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COLLEGE SCRIBBLINGS, NO. 1.

THE LUNATIC.

CHAPTER I.

THE sun was shining brightly and warm, and throwing the full glory of his beams over the old mansion and garden walls, as my friend Crawford turned, perhaps for the twentieth time, to kiss his last adieus over the fair fingers of his cousin Mary, before setting off for College.

"You will speedily forget me, Mary, and it will soon be as if we had never met."

"Now, by my troth, as a true heroine would say, you must really think much of the heart you have been permitted to call your's, that you are led to doubt its faith so easily. Cousin Crawford, I have not deserved this of you!"

"Forgive me, dear Mary, but my love for you is so little short of madness, that I am disposed to magnify a thousand times the chances of your being torn from me. I go to College—shall not see you in months again; while you go into a populous and fascinating city, where witty words and a fairer outside, will, as I fear, soon banish from your mind, plain Thomas Crawford."

"Paha! cousin, banish such *nonsense* rather. Think you I know not the worth of my kind cousin? If I were to be caught by glitter, I were caught ere this; as it is, believe me, Thomas, you wrong both your own sterling worth, and also, cousin, your own Mary, to suppose that, in the whirl of a city, I can in a few days forget these delightful hours in this happy valley. No, Thomas, I have vowed to love you; you only can ever absolve me from that vow."

The last pinch at parting every reader of story-book knows; we shall not, therefore, prolong the present interview, or rather farewell, of the two individuals thus abruptly introduced to the reader; we care rather to give a very little of their history.

These two individuals were cousins, both of them far from their homes, and under the care of a rich old bachelor uncle. They had met here by accident, and for the first time in their lives; both living, as it happened, in different parts of the country, and having only, at the most, heard of each other by name. Mary

in the city, Crawford in the country, and for some reason or other, they never had happened to come together.

Crawford had now been about two years at college. His uncle's residence was but some twenty miles in the country, in a beautiful and picturesque valley; and it so happened that his uncle's long standing invitation to come and spend a week with him, was accepted by the young man at the very moment that another uncle, and his most beautiful daughter—the lady we have seen—were making the old bachelor a visit.

When Crawford had arrived at his uncle's, it was late in the evening—he was thoroughly drenched with rain—and, on the whole, did not present to his fair cousin just the outward appearance, that young ladies, just from the city, perhaps think the most of.

Crawford was something more than ordinarily plain in his appearance—not *handsome*—rather dark; and there was, perhaps, about his mouth, something that provoked even dislike, but then the upper part of his face was fine, even noble,—a full broad brow, eyes that seemed to look you through, and the shape and cast of the head very decided, and evincing extraordinary character. Still, it must be said, Crawford was plain, and on this evening, when ushered for the first time into the presence of his lovely cousin, he looked more like a coarse country school-boy, than a gay Lothario.

Crawford had mingled but little in society—very little in that of ladies; we must add, also, that there was constantly in him a consciousness of possessing something vastly superior to the usual small-talk trifles of the drawing-room; and this, as is always the case, gave to the young man, at first sight, a sort of cold constraint, which made even his defects more prominent. In short, if any one had undertaken to prognosticate from Crawford's entry into his uncle's dwelling, anything as to his true character, or anything as to his success with a young lady, they would have been most grievously outwitted.

The uncle was a plain man, though liberally educated; and he laid claim, and with some right, to the title of an "old English gentleman, one of the olden time."

"Come, nephew Crawford, when I was a boy, we saluted lady cousins on a first meeting. This is a daughter of your aunt, Thomas, and a witch she is too. Come, boy, you will not flinch?"

Crawford blushed like a girl; then was vexed be-