

It was a dreary position for the young woman ; and highly reprehensible were the parents who sentenced her to such a fate. Bitterly did they afterwards repent it, when sorrow was too late to remedy their child's condition, or to restore her to freedom.

B—— was also much to be pitied ; he had hoped for a friend and comforter in taking a wife, and he had been grievously disappointed. The roughest nature has always some spot accessible to the sunshine. The gnarled bark of the most rugged tree woos winningly the vine to rest upon its harsh places ; and so it is with human nature. Peasant or Prince yearns for something to love him ; and rude as the heart or untutored as the mind may be, there is still some loophole that remains for a beam of kindness to enter by.

Thus it was that poor B—— doubtless had felt, and the blighting of all his hopes was hard to bear. It was sad to see the only being he had sought to love him, turn away in aversion, and thwart instead of please him. Though in low and unrefined life, it was still another proof of the wretchedness of ill-assorted marriages, be they from dissimilarity of age, feeling or affection.

At last the young woman could bear her condition no longer ; and her parents, moved by her entreaties, consented to make the last reparation in their power, and take her again, with her infant boy, to their own home. B—— shewed no unwillingness now to consent to their proposal ; he was either wearied of her, or the constant repetition of annoyance and discord. She went from the home he had prepared for her, leaving no relic of her presence, not even his boy, who might have been 'a spirit to soften and to bless ;' and he was left alone—wifeless—childless. We seem to realize and deeply sympathize with Lord Byron's desolate condition, when he speaks of standing 'with all his household gods shivered around him,' and yet this poor German peasant was equally desolate and aggrieved. The one was a peer and a poet, among the loftiest and most gifted of mankind ; the other was a labourer and a clod, dull and dark in mind, and yet by that 'one touch of nature that makes the whole world kin,' the peer and the peasant were reduced to the same level. Those who were his own to cherish and love, and whose right it was to bestow the same good offices for him, had gone out from his threshold, and he saw them no more.

No one knew how he felt or what he thought, for he wrapped himself in unsocial and gloomy silence : all were unwilling to molest or annoy him. But the change made a deep impression on him, notwithstanding, and the kindly emotions that may have slept within him were sealed and buried forever.

He soon announced his intention of selling his farm and leaving the country. He, however, told none of his plans, further than was necessary to their advancement. He disposed of his farm and left the place of his childhood, and scene of his domestic unhappiness. Though his neighbours were unacquainted with his movements, it was to '*Our Village*' that his course was bent, many miles away from the place of his nativity,—to commence life anew, and set the world,