

coincidences which produce an electric effect upon the mind, and bear the stamp of supernatural agency; but this singular circumstance was connected with events so appalling, that reason could supply no argument to shake my belief in its stern reality. Yes! it was the identical figure that had stood in the spirit by my bedside, and uttered in my sleeping ears that awful warning.

"My interest was strongly excited. I felt that some mysterious bond of sympathy existed between me and the lifeless being I held on my bosom, and my tears fell fast over her marble countenance. For a long time all our exertions to restore her to animation proved unsuccessful. At length a convulsive shuddering and a gush of tears announced returning consciousness, and the stranger unclosed her heavy eyes, and looked vacantly upon me.

"Soothingly I made the necessary enquiries as to her situation, but she answered only by putting her hand to her head, and moaning piteously.

"She was carried to bed, and the servant despatched for the village surgeon, but he declared that no medical aid could save her. I watched by her bedside all night; towards morning the ravings of delirium ceased, and I perceived by the ghastly lengthening of her face and the sharpness of her features, that her end drew near. She too seemed conscious of her situation, and raising her head from my supporting arm, in feeble accents asked for her child. The little girl was brought to her asleep; she gazed upon it with unspeakable tenderness, and folded it mournfully to her heart.

"'Poor innocent!' she said, 'you are blissfully unconscious of the misery that awaits you. In another hour you will have neither home nor parents. What will become of you in this cold wicked world, when I am gone?'

"'Do not distress yourself,' I cried, taking the child from her feeble embrace. 'I will be a mother to your child, if she is indeed friendless. Has she no father? Have you no parents—no sister or brother, that would take compassion on your orphan child?'

"'She had a father once,' said the poor, dying creature, 'but God only knows whether he be still living. And I had friends and parents—kind, good, affectionate people, whom I cruelly deserted, to follow the fortunes of a stranger. My time is brief, but I will try and explain it all.'

"My father is a respectable merchant in Dublin; his name is Patrick Doyle. I was the eldest of six children, and was the pride of my parents, who believed that God had bestowed upon them a pearl of great price. I was educated in the most fashionable seminary in the

city, and at sixteen returned to my father's house, vain of my pretty face, and the frivolous accomplishments I had acquired at school. My fond parents vied with my brothers and sisters in flattering and caressing me; there was no end to their extravagant praises. A rich aunt was on a visit to my mother when I returned, and she insisted on taking me with her to Cork, where she resided in a fine house of her own.

"It was at her house that I first met the father of my child. He was a young Englishman, introduced by her nephew, who had become acquainted with him during a journey from London. Handsome in person and elegant in manners, Mr. Sternfield soon won my youthful affections, and sought me as his bride. I referred him to my parents, but a difficulty arose. He told me that by accident he had shot his elder brother; that, overwhelmed with horror, and fearful that his parents would think that it was a premeditated crime, as by that brother's death he had become heir to a vast estate, and unable to witness his mother's agony, he had fled, and was supported by an aunt, who idolized him, and supplied him with the means of subsistence, and would use her utmost endeavors to reconcile him to his family.

"While this cloud rested upon his name, he said it was impossible for him to reveal his incognito, but as he could not live without me, he implored me to consent to a private marriage, and fly with him to France.

"In a rash hour I consented to his proposal; we were married, and spent one happy year upon the continent, where my dear little girl was born. Finding that his family remained implacable, my husband grew restless and discontented, and forgetting all that he owed to his birth and education, he became the associate of dissipated and worthless men. The brothel and the gaming house were places of nightly resort, and he treated me and his poor baby with marked neglect. Having got into some disgraceful affair with a young man of rank, whom he had fleeced of all his property at *écarté*, he suddenly determined to return to England, and to England he came, and hired a small cottage in Devonshire, he having taken the precaution to change his name for fear of discovery.

"We passed two months at —, in comparative comfort and tranquillity, for in spite of his harsh, and oftentimes unkind treatment, I madly loved him; when one night he returned greatly agitated, in consequence of having seen an advertisement offering a high reward for his apprehension. He told me that he must instantly quit that place—that he could not wait for me and the child, but that he would write for us to