

humane mistress of the inn an avowal that the mortal remains of him she had so loved were to be removed for interment the following day; and she insisted upon looking at them once again. It was evening when, pale and attenuated, presenting only the shadow of her former self, Mary Lester, supported by the pining females who had watched over her illness, entered the chamber of death. Her eyes fell on the marble brow and finely chiselled features of Lord Mordaunt, beautiful even in death; and an involuntary shudder betrayed her feelings. She motioned to be left alone; and there was an earnestness and calmness in the looks and gestures that pleaded for this last indulgence, that rendered a compliance with it irresistible. She looked at the face so beloved, every lineament of which was graven in ineffaceable characters on her heart—that face which never before met her glance without repaying it with one of unutterable tenderness. While she yet gazed in mute despair, and tears, nature's kind relief, were denied to her burning eyes, the last rays of the sun, setting in brilliant splendour, fell on the calm countenance of her lover, tinging its marble paleness with a faint red.

"It was not thus, Henry, you looked when I last saw the sun's dying beams fall on your beautiful brow," ejaculated the heart-broken girl! "ah! no, for then those lovely eyes now for ever veiled in death, sought mine with looks of deep, deep love, and silenced the reproaches of the monitor within my breast. But now, O God of mercy! who shall silence it, or who shall speak comfort to me? Look at me once again, Henry, adored Henry! let me once more hear the blessed sound of that voice!" and she paused, as if awaiting the result of her passionate invocation. Then turning away, "Fool, senseless fool that I am!" she exclaimed; "he heeds me not! he has fled for ever! and I am alone, alone for evermore, in a world that can never again hold forth a single illusion to me. O mother! dear, dear mother! and was it for this I deserted you? I thought to return to you a proud and happy bride, and that he would plead, successfully plead for your pardon for my first fault. But there he lies who should have pleaded, cold and speechless; and I—I live to see him so lie! Henry, beloved Henry! thy lips have never yet pressed mine; pure and respectful love restrained each ardent impulse, and in thy devoted attachment I found my best shield. But now, now, when thine can no longer return the pressure, O! let me thus imprint the first seal of love! and she pressed her pale and tremb-

ling lips to the cold and rigid ones of Mordaunt, and fainted in the action.

It was long ere the kind exertions of the women, who rushed in from the adjoining room on hearing her fall, could restore animation to the exhausted frame of Mary; and when they succeeded, the first sentences that struck on her ear were the following dialogue between Mr. Sable the undertaker, and Sainville.

"Je vous dit, dat is, I tell you, Monsieur Sable, dat cette demoiselle, dis young lady vas to be de lady, c'est-a-dire l'epouse, de vid. of mi lord. He cannot tell you so himself parcequ'il est mort, for he be dead; but I d. tell to you vat he did tell to me vith his last vords."

"Why, you see, Mr. Sainville," replied ... obuse Sable, "I cannot outstep my orders and the affair has a very awkward appearance to say the least of it. A portionless young lady, as I understand her to be, eloping with rich young Nobleman of splendid expectations and in the last stage of a consumption—what look you, it has a very suspicious aspect. The Marquis is a very stern and severe Nobleman; and the Marchioness is as proud as Lucifer; neither would for a moment countenance a young person who had no legitimate claim on their consideration, and whom they would naturally look on as an artful adventuress, who had taken advantage of the weakness and partiality of their son to entrap him into an engagement which, luckily, he did not live to complete. Mr. Scruple, the lawyer, has explained all this to me; and therefore, neither he nor I can interfere in making any arrangements for the return of the young person to her friends; and as to her accompanying the funeral procession to Mordaunt Castle, it is out of the question."

"And dis you call religion and humanity a dis country?" said the angry Sainville; had my dear young Lord lived three hours longer, cette jeune et charmant demoiselle, dat is, dis young and pretty lady, would have been Miss Mordaunt, and Monsieur Scruple and yourself would have bowed de knees to her vith great respect. De Marquis and de Marchioness must den have treated her as la veuve, de widow of deir son, and all homage and honours would be gived to her; but now dat she vants every ting, you give her notings, and my dear dead lord's last vords go for noting at all, except vith me; but I will not desert her, who vas so loved by my dear lost master. I vill attend her to her home."