

(ORIGINAL.)

THE ORPHAN; OR, THE AFFIANCED.

BY E. M. M.

Continued from our last Number.

Farewell! a long farewell!
Friend of the days gone by:
My heart heaves now with a painful swell,
And the tears stand in mine eye;
For the sap in the green tree of life decays,
When we part from the friend of early days.

Mrs. Norton.

Though dearest hopes are faithless found,
And dearest hearts are bursting round:
Come, Resignation, spirit meek,
And let me kiss thy placid cheek;
And read in thy pale eye serene,
Their blessing, who by faith can wean
Their hearts from sense, and learn to love
God only, and the joys above.

Christian Year.

LADY BARBARA was so accustomed to adulation, and so confident in her own charms of person, that she cast a most careless and indifferent eye over the timid, shrinking Emmeline, till she perceived her brother, Lord Guise, step forward to lead her into the banquet hall, when she enquired:

"Who is that delicate looking little girl?"

Lady Frances whispered her name, adding, "She is rather a pet of ours, for the sake of her misfortunes; she is an orphan."

"Poor child!" said Lady Barbara, in a voice that made Lord Avon instinctively press the arm that rested on his; she quickly turned her searching dark eyes upon him, to read his thoughts; but they were impenetrably concealed.

Emmeline strove to rally her spirits, as she took her place at the table; but she found little in her companion to assist her in the effort. He had selected her because she was a novelty, and that he wished to discover whether she had anything in her; but, after one or two questions and answers had passed between them, he turned away his aristocratic head in utter contempt, to converse with his next neighbour; this was rather a relief to Emmeline, who felt aware how profoundly ignorant she must seem of all that was interesting to him. Once during dinner, she encountered the melancholy gaze of Lord Avon, who instantly averted his face, to address himself to Lady Barbara: as he did so, how did Emmeline wish herself far, far away,—not all the gorgeous display of wealth and magnificence that surrounded her possessed the smallest interest in her sight. The lowly violet planted amongst the gay bed of tulips, could not have been more misplaced than this simple child of nature in the present fashionable assemblage. Lady Clifton, who

was sitting next the Earl, and prattling incessantly to very inattentive ears, at this moment called aloud to Lady Barbara:

"Upon my word, Lady Bab, you don't look the younger for your four seasons in town,—I advise you to get married as soon as you can."

The eyes of Lady Barbara flashed indignantly at this blunt remark, while Lord Avon bit his lip and frowned; the astonishment of Emmeline was extreme; she knew not that there exist some characters, who think themselves privileged, from their rank or their age, to say or do any thing they please. Such an one was Lady Clifton, whose splendid entertainments, and noted success in forming good alliances for her young friends, made her, with all her eccentricities, much sought and courted by the mammas of large families. If a lion was in town—let him be a literary lion, a soldier lion, or a princely lion with huge moustaches,—he was sure to be exhibited at Lady Clifton's soirees, notoriety being her idol—the aim of her whole life. Yet little they knew, who beheld her glittering in jewels and in the gayest spirits amongst the brilliant crowd, that Lady Clifton trembled at the thoughts of death—her every desire confined to this world, and its pleasures. She viewed with fear the dark, the unknown future, BECAUSE it was unknown; and she plunged into scenes of folly and revelry night after night, spending her days in sleep, that she might have no moment for painful reflection: *and she was eighty-six!*

When the party returned to the saloon, Lady Frances drew near to Emmeline, whose dejected countenance she had noticed during dinner. Lord Avon also led up Lady Barbara, to whom he introduced her, with some slight confusion in his manner.