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FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION

and

ADELA LINCOLN

SCATTERGOOD-SOLLIN

SCAMOLZE DEL.



Victor, Mrs. Metta Victoria (Fuller)

FASHIONABLE
DISSIPATION.

METTA V. FULLER.

G. G. EVANS,
439 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.
1858.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE writer of "FASHIONABLE DISSIPATION" has made for herself an enviable reputation as the author of "THE SENATOR'S SON," and our readers will recognize in the first story the same force of style and brilliancy of narrative which rendered her former effort so widely popular.

The publishers flatter themselves that the present volume will be received with favor and that the high moral tone of both tales will be justly appreciated.

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Fashionable Dissipation.

BY METTA VICTORIA FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

THE Lee family was out on the piazza enjoying the freshness of the evening. The sun was only just setting, but a cool breeze had begun to blow from the clouds which were flitting up the western sky.

Mr. Lee, the father, was reading the papers which he had brought from the village post-office; Margaret was deeply absorbed in an illustrated magazine which had arrived with the papers; Rosa was out on the lawn enjoying the sunset; and Lily, the youngest, was pulling Towser's ears. As for Frederick, the lion of the family, he deserves a paragraph by himself. He was sauntering idly up and down the long piazza, an expression of listless discontent upon his face and his hands in his pockets. He varied the

sameness of his occupation by occasionally breaking forth in a low, repining, long, melancholy whistle—by pulling Lily's ears harder than she pulled Tower's—by accidentally brushing the book out of Margaret's hand as he passed her, and then whistling more despairing than ever. At last, seeing that Rosa, who had been darting about like a humming bird among the flowers, had seated herself on the grass and was wreathing some roses together, he made a sudden bound which startled old Mr. Lee half out of his chair, and, without touching the steps, alighted on the ground by her side.

"That exertion was too great for this tiresome weather," he said, dropping upon the grass and flinging his head back into his sister's lap.

"Tiresome weather," repeated she, softly, beginning to stick the roses which lay in a little heap by her side, grotesquely into the jetty curls which streamed even to her knee. "Why, the air is full of sweets, the sky makes one dream of Italy—everything is beautiful to-night. For my part, I am happy."

"Of course *you* are happy, Rosa ; you always are. Besides, I know ! somebody is coming this evening, which would make darkness seem bright to you. *I* am not in love, which accounts for my being capable

of feeling weariness. The truth is, I feel dull—miserably dull—stupid—listless! I long for something to thrill, to excite me; to startle my pulses, my fancies and feelings into new life. I wish I had a glass of wine to-night—none of your dregs of logwood nor even your sparkling Catawba—but a draught such as Keats speaks of, such as the gods of old were inspired with—a jewelled goblet:—

‘O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With bearded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth!’

and you should be my Hebe, crowned with roses, beautiful, tender, presenting me with the charmed ‘vintage draught!’ ”

“I should be a poor Hebe, Fred, for the first thing I should do would be to pour the delicious redness out upon the earth and bring you, instead, water from the crystal spring.”

“Oh, nonsense! you cowardly little thing! then I should punish you—thus!”—and pulling the comb out of her hair, down came her curls over her face and neck. “There! that looks fine—and Charlie will be here before you can get them in order again.”

"You are too bad," cried Rosa, colouring with momentary indignation.

And he was too bad, for she had spent half an hour in arranging her beautiful hair in such a manner as to please Charlie's fastidious eye.

"There he comes now," he cried, holding Rosa tightly, who was struggling to free herself and get to her chamber. "You need not flutter so, my birdie : he shall see you first as you are, looking like a fright."

Brothers are, proverbially, hectors and tyrants to their sisters ; but Fred would hardly have enjoyed Rosa's confusion as much, had he not observed that she grew prettier all the time. Her cheeks were glowing, and her curls went dancing and glittering around them, as if they enjoyed the mischief.

"Oh, dear," said the fair girl piteously, to the young gentleman who approached them, "I have not had a moment's peace since Fred came home. He is *such* a plague. I wish you would call him out, Mr. Lennard, and avenge my sufferings."

"He is himself so nearly dead from a wound received from the grand master of wars and duels, that he has not life enough left to challenge me," continued Frederick, laughing, as Mr. Lennard, instead

of answering her merry appeal, stood gazing in silent admiration upon her countenance.

"I throw the falsehood back in your face," cried the visitor, in the same tone, stooping to conceal a blush, and gathering up a handful of roses, which he flung in his opponent's face.

The two young men, full of the gayety of twenty-two, began pelting each other with flowers and epithets about as hard to bear, while Rosa stole off to arrange her toilet whispering to Margaret, as she passed—

"How handsome they both are, Maggie."

Maggie was in the midst of a love story, but looking up at her sister's speech, she could not but acknowledge that the heroes of her story were in all probability inferior to those she saw standing between her and the glowing western sky.

Frederick was not only the oldest child and the only son, but he was exceedingly good-looking, by which he was in triple danger of being spoiled. The listlessness had vanished from his manner under the excitement of the moment, and his handsome features glowed with the natural brightness of his bold, frank, audacious spirit.

Some of the roses which his sister had placed in them still clung to his ringlets, which were tossed

back and fluttering in the wind. He was of elegant stature, and half looked, as he threw himself into an attitude to repel the fragrant missiles which were hurled at him, like one of the gods whose nectar he had longed to drink.

His friend and Rosa's lover, Charles Lennard, was of slighter make and paler beauty, with deep blue eyes and waving light hair. Margaret forgot her book while regarding the graceful pair until they were tired of the frolic and came and sat upon the steps at her feet. Lily, too, was weary of teasing Towser, and she crept into the maiden's lap, and laid there sleepily, while Mr. Lee, it growing too dark to read, folded up his paper. Rosa came back with her hair demurely smooth—and the whole family fell into a pleasant idle talk.

Old Mr. Lee was one of those gentleman who ride a hobby—his was Temperance; and as something he had been reading reminded him of his favorite topic, it was not long until he found occasion to say something about it.—“And, by the way,” he concluded, after some remarks he had made upon the effort which was then beginning to awaken public attention—the abolition of intoxicating drinks by law —“there is to be a meeting in the Town Hall, to-

morrow evening, when this question is to be discussed. You must all go, my children."

"Oh, papa, don't compel us to go to any more Temperance meetings. They are the same old stories and coarse anecdotes over and over," said Rosa, impatiently.

"We are tired of them," added Margaret, more gently.

"But this is to be a meeting of more than ordinary interest. The subject will assume a somewhat new form. Besides, girls, I am to be one of the speakers."

"Well, papa, that is another reason why we might as well stay at home; for you know we hear *you* speak upon temperance every day of our lives. I can begin now and give this select audience the sum and substance of what you will say!" and the saucy, beautiful girl, laughed as she clasped her hands affectionately over his shoulder.

"There's truth in that, which will apply to others as well as you," said the father good-naturedly. "Everybody in this part of the State has heard my opinion, and as I confess to the charm of novelty—which is often greater than that of common-sense—I have been thinking of inviting these young gentlemen to speak in my stead. What do you say, sirs?"

“Oh, please! please!” cried the impetuous Rosa, “we will go to hear a speech from two young aspirants after fame, of whose college eloquence we have heard so much. We don’t care about the subject—we have no doubt from what we have heard, that you would interest us if you were to speak upon the dullest things.”

“I have no objection to obliging you, as far as the eloquence goes, but you know, all of you, that I am *not* a Temperance advocate to the extreme of the present doctrine.”

“Never mind,” said Rosa, “you will be speaking in a good cause, and I presume your conscience will not trouble you much. Your practices, I hope, are not so bad but that you can wrap yourself in the mantle of your father’s virtues and be unhesitatingly received.”

“What do you promise, Charlie?” asked Margaret.

“If there should seem to come a need or occasion for my exerting myself, I shall do it heartily,” he replied.

“Thank you! you shall have some sweet music as a reward for your complaisance,” laughed Rosa, skipping through the venetian window into the parlor, where a servant had brought lights, followed by

Frederick, who, the moment she touched the piano, broke out in a stentorian voice which drowned her playing—

“Uli, oli, ili, ee,

Charles went courting Rosa Lee!”

Lily grew wide awake at the tumult, and of course took brother Fred’s part in the playful quarrel which ensued, for Charles and Rosa and even the quiet Margaret, were siding against him. “I am not mad, nor boisterous, nor a hector, am I?” he asked in a tone of mock despair as the little girl stole up and took hold of his hand.

“I don’t think you are,” she had hardly time to assure him, before she was screaming with a sudden sense of danger, as he tossed her above his head and whirled her around in a frightful manner.

“That’s what you get for defending the unmanly fellow, Miss Lily,” taunted Rosa, as the child found herself safely on her feet again.

“I can’t help it—I love him just as well if he does frighten me,” murmured she, glancing shyly up into her brother’s face with her bright eyes, even while she shrank a little with the apprehension of describing another dizzy circle over his head.

“It is so with all of us—it is the way we are spoiling him!” spoke Margaret with some gravity.

The haughty and spirited Frederick was a trifle touched by these remarks; he sobered down his turbulent gayety, took his little sister into his lap and held her until she fell asleep to the "Sweet music" of Rosa's piano.

In the meantime, the father had drawn his arm-chair within doors, and sat quietly enjoying the presence of his family, the pleasant evening and the delightful singing.

"It would be hard to find a happier home-circle than ours," he thought to himself; then drew a long, soft sigh at the memory of the dear wife gone, glancing ever at Margaret, lovingly, as she sat finishing the reading of her story, the light upon her cheerful face, of duties bravely performed, as the eldest sister, the sister-mother of the family.

CHAPTER II.

THE next evening the Lee family went to the Temperance meeting. As their residence was but half a mile from town and the evening was lovely, they concluded to walk.

Charles Lennard and Rosa seemed disposed to linger upon the way, their youthful souls being in that happy mood which rendered them peculiarly susceptible to the influence of fragrant air and crimson-bound twilight. But Mr. Lee's sympathies were with the good cause, and he urged them to hasten their steps.

"Now, Frederick," said Margaret earnestly, as they entered the village, "do endeavor to do credit to your reputation to-night. You know this is your 'first appearance' before your friends and old acquaintances, who have watched you since you were a boy with the hope that you would continue to do honor to their society."

"They will be sure to be disappointed then," was

the gay reply : “ it’s a bad thing to have a reputation for smartness precede one—people expect too much. And I assure you, I am not ambitious to be envied or admired by the village of C——.”

“ But to please father, Fred !”

“ Pshaw ! the fellow has vanity enough to do his best, notwithstanding his indolence,” cried Lennard, as the last couple came up.

“ And you ?” asked Rosa in her softest voice, with a woman’s ambition for her lover.

“ I need not expect to shine in the same constellation with your brother ; but I shall speak as my conscience dictates.”

They found upon entering, that the hall was crowded with an assembly which seemed to be listening with more than usual attention to the remarks which one of their citizens had already commenced to make.

When he had finished speaking, some one who had received an intimation from his father, called out for Frederick Lee. “ Lee ! Lee !” resounded from all parts of the building.

Frederick rose from beside his beautiful sisters and advanced to the platform. His winning smile and great beauty prepared almost every one to be influenced by what he might say. He made a brief and brilliant speech to the effect, that the love

of stimulus was a part of *the soul*—that all nations indulged this passion or craving in some shape or another by the use of some intoxicating or narcotic drug or drink—that the attempt to deprive our people of their privilege to use ardent spirits as they should think best, by legislative power, would be to hurry them into some other—perhaps worse excesses—say the universal use of opium, for instance—that the moderate use of these stimulants was intended by the Creator as a blessing and comfort to men—that it was not properly the work of law to restrain individual excess—that the way to avert intemperance was by a slower and surer process, of educating the people—educating them up to that purity and christianity of principle that they would not stand in need of such legislative enactments as are now proposed—and so on with these and other shallow arguments; atoning for the want of depth and sincerity by a great sparkling of rhetoric and blooming of poetry. He talked of the nepenthe in which the Lotos-eaters drowned their souls in care-defying, soft and soothing dreams—of the courage and power which nectar imparted to the gods—of the comfort and delight which the South American Indian slaves found in the chewing of a certain leaf; and after talking beautifully, and proving nothing, he returned

to his seat amid the applause of the opposition, and the silence of the temperance advocates.

“For shame, Fred, you have put poor papa quite to the blush by your wickedness,” whispered Margaret, as he sat down by her.

“Wickedness !” he exclaimed, with that triumphant way of his ; erecting his handsome head, and casting a kindling glance around the room, as if he had been doing something to be crowned with laurels for. “Nay, now, Margaret, I have been expressing what to me seems but truth and justice.”

“You’ll repent, some day, I’m afraid.”

“Do be still, can’t you?” murmured Rosa, “Charlie is about to open his mouth and confute you.”

And he did confute him. Frederick’s address had been like a shallow river, making a sweet ripple, sparkling in the sun, and adorned with flowers, dancing on its waves, Charles’s was a deep and quiet stream, flowing on towards truth, carrying conviction resistlessly along with its current. He seemed to be very much in earnest, growing quite pale as he proceeded, and so much absorbed with his argument as to forget to brighten it with witticisms and eloquent smiles. He was followed by applause so hearty that Rosa’s cheeks grew red with pride.

There was a great deal of animated talk during

the walk home by moonlight. Old Mr. Lee was displeased as far as he *could* be with his darling, who defended himself with his usual laughing waywardness. Lennard was commended by all.

“He need not pride himself upon the impression he has made upon those solemn old dignitaries of the temperance cause,” cried young Lee. “I am willing to stake my reputation as a heart-smasher, that *my* speech was the one which commanded the most attention from the ladies—and who else is there that is worth pleasing?”

“No, indeed, for the ladies are always right!” said old Mr. Lee.

“Your father is the most truly gallant man of the two; and I would trust a woman’s happiness in his keeping sooner than I would in yours,” remarked Lennard, gayly.

“Can’t help it—women persist in thinking differently,” was the indifferent reply.

“Oh, you piece of vanity and perverseness! I wish they all knew you as perfectly as I do,” and Rosa gave him a little impatient push through the gate with her delicate hand.

“Do you suppose they would love me as dearly;” was the taunting question, as her brother turned, and flinging his arm around her, looking down at her a

moment with that half-serious, half-smiling way, so irresistible in him.

And Rosa was obliged to yield, and confess herself subdued.

“Do any of you know who those two strangers were who sat with Mrs. Greenwood?” asked Margaret, as they reached the piazza, and lingered for a few moments to enjoy the moonlight before separating for the night. “They looked like brother and sister. There was something in their looks and manners so interesting that I kept stealing glances at them all the evening.”

“When I first remarked them,” said Rosa, “Fred had just commenced speaking, and they both appeared so intent upon the orator that I had abundant opportunity to observe them.—The young gentleman leaned forward, never turning his eyes away from you for a moment—but the lady, after a few moments, fixed her gaze upon her companion’s face with a sad, earnest gaze that was touching to see. He seems to be an invalid, and oh! what divine eyes he has—has he not, Charlie?”

“Really, I cannot say, as I did not observe them,” replied Charlie, a little coldly; “but I think I can tell you who the strangers are, if they were with Mrs. Greenwood. That lady told me this morning

that she had some guests whom she expects us to call upon. Their name is Guyarre—they are of a distinguished family, orphans, wealthy, and from the South.

“That’s a brief summing up of a great many merits,” said Frederick. “Was the lady young and beautiful?”

“She was both young and beautiful,” replied Margaret; “and more, her beauty was of so peculiar a kind as to make it doubly attractive. Ah! Fred, you little suspected that so much was at stake to-night, when you favored us with your eloquence.”

“Ha! well! we’ll go in state to-morrow; I guess that Jube and the jet black ponies and the new carriage will make a turn-out worthy of ourselves and those we wish to distinguish. I’m all delight and expectation; something to break the monotony of this dull summer!”

“Don’t let anticipation prevent your sleeping to-night, for your good looks sake,” warned Rosa, as she took Lennard’s arm; and the matter of the visit being settled, the lovers walked up and down the avenue before the mansion, having a little social conference to themselves.

“You appeared to be really in earnest to night, and to *feel* what you said in your address,” remarked

the young girl. "I did not know that you felt any especial interest in the subject."

"I *do* feel a deep interest in the subject," said her lover, pausing in the shadow of the maple trees, and pressing her little hands, "and I was pained at the tenor of your brother's remarks; for, Rosa, darling, it is true that I myself feel sometimes the need of other restraint than my judgment. The love of wine is a weakness, a passion which I share with thousands of others, and which I have to struggle against, and the struggle is harder because temptation is so frequent. In the houses of my friends, from the hands of my relatives, and even the dear hand of my Rosa, among my youthful companions—where I dine—where I sup—where I amuse myself—I see the cup and am compelled to take it. I wish that it were otherwise, for had I not all that firmness and perhaps even obstinacy of character which I do possess—were I not usually cool, calm and disciplined in my feelings, I imagine the danger with me would be great. So that I am prepared, out of the knowledge of my own infirmity, to pity others, and to aid them if I can. And it is the fear that Frederick has given encouragement to some one less strong than myself, to abandon himself to his inclinations, which disturbs me. A little help given to the wrong side,

which has already such powerful pleaders in the passions of men, lends it a fresh impetus.

“He *was* thoughtless,” said the fair girl, with more than her usual seriousness. “But he is so strong, so confident, and fearless himself, that he despises all weakness in others, and thinks that every man must stand or fall for himself. But is it true, Charles, that you are in danger of falling? You are the very last person I should have dreamed of.”

“No, Rosa, I do not fear that I shall be tempted beyond my strength, for I would not feel at liberty, while haunted by such a curse, to seek an innocent and happy girl as a wife. I love you too well to make you a drunkard’s wife. I confessed my failing to you, out of a selfish motive partly—that I might have your sympathy, and perhaps a little of your admiration, too, little Rosa, for the firmness with which I guard myself, eh?” and he laughed, and confessed likewise to a strong inclination to kiss away the tears which had fallen on the cheeks of the maiden—which latter weakness, not seeing in the happy state of affairs between them any reason why he should deny himself, he probably indulged.

At least, when they emerged into the full June moonlight, there was a deeper glow than usual on Rosa’s face, and a satisfied smile upon Charlie’s.—

Just then, Maggie's sweet voice was heard, calling her to come in out of the dew, which wise command she lingeringly obeyed. Young Lennard sung out a cheerful good night to the group on the piazza; and soon a silvery veil of slumber, gentle dreams, moonlight and balmy slumbers, rested upon the household.

The next morning at breakfast the strangers were again the most interesting theme for conversation; and at as early an hour as suited Frederick's dignity, the carriage was ordered. The young gentleman even went himself to the stables to assure Jupiter, the coachman, that it was all important that he should do justice to the Lee family. That ebony piece of pomposity with a flourish that would have done credit to his young master himself, assured him that the respectability of the family should be maintained.—The consequences were that the turn-out was never more faultless. There was a quiet richness and grave splendor in the high spirited black ponies, the handsome but not gaudy carriage, the glittering harness and the shining solemn face of Jupiter, which contrasted excellently with the cheerful looks and spirits of the party on the velvet cushioned seats, as they rolled onward to the town. As they passed his uncle's office on Main street, they stopped and took in Charles Lennard; proceeding on to the tree-

shadowed avenues adorned with the dwellings of the rich, they were soon at Mrs. Greenwood's.

That lady's guests were not in the room when she received them, but after a brief delay, Miss Guyarre came in. She had been sitting with her brother who was ill and not able to leave his room that morning.

Frederick Lee forgot his vain determination to please, when she glided into the room, she came so like a star, serene and radiant. Her beauty was indeed attractive by its peculiarity. Her complexion was a clear pale olive with the slightest tint of crimson on her cheeks, but richly colored lips; her face was a charming oval with delicate features and large heavily fringed black eyes, lustrous black hair and an altogether sweet and beautiful expression. She was small and slender; with a form daintily round and full. In all her gestures, words and looks there was a grace as simple yet so ineffable, so becomingly her own, that it was more winning even than her beauty.

When Mr. Lennard was introduced to her a look of pleasure and recognition brightened her face, but no such gratifying manner marked her reception of Mr. Frederick Lee, despite of that gentleman's confident assertion that he had had the sympathies of the

feminine portion of his audience on the preceding evening. He saw by a glance at his sisters that the young stranger had gained their affections, and as Margaret and Rosa were each in their way also eminently formed to please; and as Mrs. Greenwood especially made known that she relied a great deal upon them to make the few weeks' visit of her friends agreeable, there seemed to be every chance that he should have an opportunity of doing away with any unfavorable impression Miss Guyarre might have formed of him. So he dashed into the conversation with his wonted vivacity; while very much to his secret chargin the peerless creature he had so instantaneously admired, though attentive to all, fixed her eyes upon his companion with unusual interest whenever he spoke.

A shade of melancholy passed over Miss Guyarre's face when she spoke of the ill-health of her brother, but it passed away without disturbing the sweet serenity of her countenance.

The first brief call was soon over. When the party were again in their carriage, the fear of being extravagant did not check their praise; they commended, without measure, all but Frederick, whose silence was taken by his merry companions to be more expressive than words:

“Did you notice her hands? so small, so exquisite?” asked Rosa.

“But her eyes! and her sweet manners and voice,” said Charlie.

“And her complexion, so pure, pale and transparent, revealing that bewitching tracery of crimson veins in her cheeks,” added Margaret. “Did not Mrs. Greenwood call her Blanche? Blanche Guyarre! an appropriate name.”

“She is like a lilly, is she not? so graceful, so perfect, so placid and yet bright, and with such a breath of fragrance about her! like just such lilies as bloom beneath those brilliant southern skies where she grew up,” ran on Rosa with the warmth of her generous nature, unable to praise enough this fair being who had enchained her fancy. “Yes, Blanche is her befitting name, for her fairness is unequalled. Fred, why don’t you say something?”

“You two girls have exhausted the alphabet of magnificent phrases, and I cannot say anything without being accused of plagiarism,” was the rather sullen reply. “However, Charlie, either my sisters are the best-natured girls in the world, or else women are not as envious of each other, and have not half the malice in their hearts that we’ve been taught to believe. What do you think?”

“Think,” interrupted Rosa; “He does not think where I am—that is, anything ill of us. If half the self-esteem, vanity, unpardonable conceit, jealousy and wickedness in general, existed among us that there does with the gentlemen, I do not believe the world would live a century!”

“If you let your little woman talk to you in that way now, Lennard, I wonder what will be her presumption when she comes to have a still better right?”

“She may have to exercise more discretion,” was the quiet reply. “Oh! you still, cautious, determined man! I declare I am afraid of you; I should not wonder if you did prove to be a real tyrant,” spoke up Rosa in some dismay. Lennard laughed, without seeking to defend himself from her fears; but as he lifted her from the carriage, there was a gentleness in his eye which re-assured her of his kind disposition.

Late the next day as Frederick Lee was wandering up and down the portico and across the lawn, he saw Mrs. Greenwood’s barouche rolling along the avenue. The Guyarres, brother and sister, were within. As it was after sunset, the latter wore no bonnet; her hair was arranged in the Spanish fashion, adorned with flowers, and she wore also the Spanish white

dress and black mantilla. Of course he managed to be upon the steps when the carriage stopped, to help the ladies out.

It was the brother this time who had to have his place assigned him silently in the minds of the Lees. He, too, had a grace of manner that immediately won favor. He was not handsome, he was too thin and sallow to be strictly beautiful, but he had his sister's winning smile, and his eyes were large and dark, with a melancholy magnificence about them, for either illness or some other cause had filled them with constant sadness, except when something struck harshly upon his sensitive and fiery soul; they had then a fire and glow that was more than animated.

He was not tall, but his form was so slender and his demeanor so princely that he did not appear as small as he really was.

Margaret was not willing that the call should be a brief one. They walked about the gardens and through the maple-groves until dark. Blanche Guyarre was particularly delighted with the roses; it was the season when they were in full fragrance and bloom, and there were seventy or eighty varieties in Margaret's collection.

“And look, Pierre, at these beautiful maple trees,”

she cried ; “so stately, so cool ! I wish we had some of them around our villa at Magnolia Vale.”

When they returned to the house, as the evening was warm and they had been riding in the dust, our hospitable Maggie had refreshments brought in.

As the servant came in with a salver, Blanche Guyarre could not refrain from casting an uneasy glance upon it. If she was afraid of seeing wine, she was relieved from her fears, for Mr. Lee was too strict in practice as well as preaching to offer it to guests or keep it upon his table, despite of the danger of exciting fashionable ridicule. Iced-creams with some freshly-gathered strawberries tasted deliciously after the sultriness of the day.

From that time began so great a friendship between all these young people that Mrs Greenwood laughingly declared that she did not know whether her niece and nephew were her guests or Mr. Lee’s.

Of course the Guyarres’, coming from the South, were skilful in horsemanship ; and as if on purpose to increase the pleasure of their visit, the weather continued unusually cool for the month of June ; so that after every little sprinkle of rain or heavy dew which would lay the dust, a gay cavalcade brightened the gloom of the forest roads around C——, and

made musical all the echoes lurking in the picturesque paths around.

Margaret and Rosa had heretofore prided themselves upon their equestrian accomplishments; but they willingly yielded the palm to Blanche. When she sat upon her horse, with her waving hair, beautiful face, and light, ærial figure, controlling with ease the most spirited animal, it seemed made for her expressly.

Frederick had never seemed so elate, so joyous. He scarcely found time to tease little Lily, but was constantly engaged in planning amusements and carrying them into effect. As for Lily she was the especial pet of Blanche Guyarre, and repaid that bright creature's caresses with an evident affection and an admiration that knew no bounds.

Her golden curls and roseate cheeks looked fair against Blanche's pale white shoulders and raven hair.

They had music, too, in profusion, at Maple Grove.

Pierre Guyarre seemed to love his guitar better than anything else except his sister. He sung soft, impassioned Spanish and Italian airs in a voice of such liquid sweetness, touching the strings of his guitar with so cunning a hand, that a fine flood of

tender melody seemed to fill the air so full that there was scarcely room for breath, and even the roses hanging nodding in at the window, grew still, and their fragrance seemed to die away in a trance.

Rosa hardly dared to touch the piano when he had finished singing—it sounded loud and coarse after such gentleness of music, but he used to urge her with a kind of eager entreaty which she could not resist. He would sit near and gaze upon her face, while she warbled forth those sparkling melodies most like her own laughing temperament, her light fingers flying over the keys with a fairy touch.

In this company, so distinguished for grace and gayety and so happily thrown together, there were two or three jarring elements that sometimes refused to blend in the harmony. With all his happiness, Frederick had some heart burnings. He could not awaken that interest in the heart of Blanche that he had resolved he must. His meaning glances, low tones and constant attentions seemed to be but half appreciated. He had reason to be jealous of no one but her brother. Between these two the strongest affection existed. She seemed uneasy if away from him; if he smiled, her face brightened; if he was unusually sad, nothing could attract her from his side. That they were orphans, with no very near re-

lations, made this seem natural. And young Lee would have admired it very much, and did. Yet it was mortifying to him that even *he* had to lose half his eloquent remarks and delicate attentions, on account of that fair creature's senses being wrapped up in her brother.

