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THE EMIGRANTS DAUGHTER.

THE LITERARY GARLAND.

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No. 7.

MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER I.

A BEGINNING OF SOME SORT—GOOD NEWS.

"Hark girls! There's the postman's horn!" cried Mrs. Harford, rising from the breakfast table, and hurrying to the window; "Run to the garden gate, Rosamond, and see if it brings us a letter from your brother!"

Away flew Rosamond, knocking over the music stool in her speed; whilst her widowed mother watched her movements from the open window in breathless agitation.

The hand was held up—the letter received; and Mrs. Harford sunk down in her chair, with an air of deep disappointment, when, instead of returning with the same haste, Rosamond stepped behind a clump of shrubs in front of the window, and opened the letter.

"Provoking!" muttered Caroline Harford, stooping down and raising up the insulted music stool, in order to conceal her chagrin. "The letter is from one of Rosamond's numerous correspondents. Surely letter writing is the vice of some young people. I wish, mamma, you would put a stop to Rosamond's expensive propensities."

"I have often spoken to her about it, Caroline; but Rose is such an impetuous, irritable creature, that my lectures produced every thing but a beneficial effect. She loves letter-writing. She excels in it. Her friends delight in her correspondence, and if I put a stop to it, she will practice it in secret. No, no, let her alone—it is an innocent and rational amusement. Her friends are well known to us. I am sure we have nothing to fear from it."

"The expense—think of that, mamma, in our circumstances. Besides encouraging an idle, gossiping habit. Rosamond has no prudence. This is a dangerous method she has of promulgating her opinions of others, to persons of whose private characters she knows little, and in whom un-

fortunately, she reposes the most unlimited confidence. Have you forgotten the picture she drew of uncle Beaumont and his stinging house-keeper, to Rachel Dale!"

"It was a capital portrait," said Mrs. Harford, laughing.

"Mamma! I wonder at you! Yes! it was so true to the life, that Rachel must read it as a capital joke, to her aunt Martha, who wished to gain the good graces of the Rector, and she repeated it to the old man—and you know the result. He has looked upon us all as aliens ever since. This came of suffering a young girl like Rosamond to indulge in scribbling letters."

"It was a pity, Caroline, but it cannot be helped. You have told me of this a thousand times, and scolded poor Rose about it so often, that she is quite hardened in her fault. But see! something in her letter pleases her. She looks up with a smiling face, and comes running towards us. Well, Rosy! What news?"

"Good, good! joyful news! 'Tis from dear George. Read it, mamma. Read it, Caroline. It was so kind of him to write to me, that I might be the communicator of that, which he knew would give us all so much pleasure;" and the giddy girl put the letter into her mother's hands, with glowing cheeks, and eyes sparkling with gladness. Then, anticipating the contents, she ran on, "He is not going to the East Indies. He has been dangerously ill, and is permitted to retire on half pay. He writes from London, and will be with us tonight or tomorrow morning, at farthest."

"This is indeed good news—Thank God! I shall see my dear boy again."

"Oh! we shall be so happy!" cried the volatile Rose, skipping about the room, "we shall be able to take such nice walks and make such delightful pic-nic parties to the sea-shore. I will go and put his chamber in order, and make every thing neat and comfortable."

"I hope that you will finish pouring out the tea first," said Caroline, drily. "You and my mother seem to forget, in your selfish excess of joy, that this returning upon half pay will put a stop to my brother's promotion."

"And you would have him go to the East Indies?" exclaimed the mother and youngest daughter, in a breath.

"Yes, certainly! It is the surest road to wealth and preferment."

"And we should never see him again?"

"That does not follow. Ten years are soon passed."

"Caroline, who's selfish now—we should be old women, perhaps old maids, before he came back, and dear mamma in her grave."

"Very likely! But if it is my brother's welfare you seek, all these circumstances should be of minor consideration."

"Well, you are a strange girl, Caroline."

"And you, a very inconsistent, thoughtless one, Rosamond. But I would thank you to hand me my tea, which by this time must be nearly cold."

"Dear me, how cross you are, Caroline," said Rose, pushing the cup across the table; "I forgot every thing in the joy of my dear brother's return. I hate your cold, phlegmatic people, who receive good and bad news with the same philosophical indifference. You always throw cold water upon every thing which gives me pleasure."

"I say less, Rosamond, but perhaps I feel more."

"Have done with this unpleasant bickering, girls," said Mrs. Harford, giving the letter she had just finished reading, to Caroline, "It is strange that you two can never agree."

Poor Rosamond, under the excitement of the moment, did and said a thousand extravagant things. She emptied half the contents of the cream jug into Mrs. Harford's cup, who took no milk in her tea; and put three large lumps of sugar into her sister's, who made a merit of drinking her's without, and dropped some scalding water out of the kettle upon her favorite lap-dog's tail. Dire were the yells of the injured Crusty, severe the reproof of the prudent Caroline, and loud the laughter of the presiding genius of the tea table, and in the midst of all this confusion, I will endeavor to give my readers a more definite account of the parties thus abruptly introduced to their notice.

Mrs. Harford was the widow of a Captain in the Army, of genteel family and connexions, but unfortunately the youngest son among a numerous progeny. Fortune he had none, beyond that which he derived from his profession. He mar-

ried early in life, a pretty, accomplished girl, exactly circumstanced like himself. They possessed a great deal of love for each other, but very scanty means to render themselves comfortable, and maintain a respectable appearance in the world. Three children were the fruit of this union. Captain Harford was killed at the memorable battle of Waterloo, and his widow retired with her young family to a little village on the coast, with no other income than the pension she derived from the untimely death of the man she loved. Here, with the assistance of a rich uncle of Mrs. Harford's, who was a Doctor of Divinity, and Rector of the parish, she educated her son and two young daughters; depriving herself of every luxury, in order to give them the fashionable accomplishments of the day. When George quitted school, the old man had presented him with a commission in the army, and, to the great grief of his mother and sisters, the regiment to which he was attached was ordered to the West Indies. There he remained for several years, duly keeping up a formal correspondence with his great uncle and benefactor; and on his return to England, he had paid him as much attention as he could consistently, without compromising his independence, or degenerating into a sycophant. The old man was proud of his nephew, and, left to himself, would have felt no hesitation in making him his heir; but he had two great faults—he was very susceptible of ridicule, and a slave to his appetite. A good dinner, to him, was the greatest of all terrestrial enjoyments. The dainties to be provided for his table, engaged his first and last waking thoughts; and even whilst reclining in his easy chair, after having eaten more than prudence warranted, in order to dose away the inconvenient oppression of heat and stomach, occasioned by repletion, his very dreams transported him to markets well stocked with fish, flesh and fowl, so that whether waking or sleeping, his mind was occupied with this one engrossing subject. "Eating," (he had been known to say,) "was the greatest of all human enjoyments, seeing that it could be renewed the oftenest and continued the longest." Alas, for man's fallen nature! Could it experience a greater degradation than this? Pity while the march of improvement is going on at such a rate in the world, that there are no Anti-gluttony Societies! The man that maddens himself with drink, is not more disgusting in the mode which he takes to follow out his animal propensities, than the monster of obesity, that darkens his intellect, and sinks into a stupid state of idiocy, from constant repletion.

Unfortunately for such men, all their dependant relations, in the hope of winning their favor, help to pander their vices, and presents of dainties flow

in from all quarters. Even George Harford had not been above practising this stale policy. He had brought his uncle, as a present, a splendid turtle from the fragrant Islands of the West, and the old epicure long retained a grateful recollection of this welcome offering.

"It was good, decidedly good," he would exclaim, rubbing his hands emphatically together, "and it was very considerate of George, to remember his uncle's taste. He could not forget it. Nay, he did not mean to forget it, he could assure him." George Harford remained but a few weeks at his mother's residence, when his regiment was ordered to Ireland, and shortly after to the East Indies.

Since this last order, Mrs. Harford had received no letter from her son, although more than a month had elapsed since he made this unwelcome communication, and she supposed that he had already sailed, and had deferred writing to his sorrowing friends, until the certainty of their long and eternal separation had been fixed beyond a doubt.

The joy that the receipt of his letter gave to all but Caroline, (who thought that it was more for her brother's interest to proceed to India,) may easily be imagined. Mrs. Harford and Rosamond could talk of nothing but Lieutenant Harford's return; and before the sun went down that evening, the whole village was acquainted with the fact.

"I wonder what George will think of the coolness which has taken place between uncle Beaumont and us, in consequence of Rosamond's foolish letter," said Caroline.

"Pray don't tell him," said Rose, colouring up.

"He must know it. It was a foolish business. I wonder that you had not more sense. It will entirely put a stop to poor George and Ellen's marriage. For you know, that unless uncle left us his property it would be impossible for my brother to take a wife."

"I did not think of all this," said the penitent Rose. "I only meant to make Rachel laugh, and she must go and show it to that ugly, ill-natured old maid, Martha Sadler. I have a great mind to go and beg uncle's pardon, and entreat him not to lay the blame of my misconduct on the rest of the family."

"You would only make bad worse; and Mrs. Orams, whose character you sketched so admirably, would be sure to place your submission in the most unfavorable light."

"Ah! but I would take that kit of fine oysters, that Ellen sent us this morning, in my hand—surely if he would not listen to me, the oysters would be irresistible."

"They would open their mouths to no purpose,

Rose. Mrs. Oram's star is in the ascendant, and all your explanations, apologies and regrets, would be in vain. I should not wonder if the Doctor were to marry her out of spite."

"Impossible!" exclaimed both ladies in a breath. "Caroline, you say these provoking things on purpose to vex us."

"We shall see," said Caroline, thoughtfully.

"He is too proud to act so foolishly," said Rose.

"A confirmed old bachelor," said her mother.

"A superannuated *gourmand*," replied Caroline, "with whom all absurd things are possible; whose god is his belly, and Mrs. Orams his officiating priestess. The thing appears to me as clear as day light."

"But, do you *really* think, Caroline, that uncle will never forgive me for writing that foolish letter?"

"Has he admitted you into his august presence since?"

"True. But he has had the gout, and he never sees any one during those fits."

"Depend upon it, Rose, that he has not only closed his doors against us, but has added a new codicil to his will. I don't know what effect my brother's return may have upon him, but at any rate you have marred your own fortune."

"I don't care for myself," replied Rose, sullenly; "I can live without his money."

"More comfortably with it, I should think, seeing that you are not likely to have any of your own."

"But I may marry a rich husband," said Rose, gleaning with peculiar pleasure at her own loving person in the mirror.

"More likely to do that with uncle's fat legacy, than without it. There are plenty of pretty girls single now-a-days," sighed the provoking Caroline, who, very pretty herself, had never up to this moment received an offer of marriage—"Rose, Rose, yours is a desperate case!"

"I don't care!" said Rose, bursting into tears, and so the conversation ended.

CHAPTER II.

OF ALL FOOLS, OLD FOOLS ARE THE WORST.

"So my nephew's returned?" said Dr. Beaumont, taking off his spectacles, and laying aside the book he had been reading, "what will he do at home?"

This remark was addressed, as most of his remarks were, to a stout rosy matronly-looking woman of fifty, who was seated on the opposite side of the table, knitting; who acted in the double capacity of companion and housekeeper to the reverend gentleman.

"Humph!" responded Mrs. Orams, without raising her eyes from her work. "Do? why, he will do as most young people do in his circumstances; cut a dash as long as his money lasts, and when 'tis all gone depend upon his wealthy relations to pay his debts."

"He's an extravagant dog—but I can't think so harshly of poor George. No, no, Mary Orams, the half pay of a Lieutenant in the army is but a trifle, a mere trifle, I must allow him *something* yearly to keep up his place in society."

