

for him : and thus she fostered, more than helped to cure, his infirmity.

About an hour after the occurrence related above, and as soon as she had got over her agitation, Emily drew her writing-desk towards her, and penned the following note :—

"DEAR WILLIAM,—It was very naughty of you to get so angry with me, and run off as you did, without allowing me time to explain what appeared so wrong in my conduct. As your affianced wife, I have submitted to you, as I promised I would, all books before reading them; and the way in which the book which offended you came into my hands was this: Dear papa asked me to look over and sort a box of books in the garret for him, in which he said some were of value and some were trash. I did so, and found a French book among them, and brought it down to rub up my knowledge of the language. I was looking through it, and had not read a page when you so unceremoniously committed it to the flames. Now, dearest, acknowledge that you owe me an apology, which your own Emily excuses, as appearances were against her.

"Ever your devoted,
"EMILY."

The note was sent early next morning, but it was left upon the table of William. Blanche's servant returned with the message that the young gentleman had started the previous evening by the night stage for parts unknown. Very sorrowful and sad was Emily. William's elder brother, who lived near, could give her no clue to his whereabouts, though very angry at what he called his folly. Time passed on, bringing no changes, not even a letter from the wanderer, till, at the end of two months, a newspaper came, directed to Charles Blanche, containing the following notice :—

"Married, at St. J—'s, by the Rev. D. E—, William Blanche, Esq., barrister, to Cicily, only daughter of the late G. Bigglestone, captain in Her Majesty's navy."

Great were the anger and indignation of William's family and friends at his behavior; but upon Emily the blow fell with peculiar severity. Always delicate and frail, she withered beneath the stroke, and the disease commonly called consumption, known sometimes as "broken-heart," set its seal upon her immediately.

We must now go back a little, and follow William upon his travels. After leaving Emily, he reached his home in a very unenviable state of mind, striding up and down his chamber in an agony of passion, vexation, and mortification, at what he considered Emily's duplicity, and thinking himself a very ill-used individual. Presently, his eye was caught by a letter lying on the table, and, tearing it open, he found it was an invitation from a college friend to go north for a few days' shooting. With his usual impetuous haste, he murmured :

"Just the thing—just the thing!" and ringing the bell, he gave orders to a servant to pack a portmanteau, and have a "fly" ready in an hour's time to convey him to the coach office, as he had business north.

No mother or sister had William, no one but a brother; and so each came and went as he pleased, unnoticed, unremarked. A few days' shooting did not dispel the gloom upon the heart of our hero; and he readily accepted a further invitation to prolong his stay, and entered with apparent zest into all the gaieties of the shooting season in the north of England. Fair ladies were there, who smiled upon the handsome barrister; but he turned from them with a cynical sneer upon his lip, till they, justly offended with him, and unwilling to cast their pearls before swine, voted him a sulky misanthrope, and avoided him accordingly. As he sat in an arm-chair in his friend's library one day, he overheard some ladies at the door making arrangements for a riding-party; and his own name being mentioned, he looked around for a way to escape, not liking to play eavesdropper; but there was only one door to the room, and one of the fair ones kept rattling the handle of that all the time, and the windows were too high for a jump, so he had to sit still and make the best of it.

"Can we not leave out that sulky Mr. Blanche?" inquired a voice William recognized as belonging to the belle of the season.

"Oh, yes, do," ejaculated another. "The ruins we are to visit will be gloomy enough ;