

in some other direction. It was the manager—he had but to obey; and turning, he moved swiftly away in the direction of the grove. I was there myself at the time, enjoying the beautiful evening, when I saw him come hurriedly up. His whole frame appeared actually writhing under the influence of his passion, and he passed without observing me, muttering to himself as he went by a roundabout path homeward to the village. He went directly to his mother's house, to await her return. She came in shortly after him, but seemed absent and thoughtful, and, returning indistinct replies to his questions, retired to her apartment. He communicated to her mother what had occurred; and she, though she had perfect confidence in the sense and virtue of her daughter, was immediately struck with apprehensions of evil, little less than his. They sat for some hours that night in earnest conversation, and before they separated, knelt together in prayer, that that Power would interpose which alone could prevent the calamity they dreaded.

Next day Southern's attentions to Jane, while at work, attracted the notice of the other girls, and she had to listen to their bantering and ironical congratulations upon her good fortune. An evening or two after Williams, who began to hope his fears had been groundless, ventured to ask her to accompany him in a walk. She did not at first appear inclined, but, on hearing that it was up the Westwater, immediately complied. That very evening the scene was repeated. Southern met them, and at once bidding him to go about his business, walked away with her towards the secluded spot called the grove.

Williams's worst fears now appeared likely to meet with immediate confirmation. How much more when next evening she returned home later than she had ever done before, refusing to him, and to her mother, any account of where or with whom she had been. The next, he determined at once to come to a conclusion. He watched her as she left the factory-gate, and dogged her up the foot-path, where he saw her joined by Southern, and walk with him towards the place I have before alluded to.

His passion was now raised to madness. He attacked Southern in the most frantic manner; but in the hands of his muscular rival found himself as an infant. The latter, with a bitter sneer, mastering his hands, lifted him up from the ground and plunged him up to the neck in the reservoir, holding him down till he was nearly suffocated, while she stood by, pale and much agitated, without uttering a word.

Williams scrambled out and slunk away; hearing, as he went, the loud contemptuous laugh of his hated and triumphant rival—what were his feelings I will not attempt to say. Next day Southern called at the school, to dismiss him from his situation, he found the door locked, and the children playing around it. He had been anticipated—poor Williams was gone; after his ignominious defeat, he could no longer look upon a known face, and had gone off wet and dripping as he was, to hide his shame in the great solitude of London.

But now comes the bitter portion of my task. Dear reader, had I been sure of your sympathy, or of your forgiveness, I could have found it in my heart to have lingered longer on the banks of the beautiful Westwater; to tediousness I could have dwelt upon the perfection of the widow's lovely daughter. Yet a little could I have tarried, describing even the scaly splendor of the serpent Southern: but it can be protracted no longer.

Alas for you, fair Jane Granton! whether could have wandered the truant seraph that should surely have hovered, watchful, round the brow of one so beautiful and young? why is your spirit changed? why is the head that used to sit so proudly upon that graceful neck bowed down in blushful humility to the ground? Was worth the day! you are in love Cheeney! and it is a love you are ashamed of! No soft, tender emotion is your love, poor lost girl! it is a passion, a madness, an overglowing fire with you, consuming to ashes every other thought and feeling!

Williams's departure, and its cause, were soon the theme, of all lips in Westwater, and every eye was fixed, though covertly, upon Jane and him, the dreaded over-seer, by all hated and by her loved; oh, how deeply!

Many days had not passed when she appeared completely abandoned to her new passion. Every evening she might be seen, stealing away in the direction of that fatal footpath, to enjoy the pernicious bliss of an hour with him, whose every thought by day and night was the accomplishment of her ruin; and every evening was the chain of his fascination girded more strongly around the heart of the poor devoted girl; she appeared to live only in his presence, to have no enjoyment but in his society. At all other times she was absent and thoughtful, avoiding the gaze of all she saw, appearing to be dreaming over in her mind the delights of her next meeting with him, when all the scoffs of her companions, and all the upbraidings of her wild, fanatical mother, would be compensated by one kind look from his dark eye, by one gentle pressure to his manly bosom.