This was said in a hesitating, under tone, and with a timid glance at the housekeeper; whose countenance, now pale, now red, betrayed considerable agitation.

"Oh! your Reverence may do as you please with your money, but I am sure, if I were in your place, I would never deprive myself of my little comforts to encourage a young man in his idle and expensive habits, particularly after the shameful treatment I had received from the family."

"Phoo! nonsense! the poor lad had nothing to do with that. It was only that little pert minx, Rosamond. A school girl's trick—I am ashamed of having shewn so much resentment about it. I believe the other members of the family were ignorant of the whole affair."

"Very likely that," returned Mrs. Orams. "The poor innocent creatures! They never called your Reverence 'old fiddle D. D.' and ridiculed you for your portly appearance and love of the creature comforts, as Miss Rose was pleased to term good mutton and beef. And then as to poor me! But that's of no consequence—I am but a poor faithful servant, and this little boarding-school Miss may abuse me as she likes. It is hardly likely that my master would take my part."

"It was too bad, Mrs. Orams, too bad!" said the good Doctor, shaking his head. "But what has George to do with all this. If I withdraw my support from the lad, what will become of him?"

"If his half pay is not enough to support him, let him do as many better men have done before him—enter the Spanish service. This was what my own brother's son did, last year, and 'tis that's how I come to know about it."

"It is a hard alternative," said the doubling, but compassionate doctor.

"Not at all sir," returned the crafty Mrs. Orams. "He is a fine young man; let him try his fortune in matrimony, and look out for a rich wife."

"Nonsense!" muttered the doctor, whilst a frown drew his grey, bushy eyebrows so closely together, that they formed a shaggy line across his wrinkled forehead. "The boy would never

be so absurd. In his circumstances, 'twould be madness. 'Tshaw! he's too sensible to think of such a thing."

"But young people will think of such things," said Mrs. Orams, swooning in her turn, for well she knew the doctor's aversion to matrimony.

"And old people too," said the doctor, with a bitter smile. "In which they show their lack of wisdom."

"Lord bless us, sir! I hope you don't mean to turn us into monks and nuns. If you mean me by *people*, I can tell you, that I am not an old woman. I have a young notion yet, and it's my own fault that I am single. The foolish respect I entertain for your Reverence," she added, adroitly applying her handkerchief to her eyes, "has kept away many suitors—since I have been in this house, I have rejected no less than seven good offers. But, Mary Orams—says I—it is better for you to be single and enjoy the company and conversation of a clever man, and contribute to his domestic comforts, than have a house of your own."

"You were a wise woman, Mary Orams," said the doctor, gently softened by this piece of well directed flattery; "and I am not ungrateful for your kindness, as time will show," and he nodded significantly. "A married life, Mrs. Orams, has many cares. We are free from them—our rest is unbroken by the squalling of children and nocturnal lectures. You may bless God, that you are what you are."

"Indeed, Doctor Benumont," said Mary in a sulky tone. "I never trouble the Almighty with blessing him for such small mercies; and since we are upon the subject of matrimony, I think it but right to inform you, that I have received an offer of marriage just now, and to convince you, that I am neither old nor ugly, nor despised, I think I shall accept it."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Orams?" said the astonished old bachelor, sinking back in his easy chair, and staring the housekeeper full in the face.

"I mean what I say—to marry."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Never was more so in my life."

"A woman of your years, Mrs. Orams?"

"Pray, Sir, do not mention my years!"

"Oh, I forgot. 'Tis a tender subject. But what in the world can induce you to marry?"

"I wish to change my condition. That's all."

"Are you not comfortable here?"

"Why—yes—tolerably comfortable. But one gets tired of the same thing for ever. You remember the story you told me of the Bishop and the partridges, when I gave you turkey for dinner two days running. I am something like

that Bishop. I want a change. Besides I don't want to be despised."

"Despised! Who despises you?"

"Your niece and her daughters."

"That foolish story again!"

"Ah, you may think lightly of such conduct, your Reverence, but I do not. I can see as far into a millstone as another. The whole family is jealous of me. Yes, jealous of the good opinion your Reverence entertains for his poor servant. There is not one of them that will speak a civil word to me; and this fine Mr. George, that you are so fond of, the last time that he was at home, had the impudence to call me a *Tody* to my face. Yes, me, a respectable, decent woman like me. He might as well have called me a bad woman at once. I have been insulted and ill-treated by the whole family, and rather than be thought to stand in their way, which your Reverence well knows is not the case"—here Mrs. Orams cast a shrewd glance at the alarmed old man, to see what effect her long harangue had produced upon him—"I will marry and leave you; and then you know, sir, I shall no longer be a servant, but have a house of my own."

"And who is to be your husband?"

"A man as well off as your Reverence," said Mary, simpering and looking down into her capacious lap, "and a great many years younger. Mr. Archer, Squire Talbot's steward. He sits in the great pew, just fronting the pulpit."

"I know the man."

"I am sure your Reverence can have no objections to the match. Archer's a regular church goer; and never falls asleep in the midst of your sermons, as all the other farmers do. 'Tis true, that although he is at least ten years younger than your Reverence, he is an old man, but what of that? Who can attend so well to an old man's comforts as his wife? What hireling can take such an interest in his welfare, in all his domestic concerns. Grey hairs are honorable, Solomon says, and he has plenty of money to buy a wig."

Doctor Beaumont groaned aloud, during Mary's eloquent description of the advantages to be derived from the Archer connection, which in fact were all imaginary, for the man had never spoken ten words to her in his life, and he stopped the torrent of loquacity by exclaiming in mournful tones, "What am I to do when you are gone, Mrs. Orams?" for he perceived with no small degree of alarm, that the affair was likely to prove more serious than he had at first imagined.

"Do, sir? Oh! la there's plenty to be had in my place."

"Ah, Mrs. Orams! for the last twenty years I have depended solely upon you for all my little comforts."

"Dear, dear! surely 'tis not more than ten?"

"Twenty, Mrs. Orams, twenty long years you have been the mistress of this house. What can you desire more? Nothing has been withheld from you. Your salary is ample, but if you think it less than your services merit, I will make an addition of ten pounds per annum; I will do any thing, make any sacrifice, however painful to my feelings, rather than part with you; name your own terms." Mrs. Orams leaned her head sentimentally upon her fat, red hand, and affected an air of deep commiseration. "I see the idea of leaving me distresses you."

"True, sir," whined forth Mrs. Orams; "but I cannot lose such an excellent opportunity of bettering my condition."

"But who will cook for me?" cried the doctor in an ecstasy of despair.

"Money will procure good cooks," said the inexorable housekeeper.

"And nurse me when I have the gout?"

"Money will buy attendance."

"It is but a joke!" cried the old bachelor, brightening up. "The thing is impossible, you cannot have the heart to leave me."

"Bless me, Doctor Beaumont!" said Mary, bustling from her seat; "I am tired of leading a lonely life. Mr. Archer has offered me a comfortable home, and, as I see no prospect of a better, to-morrow, if you please, we will settle our accounts."

She sailed out of the room, and the old man fell back in his chair, and sank into a profound reverie.

For twenty years, Mrs. Orams had humoured the doctor, and treated him as a spoiled child; attended to all his whims, and pampered his appetite, in the hope of inducing him to repay her *disinterested* services by making her his wife. But if the housekeeper was ambitious, the old Parson was proud. He saw through her little manoeuvres, and secretly laughed at them. The idea of making an uneducated woman like Mary Orams, his wife, was too ridiculous; and not wholly dead to natural affection, the indolent, self-indulgent divine, looked upon his widowed niece, her promising son, and pretty daughters, as his future heirs. These benevolent intentions, it is true, had received a serious shock from the imprudent ridicule of the thoughtless Rosamond. The old doctor, in order to give them a useful lesson for the future, had ordered the servants to deny him their repeated calls. Mrs. Harford had felt offended in her turn, and all intercourse for some weeks had ceased between the families. Their presence had always been a salutary restraint upon the encroachments of the avaricious housekeeper. Her master was now left entirely

to her mercy, and she was determined to make one bold effort to secure the advantage she had gained. What weak mind can long struggle against the force of habit! Step by step Mrs. Orams insinuated herself into her master's favour; and made herself so subservient to his comforts, that he felt wretched without her. Year after year she had threatened to leave him, in the expectation of drawing him into making her an offer of his hand. Matrimony was the Parson's aversion. It was a dish by no means agreeable to his taste, and year after year he increased her salary in order to induce her to remain in his service. This only stimulated her avarice to enlarge its sphere of action. He was rich, and old, and infirm, why might she not enjoy the whole of his property as well as a part; and she lost no opportunity of weakening the hold that the Harfords had upon his heart. She hated them, for they were his natural heirs, were pretty and genteel and young, and disdained to flatter her in order to secure their uncle's property. The sudden return of Lieutenant Harford frightened her. He was, in spite of all her lies and mischief-making, and his sister's imprudent letter, a great favourite with the old man. Mary Orams knew this, and determined to be beforehand with him; she was resolved to make one last desperate effort upon the heart of her obdurate master, and in case of failure, abandon his house and service for ever.

Two hours had elapsed since she quitted the room, but the doctor remained in the same attitude, his head thrown back and his hands tightly folded over his portly stomach. At length, with a desperate effort, he leant forward, and rung the bell. The footman answered the hasty summons.

"Any thing wanted, sir?"

"Joseph, send up Mrs. Orams."

A few minutes elapsed; the doctor thought ten hours. The handle of the door slowly turned, and the comely person of Mrs. Orams projected itself into the room, her broad face flushed to a fiery red, by leaning over the kitchen fire.

"Dinner will be ready, sir, in half an hour. If I leave the kitchen just now, that careless hussey, Sally, will be sure to burn the meat."

"Let it burn!" quoth the doctor, with an air of ludicrous solemnity.

Mrs. Orams looked hard at the doctor; she thought the learned gentleman had lost his senses. "La, sir! I hope your Reverence is not ill?"

"Not ill, Mrs. Orams, only a little queerish. Sit down, I have something to say to you."

"Surely he is in his right mind," thought Mrs.

Orams, as she took a seat. The doctor drew quite close up to her, and, screwing his courage to the pitch, said, in a hurried voice,

"You leave me to-morrow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you wish to be married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you any objections to marry me?"

"Oh, la, sir! not in the least," replied the delighted housekeeper, rising and making a low courtesy.

"Then I will marry you myself, Mary; for to tell the plain truth, I cannot live without you. Now go and send up the dinner."

Mrs. Orams courted still lower, and with eyes sparkling with triumph, left the room, in obedience to her future lord's commands, without uttering a single word. "What would the Harfords say to this?" Avarice, revenge and pride, were alike gratified.

CHAPTER III.

MORE MATRIMONIAL SPECULATIONS.

"You have grown very sentimental of late, Edward. Now do be honest once in your life, and confess that you are really in love," said Clement Cotterel to his young friend, Edward Freeburn, as they sat together chatting over their own affairs in Mr. Burnham's office (who happened to be the only lawyer in the village of C——,) instead of attending to their master's business.

"In love? With whom, I should like to know?" returned the other idler, cutting to pieces a new pen he had just finished mending. "Let me tell you, Clem, there are few girls in this town upon whom I would bestow a second thought."

"Now don't attempt to deny the fact, nor lay such a stress upon the personal pronoun. It looks egotistical, Ned. I heard, last night, from Frank Townsend, that you were actually engaged to pretty Rosamond Harford, and by Jove! I thought you a fortunate dog. You need not be ashamed of your choice, for I am more than half in love with her myself."

