PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY, AT TOWANDA, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA., BY E. O'MEARA GOODRICH.

TOWANDA:

Wednesday Morning, Inly 18, 1849.

(From Blackwood's Magazine.] EVA MEREDITH: THE VILLAGE DOCTOR'S STORY. -

BY MADAME D'ARBOUVILLE.

[CONCLUDED.]

The child remained quiet upon its grandfather? knees, and showed neither pleasure nor fear. "Will you love me !" said the old man.

The child raised its head, but did not answer. "Do you hear? I will be your father."

"I will be your father," the child gently repeated "Excuse him," said his mother, "he has always been alone. He is very young; the presence of many persons intimidates him. By and-by, my lord, he will understand your kind words."

But I looked at the child; I examined him in si lence. I recalled my former gloomy apprehensiods. Alas! these apprehensions now became certainty; the terrible shock experienced by Eva Meredith duringl her pregnancy had fatal consequenses for her child, and a mother only, in her youth, her love, and her experience, could have remained so long ignorant of her misfortune.

At the same time with myself. Lady Mary looked at the child. I shall never forget the expression of her countenance. She stood erect, and the piereing gaze she fixed upon little William seemed to read his very soul. As she gazed, her eyes sparkeled, her mouth was half opened, as by a smileshe breathed short and thick, like one oppressed by great and sudden joy. She looked, looked-hope, doubt, expectation, replaced each other on her face At last her hatred was clear sighted, an internal cry of triumph burst from her heart, but was checked ere it reached her lips. She drew herself up, let fall a disclainful glance upon Eva, her vanquished enemy, and resumed her usual calm.

Lord James, fatigued by the emotions of the day. dissmissed us and remained alone all the evening Upon the morrow, after an acitated night, when I entered Lord James's room, all the family were already assembled around him, and Lady Mary had little William on her knees: it was the tiger clutching its prey.

"What a beautiful child!" she said. "See, my lord these fair and silken locks! how brilliant they are in the sunshine ! But, dear Eva, is your son always so silent? does he never exhibit the vivacity and gaiety of his age ?"

"He is always sad," replied Mrs. Meredith "Alas! with me he could hardly learn to laugh." "We will try to amuse and cheer him," said Lady Mary. "Come, my dear child, kiss your grandfather! hold out your arms, and tell him you love him." William did not stir.

Do you know how? Harry, my love, kiss

uncle, and set your cousin a good example." Harry jumped upon Lord James's knees, threw both arms round his neck, and said, "I love you,

"Now it is your turn, my dear William," said Lady Mary.

William stirred not, and did not even look at his

grandfather. A tear coursed down Eva Meredith's cheek "Tis my fault," she said. "I have brought up my child badly." 'And, taking William upon her

tap, her tears fell upon his face: he felt them not, but slumbered upon his mother's heavy heart. "Try to make William less shy," said Lord

Lord James to his daughter-in-law. "I will try," replied Eva, in her submissive tones, like those of an obedient child, "I will try: and perhaps I shall succeed, it Lady Mary will kindiy tell me how she rendered her son so happy and so gay." Then the disconsolate mother looked at Harry, who was at play near his uncle's chair, and her eves reverted to her poor sleeping child. slie murmured; "we have both been very unhappy! But I will try to weep no more, that William may be cheerful like other children."

· Two days elapsed, two painful days, full of se cret trouble and ill-concealed uneasiness. Lord James's brow was care-laden; at times his look questioned me. I averted my eyes to avoid answering. On the morning of the third day, Lady Mary came into the room with a number of playthings for the children. Harry seized a sword, and ran about the room, shouting for joy. William remained motionless, holding in his little hand the toys that were given to him, but did not attempt to use them : he did not even look at them.

"Here, my lord," said Lady Mary to her brother, "give this book to your grandson; perhaps his attention will be roused by the pictures it contains." And she led William to Lord James. The child was passive; he walked, stopped, and remained like a statue, where he was placed. Lord James group formed by the old man and his grandson. Lord James was gloomy, silent, severe; he slowly looking at William, whose vacant gaze was not disome silence reigned in the apartment. Lady Mary approached me, bent forward as to whisper in my ear, and in a voice loud enough to be heard

"The child is an idiot, doctor!" she said.

