

cause he blushed ; and at last stammered out something or other about wet garments.

"Pooh! pooh! kiss her boy, or you're not worthy of the stock."

"Perhaps, cousin Crawford," said the soft voice of Mary, "thinks that we ladies of the city are not worthy of a salute from a university-bred gentleman, and a cousin to boot?"

"No, I'll be bound," said Crawford, finally finding his tongue, "I'll not wrong myself so far as to refuse a favour so prettily offered, nor will I so wrong my blood, as to believe that in any of its branches it boasts a lassie, whose smile were not an honour to any one."

"Well done, Thomas! couldn't have said it better myself! You shall not only have one, but a dozen for't." Crawford gallantly touched his cousins's cheek, and so ended his introduction.

"I am sure I shall like you, cousin," said Mary, as they separated for the night ; Crawford held her hand rather long, and fixed on her his full dark eyes. Cousin Mary dreamed half the night about them.

It is unnecessary to narrate in detail, the events of the ensuing week. The next day sufficed to make the young people acquainted ; the second brought intimacy ; and by the third or fourth, I'll be bound, Mary could'nt look into her cousin's eyes without trembling : so true is it, that when time and opportunity favor, but a moment, as it were, is necessary for the supremacy of a sterling, manly mind, over that of a true yet still weak and timid girl.

A whole month ran round, and yet Crawford kept to the country. Letters came down from college—he flung them in the fire ; and he stayed, in short, until his old uncle began to threaten to assign him a set of rooms, and make him his heir. Thinking now he must go, Crawford, with a heavy heart, packed up his things and the parting took place as we have before described.

When hearts that love dearly are about to separate, there is something or other growing even out of that very high estimate which each puts on the other, that leads them to doubt ; or rather we might say, it is a clear knowledge of that world to which they are about to betake themselves, and a deep conviction of the fact that anything which we dare prize highly may in a moment be stolen from us. We are a little like misers hugging their gold—we do not so much doubt the purity of the metal as we do the designs of those who would snatch it.

#### CHAPTER II.

It is much older than Shakspeare, that the course of true love never did run smooth ; it is one of those truths that experience and observation are flinging into our teeth at almost every step in life ; and the only credit we allow the great Poet, therefore, is, the having expressed in a brief sentence, what all the world knows to be true.

The "course" in the case of these two individuals, furnished, as we shall see, no exception to the world's universal experience. Whether the reader will judge that these two young people *ought* to have been trou-

bled as they were, we cannot say ; suffice it that troubles *did* come.

Crawford, after a time, found himself back at college—but, alas! he was not the same free, open, noble-hearted fellow that but a few weeks previous was packed off (we cannot say why) to the country. He was never a fellow of much mirth, still he was never the opposite : he could at least give and receive a jest with as much pleasure as the best of us, and in his giving, send the arrow of his wit *home*. But now, even the mirth he had was gone ; he roamed about the college apparently moody and absent-minded ; and we began to point our fingers significantly to our heads as the poor fellow passed us, thinking with the Scotchman, "he's clean daft" most certainly.

One evening a friend presented himself rather suddenly in his room, and found Crawford perched up in his old easy chair, with his feet on the top of his stove, and by means of the iron poker, occasionally diverting his thoughts with the intellectual occupation of stirring the fire. He was evidently chewing the cud of his fancies ; whether sweet or bitter is no matter.

"I say, Crawford," was the rather uncourteous salutation of the visitor, "what the deuce makes you such an outrageous bore of late—not indeed to your friends, but yourself? Formerly, your talk was worth everything to your friends, and probably your meditations were pleasant to yourself ; but now your tongue is dead, and I'll warrant your thoughts are as good as dead also. I repeat it, you're a very great bore!"

This was one of Crawford's real friends ; the words were therefore taken as they were meant.

"I say, Selden," was the answer, after Crawford had stood looking rather funnily at his visitor for half a minute, "*were you ever in love?*"

If Halley's comet had suddenly broken loose in the college grounds, and sent its fires athwart the windows, we do not believe Selden would have opened his eyes one half so wide as he did at this ominous question. He started, took three steps backwards, and turned one eye at the door, while with the other he watched what he now felt assured was a madman. Taking one more look at the door, and then another with both eyes at Crawford, he suddenly disappeared.

It did not take more than thirty minutes to send it all over college, that Thomas Crawford had on a sudden, become a lunatic. It was of no use that Crawford so far turned his thoughts from his lovely cousin, and once or twice to contradict the rumour—the story had got abroad, and we have it in the experience of six thousand years, that there is nothing the world so loves to talk about as the misfortunes of men, and nothing they so hate to retract as a well fledged popular lie. A good round lie had in this instance got abroad ; there was a little in Crawford's manner, unfortunately that authorized it ; and in one short week, the world had got it, and would have it, that Crawford was crazed. It would perhaps have been wiser if some friend had gone to Crawford, and, dissipating the strange atmosphere in which he now moved, learned