

to lie down and take an hour's rest, she at last found herself alone, and mistress of an apartment, the splendour of which she had never imagined even in her dreams.

Opening her humble portmanteau, she took from thence a sheet of paper, and endeavoured to commence a letter to her dear Jane Redgrave. But Rose had never written a letter in her life, and was not a very good scribe; and although her heart was full of feeling, and her thoughts of words ready winged for utterance, she found no small difficulty in arranging them upon paper; and after a few fruitless efforts, she gave up the task, and endeavored to still the excitement under which she labored, by lying down upon a sofa and trying to sleep. But with such a state of mental fever, sleep has nothing to do; and after turning and tossing about for an hour, Rosamond arose, and bathing her head and face in cold water, and arranging her beautiful light, golden-brown hair, and changing her travelling dress, she felt considerably refreshed, and joined Mrs. Dunstanville at the tea table.

She found her aunt in earnest conversation with a shrewd looking, middle-aged man, very plain in his person and attire, but of easy manners and gentlemanly deportment. This was a Mr. Bradshawe, an old friend, and the professional adviser of the family.

A graceful looking lad of nineteen was sitting on the sofa, playing with a splendid hound, with a large open folio lying beside him. He did not notice the entrance of the stranger, and even when Mrs. Dunstanville spoke, he did not raise his head from contemplating his four-footed favorite.

"This, Bradshawe, is the young lady. Do you not perceive a strong resemblance to her father?" asked Mrs. Dunstanville, beckoning Rosamond to approach the large deep window in which she was standing. The lawyer surveyed the blooming, blushing, country girl, with a critical eye.

"No; I must confess, I see but little likeness between poor Armyan and this young girl; but I do see a strong resemblance, my dear madam, to yourself, such as you were some thirty years ago. Good heavens! how time runs on; it seems but yesterday, that you were a charming young bride, and I, an awkward raw student, doing the amiable to win from you an approving smile. But painful reminiscences apart, what do you intend to do with regard to your niece? You do not imagine that her grandmother, who is made up of malice and contradiction, will allow you to keep and educate this charming heiress of Westholme."

"I hope she will; you know her hatred to the

father; it is not very probable that she will wish to retain near her, his child. Besides, until the validity of her claims are established, I have as much right to her as another."

"The papers regarding her are so conclusive," returned Mr. Bradshawe, "and the evidence of her legitimacy can be so easily produced, that I see little difficulty in establishing her rights. But as she is many years under age, it is possible that she will be made a Ward of Chancery. During her minority, her grandmother can claim the care of her person, and you know it would be useless to oppose her wishes."

"Oh! I am certain that her wishes will go with mine," said Mrs. Dunstanville, "and she will leave me in the undisturbed possession of my new found treasure."

The lawyer answered with a shrug of his shoulders, and a slightly sarcastic smile:

"My dear madam, you are a babe in the knowledge of the world, which, at your time of life, is almost incredible. You always did, and always will, look at mankind, and their wicked ways, through an inverted glass; but 'tis an amiable weakness, and that is your best excuse. Well, young lady," turning to Rose; "this good fortune must appear to you like a dream. What do you think of Bramby Park?"

"Oh, sir! 'tis a beautiful place. I fear my humble breeding very poorly accords with the situation in which I am placed."

"True," said the man of realities, thoughtfully; "you shew your native good sense, in being able to discern that which is defective in your education and manners. But experience, the example of others, a little tact, and, above all, a winter in London will soon rub off your country rust, and give you the grace and polish of people of the world. You are but a child—a mere child at present, and have much to learn."

"If the world is as wicked as you say, sir, it will not be a very pleasing task. I would rather remain a poor girl in the country, than learn to be a lady, at the expense of my better feelings."

"Well said, little girl—a noble nature, and a wise spirit spoke there. But polished manners, and a most perfect knowledge of the courtesies and elegancies of life may exist, and often do, with the highest mental and moral attainments, and the virtuous rich have more opportunities of doing good, and benefiting their fellow creatures by their example, than the poor."

"This is the highest inducement which you have afforded to me for becoming rich," said Rosamond. "But the greater the trust committed to our charge, the greater the responsibility, and I am so fearful, lest I should not