

THE MISER'S GRANDDAUGHTER.

BY E. L. C.

Continued from our last Number.

Crossing the square, Beaufort directed his steps to Beacon street, and paused at the door of one of its most stylish looking houses, which, (on being instantly admitted,) he entered with the air of one who found himself at home. He passed on to the drawing room; it was vacant, but though so early in the season, a bright fire was burning in the grate, which the chilly air of the day rendered an object of comfort and attraction, and throwing himself into a fauteuil, which was drawn up beside it, he sank into a fit of long and deep abstraction.

Thought after thought crowded busily into his mind, till the train of his meditations became so intensely painful, that he rose, and for a few moments hurriedly traversed the apartment, then, approaching the bell, pulled it with such nervous violence, that the peal resounded throughout the house. A servant immediately answered the summons, of whom Beaufort enquired if his mistress were at home.

"She is, sir, but master Sydney is ill, and she has been all the morning in the nursery," replied the man.

"Ill, is he? not seriously, I hope," said Beaufort, anxiously; "well, never mind, Jerry, you need not disturb her, I will go up myself and see what ails the boy," and he ran up stairs to seek his sister in the nursery, and satisfy himself that there was no reason to be alarmed about his little favorite.

Mrs. Calthorpe came to the door when she heard his voice.

"Oh, is it you, Edward?" she said, smiling; "well, I shall not admit you, for here is such a cross little patch, that he will disturb all your philosophy."

"There is not much left to disturb, Alice," he said with a faint smile; "just let me look in, and I will begone,"—and as the child's fretful voice was now heard calling for "uncle Edward," she yielded to his wish, and held open the door for him to enter.

The boy, a lovely little fellow of three years old, but pale and languid from an attack of croup, which he had just struggled through, was instantly nestled in Edward's arms, where he looked so happy, and liaped forth his infant endearments in such winning accents, that the young man fairly settled himself with his little charge in the nurse's chair, and sat lavishing caresses upon him, and listening to his prattle, till he almost ceased to remember the cause of his recent irritation; and even when the child's heavy

eyes at length closed in slumber, he reluctantly yielded him to the prudent nurse, who thought it best to lay him on his own small couch, where he could sleep undisturbed, and, as she hoped, awake refreshed.

Mrs. Calthorpe then accompanied her brother down stairs, but they had no sooner entered the drawing-room, than the cloud again shaded his brow; he took a turn or two through it, and then threw himself on a sofa beside his sister, with a sigh so deep that it actually startled her.

"You seem disturbed, Edward," she said, turning with an anxious look toward him. "Nothing, I trust, has gone wrong between you and Lucia."

"Nothing more than usual, Alice; at least," he added, half smiling, "nothing more than is now-a-days of very frequent occurrence."

"Oh, a pretty fit of sulks; and is that all?"

"Is it not enough, Alice, to make me tremble for the peace and happiness of my future life?"

"Such warnings are certainly ominous of clouds; but then recollect, Edward, that Lucia is young, and has always been a petted child of fortune—besides this is her day of power, and a woman may be pardoned the exercise of a little harmless tyranny, when she is on the eve of resigning the prerogative for ever."

"Yes, *harmless* tyranny, and playfully exerted, of that I would not complain; but when it becomes unreasonable caprice, and positive ill-humour, he must be fool who is not warned in time to shun the rock which threatens to make shipwreck of his hopes."

"Are you in earnest, Edward? at this late hour, the wedding guests invited, and the bridal robes prepared,—is it possible that you can seriously contemplate a rupture with Lucia?"

"No, not seriously, Alice, though if I really thought my home, that Eden of my dreams, was destined to be the scene of such unamiable displays, as have of late too often surprised and pained me, I would even now—yes, or at the altar, if I knew it not before, bid Lucia Maywood a last farewell, though henceforth it were my doom to live a blighted and a solitary man."

"Beware of rash impulses, my dear brother; the act of a moment may occasion years of vain penitence. For myself, I sincerely think that Lucia's faults are not those of a bad or unamiable temper, but simply the results of an erroneous education. Mrs. Dunmore is a kind-hearted, but weak