

grandmother, commenced her history in these words—

“My father was, as you already know, of Irish descent, but ennobled, by the French monarch, for his military and diplomatic services. The Count de Bourke, for such was his title, had been some years Ambassador at the Court of Madrid; but my mother and her family, consisting of myself and a young brother, lived with my grandmother, Madame le Marquise de Varenne, at her chateau, not far from Aix. The troubled state of the Peninsula, and the delicacy of my health, had hitherto prevented mamma from joining her lord; but when I was near thirteen, I grew healthy, and all obstacles being happily removed, she determined on joining the count, who was anxiously expecting her arrival at Madrid.

“A Genoese Tartan, handsomely fitted-up by government, was appointed to convey us to Spain. We embarked at Marseilles, whither my dear grandmother, Madame Varenne, and my uncle, the Marquis, accompanied us. Taking leave of these dear relations was the first sorrow I had ever known. I had not seen my father since the birth of my brother, and the kind Marquis had always supplied his place to me. Madame Varenne was the kindest and most indulgent of all grand-