

THE COUSINS.

Written for the Museum.

IN the neighbourhood of a sea-port town in the South of Ireland, once eminent in the history of that fine, but unfortunate country, though now famous only for the silence of its harbour, and the rottenness of its borough, stood a modern mansion, about half a mile from the sea bord. A small plot of ground, which went sloping from the front of the house, was separated from the highway by a hedge of thorn and apple tree, knotted strongly together by creeping tendrils of ivy, and other parasitical plants.—Divided and partitioned into patches of sweet flowers, and blooming parterres, this plot, the nursling of female fondness, exhibited every where traces of the highest cultivation, and most delicate taste, whilst a few old elms overshadowed the foreground, and half concealed from the gaze of the passers by, the residence and retirement of the relict of Perci De Courçi, and her only daughter.

It is not our intention to fill those sheets with a detail of these ladies. The late Mr. De Courçi, in his life time, held an official situation. At his death, his widow retired to the retreat above described, employing her late years in relieving the wants of the simple inmates of the poor hamlets, in the neighbourhood, and in superintending the education of her only child, who, at the age of eighteen, had the character, with all who knew her, of being good, amiable, benevolent and accomplished—we would have added *beautiful*, but *mere* beauty is not in the catalogue of our recommendations.

Two years previous to the period of which we write, De Courçi lodge was visited by a young gentleman, a nephew of Mrs. De Courçi's, who came hither from college, to spend the summer vacation, and to recruit his health, at the sea-side. He had not been long, however, an inmate in the "Lodge" until he found the society and conversation of his cousin, the most agreeable restorative the country possessed. The constant enjoyment of her company produced the most decided benefit, and in the end, left an impression on his mind, too deep to be either speedily