

Her purpose was suddenly arrested by the entrance of Edward Beaufort, who stood before her, a changed being from him, who had looked a few brief hours before, the image of despondency.

His dark eyes were radiant with love's own light, joy beamed from every feature, and he trod with the buoyant step of one, who has just cast aside a burthen that had crushed him to the earth. He held an open note in his hand, and hastily approaching the trembling Madelaine, he was about to address her, when Mrs. Calthorpe, who was just tying on her hat to drive to Bowdoin Square; as her brother's return was announced to her, burst eagerly into the room.

"It is true, then!" she exclaimed on seeing Edward. "What can this mean? Jerry told me you had returned, but I refused to believe him. Why is it, and what can have happened?"

"Not that which we expected to happen, certainly, Alice," said her brother, smiling. "And the reason why it has not, you will best learn from the words of her, who has chosen to commit her destiny to the care of other hands than mine," and as he spoke he gave her the note he held, simply adding:

"You will see by this confession that Miss Maywood found the attractions of Signor Carzini more irresistible than those of my humble self, and saw fit to escape her fearful doom by eloping with him during the silent watches of the past night; her flight was only discovered this morning,—and now," speaking in a low voice to Madelaine, while Mrs. Calthorpe glanced hurriedly over the note, "I am destined henceforth to hang my voiceless harp upon the willow, unless this gentle hand will deign to re-string its chords, and attune it once again to harmony."

An expression of contemptuous indignation, which at this moment burst from the lips of Mrs. Calthorpe as she let the hastily perused note drop from her hands, was unheeded, and immediately forgotten in the interest awakened by Madelaine's extreme emotion, who, pale as marble, looked as though the supporting arm of Beaufort alone prevented her from sinking to the floor. Fearing she would faint, he bore her gently to a sofa, but the eloquent blood that rushed back to her cheek, as he thus tenderly manifested his concern, told that, not insensibility, but deep, tumultuous emotion, had caused it momentarily to stagnate at its source.

Mrs. Calthorpe's anxiety vanished when she marked that lovely tell-tale blush, and playfully tossing her fan to Edward, she bade him use it for the benefit of his fair patient, while she ran away for some eau de cologne. But probably she found none, as she did not again return to the library, nor can we say how long those she left there, waited in expectation of Farina's exquisite extract.

As it came not, however, some restorative equally efficacious must have supplied its place, since, at

dinner the brilliant glow of Madelaine's cheek, and the soft lustre of her eye, declared the sovereign virtue of the panacea which had produced such beautiful effects.

In short, before the week drew to a close it was understood throughout the household that Madelaine had consented to console Edward Beaufort, for the loss of his recreant bride. Mrs. Dorival had joyfully sanctioned the engagement, Mrs. Calthorpe was only too happy in her brother's prospects, and in the acquisition of such a sister for herself; and even her business-like husband, expressed his warm conviction, that "it would be impossible for Edward to form a better co-partnership."

The only drawback to the happiness of the lovers, arose from the necessity under which Beaufort shortly found himself of spending a few months at the south, to complete the settlement of an estate, left there by his father. He would gladly have taken Madelaine with him, as his wife, but she would not consent to leave her mother, and on condition of their remaining till his return with Mr. and Mrs. Calthorpe, whose kind and urgent entreaties they could not indeed reject, he reluctantly departed without her. The period of his absence was not passed idly by Madelaine, who, sensitively alive to the neglect of her early education, was solicitous to repair its many deficiencies before her lover's return.

Every moment was diligently improved by her to the fulfilment of this object, and under the direction of various instructors, so great was her proficiency, both in the useful and ornamental, that in the course of those few months the neglect of years was repaired, and with the new sources of knowledge that were opened to her, she enjoyed the grateful consciousness of being more than ever worthy the love, and fitted for the companionship of him, who comparatively ignorant as he had found her, disdained not to lavish on her the rich affections of his heart.

It was during his short residence at the south, and just before quitting it, that Beaufort heard with real sorrow the melancholy fortunes of his faithless Lucia. The adventurer, for such he proved, to whom, (won by his handsome person, and his boast of noble blood, and a title which circumstances had compelled him for a time to lay aside,) she had given her hand, no sooner obtained possession of her fortune, which her friends could not withhold when the legality of the marriage was attested, than he sailed with her for France, and repairing to Paris, placed her in indifferent lodgings, and left her almost to utter solitude, till at the tables of the lowest gambling houses, he had staked and lost, the last farthing which he received with her, and for which alone he married her.

Then he deserted her, after cruel neglect and brutal treatment, which had effectually broken her