

ture, from Mrs. Dunstanville, on the preceding evening, made one at the table, looking paler and sadder than usual. He ate nothing, and scarcely took his eyes off Rose for a moment, who, in order to conceal her own emotion, continued to chat to the lawyer, with an air of assumed gaiety until the party rose to go.

Edgar took her hand. His lips moved convulsively, as if the mighty feeling which swelled his young heart would force them to give utterance to the imprisoned torrent of words which crowded his brain. He gazed into her face with his whole soul in those dark, mournful eyes, and slipping a letter into her hand, he pressed the hand passionately to his lips and heart, and without waiting for symbolic word or sign in reply, turned weeping away.

"God bless you!" Edgar, murmured Rosamond, as if the deaf could hear. She might as well have spoken to the dead. Young Hartland was no longer in sight, and with moistened eyes she entered the travelling carriage.

For some minutes she remained silent and abstracted, and when she raised her head, they were already beyond the precincts of Bramby Park.

"Shall I ever behold it again!" she said unconsciously aloud.

"I hope so, and before another year is past," said Mrs. Dunstanville. "I expect that your grandmother will find you too like your hateful aunt and father, to wish to retain you long."

"How many years is it since you last met?" asked Mr. Bradshawe.

"Twenty at least."

"You will scarcely know each other."

"Ah! my dear Sir—love may forget—hatred never! I should recognize my *esteemed* sister, under a nun's hood, the last dress upon earth such a vain, fantastic woman, would be likely to assume."

"Odder changes than that take place sometimes," resumed the lawyer. "You remember Maria Crawford, the dashing beauty of Brighton, some years ago, who nearly succeeded in flirting my old friend Captain Dunstanville out of his allegiance to pretty Rosamond Sternfield."

"Well," said the old lady, rather impatiently. "What of her? She was a showy girl—but the beauty I deny. Dunstanville was only taken with her for one night, and that night's folly nearly lost him his wife."

"Ah! now—don't be jealous at your years, my dear friend."

"I hate all unpleasant reminiscences," said Mrs. Dunstanville, shaking her shoulders, "and

am woman enough at sixty, to dislike a rival, whom the man I loved, once thought pretty. But quick—tell me what has become of her. Did she marry; or is she an old maid?"

"She married an Irish adventurer, who treated her very ill, and the other day she was dipped for a baptist. What a change! thought I, who happened to be at ———, on business, and stepped into the chapel to witness the ceremony. "Can that ugly, dripping, sanctified looking old hag, be the beauty of Brighton forty years ago—the admired of all admirers?" and I returned to mine inn, determined, while the reflective mood lasted, to write an essay on the inconsistency of all women."

"What a loss to the world, that you did not," said the old lady, resuming her good humor. "But Maria should not be ugly and wrinkled; she is not much older than me."

"But you are a wonderful woman, Mrs. Dunstanville. Quite a Venus for seventy," said the provoking lawyer.

"Seventy! Surely Bradshawe you make a mistake. Bless me—how fast time flies. Yes! you were an awkward boy at my wedding, and are turned of fifty yourself. 'Tis a melancholy thing to grow old."

Rose was greatly amused by this little dialogue; she did not imagine that such a sensible woman as her aunt could be so weak as to be ashamed of her age—of all follies, the most common, and which people are the least able to conceal. Jewels and paint, and dress, false teeth, and false hair, and all the little artifices to which both sexes resort, to hide that which, if spent in wisdom's ways, should be a crown of glory to them, will never effectually conceal the wrinkles of time, the hollow cheeks, and rayless eyes; the voice, the carriage, and the manners, are all alike affected by the spoiler; and it is only when the mind retains its youthful freshness and vigor, that the aged can cheat us into the belief that they are yet in their prime.

The day proved cloudy and wet, and our travellers were well pleased when their first hundred miles were accomplished; and after a good supper, they retired to rest for the night, expecting to finish their journey by noon the following day, which proved as wet, as dull, and as comfortable as the preceding one.

"Is this London!" exclaimed the disappointed Rose, as the carriage slowly threaded its way through the intricacies and dangers of the crowded city. And who amongst us, who ever entered London by the great eastern road, upon a wet, foggy day, has not made the same exclamation; and turned from the dark, dingy wilderness of