

domestics. Bushe noted amidst the lordly mourners that seeming sorrow which decency required, but could not perceive a trace of real feeling; he was, however, struck by a group which stood within a few paces of the bier, it consisted of a man and woman, and a lad of about fourteen years—the two former, (they were apparently endeavoring to console the boy,) seemed to be upper servants of the deceased, and were in a befitting mourning; their young companion was dressed in what appeared the cast off clothes of a lad much his junior, and in a very ragged condition. Bushe was much interested in him, his features, though not perhaps, strictly speaking, handsome, were bold and noble. A profusion of light brown hair hung in rich curls over his neck and shoulders. His eyes were red and swollen, and his cheeks pale, yet despite the deep depression of his air, one might discern a latent energy which needed but circumstances to call it into action. His person was slight but elastic, and even the rude dress which he wore could not conceal its native grace and elegance. When the service commenced he had covered his face with his hands, and remained motionless, leaning against the door of one of the pews, until he was startled by the hollow sound of the earth, as it fell on the coffin, when the remains of him he had so loved were consigned to their kindred dust; for a moment he raised his head and looked around with an expression of deep agony, then resumed his former position—but now his sobs were audible. The new Lord Altham stared haughtily and coldly at him, and beckoning the man who stood beside him, commanded him to keep the lad quiet, or take him out,—the man bowed gravely and returned to his place, but the poor boy's grief was too sacred in his eyes to permit him to disturb it. The new Peer, perceiving himself disobeyed, looked sternly at them, but saw it was useless to reiterate his commands.—When the service was ended, the titled brothers departed with the other mourners, leaving the last sad ceremonies to be performed by the undertaker and his men, assisted only by menials. Bushe determined to remain until all was finished—he lingered in the church until the lights were extinguished, and then went to the tomb. But two flambeaux remained, scarcely making the darkness visible in the vault, against the door of which, crying bitterly, leant the youth in whom he had been so interested,—as he approached he heard his former companions conversing about him :

“Poor Jemmy is breaking his young heart, and yet, John, the old lord shewed little love for him,—I don't know what makes him feel it so, though certainly 'tis a sad thing for him to be left alone, at his age, with only me to care about him in the wide world,—he must come home and live with us, John, and we must be kind to him, for where else has he to go?”