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KATE PERCIVAL, OR THE LOVE OF THE WORLD.

BY M.

"Where'er a tear was dried, a pang
Of honest suffering soothed,
There was a light and holy place, a spot
Where happiness descending, sat and smiled."

POLLOCK.

"Henceforth that love shall be
Remembered by the hallowed deeds, that bless
And save mankind."

Mrs. SPOUNER.

It was in the summer of 18— that being recommended to try the sea air for the benefit of my health, I visited the beautiful village of C., situated about nine miles from the city of New York. Village it could scarcely be called, for there was no collection of houses, but many handsome country seats were scattered here and there over the country. The enchanting scenery,—for it afforded every variety of wood and plain, dale and upland—the pleasant situation, and salubrious air, all conspired to make it a favorite resort, especially for those whose residences were within the limits of the neighbouring city.

Among the families whose acquaintance I made in this delightful spot was one which interested me much. Mr. and Mrs. Livingston were persons who, though rich in this world's goods, had a more valued possession in that "faith which purifies the heart, and works by love." They had a pleasant family, and Emily, their eldest daughter, was a lovely being; her light figure, elastic step, and sweet countenance, beaming with kindly affections, seem even now before me. Her features were beautiful, and her eyes of "darkest, brightest blue," shaded by long silken lashes; yet it was not so much the beauty of outline or colour which charmed me, as the soul shining through the material form. On farther acquaintance I found that her character answered my expectations: she was intellectual, amiable, and deeply pious. I soon discovered that I was not singular in the admiration and

regard which I had conceived for this fair young girl: not many days after my arrival there was an addition to our party in a young gentleman from the city, whose eyes told that he regarded the fair Emily with no common interest. I soon learned that he was an accepted lover, and that the "happy couple," as the saying is, were to be married the ensuing autumn.

But I must hasten to speak of another of the party; this was a young friend of Miss Livingston's, who, though very handsome, was unlike her in person and disposition. I shall never forget the appearance of Kate Percival, as I first beheld her: she was at this time just eighteen, and at the first glance I thought I had never seen so splendid looking a being. She was tall, and the rich satin robe displayed to fine advantage the noble figure, and neck of transparent fairness; her raven hair was smoothly folded from the high classic brow, the contour of the head was perfect, yet the chiselled features, of rather a Roman cast, the brilliant black eye, and the scornful curl of the full red lip, revealed her true character. She was the only child of her mother, who was a vain, weak woman, and though naturally proud, passionate, and self-willed, had been uncontrolled. Her father had been a colonel in the army; and since his death his widow and daughter had been in rather reduced circumstances; yet, fond of show, the mother's chief ambition was that her Kate should make a brilliant marriage, and thus enjoy the luxuries