

**UNDER THE OLD OAKS;
OR, WON BY LOVE, A
TALE FOR THE YOUNG**

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Under the Old Oaks; Or, Won by Love, a Tale for the Young by Matilda Horsburgh

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EDITH AND GRETCHEN page 30



UNDER THE OLD OAKS;

OR, WON BY LOVE.

A TALE FOR THE YOUNG.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LITTLE HAZEL, THE KING'S MESSENGER," ETC.

"Love beareth much, much she believes,
And still she hopes the best;
Love meekly suffers many a wrong,
Though sore with harshness pressed."



LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1876.

251. c. 378

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UNDER THE OLD OAKS.

CHAPTER I.

OAKWOOD CASTLE.

“Where the long trembling ivy spray
Half hid the centuries' decay,
In solitude and silence grand
The castle towered above the land.”

“ARE you sure they will come soon, Aunt Hannah?”

“Of whom are you talking, Gretchen?”

“Oh, aunt, you know; why, of Uncle Jack and his bride. Grandmamma said she expected them ere long; but when, I wonder?”

The questioner was a little girl, who lay on a couch in a small old-fashioned parlour in a castle in one of the southern counties of Scotland. The very fact of her lying as she did proved she was an invalid, for the time we write of was in the early part of the present century, when easy