A shriek answered her. Eva started up as if self?" the had received a blow; and seizing her son, "I have not yet told you all," replied the village

whom she pressed convulsively to her breast-"Idiot!" she exclaimed, her indignant glance

none but cruel words to console our misery!" And the unhappy mother carried off her boy to

her apartment. I followed. She set William down, too great. and knelt before the little child, "My son! my son!" she cried.

William went close to her, and rested his head

on his mother's shoulder. "Doctor!" cried Eva, "he loves me-you me! His caresses have sufficed for my tranquility-for my sad happiness! My God! was it not then enough! Speak to me, my son, re-assure me! Find a consoling word, a single word for your dessilence to weep. To day, William, you must give me words! See you not my tears-my terror? Dear child, so beautiful, so like your father, speak

Alas! alas! the child remained motionless, without a sign of fear or intelligence; a smile only. a smile horrible to behold, flittered acrose his feaures. Eva hid her face in both hands, and remained kneeling upon the ground. For a long time no noise was heard save the sound of her sobs.

Then I prayed heaven to inspire me with consoling thoughts, such as might give a ray of hope to this poor mother. I spoke of the future, of expected cure, of change possible-even probable. But none is no friend to falsohood. Where she does not exist her phantom does not penetrate. A terrible blow, a mortal one, had been struck, and Eva Meredith saw all the truth.

From that day forwards, only one child was to be seen each morning in Lord James Kysington's an instant would have taken the immobility of his room. Two women came thither, but only one of them seemed to live-the other was silent as the tomb. One said, "My son!" the other never spoke had a strange and sad. effect upon us. Suffering of her child; one carried her head high, the other must indeed be inherent in our nature, since Wilbowed hers upon her breast, the better to hide her tears; one was blooming and brilliant, the other pale and a mourner. The struggle was at an end. Lady Mary triumphed. It was cruel how they let Harry play before Eva Meredith's eyes. Careless of her anguish, they brought him to repeat his lessons in his uncle's presence; they vaunted his progress. The ambitious mother calculated everything to consolidate her success; and, whilst abounding in honeyed words and feigned consolaest hopes, had resumed the cold impassibility which ful and profitless emotion.

A year clapsed: then a sad day came, when Lord James sent for Eva Meredith and, signed to her to be seated beside his arm-chair.

"Listen to me, madam," he said, "listen with nothing. I am old and ill, and must arrange my affairs. The task is painful both for you and for me. I will not refer to my anger at my son's marriage; your mistortune disarmed me-l called you to my side, and I desired to behold and to love in of my dreams of future ambition. Alas! madam, fate was cruel to us! My son's widow and crphan shall have all that can insure them an honerable existence; but, sole master of a fortune due to my own exertions, I adopt my nephew, and look upon him henceforward as my sole heir. I am about to return to London, where my affairs call me. Come with me, madam-my house is yours-I shall be happy to see you there."

Eva (she afterwards told me so) felt, for the first time, her despondency replaced by courage. She had the strength that is given by a noble pride; she than that of Lady Mary, on the other hand it had all the dignity of misfortune.

"Go, my lord," she answered, "go; I shall not accompany you. I will not witness the usurpation of my son's rights! You are in haste to condemn, haste to despair of the mercy of God!"

"The future," replied Lord James, "at my age, is bounded by the passing day. What I would be ton: of that name, his sole inheritance, you cannot lord, is the name of my son!"

A week later. Eva Meredith descended the stairs of the hotel, holding her son by the hand, as she ! opened the book. All eyes turned towards the had done when she entered this fatal house. Lady world; and she asked a miracle of her heart—an Mary was a little behind her, a few steps higher up: the numerous servants, sad and silent, beheld t imed several pages, stopped at every picture, and with regret the departure of the gentle creature thus driven from the paternal roof. When she quitrected to the book. Lord James turned a few ted this abode, Eva quitted the only beings she more pages; then his hand ceased to move; the knew upon the earth, the only persons whose pity the fruits of her garden : did she suffer from fatigue book fell from his knees to the ground, and an irk- she had a right to claim—the world was before her, for him she selected the easiest chair and the softan immense wilderness. It was Hagar going forth est cushions: she attended to her own sensations. into the desert.

