

ces which the twilight hour had awakened. It was then that innumerable shades of former admirers arose. Some doubted if they had ever been more than shades; but Aunt Eloise certainly knew best about that, and who had a right to deny that Mr. Smith had knelt to her in pity; that Col. Green had vowed and eternal adoration; and that Lawyer Lynx had laid his heart, and his fees, which were not quite a fortune at her feet!

Aunt Eloise had been—at least she hinted so—a beauty and a *bleu* in her day; and to maintain both characters she rouged, wore false ringlets, and scribbled love verses, which she had a bad habit of leaving, by accident, between the leaves of books in every frequented room in the house.

She thought and avowed herself extravagantly fond of her neice, during her early childhood, and imagined that she displayed a graceful enthusiasm in exclaiming, every now and then, in her presence, and in that of others, "Oh! you angel child! I do think she is the sweetest creature! Come here and kiss me, you beauty!" &c. &c. But no one ever saw Aunt Eloise taking care of the child, attending to its little wants, or doing anything for its benefit. The only tangible proof of her affection for her neice, was in the shape of bonbons and candy, which she was in the habit of bringing home from her frequent walks in Tremont street. Harriet regularly handed these forbidden luxuries to her mother, and Mrs. Carlton as regularly threw them into the fire.

"Isn't it a pity to waste such nice things, mother? Why not give them to some poor child in the street?" asked the little girl one day, as she watched, with longing eyes a paper full of the tempting poison, which her mother was quietly emptying in the grate.

Mrs. Carlton did not disdain to reason with her child—

"That would be worse than wasted, dear. It would be cruel to give another

what I refuse to you on account of its unwholesomeness."

But Harriet had now been for a long time out of the spinster's books—as the saying is—and this misfortune occurred as follows:—

One morning when she was about six years old, the child came into her mother's room from her aunt's, where she had been alternately pelted, scolded, and teased, till she was weary, and, seating herself in a corner, remained for some time absorbed in thought. She had been reading to her mother that morning, and one sentence, of which she asked an explanation, had made a deep impression on her. It was this—"God sendeth us trials and troubles to strengthen and purify our hearts." She now sat in her corner without speaking or stirring, until her mother's voice startled her from her reverie.

"Of what are you thinking Harriet?"

"Mother, did God send Aunt Eloise to strengthen and purify my heart?"

"What do you mean my child?"

"Why the book says he sends trials for that, and she is the greatest trial I have, you know."

The indignant maiden was just entering the room as this dialogue began and hearing her own name, she stopped, unseen, to listen. Speechless with rage, she returned to her chamber, and was never heard to call Harriet an angel child again.

But we have wasted more time on the fair Eloise's follies than they deserve. Let us return to Harriet's all important composition.

The maiden lady, selfish and indolent as she was, took it into her head to be exceedingly inquisitive, and officious too, particularly where she thought her literary talents could come into play. She walked up to Harriet, and looked over her shoulder.

"What's this, hey? oh! a story.—That's right, Harriet, I am glad to see you taking to literary pursuits. Come, child, give me the pen, and I will improve that sentence for you."