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## JANE REDGRAVE.\*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

### CHAPTER IX.

Oh, love! thou hast betrayed my trusting heart,  
In spring's fresh morning, when the flush of joy  
Kindled the red rose on my conscious cheek—  
The rose is withered by the blight of care,  
Its bright leaves mildewed with the scalding tears  
Of hope too long deferred.

"Ah! my child," said Mrs. Sternfield, as she patted the pale cheek of Rosamond, who was reclining upon the sofa in her boudoir; "this is the manner in which pleasure repays her votaries."

"I am no lover of pleasure, grandmamma. My spirits become depressed, instead of exhilarated amid scenes of gaiety. If the world was made for the young and thoughtless, I feel that I was not made for the world. I have seen enough of it, and with your permission, I will leave London for a while, and visit my Aunt Dunstanville. The air of Bramby will revive my drooping heart."

"And is there no tie, Rosamond, to bind you to London?" said the old lady with a searching look. Rosamond blushed and looked down, then grew suddenly paler than before.

"You are unhappy, my child?"

Rosamond's lip quivered, and large tears filled her eyes.

"This should not be in the first days of love, when that love is bestowed upon a worthy object. Beware of jealousy. It is a fiend that will destroy the very passion that gave it birth—a changeling, too often mistaken for love, but its bitterest enemy."

"I am not jealous of him, grandmamma. Oh! no—he is too good, too generous to give me pain; but I doubt myself. I feel too painfully my own inferiority; feel that I was not brought up a lady, that I am not worthy of him. Last night I angered him, I know not how, and I have not seen him since." Here the tears that had been hanging in her long dark lashes overflowed her cheeks, and the young girl turned away and wept bitterly.

The old lady saw that something was wrong, and she determined to see her nephew, and demand an explanation; she would then bring him to Rosamond, and feel the joy of producing a reconciliation between the lovers. Her surprise was great on learning from Marianne that he had quitted the house without bidding her farewell. A cold ceremonial note contained a written apology for his extraordinary conduct; and Marianne said, that she had just sent up to Rosamond a letter, which he had charged her to deliver.

"Rosamond has, I fear, lost her lover," she said with an air of indifference. "Men of his warm temperament are not to be trifled with; and she would dance and flirt with Captain Doyle, although she saw that it annoyed the Major. A girl so fond of admiration, and with such little prudence, deserves to be punished. I for one don't pity her—did she care for her lover, she would avoid wounding his feelings. She will not meet with such a man as Dunstanville Sternfield every day.

"Poor Rosamond!" sighed the old lady—"he was not worthy of thee. If he has deserted thee, his conduct is both cruel and contemptible.

\*Continued from page 356.