

Her mother, a worldly, intriguing woman, had decided that this beautiful daughter must make a brilliant match, and from the eligibles that were in the market, and within reach, at the time of her return to her native country, she had selected the heir of Colonel Wyndham's wealth as the most desirable party. Her minute inquiries concerning his tastes, led to the adoption of the classical costume that so delighted him, and of the sentiments that conciliated his deeper regard. The daughter yielded herself unreservedly to her mother's wishes, and acted her part to admiration. But now that the prize was hers, there was no need for further effort—the goddess stepped from her pedestal, and showed herself in her true colours—a vain, selfish, capricious woman.

Nothing that the tenderest affection could devise was omitted by her husband, his parents, and the anxious Emily, to contribute to Julia's happiness; but, unless she was a centre of an admiring circle, she would ever maintain the same indifferent manner that was so repulsive on her first arrival, and which by degrees spread constraint and discomfort through the once cheerful family. Did her husband wish their solitary hours enlivened by her voice or harp? she was always hoarse or fatigued. Would he try to tempt her by the beauty of the day to ramble with him among his favourite walks? she was incapable of so great an exertion. Did he strive to interest her in his intellectual pursuits, and read aloud to her from some favourite author? she would sometimes fall asleep among the cushions of the sofa, or at others would interrupt him by observations that showed her thoughts were far away, and engaged with the frivolity in which she most delighted.

But this was not all: Julia Wyndham, like most narrow minded women, was fond of power, and was evidently determined to rule her husband and his family with absolute control. This was not, however, quite so easily accomplished as she had expected, and the slightest opposition to her will would produce fits of sullenness which were grievous to be borne. Harry, with little knowledge of female character, beyond that acquired in his own amiable family, was at first quite bewildered by the various phases her uncertain temper assumed; but soon learning to attribute them to their true cause, he became fully conscious of the misery of his situation. It was like an awakening in his coffin—he was tied for life to a woman without heart, without mind, and he almost feared, without principle—certainly

without the principle that led to a right performance of duty. But she was his wife: a sacred name, and one that enjoined sacred responsibilities; it must be his part to stand between her and sorrow; and whatever her indifference to his happiness, to labour to secure hers as best he might. But how wide the contrast between the watchfulness for another's well-being that springs from ardent reciprocal affection and that arising from the colder dictates of duty. What delightful intuition in the one! what conscious effort in the other! Yet though the bliss of the former is immeasurably greater, self-sacrifice, at duty's bidding, brings with it its own reward. Harry Wyndham had been hitherto a dreamer; he now became a man of action. The beautiful ideal of domestic happiness that he had nourished for years had faded before him, and the hard reality of disappointment pressed sorely upon his sensitive feelings. But it was of no avail to yield to despondency; he must endeavour, if he could, to conceal his unhappiness, and by constant occupation fill the aching void within. His father's health had become infirm, and Harry was active in attending to the duties he was unable to perform. He also rejected entirely the style of reading to which he had formerly been so much devoted, and in his leisure hours pursued a course of serious study calculated to reduce "that forward, delusive faculty," imagination, to the dominion of sterner reason.

Thus, one year from his wedding day, saw our hero fully disenchanted; it also saw him labouring to dissipate the sorrow he saw his unfortunate choice had entailed upon his parents, whose happiness was bound up in his. This was, however, a difficult task. Colonel and Mrs. Wyndham had strict notions of feminine dignity, and it was a hard trial to witness the efforts made by their daughter to gain the admiration of strangers, while she was so utterly indifferent to pleasing them. No mounted foreigner could appear in society whose exclusive attentions she did not strive to appropriate. She would often invite those most disagreeable to the family, to the Colonel's table, load them with civilities, and hardly bestow a look on their most cherished friends, if they had not the external attractions which alone could win her regards. The Washington season was hardly over, before she would insist upon her husband conducting her to some other mart of vanity, and, if he did not at once comply, her ill temper knew no bounds. She would then either seclude herself entirely from the family, or behave towards them with