

from her beloved Harold, and read, with affectionate pride, in the public prints, the able, manly and eloquent speeches he poured forth in the House.

Arthur was still her endeared companion in his leisure hours, and one of their favourite amusements was the flower garden, in which they toiled together, when the sweet voice of Amy was heard singing melodiously as she turned over the fresh earth with her light spade, nor were the words of her song lost in the breeze, for echo gave them back and enabled us to record them down here :

"Ye little birds so sweet and gay,
Oh carol in the month of May,
Ye genial showers and sunshine bring
The lovely flowerets of the spring ;
The scented violet on the gale,
The rose, the pink, the primrose pale—
The cooing of the gentle dove,
All speak to me of love, young love.

The murmur of yon sparkling rill,
The bleating sheep upon the hill,
The plough boy's whistle thro' the dell,
The hawthorn sweet, the mountain bell,
The woodman's echo on mine ear,
Remind me of those hours so dear—
The earth, the air, below, above,
All speak to me of love, young love."

It was on one of the most beautiful and bright summer mornings, when nature shone in all her charms, and every shrub and plant sent forth their fragrance on the passing gale, that a scene of peculiar interest presented itself in the court-yard of Blondeville Castle. All the favourite domestics and retainers in the Earl's family were collected, and were apparently watching the opening of the chapel doors, within which a ceremony at that moment was being performed, of solemn and deep importance. Not a voice was heard ; all stood bareheaded and almost motionless, so eager and intense was the interest they displayed. Presently the doors were thrown back, when acclamations loud and joyous rent the air of "Long live our noble lord—long live his lovely lady." The splendid procession moving down the aisle of the chapel and descending the steps, was indeed imposing and magnificent. Six beautiful little girls—children of the noble guests invited for the occasion—were strewing flowers in the path of the bride, who, leaning on the arm of her youthful husband, appeared trembling with agitation, the rich white satin robe and coronal of orange blossoms, contrasted well with her long raven tresses. Her soft blue eye sought the ground, but there was a placid smile upon her lip which told of happiness, not to be expressed ; the graceful veil had fallen back, which fully displayed her matchless beauty to the admiring gaze of all. On the fine

countenance of Lord Blondeville might be traced the various emotions of a noble mind, under powerful feelings. His eagle glance scanned the crowd, as he repeatedly bowed his head in acknowledgment of their reiterated applause, and then would turn in softened tenderness on the gentle being who clung to him for support. The bridesmaids followed, amongst whom were Lady Matilda and Miss Courtenay. The Countess, deeply affected, next appeared, leaning on the arm of Colonel d'Arcey. Mrs. Somerville on that of Mr. Denison. Arthur, the beloved Arthur, it was difficult in such a moment to restrain into due decorum. He would run towards Amy and clasp his arms round her ; nor was he awed by the smiling reproofs of the Earl, while she, gazing on him in fond affection, would bend low her head to receive his innocent caress. Mr. Martyn, on whose pale interesting features were strongly depicted the high wrought feelings of the pious minister of God, who had just been officiating in a ceremony, solemn and most touching, was the last to leave the chapel, and follow the procession towards the grand entrance of the castle. Just as they had reached this, and were passing under a temporary triumphal arch, adorned with wreaths of flowers, an aged gipsy woman, supported by a young man of swarthy appearance, pressed through the throng and wildly chanted these words :

"The dove has flown from her happy rest,
She seeks a home in the Falcon's Nest.
My lord may look out from his castle in vain,
For the dove she will not return again,
Till twelve pale moons have shed their light,
To gladden the hours of murky night ;
Then shall the loved one, stand by thy side,
In holy church, and become thy bride."

"Ah, you are a wise prophetess, old mother," said the Earl, who had started at the sound of her well remembered voice ; "you never utter your oracles until their fulfilment."

"God bless my noble Lord and his fair young bride," returned the old woman, clasping her withered hands ; "and may the heart which felt for the widow, in her distress, and brought back the son to her aged arms, never plead in vain in the hour of need."

"Enough, enough dame," said the Earl, waving his hand ; "Phanuel, lead your mother round to the buttery ; she will find good cheer there."

"Will my beautiful lady deign to receive this first from the hands of the old Gipsy," she returned, holding forth a small piece of silver, singularly stamped with grotesque figures, to Amy ; "it is a talisman against evil."

Amy immediately accepted it, at the same time saying, in her own silvery soft tones : "I thank you for your remembrance, and I shall preserve it—but