I remember observing them often, his arm around her waist, while she with her hand upon his shoulder, so fondly and confidently walked, slowly along, gazing up into his face as he talked to her, with a look of mingled love and wonder, a kind of devotion, that gave her features an expression altogether new to them, and most beautiful to see. But after some days I remarked that this changed. Southern himself now appeared actually to feel a degree of the passion he had powerfully excited in her, though it seemed to wear too much of the voluptuous aspect to come within the category of genuine love.

I came upon them one evening at the grove: it was now midsummer. They were sitting together, hand in hand, upon a turf bench, close to a small waterfall, a favorite resort of theirs, and as they sat they gazed at each other without speaking, she with her face flushed and glowing, and her eyes sparkling in a way I have never else observed. In that attitude they continued without noticing me, so absorbed were they with each other. She appeared to feel a strange delirious rapture in his mere presence; it was most singular—there was an enthusiasm in it—indeed, now at last the spark had been applied, and the constitutional fanaticism which her mother gave her, and which had lain so long dormant in her bosom, blazed forth in this new form more fiercely than it had ever flamed in her! Was it indeed so, was that frenzied love but an approach to hereditary insanity?

But while this fierce passion had been thus advancing, think not that efforts were wanting to stay its progress. My own advice I ventured to give, but it was received in a way that led me not again to offer it; but the mother—the enthusiastically virtuous, the wildly religious mother—everything a mother could, she did; she reason-

ed, entreated, wept, and prayed, anon, stormed and cursed her distracted child. Nay, once she went through some strange superstitious ceremonies with a minister of her own sect from a neighbouring city, with the view—smile not reader at the weak woman's delusion—of casting out the devil, which she firmly believed had entered her beautiful daughter. Sometimes she had recourse even to personal violence; but it was all in vain,—tears and entreaties, upbraiding and anger, had but the same reply.

“Alas! mother, I know it is wrong to love him as I do, but I cannot help it. (Oh! can I help loving him, my noble Southern? him, who knows more than ever man knew; who spoke to me, as never man spoke: who loves me with love for which I would willingly exchange the Heaven you hope for, mother!”

“Yes, girl, love him: love that incarnate spirit of evil, that the Almighty has permitted to afflict us for a time for our transgressions. Love him, and prepare to meet the eternal wrath that will follow on the deep sin he tempts you to. Oh, my child, my child! my one only darling; let us flee from this place, from the circle of this fiend's enchantment: he does not love you, Cheeney; he hates you, feels contempt for you; he will ruin you, girl, and then spurn you out into the world a wretched and degraded being!”

In the excited strain, of which this is but a faint and meagre example, did the widow daily and nightly endeavor to turn her daughter from her mad affection. Nor were her efforts always unattended with at least the appearance of success. More than once she got her to confess she believed he wanted to ruin her; and to promise to forget, to avoid him; even to leave the place, and seek an asylum for her virtue far away from Westwater.

Such confessions and promises she would make, weeping upon her fond parent's bosom. On one such occasion—

“Yes, mother,” said she, it is that dark eye of his that undoes me. He never bends it upon me, but I feel him drinking away my very soul. I cannot resist it. You are right, he is an evil spirit; he tells me the Bible is a lie, mother, (the old woman shuddered,) and persuades me there is no such thing as sin or evil!”

“Oh, my child!” exclaimed the mother. “let us give thanks to Him who has at length opened your eyes to the Tophet on whose brink you stood!”

And the two women knelt together, joining their voices in thanksgiving. But as the hour drew near when she was wont to meet her lover, another change came over her spirit; she became anxious and restless, sighed often, moved about from one part of the house to another, and at last, springing up, threw her arms about her mother's neck and kissed her, then bursting from her, flew out of the house and away to the grove, where she found Southern, and falling upon his breast, gave way to a wild fit of hysterical laughter and weeping.

But now he began to think the charm nearly wound up, and resolved to remove her from Westwater to the large city; for even he had feeling enough left to wish to keep the affair apart from the eyes of the workpeople.

One evening, when the summer was now wearing over, he broke the proposal to her that she should leave her mother's house, and become altogether his.

As might have been expected, the infatuated girl consented, and promised to meet him next night at a particular place, where