

side this vapour all was clear, and the scenery of the dell was as usual placid and calm.

Eliza looked and understood. She now knew well that from the fountain which, through her desire, had been shut out from the poor, and thus had caused the death of two humble women, would come a fearful punishment to her and those she loved. As she looked on, the phantoms returned after death to the spot which in life they dared not approach. She felt so paralysing a fear, that she had not power even to scream.

"I'll go down to the well," cried Arthur, rushing from the room.

All but Eliza followed him to the door; she, too terror-stricken even to call him back, or cling to him to prevent his going, stood alone at the window, as if turned into stone, alternately gazing at the spectral figures in the mist and at the form of her lover, as he rapidly approached the well. At last he reached it, and looked around him.

The mist and phantoms vanish, and Eliza recovers the power of motion. She throws the window open, and looks intently on Arthur, who is examining the well. Why does he spring so suddenly on the rock above it? Eliza screams! The waters of the well are rushing up the rock on which her lover stands. They are around—above him! they are spreading all over the valley with magic speed! Eliza rushes from the room; the water is rising up the broad staircase; there is no trace of father, servant, friend or acquaintance. She reaches the top room of the house, the water is upon her! out on the roof in the wild hope of safety! All around her are the waters spread now, and it seems as if the season had changed suddenly, and the winter had come before its time, for snow is falling thickly, and keen bitter winds blow through her dark hair, and chill the blood in her veins like death. She looks across the rising waters almost mad with fear, but sees no chance of safety. She sinks down on the roof of the house, with no shelter from the bitter winds and snows, but the light muslin wedding robe. She feels death rapidly approaching. Suddenly a mocking laugh startles her, and looking up again, she sees close at hand the phantom figures, with the

cold white death-robos quickly spreading over them. With a wild scream she started up, and plunged into the water.

Next morning the wondering peasantry gazed long and in amaze upon the wide pond that spread its dark waters where the dell had been the day before. No trace of the bishop's mansion, or the stately trees, or the sweet smelling flowers, which decked the pleasant little valley. People came in crowds from the city, and from places far away, for years afterwards, till the wonder grew old, and men thought no more about it. The pond is now called the Lough, and is to be seen in the south-western suburbs of the old city of Cork, as wild a piece of water as ever was beheld on the loneliest moor, surrounded by weeds, amongst which the coot and water-hens build their nests. Coot and water-hen, and wild duck swim fearlessly upon that dreary pond, although the houses of the citizens are built upon its brink, and people walk around it all hours of the day. Such is the legend of the Lough.

J. R.

OFTEN HONOURABLE TO BE AN OLD MAID.—A writer very properly rebukes those who laugh at old maids. In most cases, when a woman does not marry, it is her own decision. She has met no one whom she could love, or she has had orphaned sisters or brothers who require her care, or there has been some other worthy, and often heroic motive. "Yes! that same old maid you were just now making fun of is as much above you, both morally and mentally, as the lark that springs on eager wings to hail the morn is above the loathsome bat who shuns the light of day, and chooses rather the dark, damp cellar, and the unwholesome air of the dungeon, and there flutters his useless life away, without caring that there is light and beauty beyond. Marry for a home! Marry to escape the ridicule of being called an old maid! How dare you, then, pervert the most sacred institution of the Almighty by becoming the wife of a man for whom you can feel no emotions of love, or respect, even, and who cares no more for you than he does for his horse, or his ox, or his dog, or any other article of property that ministers to his comfort or his pleasures?"