Another discord was, that Pierre, instead of being charmed with Margaret, as he should have been, she having no affianced husband lingering around, and quite equalling her sister in personal beauty, must needs do, as love always does, so hopeless and wrong a thing as to adore Rosa. Her artless gayety and fair-haired loveliness, from the very contrast probably to his own manner, and the beauty he had been accustomed to admire, seemed to fascinate him beyond his power of resistance.

Nobody saw this but the quick eye of her accepted lover. To his bosom and Pierre, were confined the occasional heart-aches.

Rosa was too pure-minded to have willingly made anybody's heart ache for the sake of administering to her vanity. Knowing that Pierre must be aware of her engagement with Charles, she was all vivacity and kindness; singing for him, riding with him, delighting him as she did others with her mischievous

frolics. Perhaps she enjoyed his attentions the more, that she was so soon to be deprived of such liberty ; so that Charles had more than once to feel that a woman is a tyrant with what power she has.

CHAPTER III.

"I WISH, Miss Guyarre, that I was old enough to go with you to the pic-nic to-morrow," said Lily, as she nestled up beside their visiter upon the sofa.

"You are plenty old enough, Lily, and you shall go, if Maggie will only consent. Go and ask her. Tell her that Pierre will carry you with him upon his horse."

"But it will not be necessary," said the little girl, proudly, "I can ride as well as Rosa, or Fred, or any one, and I have a pony of my own!"

"Is it possible! that will be charming. You shall be my maid of honor, keeping by my side to receive a small portion of the gallantry that will be uselessly lavished upon me."

"Miss Lee," she continued as Margaret came into the room, "I want to ask you to let Lily go with us to-morrow. I wish her to so much!"

"You will spoil the child by so much attention,

"I'm afraid," was the smiling reply. "I do not know who will engage to escort so youthful a lady."

"I am to be her maid of honor—I don't want any escort—please, sister Maggie, please let me go!"

"So you have elected yourself Queen already, have you?" asked Margaret, laughingly, at her guest.

The fair Southerner blushed at even being accused of such vanity. For a creature so gifted with grace and beauty, wealth and high birth, she was the most unconscious of the impression she universally made.

"All the ladies shall be queens," she said gently, "each to the one who owns her so. I, for the want of a loyal subject, must keep up appearances by having an attendant. So you must consent to let Lily go."

Miss Lee patted the golden curls and said "Yes," when away they flew to seek a resting-place against the vest of Frederick, who stood by the window, pulling a rose to pieces impatiently, his feelings having been disturbed by the last sentences uttered by the young lady upon the sofa.

"Isn't she an angel?" whispered Lily, as she hugged him for joy to think of the promised pleasure.

"Who?" was the cool question.

"Why, Blanche, of course—say, isn't she?"

. "I wish you would be more polite, little one, and say Miss Guyarre," was all the reply she got from the surly fellow, who was angry because Lily had privileges which he had not, of saying Blanche, and sitting close up by her on the sofa, and being the recipient of numberless caresses and the like. No wonder he was irritable!

Mr. Lee half thought that the days of beauty and chivalry had returned as he sat the next morning in his arm chair on the piazza, and watched the gay party who were caracoling their steeds, riding up and down the avenue, and darting in and out of the maple grove, laughing and shouting as they waited for the cavalcade from the village, who were to pass that way on their ride to the pic-nic ground, ten miles away. A brief shower falling during the night, had cooled the air and laid the dust, and was still sparkling here and there upon the grass, the waving branches of the trees, and the rose-bushes, beneath each of which latter a rosy carpet of leaves, shaken down by the rain, announced that their blooming was almost over.

The expected party was soon seen dashing down the road and with a sweep and glitter, away go our particular friends—the delicate and princely Pierre upon his coal black steed, by the side of Rosa, whose fair

curls flutter in the breeze—Lennard and the stately Margaret side by side—and Blanche, the beautiful, upon her fiery horse, her dark hair shining purple in the sun, her slender figure buoyant with life and grace, the little Lily on her white pony keeping close, her blue ribbons and golden ringlets streaming about her face, with Frederick, the handsome, the brilliant, making his horse curvet superbly upon her other hand.

Mr. Lee arose from his chair and leaned against a column of the portico, to keep them in sight as long as possible, they made so pleasing an array as they sped along the road, their merry laughter floating back upon the wind, and when they were finally lost beyond the wood, he found himself repeating Praed's poetry to himself :

The sun shone bright on hill and grove—

It was a glorious day :

The lords and ladies were making love,

And the clowns were making hay :—

at which he laughed and returned to his book.

The pic-nic prospered better than the most, seeing there was no change of weather to dampen its pleasures, nor melting away of desirable refreshments.—The accident which did at length destroy the happi-

ness of some in it, arose from there being too costly an abundance of the latter.

Pierre Guyarre, who for the last few days had seemed to be gaining rapidly in health and spirits, had started out upon the excursion with unusual gayety, but something happening in Rosa's manner, or more likely in Lennard's, to chafe his sensitive feelings, he had gradually grown silent and almost sullen. When the ladies had arranged their rural repast upon the grass, contrary to all customs of the shepherds and shepherdesses they should have imitated, a basket of wine made its appearance. Blanche grew pale and uneasy as she saw her brother quaff eagerly, glass after glass. She contrived to change her seat and get by his side to whisper a remonstrance in his ear, but he paid only a momentary attention, and his thirst seemed so excessive, that even the gentlemen began to regard the young southerner with some surprise. The rest continued to eat and talk, and be merry or witty as their mood might be, while Pierre continued to drink, until his voice grew loud, his eyes glowing, and his manner unpleasant.

His sister could not conceal her distress; she became silent, and regarded him with glances of entreaty. At last she was constrained to beg of Lennard to endeavor to persuade him away from the party until

he became calm. This Lennard in the most delicate manner attempted to do ; but it was unfortunate he should have addressed him just then, for some secret sense of injury received from that gentleman, was what had urged his passionate spirit to throw off restraint and indulge in the temptation before him. He replied angrily to Lennard's cheerful invitation to walk with him, and appeared so changed from the gentle, graceful and attractive stranger whom every one had esteemed, that the ladies, remembering various rumors of the bowie-knives and pistols which made the chivalrous southerners so dangerous when irritated, began to shrink from the scene of contest, and cling to the arms of their braver companions.

“He may kill somebody!” exclaimed one thoughtless damsel who was standing close to Blanche.

“Oh, no! he will not—he has no weapons!” she said quickly, but the trial was too much for her, and she burst into tears.

Frederick Lee felt as if he could have killed half a dozen people when he saw those tears, and that foolish brother in particular. He came to her side, where his sisters already were—

“Let us go home,” said Blanche. “Oh, Mr. Lee, try and persuade him to get into Mrs. Greenwood's

carriage, and we will go with him. He is perfectly ungovernable when he is so much excited."

After a disagreeable parley, Pierre was led by Frederick to the carriage, and he with Blanche and Mrs. Greenwood, drove away from the scene of their discomfiture.

"This is partly your fault, Mr. Lee," said Blanche, as she took her handkerchief from her eyes, after they had passed over a mile or two of their way home.

"How so, Miss Guyarre," he asked in surprise.

"He had not touched wine for a year, and was pledged never to do so, when we attended that temperance meeting the night after our arrival here; but your rhetoric was so specious, the pictures you drew of the bewitching Lotos; the bewildering opium; the cheering social glass, were so alluring to his long stifled passion, that with his soul on fire, he hastened from the hall to drown it in the forbidden flood, and returned to me that night delirious. *This* was the reason of his sudden illness. His organization is so delicate, his nerves so finely strung that such excess almost destroys him."

The sadness and bitterness of her reproach, and the heavy sigh which followed it, were felt so keenly by Fredrick, that he submitted to them in silence, too much grieved and humiliated to attempt to defend

himself. She saw that he was mortified, and gave him a forgiving smile, which almost caused him to jump out of the barouche with a mingled agony of love and repentance. However, he remained in, which was best, for Pierre was quite ill by the time they reached the village, giving him a slight chance to atone, by the kindness with which he waited by the sufferer's bed for the rest of that day and night.

When Pierre Guyarre came to his senses, his chagrin and shame came near throwing him into a serious fever. His self-abasement was too great. He refused to see any one but his sister and Frederick, and did not leave his room for several days. His secret and his sharpest pain was that he should have degraded himself before Rosa.

That she knew his weakness—that she had lost her respect for him—was so bitter to think upon, that he resolved never more to see her face, but to remain in his chamber under the plea of sickness, until Blanche was ready to go back to their own home. He became so melancholy that he did not even desire to follow out their original plan of spending a part of the summer at Newport.

It was Rosa herself, who diverted him from this morbid state of mind. As he would not come forth and enjoy himself, she, after sending Blanche in as

a herald, burst upon him in his retirement, so glad, so blooming, so seemingly unconscious of anything painful, that his impressible soul arose out of its despondency to the opposite extreme of exhilaration. He heaved a sigh of relief, and a smile, his own most bright and winning smile, sprung to his lips before she had finished her first rapid sentence.

“I have good news, Mr. Guyarre, good news for me at least; we are all going with you to Newport next week! Fred, Mr. Lennard, myself, even our quiet Maggie has been prevailed to leave house-keeping to the house-keepers and make one of our number. What a party we shall be! Mrs. Greenwood for matron! Will we not enjoy ourselves? Maggie was reluctant about going, because papa would not accompany us and Lily—but he had rather remain at home and keep the house open. What do you say? Ah! I see you are glad, by your smile!” and she held out her hand to him.

He grasped it as if he were a drowning man, and it were a straw, so eagerly, so closely,—

“Rosa,” he said, “you bewilder me with joy!”

And he looked as much as he said, but she did not understand him, and continued her vivacious chat, untouched by the tell-tale glow of his manner.

Blanche saw that he was happy, and her own anx-

ious look disappeared. From being as wilful in his unhappiness as a man could be, he softened down into his old sweet compliance ; so that the two girls led him down in triumph to the parlor, looking himself again.

Margaret and Rosa had never been to Newport. Their father had a prejudice against allowing very young ladies to mingle in such gay crowds, and it had only been through the all powerful pleading of the "only son" that the desired consent had been given. When it came, however, it was so cheerful as to do away with all Maggie's reluctance to go. They applied to Mrs. Greenwood for all the little knowledges of toilets and the like which her experience made valuable ; and the few days of preparation passed swiftly away.

It was now in the middle of July, and the weather very warm, they found Newport sufficiently crowded for all purposes of comfort and gayety. The arrival of their party created as much excitement as any event can among the jaded fashionables who assemble there. It was a rare thing, even for Newport, to be graced by so large a party, every member of which had so much to render it distinguished.

Mrs. Greenwood, the chaperon of the young ladies,

had spent the summers for several years between Saratoga and Newport ; and her claims to consideration as a lady of undoubted fashion and supreme elegance were already acknowledged. That she was not beautiful, only made the younger ladies appear more so. Such people as the Southerners, whose immense wealth was soon rumored about, and of such youth and grace, were welcomed as stars of the first magnitude, everybody longing to borrow a little lustre by introducing themselves into the circle which they illuminated. Margaret would be attractive anywhere—Rosa was adorable—Frederick sparkling and splendid—Lennard pleasing, elegant, eminently refined. Mrs. Greenwood knew that she could not so successfully have retained her pre-eminence another season, unless she had surrounded herself with such a halo of glory.

In that exceedingly common-place, soulless or exaggerated state of sentiments and affairs in the world at Newport, our friends being very young, with much charm of nature and freshness of feeling remaining with them, found a great deal to delight them, and to hasten on the current of their hearts. The beach by moonlight, the cliff, the glen, the beautiful music awoke in their bosoms those real emotions which the more experienced only affected

They were delighted to look on at the dancing but they did not dance—that is, the ladies did not. They were contented to admire their brothers as they whirled away with some of the bright young belles of their acquaintance.

The influence of all these things to Pierre Guyarre became irresistible. He could not live out of sight of Rosa. If she interested herself in him he was wildly gay—if she walked and talked and laughed with Lennard, he was despondent. Blanche began to suspect the truth, and endeavored to warn him, but he was past taking her gentle advice.

“He does not love her as I do—he is not capable of it!” he returned, “and she ought to be mine—she must be!”

“You deceive yourself, Pierre,” she reasoned with him, “they will never be separated, and ought not to be. Do you not see that they are becoming more attached every day. Look at them, now, how contented, how radiant they look—you would not if you had the power, destroy such happiness?”

“No, I would not; you know I do not mean to be selfish, Blanche!” he said, sadly, turning his eyes away from a sight that he did not like to contemplate.

“You are a good brother!” she said with her sweetest manner, “and you know there is one person

who loves you more dearly than any one else in the world. But I am growing jealous of you, Pierre; you have been the first to be unfaithful. Here am I, ready to pledge you my best love and attention all my life long, yet you are beginning to show such preferences for others. Fie! Pierre! I deserve better than that!"

"Do you?" he asked, smiling in return, for he could not help it, she looked so lovely, "I guess that you are equally open to reproof with myself. Do I not see that Frederick Lee has no ambition but to please my little Blanche?"

The crimson veins in her clear cheeks flushed, and she answered in a tone that faltered a little :

"I have no time to see it, Pierre—I do not wish to—I have no eyes for any one but you."

The suffusion was still upon her cheeks and in her eyes, when Frederick approached to ask her to ride with him.

"Can you spare me?" she first asked of her brother, before she accepted the invitation.

"Indeed he can, for Lennard has Rosa, and Margaret is waiting for Pierre to attend upon her. We are all going out this afternoon, and the carriages are at the door. There is a cool breeze blowing, which will be delightful."

Young Guyarre was tempted to refuse to go ; but a look from Blanche decided him ; he went for Margaret, and they were soon beyond the admiring observation of the loungers about the hotel.

A cool breeze, a gorgeous sunset, the ocean, and such serene company, with the swift motion of the ride, might have soothed Pierre's restless humor, had not the couple of happy lovers who kept all the time within hailing distance, disenchanted the whole scene. Rosa's ringing laugh and the confiding way in which she was chatting with her companion kept mocking him ; and when at last, urged on by the gay girl, Lennard drove rapidly by them, and Rosa turned her triumphant beautiful face back to them, he gave himself up to his rising temper, and the rest of the ride was passed in silence. Margaret had seen him in sullen moods before, and allowed him to have his own way. The dreary rate at which he drove, made them the last to reach the Hotel, where the rest of the party in the finest spirits were awaiting them. As they had to be rallied for their melancholy appearance, it was more than the young gentleman could bear ; he turned and left them abruptly, followed by Mrs. Greenwood's laugh who asserted that, "She believed he had been refused by Margaret."

It was now twilight, when, as they were pacing

back and forth on the long balcony, Mrs. Greenwood picked up a piece of folded paper which somebody had dropped. It was not light enough where they were to read what was scribbled upon it, and which seemed to be poetry. As there was no address nor mark of the owner, they considered it fair spoils and all crowded laughingly to the saloon where the lamps were being lighted, to read it.

Frederick had been leaning against a column in a reverie, bright enough, perhaps, but a little tinged with gloom; for the pre-occupied, unconscious manner of Blanche, gave him a great many twinges of the heart-ache.

He did not hear what was passing until they called to him from the parlors to come and listen to some stray poetry which had got bewildered in Newport.

Mrs. Greenwood had commenced the reading when he made his appearance, and all were so intent upon the lines that they did not notice his consternation. They ran thus :

A star hath risen on our night,
A beautiful, pale star!
Bewildering us with too much light—
The peerless Blanche Guyarre!

Out of the fragrant Southern skies,
She wandereth from afar,
Entrancing our cold Northern eyes—
The peerless Blanche Guyarre!

Mild Hesper, with her lustrous face,
Sweet shining from afar,
Ne'er beamed with such untroubled grace
As peerless Blanche Guyarre!

The rosy east against the sun
May shut his golden bar—
We want no other day but one—
The peerless Blanche Guyarre!

She is the embodied dream of love—
It's "bright particular star,"
Come earthward from the heavens above—
The peerless Blanche Guyarre!

I dare not worship at her feet,
But love her from afar—
The pure, the beautiful, the sweet,
The peerless Blanche Guyarre!

"Somebody has been star-struck instead of moon-struck," laughed Lennard.

"I wonder whose writing it is," said the reader.

"So do I," cried Frederick, snatching the paper from her hand, "perhaps I can tell!"

"Perhaps you can!" said Rosa, slily, who had been too quick for him, and caught a glimpse of the manuscript—"it's his own!—it's Frederick's handwriting, girls!" and the mischievous girl clapped her hands with delight to see the burning blush which rushed over his face.

"Why, you little story-teller! When did you

ever know me to make a rhyme in my life?" he cried, seizing her and threatening the instant annihilation of her curls and boquet, if she did not retract.

In the midst of this confusion, he did not omit to steal a glance at Blanche, who stood with downcast eyes, and something certainly like a smile upon her crimsoned cheek.

"I never *did* know you to," said Rosa, struggling to escape from him; as the parlor began to fill with its accustomed throng, but the love of teasing him overcoming prudence, she continued the moment he released her—"and I 'm sure the lines do not sound like one who has had much practice! In the first place, the idea of comparing a woman to a star, is older than the hills—in the next place there is too much repetition—and in the third place, if the man is such a coward that he dare not 'Worship at her feet,' the lady will have a great contempt for him—will she not, my 'Peerless Blanche Guyarre?'"

"It is hardly fair to put that question to me," replied the graceful girl, raising her brilliant eyes a moment to Frederick's. "But I am troubled about Pierre. If anybody present wrote these lines, he has a chance to prove his devotion by going in search of my wayward brother!"

“Oh dear! it is always my brother! as if he was not old enough to be released from your apron-string,” fretted Fred, smiling and frowning as he started to obey her request.

“He is jealous! you must excuse him!” whispered Rosa in her ear.

Young Lee found, upon inquiry, that Guyarre had accepted the invitation of one of the wildest young fellows at the Hotel, to take supper with him in his private parlor. As it was a place into which he could not very well intrude, and dreading to provoke the wrath of the sensitive Southerner by an appearance of surveillance, he returned to the company without him. Blanche showed so much solicitude when she heard where he was, that he resolved to waive inferior considerations and attempt to get him away from a set, whose object he well knew, was to take advantage of the richness of their wealthy victim, to rob him at play of enough money to keep themselves afloat in the polite current of watering place society.

As an excuse for calling him from his companions, it was proposed that Blanche should send for him to join them in a walk upon the beach.

So Frederick went and knocked at the door of room No —. It seemed to be all quiet and respect-

able there, of course, when its occupant responded to his summons.

"I have a message from his sister to Mr. Guyarre," said he, trying to peep through the partly opened door.

"Guyarre," said the honorable young gentleman with great readiness. "He is not here! I have not seen him since he went out to ride this afternoon," and he shut the door upon the unwelcome messenger.

Frederick knew better, but he had not time to say so; and probably thought it best that he should not.

The evening was not a pleasant one to Blanche, although they walked along the beach and met amusing friends.

After she retired at midnight, she lay awake the rest of the night, listening for her brother to enter his room, which was adjoining hers. It was nearly daybreak when he did so; and she expected nothing less than that he would be unable to leave it the next morning.

And so he was. It was not until late in the afternoon that he came forth, pale and haggard, having refused all day to admit any one but their servant. He went to tea with his sister, affecting gayety and

nonchalance, but he avoided meeting Rosa's eye or speaking to her.

In the evening, however, as it was beautiful out of doors, he asked her to walk, and they with a dozen other couple, went to the beach. In the midst of their ramblings it so happened that they lost themselves behind a cliff from the rest of the party. Here Pierre paused, and suggested that they should rest themselves upon the rock until their friends came up, as they had been walking fast.

"How beautiful the ocean looks," remarked Rosa.

A thunder-storm was gathering in the western sky, but the moon shone full and lustrous in mid heaven. Far in the distance the sea was shadowy and frightful, at their feet it lay in glittering splendor.

"Does it? I was not thinking of the ocean, I was thinking of what a fool I have made of myself again!" was the abrupt reply.

"How have you made a fool of yourself?" responded the young girl, anxious to save him any mortification on account of his last night's dissipation. "Is it by encouraging that pretty Ellen Smith to sing Spanish ballads at you for nothing?"

"Rosa Lee! you've got to be serious a moment!" cried Pierre, fixing his eyes upon her with an expression which awed her at once—it was so intense

—so almost threatening. “You know how I have twice made a fool of myself in your company, but you may not know that it was my mad despair at your indifference each time that urged me on. You have got to know it now, for I cannot help telling you.—And I shall be worse unless you make me better. Ah! Rosa, do not turn away—I am not my true self, except when you regard me kindly.”

Rosa was going to make an angry reply, his first sentence was so imperious, so rude; but his voice softened into such tenderness of pathos, that she was constrained to meet his glance which had changed too into imploring beauty.

“You do both me and Mr. Lennard wrong by speaking of such thoughts,” she replied with gentleness. “I am sorry to believe that you could have so little control over your feelings—I do not believe it—and if you will go now, and say no more on the matter, I will forget that you have ever spoken of it.”

“Lennard!” said he with fierce bitterness, “what does *he* know about love? He is one too many in this world; if it were not for him we could be so happy—oh, so happy together, Rosa, for I should love you so much more; and Blanche and Frederick love and will marry, and we would be a band of

brothers and sisters! But this Lennard—this cold Lennard! Tell me that you do not love him, Rosa, that you were mistaken in your own emotions—that you can love me more—that you do!”

He grasped her hand tightly, but she wrested it from him, and arose to her feet with a flushed brow.

“I am sorry that you should be so foolish for Blanche’s sake.”

“Stay a moment Rosa—is that all?”

“All, Pierre; except that I shall continue to esteem you, despite of your rashness, that I am sorry you have spoken so hastily, and still feel just as kindly to you. Let us go.”

But the tide which had been rising for some time, was now at their feet, and she could not retreat from the nook where they were without wading in the water, which would be dangerous without assistance, as she might be washed away. “How careless we have been! Here, Pierre, quick, take my hand before the next wave rolls in.”

But he would not stir, he stood looking sullenly at her; the wave came up and dashed them with spray, the rocks which surrounded them were too perpendicular to be climbed, while to add to her distress the air grew dark with clouds, the wind rushed on, and distant thunder rolled below the moon.

Displeased and frightened, Rosa gathered her dress in her hands, and prepared at the risk of her life, to make her way around the projecting cliff, but her companion seized her arm and held her back.

“I would rather that you should die than marry Lennard—as for me, I do not care about life,” he said.

“Rosa! Rosa! Pierre!”

“Where are you Rosa? They cannot have gone home! Ro—sa!”

Now if Rosa Lee had been what is called a sentimental girl, she might have thought that the romance of death would have been a recompense for yielding up life at that time—but she was not! therefore, when she heard the voices of her friends in different accents of wonder and alarm, she set up a shriek that she herself was somewhat surprised at, loud, long and hearty.

“Charles! come quick! Charles! I am drowning”—which was not at the time precisely true, but likely soon to be so. “Here—around this”—rock, she was going to say, but Pierre’s hand was over her mouth.

The next moment Lennard was by her side, and a slight struggle ensued between him and Guyarre-

Lennard all the while mistaking the object of the other's resistance.

"No—no ! Pierre, it is as much as you can do to take care of yourself—I am strongest, and can carry Rosa," thus saying, and thinking it a poor place for argument, he snatched the young girl away and plunged into the tide. He was almost around the cliff, when a wave washed him off his feet, but he was a strong bold swimmer—he held his treasure with an iron grasp, kept his presence of mind—and the returning wave cast them safe upon the shore.

"Here we are, thank God ! said he, springing to his feet, and lifting Rosa, who was choked with the water, and for a moment insensible.

The moon shining out between two sullen clouds, revealed the group, looking relieved, but a little pale still—Margaret was wiping the dripping brine from her sister's face and hair.

"But Pierre ! oh ! where is Pierre ?" cried Blanche, suddenly, and she darted towards the ocean as if about to rush into it. Frederick held her back ; she trembled like a leaf, and struggled to get away.

"He is drowned—he must be ! he has attempted to get back, and been washed away."

"Let us hope not," replied Lee, but his own voice was faint—"there is but one way that we can help

him now, let us climb to the top of the cliff, and see what can be done. Lennard, come with me. Stay with Margaret, Blanche, the way is too rude!" It was not too rude for a sister's love to overcome—she could not stay back, but kept pace with them. In a few moments they were looking down into the recess, where they could dimly discern the form of Pierre as he sat upon a piece of rock, the tide rising slowly around him, and every break of the surf washing nearly over him. They called to him, but he made no reply; which increased their alarm, for they supposed he must be nearly suffocated with the dash of the waves, and consequently would soon loose his hold.

"A rope—oh, if we had a rope!" cried Lennard.

"I will run for one," murmured Blanche, save him, Frederick—I depend upon you."

"I will, Blanche," was the brief assurance, as he threw off his coat and prepared to descend the dangerously steep cliff.

"We will not wait for a rope," said Blanche, growing more calm at seeing young Lee's coolness and determination. "Here is my long shawl; and Rosa's—and Margaret's"—for the two sisters had now made their way to the group. "Help me to tie them;

here, you, Mr. Lennard ; my fingers are all in a tremble."

The long silken scarfs were knotted firmly together.

"I will fasten it around him, and you must drag him up," was Frederick's order as he began to descend the rock. It was easier to descend, than to get up again, as after clambering down a few feet he allowed himself to drop.

"Pierre ! are you dead ?" he asked, as he shook him by the shoulder, not expecting, certainly, the answer which he received. "Not yet, but I intend to be soon, so let me alone, sir, or you will get the worst of it !"

"I shall not let you alone, for Blanche's sake, whatever your motive is in behaving so madly," was the firm reply, and his preserver being unusually active and powerful, grasped the slender southerner by the waist and dragged him struggling beneath the dangling silken cord, which he fastened about him, despite of his resistance, and then shouting—"Ready," lifted him to his shoulders, and continued to assist the party above as long as the quarrelsome boots of the unthankful youth were within his reach. The scarfs were soon lowered again for himself ; he tied

them about him to assist his climbing, and in three minutes was safe upon the cliff.

Exhausted by his violent passions, faint and weak, Pierre lay upon the ground where Blanche had seated herself to hold his head and cover him with kisses. Rosa's dress was clinging tightly to her limbs, she was shivering with cold, and her hair hung dishevelled about her face—the thunder rolled nearer—the moon began to dim again.

The mingled joy and agony—the sublimity and absurdity of the scene—the grandeur of the approaching storm—the ungraceful figure Rosa made in her wet garments—Blanche's anguish and happiness—the ridiculous figure Pierre made when kicking and struggling against fate—the terrible, romantic and preposterous, was too much for Frederick when thus blended together—his sense of propriety was too keen; he threw himself upon the earth and rolled over and over, shouting and convulsed with laughter.

