

From home and friends, doomed,—worse than all,
 To lead a life-long funeral.
 That summer day comes back to me
 In all its freshness o'er the sea,
 Whose vast dissociating tide
 Now rolls between me and —; how wide
 The gulf which separates us now,
 Her own irrevocable vow!
Bride I had almost called her:—Never!
 The stream which parts us flows for ever.

EXSPES.

A LORD OF THE CREATION.

PART III.

CHAPTER X.

But once in-doors, the scene was changed. The maid of whom he inquired for Miss Kendal announced that that lady was then engaged with her pupils. But on his saying he would wait till she was at liberty, he was shewn into the drawing-room — a long apartment, with two French windows looking out through the wreathed columns of the verandah, across the broad lawn to the thick shrubberies, and thence over the “dip” of the valley to the wave-like hills beyond. But Vaughan thought the interior of the room more inviting for the gaze to rest upon. *Imprimis*, walls of a pale vague colour, with a slender, graceful twining pattern of leaf-green described thereon. The usual amount of tables, consoles, chairs, and couches, disposed around; and — provided by Caroline's thoughtful care from the hot-houses at Redwood — more than a usual quantity of flowers on stands at each window. A few prints on the walls and one large mirror, reflecting back the flowers and alabaster ornaments of the mantel-piece. Carpets and hangings of deep crimson gave a warm tone to the whole. Moreover, and finally the fire blazed brightly in the polished steel grate, and a little table with writing materials was drawn closely thereto. And a low gracefully-shaped lounging-chair was placed beside the little table; and in the chair reclined one of the prettiest visions of brilliance, warmth, and colouring, that ever glowed against the dulness of a November day. A vision of small but exquisitely harmonious proportions — of polished brunette complexion, with a living bloom upon each

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