

to dissuade him from his fatal design of meeting his adversary, even though at the risk of being called a coward; but he utterly refused to listen to my argument, and assured me that he had long looked for this opportunity of settling an old score. He then gave me a letter, requesting me (in the event of his falling,) to have it sent to his wife by the earliest opportunity. With a heavy heart I assented, and in two hours after your brother left the house on his fatal errand. Another only had passed when he was carried back as you now see him. I immediately wrote a letter to acquaint his family with the sad tidings, enclosing at the same time his own epistle. As it was but yesterday my letter was posted, it has scarcely reached Ballyhaise as yet—you will find it there, doubtless, on your return. My tale is now told!"

"I thank you, Mr. Morrison—I thank you for your recital, and much more for your sympathy. I will trouble you for your account as soon as convenient, as I wish to get home with as little delay as possible."

Then seeing the worthy landlord hesitate, she exclaimed:

"I see, good Mr. Morrison! the cause of your embarrassment—there is one question your delicate kindness prompts you to leave unasked. But I will anticipate you—furnish me with *all* your account—all—do you understand?"

Mr. Morrison bowed in silence, and was about to withdraw, when Mary called him back to request that he would order some refreshments for her coachman, and then have him prepare at once to set out. Mr. Morrison ventured to remonstrate.

"Why, surely, Miss Newburk! you would not think of leaving Dublin to-night—and such a night as this is?"

"Yes, even so, my good sir! my travelling companion will not heed the storm, and for myself, I fear not its fury!"

Being left to herself, she turned to the sleeping Eleanor:

"Poor—poor young creature!" she murmured, while her tears fell fast upon the pale, shrunken features before her; "would that those eyes might never more open on this sickening scene—how much of anguish would then be spared thee! But, alas!" she added, as recollection slowly returned, "have I not cause to fear that Reason has toppled from her throne, and that nor pain, nor pleasure, grief nor joy shall ever again visit Eleanor's mind. Ill-fated girl! is then mental darkness to be your portion during the remnant of your earthly sojourn?"

As Mary continued to gaze, memory was busy within—sad and painful memory—she recalled the deep, deep love, with which she had seen her brother dwell on those now pallid and hueless features—she thought of the exceeding gentleness with which Eleanor had borne her long continued harshness and injustice, and her tears flowed afresh.

"Now will I make amends, dear unfortunate! for my former unkindness—I will watch you as a mother watches over her first-born—nor hurt nor harm shall befall thee that I can avert! Be this the seal of my engagement!" and stooping down, she tenderly kissed the fair brow of the unconscious sleeper.

Mary's next step was to send for Mr. Nelson. (an old friend of her family,) who was not slow in making his appearance. Deep and sincere was his sorrow when the fatal occurrence was revealed to him, and most gratefully did Mary accept his offer of accompanying to Ballyhaise the lifeless remains of his young friend.

On the day which followed this fated night, all was gloom in Ballyhaise Castle. The servants moved around in their wonted avocations, but listlessly and dejected. Here and there they might be seen in pairs conversing in low anxious whispers—and all seemed to have an intuitive feeling, that all was not as it should be. Such was the state of affairs, when, about ten o'clock, good Mrs. Hannah made her appearance. Having bustled around and around the house with all the privilege of an old and tried follower—she at length, quietly seated herself by the fire in the servants' hall. It was a cold, bleak morning, and as the coal fire burned and flickered in the huge grate, the worthy woman drew closer to the friendly hearth, with a sensation of exquisite comfort.

"So you tell me, Bridget," she said, addressing the cook-maid, "that the ladies went off without any preparation. I am sure they must have been in a great hurry, for though I opened the gate myself for them, neither one nor the other as much as looked out at me—an' God knows, myself thought that same very strange. What in the wide world can be the matter? May the Lord in his mercy grant that nothing bad has happened to Mr. Arthur!"

Just as Hannah ejaculated this fervent prayer, one of the grooms ran into the hall—

"Oh! Mrs. Hannah—Mrs. Hannah!" he cried, in breathless haste; "as sure as anything, there's something strange happened—for there's two carriages drivin' up the avenue—one of them is our own, but the other I don't know, an' God bless me, and pardon my sins! but they're jist lookin' for all the world like a funeral!"