

Yet he was an upright, pious, charitable man ;
 "Gave dinners daily to wealth, power and
 rank,
 And sixpence every Sunday to the poor."

No military sway was ever more despotic than that which Marmaduke Witherell aimed at in his family. His wife yielded meek obedience, and so did Arthur, the younger and gentler of the brothers; but Hugh, the elder, as he grew to manhood, displayed a fierce and overbearing spirit, which gradually gained an ascendancy over that of his father. When the storm of the revolution rolled its full tide through New England, Hugh Witherell and his father sympathized deeply with the royalists, while the heart of Arthur bled for the sufferings of his country. Had the latter yielded to the earliest impulses of his patriotism, he would have gone forth to the struggle, but the tearful agony of his mother, and the stern commands of his father, compelled him to remain at home. Hugh went forth and joined the royal forces. His sword was red with patriot blood at New London, at Brooklyn, and at Camden. He fell at the storming of a redoubt, cursing the rebels with his latest breath. His untimely death cast a deep gloom upon the mind of his father, who from this time appeared under the dominion of a sterner spirit than before.

Though secretly sympathizing with the royal cause, he yet contrived to avoid the reputation of a tory, and on the cessation of hostilities remained at home in peace upon his customary good footing with his neighbours. Arthur, not formerly the favourite of his father, received an unusual share of favour when he became the only son by the misfortune of his brother. At the close of the revolution he embarked in commercial pursuits, abundantly supplied by the wealth and credit of his father.

Not long after commencing business, circumstances compelled young Witherell to visit Philadelphia. He was one evening indulging in a solitary walk, when, chancing to glance at a parlour window, he was struck with the countenance of a young lady of great loveliness. Their eyes encountered. Ardent and romantic, the young man seemed to have arrived at a crisis of his fate. He passed the house, hesitated, and retraced his steps. Again their eyes met. He hurried home and dreamed of the unknown. From that time her image was never absent from his mind. Engaged in business or pleasure, her sweet smile and graceful figure were constantly beside him; his daily walk conducted him past her house, but great was his disappointment at finding the parlour

window always vacated. The name of Mercer was inscribed upon the door-plate; Arthur found, upon inquiry, that, though married, he was childless. This mystery startled his fancy, and he found himself deeply in love, though he had cast on the enchantment but a passing glance. They were destined however, to meet ere long. At a large brilliant ball, which he attended with reluctance, Arthur was presented to a Miss E. Ashton, in whom he instantly recognized the object of his romantic attachment. He discovered a new passion as he gazed upon her innocent blue eyes, the delicate curved lip, the Persian brow, and Medicean contour of her rounded figure. To dance with her the next evening, to tread the floor as if he were moving over roses, to exclaim at the fleeting of time when the cold gray dawn broke in upon the fading lamps and withering roses of the festal were things of course to a young lover.

How rapidly he sped in his wooing we may gather from the words he addressed to the young lady as he drew her shawl around her polished shoulders.

"My own beloved one! you give me life! To-morrow then we meet, and the next day and the next; and soon—oh rapture!—part no more. Nay, fear not anything toward, for so do I interpret that sigh. I kiss my father well; proud, haughty, it may be, but just and considerate. I have but to present you to him in the colours of truth, and my answer will be approbation. Fear not, my dearest."

He led her to her carriage, and she returned under the pressure of his hand as she stepped lightly to her seat. As the horses bore her away the red sun rolled up from the east and gilded the spires of the city with its golden light; but the shadows fell long and dark upon the pavement.

"Which," exclaimed young Arthur, with something of a melancholy prescience, "what is the symbol of my fate? the sunshine or the shadow?"

He hastened home to write a letter to his father.

"Well, dear Arthur, what did your father say?"

The young lover turned a vacant gaze upon her. His countenance was changed: the redness of his forehead swollen; his eyes red as if with recent tears; his dress disordered; all symptoms of some overpowering emotion.

"Ask me not, Emily; yet why should