

your father's sword,' he added, and a tear trembled in his eyelid, as his glance fell on the scabbard—'would have been enough to avenge your quarrel—it is not now. But, Emily, that name must not be sullied by a slander, on which a stain has never fallen from the act of one who bore it. Your woman's heart may—nay must, shrink from this exposure; but is it—the exhibition of an artless, innocent affection, to be withheld at the cost of a sullied name? No, no, my dear, dear child,' said the old man, softening as he proceeded—'for your sake, for the sake of truth and honour, this request I must make of you. Urge me not, Emily, to lay it on you as a dying command.'

While her father spoke, a marked change came over Miss St. Aubyn's face; the deep crimson which before had coloured it gave place to a marble whiteness. As he ended, she raised her head from the hand which, till now, had supported it, allowing the arm to fall upon the pillow, and, with a strange firmness, said—

'Enough, father—your request is granted—your name shall not be stained through my weakness, cost what it may.'

'Emily,' said her father, hurriedly, while the hand which held her's relaxed its grasp, 'God bless you, my child. I am faint—very, very faint—this painful scene—bring me a glass of water—call!'—and, overcome completely, he swooned away before his daughter could raise the draught she had brought him to his lips.

She rang the bell hurriedly, and, alarmed by the violence with which it was pulled, two or three servants hastened to the room, only in time, however, to see their mistress an orphan. General St. Aubyn was no more.

The scenes of the house of mourning shall not be drawn from their sacred concealment by my pen; nor the sorrows of its lovely and heart-broken inmate needlessly dilated on. I will drop a veil over the six weary months that followed, to let the reader know something of the previous story of those who have been here introduced to his notice.

General St. Aubyn was the only son of an officer who had served with distinction in the campaigns of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. His family, as the name implies, were originally French, and had once ranked amongst the proudest of their native land in possessions and in station. His father, who had married an English lady of considerable fortune, was one of the thousands whom the bursting of the South Sea bubble had brought from affluence to ruin, and died shortly after he himself, at the age of eighteen, entered the profession, in which his gallantry rapidly won for him both honours and renown. At the age of thirty he married the mother of Miss St. Aubyn, who brought him no other dowry save (what the world wisely refrains from setting any value on) beauty, accomplishments, and virtue; and, after a few years of unclouded happiness, found himself suddenly bereft of a treasure which that world had nothing to replace. Proud, shy, and sensitive, the loss of his idolized wife would have produced fatal effects on his character, had she not left him a daughter, in whom thenceforth were centered the affections which had clung with such fidelity to her. Emily St. Aubyn was little more than two years old when she lost her mother, and not very long after her father retired from the service, rich rather in honours than wealth, to watch the development of the tender flower round which, with the fond contemplation of the present, twined softening remembrances of the past, and serene anticipations of the future. He passed a considerable time in France and Italy, and about four years before the period at which our tale has its beginning, became the owner of the cottage already described.

The immediate spot in which the General settled, was attractive rather from its natural beauty, than from the society of which it could boast. Its seclusion was, however, far from displeasing to Miss St. Aubyn, who, with a mind stored with every thing that could adorn her sex; possessed a pride that led her rather to shun than to court attention from those moths of society, who flutter round the light of each new beauty of the hour, and escape the scorching which is the common doom of their insect brothers, only because nature has formed them of less delicate material.—Miss St. Aubyn was worthy of higher homage. It is not wronging her to say, she felt she was. Of admiration unsought and uncared for, she had however no unenvied share. Many and deep were the libations quaffed to that beauty which, least of her many charms, made dire havoc amongst the gentry of the neighbourhood, and carried its unconscious possessor through the entire round of female artifice, from 'horrid prudery' to 'impudent flirtation,' with the mothers, aunts and daughters, for a circuit of full thirty miles. The extremes, far from being irreconcilable, showed only the fearful extent of her duplicity, and within a few months Miss St. Aubyn was hated by all the women, and worshipped by all the men within the dread space alluded to.

