

halting day or night until she reached my dwelling.

On hearing her story, which was given more in detail than I have ventured to do to you, I immediately made arrangements for our residing together, as a mutual comfort and protection—but she had not been many weeks with me, ere I made the miserable discovery that her health, from protracted anxieties, and exposures in her journeyings, had yielded to that fatal disease, consumption, and I had the sorrow to witness her strength daily and hourly declining. The dear little Amanda, now six years old, was a sacred charge she gave to me, with a promise that she never should be forsaken by me, and that she should be educated in the purest principles of the Protestant faith—not, she said, with sweet solemnity, merely as a nominal Christian, but in the blessed spirit of the Evangelist, which I received from the best of men. This was the only time my Agnes ever alluded to her former lover. Tenderly was she watched over by Ursula and myself, and every thing done to endeavour to save her; but without avail—the barbed arrow had been stricken too far. And ere many more weeks passed, her pure spirit had fled to its eternal rest.

Amanda, or rather Amy, (for that is her pet name), keenly felt the loss of her mother,—wonderfully so for so young a creature. Even at that early age, she seemed to have an instinctive horror of Father Anselm, for she implored me not to send her back to him. I folded her in my arms, and promised that she never should be taken from me. Alas, I did not then know all the difficulties of keeping that promise. About this period, we lost our protector, in Ursula's husband, who was carried off by small pox. This was an unexpected, sad addition to our sorrows—and for a long time, she, poor creature, was inconsolable—but at length Amy's endearing, engaging qualities became paramount, and completely engrossed our affections. Richly did she repay us, and we were beginning to feel tranquil, if not happy, when a letter was delivered one morning into my hands, which completely destroyed all hope—it was from Mr. Denison, the father of Agnes, inclosing another from the Duke de Manfredonia—both couched in the most violent terms, announcing their determination to recover the Lady Amanda, and punish me, if I dared to withhold her. The bearer of the letter said they were now on their way, having arrived the night before at—

How my residence had been discovered, I never could learn—it mattered not. As I communicated my sad tidings to Ursula, I thought her senses would have fled—we had no time to act, for in a few minutes the Duke's carriage drove up to the door—when he, accompanied by Mr. Denison and Father Anselm, burst into our presence. The distressing scene which followed, you may perhaps imagine, for I cannot describe it—the remembrance

alone makes me shudder—suffice it that Amy, our beloved child, was dragged from us, amidst cries and shrieks, and I saw her no more for five years.

Mrs. Somerville here paused from strong emotion, while the Earl's interest more than ever awakened, made him impatient to hear the conclusion of her story—in a few minutes she was able to proceed.

Life now became a blank to me—I had been content to live alone before the coming of my beloved Agnes, but since my home had been cheered by her presence and that of her sweet child, to be so suddenly and cruelly deprived of both, upset all my fortitude, and a severe illness was the consequence. Poor Ursula pined after her treasure, and would listen to no words of consolation; she would sit for hours weeping and wringing her hands. At this trying period, the minister of our parish was called away to visit his friends in England, and another was appointed in his absence. The first Sabbath I felt equal to attend church, I was accompanied by Ursula. Our sorrowing appearance attracted the pitying gaze of many. As I passed the pulpit, I met the eyes of the new minister intently fixed upon me—in him I discovered the much altered Henry Martyn, the early friend of Agnes."

Here the Earl involuntarily started—but as he made no remark, Mrs. Somerville proceeded.

"Of course, in so sacred a place, not the slightest recognition followed; but I fancied there was a slight tremor in his voice as he commenced, which soon was overcome by higher feelings. His sermon that day, upon the subject of human trials, was the most eloquent, the most beautiful discourse I had ever heard. As I listened, a calm stole on my spirit, which until now I had been a stranger to. I looked at Ursula, to see what effect it made on her—her attention was fixed, and piety mingled with hope, seemed to have succeeded the look of anxious misery her countenance had lately assumed. We spoke little on our way home, but each retired to her own room, and on again meeting, we embraced, and tears, refreshing tears, relieved our hearts.

The following morning, Mr. Martyn called on me; it was a meeting full of interest—full of sorrow. I related all that had transpired connected with Agnes. His Christian sense of duty had taught him to combat his attachment to her from the moment he learnt her marriage—he spoke of her more with the tenderness of a brother—but the idea of her child being in the power of the wicked Father Anselm he seriously felt, and we held a long consultation upon the most probable means of recovering her. He strongly advised my going to reside on the continent as the most likely. Ursula was well acquainted with the localities of the Duke's different residences—and by taking a trusty courier we should not only have a guide but a protector. Amongst all my