

that one day or other, her parents would have relented; that, witnessing their mutual constancy, they would, at last, consent to their union; but now, his hopes were blasted, and life seemed suddenly to become a blank. Whither should he go? To remain at home was impossible. He could no longer endure the loneliness of the family mansion, from which the beloved had just departed, and the absence of his sister, who was journeying far away, confirmed him in a resolution which he had often made in boyhood, namely, to visit "the classic land of Italy," and thither he directed his steps. The natural wish of the human heart to fly from the scene of its sorrows, and to seek solace in change, was well exemplified in his case, but it produced, as it not unfrequently does, a contrary result, and to him might have been appropriately addressed the answer of Solitude, to one in similar circumstances,

"Youth, you're mistaken if you think to find,
In shades a medicine for a troubled mind,
Woe grief will haunt you wheresoe'er you go,
Sigh in the breeze, and in the streamlets flow."

But I must hasten to a conclusion. He had been there but a few months when he received intelligence of the death of Marion. The friend who communicated it added, "that a broken heart had brought her to a premature grave." A short time subsequent to her death, we became acquainted with him: and this was the grief which had been secretly undermining his health.

We buried him at the close of a lovely summer's day, in a sequestered but beautiful spot. We planted the cypress at his head, strewed roses, watered with tears, over his grave, and left him to repose "in sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection."

There was a pause of some moments after the conclusion of Mr. Clifton's narrative, broken by one of the company, with an allusion to the picture.

"I had forgotten to tell you," was Mr. Clifton's reply, "that Frederick had taken a sketch of the place in which we encountered the brigands,—and intended to add some finishing touches to it, when his health failing, he never completed it,—but enclosed it to his sister, just as it was, knowing well that any of his productions, however poor, would be highly valued by her. A little before his death, he placed in my hand a letter, and entreated me, on my return to Eng-

land, to call and see her, requesting me also to take charge of a few valuables, which he had brought with him to Italy, until I could restore them to her.

"The promise was made, but, unfortunately, I have never been able to fulfill it. On my return home, I repaired, almost immediately, to the place to which I had been directed by Frederick,—but could gain no intelligence of his sister, except that she had removed, with her husband, from the city, some time before. I advertised in many of the newspapers, and made all the inquiry I could, but it was of no avail. Subsequently, I learned that they had removed to Canada,—and, after leaving England myself, to settle here, I again prosecuted my search, but without any success. Some time after, I heard from a person who had met them travelling, that her husband had become very much dissipated, and that they were in destitute circumstances.

"This picture," continued Mr. Clifton, again examining it, "is not the same, but evidently a copy of the sketch. That it is far superior to the original, I do not hesitate to say,—but the artist must have obtained the latter by some means, or he could not have taken it so exactly,—and this, perhaps, may serve as a clue to ascertain whether Frederick's sister still survives—and, if so, her residence."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Mocking-Bird.

The plumage of the Mocking-Bird, though none of the homeliest, has nothing gaudy or brilliant in it; and had he nothing else to recommend him, would scarcely entitle him to notice, but his figure is well proportioned, and even handsome. The ease, elegance, and rapidity of his movements, the animation of his eye, and the intelligence he displays in listening, and laying up lessons from almost every species of the feathered creation within his hearing, are really surprising, and mark the peculiarity of his genius. To these qualities we may add that of a voice full, strong, and musical, and capable of almost every modulation, from the clear, mellow tones of the Wood Thrush, to the savage scream of the Bald Eagle. In the measure and accent, he faithfully follows his originals.