

his part but added to the sorrow of their idolized Katrine, their position became nearly insupportable, and any situation would have been preferable, could they only have shielded her from additional discomfort. But at Gibraltar there was no opening or means whereby either could aid in procuring a livelihood, even had the pride or wish to stand fair in the world of Mr. T. allowed such a course. Often did they long for the quiet plain simplicity of their beloved Germany, for the friends who had witnessed Mr. Schiller's early life and his struggles for fortune, trusting that there they should not only escape the scorn and coldness of the fashionable world, but find some means of support by their own exertions. This, however, was impracticable, as neither means nor circumstances would admit of such a return, and when Louise once gently hinted her wish to Katrine of finding some way in which by her own endeavours she could provide for her mother and herself, the poor young girl, already so enfeebled by sorrow and illness, burst into tears, and passionately implored Louise never to mention it again, as she valued her reason or life. The subject was therefore prohibited, and the sorrowing family, though bound more closely than ever to each other, still lived on suffering but uncomplainingly.

A boy was soon added to the inmates of Mr. T——'s house, and although the natural affection of a parent was of course awakened in the father's heart, still his advent brought with it no joy, as he dreaded much an increase of family, and shrank from the attendant duties and responsibilities. Pleasure was his chief object and occupation in life, and though his profession was a source of pride and ambition, he loved it still better for its display, and the opportunities it afforded of mingling with the most distinguished and agreeable society. To be, and seem, young and untrammelled was then a natural wish, and the cares and duties of parentage sat heavily upon him. One circumstance, however, occurred at this time, of gratification to him. By the death of a senior officer he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and this success, for one so young, was very welcome to him, when oppressed as he imagined by so many distressing disadvantages.

Her child was to Katrine a gift fraught with innumerable blessings—the love which her husband had rudely thrown back was centred with additional strength on her boy—not the less dear because he wore his father's lineaments, and spoke of him in every glance. It seemed as if the old sunshine was returning to her heart, and a rainbow breaking through the gloom that stormily overhung her life, when her husband fondled and played with her little Arthur, speaking words of endearment long unheard from his lips by her. Had the boy been born heir to his grandsire's vast fortune, as once might have been the case, and Katrine the recipient of her father's favours and wealth, Captain T. would still have been an affectionate and devoted husband. His child, as the medium of wealth, would have been to his worldly heart his chief treasure, and in the smiles of prosperity Katrine might still have been a happy wife and