

and the poor child's repentance showed itself in the most affectionate docility to her beloved teacher on her recovery.

Day after day passed away, and Edith each day resolved to speak to Constance, on the subject of her departure, and each day it seemed more difficult to do so. But Mrs. John Wallingford, who had left home during Edith's illness, was now expected to return in a week at the latest, and Edith felt she could not meet her casual remarks or keen eye, after their well-remembered interview. With regard to Wallingford, her heart was at peace. She felt he did not despise her, even if he had read her involuntary weakness, but her reason told her it would be safest for her eventual happiness to break away from her present home.

At length the effort was made, and she announced to the astonished Constance that she must leave her. In vain the latter endeavored to know the cause of so strange a resolution.

"Do not distress me by asking the cause my dear Mrs. Wallingford. It will be a hard trial to leave such kind friends, and be again thrown upon the world, but it must be done."

She covered her face with her hands, but the tears trickled through her fingers. At that moment the voice of Wallingford was heard in the hall below, inquiring for Miss Clive, and Constance, springing down stairs, hastily informed him of Edith's resolution and begged to know if he could guess the reason.

"I fear I can guess it but too well," replied he. "This letter will probably explain it all. It is from Elmore. I know his handwriting, for we have corresponded. Take it to her, my dear mother, that I may know the worst as soon as possible."

Constance took the letter from his hand. It was addressed to Miss Edith Clive, and directed to the care of Edmund Wallingford. She glanced at the agitated face of Wallingford, and judging it better to leave him, took the letter to Edith, who broke the seal unconcernedly, but after reading a few words, betrayed both surprise and emotion. The suspicions of Constance were confirmed, and not wishing to intrude on her confidence, she withdrew.

Edith had never imagined the real feelings of Elmore with regard to herself. Her surprise, therefore was great when she read his letter, containing an offer of his hand and fortune, and written in a manner which did credit to his mind and heart. It made no claim of an equal return of love, but urged her unprotected situation and the dangers to which one so young and lovely would be exposed. She read and re-read it many times. "Why can I not love him?" she asked herself. "So generous, so warm-hearted, and, withal, so cultivated and refined! Why should I pain him by a refusal when he loves me, and he alone?"

Her heart gave answer why, as the form of Edmund Wallingford rose in her mind. She raised her eyes, and he stood before her. At that moment the voice of Constance called the children into her boudoir. Edith made a movement to follow, but Wallingford laid his hand gently on her arm.

"Will you not allow me a few moments conversation alone with you, Mrs. Clive?"

Edith took her seat in silence, but looked around in some alarm for her letter, which, in her haste, she had dropped on the floor. He took it up and handed it to her.

"May I ask if that letter has anything to do with your leaving us?" said he as he fixed his eyes on her face.

"Nothing whatever." Her reply was firm.

"Tell me frankly, dearest Edith, do you return Elmore's love? Do not trifle with me, but tell me at once if it is so. You need not fear to betray his secret, for his whole manner to you made it obvious to every one."

Had she heard aright? She became faint from suppressed emotion, but commanding herself, she replied as firmly as before.

"Mr. Elmore was my father's favorite pupil, and friend also. He is connected in my mind with all that is most pleasant in memory, with my father and my mother. I value and esteem him as a friend, but nothing more."

He leaned over her, and spoke in a voice almost inarticulate from his excess of feeling.

"If you do not love him, will you try to love me?"

Edith's answer is not on record, but as she sat the whole evening alone with Edmund Wallingford, in the recess of the bay window which looked out upon the moonlit waters of the Hudson, and conversed in that low, soft cadence, which seems peculiar to lovers alone, we can presume it was not in the negative.

Great was the joy of the children when told that their dear Miss Clive was to be their sister, their brother Edmund's wife; and Lucy proceeded to make known her joy to every inmate of the house, wherever she could find a listener, from the attic to the kitchen. Bitter was the chagrin of Mrs. John Wallingford, when informed, on her return, of what had happened during her absence, but when she discovered that the young couple were to form part of the family of Constance—at the urgent request of the latter, who dreaded being left alone with her mother-in-law—she established herself in another abode, and Edmund and his wife remained with Constance, till the old lady's death, which happened five years after their marriage.

