

houses, looming through the murky atmosphere, with feelings of uncontrollable disgust.

The first look was enough for our young traveller. Folding her arms and sinking back on the seat, she fell into a fit of sad forebodings, until after an hour's jumbling over the stones, they stopped before a handsome dwelling in Grosvenor Square, and Mrs. Dunstanville roused up Rosamond from her reverie, by informing her that their journey was at an end.

Their arrival had been anticipated. The carriage had scarcely stopped, before the door was answered by a respectable man, in a dark livery, who conducted them through a handsome hall, and up a marble staircase, whose spacious landings were graced by fine statues, holding chandeliers of silver, of the most elegant workmanship. At the head of the first flight, they were met by a young lady, in a white morning dress, who announced herself as Miss Morton, and conducted them into the drawing room, where her aunt, a little old woman, wrapped up in a magnificent cashmere shawl, was reclining in an easy chair—her head propped by pillows; a beautiful little spaniel sharing the ottoman that supported her feet, while a large Bible lay open upon the small table on which her right hand rested. Her face was so thin and pale, and the skin so transparent, that every blue vein in her once beautiful forehead was painfully distinct.

"Sister!—Can this be you?" said Mrs. Dunstanville, not a little affected by the unexpected change which twenty years had wrought in her once proud, capricious relative.

"I am altered—but I hope for the better. Rosamond," said Mrs. Sternfield, mildly. "Is this sweet, innocent-looking girl, poor Armin's child?" she continued, while tears stole down her pale, thin cheeks. She held out her hand to Rosamond, who was so overcome by the difference which appeared in her real, and her imagined grandmother, that she could not resist the impulse which nature prompted, and flinging her arms gently round the old lady's neck, she kissed her cheek with as much reverence as a good Catholic would have done the feet of a saint.

The old lady whom sickness, and long and deep repentance for the past, and the holy aid of sincere and heart-felt religion, had made so different to the Mrs. Sternfield whom Mrs. Dunstanville had once known and hated, now introduced her niece, Miss Morton, to her long estranged sister-in-law; and expressing a hope that Marianne and Rosamond would be good friends, she begged the former to conduct the new-comers to their respective apartments, to

enjoy some rest after the fatigue of their long journey. Here they found coffee and refreshments awaiting them, and Miss Morton was so agreeable and chatty, that Rose soon found herself quite at home.

"These are your apartments, Miss Sternfield. Are they not charming?" said her cousin, throwing open the folding doors that led into an elegantly furnished boudoir, arranged with the most exquisite neatness and taste. "See what it is to be an heiress. For the last month, I have been taxing the ingenuity of my brain to render this *hijou* of a room fit for your reception. My poor aunt being too much of an invalid to trouble herself about such matters, she entrusted the whole arrangement of them to me, and has not once inspected my work. Very mortifying you will say, but if you are pleased with the furniture and decorations, I am more than repaid.

Rose expressed in the warmest terms her unfeigned delight. She could hardly imagine herself the mistress of such a superb suite of apartments, and questioned, in her own mind, the propriety of so much money having been expended in luxuries, in order to please a poor country girl.

Glancing round the spacious bed-room she was henceforth to call her own, she thought that she would have preferred her white dimity bed-hangings in the country, and the casement of diamond-cut glass over which the rose and jasmine threw lovingly their fragrant branches, to the large French windows, and the canopied bed, with its heavy draperies of gold-colored satin damask, trimmed with rich fringes of silver. Tears filled her eyes, and an expression of deep sadness stole over her fine countenance.

"Why all this profusion and magnificence lavished upon me?" said Rose. "The solemn state of these splendidly furnished rooms will weigh upon my spirit, and render me unhappy. I shall sigh for the green fields and the fresh air, and the blessed freedom of a humble and laborious life. Here I shall become utterly useless to myself and others."

Something like a sneer curled the lip of Miss Morton; she smiled sarcastically as she replied:

"You will soon be reconciled to the change, and enjoy it; but you must not look for pleasures or amusements at home. We are the dulllest set of people in the world. My aunt is a devotee, and half her time is spent upon her knees. She looks upon all innocent recreations as sinful; and though I have been more than five years in her house, she has never given a single ball. I would have left her long ago, but I have no other home, and my presence has become so essential to her comfort, that she cannot part