and good education; in his youth he was wedded to one he loved and who was worthy of his love. Their union was one of those which forms a paradise on earth; they had many children, but they all seemed born to weep and die, and faded like "young flowers nipt in the bud."

Once after a long and prosperous voyage, Abel Gray was stunned with the intelligence of his wife's death. She had died and left him one infant daughter. For a while he sunk under the blow, but his spirits gradually returned to a calm and settled melancholy. He soon after retired from active life, and in the house where he spent his first years of wedded happiness, he passed his time in gratifying a taste for literature, and overseeing the education of his daughter. His domestic concerns were ordered by a maiden sister of his wife's. Aunt MARGERY, was a good natured, quiet, simple woman, with nothing particular in her character, save a remarkable developement of the organs of form and order; and these she exercised to their fullest extent in the arrangement of her brother-in-law's house; even the parrot, from association, had imbibed some of Margery's propensities, and "Polly, scrub your corners," was one of his favourite sayings. But there was one person who often rebelled against Aunt Margery's rules, and the marks of tiny feet, traced in mud, were often visible; for HANNAH GRAY never could be persuaded to wipe her shoes when she returned from school, till she had flung her arms round her father's neck and pressed her lips to his.

Hannah's faults were soon forgiven, for if ever there was a spoiled, petted girl in this world, Hannah was one;—not spoiled, for nothing could spoil Hannah Gray. Warm-hearted, and of a gay and ardent imagination, she was the idol of her father's heart, and of her aunt's. She was not handsome; she had not regular features nor a delicate complexion, but she had bright dark eyes, a beautiful mouth and teeth, an enchanting smile, and a profusion of rich and glossy ringlets. Her figure was round and graceful, and her foot and ankle were exquisitely moulded. Hannah had an excellent voice for singing, and her common tones in speaking had a silvery sweetness in them,