> "This is horrible, doctor!" cried Dr. Barnab's audience. "Is it possible there are persons so utterly unhappy? What! you witness all this your-

doctor: "let me get to the end."

flashing, for the first time, with a vivid brilliance; James went to London. Once more my own mas-"idiot!" she repeated, "because he has been under, I gave up all idea of further study; I had in my distant visits; in short the bird, although not how to play like your son, who has always had the little white house, as I had done two years be- cooling beauty, silent, unnaturally calm-his eyes | longer, still found strength to embrace her child. her illness, and had heard her fervent prayers, were

tune! Come my child!" cried Eva, all in tears. creased her misfortune! We no longer dared to of a smile: he was not awkward, or disagreeable, my ears. The wheels of a carriage grated upon Come, let us leave these pitiless hearts, that find talk of the future, that unknown moment of which or importunate; it was a mind sleeping beside the gravel of the galden drive. I ran to the door. we all have so great need, and without which our yours, asking no question, making no reply. The Lord James Rysington and Lady Mary efficient present joys appear too feeble, and our misfortunes

Never did I witness grief nobler in its simplicity. calmer in its intensity, than that of Eva Meredith. She forgot not to pray to the God who chastened her. For her, God was the being in whose hands are the springs of hope, when earthly hopes are exhe does! He comes when I call him; he kisses tinct. Her look of faith remained fixed upon her child's brow, as if awaiting the arrival of the soul her prayers invoked. I cannot describe the courageous patience of that mother speaking to her son, pairing mother! Till now I have asked nothing of you all the treasures of love, of thought, of ingeniyou but to remind me of your father, and leave me ous narrative she displayed before that torpid intelher gentle words. She explained to him heaven, God, the angels; she endeavored to make him pray, and joined his hands, but she could not make him raise his eyes to heaven. In all possible shapes she tried to give him the first lessons of childhood she read to him, spoke to him, placed pictures before his eyes—had recourse to music as a substitute for words. One day, making a terrible effort. she told William the story of his father's death; she hoped, expected a tear. The child fell asleep whilst yet she spoke: tears were shed, but they fell from the eyes of Eva Meredith.

Thus did she exhaust herself by vain efforts by persevering struggle. That she might not cease to hope, she continued to toil: but to William's eves pictures were merely colors; to his ears words were but noise. The child, however, grew in stattre and in beauty. One who had seen him but for countenance for placidity. But that prolonged and continued calm, that absence of all grief, of all tears, liam's eternal smile made every one say, "The poor idiot!" Mothers know not the happiness concealed in the tears of their child. A tear is a regret, a desire, a fear; it is life, in short, which begins to be understood. Alas! William was con tent with everything. All day long he seemed to sleep with his eyes open; anger, weariness, impatience, were alike unknown to him. He had but

her. He took pleasure in resting on her knees, on tion, she tortured Eva Meredith's heart each mo- her shoulder; he kissed her. When I kept him, by perishing before the eyes of her son, of a son passiness of hearing her plead the cause of her son ment in the day. Lord James, smitten in his dear- long away from her, he manifested a sort of anxiety. I took him back to his mother; he showed no she embraced him. now saw formed the foundation of his character joy, but he was again tranquil. This tenderness, Streetly courteons to his daughter-in law, he had no this faint glimmering of William's heart, was Eva's word of affection for her : only as the mother of his life. It gave her strength to strive, to hope, to wait, mained motionless, in mute contemplation of her grandson, could the daughter of the American plan- If her words were not understood, at least her kisser find a place in his heart. And he considered es were! How often she took her son's head in "You love him, dear doctor !" she murmured. the child as no longer in existence. Lord James her hands and kissed his forehead, as long and fer-Kysington was more gloomy and taciturn than ever, vently as if she hoped her love would warm and regretting, perhaps, to have yielded to my impor- vivify his frozen soul! How often did she dream a heaven, and the poor village doctor upon earth, tions respecting him." tunities, and to have ruffled his old age by a pain- miracle whilst clasping her son in her arms, and were the two guardians to whom she confided her pressing his still heart to her burning bosom! Often she lingered at night in the village church. (Eva Meredith was of a Roman Catholic family.) kneelcourage. I will act frankly with you, and conceal child in her arms "O virgin!" she said, "my boy was near her, on whom she seemed to rest, listen-