“I believe that you would laugh if you were dying, Fred,” spoke Margaret. “Rosa's shivering with cold—she will have an ague-fit if we do not get back quickly.”

Large drops of rain beginning to fall, warned him also that it was high time they were hastening back; he gave an arm to his half-drowned sister, Lennard

took Pierre under his charge, who was too much exhausted to make objection, and they started at as great speed as was practicable, and just as the shower descended in torrents met the servants Mrs. Greenwood had dispatched with shawls and umbrellas. They were wet enough to afford to scorn the umbrellas, but the large shawls were welcome to the young ladies, as they would conceal the woful condition they were in.

A party in a more pitiable plight never took refuge in the most fashionable hotel at Newport.

CHAPTER IV.

THE story that went about Newport the next day, was that the beautiful Rosa Lee had fallen from the cliff into the ocean, and that Charles Lennard and Pierre Guyarre had risked their lives to save her—that there was a terrible thunder-storm at the time, and everybody concerned got very wet and was very much frightened. Of course they were more than ever the observed of all observers.

But Newport had lost its charms for our party.

They could have laughed the next morning as merrily as the most malicious, and have enjoyed the adventure after the danger was over, had not the unhappy state of Pierre's mind been revealed to them, and they were obliged to feel that it was still tragic in the intensest degree to him.

Poor fellow! he was obliged to bear the congratulations of the ladies upon his bravery—to be the heroic object of their gentle sollicitudes—to hear his health tenderly enquired after, and be begged to re-

late the minute particulars of the fearful scene, until his self-accusing spirit could bear it no longer, and he shut himself up in his room.

“Oh, Margaret, I am in such trouble, and I’ve no one to tell it to but you,” said Blanche, two days after the above incidents, as she came into Miss Lee’s bed-room and set down upon a trunk, looking pale and dejected.

“What is it, Blanche? *you* cannot have any serious trouble,” and Maggie forgot that she was dressing for dinner, as she threw the beautiful dress she had selected, upon the bed, and cast herself, girl-fashion, upon the carpet at her friend’s feet, and kissed the hands dropping so languidly upon her knee. “But I have, my dear Miss Lee, and Mrs. Greenwood, though she is my aunt, is so gay and so careless, that I cannot endure to go to her for sympathy in so delicate a matter. Now—to make a beginning of my griefs—what am I to do? After Pierre’s unhappy behaviour of night-before-last, which Rosa of course has told you of, it is foolish to think that we can any longer remain together, all of us, at Newport. Mrs. Greenwood will not be willing to give up her summer pleasure for us, and besides, if we should return with her to C——, we will be in Rosa’s neighborhood, and my brother will be miser-

able. It will be dangerous for us to return to the South now, for it is very sickly there. If we flee to some other fashionable resort, my poor Pierre will be exposed to all the temptations, which he has so little strength to resist, and which his disappointment will cause him to indulge in with reckless boldness. I know him so well. Oh, Maggie, I expect that you despise him—but you would not if you saw his better qualities. He is affectionate and yielding as a child, and as pure-hearted, his tastes are only too delicately fastidious, his nature too refined; but he has not physical nor moral strength to resist the tempests of feeling and passion which sometimes shake him—and then, because his bodily endurance is so soon mastered by his emotions, he flies to the wine-cup to strengthen himself.” Tears were running down Blanche’s cheeks, but even grief appeared graceful and dignified in her.

“Yes, I do know him, and respect him, and love him,” replied Margaret earnestly. “No one can help admiring and loving your brother, Blanche, despite of the unpleasant fits of temper to which he gives way. There is no member of this party, except himself, who does not forgive him, and regard him as tenderly as ever. He is so delicate, so sickly, that we humor him as we would a petted child.”

Miss Guyarre was somewhat comforted at this, brushing away her tears as she enquired—

“But what is to be *done* in this deplorable state of affairs? If he had only have fallen in love with *you*, Maggie dear, how happy I should be, and all of us !”

“Would we?” asked Margaret, laughing mysteriously. “You must not be sure of that; I may not be as independent as I seem—and you know Pope says “Whatever is, is right!” So since your brother has made himself ill we must submit, but try to study what medicine will be best for him. I have already seen a part of the remedy for this great difficulty, if we can only get the consent of those most interested. Mrs. Greenwood, Rosa, Frederick, and Mr. Lennard, can go on to Saratoga, as proposed—you and Pierre, and I, can go home to papa’s, and don’t think that it will be any disappointment to me—I am already tired of watering-place happiness, and father and Lily will be so pleased to have us back again. If two such women as you and I, Blanche, cannot make a man happy, when we are trying our best, he deserves to be miserable, and if Pierre is not cured, or at least rendered comfortably convalescent, when we get him into the cool, charming, quiet country, then I shall think he is an ungrateful, wilful boy.”

“I, at least shall not be ungrateful,” replied Blanche, fast growing cheerful, under her companion’s influence.

The young girls sat talking so long, that they were not ready for the grand dinner, and had to dine in their room. Rosa, whose dinner-toilet Mrs. Greenwood had been superintending, and who had been at the table looking unusually pretty in a pale-green tissue silk and rose-buds in her hair, came back to them while they were still discussing their plans along with the cold chicken, biscuits, and creams which had been sent up to them. She was taken into their confidence, and of course had nothing on her own part to object, except to the loss of their society.

“You will have Charlie,” said Margaret.

“And you will find it endurable at Saratoga, even without us, if your ladyship continues to be the centre of so obsequious and attentive a circle, that you have not time in which to accept all the invitations to walk and ride, and sing, nor hands to carry the boquets which are left at your door—nor ears to listen to the serenades by which you are nightly disturbed,” said Blanche playfully.

“Really ! Miss Guyarre, your want of self-esteem is remarkable—is that a pretty way you have of

praising yourself, by laying your conquests at my door?"

"You are both altogether too modest," interrupted Margaret; "here Rosa! please to fasten this clasp for me, and then we will go and seek the consent of the rest of our friends."

It was a disappointment to all to be obliged to separate. Mrs. Greenwood was reluctant to resign two of her youthful beauties, especially her neice, but confessed that it was best, Frederick was for the moment dumb with consternation, at the thought of being separated so soon from Miss Guyarre. But when he reflected that he should meet her at C—— upon his return there, and that it might be the means in the future of having more of her society, he ceased fuming and fretting, and gave an ungraceful consent. Lennard's happiness not being seriously interfered with, he had nothing to do but to approve. As for Pierre, he was docile as a child, and seemed almost glad of the prospect of quiet.

There was a loud hum of regret among the visitors generally, when it became known that Mrs. Greenwood's party were to leave the next day. A number of gentlemen announced their intention of following her immediately to Saratoga, billets, boquets, and beaux besieged their attention — and that night a

serenade, the most exquisite and costly, arose beneath their windows.

The worst of it was, that the young gentlemen had so many invitations to supper, after the dancing for the evening was over, the men with whom they had become intimate were so courteous, that they did not escape from the contagion of fashionable dissipation as entirely as they desired.

Frederick, himself in a condition to mistake a hall pillar for a Hebe, assisted Pierre to his room—and Lennard—but as Rosa never found him out, we will not tell of him.

The next afternoon they were gone from Newport. When they arrived at that stage of their journey at which they were to separate, there was quite a melancholy feeling. Frederick, who, although he knew that Miss Guyarre must be aware of his love, had not yet found courage to confess it, audacious as he was in all other matters, ventured to press her hand, and to express all that he could in those fine eyes of his. Rose was saddened for several hours by the thought of the despairing gaze Pierre had fixed upon her at parting; but her nature was too buoyant, and her own circumstances too pleasant to allow a long indulgence even in regret.

“What a happy surprise we shall give them at

home," said Margaret to Pierre, as the cars which conveyed them stopped at the village of C——.

He could not but return her bright smile, and sprang out to attend to the baggage, with a more interested expression than he had worn since they parted from their friends.

"I'm afraid your brother will get crushed amid that pile of trunks," continued Miss Lee laughing, as she looked out of the station-house window. "I beg your pardon, Blanche, but it is a wonder to me why such an indolent, fastidious man as he, does not keep a servant to do such things for him."

"We certainly were never without before, but Aunt Greenwood begged us not to bring any of our colored servants to the north, and Pierre can't find a valet here that he will have about him. My Coral cried pitifully when I came away and left her. I can get along better than Pierre, though, for Mrs. Greenwood's maid is almost as good as Coral."

"I shall have to be your maid at Mapel-Grove," said Maggie, Rose and I have always delighted to dress each other; and Papa, who you have already observed probably, has some idea of *everybody's* having been born to do at least some small thing that was useful, has insisted upon our keeping our own

room and toilet in order. It is one of our recreations—we like it.”

“I suppose so—but at the south, we are so languid—every exertion is avoided. I feel like another creature here, except upon your intolerably warm days.”

“And you are almost getting roses in your cheeks, my southern lily! I shall be sorry for that! your pearly complexion, so tintless and clear, is very beautiful to us.”

Their companion, having seen the baggage safely deposited in the depot, until called for, now came for them, and they concluded to walk out to the Grove, as the afternoon was cool, but as they passed along Main street, bowing to their acquaintances, and shaking hands with their friends, they heard a glad shout of “Margaret! Margaret!” And there was Lily riding in state in the new carriage, and Jupe showing his white teeth on the box. He drove up to the side walk for them to get in.

“What are you doing, Lily, riding about alone?” asked her sister, when the child got breath again, after the kisses in which they had half smothered her.

“Why, Flora Smith came back from school yesterday—it is vacation now—and I’ve been to call on

her. I asked Jupe to take the same horses, and make things look as nice as he did for you, when you went to call on Miss Guyarre."

"Hi!" chuckled ebony, "hadn't nothing else to do to-day but to 'company Miss Lily where she choose. Had to 'bey orders, Miss Margaret, though the blacks were rather wild with running in the meadow for a week—had to 'bey young missus"—and he looked round affectionately at the little seven-years-old lady he had been conveying about C—— in all the grandeur she had desired.

They laughed with Jupe at the aspirations which had arisen in Miss Lily's mind upon finding herself the mistress at Maple Grove; she blushed, and would have been somewhat disconcerted, but they were turning up the avenue, and a glimpse of Mr. Lee walking about rather lonesomely under the trees, diverted her thoughts into eagerness to be the first to announce the return.

"Guess who I've brought back with me, papa!" she shouted.

He did not have to exert his guessing faculties much, as the carriage came in full sight just as he looked up.

He was satisfied to hear that they were tired of

watering-places, and glad enough to get them back, not to find any fault with their brief stay.

If there was any purer water in the United States than in the spring down by the oak-tree, any better place to bathe, than in C—— lake, any fresher air or cooler shade, or pleasanter verandahs than at Maple Grove, then there would be some excuse for their undergoing the dust and heat of travelling, and the misery of crowded hotels, he said.

“But the ocean, father, that was better than C—— lake—that was grand! and the company was ‘amusing’ if not ‘instructive,’” urged Maggie. “Nevertheless, I am glad to be at home, and we are dusty, and fatigued, and hungry, too; so Lily will order us a good tea, while we go to our rooms.”

The atmosphere of freshness and peace about Maple Grove was to Pierre Guyarre’s feverish mind what it was to his invalid body, soothing and strengthening. Margaret so gentle, so kind, Blanche so devoted, seemed to remove every thorn from his pathway and to keep him treading upon roses. He was not insensible to the goodness of these fair creatures; he grew again as amiable as he was interesting; and the music of his voice and his guitar made the Grove more melodious than a chorus of nightingales would have done. He had now but one jealousy, and that

was of the petting which his sister bestowed upon Lily—he wanted to do all that himself. It may be that in the child's artless tones, her golden curls and dimpled cheeks he saw a miniature of Rosa—the sisters resembled each other strongly—and he would play for her for hours unweariedly, would walk with her in the garden, tell her about the gorgeous birds and brilliant flowers of the tropics, and the grotesque manners of the little negro children, the beautiful shells he had gathered upon shining Southern sands—the opera houses of the Cuban ladies, and how they rode about in strange carriages after sunset, with their heads decked with flowers as she had seen Blanche's—about their delicious evenings, when everybody was happy, until he completely fascinated the heart and imagination of the little girl. She would leave all other occupations and run to his side if he spoke to her, and so entranced was she by fairy visions of that wonderful Southern land, that she would have bid good-bye to home if he asked her to go with them when they returned.

“You have bewitched Lily,” Margaret used to say, “the Arabian Nights would not be half so entertaining to her as your stories. I am afraid that Maple Grove, which she has always thought so lovely, will seem dull to her after you are gone.”

They had not been at home two weeks, before they were astonished one evening upon sitting down to tea, to find Frederick peering in at the door. Whether he or Blanche blushed the most violently, could not be affirmed.—“Saratoga was dull,” he said, “miserably stupid! Nobody there worth speaking to—so he had come where he could please himself better.”

It was unusual for a man of his age, and enjoying his advantages, to find Saratoga as unendurable; but nobody questioned his veracity, nor troubled him with puzzling questions.—Rosa was not there to keep up a mimic war with him, and the others were disposed to let him keep the truth to himself until he saw fit to acknowledge it.

That he was brought to the confessional that very evening of his return, was owing to his temerity in proposing to go with Blanche down to the spring under the oak, to get some very cold water to make lemonade.

Margaret had crushed the lemons and sugar with Pierre’s aid, who had given her several receipts for making cooling drinks with fresh fruit, as he made them at the South; she had laughingly refused to add any wine to the lemons. They had wondered why the pitcher of spring-water did not make its

appearance ; had sustained quite a spirited discussion about Cuba ; and wondered over again what had become of that absent pair, when the delinquents arrived.

In answer to Pierre's demand of the reason of their long delay, Frederick as he sat the pitcher down, averred " That there was a legend connected with the spring, and that any one who went there by starlight, and under the right influences, could call a witch up out of the water, who would tell him of his future fortunes."

" The fairy told you a happy story, I know," said Margaret, looking lovingly into her brother's glowing face ; and then stealing around to his side, she pressed his hand, for Blanche's face, as she stood by the lamp, had revealed to her the secret of the water-spirit's prophecy. Blanche had not spoken since she came in, but stood gravely binding some wild-grass and violets together, allowing her companion to say what he willed about their absence.

Let it happen as many thousand of times as it has and must, in the histories of the world, there is always a poetical and peculiar interest, even to observers, hovering about a young maiden who has just acknowledged, for the first time, the overwhelming happiness of loving and being beloved. Old and

young, and gentle and rude, will turn with a softened thought to regard her. And Blanche, as she stood there with eyes bent upon her violets, had never been so beautiful before. Something joyous, elate, and yet solemn, shone from her form; a faint flush troubled the repose of her cheeks, and a tender glow upon her lips almost breathed of the consent they had given. Margaret's gaze lingered affectionately upon her, but she did not meet those drooping eyes until she brought her a glass of lemonade; and then there was a smile, a blush, a tear, and all that; while Frederick, in a sudden outbreak of happiness, seized upon the helpless Lily, who ought to have been a-bed; and after whirling her around like a top, tossed her up, and left her dizzy and confused upon Pierre's shoulders, whereby her dignity was somewhat wounded, and she slid back to the floor as quickly as possible.

"If I ever grow so large that you cannot treat me so, I shall be glad," she said, poutingly.

"Well, you never will, unless you go to bed earlier," was the sage reply. "So, off to bed, little one!" and that was all the consolation she got for his ill-treatment.

The next thing they heard was Towser growling on the piazza; for when Fred was particularly happy,

inferior creatures were wise to keep out of sight, he had such a thoughtless way of bestowing his exuberant spirits upon them; and although his handsome, glowing face never failed to diffuse pleasure wherever it appeared, yet little children, dogs, and nervous people confessed to a feeling of timidity in his presence.

Pierre's serenity was very much disturbed by Frederick's advent. He demanded the entire devotion of some heart to his happiness, or there was restlessness and repining; and now, that more than ever he felt the want of some satisfying love, his sister, who had been to him almost like half of his own soul, had partially deserted him for a newer affection. He did not wish it to be otherwise—when she came to his side, he sent her back to her lover's, but it forced upon him a feeling of loneliness that was to him unendurable. He had no relatives, no mother, the woman he loved was soon to be married to another—and brooding upon these things, instead of making himself happy with the thousand other pleasant circumstances which surrounded him, he grew moody, and took almost entirely to his guitar for solace and company. He had a fancy for pleasing Lily, but aside from that, he did not exert himself to be entertaining to anybody.

He taught her to play upon his guitar—to speak some musical Spanish phrases ; and what pleased her most of all, they took long rides on horseback all over the country.

Enthralled in “ Love’s young dream,” Blanche for a while shut out the clouds in the sky of the future, and walked contented through the fairy land of the present. Why should she not be happy ? There was nothing but the thought of her brother’s unpleasant position to prevent her being too supremely happy. She kept hoping that “ something would happen ” to divert his mind from Rosa, or in some way to change the circumstances. And something did happen, but not in the way she hoped for.

It was well known to all in the family, that Rosa and Lennard were to be married somewhere about the next Christmas, and Frederick could not endure the thought of allowing Miss Guyarre to go back to the south before he had a right to accompany her. He wanted her to consent to a double wedding, and then they could all go south together, if her affairs at Magnolia Grove needed her presence so soon. But against all such plans rose up the image of her brother, and she resolutely refused to leave him in such embarrassing loneliness. She would go home with her brother as soon as the weather became cooler,

and she hoped that a winter on his plantations, surrounded by different influences, would make him forget his unhappy love; but, if he did not, she should never forsake him, until he too had found a friend that would supply the place of all others.

Because he had to acknowledge very much against his inclination that this was a sisterly and wise conclusion, Frederick was frequently in an ill humor, for which his poor horse in many a fast and furious ride had to suffer. Unfortunate man! It was provoking, without doubt—and yet, though Pierre with his waywardness, and melancholy, and fits of temper, stood so much in other people's way, no one seemed to feel any resentment against him. When his brother-in-law elect was ready to frighten Jupiter out of his five senses, to send Lily suddenly to Miss Guyarre for protection, to drive his horses to death, break the carriage and endanger his own neck—when Towser sneaked out of the way—when Bridget declared with lifted hands that “She never seen such a harum-scarum young man before”—he was as gentle as a Count to Pierre, and never wounded him by a hint of the reason of his half-happy desperation. There was such a gentleness, such an affectionate manner and poetic^r delicacy about the young Southerner that nobody wanted to quarrel with him.

In the meantime, as the weeks flew by and September began to ripen the peaches and scatter the flowers, the people at Maple Grove began to expect the return of the party from Saratoga.

CHAPTER V.

THEY were looking for Rosa at Maple grove. Her last letter had assured them that Mrs. Greenwood was at last wearied with Saratoga, and they were coming home on Wednesday. Thinking that they would probably arrive in the afternoon train, Jupiter was sent with the carriage, and directions given to bring Mrs. Greenwood and Lennard to tea.

The careful Margaret, who prided herself upon her house-wifely accomplishments, went out herself to prepare some dainty dish for the table, while Lily, in the excitement of the occasion, danced in and out like a humming bird, darting down the avenue, to look for the first toss of the horses' heads as they came up the little rise in the wood, twining around the pillars of the portico, blooming as their roses, and bursting back into the hall again to ask Pierre if—"He *didn't* wish they would come?" Nobody else felt inclined to ask him the question, but allowed him to sit silently upon the stair, with his book.

Blanche fancied that he must be annoyed by the earnest little interrogator : so she called her away, and they went together to a shady seat under a maple tree and sat quietly waiting.

“There ! there ! I see them—there’s the carriage !” cried Lily, at last, jumping down from the seat and running down the path.

Pierre turned deadly pale as he held his face down over his book, and Margaret, passing by, did not dare to address him. The hurry and joy, though, was all lost ; Jupiter turned up towards the mansion with a less majestic sweep than usual, and they soon perceived that the carriage was empty.

“Well, they will come in the ten o’clock train to-night, I suppose,” said Mr. Lee, with a little sigh of disappointment.

“Father has a yearning after the bright face of his Rosa,” said Margaret, without the least bit of jealousy, as she turned towards him affectionately, at the sound of that sigh.

“The Rose is no fairer flower than this,” he said, kissing her, “but it is such a wild, mild Rose that it *has* a singular charm.”

“Well done !” said Fred, with his saucy laugh, “you are growing poetical, father ; and faith, Rosa affects a good many people in that way ! As they

hav n't arrived though, you are safe in concluding that the ten o'clock train will bring them. What do you say, all, to a delightful walk to the station-house to meet them; they will feel flattered at the welcome, and we will have a glorious walk besides."

Everybody consented except Lily, who, not being included in the project, had nothing to do but submit to her disappointment, and win Maggie's consent to sit up until they returned.

"In the meantime," said our house-keeper, "we will eat the muffins, which promised to be delicious, and try to do them as much justice as though a part of them had fallen into the mouths for which they were intended."

They went in to tea; where Lily, who sat next to Pierre, took away what little appetite the circumstances had left him, by chatting confidentially about the stories Rosa would tell her of Saratoga, and wondering if they would be as nice as those he had told her of Cuba, winding up with—

"How fine it would be if he would ask Rosa to go along with them, when he took *her* there, as he had promised. What times they would have! *such* times!"

The night was cool and starry when the young people started for the village, leaving Mr. Lee and

Lily to wait for their return. As they did not care about waiting long at the station-house, and had an hour in which to walk half a mile, they lingered by the way, attracted here and there by every wayward fancy.

"There are clouds coming up in the west," said Margaret.

"To-morrow will not be as pleasant as to-day," remarked Blanche.

They had ten minutes to wait when they arrived at the depot, and they jested them away as if they were not the last happy ten minutes they should see in a long time.

"How I love the iron-horse," said Blanche, in a dreamy tone, as they stood upon the platform of the station-house and looked up and down the track where it was faintly illuminated by the lantern of the switch-tender. "He is so strong, so swift, so tireless, that there is something almost sublime in him—he seems, at the moment when he sweeps by, superior to his creator man, and one shrinks at the thought of his weakness and insignificance. Hark ! I hear him now, miles away, his quick breath echoed by the hills."

They listened, and heard the first sounds of his panting breast, and the distant rattle of the train he

dragged, upon the cool and starry night ; and their hearts gave an anticipating bound as if they already felt the clasp of their friends' hands ; the next moment a shrill scream from the approaching engine startled into life the sleepy hangers-on who had been waiting at the depot, the bell rang, a crowd gathered upon the platform—the great fiery eye of the locomotive flashed out of the far off shadows, lighting up his path with disdainful brightness, while he came hotly on—the ground groaned beneath his tread—with clamor, speed and impatience the train snorted up and paused. Our friends leaned eagerly forward to look—there was—yes, there was Lennard stepping out of the third passenger car—Mrs. Greenwood—Rosa. Rosa turned to step back into the car for her shawl which she had left upon her seat.

“ My God ! ” exclaimed Frederick, shrinking back, then springing forward, he shouted “ Rosa ! ”

What was the matter ? he had caught the flashing eye of a second fiery monster rushing furiously along over the path of the first—or, right on towards the doomed car, and Rosa was in it, and Lennard, they did not see nor hear—there was no time—it was too late ! There was a crash, an appalling tumult, groans, shouting, confusion and horror.

We are almost ashamed to record so small an

accident, by which there was but three persons killed instantly, and eleven more or less maimed and injured. Had we not hoped that the youth and gayety, beauty and witchery of Rosa Lee had made her many friends, we would not trouble you with so small a thing as her being dragged forth from that frightful chaos a crushed and senseless human form, in which the breath of life might linger agonizingly a few hours more.

She was borne home during the period of her insensibility, and after hours of deathly suspense, it was declared by her physicians that she might linger weeks and months, but that she nevermore would walk, nor rise from her bed of suffering. From that moment a shadow rested upon Maple Grove. No sound of laughter or music disturbed its echoes; darkened rooms, low voices, and at night a dim light shining from one room where friends kept watch by a couch of dreary pain.

It was two weeks before Lennard, who had had an arm broken and been otherwise injured, could drag himself into the presence of Rosa, who recognised him by a faint smile, murmuring his name, the first word she had spoken since the fatal night. His agony of mind was too great to bear, and they were compelled to hurry him from her sight, lest its be-

trayal should affect her. It was not until still another week had passed that Margaret summoned courage to tell him the terrible truth, that Rosa, their Rosa *his* Rosa—was nevermore to walk forth upon the beautiful earth—nevermore to be free from pain.

“*I cannot* have it so,” he cried out fiercely. “*It shall* not be !” And he paced the long piazza with heavy, defiant strides ; then when this vain resistance of fate passed away, he bowed his head upon poor Margaret’s lap, and trembled and wept like a frightened child.

“Why was it she who was singled out from that motley throng—the beautiful, the young, the happy—for such a life ? Aye ! can you answer me that, Maggie ?” he burst forth again in the same impetuous manner, after having nearly exhausted himself with weeping.

It added greatly to the sister’s already overwhelming sorrow, to see such indications of feeling from one of so calm a temperament as Lennard. She had not yet gained composure of her own, so that she might attempt to console him.

Blanche had been a “ministering angel” in this time of affliction ; her gentle hands were ready to undertake kind offices, which those unnerved by grief were unable to perform. By day and night she was

tireless, tender and devoted, until Margaret could not bear to part from her an hour; and even Mr. Lee, shaken by this heavy trouble, seemed to depend upon her cheerfulness to keep him from sinking.

The weeks wore away in a dull, slow round. As soon as Lennard could escape from the business duties which occupied his time until dinner, he was out at the Grove, and in the sick room, sitting patiently hour after hour in its stillness and darkness, satisfied for the moment, if the flowers he brought, the words he uttered, called up a smile upon the pale and wasted features of his Rosa.

Frederick for the time being was entirely changed. A woman could hardly be more gentle and thoughtful.

"I believe that Pierre is the most miserable of all of us, except poor Rosa herself," he said once to Blanche, as they sat talking of the blight which had come upon their happiness.

"He loves her as much as Lennard, yet has not the consolation of lingering by her side and doing those affectionate services which afford a gleam of comfort to Charles. Mrs. Greenwood says that she hears him up in his room almost all night, wandering about like a perturbed spirit, and that she is afraid that his health will fail entirely. He has looked like

a ghost ever since the awful shock he received that fatal night."

"There is but one thing that will restore him, and that is for us to go home immediately. It is growing too bleak for him at the North, even if his mind was not so engrossed by what surrounds him here. I must leave you, Frederick, and dear Rosa. She has many friends who will do all that can be done for her ; but Pierre has only me ; I must go with him back to our own home, where we will wait for better days."

"It seems as if better days were never to come," said her lover, moodily ; "as if they never had been except in dreams—that the gloomy present would always continue."

