

mammas, and the tears I then shed in her arms were the only bitter ones that had ever fallen from my eyes. We embarked with a fair wind, the waves danced and glittered in the sun, reflecting the deep blue of the clear cloudless heavens above them. The bustle on deck, the novelty of the scene around us, made my brother and myself forget our childish grief. Mamma smiled too, through the soft tears that stood in her beautiful eyes, for she was hastening to meet the husband of her choice, and to present his children to him. Her sweet face resembled, at that moment, an April sky; even at this distance of time, I recall her to my mind, lovely and amiable as she then appeared. Yes, best of mothers! your image is still bright and fresh in my memory as ever, as we stood, hand in hand, gazing upon the receding shores of France!

“We suffered no inconvenience on the voyage as yet, all was fair and prosperous. The magnificence of the state cabin, the homage paid us as the children of the Ambassador, quite turned our young heads; and when the cry of ‘land, land,’ met our ears, we ran upon deck quite wild with joy. Here we were joined by mamma, and as we could see the coast of Spain with the naked eye, and even inhaled the perfumed breezes from the