a soul for my child !" She was charitable to all the poor children of the village, giving them bread and clothes, and saying, to them, "Pray for him." She consoled afflicted your son William, the heir of my fortune, the pivot mothers, in the secret hope that consolation would come at last to her. She dried the tears of others, to enjoy the belief that one day she also would also have not strength to continue; finish this letter!" rease to weep. In all the country round, she was loved, blessed, venerated. She knew it, and she offered up to Heaven, not with pride but with hone sleep; then he was handsome and like other children. For an instant, for a second perhaps she forgo; and whilst contemplating those regular features, those golden locks, those long lashes which threw their shadow on his rose-tinted cheek, she raised her head, and if her brow was less haughty felt a mother's joy, almost a mother's pride. God has moments of mercy even for those he has con-

demned to suffer. Thus passed the first years of William's childhood. He attained the age of eight years. Then a sad change, which could not escape my attentive my lord. Who can forsee the future! You are in. observation, occurred in Eva Meredith. Either that her son's growth made his want of intelligence more striking, or that she was like a workman who him, whilst I, at the other side of the bed, preparhas labored all day, and sinks at eve beneath the ed potions to assuage her pains. Again she began certain to do I must do at once and without delay." load of toil, Eva ceased to hope; her soul seemed to talk to her son, if no longer despairing that, af-"Act as you think proper," replied Eva. "I re- to abandon the task undertaken, and to recoil with ter her death, some of her words might recur to turn thither with your grandson, William Kysing- weariness upon itself, asking only resignation. She his memory. She gave the child all the advice, laid aside the books, the engravings, the music, all all the instructions she would have given to an indeprive him; and though the world should know the means, in short, that she had called to her aid; telligent being. Then she turned to me-" Who it but by reading it on his tomb, your name, my she grew silent and desponding; only, if that were possible, she was more affectionate than ever to her son. As she lost hope in his cure, she felt the more strongly that her child had but her in the increase of the love she bore him. She became her son's servant-his slave; her whole thoughts to see her, and when he left her I met him and were concentrated in his well being. If she felt cold, she sought a warmer covering for William; was she hungry, it was for William she gathered

activity, though she no longer harbored hope. When William was eleven years old, the last markably tall and strong for his age, he ceased to need that hourly care required by early childhood; he was no longer the infant sleeping on his moth-Shortly after Eva Meredith's departure, Lord er's knees; he walked alone in the garden; he rode on horseback with me, and accompanied me by around him! Ah! madam, you insult misfor. fore. But how greatly had intervening events in-lexpressing nothing but repose, his mouth ignorant. At that moment an unaccustomed noise reached convinced that, even as she had asked of Heaven, cat, that was a Tommyside, wasn't it?"

incessant maternal care which had served to occu- the house. py Mrs. Meredith, and to divert her mind from dwelling on her sorrows, became unnecessary, and she resumed her seat at the window, whence she road to come myself and settle the future destiny

beheld the village and the church steeple-st that of Wm. Meredith: so here I am. Mrs. William ! same window where she had so long wept her husband. Hope and occupation successively tailed her, and nothing was left her but to wait and watch, by day and night, like the lamp that ever burns beneath cathedral vaults.

But her forces were exhausted. In the millst of who listened without understanding. I cannot tell this grief which had returned to its starting-point, to silence and immobility, after having in vain essayed exertion, courage, hope, Eva Meredith fell ligence, which repeated, like an echo, the last of into a decline. In spite of all the resources of my of their Montnellier hotel. They drew near the often prayed to Mary to seind a soul to her soul. art, I beheld her grow weak and thin. How apply bed, beneath whose white curtains Eva, pale but a remedy, when the sickness is of the soul?

