

tations administered by the doctor, soon produced a favorable effect upon Rosamond, and before the evening of the third day, the fever had left her, and she had recovered her senses.

Fearing lest she should make some communication to the doctor, Doyle enclosed a handsome fee, in a note, thanking him for his services, and pursued his voyage to Cork. Before they reached that city, Rosamond was able to dress herself, and resume her place upon deck. It was noon, one clear, frosty morning, when they entered the Cove of Cork, and enchanted with the beautiful scenery, Rosamond almost forgot the past and the present, while contemplating it.

Directly the ship came to anchor, Captain Doyle and his servant went on shore to make some arrangements for their journey to Skibbereen, leaving Rosamond as usual in charge of the woman, who, never for a moment, suffered her out of her sight. Pale and emaciated, the mere shadow of her former self, Rosamond leant over the side of the vessel, watching the little boats darting to and fro upon the bosom of the blue and glassy water. The air was cold, but pure and serene, and the overpowering beauty of the landscape before her filled her soul with admiration, and her eyes with tears. It was her mother's native land she now gazed upon; and why did she feel such a painful dread at the idea of putting her own foot upon its emerald shores? Might it not be to her a harbour of refuge, a land of promise! She had often seen it in her sleeping moments, and now it was before her, was it not weak to repine? A way might be opened to save and restore her to her distant home; she would yet trust in the mercies of her God.

While these thoughts floated through her mind, a small boat containing two gentlemen, passed under the bows of the vessel, and in one of the strangers, she recognized the never to be forgotten face of Edgar Hartland.

Yes, there he sat, calm, melancholy and pale, pale and altered like herself, regarding the noble scene around him with the deep soul-entranced glance of the painter, as if every feature in the landscape was daguerrotyped upon his memory forever.

"Edgar! Edgar Hartland! my friend! my brother! save me!—Ah! save your poor Rosamond!" exclaimed the distracted girl, stretching her arms towards him. His eye glanced not upwards. Deaf, he heard her not. His friend touched his knee—and pointed towards the vessel; but the boat had passed onward, and the frantic cry of the peasant girl, as the other supposed her to be, died away in the distance.

"Ah, my God! this is dreadful—too dreadful"—she cried, sinking down upon the deck, and weeping in uncontrollable agony. "To be so near—to see him, and not myself be seen. To cry to him for help, who would die to save me, and receive no answer. This, this, is the madness of grief!" Again she started to her feet, and cast her hurried glances over the shipping. The boat she sought was first at the landing. She could dimly discern the noble figure of the man whose love she had rejected, for one most unworthy of her regard, and she now felt that to be a hired servant at Oak Hall, would be more congenial to her feelings, than to be the mistress of Westholm, and the wife of Dunstanville Sternfield.

The sight of Edgar had given rise to a thousand hopes and fears. Should the vessel remain at anchor another day, perhaps she might see him again, and he might recognize her!

What had brought him to Ireland? Was he in search of her? Did he know of her flight from Westholm, and if he did—would he not think that it was voluntary upon her part? How tormenting were these reflections; how deeply they added to her misery; how vainly she endeavoured to merge the present in the past!

In the afternoon, Captain Doyle returned to the vessel, and telling Rosamond that all things were prepared for her journey to Skibbereen; he bade her put on her shawl and bonnet, and come with him and the woman, whom he called Liddy Linton, ashore.

The vessel had been to Rosamond a sort of ark of safety, and she now left it with regret. The Captain lowered her into the boat, and in a few minutes she was landed upon the emerald isle; that land of thrilling interest, and of horror—of gay warm hearts—of splendid talents, and—of crimes.

Night was closing rapidly in, when they passed up one of the principal streets, whose brilliant gas lights cast the shadows into deeper shade, while all in their immediate vicinity was as distinctly revealed as at noon-day. Stopping under the archway of one of the principal inns, Captain Doyle sent his servant to bring from the yard a jaunting car, which he had hired for their journey.

"Do we leave the city to-night?" asked Rose, in an anxious tone.

"Immediately!"

"I should have liked to have seen it by day light—cannot we stay until to-morrow?" A shake of the head was her only answer.

While standing in the shadow of the arch, two gentlemen came from the inn.