

easy way, the manners of those who have moved in a higher class, you will soon rub off your rusticity. But above all things, beware of affectation. The plainest natural manner, however homely, is preferable to this worst sort of vulgarity, as a real copper coin is of more value than a counterfeit, although it may endeavor to represent silver or gold."

"I am afraid, madam, that you will never be able to make a lady of a poor country girl," said Rose. "I feel a sad misgiving that I shall never be so happy in your fine house as I was with dear aunt Jane."

"Banish all such nonsense out of your little head, and don't look at me so piteously with those blue eyes brimful of tears, nor call me so formally 'Madam.' Dear Aunt Jane, is not so near to you as Aunt Rosamond. By the bye, are you christened after me?"

"Yes, madam! I suppose so, for my name in my register, is Rosamond Dunstanville Doyle Sternfield; a dreadful long name, which my good aunt shortened into Rose."

"No wonder, it is a dreadful long rigmarole, and as I don't wish to deprive your aunt Jane, as you call her, of her little Rose, I shall have my own Rosamond. Do you hear? Henceforth I shall call you by no other name. We will leave the wild rose to its native hedge rows, and keep the newly christened flower for the garden."

"Ah! but the wild rose is the sweetest."

"In your estimation, because you have only known the waste paths of nature. After a little culture, you would find the heath and the mossy bank as little fitted to your acquired tastes as the garden is now. But here we are. How do you like your new home?"

Emerging suddenly from the deep shade of over-hanging and embowering trees, the carriage dashed into a gravelled carriage road, that swept in a semicircle round a spacious lawn, flanked on either side by the noblest forest trees, which threw out in strong relief, an ancient Hall of Elizabethan construction, which was again reflected from base to gable in a noble sheet of water, which spread out in front of the lawn, on whose silver bosom swans glided with slow and majestic motion, and enormous willows bent down to kiss their own graceful shadows in the water.

"Oh! what a paradise!" exclaimed Rose.

"Yes, 'tis a pretty place, and all this, pretty one, shall be yours," said the old lady, tapping her companion's cheek with her fan, "if you will be a good girl and love me."

"I will try," returned Rose, with an arch smile. "You hold out to me a great temptation."

"Aha! you are not so blind to your own interest as I at first thought," returned her aunt. "But I know you will love me, independent of the wealth in my gift. It is your nature, and you will be true to it, or that candid brow would give the lie to a long life of observation and experience."

They were now before the steps of the stately building, and all the old servants thronged to greet their mistress. Bustling through them, and shaking hands with all, enquiring after the health of the old and infirm, and praising the good looks of the young and healthy, Mrs. Dunstanville dragged Rosamond, as we will now call her, through the wondering and admiring crowd, into the drawing room; and kissing her cheeks and brow, welcomed her with moistened eyes to her home.

Overcome with the kind and affectionate manner of her new friend, Rosamond flung her arms about the old lady's neck, and kissed her warmly in return, while the deepest blush overspread her charming face.

"Ah! we shall soon be the best of friends, my child. You have all the frankness of your poor father in the days of his youth and innocence; but, I trust, are without those evil passions which formed the curse of his riper years. But you look fatigued with your long journey, and so am I. Mrs. Derby shall conduct you to your apartment, and I will lie down till tea. Before next week you shall have a wardrobe befitting your station."

She rang the bell, and a neat, respectable matron, in black silk gown and snow white lawn cap and apron, made her appearance.

"Here, Mrs. Derby, this is my niece. Make her as comfortable as you can. When she has recovered the fatigue of her journey she can tell you all about your old nurse child, Jane Woodley."

"That will indeed be a pleasant hearing for me, madam," said the old woman, with a deep curtsey. "But bless me! this young lady is nothing like my Jane, with her deep black eyes and auburn curls. Why, Miss, your cheeks are like the rose, and your bonny hair like threads of gold. Your mother must have been a fair woman."

"Children don't always resemble their parents," said Mrs. Dunstanville; "but don't stand prating, but show the poor thing to her apartment."

Glad was Rosamond to escape for a while to her own thoughts, and though it was impossible so easily to get rid of the garrulous Mrs. Derby, until she had told her all the news, and all the changes which had taken place for the last twelve years, in her native village, by pleading a wish