

after the younger part of the household, and I do not know why, but me in particular. 'Bennet,' she would say, 'you are very fond of walking to the mill, now as the miller has a son not many years older than yourself, it does not look seemly.' 'La, bless your ladyship, it is the miller's daughter, I go to see,' I would reply, 'she has a great kindness for me, and is a very well conducted young woman.'"

"No doubt, no doubt, Mrs. Bennet, it was the miller's daughter, but was there not something about a present of blue ribbons, and being seen sitting on a style, and a terrible scolding?"

"Ah, your Lordship remembers the story I see," said Mrs. Bennet, endeavouring to restrain a laugh, much to the amusement of Amy, "but, indeed, I was not to blame."

"Well, well, those days are past and gone, though the mill is still where it was."

"And the miller's son?" asked the Earl.

"Is married," sighed Mrs. Bennet. "I often think I was hard-hearted, but it little matters now; he has got a fine family about him, and the flour he brings to the castle makes the most beautiful pastry. Will you walk this way, my lady?"

After viewing some historical paintings, Amy was surprised to find that more than an hour had been expended.

"Perhaps you would like to see the rest another day," said the Earl, fearful of fatiguing her, "when Mrs. Bennet will tell us some more of her family stories."

Amy smiled as they left the gallery, and expressed her thanks so sweetly to the old lady for the kind trouble she had taken, that she was quite charmed, and was heard afterwards to say: "I do not like her foreign name, but there is something in herself so lovely that I cannot help wishing I may live to see her picture placed amongst the family portraits. How handsome they looked together,"

(To be continued in our next.)

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.

WHEN suffering under the pressure of our own distresses, whether they be of regular continuance, or have come upon us of a sudden, we are apt to imagine that no individual in the surrounding world is so unfortunate as we, or, perhaps, that we stand altogether by ourselves in calamity, or, at the most belong to a small body of unfortunates, forming an exception from all the rest of mankind. We look to a neighbour, and, seeing that he is not afflicted by any open or palpable grievance, and makes no complaint of any which are hidden from our eyes, we conclude that he is a man entirely fortunate and thoroughly happy, while we are never free from trouble of one kind or another, and, in fact, appear as the very step-children of Providence. For every particular evil which besets

us, we find a contrast in the exactly opposite circumstances of some other person, and, by the pains of envy, perhaps, add materially to the real extent of our distresses. Are we condemned to a severe toil for our daily bread, then we look to him who gains it by some means which appear to us less laborious. Have we little of worldly wealth, then do we compare ourselves with the affluent man, who not only commands all those necessities of which we can barely obtain a sufficiency, but many luxuries besides, which we only know by name. Are we unblessed with the possession of children, we pine to see the superabundance which characterises another family, wherethey are far less earnestly desired. Are we bereft of a succession of tenderly beloved friends or relatives, we wonder at the felicity of certain persons under our observation, who never know what it is to wear mourning. In short, no evil falls to our lot but we are apt to think ourselves its almost sole victims, and, we either overlook a great deal of the corresponding vexations of our fellow-creatures, or think, in our anguish that they are far less than ours.

We remember a story in the course of our reading, which illustrates this fallacy in a very affecting manner. A widow of Naples, named, if we recollect rightly, the Countess Corsini, had but one son remaining to give her an interest in the world; and he was a youth so remarkable for the elegance of his person, and every graceful and amiable quality, that even if he had not stood in that situation of unusual tenderness towards his mother, she might well have been excused for holding him with an extravagant degree of attachment. When this young gentleman grew up, he was sent to pursue his studies at the University of Bologna, where he so well improved his time, that he soon became one of the most distinguished scholars, at the same time that he gained the affection of all who knew him, on account of his singularly noble character and pleasing manners. Every vacation, he returned to spend a few months with his mother, who never failed to mark with delight the progress he had made, if not in his literary studies, at least in the cultivation of every personal accomplishment. Her attachment was thus prevented from experiencing any abatement, and she was encouraged to place always more and more reliance upon that hope of his future greatness which had induced her at first to send him to so distant a university, and had hitherto supported her under his absence. Who can describe that solicitude with which a mother—and "she a widow"—(to use the language of Scripture)—regards a last-surviving son! His every motion—his every wish—she watches with attentive kindness. He cannot be absent a few minutes longer than his wont, but she becomes uneasy, and, whatever be the company in which she sits at the moment permits her whole soul to become abstracted in a reverie, from which nothing can rouse her but his return. If he comes on horseback, she