

The greatest crime that an Englishman can perpetrate, is to oppose a match of interest designed for him by connexions. This seemed to be a hereditary crime in my friend's family—George Hobson was the only son of an English nobleman, who had married a lady of extraordinary beauty and a moderate fortune, but whose rank was far inferior to his own. This marriage had been extremely obnoxious to the noble family; and, in consequence, no intercourse was ever had between them and the connexions of the lady.

At an early age George was left an orphan, to the guardianship of an heirless uncle, who adopted him; and who, in consequence of the family hostility which seldom dies in such cases, took every possible precaution to make his nephew a stranger to his mother's relations—and in this he so well succeeded, that had his charge been asked who was his mother, he might have returned the answer of Brutus in the play.

At length the young nobleman was sent to Oxford for his education. Upon one of those visits during vacation, which he was wont to pay his connexions in the west of England, an adventure occurred which led to the interesting incidents of my story. On the highway he overtook a gentleman in the act of delivering his purse to a brace of robbers. He interposed and by his single valor compelled the villains to restore their booty and to retreat into an ambush. The gentleman insisted on his deliverer accompanying him to his residence, where our student was doomed to meet, in the stranger's daughter, an object to rouse a heart which had never opened itself to the pleasures and pains of love.

Emily was an only daughter, as lovely as the flowers among which she had bloomed, and the idol of both her parents, who had bestowed on her every accomplishment that could be derived from a private education. Having always remained in the country, her manners had suffered nothing from the taint of fashionable life; and having just arrived at that age when the heart expands itself to the finer feelings, George was the first messenger who had ever been sent to her upon the business of Cupid. The operations of this passion were mutual; and, when George departed, after tarrying three

days with his new acquaintances, there was no occasion for the entreaties which the gentleman used to prevail on him to repeat his visits.

George frequently stole away from Oxford, to visit his charming Emily, whose parents marked their attachment with approbation. At length the gentleman recognized in the student his nephew; and notwithstanding what he learned of his connexion's hostility to the family, his generous heart could not brook the idea, and he hastened to confide to his uncle the discovery of his new relations. His jealous guardian—who had once seen the beautiful Emily and readily suspected the attachment—flew into an extacy at the intelligence, and immediately ordered his nephew from Oxford.

A generous and noble soul despises falsehood—when George was summoned to an explanation, he, ingeniously acknowledged the state of his feelings, and the advances he had made. This was enough to bare his head to the storm. It was not sufficient for his uncle to paint for him the deep hatred that had long existed between the two families—the inequality of their rank—and the extreme impropriety of marrying a cousin. He determined to place his charge beyond the reach of a farther intercourse; and, accordingly sent him to a connexion in France. Here, for a time, George endeavoured to cultivate obedience to his guardians will; and, mingling in the gay circles of Lyons, his heart was temporarily diverted from its object.—But her image was stamped there indelibly; and when the novelty of gayety and splendor began to wane, she presented herself to his imagination with redoubled attractions—

"Like birds whose beauties languish
half concealed,
Till mounted on the wing their glossy
plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and
gold."

Young Hobson wrote to Emily, but the vigilant uncle intercepted his letters; and to facilitate his designs managed to convey to Emily, in a plausible form, intelligence of her lover's inconstancy and enthusiasm, amidst the gayest of the gay at Lyons; and succeeded in impressing her with a belief that he had become attached to another with whom he would shortly be united. Emily sickened at the intelligence, and

yielding herself a prey to melancholy, a change of scenery and climate was soon found indispensable to her health.

If there are scenes on earth susceptible of diverting the heart wounded in matters of love from its melancholy, those scenes abound in the Highlands of Scotland. There it was that Emily was destined to conceal her anguish, but not forget it. She had connexions, residing amid the fastnesses of the ancient Picts, whom she went to visit; and by their interposition was introduced to the affections of Glenn, whom she was prevailed on to marry.

Soon after their marriage, Emily paid a farewell visit to her dotting parents, and then embarked with her husband for America, where he had determined to settle.

Meantime, Hobson learning from a Scotch paper what had taken place, gave way to that despondency which I had observed before we parted at Lyons. Soon after, he returned to England; and eventually married, to the satisfaction of his friends, though his heart was not at the disposal of his hand. During five years, he lived affectionately with his wife in England—tho' not happily, for although always kind, he was the victim of incurable melancholy. At length he was left a widower, with one child, whom he was urged to leave with its relations, and travel for the recovery of his depressed spirits. He embarked for America, and was prosecuting his travels when we met at York.

Emily who had now been left a widow in a strange land, about two years, had just settled her affairs with a design to return to England; and had taken the tour of the Falls on her way to N. York, where she was to embark. Their meeting seemed providential; and I soon lost every feeling towards the lady except a desire to see her united with the object of her early affection—and I contrived successfully to facilitate this union, and the pastor of the Scotch Kirk at Niagara consummated my design.

When we parted, Mr. Hobson and his lady prosecuted their journey to New-York, to embark for England; and revisit those scenes from which their early attachment had driven them. To conclude, I leave it for those who cavil upon such matters, to decide whether "Constancy is only the fruits of first love."