Amongst the visitors at the cottage during the first year of her residence in it there was, in truth, but one in whom its mistress felt even a passing interest, nor was the feeling of gratification which her slight intercourse with that one, created anything beyond. With Arthur Crawford it was far otherwise. Quiet and unpretending in his demeanour, careless to a fault of applause or observation, the calmness of his exterior hid an under-current of feeling as impetuous as it was deep. A mind naturally refined and comprehensive, fostered by varied and extensive reading, long and enthusiastic observation of nature and art, and still more by deep and frequent communion with itself, reached its full maturity, while his

heart retained all the warmth and freshness of boyhood. To genius and passion he united a high, unswerving sense of principle; ruling equally over both, and ready, whenever necessary, to assert its own dignity at the sacrifice of either fame or love. Chance brought him for a short time to Miss St. Aubyn's neighbourhood; there intercourse was, as that of congenial minds must be, familiar and unrestrained—it was of short duration. He left her—perhaps not without hope—and left with her all he had then to give, the silent homage of a heart which would have made any sacrifice for the power to speak that homage with honour. It could have made none so great as allowing it to remain unspoken.

The following year was an eventful one to Emily. About three miles from the General's residence was the stately mansion of the Vandeleur family. Its present proprietor was old and childless, morose by nature, and not the less so that the softening influence, which the ties of family exert over the worst dispositions, had never come to curb the harsh and dogged inclinations of his youth. The wealthiest resident of the district, without one idea above his sordid possessions, the acerbity of his temper was increased by the thought that he should be succeeded in these possessions by one to whom travel and education had, in all probability, given tastes more exalted, and feelings more refined than his own. Henry Vandeleur, his nephew, on whom the estates of the family were strictly entailed, was indeed, if report spoke truly, the very opposite in character and habits to his worthless uncle. At the time when the St. Aubyns came to reside in the vicinity of Vandeleur Court, he was absent on the Continent, where he had been travelling for nearly three years, and about the close of the second summer of their residence there, he returned from abroad. Handsome in person, easy, polished, and courteous in address, fluent in conversation, and skilled in all the lighter accomplishments of the day, from the hour of his first meeting with Miss St. Aubyn, she seemed to absorb his every thought. Her society he constantly sought. Parity of years—kindred pursuits and occupations—these, too, for the greater part, unshared in and unappreciated by most of their mutual acquaintances—and that mystic electricity of the soul which, like the soul itself, defies inquiry into its origin—ere long won him the affections of Miss St. Aubyn. Vandeleur saw quickly into her feelings—he spoke his own, and met with the response he sighed for.

To narrate the details of the period which followed, is not my intention. Suffice it to say, that the income of Mr. Vandeleur not being such as to render an immediate marriage prudent or advisable, it was agreed to defer the union for the long space of three years, at which time he would, under the will of his grandfather, be entitled to property of some amount, while in all likelihood, from his uncle's advanced age, he would scarcely survive even so long.

During this space of time, the intercourse of the lovers was the most intimate and unrestrained. Miss St. Aubyn's communications with Vandeleur verbal or written, were the simple exponents of her feelings. She dreamed not of concealing her emotions, for she knew of none that she should blush to reveal. If he were true, he had a right to know them; if she believed he could be false, she would have spurned him, as a reptile, from her feet. No woman, whose love is worth possessing, will bestow it on a man whom she can doubt.

If the flight of Time be swift, how rapid must it be when he adds Love's pinions to his own. Only six short months remained to the day which was to make Miss St. Aubyn a bride in name—in heart and feeling she had been so long. One morning Vandeleur called as usual; there was something of embarrassment, scarcely noticeable however, in his manner, but it did not elude Miss St. Aubyn's eye. They were alone in the shrubbery together. Emily, for a time, was silent; she seemed to expect that Vandeleur would allude to the cause of his apparent uneasiness—she felt disappointed that he did not.

'Henry,' said she, at last, 'you are labouring under some annoyance: what is it?'

He started slightly, but replied, looking affectionately in her face—

'Yes, Emily, I am indeed; I meant to speak of it to you, but—I must leave you for a time.'

'Leave me,' said she, a sudden paleness coming over her lovely face—'Not, surely, Henry, for a long time.'

'No, not a long time, Emily—but—' he paused, and added, as if reproachfully, 'I thought any separation would seem long to you: to me, I know it will.'

The insinuation seemed to her unkind. She raised her eyes to his; whatever she saw there, instead of replying to his last words, she said, with some emphasis—

'Henry, the thought of this separation is not the only cause of your embarrassment to-day. The reason of it may be—I have a right to know it.'

Vandeleur coloured deeply, but, with assumed playfulness, replied—

'My dear inquisitor, that you cannot learn just now. I must go to London; my stay will, I hope, be only a few weeks—five or six at the most: my business there is most urgent. Is not this enough?'

'No,' said Miss St. Aubyn firmly, 'it is not, Henry. There is some mystery about the cause of your going—there should be none to me.'

