

I had not seen her; for our engagement had been made by two or three letters which had passed. I knew only that her letters were kind, her terms liberal, and that her name was Harpur.

The journey came to an end as the dusk of an autumn evening was drawing on, and the coach drew up at a handsome iron gateway for me to alight. A man-servant was waiting to receive me and take charge of my luggage (there was not much), and in a few minutes I was in the hall of a pretty mansion,—ah! just such a pleasant home as I had pictured to myself many years ago as mine. But I had no time for indulging such thoughts as these, even if it had been wise to do so,—which I am sure it would not have been,—for a housemaid was speaking to me, and offering to show me into my own room.

I was glad of this,—glad, I mean, to have the opportunity of brushing the dust off my garments, and arranging my toilet a little before