

than an atonement for his folly. But we ask pardon for this digression, and will once more introduce our readers to that luxurious apartment, and its solitary tenant, Col. Fortescue.

A few moments before our opening scene, the door had closed on a man apparently some years younger, than he who sat there. They had for some time been conversing on various subjects, when, emboldened by Col. Fortescue's cordiality of manner, and his long intimacy with him, he, in an unlucky moment, had, to gratify his own curiosity, and to fulfill a wager he had laid with a friend, ventured to touch on (he well knew) a forbidden subject.

"Col. Fortescue, do now gratify me by informing me of the real cause of separation between you and the beautiful Emilie de Béranger."

The next moment, but little aware of the smothered wrath and agony those few words had aroused, he would, how gladly, have recalled them. A deadly paleness overspread the features of Col. Fortescue. He essayed to speak, to move, but the past agony of a life prevented him.

Mr. Seymour sprang to him, entreating him to be calm, and imploring pardon for the pain he had unwittingly given him.

He haughtily moved him aside, and in a few minutes rising, his commanding figure, drawn to its full height, his eyes fixed steadfastly upon him, he spoke, though in a hollow and sepulchral tone.

"Mr. Seymour, we have for many years been intimate friends ; but I never expected to see the day when you would encroach on that intimacy to touch a sacred and forbidden subject. Henceforward we are strangers." "Leave me Sir," as Mr. Seymour again attempted to excuse himself ; "leave me, and know there are human hearts whose hidden founts of joy or of sorrow must be let alone, save by Him to whom all hearts are open."

From that hour they never met, and in a few days Mr. Seymour found himself in possession of a valuable appointment in the Presidency of Madras. He but too well knew to whom he was indebted for it, to one, whose heart, though scorched by the bitter fire of unavailing regret, yet overflowed with noble and generous emotions.

Perhaps our readers will be anxious to hear to which class of