

ness and resolution, and you will never study the art of management."

"Is Miss Eveline accustomed to the exercise of her own will?"

"Yes, when she wills to do right, and when she is wrong, a word of remonstrance is sufficient to subdue her. Eveline Morris must be governed only by the gentle influence of the affections, for although to kindness she is as docile as a lamb, she would be utterly untameable by harsh and severe treatment. But are you sure Major Morris is in love with your daughter?"

"I wish I *was* certain of that fact, my dear madam; but I do not despair of seeing him so; he admires the fresh and youthful beauty for which she is so remarkable, he is charmed with the simplicity of manners which I have taken so much pains to teach her, and I think, with proper discretion on our parts, he may be led on to form a serious attachment. Excuse me for trespassing so long upon your valuable time," continued Mrs. Harley, looking at her watch. "So you will not be persuaded to bring your young pupil to dine with me to-morrow?" The old lady coldly answered in the negative. "Well, good morning! the next time I call, I will bring Mary with me, to make the acquaintance of Miss Morris."

Mrs. Harley hurried away, and as she regained her carriage, she threw herself back upon the silken cushions with a feeling of discomfort such as she did not often experience. "Thank Heaven," thought she, "that long lecture is at an end; the old lady has passed away an hour, and yet contrived to give me no actual information about this Eveline Morris; I dare say Mary will have trouble enough with her, unless her father can be persuaded to keep her at school."

Perhaps the manœuvring mamma would have felt less sanguine in her schemes if she could have taken a peep into a certain back parlour, where sat the handsome and stately Major Morris, holding the hand of a delicate and graceful woman, in whose intellectual countenance the 'freshness of youthful beauty' had long since given place to more lasting charms. He admired the beautiful Mary Harley, as he would have done a fine picture, but if he thought of her at all, it was only as a child, in comparison with himself. He was the friend of her father, without having the slightest idea of becoming the lover of the daughter, for his good sense taught him, that in making a second choice, his age, and the future welfare of his child should be taken into

consideration. This he had done; and even while Mrs. Hardy was condescending to visit her *poor relations*, in order to further her plans with regard to the rich widower, he had taken the liberty of calling upon one of those humble relatives, with the offer of his heart and hand. In less than three months after the double interview, the fashionable world were all surprised by the announcement of the major's marriage. He had learned to estimate the true character of women, and despising the allurements of fashion, he had chosen the modest, unpretending daughter of Mrs. Wilkinson—the *poor relation* of the aspiring Mrs. Harley. The close of the memorable year of—'36, *the year of bubbles*, as it may emphatically be called, found the major and his pleasant family circle enjoying the rational pleasures of Parisian life, while it left Mrs. Harley planning new schemes for the advancement of her daughter, and vainly regretting her neglect of her '*poor relations*.'

It was in the spring of 1840 when Major Morris returned to his native land. His daughter had grown up into an elegant and graceful girl, his wife had realized all his anticipations of domestic happiness, and he had learned to love old Mrs. Wilkinson with almost filial affection. They formed a united and affectionate family, studying the comfort of each other, and thus contributing most effectually to their own. They returned to take up their residence in the city of their birth, and the major's first care was to select such a dwelling as might become his permanent place of abode. He found no difficulty in procuring such. Many a splendid mansion, which, at his departure, was filled with aspiring and wealthy families, now stood untenanted and lonely in their magnificence. The spirit of speculation had proved itself but a juggling fiend—the gold which men had fancied within their grasp, like fairy treasure, had returned to its original worthlessness, and the millionaire of —'36, was the bankrupt of —'40.

Among others who had put in the sickle at harvest-time, and reaped only tares, was Mr. Harley. Tempted by the opportunity of making a fortune in a night, he forgot that things of such *gourdlike* growth may wither even as quickly. Neglecting the business which was gradually heaping up wealth within his coffers, he threw himself into the midst of stock and land speculations, entering heart and hand into all the gambling schemes of the wildest projectors. We smile at the credulity of those