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simpleminded and single hearted to attach any importance to the fact. Her natural intelligence taught her how little any of the persons who hovered about her, cared for anything but the money-bags that went with her name. And, as she did not know the clause attached to her possession of these money-bags, and was not aware of the vital importance of her choice being soon made, the bare-faced passion for money which the precipitate proposals she received seemed to give evidence of, filled her young heart with scorn.

Two years soon passed away. John wrote a few letters to my father, and one or two to Mrs. Thorold, but to no one else. I did not see those to Mrs. Thorold, but those to my father were awkward and uninteresting. John had as little epistolary as conversational talent. Once during the two years my father received a letter from the father of the young man with whom John was travelling, telling him of the deep obligations he and his son were under, to John.

John had extricated the young man from a most disgraceful love-affair, in which he had unthinkingly become involved at college; the heroine of which had followed him to the Continent, but had had her journey for her pains. The young man had been at first most rebellious and perverse, but had finally seen the snare into which he had been led. He was proportionably grateful, and had written a full confession to his father.

At that time of course I only heard fragments of all this, but enough to know that, somehow, John had done a great thing.

"Isn't he a fine fellow, Tricksy?" I said, retailing to her what I had heard. "What a pity he's such a queer, shy old fellow, and so ugly!"

She did not answer.

Two years had passed away, when Thorold House was deprived suddenly of its head. My grandfather died. We had all been so happy for the last two years, that the blow was doubly felt. Mrs. Thorold suffered a good deal, but in the same becalmed and silky way, which was peculiarly hers, under all circumstances. Tricksy was very unhappy. She had been so petted by her stepfather, and under the feminine dispensation at Thorold House, he had become so much less irritable and impatient than formerly, that it was natural she should love him as she did. He was truly a scholarly, stately gentleman, generous and upright in his conduct, and with that old-fashioned chivalric feeling towards women, which made him for their sakes, and in their presence, control the only fault he had, a passionate and fiery temper. He had always been respected, but latterly he was beloved. His will was a singular one. My father of course had Thorold House, with all its appurtenances; but a large sum in the funds was left to John Tyrrell, except under certain contingencies, which were specified in a sealed codicil, not to be opened till the day Tricksy was of age.

To my uncles neither money nor lands were bequeathed; but to the clergyman a folio volume of prayers and meditations, and to the banker a curious basin and ewer, which had belonged to the family for three generations. Evidently my grandfather had become acquainted with some of their remarks on his marriage.