

Pride.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

I was left an orphan at an early age, but with immense wealth. After arriving at manhood I enjoyed all that untrammelled leisure and money could procure me. I travelled abroad, and for some years pursued those amusements and pleasures which the old world, with its experience of luxury, offers to the unoccupied and wealthy.

When I was about thirty, I determined to marry. As my property consisted mostly of landed estate, situated in my native country, I wished, when I married, to return there and make it my home. Then I thought it would be better to select a wife from my own countrywomen—one who would be content to settle down to the domestic life of her own home. I shrank from selecting my future life-companion among the gay, brilliant belles of foreign circles. No. I was wearied of out-doors life, and pined for some new sphere of enjoyment. A quiet married life would procure happiness for me I felt sure; and on my voyage home, I built all sorts of domestic *Chateaux d'Espagne*.

I thought it would be very easy in my own country to obtain just the kind of woman I wanted. I had no fears of my success. I knew I had a fine personal appearance and good address, which would, of course, secure the heart of the happy lady of my selection; then my handsome fortune and excellent position in society would smooth away all family difficulties. But after my return home I found there were as many obstacles existing to my marriage as abroad; the women were the same—beautiful, accomplished, interesting, but mere women of the world.

I became the fashion, of course, and was a mark for scores of manoeuvring mammas and fair daughters. No one asked what faults I had, or whether my disposition was such as to ensure happiness in married life. My passionate, willful temper was termed a becoming spirit, my selfishness was either overlooked or uncared for. I possessed every charm of mind and person, because I was an excellent match. Disgusted, I almost resolved upon old-bachelorhood for the rest of my life.

One summer, after recovering from an

attack of illness, I happened, by chance, in travelling about in pursuit of my lost health, to stop at a sea-bathing place, quite unknown to the fashionable world. It was so unlike every other watering-place I had ever been at, that I resolved to remain there until I wearied of it as I had of every thing else.

At this retired place I met Emily Grayson. Her parents had gone there like myself for the benefit of their health rather than amusement. I soon discovered that Mr. Grayson and my father had been college friends; and though they had but rarely met after they had left college, the recollection of their boyish intimacy was so pleasant to Mr. Grayson that he received the son of his old friend warmly and affectionately. I pass over my introduction to his family. From my first interview with Emily Grayson I felt interested in her, and an intimate acquaintance but increased that interest. I soon penetrated her character—not a difficult task, for never had I seen a face so expressive of the feelings of the soul as hers. Her actions, too, were dictated alone by the impulses of a pure heart. I found that she was artless, intelligent and affectionate; these were the qualities which I had determined that my future wife must possess. Nevertheless, she had faults.—Her curling lip, her expanded nostril and flashing eye, when circumstances aroused her, indicated that she possessed an impetuous temper, with no small quantity of pride. I soon found that she was rather self-willed; but I excused this fault, for she had always been the petted plaything of parents, friends, and teachers. These were her only errors; and I thought they might easily be corrected, for while harshness but incensed her, she was as easily controlled by gentleness as a child. Suffice it to say, that she came nearer my ideal than any one I had ever met with, and I determined to win her.

I loved her as I had never loved woman. I read with her her favourite authors and mine; I walked and rode, sung and talked with her. I told her of the lands I had visited—of the wonders I had seen; and when, at last, I gave utterance to my love, my words fell on a willing ear; and I soon obtained permission to ask her hand of her parents. Great was their astonishment when they heard their girlish daughter de-