"Indeed! Well, I must confess that she is pretty, and that I should have no objection to the match, but as to any engagement existing between us, I was not such a fool as to commit myself so far without knowing how the old doctor would leave his money. Rose is a handsome girl, but unless she brings with her a handsome fortune, she is no wife for me."

"I did not think you were so mercenary."

"Mercenary! 'tis only common prudence. I have read a great deal about love in a cottage, but I never saw it reduced to practice, and I have

no inclination to sacrifice myself by making the experiment for the public good."

"And upon what footing do you stand with Rose?"

"Oh! the best in the world. Of course I don't let her into the secret, that I have an eye to her cash; women always expect to be loved for themselves. Yes, let them be ever so old and ugly, they always imagine that it is their person, not their money, to which you pay your addresses."

"But how is it possible for you to view such a lovely creature as Rosamond Harford with such philosophical indifference?"

"You misunderstand me, Clement. I love and admire Rose, but I would not marry her without a penny."

"Then you do not deserve to possess such a treasure, if she had a fortune."

"Oh! that's all very fine in a romance, and very selfish too; but I hate romances of every kind, and above all, the romance of real life. Give me plain, common sense, which provides for the future without compromising the present. I have no fortune of my own, and I am not one fond of droulding to obtain one. God has given me a tolerably fine person, and I am willing to give it in exchange for the competency I require. Can anything be more reasonable?"

"Poor Rose."

"I hope she will be rich Rose."

"I should rejoice to hear that the old doctor died without leaving her a farthing."

"Then, I can tell you, that our courtship would be short."

"The shorter the better, for I would woo and win her myself."

"Hold!—that would not be fair."

"Perfectly. You said that Rose Harford, without a fortune, would be no wife for you."

"Yes—but I did not mean to resign my claims to you."

"Claims. I do not perceive that you have any upon her person; and I am certain that a high-spirited girl like Rose, would spurn the idea of being married for her fortune. You should go and pay your addresses to the old doctor at once. Perhaps he might be induced to leave you a legacy."

"It would be labor in vain, while Mary Orans guards the golden fruit."

"I guess it would, as the Yankees say," returned Clement, laughing. "But enough of matrimonial speculations; here comes Mr. Burnham. To your desk, rebellious son of the quill, and make out the best apology you can frame for your illeness."

These young men were the sons of respectable

yeomen in the neighbourhood, who, in order to make their first-born gentlemen, had, at a great sacrifice of comfort and means, artficed them to Mr. Burnham, to acquire the learned profession. Edward Freeburn was handsome and intelligent, and possessed a frank, easy manner, which obtained for him a popularity, which he, in reality, did not deserve. From his father, a close, avaricious, uneducated tiller of the soil, he had contracted mean and sordid notions of the omnipotence of wealth, and was prepared to make any sacrifice in order to obtain it. Naturally of an indolent disposition, he thought the easiest way to become rich was to make a grand matrimonial speculation, and look out for some wealthy young heiress who would be willing to barter fortune for a husband who possessed a genteel profession, and a fine person. With plenty of assurance, aided by the most exalted notions of his own importance and accomplishments of mind and person, Edward Freeburn had forced himself into the first society in the place, with whom he was a general favourite. It was at Mr. Burnham's table he was first introduced to the Miss Harfords; and struck with the beauty of Rose, he had eagerly enquired: "Who is she, and what fortune will she have?" The answer was not quite satisfactory as to the last clause of the question; but he was told, that if the young lady had no fortune of her own, she had great expectations; that in all probability, she would inherit a large portion of her uncle's wealth. This was enough to stimulate the young man's avarice, and induce him to pay the most devoted attention to a girl, whose lovely face and agreeable manners had charmed his fancy. A pure and disinterested affection could never emanate from such a heart as Edward Freeburn's. He was incapable of forming such for the most amiable object, and still less capable of appreciating it in another. Yet, alas! how many lovely and accomplished girls shipwreck their happiness, by bringing the first pure offerings of a guileless, unsophisticated heart, to present in fond idolatry on such an empty shrine. Just at that early stage of womanhood, when the natural feelings are too apt to hold the reason a captive at their will, Rosamond had met Edward Freeburn, and charmed with the graces of his person, his lively conversation, and above all, with his insidious and devoted attentions to herself, she had formed for him a strong attachment, and wrapped herself up in a blissful dream, that she was beloved by the only being whose love she wished to gain.

This delicious secret she had carefully hidden in the depths of her own breast. Edward, though a lover, and her lover, had never declared his

passion or asked her for her hand, and Rosamond was too proud to boast of a lover who had given her no claim to consider him as such.

Caroline more than suspected the fact. Unprejudiced by any tender partiality, she saw at once into young Freeburn's character, and she let no opportunity slip of declaring her opinion, in the hope of diverting her volatile sister from fixing her affections upon such an unworthy object. This injudicious conduct produced the most opposite effect upon a warm-hearted, impetuous girl like Rosamond. She received Caroline's sarcastic remarks upon Edward as insults and injuries, and to this cause might be traced the constant bickerings and the utter want of confidence between the sisters. With the best intentions in the world, Caroline, by her ill-timed and severe animadversions, was hourly wounding the feelings of the sensitive and irritable Rose; and her mother, unacquainted with the cause of their quarrels, wondered, as well she might, what was the matter with the girls.

Clement Cotterel was a plain, sensible, unobtrusive young man—the very reverse of Freeburn. Modest and retiring in his demeanor, he demanded attention from no one, and was better pleased to be an observer than a leader in conversation. He was well read and accomplished; with a mind keenly alive to the beauties of nature and art; a poet in theory though not in practice, possessing all those refined feelings, and that sublime enthusiasm, which is the very essence of poetry. He loved Rosamond Harford, because he discovered, under her lively manners and happy exterior, sentiments and aspirations in unison with his own. Clement was the son of pious parents, who had bestowed much pains and labour on the tuition of their children. They held but an humble position in society, but their worth was well known and appreciated in circles far above them. Old Mr. Cotterel, though a yeoman, was a man of good property, and was able to settle his son and daughter comfortably in life, without interfering with his own homestead; and finding Clement possessed of talents beyond his rural occupations, he had determined to make a gentleman of him, by bestowing upon him a liberal profession. Clement was happy at home, and so alive to the beauties of nature, that it was with regret that he obeyed his father's wishes, and commenced his legal studies; but having once entered upon the path chalked out for him, he pursued it with such diligence and alacrity, that his employer prophesied that he would rise to eminence in his profession.

Such were the two young men whom Rosamond had inspired with the tender passion. One,

from modesty, had never breathed a word of his affection to the object of it. The other, from the most base and sordid motives, had given her to understand by a thousand unequivocal looks and signs, that he loved her; but withheld the positive and legal announcement of the fact, until the death of her old uncle should determine whether she were a bride worth having.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INDIAN LYRICS.

THE FAR WEST.

BY W. J. K.

Oh! give my weary thoughts repose,
 'T' deserts let us fly—
 The hunter's ills may never close;
 And yet 'tis vain to sigh.
 The silence of our cedar woods,
 The shadows of the Bahn—
 The melody of streams and floods,
 Our troubled souls may calm.

Where giant trees are dark and green,
 The Red-skin seeks his rest;
 And where the Pale-face has not been,
 He'll soothe his weary breast.
 He leaves to him, the forts and fields,
 His pastures and his flocks—
 And takes but what the forest yields,
 The rivers and the rocks.

We wander from our native place,
 Our homes we must resign;
 Low are the fortunes of our race;
 Bleak as the blasted pine.
 Our woods are gone to other hands—
 Our hunting ground and hill—
 We're strangers in our fathers' lands,
 Yet fondly linger still.

Our wise men taught us to sustain
 The chance of fate and ill;
 That murmuring in men was vain,
 And sorrow vainier still—
 In fortune's fields, sunny hour,
 Its visions to despise,
 Whose dream is like the summer flow'r,
 That blossoms ere it dies.

We carry wealth in bow and gun,
 And pleasure in our hounds,
 We travel to the setting sun,
 Where backwood game abounds.
 The silence of our cedar woods,
 The shadows of the Bahn,
 The melody of streams and floods,
 Our troubled souls may calm.

THE GIRL'S CHOICE.*

BY E. M. M.

WHEN the gentlemen re-entered the drawing room, it was evident that they too had been conversing on by-gone days, for both looked grave and sorrowful. Captain Beauchamp drew near to Clara, and as she gradually engaged him in an interesting conversation, his countenance lightened up with animation. Soon he discovered that her mind, congenial to his own, sought for happiness not in the pleasures and follies of this life, but in the knowledge and love of God.

"Sarely," he thought, as he watched her beautiful and ever varying features as she spoke; "if all mothers were to lay the right foundation stone in educating their children, how richly would they be repaid! In vain will moral doctrines be enforced, and systems planned for the improvement of the mind and manners, unless religion, heart-felt religion be the basis,—all must fall as a tottering wall to the ground, and woman still remain the vain and trifling being we so often behold her."

While these thoughts were rapidly flitting over his mind, the unconscious Clara, equally pleased with him, said within herself;

"Had poor Mrs. Wurberton been united to one like this, how different would have been her lot!"

She spoke of her in terms of praise to her companion, who replied,

"Yes! she is indeed a very sweet creature, far too good for the man she unfortunately calls her husband. Yet, notwithstanding his neglect and unkindness, I believe her to be strongly attached to him."

"That is fortunate for both," returned Clara; "for where there is much love, much may be borne."

"Have you already learned that hard lesson, Miss Woodford?" asked Captain Beauchamp, smiling.

"Not from experience, certainly," replied Clara, while the colour rushed to her face; "since all who demand my love are worthy of its utmost devotion."

"May this ever be the case," rejoined Captain

Beauchamp, feelingly; "yet I believe the fewer we have to love on earth, the better for us;" and he sighed.

"Our affections towards earthly objects need constant watchfulness, certainly, lest they steal our hearts from God," again said Clara. "But oh! it is delightful to have a friend to love and to love us."

"It is, indeed," said Captain Beauchamp, emphatically. "May you never know the pain of losing them, Miss Woodford!" he added, in the lowest tone.

Clara felt distressed, yet instantly replied: "Nay! call it not losing them when they are with God, and we hope again to be united to them for ever."

Captain Beauchamp gazed in her face, now all animation and blended with the softest expression of kindness; he said nothing, but slightly pressing her hand, he walked away to the window.

The evening closed in prayer, which was beautifully performed by Sir Henry, in the presence of the whole household. Soon after this the little party separated, each one meditating on the events of the past day, according to the different impressions they had received.

The following morning proved one of such bright promise, that Sir Henry Woodford after breakfast proposed a long country walk, which was eagerly assented to by his sister, Captain Beauchamp and Katherine.

"Perhaps you would be the bearer of my note to Mrs. Atherly," said Lady Woodford, sealing one which she had been writing. "I wish her and Mr. Atherly to meet our friends at dinner to-morrow, and I was just going to send my request by Robert."

"Give it to me, my dear mother," replied Sir Henry; "the Parsonage lies in the very road I should have chosen, and a visit there is always welcome."

The pedestrians set off in gay spirits, pursuing their way through green lanes and woodlands wild, until they reached the gate of a small white

*Continued from page 251.

cottage, almost concealed within a fine plantation of elm trees, among the branches of which the rooks were cawing in undisturbed tranquillity.

"What a sweet spot!" exclaimed Katherine; "how happy they must be who inhabit it."

"It is a sweet spot," replied Clara, "and rendered still more lovely by the Christian spirits that dwell within it; Mr. and Mrs. Atherly are friends of ours."

On being shown into the drawing room, the servant said that her mistress at the moment was engaged, but would come to them immediately.

