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tions of a golden dowry, and as the daughter of Mr. Dalton, she will have, no doubt, many suitors, so take care of your hearts."

At a distance from the group, and in a half meditative attitude, stood a young man who had evidently caught the last words of the speaker, uttered in a somewhat loud tone, for his dark eye flashed, and his lip curled, as he half muttered, "No danger of my heart. I dislike beauties, and should be sorry to add to her train of suitors."

But we have lingered too long; let us ascend with the crowd to the drawing-room. What a gorgeous scene presents itself to our view, as the folding-doors are thrown open to admit the throng. The walls of the spacious and elegant apartment are tastefully decorated with wreaths of flowers, entwined amid green branches; the rich satin curtains, with their gilt fringe and tassels; the beautiful marble centre and side tables, on which are placed vases of exotics, and books, whose elegant binding attracts the eye; ottomans, whose well wrought roses stand in such bold relief from the velvet which they adorn, that one would imagine they had carelessly been dropt on them; musical instruments, couches and chairs of exquisite workmanship, — combined with the graceful and elegant persons, attired in chaste simplicity, or gorgeous splendor, which fill the apartment, — render the scene, for the first few moments, almost bewildering to the senses. At the head of the room, gracefully welcoming her guests, is the mistress of the mansion, a tall and elegant woman, in the meridian of life. A dress of rich fawn-colored satin, displays to great advantage her purely rounded bust, while the blonde cap, with its exquisite French flowers, is very becoming to the full face and auburn tresses, which are parted smoothly beneath it. But there is one form which seems to constitute here the centre of attraction. It is that of a young and lovely girl, in the very bloom of life. She is seated on a crimson velvet couch, and a gay group are gathered around her. Her tall, slender, but graceful form, is attired in a rich white satin dress, a wreath of white roses encircles her head, and contrasts well with the raven tresses, whose glossy curls shade a face of almost ideal beauty. It is beauty, not merely of features, or complexion, though these indeed seem perfect; the white and ample forehead, the