

and cultivation little common. Now, in despite of his being only sixteen while you are three years older—in despite of his melancholy infirmity—in despite of his moderate position in life,—I am convinced that it is impossible for you constantly to behold an unbounded and overwhelming passion for you devouring the very vitals of such a person as this, without your becoming almost insensibly touched by it. And, by degrees, from the uninterrupted contemplation of all that he uninterruptedly feels, your pity will warm into that love to which it is so near akin. Of all this I am, from some little experience, fully convinced; and, therefore, I very seriously wish that you would come and pass some time with me. All that you see here will speedily drive from your head any childish ideas you may have imbibed at Arlescott: and really your absence, before, worse comes of it is the most charitable thing for the poor lad himself. Before you have been absent many weeks, he will eat his dinner, and go to his bed regularly enough, take my word for it."

Those were days long before Mr. Palmer's invention: mail-coaches did not whirl along at the rate of eleven miles and a half an hour, to convey the "epistolary correspondence," whether of minister or merchant, of

Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid.

Indeed, such letters as those I have copied above, were ordinarily sent by private hand, or by some trustworthy carrier, equally slow and uncertain; accordingly, what from their delays, and what from some others of the nature indicated in Lady Faulkner's letter, the said letter did not reach Emmeline till upwards of two months after her's was written. Starting from the point at which the reader must (as well as Lady Faulkner) have perceived her to be at that period, two months will do an infinity. Accordingly, when Emmeline read her friend's answer, she blushed, then wept to find how truly her forebodings had been accomplished. Yes, she wept; for, though her feelings were now fondly interested towards Everard, she still felt not anxiety only, but in some degree shame also, for the position in which she stood. In the first place, he was a boy, much younger than herself; occasionally she felt this unpleasantly; moreover, he was beneath her in station, and a daughter of the Meynells could not be supposed to be quite indifferent to this: and, lastly, she looked back to the time when she had laughed to herself at the idea of a possibility of such an attachment, and this sometimes gave her a twinge of shame at her having so speedily falsified her predictions. But, on the other hand, there was, first and foremost, what had undoubtedly given rise to the feeling on her part, the

spectacle of the deep, strong, intense, all-engrossing passion, which he felt for her. This, beyond question, had been the cause of her affection, and it now continued to feed it. Then, there was sympathy for his terrible misfortune, borne so nobly till his love for her had made him feel its full misery; there was admiration of his person, talents, and acquirements; there were, at once, respect and fondness for his excellent heart. "Yes!" she exclaimed, as she sat thinking, with Lady Faulkner's letter open in her hand; "Yes! Mary is quite right—I do love him, there is no denying it even to myself. Love him!—yes—and he knows it now—and oh! the joy, the ecstasy, the confession gave him!—If Mary had seen him at that moment, she would have forgiven me all—she would have felt that no human heart could resist such affection as that." And she pondered with deep pleasure upon the picture her memory had placed before her. "And yet," she continued after a pause, "what is all this to lead to? my father would never listen for a moment to such a marriage—and besides, he is so young—it is impossible!" And she sank into one of those reveries of perplexity and pain under which she now suffered so often.

And what did *he* feel—the boy, who had thus forestalled, as it were, the course of time, and called forth the first affections of a woman like this? The strong intensity of his joy was almost too keen—I had nearly said too severe—for it not to be long before it subsided into happiness. The constant repetition of the fact that *she* loved him scarcely sufficed to feed the burning consciousness that so indeed it was. And oh! how his heart would swell, as he thought of the thousand feelings which he longed to pour forth to her, and could not—when he felt the cheek which stopped the passionate words which sprang in myriads from his heart, and chilled and thinned them by the circuitous modes of communication to which he was obliged to have recourse. "But still she loves me"—that was the comfort with which he always re-assured his soul—he felt that, in despite of all else, *that* made him worthy of envy.

Time passed on, and carried with it very little sensible alteration in the condition and feelings of our lovers. They felt the impossibility of yet, for a considerable time, taking any steps to bring about their union; and they, at present, contented themselves with letting matters take their course, only being especially careful that no suspicion of their attachment should arise. At length extraneous causes brought about their separation for a time. Sir Richard's eldest son was sent to travel, and it was determined that Everard should accompany him. The pain of parting was extreme—but the necessity of the