

to other sources than the real one. Charles complied with the conditions, and left the house a changed and happier man.

Two months saw Stanwood once more himself—in handsome lodgings, with a showy nag, fingers cleansed and purified from stains and marks of tool edges, and possessor, *in banco*, of ten thousand pounds. In such good trim, he must needs satisfy a lingering, longing curiosity to visit the neighborhood of the paddock which he had seen Clara enter, accompanied by her aged companion. By inquiries, he learned that the secluded mansion, hidden by plantations from the public road, was tenanted by an old gentleman and his niece, from the East-Indies, and—as matter of course with all East-Indians—reputed immensely rich. They were now at a fashionable bathing-place on the coast. To this resort posted Charles Stanwood, full of hope and wild expectation, on the discovery that the lady was still her own mistress. He contrived to meet and ride slowly past her carriage, to determine if he were recognized. She started, as though struck with the face, and he rode on. They met again, in the evening, at a public library, a fashionable promenade when the weather out-of-doors was unfavorable. On beholding, a second time, the apparition, the lady fainted, and was conveyed home by her uncle.

Stanwood called in the morning, was admitted. To Clara, he was as one risen from the dead. On her lover's bankruptcy, her father hurried her from England, promising they should return after a very short stay in the

East. Under one pretence or another she was detained in luxurious captivity—she could bestow no milder term on her unwilling residence in the Indies—till Mr. Benson fell sick and died. By his will it appeared she was bequeathed heiress of his wealth, under trust for a term of years, provided—such was his aversion to the jeweler—that she did not marry Charles Stanwood: if she broke this stipulation the property passed to the testator's only brother, a merchant at Calcutta, who was also appointed guardian. Her uncle being inclined to forsake commerce, she waited the arrangement of his affairs, and under his escort returned to England. Since her return, she had made repeated inquiries of mutual friends, but could learn nothing respecting Mr. Stanwood; all trace was lost.

The lovers found Mr. Benson, the guardian, far more tractable and considerate than his deceased brother. He very cheerfully executed an instrument reconveying his brother's property to his niece, on her marriage with the long-lost, and, by all but Clara, forgotten Charles Stanwood. Once more, the jeweler was visible in his old haunts, was seen in Bond street—not in his former capacity, but in a new profession—a loungee like ourself. From his lips—long after the aristocratic parties affected by this story were at rest—we gleaned what we have faithfully narrated; and have only to add that the career of Charles and his wife was smooth and unruffled.

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Nothing is so apt to corrupt the heart as sudden exaltation.