

Here a burst of tears interrupted the angry tirade of poor Samville, who only *felt* while *Sable* reasoned. But what were the feelings of Mary at this coarse *expose* of her position! She was ready to sink into the earth! and, for a moment, forgetting how useless was the measure, she ran to the bed where lay the inanimate corpse of *him* who once would have shielded her from even the approach of the semblance of insult, and throwing herself on the lifeless body, called on Henry, her dear Henry, to protect and save her, and to vindicate her suspected purity.

A return of fever and delirium kept the unfortunate Mary many days on the brink of the grave, and those around her thought that each hour must terminate at once her life and sufferings. When consciousness again returned to her, she found that Sainville, the faithful servant of Lord Mordaunt, having performed the last melancholy duties to the mortal remains of his loved master, had returned to offer his services to conduct her to her mother. She thankfully accepted them; and when able to bear the motion of a carriage, Samville, having secured the attendance of one of the women who had nursed her in her illness, placed her, propped by pillows, in the most comfortable chaise he could procure, and slowly retraced the route they had so lately pursued under such different circumstances.—Mary's agonized thoughts dwelt on the sad contrast of the only two journeys she had ever taken, and were only drawn for moments from the lover she had lost, to the mother she was going to meet. If I can only reach her arms, lay my poor throbbing head on her bosom, and die, I have nothing left to desire, thought the heart-stricken girl. But her cup of bitterness was not yet quite filled to the brim, though she believed it was overflowing. Arrived at Dawlish she observed an unusual silence in the streets through which the carriage passed: Sainville being recognized, many persons approached him, and, waving their heads, observed, "You have come too late—it is all over—the funeral took place an hour ago."

Mary heard no more; she was borne senseless into the desolate home, where no fond mother waited to receive her; for she who would have taken her to her heart, had that day been laid in the grave. The shock which the oloperment of her daughter occasioned Mrs. Lester brought on a paralytic seizure, from which she was but slowly recovering, when a harsh letter, filled with the bitterest reproaches and most unfounded accusations, from the

Marquis of Deloraine, the father of Lord Mordaunt, caused a fresh attack, which in a few hours terminated her existence. This letter was written during the first violence of grief, on hearing of the death of an only son, the last hope of an ancient house. He attributed that death to the fangues of the hurried journey to Scotland, which fatal step the proud Marquis unjustly accused the mother of abetting. He branded the unhappy Mary with epithets that struck daggers into her mother's breast, and brought on a return of her malady, which ended in death. By the imprudence of the old female servant, the harrowing letter was given to Mary. She read every word, while cold tremors shook her exhausted frame; and having laid the letter on her heart, closed her eyes as if overcome with fatigue; and it was not until some hours after that the old attendant found that the slumber was the sleep of death—expiating with her life her first and last error.

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TO MARY.

Oh, what a world of joy 'twould be,  
If thy dark eye, and cheek of roses,  
And brow beneath its canopy,  
Of sweet and clustering locks reposes,  
Were here to brighten, and to bless  
My spirit, with their loveliness!

A voice of music, lip of smiles,  
A bosom of the lily's hue,  
A spirit which no stain defiles,  
A heart that, like the morning dew,  
Looks, trembles, brightens, melts away,  
Into young love's absorbing ray.

All are her's; but not for me  
Her beauty or her virtue shines;  
The moon-lit shores of Erin's sea  
In a bower that 'neath its sky entwines,  
Now for some happier youth prolong,  
The magic of her harp and song!

Thus may she live, thus may she die;  
Nor feel the storm of sorrow break  
The beam that brightens in her eye,  
The rose that blossoms in her cheek:  
Thus may her noons, her midnight be,  
Forgetting—not forgot by—me!

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COQUETTES.

A coquette may be compared to under, which lays itself to catch sparks, but does not always succeed in lighting up a match.