"Do you know Rosa said the same thing to me this morning ? I cannot forget her faint and melancholy whisper—'Blanche ! was I ever out of pain ? was I ever well and happy ? or is it a dream of some past time before this life came upon me ? Shall I ever be well again—be well enough to laugh, to run out of doors and breathe the cool air, and sing aloud ? Did Charles expect that we were to be married ?—Or is it *all* a dream, Blanche ?' Alas, poor child ! can it be possible that she never will be out of that sick-room again !"

"She does not know that yet ; it will be hard to

tell her the whole truth ; she will feel it more keenly when she is enough better to feel the wish strong upon her to get up and go out into the world again. I wish every day that she knew the worst, but I do not know who there is that can bear to tell her."

"It will be a sad message for any one to bear."

"If you must go away from us, Blanche, I should wish her to hear it while you are with us. We will need all the help we can get to keep up our courage. But I had hoped that you could remain with us this winter."

"I must go with Pierre, and go soon ; it is stormy and cold already, and we dare not delay. I do not know that Pierre himself will consent to leave, but I shall use every inducement, for I think that his health and life depend upon it. If it will be too severe a trial for Maggie to communicate her fate to Rosa, I think the doctor, who is so kind a friend, will be the one to speak with her about it, and I will be with her at the time ; to-morrow, if he thinks it safest and best."

So the next day the truth was told to the sick girl. She uttered one faint cry of despair, and then lay for a long time in silence as if struggling for resignation.

The hot tears of Blanche dropping fast upon her

wasted hand, induced her to make some exertion to overcome her emotion.

“I think I can bear it,” she whispered, unclosing her eyes. “I have borne so much, already—but Lennard—I *pity him*—it is hard—it is hard, Blanche!”

She was not permitted to speak again until she was rested, when the first question she asked, was, “If Charles knew it?” Upon being assured that he had known it for weeks, a single tear rolled down her cheeks, and she murmured—“He still loves me—is kind, more kind than ever.”

Blanche now began preparations for going home. The whole family felt as it if were impossible to spare her. While they could not deny that it was the only prudent course as far as concerned Pierre, who was wasting away almost as rapidly as Rosa herself.

When the day of departure at length came, it was a hard struggle for both to take leave of the invalid. Pierre stood a few moments by her bed-side, gazing upon her with those strongly expressive and melancholy eyes of his, while he grew so pale that he looked like one about to faint.

“Rosa, dear Rosa,” he said, bending down, and speaking in a touching, impassioned tone, “if you live to see those who now love you grow cold and

careless, and weary of attending upon your days of pain, do not forget that there is one who knows it impossible that he shall ever love you less. If he whose right it is now to watch by you, grows weary—and Rosa, the time is coming swiftly—then one whose love is as deathless as his soul, may have a chance to prove that it is *you*, sick or well, old or young, beautiful, or blighted by suffering, *you* that he loves, and not an outward semblance. Good bye.”

Those who were present did not hear his words, but they saw that they agitated the sick girl. It was not the renewed assurance of so passionate an attachment—it was the startling fear of something hitherto unfeared, that troubled her.

His address was cruel, but he had not meant it to be so.

CHAPTER VI.

Charles Lennard was ashamed to acknowledge to his own soul that he loved Rosa less; that it was becoming a duty and not a pleasure to spend his hours of leisure by her side; that her changed countenance, the absence of bloom, beauty, high spirits and the thousand charms of youthful gayety could so soon deaden his passion.

For four months he had not neglected her a day; he had absented himself entirely from those scenes of enjoyment where he was once delighted to please and be pleased.

Through the holy-days he had refused her earnest pleadings, that he would go out as usual and be gay and happy, and not shut himself up in that lonely chamber.

He assured her that it was not dreary or lonely where she was—that she was society and gayety enough for him—that to bring a smile to her pale face was worth an hundred flatteries from the idle

crowd. Yet he was conscious that it *was* irksome to be so restricted by a sense of duty—that it was hard to be going in and out of that dreary chamber with a care-worn face, instead of with the joyful elation of the bridegroom, which he had anticipated would then be. He began to look back with doubt to the time when there had been roses upon those pallid cheeks, and dimples about that feverish mouth ; when the poor invalid lying there forever in that one position, had bounded airily by his side, her bright hair floating, and her sweet laugh ringing upon the summer air.

And it was because that he was ashamed to be, as all men are, so selfish in their love, so brief in their endurance of what frets their will, that he began to seek a relief from unpleasant thoughts in a habit which he had always struggled against, and long thrown aside entirely.

It disturbed Rosa—it kept her awake when she might otherwise have forgotten her constant suffering in sleep, to think how often he kissed her with the wine odor lingering warmly in his breath. She remembered that he had avowed to her a weakness against which it was necessary that he should struggle ; she feared that he was yielding to it ; and with a true woman's tenderness, she blamed herself for

being so unfortunate as to have rendered him unhappy, and so exposed him to temptation.

“It is because I have made him miserable, or because he is so wretched upon my account. I wish he would give me up—forget me—and be happy with those, who like him, are well and gay and full of hope. It must not be. I shall not be the means of keeping him from any happiness that might otherwise fall to his lot. I will give him up.”

Dear child! while she was still schooling her heart for the great trial; still praying for patience and self-denial to give up the society so precious to her, she began to feel that it would require but little effort on her part to break ties which he was swiftly unloosing.

Still the weeks rolled on in a dull and dreary round. Lennard came every day, but his calls were brief and constrained.

In the three or four instances in which he had suffered a day to pass without going to the Grove, Frederick learned that he had been engaged with dissipated companions and was in a condition unfit to appear.

It began to be rumored throughout C—— that young Lennard, who had been so highly regarded by all, was yielding to bad influences, and becoming

somewhat reckless. Almost every one pitied him. They laid his excuses at the door of his unhappiness.

“It was such a sad case!” they said. “He loved Rosa Lee so devotedly, he could never be happy again. They should not be surprised if he died of a broken heart, or gave himself up to excess. It would be better if he could forget her—better for both!”

Perhaps it would. It certainly would have been a case of extraordinary attachment, if he had not done so as quickly as he did. But somehow, when the faith of a woman is thus put to the test, she is apt to bear it bravely, and at least not to make it an excuse for perpetual evil-doing on her part. No! if Leonard had been able to resign his hopes of a more glowing happiness, and to be true to his affianced in life and death, the consciousness of his own nobility would have afforded him some pure contentment, and he would not have been half as unhappy as he was. It was because he was not satisfied with his own heart, that he drowned its accusings in the wine cup.

Even the gentle Margaret pitied him, and wished him to be free from all obligations to continue near her sister, if that would save him from impending danger. She even sought to convince him that he did himself injustice not to banish as far as possi-

ble from his mind the thought that he had once anticipated a happiness which fate had denied him. Rosa, herself, spoke of it so bravely and concealed so passionately her tears, that they were deceived as to how deeply the arrow had pierced her soul

“Maggie, dear,” she began, one bright day in the early Spring, when she had been cheered by the sunshine let in freely into the long darkened chamber, and by the delicate wind-flowers which lay upon her pillow, “I want you to bring me a mirror. I want to see *how much* I am changed.”

“You are not changed at all in the hearts that love you,” was the affectionate reply. “So never mind the mirror, Rosa.”

The invalid heaved a deep sigh.

“Then one heart never did truly love me,” was her thought. She did not speak it, but pleaded for a glass, and Margaret at last brought a small mirror and held it where she, propped upon her pillows, could gaze upon the reflection of her then wan countenance.

“I am sadly altered—I should not know myself, Maggie.”

“If it was not for that cruel pain which keeps you so pale, you would be prettier than ever, my sweet Rosa. That is a delicate, spiritual face you see there

—the curls are the same, dancing, bright, profuse curls as ever—the eyes are dim with pain, perhaps, but they brighten so with love and are so beautiful with patience. Indeed, darling, you are prettier than ever. Now, when I put these blossoms in your hair—don't you think so?" and Maggie kissed the pale forehead.

"I do not know—these hollows in my cheeks are not lovely," replied the invalid, bringing her delicate, transparent hand with an effort up to her face. "But I do not care for the loss of beauty, Maggie; don't think me so foolish as that. I wanted to see myself, of course; it is a long time since I have beheld my best friend," and she smiled.

"You ought to be called Lily, now, and I be Rose," said her little sister, as she laid her bright head close to hers upon the pillow, scattered over with the flowers she had been out in the meadows to gather for the beloved one.

"Yes! a poor, broken, blighted Lily!" murmured Rosa, and sighed again.

It is not strange that a beauty should be so proud of her personal attractions and consider them of superior importance, and all her qualities of heart and mind as inferior, when she finds of what priceless value they are in the eyes of men. Or that Rosa

Lee should lament the loss of loveliness which she was but little vain of while it was hers, but whose worth she learned when it had vanished.

“A blighted, broken Lily,” she repeated softly to herself, “cast aside while withering—never to be worn upon the bosom of a friend.”

Now that Rosa was as well, perhaps, as she ever would be, and could talk, and see her old acquaintances, and enjoy the boquets which were brought her, the books that were read to her, and take some interest in passing events, she became anxious to promote the happiness of her friends. Frederick, who had been so tender and true, through the worst of her trials, she was determined should not delay his marriage with Blanche upon account of her disappointments. Her only happiness now, she said, would be to see those she loved in pleasant circumstances.

Blanche's letters through the winter had not always been of the most hopeful character. She had constant anxiety about her brother, who, at one time, she would state, was away from her in the city, leading a life of reckless magnificence, and again, at home moody and ill.

In answer to Frederick's eloquent appeal, begging permission to come after her, she replied that Pierre was

then dangerously sick, and she did not know as it would ever be that she should be at liberty to marry, and so in a measure forsake him ; but as she was evidently lonely, melancholy, and in want of the friendship and help of a stronger spirit, it did not deter her lover from replying that he should come to her immediately, and that she might then do as she thought best for all of them.

It was well known in C——, where Frederick Lee had always lived, and was universally esteemed, that his object in taking so long a journey to the South, was to bring home the beautiful stranger who had won their hearts the previous summer. He met congratulations and gay wishes upon every hand, and the evening previous to the day of his departure, a number of his old friends gave a supper in his honour. It was the first affair of the kind which he had attended since Rosa's illness, though Lennard had been as gay as ever for the last few weeks.

The supper was a luxurious one, and his companions so full of vivacity that Frederick could not but cast aside all care for the present hour, and join with his old mirthfulness and wit in the festivities.

He regarded Lennard in silent amazement at times, a great change had come over his manners ; instead of being quiet, reserved, a check upon the

mischievous wildness of his friends, and giving utterance, when he did speak, to some quaint and keen sally which would set the table in a roar, he was the most boisterous of the party, drinking incessantly, and making constant attempts to attract attention to his own brilliant efforts.

About one o'clock in the morning any one with eyes that can see through closed doors, might have amused himself with the scene got up in the Young Men's Club Room, in the second story of the American, in C——.

These clubs and champagne suppers and the like, must always remain a wonder to women, who cannot comprehend why their husbands, brothers, lovers and friends, so agreeable, so polite in their company, can have tastes and enjoyments too gross for them to share.

Frederick and his friends had eaten all that the circumstances would possibly allow; the servants had done bringing in and clearing away the rare courses which the epicure par excellence of the Club, had ordered; and after having, as a parting duty, strewed the table with bottles and cigars, they retired and left their masters to the undisturbed enjoyment of each other's society.

The flowers which lavishly adorned the room began

to droop with mortification at some of the rude witticisms of people they had heretofore had a leaning towards, and their sweet breath, which had so refined the atmosphere and added to the delicate flavor of the first soups and viands, was now quite choked and expired convulsively, being overpowered by the fumes of costly and exquisite tobacco, voluptuously inhaled through foreign hookahs, and dispersed indolently through the eyes and nostrils, or puffed dreamily from unutterably perfect cigars. Artists seeking new and inimitable groups and postures in which to present the heroes of statuary and painting, might have here studied unstudied grace, and caught the effect of a gesture in position, which would have rendered its preserver immortal.

Lennard, who had sung himself hoarse, smoked himself sleepy, and drank himself stupid, lay upon a lounge, with the amber mouth-piece of his Turkish pipe between his fingers, looking on with dull eyes at the rest, and joining in with a loud laugh, whenever they had anything to be merry about. Another young man was paying his respects to his friend in the mirror, while another, who saw double, in attempting to take a comfortable seat in an arm-chair, had set down in the one which was *not*, and being too indolent to redeem his mistake, still occupied the floor.

Frederick could not deny to his own conscience but that he was a little more exhilarated than he had any right to be, but he felt very happy and bright. Sparkles of fun, gems of wit seemed to float upon the brim of his glass, and every time he sipped them down they rose to his lips again in a shape to make his friends' heads ache with laughing, and hearts with envy.

After the bride-to-be had been respectfully toasted, and the bridegroom had made a handsome reply, a thin youth with very light hair and eyes, and a kind of sarcastic curl-downwards of the mouth, sprang upon the table—

“My friends,” said he, “I want you all to do full justice to the occasion, as well as to the liquids for which the Club is famous, by getting as gloriously drunk as possible. Let us not have any of your half-way celebrations. The rules which were laid down by ‘Festus’ at his festival, will do for every such occasion as this—and that reminds me that I am going to have them painted in letters of gold and hung up in the arch yonder. But, as I was saying, the lady might be offended if it should ever reach her ears, that her lord saw fit to get only partially drunk in honor of so important an event. To make a sublime fool and a beautiful beast of one’s

self, seems the only rational and popular way of showing one's joy when something particularly good has happened or intends to happen. What would the Fourth of July be if the men it made free, did not see fit to commemorate it by getting gloriously drunk? When a friend is elected to office, how can we show our sympathy but by getting gloriously drunk? or elect a President—or welcome a new member to the Club—or bid farewell to one—or have a fortune left to us—or one taken away—without getting gloriously drunk? And what way so appropriate to show our respect for the young maiden who is our toast, as to get drunk in testifying our esteem? And, by the way, why should the ladies be debarred the privilege? I presume that it would be peculiarly gratifying to our fortunate and admired friend here, who for the last time graces our Bachelor Club with his inspiring presence, if he could learn that his beautiful Blanche was celebrating his expected coming in a similar manner with a few of her female friends. It would be a preparation eminently becoming before entering upon the high and holy state of ——”

“Down with him!” cried two or three, interrupting the speaker, who was saying all this in a sneering tone, but with a smiling face, “his sentiments, if

not his words, are opposed to the spirit of our institutions. Barclay Brown, you are forbidden to open your mouth again this night, except for the purpose of emptying therein such waste liquids as might otherwise 'die undrank.' "

Brown came down from among the bottles with a grimace, and remarking that it was easier to "Preach than practice," began pouring out a glass of amber-colored, aromatic sherry.

Frederick's soul was not so steeped in the pleasant wine-fumes but that he was conscious of its being jarred by the last part of the address; the idea struck him that the pure, delicate, and lily-like creature he so adored, would not be pleased to look in upon him then, and he wished the hour for him to withdraw from the room had arrived. Such impressions, however, quickly vanished, and did not recur until the party broke up, and he found himself walking home in the pure morning air, the stars looking down pale and reproachful, and Aurora blushing as if with shame.

"I will never be guilty of joining a married-men's Club, now that I am honorably free from this," he murmured, "such kind of pleasure is of a false and hollow kind, and I wonder so many of us young men are led into such extremes, until we make a dissipa-

tion of our enjoyments. Dear Blanche ! you must forgive me this, and your name shall never be writ in rosy wine by me again.”

It may be that the head ache he had, and the weary feeling of satiety may have assisted him to this good resolution ; and just as he finished his appeal to his absent lady love, his eyes being fixed upon the space her fancied image filled, he stumbled over an obstruction in the path and fell full length in the dust, which being damp, with dew, clung to his clothes, and gave him the appearance of being in a worse condition than he really was ; but it aided in strengthening his dislike to night-revels, and was therefore a lucky accident.

After a few hours of feverish sleep he breakfasted, and after completing all his preparations, and sending Jupiter to the depot with his baggage, he went to bid Rosa good bye.

She knew where he had been the previous night, and begged of him eagerly, earnestly, passionately, to tell her how Lennard conducted himself, and if the change which she detected in him, was observable in society. Her large eyes were fixed so searchingly upon his face, that he could not evade the truth ; he confessed that Lennard seemed like a

different man—was vacillating, irritable, capricious, and even dissipated.

“ Oh !” said the beautiful sufferer, closing her eyes with a deep sigh, and covering them with one wan hand as if to shut out thought with light, “ how gladly, how swiftly would I die, rather than that he should so change.”

The tears stood in her brother’s eyes as he tried to comfort her, and she soon rallied and with a patient smile sent her love, her warmest wishes to Blanche, and bidding him to return with her as quickly as circumstances would permit, she gave him the parting kiss, and was left to the loneliness, the sadness, the gloom of her sick chamber and her vanished hopes, while Frederick went forth, elate, happy, fearless, to realize his most eager and triumphant wishes.

And how lonely, how gloomy, that chamber seemed to Rosa for the next few hours, none but those who have passed through such dark places in life, can imagine. The sense of what she had suffered and what she must still suffer—of what she had given up and had yet to resign—of the fearful shadow which came all at once between her and sunlight—of the dreams she had, dreams, rose-colored and fair, contrasted with this dreadful reality—came even with wilder power than ever before, opposed by the happy

prospects of Frederick and Blanche—till her trial seemed too great to bear, and she prayed for death. As the morning rolled slowly on, the intensity of her agony exhausted itself, she grew too weak to feel so madly; and Margaret coming in, after her brother had left, found her so faint and pale that she was alarmed and would have summoned her father.

“No—no! Maggie, it is mental pain I have been suffering; otherwise I am as well as usual, Do not tell any one that I have been so foolish, but thinking of Frederick—and Blanche—and all—oh, Maggie, I have had a struggle. But it is over—past—the worst is past!” and after uttering other words in a weak voice, Rosa tried to assume a cheerful look.

“Lennard has sent Miss Barrett’s Poems for me to read to you this morning,” replied Margaret, turning away for a moment to conceal the sob which shook her at hearing her sister’s touching whisper; “but you are too weary, now. What shall I do for you?”

“You may give me my cordial, Maggie, and hand me those April violets Lily left, and then you may read. It will not tire me; perhaps I shall sleep.”

Margaret sat where she could sometimes bend forward and kiss the sick girl’s forehead, while she read the “Lady Geraldine,” in a sweet and soothing

tone, so full of the love and tenderness which she felt, that the beautiful poem sounded still more exquisite from her lips. Listening to her the invalid dropped into a refreshing slumber, the tears yet standing upon her pale cheeks like dew upon white roses.

And thus Margaret left her, to attend to other duties which demanded her attention ; for the young girl had daily more cares, and passed her life in a steady round of employments, and in adding to the happiness of those about her. Even Towser, when he had wounded his foot, knew to whom to apply to get it bound up, and came limping to our lovely house-keeper with a mute appeal in his eyes, as she came down stairs.

CHAPTER VII.

Charles Lennard had parted from Rosa. He was going to be absent from C—— for a year on business. He had heretofore lived easily and with no thought about providing for himself ; as he was the adopted son and heir of a wealthy uncle ; but this uncle began to dread the habits which his nephew was forming, and had offered him all the money that was to be made by it if he would go and attend to some affairs for him in a distant city. He thought that new occupations and associations would drive out of his mind the memory of his disappointment, and leave him more at liberty to make another choice ; for Mr. Lennard, senior, was not a sentimental man, and although he had formerly been highly pleased with the idea of Rosa Lee for a niece ; now that she was destined never to marry, he saw no reason why his nephew should not be happy with somebody else.

For a while Charles hesitated ; he knew his going away would be received at Maple Grove as a tacit

renunciation of all his interest in his betrothed, and though he had not heart enough to be true to her, he had enough to shrink from showing so plainly the change which had come over his feelings. Policy soon got the better of pity, assisted as it was by those regrets which kept him in a state of unrest.

He had been to bid her farewell. His manner was gentle, tender, sorrowful, and his words softened by affection and remorse; but Rosa felt the full meaning of his desertion at that time. But she urged him to go—approved of his going—telling him with sweetness that increased his own bitterness of self-reproach, that she hoped and prayed for his success, and that no shadow might fall again across his path.

As he walked rapidly back to town, he was followed in all his thoughts by those unutterably sad and patient eyes which were fixed upon him as he left her chamber. He was almost tempted to rush back and tell that pale invalid that she was dearer to him than ever—that he would never forsake her, any more than as though he had already promised before the altar to cherish her through sickness and health, for better or worse.

But that hardness of his nature which had heretofore given an appearance of firmness and coldness to his character, interposed itself, triumphed over more

noble impulses, and hurried him on in the worldly way.

Resolved to turn relentlessly from all haunting dreams of the past, he left C—— and its one pale picture “hanging in memory’s hall” behind. Two or three days of travelling brought him to his destination. Here the letters of his uncle introduced him at once to the favor of a large and brilliant circle, who exerted themselves to render the agreeable stranger at home in their midst.

It was still Spring, and those who had wearied of the dullness of Lent, were repaying themselves for forty days of quiet, by a little more gayety, before warm weather should send them out of the city.

Besides some quite magnificent parties which his new friends were pleased to make for him, he was constantly solicited to join them in rides, visits to picture galleries and operas, and in social gatherings. Among the ladies whom he met most frequently, was a Miss Evelyn Hubbard, a relative of the gentleman in whose family he was residing. At their first meeting the feeling towards her was one of repulsion instead of attraction. He thought there was something too assured and confident in her expression, and a want of candor and womanly refinement in her

demeanor. She was not beautiful, and certainly not plain-looking; her dress was in too good taste and her address too graceful not to prevent her being plain. Her hair was peculiarly fine, and her eyes—Lennard did not know whether to think them ugly or handsome; it was a great deal as she was feeling or talking at the moment. They were a dark grey with large pupils and long black lashes, which gave them often a dreamy and winning shade; and sometimes they were fiery and defiant. They were expressive—there was no doubt about that—too much so at times—for as she did not always have good-natured or womanly thoughts, they sometimes told too much of the story of her heart. She had accomplishments which she would create many opportunities for displaying, and then shrink back at the moment they were called upon with a modesty that was artfully affected.

She sang well—her admirers said splendidly! in a clear, rich, powerful voice that would have been at home in an opera, and as there was a slight touch of the theatrical in her manner, it added to the impression of her singing. She soon observed that this talent did not seem to impress Mr. Lennard as it had others, that he rather avoided the circle which was wont to gather around the piano when she conde-

scended to yield to their solicitations. She was disappointed at this ; for from the first moment that she had seen and heard of the youthful, talented, and wealthy gentleman who had come into her cousin's family, she was satisfied that this was the opportunity she had so long desired of playing her cards for a high stake.

Evelyn Hubbard was poor, and her own father and mother were coarse people, whom she desired to keep out of sight as much as possible, while she ingratiated herself into the good will of her more fortunate relatives, who bestowed upon her masters while she attended school, and fine clothes, now that she was in society.

She might have made her fortune if she had been a street beggar, she had such a wonderful tact in wiling from her acquaintances articles of jewelry, and bijouterie, and from her friends any coveted article of dress. She would fall into such ecstacies over the thing she desired, and be so passionate in her admiration of it, that it was impossible not to offer it to her, and to be rejoiced at the thought that one could make her so overwhelmingly happy by so simple a gift. Therefore Evelyn had been able to keep up as showy an appearance as any of the heiresses with whom she associated, and had had almost

as brilliant a constellation of admirers surrounding her.

But she loved luxury, and had a yearning after splendor. Of all the gentlemen whom the persuasive glances of her well-disciplined eyes had brought to her feet, there had as yet none offered himself, whose fortunes were equal to her aspirations, and being now in her twenty-first year, she felt it imperatively her duty to herself, to exert to the utmost powers which had gained by long use, upon this prize so opportunely thrown within her reach.

The only reason Lennard had for not liking her music, was that it called up painful memories. Rosa had been so fond of her piano, that he would gladly have never heard another note struck, if he could have prevented it.

The image recalled to his mind of that gay and artless young creature pouring out her innocent soul in warbling melodies, while her dimpled hands ran over the keys, which, wasted and wan, they were never more to touch, served often to drive him from cheerful rooms out into the lonely night.

Miss Hubbard had, by dint of careful inquiry, learned his previous history and his present position with regard to his former betrothal. It may be that she pitied the woman who had lost the chance of sc-

curing a treasure which she coveted, but it did not disturb her resolves that it was now for her to secure it if possible.

It became the study of her waking hours to please him. She adapted herself with tact to his tastes, and watched closely that the disagreeable part of her disposition was kept out of sight in his presence.

One evening she was at her cousin's, when there were no guests. The family was sitting about the room, reading and talking, while Lennard somewhat wearied with business that had taken up the afternoon, occupied the corner of a sofa, and did not enter as readily as usual into the amusing conversation she commenced.

Highly displeased by his reserve, she went to the piano and played for nearly an hour, the most brilliant and fashionable music she could think of. Suddenly she paused a moment, and began in a voice of sadness and sweetness very different from her usual powerful style, that old song—

“The last link is broken
Which bound me to thee.”

Lennard's soul had been in a tremble for the last half hour, and this last was more than he could bear.

He arose while she was singing, and passed into the tea-room, off the parlor. Here a window was

open, and he stepped out upon the balcony and leaned over the balustrade ; but the night air did not refresh him ; it was full of the odor of June roses which had just began to blow in the garden beneath, and every breath of sweetness seemed to him an accusing sigh, murmuring of Maple Grove and Junes gone by. He bowed his head upon his hand, and remained in a reverie for several moments after the last note of the song that Evelyn had sung died away.

“ Are you sad or are you ill ?” said a low voice.

He looked and found her standing by his side.

“ I am both,” he replied briefly ; then he regretted that he had replied so coldly, for her whole demeanor was kind, sympathetic, almost sorrowful.

“ I shall be grieved if it was the choice I made of songs, which has called up unhappy recollections.”

Her voice was soft and pitying. He wondered if it were possible that she knew of the dark day in his history, and observing her earnestly, he asked himself how he could ever have thought those eyes not beautiful which were regarding him so earnestly, softened by tears which the next instant dropped upon her cheeks.

She turned as if to conceal them. Charles began to hope that she did know of the past. It would

lighten his conscience to speak freely of his unhappiness to some one who would not blame him; and that Evelyn would not, was evident from the deep commiseration in her eyes.

“Can it be, Miss Hubbard, that you know of any reason why that particular song should affect me?”

“It is impossible that I should have observed your frequent gloom without knowing that some cross had been made for you to bear. Oh, Mr. Lennard,” she added impulsively, turning her face again towards him sparkling with tears—“I pity you! I pity you!”

She did not say that she pitied Rosa Lee. That would not have been soothing to him—she pitied *him*, and he was glad to hear that there was at least some one whose sympathy for him was not deadened by a deeper sorrow for the greatest sufferer. So he was led on to talk of the past, the present, and the future, while she listened with interest, deploring with him the past, but not as yet holding out any hope for coming years, except to say—

“That it would be wrong—ungrateful to the Giver of good, if he should continue through a long life to sacrifice the blessings of the present upon the tomb of old sorrows.”

