

# THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VIII.

APRIL, 1850.

No. 4.

## EVA HUNTING'DON.

BY R. E. M.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE good advice which Mr. Arlingford had given to Eva, the sentiments of hope and patience with which he had inspired her, and more perhaps than anything else, the certainty she now possessed of being able frequently to see him, and of ever meeting with sympathy and encouragement at his hands, soon restored her natural cheerfulness, whilst it extinguished, at the same time, every spark of the morbid, bitter sensitiveness, which had so suddenly, so fiercely, sprung to life in her heart. One morning, on entering her room unexpectedly, she found her maid decking the apartment with flowers, which she selected from a heap of costly exotics beside her. The sight of the blossoms recalled the remembrance of the handsome unknown, on whom she had not bestowed a second thought, from the period of Mr. Arlingford's return, and to disguise the sudden conscious blush that suffused her cheek, she rapidly approached the book case, and took down from it the volumes she required for her approaching French lesson. Influenced by a sudden suspicion, however, that her maid had disobeyed her injunctions, by again receiving flowers from the stranger, she abruptly enquired:

"Where she had procured them!"

"From—from the handsome young gentleman, miss."

"From him! Did I not forbid your doing so—why have you disobeyed me!"

"Beg pardon, miss; but indeed I have in no ways disobeyed you. You told me I was on no account to receive any flowers the young gentlemen sent to you, but you said nothing against my taking anything he gave to myself."

"What! He brings you *bouquets*, then!" rejoined her mistress, with a satirical smile; the first, perhaps, that had ever yet curled her bright lip. Sefton, after a pause of seemingly great embarrassment, replied:

"No, not exactly—I mean—Oh! I am afraid to tell you, Miss Eva, for you will inform Mrs. Wentworth, and then I will get into great trouble."

"You need not fear; I promise to be silent, at least this time, so explain yourself quickly."

"Well, Miss Eva, the very day you had reprimanded me about receiving the last nosegay, I went down to the avenue at the usual hour, and found the gentleman there. On my telling him what you had said, he seemed very sorry, and blamed me greatly for having disobeyed his injunctions, by mentioning him in any way to you. He then promised me half a sovereign, if I would come there again the next day, to tell him how you were. I did, and nearly every day since, he has called to ask about you, almost compelling me to swear that I would never breathe a word of it to you again; and never going away without giving me half a sovereign or a crown. Yesterday, I had been gathering flowers in the garden, such as they were, to fill your vases, and when I had done, knowing that it was about his hour of calling,

•Continued from page 118.