

heavy ringlets were gathered at the neck in a net-work of pearls, from which one or two stray tresses had escaped and floated down over her neck and bosom. Her robe was of azure satin, frosted with pearls, and her fan was gorgeous with the plumage of tropical birds. Her eyes were a deep, tranquil blue—large and strangely bright—and her fair complexion, pure and transparent as marble, was deepened in the cheeks with a just perceptible tint of rose.

My eye had taken in all this at one glance. She seemed to me like the actual presence of one of those beautiful pictures, before which I had stood with filling eyes, in the gallery of the Louvre, and from my very heart I blessed her for her loveliness, as I turned to gaze upon her companion.

Saint Agnes! patron saint of mine, why was it that in that instant a deep and bitter hatred for that beautiful being crept over my heart. Her companion was Horace Mann. It was his hand that so carefully adjusted the folds of her cloak—his eye that watched so eagerly her every look.

I danced that night as I had never danced before. Deafening roars of applause fairly shook the building to its centre; but of all that gorgeous crowd I saw but one.—It was a full half hour before he seemed to notice me, and then he carelessly turned his opera-glass toward the stage.

I danced to him—at him—what you will—at least I danced for his eyes only; and I had the satisfaction of seeing him perfectly absorbed, entranced, and apparently quite forgetful of the presence of his companion.

That was my last opera in the season, and a few months afterwards I was in London, pleasantly established in fashionable apartments at the West End.

"Agnes," said my guardian, (as I had learned to call my fatherly protector,) entering my room one morning, "there are yet six weeks before your first engagement commences. What do you say in the meantime to a masquerade? I have plenty of relatives among the West End fashionables, and I should have no difficulty in having you introduced as Miss Agnes Lee in circles where no one would ever dream of Viola, the ballet-dancer being admitted. Will you go?"

While he spoke an intense longing took possession of my heart, to gaze face to face on that great world of which I had heard so much. True, I had seen people enough—I had danced to crowded audiences, but of fashionable society, I was as ignorant as a child. But I presume very little of my enthusiasm appeared in my manner, as I lifted my eyes and said quietly, "Yes guardian, I will go."

"Well, I thought so—it's so like girls to want to see the world; so I made arrangements accordingly, and I've two invitations for you, from two very fashionable ladies who are under some obligations to me. Here is one from Mrs. Somerby, to her estate, 'The Grange,' a little out of town. You'd meet there a half-score of ladies, beside Simmons and Falconbrance and a dozen other young men who would fall in love with you. You'd have to take care and look out for your own heart, because their cards would be played out as soon as they knew your position."

"Well, sir, where is the other one?"

"That, oh that's farther out of town—to the Heronry, the estate of Mrs. Somerville Sikes, and you wouldn't find anybody there to fall in love with. There'll be one man of mark there though, Horace Mann; but Lady Clara Emmerson will be there also, and they've been reported engaged

so many times, I guess there must be something in it."

Horace Mann! Oh, how the very mention of his name thrilled me. *Could it be?* Was I indeed to see him—to be in the same house with him once more. My heart fluttered like a caged bird, but my nerves were strong, and my self command perfect, so I answered carelessly—

"Well, sir, I believe I'll choose the Heronry, you know there's no knowing what might become of my heart at the other place."

My guardian laughed, and patting my cheek pleasantly, sent out to hunt me up a dressing maid, and provide me with a suitable wardrobe.

The next day at three in the afternoon, I was whirled up the spacious gravel carriage-drive of the Heronry, and introduced to the stately Mrs. Somerville Sikes. She was a lady of, I should think, about forty, extremely well preserved, and very elegantly dressed. There was an air of patrician ease and gracefulness about her, such as I had never before observed in any lady with whom I had been thrown in contact.

She welcomed me cordially, and went up stairs with me to my own room; then kissing me, she remarked, "I will send your maid to you my dear—you will have just time to dress for dinner." Oh what would I not have given to have inquired if Horace Mann had arrived, but I dared not trust myself to mention his name, and I threw myself in an easy-chair, while my maid leisurely unbound the long tresses of my hair.

When at last its arrangement was completed, I arrayed myself, with trembling fingers, in a richly-wrought Indian muslin. Nothing could have exceeded the simplicity of my attire. The white dress was without ornament, and I wore not a single jewel, with only a sprig of Cape jessamine in my hair. I turned to the mirror as I was drawing on my gloves, and saw that, though I had been many times more dazzlingly brilliant, I had never looked more beautiful; and yet my step faltered as I entered the drawing-room.

