

once proud and domineering spirit. Whither he went she knew not, but fortunately she had reserved a small sum, on which, with economy taught her by necessity, she contrived to subsist. Under these wretched circumstances she forgot her wonted pride, and wrote her sister, who had never yet forgiven her elopement with Carzini, entreating her now, since she had been so sorely punished, to pardon it, and receive her again to her once happy home. Mrs. Dunmore's heart relented when she read this touching confession of her gay and beautiful sister's wretchedness, yet unable to endure the mortification of Lucia's return, fallen as she was, to the circle of her former friends, she gladly acceded to a proposal from Mr. Dunmore, that they should remove to New Orleans, where he had a mercantile house established, and a partner, who would be very glad of his presence.

From thence she wrote to invite Lucia home, assuring her of a kind welcome and entire forgiveness, on condition that she would renounce forever all intercourse with her worthless husband, whatever claims he might thereafter make upon her; to which requisition she readily acceded, for she had deceived herself in supposing she had ever loved him, and now, since his true character had become known to her, she regarded him with utter abhorrence. So she returned to her sister's house, her person changed, her health destroyed, her prospects for this world blighted, yet her bruised spirit refusing to yield itself to the blessed influences that would have shed heavenly balm upon its wounds.

It was a melancholy story of one so young and fair, and once so fondly loved, and for many a day it cast a cloud of sadness over Beaufort's generous heart. He would fain have disbelieved it, but it was told him by one, who learned it all from Mrs. Dunmore's lips, and he had no grounds for doubt.

Time flew rapidly away—the spring came at last, and with it Edward Beaufort to claim his promised bride. In the old stone Church in Tremont Street, which still bears, as it has done since the loyal days of true hearted Massachusetts, the name of King's Chapel, the lovers were united. The ceremony was performed by its venerable clergyman, who so long served with pure and holy zeal at the altar of his Master, and who so loved youth, its innocence and gaiety, that he seemed to blend himself with its warm hopes, and joys, and to enhance by his kind and tender sympathy, the delight of its ever new and fresh springing emotions.

He was familiar with Madelaine's history, and his heart yearned with a fond father's love towards her, as his bland voice pronounced in touching tones, those solemn words which bound her irrevocably to the husband of her choice. Many yet remember, those happy nuptials—the bright morning sun which shone in through the massy pillars of the

old edifice, as though to give the youthful couple a glad greeting with its soft and genial beams,—the apostolic pastor—the tears and blushes of the lovely bride—and the proud and grateful look of Edward Beaufort as he led his beautiful young wife from the altar, glowing with the rapturous conviction, that she was now his own.

Their carriage waited at the door of the church, and followed by a select party of friends, they left the noise and smoke of the busy metropolis far behind them, shaping their course towards a lovely villa, recently purchased by Beaufort, which, with its vine-covered verandahs, its lawns and groves, its gardens and conservatories, lay like many others of its class, nestled among those green and gently swelling hills, which interspersed with valley, plain, and wood, form the beautiful environs of the Peninsular city, which has been the scene of our humble tale. It was a glorious June morning, and Nature with her choral melodies seemed hymning an epithalamium in honour of the bridal.

The green lanes through which they drove were garlanded as for a *fête*; at least so they seemed to the unaccustomed eye of Madelaine, for the long arching branches of the wild blackberry were wreathed with snowy blossoms, the golden tassels of the barbary hung thick among its pale and prickly leaves, and the sweet briar spread forth its fragrant arms, starred with a thousand delicate flowers, unmatched in elegant simplicity, and unrivalled in exquisite perfume by the rarest exotics of the east. To Madelaine, who had passed her life amid the pent-up walls of a city, the prodigality of harmony and beauty which she now saw lavished by the hand of the great and bounteous Giver, every where around her, swelled her heart with intense gratitude, and awakened within her emotions of rapturous delight as pure as they were exquisite.

Amid such scenes lay her new home, and as she approached it, it seemed a paradise to her; and truly she made it one to those in whose fond eyes, she was its central and effulgent star. To her mother, who looked to her for happiness, and who in prosperity learned to prize and imitate as she had never done before the virtues of her matchless child,—to the faithful Phebe, who, without a care to mar her comfort, basked in the sweet sunshine of her young mistress' smile, through years that lengthened out to a happy green old age,—to those fair human flowers, which as time passed on God gave to strew with new joy her path of life,—and to her kind and tender husband who never ceased to bless the hour when he first met and loved the Miser's Grandaughter.

EVILS OF THE WORLD.

THE evils of the world will continue until philosophers become kings, or kings become philosophers.—Plato.