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Poetry. Let us try to be Happy.

Let us try to be happy! we may if we will Find some pleasures in life to o'erbalance the ill;

O, try to be happy! It is not for long We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song.

Literature. The Speculator.

A TALE OF MAMMON-WORSHIP. Continued from our last.

'A thumping sum, upon my word!' observed Conway.

'A mere trifle when weighted against estates sail to be worth upwards of fifteen thousand a year,

'Well, well; I am not disposed to be churlish. Anything else?'

'There is Caroline's fortune, which I shall require some assistance to repay: the understanding of course is, that you are to help me completely through my difficulties: partial, insufficient help would merely defer the evil day.'

'I promised to do so certainly; though the price to be paid for such an easy, safe piece of service appears an enormous one. However, my word is my bond; and now, where is the will?'

'Here,' replied Oakley, taking it out of the table-drawer nearest him, Conway's eyes flashed triumphantly, and he made a motion as if to snatch the precious document out of Oakley's trembling hands.

'Stay—stay!' cried the stockbroker, starting back: 'I must have security first that you will perform your engagement.'

'Security!' echoed Conway, gazing with bewildered surprise first at Oakley and then at Hardy. 'What does he mean?'

'That you must put our agreement in writing,' said Oakley with a cunning maudlin leer.

'Oh, is that all? Hand me a pen, and I will do it instantly.'

He scribbled out an under taking to the effect agreed upon, and handed it to Oakley.

'That will do then?'

'Yes; and yet I am still really trusting to your honor: this agreement could not be legally enforced, could not even be produced.'

'Perhaps not; still, it would give you the means of exposing me and you do not suppose I should be idiot enough to provoke you to do that?'

'True, you would not certainly. Here it is then.' Conway seized the will with eager triumph, glanced rapidly over it, to make sure that he was not duped, thrust it with furious glee into the fire, and pressed his boot upon it, as if crushing some living, detested enemy, till it was thoroughly consumed. 'Hurra!' he shouted, carried away by excitement. 'Now Cousin Francis, I have you on the hip!'

'Hush! hush! for Heaven's sake, or the servants will hear you, exclaimed Oakley, who had looked on at the consummation of the crime in pallid terror.

After arranging with Oakley for the next day's course of action, Conway and his associate took their leave, and the trembling conspirator was alone with his pale fears. He gazed, after a while, with a kind of simpering satisfaction at the document Conway had drawn up and signed, and was folding it up, when the voice of an itinerant vender of news loudly announced a second edition of the 'Courier' with full and authentic of a great victory obtained by the most noble the Marquis of Wellington over the French armies in Spain, stuck his ear.

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Miss Oakley; 'I heard him ascend the stairs more than a quarter of an hour since, an go into his bedroom. Oh, Harry! she continued with passionate intreaty, 'save him! save my father from so dreadful—so horrible a death!'

'A warm pressure of the hand answered her, and Neville was starting forward to fulfil her behest, when a firebrand grazed his arm and held him back.

'T'would be madness, young man. The old-fashioned, panelled, built house is burning like a match in another minute the lower stairs, will fall in, and the roof soon afterwards. Do not needlessly throw away your life.'

Neville paused: the building was thoroughly enveloped in flames which were bursting through every window, both front and back. At the instant a wild, despairing cry, a shriek of intense and desperate agony, arose from out the blazing house. The intrepid seaman needed no further urging. He shook off the fireman's friendly grasp, drew his hat down to protect his eyes as much as possible, and the next instant disappeared within the flaming pile amidst the shouts of the admiring spectators.

Fighting desperately with the fire, scorched, bruised, blackened, he at length gained the upper landing-place, and guided by the cries of the terrified man, soon had him in his arms—his attenuated frame was scarcely so heavy as Carolines—and was again descending the stairs. In vain! The venement flame beat him back. A moment, and the lower stair fell in, and he could scarcely save himself by springing back and catching at the upper banisters. What was to be done? There was still a chance for himself, by dropping down, whilst the sudden falling of the stair momentarily stifled the flames; but the poor moaning wretch in his arms—could he abandon him? He remembered there was a window looking out on the sloping roof. He swiftly gained it, and a loud shout from the people below greeted his appearance at the aperture. 'A ladder!' he exclaimed; 'there is a chance yet if you only bear a hand.' Twenty persons started off in quest of ladders, and Neville drew himself and his burthen as possible through the narrow casement. The tiled roof was so sharply sloped, that it was impossible to stand or walk upon it, and he stretched himself, down on his back, with his feet reaching to the eaves, still holding the terrified and helpless man in his arm. The heat of the tiles singed his clothes and he felt that his chance of life was rapidly becoming desperate. At length a ladder was brought, and raised against the house.

'Just under the edge of the roof, cried the young man; 'I must slide through that flame.'

'Ay, ay,' was the prompt response.

Neville felt for the ends of the ladder with his feet. 'All right! Now, hold firm at the foot. Cling close to me, Mr. Oakley,' he added, 'and bury your face as much as possible in my waistcoat. I exclude some pursuing, living enemy—but the key, where could she have placed that? She eagerly groped on the bed, the dressing-table, the drawers—nowhere could she find it. She felt that her senses were rapidly leaving her, when a well-known voice calling wildly upon her name caught her ear. She uttered a piercing scream, and again attempted to reach the door. To burst in the frail lock, to seize her in his arms, wrap her securely in the thick counterpane he tore off the bed, and bear her swiftly down the flaming stairs, was for the athletic young seaman who had so opportunely arrived, scarcely more than the work of a minute.

