

and took her up. There was a gentleman in the carriage to whom Hannah was a stranger. He had been an inmate of Mrs. Hill's for some time, but as Hannah had not been in town for many months, she had never before seen him, and they were introduced as Mrs. Clifford and Mr. Orville. Eliza Hill was a great talker, and the conversation soon became general; she was fond of reading, and books became the subject. Hannah could speak well on any subject and splendidly on literature; her remarks had a freshness and vivacity in them truly original. Few who had heard her silvery voice reciting passages from her favourite authors, would ever forget the charm. Henry Orville was enraptured; the same passages on which he had paused with delight, were Hannah's favourites, and spoken of by her in a tone which added new beauties to them. Hannah and Henry Orville soon found, that although till that time strangers, their spirits had been intimate for years.

"In all the varied scenes of life,
Is there a joy so sweet,
As when in this world's hurried strife,
Congenial spirits meet!

Feelings and hopes, a fairy train,
Long hid from human sight,
Rush brightly to the master spell,
That calls them forth to light.

And the carriage stopped, before one of the party were aware that it had reached its destination. Every one knows what a delightful thing a dance in the country is; people go determined to be pleased with every thing, and small rooms, bad lights, and execrable music, are reckoned but as part of the amusements. But Mrs. Hill's rooms were large; the lights were good, and the music excellent. Hannah was extremely fond of dancing, and like Lady Morgan's Glorvina, "her whole soul seemed in the dance."

Mr. Orville was engaged to Miss Hill for the first of the evening; but as soon as possible, he joined Hannah, and remained by her side during the night, enjoying in the pauses of the dance, the pleasures of her conversation.—Many said Mrs. Hill's party was the pleasantest they had ever seen, but none thought it half so pleasant as Hannah and Henry Orville.

Henry Orville was an American; handsome, noble spirited, and intelligent. He had been bred to the profession of medicine; had just finished his studies in Edinburgh, and was now making the tour of the United Kingdom; but a relation having died during his absence, leav-

ing him a large fortune, his affairs required his presence, and he hastened to return to his native country—but a few more weeks and he resided altogether at H—d. Hannah Clifford was all that his boyhood had dreamt of, when wandering in the green woods of his native Vermont; and his heart sprung towards her with fond and fervent affection. She returned his attachment, not with that wild and girlish feeling she once knew, but with a love that would last through eternity, and would remain unchanged through sickness, through sorrow, and through death. Captain Gray admired and loved Henry Orville; he joyfully gave his consent to his daughter wedding him.

One evening after blessing both, he retired to rest—the next morning he was a corpse! his spirit had fled without a struggle. I have heard it said 'that the good are taken away from the wrath to come;' I know not how it is, but Captain Gray was removed when his cherished child had the prospect of much happiness before her—a vision, alas! which was never to be realized, and he knew not of her woes.

After her father's decease, Hannah resided with Mrs. Hill. She was standing in the room on the evening before her intended marriage. Henry Orville had just clasped a bracelet on her arm, containing his miniature, when Eliza Hill, who was seated at the window, arranging her dress as bride's maid of the ensuing day, started up, exclaiming, "what a beautiful boat! Hannah, only look!" But Hannah looked not at the light skiff; she only looked at the single rower, who ran his boat upon the beach, and leaped lightly out on the strand. He was a tall, handsome man, in a sort of undress naval uniform; he wore large whiskers, and had something foreign in his appearance. A shuddering came over Hannah; time had not changed that man so much, but she knew him. She turned to her companion, and in a choking, husky voice, said, it is Allan Clifford! She felt an icy cold hand drop from her's, and for a while she was senseless and knew nothing further. It was indeed Allan Clifford, after his long absence, returned after having been mourned, dead, and lost for ever—returned to claim his wife. Hannah trembled to think that had he been but a few hours later, she might have been wedded to Henry Orville, and her husband still alive, and she now thanked God that she was saved from that. She tried to recall the fond love she once felt for him, but it was gone long since—even the memory of it hardly remained, and principle alone bound her to him; she knew she was his wife in the