

became thoughtful;—forgiveness brightened up his features, and before the ball broke Tom Scott sat by the side of Julia Minden. But what are you about, man? Do you not see that the sets are forming, we shall be in a maze directly—let's move on."

Nevers suffered himself to be dragged through indifferent groups, while his eyes remained fixed on one point, as if the nerves had suddenly lost all controul over them. "There!" he at length exclaimed, "who is she?"

"Whom do you mean? Oh! I see. That, my dear, is Louise Belmore."

"Not the heiress!"

"The same."

George grasped his friend's arm with a nervous pressure, and drawing him to the wall, sank into a sofa.

"What's the meaning of all this, Nevers?"

exclaimed his companion, once more. Fie upon thee! Do you nauseate at the sight of a pretty girl, with a fortune to boot? You deserve to run the gauntlet between every bachelor in the room—out upon thee! But you are awfully well, George," he added, more seriously, on noticing the deprecating look of his friend.

"I am better now. There—leave me to myself, and get a partner for the quadrille."

"Yes," thought Nevers, half audibly. "I had a foreboding of it—she is rich, and what to others would be transporting, to me is a source of vexation. Fool that I am! yet not a fool. It is not a luxury to know that I at least am not base enough to seek for gold?—that I reject it as does the palate poison? What then? Am I a loser?—aye, how heavily! Avaunt pride! stand back, prejudice! Is't a curse or boon to be gifted with the finer sensibilities? They cheer us—they impart a grateful perfume to the senses amid the rank odour of man's deeds. But they also mar our best plots. They sow the seeds of penury—they trample on the very aspirations of the soul they seem intended only to exalt."

Thrice did Nevers spring to his feet, with the intention of crossing the room to the idol of his heart, but as often was he restrained by the pride of which he complained. And will it be believed, that "Hail Columbia," had died on the ear, and he stood alone amid the fading garlands and the waning light, without having once pressed the hand of Louise Belmore, for in her he had recognized the object of his pursuit. "A strange infatuation!" it may be called—be it so. It accorded with his whole character, and they who were there, can attest for the authenticity of the fact.

"Yes! I have seen her, and she has recognized me;" he soliloquised, as he walked mechanically to his room. Madness! though fortunate in meeting with her at the very outset of what might have proved a Quixotic expedition, I dare not speak to her. What *will* she think of my conduct? I avoid her, and for what reason? That she can never guess at. How strange—how inexplicable must it appear—but what harm in addressing her?—By that I feel I must compromise myself.—'Twere better not to meet, than meeting, involve myself in a perpetual conflict 'twixt love and pride. Either alternative is fraught with bitterness! But then—are not *her* feelings to be consulted? Does a kindred passion burn within her bosom?—what reason have I to think so? What right have I to hope for it? 'Tis too complex for my mad brain. Ha! ha! Could the world see thee, George Nevers, now, would they call thee a philosopher?

(To be concluded in our next.)



TO THE STORMY PETREL.

HAIL! to the wave that bears thy form
High o'er the watery lea,
Mysterious messenger of storm,
Bird of the lonely sea;
The winds no requiem song shall sing,
For thee, oh! bird of the tempest wing!
Bird of the foam-clad, silvery wave,
Bird of the salt sea spray,
Tempests around thee madly rave—
Around thee whirlwinds play;
But nought of terror tell to thee,
Mystic bird of the mighty sea!
Bird of the dark, lonely dwelling,
Of the stormy, trackless main,
When the winds in discord swelling
Proclaim their wide domain;
Thou lov'st to roam the yielding deep,
And mark the wild waves wildly sweep!
Bird of the wide, boundless ocean,
Bird of the "dark sea foam,"
With the hurricane thy portion—
The "water's" waste thy throne;
Say why forsaken and alone,
Make on the troubled sea thy home.
Bird of the wide, bounding billow,
The lightnings in their might—
Illumine thy watery pillow
With floods of vivid light;
But their lurid glare, thou lov'st to see
Flash o'er thy realm—the dark blue sea!

Liverpool, N. S., 1842.

WILHELMINA.