

go with him and Waitt in the morning to the city of Philadelphia, where he would see me safely married, and then he should feel quite easy.

"The next day was a bright and beautiful one, Jack called me early. He bade me put on my white dress, and tie my hair with white ribands, and he brought me a basket in which to put the best part of my wardrobe, simple enough it was too. His gaiety of spirit quite elated me, and I was soon arrayed and ready for a start. Had I been going with Mr. Waitt alone, I never could have done it, for I had still a feeling of awe towards him which I could not vanquish. He towered so above me that I could scarcely look up to him, and whenever he approached me I was subdued by a sense of my own insignificance. But Jack would not let me think—and we mounted into the light waggon, and he started off the horses with a gay carol.

"I, poor unconscious child, forgot even the purpose of our drive till we reached the city of Philadelphia. Jack took us directly to a church, and when I entered its doors the portal of life seemed closing against me. Waitt took me in his arms and placed me before the altar. I have no recollection of the scene; it was a blank,—the first thing that recalled me to my senses was a kiss from Jack, and a 'Thank God! my dear Mary, will be happy now.'

"And I was happy, my dear Miss Lizzie, though I don't think I ever loved my husband as I should have done; he was so far above me in every way; he was a highly educated gentleman, while I was an untoward, untaught girl. What whim induced him to marry me in such an odd way, I never could rightly understand. I once heard a lady ask him (she had been disappointed in not winning him herself, I believe, for he was a prodigious favorite with the ladies, as all six-footers are,) 'What under the sun tempted him to marry such an ignoramus?' Oh! how my blood boiled at the question, but his answer soothed me.

"I had seen, Madam, so much of the young ladies of the world, had been so much disgusted with their coquetry, heartlessness and scheming, that I determined to choose one simple and untaught, but pure from corrupting influences. She does not know much, but her very simplicity is to me a priceless treasure.'

"But still kind and loving as he was to me, I know I often annoyed my husband very much by my ignorance; he tried, but in vain, to teach me the etiquette of society—I never would learn it. I insisted on treating people just as I felt towards them; I never could be really civil to the wives of the major and captain of the regiment, though

they condescended to notice me a great deal, but I loved and could pet the sergeant's pretty wife. Soon after our marriage Mr. Waitt was ordered to the West, and we were quartered for a long time at St. Louis; here I was placed in a French family to learn the language; but precious little 'parlez vous' did I ever achieve, but I played with the cats and romped with the children, eat soup maigre, and was happy. We had frequent excursions round the city, and we went the whole length and breadth of the mighty Western river. Once he was sent with dispatches to Canada, to Quebec, the then seat of government. Oh! never shall I forget that city, so peculiar in its appearance, its magnificent situation, its frowning batteries, its steep and man-defying rocks, its glorious river, its narrow streets, and its mixed and peculiar population.

"We had letters to the officers, and received great civility. Balls and parties without number I attended, and those sables, which you know are so valuable, though you say they are such old womanly looking things, were purchased there, and a heavy price they were, but my husband delighted to deck me in all that was rich and beautiful. I was petite, but at the same time had something 'bizarre' and striking about me, (you see, dear, I have not quite forgotten all my French,) at least people said so, I was a sort of fairy queen. I was self-willed too, and that is sometimes pretty and allowable in a very small person, never in a large one.

"I had one little boy, a pet and plaything, and my life glided away very pleasantly, with nothing to mar its joyousness, but my wholesome fear of my husband, which not all his kindness could overcome. During the war of 1811, we were quartered in various places, and I saw much of life. Just at the close of the campaign my husband received a wound, which did not seem at all an alarming one at the time, but from which he never recovered. We retired to the neighborhood of Philadelphia, and I hoped by care to restore him, but by degrees his strength failed, and soon that proud and lofty head was laid low. I lost my protector and found myself penniless, and almost friendless, for my wandering life had not enabled me to form any lasting ties. In my distress I wrote to a wealthy relative in England. I was not much gifted in writing, as you, Miss Lizzie, have sometimes seen; the letters in my words are somehow never placed quite right, and it requires some skill to come at the meaning; this was the consequence of my early want of education.

"I suppose my uncle, to whom I wrote, judged of me by the style of my letter, and thought I should