

that has got diamonds round the lock and handle of the coffer in which it is kept.

" ' Altogether your convent seems to be very superior.'

" ' It is the first in Italy.'

" ' You must feel very happy in belonging to it.'

" ' Yes, very.—Only the years seem so long !'

We had marked sundry convent scenes, of a sterner character than this, for quotation, and also a portion of the trial in the Inquisition, but our limits forbid such indulgence. We have not, indeed, the whole of the work before us. The Abbess and Juliet and Lord Hubert are on the sea, on their way to England, and we observe a tempest of considerable rigour and duration is about to rise ; for the cloud has come over the moon, grey old mariners shake their heads, and the authoress has a hundred pages and odd to fill, before she can say *finis*. We are afraid that Mrs. Trollope has disposed of her heroines in a way little to the liking of her publisher—a shrewd man, who knows what's what—and has, we presume, kept back the tragic conclusion, lest it should induce us to complain of the injustice of depriving the Inquisition of burning two handsome heretics for the pleasure of drowning them at sea.

BORDER TALES.

GRIZEL COCHRANE.

A TALE OF TWEEDMOUTH MOOR.

When the tyranny and bigotry of the last James drove his subjects to take up arms against him, one of the most formidable enemies to his dangerous usurpations was Sir John Cochrane, ancestor of the present Earl of Dundonald. He was one of the most prominent actors in Argyle's rebellion, and for ages a destructive doom seemed to have hung over the house of Campbell, enveloping in a common ruin all who united their