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LIMERICK VETERAN THE FOSTER SISTERS it the atthor of " plorenoe o'mell

## - -

"Dram aside the curtaing, my faithful Jessy, 50 that the beams of the risiog sun may stream babe that I may kiss and bless her ere I die.' "Dinna say sic a thing, my dear young
leddy, wha could sic a puir body as me do wi the bonny bairn?" ohild to my further's housse in the Casongate," replied the dying woman, "and
bescech him to show that mercy to my child "Buich he denied to its mether. mony a hard word, sio as he gaid you, my "Nevertheless, my dear Jessy, you will the risk for love of me, and if he refuse to graat my dying prayer, then convey my child
to my late husband's aunt, Mrs. Lindsey, of
Dundee, snd beseech ber to Dundee, and beseech her to be a mother to my
babe. You know where my little stock of
gold is placed, Jessy; there is enough to pay your ex
The nurse moved across the room, and draw-
ing aside a curtain revealed a scene of indesoribable beauty. The cottage in which Mar-
garet Lindsey had taken refuge when expelled oount her father's house in Edinburgh, on ac Jacobite, was a shade above the class generally inhabited by parsons in the position of her
foster-mother, and on account of her former connection with the family of David Graham, she had many little comforts even for her use.
It was situnted on the summit of a hill, operlookiog a benutiful ralley, the sides of Fhich . ere clothed with hazel, the silvery eminences arosg, some dotted with purple heath, others bare and oraggy, whilst in the distanco
torered the lofty mountains, veiled in the blue torered the lofty mountains, veiled in the blue
mist of early morning phich gradually melting them ciearly as they stood forth in huge unmieldily masses filling up the back ground. broken only by the babbling waters of a brook in the vallay beneath, which, formed by the many a fowery maze till. it reaohed the vale. The belongings of the oottage or hut, for,
not巾ithstanding what I have said, in English
eyes it would be but little more in occordonce eyes it would be but little more in acoordance
with the wildness of the spot. The floor of with the wildness of the spot. The floor of
the outer room was but of olay with the usual peat free in the oentro, bat within were two pooms with boarded floors, and a very few artioles of furniture of the plainèst kind; but
the soft bed hung aroupd with cartains, the Whiteness of whioh was soarcely sarpassed by the pallidiface of the dying ginl, and carefully togethertuwith yarions, neoessary artioles for Kiga io that wild spot,


#### Abstract

ever and again a crimson stream rose to her lips as a hard cough slook her delicate frame eagerly she peruses a letter ber feeble hand hus traced, to be delivered after her death to the person she has named; and then taking a win- iature from a table beside her, representing herself in happier days, with the name of Mar herself in happier days, with the name of Mar garet Graham engraved on the back, she se cured it to a picce of ribbou, which she dre In a few moments the wail of an infan sounded in her ear, and Jessy reappeared sounded in her ear, and Jessy reappeared, bearing in her arms the uncouscious offspring of one too early wed, and whose eighteen bric years had comprised the several states of wife, and widow. A faint gleam. of pleasure lighted up the Wan countenance of the girl mother as she gazed on the infant whose short span of life