They turned at last to go back to the parlor. Up-

on the table in the tea-room was a basket of cake, some fruit and wine.

“ You are pale and exhausted,” said Evelyn kindly ; “ let me pour out a glass of wine for you. You will take it from my hand,” she continued cheerfully ; “ for though I am no Hebe, yet I only give my friends good gifts, and I know that in wine dwells healing and heart-warming power.”

Her companion took the glass eagerly. Had Miss Hubbard known as much as his older friends the danger of such temptation to him, she would not have offered it for her own sake ; but she, too, was fond of the delicious sweetness of the wine, and liked an excuse for taking some with him. They drew a couple of chairs to the table, and while she dipped a piece of cake in her glass and trifled with some strawberries, he quaffed more than wine enough to bring the color to his face. She was surprised to observe him, but attributed it to the painful excitement of his mind. She would have been more surprised if she could have seen him, after he had walked home with her, return to the tea-room and finish the flask.

From that time Evelyn began to hope for success. Her parents, although they had not been won to any great affection for her themselves, yet thought it

possible she might make a good wife ; and anxious to have her "settled in life," did not throw any obstacles in her way. They spoke of her kindly in Lennard's presence, and treated her with more than usual attention.

The distance between Rosa Lee's artless and pure heart and Evelyn Hubbard's designing mind was too great for Lennard to measure. It may have been the simplicity of the first which rendered him unsuspecting of the last. The feeling of repulsion he had first experienced in Evelyn's society wore rapidly away, and was succeeded by an attraction which he explained to himself as the necessity he felt for the sympathy of a friend.

The summer brightened before him. He had no correspondent at C——— except his uncle, for Rosa had declined writing to him, under the pretence that she was too feeble for the effort of writing in her one wearisome position, and he had not solicited Margaret to write for her. The letters he received being of a brief and business like character, they did not retard his effort to forget his former friends. He was glad to learn that Miss Hubbard did not intend to spend the season out of the city, because he was prevented from doing so, and he should feel at a loss without her society.

While he was still very doubtful of the nature of his feeling for her, and comparing it with the love he had once cherished for a fairer being, a love did spring up in him, which he found himself each day less able to combat—a wild, fierce and wasting love, a passion against which he had struggled successfully when the peace and purity of his associations had given him a strength which he did not now possess. He was now among people who thought the idea of temperance a fanatical one, who would have been at a loss to complete their dinner without wine, and inhospitable not to offer it to their guests upon every desirable occasion.

Mr. Hubbard was a man who liked a glass of brandy and water after his dinner, and who sometimes concocted drinks almost as strong before he retired for the night. These influences soon became irresistible. His guest went on and on in this dangerous way, encouraged by those who, at his first coming among them, had rallied him on his abstemious habits. He was ready to linger as long as his host over the desert; and if he did not join him in his evening glass, it was because he was lingering in yet more fatal places, where youth, a convivial crowd, the solicitations of companions, and the thoughtless mirth of the many allured him on.

His uncle had not bettered matters in sending him from the restraints of home into the fascinations of city life. The circles into which he was at first welcomed, were not the only ones he now made merry by his presence. A number of young men, who had nothing to recommend themselves to him but a greater degree of wrecklessness and a more thorough initiation into fashionable vices, followed him with a persevering determination to attach him to their number. He was often ashamed to acknowledge the salutations of these friends when walking with ladies, or with Mr. Hubbard, who was as strictly aristocratic in his associations as he was in his faults.

CHAPTER VIII.

At the close of a warm day in June, a travelling carriage drove up the avenue at Maple Grove. It seemed to be expected, for Mr. Lee, Margaret, Lily, the servants, all crowded around at the sound—all but poor Rosa—to welcome home Frederick and his bride. What a burst of joyous welcome arose!

After the young husband had handed his wife out of the carriage, he abandoned her to the first that might greet her, and rushed about in his old style, kissed his father on the nose, squeezed the breath fairly out of little Lily, hugged Bridget, laughed and blushed as he received dear Maggie's kiss, and then away! He had vanished before Blanche had been released from her new father's kindly embrace. Where was he? ah, they knew! he had gone to Rosa, lying there on her bed, waiting patiently. Margaret and Blanche, and the rest, soon followed, and found them both in tears, but smiling, and looking very happy. The excitement of the occasion had called

up a warm color in Rosa's cheek and a light to her eyes, so that those who had been so long away could hardly realize that she was indeed a hopeless invalid. Lily had made a light wreath of myrtle and rose-buds, and twined amid the golden locks floating out on the pillow; and the etherializing effect of her long trials had been to give her the expression we imagine in angels.

"How like a beautiful saint or spirit she is!" whispered Blanche to her husband. "If Pierre should see her now!"

Pierre did see her. He had been in a second conveyance, with his valet, and his sister's favorite Coral, being content to ride alone one day, that being the only time they had employed a private conveyance, and had arrived a few moments later, unseen by any but Jupiter, who directed him to go up stairs. He had stolen in silently and stood behind the group, who were talking so busily, his whole soul absorbed in a rapt gaze at Rosa. She was the first who perceived him; and as she held out her hand with a smile of welcome, the impulsive Southerner, as he kissed it, came near going down on his knees, as he would have done to an adored saint.

"I think I shall be very happy now, surrounded by so many friends, and all so devoted to my com-

fort," said Rosa, looking affectionately around upon them all ; even then, though, came the thought of the one she had most trusted, who had soonest deserted her ; and a momentary cloud passed over her bright face.

When they all went down to tea, and she could not go with them, again she felt that her lot was lonely and hard to bear. They gave her not much time for gloomy feelings, ere they were all back in her chamber. Blanche had resolutely refused the pleadings of Lily to tell her about the wedding, the journey, or any other item of interest, until it could first be told in Rosa's hearing. So while the invalid sipped her tea and nibbled at the dainty food before her, with but faint appetite, the bride sat at the foot of the bed, more beautiful than ever, telling with charming diffidence the story of Frederick's arrival and Pierre's recovery ; and how he (Pierre) insisted so earnestly upon her marriage, that she had no further excuse to offer for its delay ; and how quietly, in the presence of a friend or two from a neighboring plantation, amid the weeping and rejoicing of her servants, they were wedded one fine morning, just a fortnight ago, and started immediately for the north. All the time, the tenderness which moistened her brilliant eyes told more than her eloquent lips.

Lily was eager to learn if she had been married in a real bridal dress, and veil, or in her travelling attire ; and was delighted when assured that a robe of costly white adorned with lace, which cost a small fortune, with a magnificent veil which swept to her feet in folds of misty richness, was prepared and worn, not because it was expected that it would be admired of a crowd, when no crowd was permitted to admire, but because of the beauty and purity of this time-honored and emblematic costume.

Here Frederick had a word to add, wishing that his family could have seen his Blanche in that dress ; going off into a flourishing panegyric of those “purple locks, dark eyes and glowing cheeks, shining under the mist of that flowing veil ; and how, when she stole upon his expectant sight, in that floating robe of airy white, so pale, so pure, he began to fear she had been getting ready for the skies, instead of for his unworthy self ; how he cast an appealing look upon the clergyman, to detain her if possible, by linking her to him immediately in ‘silken fetters.’

But the bride pleaded so earnestly to be spared any more of his eloquence, and the listeners laughed so gaily at his extravagance, that he was not permitted to finish his encomiums. Every incident of their meeting, wedding, and journey, down to the

loss of a carpet-bag, was listened to with interest. Pierre threw a sparkle upon the swift tide of conversation occasionally, but he was too deeply and sadly happy in being again so near to the object of his love, to care to trouble himself with words. Rapidly the evening glided away; twelve o'clock found them reluctant to part; and Lily, with her eyes open to their fullest brightness, listening to the talk as eagerly as if it were all a "Fairy tale"—an "Enchanted night's entertainment" it had been to her, and it was with a sigh she consented to go to bed.

The burden of pain which Rosa Lee had to bear was indeed lightened to her as much as human love could lighten it, aided by a confidence in her Heavenly Father's goodness, and submission to His will. Scarcely a moment of her waking hours was she left alone. Her chamber was a place where all who loved her delighted to be—a charmed room, whose precincts contained choice gifts, rare flowers, good books, and always some kind face—where no harsh word was ever spoken—where the golden rule of love and charity seemed for the time to be obeyed by all who entered in. The Lee family, although there were many anxious to honor the newly married pair by all kinds of polite attentions, had it understood that Rosa's illness would prevent their going out

often. This was no sacrifice to them, for Maple Grove contained within itself the elements of happiness ; of happiness too sweet to be disturbed by intrusions from the outer world.

They saw their friends at home ; those who had any claims upon their affection were admitted into Rosa's room, as if they were compelled to pass an evening or a part of a day in their parlors. The sick girl had her books, the dearest of all of which, her Bible, was gradually becoming, while frequent messages, or the prattle of her young sister, enlivened the passing time.

They did occasionally yield to her urgent solicitations to join some party of pleasure in rides, pic-nics, and other summer amusements.

At such times Pierre almost invariably remained behind. He seemed glad of an opportunity of exerting himself to please the invalid, when she would have to depend most upon him for amusement. He did indeed give her a great deal of pleasure. We have spoken of his sweet singing ; so soft, so melting so divine, just the singing for a sick room, and the delicate ear of an invalid. Hour after hour the tinkle of his guitar blended with his plaintive voice in telling a story of passion and fidelity which he did not care to speak in any less soothing way. Rosa

would often exert herself to sing with him, and at his suggestion, very much to her own delight, found that being propped up a little more by pillows, she could hold the guitar without it wearying her. From that time she took daily lessons from a teacher only too glad to be her instructor ; her piano was no longer so much regretted, and she improved as rapidly in this new accomplishment, as those do whose hearts are so much interested in what they learn. Her father obtained a beautiful guitar for her, so that she and her teacher gave concerts as they laughingly called them, every evening, to all the inmates of the house who chose to listen.

It was reserved for Pierre as some compensation for his devotion, to effect a yet greater wonder and delight than the teaching of Rosa to play upon the guitar. Although slight and delicate himself, and the current of life seeming to flow indolently through his frame, he had always possessed a singular power of magnetising those upon whom he was pleased to exercise this influence. He had long entertained a conviction, that if Rosa would allow him to place her in this magnetic state an hour or two every day, that her health would be greatly benefitted. So anxious was he to try the experiment, that he confided to his sister his impressions, and begged her to obtain the

desired consent. No one objected, though they would have smiled at his enthusiasm, if he himself had not impressed them with some of his own faith.

He tried this power with the most gratifying results. He could throw the patient into a profound sleep, in which she ceased to feel that continual, racking pain, which had disturbed even the short slumbers that she usually obtained.

The two or three hours of sleep which he first allowed her, were prolonged soon to several more and the relief thus had from suffering, with the additional vitality imparted to her out of his own strength, made life much more endurable to her. Her appetite increased, there was color in her cheeks, and from gaining strength to resist it, the pain she suffered gradually decreased. Her friends knew not how to be joyful enough over this improvement; but it did not satisfy Pierre, who consulted with her physician, and they agreed together, to try the effect of an electric shock upon the side and limb which were so severely injured. They communicated their plan to the family, who hoped and yet dared not hope for its success; but awaited with trembling the first trial. After a week of daily experiment, Rosa could turn upon her side and find some relief from the torture of one position; in a month she was placed in

an easy chair constructed for her, in which she could recline, and be rocked gently to and fro. The physician now gave it as his opinion, that by winter she might be able to walk a little, by the aid of a crutch, but she would always be a cripple. What did Rosa care for that now? She had resigned herself to a fate so much worse, that to be a cripple, to move around upon crutches painfully, seemed but small in comparison. She could get out of that room!—she could go out upon the piazza and see the roses growing, blooming, dying, the clouds speeding over the sky, and feel the fresh air upon her face—she could, perhaps, hobble out upon the lawn, and stand beneath the maple trees again—she could get about the house, slowly to be sure, and watch Bridget making bread in the cook room, and Towser frolicking in and out—the homely pleasures, the beautiful blessings she had been denied, she was to have in a measure again!—oh! she did not care for the lameness! if she was ever to be out of that room!

“Oh, should she ever be going

 Forth any more—

Forth, where the green woods were blowing

 Close by the door?”

She sobbed at the very thought. Even Pierre who seemed to divine almost her soul's secret mus-

ings, was surprised at the agony of joy she showed, so patient and uncomplaining had she been, while her case was considered hopeless.

All other interests were now absorbed in the great one of watching her daily improvement. The house seemed like another dwelling. Margaret went caroling about like a bird; Mr. Lee walked more lightly than he had done for years; bursts of laughter came up out of the lower regions where the servants were congregated; Fred tried in vain to moderate his spirits. Pierre changed more than all, except the invalid herself. All that was morose and fiery in his nature was subdued; he touched not the wine-cup; serene and quiet he lingered about, speaking sweetly to all, anxious to be kind to all, diffusing a look of contentment wherever he went. His praises, as harped upon constantly by Coral and 'Chesterfield,'—as the young men dubbed his dandified valet—in the kitchen, were not needed to make him beloved by the humbler members of the household.

It may be that Pierre, unselfish in his love and adoring Rosa with all that intensity of soul which made him both so fascinating and as repelling, began to have a hope that she would permit him always to remain by her side, doing all that a faithful friend might do to brighten her clouded hours.

If he had such a hope it was without encouragement from her. She mourned over Lennard's rapid desertion, and thought with a feeling of wounded pride, that he might have been less hasty in convincing her of the selfishness of his affection, but she loved him yet, and grieved for him. Pierre had not conquered love; she made excuses for him in her heart; if any one had told her that he was coming back, that she was to get entirely well, and he was to atone for the past by redoubled attention, she would have felt that she could not have trusted him enough to make him her husband. She would never love any one else, however, and she regretted that Pierre should waste his time and feelings upon her, when, even were she well, she could not reward them as they deserved.

Even more rapidly than they had allowed themselves to hope, Rosa improved. She sat up several hours each day in her easy chair, and being encouraged to the effort by her doctor, she one day bore her weight upon her feet. The thing next attempted was to step, and after two or three trials, she succeeded; proceeding steadily to get well, she soon could cross the floor with a crutch and the arm of a friend. She was lame—miserably lame—and it appeared impossible that she should ever be less so—but when they car-

ried her down stairs and she passed from room to room, slowly, until exhausted, she was laid upon the sofa, and permitted to rest there an hour or so, her gratitude was inexpressible.

They opened the hall door, as they bore her back to her chamber, and stood with her a few moments upon the piazza. It was just a year since she had met with her fearful accident. The frost was beginning to paint the maple leaves in gorgeous colors, the air was bland and moist, the sky a deep blue, purple upon its borders, the day, the loveliest in Autumn. Tears, fast and many, rolled down her cheeks as she gazed. A year since she had been borne over that portico! A year so long, so dark, and painful, that it seemed more than equal to all the rest of her life. When they laid her upon her bed in her own chamber, her strength was all gone. Pierre placed her in a deep magnetic sleep, and then Mr. Lee in a voice tremulous with emotion, opened the Bible and read a Psalm of thanksgiving, then sank upon his knees, offering up so earnest a prayer of gratitude, that even Frederick wept aloud.

During these prosperous days at Maple Grove, Lennard was yielding to the force of temptation and circumstance, and becoming rapidly more dissatisfied with himself.

“ Why should I try to resist a passion which is as strong upon me as life itself ? I have fought with it long enough ! *Other men do as I am doing*, and live to a good old age, respectable, and sufficiently contented with themselves. Youth is the time to be happy, and if I have been robbed of one kind of happiness, I do not see why I should not take up with another.”

The influence of a woman who is beloved is sometimes all-powerful to protect a man from the sins of the out-door world. Such had been Rosa Lee’s influence ; but Evelyn Hubbard, although he began to persuade himself that he had a great passion for her, seemed not to possess any such power.

She often kindled the fire with her own hands ; in hours of peril, the memory of something holy in her look, something sacred in her words, did not come to defend him. She was brilliant, bewitching, alluring ; but the thought of her was not pure and elevating. Her enchantments were not without success—she had her hour of triumph.

The day after his engagement to Evelyn, while the sounds of her sweet confession of love yet thrilled in his ear, Lennard had a letter from his uncle. He read the brief epistle carelessly, until he came to a postscript Mr. Lennard had been thoughtful enough to add—

“ He had excellent news to communicate. Rosa Lee was almost well. She could walk, although she was very lame, and he had heard she had actually walked down the avenue at Maple Grove without any assistance except her crutch. The case was considered a miracle. He had heard that Pierre Guyarre had some credit of the cure. He supposed his nephew would be for posting home, now, and he need not let the business he had in hand interfere with his happiness.

The young man threw the letter upon the floor. Old dreams, old hopes, old loves, rushed back again ! But it was too late ! Rosa Lee despised him now, and he was the lover of another. Soft memories flooded his soul of those past days

“ When his dream of bliss from morn till night
Was Love, still Love ! ”

Rosa Lee's face, as innocent as lovely, rose up in contrast with Miss Hubbard's, and for a moment he hated and loathed the girl who had excited in him a few hours ago a delirium of passion. But his first love was lame—very lame—and Evelyn was graceful and distinguished, was the cold idea which crowded upon the others. One was rich—the other poor ; one had reason to scorn him—the other worshipped him ;

aye, adored him? had he not seen it in her eyes, heard it from her lips only the previous evening? But when, in his long betrothal to Rosa had she ever made such passionate avowals? And again he hated Evelyn. He could not meet her again that day, or he should show the displeasure in his heart.

So Evelyn braided her hair, and adorned herself in vain; sat waiting with cheeks and eyes aglow with triumph in vain; pouted and speculated in vain. She was obliged to retire anxious and disconcerted without receiving even a message from him to explain his absence. While she waited for him, he sought composure in the wine-cup; after he had gained composure, he sought excitement; a night of wretched dissipation unfitted him for paying an early visit to his affianced; and it was not until afternoon of the second day, that her watching was rewarded.

He entered pale and somewhat sullen into her presence as with downcast eyes she waited for him to address her. Her blushing and graceful appearance put his moody thoughts to flight, and when in answer to his greeting, she raised her eyes, she thought he had been ill; and the tenderness, the earnestness with which she enquired after his health, and the cause of his delay in coming to see her, soon placed him again under the spell of the enchantress. He

begged of her to be gay, for business cares had worried him. It was not difficult for her to obey him; the success of her wishes had left her light-hearted, and her feelings were not likely to be so subduingly affected as to prevent a mirthful expression of them. She gave him an amusing account of an awkward gentleman who had called upon her that morning; her ridicule of the unfortunate individual being so delicately spiced with flattery of the listener, that he thought her an exceedingly pleasing woman.

He did not tell Evelyn that evening of the partial recovery of the young girl he had once been so much interested in. But it was not long before she heard an account of it, which from that time rendered her uneasy; she was afraid of losing her prize, and would have set ever so early a day for the wedding, had she been asked to do so by her lover. If he appeared sad or lost in thought, she was wretched; if any business or dissipation kept him away from her long, she was startled with the fear that he had left her. She had no reason to place unshaken confidence in his protestations, when she accepted them knowing that it was but a brief time since those as warm had been whispered in the ear of another and more beautiful girl.

Lennard's reputation as a man of the highest character, which he bore when he first went to the city, had gradually changed; until Evelyn was forced to see that she was engaged to a man whose habits ought to render him displeasing to any lady who was very self-respecting. She was ready, however, to pardon everything for the sake of the wealth and position to be gained; and possibly thought it even more distinguished to become the wife of a fashionable *roue*, than of a modest and dignified gentleman.

(Why is it that mothers are so ready to yield the hands of their daughters to those elegant bacchanals, and that young girls, themselves pure and refined, have no hesitation in trusting their life-long happiness in their keeping? Is it because they are actuated by a noble ambition to reform them, and have faith that their love has power to do it?)

As the autumn deepened into winter, and the fashionable world was all afloat on the tide of gayety, they had neither of them much time for grave reflection. They were engaged in an endless round of pleasure. Miss Hubbard was fond of shining in a crowd, and now that the rumor of her engagement with the admired Mr. Lennard, gave her more eclat than she had before enjoyed, she was at the height

of what she esteemed happiness. Late hours, suppers and wines, and waltzes, which she shared with him, and never disapproved of, were as good as a slow poison acting upon the mental, moral and physical constitution of Charles Lennard.

CHAPTER IX.

“OH! how beautiful! how like a fairy-land I wonder you could ever have thought Maple Grove lovely, after all your life dwelling in a place like this! It is a fit home—it is like its mistress—you seem made for it, and it for you!”

Blanche laughed at this lavish praise, and laughed again with pleasure to see the glow upon Rosa's cheek, and the fervor with which she clapped her small, pale hands together.

Frederick too, and Pierre, looked on delighted. The scene was familiar to them, and they were less attracted by it than anxious to watch its effect upon their beloved invalid.

It was the contrast between the season here and that in the State she had left, which enhanced the beautiful effect of that always beautiful spot upon Rosa's mind. Summer, or rather the first gorgeousness of Autumn, dwelt there in that October month. The brilliant sky and brilliant flowers, the balmy air,

the river shining blue in the distance, lay like enchantment over and around the home of the Guyarres. Magnolia-Vale had on its most magnificent aspect. The house, although built in that airy and low style appropriate in a southern climate, had not the rambling and unfinished look so common. It was of grey marble, and its light columns and porticos, and graceful wings and venetian windows overrun with roses and scarlet-creepers, gave it the almost fanciful look we dream of when reading of the Moorish palaces. Long avenues of lime-trees, delicious fountains, some modest statues peering out of leafy glooms, gardens of flowers, gardens of grapes and orange trees, and clusters of lemon trees with their dark glossy leaves shining out from more gay foliage, added all that art could do, to complete the paradise which nature had first planned.

“You will get well here—entirely well! I feel—I know you will”—murmured Pierre, pressing Rosa’s hand, then he with her brother lifted her gently from the large carriage and supported her through the avenue, to the sofa in the hall, where she could still look out upon the pleasant view.

At the urgent entreaty of the Guyarres, and the concurrent advice of her physician, the Lees had made up their minds to part with Rosa for the winter,

and allow her to go with her friends to a milder climate. They had guarded her so carefully from all discomfort and fatigue upon her journey, travelling only when the weather was the most pleasant, and going to every trouble to procure easy conveyances, that now, when she found herself upon the sofa, safe at Magnolia-Vale, she thought that she already felt stronger than when she left home.

“Come, darling, to your room, I wish you first to tell me how you like it, and then you must rest,” said Blanche, who had been to receive the eager welcome of her servants, and now hastened back to her guest. “My warmest desire is to render you contented and comfortable,” she continued as the lame girl leaned upon her arm, and they walked slowly down the hall. “So, if anything should not please you, it will delight me to have it altered to your liking.”

“You are kind, Blanche, too kind! Ah, what a charming room for an invalid like me. My friends do too much to make me happy—I do not deserve such devoted attention.”

The apartment which they entered was a large room off the hall, convenient to the dining-room and reception-parlors, yet quiet enough for the sensitive nerves of sickness. All elegancies and comforts were

congregated within it; but its chief beauty was the prospect from the three windows opening down to the floor and out upon a light balcony, where birds were carolling, and around which flowers were blooming, which Rosa had never before seen outside of a hot-house. From two of the windows could be seen the river rolling majestically on through a lovely country; the other looked out upon a wilderness of bloom—golden fruit swinging in and out of leafy coverts, purple grasses, rich roses, a low forest of magnolias which gave the place its name. This apartment had always been Blanche's favorite, but she had ordered it arranged for Rosa. She felt all the ambition of a young matron, in returning the hospitalities which had been so gracefully extended to her at the north.

"I do not hope to do as much to render you welcome, as I had done for me," said she, when Rosa had admired with something of her old gayety and enthusiasm, the arrangements for her welfare. "At least with such happy and important results."

"No," said her companion with a smile, "I do not think that you will find for me a lover and husband," she had taught herself to think of her past disappointment and future loneliness with a cheerful face.

“And still—are you not a little ungrateful—are you not hard hearted, Rosa, dear?” continued the young wife with some hesitation, but earnestly, and looking into her friend’s eyes, “I do so grieve over Pierre’s despair—and he has been so faithful—*his* love at least has proved itself to be real.”

“Don’t speak of it,” cried Rosa hastily, “I know it—I feel it all! he is worthy of more than a divided heart,” and her tears began to fall. “And I—so ill, so wretchedly lame!—he should not sacrifice himself to me, even did I love him.”

“If you loved him, you would consult *his* feelings as regards that,” was the somewhat sad answer. “But I will not distress you with any further talk on that subject, only you know how dear Pierre is to me, and how his troubles trouble me. I think that he would be satisfied with only knowing that you had forgotten somebody else. How is this lounge?—is it perfectly comfortable for your poor side?—if it is not, I shall have one made that will be more so.”

“It is the best lounge in the world, Blanche! It makes me sleepy to touch it.”

“Go to sleep then, and refresh yourself.” With a kiss the young wife left her visiter to repose.

“How do you like this little world of yours?” was Blanche’s next words, as she stole to the side of her

husband, who stood on a verandah, looking off upon the scenery.

“Of mine? how I shall grow selfish in learning to think this all mine. It’s a beautiful bit of property for a man to call his own, ain’t it, sweet wife?”—his arms were around her; and as he was looking straight at her, instead of the surrounding scene, Blanche Guyarre Lee blushed her reply.

“Where is that wonderful spring that is to do much towards restoring our sister?” he asked after a while. “Is it on your plantation?”

“Yes! down there beyond those orange trees. Do you see a little white temple overrun with moss? That is the bath house built over the spring; and we will have a chair upon wheels constructed, so that our darling will not have to walk. That spring really has wonderful healing powers: we might make our fortunes out of it, if they were not already made. It will be a good enough fortune for us if it restores Rosa, which I have the strongest hopes it will do.”

“I dare not hope it, Blanche, but oh! if it should!”

The very next day the trial was commenced which was to test the virtues of the water.—Four or five times a day she took a douch-bath, and was then drawn back to the house in her chair. The bath

not only invigorated her body, but the beautiful scene through which she passed to and fro, the balmy air and bright sky acted like magic upon her spirits. Her musical laugh which used to be so pleasant a sound to all her friends, again rung out with its old happy note, provoking the mocking-birds amid the orange-trees to answer its silver call. She could not dart like a butterfly hither and thither after the birds and blossoms, or in chase of Frederick, as she used to do, but her cheek was growing round and roseate, and the wan look fading from her eyes.

If Pierre's devotion could not touch the young girl's heart, he was at least to be prospered in all the means he proposed for benefitting her health. It was he who first suggested the southern journey and the baths. It was he who, now, as the rainy weather came on, had the long walk to the spring covered with a temporary roof, so that the out-door exercise and the douch need not be neglected. It was he who, when the invalid wearied herself with too much exertion, magnetized her into a gentle sleep. He was himself so sensitively formed, so delicate, that he could feel every change in the organization of another, and divine why they were affected and what would be most soothing.

