

were not suspicious of her influence, because she was a Catholic—happily for Amy, a good one. Some months now passed in comparative peace, and gradually I had the delight to witness the restoration of health, and the returning bloom on the cheek of my beloved child. I might relate numberless interesting traits and circumstances connected with this charming being during this period—her charity, her benevolence, her beautiful piety, which shone conspicuous in every action of her life. Only I should stretch my story to too great a length, and I am anxious to bring it to a close. There was one privation I felt—I did not dare write to a single friend, or receive any letter, for fear of discovering my residence; and my only correspondent was my banker in London. I could have wished to have informed Mr. Martyn of my success in recovering the child of Agnes, but I knew not where he was, nor have I since been able to trace him. We remained in the Highlands two years, when again we received an alarm from the arrival of an English party, who were making a tour, and in one of the gentlemen I discovered Amy's uncle—we met them in our walk. The whole party were struck with the extraordinary beauty of my young companion, but his attention, although he had not beheld her for years, seemed peculiarly fixed upon her. I hoped that time had so changed me, that I should pass unobserved, but he knew me instantly, and approached us saying:

"It is here then I find you, Mrs. Somerville, formerly the friend, but now the bitter enemy of our family—again have you dared to rob a father of his only child—the Duke de Manfredonia is now in England, and I shall write to him immediately—nor will I lose sight of you until his arrival here.

As he uttered these words, the cheek of poor Amy became suddenly blanched, and she fell senseless in my arms. The whole party who accompanied Mr. Denison, showed the greatest sympathy, and assisted me in recovering her—but whenever her eyes unclosed, and rested on her uncle, she relapsed, and I became most seriously alarmed for her life. A truly Christian old gentleman now interfered, and insisted on Mr. Denison withdrawing.

"It is well madam," said the brother of Agnes, as he struggled to restrain his violence; "you shall be watched, and may depend on hearing from me sooner than you expect."

He then turned away, and we gratefully beheld his receding figure—while the humane stranger said to me, his whole countenance beaming with benevolence.

"You appear placed in peculiar and trying circumstances, allow me to offer you my assistance, and tell me how I may best serve you."

I briefly explained that not only the happiness, but the life of the beautiful girl before him depended upon her being saved from the power of her father.

"Assist us only in leaving this place within an hour," I continued, "and we will forever bless you."

Dear Amy's tearful eyes and clasped hands, as she looked up in his face, strengthened my appeal—and so kindly and promptly did he act, with the assistance of his servants, (for he appeared from his equipage a man of rank)—that ere Mr. Denison could take any steps to control our movements, we were miles away from the only home where we had known peace for so long a period together—since then, we have continually moved our abode. We came here a few weeks ago, and except into the woods on your Lordship's estate, we have never ventured beyond the gates. We live in constant alarm and excitement, which I can perceive is preying more and more on my beautiful child. And yesterday I received a letter from my banker announcing that the Duke was in London, and that he had offered an immense sum for the recovery of his daughter, and had employed emissaries in all directions to seek her. Judge, then, my Lord, continued Mrs. Somerville, how hopeless it now appears to us, to shield her much longer from her impending fate. I have done all I could—sacrificed every thing and yet it is of no avail, while Father Anselm lives—we are in terror each day of being separated, and were they to gain possession of her now, she would forever be immured in the walls of a cloister, and I should behold her no more on this earth."

Here Mrs. Somerville paused, while tears of agony coursed down her cheeks.

Lord Blondville, deeply affected, now rose, his fine countenance glowing with emotion. "Mrs. Somerville," he said, "I have promised Lady Amanda to protect her; and I will. This day shall she be removed to the castle. Nay, start not, that Henry Martyn who you mentioned, is my best and most valued friend—he is my domestic chaplain, and Gasper is one of my confidential attendants. I thought I should surprise you," continued the Earl, as he beheld the agitation of Mrs. Somerville; "make any arrangements you think proper; of course the protection which is offered to her is extended to yourself, and to those you value who compose your household. Now tell me your wishes, I only wait for them."

Mrs. Somerville was silent for some moments. She gazed on the noble young man before her with looks of admiration; at length she replied:

"Your generosity, my Lord, only corroborates all we have heard of you since we came here, nor dare I refuse to profit by it. Were my own peace, my own worthless life, alone concerned, it mattered not, but a charge so sacred as I feel Amy to be, is too dear to be endangered. Yes, to you and Henry Martyn will I intrust her for a while, attended by Ursula, who I know would not leave her on any account, while I arrange my affairs here—and then proceed to London, where my agent tells me my presence