

THE
LITERARY GARLAND.

VOL. III.

DECEMBER, 1840.

No. 1.

(ORIGINAL.)

BEATRICE; OR, THE SPOILED CHILD.

A TALE.

BY E. M. M.

I know thee but a form of earth—
I know thy wondrous mind;—
Linked ever by its tears and mirth,
To all of earthly kind.
A flower's thy strength—a child's thy glee—
And all thy moods of heart,
Tho' restless as the billowy sea,
In beauty come and part.
Thou art of earth in mind and will,
Yet a soul's spell—a vision still.

Miss Jewsbury.

"I HAVE delightful news for you today, my dear girls," said Mrs. Annesley, entering her daughters' morning-room, with an open letter in her hand.

"Who do you suppose is coming to us tomorrow?"

Mary, who was busily engaged copying an exquisite print from Raphael's picture of the Madonna and infant Saviour, started up at these words, exclaiming: "Who, dear mamma? pray tell us?"

"Who but your friend and favourite, Colonel Brereton. He is going to the Abbey, and has kindly written to say that he will take us *en route*."

The crimson which rushed to the cheek of Mary, and the gentle heaving of her bosom, betrayed the emotion she felt at this intelligence; while her young sister, Beatrice, who sat by her side on a low stool, with her pet dog lying on her knee, replied:

"Colonel Brereton coming! oh, how sorry I am! I suppose now there will be nothing but formal dinner parties for the next week, and all our beautiful evenings sacrificed to playing fine ladies and gentlemen in the drawing-room."

"Beatrice, Beatrice, my loved one, do speak with more reflection," said Mrs. Annesley, laying her hand on the fair round shoulder of her daughter.

"Remember that Colonel Brereton is the son of my most valued friend. I hope, therefore, you will determine within yourself to behave with propriety, and impress him favourably. I am particularly anxious that you should do so; and for the time being give up the character of a romp."

"Colonel Brereton must become of vastly more importance in my sight," returned Beatrice, with a

toss of the head, "before I endeavour to appear what in reality I am not. If he dislikes me, he will be sure to admire Mary, which will please me quite as well."

"You have never seen Claude Brereton," murmured her sister, in the lowest tone, "at least since you were five years old."

"And you have. Certainly after your glowing descriptions, I expect to behold a perfect blaze of beauty," returned Beatrice, laughing; "yet I scarcely think he will consume me by his brilliancy. His manners are very reserved and distant—are they not?"

"Oh, not to those who understand him," returned Mary, warmly. "They possess a dignity which checks all offensive freedom; and, accustomed as he is to command, perhaps they may appear at times too decided; yet is he a noble creature."

"I am quite sure I shall not like him. He will be altogether too grand, too stately for me. I hate your men in buckram. Nay, dear mamma, do not look so distressed. Indeed I will comport myself with all due regard to his mightiness. You shall see me drop my very best curtesy, and sit on the extreme edge of my chair; say nothing but yes, sir, and no, sir, as prettily and demurely as the Misses Bradshaw, at Miss Fayden's polite Seminary for young ladies. Will that please you?"

Mrs. Annesley smiled, and stroking the fair head of her beautiful child, kissed her with much affection, as she said:

"If I had only possessed the courage to correct