

THE LITERARY GARLAND,

AND

British North American Magazine.

VOL. VI.

DECEMBER, 1848.

No. 12.

JANE REDGRAVE.*

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

CHAPTER XV.

"Alas! and do we meet again?"

She said in tones of deepest sorrow:

"Oh! that to-day would end my pain,
And leave no heart-break for the morrow."

THE cold rush of the night air recalled Rosamond to animation. She found herself seated in a rude market-cart, between two men. The arm of one was around her, and her head supported on his breast. Slowly she gathered herself up, and endeavoured to trace, by the dim, shadowy, indistinct light of the clouded moon, the features of her companions. A sort of chill crept over her—a suffocating conviction that they were not friends. She tried to speak, but her voice died away, in feeble, inarticulate murmurs, and she relapsed into silence.

"Lean upon me, Rosamond," whispered a voice, but too well known. "You are weak. It is well that I was at hand, to save you from that ferocious beast, or he might have been the death of you."

"Captain Doyle," exclaimed Rosamond—drawing as far back from him as she possibly could; "I had hoped, that we should meet no more. For what deeper misery am I yet reserved?"

"It is your own fault, Rosamond. You knew, but rejected the remedy."

"Thank God I did so—it is his will. I will try to bear my misfortunes with patience."

They journeyed on in silence. The cold, murky dawn, found them upon a lonely beach, and the hollow surging of the waves, heard, but unseen,

through the fog that hung upon the water, was dreary and monotonous in the extreme.

Captain Doyle exchanged some words in native Irish, with his servant, who immediately checked his horse, and his master dismounted, and assisted Rosamond to alight.

"We must stay here for the boat," he said, "I wonder Hogan is not in readiness. I am true to my appointment—and he might have kept his."

"Please your honor," said Pat Dolan, "its the fog that has bothered him. Whisht!—I hear the stroke of an oar—an' shure its the boy himself that is to the fore."

As he ceased speaking, a small boat loomed through the fog, and presently touched the beach.

Rosamond, benumbed with the cold, wretched and heart-sick, had seated herself upon a heap of pebbles, and covered her face with her coarse plaided shawl, in order to screen herself from the rude air, and to hide her fast flowing tears. Her arm pained her exceedingly, and the thought of leaving her native shores thrilled her breast with anguish hitherto unknown. While she yet breathed the air of England, the hope of escape continued to bear her up; but once upon those fearful waves, what remained to her but despair!

"Take my life, Cousin Doyle," she sobbed, as he came forward to assist her into the boat. "Bury me beneath these white sands, or plunge my wretched body under the waves that roll at your feet, and I will forgive you with my last breath—but take me not to a strange land, to pine away a miserable existence among stran-

* Continued from page 500.—Conclusion.