

young girl would have declined the invitation to intrude upon her superiors. But Miss Linwood did not appear in the least disconcerted;—on the contrary, I observed a slightly sarcastic smile on her lips, when you, very properly, swept by her without noticing her. One evil leads many in its train,—and soon we shall have our seamstresses expecting to associate with us.”

“That is just what I fear, and I think it a duty incumbent on me both by precept and example to discourage it, not so much for the persons themselves, but because it will lead to extravagance, envy and discontent.”

The speaker, Mrs. Mayo, was a large masculine-looking woman, dressed showily and fashionably. An accurate representation of her face might be better obtained from a description of the effects a glance at it appeared to produce, than any lengthened detail as to complexion, features &c. would afford. It could not surely have been the low forehead, the small sharp grey eyes, and the mouth which would fain hide its dimensions in an uneasy pucker; it could not surely have been the sallow complexion and coarse features that caused the little beggar-girl as she looked up, instinctively to draw back, and to feel that in that breast there were no sympathies to awaken,—and from that person she need expect nought but rebuke; could it have been the voice, whose harsh tones fell gratingly on the ear; that made the poor, pale timid seamstress, who modestly came to request payment of a long standing debt, steal tremblingly away with the words still ringing in her ears: “Audacity unparalleled! you, for whom I have obtained so many customers, who might have thought yourself honoured in working for me, instead of waiting my convenience, must come to my dwelling to dun me for a trifle,”—and; broken-hearted, the poor girl returned to her dwelling, hurried from the sight of her mother and famishing little sisters, who waited her return for bread,—and shutting herself in her chamber, gave way to tears bitter and uncontrollable. Was it the banishment of that high intellectual expression, which sometimes lends beauty to an otherwise plain countenance, that a lover of Nature would have felt it a waste of words to expatiate on its charms in her presence,—and a painter or poet would as soon have exhibited the productions of their genius to

an inanimate object as to her, obeying the scriptural injunction, “Cast not your pearls before swine?” We cannot tell,—but the facts remain,—and the only way we can account for them is in supposing the face in this case, at least, to have been an index to the mind and heart.

Widow of an old and wealthy man, whom she had wedded solely for the sake of his riches and the position in society to which he could raise her; without children to occupy her thoughts and attention; disliked by many, and beloved by none, Mrs. Mayo, in spite of her affluence, was a miserable woman. Peace and happiness can never dwell in that bosom, which welcomes the passions of envy, revenge and hatred,—and often, when seated in her luxurious apartments, surrounded by all that wealth could purchase, could they who, in adverse circumstances, still retain the calm that flows from a well-regulated conscience, have caught a glimpse of the scowling brow, and face darkened by unquiet thoughts,—they would have pitied instead of envying her,—and have felt that their lot was blest in comparison with hers. Mrs. Mayo could in company, however, and with those whom self-interest prompted to please, be exceedingly pleasant. Not devoid of tact, and possessing that smartness of manner, which passes with some persons as cleverness and good sense,—with a great deal of artfulness she contrived to make many believe her exceedingly candid and plain spoken,—and it would have been amusing, if it were not pitiable, to observe how skillfully she contrived to insinuate herself into the favour of some, who would often extol her as one of the most disinterested creatures they ever knew. Among the most prominent of her admirers were Mrs. Elliot and her daughters, for Mrs. Mayo had found it exceedingly agreeable to maintain an intimacy with them; for by that means she obtained an introduction to many persons who would, otherwise, have remained strangers to her,—and their large and fashionable parties, affording food for scandal, were not among the least of their attractions.

Such was the person to whom Emily Linwood, utterly unconscious, stood in the light of a personal enemy, for in addition to youth, beauty, and poverty, each of them sufficient to awaken feelings of envy and hatred, a principle of ungratified revenge, which time