

deal it? Were not your heart and mine—
 which always beat in unison—heavy with a
 foreboding? He tells me that he would
 trust a young man's choice; that sud-
 den loves make long enemies; that a passion
 easily inflamed will speedily burn itself out;
 that such will be, nay *shall* be the case
 of mine; that he will never consent to our
 union; and that, finally, he has views for me
 in another quarter; that he has projected an
 alliance which I must conclude."

"Then, Arthur, we part for ever."

"This from you, Emily!"

"Hear me, dearest. Believe me, no union
 can be happy which is unsanctioned by the
 consent of parents. Do we not owe every-
 thing to our parents? even the sacrifice of our
 best hopes?"

"You but repeat the sophistry of the de-
 ceitful and selfish. Has a father the right to
 violate the purest wishes and noblest desires
 at the altar of mammon? Has he right to
 sell his soul and body both? I have ever been
 your faithful son, but to this point my allegiance will
 never carry me. And you too, Emily, have
 not sworn to be mine through every trial
 in every woe? I now call upon you to
 be faithful to your vow!"

"I am yours, Arthur, now and ever. I have
 staked my happiness to your keeping, and
 will guard it as a sacred trust."

"Beloved one!" cried the young lover, "let
 me clasp you to my heart; and here, as I im-
 print the first kiss upon those lips, I swear to
 protect you, even unto death."

Marmaduke Witherell was seated in the
 library of the old family mansion.—
 The rays of a study lamp which fell upon his
 features showed them pale, but stern and reso-
 lute. His teeth were set and he held the pen
 in a firm grasp.

"Pursue him to the utmost rigour of the
 law," so ran part of his epistle. "Demand
 immediate payment of those notes. I disown
 him; he is no longer my son; he has volun-
 tarily embraced his ruin."

This letter was to Witherell's solicitor, and
 in operation the fell enginery of the law.—
 A blow fell upon the devoted head of
 Arthur, who could still exclaim with Jaffier :
 "But yet I am in love, and pleased with ruin."

His situation now became desperate. His
 means of living had been torn from him, and
 he beheld a new claimant upon his protection
 a lovely female infant, and his heart sank
 within him. What could he do?

"Go to your father," said his weeping part-
 ner. "Tell him our distresses. His heart
 cannot be wholly hardened against you, and
 perhaps he will forgive you, if you tell him I
 am dying."

"Do not speak thus," said Arthur, clasping
 her in his arms, "or my heart will break. No,
 no, dearest, you shall live, live to see better
 times. *Le bon temps Viendra.*"

And with these consolatory words he sought
 the old family mansion. The aged servant
 who answered his summons to the door dared
 not express his delight at seeing him; it would
 have been as much as his place was worth.—
 He was shown into the library to await the
 coming of his father. The old gentleman was
 not long in making his appearance. Arthur
 sprang up to meet him, but Marmaduke folded
 his arms upon his breast and bowed loftily and
 coldly.

"What are your commands, sir?" he in-
 quired.

"I come," faltered Arthur, "to lay my des-
 perate situation before you; in plain terms, to
 ask your assistance."

"After having rejected my advice; after
 having embraced the ruin I forewarned you of;
 you come as a beggar to ask me to drag you
 out of your difficulties. Upon my word, sir,
 you are modest."

"I ask for justice. I grant that you estab-
 lished me in business; but I was led to believe
 that, in any event, time would be allowed be-
 fore I was called to account for my capital.—
 You ungenerously pressed me, ruined me."

"Have you anything further to advance?—
 I am impatient, sir."

"Father, can you shut your heart against
 me? will you not give me aid?"

"Not a farthing, were it to save you from
 starvation."

"Will you not see my poor Emily, for whom
 I have braved your displeasure?"

"Never! Dare you propose such an inter-
 view?"

"Then, sir, hear my last request. Before I
 go forth to buffet with the hard, hard world—
 go forth without your blessing too—let me see
 my poor mother. I know her heart yearns
 towards me; never an unkind word passed
 between us; I was the very light of her life.
 You cannot deny us a moment's interview."

"Hence!" exclaimed Marmaduke, in a tone
 of passion. "You have cursed my sight too
 long. I loved you once; I reared you; I fur-
 nished you with money; I made you all that
 you are, and you were ungrateful."