

"Kick this scoundrel out of doors," shouted the Count to the menials who stood gaping in the hall.

"Reflect, sir, that the honour of your father-in-law's name goes with me."

"The name of M. de Lore, as well as my own, is out of the reach of such low intrigues."

"Perhaps your son is not of the same opinion."

"I forbid you to see my son, sir. I know that young men are easy to seduce, and I warn you, that on the least attempt on your part, to mislead him, I shall know how to put a stop to it. The tribunals punish these attempts at roguery and extortion."

"They also punish the fraudulent assumption of titles," said the old man, in a significant tone, which seemed to strike the Count with complete dismay.

So violent, indeed, was the emotion occasioned in Monsieur de Lozeraie, by this quiet remark, that for a time, his passion could not find vent in words, and when at length, it exploded, the object of his wrath had disappeared. Perceiving, then, that he was committing himself in the presence of his visitor and domestics, he turned to M. Poissy, and said—

"This is how we of the *vicille noblesse* are exposed to indignity. Sharpers arm themselves with the threat of some scandal against our name, to obtain their ends of us."

"And what end can they obtain? You are not so easily gulled out of your money."

"No, but at least they can raise a laugh at our expense, by their calumnies among all those radical rascals who ask nothing better than to vilify and scandalize our order. But it is to be hoped, the time will yet come, when we shall be able to stop the mouths of such low-born knaves, by a summary proceeding, whenever they venture to speak disrespectfully of their superiors."

The Count then entered his carriage, and was soon out of sight.

Frederickton, 1842.

G. R.

(To be continued.)

ERRATA.—The reader is requested to correct the following errata, which have inadvertently been overlooked in the preceding article.

Page 289, column 2, line 34.—For "repaid," read "repaired."

Page 290, column 2, line 26.—For "suppress," read "express."

Page 291, column 1, seventh line from the bottom.—For "Tartaric's" read "Fariet's."

Page 292, column 1, line 42.—For "trans-actions of persons with whom," &c. read "trans-action,—people with whom," &c.

For The Amaranth.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

'Tis not in honor's bright array,
Nor wealth's proud pomp and pageantry?
'Tis not to rove in foreign climes—
Where jewels from Golconda's mines,
In all their radiant brightness glow,
And deck with sparkling gems thy brow?

'Tis not in glory's dazzling name—
Where trumpets sound the hero's fame,
And lofty strain, and glittering show
Weave laurels for the victor's brow;
Where matchless forms, and spirits brave,
Seek freedom—or a patriot's grave?

'Tis not to bask 'neath sunny skies—
Drink the deep light of liquid eyes;
To bend the knee at beauty's shrine,
And worship forms almost divine—
Nor while away, in pleasure's bowers,
'Midst mirth and song the fleeting hours?

But 'tis; 'tis in a noble mind,
Where virtue, truth, and love combined
With pity's soft and beaming eye—
And melting soul of charity—
To heal the wretched—soothe the distress,
Oh say! is this not happiness?

It is to own a kindred heart,
Unsullied by the world's deep art,
Pure as the cloudless sky of even—
Bright as the glittering orbs of heaven!
Firm as the ivy round the oak,
And constant as the murmuring brook!

It is to feel our sins forgiven—
To know in yonder starry heaven,
We have a home where grief and sin
Can never, never enter in!
With golden harps, in sweetest lays,
To sound fore'er Jehovah's praise!

St. John, N. B., 1842.

H. S. B.

DEATH.—By BRYANT.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Then go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust approach the grave,
Like one, who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.