

Family Circle.
Edited every Wednesday, for the Visitor.

MARGARET TORRINGTON;
OR, THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.
By the Author of "Felicity," "Sir Julian's
Wife," "St. Beatha's," &c.

"He bringeth them unto their desired haven."—*Psalms*, ev. 30.

(Continued.)

MY FIRST DINNER PARTY.

At this jocular dinner, who announced Mrs. Crofton took Mr. Sanderson's arm, and, saying to Gilbert, "Mr. Tredgold, will you escort my daughter I prepared to leave the room. I went out with a young whom I greatly disliked, and I presently found myself seated as far from Gilbert as the limits of the table permitted. The dinner was long and wearisome, and more than once I wished myself at Maple Cottage, drinking tea peacefully and happily in Mrs. North's little parlour. Only I could see Gilbert, Tredgold, where I sat, and in the pauses of the conversation round me, I could hear his voice. I scarcely knew it then; but both made amends for all the mortifications I was enduring, and for all the humiliations that might still be in store for me. In the few days that had elapsed since the encounter in Upping's shop, Gilbert had strangely filled my thoughts; not so much the Gilbert of old time—my early friend, the fisher-boy, whom my father loved—as Mr. Tredgold, the cross Mr. Sander-son's protege. And I heard Sibyl chattering gaily, and I saw her blue eyes sparkling with vivacity: she was evidently bent on fascination. I could not help it, but I thought of Nathan's parable of the rich man and the ewe lamb. Now I began to understand what had hitherto been so inexplicable; now it dawned upon me that Sibyl, after many disappointments, would console herself with the marriage of expediency. A boy of nineteen is easily caught in the toils of a woman half-a-dozen years older than himself; and this boy was heir to a great fortune! I went back to the drawing-room miserably depressed, yet scarcely knowing what it was that grieved me; and I was musing, escaping to my own room, and to Gussie, who would be thinking of going to bed, when the door opened, and the gentlewoman came in, and once more I was in Gilbert's presence. Sibyl came up to me a few minutes afterwards, and said kindly "Don't look so moody, Margaret—Never mind about the dress, I do not. And I will talk nothing over present."

"Do you really mean it, Sibyl?"

"Of course I do. We may be sisters without wearing uniform."

I made no answer, but I felt more and more puzzled. Presently I found Gilbert taking a vacant chair beside me, and my heart beat high with hope and pleasure, and I turned to see the old bright look I knew so well of old, beaming on me, and to hear the tones that always spoke of quiet content and cheerful aspiration. We talked for some time about North Combe, and I found that he had been twice since I left it, the last time, only in the early bloom of the same summer that was now mellowing into autumn.

"I wonder Mirrie did not tell you?" he said at length.

I felt a strange thrill pass through me as he spoke that name; but I answered, carelessly, as I thought, "The truth is, Gilbert, Miriam Downing and I have ceased to correspond."

"Indeed! she did not tell me so. How was it?"

"It just happened so: she was busy, and I was busy; I was engrossed here, she had duties there which abundantly occupied her. We kept up a form of correspondence for eighteen months after we parted; but we wrote every time at long intervals. It was my fault in the first place, mine indeed throughout; I must say; and I was the last at last to keep silence; altogether: Mirrie's last letter still remains unanswered. I may write to her again some day, but I think not."

"Why not?"

"I can hardly explain. We were never great friends; she is such a child, you know; and then I fancied my letters were liable to the inspection of the Miss Everett's. It was just one of those things that 'came about' as we say."

"I understand, but I am sorry; you have lost something, and she loses too, of course. But, Margaret, she is the loveliest creature imaginable; not much of a child now, though I believe she is not much over fifteen. She is like a spring blossom, like a clear, sparkling streamlet like a tremulous star, shining out of the bosom of the glowing west on a fair summer evening."

"She is more beautiful than my cousin Sibyl!" something prompted me to say.

