

Pride! for how much mischief art thou answerable? A few minutes reflection convinced Rose that by giving way to anger he had committed another error. He had insisted on paying a sum he was not actually possessed of, and he would not now retract. A suspicion that his partners knew more than they had told him tortured his mind. One resource he had indeed—his wife's property; but she was ignorant of every thing that had happened. His mind was soon made up; often smote at the tacit deceit he was guilty of, he saw that the time had arrived when, at whatever cost, he must confess every thing. He flew to his home, and on his knees made known to her his whole history:

"I ask you not to forgive me, Maria, for my selfish deceit towards you; but could I see in want and degradation the man who felt for me in a time of disgrace and affliction? With a wretched want of foresight I committed myself to serve him, and his abandoned folly has ruined me!"

It is bitter to find unworthiness where we expect perfection. *It has been said that Mrs. Rose was an amiable woman; no couple could have been happier than they; no husband more kind, no wife more affectionate and confiding.* She loved and admired her husband, and with a great degree of justice thought him above all others for truth, sincerity and honour. Is it to be wondered at that a blush of anger rose in her cheek—that resentment dwelt for a moment on her lips? "Oh, Frederick, Frederick! could I have thought that you would deceive me!—but I must forgive you."

"I will not attempt to justify myself; consider all, and judge me tenderly," said he; "but, Maria, I have not told you all: I have been taxed by my partners in a harsh and abrupt manner. I must leave Hull—I cannot remain here—I have promised to make good the debt; without your assistance I cannot leave them honourably; tell me, will you allow me to do so?" Her anger had vanished; she calmed her anguish by telling him to take all if necessary, "and we will do as we best may. I forgive you, my dear Frederick, but oh, never conceal any thing from me again."

How sudden are the revulsions in our feelings; his sorrow was turned into joy; as Frederick received the kiss of pardon from his tender partner, he felt himself a happier man than at any time since their marriage; his mind was unburdened, his forgiveness sealed.

Rose wound up his affairs and quitted Messrs. Bell and Clinton immediately. They had repented of their hasty condemnation and would gladly have retained him, but he had resolved upon leaving England as soon as he could fix upon the

most eligible destination. The late affair had given him a feeling of insecurity, which nothing, he imagined, but distance could remove. Mr. Bell, being aware of his intention, and feeling a strong interest in his welfare, as his house was connected with the West India trade, suggested Barbadoes as being a spot suitable to his views. Thither Rose prepared to sail without delay. The day before his departure he received a note as follows:

"My much injured friend,—I have patience with me till you have read these lines; let me avoid utter destruction by being near you—it is my only hope. I have engaged a passage in the *steerage* of the ship you sail in. I write this to beg you not even to see me during the passage; but when you arrive in the West Indies, I entreat you to allow me to devote my life to your service, and enable me to atone in part for my atrocious conduct."

Rose, though astonished, was not entirely displeased. The letter spoke contrition, and his heart again warmed towards the ill-starred West. *It was flattering to find that he was depended on for counsel and guidance; he still hoped the best.* His hopes were realized; under his eye, West was ever after an altered man; his whole energies were applied to his friend's interest, and his services were of great value for many years.

Rose left England without a single regret; the few that were dear to him (he had two children) were with him: the only circumstance that gave him disquiet was his assumed name, which it was not possible for him to abandon, furnished as he was with introductions under that appellation.

The prosperity which generally attends a course of steadiness and industry, and the respect always paid to integrity and worth, were experienced by Wilson, as we will now call him. Year by year he "advanced in the world," till he was considered as ranking among the first men in Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. No cares or anxieties had furrowed his brow. Affluent in his circumstances, and blest in his home, he was a happy man. His son, now twenty years of age, was a noble youth, and his daughter was justly considered one of the belles of the Island. If he had any uneasiness, it arose from observing an extreme impetuosity of temper, and a morbid sensitiveness of mind, in his son Charles; in every other respect he was all a parent could wish;—time had reconciled him to his change of name, and he thought but seldom of it.

The — regiment arrived in Barbadoes. A lieutenant named Thompson, a handsome and accomplished young man, represented to be the heir of a gentleman of large property in the