

"The course of true love really never *does* run smooth," thought I, "but poor Emily shall not want for all the little wit or wisdom I possess." And I, accordingly, pestered her with coaxing notes, until, just as the evening was darkening down, the stubborn little puss relented in her obstinacy at last, and honoured me, the stately minx I with an interview. I went to her *petit boudoir* with the full determination to rally her most unmercifully; but when I entered, I was too much shocked by her appearance to carry my determination into effect, or even to remember that I had ever made it.

She lay upon a sofa by the opened window, pale, haggard, and with that ghastly glassiness of eye, which but too frequently is the prelude to

"—— cold obstruction's apathy."

I thought of "the angel and the cramp iron," and my tears "flowed feelingly and fast," as I gazed upon the wreck of one so loved by all, so envied by many, and but a brief time before so joyous in herself.

Our conversation was long, too long to be set down here; but it ended in my starting the following morning for Malta, instead of dealing death among the nut-brown beauties of my uncle's preserves.

Poor girl! she had reason enough to be unhappy, and yet her unhappiness, like but too much of that which afflicts humanity and defies the doctor, was in no slight degree self-sought and self-inflicted. Very true it is that it was no agreeable task to oppose my uncle in so important a matter as the marrying of his daughter to the man of *his* choice.

"Sha't ha' un, I tell thee; sha't ha' un," would have been his reply to any maidenly reluctance; and if from blushing reluctance my fair cousin had preceded: "hint a doubt and hesitate dislike," incomprehensible English, I would not be bail for the safety of any fragile materials within much of the good, but rather choleric squire. But there was a word which would have ruled him at his wildest, and have sent the unwelcome and pertinacious suitor of his choice to choose more fittingly, or to vent his disappointment in a rattling run with the nearest hounds. But that one word she would not, could not, dared not speak; she had a vow, and she kept it until she looked like a spectre, and was in an extremely fair way of becoming one. For once in the way—for I am the unluckiest dog now extant, in all matters of locomotive, rarely riding in a coach that does not lose a linch pin, or journeying by a steamer which does not boil over, or run upon a sand-bank—for once in the way I say, I made a good voyage, and in an unusually short time, had presented myself and my credentials—a letter, namely, penned in the prettiest *crow-quill hand* that ever wrote verses in an album—to Lieutenant ——, of —— regiment. He perused the letter with all the approved symptoms of a gentleman afflicted with hydrophobia or love. Very stark indeed, very, thought I, is the poor gentleman's mania, pray heaven he do not toss me out of the window by way of rewarding my civility! He did a much more sensible thing; he ordered in dinner, wrote to his colonel for leave of absence, and in four hours after my arrival, I was again on "the deep, deep sea," in company with the smitten subaltern.

We arrived at my uncle's safely enough; but I was so fairly done up with excessive fatigue, from travelling night and day, that I would fain have preferred a sound sleep to a scene. He who takes part in the affairs of lovers, must make up his mind to bear their despotism. They feed on love, so he must eschew more nourishing diet; they wake ever, so he need not dream of—they will take especial care he shall not dream *in*—sleep. And so it was in the present case; my valiant sub insisted upon our seeing my uncle that very night.

Poor Emmy had been literally a prisoner for a long time previous to my going down; and her mind, unlike the waiting maids of the most approved novel heroines, had

sternly refused to aid her in any attempt to convey clandestine epistles. And when my companion now announced to my uncle that *he* was her lover, her accepted lover—old acquaintance as his father had been of the squire's—the rage of the latter knew no bounds. Seldom is there much reasoning when people are very passionate, and very determined to have their own way. I shall therefore leave the dialogue that passed between the pair unsung and unsaid. But there was one fact elicited in it that was important and decisive—Emily was unable to marry the man of her father's choice, from the simple fact of her having some time previously gone through that ceremony with the man of her own! My subaltern friend had, in fact, been for some time married to my pretty cousin; but as his father left him no fortune, he had judged it best to conceal their marriage for a time, and he had extorted a vow from his young and devoted wife, that she would not betray the secret without his consent.

How well she kept her unwise vow, we have seen. She is alive and well, and as happy as her own virtues and every one's love can make her, and he is no longer a sub. But if I had not chanced to see her, to carry that news to her husband which she could not otherwise have conveyed, I verily believe she would have died in her unwise obstinacy.

Rash vows should never be made. Should they even be kept when made?

SCHOOL AND SCHOOL-FELLOWS.

Twelve years ago I made a mock
Of filthy trades and traffics;
I wonder'd what they meant by stock;
I wrote delightful sapphics;
I knew the streets of Rome and Troy,
I supp'd with fates and furies;
Twelve years ago I was a boy,
A happy boy, at Drury's.

Twelve years ago!—how many a thought
Of faded pains and pleasures,
Those whispered syllables have brought
From memory's hoarded treasures;
The fields, the farms, the beasts, the books,
The glories and disgraces,
The voices of dear friends, the looks
Of old familiar faces.

Where are my friends? I am alone
No playmate shares my beaker—
Some lie beneath the church-yard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

Tom Mill was used to blacken eyes,
Without the fear of sessions;
Charles Medler loath'd false quantities,
As much as false professions;
Now Mill keeps order in the land,
A magistrate pedantic;
And Medler's feet repose unscann'd,
Beneath the wide Atlantic.

Wild Nick, whose oaths made such a din,
Does Dr. Maxtext's duty;
And Mullion, with that monstrous chin,
Is married to a beauty;
And Darrell studies, week by week,
His Mant and not his Mantion;
And Ball, who was but poor at Greek,
Is very rich at Canton.