

something of importance to communicate. I came at the appointed hour, filled with no little wonder. After a few words of common-place, she began:—

"It has pleased God to make you, sir, the restorer of my child. You have done, I well believe, no more than your sense of duty prompted—than you had done to any other; but I have been so long severed from the charities of life, that this sudden renewal of their existence is almost startling. For the sake of my poor boy, it has also become necessary that I should choose a depository of the secret I have so long kept; and if you will permit me to make you its keeper, I shall feel assured, whatever may betide me, his interests will not be neglected." I bowed, and she continued:—"My name is not B——, but Julia Manners. I was the only daughter of a gentleman of some property, in Devonshire, among whose beautiful hills I first saw the light. I have a very faint recollection of my mother. She died before I had reached my fifth year. The vision of a pale and delicate woman sometimes passes before me, always the same, but yet too indefinite for description; and this is the only memory I retain of that parent. In my fifteenth year I was doomed to lose my kind father also. Some disease of the heart was the sudden and fatal cause. To me the loss was terrible. I had been his idol; still his kindness was not undistinguishing. He could rebuke when it became needful; but his heart loved to pour itself in praise—in my praise. He had, up to the period of his decease, given me the best education the time afforded; and let me say, I had profited by its aid greatly. The executors of his will considered it best for my interests, that the estate should be leased for a term of years, and that I should reside alternately with them, until I attained my majority, or married. An heiress, and I was no mean one, rarely wants suitors. They said in my youth I was good looking: certainly I was young—the young and the rich are always handsome. Among the competitors for my favor was Mr. Manners." She paused. "Twenty years ago, this very day, we were married. I can say but little more. In due time I became a mother." Perchance I looked doubtfully towards her son, who, I saw, was as deeply interested as myself in the narrative. "No!—no!—no!" she almost shrieked, as if the forced calm in which she had hitherto spoken, had been suddenly shattered by an overpoweringly bitter memory. "There is another—my beautiful, my first born. Ah! Richard, you have a brother! I feel that he yet lives; although for sixteen years, both him and your father I have never seen. At that time but few among women had been happier. Beloved—yes! I was beloved! Passion cannot be truly feigned; at least, it will not impose upon the passionate, and my very soul clung to my husband. I say, I will not believe he feigned: but he fell. The year