The poor foreigner! she needed her native sun and a little happiness to warm her; but the ray of the sun and the ray of joy were alike wanting. It tion to console the poor woman who looked up at was long before she perceived her danger, because them. They bravely gave utterrince to a few for she thought not of herself; but when at last she was mable to leave her arm-chair, she was compelled to understand. I will not describe to you all her anguish at the thought of leaving William without a guide, without a friend or protector-of leaving him alone in the midst of strangers, he who needed to be cherished and led by the hand like a child. Oh, how she struggled for life! with what avidity she swallowed the potions I prepared, comprehended, for the first time, the secret senti how many times she tried to believe in a cure, ments of Lady Mary, the profound indifference and whilst all the time the disease progressed! Then she kept William more at home, she could no they were enemies rather than protectors of her longer bear to lose sight of him.

"Remain with me," she said: and William, altears prevented her distinguishing his gentle coun- lecting her last strengthtenance; then she drew him still nearer to her, and "My child, my poor child!" she cried. " you pressed him to her heart. ("Oh!" she exclaimed. in a kind of delirium, "if my soul, on leaving my My God! succor my child!" body, might become the soul of my child, how happy should I be to die!"

despair of divine mercy, and when all human possibility disappeared, this loving heart had gentle who understood not death, and who smiled when

"He will not regres me," she said; "he will not weep: he will not remember." And she rechild. Her hand then sometimes sought mine

"I will never quit him," replied I, "so long as

Faith is a great thing! This woman, widowed, disinherited, dying, an idiot child at her side, was yet saved from that utter despair which brings ing upon the cold stone before the virgin's altar, yet saved from that utter despair which brings she invoked the marble statue of Mary, holding her blasphemy to the lips of death. An invisible friend is inanimate as the image of thy Son! Ask of God ing sometimes to holy words, waich she alone

One morning she sent for me early. She had been unable to get up. With her wan, transparent hand she showed me a sheet of paper o which a few lines were written.

"Doctor," she said, in her gentlest tones, ·I read as follows:-

"My Lord,-I write to you for the last time. Whilst health is restored to your old age, I suffer the blessings of the unfortunate in exchange for the recovery of her son. She loved to watch William's this last letter is to recall him to your memory; I ask for him a place in your heart rather than a share of your fortune. Of all the things of this world, he has understood but one-his mother's love; and now she must leave him forever! Love him, my Lord,—love is the only sentiment he can

She would write no more, I added:

"Mrs. William Kysington has but a few days to live. What are Lord James Kysington's orders with respect to the child who bears his name? "THE DOCTOR BARNARY."

This letter was sent to london, and we waited.-Eva kept her bed. William seated near her, held her hand in his: his mother smiled sadly upon knows, doctor," she said, "one day, perhaps, he

will find my words at the bottom of his heart!" Three more weeks clapsed. Death approached and submissive as was the Christian soul of Eva. she yet felt the anguish of separation and the solemn awe of the future. The village priest came took his hand.

"You will pray for her," I said.

"I have entreated her to pray for me!" was his It was Eva Meredith's last day. The sun had set: the window, near which she so long had sat, only to guess those of her son. She still displayed was open: she could see from her bed the landscape she had loved. She held her son in her arms and kissed his face and hair, weeping sadly. phase of Eva Meredith's existence began. Re- "Poor child! what will become of you! Oh!" she said, with tender earnestness, "listen to me. William :- l am dving! Your father is dead also. you are alone; you must pray to the Lord. I bequeath you to Him who watches over the sparrow upon the house-top: He will shield the orphan.-Dear child, look at me! listen to me! Try to un- at shock. Thus does the fact I have related find a happy all his life, because he has seen but tears enough learning for my village, and in haste I re- wingless, left the nest. His misfortune was in no derstand that I die, that one day you may remem- natural explanation. But the good women of the since his eyes first opened! because he knows turned thither. Once more I sat opposite to Eva in way shocking or painful to behold. He was of ex- ber me!" And the poor mother, unable to speak village, who had attended Eva Meredish during

"I got your letter," said Lord James. "I was setting out for Italy, and it was not much off my

"Mrs. William Kysington still lives, my lord." I replied.

