

own defence, by proving more powerful than that of Elvira's brother, has preserved the life of Elvira's husband. My mother, on hearing the conclusion of this impassioned address, was very near fainting; but she soon revived, and heard, with a tolerable degree of calmness, the whole of what had passed between my uncle and yourself. In a little time the hurt Don Carlos had received was entirely healed, and he made every possible enquiry concerning you, but in vain. The affliction, arising from an ignorance of your fate, pressed heavy on his bosom; he heard with pain and pity the whole of that conduct which you have so deeply condemned, and was continually accusing himself as the cause of my mother's melancholy.

I pass over in silence the few incidents which marked the years of my infancy.—During their course I had often heard my uncle and mother hold conversation about yourself, which always terminated in tears. On these occasions I felt and questioned as a child, but was only answered with embraces, and a promise that I should one day know the history of my father.—When I had attained my tenth year, the promise was performed by my uncle in the tenderest manner.—After your tale was told, he led me to the chamber of my expiring parent.—You weep sir; I will suspend my narrative. 'No,' replied the hermit; 'proceed; for I will follow her through the road of sorrow and repentance to that heaven where all tears shall be wiped away.'—Alonzo went on.—The last time I beheld my honoured parent was a few days before her departure. My uncle led me to her bedside, and said, 'My dear dear Elvira, here is your child, give him your blessing; and if it be the will of heaven that we must shortly part for a season, may the interval be long enough for me to perform the duty of a father and a friend. Let but the dangerous period of youth pass over the head of your son, that I may leave him with reason for his guide, and I shall then lie down in peace trusting that, from the example which has been set before him, he will not render himself unhappy by his follies, or injure society by his offences.' My mother, with a placid smile, expressive of thankfulness to her brother and tenderness to me, leaned forward to enclose me in her never-to-be-forgotten embrace. With a deep sigh she took this picture from her neck, and placed it upon mine; then pressed her pale lips to my cheek, and grasped my hand in hers; while her heart seemed too full for utterance. At length a deep sigh relieved her; and thus, while looking wistfully in my

face, she addressed me in words which will for ever exist in my memory, and live in my heart:—'Beloved semblance of a poor wanderer from his home, and from those who loved him, I invest thee with the silent image of thy absent parent; look on it, my child, until death, with reverence; remember it was valuable to thy afflicted mother, and let that remembrance induce thee, if ever its long lost and dear original should return, to give him that honour and affection which is due from a son to a father. I have ever observed in you an amiable disposition; which, I trust, will render your life easy and your death happy. Look up, at all times, to this dear friend to you and me; and to be good, learn to copy him.' Here my uncle shed tears, and gently withdrawing me from Elvira, fell on his knees. I accompanied, instinctively, this best of men; and, kneeling with him, promised to remember and perform her solemn charge if ever Providence should enable me so to do. I then rose with my uncle, by whom I was led, deeply affected with suppressed sobbings, from the mournful chamber. It might be said of my mother, that

'Beside her couch Death took his patients
stand,
And, menac'd oft and oft, withheld the
blow.'

But not, as the same elegant writer adds,

'To wean her from a world she lov'd too
well.'

'For your Elvira, my father, had passed a life of piety and resignation, Don Carlos, in whom was united the affectionate uncle and endearing friend, has frequently in conversation dwelt on her sorrows, her goodness, her beauty, and particularly on that 'patient bearing' which marked her conduct through every trying scene of her interesting existence. To him she would relate how strongly her earliest regard was fixed on you; how, when but children together, she would watch the infant wishes that rose in your bosom; and what pure delight pressed upon her's, if haply it were in her power at any time to gratify them. Then would she advance onward to the commencement of her sorrows in the cruel refusal of your father to the union proposed by her's. But here, sir, your gushing tears prevent my proceeding farther; too well you know and feel the rest. I meant to comfort, and not to wring your heart, by—' 'O, my child! my child!' interrupted the hermit, 'you do not wring, but you re-
lieve'