

happy beyond my powers of expression, to think that the amiable Laura loved me still. I made no declaration of my attachment, nor did I seek any confession on her part, for our eyes had already told their secret too plainly to be mistaken.

" We felt that our love lived and loathed idle sound."

Soon after my arrival in England, my great picture was exhibited in Somerset House, and I became a member of the Royal Academy; and met with my full share of envy and detraction, on the part of other less successful artists, —but the public voice conferred upon me a solid reputation.

My pictures sold for large sums of money; and fortune's favors were showered down upon me with no sparing hand. The excellence of my paintings, and the homeliness of my person, were often themes of public conversation. Blest with the affections of one of the best and most beautiful of women, I gloried in my ugliness. It helped materially, with a little dash of eccentricity, to attract public attention, which was everything to me.

I took a handsome house at the west end of the town; and with the cordial approbation and blessings of my friend and patron, Mr. Everard, Laura became mine for ever.

Years have rolled on in peace and happiness, and Laura and I are both growing old. She has lost the fresh tints of buoyant youth, while I am only changed from an ugly young man, to a less ugly old one. The very disparity between us in point of appearance, has been the chief source of our happiness; ours is an affection, which, being necessarily founded on the strong sympathy of our souls, is imperishable in its nature, and incapable of decrease.