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PRESENTIMENT.*

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THE roads in Ireland, even forty years ago, were far from being as smooth and well kept as they now are—crossing the very summits of high hills, and anon descending the steepest precipices, when by diverging but a little, either to right or left, they might have extended over a surface comparatively level—these good old thoroughfares of our ancestors pursued their straight-forward course—exceedingly fine opportunities they presented for viewing the scenery through which the traveller passed, (seeing that at every few hundred yards he had to ascend an elevation of as many hundred feet,) but if truth must be told, they were well adapted to try the patience of those who journeyed on any engrossing business. On the present occasion, Mary, usually so cool and equable, felt the slowness of their progress much more sensibly than Eleanor, who, being entirely absorbed in the one horrid thought of Arthur's danger, or perhaps death, paid little or no attention to aught else—and the truth was, moreover, that though she became every moment more convinced that something fearful had befallen her husband, yet this very conviction made her dread the moment when it was to be realized.

It was late at night when our travellers entered Dublin. The night was one of heavy rain and pitchy darkness, and as the fierce blast swept along the deserted streets, and the melancholy voice of the watchman,—(the venerable guardians of the night still “kept watch and ward” over the slumbers of the citizens; alas! for those good old days!)—hoarsely called out “past eleven!” poor Eleanor shrank closer to her more courageous companion, and drew her veil more closely over her face, ejaculating with a heavy sigh, “What a contrast to the aspect in which I last saw Dublin!”

Poor Eleanor! a change had indeed “come o'er the spirit of her dream.”

The carriage at length drew up before the door of Morrison's hotel, and forthwith (*malgré* the inclemency of the night,) a troop of waiters sallied forth to receive the unseasonable visitors. The coachman having opened the door, one of the liveried corps stepped forward with a smirk and a bow. At that moment the light from the hall lamp fell full upon the occupants of the carriage, revealing the pale and grief-stricken face of Eleanor, who sat on that side. The man started back, but a moment's recollection served to restore his self-possession, for he already divined who the visitors might be.

“Will you please to step out, ladies?” and he accompanied his words with a bow of ineffable politeness.

“Mary, dear!” whispered Eleanor, “do you ask him —” she could go no farther.

“Can you tell me, waiter,” inquired Mary, “whether Mr. Newburk—Mr. Arthur Newburk, is staying here just now?”

“Madam!” said the servant inquiringly, as though he understood not the question, but in reality to gain a moment's time for consideration.

“I wish to know whether Mr. Newburk, of Ballyhaise Castle, is staying at Morrison's?”

“Staying here—oh! yes, ma'am. Mr. Newburk is here.”

“Then show us at once to where he is—or stay! go tell him that Mrs. and Miss Newburk wish to see him immediately.”

“Certainly—certainly, ma'am!—but won't you walk in, ladies?” persisted the waiter, with some hesitation, “and then I'll see about delivering your message.” Mary at, once stepped out,

* Continued from page 185.—Conclusion.