'Indeed,' said Vandeleur, with a smile. 'Why what a dreadful *exigeante* wife you will be.'

'*Exigeante* wife! did she hear him rightly. She had given him her entire heart and soul; unlocked for him

the casket of all her thoughts and feelings—had he not done the like to her? *Exigeante* wife! what could there be for a wife to exact?—for a husband to conceal? The thoughts passed, with the rapidity of lightning, through her mind—not so quickly as that Vandeleur failed to trace them in her ingenuous face. Before she could reply to his words, he added—

'But come, my dear girl, you have indeed a right to know every thing from me, for to me you are every thing; yet, I confess, I would have kept this secret from you, for, I fear, it will give you pain. Will the motive excuse the crime?'

'It ought not,' said Emily, pettishly, but with real tenderness; 'but I will try to forgive you. You should not rob me of my share in your annoyances.'

How weak a thing is woman when she loves. The proud, intellectual, high-souled Emily St. Aubyn was once again the fond, timorous, trusting girl. Alas! Eve was but the first of her sex that the serpent's words beguiled!

And wherefore repeat his words? Why state the first treacherous language of a perjured man—the first dark falsehood clung to by a confiding woman? I will not sully with it a page consecrated to better memories.

That interview was, happily for her, the last which Miss St. Aubyn had with Henry Vandeleur. Happily, I say, for to have met him after were profanation to her unsuspecting innocence.

(To be continued.)

MISCELLANY.

ELECTRIC EELS.—One day, wishing to change the water in which the electric eels were kept, we upset the tub on the deck, and thus threw them out. Having replenished the vessel with fresh water, we requested one of the sailors to put them in it. He proceeded to do so, but no sooner had he touched it with his hand than he received a shock which caused him to drop it in a moment. He attempted it again but with no better success than before. Great was the amazement of his fellows when all tried in turn to put the mysterious fish into the tub. But none succeeded. It was amusing to see their look of wonder at the strange sensations which they had severally experienced. The mate looked on in silence and surprise, and being himself wholly unacquainted with the properties of the reptiles, he supposed the sailors dropped them more on account of their slipperiness than any other cause. On the strength of this opinion he walked up boldly to the largest one, and, in order to retain his grasp, seized him with great force; but the eel, little relishing such an assault, gave him so severe a shock that he "dropped him like a hot potato," nor could he be prevailed on to make a second trial. At length the captain procured a shovel and put them both in without any further difficulty. The next day I observed one of the monkeys drinking from the tub, but having accidentally put his head down too far, his nose came in contact with one of the eels, by which he received a shock which made him beat a precipitating retreat. As soon, however, as he had somewhat recovered from its effects, he returned with vehement wrath depicted in his interesting countenance. Having mounted himself upon the side of the tub, he brought the eel a severe whack on the head with his paw. He immediately received another shock, but, being no philosopher, he struck the reptile again and again until he came to the conclusion that it was altogether too shocking an affair to prosecute, whereupon he retired, garrulously giving vent to his intense disgust.—*Knickerbocker*.

HOUSEKEEPING.—'You don't want nothin,' my dear Sally,' said the good mother when her only daughter got a husband, and was about to settle in the woods.—'you don't want nothin' except a dish kettle of the iron ware sort. When your father and I commenced we had but a dish kettle, I used to boil my coffee in it, and pour that in a pitcher; then boil my potatoes in it and put them in a plate, while I stewed my meat in it; and always after meals, I fed my pigs out of the same kettle. You can do a great deal with a dish kettle, Sally, if you only have a mind to.'

"Tom," said a girl to her sweetheart, "you have been paying your distresses to me long enough, it is time you were making known your contentions, so as not to keep me in expence any longer."

When a woman seeks to guide her husband, it should not be like one who breaks a horse to his own purpose—using bit and spur, now checking and now goading his career; but, like the mariner who steers the ship, directs it by a single touch, while none can see the power that rules its motion.

MANY A TRUE WORD IN JEST.—A facetious correspondent, who is evidently in the first steps of punning, suggests that the *Drawings* of Mr. George Cruikshank's "Bottle" ought to be dedicated to the great Temperance Apostle of *Cork*. We value our correspondent's suggestion, though we have the poorest opinion of his joke.

A PALATE FOR PAUPERS.—An invention has been lately patented under the title of *Pneumatic Palate*, which we should imagine is calculated to enable the wearer to live, like the chameleon, on air. In that case, we recommend the authorities of St. Pancras to supply the paupers in their workhouse with these palates.—*Punch*.