

in any tenderer relation. After all our hopes and wishes Emily will marry some one else, and leave us for a stranger. We can only pray that Harry may choose for himself as wisely as we have chosen for him; but feelings of this nature will not come at another's bidding, and we are perhaps wrong in desiring they should."

This view of the matter did not, however, satisfy the Colonel, who still hoped his son would awake to the full appreciation of Emily's perfections.

The residence of Colonel Wyndham was sufficiently near the capital of our Union to allow his family to associate at pleasure with the motley throng that yearly assembles there, and our friend Harry, though no devotee to such enjoyments, would always accompany his mother and Emily when their inclination led them to partake of its gaieties. But season followed season, and the beauty and fashion that courted his notice either there or at his father's hospitable mansion, failed to win from him more than a passing regard. Emily too, refused to smile upon two most unexceptionable suitors, assigning as her only reason, that all-sufficient one, that she could not love them.

Harry had been about three years at home, when, at a ball given by a foreign dignitary, he was aroused from a solitary meditation in which he had been indulging in a corner of the crowded saloon, by an entree which appeared to attract considerable attention. The words "beautiful," "classical," "unique," repeated by different voices around him, led him to make his way toward the spot to which all eyes were directed, where he saw his host receiving the newly arrived guests. A gentleman of distinguished appearance held on one arm a lady of middle age, but still handsome and most richly dressed. On the other leaned a creature in the bloom of youth, and of such surpassing loveliness, that Harry fairly held his breath as he gazed upon her. She was tall and splendidly formed, and her face exhibited the faultless Grecian outline we so seldom see. There was the smooth low forehead, and straight finely chiselled nose—the mouth like Cupid's bow—the full dark eye and well defined brow. Her rich chesnut hair was braided over it and then gathered into a knot at the back of the small head, set so proudly upon a neck of snowy whiteness and perfect symmetry. There was a severe simplicity in the lady's dress which accorded well with her rare beauty. It was of plain white muslin, with no other ornament than two antique onyx cameos which looped

the full hanging sleeves upon her shoulders. A bracelet clasped with another of these precious relics of art surrounded one of her lovely arms, and the only adornment of her head was a chaplet of ivy leaves, which gave her the air of an Iphigenia when ministering in Diana's temple. Harry murmured to himself, "O Dea certe," &c., and as soon as he had sufficiently recovered his senses from the confusion into which they were thrown by this sudden revelation of beauty, he inquired who she was, and learned that the party which had attracted so much attention consisted of Mr. and Mrs. St. Clair, with their eldest daughter. A northern metropolis had produced this peerless one, where her opening beauty had been jealously guarded from common observation; and when she was sixteen her parents had broken up their establishment, placed their younger children at boarding schools, and spent two years in Europe that this favourite daughter might be perfected in all the graces and accomplishments. They had but recently returned, unveiled the goddess, and presented her with all her finished charms in the society she was formed to embellish. All this information was buzzed about within five minutes of Miss St. Clair's arrival. Five more saw Harry Wyndham at her side, amid a throng of other admirers, whose flattery was received with a proud indifference, which argued, he thought, a decided superiority to the vapid commonplaces with which they endeavoured to win her favour. At first, Miss St. Clair declined dancing: "The room was too crowded," she said, and one by one the exquisites dropped off to seek partners elsewhere. Not so, however, with our friend Harry; he remained a fixture beside her, and soon engaged her in a conversation in which, though all that was worth much was said by himself, he discovered the charms of her mind quite equalled those of her person. Miss St. Clair was sitting in a luxurious arm-chair, (many married ladies were standing near, looking as if they too would be glad to sit down,) and Harry was bending over her, in the most devoted manner, when Emily, who had through the evening been dancing in another room, entered leaning on the arm of a young attache, with whom she was chatting gaily in his own language; suddenly she turned pale, and an expression of such agony crossed her face, that the young foreigner was terrified, and, after procuring her a seat, was running for Mrs. Wyndham, when Emily recovering herself, begged him not to summon her, as she was merely overcome by the heat, and