

"Mrs. Danville had consented with a very ill grace, but, the sacrifice once made, she was determined to manage the affair with some display. A large party was invited; all the fashion of the neighbourhood was collected; and, in the midst of the frivolous assembly, Margaret, looking like the Peri when she beheld the opening gates of Paradise, plighted her vows to her beloved cousin. I never saw a face so radiant with happiness as was her's on that eventful evening.

"The mother found some consolation in selecting the most gorgeous furniture for the house destined for the young pair, and in relating to every one the tale of Mr. Danville's generous conduct towards them. Indeed a want of liberality was not one of the father's failings, and when he endowed his daughter with a fine house and a competent income, every body was in raptures with his noble spirit. Carrington devoted himself earnestly to his profession, probably from a wish to become independent of his father-in-law; and he was not long in discovering that his wealthy alliance had produced a wonderful effect upon the perceptions of those who had heretofore been blind to his merits. A wide field of practice began to open before him, and I believe if ever perfect happiness blessed the lot of mortals, the young husband and his gentle wife then enjoyed it. But alas! it was like the few glimpses of Heaven which the weary wayfarer beholds in his toilsome earthly pilgrimage.

"A year had scarcely elapsed, when they were aroused from their placid enjoyments, by the necessity of a temporary separation.—Margaret's elder brother had gone to the south on business, and, while there, intelligence was received of his dangerous illness. Mr. Danville immediately suggested that Carrington Wilson should proceed to the place of his sojourn, not only to give him the benefit of his medical skill, but also to accompany him home as soon as he should be sufficiently recovered to travel. Of course to such a summons there could be but one response. His duty was plain; and with his hopes of a speedy return struggling with his regrets at leaving his sweet wife, he bade her farewell. Day after day Margaret's heart was gladdened and her eye brightened by the receipt of a letter from him whom she loved with such passionate fondness. At every place where the traveller stopped, he wrote to her, and this enabled her to endure with patience the first fortnight of his absence. But at length a day passed without a letter—another and another followed—and while the

family were filled with anxiety; they received tidings that the invalid brother was already on his way home. His letter told them of his convalescence, and bade them expect him home at a certain time—but the name of Carrington was not once mentioned. Margaret was almost wild with anxiety, but she strove to listen to the whispers of hope until the return of her brother. He returned, sick and feeble, and alone! He had not seen Carrington, and did not even know of his journey. Need I describe to you the anguish of the unhappy wife? Her family, sordid and calculating as they were, could not behold her agony unmoved, and her younger brother determined to go in search of her husband. Margaret, at first, prepared to accompany him, but when it was suggested that her presence would only impede him in his design, she quietly submitted, and remained to abide the issue of his research. What wretchedness did the young creature endure during that awful season of suspense! Daily did I minister to her the words of consolation, but her heart could listen only to its terrible forebodings, and my services were of little avail.

"Are you prepared to hear the result of young Danville's journey? In a lone and unfrequented wood, beneath a pile of withered leaves and hemlock branches, was found a mangled and disfigured body. The knife of the assassin and natural decay had left no personal trace of its identity, but the name still visible on parts of the dress, some peculiarities in the form of the poor remnant of mortality, and a little locket, apparently of too trifling value to tempt the cupidity of the robber which still hung upon the ghastly breast, offered proof enough. It was indeed all that remained of the hapless Carrington Wilson! His murderer had probably been stimulated by cupidity, as his watch, his pocket-book, and even a ring, the gift of Margaret, which he always wore, were now gone. Every clue to the perpetrator of the awful crime, was, of course, lost; and consigning the body to an unhallowed grave, young Danville returned to his home, bearing with him the terrible evidences of the fate which had befallen his sister's husband.

"I will not harrow up your young minds by a recital of all the wretchedness which I witnessed in that house when the fearful tidings were revealed to Margaret. She listened to them with a cold and strong look of horror, and when the locket was placed in her hand she fell prostrate on the floor—not with the relaxed motion of one in a fainting-fit, but