

impressed upon him, that he could find no rest save in the presence of the fair lady, who, all unconscious of the passion she had inspired, shunned his presence as much as courtesy to her father's guest would permit. Nevertheless, he still pursued, and at times when she would have given worlds for solitude, Anthony thrust himself into her path, and with a sweeping bow, offered some lovely flower, as a tribute, as he poetically expressed it, to the garland's goddess. It is true that Agnes' pretty lip pouted, but there was something so supremely ridiculous in his attentions, that, spite of her aching heart, they often cheated her of a burst of mirth.

About the period to which our tale has now reached, Dr. Weldon met with a severe reverse, in the death of an esteemed friend, for whom he had pledged himself to almost the full extent of his resources. As a matter of course, the smiles of Miss Weldon had become less potent, and the field was comparatively clear for the operations of Mr. Anthony Addlehead, who, to do him justice, became only the more pressing, when the Doctor's misfortune was generally known.

Summer was rapidly drawing to a close, and yet Anthony had made no advancement in his suit, until one morning at his solitary breakfast, a note was placed in the hands of Dr. Weldon. Bearing some relation to our story, we have no hesitation in transcribing it. It ran thus :—

My dear Weldon,—I have at length come to the determination of becoming an obedient Benedict, if I may hope to find favour in the eyes of your charming daughter—may I request your good offices in my behalf, and ask you to become my advocate with the gentle Agnes? If through your intervention I should succeed, I will, despite the frost of half a century, be the happiest man within a thousand miles. In the course of the day, I will be with you, to consult upon the subject. Believe me to be, my dear Weldon, sincerely yours,

ANTHONY ADDLEHEAD.

The Doctor at first was inclined to laugh at his good friend Anthony, for offering his hand to one so young as Agnes, to whom, as far as years were concerned, he might have stood in the respectable relation of sire or grandsire; but, taking his own circumstances into consideration, he began to think the match far less supremely foolish than at a first glance it seemed, and when he met his daughter, he had come to the conclusion that his friend Anthony should not ask his good offices in vain.

"My sweet Agnes," he said, after offering her the note for perusal, and observing the startled gaze with which she read it, "I am becoming too old to begin again to make a fortune for you, and, though I would not constrain your feelings, I ask you to give the proposed of Mr. Addlehead a dispassionate considera-

tion, and, if possible, a favourable answer, for nothing can now give me so much pleasure as to see you comfortably settled in a home you may call your own; and although Mr. Anthony is rather older than the lover I would have chosen for my Agnes, he is a kind and an honourable man. Do not, then, reject his offered hand, without thinking well on the advantages it offers as well to father as to child."

Agnes spoke not, but threw herself on her father's neck, and passionately wept.

CHAPTER V.

"He was famed for deeds of arms."

We had nearly forgotten Uncle Somers, who, since the departure of his nephew, was rarely seen at Dr. Weldon's; and now it is from sheer necessity, as chroniclers of facts, that we revert to the worthy bachelor.

He was engaged with his second bottle on a fine September evening, and the windows were thrown open to admit the wanton breath of the sportive zephyr, while Uncle Somers, sipping at his wine reverted to the bygone days of youth. From thoughts of his own youth, he gradually turned to his nephew, and his busy fancy pictured him stretched on the battle field, trampled among the unregretted dead. Strange, how mysteriously, and as if by prescience, the human heart becomes heavy when evil awaits us, and, even amid the hum of busy crowds, the mind is prepared by an innate sadness for the tale of distress and pain.

Uncle Somers was not merry over his wine, and he drained glass after glass without feeling any thing approximating to even a comfortable glee; but aware of no cause for gloom, he strove to shake his dull feelings away from him, but without success.

"Draw the curtains, Janet, the night air becomes chilly," cried Uncle Somers to an attendant Hebe, who sat patiently within call of her master's, "but, stay," said the old man, looking from the window, "what means this? here comes a courier, 'bloody with spurring—foaming white with speed'—and he is driving straight for the cottage gate. I much fear he brings bad news of nephew Richard!" and the old man became pale and faint, as the thought of his former meditations being realized, crossed his mind.

He was not, however, long in suspense, for the trooper, for such it indeed was, flung his bridle over one of the pillars of the gate, and strode into the room, bearing a small packet in his hand; Uncle Somers sprang forward to meet him, and snatching the letter, hastily broke the seal, and ran his eye over the contents. They were these :—

"Sir—It becomes my painful duty to acquaint