

Miss Sternfield; I thought I was speaking to the daughter of Ellen Doyle."

"You speak familiarly," said Rosamond, offended at the want of respect with which Arnold had mentioned the name of her mother; a name which she had been taught to revere. "I was brought up by Jane Redgrave, the daughter of Mr. Woodley; and for many years I only knew myself as her child."

"Strange!" mused her mysterious companion. "What chain of unforeseen circumstances could have brought the twain together?" Then turning to Rosamond, with a flushed cheek, he said in a low, hurried tone:

"And, Jane Redgrave! does she still live?"

"She does—my best—my earliest—most honored friend. Were you acquainted with her?"

"Only through your father. Did her infant live?" he continued, in the same low, stifled tone.

"She never had a living child."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Arnold, emphatically. "Your wretched father is spared another witness of his guilt."

"It matters not to him," sighed Rosamond. "He has already settled the account of his crimes with his Creator. Oh, would to God! that my tears—my prayers, could blot out his sins."

"Angel!" exclaimed Arnold, gazing mournfully upon her. "The prayers of such as thee would sink him deeper in perdition, for they would horribly contrast with the enormity of his crimes."

"Ah! speak not so, of one whose memory, in spite of all his faults, must ever be dear to me," cried Rose, now weeping bitterly. "I thank you for having satisfied me, that the blood of my uncle was never poured forth intentionally by his hand, and on this very spot where he fell, will I raise a monument to his memory, and to vindicate that of my dear father from the foul stain which now rests upon it."

"But he was guilty of other crimes, Miss Sternfield, which no tribute of affection can obliterate. Crimes, in my estimation, of a darker dye than the blood with the shedding of which he has been charged. Forget that you derived your being from such a polluted source, and leave him to the oblivion which he justly deserves."

"Do you speak like a friend?" said Rosamond sternly. "Perhaps his very crimes he owed to his association with such as you. If you would continue longer under my roof, or hope to enjoy my esteem, you must learn to speak more respectfully of my father."

She walked proudly away. Arnold made no

answer. He remained rooted to the spot, gazing after her, as long as he could catch a glimpse of her white garments waving among the trees.

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While Rosamond was leading the life of a recluse at Westholm, Major Sternfield was endeavoring to forget his recent mortification, by plunging into the gaieties of London. His father had amassed considerable wealth during a lifelong residence and command in India; and he was able to vie with the most extravagant gallants of the day, in their career of fashionable dissipation and folly. In a noted gambling house at the west end of the town, he met his supposed rival, Captain Doyle, and had the satisfaction of being instrumental in his ruin.

The sudden death of Mrs. Maurice had left her nephew independent, had he been wise enough to continue so; but the hope of making a splendid alliance, had induced him to exceed his means, and, foiled in all his projects, he had sought in high play to retrieve his shattered fortune. Ill-luck gave him Dunstanville Sternfield for an opponent. Strictly honorable, even at a gaming table, he was one of those excellent players, whose skill always commands success. A feeling of revenge, and personal dislike to the Irish fortune hunter, made him maliciously single him out for a partner, and as he had anticipated, Maurice never gave up the unequal contest while he had a sovereign left to stake.

"We are at last equal," said Major Sternfield, coldly pocketing his adversary's gold. "I have won a fortune from you, while you robbed me of the affections of my affianced wife."

"If it does you as much good as the other has done me, you will have no cause to rejoice," returned Doyle, bitterly. "If I thought you had acted unfairly in this matter, you should answer for it elsewhere, but though my hatred is equal to your own, I feel that you are a man of honor, and a gentleman."

A few evenings after this, Major Sternfield visited the Italian Opera, and was agreeably surprised, when he recognised the strikingly handsome face of Miss Morton in Lady Dacre's box. Her ladyship was an old acquaintance, and he was soon seated between the ladies, chatting in the most agreeable style.

"Where have you hidden yourself, Major Sternfield, for the last three months," said Marianna. "I really never expected to see you again."

"I spent a few days in the country, and unfortunately found myself in the vicinity of unpleasant neighbours. I quite forgot that General