

time, an expression of soft and melting tenderness. Nor shall we give a long, glowing word-picture of her hair, though it was of the richest luxuriance, and glossy raven hue, with a slight tendency to curl. Her form was plump and finely rounded; her countenance expressive, and exhibiting high intelligence, calm and placid when at rest, but often lighted up by a most bewitching smile, and then wit and wisdom would hold high revel on her lips, although, at all times, she displayed more than common firmness. Her stature was rather above the medium height, with a nice adjustment of breadth; her step was clean; and, in fact, her every movement manifested refinement and grace. Her voice, manner, countenance, and deportment showed very clearly to the observer that more than an ordinary amount of sorrow had fallen to her lot. Holding her sewing in her hand, as though in a state of hesitancy, casting a momentary and furtive glance towards the window, as though listening for the sound of some expected footfall, then consulting the elegant gold watch that she had just taken from her girdle, she looked, with a steady gaze, at the light of the wax tapers, as though revolving some weighty subject in her mind; and ever and anon a deep-drawn sigh would escape her, which would heave her bosom and give still greater dimensions to her well-developed form.

At length there was the sound of the opening wicket, and the well-known cough—sure notice, and welcome password to the inner citadel of that true woman's heart—and, quick as thought, with an elastic bound, she was at the door, and the bolt withdrawn. Be not afraid, ye loving couple, for it is not our purpose to say one word