

had brought me up. Think of that, Miss Huntingdon, though he knew perfectly well, that papa's parishioners had presented him, as I have already told you, with a solid silver snuff box, with the words, 'An Humble Token of Respect and Esteem,' &c., inscribed in italics on the lid. When I heard his memory so cruelly outraged, I burst out crying, saying, 'that if poor papa were alive, he would not dare to insult and abuse me thus.' This made him perfectly wild, and after declaring 'I was a confounded little fool, enough to drive a man mad,' he dashed out through the window, overturning in his angry haste my work-table, and breaking the little glass figure of an angel which my godfather, good Dr. Hickman, had presented to me on my fifteenth birthday, when I was happy Carry Hamilton. He has never been in since, and I have been left all alone to reflect on his cruel conduct, and compare it with poor papa's patient gentleness. Indeed, my dear Miss Huntingdon, I have cried more to-day than I ever did in my whole life, with the exception of the terrible period that first beheld me an orphan."

"Nay," rejoined Eva, soothingly, "you must not let so very a trifle render you thus wretched. You have youth, health, your husband's love, and all this is but a passing cloud. Augustus is generous and warm-hearted, though he is somewhat impetuous, and for his sake, for your own, you must bear with his little imperfections."

"Well, my dear Miss Huntingdon, if you advise it, I shall endeavor to do so, though it will be a difficult task, for I was never brought up to such a thing. My poor papa was always very indulgent—in fact, every one said (though falsely) that he spoiled me, and a harsh word or rebuke never once escaped his lips. Mr. Huntingdon, too, used to make such protestations before marriage of unceasing love and tenderness, swearing that he would die rather than give me a moment's pain, and a whole lot of fine nonsense besides, which I was fool enough to firmly believe, though I now know it was all deception and falsehood. Indeed, if he goes on in this way, he will soon break my heart, for I have neither sister, parent, nor friend to console me when he is unkind, or to cheer me during the long tedious days he leaves me here alone, whilst he is wandering through the woods with his dog and gun, like Nimrod, or else, sitting half a day on the banks of a muddy stream, catching nothing,—which he calls 'glorious sport.'"

"But have you not a friend, a sister, in me?" was Eva's gentle enquiry.

"I have, assuredly, my dear young lady, and I

know not how to express my gratitude for your kindness in permitting me to call you such, but I cannot expect you will often condescend to leave your splendid home (how Eva sighed as she spoke!) to come to my poor cottage, where you will have no amusement beyond listening to my complaints, and my husband's foolish jests. Forgive me, but I must say, I see no great prospect of future happiness in store for me. Perhaps, had papa been less ambitious, and myself less foolishly credulous, I should have been in a more suitable and doubtless far happier sphere now. Yes, indeed, Miss Huntingdon, though my husband treats me with such contempt, and though you may scarcely credit me, I had many admirers before I ever saw Mr. Huntingdon."

"And who was the favored one?" asked her auditor with a suppressed smile.

"Well, I favored none in particular, but papa rather encouraged the attentions of Mr. William Moore, the parish clerk,—a very worthy and respectable individual, whom papa had known from childhood, and who possessed a very handsome stone cottage and garden of his own."

"Then, he really did not successfully rival my brother in your affections?" enquired Eva, more and more amused.

"Oh, no! never for a moment," was the perfectly serious rejoinder. "Mr. Moore was rather a dull sort of person and very plain, whilst Mr. Huntingdon was handsome, lively, elegant in dress and manners, and besides, well, highly,—in short, to be frank with you, I thought it would be the summit of earthly felicity and dignity, to get into a grand and noble family, such as he belonged to. Papa had always told me, that nature intended me for such a destiny, maintaining that my delicately small hands and feet were proof positive of the fact. I cannot say, though, that the fulfilment of my ardent dreams has answered my expectations. I have lost all my old friends and joys, and have gained no new ones."

She sighed deeply as she spoke, and Eva, feeling the sad truth of her remark, feeling for the lonely isolation of her position, kindly rejoined—

"But, Mrs. Huntingdon, all this will last but for a time. Happier, brighter days will come."

"Oh, no, my dear young lady. So far as my husband's family are concerned, no member of it, with the exception of yourself, will ever notice or acknowledge me in any way; and inexpressible as is the happiness your kindness and countenance affords me, I know, of course, it will not long be mine. You will soon be changing your state in life, wedding some high Lord, or Earl, who will take you away to his own home; and