

wished to speak with me in the drawing room. How I inwardly trembled. My bosom heaving with emotion, my whole frame filled with a feeling, I know not what, and I myself jumping with joy. Indeed feeling very much like Bob Acres when his courage oozed out at his fingers' ends, only there was a nice sensation about the feeling. I bent my steps towards the room, and entered. Sitting on a sofa was a young lady of about nineteen, of surpassing beauty. After thanking me for what she was kind enough to call the very beautiful lines addressed to her yesterday, we entered into conversation, on general subjects, and I found that she possessed a cultivated mind, and was evidently a very well read person. But although we had been talking for fully half an hour there was no word of a mystery, or conspiracy, or in fact anything diabolical, and, like Lydia Languish, I was terribly disappointed in taking all the romance out of the affair, and so being prevented from making myself a bed-chamber hero. We talked on every thing, at last on—love. I could not contain myself, and fearful lest some other should come in and secure the prize from me, I forthwith made an avowal of my deep and soul absorbing passion for her—mind you I had never seen her before—and, need I add, to my surprise she reciprocated my affection; but I suppose this was owing to my good looks. What could mortal wish for more? I was in a perfect frenzy of delight.—(Puff! puff!) I visited her many times, walked out and invited her to the balls and parties, which in those days were so frequent in old Stadacona; in fact, I hardly ever left her side when she was at liberty, very seldom saw her father, and what was more strange, we had never exchanged a word. Her maid I saw often, a pretty, pleasant, black-eyed wench. This state of things could not last long. I proposed, was accepted, and the wedding announced to come off, at an appointed day not far distant. Friends congratulated me, and I was very happy.—(Puff! puff!) * *

“The wedding took place on the appointed day, and the ceremony came off with great *eclat*. The Colonel unbended his rigidity for once, and what I thought strange, had the maid with the nice black eye hanging on his arm. All my friends were present, and we were in the best of spirits. But what a surprise awaited me. Upon going to sign the registry book, I received a shock, from which I didn't recover for some time. ‘What is this, my dear,’ said I to the bride elect, ‘you have not signed your name properly.’ ‘Oh, yes love, it is perfectly correct,’ replied Mrs. Jack. ‘No, my darling, here is Mary Bradford, when you know your name is Mary Waynford.’ ‘Oh, no it isn't, my duck, it is correct.’ ‘What!’ cried I,