

those graces which are the best proofs of its sincerity.

In consequence of this excellent advice, Katherine rallied her spirits on the entrance of Captain Warburton, and was repaid for the effort by his affectionate manner towards her. He had been to the post-office, he said, where he had found a letter addressed to her.

"Oh! it is from Arthur!" she joyfully exclaimed, taking it from him and breaking the seal. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure."

"Where is he? what is he doing?" inquired Warburton, throwing himself on the sofa, and watching her animated countenance as she began to read the contents.

"You shall hear." And sitting down by him, she commenced reading aloud the following:—

"MY BELOVED SISTER!

"I left Canterbury the morning after I parted from you, and proceeded at once to London. Went to Mr. Chester's house, where I found him in great affliction from having just taken leave of an only son, who is supposed to be in a decline, and has been ordered by his physicians to try the climate of Madeira. Notwithstanding this, he received me with the kindness of a father, and forced me to take up my abode with him, until he could obtain some appointment for me, which I am truly gratified to say he has succeeded in doing, and I am going out to India in the *Company's* service—a much better thing than the Navy, with so little prospect of getting on in it as I should have. He insists on paying all expense of outfit, voyage, &c., and I am to pay him when I can. Is he not a noble fellow?

Write to me soon, Kate! and address your letter to the care of John Chester, Esquire, Park-Lane. Your sweet, pale face has haunted me ever since I saw you. Oh that we could recall the happy days at Granby Lodge!—but this can never be! Who knows, my sister, whether we may not meet in India! I heard a report, a few days ago, that the — Regiment, would go out there next year.

Remember me to Warburton. I regret now that I did not see him. Kiss the bairn; and take care of yourself, for the sake of your affectionately-attached brother,

"ARTHUR ATHERSTON.

"I shall write to you again before I sail, which I expect to do in the course of a week. Have you heard that my father's second wife has left him, in favour of some foreign Count? No wonder!!! He has gone abroad again, I am told."

"Well done, Arthur!" said Captain Warburton, on hearing this last piece of intelligence. "I confess I quite agree with him, and I rejoice in the circumstance."

"Fye, Neville! that is wrong," replied Katherine, smiling: "you cannot approve the lady's conduct in deserting her husband, because he does not in all things please her?"

Captain Warburton started at the question, while his cheek flushed; then, taking her hand, he replied,

"No, sweet Kate! a woman to be lovely, must endure all things."

"And hope all things," returned Katherine, stooping to kiss him. "But your eyes are heavy, love! I will draw the curtain, when perhaps you will sleep."

She did so; whilst he, covering his face with his hands, remained silent, whether to sleep or to reflect, we know not. Katherine staid near him, reading her letter again and again, and occasionally looking up, as some movement or indistinct murmur would draw her attention towards him.

And now, with the permission of our readers, we will convey them from the quarters of Captain Warburton awhile, into the little back drawing-room of Mrs. Cobb, where that worthy lady was sitting with her spouse at a late breakfast, the young ladies having vanished to consult with each other upon the important subject of their dresses, for the public breakfast at Lady Marley's. It was evident from Mrs. Cobb's silence, that something of importance was revolving in her mind, that some favour was to be asked, which she usually preface'd by a subject as foreign to the one nearest her heart as possible. At length, on perceiving Mr. Cobb lay down his newspaper to spread his toast, she remarked,

"What excellent tea this is, my love. I never taste any so good as at our house."

"Yes, my dear, it is very good. I flatter myself that whatever I choose is *always* the best," replied Mr. Cobb, who was a very small man, a very shrewd man, and, as Mrs. Cobb termed him, "a very crusty man."

"Did you remark how very indifferent it was at Lady Marley's the other evening?"

"I remarked many things very indifferent at Lady Marley's," replied Mr. Cobb drily.

"And yet it is a most agreeable house to visit at. Don't you think so, my love?"

"Humph!"

"What a very nice young man her brother, Mr. Wilkins, is; so obliging, so attentive!"

"I think him a pert, vulgar coxcomb, my dear."

"La, Mr. Cobb! how can you say so? I am sure to me and my gals he is particularly civil, especially to Arabella, who I am sure he admires exceedingly."

"How very obliging of him!" said Mr. Cobb.

"Don't you think, my dear, we ought to give a dinner to the Marleys, in return for all their civilities to us?" observed his wife. "Mr. Wilkins is to leave them in a few weeks, and I should like to have them while he is here."

"Time enough, my dear, to settle that."