

Their thoughts flow too rapidly, to allow them the necessary time and care required to form perfect characters. Most boarding-school misses write neat and beautiful hands, but few are able to form a truly elegant sentence. The author thinks his thoughts of more consequence than his autograph, which is but the mechanical process he employs to represent them upon the paper."

"What sort of a hand do you write, Clary?"

"Why, cousin Anthony, it just hangs between the two extremes. Not good enough to deserve much praise—nor bad enough to call forth much censure. In this respect it corresponds more with my character than Juliet's does.

"You are no judge of your mental qualifications, Clary, and I am not going to make you vain by enumeration. Can you invent music for this little ballad, and he placed before her the following:—

#### THE BRIDE OF INISTORE.

Through struggling clouds the moon's wan beam  
Shines coldly o'er the stormy deep,  
And gives a wandering ray to gleam,  
To cheer the eyes that watch and weep.

The night-bird hoots from the ruined pile,  
The autumnal blast sighs fitfully;  
And sweeps around that rocky isle,  
And lifts the foam of that troubled sea.

From Cormack's tower, a lonely light  
Is seen along that misty shore;  
There pensive sits Oretha bright,  
The lovely Star of Inistore.

Shudd'ring she lists the tempest's yell,  
The loud wind's hollow moan,  
And hears, in ev'ry breaker's swell,  
A hero's dying groan.

Oft looks she o'er the raging sea,  
To catch a distant sail;  
Fancying his form in ev'ry tree,  
His voice in ev'ry passing gale.

"Daughter of Thulé, cease to weep,  
And gaze upon the tide;  
On yonder angry foaming deep,  
What bark the gale could ride?

"But lady, when the morning sun  
Shines brightly on thy rocky isle,  
In triumph shall brave Cormack come,  
Rewarded by Oretha's smile!"

"My aged bard, that hope is fled;  
His dog is howling loud,  
At some lone phantom of the dead,  
Swathed in its misty shroud.

"'Tis not the storm—'tis not the wind,  
That parts my love from me;  
All dangers he would cast behind,  
And tempt yon raging sea.

"I hear the solemn voice of doom,  
Amidst this surge of wind and wave;  
I see a hand which, through the gloom,  
Points downward to a gory grave."

Scarce had she spoke, when at the gate  
A bugle blast is blown;  
And breathless to the iron grate,  
That peerless dame has flown.

Her heart beats high—her trembling hands  
Can scarce the bolts undraw—  
Weary and faint before her stands,  
A leader of the war.

Life's purple tide is trickling fast  
Adown his iron mail;  
It's fluttering light the taper cast,  
And told a fearful tale.

Retaining in his failing grasp,  
A war-stained flag he bore;  
And scarcely could Oretha gasp  
"My husband is no more!"

"Lady, thy noble Lord is slain;  
The angry night winds swell,  
And hoarsely roars the restless main,  
Near the spot where Cormack fell."

Speechless and cold, Oretha stands,  
No tear is in her glazing eye;  
But on her breast her snowy hands,  
Are clasped in mortal agony.

There rises a tomb on that lonely shore,  
And near it foams the breaking wave;  
There sleeps the Star of Inistore,  
Her light of beauty in the grave.

"I can do nothing with that," said Clary; "but hark! I hear my brother calling us from the house. Let us go to him." She ran forward, and Anthony had his hand upon the harp, and was about to follow her, when he was addressed by a rude, coarse toned voice; and, turning to the spot from whence the sounds issued, he beheld the burly form of Mathews leaning over the slight green paling that separated the lawn from the road. "A good day to you, Mr. Anthony. You have been hiding from us of late. A pleasant place this!"

"Do you want me, Mr. Mathews?" said Anthony proudly.

"Ahem! not exactly. But 'tis natural for one to enquire after the health of an old neighbour. Are you living here, or with the old 'un?"