

then she talked of her flowers, and thought of the well,
Where the cool water splash'd o'er the large white stone ;
And she thought it would soothe like a fairy spell,
Could she drink from that fount when the fever was on.

While yet so young, and her bloom grew less,
They had borne her away to a kindlier clime—
She would not tell that 'twas only distress
Which had gathered life's rose in its sweet spring time.

When she looked : when they bade her to look,
At many a ruin and many a shrine—
The sculptured niche, and the pictured nook.
And marked from high places the sun's decline.
In secret she sighed for a quiet spot,
Where she oft had played in childhood's hour ;
Though shrub or flowret marked it not,
'twas dearer to her than the gayest bower.

Oft did she ask, " Are we almost there ?"
At her voice grew faint, and flush'd cheek pale ;
They strove to soothe her, with useless care,
Her sighs would escape on the evening gale.

More swiftly, more swiftly, they hurried her on ;
The anxious hearts felt a chill despair ;
When the light of that eye was gone,
The quick pulse stopp'd, she was almost there !

IMOGENE.

ATIC SCENES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY LADY MORGAN.

(2 Vols.)

quite sure that we cannot gratify our readers more
me extracts from this work. The following is a little
onal piece, between Mr. Sackville and Mr. Galbraith,
ent of the former possessor of the estate. Subse-
ere is an inrush of neighbours, including Dr. Polypus.