

became conscious of my presence, he sprang eagerly from his seat to meet me.

"'Good God! how beautiful you are!' he cried. 'I thought you very interesting yesterday, but grief had so disfigured you, (and I am no admirer of beauty in tears,) that I could form no idea of your personal attractions. But what made you so late? If you had been as impatient to see me as I was to behold you, I should not have been left to count the minutes for the last half hour.'

"'I could not come—my father was sick, and I have had so much to do.'

"I then recounted to him all that had passed, and expressed my determination to remain with my father as long as he lived, which, I added, 'I feared would not be long.'

"'I am glad of this arrangement,' he replied. 'I know a very respectable widow lady, who resides some twelve miles from here, who, I thought, would be glad to take you under her protection, as her companion. I rode over this morning in order to interest her in your fate; unfortunately she was from home, and will not return for a fortnight.'

"'You are very good; I know not how I shall ever repay you for your kindness,' said I; 'and to whom am I indebted for these generous exertions in my behalf?'

"'So you want to know my name, pretty one, who I am, and all about me! Well, I am not exactly at liberty to inform you, but this much I will tell you. You have reposed such charming confidence in me, that it is but fair to give you something in return. My name is Armyn Redgrave,—a pretty romantic name, is it not?—I am the only son of wealthy parents, but I have been a sad, wild, self-willed creature, and have fallen under the displeasure of my family, particularly of an old rich aunt, at whose death I expect to inherit a large fortune. I lately had the misfortune to wound a gentleman, who insulted me at a public dinner, very severely, in a duel, and I am just now playing at hide and seek with the sheriff's officers, not much relishing the prospect of a jail and a public trial for murder, when the wretch deserved what he got. But you look thoughtful, Jane; are you afraid or ashamed of your friend?'

"'Neither,' returned I. 'I was only thinking of the vast difference in our relative situations, and how impossible it will be for us to remain friends.'

"'Let us merge that cold, formal name, into lovers!' he cried gaily. 'I am really ambitious to rival Andrew Miller.'

"'Name not yourself in the same breath with him.'

"'Why not? He may be a decent, good fellow, who never ventured to play the pranks that I have done. You are really too severe upon your humble admirer.'

"I was vexed at the levity with which he spoke. It seemed like a mockery of my grief. He had tact enough to perceive this, and in a few moments was all sentiment and tenderness; love beaming from his fine blue eyes, and poetry the language which fell from his lips. I seemed under a species of intoxication while listening to him, and before we parted he had drawn me into a confession, that he was not indifferent to me, and I promised to meet him soon again.

"We parted, after many a long and lingering look, and I continued to watch his retreating figure until it was lost among the trees, and I then returned to the house in a tumult of excitement, yet very doubtful as to the prudence of the course I had pursued, anxious, yet dreading to fulfil my appointment with my father.

"As I lifted the latch of the door which led into our little sitting-room, a sudden chill came over me, and it required all the energy I could muster to cross the threshold. I entered the room with the stealthy tread of a guilty person, for after my imprudent confessions to Armyn Redgrave, I dreaded to meet my father's reproving eye.

"He was seated in the same attitude in which I had left him, only his head had sunk from between his supporting hands, and now rested upon the table—and but for the utter lifelessness of the position, and that solemn stillness which invariably gathers about the dead, I could have imagined that he only slept. That eye could no longer reprove, or that voice chide. My father had expired during my absence.

"I will pass over the horrors of that night. My frame was alternately shaken with convulsive bursts of agony, and the fierce chidings of remorse. With terrible fidelity, I reviewed the events of my past life, and recalled with painful exactness, every undutiful word and thought which had emanated from my mind, against that parent whom I would now have given worlds, could I have commanded them, to recall again to life. How I regretted having left him, to keep my appointment with my lover. He had died alone, and disregarded, and I dared not trust myself to imagine what his last words or thoughts might have been—and I determined, if it cost me my life, that I would obey his last solemn injunction, and remain with my brother.

"Joshua was deeply affected by the sudden