Mrs. Sikes advanced to meet me, and I was formally presented to the company; but my eyes took in but two faces; my ears caught but two names. Clara Emerson was there, with her face so strangely fair in its quiet beauty, and her slender figure robed in azure silk. A wreath of white buds nestled in her golden curls, and she looked even more lovely than when I had first seen her. Beside her sat Horace Mann. His was truly the handsomest face my eyes ever rested on. He was indeed, as my guardian had said, a man of mark; with his Apollo Belvidere figure, his hyacinthine locks, and his roguish, laughing, dark blue eyes. The Lady Clara looked up, smiled, and spoke very sweetly; but Horace seemed so intent upon his conversation with her, that he merely noticed me by a bow. A moment after, however, as Mrs. Sikes repeated my name, "Miss Agnes Lee," he paused in his conversation, and, by his puzzled face, I knew he was remembering he had heard that name before; but he could not remember where, and I felt relieved. But even if he had, he would hardly have associated the fisher-girl of the Cornwall lee-shore with the very different-looking young lady presented to him in Mrs. Sikes' drawing-room.

He sat opposite to me at dinner, but his attention was wholly engrossed by his companion. Once, indeed, he casually glanced at me, and then I heard him remarking to Lady Clara "that Miss Lee was magnificently handsome," and then he added,

"But her style is so different from yours *ma belle Clara*," in a tone which left his fair listener at little loss to judge which style he preferred.

During the evening I had been making painful efforts to be agreeable to some dowager-countesses until I was tired; when, much to my delight, my task was interrupted by a call for music, and the Lady Clara Emerson was led to the piano. Her performance was mediocre, perhaps a trifle better than that of boarding-school misses in general. She affected opera airs for the most part, and, though Horace Mann leaned over her and turned her music, I could see he was neither interested nor animated; and yet I knew that music was his passion. At last the Lady Clara arose from the piano.

"Perhaps Miss Lee will favor us," suggested Mrs. Sikes; and Horace Mann came to my side, to lead me to the instrument. His hand just touched mine as I took my seat, and, strong as my nerves were, it thrilled me strangely. I sang an old Scotch legend of hopeless love—a song that required power and pathos—and I sang it well.

I dared not glance at Horace, but I could hear his quickened breathing—I could almost seem to feel his attitude of wrapt attention; and I knew he felt my power.—And yet for a week after that he scarcely spoke to me. His attention was still absorbed by the beautiful Clara; and yet sometimes, when he was sitting at her side, I would raise my eyes from my embroidery, and meet a glance from a distant corner of the room where they were sitting, that would cause my cheek to crimson beneath my drooping lashes. When I sang Horace never came near me; but I knew he listened, and that, let him struggle as he would, one day my purpose would meet its accomplishment.

(To be Continued.)

INSURRECTION IN LESSER WALLACHIA.—The latest accounts from the Danubian Principalities confirm the report of an insurrection among the peasants of Lesser Wallachia. The insurrection was extending, and may cause the Russians serious trouble. A report, which did not obtain much credit, was current at Jassy relative to the death of Prince Woronzow. Official accounts had been received there announcing the death of Admiral Osman Pasha, who was wounded and made prisoner at Sinope. Many of the Wallachian militia, which effected their escape from Major Barileanu's corps, have been re-captured by the Russians and brought back to Krajowa. The rest have succeeded in joining the Turks. The Wallachian officer who commanded the corps under Barileanu is in prison at Krajowa, and is charged, firstly, with not preventing the "desertion" of the men; and, secondly, with having had the boldness to declare that he considered the Sultan as his liege lord, and the Czar as only possessing the rights of a protector, that consequently he did not feel bound to fight for the second against the first. There are in Little Wallachia a few Greek farmers who sympathise with Russia, and endeavour to win over the people to the same way of thinking. The peasants have seized some of these, bound them, and delivered them to the Turks.

THE COURT OF ST. JAMES AND THE TUILERIES.—England lately narrowly escaped invasion, owing to the hostile feelings which had been excited in the mind of the French Emperor by the discourtesy with which he had been treated by our Court. The irritation produced in the mind of the French Emperor was caused by a letter