

of which stood Rosalie with his happy rival: and he heard the questions and responses which forge the mystic chain that binds for life; and he saw the ring put on, and heard the blessing which announces that the nuptial sacrament is complete! His hands were clenched; his cheek was in a flame; a wish was raising in his throat—'Good news for you,' said some one, clapping him on the back; 'a letter from Rosalie lies for you at home. Why are you passing the house?' 'Twas his friend.

'A letter from Rosalie!' exclaimed Theodore. Quickly he retraced his steps, and there on his table lay, indeed, the dear missive of his Rosalie.

'Welcome, sweet comforter!' ejaculated Theodore, as he kissed the cyphers which his Rosalie's hand had traced, and the wax which bore the impress of her seal—'Welcome, O welcome! you come in time; you bring an ample solace for disappointment, mortification, poverty—whatever my evil destiny can inflict. You may come to assure me that they cannot deprive me of my Rosalie!'

Bright was his eye, and glistening while he spoke; but when he opened the fair folds that conveyed to him the thoughts of his mistress, its radiancy was gone!

'THEODORE,

'I am aware of the frustration of your hopes; I am convinced that at the end of a year you will not be a step nearer to fortune than you are now: why then keep my hand for you? What I say briefly, you will interpret fully. You are now the guardian of my happiness—as such I address you. Thursday—so you consent—will be my wedding day.

'ROSALIE.'

Such was the letter, upon the address and seal of which Theodore had imprinted a score of kisses before he opened. 'Fortune is in the mood,' said Theodore with a sigh, so deeply drawn, that any one who had heard it would have imagined he had breathed his spirit out along with it—'Fortune is in the mood, and let her have her humour out. I shall answer the letter; my reply shall convey to her desires—nothing more! she is incapable of entering into my feelings, and unworthy of being made acquainted with them—I shall not condescend even to complain.'

'ROSALIE,

'You are free!

'THEODORE.'

Such was the answer which Theodore despatched to Rosalie. O the envious restlessness of the mind upon the first shock of thwarted affection! How it turns every way for the solace which it feels it can no more meet with, except in the perfect extinction of consciousness. Find it an anodyne!—you cannot. A drug may close the eye for a time, but the soul will not sleep a wink; it lies broad awake to agony distinct, palpable, immediate; howsoever memory may be cheated to lose for the present the traces of the cause. Then for the start, the spasm, the groan, which, while the body lies free, attests the presence and activity of the mental rack! Better walk than go to sleep!—A heath, without a soul but yourself upon it!—an ink-black sky, pouring down torrents—wind, lightning, thunder, as though the vault above was crackling and disparting into fragments!—any thing to mount above the pitch of your own solitude, and darkness, and tempest; and overcome them, or attract and divert your contemplation from them, or threaten every moment to put an end to them and you!

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him and took no further notice. 'Twas the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man in a fever, at his own option to remain in it, or to become convalescent.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere; and nowhere could he remain for two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street, he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B— upon the panels of the coach. The box was empty—he asked if it was engaged. 'No.' He sprang upon it, and away they drove. 'I'll see her once more,' exclaimed Theodore, 'it can but drive me mad or break my heart.'

Within a mile of B— a splendid barouch passed them. 'Whose is that?' inquired Theodore.

'The young lord of the manor's,' answered the driver. 'Did you see that lady in it?'

'No.'

'I caught a glimpse of her dress,' said the driver. 'I'll warrant she's a dashing one!—the young squire, they say, has a capital taste.' Theodore looked after the carriage—there was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a forgiving mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. 'Twas opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. 'Was Miss Wilford within?' 'No.' 'When would she return?' 'Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married.' Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. 'Any thing more?' said the man, retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. 'Any thing more?' Theodore made no reply; in fact he had lost all consciousness.

At last, the shutting of the door, which half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. 'I shall knock at you no more!' said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whether they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress, 'twas the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the style—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck, and wept upon it. His heart began to melt for the first time since he had received her letter; a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalie was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold.—'Twas morning!—he had slept! Would he had slept on. He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud, upon the wedding morning of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the style and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about ten o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

'Give me a light,' said Theodore, 'I'll go to bed.'

