

man in white gloves—of an avenue of little boys—of a limp pew opener, perpetually bobbing up and down in a continued series of curtsies—of a clergyman putting to him some personal questions as to his future intentions respecting a young lady by his side, on whose finger he placed a little gold ring—of a repeated reiteration on his part that that was the happiest moment of his life—of oceans of champagne—of much protracted hilarity—and he awoke to the dull reality of life to find himself married!

Married! What a jingling of bells and odour of orange blossoms there is in the word; but to Harold it was but the tolling of the knell of his worldly career. When his brain cleared itself of the fumes of the wine, and the fermentation of the excitement of the last few days, marriage seemed to him little better than a moral transportation for life.

When he found himself and Bella the occupants of his lodgings in Duke Street, he awoke to the extent and depth of his misery. Nay, his fickle mind soon exaggerated every imperfection of the poor girl, until she became to him a hideous deformity—a horror—a ghost that was to haunt him through life. In addition to this feeling of incompatibility came want of means, and

“When Poverty enters the door, young Love
Will out at the window fly.”

Now, as in this case there was no young Love at all, but only a spurious little fiend, begotten of sensuality and recklessness, he did not fly out at the window, but sat brooding and plotting mischief in the heart of the unhappy Harold.

Then came to his aid the Demon of Drink. He tried to drown his cares in sparkling wine and ardent spirits; but the cares evidently could swim well, for they rose to the surface, even more grasping, and gnawing, and harrying than ever.

The worst of it all was that old Macfarlane was unaware of his son's disgrace; he only knew that Harold was constantly writing to him the most importunate letters, begging for monetary assistance, which he responded to with a very sparing hand.

After the lapse of a few months, Harold and Bella were sitting by their “ain fire-side.” He in a dilapidated coat, no collar on, and unshaved; she with a perfect snow-storm of curl papers on her head, dowdy, drabby, and unwashed.

“Bella,” said Harold, “what a cursed thing this waiting is to be sure. If the governor would only write and say he wouldn't lend the money, I should know what to do, but the anxiety of uncertainty is terrible.”

“He lend you twenty pounds!” said Bella, with a toss of the head, that set each individual curl in a quiver, “I wouldn't give you that!”—and she snapped her fingers with a savage little bang—“for all you get from such a greedy, miserly old curmudgeon as he is.”

“What must I do?” sighed Harold.

“What must you do!” sneered Bella. “I don't believe you've got any more courage than a school-girl. Do you think, if I were you, with a father rolling in money, I'd be one day in this state of poverty?”

“What would you do?”