

and wafted the corporal and his rival in safety to our shores. Tom arrived first at his native village, and was well, nay warmly received by his mistress, to whom he related surprising things of his voyage to St Helena, and told the wondering girl that he had actually spoken to Napoleon Bonaparte, more than once, during their sojourn together, on board the *Bellerophon*, and whispered in her ear, that Nap was rather a good fellow after all. Fanny's infant cries had, been stilled with that awful name, and yet Tom had talked with this terrible person, and he became a man of consequence in her eyes immediately. Besides he brought her home a green parrot and a real China crape shawl, with both of which she was infinitely pleased. Sophy noticed the good understanding that existed between the lovers with unfeigned delight, and promoted it to the utmost of her power, but alas! for Sophy, the course of true love never did run smooth, and the return of Griffiths rendered Fanny as fickle as ever. Indeed the rustic coquette considered the respective merits of her admirers in the following order: Tom had talked with Bonaparte—Griffiths had helped to beat him at Waterloo—Tom had brought her a crape shawl, and a green parrot from St. Helena—Griffiths had smuggled over for her a French scarf, and a real silk apron with pockets—Tom was only plain Tom Bowling—while Griffiths, who had been recently given a halberd was called Sergeant Griffiths—and thus his star again became lord of the ascendant, while Tom's declined its beams before that of his more fortunate rival. The military hero, better acquainted with the world than the young sailor, "who had been round the world, but never in it," now gave himself some useful airs of consequence, and affected an indifference that alarmed his mistress, who grew more tender as he became more distant. Tom's jealousy at this time assumed a more determined character, and hurried him into many extravagances of temper, and behaviour. He dared to contradict Fanny, and cut her short in her second hand relations of Griffiths' exploits, by calling out in a voice of thunder, "I know better than that!" not once nor twice, but many times, in the course of the same evening. The celebrated "Fudge," of Mr. Burchell, did not displease Mrs. Primrose more than this expression of Tom's, did Fanny. It happened that the day that succeeded this inauspicious one was Sunday, and by mere chance, Serjeant Griffiths appeared at church in his new uniform, with his Waterloomedal glittering on his breast, to the admiration of Fanny and all other female beholders; and that very evening Tom was formally discarded, and his faithless

mistress accepted the offered hand of the soldier, who obtained her permission to put up the banns.

Tom quitted the village in a rage, while poor Sophy remained to conceal her grief, as well as she could, and to smile while her heart was breaking; but the struggle was too great for her to endure much longer. She felt that it was. Her affection for Griffiths had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her strength, till it became a part of herself—and to cease to love the soldier, for whom she had prayed so many years, seemed an utter impossibility. She resolved to go to London on the very morning that was to unite the hands of Fanny and the Serjeant, to seek a new service, and forgetfulness, if she could find it. Fanny in the meantime was not much happier than her cousin, for Griffiths was of a sterner temper than her old admirer, and would not allow her to flirt with every man she saw. He threatened to withdraw the banns, if she only spoke civilly to a former sweetheart, and besides she half suspected him of admiring himself more than her, and she now began to sigh and think of Tom Bowling, whose sudden disappearance excited her fear and wonder.

Two days before her wedding, Fanny took a walk with her cousin, in order to ask her opinion, respecting the choice of a new bonnet for that important occasion, and while engaged in making her tormenting queries, she suddenly encountered her discarded admirer, who looked in ill health, and seemed very miserable. He did not speak to her, but noticed her cousin, with a bow and one of his old smiles, and Fanny felt as if she could have given the world to have been as dear to him as she once was, and sighed deeply that those times were past for ever. She now discovered that she did love Tom, and that she was about to become a wife and a wretched woman. She got no rest that night, and disturbed her sleepless companion with her sighs and tears, who at length found words to enquire what ailed her.

"Oh! Sophy, I have been a cruel girl to poor Tom, and if I marry Griffiths, I shall be a miserable woman! but then it is my fate, and so I cannot help myself."

A thrill of joy ran through the frame of the melancholy Sophy, as she replied.

"As for fate obliging us to act against our better reason, that is all nonsense, in my opinion, at least. For then people might commit many silly and even wicked things, on the plea that they were born to do them. If you love Bowling why should you marry Griffiths?"

"Well, but if it is my fate, how can I help it?"