

Parting under a Cloud.
A Sketch from Life.
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By Frau Greenwood.

In looking through a portfolio of choice engravings, in the studio of my artist friend, — a short time since, I met with a picture of "Byron at nineteen," which startled me by its singular resemblance to one I had known long and well in days gone by. A near relative of ours, and the favorite class-mate of one of my brothers, Henry Elliot through many years my ^{senior} ~~acquaintance~~, was perhaps the most familiar friend of my early girlhood, and though we have since been widely separated, his character and history have never lost their interest to me — an interest which the sight of that picture but quickens into copiousness.

At the time when he left College, Henry Elliot was surely one of the finest specimens of manly beauty which it was possible for one to meet. ~~with~~ (with a figure athletic and powerfully developed, yet ~~of~~ unceasingly graceful in action and repose — a face not classic indeed, but absolutely radiant with enthusiasm and the ardor and energy of a fine physical organization, an assured and elegant manner, it was wonderful that he was not quite spoiled by the favors and flatteries of society — the involuntary deference of men, and

the obvious admiration of women.

His originally strong and manly character the favoritism of which he was ^{made} the subject, could not destroy - but in one respect it surely was to him an incalculable injury. It prevented him from acquiring a knowledge of, and a power over himself. By nature fiery, impatient and impatient, and he profited at an early age of the wise counsels and controlling influences of a father, ~~he~~ he never learned to curb his passionate and excitable temper. Through never tullen, or vindictive, he could not, or he would not "govern his own spirit" in moments of irritation or disappointment. This was the one dark shade upon a most honorable and otherwise lovable character.

On leaving college, young Elliot made choice of the legal profession, and pursued his studies with a friend of his family, a lawyer of eminence in one of the beautiful cities in the eastern part of the state of New York. Soon after entering upon the practice of his profession, he married the object of his "first and passionate love", the ^{sole} ~~only~~ daughter of his legal preceptor, a beautiful girl of nineteen - fair-haired, blue-eyed, serene-browed and soft-voiced; one who fitly wore and sweetly graced, the only true poetical name - "Mary" - the only name which universal usage and common associations have not robbed of its beauty and sacredness.

Mary Hamilton, an only child, had