

lately was the hope and pride of the farm-house ; he thought of the conflicting feelings of its fairest inmate, and sighing, he ejaculated "Heaven be with you Mr. Henry, an its a thousand pities that Perkins should ever fill your place." Martin philosophized without knowing it, and had eloquent thoughts of the folly of men of the world, who mar the beauty of creation, and make themselves miserable, that pride and fashion may be conciliated. He passed on, and arrived at "the Mount." Seated on a swelling hill, with a small lake in front, and surrounded by grounds beautifully diversified, this was evidently the dwelling of those who neither sow nor spin, and who are arrayed every day delicately as the flowers of the field. Martin was known at the house, and on stating that he had an urgent message, he easily got admittance to the old gentleman's presence. Mr. Burrows was seated in a breakfast parlour, which was perfumed by a thousand early flowers, and the open casement of which admitted views of all that was most pleasing outside. A little paradise—thought Martin as he entered—but its chief ornament is wanted. "Well Welch"—said the old man—"what is your message?" "Its from Mr. Henry sir"—said Martin. The old gentleman rose with apparent anger. "I'll hear nothing from him, let the rebellious fool come himself, if he wishes to obtain my forgiveness." "Heaven send that you may ever see him again"—answered Martin. The old man's countenance lost its angry expression, he became very pale, and half fell into the chair which he had just quitted. "Tell me the worst"—said he, almost inaudibly. "Mr. Henry"—said Martin—"is left Ireland, he's gone to some part of Merika ; but I don't know where, an he desired me to let you know, and to tell you that you would never in the world be troubled with him any more." The old man shook violently, and changed colour so much that Martin became alarmed ; seeing him totter in his chair, he sprang forward to support him, and rung the bell for assistance. A servant was soon by his side, the old gentlman was insensible, the wreck of his pride and hope and love was too much for exhausted nature, and a fainting fit of long continuance, gave him a debilitating respite from the mind's fierce passions. "Family pride"—muttered Martin—"is sure enough a mean paltry thing, as poor Mr. Henry often said to me last night." Martin left the parlour as other do-