

responsive to the unseen approach of that which comes to bring us misery!

The clock had struck eight. The evening had nearly closed in, for it was the beginning of May. No hour was fixed for her removal, and I was beginning to get restless at the idea of the protracted solitude in which Agnes had been left, when I heard the sound of carriage-wheels stopping at my door. I went out to meet the person. It was, as I expected, the same that brought Agnes to my house three years before. She said nothing; and I was silent. She ascended the stairs, while I returned to my room in a state of agitation which I will not attempt to describe. I paced up and down, like one waiting for dismal intelligence, from which he knew he could not escape, yet dreading to receive it. In about ten minutes I heard them descending. Yes, I am sure it was Agnes, sobbing violently! I was upon the point of rushing out—and to mingle my prayers and blessings with my farewell! While I stood irresolute, the door closed, the carriage drove away, and I never beheld Agnes Mandeville again!

SEVEN YEARS elapsed between what I have described, and that which I am about to relate:

I was travelling in Wales, and had extended my pedestrian excursion almost to the northern boundary of South Wales, roaming with a delighted spirit, amid its wild mountainous scenery. In one of my walks, after traversing a long, narrow, dusty lane, rough and rugged, and bounded by tall hedges on both sides; a gradual ascent of about two hundred yards brought me to the brow of an eminence, where a scene of vast magnificence burst suddenly upon me. On the left appeared the ocean, and stretching along its margin, as far as the eye could reach, fine level yellow sands. Immediately below, at the foot of a winding precipitous descent, lay the beach; and inhabited by fishermen and their families. In the extreme distance, towards the north-west, rose the lofty mountains of Merioneth and Caernarvonshire, Snowdon towering like a giant above them all. Contracting my view, I beheld an amphitheatre of hills of various elevations, and infinite varieties of form, enclosing a spacious tract of dark morass, which spread out to their base. A fine effect of mountain landscape was produced by the singular disposition of the lights and shades on the tops, sides, and hollows of the circumjacent hills. The sun was shining brilliantly, but the sky was covered with detached masses of fleecy clouds, which mottled, as it were, the surfaces of the hills with fantastic patches of colour, so numberless, and at the same time so picturesque, that the effect was exquisitely beautiful.

When I had gazed my fill, I slowly descended to the bench, and soon after struck off by a mountain-path, in the direction of —, a small village, where I arrived towards evening. After regaling myself sumptuously upon some bacon and eggs, barley-bread and a mug of *cieru da* (good ale), and settling with mine hostess of the Swan for the use of her best bedchamber for the night, I strolled out to enjoy the sublime scenery by which I was surrounded. I had not wandered far, ere I came to the churchyard. My knowledge of the Welsh language was too slender to enable me to read the few monumental tributes that met my eyes; but I felt as keenly that I was treading upon dust which had once been dear to those who had recorded their sorrows for its loss, as if I could have perused all their grief inspired.

In one corner of this churchyard, apart from the other graves, fenced round by a plain wooden railing, and overshadowed by a large yew-tree, which time had split into several dark clasms, stood a tomb whose appearance, simple and unadorned as it was, denoted that its occupant, when alive, moved in a higher sphere than the rustic generation that slept in peace around. I advanced towards it. It lay in deep shadow. The bright radiance of the setting sun, which shed a mild lustre over every other part of the churchyard, and upon the gray dwarf walls of the little church, which every Sabbath gathered within its narrow space, the scattered population of the surrounding hills, penetrated not to this lonely dwelling of death. It seemed as if that obscure nook had been purposely selected to escape notice. No path led to it. No chance step could conduct the traveller thither. No passing eye could dwell upon it, in going to or from the house of God. They who would know whose burial place was there, must do as I did, scramble among the thickly-twisted and rank weeds that grew profusely around it.

I did this; and how shall I describe my feelings when I found that I stood by the grave of AGNES! It was even so! On a newly-erected stone, I read these words:

TO THE MEMORY OF
AGNES MANDEVILLE;
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE;
APRIL 14, 18—;
AGED TWENTY-SEVEN.

Blest be that hand divine which gently laid
My heart at rest:

"Mystery upon mystery!" I exclaimed, as I stood, with my eyes fixed upon this inscription, while my thoughts travelled back to all those touching circumstances which had hallowed her name and misfortunes in my recollection. I did