

my friend and loved and respected me too much to see me ill used. Foolish girl that I was, I felt proud of my master's sympathy, and lost no opportunity to increase it, and attract his attention. You may guess, Noah, how all this ended. My master conceived a violent passion for me, which I was not slow in returning. For two years our illicit intercourse escaped the vigilant eyes of my husband, and the fretful jealousy of my mistress. The fear of detection made me very cautious. In the presence of the injured parties I became more distant and respectful in my manner to my master, and more eager to please my mistress, and my now detested husband. For the above named period, both were deceived, and it was during this season of hypocrisy and guilt that you, my son, were born. The startling resemblance that you bore to your real father, did not escape the observation of my husband, and it called forth some of his bitterest remarks.

"I, for my part, swore that the babe was the image of him, and in order to lull his suspicions, I conferred upon the child, the odious and detested name of Noah.

"My mistress often visited my chamber during my confinement, and once she brought Mr. Carlos with her to see the baby. 'It is a beautiful infant,' he said, kissing it with all his heart in his eyes. 'The picture of Annie.'

"'You will laugh at me, Walter,' said my mistress, gravely. 'But I think the child the image of you.'

"My mistress looked him full in the face. I thought he would have let the babe fall, he did so stammer and color, and try to laugh her words off, as a good joke. As to me, my face burnt like fire; and I drew up the bed-clothes to conceal it, but her quick eye had detected me. She looked first at me, and then at her husband. There needed no further witness of our guilt, we were both convicted by conscience, yet we boldly tried to affect indifference.

"'I see how it is,' she cried, bursting into tears; 'You have both cruelly wronged me. Yet for this poor babe's sake, I pray God to forgive you.'

"She kissed the child with great tenderness, laid it in the bed beside me, and withdrew in tears. My heart smote me, and I wept too. The Squire bent over me, and kissing the tears from my eyes, said in a whisper, 'Annie, the cat is out of the bag. My darling, you cannot stay here. I will get a carriage and take you to London. You will be safe there, and I can see you, without this painful restraint we are forced to put upon our actions here.'

"I did not answer. I was sorry for my mistress, and ashamed of my own base conduct, and at that moment, I almost felt as if I hated him.

"It was some days before I was able to be removed, but I saw my mistress no more. The maidservant who waited upon me, told me that she was very ill, confined to her bed, that the doctor visited her twice a-day, and said, that she must be kept very still. That she believed her sickness was occasioned by a quarrel with the master; but she did not know what it was all about, but that he had left her room in a great rage, and was gone from home for some days.

"I could not doubt that I was the author of this illness, and that they had quarrelled about me; and I was not a little anxious to leave the Hall.

"That evening, my husband came in to see me. He sat down by the bed-side, and looked cross and moodily at me. The baby was crying, and I asked him to hold it for me for a minute.

'The hateful brat!' he said, 'I should like to wring its neck.'

"What an affectionate father," I cried.

"'Father!' he burst out in a voice of thunder, 'Will you dare to call me the father of this child?'

"Of course, it is your child."

"'Madam, 'tis a base lie!' he cried, bending down to me, and hissing the words into my ear. 'Mr. Carlos is the father of this child, and you know it. Has not God brought against you, a witness of your guilt, in the face of this bastard, whom you have called by my name, to add insult to injury. I could kill both you and it, did I not know, that that would be but a poor revenge. No—live to deserve his scorn, as you have done to deserve mine, and may this child be your punishment and your curse!'

"I cowered before his just and furious anger. I no longer sought to deny my guilt, still less, to treat his forgiveness for the injury I had done him, and I drew a freer breath, when he tauntingly informed me, that from that moment, I was nothing to him. That he no longer looked upon me as his wife. That he had taken his passage to America, and would leave England for ever on the morrow.'

"He was true to his word. That meeting was our last. Both the Squire and I rejoiced at his departure, for he was the only party from whose anger we had really anything to dread. My poor mistress would suffer in silence, she would never make her wrongs known to the world.

"Mr. Carlos hired lodgings for me in London, where I lived, until his wife died, which was within the twelvemonth. Her death, for a while,