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JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER V.

Life is a riddle, puzzling most the brain
Of those who strive the most to fathom it—
Above, beneath, around on every side
Man is encircled in an endless chain
Of mysteries and miracles.

MRS. DUNSTANVILLE did not exactly chide Rosamond for the abrupt visit of her friend Jane Redgrave; but she coldly hinted that she must not stay another day, and in order to facilitate a separation as soon as possible, she offered the loan of a conveyance to take her back to——. New to the world and all its crooked policy, Rosamond felt hurt at the indifference manifested by her aunt towards one whom she had been used from a child, to consider as one of the excellent of the earth. She could not imagine why her misfortunes should have branded the character of Jane Redgrave with an indelible stain, and rendered her, in the eyes of the virtuous, a most improper companion for the young girl whom her disinterested benevolence had rescued from ruin. Jane Redgrave had suffered too much from the injustice and cruelty of mankind, not to understand the hint.

"Yes, my beloved," she cried, "your rich aunt is right. We must part. It was wrong in me, a proscribed wretch, to follow you here; but nature overcame prudence. My heart yearned so to see you, that its throbbings could not be restrained. Guard well your heart, my daughter, for out of it are the issues of life. Be not betrayed, my Rosamond, into giving away its warm affections to a thing of naught. Passion

is a bad reasoner; if it is once suffered to usurp the sovereignty of the mind, you become the unresisting puppet of its will. It is like the mariner who should yield the helm to a blind man, who is unacquainted with the rocks and shoals which surround his vessel."

"Your fate, dear friend, shall be my warning, and my safe-guard," said Rose, once more tenderly embracing her. "Better days are in store for us, when we shall meet under the same roof to part no more. I was not born in the fashionable world, nor will I ever belong to it sufficiently to cast from me the mother of my orphan youth—Adieu—my blessing and the blessing of God be with you."

The chaise which was to convey Jane Redgrave to her peaceful home, whirled rapidly through the stately park; and Rose lingered on the steps to wipe the tears from her eyes, before she entered the drawing room.

Mr. Bradshawe met her at the door, and shook her heartily by the hand. "Are you prepared, my dear young lady, for your London trip? Your aunt and I propose commencing our journey to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Ah! I see you do not like leaving the country in the season of fruits and flowers. Or master Edgar, with his silent attentions,—does that make you blush? In London now, you will find lovers more anxious to talk than you will be to listen. You will often wish, while pestered with the impertinent nonsense of some well dressed fortune-hunting fool, that you were deaf and dumb."

"I shall wish myself possessed of one of these