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THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

"Yes! 'tis a rough and thorny road,
That leads us to the Saints' abode;
But when our Father's home we gain,
'Twill make amends for all our pain.

"And though we feel our present grief,
In hope we find a sweet relief,
For hope anticipates the day,
When all our grief shall pass away."

CAPTAIN Warburton did not return home until nearly the dinner hour, when he came evidently much elated by some circumstance. Acting on the advice she had received, his young wife never once alluded to the subject of the ball, although the effort not to do so cost her much.

"I hope you are going to spend this evening with me, Neville?" she said in a tone of entreaty, as she heard him desire his servant soon after dinner, to bring his cloak, for it was raining heavily. "Are you obliged to go out in such weather?"

"Yes, love! for an hour or two; I shall return early. depend; good evening!"

"And thus it has been almost every night this week," murmured poor Katherine, when again she found herself alone. "I wonder where he goes. Surely, it is strange that he should not prefer the comfort of his own fireside. A few months ago he would not have left me so constantly for worlds. Can it be to the Dashwoods?—if I thought so I would leave him forever," and she sat down, under the pressure of suspicion and distrust, until she made herself perfectly miserable.

The fire was out and the candles low in their sockets when Captain Warburton again made his appearance, though not as before elated and pleased, but evidently in a very ill humour. His face was flushed and heated, his manner too surely betraying from what cause. Katherine started up and turned pale, as he kicked a chair out of

his way, and staggered towards her. Never had she beheld any one in a state of intoxication before, and in great alarm she pealed at the bell.

"What are you ringing the bell for?" exclaimed her husband with an oath, and grasping her arm; "what are you afraid of?"

"Oh! Lawrence, is there any thing the matter with your master?" almost shrieked Katherine, as the servant entered the room; "see how wild he looks—pray run for the doctor."

"Is it for the doctor?" replied Lawrence, unable to repress a smile; "and sure then there's nothing the matter only he forgot to put wather in his brandy. Come, Sir! let me lade you to bed; don't stay here, frightening the mistress." And the man led his officer unresistingly away, while Katherine, inexpressibly shocked, burst into a flood of tears. That night she slept upon the hard cold floor.

On the following morning Captain Warburton appeared sullen and moody—as if ashamed of himself. Katherine feared to address him, for he scarcely spoke without uttering some offensive expressions. Oh! how was he lowered in her estimation, as she contrasted him, as he now appeared, with the noble-minded, pious Captain Beauchamp! Her deep sigh attracted his notice, and forced him to say,

"You had better go and tell your friend Mrs. Bruce, what a brute your husband is, and how miserable he makes you."

"No, Neville! Heaven forbid!" replied the

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