"She is different though; both are blonde and golden-haired; and it is hardly fair to Mirrie to compare her with Miss Crofton, who has mixed with society, and acquired all those nameless graces—which, you understand, Margaret,—that perfect finish and exquisite delicacy which make a lovely woman most lovely."

Mirrie Downing is a sweet, little wild flower; your cousin is a rare exotic; the one is an innocent, fairy-like country girl; the other is a finished, high-bred beauty."

"You know that Clara Berners is married?" I asked, for I wished to change the conversation.

"Yes," he replied, "she has married the new rector at Cleeve-super-Mare. Did you know I had met your cousin Mrs. Druse in London?"

"My cousin Leonora?" I asked eagerly.

"Yes, I think that is her name; her sister, who were with her, called her 'Nora'; she is very like Miss Crofton."

"Very much; only handsomer; at least, she was when I saw her last."

"I prefer Miss Crofton to Mrs. Druse. Mrs. Druse is far more brilliant; I allow—fresher, gay; but what Miss Crofton has lost—and I should say it is lost—in mere colouring and contour, is more than atoned for in sweetness of expression and depth of mind. Your cousin Sibyl is a rare creature, Margaret. And how fond she seems of you! I was struck dumb. Of what witcheries must Sibyl not be capable!"

Then I was asked to play and sing; and my cousin Tom, who had just arrived from town on his way to Scotland, came in while I was at the pianoforte, and, after the usual compliments to the guests, took his place at my side. He stayed there all the evening, talking his usual nonsense, and confiding to me "what a dreadful bother he was in for want of me." And Sibyl and Gilbert were deep in conversation all the time; and how frank and gentle, almost, she looked, and with what deep interest she seemed to listen to his words!

"I say, Madge," said Tom, just as the party was breaking up, "Sib means mischief. She's going to catch a gold-fish this time if the can-Tredgold's in it to mark my words. Well, I wish him joy; but I suppose his condition may be represented by the last syllable of his name!"

"Gilbert! Gilbert! was it really so? And again I thought of the parable of the ewe-lamb."

(To be Continued.)

"ONE STITCH AND THEN ANOTHER."—A lady called at my house, and saw a little girl sitting by her mother, knitting.

"What are you knitting, Bessie?" asked the lady.

"A stocking for me," said Bessie.

"A stocking!" cried the lady; "how do you expect to knit a stocking?"

"O," said Bessie, "by just taking one stitch and then another."

Such good is done by patient, quiet doing, day by day.

"One brick upon another; And the highest house is made;

"And the deepest snow is laid;

And the deepest snow is laid."

MARKETS.

Edited every Wednesday, for the Visitor.

MARKET.

Butter, in fishing... 100 lb. 10 to 15

" Bolt, 3 lb. quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Beet, 2 lb. 10, quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Blackwheat, Peat & smooth... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Cordwood, Peat & rough... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Cheese, W. 10 lb. 10 to 15

Chickens, W. 10 lb. 10 to 15

Cold Meat, 10 lb. 10 to 15

Cold Meat, 10 lb. 10 to 15

Eggs, 2 dozen... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Fowls, 2 lb. 10, quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Hides, per lb. 100 lb. 10 to 15

Hay, 1 ton at the Hay Market... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Mutton, 2 lb. 10 to 15

Lamb, per lb. 100 lb. 10 to 15

Market Skins, per lb. 100 lb. 10 to 15

Potatoes, per bushel... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Potatoes, per bushel... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Tallow, per lb. rough... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Turkeys, per lb. 100 lb. 10 to 15

Turnips, per bushel... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Wool, per lb. 100 lb. 10 to 15

MARKET SLIP.

Apples... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Onions, do... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Carrots, do... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Eggs, per dozen... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Codfish, 2 qdts. 100 lb. 10 to 15

Pork, do... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Turnips, 2 lb. 10, quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Flour, 2 lb. 10, quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Corn Meal, do... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Oats, 2 lb. 10, quarter... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Tea, do... 100 lb. 10 to 15

Molasses, 2 gallon... 100 lb. 10 to 15

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