

And so saying, the man ran off again to resume his employment. Hannah hastened to the door—her kind heart throbbed violently (old as it was,) against her bosom. She stood at the door till the carriages came up—a grave elderly gentleman stepped from the unknown conveyance, and opening the door of the other, assisted Mary to alight, and Hannah was alarmed to see that it required both to lift Eleanor out. A whispered order from the strange gentleman, and four of the men servants approached the other carriage, and Hannah, as she gazed, was obliged to lean for support against the wall. What heavy burthen did they raise in their arms. Oh! good and gracious Father! it was a *coffin*. With slow and faltering steps did the melancholy procession reach the door, and when Mary looked upon the well-known face of Hannah, who stood pale and horror-stricken in the door-way, forgetful of her usual *hauteur*—forgetful of all but the love borne by Hannah to the dead—she flung herself into her out-stretched arms, and gave way to a wild burst of tears.

"There he is, Hannah! *there—there*—in that coffin! thus it is, that Arthur Newburk returns to the home of his boyhood—the dwelling of his fathers. Oh, Hannah! Hannah! pity me—pity me—pity my sore affliction!"

And the proud cold woman sobbed like a child on Hannah's bosom.

"Don't cry, *alannah!* don't cry so!" and yet the affectionate creature wept herself like a very infant. "Och! och!" she cried, as Mary withdrew from her arms—"Och! och! but this is the black an' bitter day to us all. "Och, Mr. Arthur! Mr. Arthur! *asthore machree!* are you lyin' there cowl'd an' stiff—you that had the bright smile an' the kind word for the meanest sarvint about the house! Och, *ochone!* *ochone!* him that I seen a pretty weeny child, an' a fine elegant young gentleman—an' is he gone before me—me, a poor lonely ould woman?—*Wisha!* *wisha!* but this is a world of sorrow and throuble! But what's the matter with the young mistress?" she suddenly exclaimed, on hearing a loud laugh from Eleanor. Then as she turned to look at her, the fearful conviction flashed upon her mind, for the wild look and the strange untimely burst of merriment, told too plainly the terrible truth. "God protect and save us from harm! but this is the sorrowful day out an' out!" Yet with all her grief, poor Hannah did not forget to make herself useful, and applied herself to tend the unhappy mistress of the mansion.

It were idle to enlarge upon a scene so mournful. True it is, that I have frequently heard even Richardson himself censured for having withheld

from us, the description of the sorrow with which the parents of Clarissa Harlowe received the remains of their once idolized, but ill-used daughter, and yet I am not sure that even the greatest of modern novelists could have done justice to that more than grief which they felt, when looking on the dead form of their child—their favorite child—they acknowledged that they themselves had caused her death. Wisely and well then he imitated the Grecian painter, who drew a veil over the face, whose agony he despaired of depicting. Vainly would I attempt to describe the lasting, lingering grief, which rendered Mary Newburk's life one entire blank. Mr. Nelson had kindly remained (though at considerable sacrifice of his professional practice,) until he had seen all that was mortal of Arthur Newburk consigned to the tomb, and when he was gone, Mary was left *alone*—alone with her poor stricken charge. Often and often as she marked the utter unconsciousness of Eleanor, she was almost tempted to envy her—but this feeling was never more than momentary; and when it passed, Mary prostrated her soul in humble gratitude before Him, who had supported her through the fiery furnace of tribulation. Deeming it a duty to try every possible means for restoring Eleanor's reason, she made it a point to procure the best medical advice that the country within a circuit of many miles afforded. Many were the attempts made, but all proved unsuccessful. All the physicians, however, who had been consulted in the case, expressed a hope that her confinement might produce a favorable change. Awaiting this momentous event then, let us return to the letter written by Arthur, the evening previous to the fatal duel, and which Mary had (as Mr. Morrison expected,) found on her return home. It was addressed to wife and sister conjointly—having first apologized for his silence of more than a week, which he said was owing to his wish to afford them the pleasure of a surprise—(as he had been daily expecting to be dismissed from his attendance in court,)—he went on to beg that what he had to communicate would be calmly received. He then mentioned that Mr. Hamilton had on that day called upon him with many hypocritical professions of friendship, which he (whose mind was full of resentment for the injury offered to his father,) could not receive with even tolerable patience. I certainly did," he went on with his usual frankness, "upbraid him, it might be too warmly, with the outrage he inflicted on my poor father, whereupon he became furious, and went off vowing to be revenged. I have just received a challenge from him, and have appointed to meet him this afternoon at four o'clock in a meadow close by Harold's Cross.