

paring was obvious and inevitable—and each trusted the other so fully that the regret was, in some degree, diminished by the certainty both felt of their affection continuing unimpaired by absence.

Two years had elapsed, and Everard still remained abroad. In all he saw—amid all the new ideas which the scenes he beheld crowded upon his mind, the first, the last object to which everything, in some shape or other, was referred—the standard by which the value of everything was measured—was Emmeline Meynell. What she would think of such a picture—how their hearts would draw closer to each other under the influence of such a noble prospect—how infinitely more he should enjoy any contemplation that delighted him if she were there to share and reflect back his thoughts and feelings,—such was the manner in which the novelties, beauties, and wonders, whether of Art or Nature, throughout his travels, affected the mind of Everard. They were not able to have much communication—a kind, yet open message from her in a letter to her brother—some indirect allusion which he knew well Emmeline alone would really understand, in his letters to Sir Richard,—such was the limited extent to which their correspondence was confined. Yet no shadow of doubt ever crossed Everard's imagination—he felt, however, how little absence altered him, or rather how totally it left his affections the same—and he judged by himself of Emmeline. He painted her, in his mind, as frequenting their favorite haunts at Arlescot, and recalling all that they had felt, and he fancied her feelings as his own.

And so in fact they were. She did love him fondly, ardently—and if she saw more clearly than he the difficulties which lay in their path, this served only to add to her anxiety, and to cause her pain—not to diminish her love. His admiration of her was, doubtless, of an unbounded nature, which she could not fully reciprocate—but the deep and fond pity which his misfortune caused, probably drew her heart towards him with more real *tenderness* than she would have felt in any other event. The unceasing intercourse, also, in which they had lived so long, had caused a blank and dismal void upon his departure. Her voice no longer trilled so lightly—her smile was less bright and less frequent, and she lost in a great measure, that habit of springing forward with the elastic bound of a deer, which had been with her a peculiar characteristic. In all she did, in all she thought, she felt that her heart was far away with Everard Delaval.

Such being the case my readers will doubtless be surprised when they learn that on midsummer-day, two years after his departure, the old hall at

Arlescot was prepared for a high festival, and that the festival was the marriage of the Lady Emmeline with the eldest son of the Lord De Vere, the richest and most powerful man of the county in which Arlescot stood. It was to take place in the chapel at noon. And was she then sickle?—Had she forgotten the first affections of her youth, and all that they had caused her to feel, and, above all, all that he, towards whom they were directed, had felt?—Far from it. She still looked back with bitter, bitter regret to all the hopes of past years—she shed heart-sealding tears over their utter extinction. What then caused her to act thus?—Simply, the constant, ceaseless entreaties of her father, and all who surrounded her—and a want of boldness and firmness to avow aloud that she loved another, and who that other was. These motives may appear too feeble to cause such an effect:—alas! I am certain that many and many who read these pages will draw a long sigh as they repeat to themselves their knowledge of how true they are! The history of this poor girl's heart during the eighteen months that she had undergone the persecution—for though arising from the kindest motives, such in truth it was—which had led to the present issue, is, I am confident, what many a lady of our own time, who seems prosperous and happy in the eyes of the world, would recognize as her own. Her lover far, far away—no one near from whom she could seek consolation, advice, or support—her own family, above all, the very last to whom such a confidence could be made—the consciousness, perhaps, that her affections were bestowed in a manner the world would condemn—these feelings within, and without, the constant urging, sometimes almost violent, although the result only of the excessive fondness of her father—the persuasions, kindly meant and kindly made, of her sisters—and, above all, the ceaseless remonstrances of her friend, her half-confidence in whom had given such power over her—and she never spoke, nor would hear Emmeline speak, openly on the subject, but was ever giving dark hints, and, at the most painful moments, causing her to tremble for her secret,—subject to a situation such as this, is it to be wondered at if the fortitude of the unhappy girl sank under it at last, and that, with despair and agony in her soul, she consented to become the bride of Lord De Vere's son?

The hour was come: the old chapel was garlanded with flowers, and all the peasant girls of the country around scattered roses for the bride to walk upon as she approached the altar. Emmeline Meynell was a very different being at this moment from what she was when first introduced to my readers. Her countenance was still