

wings for the night by the side of its anxious mate. I beheld her smiling to beguile my care and fondly watching every expression of my countenance, as a mother watches over her sick child, and the half-concealed tear following the smile when her efforts proved unavailing—and my heart smote me that she should weep for me, while her tears, her smiles, and her tenderness, added to my anguish, and I was unable to say in my heart, ‘be comforted.’ It could not be affection which made me desirous of concealing our situation from her, but a weakness which makes us unwilling to appear before each other as we really are.

For twelve months I concealed, or thought that I had concealed, the bankruptcy which overwhelmed me as a helmless vessel on a tempestuous sea. But the Prince landed in Scotland, and the war began. I was employed in preparing the way for him in England, and for a season wild hopes, that made my head giddy, rendered me forgetful of the misery that had hung over and haunted me. But the brilliant and desperate game was soon over; our cause was lost—and with it my hopes perished—remorse entered my breast—and I trembled in the grasp of ruin. Sir William Forrester effected his escape to France, but his estates were confiscated, and my Catherine was robbed of the inheritance that would have descended to her. With this came another pang, more bitter than the loss of her father’s fortune, for, he, now a fugitive in a strange land, and unconscious of my condition, had a right to expect assistance from me. The thought dried up my very heart’s blood, and made it burn within me—and I thought I heard my Catherine soliciting me to extend the means of life to her father, which I was no longer able to bestow upon herself: for, with the ruin of our cause, my schemes of borrowing, and of allaying the clamour of creditors perished.

But it is said that evils come not singly, nor did they so with me; they came as a legion, each more cruel than that which preceded it. Within three weeks after the confiscation of the estates of Sir William Forrester, the individual who held the mortgage upon mine died, and his property passed into the hands—of whom?—Heaven and earth! Lewis, I can hardly write it.—His property, including the mortgage on my estate, passed into the hands of—Sir Peter Blakely! I could have died a thousand

deaths rather than have listened to theings. My estate was sunk beyond its rise, and now I was at the mercy of the man who had injured—of him I hated. I could doubt but that, now that I was in his power, he would wring from me his ‘pound of flesh’ to the last grain—and he has done it! monster has done it! But to proceed my history.

My Catherine was now a mother, no longer to conceal from her the wretchedness that surrounded us, and was now less overwhelmed us, was impossible; yet I had the courage, the manliness to acquiesce with it, or prepare her for the coming day.

But she had penetrated my soul—she read our condition; and, while I sat beside her buried in gloom, and my soul groined in agony, she took my hand in hers and said—

‘Come, dear Edward, conceal nothing from me. If I cannot remove your sorrows, let me share them. I have borne much for you, I can bear more.’

‘What mean ye, Catherine?’ I inquired in a tone of petulance.

‘My dear husband,’ replied she, with fervent affection, ‘think not I am ignorant of the sorrow that preys upon your heart. But brood not on poverty as an affliction. You may regain affluence, or you may not; it can neither add to nor diminish my happiness but as it affects you. Only assist me, and I will welcome penury. What of degradation or of suffering? Not degradation that is virtuous and honest where honesty and virtue are, that is true nobility, though their outward hewer of wood. Believe not that poverty is the foe of affection. The assertion is oft-repeated, but idle falsehood of those who never loved. I have seen much joined with content, within the clay, humble cotters, rendering their scanty coarse morsel sweeter than the dainties of the rich; and affection and esteem rose, from the knowledge that they endured privation together, to comfort each other. No, Edward,’ she added, placing her face upon my shoulder, ‘think not of suffering. We are young, the world and Heaven is bountiful. Leave those who envy them, and after the order the morsel of our industry deli-