I was with a painful sensation that I saw this calm, cold, austere man approach Eva's chamber. followed by the hamphty woman who came to witness what for her was a happy event—the death of her former rival! They entered the modest little room, so different from the sumptuous apartments still beautiful, held her son upon her heart. They stood, one on the right, the other on the left of that couch of suffering, without finding a word of affecmal and unmeaning phrases. Averting their eyes from the painful spectacle of death, and persuading themselves that Eva Meredith neither saw nor heard, they passively awaited her spirit's departure—their countenances not even feigning an expression of condolence or regret. Eva fixed her and I believed, like all the village, that Eva Bleredving gaze upon them, and sudden terror seized the heart which had almost ceased to throb. She egotism of Lord James; she understood at last that son. Despair and terror portrayed themselves on her pallid face. She made no attempt to soften ways content near his mother, seated himself at those soulless beings. By a convulsive movement her feet. She looked at him long, until a flood of she drew William still closer to her heart, and, col-

have no support upon earth; but God above is good.

With this cry of love, with this supreme prayer, she breathed out her life: her arms opened, her No amount of suffering could make her wholly lies were motionless on William's cheek. Since she no longer embraced her son, there could be no doubt she was dead-dead before the eyes of those one instinct—he knew his mother—he even loved dreams out of which it reconstructed hopes. But who to the very last had refused to comfort her how sad it was, alas! to see the poor mother slow- affliction-dead without giving Lady Mary the un--dead, leaving her a complete and decided victo-

> There was a moment of solemn silence: nonmoved or spoke. Death makes an impression upon the haughtiest. Lady Mary and Lord James Kysington kneeled beside their victim's bed. In a few minutes Lord James arose, "Take the child from his mother's room," he said, "and come he has no better friends than myselt." God in with me, doctor; I will explain to you my inten-

> > shoulder of Eva Meredith, his heart against her heart his lips pressed to hers, receiving her kisses and her tears. I approached him, and, without expending useless words, I endeavored to raise and lead him from the room; but he resisted, and his arms clasped his mother more closely. This resistance, the first the poor child had ever offered to living creature, touched my very soul. On my renewing the attempt, however, William yielded; he made a movement and turned towards me, and his beautiful countenance suffused with tears. Until that day, William had never wept. I was greatly startled and moved, and I let the widowed child throw himself again upon his mother's corpse.

"Take him away," said Lord James. "My lord!" I exclaimed, "he weeps! Ah,

check not his tears!" I bent over the child, and heard him sob.

"William! dear William!" I cried, anxiously aking his hand, "why do you weep, William?" For the second time he turned his head towards me; then, with a gentle look, full of sorrow, "My

mother is dead," he replied. I have not words to tell you what I felt.

William's eyes were now intelligent: his tears were sad and insignificant; and his voice was broken as when the heart suffers. I uttered a cry; I almost knelt down beside Eva's bed.

"Ah! you were right, Eva!" I exclaimed, "not to despair of the mercy of God!" Lord James himself had started. Lady Mary

ras as pale as Eva. " Mother! mother!" cried William in tones that filled my heart with joy; and then, repeating the words of Eva Meredith—those words which she had truly said he would find at the bottom of his heart—the child exclaimed aload,

"I am dying, my son. Your father is dead you are alone upon the earth; you must pray to the

I pressed gently with my hand upon William's shoulder; he obeyed the impulse, knelt down, joined his trembling hands—this time it was of his own accord-and, raising to heaven a look full of life and feeling: "My God! have pity on me!" he murmured.

I took Eva's cold hand. "Oh mother! mother of many sorrows!" I exclaimed, "can you hear your child? do you behold him from above? Be happy! your son is saved!"

Dead at Lady Mary's feet, Eva made her rival tremble; for it was not I who led William from the room, it was Lord James Kysington who carried out his grandson in his arms.

I have little to add, ladies. William recovered his reason and departed with Lord James. Reinstated in his rights, he was subsequently his grandfather's sole heir. Science has recorded a few rare instances of intelligence revived by a violent mor-

the soul of the mother half nakes Titto me body of the child.
"Slib was so good," said they, "that God could refuse her dothing." This a time bellet cook dian root in the country. No one moumed Mrs. Meredith as dead.

"She still lives," said the people of the hamfet: "speak to her son, and she will answer you." And when Lord William Kysington, in polici-

sion of his grandfather's property, sent each year abundatit alins to the village that half winesed his hinh and his mother's death, the poor fillin exclaimed-" There in Mrs. Meredith's kind soul thinking of us still! Ah; when she goes to heaven it will be great pity for poor people !

