

woman many years after. I must give, by way of specimen, a few characteristic snatches of her story, — a story which will scarce fail to recall to the learned in romance the picturesque narratives of Mrs. Ratcliffe's garrulous housekeepers, or the lengthened anecdotes of the communicative Annette.

"I was delighted," says the old serving-maid, "when it was told me that I was to accompany my lady and a friend of hers to the castle, in order that I might be at hand to wait on them next morning; for they were to stay at the castle all night. So we set out in the coach, the two ladies being seated in front, and myself with my back to the horses; and it was quite dark when we arrived at the foot of the castle-hill, for it was the dead of winter, and the snow lay on the ground. However, there were lamps fixed upon the trees, all along the private road up to the castle; and there were lights upon the towers, which shone as beacons far and near; for it was a great day at the castle. The horses, though we had four, had hard work to drag us up the snowy path. However, we got up in time; and, passing under the gateway, we found ourselves in the court-yard. But oh, how different did it then show to what it does now, being littered with splendid equipages, and sounding with the rattling of wheels and the voices of coachmen and grooms calling to each other, and blazing with lights from almost every window! and the sound of merry voices, and of harps and viols, issued from every doorway. At length, having drawn up to the steps of the portico, my ladies were handed out by a young gentleman wearing an embroidered waistcoat with deep pockets, and a bag-wig and sword; and I was driven to another door, where I was helped out by a foot-boy, who showed me the way to the housekeeper's room." The serving-maid then goes on to describe the interior. She saw on the dark wainscoting hard, stiff paintings, in faded