'Your bed is occupied, Sir,' replied the servant.

'Is it?' said Theodore; 'Well, I can sleep upon the carpet.' He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time—presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

'I thought you were a-bed,' said Theodore.

'So I was,' replied his friend, 'but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you.' He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent—at length Theodore spoke.

'Rosalie is married,' said he.

'I don't believe it.'

'She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor.'

'I don't believe it.'

'She come to town with him yesterday.'

'I don't believe it.'

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

'What do you mean?' said Theodore.

'I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you.'

'Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?'

'The statement may have been erroneous.'

'Did not her own letter assure me of it?'

'You may have misunderstood it.'

'I tell you I have been at B—; I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend,' continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, 'tis useless to deceive yourself. I am a ruined man!—You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again. Myself! I tell you I existed in her being more than in my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but everything else about me is death—hopes! wishes!—interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there! I should be sorry, were there none anywhere else! Feel my hand,' added he, reaching his hand across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow.—'Feel my hand. Does it not burn? A hearty fever now would be a friend,' continued he, 'and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visitor. The whole of the night before last I slept out in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!' He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtfully opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subjected to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B—.

His friend, who had known her from infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions,

which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed.

The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the street door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had at that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his chair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand, and drew her upon his knee.

'Theodore!' exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

'My Wife!' was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips.

They had been married that morning.

## The News of the Week.

Since our last Number another English Mail has been received, by which we learn that fresh cause of excitement has been given to our fellow-subjects on the other side of the Atlantic—fresh work cut out for Her Majesty's Attorney General in Ireland—fresh inducement offered to Jury-packing, and fresh fuel heaped upon the fire of Agitation, which rages throughout Ireland—making the government of that unhappy country a real "difficulty" to Lord John Russell's Ministry—a problem in the sight of the world—and a real hardship, whether it be just in its working or not, to the people themselves. "The Nation," "The Tribune," "The Felon"—all that portion of the Press in Ireland which inculcated physical force doctrines, have at length aroused the hostility of Government, and their several Proprietors have been constrained to put up with the cold comforts of Newgate, preparatory to their trial, and, no doubt, departure for Bermuda, or some other penal Colony. This bold step of the Government will doubtless give great rejoicing to the anti-Repeal Press, but the Government will sadly mistake, if they imagine it will quiet the agitation. "Felonious" writing may be checked—(and it was at best but very unwise to resort to that kind of writing when hard words could not be followed by hard blows)—but it would be preposterous to suppose that there will be less work—less open and secret organization. There are seven millions of people in Ireland panting for Repeal—Lord Clarendon cannot suppose that the squirt with which he has put out the fire of the enthusiastic Confederates of Dublin will be sufficient to quench their ardour, or to induce them to respect and cherish a Government which is every day becoming more detestable to them.

## ENGLAND.

The Parliamentary proceedings have not been of an important character. The Ministerial Sugar Resolutions have been adopted, and the new rates of duties are now payable.

It is stated that the government intend abandoning, for the present session, their measure on the Navigation Laws, and the bills relating to the light duties and the Merchant Seamen's Fund. The amount of business to be transacted before the prorogation, in August, has rendered this course necessary.

## COMMERCIAL.

Considerable improvement has taken place in the general tone of commerce.

The weather has been particularly favourable for maturing the crops.

The condition of the manufacturing districts has very much improved.

The duty on wheat and flour remains at the maximum rate of 10s. per quarter and 6s. per barrel, and these articles continue dull and about stationary in value.

## IRELAND.

PROCEEDINGS AGAINST THE PRESS OF IRELAND.—The Irish Government have taken another step, and that, too, of a character somewhat more vigorous than the fulmination of police notices, and dealing with insurrectionary movements as street nuisances. On Saturday last John Martin, the editor of the *Felon*, and Charles Gavan Duffy, the editor of the *Nation*, were arrested on a charge of felony, under the recent act.