

ing will not be withheld. Hesitate now
farewell happiness.'

she hastily raised her head from my breast
stood proudly before me, and casting
right blue eyes upon mine, with a look
ing inquiry said—

toward I what would you have me to do
as my love for you is—and I blush not
less it—would you have me to fly with
accompanied by the tears of blighted re-
gion—followed by the groans and lamen-
of a heart-broken father—pointed at
hager of the world as an outcast of
a frailty? Would you have me to
the last cord that binds to existence the
ing to whom I am related on earth—
am have I but my father? My hand
never give to another; but I cannot,
to leave my father's house. If Cath-
Forrester has gained your love, she
forfeit your esteem. I may droop in
Edward, as a bud broken on its stem,
I'll not be trampled on in public as a
weed.'

'my beloved, mistake me not,' re-
'when the lamb has changed na-
the wolf, then, but not till then,
breathe a thought, a word in your
that I would blush to utter at the
heaven. Within two days your fa-
his intended son-in-law will return,
ther's threats and tears will subdue
her's purpose. Catherine will be a
ward a'—

not impiously,' she cried, imploring-
! what can we do?'

esent moment only is left us,' repli-
night become the wife of Edward
and happiness will be ours.'

stood still; the blood rushed into
and back to her heart, while her
aved, and he cheeks glowed with
of incertitude, as she resolved and

efore should I tire you with a re-
at you already know. That night
me became my wife. For a few
father disowned us; but when
of the Prince began to ripen,
instrumentality we were again
to his favour. Yet I was grieved
in consequence of our marriage,
lately's mind had become affect-

ed; for while I detested him as a rival, I was
compelled to esteem him as a man.

But now, Lewis, comes the misery of my
story. You are aware that before I saw my
Catherine, I was a ruined man. Youthful
indiscretions—but why call them indiscre-
tions?—rather let me say my headlong sins,
before I had well attained the age of man-
hood, contributed to undermine my estate—
and the unhappy political contest in which
we were engaged had wrecked it still more.
I had ventured all that my follies had left me
upon the fortunes of Prince Charles. You
know that I bought arms, kept men ready
for the field, I made a voyage to France, I
assisted others in their distress; and in doing
all this, I anticipated nothing less than an
earldom, when the Stuarts should again sit
on the throne of their fathers. You had more
sagacity, more of the world's wisdom; and
you told me I was wrong—that I was in-
volving myself in a labyrinth from which I
might never escape. But I thought myself
wiser than you. I knew the loyalty and the
integrity of my own actions, and with me at
all times to feel was to act. I had dragged
ruin around me, indulging in a vague dream
of hope; and now I had obtained the hand
of my Catherine, and I had not the courage
to inform her that she had wed a ruined
man.

It was when you and I were at the Univer-
sity together, that the spirit of gambling
threw its deceitful net around me, and my
estate was sunk to half its value ere I was of
age to enjoy it; the other half I had wrecked
in idle schemes for the restoration of the Stu-
arts. When, therefore, a few weeks after
our marriage, I removed with my Catherine
to London, I was a beggar, a bankrupt, liv-
ing in fashionable misery. I became a uni-
versal borrower, making new creditors to
pacify the clamours of the old, and to hide
from my wife the wretchedness of which I
had made her a partner. 'And, O Lewis!
the thought that she should discover our po-
verty, was to me a perpetual agony. It came
over the fondest throbbings of my soul like
the echo of a funeral bell, for ever pealing its
sepulchral boom through the music of bridal
joy. I cared not for suffering as it might af-
fect myself, but I could not behold her suffer
—and suffer for my sake. I heard words of
tenderness fall from her tongue, in accents
sweeter than the melody of the lark's evening
song, as its chirring descends to fold its