Katherine gladly sat down in a large arm chair to rest, whilst the others walked round the room to admire the beautiful prints that adorned the walls. The windows were to the ground, opening on a verandah, where hung a large wicker cage containing a pair of doves. A small library stored with the best authors, and divided from this room by folding doors, was rendered still more attractive by a profusion of plants which cast a delicious fragrance around. Elegance combined with extreme simplicity, seemed to be the prevailing taste of the lady of the house, whose own appearance on entering the room fully confirmed that idea. Clara flew forward to meet her and introduced her friends, who were received with much cordiality, especially Katherine, upon whom she gazed with considerable interest. Without possessing any beauty, there was a gentleness and grace in the manners of Mrs. Atherly, extremely winning; she expressed regret that Mr. Atherly was from home, attending a meeting, she said, upon the subject of erecting a new church. Sir Henry then presented his note, apologizing at the same time, for their early visit. After glancing her eyes over it, she replied,

"I think I may venture to answer for Edward, he is always so happy to go to the Abbey; and as for me, you know I cannot refuse Lady Woodford."

Captain Beauchamp now expressed his admiration of the scenery from the windows. It was indeed one of loveliness, hill and dale and woodlands green, with pretty cottages peeping through the openings, and the village church with its old ivy-covered porch, raising its venerable grey tower above them all. A shrubbery bounded the lawn of the Parsonage, beyond which was the orchard stored with fruit, and the paddock where a few sheep and a pet pony roamed at pleasure.

"Would you like to stroll over our little domain, Captain Beauchamp?" asked Mrs. Atherly, on perceiving the pleasure with which he continued gazing.

"Mrs. Warburton, are you too much fatigued by your walk to accompany us?"

"Oh! no! I should delight in it," returned Katherine, starting up. "Weariness must be forgotten in a place like this."

"Come, then," said Sir Henry, drawing her arm within his; "I will be your guide and support."

"And I the other," rejoined Clara, playfully encircling her with her arm.

"Oh! that I had ever such guides, such supports," murmured Katherine, laying her head on the shoulder of the latter.

"A far more powerful one you possess, sweet friend! One who will never fail you," said Clara, softly.

"Who is that interesting young creature?" enquired Mrs. Atherly, as she followed with Captain Beauchamp.

"In a few words he informed her, adding: 'I rejoice that she has found friends in Lady Woodford and her family; their kindness and attentions are peculiarly valuable under her circumstances.'"

"Poor thing! how much to be felt for; so young and so tried," returned Mrs. Atherly. "She is, indeed, fortunate in possessing the friendship of such excellent people; is not Miss Woodford a charming girl?"

"I have seldom seen one who at once gains the esteem and admiration so entirely," replied Captain Beauchamp, warmly, and with a flushed cheek.

"Dear Clara! how I love her," responded Mrs. Atherly. "So amiable, so unselfish, so devoted to her duties, and with all her high attainments, so humble. I have often tried to discover a fault in her, but affection blinds me."

"You say truly that affection blinds," said Captain Beauchamp; "as a fallen creature, we know that Miss Woodford *must* have faults—that to grace alone is she indebted for every good and every perfect gift, and this as a Christian she would be the first to acknowledge herself, and own that without the constant help of God she could not perform one action aright."

After visiting the garden, the orchard and the paddock, and feeding the pony who was old and blind, they returned to the house, where they were regaled with some fine fresh strawberries. Sir Henry then, fearing to obtrude longer on the time of Mrs. Atherly, rose to take leave, when the little party set out on their way home, varying it by taking the path that led through the wood. Here they lingered, gathering the wild flowers as they strolled along, and listening delightfully to the song of birds poured forth in one wild strain of harmony.

"How charming is the voice of Nature!" observed Captain Beauchamp, his countenance

beaming with animation. "Every leaf that flutters in the breeze seems to offer praise to its Creator; why should man, ungrateful man, alone be silent?"

"It often strikes me with wonder to notice the utter indifference of those who call themselves Christians, to the claims a Gracious Father has upon their thoughts and upon their words," replied Clara. "Immersed in care, in business, in pleasure, their minds rise not above the things of earth, even though they behold them perishing daily before their eyes; while He, from whom all their blessings flow, is forgotten or receives only the outward homage of the knee and lip, their hearts being far from Him."

"The veil is over their eyes, said Sir Henry, "and they have not faith to see the glories of the better land, which would fill all their thoughts, occupy all their attention, were it once removed."

"Why does not God remove the veil? It is in His power alone to do so," remarked Katherine, in a subdued tone, as she thought of her husband.

"Why? because they ask Him not, implore Him not," replied Sir Henry, on whose arm she leaned. "Contented in their darkness and ignorance, they wilfully close their ears to every admonition of man; the Word of God they never read, His name is never mentioned, save to be blasphemed; prayer is unknown to them, and on they go, encouraged by the multitude accompanying them, till they find too late that the way they have chosen leads to the valley of destruction."

"Too true," sighed poor Katherine, with a slight shudder; then turning to Sir Henry, while her eyes assumed a glassy brightness, she added: "how dreadful to love a being in the awful state you describe!"

"It is, dear Katherine," he replied, in a feeling tone; "but remember that the arm of the Almighty is not shortened that it cannot save, or his ear heavy that it cannot hear. Our prayers, our supplications, unceasingly offered, we have every encouragement to believe, will not be in vain: let us patiently await His time for an answer to them, and look forward with hope. But you seem fatigued, I fear you have tasked your strength beyond its power; shall we rest a while on this mossy bank which seems made for the fairies?"

Katherine gladly assented, for she did indeed feel weary. Sir Henry placed himself by her side, while Captain Beauchamp and Clara amused themselves by tying all the flowers they had gathered into bunches.

"Are you preparing for some one's wedding

that you are so busy?" asked Sir Henry, amused by the earnestness with which they pursued their task.

The eyes of Captain Beauchamp encountered Clara's at this remark, and sorrowful was their expression; instantly she divined his thoughts, and to divert them she threw the flowers on the ground, saying: "Henry, we have loitered long enough; mamma will wonder what has become of us, and I promised to drive grandamma in the pony chair at two o'clock."

"Patience, fair sister!" returned Sir Henry, unconscious of the momentary pain he had inflicted. "I'm in no haste to leave this cool retreat; Mrs. Warburton is fatigued."

"Are flowers so profusely scattered in your path, Miss Woodford, that you can afford to cast them away?" asked Captain Beauchamp.

"Nay! that was said reproachfully. If they are so, I ought to value them the more, and remember that the bleak season of winter will come when all will be gone," and she stooped to gather them again.

Captain Beauchamp assisted her, and as she received them from him, she added:

"I will keep these always to remind me of the lesson your words conveyed, that the smallest blessing should be prized and not carelessly wasted."

A slight pressure of his hand as he gave back the flowers was her only answer. It called the crimson to her cheek, and looking up at the clouds now gathering darkly over them, she turned to her brother, saying:

"Henry, we were wrong to linger. It is going to rain."

"So it is, indeed!" replied Sir Henry, as some large drops began to fall. "Old Archer's hut is close at hand; let us go there till the shower is over."

And drawing Katherine's arm within his, he hastened forward, followed by his sister and Captain Beauchamp. In two minutes they reached the hut, where they found the woodman seated at his noonday meal with his young granddaughter, his sole companion; both rose on the entrance of their visitors.

"Pray don't let us disturb you," said Sir Henry; "we are only come to beg for shelter from the rain."

"Enter, and welcome, Sir Henry! none have a better right," replied Archer, a remarkably handsome old man, whose ruddy face bespoke health and contentment. "Nancy! give chairs to the ladies."

With alacrity the little girl obeyed, smiling at Clara, who she appeared to recognize as a well known friend.

"You seem very happy here in this retired abode," said Captain Beauchamp, looking on the fine countenance of the old man with pleasure.

"Aye, master! thanks to Sir Henry, there, under a gracious Providence, I have not a wish ungratified, except that I would better deserve my numberless blessings, sinner that I am!"

"What an enviable state of mind, and how many a rich man would exchange for the weight of care attached to his responsibilities; you are fortunate, Archer, to have passed through life so easily," returned Captain Beauchamp.

"I have had my share of trouble, master! as all must who journey through this wilderness," replied Archer. "My Heavenly King spared not the rod of correction when he saw that it was necessary. Two noble sons slain by my side on the plains of Waterloo, was grief enough to break any heart not trusting in the Lord for strength and support under it."

And tears stood in the eyes of the old man as he said this. All gazed upon him with the deepest interest, while Nancy pained to witness his emotion, said,

"Grandfather, let me help you to some more of this nice bacon."

"Presently, child, presently," returned Archer, manfully struggling against his feelings, then turning to Captain Beauchamp, with a smile, he added:

"We are not expected to receive affliction as if our natures were cold and hard; that would be like sowing seed on the stony ground. No, like this blessed rain, it must melt and soften our flinty hearts, and then in time it will bring forth the fruits of righteousness."

"You are right, Archer," replied Captain Beauchamp, warmly pressing his hand, while a tear gathered in his own dark eyes; "thoughtless of our God should we indeed become, were we left to flow down the stream of life unchecked by his wise dispensations. He sends the tempest to bring us to our knees, as helpless, hopeless beings, without His continual aid."

"I am rejoiced to hear one of your cloth speak thus," returned Archer. "I love to see the Christian and the soldier united. And they were pious too," he added, with feeling. "Some in the regiment called us psalm-singing Methodists, and said when we came to fight we should run away, but we convinced them that those who love and fear God are the best prepared to meet Him in a better world. My boys nobly fought, and fell, covered with wounds, as they gallantly defended their colours. I saw them borne from my sight and I stayed to fulfil my duty; none beheld the eye of Archer quail or his arm falter. The Lord sustained me in that dark hour; I had sought

him ere the storm fell, and now I found a refuge in my time of need; the best consolation was mine, the assurance of my boys' eternal happiness."

"Then you do not think the life of a soldier incompatible with that of a Christian," said Captain Beauchamp, more and more delighted with the veteran.

"God forbid, sir!" replied Archer with fervor, "for then many a brave heart must have lain down in sorrow. Do you not think that the defender of his King and Country, who performs his duties to the best of his abilities, is as acceptable in the sight of his Maker as he who lives peaceably at home, with more time, but not more inclination to worship Him—of course I mean, if he places his whole trust for salvation on the merits of his Saviour, and not in any works of his own."

"Yes, Archer I do think so," returned Captain Beauchamp, his respect increasing as the mind of the old soldier opened to his view, "but there are those who think otherwise, and who have left the army solely because they held that opinion."

"The more is the pity," said Archer; "I know not a finer character than a soldier arrayed in the armour of Christ, and we have the example of Cornelius in Scripture to convince us that the Lord loves such. Don't you be persuaded, sir, to leave your profession, but adorn it in the eyes of its enemies, and show them that a man may be found faithful unto God in a red coat as well as in a black one."

Captain Beauchamp smiled benignantly, as the old man pressed his hand while saying this. All were interested, but as the shower had by this time passed away, and the sun was again shining brightly, Sir Henry unwillingly interrupted the conversation, to propose their proceeding homewards. Clara lingered behind to whisper some charge to little Nancy, who was one of her Sunday School pupils—the child receiving it with respect and affection. She then left the cottage, with Captain Beauchamp, who promised to renew his visit to the old man another day. He continued talking of him to his companion, as she leaned on his arm, until they had arrived at the gates of the Abbey.

On their entrance into the house, Katherine was told that Captain Warburton was in the drawing room. In an instant all sense of fatigue was forgotten, as she joyously hastened to welcome him, throwing her arms round his neck, and exclaiming,

"Oh! dearest Neville! now is my happiness complete! I hope you are come to stay in this sweet place with me?"

