

indefinable expression that filled his sister's heart with vague and unaccountable uneasiness. Mrs. Huntingdon, however, entirely absorbed in her own wrongs, real or imaginary, perceived it not, and with the same childish querulousness of tone and manner, she rejoined:

"How do I know! Why, what else, do you ever do? Most other men have some employment, some shadow of an excuse for leaving their wives all day alone, but *you* seem a happy exception to the rule. Like the lilies spoken of in the Scriptures, you neither toil nor spin."

At the conclusion of this daring and ill-judged speech, Eva, with a cheek pale as marble, glanced towards her brother, trembling lest his impetuous nature would instantly and harshly resent it, but to her unspeakable astonishment he rejoined with the most perfect calmness:

"Well, have patience a little while, lady mine, and I may yet try my fortune at something new. There are other pursuits and amusements in the world besides snipe-shooting. How are they at home, Eva? Is mother better?"

"Yes, a little."

"Well, I am happy to hear it. Have you had any visitors at the Hall lately?"

"None. We have been entirely alone for the last few months."

"Why, you are about as dull at the Hall then, as we are at the Cottage."

"There was a time you found the Cottage anything but dull, Mr. Huntingdon," exclaimed his wife, with a tearful but angry glance.

"Well whatever I may have once found it," he rejoined with a yawn, "all I know is, that now 'tis dull, unequivocally, confoundedly dull."

"Yes, and of course your wife is confoundedly dull too. Well, since you are so candid, I deem it a duty to follow your example, and I will frankly tell you, Augustus, that I would rather ten thousand times, be now the wife of humble William Moore, than the honourable Mrs. Augustus Huntingdon."

A sudden, scarlet flush suffused young Huntingdon's aristocratic features, and he half started from his seat, whilst his dark eyes glittered with passion, but the next moment all exterior tokens of emotion had passed away, and he coldly, carelessly rejoined:

"Pray, Carry, do not make such a deuced fool of yourself."

The very calmness of his tones, so full of quiet scorn, the slight curl that elevated his handsome lip, exasperated his wife more than the bitterest retort could have done, and in a voice faltering as

much with anger as with wounded feeling she rejoined:

"Thank you, for the admonition, Mr. Huntingdon. I know I am but a fool, an ignorant, uneducated, country simpleton, but you should have remembered that ere you married me, and chosen a higher and more gifted woman than Carry Hamilton, for your wife. It would have been more merciful than to wed me, and systematically break my heart as you are doing now. Have patience, though, a while, for the task will neither be as long or as difficult as you seem to dread. A year or two will probably see you rid both of Honey-suckle Cottage and its mistress, and then, freed from all further connection with that low, plebeian circle, into which you so rashly stepped, you will be at liberty to return to the great world you remember with such unceasing regret."

She rapidly left the room as she spoke, but the sound of the passionate hysterical sobs she had with such difficulty heretofore restrained, were distinctly audible as she hurried away.

"Well, Eva, do you not wonder at my philosophy?" asked young Huntingdon with a smile of inexpressible bitterness. "It has been severely tried of late, yet strange, it seems to grow firmer with every additional shock. As the fetters that bind me are irrevocable, I have no remedy but to wear them in silence."

"My own dear brother, do not talk thus," rejoined his sister in a tone of sorrowful affection. "I do not deny that Carry has her faults,—who is without them, but you would not sever, even if you had the power, the holy bond that has made you one through life, made your joys and sorrows a common lot. Carry is the same young, innocent being, for whom you willingly braved, a few months since, your family's anger and the world's opinion, the same, who returning love for love, trust for trust, joyfully listened to the promises you made her before the altar, and you cannot have forgotten so soon all you vowed her then."

"If Carry were but like you, my good, gentle sister," rejoined the young man as he pressed her hand in his, "If Carry were but like you, I could never do that, but you know not the fearful disparity there is between you and her, you know not how that disparity daily and hourly forces itself on me, notwithstanding my unceasing struggles to close my eyes to it. Carry is young and pretty, like yourself, but yet, how strangely, how fearfully, inferior in every other respect. I allude not even to her deficiency of education, of mental cultivation, for that is but the just retribution of my former, worse than silly prejudice against enlightened or talented women. No I only look