

knew, or even suspected it, she had rendered herself necessary to my happiness, whilst I, as I too well knew, had become part of hers. Still, the aristocratic prejudices of my boyhood, my mother's hopes and plans, the world's opinion, might have had much weight against my boyish love, but when I returned in disgust from that London which I had sought as the Lethe in which to forget my ill-judged predilection, and found Carry pale and heart-broken from fretting during my absence, when her father made me swear on his death-bed, to ensure the happiness of his poor orphan child, all this world united would never have made me break that vow. Three weeks after she had lost her only protector, in despite of her own wishes and prayers for a farther delay,—prayers which shewed the extent of the deep unbounded confidence she reposed in me, Carry became my wife. Say what you will, she owes me a deep debt of gratitude for all I have sacrificed for her sake. 'Tis unmanly, perhaps, of me, to complain to you thus, but really, Eva, she sometimes tries my patience beyond human endurance. Her silly, childish reproaches for every hour I spend from her side, her floods of wayward tears, ever ready on the shortest notice, her perpetually recurring and provoking comparisons between my cruelty and the goodness of her poor dear papa, and still better, that of Mr. Moore. Only fancy, my little sister, Augustus Huntingdon, the favorite of the London circles, placed for a moment in contrast with a parish clerk, an ignorant, ill looking country rustic, and told by the wife he had raised from obscurity to a dignity undreamed of by the most aspiring visionary that ever bore her name, that she regretted she had not wedded the aforesaid rustic instead. On my life, the first time I heard her say it, I felt mad enough to shoot myself, but a moment's reflection showed the thing in so exquisitely ludicrous a light, that I only laughed. Oh! had my mother but heard her, I verily believe she would have annihilated her on the spot.

"You smile, and no wonder, but seriously, I have endured more from Carry in the space of one week, and that too in patience and kindness, than I have borne from all belonging to me since my earliest infancy. Why, my mother, at the very time she was sacrificing her own luxuries and comforts to pay off my reckless debts, would no more have ventured on one of the irritating assaults with which my wife daily favours me, than she would have faced a regiment of dragoons."

"Well, my dear Augustus, your forbearance speaks volumes for your manly generosity; but

if you examine strictly and impartially into the truth, you will find many extenuating circumstances in favour of poor Mrs. Huntingdon, many little faults in yourself. In the first place, the childish fretfulness you so bitterly condemn, is caused in a great measure by the very position in which you, yourself, have placed her. As simple Miss Hamilton, she was free and happy, surrounded by warm sincere friends, admirers too, even though they were humble. As Mrs. Huntingdon, she is a lonely isolated creature, an object of contempt and aversion to her husband's family, with no solace, no hope, save in the love of that husband, who at least, if he has sacrificed much for her, has, at the same time placed an eternal and impassable barrier between herself and the simple joys, the true-hearted friends of her early youth."

"By Jupiter! Eva, you are right, and I love you twice as well for showing me with such gentle unflinching candour, both sides of the question. 'Tis a light in which I never saw it before. Yes, after all, 'tis no wonder poor Carry should pout a little when I return home, after having left her a whole live-long day to herself. Were she a reader, a musician,* anything that would afford her a resource in herself against solitude and *ennui*, it would be different. Oh! how joyfully would I surround, bury her in books, the bluest and most scientific that could be read or written, if I thought it would ensure me a smiling face on my return at evening, or a free permission to spend my day as I liked, without being troubled with the unpleasant remembrance that, by doing so, I was also breaking my wife's heart. To prove to you the influence of your counsels, I will go at once and coax her into good humour."

The task, however, was not quite as easy as might have been expected, considering the almost irresistible fascinations of the pleader, and the youth and volatility of Mrs. Huntingdon, and a considerable time elapsed ere the new married pair re-entered the drawing-room. When they did so, though Carry leaned familiarly on her husband's arm, though his merry jests called occasional smiles to her lip, Eva could easily perceive that the offended dignity of the young wife was not yet entirely propitiated.

Another hour passed swiftly, peacefully enough, and then the visitor rose to go. Mrs. Huntingdon, with all her early respectful earnestness, thanked her for her visit, pressing her to repeat it soon, but she did not accompany her out under the porch, and her sister-in-law could see from the occasional involuntary quivering of her lips, and the unsteadiness of her tones, that the termination