

# THE ORANGE LILY.

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## EDITH CLIVE.

BY CALMARINE BARTON.

### PART FIRST.

"I tell you, daughter, she will never do for a governess," said the elder Mrs. Wallingford to her daughter-in-law.

"I shall make the experiment at all events," replied the younger lady. "The children have had enough of Miss Crofton, so I am determined to try something entirely different."

And Mrs. Wallingford, junior, took up a book, her usual way of ending a discussion with her mother-in-law.

The old lady's indignation knew no bounds, but as Constance preserved a rigid silence (that said answer to violence,) she at length saw all further effort vain, and drawing herself up to her utmost height, (which was very high indeed,) left the room.

Mrs. John Wallingford, the elder lady, was a woman of some strength of character, but more imperiousness of will, joined to an unbending love of sway.

She had successively ruled her husband, her son's first wife, and to a pleasure his second wife also. But in the late case she found a strong opponent in her grandson, Edmund Wallingford, who, detesting her with all the strength of a boy's dislike, was the more inclined to return to his father's house, and availing himself of the privileges of an only son, took forth as her champion on every occasion.

Mr. Wallingford loved his wife with all the fervor of a younger lover, but he was of an open unsuspecting temper, and looked for the aid of his mother, whose benevolent eye-labor was to him, Constance to the slave. He would have been agonized at the thought of her suffering from any ailment; but he could not endure to have her absent; was fretful and impatient when he treated her as the mistress of his house could have been treated; whether he owed her that respect before others, which could have compelled it from them. His mother had the art of raising a wind about whatever she undertook, however small a matter it might be. The act of placing a pin in its proper place, setting a chair in a straight line, which had before been in a diagonal position, wiping a tea-cup with a flower, called forth a degree of energy which perfectly astonished all beholders, for the great mass of people seldom remember that happy mental always is the loudest.

Constance, whose love for her husband was far stronger than her natural independence, usually accomplished twice as much, but not being possessed of the art of lying, found herself overlooked, and in a mere cypher in her own house.

But, you will attend to such and such things, it is not worth while to trouble Constance about it," was a remark which often she would utter, while it filled the old lady's triumph. On these occasions Edmund's mother was most kind to Constance, and affection which grew up between them, like that of an only mother and her son, in address and strength, while Mrs. John Wallingford learned to dread the sarcastic

tone and piercing glance of one, who, tho' so young, was no clear-sighted.

After a marriage of ten years, and when Edmund had attained his twentieth year, Mr. Wallingford died. His last sigh was breathed upon the bosom of Constance, and his last words were a blessing for her gentle, untiring love. After his death, his mother continued to reside in the family. A rich, fair, and young widow (Constance was thirty) needed a chaperon, and she filled the office of dragon to perfection. Constance was fondly attached to the memory of her husband, and had her mother-in-law contented herself with warbling off undesired suitors, she had been a most welcome inmate; but Constance, in the first violence of her grief, had abandoned every thing to her direction, and when she at length roused herself to action, she found the sceptre wrested from her hands. It is easier to resign than to remain, and tho' the succeeding five years were spent in a secret struggle for authority between the two ladies. The more amiable of the two, Constance would probably have retained her affection for her children, had she not been the object of Edmund's dislike, and had she not been concerned in the same objectionable alliance. To a governess, the grandmother's selection, but Edmund having discovered that when their mother was absent, the children were treated with a severity which destroyed both spirit and temper, insisted upon her dismissal, which she accordingly received.

It must be confessed that the new governess, Edith Clive, was as unlike her predecessor as possible. Instead of forty-five she was nineteen; instead of being tall, thin, perpendicular and hard-featured, she was rather below the middle stature, but so exquisitely proportioned you could scarce deem it a fault; eyes of which no mortal could ever determine the color, they seemed to change from black to blue, from blue to hazel, but in each change most beautiful. A complexion which is often misnamed fair, of that rich hue whose transparency shows emotion, by the quick varying color which mantles underneath, from the delicate peach-blossom to the deeper tint of the crimson rose, and dark-brown hair which (brush it vigorously as she might, to make it lie smooth and orderly as that of a governess should do) would curl in short, in coquettish-looking curls on her finely rounded forehead. And then her voice, her laugh, no "lute's soft tone" could ever have bewitched you one-half so much. What wonder that Mrs. John Wallingford thought her a very improper person for a governess.

And yet she had been educated for that very vocation. She was the orphan and only child of a clergyman, who left her to the guardianship of an uncle, with the direction that the sum he had saved from a country clergyman's scanty living should be appropriated to her education. She was accordingly educated with a view to her own support, and her first essay in governessing was made in the Wallingford family.

"Well mother," said Edmund Wallingford, who had been absent a few weeks on a aunt to "The Falls," and in a accompanying you through Canada, "how do you

like your new governess? The selection was the great subject of interest when I left home.

The mother's voice was drowned by the united expressions of approbation from his three little sisters, who were crowding around him with delight at his return, while little Lucy (who, being an infant at the time of his father's death, had always been Edmund's particular pet) unclasped her arms from his neck, and clapped her hands; as she drew a child's quick comparison between Miss Crofton and Miss Clive, and springing from his knee, declared her intention of bringing down the ladder from the school-room, that he might himself see the difference without delay.

"Do not be in such a hurry, Lucy," said her mother, "Edmund will see Miss Clive at tea," and Lucy was kept quiet by stories of some little Indian girls her brother had seen when away, and an examination of the presents of quill-work he had brought them all.

Tea time came, but Wallingford forgot his appetite, which he had just before declared to have, all a traveler's vigor, noticed not the stern glances of his grandmother, or the half-suppressed smiles of Constance, as he gazed on the face of Edith Clive. Still when she played and sang her sweetest songs, at the request of Constance, (who took a pleasure in pleasing the old lady,) the enchantment was complete. He had considered Miss Crofton as an embodiment of the species governess, an evil to be endured, and his only interest in the matter had been the happiness of his sisters, but before the evening was over, he felt his own happiness was at stake with the young governess.

Long after he retired to rest that sweet face was before him, and when he fell asleep (for lovers will sleep like other mortals, in spite of witching reveries,) he dreamed she was a spirit, a fairy, an angel; and when the early sun peeped in through the blinds, a rich strain of music broke upon his ear. He rubbed his eyes. Was he awake? He could scarcely tell, till having hastily dressed, he half opened the blinds and looked into the garden, which was just below his window. There were Edith and her sisters gathering flowers to adorn the drawing-room and choice little boudoir, which was Constance's sanctum, for Edith soon learned that nothing pleased Constance better than fresh flowers arranged with taste. While thus employed, she was singing a morning hymn in which the children joined.

Softly breathes the morning air  
O'er the flowers with dew drops bright;  
While the early sunshine throws  
Gladness in its glowing light.

Darkness, gloom and night have fled,  
And our Father's loving care  
To his children brings the dawn,  
Rife with all things sweet and fair.

Thanks, kind Father, for thy love,  
Thus our grateful hearts would pray;  
Ever may thy sheltering care  
Guard us both by night and day.

Ever, while life's path is trod,  
Sull may we thy children be,  
And all gloom and danger pass  
Lead us up to light and life.