Once in the open air, her fainting spirits rallied; and after one glance of infinite gratitude and tenderness towards her deliverer, she looked eagerly round, and exclaimed, 'My father—where is he?' No one had seen him. The servants, who had got out of the house by the back way uninjured, said that as they knew he had been in the room where the fire broke out, they thought he must have escaped the first. 'No—no—no!' exclaimed

no matter: he was strangely con-

cluded this morning: besides, had not Conway promised—Ah! but we keep his promise, now that—The current of his darkening thoughts was checked by the entrance of his daughter. She looked charmingly: unusual gaiety danced in her eyes, and her step appeared to have all at once recovered the elastic buoyancy of her young days before her mother was withdrawn from her—'A letter for you, papa.' It was sent to the city; but as it was marked immediate, and 'very important,' Danby thought it better to send it here.' Mr. Oakley and his daughter, I should have stated, had obtained temporary lodgings the previous evening in the Hampstead neighborhood.

'Immediate' and 'very important,' said Oakley; 'who can it be from, I wonder?'

'Here are your spectacles: read it and when you have done, I have such joyful tidings for you.'

'Joyful tidings for me!' exclaimed the conscience-burdened man with sad emphasis.

'For you—for me—for all of us. You have often heard me speak of my Cousin Alice, beautiful Alice, dear Harry's sister?'

'Yes, very often, but what of her?'

'Only that she is— But first read your letter.'

'Do you read it for me, Caroline; my eyes seem dim, and I feel confused here.' He touched his forehead with his hand.

'You have not yet recovered from the terror of last night' papa Harry, who brought me the good news this morning, is not well either: he is a good deal scorched and bruised.'

'Brave, excellent young man! But read, Gary, read.'

'Now then, papa, the coach is at the door. Must we go to the city for the will? It is full late already.'

'No, dear—no; I will explain. There is no occasion to go to the city.'

Both were so entirely absorbed by the quick thoughts which glanced in swift succession through their minds—his, indistinct, gloomy, terrible, as Night and Fear; hers, light and joyous as flowers waving in the fragrant breath of golden summer—that no word was spoken by either till they arrived in Berkeley Square.

'Here we are, papa!' exclaimed Miss Oakley, arousing her father from his dull reverie.

He slowly descended from the coach, dismissed it, and leaning heavily on his daughter's arm, entered the magnificent mansion, and was immediately ushered up stairs into the drawing-room.

The company, which rose at their entrance, were; when the servant announced their names, in a state of great, and it seemed pain ful excitement. The youthful bride Mrs. Severn, was seated between her husband and mother, who each held one of her hands. Her sweet face was flushed and tearful; and an expression of angry surprise, not unminged with alarm, was visible not only upon Mr. Severn's countenance, but on that of Mrs. Richard Oakley, whose husband was engaged in earnest, and, as it seemed, agitating conversation with Mr. Neville. At a little distance sat Mr. Conway, in an ostentatiously defiant attitude, and insolent expression of face, beneath which, nevertheless, a person accustomed to note the exterior signs of human emotion could not have failed to detect hot and cold flushes of undefined apprehension fitting to and fro. Hardy, by whom he was accompanied, stood a little behind him, his sinister features wearing their usual callous, God-and-man-defying aspect.

But all this Caroline Oakley headed not, neither did her father. She only saw her beautiful Cousin Alice; it was more than two years since they had last met, and she speeded with eager fondness to embrace, to congratulate, to lavish on her the joyous tokens of her affectionate, loving admiration and delight. As for Robert Oakley, he saw at first but a mass of faces, menacing, stern at least, he thought, except, indeed, that of his brother—his brother so coldly thrown off, contemned; abandoned, many years before, but who now stepped forward and shook him warmly by the hand as he guided his tottering steps to a chair. What could it all mean? His agitation, his bewilderment, was pitiable. He rose from the chair, and seemed about to cross over to Mr. Conway, then sat down again, got up, re-seated himself in the darkest confusion and dismay.

Concluded in our next.

The chief end of primary as distinguished from proper professional education, is not the acquisition of knowledge for its own sake. It is the development and purification of the moral nature the training and strengthening and enervating of the intellectual powers; or, in other words, the formation of the character and the culture of the mind.

That is not the most perfect beauty which, in public, would attract the greatest observation not even that which the statuary would admit to be a faultless piece of symmetry. But that is true beauty which has not only a substance but a spirit—a beauty that we must intimately know justly to appreciate.

The labour of nations cannot, by the will of man be so regulated as to prevent the production of surplus, which must perish, or must be exchanged with other nations for the surplus productions which their labor creates. And, as if to make the hand of Providence more visible in the matter, and to proclaim to mankind that they shall trade with each other, thingle together, exchange ideas, as well as the products of their labor, and thus advance the progress of civilization, nations have been placed in different localities on the globe, with different climates, bringing forth different products, all of which products minister to the comforts and luxuries of all nations and are desired by all. Different localities and climates also produce modifications of the person, color, and the mental constitution of men thereby modifying their skill in the arts and the productions of art. Hence one nation excels another in fanciful fabrics while it is excelled by others in the more substantial; thus creating an almost infinite variety of manufactures, and generating the same necessity or desire of exchange, trade, or intercourse.

No man is always wrong. A clock that does not go at all, is right twice in the twenty-four hours.