"You must be well—you shall be well!" was his

every-day assurance spoken to the fair patient, who grew to think what he so courageously asserted must be true, and to look forward to a time when the painful crutch should be thrown by.

At the end of a couple of months, the chair was deserted. With the aid of Blanche's or Frederick's arm, Rosa could limp to the spring and back again. She walked all that she was able in order to exercise the injured limb.

During the wet weather, her improvement was not rapid ; but with the first breath of that early southern Spring, it seemed as if some magician had freed her with his spells.

Every day they could see how much better she got—how much easier she walked—how much straighter she could stand.

One morning she astonished them all by limping into breakfast without her crutch.—After that, they thought the work done.

They were contented to thank God, and to see her steadily hour by hour recover the old freedom of her limbs—to see the fair head and shoulders erect themselves with their own peculiar grace, and her little feet measure their slow but not awkward steps across the floor. She still suffered pain in her side, which upon some days was acute ; but this she did not

think worthy of mention ; she had no time for complaint—she was so inexpressibly grateful and rejoiced.

“You must not tell the dear ones at home how much better I am,” she warned them all. “We must keep back a little of the good tidings for a surprise when we shall see them.”

So the letters home were cheerful and promising, but they did not tell how the lame girl walked alone, going about wherever she listed, and that her hateful crutch was among the things that once were and now are not.

“You are as cruel as the grave, Rosalie,” said Pierre one evening in April, as he stood with Rosa beneath the lime-trees. They had been listening to a nightingale, and looking at the young moon whose silver crescent hung low over the perfumed grove of magnolias. “Cruel—cruel ! I have loved you when there was no hope—I have restored your health and beauty—I have proved to you that sickness and deformity did not make you less dear to me. And still you remember that cold, vain Northener, unworthy of your lightest smile. You have no pride, or you would be glad to show him that your contempt was equal to his falsehood.”

“Do not forget yourself, Pierre,” replied the

young girl, laying her hand upon his—he had been growing very angry, but yielded at once to the influence of her voice and touch. “I do not think I am very proud, it is true. I had rather be affectionate than proud. But I *have* a scorn for selfishness and baseness. If *that* will be any consolation to you, I am willing to tell you that I have not the least little spark of love left for Charles Lennard.”

“Then why will you not accept my love?” he spoke hastily.

“It is too soon, Pierre, the old passion flower may be rooted out, but there is a hollow in my heart now, where nothing new will grow.”

“And you will not even let me go back with you to the North? you condemn me to a summer of loneliness?”

His tone was so melancholy, that Rosa almost faltered in her resolution; his months of unwearied devotion, his tenderness and unspeakable love, almost caused her to think for a moment that the pity and gratitude which thrilled her were emotions of answering passion.

There were tears in her eyes as she answered him—

“Do you not think it would be best for you to stay away, at least a part of the season. We have

been in each other's society so constantly, that perhaps I may not be able to do justice to my own regards for you."

"If I thought that absence would render me any dearer to you, I would stay away forever."

Rosa laughed at this moody reply; her laugh was always sweet to Pierre, even when it mocked him.

"You are all going away in the morning, leaving me alone on this dreary plantation," he continued. "I do not think I can live so long; I am afraid that I shall do something bad."

"No—no—no! don't even think of that, Pierre!"

"But I always *am* bad when I'm left to my own impulses. If it were not for Blanche and you, I should be wild in a month. So you see how much is in your keeping, Rosa. It is for you to say whether I shall yield to my evil dispositions, or whether I shall remain this meek creature into which you have transformed me?"

"I am afraid that I am a little cruel to you or at least ungrateful," replied the fair girl, as the possibility of his giving himself up to despair suggested itself, "I think that you had better come to us in June, and Blanche and I will be good sisters to you."

With this little encouragement he was obliged to

rest content. The next day his friends were gone, and he was alone with the roses and nightingales in his Paradise.

Rosa succeeded to a charm in her plan of surprising her family. When those dear ones, more welcome at Maple Grove than the birds and breezes which came every Spring from the south, once more arrived, and Rosa appeared among them blooming and erect, their wonder was only equalled by their joy. Relatives and friends hastened to welcome and congratulate her ; it seemed like one long festival at the old family mansion.

In the midst of this pleasure and excitement, there came word one day to Rosa, which sent the blushes from her cheeks, and left her white and faint. Charles Lennard and his bride had arrived in C——. The shock was but momentary. By the ease with which Rosa conquered her emotions she was satisfied that she had conquered her affection.

“It is like his heartless desertion—this sudden wooing and winning of another,” she thought.

The next day after this news was Sabbath. Rosa had been home but a few days, and had not yet attended church. That morning the family were to go, and she with them. She expected to see the newly married pair among the congregation, but her

heart was as quiet as a star—*she* had no dread, no shame, with regard to meeting them. Must we blame our pretty Rosa, if she dressed that morning with unusual care? if she smiled back upon the reflection of her bright, beautiful face in the mirror, wondering if the bride's was as fair? if she wore the very shade of pink inside her bonnet, which a particular person used especially to admire! No! we are pleased to believe that Rosa, though a patient sufferer, an humble hearted Christian, is enough of a woman to have such thoughts and do such things, even while she was afraid that the tempter was making her a little wicked.

It was more than many of the frequenters of Grace Church in C—— could bear, without distracting their minds from their prayer-books, to have Charles Lennard and his bride, and Rosa Lee, all at their church, for the first and at the same time. First came the bride, and groom, and took their places in their uncle's large square pew; and had sat there long enough for the ladies all to declare silently that the bride was *not* handsome—no! not in the least, and the gentlemen to decide that she was interesting looking, an agreeable woman, perhaps, but a poor exchange for Rosa Lee! who came in with her friends and walked up the aisle to the large square

pew just facing the Lennard's. How beautiful she appeared that morning. Lennard saw her when she first entered the door, and could not look away, although he knew that half the people were gazing as eagerly upon him. Slowly, leaning on her father's arms, but without any perceptible halting in her gait, the maiden, still young, still lovely, the very Rosa of his first love, except that a shade of deeper feeling of past suffering, softened the once too brilliant beauty of her countenance ; she passed up the aisle and sat down facing him.

The blood seemed all to leap from his heart to his head, choking and bewildering him, and then to be driven back forcibly to his heart again, leaving him pale and faint, as she slowly raised her tranquil eyes, until they met his, and then turned them away as tranquilly. He knew that people were curiously delighting themselves with his embarrassment, but he could not prevent that flush and pallor, for he was not expecting to be so stirred by the sight of his old love.

He thought himself contented with his Evelyn. He expected to see a girl, thin and sallow and crippled, instead of the young creature who sat before him in soft and serene pride, those golden curls floating lightly out from the pale rose-tinted rim of her hat,

just as they used to glitter and float in those happy days gone by, when he, an ardent and earnest-hearted youth, set in his uncle's pew, and could not keep his mind upon the good pastor's sermons, because of those bewildering tresses and the sweet face which they framed. His hand trembled so, as he held the prayer book for her, that Evelyn looked up at him in surprise. Following his gaze, she, too, saw that exquisite face and form, met those clear, proud eyes, and guessed the truth.

Evelyn was too consummate an actress to make a display of *her* surprise. Nobody in church could have guessed when she saw the glances of the old love and the new meet, that the bride had ever heard of Rosa Lee. Yet was she greatly disturbed. *She* had never made Lennard tremble thus, *she* had not such a face as that, such a manner of blended innocence and grace—*she*—in short, she was jealous!

CHAPTER X.

WHEN we say that a woman like Evelyn is jealous, we know of course that her husband is miserable.

The object of Evelyn's ambition, a rich and fashionable husband, being attained, her restless mind and long-practised arts would not have had sufficient material to work upon, had she not seen fit to cherish a deadly hatred against Rosa Lee.

Her fits of coldness and freaks of temper were not calculated to increase her husband's admiration, or to make other faces less pleasing to his eye; the more she betrayed to him of her selfish nature, and of the true motives which made her marriage with him so desirable, the more discontented with himself and her he grew. His only refuge from all unpleasant scenes and feelings was, of course, the wine cup. He seemed hardly to need the stimulus of disappointment, self-reproach, and the fair image of a lost happiness haunting him, nor the consciousness of truth sullied, and principles disgraced, to add to

the burning thirst which had always haunted him, and never been subdued except when drinking from the pure waters of innocent delights.

To add to his other discomforts, Evelyn had seriously displeased his uncle; and that gentleman who had always loved Rosa as a daughter, and felt great grief at her misfortunes, now regretted more loudly than ever the state of affairs. That he should be growing ashamed of his nephew; dissipated habits, he ascribed with the blindness of prejudice, to the influence of his wife over him. He saw that she was vain and extravagant; and he resolved to tire her love of splendor by refusing the means to indulge it so easily. This was galling to Lennard and provoking to his wife; the former had never before felt any more hesitation in applying to his adopted father for money than he would have felt in addressing an own parent, but now, and with a wife, too, to be refused like a child! he swore it was too bad—but he was helpless. However, the senior Lennard had no thought of being parsimonious in his supplies; he wished to have them feel that there was an end, even to a fortune; and that they must be discreet, and make some effort to be agreeable to him.

Their purses were well replenished for a summer trip to the springs and sea-side; where Lennard had

the reputation of being a "little too wild," and his wife of being the most expensively if not the best dressed woman. Evelyn was in her element; an accomplished husband whose name and rank she could wear—beautiful dresses to display—handsome women to make envious—delighted amateurs to sing to—foreign Counts and Barons to waltz with!—She forgot all about Rosa Lee, until, her season of triumph over, the dissipated pair returned to C——, and her unoccupied mind returned to its former moods.

As for the Lee family, they had been far too happy and too comfortable to seek either happiness or comfort in crowded watering-places. The ice-house and dairy, the garden and orchard, the grove and little lake beyond, the free and fragrant country air, had supplied them with finer luxuries than they could buy at fashionable sources.

Besides, before the September peaches were ripe, Blanche had a new love and a new occupation which took up all her heart and time. There were loud pipings of a shrill and tiny voice, announcing a new member of the family, waking echoes long silent in that pleasant old mansion. Darling Lily was on the tip-toe of her delight all the time, hovering around a little crib, peering curiously at flannels, and lace, and embroidery, and the rosy, wee lump of humanity

rolled therein. Lily was an aunt! the eleven years old lady felt taller by three inches! yes, an aunt, and that baby was her own nephew. Was there ever such a baby? with such toes? and such hands—five little fingers for each! and it had eyes—and those pretty little curls just visible at the back of its head—no! the proud aunt was confident there was no other boy like that. It could cry, too; none of the inmates of the house doubted that, though to be candid, it was a healthy, fine baby, and cried as little as could be expected.

It was another instance of the peculiar beauty and tenderness of Pierre Guyarre's disposition, when not shaken by those fierce tempests of passion which were the more dreaded from the contrast, that he should so love the boy of his sister. The little fellow was as dear to him as to his father, and his love being more demonstrative, he treated the baby in a way that was sometimes beautiful and sometimes laughable.

Rosa Lee would have been more foolishly sentimental, and possessed a harder heart than ever beat in her fair bosom, if she had not been gradually won by the constant exhibition of such kindness and tenderness as his. It would have been an extravagant piece of sentimentality for her to have "pined away

and died" for a first lover who had proved so unworthy (and was every day proving himself more so) as Charles Lennard. Strange as it may seem, when Lennard saw that he had no power over her feelings, and that another was stealing into the place he once held in her thoughts, he was angry, mortified, and discontented. If he could have seen Rosa, pale and languid, avoiding men, and a martyr to his falsehood, he would have been much better satisfied. He hated Pierre almost as fiercely as that young gentleman once did him. When they were thrown into the same society, as was very frequently the case, he could not keep from regarding the young couple with looks which his wife was vigilantly on the watch for.

Pierre's home was with Mrs. Greenwood; and as Blanche and Frederick were to spend the winter at the north, and as his relatives all urged him to remain also, he was incapable of the self-denial of returning to his solitary home.

Mrs. Greenwood and a host of other fashionables, gave "brilliant" parties; several were made in honor of the Lennards; so that along, deep in the winter, Evelyn was resolved upon returning these compliments in a style of unparalleled magnificence.

The Lees being on civil society terms with them, they were included in her long list; and it was them

especially that she wished to dazzle with splendor. If she could rouse an envious pang in the quiet breast of Rosa, she should be happy.

She wore her most elegant dress and engaging manner—her rooms were beautiful and all her arrangements grand—she was certain that when the party from Maple Grove entered the room, and she saluted them with such gay gracefulness, and looked up at her husband so proudly and confidently, that it must be envy, jealousy, some bitter pang which struck down the bloom from Rosa's cheek as she turned away and was supported to a seat;—and believing this, she was delighted, her spirits rose, she looked as gay as her rooms did bright.

But she was mistaken! The pang which dashed the roses from Miss Lee's cheeks, was only a return of that sharp pain in her side, which often troubled her, and gave her friends uneasiness—the only lingering pain left of her once terrible wounds. A few moments rest upon a sofa, and it had passed away, and she was as blooming as ever.

Lennard too, had seen the change upon her face, and watched her while she reclined upon the lounge, hoping wildly, with a beating heart, that it was agitation caused by the circumstances which had so overcome her.

This pleasing illusion was destined to be dispelled before the close of the evening ; he chanced to overhear some tender conversation between Miss Lee and Mr. Guyarre, as they stood in the conservatory, (of course, it is always in the conservatory that such things are overheard) in which he discovered by the pretty plans they were laying of a "home in the South," "a villa close by his sister's Eden-like grounds," "oriental kiosks," &c., &c., that his hopes of interrupting their happiness were all in vain.

The consequences of this disappointment were, that the champagne which had been liberally provided for the supper tables, was so constantly sought by the host that some of his fair guests grew displeased with him, and a servant was called in requisition to help his master to some quiet corner of the house where he could sleep stupidly, while his wife, with flushed cheeks but undauntedly gay manners, received the farewells of their company. This was the bitterest humiliation Evelyn had ever suffered ; but perhaps she deserved it, having cherished such cruel wishes for the discomfiture of others.

She had her revenge upon her husband for it, though, her withering sarcasms and intolerable scorn not only drove him from her presence, but caused

him to plunge deeper into the stream which was bearing him down to ruin.

In vain his uncle remonstrated, pleaded, threatened; he had broken loose from restraint, and he could not bridle himself again had he desired. He had times of struggling and reform like all others, who, hastening down the broad road, pause at times to listen to the loud call of honor, conscience, shame, love, ambition, remorse—pause, and turn, and retrace feebly a few steps—and turn again to rush on more heedlessly than before.

The Spring-time saw a time of bustling and heard pleasant notes of preparation at Maple Grove. Bridget scrubbed and polished, and Betty baked and studied Mrs. Slate's Book of Cookery. Jupiter flew around with something of the speed of twenty years ago, Coral and Chesterfield talked over matters in a low voice at the foot of the stairs, and then Coral hurried up and fell to assisting Rosa, who was sewing quietly upon beautiful garments, while the valet walked off with a smile, having left the billet which he was commissioned to bring two or three times a day at least, to the young mistress.

Lily went peeping around, wondering what Betty was baking so many iced-cakes for, and why Rosa had had such a sweet white dress brought home—

Margaret was full of busy care—everybody wore a pleased and thoughtful countenance, as if about to participate in an event of great importance and joy.

One morning, when the May roses nodded in at the windows, this important event transpired.

“Happy is the bride that the sun shines upon ;” and it shone tenderly and brightly upon Rosa Guyarre.

It was not a year after this that the uncle of Lenard died, and there was no longer a restraining hand upon his wife’s extravagance or his own inclinations. The promise of his youth, his ambitions, prospects and fortune melted away. He was wretched at home, and desperately wild abroad. Evelyn experienced the bitterness of poverty, and the humiliation of having a *poor* drunkard for a husband :—as long as he was a rich and fashionable debauchee she could be proud of him—now she was ashamed of his meanness. Had she been a true-hearted woman, although her love for him might not have saved him, she might have saved herself, and occupied a noble position in the respect and sympathy of former friends. But she could not descend from the glittering eminence gracefully—she made an effort, and failed.

Being reduced by absolute want to make some ex-

ertion, she went to New York, and for a while got employment as a singer. But her voice, though fine, was not so splendid as to make her a successful rival of those already upon the stage, she could not wait to win fame and fortune by patience and discipline; her talents as an actress being better than as a singer, she went upon the boards of a theatre, and there enjoyed the applause, the admiration, the seeming surroundings of greatness, almost to her heart's content.

Lily had realized her Aladdin's Lamp dreams—she had been to the lovely South, and staid a year with Pierre and Rosa in their enchanting home. That we have not given the gentle Maggie a lover in this story, is not, that she was not worthy, nor, in truth, that she did not have one. But he was far away when the events occurred here related, and that he has since returned and that they are living with their father in the old family mansion, nobody probably but is glad to hear.

THE END.

ADELA LINCOLN;

A TALE OF THE WINE CUP.

BY

M. F. CAREY.



Adela Lincoln.



CHAPTER I.

"Oh ! woman, who in hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made."

SCOTT.

ONE pleasant summer evening a riding party stood before the door of a handsome house, in the quiet old town of W——. There were three or four young girls and their attendant cavaliers, and a vacant side-saddle upon a led horse, indicated that they awaited an addition to the group, while the quick stamping of the horses' feet, and glances cast

by the fair riders towards the door of the mansion, betrayed impatience at a somewhat unreasonable detention.

“How tiresome!” exclaimed one, but Adela never is ready. We should have appointed half an hour earlier than we really wished to go, to have ensured her punctuality.”

“The truth is,” said another, “Adela is spoiled, set up as she is as an idol; parents, brother, and an obsequious household, all deferring to her. She consults only her own convenience, regardless of the comfort of others.”

“The fault, then, must be in her training, and not inherent,” said one of the gentlemen; “I can never believe that such a gentle, lovely creature, can be consistently selfish.”

“At least ladies confess,” exclaimed a handsome young man, who had listened with great apparent interest to these remarks “that whatever may be Miss Lincoln’s faults, it is impossible to remember them in her presence.”

“Oh! yes,” said the first speaker, “you men are all just now bewitched by Adela’s beauty; but I should like, of all things, to see your patience exposed to the same trial a few years hence, when you are married men, even supposing you should

either of you, secure our peerless friend here, for a wife. Then, instead of this deferential waiting upon her pleasure, there would be impatient strides to and fro, upon the sidewalk, varied by sundry rushings into the house," and winding up with an authoritative, 'Come, madam, this delay is insufferable.' "

Before the gentlemen could enter a disclaimer, the door opened, and Adela came forth. She looked so charming, in her graceful riding costume, that the most impatient looks were exchanged for smiles of welcome, and, in a moment, the young men were off their horses, and had gathered around, eager for the honor of placing her on her saddle. She looked from one to another, in momentary indecision, and then, wilfully rejecting their outstretched hands, attempted to spring into her seat without assistance.

It was a feat she had often performed, in the wild days of her childhood, which had been passed in the country; but now, encumbered by the heavy folds of her habit, she bore with such force upon the saddle, that it turned, and she fell to the ground, with some violence, and was for a few moments insensible.

The scene which ensued was one of indescribable confusion. Adela's mother, who had been watching her darling from the door, rushed out with wild screams; the horses, upon which the ladies sat, rear-

ed and plunged with fright, requiring the utmost skill of their riders to restrain them, while one or two that were loose, dashed down the street, followed by a groom, and half a dozen idlers who had collected round the party. Among the young men, who impeded each other in their efforts to raise Adela's prostrate form, the one who had, just before, been so eager in her defence, evinced extraordinary agitation, and pushing the others aside, with some exclamation of despair, he clasped her in his arms, to convey her into the house.

Amid the tumult, the object of all this solicitude recovered consciousness, and, perceiving her situation, a deep flush suffused her face, as she haughtily disengaged herself, and rising, leaned upon her mother.

"Do, dear mamma, be quiet," said she, "I am not hurt," and turning towards her agitated group of friends, she laughed as she regarded them.

"Really, I am sorry to have created all this confusion, especially as I had already been guilty of an unpardonable delay; but see, the horses are all recaptured, and it is not too late yet for our ride."

But her mother and her friends protested against her attempting to remount, insisting that she would require a quiet evening, after the shock she had sus-

tained. Resisting still her mother's efforts to draw her into the house, Adela threw herself, like a child, upon the marble steps that led to the door, and declared that she would remain there until she saw the rest of the party off, as she was determined they should not lose their enjoyment upon her account. She carried her point, as she usually did ; she waived her hand with a smiling adieu, as her friends rode off, and observed with secret satisfaction, that all the gentlemen, as long as they continued in view, turned their heads, as if reluctant to lose sight of her. It was not until they had entirely disappeared, that she turned towards her especial cavalier, who had dismissed his horse, and stood, looking anxious and miserable, at her side.

“ Ah ! Mr. Carroll, are you there ? ” said she ; “ why did you not continue your ride ? It is a pity to lose such a beautiful afternoon.”

“ You know,” he began passionately ; but a look at her calm face checked him, and he approached her with a more subdued tone.

“ After your twice rejecting my assistance this evening, Miss Lincoln, I am almost afraid to offer it to you again ; but I shall esteem it an honor if you will allow me to support you into the house.”

Again her cheek colored, but she rose in silence

and leaned upon his arm, until he led her to a chair within the hall.

"I know," said he, "that I ought to leave you now to rest; but I cannot bear to go, until you tell me how I have offended you."

"You must have seen, Mr. Carroll," she replied, "that I resented your very demonstrative manner when I fell from my horse. If I have confessed for you a shade of preference over the rest of the young men of my acquaintance, I have by no means gone so far as to accord to you the privilege of an accepted lover."

"But, Adela," said he, appealingly, "you have allowed me to hope; is this cruel suspense to continue forever?"

"Oh! pray," said she, "do not renew that subject now, my head is beginning to feel confused, and I am not equal to the effort of a sentimental conversation."

"I should be the last person, Miss Lincoln, to force one upon you," said her companion, preparing to retire, with an offended air.

She raised her eyes to him, as he spoke, and smiled, and supporting her head upon one hand, she extended the other to him, with a gentle, "Good

evening, then, I hope when you come again you will be in a better humor."

He was at her side in a moment, completely subdued.

"Ah! Adela," said he, as he pressed her hand with ardor, "you crush me with coldness, only to bid me live again upon your smiles."

Adela Lincoln had the misfortune to be the only daughter of weakly indulgent parents. The darling plaything, in her infancy, of a brother several years older than herself, she had grown to womanhood, with no check upon her wayward spirit, but a naturally sweet temper, with which was mingled a strong vein of good sense. Flattered and caressed, both at home and abroad, her vanity had been fostered until it had become her besetting sin, and she sought now her chief gratification in the triumph, which her rare beauty and captivating manners invariably gave her, over all the men who came within the sphere of her influence. This thirst for conquest grew with each victory, and always bade fair to congeal into positive insensibility, the impulses of a naturally noble and generous heart. Among the many aspirants for her favor, Edward Carroll had obtained the ascendancy, so far as to win from her a concession that she preferred him to all the others; at the same

time, she assured him that she did not feel the strong regard which his ardent affection demanded, and until she did she would not consent to an engagement.

With this he was forced to be content; and while she encouraged abundantly the admiration of other suitors, he poured out of her honest heart, for her alone, treasures of love, which she neither comprehended nor valued. Perhaps, if Edward Carroll had attained a deeper insight into female human nature, he would have become aware that he had mistaken the way to a realization of his hopes. Adela, accustomed to almost universal supremacy, despised a too easy conquest, and would have been more readily won if he had kept her longer in suspense as to his regard, or had excited her interest by attentions to other women. But every thing like management was foreign to Edward Carroll's upright nature, and having once yielded his heart, he wished not only Adela, but all the world, to know that she was the object of his adoration.

On the day after Adela's accident, one of her young friends called, anxious to assure herself that she had sustained no injury. Adela, apparently quite well, and in the finest spirits, was reading a letter that she had just received from her brother. He had

lately graduated at college and was coming home ; a number of his classmates were to accompany him, not as his guests, but to sojourn for a few weeks in the town of W——, which at that time had a great reputation for the beauty of its women, the gaiety of its amusements, and for its society at once hospitable and elegant.

“ Will it not be delightful, Agnes,” said Adela, to have so many nice *new beaux* ?”

“ I cannot judge of their attractions before I see them,” said Agnes, quietly ; “ how do you know they will be so *nice* ?”

“ Oh !” said Adela, “ Frank endorses them, and that is enough for me ; they are his friends, and he says a set of fine fellows. There is one among them,” she continued, with sparkling eyes, “ who, he tells me, will carry all our hearts by storm ; well born well bred, and gifted with the finest talents.”

Agnes began to repeat, in a low tone, the words of Burns :

“ Saw ye fair Leslie ?
She's gone o'er the border,
She's gone like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther.”

“ If you mean that for me,” said Adela, with a conscious smile, “ your application is hardly correct,

as I have neither wish nor intention to go abroad in search of conquests ; but you can hardly blame me for taking advantage of such as come in my path."

"But pray, Adela," said Agnes, "what is to become of Edward Carroll when this paragon appears?"

Adela's brow slightly clouded.

"Really, I cannot say," she replied, "he has a fair share of attractions himself, and need not dread an encounter ; and even if he suffers an eclipse, he can but withdraw from the scene."

"But what is to become of his heart?" persisted Agnes ; "that is, I fear, too far gone to withdraw, and it is a noble heart, Adela, too noble to throw carelessly aside."

"You talk understandingly of men's hearts?" said Adela, lightly ; "you may know more about them, than I ; but for my part, I agree with Rosalind, that 'men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.' "

"No, Adela," said her friend, seriously, "I have no thought that even you could kill Edward Carroll ; but you have caused him much suffering, and I doubt not, there is more in store for him yet."

"How very eloquent you grow in Edward's cause,"

said Adela, somewhat irritated ; “ pray, has he enlisted your good offices in his behalf ? ”

“ Not at all,” replied Agnes ; “ but he is an old and valued friend, and I cannot bear to see him so tormented.”

“ Then you must have some closer interest yet,” said Adela ; “ if so I will resign him to you at a word.”

“ How magnanimous ? ” said Agnes, calmly ; “ yet, even were I disposed to avail myself of your very disinterested offer, I hardly think that Mr. Carroll would consent to be transferred. Come here, Adela,” continued she, rising, “ and stand with me before this mirror, and let us see what chance my outward attractions would have against yours. You are all light, and life, and bloom, and I—every feature plain, every tint sober, without even a pair of fine eyes to light up the dull blank of my face. Adela, can you deny that the portrait is correct ? ”

“ At least,” said Adela, “ I can remind you that your figure is beautiful, and that every one remarks Miss Temple’s stylish and elegant air.”

