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RICHMOND HILL, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1863.

Whole No. 222.

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Poetry.

THE BRINK OF NIGHT.

Oh! I am weary, weary, And the tide is ebbing now;

Oh! it is not the pain of the fever That burns where the hot blood swells,

Oh! it is not the pain of the fever That burns where the hot blood swells,

Oh! it is not the pain of the fever That burns where the hot blood swells,

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Maggie's constant heart had clung to the first love of her childhood—the manly wooer of her girlhood, Martin Hayes. Martin was her cousin by courtesy, the stepson of her aunt, and as handsome a young English boy as ever drove a plough, or made his bow at beauty's shrine.

Poor Maggie! It was the beginning of sorrow for her when Martin pressed the farewell kiss upon her lips, with a promise to send for her as soon as the New World had given him a niche to place her in.

THE EXPECTED LETTER. BY AMY GRAHAM. 'Maggie, lass! come in! 'Tis too late for Roger to-day, and you are at the door all the day long.'

of the reach of Maggie's impatient hand. 'Oh, Roger, give it to me!' 'Miss Maggie Lee,' read the provoking Roger, 'per Asia's mail, America. Oh, pshaw! it can't be for you. You have no beau away out there.'

'You are sure it is for you?' he said, holding it out, and looking with mischievous eyes into her smiling face, lighted by the pleasant certainty of her anxiously expected letter being there at last.

'You are willing to trust Annie and me to her?' 'Annie would have died in the first month of her life if Mrs. Lawrence had not been so kind to her, and so willing to teach me. Oh, father, she is so good, so gentle!—Oh you must be happy, only, and she laid her head lovingly on her father's arm, 'she must not make you forget Maggie.'

wharf was cleared of its bustling crowd, the heavily laden drays had rolled off with their burdens, backs full of smiling friends had claimed their relations or visitors from the steamer and driven away, yet Martin did not come.

'You wish to see some one?' 'Martin Hayes, if you please, sir,' said Maggie, raising her eyes, almost imploringly.

'This is a bad business, a bad business,' said Mr. Symmes, shaking his head. 'There, sit down there. Poor child! for Maggie's white face was quivering with emotion. 'I am sorry to say that Hayes has proved a bad fellow.'

Maggie soon regained her consciousness to look around the office with a bewildered face. 'Lie still for a few minutes, said Mr. Symmes. 'So Martin Hayes sent for you, did he?' 'For answer, Maggie put Martin's last letter in his hand. It was a letter that made the old man pause and consider. Could the writer of such sentences be anything but an honorable man? Such love, trust, and hope breathed in every line! He spoke with such noble, manly pride of his position of trust in the counting-house, so confidentially of winning his way to still further advancement, with such grateful affection of his employers—could this man be a thief! As he read, he recalled the many acts of noble honesty and manliness that had made him confide in Martin; and, for the first time, there crept into his heart a doubt. The detective police were in his employ, but had no trace of the culprit; could he escape them? Maggie watched the varying emotions that crossed the frank, kindly face. 'Will you please tell me about it?' she said, as he placed the letter in her hand. 'Martin has already told you that he occupied the position of messenger for the counting-house. One of his duties was to carry money to the bank for deposit, and draw it out for use here. Some two weeks ago, I had a payment of five hundred dollars made late in the afternoon, and gave it to Martin with directions to carry it, as he went home, to pay to a man who lives quite near where he boarded. He took the note, and I did not see where I directed. Finding the persons out, he started in the direction of my house; since then we have no trace of him. The supposition is that he has left the city, probably disguised. He did not go to his boarding-house, and—renewly, my child, I am afraid—yet how he could when he was expecting you—after writing such a letter as that—dear, dear! it's a bad business.'