We do not strew flowers upon her tomb, but up on the steps of the altar of the . Virgin, where she taking thither their wreaths of wild blossoms, the villagers say to each other " When she prayed so fervently, the good Virgin answered her softly: " I will give thy soul to thy child!"

The cure has suffered out peasants to retain this touching superstition; and I myself, when Lord William came to see me, when he fixed upon me his eves so like his mother's-when his voice, which had a well-known secont, said, as Mrs. Meredith was wont to say-" Dear Doctor, I thank vou!" Then,-smile, ladies, if you will-I wept, dith was before me.

She, whose existence was but a long series of sorrows, has left behind her a sweet, consoling memory, which has nothing painful for those who

In thinking of her, we think of the mercy of God, and those who have hope in their hearts, hope with the greater confidence

But it is very late, ladies-your carriages have long been at the door. Pardon this long story: at my age it is difficult to be concise in speaking of the events of one's youth. Forgive the old man for having made you smile when he arrived, and weep before he departed."

These last words were spoken in the kindest and most paternal tone, whilst a half-smile glided across Dr. Barnaby's lips. All his anditors now crowded round him. eager to express their thanks. But Dr. Barnaby got up, made straight for his riding coat of puce-colored taffety, which hung across a chair back, and, whilst one of the young men helped him to put it on-" Farewell, gentlemen; farewell, ladies," said the village doctor. "My chaire is ready ; it is dark, the road is bad; good-mant : ! must be gone."

When I r. Barnaby was installed in his exprisies of green wicker-work and the hitle gray cob, tickled by the whip, was about to set off. Madame de Moncar stepped quickly forward, and leaning forward, towards the doctor, whilst she placed one foot on the seep of his vehicle, she said in quite a low voice-

"Doctor, I made you a present of the white you loved Eva Meredith F7

Then she ran back into the house. The carriages and the green chaise departed in different di-

MANUFACTURE OF NEEDLES .- CURIOUS PROCESS. -In the manufacture of needles, the slender bars of steel are forged out by a succession of hammers, each one less in weight and quicker in stroke than its predecessor, as the motion of the hammer is alternating, the dislocating effects of its momentum when thrown into rapid vibration would be enormons, but for the contrivance of giving the hammer a double face, and causing it to strike every time it rises against a block of steel above, from which it is thrown back moon the angil. The vibration is thus produced by a serious of rebounds between two opposing surfaces. Five hundred strokes can thus be made in a minute, while the power is greatly economised and the strain upon the stalk and axle nearly annihilated.

HE HAD HIM THERE .- A son of Erin once accost ed a reverend disciple of Swedenberg thus: 'Mr. --- you say we are to follow the same

business in heaven that we do in this world?" "Yes, that is in perfect accordance with reason for the Creator himself is not idle, and why should His creatures he 177

"Well, then yer honor, do paple die there ?" "Certainly not—they are immortal as the Creator himself."

"Thin. I should like to know, yer honor, what they'll find for me to do, for I'm a grave digger in this world."

Trans.-Sparre minutes are the gold dust of time : and Young was writing a true; as well as a striking line, when he affirmed that, "Sands made the mountains; and moments made the year." Of all the portions of our life, the spare minutes are the most fruitful in good or evil. They are gaps through which temptatious find the easiest access to the garden.

A young lady when she takes a partner for life. wears, upon the matrimonial alter, that she will love, honor, and obey" him. Not one woman out of every ten does the first-and there never was one known to perform the two latter your.

FIRST LOVE -The conversation at Holland House turned upon first love. Tom Moore compared it to a potatoe, "because it shoots from the eyes."

"Or. rather," exclaimed Byron, " because it becomes all the less by paring." A cockney conducted two ladies to the observatory to see an eclipse of the moon. They were

too late; the eclipse was over, and the ladies were disappointed. "Oh!" exclaimed our hero, "don't fret. I know the astronomer very well; he is a polite man, and I am sure he will again."

"Ms. here's a word in the paper, I want to know-what's a homicide?"

"A homicide, child, is one who murders anoth-"Well, ma-when Jack Webb killed our Tom