 numbered but threc months,Jessy lay the child beside her.
Long she remained silently gazing on the child, who had fallen asleep, at first with that
rapturous delight with which a mother'regard rapturous delight with which a mother"regard
her first born, then with a sentiment of the
keenest sorrow, as she thought how in the firs keenest sorrow, as she thought how, in the first
days of its helploss infancy, it would be thrown Wholly on the care of the simple but well-intentioned old nurse, at whose bosom, when
under her father's roof, she had herself druwn
the first nurture of infancy, and then follomen a food of tears at the remembrance that she was leaving her child thus forlorn and desolate. Unfortunate Margaret, she had not a mo-
ther's fostering care in her helpless childhood, ther's fostering care in her helpless childhood,
and had grown up with none to teach her
needful self-discipline end few years of her short life, however, when her father suddenly awakened to the consciousnes
that the beautiful young girl whom he had consigned wholly to the care of Jessy McLaren her nurse and foster mother, eren allowing her
io dwell with her in her widowed honce in Perthshire, was growing up wholly unedu
cated, the wealthy Edinburgh trader placed her in a boarding school, nad then considered
he had done his duty by his motherless child first for having allowed the old nurse to have
the charge of his child so long, and then in gending her for five jears to a boarding school rom which, when emancipated at the age accomplishments, she was yet sadly devoid
of all that was more substantial, her mind iitlle better than a blank, and singularl unfitted to cope with the snares and dangers of
the Forld at this most critical moment for her future well-beeing, he considered that he fur her by parged bimseff. of his duties toward hor by placing her under the control of a secfrom the post of a domestic in his household to
that of its mistress. Margaret had not seen her futher's second
wife till her boarding school days were at wife till her boarding school days were at an
end. When she returned to her paternal home it Was to feel herself a stranger in every sense
of the Ford. She was repulsed by the home liness and rulgarity of the moman who had
long occapied the place she had herself hoped long occapied the place she had herself hoped
to
Gill, whilst her father's neglect stung her to the quick. Her home was widely differen
from that which, in her carly school daps, sh had loved to picture to herself, and she soo realized foster mother's cottage . Was infinitely liap pier than that she was doomed to live in ed
burgh.
Her lovely face, however, soon won for he on offer of marriage, and as her stepmother hod now a little girl, Margaret, who had ever
been more or less an outcust from her father's home and his affections, was roted in the way nnd arrangements for her marriage with
suitor woll advanced in life pushed on with in decorous haste.
But young a she was, her will was as inflex
ble as that of her father. Her affections ible as that of her father. Her affections फer aliready given to a young cavalier, by name
Robert Lindsey. Landless and almost peani leas, he had yet ventured to raise his eyes to Margaret, and whilst yet her father's friend
wagod his suit with an obstinate pertinacity dreading the finale which would inevitably ensue, fair. Margaret gave her hand for better for
Forse to the gallant young boldier who, a fee weeks later gallant young soldier the forces of the Ohevalier de St. George, at Preston, Ladcashire
A very
A. very few weeks after this ill-starred -union onod without her host in sypposing she yould soften her father after she had boldily defied his authority, and she discovered her mistake in
the wuy I shall narrate.
The father and daughter were one morning booke she at an embroidery frame, with he hourt far, away, and a tiny circlet of gold
whith she had far better poi have pqssessed Becreted in her bosom. Bat time would not lingor, though her reso-
intion,dit, Sho had bean, me monthe

 I have forgotten to tell you that both by
word and by letter, Lindsey lad. sought to obtain the cuasent of Graham to his nuptials with his daughter, but had he been better off
in this World's goods than he really was, he in this world's goods than he really was, he
might as well hare tried to draw water from a
rock as to change the mind of David Graham Nhen it was once made up.
Now he lays aside his ledger and prepares to descend into the counting-house, pausing for o summon courage to detain him, he said:
"ain e'en, mak yoursell as bonny as possib
in the brawn claithess I has ordered for you,"
"Father, dear father, I must spenk $t$, $y$ "indeed, I must," said Margaret, sparting up to tercept his progress to the door
the wife of Donald Miller."