I have just returned from the wedding of Frederic Elmore and Isabel Wallingford, for, notwithstanding some romantic theories on the part of my friend Isabel, she found it an easy matter to love a man seventeen years older than herself, who united so many attractive qualities of heart, mind and manner. I have stood upon the Mill River Rock, while Lucy, now a charming girl of fifteen, pointed out to me the scene of their perilous adventure, and I have seen Edith Wallingford, in her beautiful and tasteful home, surrounded by her own sweet children, and happy husband; and as I marked how lightly Time had laid his hand upon her face, I involuntarily repeated those lines of Wordsworth's:—

"And now I view, with eye serene,  
The very pulse of the machine;  
A being breathing thoughtful breath—  
A traveler between life and death;  
The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill  
A perfect woman, nobly planned  
To warn, to comfort, and command.  
And yet a spirit, too, and bright,  
With something of an angel's light."

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW — Is prepared barley likely to be taken by surprise?—If an argument is carried on "on the one hand," what is carried off with the other?—When a tailor makes up his mind, what does he do with the remnants?—What sort of lucifers does a man use to make light of his troubles?

DETAILS OF THE GREAT VICTORY.

BANKS OF THE ALMA, SEPT. 10.—Last night orders were given by Lord Raglan that the troops should strike tents at day-break, and that all boats should be sent aboard the ships of the fleet. Our advance has been determined upon, and it was understood that the Russian light cavalry had been sweeping the country of all supplies up to a short distance of our lines and outlying pickets. At 3 o'clock in the morning the camp was roused by the reveil, and all the 30,000 sleepers woke into active life. The boats from the ships lined the beach to receive the tents. The commissariat officers struggled in vain with the very deficient means at their disposal to meet the enormous requirements of an army of 26,000 men for the transport of baggage, ammunition, and food, and a scene, which to an unpractised eye would seem one of utter confusion, began and continued for several hours, relieved only by the steadiness and order of the regiments as they paraded previous to marching. The French, in advance on our right, were up betimes, and the camp fires of the allied armies, extending for miles along the horizon and mingling with the lights of the ships, almost anticipated the morning. The order of march was as follows:—

- Cavalry, 8th, 11th, 17th.
- Light Division. Artillery. Second Division.
- First Division. Artillery. Third Division.
- Cavalry. Commissariat Train.
- Fourth Division. Fourth Division.
- Rear Guard.

7,000 Turkish infantry, under Sulciman Pasha, moved along by the sea-side; next to them came the divisions of Generals Bosquet, Canrobert, and Prince Napoleon. Our order of march was about four miles to the right of their left wing, and as many behind them. The right of the allied forces was covered by the fleet, which moved along with it in magnificent order, darkening the air with innumerable columns of smoke, ready to shell the enemy should they threaten to attack our right, and commanding the land for nearly two miles from the shore.— It was 9 o'clock in the morning ere the whole of our army was prepared for marching. The day was warm, and our advance was delayed by the wretched transport furnished for the baggage. Everything not absolutely indispensable was sent on board ship. The naval officers and the sailors worked indefatigably, and cleared the beach as fast as the men deposited their baggage and tents. At last the men fell in, and the march of the campaign began. The country beyond the salt lake, near which we were encamped, is perfectly destitute of tree or shrub, and consists of wide plains, marked at intervals of two or three miles with hillock: and long irregular ridges of hills running down towards the sea at right angles to the beach. It is but little cultivated, except in the patches of land around the infrequent villages built in the higher recesses of the valleys. Hares were started in abundance, and afforded great sport to the men whenever they halted, and several were fairly hunted down among the lines of men. All oxen, horses, or cattle had been driven off by the Cossacks. The soil is hard and elastic, and was in excellent order for artillery. After a march of an hour a halt took place for 50 minutes, during which Lord Raglan, accompanied by a very large staff, Marshal St. Arnaud, Generals Bosquet, Foy, and a number of French officers rode along the front of the columns. The men spontaneously got up from the ground, rushed forward, and column after column rent the air with three thundering English cheers. It was a good omen. As the Marshal passed the 55th regiment he exclaimed, "English, I hope you will fight well to-day!" "Hope!" exclaimed a voice from the ranks, "sure you know we will!" The troops presented a splendid appearance. The effect of these grand masses of soldiery descending the ridges of the hills rank after rank, with the sun playing over forests of glittering steel, can never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Onward the torrent of war swept, wave after wave, huge stately billows of armed men, while the rumble of the artillery and tramp of cavalry accompan-