

manded a full view of Broadway. The street was alive with every class of humanity, from the ragged and wretched beggar, up to the man of wealth and fashion. Walworth could not help contrasting the busy and exciting scene with his own quiet and happy village, and wondering how Esther could exchange it for the American Babylon. Every passer by seemed languid and sickly. The heat was intense, and not a semblance of shade presented itself.—Here and there a stunted tree reared its trunk in the street, whose leaves hung scorched and dusty in the bright blaze of a July sun, lacking the rich and verdant beauty which marks the native denizens of the woods and plains. Although the scene was novel to Walworth, he could not but regard it with disgust, and his heart leaped back to the sweet sounds of the purling brooks—the green and flower-enamelled sward—the cool, dark, and silent recesses of the forest—where nature reigned in all its purity—where he had sported in the joyousness of boyhood, and every object was familiar to him as a household god. He thought, too, of Esther—his own blue-eyed and blushing maiden, and he trembled as he thought that perhaps she had forgotten the home of her childhood—the playmates of her youth—perhaps forgotten him.

As he sat thus ruminating, a splendid barouche was seen advancing; in it, were a lady and gentleman. By some secret sympathy, Walworth's eyes became rivetted upon the same; nearer and nearer it approached; his heart beat quick and heavily—his respiration almost ceased, a flitting film passed over his eyes—and he grasped the sill of the window with a desperate and despairing strength—he could not be mistaken—it was *her*—Esther Wilson—his own betrothed, in close and playful dalliance with a fashionable stranger—she passed beneath his eye—he essayed to rise, with the resolution of following them, but strength failed him, and he fell helpless and almost fainting back into his chair.

When he recovered from his bewilderment, a wild and unnatural energy took possession of his heart; he felt that all he loved was lost to him for ever, yet he determined once again to behold her—to confront her face to face, and remind her of her promise, and accordingly, that evening, he repaired to her dwelling. It was situated in one of the most fashionable streets of the city, and as he stood before it, the remembrance of former scenes came fresh upon him. Could it be that fortune could so soon have changed her—that the once simple

and beautiful Esther, the pride of the village was now one of the leading belles of the fashionable world—that her heart was now probably another's? and he stood hesitating whether or not to enter the magnificent mansion, or to retrace his steps at once, back to his native home, and seek in its placid bosom a balm to his stricken spirit. While he stood thus irresolute, the sound of music, and the tones of a voice but too familiar, fell clearly on his ear. His resolution was taken, and ascending the steps, with a trembling hand he rung the bell. A servant, neat as a popinjay, appeared, and demanded his business. "It is with your mistress, sir," said Henry; "say that a gentleman desires to speak with her."

The servant was confounded at his peremptory tone.

"You understand me, sir!" said Henry.

"Certainly!" replied the man of waiting.—"If you have a card, I shall be happy to convey it to Miss Wilson."

"Say, sir, that Mr. Walworth waits the convenience of Miss Wilson for an interview."

The lacquy bowed, and ushering Walworth into an apartment, departed on his mission.

Miss Wilson was seated at the piano as the servant entered—a perfumed and tastefully dressed exquisite was hanging over her, who, to prevent the songstress from being interrupted, placed his finger on his lip, betokening silence; the docile creature at once comprehended his meaning, and stood mute and motionless. When Miss Wilson had finished, "Now, James, your business," said the man of fashion, who appeared to assume an authority in the mansion.

"Mr. Walworth desires to see you, Madam."

Ellen sprang to her feet, the blood forsook her cheek, and with difficulty she articulated *who?*

"Mr. Walworth," repeated the servant.

But for the assistance of the man of fashion, she would have fallen to the floor. In an instant, however, she recovered her fortitude, and courtesying to Mr. Brilliant, "You must think me a silly creature," said she, "but this is an old and once esteemed acquaintance, and the suddenness of his visit has so confounded me, that my nerves—the weather—the—"

Mr. Brilliant gently led her to the sofa, and tendering her an exquisitely chased smelling-bottle, the delicate sensibilities of our new-made lady were soon restored to their wonted calmness, although a strange feeling yet lingered about her heart at the recollection of her old lover being so near, and the neglect with which she had of late treated him.