

infringities, if you teaze me just now, I feel so cross and miserable; having just parted with my old friend and protectress," said Rose, taking the seat he offered her.

"Well, that is candid. I like you, little girl, for speaking the truth. There is something so fresh and new, and natural about it, when compared with the sophistry and blarney of people of the world."

"God forbid that I should live in an atmosphere of lies," said Rose, "and increase the moral pestilence by my own bad example."

"Little girl, from whom did you learn those noble sentiments?"

"From that dear and injured woman, whose society you look upon as contamination," said Rose glancing towards her aunt with a flushed cheek.

"It is a delicate subject which we cannot discuss here, Rose," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "but the time will come, my dear child, when you will admit the propriety of your separation, although blinded by your affection, you cannot understand it now."

"Of whom does she speak?" asked the lawyer.

"Of Army's mistress,"

"His wife! Aunt, his wife! You know how he deceived her," cried Rose, in an agony.

"Silence, Rosamond! She was his mistress before she was his unlawful wife. These are stern facts, which you should ever bear in mind."

"Good God! madam, do you suffer such a preson to haunt your virtuous niece?" asked Mr. Bradshawe, in undisguised horror.

"It is to her I owe my life. But for her humanity, I must have perished in some miserable workhouse; or made one among the living dead in these immoral nurseries of vice and degradation," cried the indignant Rose. "Yes it is to her wise and pious training, that I am indebted for all the good which I possess; while, with tears and prayers, she tried to eradicate all that was low and evil. You cannot induce me by your arguments, drawn from the maxims of the world, which you even now, Sir, affected to despise, to turn my back upon my best friend. While life continues to warm this heart, it shall never cease to throb with love and gratitude for her!" Unable to control her tears, she started abruptly from her chair and left the room. In the hall, she encountered Edgar. Shocked at beholding her in tears, he caught her hand, and endeavored to detain her; at that moment Rose felt an antipathy, on Jane Redgrave's account, to all mankind; and snatching her hand from him, she rushed up stairs, and sought in the retirement of her own chamber

an excuse for her tears. About an hour had elapsed, when a slight knock at the door roused her from her stupor of grief. It was Mrs. Derby.

The good woman had come to assist her in preparing for her journey on the morrow, and in a few minutes they were immersed in all the muddles and mysteries of packing.

"Oh! I shall miss your sweet face to-morrow," said Mrs. Derby. "How dull the Park will appear when you are gone."

"And I," said Rose, "shall always remember you with grateful affection, not only for your kindness to me, Mrs. Derby, but for your love for poor Jane Redgrave."

"I hate to call her by that name," said the good woman with a sigh; "nor does it rightly belong to her. I cannot bear to think that my beautiful, amiable little Jane Woodley should become the victim of a treacherous villain!"

"Hush!" said Rose, laying her finger upon her lips. "That villain was my father."

"Your pardon, Miss Rose. It is a sad story to think on. A real tragedy, as our curate said when he first heard it."

"You surely don't talk to Mr. Blundell on these distressing family secrets?"

"Secrets! why, my dear young lady, these things are no secrets, but are known to the whole neighbourhood. If people act imprudently, they must expect their neighbours will talk of them. It is one of the natural punishments of crime. I was frightened out of my life, for fear our footmen should find out who Mrs. Redgrave was; and for the old love I bore her, I said nothing about her until after she was gone."

"You did not then betray her?"

"Why, what harm could it do her, talking about her, when she was gone! She did not hear me, or know anything about it."

Rose remained thoughtful and silent. She had just learned a painful lesson. How imprudent it is in any one to make confidants of servants, however well disposed they may appear. To hear themselves talk, and to be able to tell a tale in which they have been supposed to act a prominent part, they will betray their best friends and benefactors. Rose had been about to confide some of her troubles to Mrs. Derby, but the idea that the curate and the footmen would be the partakers of her confidence, silenced her for ever.

The next morning the family breakfasted at sunrise, Mrs. Dunstanville and Mr. Bradshawe in their travelling dresses, while the bonnet and shawl of Rose occupied a table near the window, to be assumed the moment their meal was concluded. Edgar, who had learned of their depart-