## "Hout na, you dour limme

 mine, suld ye refuse, I gie ye nae tosher if ye
Fed that papist gaberteen zio, Robert Lind-
"Oh, father, father, I have married him he is my husband," replied Margaret, thro
ng herself on her knees, and endeavoring event him from lenving the room.
Wha was that ye said ?" and David stood Dear father, forgive us both, I have mar"Robert," was the simple repiy.
"Thin my ban rest upon ye, nane o" my
ar will I gie ye, he is a Jacobite and a gaberemzee to boot, 1 , winna set eenn on ye agin, I harge ye leave me for him whom you have As David Graham spoke these pords b Frenched himself from the grasp of his ohild her fell on the ground in a heary swoon, but not few things she possessed given to her for her own use, she had carefully conomized, and with a heart smarting under the injustice of her father, forgetting that if he en to forbid her marriage with a mere soldier of fortune like Lindsey, she departed on ourney to her foster mother's home in Perthband.
Late one evening after Jessy had retired to door of her cottage.
When fully aroused, she left her bed and thout openiag the door, called from within: "Wha makes sic a din at a puir body's doo
this time 0 ' necht ?" "Jessy, Jessy, for the love of God, open to " long wailing cry.
he old eheld Moman, as hastily opening the door she austed, and feeble, she stagrored. within ottage, and exclaiming: "Oh, my foster mo mo
ther, I have traveled all this way to feel pour oving ar
he floor.
After using a few simple resioratives, the good Jessy succeeded in restoring her to con-
sciousness; then, when she had fairly revived, ciousaess; then, when she had fairly revived
she hastily threw on a ferw clothes, and speedlions for refreshment for Margaret
"I am unco glad that I hae still some o' the
gude wine my bara sent me from Auld Reegude wine my baira sent me from Auld Ree-
Kie; I hae part $0^{\prime}$ a muir cock, too, and eggs, you ta Then Je
Then Jessy exerted herself to perform all mall pleasure beheld Margaret make a good meal, though before it was over the latter had asisted on telling
She had not dwelt at Jessy's cottoge more than a couple of months when the naws of her hubband's death reached her. Under the presline of grief and ansiety, her heaith visibly fforts of the village Esonlapius, Who, from the arst, bnd arowed his belief that the young lady To retarn from my long digression. Mar garet had remained some time buried in her ad thoughts after Jessy had, as she had requested, laid the child beside har,
anly she oalled her to her bedside.
"Could you try agaia to bring to me the riest, dear nurse, wh?
went to Edinburgh?

L Len nae, where he may be found, my , these are sair times for priests; ; a mhiles he hides apmang im noo.

Listen to me, Jessy. Soe ry babe bap-




 com
Not mithout many puases and mad dififur
 wor ber fatrues
Tor fier nometat sho redieded ia the rum



 monet wis dinirive gigh.
parct's heanst had voreder, for which Mar The aged priest, who occasionally brought th ministrations of religion by stealth to those true to the Catholic faith, had that morning turned his steps to the valley in which Jessy'
cottage stood, wishful to see if she were stil

The door of the hut stood open, was visible, but from an inner room he heard sounds of grief mingled pith the moans of on
in mortal anguigh. Very gently, on and supported the dying girl, and bastened to se "Gude guide us, and is it you, Father Luthbert," said she, "come in to my puir bairn
the sweet winsome young leddy; it is nearl A flash of joy illumined poor Margaret' features as the aped priest approached her bed by her indiscreet bringing up, but her hear had yearaed for
simple Jessy.
Broken seantences gasped out painfully, and dying girl burthened it no longer The Brea of Life, too, was hers, brought, as it were, miz raculously to strengthen her spirit in its fight,
yet when all should have been calmaess and praise, a sudden thought disturbed her. Sthe could not speak, but by a sign she made Jess
understand that her oare was for her child. little water water from the brook without, whe her foster mother made known to the priest that the babe was unbaptized, was brough
hastila and by the aide of the dying mother had the child christened by the name of Mar and the
A smile of unspeakable delight had fitted ant in her arms Fhen the ceremony was over Then the priest again turned. to speak words
of hope and consolation to the mother, but her girit had already passed to a better world. chapties in--mie marrlage at tie hotel de breteul
Softly steals the sunlight. through the stained de Breteul. The buzz of many voices of per sons assembled in the adjoining room strike pon the aar, but those of whom I am going to spak to you bave stolen away from the buss
throng for a quiet half hour to themselves. The elder of the party is a lady of some fortye-five years old: $\begin{aligned} & \text { Her features a are still } \\ & \text { beautiful ; she was brilliant in her youth, }\end{aligned}$ and she is a lovely woman still.
Beside her stands a yogth and a maiden.-
Eacl are in the spring-time of life. The fes aclk are in the spring-man of hife. The fea those of the elder lady, with, perhaps, the only difference being that his are masculine; but the arched eyebrows, lustrous violet blue eyes, the somewhat haughty ourve of the short upper ip, the small, smooth
The maiden has not passed the years of girl hood, and her clean, dark complexion, belac
eyes, and raven thesses, have won for her th reputation of a beauty.
But a deep sigh esoapes the girl, and two
large toars fell on the hand of the elder lady arge toars fell on the hand of
"Nay, Cecile; what, in teara at the ver
thought that Waiter has ahortly to leave us, said she ; "remember, my child, that you are
about to becoine the bride of a soldier, and abould rathect- rejoice that he is soon to draw his maiden sford fromits soabbard. You mun dier, yourself gird on your husband's swiord
The girl visibly shivddered as the lady ppolke TRellme, Walter, that your will oot eat