“ Do they ? well, there are a certain set of kind people who, when a girl’s face is hopelessly plain, endeavor to discover some fine points about her shape ; but I am quite sure that neither Mr. Carroll,

nor any other of your suitors, whom you may generously wish to transfer to me, would find me, even with my 'beautiful' figure, an offset to your captivating self. But, Adela, just one word more in Edward Carroll's behalf, and believe me, dear friend, it is your interest I have most at heart; you will never meet a man more calculated to make you happy; you acknowledge that he has a more than ordinary share of attractions, and supreme above all, is his entire devotion, without a tinge of selfishness or calculation, to you. This is rare praise for any man, but you cannot say that it is, in his case, unmerited; and you may find one day, if you reject his love, that you have cast away 'a pearl richer than all its tribe.'"

"Well, Agnes," said Adela, "you *are* a good pleader; but I will answer you as seriously as you have spoken. I do admire Mr. Carroll, and I think I rightly value his good qualities; I have told him that I prefer him to all other young men, and yet I do not love him. Indeed, I will go further and say that, at times, I weary of him; he is *too* devoted; he comes to see me every day, he joins me every time I meet him in the street, and at parties, you know, he is as my shadow. He does not give me time to miss his society, or to wish for his return, before he

is again at my side ; confess, that you think with me, that such constant devotion is calculated rather to smother interest than to excite it. It is not my fault if he will not be discouraged."

"Stop, Adela," exclaimed Agnes, "turn your face to the light, and let me look at you whilst I tell you what I have seen, when your admirers, irritated by jealousy or stung by neglect, have struggled to escape. I have seen your hand extended with a soft adieu, or your eye lifted with a deprecating glance, and then shyly withdrawn, or a smile covertly bestowed, or a flower silently offered, and all with such effect, that the poor victims, in a tumult of delight, have returned to their captivity—is this like discouragement? Ah! Adela blushing—guilty! guilty!"

"Oh! this is too bad," said Adela, laughing; "I am not in a confessional, nor are you my confessor; I will take care that you do not watch me so closely for the future."

"Ah, Adela," said Agnes, hanging around her caressingly, "give up your coquetry, make a nobler use of your really generous heart,—at least, promise me, that when these strangers, who have so dazzled your imagination, shall have come, and one, perhaps, has obtained an interest in your regard, you will can-

didly acknowledge it to Edward, before you engage yourself to another."

"Trust me, I will," said Adela; "but pray do not talk of engagements, it makes me shudder, as if a cold chain were thrown around me."

Adela determined to give a party to celebrate the return of her brother. All that taste could devise, or skill create, was to be put in requisition to lend enchantment to the festival. Frank Lincoln did not arrive until late on the appointed day, and when, after leaving his friends at an hotel, he joined his family, he informed them that the young gentlemen, after a reasonable time for rest and refreshment, would be presented to his sister among the earliest guests at her ball.

"I am glad to see, Adela," said he "that you have lost none of your bloom; I really want you to make an impression to-night; but, unfortunately, among the 'desirables' whom I have brought to swell the list of your admirers, the bright particular star either affects, or really feels, a total insensibility to beauty."

"You allude, I suppose" said Adela, "to the Mr. Lovel, upon whose various gifts you were so eloquent in your letters; pray, in what direction does his

fastidious taste incline, if beauty does not move him?"

"It would be hard to say," said Frank. "I have been with him constantly, and yet never could exactly find out what he admired in women. He is scrupulously polite to them, never fails in his *les bienseances*, when in their society; but when out of it, seems to put them away from his memory altogether. At one time, I have raved for an hour about the personal charms of some young girl we have been visiting together; and after listening, with a sort of indulgent air, to my burst of enthusiasm, he has acknowledged that he had not noticed whether she was tall or short, or had blue eyes or grey; and again, when I have been charmed with the intelligence or vivacity of some other fair, he has averred, with a yawn, that he could find better talk in a book at any time. And yet Lovel has none of the affectation so prevalent in our time; he does not aim at getting a reputation for unimpeachable taste, by admiring *nothing*, nor does he attempt to wither by his contempt, those independent beings who venture to judge a work of art or an aspect of nature, by the impression made on their individual sensibilities."

"Perhaps," said Adela, "he has been chilled by some repulse or disappointment?"

“Commend me to a woman for a romantic reason,” said Frank, smiling: “but you are out entirely. Lovel told me himself that he had never spoken a word of love to a woman in his life, and take my word for it he would hardly have met with a repulse if he had. I sometimes think that the secret of his indifference to almost everything that interests people, is laziness; he lounged over his books at school during the whole term, invariably late in rising, and behind time at every lecture; when only a few weeks before commencement, he shut himself up, read hard, and came out in the end ahead of us all.”

Adela listened in silence, while her thoughts were busy; here, then, was an occasion worthy of her powers; she did not doubt her ability to subdue this unimpressible gentleman, for with her, heretofore, to see had been to conquer; but now—how infinitely greater would be the triumph when the occasion was so difficult.

CHAPTER II.

“Fear ye the festal hour!
Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!
Tame down the swelling heart!
Red wines have sparkled fast
From venomed goblets, and soft-breezes pass'd
With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.”

HEMANS.

FULL of this anticipated triumph, radiant in beauty, and exquisitely dressed, Adela stood in her drawing-room, an hour or two later, to receive her guests. Her brother had gone to the hotel for his friends, and she was alone when Edward Carroll was announced. She resented his coming so early, as if asserting a right; and as he asked her hand for the first dance, she coldly answered that she had promised her brother to reserve it for one of his friends.

“They are strangers, you know,” said she, “and will require my attention until I can introduce them to other ladies.”

She hoped secretly that it would be Mr. Lovel for whom her brother would secure her hand. Edward looked mortified, and in silence presented the offering that he had brought; it was a purely white camelia, with its cluster of polished leaves; Adela's smiles returned as she accepted and placed it in her shining hair; it drooped over a brow fairer than the flower. Edward had not time to utter the compliment that trembled on his lips, ere the door opened, and Frank Lincoln, with half a dozen gentlemanly looking young men appeared.

Adela listened eagerly while her brother presented them by name; but *one* was wanting.

"Where is Mr. Lovel, Frank?" she asked, with a shade of disappointment in her tone.

There was a general laugh at this question, among the young men, and one of them exclaimed—

"Will you believe it, Miss Lincoln, when we separated this evening, to prepare for your party, Lovel promised to be dressed in half an hour's time, and when we were all ready we found him fast asleep. We roused him with difficulty, and left him with an hundred charges to be ready when Frank came for us; and when your brother arrived and went to his room, he found him in a second sleep as sound as

the first ; of course we would not wait any longer for such an incorrigible fellow."

" But he will come yet ?" asked Adela anxiously.

" Oh yes ! he will come after a while ; he is desperately afraid of being impolite, and when he saw Frank he was full of apologies, and promised to follow us directly. I must add, however, Miss Lincoln, that if Lovel has a weakness, it is to be considered the best dressed man among us, and he never was known to hurry himself in his life."

Adela was thoroughly annoyed, but she was too well bred to show it. Fresh arrivals now demanded her attention, and she had time to introduce her brother's friends to the most desirable young ladies, to dance with one or two, and to talk a little to them all, before the recreant Lovel appeared. He had approached, with Frank, quite to the spot where she stood, during a pause in the dance, before she was aware of his arrival ; but she could not have chosen a more favorable moment for making an impression. The unstudied grace of her attitude revealed her fine figure in one of its best aspects, and

" On her cheeks the dies
Were yet warm with the dance's exercise."

She started as her brother named Mr. Lovel, but immediately offered her hand with an *empressment*

which would have driven to frenzy some of her young adorers ; and Edward Carroll, who stood near, noticed, with an inward pang, her sparkling eyes and animated tones, as she addressed the stranger. But, although Adela brought to bear upon Mr. Lovel the whole battery of her charms, she had the mortification to perceive that he did not seem in the least bewildered. After dancing once with him, she walked, leaning on his arm, through the rooms, and asked him, smilingly, to indicate which of the lovely girls around them, she should introduce him to. He entreated her to spare him the trial of making a choice ; but she insisted, and he, at length, pointed out her friend, Miss Temple, who was sitting, with some elderly ladies, at a little distance.

“ There,” said he, “ is a young lady who has a very benevolent aspect ; and besides, she does not seem to have a partner for the quadrille just forming.”

Adela could scarcely conceal her surprise ; for, though she fully appreciated Miss Temple’s valuable qualities, as a sensible and excellent woman, she knew that she was decidedly plain, and without even the young, fresh, look which usually attracts the regards of the other sex. She had, however, the generosity to say, as she approached, “ Agnes, Mr.

Lovel desires the honor of your acquaintance ; for she knew that Miss Temple steadily resisted any attempt, on the part of her friends, to secure for her the attentions of gentlemen who had not really asked for an introduction. Adela would gladly have remained near, to have observed, whether Mr. Lovel would maintain, in conversation with Agnes, the same calm and rather grave exterior that had so surprised her whilst she had lavished her smiles upon him ; but her presence was required elsewhere, and it was not until the close of the evening that she again encountered him. He had danced more than once with Miss Temple, and had remained at her side until he resigned her to another partner, and had finished the evening in conversation with Mrs. Lincoln and one or two other matrons who sat with her in a quiet corner.

Adela assisted her friend in arranging her wrappings, as she bade her good night.

“What did you think of Mr. Lovel, Agnes?” she asked.

“I think him the most elegant man I ever saw,” said Agnes. “He is fluent in conversation, and very agreeable.”

Adela paused a moment ; she was dying to know whether Mr. Lovel had spoken of her to Agnes.

She hesitated to expose her weakness, even to her most intimate friend ; but, finally, curiosity got the better of discretion, and she whispered—

“ Did he say anything to you about me ? ”

Agnes looked at her steadily.

“ I am sorry to disappoint you,” she said, “ if you are expecting a tribute to your charms, but he really did not once mention your name.”

Adela’s cheeks tingled, and she experienced, for the first time, a vague dread of a discomfiture, which had not entered into her calculations.

The advent of so many distinguished young men gave an impulse to the gayety of the town, which had somewhat languished during the heat of summer. Innumerable were the parties by night, and rides and excursions by day, to the numerous beautiful localities which surround the town of W——. In all these amusements Adela took a prominent part, and was constantly brought into contact with Lovel ; but, though she continued to exercise upon him all the arts of pleasing, in which she was so eminently versed, he manifested no farther sensibility to them than the demands of courtesy required, and on all occasions divided his attentions equally between her and any other young ladies who happened to be in company with her. If Lovel had any designs upon her heart,

he could not have taken more effectual means to promote them. His strange indifference to her fascinations, which previous success had taught her to consider all-powerful—his abstraction when not required, by politeness, to converse with her—and the readiness with which he yielded his place at her side when any other approached, created in her an anxious interest; and, in proportion as her hope of captivating him fell, her estimate of his attractive qualities rose, until she could no longer say that she preferred Edward Carroll to all others.

While Adela was in this state of suspense her heart disturbed by the dawning of an emotion which she did not yet understand, Frank Lincoln arranged a dinner party for his college friends, and Adela selected a few of the loveliest and most charming of her young associates to assist her in making it an agreeable one. Beautiful flowers and delicious fruits adorned the table; viands, the most *recherche*, were served, to tempt the appetite, and choice wines flowed freely, and with rather too palatable an effect upon the young men, who were already sufficiently bewildered by the beauty of their fair companions. Adela's spirits, which had lately suffered a slight check, on this occasion shone out with renewed animation, and gave a tone to the conversation. It was a moment

of unreserve, and many jests were passed upon each other by the young collegians, and allusions made to former revels, in which they had been betrayed into a forgetfulness of their self-respect; and to these jests and allusions—because they were in refined phrase, and had only a bearing upon some slight lapse in temperance—the young ladies listened with smiling looks, unmindful of the mighty moral power that they might have exerted by their marked discouragement and disapproval.

Amid all this exhilaration, Edward Carroll had quietly rejected the wine each time that Frank had sent it to him.

“Why do you not drink to-day, Mr. Carroll,” said Adela, who sat next him. “I know you are bound by no pledge. Are you adopting this severe abstinence to reprove us all for our frivolity?”

“Pardon me, Miss Lincoln,” said Edward; “I was only indulging a disinclination to wine, which I hoped would attract no attention. I certainly never aspired to the dignity of a censor.”

Adela’s attack drew the attention of the rest of the company upon Edward’s empty glass, and every effort, consistent with good breeding, was made by the young men to induce him to drink, but without effect. Without any affectation of austerity, he resisted

their efforts, until they were fairly foiled by his firmness. At length Adela, willing to show her power over him, caused two goblets to be filled with champagne, and, taking one herself, extended the other to him.

“You are the only gentleman at the table who has not taken wine with me to-day, Mr. Carroll, and you will surely not refuse me now, when I anticipate your dilatory attention?”

All eyes were fixed on Edward now; but he saw only Adela's slender fingers clasping the foaming glass—her soft, entreating eyes—her crimson, parted lips; heard only the thrilling tones of her voice. For a moment he wavered, and half raised the goblet to his lips, when a triumphant laugh from some one near arrested him, and, putting the glass aside, and bowing his head to Adela, he faltered forth an excuse.

Cries of “Shame! shame! Carroll!” resounded from the young men; while Lovel, who was on the other side of Adela, leaned forward, and, asking her permission, seized and drained the brimming cup.

Adela rose now to leave the table, and the gentlemen accompanied the ladies to the drawing-room. As they stood in groups, before dispersing, some one pro-

posed music, that, amid its "sweet harmonies," the evening might close.

"If you could only induce Lovel to sing," said Frank. "But he is the most impracticable fellow ——"

"Oh! does Mr. Lovel sing?" exclaimed the young ladies, in a breath.

"He does sing divinely," answered one of his companions; "but he will not sing, except on rare occasions."

"And what are those occasions?" asked one of the fair listeners.

"I must not tell," said he, with a laugh; "and Frank will get a scolding for letting out the secret of his singing at any time. But I do wish you could hear him sing 'One bumper at parting.'"

Lovel was exercising all his ingenuity in evading the solicitations of some of the young ladies, when Adela approached.

"I have been so unsuccessful once to-day," said she, with a glance towards Edward Carroll, "that I hardly dare to urge another request; but Mr Lovel must know how happy we should be to hear him sing."

Lovel did not feel at liberty to refuse Adela in her own house, and, with grave propriety, consented to

sing, upon condition that she would play him an accompaniment. Adela was enchanted; the eagerness with which he had drank the wine rejected by Edward Carroll had soothed her wounded vanity, and here, she thought, was another instance in which he had been moved by her influence. She took her place at the piano, and Lovel leaned against the wall, with his face towards her, and began to sing; and, as the liquid, impassioned notes poured through the room, every heart thrilled beneath their power. There was a strange pathos in his tones, and, as his voice lingered on the last lines of the song, Adela ceased to accompany him. Instead of her fingers, her elbow pressed the keys, her cheek rested upon her hand, and her upraised eyes, fixed upon Lovel's face, glistened with unshed tears. Lovel's eye fell as he ceased to sing, and encountered Adela's. In a moment her cheek and brow were suffused with a crimson flush, and her trembling lips refused to utter the compliment she would have offered. Lovel would have been blind indeed not to have perceived her emotion, and colder than death to have beheld it unmoved.

Adela felt that the time had come when she must crush the hope which she had so long allowed Edward Carroll to cherish, and she detained him now, upon some pretext, after the others had departed. The

tumult that stirred her heart enabled her better to comprehend the pain that she was about to inflict, and her voice softened into kindness as she began :

“ I have something of importance to say to you, Edward —— ”

She hesitated, too much embarrassed to proceed, and lifted her eyes to his face. He was very pale, and was regarding her with a fixed look, as if he would have read her soul. She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears. Edward seized her hand and exclaimed :

“ Oh ! Adela, I thank you for those tears. Do not suppose that I do not know all that you would say. For days past I have marked you as you have yielded to a passion of which I was not the object. I have loved too truly myself not to read aright the varying emotions that were painted on your expressive face. But I thank you for those tears : they prove to me that you are not a mere coquette ; that you have not drawn me on, and kept me at your feet, merely to trample on me —— ”

“ Edward,” interrupted Adela, “ I do not deserve such kindness ; I have trifled with your regard.”

“ I have loved you,” he continued, “ with an ardent love, but I have loved in vain. I would have devoted my whole existence to you ; but the cold

preference which you once confessed for me is swallowed up in an absorbing feeling for another. Tell me, Adela, is it not so?—or am I blinded by jealousy, and can you yet be mine?”

“I can never be yours, Edward,” said Adela, in a low voice.

“I knew it,” said Edward; “but I felt that I must hear it from your own lips. I shall have a hard struggle, Adela, but you shall see that I will bear it manfully. I will not withdraw from the world, but I will strive to seek relief in attending more closely to the duties of my profession. I have neglected every duty, I fear, in the sweet intoxication that has steeped my senses since I knew you. And now that my brief dream is past, may I not call you my friend?”

“Oh! always, Edward—the truest, warmest, best!” cried Adela, as her tears again flowed; and she felt in losing him, a sense of his value she had never known before.

“Adela,” said Edward, after a troubled pause, “in view of this friendship, of which you so sweetly assure me, I am going to take what would otherwise be an unwarrantable liberty. I would warn you ——”

Adela started.

“How! *warn* me, Edward!”

“Adela, do you remember how you tempted me at dinner? Oh! you were wrong—so wrong! Do you remember, too, how pleased you were when Lovel seized and drained, with eager haste, the glass that I refused? You thought it a tribute to you; but he *loves the wine*. Night after night, when you have parted from him and his gay companions, after some late gathering, have they adjourned to their hotel; not to sleep, but to keep up a noisy revel until morning. In these convivial circles Lovel is the presiding genius—drinking, not to excess, but enough to give a fearful premonition of what may be his future fate—charming by his conversation, which flows then with a spirit of which those who have seen him only in calmer moments can have no conception, and lending the enchantments of his voice to some of those melodies in which a halo of exquisite sentiment is thrown around the wine-cup, to hide its real, hideous deformity.”

“Stop!” exclaimed Adela. “You must surely exaggerate, Mr. Carroll; you have such strict notions about drinking. My brother ——”

“Alas!” interrupted Edward, “I fear that Frank does not look upon such excesses with the horror that he ought to feel; but oh! Adela, it is of you I think;

I would save you if I could. I have no idea that you will tear Lovel from your heart ; I do not ask it ; but I entreat you to endeavor to influence him, before you bind yourself to him for life. Make it a condition of giving him your hand, that he shall abandon his habit of drinking, and put him upon a probation until he proves that he can govern himself. Believe me, a woman has far more influence over her lover than she will ever have over her husband."

"You show your generosity, Edward," said Adela, "in your anxiety for my happiness, and I am grateful to you for it ; but I can make no promise.—Indeed, I should be premature in doing so, as Mr. Lovel has never made me an offer of marriage, or in any way led me to suspect that such was his intention. I was induced to have an explanation with you," continued she, blushing painfully, "not by anything that Mr. Lovel has said, but by discovering that I did not, nor ever could, cherish for you the feelings which your own warm and disinterested affection demanded."

From this time Lovel seemed gradually to awake to a perception of Adela's attractions ; a thousand nameless assiduities, which he had not extended before, caused her heart to glow with the hope that she was beloved. He prolonged his stay, after his college

friends had left for their respective homes, and accepted an invitation from Frank to accompany the family to a country seat which they had, a few miles from town. They were absent only a few weeks; and when they returned, Lovel was the declared and accepted lover of Adela.

In the excess of her happiness, Adela forgot Edward Carroll's warning, or if she remembered it, it was with a sigh at the thought that his jealousy had so prejudiced him. She had seen, from childhood, that her brother, and nearly all the gentlemen who visited at her father's house, partook freely of wine, and often of stronger liquors, and that an occasional excess among them was regarded rather as a matter of amusement than as an evil to be deplored.

Adela's marriage was celebrated as soon as the necessary preparations could be made, and it was arranged that she should remain a month or two after the event with her parents, before accompanying her husband to his home.

Lovel's mother, his only near relative, resided on a plantation in one of the lower counties of Virginia, which he had inherited from his father, and managed and controlled the estate in the absence of her son. She sent to Adela messages of love and congratulation, and promised to have her home in readiness

when the few months she had promised to her parents should have elapsed. She would then, she said, resign her charge, and remove to a small estate which was exclusively her own property, in a distant part of the same county. Adela looked forward with some dread to entering upon an untried sphere of life, the responsibilities of which, she feared, she was not fitted to encounter ; but this uneasiness did not last long, and she gave herself up to the unalloyed enjoyment of the present. Society had lost none of its charms, and her husband was always ready to accompany her to those scenes of frivolity, where she had not yet lost the importance which she had enjoyed as a flattered belle, and where he was always admired for his high-bred manners and agreeable conversation. Adela discovered that her husband's tastes were elegant and luxurious, but, in her mother's well-ordered house, it was an easy matter to minister to them ; and, though she saw that he lounged in perfect indolence through those hours of the day usually employed by men in active exercise, either of mind or body, she was too well pleased to have him constantly with her to regret the cause which procured her the pleasure of his society.

CHAPTER III.

“ Her lot is on you, silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering’s hour,
And sunless riches from affection’s deep,
To pour on broken reeds, a wasted shower !
And to make idols, and to find them clay—”

Hemans.

It was about sunset on a lovely April day, that Lovel pointed out to his wife, her new home ; the carriage in which they travelled had been drawn up, for a few moments on the top of a hill, and Adela gazed with delight upon the scene which met her view. Her husband’s plantation was an extensive one, and lay directly before them ; the house, which stood on a gentle slope was antiquated in style ; but the steep roof and long piazzas were covered with climbing vines, and all the usual out-buildings, and the cabins of the negroes which stood at a little distance from the mansion, were of snowy whiteness, and contrasted

well with the vivid green of the fine forest trees which were scattered among them. There was a garden on one side with large green mounds, and a number of fruit trees in blossom, interspersed among the flower and vegetable beds. On every side, the useful and the ornamental seemed to be blended with taste and discretion, and the whole formed a picture suggestive of comfort and enjoyment. The chief beauty of the scene was a creek which nearly encircled the plantation ; it was so wide as to resemble a lake, the setting sun shone across it, and a few fishing boats with snowy sails were moving over its glancing waters.

“ You see, my dear Adela, we will have to live for each other here,” said Lovel, “ the few neighbors that we have, live among those hills which we have just toiled over ; the small stream which we just crossed separates us from them, and in the winter season swells to a great height, and can only be forded at a great risk. What should I do here without you ? If you had not consented to share my fate in this solitude, I should have been tempted to sell the whole estate, beautiful as it is, and though it has been in the possession of my family for nearly an hundred years.”

Adela was too much in love to believe it possible

that any place could be a solitude, where her husband was.

Lovel's mother was in every respect the opposite of her son. She was an active, energetic woman, with a mind quick to conceive, and a will strong to execute. She had been left a widow when her only son was almost an infant; during his long minority she had held indisputable sway over his large and valuable property, and now that she was about to yield it up to his control, she insisted that he should accompany her over, and inspect every portion of it. On every side were the evidences of constant care and judicious management. Under her wise rule the yearly sales from the plantation had procured a handsome sum; but as this was the only source from which her son's income was derived, she strove to impress upon him, that he could only through unceasing watchfulness and self-exertion, reap the profits that she had so long and so abundantly gathered for him. Lovel's childhood and youth had been passed at home; he was a bright, intelligent boy, and his mother's constant companion. She had then instructed him thoroughly in all the details of her admirable management. He had been absent at college for several years, and had returned to her now, an elegant and accomplished votary of indolence; who, for the few

exertions that he did make, was in the habit of using a daily stimulus, which only wanted an opportunity to increase in strength and quantity.

Lovel's mother was now anxious to remove to her future residence, but Adela entreated her to remain, at least, long enough to initiate her into the mysteries of housekeeping. Adela had an abundance of energy, and with a facility, with which many women apparently change their whole nature after marriage ; she, who had been so lately a glittering ornament to the society of a gay city, applied herself to the multifarious duties of her new station. The servants were well trained and obedient, but had been always accustomed to depend upon a directing mind, and she found full occupation in guiding them through the routine of each day's employment, and when her mother-in-law left her at the end of a few weeks, it was with the smiling assurance that she had been such an apt scholar that there was nothing more to teach her.

For several months, Adela's life was one of perfect enjoyment ; her husband continued kind and devoted ; walked and rode with her every day through the beautiful country around them—sang with his delicious voice in the still evenings, and read to her, or directed her taste in a choice collection of books, which he had brought with him to the country, and

showed an affectionate interest in all her pursuits. In these occupations her mind improved and her tastes became more elevated, and by almost imperceptible degrees, she awoke to the perception that life had nobler aims, and more satisfying joys, than she had ever discovered in the frivolous career which she had pursued before her marriage. At times, she regretted that her husband had not assumed the active superintendence of his property that his mother had recommended; but when she would confide to him this regret, he would only laugh at her zeal as such a famous manager, and propose that she should take all the responsibility off his hands. Only now and then, a vague fear would cross her mind that he lingered too long over his wine after dinner; but when he would rejoin her, still the same self-possessed and refined gentleman, with no change that was apparent, except, perhaps, a brighter light in his eye, or a deeper glow on his cheek, she would shake off the feelings and forget it, almost as soon as it was formed.

When winter, with its chilling airs came on, Adela with her husband returned to her early home on a visit to her parents. She felt a pang at the thought of her former coquetry, when Edward Carroll, among other friends, came to see her. He was paler and

thinner than when she had last parted with him ; but his manner was cheerful and entirely unembarrassed, and she heard afterwards, with pleasure, that he had already attracted attention by his ability in his profession, and that through his untiring application, it was likely to be a pathway both to fame and fortune.

The time allotted by Adela for her stay, was drawing to a close, when Lovel accepted a proposal of Frank Lincoln's to visit with him, some of the northern cities. They were to be absent only a few weeks, and they both urged Adela to accompany them ; but she decided to remain with her parents.

"You had better come with us, Adela," said Frank, playfully, as he bade her good bye !—"I fear Lovel will get sadly out of training by the time he comes back. He is no doubt tired of playing the attentive husband by this time, and will return with renewed zest, to the freedom of his bachelor days."

"You are not afraid to trust me, are you, Adela?" said her husband, as he held her in a parting embrace.

"Trust you!" exclaimed she, drawing back from his arms, and smiling up into his face with a confiding look, that said more than the words.