Captain Warburton smiled at this public dis-

play of her affection, and disengaging himself, replied,

"I am sorry to say that is impossible, Kate, as I am on duty, and have besides another engagement."

The countenance of Katherine fell, while Lady Woodford said,

"We have in vain pressed Captain Warburton to remain, but another day I trust he may come to us disengaged."

Captain Warburton bowed his acknowledgments. Sir Henry, after addressing him, presented his sister, who blushed at the start of astonishment and admiration he cast upon her, as she, for Katherine's sake, offered her hand. He looked from her on the pale and faded cheek of his wife, who shrank from the cold and careless eye that met hers, now full of tears.

"Would you like to see your child?" she asked in a faltering tone, and without waiting for his answer she ran off to conceal her mortification.

"What a little crying fool it is!" thought Captain Warburton, "yet she has enough to make her, poor soul, if she knew but all. Confound that fellow Beauchamp, what is he saying to Miss Woodford, she is really a beautiful creature, — some animation, some spirit."

Clara had turned away to join Captain Beauchamp in recounting their pleasant walk to old Lady Woodford, who as usual sat with her knitting in the bow window, observing all that passed with a shrewdness peculiarly her own. Katherine soon returned with her infant in her arms, which she held up to its father to kiss.

"Kate! why remind me of all my misfortunes!" he said with a faint smile, as he bent over the little unconscious thing who smiled in his face.

"You speak not your thoughts, Captain Warburton," said Lady Woodford, looking kindly on Katherine and the child; "you cannot view such treasures without interest and thankfulness."

"Yes! great thankfulness," again thought Captain Warburton, curling his lip, "when I possess not means sufficient to support them. What a fool, what a madman I have been!"

"I hope you miss us very much at home, Neville," said poor Katherine, trying to attract his attention.

"Oh! without doubt," he replied, laying his hand on his heart in mockery. "Can you suppose it otherwise?"

"I shall not if I can only prevail on you to remain this one day, for my sake," returned Katherine pleadingly, and taking his hand.

"Have I not said that I cannot?" replied her husband pettishly. "Why press the matter Kate?"

"I will not again," she said in a subdued tone.

Well did she know that she dared not. Lady Woodford seemed sorry for her, while Sir Henry walked over to his sister evidently disgusted at the total want of feeling displayed by this gay and thoughtless man, who only remained so long as politeness made it necessary, when he took his departure, leaving a most unfavorable impression of his disposition on the minds of all.

Clara redoubled her affectionate attentions towards Katherine after this short interview with her husband; but the spirits of the poor girl, crushed by his too apparent indifference, could not soon revive, and it was evident from her appearance, when the party met at dinner, that she had been weeping bitterly.

In the evening old Lady Woodford beckoning her to her side, and laying her hand on her arm, said,

"Sit down by me, my dear, and forgive me for speaking freely to you; I can see that as a wife you have a difficult task to perform, but one in which you will be assisted, if you diligently pray for divine strength. Tears and vain regrets will not help you; you must rouse your best energies and act the woman, bear with your husband's failings, be patient and wait the Lord's leisure. He will not cast off forever, or cause you one hour's grief more than he thinks necessary for your eternal welfare. Now do not weep as I admonish, but listen, Katherine! I was in my youth a lover of pleasure, rather than a lover of God; I was blessed in a husband, inclined to piety, who would have withdrawn from the gaieties and frivolities I so eagerly sought, but I would not hear of it. While youth and beauty were mine, my influence over him was unbounded, but instead of exerting it for good, I laughed at his scruples, I ridiculed his religion until I brought him back to my opinions, and induced him to accompany me into all the scenes of vanity and folly, I entered night after night. Indeed he went beyond, for to stifle the convictions that would occasionally arise in his breast, he plunged into many excesses with wild companions, and if I ever ventured to reproach him for his repeated absences, he would taunt me as the cause. And was I happy? Alas! no, for conscience whispered, even in the brilliant crowd, that I had endangered the soul of one dearer to me than life itself.

"It pleased the Almighty disposer of all things at this time to cast me into the depths of affliction. Our child—our only child—a lovely and most interesting little girl, was taken from us; while I, from cold caught at a ball, was laid on a bed of sickness in a raging fever. For weeks my

life was despaired of, and when at length reason was restored, and danger considered past, the remembrance of my loss made me bitterly regret (ungrateful wretch that I was) that God had spared me. Impious thought! for had I died then in my sins, where had I gone!

"It was now that I was made to learn the vanity of all earthly things. Those gay friends, who had flocked around me in my sunny days, after a few inquiries at my door, ceased to think of me. I could no longer minister to their pleasures; what was I to them! Or if indeed one or two more kind ventured into my darkened chamber, how little did their conversation accord with my present feelings—how could I listen with satisfaction to their accounts of the masked ball—the gay concert—the opera—I loathed their very remembrance; a void was in my heart which I then thought could never be filled again. How did I now mourn in tears of anguish, my having drawn my husband back into the world. Instead of remaining to console me, or offer even the comforts of religion, which once he would have done, he gladly left the gloom of home, to enter those scenes I could no longer enjoy. But for the affectionate attentions of a pious servant, who had nursed my precious child, I must have sunk under my trials; but to this excellent woman, under Providence, did I owe the total change in all my thoughts and feelings. In the most simple way, did she lead me to the blessed Jesus, praying for me in a way that I had never heard prayer offered before, with an earnestness and solemnity the most touching. She first consoled me with the assurance of my departed angel's happiness, through the merits of her Redeemer, and when I despondingly would say, that never could I hope to rejoin her in that world of rejoicing spirits, she would, with holy indignation, inquire if I thought the power of Christ to save was limited—if his blood would not cleanse the darkest sins, if those sins were only repented of—that he came not on earth to call the righteous, but sinners, to flee unto him for salvation. Unremitting was this dear creature in her work of charity, never flattering me into a false belief, that my naturally amiable qualities, or the good I was enabled to do, out of my abundance, to poor people, could avail with a just and pure God. Oh! no! far from her was such dangerous and deceitful sophistry. She clearly showed me to myself as a sinner, lost, but for the merciful atonement made for me by Jesus Christ, and it pleased God to bless her honest endeavors, for I rose from my bed a Christian, not now in name only but in heart and in deed. The enormity of my guilt in shaking the unsettled views of my beloved husband, now appeared more vividly to

my enlightened sight; but in vain and with tears did I strive to bring him to see as I saw; he would not listen to me, but cast in my teeth all my own arguments in favor of a life of pleasure, and laughingly affirmed that I would not long continue in my present devout humour. Thus God punished my wickedness.

"Many and bitter were the tears I shed in secret, and many the prayers I offered that my husband might be spared to repent, for oh! the thought of his being cut off in his sins, haunted me by day and by night, my good Cicely joined her petitions with mine; but we had long to wait our answer, for the trial of our faith. It came at last; I found that talking to Sir Henry on the subject of religion had no effect, but I strove by the utmost consistency in my conduct, to adorn mine in his sight. One of my greatest defects had been hastiness of temper; now this was calmed and kept in check, and he noticed the change. He thought I would weary of my new avocations—the deep and earnest study of my Bible—my anxiety for the welfare of my servants—my daily prayers with them; but when months passed, and he still found me steadfast, he wondered at the cause. A new misfortune awaited me at this interesting period. My faithful nurse, my friend, my comforter, was carried off by scarlet fever, caught when visiting a poor woman in that disease. On her first showing symptoms of infection, I had her removed to a remote wing of the house, where I and one attendant watched over her to the last. Her resignation, her hopes in the prospect of death, and her prayers for me and my husband, were affecting beyond words; her solemn blessing bestowed on me, her spiritual child, I never can forget. As she pronounced it, her voice grew faint, she raised her eyes to Heaven, and murmuring, 'follow Christ,' she expired in my arms.

"Long and sadly did I miss this excellent creature, for at that time I had no other Christian friend. This threw me more helplessly on my Heavenly Father, which was what he desired; I had trusted too much to an arm of flesh, and he removed it; now he was my all, and soon I experienced that strength and support which he alone can give; my supplications for my husband were redoubled, but as I had been the first cause of weakening his religious impressions, it was not for me to be the honored instrument of leading him back to the paths of peace. My health had suffered so much from anxiety of mind, that I was strongly recommended change of air and scene by my medical attendant, and Sir Henry, in alarm for my life, immediately removed me to a delightful cottage we possessed near the sea. Here we became acquainted with a young minister, whose

zeal and devotion in the cause of truth called forth our highest admiration. The Lord disposed the heart of my dearest husband towards him, so that they became intimate friends. What joy this was to me, I have no power to express. Not to weary you, my young friend, this exemplary man proved the means of realizing all my hopes and prayers. Sir Henry became a devoted servant of God, continuing in the faith and belief of a crucified Saviour until the day of his lamented death, when, full of years and honours, he resigned his spirit unto him who gave it.

"This little domestic detail I have offered to your notice, to encourage you not to faint and become disheartened because your prayers are long in being answered—the Lord's time is the best, and I am convinced that no petition for the spiritual welfare of a beloved relative, offered in faith, will eventually be cast out by him who will leth not the death of a sinner, but that all should come unto him and be saved."

Katherine was touched by the words of the kind old Lady, and the sympathy she evinced towards her. Warmly she thanked her, and earnestly did she pour forth her wishes, her fears, her anxieties to her Heavenly Father, that night, that her thoughtless husband might be brought ere too late, to a sense of his lost state, without a hearty repentance and a firm belief in the merits of his Redeemer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS.

BY MRS. J. C. F.

It was in days of old,
 No Grecian Bardis have told,
 That Pelcus, King of Thrace,
 Sprang from heroic race,
 Was seiz'd with love's emotion
 For Thetis, Queen of Ocean—
 A dame so wondrous fair,
 That water, earth, and air
 Her parallel had not;
 And 'twas her happy lot
 King Pelcus to admire,
 And burn with kindred fire;
 And when he talk'd of Hymen
 She utter'd not, O sic man!
 But gave consent by silence
 To have a ring and license,
 And promis'd that the morrow
 Should end his kingship's sorrow.
 This frankness so emphatic
 Made Pelcus quite ecstatic;
 And though somewhat rheumatic,
 He flew with expedition
 And thoughts all ebullition,
 To make such preparation
 As suited his high station,
 He running'd his regalia,
 For wedding paraphernalia,
 And then he sent out cards
 To all the Gods and Herads,
 Throughout the upper regions,
 Where all his friends in legions
 Sojourn'd, and were invited;
 But one, alone, was slighted,
 Diacolla was her name,
 A nymph of hostile fame,

Whose art rais'd doubts, and fears,
 And set folks by the ears:
 Who thought all joy illusion,
 But what produc'd confusion,
 And without grace or moral,
 Incited hate, and quarrel.
 Therefore, the King's command
 Prosper'd this fam'd firebrand,
 Nor did he then forego
 The direful enmity
 Which such a trivial slight
 Would in the hag excite;
 But thought of a collation
 For this grand celebration,
 And made a bill of fare,
 Of dishes, rich and rare,
 Such as—Phecocks à la braize,
 And sea gulls in pie rais'd,
 With marinaded doves,
 To please the dainty Loves;
 Also, a herded swan,
 And tiger's head in brawn,
 With screech owls,—en compote,
 On which all gourmands doat;
 A Macedonian eagle,
 A bird most rare and regal,
 With Heliconian dove,
 And ambrosia in a stew,
 With flowing bowls of nectar,
 For Bacchus, Pan, and Hector:

