

go from one extreme to the other," said Rosamond. "Imagine an intellectual and good man, of moderate fortune, not exactly rich, but possessing a comfortable competence—a commodious house, neatly furnished, and if not the luxuries, the substantial comforts of life—a lovely and loving family, and kind friends. Would not this be preferable to mere wealth and station?"

"In your estimation, not in mine; but here we are at Woburn Place. Humph! a good house—the footman rather gaudily dressed. But the Irish are too fond of show—not much taste in their selection of colors; but a fascinating, clever people, with enough of the devil in them to be entertaining companions. Oh! it would be fine fun to disappoint an Irish adventurer. I wish Mrs. Maurice may have a son. If I would not persuade him that I was the heiress! How he would blarney me up to the skies, and swear by all the divinities in Love's heaven, that I was a perfect Venus."

Rosamond shook her head depreciatingly, as Arthur assisted them from the carriage, and in a few minutes she found herself in Mrs. Maurice's presence.

A handsome, and showily dressed woman was sitting at a table writing a note as the party entered. Her eye glanced from Marianne to Rosamond, and with a knowledge which seemed almost intuitive, singled out her niece. A warm embrace, and an audible salute upon the fair cheek of the blushing girl, spoke her welcome.

"What a beautiful girl! I should have known her anywhere—she is the picture of her mother. A perfect Doyle! It is only Ireland which can produce a face like that."

"Indeed!" said Marianne, coldly; "we consider Miss Sternfield a great likeness of her father."

"Oh, the wretch!"—cried Mrs. Maurice. "It is a poor compliment to be thought like him. No! she is a gem of the emerald isle—I must insist upon claiming her as my countrywoman. What do you say, my dear?"

"Born and brought up in England, I have always looked upon myself as English," said Rose; "but I feel deeply interested in Ireland, on my mother's account, and shall take the earliest opportunity to visit it."

"Ah! we must find you an Irish husband, and that will cure you of your English prejudices."

"Let me assure you, madam, that I have no national prejudices. The good of all countries are to me alike," interposed Rosamond.

"A citizen of the world, eh! And where did you get those republican notions? For my part, I glory in my nationality, and am ready to do

battle with any one who speaks slightly of my abused and injured country. But let me introduce you to my nephew, and your cousin, Captain Doyle; I assure you, from the moment we heard of your existence, he has been most impatient to claim relationship."

The color again heightened on Rosamond's cheek, as a tall man, of good figure and bold reckless appearance, advanced and took her hand.

"I am only too happy, Miss Sternfield, to make your acquaintance. Relations do not always prove the best friends, but faith! if we may judge by first impressions, it will be no difficult matter to love you."

"Sir," said Rosamond, withdrawing her hand, and looking sternly grave; "I am not accustomed to the language of flattery."

"Then you have never been accustomed to hear the truth, in this cold-hearted land," said the Captain.

"My cousin is unacquainted with the virtues of the blarney stone," said Marianne, laughing. "If you have a small portion of that valuable commodity in your pocket, dispense the same to me. I shall find it highly useful."

"You are a sensible girl," cried the gay Doyle, seating himself beside Marianne, "not to be offended with a man for uttering what is in his heart. The Saxon may sit by a beautiful creature like you, and admire her with his eyes, and still be prudent enough not to speak his admiration; but I defy a son of Erin to hold his tongue, while his heart is warmed with the charms of dear woman. My little cousin looks as serious as a judge, but we shall be better friends when we understand each other."

"My cousin Rosamond is of a timid, retiring character," said Marianne; "in this respect she is perfectly English."

"Ah! I see you are determined to claim her for your own," said Captain Doyle; "but the purest blood always flows from the mother's side." "Because women are so much better than men?"

"They are angels, and nothing bad can belong to celestial beings."

"Yet they contrived to fall, with all their superiority," said Marianne, sarcastically. "That is the reason, I suppose, that we find so many among them devils."

"By Jove! if a man had said as much, I would have murdered him," cried Doyle, laughing. "But I make a point of never contradicting a woman."

"The blarney was wanting there," returned Marianne; "we should have differed, in order to agree. You made us all angels, but agreeing