Lovel's letters were frequent, and described most agreeably the various objects of interest which he

met during his absence. He wrote from New York that Frank had been induced to prolong his stay, by meeting some of his old college friends; but that he would be at home at the appointed time. Adela looked forward to her husband's return with emotions of the purest joy; she had scarcely realized how intensely dear he was to her heart, until he was separated from her. She had watched for him on the day of his return, and flew to meet him as he entered the door. She had felt as if the light of her eyes had been taken from her while he was gone, and now she could not look at him enough. But as she gazed, she became conscious that some change had taken place in his appearance, which she could not define. She dreaded that he had been ill until he assured her to the contrary. He was paler, certainly, and his face had a worn look, which, though she could not understand it, struck a chill to her heart—lately so glowing in the joy of re-union. During the few days that now elapsed, before the time appointed for her return to her home, she observed that her husband regained his usual appearance, and, attributing the change she had noticed to the fatigue of his journey, she ceased to feel any uneasiness about it.

On the day before the one fixed for their departure, Lovel accepted an invitation to a party ex-

clusively for gentlemen. It was given by an old acquaintance of Adela's, and she urged her husband to go, especially as the supper was intended as a parting compliment to him. After he had gone, Adela's old friends, Agnes Temple and Edward Carroll, came in to spend the last evening with her. She talked with her usual animation—insisted that Agnes should promise her a visit for the ensuing summer, and proceeded to give a lively account of her pursuits and amusements in the country.

During the recital her husband's name occurred many times; her accents seemed to linger on the beloved sound. Several times through the evening she observed Edward Carroll's eyes fixed on her with a sad, anxious look. She was surprised. Had her vanity been as much on the alert as formerly, she might have imagined that he still indulged a vain regret for the past; but she had seen with pleasure, that he had long since conquered all other than a friendly interest in her. Indeed, she had reason to hope that from the ashes of his former love, there had arisen another feeling chastened and subdued, but not less true, in favor of her friend Agnes. She felt annoyed then, that he should regard her with such a pitying look, as she did not know any one,

she thought, who was less an object of commiseration than herself.

She had promised her husband not to sit up for him, as she was to travel on the morrow, and after her friends had gone she retired to rest. She slept profoundly—the sweet dreamless sleep, that only the young and happy know—and was aroused at a late hour in the night, by some sudden noise in her room. She had left a light burning, and was surprised to find herself in total darkness. She called softly on her husband's name, but there was only a quick heavy breathing, and a shuffling sound in reply. Adela was very courageous, to find her way to the dressing-table, and to light a candle which stood there was the work of a moment. She looked in the direction whence the sound proceeded, and, God in Heaven! what a sight was there! Was that wretched object, with disordered hair and flushed face, and eyes gleaming with a stupid stare *her husband*?—her noble, handsome, intellectual husband? She had never in her life seen any thing like it before; but she comprehended in a moment, that he was in a state of most degrading intoxication. She did not shriek or faint, as the awful truth flashed upon her, and for tears—she felt as if their very fountain was dried up—but her first thought was

concealment. Yes! she must hide from her parents, from every one, his terrible situation. She whispered to him softly, but his only answer was a maudlin laugh, as he stroked her face with his trembling hands. She threw her arms around him, and urged him to lie down, and when he fell heavily upon his bed, she stole gently down stairs, to close the street door which he had left open. He was soon now in a deep slumber; the night was far spent, and Adela sat by him to keep her sad vigil, until the dawn of day.

She let her thoughts go back to the time, when Edward Carroll had warned her of her husband's love for wine; how lightly had she regarded that warning; how impossible it had seemed to her that *he*, whom she so loved and honored could fall; she shuddered with horror, as she recalled the day, when she, in the pride of her beauty, had played the part of temptress, and had urged upon another the glass that he had so eagerly drained. Had she not then offended in the sight of Heaven, and was this the retribution? She fell on her knees, and in the anguish of her spirit exclaimed, "That her punishment was greater than she could bear."

She recalled her husband's singular look, when he returned from his visit to New York, and she realized

now, that it must have been the consequence of similar excesses, while absent from her ; she remembered how fondly and implicitly she had expressed her trust in him, when he left her ; and was this the return for her faith ? And yet she felt no anger towards him, no contempt for his weakness tenderness, compassion, a yearning desire to save him from future degradation, and above all, to hide his disgrace—were the feelings that possessed her soul. She had, until now, felt regret at leaving her parents ; now she was impatient to get away from them, and from every curious eye. She thought that if she were, once more, with her husband in the solitude of the country, where no temptation would assail him, that he would be safe ; she would not allow herself to believe it possible that he would ever violate the sanctity of his own home.

The morning dawned, and found her still kneeling at his side ; she waited until she heard the servants moving about below, and then descended to countermand the orders given the night before, for her journey on that day, alleging as a reason that Mr. Lovel was not well enough to travel. When she returned to her chamber, she found her husband still sleeping profoundly, and she prepared to dress herself carefully, and to efface, as far as possible, all

traces of agitation from her face, and to meet her parents at breakfast with an assumed cheerfulness. Her mother, at first, was full of solicitude at hearing that Mr. Lovel was unwell, and begged that he would have advice ; but Adela assured her that he wanted only quiet, and added, with an attempt at carelessness, that he had been kept up a little too late the night before. Her mother perceiving in her tremulous tone and nervous manner, only the natural uneasiness about the indisposition of a beloved object, forebore to question her, and as soon as she could she returned to her room. She feared that her husband should wake before he had slept off the effects of his carouse ; she darkened the room, and drawing a chair to his bedside, sat for hours engaged in bitter thoughts. She could not bear to look on him as he lay before her so debased, her eyes rather sought the floor, drooping with the shame that he ought to have felt for himself.

She was not aware when he awaked, or that with returning consciousness he had recalled his situation on the night before. He raised himself on one elbow, and leaning his aching head upon his hand, gazed silently upon his injured wife. He noticed her bowed head, her pallid cheeks, her attitude of hope-

less dejection—and tenderness, remorse and penitence, rushed in full tide upon his heart.

“My dear Adela!” burst from his lips.

She started — his tones were indeed the dear familiar sounds that were wont to greet her ear; she looked anxiously in his face; the light of intelligence and love again beamed from his eyes, and in an instant she was on her knees at his side, her arms around his neck, and her face buried in his bosom.

“Forgive!” he whispered, as he drew her to his heart, and her tears fell like rain; she could not speak, but she lifted her hand and eyes above.

“I cannot, Adela,” said he, “you must pray for me.”

And in words, broken by sobs, she did pray, as only a woman can, when her love for the object of her prayers is twisted with the strings of her own life.

“And now, dearest,” said Lovel, “you must leave me alone, I cannot bear that even you should be with me to-day. Go to your parents, and I will join you this evening; you may say with truth, now, that I have only a violent headache, and to-morrow, Adela, we will return to our home; once there, with you alone at my side, and I am safe.”

Adela remained in another room until the traces of her emotion had disappeared from her face, and when she rejoined her mother it was with a lighter step.

Once more at her own home, and Adela breathed freely again ; hope shed its illusive beams upon her heart, and she strove to banish the past as a frightful dream.

But ease of mind was not Adela's portion ; her husband became, if possible, more indolent than before ; always thoroughly amiable towards his wife, he would make any exertion to promote her enjoyment, and if his personal attention to her amusements could have sufficed she would have been happy ; but she saw with pain, that the affairs of his plantation, which under the indefatigable management of his mother, had gone on for so many years with the regularity of a machine, were falling fast into confusion. Complaints arose among dependents, who willing and obedient under the directing hand of a master, became idle and insubordinate under the imperfect superintendence of one of their own order, selected from and set above them, merely that their master might gratify his love of ease. Confusion, dishonesty, and ruinous waste ensued, until by degrees the plan-

tation, so lately presenting a picture of admirable order and smiling plenty, bore only the evidences of melancholy decay.

Adela in vain attempted to arouse her husband to a sense of the abuses that had arisen in the domain ; but he either parried her remonstrances by some laughing evasion, or if she persisted, became so visibly annoyed that she felt that there was a point beyond which she could not venture to urge him. She endeavored now, by redoubled attention to the duties of her own department, to arrest the growing evil ; and so long as nothing was wanting in the comfort and elegance of his domestic *menage*, her self-indulgent husband shut his eyes to the accumulated disorder without. But the time came when his individual comfort began to be affected by the misrule of his property ; and when he discovered that the yearly profits of his estate were about half what they had been under his mother's management, he was forced to investigate the cause, and Adela had cause for renewed anxiety when she saw that he had been aroused from a state of supine indifference, only to be plunged into embarrassments from which there was no remedy.

Lovel now began to receive letters which troubled

him ; his brow usually so placid, became clouded by vexatious thought, and as the failure of his usual resources put it out of his wife's power to gratify his luxurious tastes, he became excessively irritable, at times, even to her.

CHAPTER IV.

“Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by a bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And oh! to love through all things”—

“I MUST leave you to-day, my love,” said Lovel one day, “and as I have a ride of twenty miles before me, and the day is sultry, you must not expect me home until late in the afternoon.”

Adela was surprised—he rarely left her, and she knew that he was in the habit of entrusting to a confidential servant, whatever purchases might be necessary in the country town to which he was now going.

“I thought,” said she, “that Charles attended to everything you desired when he went into A—yesterday.”

“Yes!” replied her husband, “but I have business at one of the banks, which must be seen to at once; it is a terrible bore, but I must go.”

He caught Adela’s wistful look.

“What is the matter, Adela,” said he playfully, you are surely not afraid of being lonely; such a notable housekeeper as you are now, you have hardly even time to speak to me when I am at home.”

“I was not thinking of myself,” said Adela, trying to smile; she had been looking with a troubled heart at her husband’s handsome face, which already showed the marks of anxious care. She brought his gloves, which he had forgotten, and stood by him as he mounted his horse; he leaned towards her and passed his arm around her neck.

“I have vexed you, dearest,” said he, “by my gloomy aspect lately; I have not been as considerate to you as I ought; but if I succeed in arranging this vexatious business to-day, I shall be a new man.”

“If he succeeds,” said Adela, listening to the echo of his horse’s hoofs as he galloped down the road; “and what if he does not succeed?”

About sunset Adela seated herself at an open window to watch for her husband’s return. The cool fragrant air of evening fanned her cheek, and up from the vales and meadows below came a thousand

soft rural sounds, grateful and soothing to the ear ; but Adela was ill at ease, and as she watched a dark cloud that slowly gathered over the serene sky, she thought it a fit emblem of the sadness which oppressed her once joyous heart. The sullen sound of thunder in the distance, and an occasional bright gleam across the heavens, warned her of an approaching storm ; she became now uneasy about her husband, and fixed her gaze on that point of the road where she might first hope to see him, but in vain ; and when at last the storm burst forth with violence, she tried to force herself to the belief, that he had taken shelter in some house by the wayside. More than once, while the darkness of night gathered around the house, Adela imagined that she heard the approach of her husband, but when she looked forth there was no appearance to indicate his coming, and no sound, save the dull splashing of the rain drops upon the roof. It was late when the storm was over, but Adela determined to sit up for her husband, and she gave orders for one of the men servants to await his master's return, and for the rest of the household to retire. All was quiet now, and as Adela, in her restless anxiety, threw open the door again, she heard distinctly the quick stamping of horse's feet ; she was sure now that it was Lovel, and greeted him

joyfully by name, but there was no answer, and a mysterious horror came over her, as the sound she had first heard continued. The animal stood, apparently, at the end of a gravel walk which led to the door, and as Adela stood for a moment unable to move, she saw sparks fly from the stones, as if hoofs struck against them. Wild with fear she called out—

“Here! Charles! come quickly! bring a lantern, your master must have come”—and rushed down the walk towards the spot,—there was her husband’s horse, riderless, and on the wet grass, almost under its feet, her husband’s prostrate form—his face upturned, and ghastly in the lantern’s fitful light. At first she thought he was dead, and threw herself in despair beside him; but as her hand pressed his heart, still firmly beating, and as his hot breath rushed over her face, she knew that it was only the death of his moral nature that she was called upon to bewail. How deeply she was humbled, as she saw his form half dragged, half carried into the house; she thought that she detected a covert smile upon the servant’s face, and imagined how, on the morrow, he would tell the tale of his master’s shame among his fellows.

By the time that Lovel reached his chamber, he roused himself sufficiently to remove, with his man’s

assistance, his wet clothes, but he seemed unconscious of the place where he was, and as soon as he was comfortable, and in bed, he relapsed into a state of drunken insensibility. How long he had lain on the ground, Adela could not tell; his clothes were saturated with rain, and he had probably fallen in his effort to dismount. He had guarded himself, but too surely, from the danger of exposure. Adela was too wretched to sleep, she gathered from Lovel's state, that he had been unsuccessful in arranging his business;—she remembered his words at parting, and that a glad hope had, for a moment, illumined his heart—but now in her dismal dream of the future, hope was crushed. Her husband had fallen again, and that, after a most solemn promise, made to her in the time of her first desperate grief—that promise had been sealed in tears and prayers,—and it was broken—how could she ever trust him again? She bowed her head, as the storm of outraged feeling surged within her breast, and she thought how she should punish him for his faithlessness,—she would meet his first conscious glance, with averted looks, his penitent words, with cold incredulity—she would avoid his society, and if lips might not convey a reproach, her manner should evince how much he had offended her. But Adela could not long cherish such

feelings, her love for her husband had been a species of adoration, and she could as soon have ceased to live as to withhold from him her tenderness. As she closed her eyes, to shut him from her view, his image rose before her, as he had appeared in the morning, when he parted with her—so tender—so hopeful—so considerate. Insensibly her feelings softened, as she recalled his constant devotion, his unceasing kindness, through all the time since he had first vowed to cherish her. He had within him still, the qualities that first had won her youthful love. Oh! death in life! how mighty the instrument of evil, that had thus transformed him!

When Lovel waked, at last, sad, sick and remorseful, Adela was again at his side, yearning over him with deep commiseration, forgiving him even before the appeal which spoke from his eyes found utterance at his lips,—and mentally resolving to devote her whole life to reclaim him, and to hide his infirmity, if possible, from every eye. Again did she listen to his promises, and again was her heart cheered by the hope of his amendment. But vain, alas! were all her hopes and cares, the first pledge had been violated, what security was there for the second? For years—whatever effort was to be made—whatever annoyance soothed—or whatever pang of conscience

drowned—wine and strong drink had been the main spring of his energies, and the consolers of his woes. For a time, his promise to his wife had withheld him; but now, that he was beset by pecuniary embarrassments, and as each day called for energetic action, which his sluggish nature refused, he had sought again, the excitement, as a refuge from despair, and the barrier thus broken could never be repaired.

It was Adela's part now to watch the gradual decay of those fine powers of mind and body, that had shown so conspicuously in Lovel's happier days. The clear intellect, the brilliant wit, the refined taste were all clouded under the stupefying influence of the poison which he daily swallowed—the temper once so sweet and kind, became morose and irritable—the firm, manly tread, gave place to a feeble, tottering step—the voice once so musical, now fell on her ear in thick, unmeaning tones—and the hand that had clasped hers in fond affection, now trembled as he grasped the fatal cup. On every lineament of his face, and upon every line of his figure intemperance had set its ineffaceable stamp. But never again did Adela give way to the angry feelings which had so stirred her breast on the night when the dreadful evidence of his broken faith was brought before her eyes. As hope faded and finally died out, patience

had its perfect work ; in the time of trial she tried to remember her own sins, and accepting her husband's fall as a chastening to herself, in meekness and long suffering, she bowed herself to the stroke.

Autumn waned away, and a winter more than usually severe set in. This was now the time that Adela had promised a visit to her parents ; but though she wrote that her husband's health was too delicate to permit their leaving home, her efforts were all directed to making her letters as cheerful as possible. She wished to keep from her friends the knowledge of her wretchedness.

And who might tell the horrors of that long dreary winter, when her husband's voice rang in wild shrieks through the house, or when in the paroxysms of delirium, his heated brain would conjure up every variety of horrid shape to people the room, where she kept watch over him, until, with nerves unstrung and heart chilled by terror, she would try in vain to soothe him, and to assure him of that protection which it should have been his part to have afforded her. Once, after one of these terrible scenes, as she sat by her husband's side to watch his troubled sleep, a letter was brought to her—a long fond letter—from her friend Agnes, and containing news which cheered Adela even in the midst of her misery.

“Edward Carroll,” she wrote, “has invited me to share his heart and hand—that heart, Adela, which was once so wholly yours. I do not flatter myself that he feels for me the wild, absorbing passion that he had for you ; but he tells me that the friendship he always felt, has strengthened into a warmer feeling, and that it will be the study of his whole life to make me happy, and I take him at his word. I love him too well to question the degree of his regard, and in the sincerity of my desire to deserve his affections, I feel an assurance of future happiness. I confess that I sometimes feel a pang, when I remember how passionately he used to admire your beauty, and I wonder how he has reconciled himself to my plain appearance ; but when I see his face light up as he approaches me, and mark his interested and attentive manner as I converse with him, I try to believe that his imagination has invested me with some charm, that others cannot see.”

Adela's tears fell as she thought of the happiness of her two best friends. She had often reproached herself for her cruel coquetry towards Edward Carroll, and she was thankful now, that his peace was so sweetly secured.—Agnes wrote of his rapid advance in his profession, and that he had prepared for her “such a delightful home.”

“And it was from this fate that he would have saved me!” thought Adela, as she glanced towards where her husband lay, wrecked in fortune, mind, and body. She sighed as she read the allusion to her beauty; it was seldom that she thought of her looks now, but she knew that she had faded, in the blight that had fallen upon her fragile youth.

Adela had called in the advice of a physician, when her husband first became so ill as to require his attendance; but at this season the snow lay for weeks at a time on the ground, and the roads were dangerous and almost impassible, so that the doctor's visits were rare, and when he did come he could give no relief. She had written to her husband's mother, but the old lady had become infirm with advancing years, and was confined herself by sickness.—Adela had a few kind neighbors, but she had rather have worn herself out in watching, than expose her husband to the observation of strangers. Alone, then, save with her servants, who, through all this dreadful time, served her with faithful zeal, she kept her sad post at her husband's side, praying for, alas! not with him; for in the intervals of his delirium he would lie in a death-like stupor. Intemperance had claimed its victim, and his soul was going fast down

into the dark valley, with no light, no hope, no solace on its path.

One day, when her husband had raved, for hours, until Adela was nearly crazed herself, he slept towards evening in a more tranquil sleep than he had enjoyed for a long time, and hailing it as a favorable omen, she sank exhausted in a large chair at his bed side, to seek the repose she so much needed. She had looked anxiously all day for the physician, who had promised to be with her at that time, but the snow was falling thick and fast, and the wind blowing violently had heaped the drifts around the doors, and she was forced to believe that it was impossible for him to reach her. Charging the two attendants who shared her watch, to call her instantly if her husband waked, Adela leaned back in her chair and strove to forget her sorrows in sleep; she slept deeply in utter exhaustion, and was awakened at last, by some one clutching at her sleeve. Oh! what a shock! there, face to face with her, sat her husband; he, who, for a week past, had been too feeble to lift his head from his pillow, now sat upright in his bed, his eyes gleaming like living coals, and every muscle of his face quivering with terror; with one hand he had grasped Adela's arm, and with the other, his long thin fingers extended, he pointed to

where two huge fantastic shapes loomed on the opposite wall. The two servants, who sat on low seats before the fire, had fallen asleep, and their shadows reflected in the fitful blaze, had caught the sick man's first waking glance. Adela nearly fainted with alarm; but when her husband clasped her in his arms, hid his face in her breast, and implored her, in accents of the most intense fear, to save him, she lost all thought of herself in the effort to soothe and reassure him. She could not move, but she roused the attendants by her voice, and as soon as lights were brought she turned her husband's face to the wall, from which the awful shadows had disappeared. He still trembled excessively as she laid him back upon his pillow, and still holding both her hands, and drawing her close to him, he listened apparently to her soothing words; he had been too fearfully excited to sleep again, and as Adela knelt now beside him, he poured into her ear a thousand frightful fancies and incoherent words of remorse and entreaties for relief.

Through all this time of horror Adela saw, coming over his face, an indescribable look it had never worn before—an eager, appealing, heart-breaking look; his hands grew cold within her own, and a sickening apprehension of something worse to come rushed

upon her heart. It required a tremendous effort to bear up ; but though, through the dread change, her eyes sought his face in vain for any ray of reason, she felt that, as long as he clung to her in his hour of despair, she would not fail him. She did not know, while she knelt thus absorbed, that the doctor had come in ; and it was not until he leaned over her, and gently disengaged her husband's hand from hers, that she was aware of his presence. She saw his grave and solemn face, and when she looked back to her husband, his eyes had closed, and a strange pallor was stealing over his lips. She pressed her own upon them, and, with one quick sigh of irrepressible anguish, fell fainting at his side.

When Adela returned to consciousness she found herself lying in bed, in a room at some distance from her own. It was partially dark, and she could not realize why she was there. There was a strange feeling about her head, and when she put her hand to it, she found that it was bound with a cold, wet bandage. As her eyes wandered languidly around, she saw that two of her servants, an old nurse and her own maid, were standing at a window, where part of the blind was folded back, and gazing intently out. Suddenly one of the women uttered a suppressed groan ; the sound aroused Adela to the terrible rec-

ollection of the past, and she sprang to her feet to fly to her husband. The two servants, startled and dismayed, rushed towards her, and implored her to lie down.

“Oh Lord! my dear mistress! don't come to the window!—don't get up! Oh! what will the doctor say?”

Adela's mind became confused, from the effort of rising; but one thought struggled through the mist of her ideas. The servants had implored her not to come to the window; there was, then, something to see from that window, and to see it she was resolved. The women were now on their knees before her, entreating her to lie down. With all the calm authority that had controlled them so often before, she ordered them to lead her to the window, and to fold the blind farther back. Almost distracted, they obeyed; and, holding them both with a grasp so firm that they could not escape, she leaned upon them as she looked out. It was a scene that she knew well; it was the same wide expanse of lawn, and grove, and meadow, that lay in front of her house—not now gay with the garniture of spring, but one dreary, trackless waste of snow; and in the distance, among a group of trees, whose naked limbs were traced upon the wintry sky, there glared up a tall object that she had

often looked upon before; it was the tombstone which covered the grave of her husband's father. Yet there surely was one feature in this scene strange and new—one that she looked at with a curious eye, striving to comprehend its meaning. Winding over the hill, immediately before her, was a funeral train. There were twelve men bearing a bier, and on the bier a coffin—a long, black coffin; before it walked a clergyman, and behind, a solitary mourner, with long streamers of black crape hanging from his hat. Yes! that was Dr. H., she was sure. Painfully, wearily they toiled on over the frozen snow, and still Adela watched with calm and wondering gaze, checking with an impatient “Hush!” her attendants' sobs and groans.

And now they pause on the hill; and ah! one of the bearers has slipped, and it requires all the efforts of the others to prevent the coffin from sliding off the bier! Adela gives a quick sigh of relief as she sees them righting their heavy burden, and going on towards the spot where the tall tombstone stands, like a sentinel, over the graves of a household.

“Oh! my poor, dear master!” burst from one of the women.

Adela laughed!—a wild, hysterical laugh—and cried, pointing without—

“Who goes there? Who do they dare to take there, to lay among the Lovels? Speak!” said she, imperiously, as the woman hesitated, in utter dismay.

“Oh, Lord!” she cried, “my poor master—my poor, dear master!”

“You do not mean to say that *my husband* is in that coffin? Mine?—the light of my eyes, my joy, my pride? Oh! why am I here when he is sick, and wants me? Why do you not take me to him? You see I cannot walk!”

She broke from them and rushed towards the door; but before she could reach it she fainted, and they bore her to her bed.

Adela waked once more, and this time it was to a full assurance of her woe. She listened, in speechless agony, as the doctor told her all: how Lovel’s spirit had passed away in the same moment that she fainted at his side; how she had lost all consciousness, in a fever that threatened her brain; how kind neighbors had braved every inconvenience to come to her in her affliction; and how everything had been done that kindness and propriety could suggest.

“And now,” said Adela, “there is no greater woe for me on earth. Surely I have drank the cup of bitterness to the dregs, why cannot I die too?”

It was long before she could listen to the prayers

of the good clergyman, who remained with her for several days ; her thoughts were filled with the memories of the dead, and in reference to *him* there was no consolation. Her friends had been written to ; and her brother, who was absent from home, had been summoned, and was now on his way to join her. She longed for, yet dreaded his coming, for he was to take her away from the spot where the mortal part of all that she loved best was lying in the cheerless grave.

Months passed after Adela had been restored to her parents, and still she was the same image of tearless woe. Those parting words of terror still rung in her ears ; that clinging grasp seemed still to hang around her neck, and on her memory was stamped for ever that awful, indescribable dying look !

The winter and spring had passed away, and, at last, on a sweet summer evening, Adela's mother succeeded in persuading her to enter the carriage for a drive. She had not left the house before since Frank had brought her home, and it was only to escape her mother's importunity that she had consented to go out. As they drove slowly through the suburbs of the town, the carriage was stopped, for a few moments, by some obstruction in the street. As Adela turned her languid eyes to one side, they rested, almost un-

consciously, upon a beautiful house, which, shaded by fine trees, stood in a garden, a little back from the street. Something, she knew not what, arrested her attention, and caused her to look, with almost interest, on the spot; it was so lovely, so home-like. Through the open windows came a strain of music—an old, familiar tune, that *he* had often sung; and as she listened, tears, for the first time, swelled in her eyes, and fell slowly down her cheeks. Her mother, seeing her emotion, followed her eyes, and, as Adela pointed to the house, she answered her inquiring look.

“Agnes lives there, my darling—your two friends, Agnes and Edward Carroll.”

“Thank God!” said Adela, as the carriage moved on, “I am not dead to all feeling for the living. In the midst of my own intolerable sorrow, I can yet rejoice in their happiness.”

THE END.



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EVANS' GIFT BOOK SALE.

To the Editors of the Newspaper :

Will you please to enlighten myself, and others who may be equally oblivious, as to the character and operation of the much talked of Lottery or Gift Book Sale in your city ?

Cumberland, Pa., Aug. 12th, 1857.

This "Gift-Book Sale" can hardly be considered a lottery, for the double reason that there are no blanks, and that the thing itself—the sale of books and the dissemination of useful information—is good. Not so the sale of lottery tickets. At Evans' nothing is paid for the chance. The book selected in any case is sold at about the same price as at any other retail book store in the city, and a gift of greater or less value accompanies it; but always something. The gifts are made from a part of the profits realized from a large sale of books, but how they are determined, we believe, is the proprietor's secret. It seems to be by some rule, for the award, we understand, is so quick as to be almost simultaneous with the announcement of the sale. To test the fact of favoritism, we, on the receipt of the above inquiry, sent to the store a boy, who, so far as we know, had never been inside of the place before, with directions to invest the dollar entrusted to him in any book that should please his fancy—the book to be his own, and the premium accompanying it, ours. In a few minutes he returned with a volume of "Gerard the Lion Killer," and a gold watch, valued at \$50, and which we suppose to be worth probably two-thirds of that sum. Such was our luck; and the result is, that a *boy* has a book which he may be induced to read, and which he probably would not have had but for the inducement in the shape of a premium held out to make the purchase and we have a good watch.


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