

husband, and the shrinking, fainting form of the wife, all spoke volumes to the heart.

The last was partly a sea-scene; the waters were dreadfully agitated, and the angry clouds appeared rushing on as driven by a furious wind. Ships, on whose decks might be discovered a sea of human faces, were dashing through the foaming billows. It was night, but the whole scene was rendered horribly distinct by the glare of a conflagration on shore, where hundreds of buildings were wrapt in flames at once. You could almost descry the pale faces and anguished looks of the groups on board, many of them females, whose arms were stretched out towards the scene of ruin, and who apparently were only restrained from throwing themselves into the sea by being forcibly withheld.

About these paintings there was a kind of mystery. Some said the "last represented the burning of Troy;" and many averred one of them "must be a view of the crusaders about to embark for the holy land," and puzzled themselves in vain to distinguish the armor and badges of the different chieftains. But whatever they represented, the present occupants were observed to be profoundly silent.

In one of the back parlors of the mansion, reclined on a sofa, sat a woman whose bust exhibited a perfection of form that rarely belongs to the nation which, from the color of her eyes and hair, and the dazzling whiteness of her skin, one might have supposed her descended; in plain words, her complexion was English, but the form French. The soft blue eyes were now cast down, and humid with tears, and the luxuriant brown hair floated in disorder over the fair shoulders that just peeped from beneath the gauze kerchief. But beautiful and youthful as the person of the female here spoken of appeared, she was in reality upwards of