

still fondly loved! But pride, that calumniated supporter of the sinking soul, forsook her not in this her hour of trial; no tear dimmed the lustre of her dark eye, as she looked her last farewell on the place so long her home; no drop, sacred to sorrow, stained the few lines which intimated to the baronet that he should be obeyed; she shrank not from the task of preparing for her departure, although her heart was overflowing with anguish, but subduing every emotion, she quitted the place apparently as indifferently as if she had but visited it for a day. But when she was seated in the carriage, and the little prattling Florence, then a bright-eyed child just passed her fifth birth-day, enquired where they were going, a convulsive shudder shook her frame, and a deadly paleness overspread her face:

"I do not know, my dear," she said in feeble accents, as she pressed her youngest darling, a babe some few weeks old, to her heart, and burst into tears.

On the second day of her journey, she was struck with the sweet locality of a quiet village through which she was passing, and she determined to make it for the present her home. Obtaining a small neat cottage just beyond the limits of the village, she removed thither, and with a sorrowful heart took possession of her humble home. A trusty maid servant had remained with her; and performed the labours of the family, and lady Wilmot felt that she might live in some degree of comfort, even in a tenement rude as this, Sir James had remitted her a sum, sufficient to enable her to reach Spain; she possessed some valuable jewels, the gifts of her parents, which she might dispose of when closely pressed by want; and here she resolved to await the pleasure of her parents, to whom she had written, to acquaint them with her destitution, and to implore them to receive their child. Fearful that her application might be in vain, she also wrote to her grandfather, the London banker, who was still living, to supplicate his protection; but a month passed, and still no kindly letter cheered the sad heart of the deserted wife.

At length, when hope had almost died within her, and she felt that she was indeed cast off by all from whom she might hope for protection and support, a letter came. It bore a London postmark, and her soul was agitated by contending emotions as she broke the seal, and recognized the name of her grandfather. But oh! how did the heart, which but a moment before, beat high with hope, sink in her bosom as she perused the contents. In words which told how strongly pride had struggled with the softer feelings of his heart, he informed her, that the child whose dis-

obedience had grieved the hearts of her parents, applied to him in vain; that whatever she might suffer was but the reward of her own imprudence and folly, and he would not stand between her and the punishment justly inflicted by the hand of Heaven; he pitied while he blamed, but would not assist her.

The pride which had impelled her to leave her much loved home at Wilmot house, which had sustained her in her reversed condition of life, came to her aid, and prevented her from sinking under her new griefs; and folding the letter carefully, she threw it upon a table near her, and pursued her task of imparting instruction to her little ones. But her heart was not in her employment; she felt that the crisis of her fate was approaching, and what that fate might be, she knew not. If her parents would consent to receive her, she would be restored to all the affluence of her early home; if they would grant her an allowance, she might live in comparative comfort where she now was; but if they refused her the assistance she solicited, she saw before her only the beggar's doom, and she shrank in horror and disgust from the fate which presented itself to her imagination. At length came the blow which annihilated the last lurking gleam of hope. A letter was put into her hand by her joyous servant—one glance at the well known hand of her father was sufficient to show its origin, and many moments passed ere she summoned resolution to break the seal. As she did so her own letter fell to the floor, and with a sickening of the heart, which until this moment she had never felt, she read these words: TO LADY WILMOT,

As your parents are aware, that had you not been cast off by him for whose sake you left their affection and their home, you had not indulged a desire to be again received beneath their once despised roof, they have determined to refuse you the assistance, which want, not love, impels you to solicit, although they regret that your disobedience yields such bitter fruit.

FERDINAND.

With one deep groan of anguish lady Wilmot fell from her chair, and several days passed ere she awoke to a sense of her wretchedness. Now came her resolution to conceal from her children the knowledge of their descent, and prepare them for the lowly part they were likely to act in the drama of life. Her means were now exhausted, and as soon as she had recovered strength sufficient for the exertion, she repaired to London and disposed of her jewels. From these she gained a considerable sum. The means thus obtained, by studying the strictest economy, sustained her a year in her present abode, but that