The courier soon came back
 With cards, a monstrous pack,
 Each with especial answer,
 From ev'ry god and man, sir,
 With hints that all the goddesses
 Would come in their best bodices,
 And thanks, at being bidden
 To this ambitious wedding,
 But some were sick and sulky,
 Others—to move—too bulky.
 These sent a feign'd excuse
 Such as e'en gods can use.
 Old Saturnus did declare
 A terrible night mare
 Engross'd his time and care,
 And made him o'er his sleep
 A constant vigil keep;
 Old Vulcan never came
 For a fall had made him lame;
 And Danaë had caught cold
 In a shower of molten gold.
 Polypheme was sad and sly
 From having lost his eye;
 Bellona and her brother
 Had quarrell'd with each other;
 Diana was in the dumps;
 And Cæcubus had the mumps;
 Hercules was only able
 To cleanse the Augean stable,
 Unless he kill'd the Centaur,
 To do which he had been sent for,
 And would not leave his labours
 To revel with his neighbours,
 But still a certain band
 Of celestials—hand in hand,
 Came pouring to the feast,
 Five hundred, at the least;
 All—all in jocund spirits,
 And eminent in merits,
 Apollo—above the rest—
 Shone in a sunshine vest,
 And promptly from his cranium
 Spun an Epithalamium,
 Made up of flames and darts,
 Soft sighs, and tender hearts,
 Such strains as never tire—
 Love's hope—and Hymen's fire.
 Then rose the far fam'd Passus,
 Who came from Mount Parnassus,
 And said, they'd not refuse
 Their powers to amuse.
 Polyhymnia, fann'd in story
 Her fine wrought oratory—
 Without reserve or pride
 In impromptu prais'd the Bride;
 Calliope, with epic fire,
 Sung her records to her lyre;
 Erato, then to minstrelsy
 Display'd her love-wrought notes;
 Whilst Thalia,—Fancy's child,
 In varied scenes each heart beguill'd;
 Melpomene, with sweeping train

With gestures wild, and phrenzied strain,
In words and act—display'd such woe,
As made hearts throb, and eyes o'erflow.
Tarsichore was next to rule
And esper'd off—in a *pas seul*,
And with *ballads* swift and high
Seem'd to reach the vaulted sky,
Then in *corantos* neat and smart
Display'd the climax of her art;
Enterpe next—with vocal pow'r,
Whose magic charm'd the passing hour,
Sung with tones so sweet and loud
That ecstacy inspir'd the crowd;
Then Clio up'd her varied store
Of novel facts,—historic lore—
Reciting with such truth and grace
That joy's best impulse fill'd the place;
Urania next, in stary robe,
Her emblem a celestial globe,
Sung the wonders of the sky
Till rapture fill'd each heart and eye.

While mingled joy and praise were heard
Discordia's form—grotesque—absurd—
Rose—none knew how—amongst the throng,
But indicating all that's wrong;
And took from 'neath her sable cloak
A golden apple—on it wrote,
"This valued fruit—of all the rarest,
"Is to be given—To the Fairest."

No sooner was it seen,
Than with looks and gestures keen,
All the ladies tooth and nail
Each her neighbour did assail;
For to get—they thought their duty—
This tribute to their peerless beauty;
No expedient seem'd unfair,
So they tore each other's hair;
Nay, e'en on the gentle Circæus
Scratch'd one another's faces.
Poor Cupid in the rout,
Was fairly driven out,
And even Hymen's fire
In this whirlwind did expire.

The Dryads lost their wits,
The Nereids fell in fits,
Such a scene of war and discord
Was ne'er before on record;
When Jove, as mediator,
A god of sum'd good nature,
To end the altercation,
By dint of arbitration,
Suggested to those ladies
Who still were in their hey days,
To repair to Jove's mount;
And to Paris there recount
Their various claims to beauty,
And impose on him, as duty,
The decision of the apple,
For which they'd such a grapple.

Then up rose fair-sum'd Pallas,
To self-love no way callous,
Which move was follow'd soon, O
By dauntless madam Juno,
Who said—No doubt you mean us,
Including pretty Venus,
As ladies in our prime,
So we will lose no time
But mount our ears, and ride
To Paris—on Mount Ido.
They reach'd their destination
In doubt and altercation,
And were received by Paris
With look somewhat embarrass'd;
For by shrewd intuition,
He knew their secret mission,
And hop'd for tempting bribes
Before he should decide.
The dames begg'd his attention
To what they had to mention,
And after brief narration
Implor'd his arbitration—
Then tried to sway his Judgment
To prove there was no fudge meant;
By gifts his taste to suit,
From some self-attribute.
First, advanc'd Minerva,
Who knew full well he'd serve her,
And offer'd stores of knowledge,
Without the toils of College.
And wit, folks to excel
Beyond all parallel.
Juno, with tempting offers

Declin'd she'd fill his coffers,
And give him vast dominion
In change for his opinion,
Determining her beauty,
Which was no less than duty;
For on Olympus mount
She was of great account,
And none disputed there
Her claim to all that's fair.
Venus—in brief oration,
Express'd—with agitation,
The hope, he would the boon, O
Refuse of madam Juno;
Nor yield to artful Pallas
Whose envy and whose malice,
By stratagem and spite,
Would rob her of her right,
But with discerning eyes,
Award to her the prize;
And gratefully would trench her
To give to him a creature,
All woman-kind exclaiming—
"Y'clept the beautiful Helen,
A dame so fascinating
'Twould take an age in stating
The wonders of her face
Her form—and matchless grace.

'Though Paris saw resistless pleasures
Wrapt within these proffer'd treasures
He pass'd it; revolving each one o'er
With sophistry, oft used before,
Knowledge—thought he—'s but a bubble
The weak man's boast—the wise man's trouble;
Engendering too, such blind conceit
That we ourselves and others cheat.
It spoils our beauty—makes us thin—
And all for what?—a night within!
And as to Juno—let me see—
Empires—riches—sovereignty?
Ah! no—such vast possessions are
To sinful man—a direful snare
Besides as—I'm a beau d'esprit,
I can't forget my gallantry,
And when a lady's in the case
E'en Poets say, all thing's give place.
So, Venus—here I give to you
The golden apple, as your due;
And now let future grey-heads say,
That neither gold—nor sovereign sway,
Nor wisdom—attribute divine
Nor wit—by which men rule and shine,
Nor ought but virtue's practis'd duty
Can take the palm from youth and beauty.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

FROM THE GERMEN OF MACHLEN.

Silent o'er the fountain gleaming,
In the silver moonlight hour,
Bright and beautiful in its evening,
Waves a friendly fragile flower,
Never let it be mistaken;
Blue—as heaven's own blessed eye,
By no envious clouds o'er taken
When it laughs through all the sky,
Power of heaven's divinest hue!
Symbol of affection true!
Whisper to the poor heart-broken
Consolation—heaven-spoken!
Loved one!—like the star of morning
Are thine eyes—so mild and fair—
Innocence with light adorning
Their pure radiance every where!
Maiden mine I attend my lay
Be this flower's net forget—
Whispering through the far-away,
'Oh, forget—forget me not.'
Duty stern may bid us sever,
Tears bedew our parted lot;
Yet these flowers shall murmur ever,
'Ah, forget—forget me not.'
List, beloved! what it saith;
List each blossom's whisper'd sound!
As its lowly head it layeth
On the dew-besprinkled ground.
He think! each dewdrop is a tear,
That blurs its dark blue eyes;
Remember—when you wander near—
'Forget me not,' it sighs!

THE SPOILED CHILD.*

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY M.

It was at a small party that she first met Fitzroy, and was at once charmed by his handsome person and elegant manners. With an artist's eye and taste she could not but admire personal beauty, and the manly form and chiselled features, the brilliant black eye and fascinating smile riveted her gaze. This was not unobserved by him, and it led to an introduction. Augustus Fitzroy was an Irishman by birth, who had only resided a few months in New York. He had inherited a large estate, which had been entirely dissipated by a career of vice; after which he had supported himself by gambling, but one evening when heated by wine, having shot a companion in the gambling house, he was obliged to fly to America. Upon his arrival in New York, he took lodgings in one of the first hotels, purchased a carriage and horses, and by the elegance of his person and manners, and his pretensions to wealth, he attracted much attention. This he did with a view to gaining admittance into fashionable society, and thus winning a rich wife. In the former he succeeded soon, and although it was rumoured that there were cogent reasons which he would be unwilling to disclose which prevented a return to his native land, yet most of his acquaintance, and those of the fair sex particularly, refused to give credence to this report, asserting that it was impossible, so delightful an acquaintance could be a criminal and fugitive.

Such was the man whose appearance had already made a deep impression on the imaginative and susceptible Isabella. He soon learned that she was an heiress, and he determined to follow up his advantage and win her for his own. To effect this he obtained frequent clandestine interviews with her, and ere long won so complete an ascendancy over her, that she promised to become his bride. It may seem strange to the reader that she so willingly lavished her affections on one, whose character was at best doubtful, and whom she knew her friends would not approve; but let it be remembered that a man's crimes are not generally inscribed on his face; and evil as

had been Fitzroy's course, he was received into society, and considered one of its brightest ornaments. In addition to this, it must be considered that she had never been controlled, had never learned to yield her will to the superior wisdom of others; while her reading, which had been confined in her earlier days to works of fiction, had given a tinge of romance to her enthusiastic temperament. Is it then to be wondered at, that her young heart found it strangely delightful to hear one whose society was courted, profess the most unbounded admiration for her, to hear him avow in homely phrase, that "her smile was his sunshine, her frown his death;" while his respectful deference contrasted so strongly with the contemptuous treatment she had received from the only young gentleman she had ever previously known, that in gratitude and admiration she yielded him her whole heart. She never enquired if he possessed those qualities which would afford her rational ground to hope for happiness as his wife; or whether he would be likely to please that mother who loved her so devotedly; but, blind and headstrong, resolved at once to be his and his only. I have said Isabella loved her mother; she did, to a certain extent, but she had never learned to submit her wishes to that mother's will, and she would not do so now for the first time, in a matter in which she thought all her hopes of happiness were involved. Fitzroy endeavoured to persuade her to marry him at once, but failing in this he drew from her a written vow that she would wed him after her return home, whenever he should arrive to claim her; and with this he was forced to content himself.

The time of her absence at length expired, and bidding an affectionate adieu to her lover, she found herself on her homeward way. In little more than a week she arrived at Thorn Hill, and was welcomed with kindness and affection by her brother, and with rapture by her fond mother, who witnessed with delight and pride, the change in her daughter's manners and appearance. Her beauty had ripened and matured, she was no longer the lovely child, but the hand-

*Concluded from page 277.

some, elegant woman; for though not yet eighteen, she was tall, and her figure was truly noble; but her dark brown hair still clustered in the same rich curls around the brow of transparent fairness; her large soul-lit eyes, which still retained that clear azure hue, so seldom seen in this country at least, beyond the days of childhood, veiled their brightness beneath the heavy fringe which shadowed them; while the proud outline of her features, and oft-times scornful curl of the full red lip, told that her natural character was unchanged, that her early faults, instead of being eradicated by the renovating influence of the Spirit of God, were only concealed beneath an outward polish.

Isabella soon found her brother changed, not indeed in person but in heart, and she hesitated not to ascribe this to the influence of Mary Churchill, her early friend, to whom Clarence expected to be married in a few months. She thought at first, however, that the change was not real but affected, in order to secure the favour of his betrothed; and thus blindly adjudging her brother guilty of a base hypocrisy, she viewed him with a measure of contempt. It was not long, however, before she discovered her mistake; he had ever possessed noble qualities, but his temper had been hasty, and his pride unconquerable; now she saw him tried, and wondered at his gentleness, while his conduct towards her was marked by an affectionate deference which surprised her. She found him one morning in the library engrossed in reading; he took no notice of her entrance, and she looked over his shoulder to ascertain what favourite author had thus enchained his attention. She read a few words of the page before him, and exclaimed in surprise,

"The Bible instead of Byron! truly, my brother, this is a change? How wondrous must be the gentle Mary's power!"

