

may say, to this very castle, where you now are ; and I only wish that I could tell it to you as beautifully as Father Lawrence told it to me—I am right sure it would draw tears from your holy eyes.’

“ ‘ Nay, good daughter, let us hear you tell it,’ said sister Martha.

‘ ‘ I do not think any one could tell it better,’ said sister Beatrice.

“ ‘ I am sure I would rather hear you than any body’ said sister Joanna.

“ ‘ Now, pray begin—pray do, Signora, said sister Clara.”

The good abbess is gentle, accommodatin g, and kind ; she encourages her niece in her love affair ; accompanies her to an interview with her admirer on the sea shore ; arranges future meetings, and to secure Juliet from all machinations, carries her to the convent, and acquaints her with the secrets and intrigues of the place. Thither the young lady is followed by one of those fairy pages a child in size, but a man, and more, in acuteness of intellect and ready activity of fancy, whom we never meet with in life, but often find in the pages of romance, where they solve all difficulties and unriddle all mysteries. This little hero, Morgante by name, was found one evening by Count Albano in his chapel, and his confessor had the address to pass him off as something dropt from above ; when he grew up, he bestowed his whole regard on Juliet, and all his mischief (and it was not little) on the confessor and the domestics. As his character is naturally drawn, we must give our readers a glimpse of him.

“ ‘ The Virgin and all her holy company be praised, Signora ! I thought, for certain, they had locked you up in your cell ; and I meant to climb that high wall there, and clamber up to all the windows, one after another, till I found you out.—What a beautiful garden you have got here ! and all the ladies are they the nuns they sent us to Albano.—I suppose, ma’am, (addressing Mar-