

insensible lawyer upon this rough litter, which we first covered with our travelling cloaks, with much difficulty, and after a considerable lapse of time, we succeeded in reaching the miserable shed before named.

On the approach of footsteps, the person within had extinguished the light, and we continued to knock at the door without receiving the least answer. George began to lose all patience, and after receiving no reply to his loud halloos, he said in a tone of earnest entreaty :

"Whoever you may be, who inhabit this house, I beseech you by the love of God, to unclothe the door, and render your assistance to a wounded, and I fear, a dying man."

After a long pause, the window of the upper chamber slowly unclosed, and a hoarse voice croaked forth in reply :

"Who are you, who disturb honest folks at this hour of night, with your drunken clamours? My house is my castle—begone, I will not let you in."

"Dinah North," returned Harrison, in a solemn voice ; "I have a message for you, which you dare not gainsay. I command you to come down and let me in."

This speech was answered by a wild, shrill cry, more resembling the howl of a tortured dog than any human sound. I felt the blood freeze in my veins, whilst Harrison whispered in my ear :

"She will obey my summons, which she believes not one of earth. Stay here, whilst I ride forward to the village and procure medical aid, and make my deposition before the magistrates—but do not let yon fiend know that I yet live to work her ruin."

I tried to detain him, not much liking my present situation ; but he had vanished, and I shortly afterwards heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs, riding at full speed towards the town.

"What a dreadful termination of my gloomy presentiment," said I, as I looked down upon the livid face and extended form of Robert Moncton ; "where will this frightful scene end?"

At this moment, the gleam of a light flashed across the broken casement, and the next moment Dinah North stood beside me.

"Geoffrey Moncton," she said, "is this you? It was another voice that spake to me—a voice from the grave. What has become of your companion?"

"I am alone with the dead," I replied, "look there."

She advanced—she looked long, and I thought triumphantly, upon the ghastly features of the accomplice of most of her guilt—then turning calmly to me, she said :

"Did he fall by your hand, young man?"

"Thank God!" I replied, "I am guiltless of his blood—I fear he died by the hand of his son."

"Ha! ha!" shrieked the hag ; "my dream was true—my horrible dream. Even so, last night,

Robert Moncton, in the visions of the night, did I see you weltering in your blood, and my poor Alice was wiping the death damps from your brow. And I saw more—more—but it was a sight for the damned, which may not be repeated to mortal ears. Yes, yes, Robert Moncton, we must both drink of that fiery cup together—I know the worst now."

"Hush!" I said, "he moves—he still lives—he may yet recover. Let us carry him in to the house."

"He has troubled the earth, and your father's house long enough, Geoffrey Moncton," returned Dinah, in a softened, and I thought melancholy voice ; "it is time that both he and I, went to our appointed place."

So saying, she assisted me in carrying the body into the house ; and, stripping off the clothes, we laid it upon a low flock bed, which occupied one corner of the wretched apartment. Dinah examined the wound with a critical eye, and after washing it with a little brandy, she gave her opinion that the ball might easily be extracted ; and that if he did not die from the loss of blood, she thought the wound might be cured. Tearing his neckcloth into bandages, she succeeded in stanching the blood, and diluting some of the liquor with water, she washed the face of the insensible man, and succeeded in forcing a few spoonfuls down his throat. Drawing a long deep sigh, the wretched man unclosed his eyes—for some moments, they rested unconsciously upon the features of those who were bending anxiously over him. At length recollection appeared slowly to return, and recoiling from the touch of that abhorrent woman, he closed his eyes and groaned heavily.

"We have met, Robert Moncton, in an evil hour," said the hag ; "the friendship of the wicked brings no comfort in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment."

"Avaunt fiend! witch! the sight of your hideous face, is worse than the pangs of death. Death—I am not dead yet—I will not die—I cannot die."

"You dare not," muttered Dinah, in a low and malignant whisper ; "is this cowardly dastard, the proud, wealthy, Robert Moncton, who thought to build up his house by murder and treachery? Methinks this is a noble apartment, and a fitting couch for the body of Sir Robert Moncton to lie in state."

"Fiend! what pleasure can it afford you thus to mock my misery?"

"Much, much—it is not fair that I should bear the tortures of the damned alone. Since the death of the only thing I ever loved, I have had strange thoughts, and terrible visions, and restless burning nights, and fearful days—but I cannot repent. I feel grief, a grief which grows upon my heart, and sears my brain—but I cannot weep—I cannot pray. I can only curse, bitterly curse thee, and thine ; and I rejoice to see this hour, to know that before I depart to your master and mine, the vengeance of my soul will be satisfied."