

nue of escape. He combatted these feelings, but not with a determined will, for they returned to him again and again, and each time with increased power.

Every letter from Clara—and they came winged by fondest affection—revived his dormant tenderness; but scarcely were they folded and laid aside, when a feeling of dissatisfaction crept over him, and the calm of happy-love became wearisome and distasteful. The light badinage of friends, usual on such occasions, often wounded his self-love; the praises of Clara caused a jealous pang, and that superiority of mind and character which had won his proud admiration, he began to regard as an encroachment on his own lordly privilege of absolute supremacy. The struggle was long, the strife bitter, between selfishness and principle, honor and inclination, in the mind of Manners; and it ended, as all who knew him well might have foreseen,—he was again a free man.

Months passed away, and the world ceased to speak of Horace Manners and his late engagement. It was a nine days wonder; some had blamed, and others marvelled, but only to a few was known the real truth, for it lay hidden deep in his own heart; and from his nearest friends he would gladly have concealed the shame and remorse which his breach of faith, his dereliction of honor and principle, had caused him. He had left directly for Europe, to seek there, relief in change and occupation of mind; and busy gossip whispered, that when the prize was lost, he would gladly have regained it;—but it was too late.

Midsummer came; and all the city world, wearied with dust and heat, began to woo the cool breezes of the country, or the luxury of sea-bathing. Bella Elwyn joined a party of friends who were passing some weeks at a fashionable watering-place; but, as they were gifted with more common-sense than usually falls to the lot of ultra-fashionable people, they soon wearied of the display, the formality and excitement of a crowded resort, and removed to a more retired bathing-place, where they enjoyed entire freedom, with just company enough to save them from the ennui of perfect seclusion. From this place, Bella wrote thus to her brother Frank—

“You may, if you please, dear Frank, imagine me transformed into a veritable mermaid; and truly, neither ‘Sabrina fair,’ nor any other daughter of the ‘briny deep,’ ever sported in her native element with more joyous delight, than does your sister Bella. Now fancy some half dozen, or more, of us—fair damsels and comely matrons—emerging from the shelter of the little huts used for disrobing, which stand like sentinel boxes along the

beach, each one arrayed in a fanciful *blouse* and trowsers, with an oil-skin cap on her head, and then, half frightened at our own shadows in such a *déjà* costume, we bound across the sandy beach with naked

‘foot,

That shines like snow, and falls on earth as mute;’
and meet the waves as they come rolling on, dashing over our heads, and breaking on the shore. How pure and fresh those waves come, free from the broad ocean; and what a luxury to feel them bathing our limbs, on a sultry day, while we toss about and sport in the clear salt water, like a shoal of dolphins! Then, in the long brilliant twilights, we have boating, and driving on the beach, which is as smooth as a marble pavement, and pic-nics on the rocks; for the mornings, we have a little good-natured gossip, music, and plenty of books, to say nothing of wasted work, purses, and watch-guards, the never-failing resources of female ingenuity. And from all the houses round, the company meet two evenings every week for a *hop*, and without any tedious ceremony. Ah, my grave brother, if you were only here, we would soon make you as merry as ‘King Cole, that merry old soul,’ &c.

“One of our harmless amusements is to watch the new arrivals. Whenever the sound of wheels is heard, or the little boat comes steaming round the point, or the whistle of the cars vibrates on the air, away we all fly to the piazza and the window, to scrutinize the new comers; and if ‘variety is the spice of life,’ we are generously supplied with it.

“We had a charming arrival some ten days since; a small party of ladies, and with them *one* young lady—*la demoiselle par excellence*; now is not your heart *thumping* to know her name, Frank? No? you have no curiosity? Well, I must tell you, then. It was Clara Graham, the *once* loved of your consistent, honorable friend, Horace Manners. Is it not odd, that I should meet her here? and we are already the warmest friends imaginable. I shall begin to have faith in the affinity of spheres, which some philosophers assert, is the theory of attraction, for I am irresistibly drawn to her. It is not strange that Manners loved her; even you Frank, with all that crust of old bachelorism growing over you, I do believe would fall in love with her, she is so *spirituelle*, so very lovely.

“She is as cheerful as a bird, one would never suppose she had ever deeply suffered, at least, one who looked only on the outward expression, which is always sweet and serene. But I have had a glimpse of her inner self, and I know that