

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD.

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

Her heart is not with our old hall;
Not with the things of yore;
And yet methinks she must recall
What was so dear before.
She wept to leave the fond roof where
She had been loved so long,
Though glad the peal upon the air,
And gay the bridal throng.

L. E. L.

ON alighting at the entrance hall, Beatrice was received by the courteous Sir George Brereton, with old fashioned state and formality. She had scarcely time to raise her admiring eyes to its magnificent doomed roof, round which ran the galleries leading to the different apartments, ere he hurried her up stairs to the boudoir of Lady Brereton, who, after a rapid survey of her face and person, pressed her in her arms, enquiring kindly for her mother and her sister Mary. At the mention of their names, tears rose to the eyes of Beatrice, which Lady Brereton observing, she said:

"You have never left home before, I presume, but I hope we may reconcile you to your temporary separation from those you love. Allow me to introduce you to my valued young friend, Lady Julia Russel."

Beatrice, for the first time, perceived a lady seated at an embroidery frame, who now coldly bowed to her as she fixed on her a pair of penetrating dark eyes. The poor girl began to wish herself at home again—for there was a stately pride in the manners of Lady Brereton, notwithstanding the attempts she made to be gracious, that chilled her young heart and impressed her with awe. The room in which they were was splendidly furnished, but quite in the massive taste of the olden time, with quaintly carved cabinets, rich jars of oriental china, and marble tables, on which were placed curious boxes, flowers, made in wax, and various ornaments; a few oil paintings adorned the damask walls, among them a fine likeness of Colonel Brereton, which appeared to have been taken some years before. As Beatrice gazed upon this, she mentally said:

"I should have liked him far better than I do now, that he is so awfully like his mother. Would that I were in my dear old oak tree."

Lady Brereton detained her some time, asking many questions, with the evident wish to draw her out, and occasionally looking astonished at the pertinence of her replies, while Lady Julia continued to view her with a supercilious smile. At length she was released, and gladly she followed the servant who

was desired to conduct her to her apartments, where she found every comfort and luxury, and a prospect from the windows of unrivalled grandeur and beauty. Norris soon joined her young lady, and as she assisted her to dress, amused her with all the gossip she had been collecting since her arrival. Beatrice enquired if there were many visitors in the house.

"Only a few gentlemen," she was told, "who had come to enjoy the pleasures of shooting with Colonel Brereton. But Mrs. Crampton tells me," continued Norris, "that there is scarcely a day without a large party at dinner, of ladies as well as gentlemen."

"Has Lady Julia Russel been long here—will she soon go away?" were the next questions asked by Beatrice.

"Oh, no, she is always here, Mrs. Crampton says; she makes herself so very agreeable to my lady that she invites her for months together; they do say that Colonel Brereton has offered his services to her, but no one wishes it, as she is not a favourite amongst the servants, she is so fanciful and gives so much trouble; now do, Miss Beatrice, try and please Lady Brereton, who knows what might come of it."

"The puissant Colonel Brereton might condescend to offer his services to me, probably," replied Beatrice laughing. "I should act the part of my lady admirably, should I not?" And the wild girl walked across the room elevating her head and imitating the voice and manner of Lady Brereton so exactly that Norris laughed aloud; in the same instant Lady Julia's maid entered to ask if she should dress Miss Annesley's hair. A smile was on her lip as she made the inquiry; it was evident she had both seen and heard her; Beatrice deeply blushed, declining her civility, while she turned towards Norris with a look of mock fear, on the door being again closed. Most lovely did she look, when, attired in a robe of white muslin, and without one single ornament amidst her luxuriant tresses, she entered the drawing-room before dinner, where were assembled a large party. Many admiring glances were turned upon her, and many whispered remarks made as she advanced towards Colonel Brereton, who had hastily stepped forward to meet her. She slightly drew herself up to receive his salutation, while he smiled, and taking her hand, addressed her formally, as Miss Annesley, conducting her at the same time to a seat next to his mother, who received her with more than her accustomed stiffness.

"This must surely be the Fairy Palace, that