"Say, rather, my dear sister, how wondrous is the power of the Word and Spirit of God."

"Then you deny that your beloved Mary's influence effected this change?"

"It was the instrument, certainly," he replied. "Her lovely example led me first to consider the subject of religion, but a higher Power than hers has implanted that love for it, and for the Bible which unfold its truths, which I now feel. I wish, my dear sister, that you would study this blessed book, then would you find that it needs the recommendation of no man nor woman on this earth. Its own elevating, transforming truths, testify its Divine origin and unspeakable importance."

The earnestness of his tones testified that he indeed felt all that he expressed, but his sister,

dreading a serious conversation, made some light answer and left him to his studies.

We have, as yet, said nothing of Mr. Stanmore and his sisters, though they yet lived near Thorn Hill. Gerald, however, had not forgotten Isabella. Notwithstanding her petulant temper, her beauty, independence, and affectionate devotion to her friend, had made a deeper impression on his heart than he acknowledged, even to himself. Many wondered at his indifference to the fair beings around him, but the truth was, that though not in love with Isabella, yet, he retained a far more vivid recollection of her good qualities, than of her faults, and he was anxious to see her again, improved and altered, as he expected to find her. He was absent from home at the time of her arrival, and did not see her till about ten days after, when he met her one morning at the house of a mutual friend. It was late when he arrived, and Isabella, having been requested to sing, had taken her seat at the piano, and her face was turned away from him; but he thought he recognized the voice as one which had been familiar, as with inimitable spirit, she played and sang a piece which had recently appeared, a satire on the customs and habits of fashionable life, of which the following was the first stanza:—

"What silly old men our fathers were!
What stupid lives they led!
They rose with the sun, they dined at noon,
And at nine they went to bed.
Their day began by break of morn,
But ours begins at dark;
And they never in carriages closed rode out,
To take the air in the Park.

He listened to the full, rich tones, and wondered if the fair musician could indeed be the wild and wayward girl he so well remembered. Before his doubts were solved, she rose from her seat and turned towards him, and in the proud and noble beauty before him he recognized the Isabella of former years. He soon sought her among a group of admirers, and entered into an animated conversation with her, and her engaging manners and gay pleasantry increased the impression which her radiant beauty had produced. He was still lingering near her when she was again requested to sing:

"Ah! they want another laugh at my expense," she said, with an arch smile. "I will see if I can gratify them."

She took her seat again at the piano, and in a voice whose rich pathos almost drew tears from the listeners, she sang the "Bride's Farewell." Perhaps the theme, the words might have recalled to mind her own position; affianced to one who might soon bear her far from home, and the

friends of early days; but whether this were the case or not, her whole soul seemed poured forth in touching, pleading tones, as she uttered these words:

"A thousand thoughts of all things dear,
Like shadows o'er me sweep;
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh! therefore, let me weep."

Mr. Stanmore stood entranced; "She is not destitute of heart," he thought, "although to the casual observer she may seem so; happy will he be who wins those deep, fervent affections for himself." He went home that night but to dream of her, and became henceforth her devoted admirer. His visits were constant, and Isabella, though she did not love him, yet encouraged his attention, for she found much pleasure in his lively, intellectual conversation, and her vanity was flattered by his admiration; yet, though guilty of coquetry, her heart remained true to Fitzroy. And when by accident, she discovered the depth of Gerald's affection, and became aware that he had mistaken her regard for him as an acquaintance; for a warmer sentiment, she could not resolve to give up his society, and thus selfishly laid up for him future distress.

And now to return to Fitzroy. Failing in his attempt to induce Isabella to marry him before her departure from New York, his only alternative was to follow her. But a startling difficulty in the way of this course, presented itself, in his want of funds; his resources having become almost exhausted by his extravagant expenditure. He endeavoured to borrow the amount which he desired, but having no security to offer, was unable to do this; his next resort was to the gambling table, but here the tide of fortune seemed against him, and instead of winning, he lost the little he had possessed. Failing in all these expedients, he forged the signature of a celebrated banker in Philadelphia, and with his ill-gotten gains, immediately sailed for the south. At the sea port where he landed, he dared not remain long, but hastened to a village in the immediate vicinity of Thorn Hill, where he procured lodgings and set out on foot to visit his betrothed. Isabella had now been at home two months, and she received the constant attention of Mr. Stanmore with so much appearance of pleasure, that it was currently reported that she was engaged to him. This rumour Fitzroy had heard at the little inn at which he had dined, and it was not without anxious fear and bitter jealousy that he went forth to seek her. Ere he had proceeded far he saw a lady and gentleman approaching him on horseback; the lady he immediately recognized as Isabella, but with jealous apprehension he regarded her companion, whose looks ex-

pressed such marked admiration as made him inwardly curse his delay in claiming his prize. He was a young man of apparently twenty-five, not decidedly handsome, but whose animated countenance bore the impress of talent and good humour.

He had only time to make these observations, when Isabella's horse, taking fright from something in the road, plunged onward at a speed which threatened the safety of the fair rider; Fitzroy sprang forward immediately, and seizing the bridle of the restive animal, held him firmly till Isabella dismounted, when he delivered him to the servant, who rode up. Their eyes met, when she exclaimed with a look of glad surprise. "Fitzroy! it is to you then that I am indebted for my preservation!" She gave him her hand while her eye expressed her thanks more fervently than words could have done.

Gerald now came forward; he had been unable to reach Isabella's horse as soon as Fitzroy, who was before them, had done, and had witnessed the glad recognition, not without wonder who the handsome stranger could be, in whom the usually proud Isabella seemed to take so deep an interest. He expressed a hope that she had recovered from her fright, and told her that he had ordered the servant to change the saddle, and place hers on his horse, who was perfectly gentle.

Fitzroy's cheek mantled with anger. "You had better not venture on the horse again; I will accompany you home, dearest."

"Say you so, Miss Aubrey?" interposed Gerald; "I assure you, that you will be in no danger on my horse, and your mother will be alarmed if they are brought home without you." He offered his hand as he spoke to assist her to mount.

The flashing eyes of Fitzroy seemed to threaten a quarrel, and Isabella interposed her influence; she glanced towards him, and that look assured him that policy alone induced her to ride, while she gently murmured, "For my sake forbear, and come as soon as possible," she sprang lightly on the horse, and returning Fitzroy's graceful bow, rode speedily away.

During the ride home, she was silent, and constrained, and Gerald in vain sought to interest her; her thoughts seemed wandering, and he feared that the stranger, who seemed to possess so great an interest in her, would indeed be a formidable rival. Punctual to his appointment, Fitzroy soon arrived at Thorn Hill, and was introduced by Isabella to her mother, and brother, as one who had saved her life that morning, and as thus indebted to him, they received him cordially. Soon however, Mrs. Aubrey became uneasy at the constant presence, and devoted attentions of a stranger, and Clarence was alarmed by his

sister's preference, which was evident to all, for, from daily intercourse with him, he felt that he was not the one into whose keeping he would be willing to trust her happiness. In his society, he soon discovered from whom his sister had learned to sneer at those precious truths, which she had formerly treated with outward veneration at least. One evening the conversation turned upon a former friend of the family, who was preparing to go on a mission, when Fitzroy exclaimed with a shrug of compassion :

"Poor fellow ! he will repeat his folly ere long I fear."

"Why so?" asked Clarence, "and why call his disinterested devotion to the good of others, folly? Methinks it merits a nobler name."

"Perhaps you think so, but I do not. What can be more absurd than for a man to leave his home and country, and peril his life, in order to meddle with the religion of other countries, and seek to overthrow their ancient faith and customs?"

"When that faith, and those customs tend to debase and destroy the soul, to prevent all happiness in this life, and all hope of happiness beyond the grave, it is a noble philanthropy which would seek to substitute for them the pure faith and holy practice of the blessed Gospel. Why is it that the man of science, who leaves his home and perils his life to discover some fact in science or history, the knowledge of which can be productive of little or no practical benefit,—why, I would ask, is such an one lauded for his self-devotion, while the Christian, who, with a heart glowing with love, goes forth to proclaim truths on which hang the eternal destinies of men, is ridiculed as a fanatic, and enthusiast? Why is there such glaring inconsistency?"

"Dear brother," said Isabella sarcastically, "you plead earnestly for your friend, but as you are not yet licensed to preach, and this is not a church, I think you had better reserve your eloquence for some future occasion, when more can profit by it."

"Truth is never out of place, my dear sister," said Clarence with a gentleness which surprised her, "and a desire to defend the truth is not necessarily confined to ministers."

"I hope you will excuse me, Mr. Aubrey," said Fitzroy with a smile of quiet sarcasm. "I did not intend to say anything offensive, and should have been more guarded, had I known that I was in a punitical company."

From the time of Fitzroy's arrival, Isabella had treated Gerald with a coldness which contrasted strongly with her former manner, and which caused him many anxious fears; till at length he resolved to put an end to his suspense, and know whether she did indeed love him as he had once

hoped. One evening after Fitzroy's departure, he sought her, and after a few common-place remarks, said,

"Why, my dear Miss Aubrey, do you seek of late to avoid me, while you favour others with your company, who value it far less?"

"In that case their estimation of it must be small indeed," she coldly replied, "unless your opinion has greatly changed."

"Ah! I see you have not forgotten my unfortunate speech; but you do me injustice—you have changed since then."

"Not so much as you imagine," she replied with bitterness. "Then, indeed! I had not acquired the fashionable art of hiding my real opinions and feelings beneath an outward polish; nor of appearing gentle and complimentary towards those, of whom I could utter most contemptuous opinions, when their backs were turned. The latter is certainly an enviable acquisition."

"You are severe, Miss Aubrey. Can you not forgive an offence committed so long since?"

"I may forgive," she replied, "but it is not easy to forget."

"Your own opinions are liable to change," continued Gerald, "then why complain of change in others? May not my present admiration and love be received as some extenuation of the injury you so deeply resent?"

"There again you suffer from the prevalent hypocrisy of the world. How know I whether it is myself you love, the person for whom you once expressed such contempt, or the broad lands which go with my hand? I prefer affection which I know to be disinterested." A deep flush mantled the cheek and brow of the young man, as with a glance more of sorrow than anger, he replied.

"If you doubt my disinterestedness Miss Aubrey, it will be in vain for me to attempt to convince you of it. Mere protestations would be valueless, and would doubtless receive the contempt they would merit. I sincerely hope, when you do meet one whom you deem worthy of your hand and heart, that he may love you as truly as I do."

He was turning away, when Isabella recalled him. She was touched by his words and manner, and said,

"I believe you fully, Mr. Stanmore, and I trust you will pardon what I have said. I confess that in opinion I wronged you; would that I could repair the wrong as you wish; but my affections are already engaged."

"Then I must cease to hope," replied Gerald despairingly, "I can easily imagine who is my fortunate rival, and as a friend I warn you,—be not deceived."

"Ha! you would arouse suspicion. Such a course is beneath you, Mr. Stanmore, and it will be in vain."

He felt how futile would be any attempt to change her opinions, and he withdrew. Isabella, who saw his look of anguish, half repented of her coquetry, for the moment; but triumph was dear to her proud spirit, and the next she gloried in the fulfilment of her childish threat.

"How tedious!" she exclaimed as she retired to Mary Churchill's room, who had that evening arrived to spend a few days with them, "to be compelled to meet continually, those whose society is not desired, and to meet them too with apparent cordiality. I hate these trammels. No wonder that Rousseau pleaded in behalf of the savage in preference to the civilized state."

