

tions, each being despised by the other. Louisa had lost her mother when a child; and her father being occupied by his magisterial and other duties through the greater part of the day, she was permitted, after hours of study, to walk where she pleased alone; and I enjoyed the usual privilege of boys of my age, after school hours, to wander where I pleased unquestioned. One evening, after a day's shooting, I approached the place of *rendezvous*. Louisa was at her accustomed spot; being later than usual we intended our walk should be limited; on advancing a short distance along the stream, a wood-cock sprang from its bed—my sportsman's habits could not be restrained—I fired, and it fell. I ran for my prize, and placed it as a trophy into Louisa's hands, life was not yet quite extinct, and as its breast heaved with painful spasms—its eyes became glassed—its wings convulsively trembled, and the golden brilliancy of its colors faded away with life—she turned on me a look of half reproach, and asked with a trembling voice, if this was what I called sport. I could not answer; at the same moment I received a rude push which drove me some distance from the spot, and a voice almost inarticulate with passion, asked how I dare thus insult the daughter of Major Williamson. I turned to resent the attack, but what was my consternation to see that it was her father.

"As to you, Miss, I know not how you have been induced to degrade yourself by associating with such a person, the son of a pauper;" turning again to me, he said, "Begone, sir, and tell your father he must find society for you suited to your rank; the daughter of Major Williamson shall not, in future, honor you with hers; and should I ever again find you trespassing on my demense, I shall prosecute you as the law permits;" and drawing his daughter's arm in his, he led her, pale, and almost fainting, towards his house. For a time I stood transfixed to the spot in a kind of stupor, till the words which he uttered again seemed to vibrate on my ear. The insult which I had received from a man whom I had always been accustomed to look on as my inferior, made the blood boil through every vein, and in a phrenzy of anger I rushed from the

place. On my way home I was obliged to pass our oak tree. I paused, and my feelings of anger gave way to one more painful, as I looked around on each familiar spot made dear to me by many pleasing recollections, now all clear to my mind, which had long before faded from it; but all now seemed still and lonely, as I felt as if I looked my last on them. I turned and left the spot, for the first time, truly unhappy; my life had been, until now, one of unchequered pleasure! this was the first taste of the cup of misery, and its draught was bitter indeed! and I learned, that at the age of sixteen, the heart can love as fondly as at any other period, and with more purity and truth.

"The following day my father called me into the library, and pointing to a note which lay on the table, asked me whether what it stated were true. I glanced over its contents, which were nearly as follows:—'Sir, I find that your son has (of course without my knowledge) been in the habit of introducing his society on my daughter; I request that, if you are not already accessory to this or an abettor of it, you will use your influence to prevent its recurrence.'

"I hope and expect, my dear boy," said he, "that this is altogether unfounded, and that the letter is as false as it is impertinent; what this man's daughter may be I know not, but I would have thought that any relative of his would have been considered by you as unworthy of your acquaintance."

"That I have intruded on Louisa Williamson's society is most false, but that we have often met, and that the happiest moments of my existence have been with her, is equally true; that it should have been a secret to you I am sorry; it would not have been so had I known that our meetings required secrecy, for I knew not till now what was the feelings which drew me towards her; and that I love her, I now confess I do; nor can any restrictions which her imperious father may put on our intercourse, or the strong love I bear for you, or the respect which I have at all times felt for your commands, subdue those feelings which now swell within my heart." My words appeared to make him unhappy, but he merely