 in two short days I may have to acoompany "So to Scotland.
So soon, so soon, I could searcely believe vere alrendy being made for a devecent into "Othe" Cheer up, my dear Cecile, Walter will
me back to you, rest nssurce, and when next come back to you, rest assured, nnd when next
c leaves you, you will be more courageous."
" Fill my heart with somerviat of sour "Fill my heart with somewhat of your own
courage, dear madam. I have heard you sufred much in gour jout and A captive in the court of Qusen Mary: abhorred, I was for a long while iguorant wheber one whom I truly loved and to whom I was betrothed was livigg or dend. I am a prey
to natural fear full often, but proud to be the. wife of'a one who draws his sword in a rightful ause. Loving both ardently, I see my hus.
and and my son go forth to the field ; all that enders life dear to me would be lost in losing
"Courageous descendant of the 0 'Neils, dear "ady St. John," said Cecile, forcing back her "And when our kiag has his own again hought that my alter, "you will rejoice in the low in his cause; but let us return to the for long. ${ }^{\text {Then }}$ de Breteul's Mansion was the esort of all the ardent and disaffected spirits bat were averse to the Hanovarinn rule, and as the time fixed for the marriage of the son of
the Marshal and Lidy St. John with the aughter of an old friead happened to coincide avor of the claims of the Chevalier St. Gearge,
he Hotel de Bretcul was thronged with con. pany. eheld amongst the gay group forming, indeed he centre, a handsoms young mana apparently
bout six and twenty years of ure. He wort the dress of a French Abbe, but every oue pre-
 ime of which I write, and will be till the end ach fair dame and maiden in the sulon pushod. formard, anzious to get a word or even a smile from the scion of an ill-fated race, whom the
English Court and its upliolders teraed the Pretendor. Perhaps this obivalrous feeling oo was barn out of the very misfortunes of the
House of Stuart, which for so many centuries had given sovereigns either to Encland or Scotlund. Any way, happy were the maids and he logal Irigh who had fought and bled at imerick, and English, Scotech, and Fronch like were there, who eagerls treasured up
very word that fell from the lips of the Cheva-
Nor were the two or three gentlemen who one accompanied him in his hasty and private
isit to his friends forgotten. Unfortunately or the Chevalier, the bright eyes of a young ion of Lord Keith, one of the Prince's gentle an in waiting. $A$ sore thing it must be to ded by another of her sex, supposing sho bas anan amar heart before she de longer in her keeping
Adele de Bretenl was still unmarried; her heart, her land, her large fortune, might have the freshness of eighteen, she possessed what is
more worthy of admiration in the minds of cour; namely the matured charms of twenty
whe had lost of the simplicity of Tuth she had gained in the self-possegsion and
Trace of womanhood; and yet she bebeld her self put aside by "a miss in her teans," a mere
visitor in her brother's house ; she monopolized the attentions of Lord Keith; and as plainly as hie dared shie let Mademoisolle de Breteul

Vuinly had Emilie endeavored to lure away Lord Keith from that silly prattler; her stratsny one but Angelique. Aot ouly had Emilie felt leenly the oriertures for mirrisire made to her nicee by Walter St. John, simply beoause
she wnis herself unmarried, but she was to feel he pangs of jealousy as, Well, and she stole vent:tokiker emotio
self $b$ effore otheio

To be set aside for her, a vapid, sily yigr ith no attraotionmbat ier doilineefaco, had