"Surely, Isabella, you would not advocate so absurd an opinion. You would not be willing to exchange your present cultivation, knowledge and refinement, for the wildness, ignorance and degradation of the savage."

"At any rate," retorted Isabella, "I should not think that my scrupulous friend would advocate those forms, whose direct tendency is, to make us appear what we are not, and which thus cherish the meanest hypocrisy."

"But I would advocate our becoming what we appear to be," replied Mary; "I would that we should love our neighbour truly, that we be in reality as free from malice, envy, and selfishness, as good-breeding makes it necessary to appear to be. This is the courtesy which the Bible inculcates, and the only politeness which deserves the name."

"But how can you love those whose faults lay them open to contempt and dislike,—and those especially who hate you?"

"The spirit of love can enable us to view all with good will at least, if not with complacency. Besides this, one really taught in the school of Christ, has a deep sense of his own sins, and infirmities, and this inclines him to regard the faults of others as they affect him merely, with a measure of forbearance. And when he reflects how much has been forgiven him, and what a blessed example the Saviour gave of forgiveness of enemies, revenge must be banished from his heart. Can he who has been forgiven the debt of ten thousand talents, seize with violence the fellow servant who owes him only a hundred pence?"

"You deal in parables Mary," said Isabella.

"They are easily interpreted, nevertheless," returned her friend gently.

"But not generally applicable: how many do I know who profess piety, and who are as selfish, proud, and malicious as any."

"That," replied Mary, "is because many pro-

less piety," who do not possess it. Though the best are imperfect, no real disciple of Christ can be habitually proud, censorious, and unforgiving."

"You would lessen the number wonderfully," replied Isabella: "there is that Miss Stanmore—she professes to be one of your very good people, and yet she looked daggers at me to-day because I would not walk with her brother."

"That may be, and yet she is far from habitually unforgiving—but permit me, dear Isabella, to use the privilege of a friend, and ask why you always avoid Mr. Stanmore now? You know how anxious your mother is that you should be married to him: do not, I pray you, disappoint this, her fondest hope."

"Ah! I suppose mamma had been getting you to use your influence, but let me ask you (since investigation seems to be the order of the day,) if you accepted Clarence's hand to gratify her, or your own mother,—or was it because you loved him? You cannot deny it was the latter motive. Then why refuse me a privilege which you grant to yourself?"

"I do not wish to do so," replied Mary; "but I do not see why you should not love Mr. Stanmore; he has many engaging qualities, and his appearance and manners are far from unattractive."

"Mary, are you not afraid that in the true spirit of mischief I will repeat these praises to Clarence, to make him jealous?" said Isabella playfully; "but seriously, would you have me place Mr. Stanmore in the situation of the man whose fate he so much deplored, by giving him the shrew to tame, as he was pleased to style me?"

"Dear Isabella, you surely cannot, after the lapse of three years, still remember that speech with anger."

"Shrews can maintain anger even longer than that," she replied, with an arch smile; "but it is nearly one o'clock, and I must have mercy on you, so *buona notte, Signora.*"

A few days after this, Mrs. Aubrey fearing the influence of the fascinating stranger over her daughter's heart, sought to obtain from her a promise to marry Gerald, when to her surprise Isabella declared that she was engaged to Fitzroy.

"You are jesting, child!" she exclaimed; "what can you know of him?"

"I knew him in New York," she replied, carelessly.

"Were you acquainted with his family there?"

"No, with himself; I do not intend to marry his family."

"Then he may have been a boot-black for

ought you know to the contrary," cried Mrs. Aubrey, for once raised to anger.

"A boot-black, indeed!" exclaimed Isabella, indignantly. "His manners and appearance are a sufficient indication that he is a perfect gentleman."

"But what can you know of his character?" enquired the mother.

"I am confident it is unimpeachable. He possesses a noble and generous spirit that would recoil from anything base or dishonorable."

"A love-sick girl is a fit judge, certainly; but I beg you to dismiss such a foolish preference, or Clarence shall undertake to rid us of his presence."

"He will not, my mother; and I warn you to beware, for the net which banishes him hence, will exile your daughter also."

Mrs. Aubrey, with wonder and sorrow, heard this avowal, uttered in tones that proved that her determination was fixed, and knowing it would be in vain openly to oppose her wilful child, said gently:

"You know, dear Isabella, that I only wish your happiness; will you not then permit Clarence to write to New York and enquire concerning his character and relations before you resolve to wed him."

"I have already resolved, but Clarence may write to satisfy you and himself," she coldly replied.

It was only the next day after this conversation that Fitzroy, on going to a neighbouring town, saw a placard offering a reward for his apprehension, with an accurate description of his person. He felt that he must remain in the neighbourhood no longer, and he determined that Isabella should be the companion of his flight. He mounted a horse and rode quickly to Thorn Hill. As he approached the house, he met Isabella walking alone in the avenue; springing from his steed, he hurriedly entreated a few moments private conversation; this she readily granted, and turning into a winding path through the shrubbery, he explained the object of his visit.

"Dearest Isabella, I find I must leave this place immediately. A harsh creditor, whose demands I am unable to satisfy till I receive remittances from Ireland, which I expect in a few months, has followed, and is endeavouring to arrest me. My only safety is in immediate flight, and must I go alone to buffet the storms of adversity?" Isabella grew pale as he added: "There are rumours abroad against my character, but they are as false as hell; you will not, my beloved, give them a moment's credence."

She met the earnest gaze of those lustrous eyes, which seemed to plead so eloquently in his be-

half, and replied: "No, Fitzroy, I will not believe anything which would throw a suspicion of evil upon you; my heart assures me they are untrue."

"Bless you for these words, my love! and say can you consent to leave your home to-night with one who loves you more than the whole world beside?"

"So soon!" she exclaimed, and added, tremulously: "My mother!—how can I leave her?"

He marked her wavering resolution, and produced the written vow which he had so carefully preserved, as he said: "Do you hesitate, my own Isabella? do you not remember this, and the happy evening on which you gave it to me; will you, can you refuse to fulfil it, and thus dash to the ground all those fond hopes which it has cherished in my bosom? Can you be thus cruel?"

"No, Fitzroy, I am yours till death." She spoke firmly, though her cheek was of ashy paleness, as she sank trembling into his arms. Tenderly he supported her, and received from her lips a promise to meet him that night at twelve o'clock, when he would have everything ready for an immediate flight. He walked with her till they approached the avenue, when fondly straining her to his heart, he bade her adieu, and springing upon his horse, he said:

"At twelve then, you will not fail?"

"Never, Fitzroy." He turned away, and a smile of triumph rested on his fine features.

Isabella felt that there was only one in the establishment with whom she could trust her important secret; this was her own maid, a black girl named Susette. She had been a slave of Mrs. Aubrey's, and was given to Isabella by her mother; she, with the generous impulse of a kind heart, had given the girl her freedom, and thus attached the grateful creature to herself by a tie of no ordinary strength. To her, then, she related her intended departure, and Susette would not rest till she obtained permission to accompany her. After exacting a promise of strict concealment, our heroine began arranging her clothes, jewels and all the money which she could command. From this occupation she was called to meet her brother, who had heard astounding rumours concerning the stranger who had won his sister's heart, and to her, he related the tale of crime which was so well attested as to satisfy all dispassionate persons. She listened almost breathless, and for a moment her confidence in her lover was shaken; but soon she recalled his story, and said, mentally: "Fitzroy guilty of forgery! impossible! it is the debt which he mentioned to me, which rumour, with her hundred tongues, has thus magnified: and shall I forsake him because the world hate, scorn and rillify him?"

Never will I give so base a return for his disinterested affection." Alas! that love so confiding should be so frequently bestowed on the unworthy! Under the influence of feelings like these, she replied that Fitzroy was innocent, that foul calumny had assailed his character, but from the infamy thus cast upon him, it would yet come forth clear and unimpeachable. Clarence could not but wonder at her infatuation; but believing that Fitzroy would be arrested before she could have a chance of meeting him, he said no more to convince her of the truth of his statements.

That night, after all had retired to rest, Isabella, accompanied by her maid, took her departure, leaving a letter to her mother, explaining her conduct, and asking her forgiveness and wonted indulgence. I will not say, for it would be false to assert it, that no tearful eye or throbbing heart testified her emotion on leaving the home of her childhood; but her devoted affection, and the romantic enthusiasm of her nature, overcame these "*longing, lingering looks behind,*" and made her willing to forsake home and friends.

Fitzroy was ready to receive her, and lifting her into the carriage, they drove away rapidly. The morning's dawn saw them at a small town about thirty miles from Thorn Hill, where they were married, and proceeded still further west; till at length they established themselves in one of the western cities, where they lived a few months in the utmost seclusion. At the end of that time they were obliged to leave, and during the next six months they moved from place to place; and our heroine endured privations that she had never before conceived possible. She had written home and received from her mother a letter of pardon and a remittance of money; the letter contained the intelligence of her brother's marriage very soon after her departure, and of her beloved parent's declining health, coupled with an earnest entreaty to return to her home. She longed to accept the invitation, but could not endure the thought of leaving her husband, or of going where she would be looked upon with scorn as the wife of a criminal. It was wonderful to see with what patience the once self-willed Isabella bore the evils of her lot; and in the midst of change and privation, enjoyed a degree of happiness which no one could have conceived who was ignorant of the depth and intensity of her affection for her husband; a love which seemed to grow stronger the more it was tried, and which,

"Defying danger, scorn and death,
From clinic to clinic, from place to place,
Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.

It was about ten months after her departure

from home, that expecting one day a letter from her mother, she sent Susette to the Post Office, who returned with a letter directed to her husband, in a very beautiful and delicate handwriting. It was mailed in Ireland, and she sat looking at it, and jealously wondering who his fair correspondent could be, when Fitzroy entered the room; she held up the letter to him, saying, half reproachfully:

"Ah! sir, what am I to think of this? this delicate lady's handwriting has aroused a demon of jealousy in my heart, which will only be lulled to rest by your *allowing me to read the epistle.*"

Fitzroy coloured in spite of his most strenuous effort, and taking the letter, not very gently from his wife, said: "I suppose it is from my mother; you are welcome to see it after I have read it." He then recollecting some business which called him abroad, and hastily left the room. Isabella was puzzled, she could not but think his manner strange, and a vague apprehension of ill stole over her. When he returned she requested to see the letter; her manner was playful, but Fitzroy answered petulantly.

"What makes you so anxious about that letter? I declare one would think you were jealous. I am sorry I have lost it, or I could convince you that it was only from my mother."

"It is strange that you should lose it so soon," murmured Isabella, as if thinking aloud. "I never lose my mother's letters."

"No, my love," he replied, tenderly, seeing that suspicion had indeed entered her heart. "You cherish them too carefully for that; we men, you know, are made of sterner stuff, and being more away from home and parents, our affections to them are not so deep. But be assured, dearest, what I may want in filial, I will make up in conjugal affection."

Isabella tried to feel satisfied, yet whisperings of ill often stole across her spirit, and produced her former irritability of temper, and once or twice she expressed her annoyance at the privations she was forced to endure, and that in no measured terms. At such times her husband would manifest no anger, but reply in a tone of wounded affection:

"And is it so, dearest? do you regret that you united your fate with mine; if so, I cannot wish to constrain your stay, you may return to your luxurious home, and I must wander once more with none to bless me." This softened her at once, and she assured him that she was happier with his love than she could be in the most splendid abode, if separated from him. One day after they had obtained lodgings in a small town, Fitzroy, who now thought himself comparatively safe, was descending the stairs, when a few words