

was lost in the dim moonlight, when she turned pensively to her chamber, to think and dream on the misery of a lover's parting.

CHAPTER III.

———"Oh; see! on falcon wings
Our storied pennon sweeping."

Glorious banner! under thy folds unnumbered millions repose in peace. Wherever thou art borne, victory smiles from thy crimson folds. From the hour when chivalry bore thee into Arab wilds, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from infidel pollution, the proudest of earth's warriors have followed thy glorious path! Thou, unstained, hast swept from sea to sea, bearing conquest and mercy in thy spreading wings.

Who is there inheriting the proud birthright of a British name, can see thy imperial folds sweeping athwart the heavens, and hear the war-cry that has ever been thy companion in battle, without feeling the mantling blood course through his every vein, and his nerves strung for the field of strife and conquest. Perish the laggard in such a glorious hour! unworthy is he as a son of ocean's proudest isles! Isles, which, but specks in the vast unfathomed sea, are yet the mistress of innumerable climes—"wide as the poles asunder"—so dread in their immensity that imagination can barely span their vast magnificence.

Follow we for a moment the fortunes of Richard Somers, and for a time they were hard enough; so different from the calm of his former life. Nevertheless he breasted manfully the troubles of a soldier's career. Whether it was marching or counter-marching—drilling or double-drilling, fighting or feasting, it was all the same to him: he was ready for either or for all, and his indomitable courage won for him the admiration of his inferiors, while his courteous and cheerful obedience secured the esteem of his superiors in rank. He rose through the intermediate grades, to a captaincy in a very celebrated regiment, before the summer campaign was ended.

The arduous character of his duties prevented the possibility of his obtaining even a very temporary leave, and the post he held during the winter, as the commandant of a frontier fort, precluded him from pressing his claim for a leave upon the General commanding. Thus a whole year passed, and he seldom, from the state of communication, even heard of his devoted Agnes, who even more rarely heard directly from her lover, save occasionally a paragraph among the news of the day, which mentioned his gallantry in some hard-fought field.

The second year since his departure was begun.

The new campaign was opened with renewed vigour, and Richard Somers urged on by the enthusiastic ardour of his age, behaved ever as became a scion of the noble nation from which he sprang. He was ever among the foremost in the attack, and if retreat became a necessary movement, his sword flashed in the face of the advancing foe.

Well might Agnes Weldon rejoice, that her heart had so well chosen; but she rejoiced with fear, though she seldom heard of his danger till he was safe, and then her prayers were poured out for peace, that he might return to bless her with his lore; but she had a double motive for her anxiety in her desire to be freed from the persecution of one who deserves the dignity of a new chapter for his introduction, even on such a day as this, to the gentle reader.

CHAPTER IV.

"An old man went a wooing
A damsel fair and young!"

Anthony Addlehead was not a beauty-man, (as Bulwer classically hath it,) but he was what may be called a very personable personage. It is needless to deny that his brow wanted the expansion which limners delight to endow the portrait of Napoleon, and his profile displayed a something that more resembled a piece of blue clay on the dingy ground of a wooden plater, than a veritable nose and face—his mouth was the reverse of what is poetically associated with "wreathed smiles," but it was by no means, as some people ill-naturedly hinted, an ugly mug—his chin, to be in keeping with his forehead, receded towards his neck, somewhat too speedily to be called handsome, and the neck itself was not such as to inspire a Bryon with envy, but still it was a neck, and that is more than some people can boast of. His figure, though that was the point in which he principally excelled. It is true it more resembled a crocheted tree reversed, than the statue of the Apollo Belvidere, but yet the figure of Mr. Anthony was not without much "chiselled beauty." Enough, however, of description, we now beg leave to introduce him to the reader as the lover of Agnes Weldon.

Anthony Addlehead having, by some unprecedented process of seasoning, arrived at the conclusion that he was *rich enough*, purchased a villa, or what was by courtesy termed such, in the neighbourhood of Dr. Weldon, at whose residence he became a constant visitor; and finding Agnes rather different from any lady he had ever before met, experienced some sensations to which his nature had hitherto been utterly a stranger, which he construed into symptoms of love. So much was this ideal