NORA BOYLE.

It was a winter evening, and fast came down the and keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter wind did

There was snow enough to mottle the tempestuous darkness, but it melted into rain ere it had broken the black monotony of the ground. On all the dream upland of Disrimation Moor there was neither human habitation, house nor tree. One gaunt stone pillar, a solitary monument of unknown times, was all that rose upon the bare expanse to break the rash of the blast, and the sweeping current and surge against and sour over it like the waters of a headlong river. The only shelter obtainable within sight was that afforded by its base, and some seemingly belated traveller, or houseless outcast, had taken its protection; for there at at its foot & figure wrapped and gathered up in the folds of long mantle, but so motionless that, save for in occasional movement of the head to cast a glance part its chielding side into the stormy weather beyond, the --for, alas! it was a female form, --might have been inprosed either numbed into insensibility by the cold, r fast asleep. The storm continued; she kept her

comfortless position, her head sunk upon her bosom and the dark mantle drawn so close around her, that her figure, was scarcely distinguishable from the dark ground where she sat. A most forlorn half hour had passed, and no other human being had appeared upon these ne. The watcher had sunk her head lower and lower, and had drawn herself closer and closer to the rugged shelter or the gale had now swelled into a storm, that raved over the bleak desert till yellow tufts of the last year's grass, and bushy wisps of straw and mather rolled before it in a whirling drift, that emulated the driving fumult of the sky. At length, upon the faintly marked pathway that crossed the moor within a stone's throw of the pillar, there emerged from the darkness a single horseman-his cloak, and the mane of the strong animal he rode, streaming straight out in-to the blast, and his back and shoulders crusted white with snow. He drew up from the gallop at which he had approached, and, as he slowly role past the spot described, cast round an anxious but disappointed giance, then turning from the horse track, directed his course over the open moor, and twice made the whole circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and

circuit of the pillar before he at last rode up to it and dismounted. It was only as he leaped to the ground that he at length observed the presence of the other.

"Ha, my true gial "he exclaimed in a voice of joyful surprise, as he east his reins ever the top of the goy atone, "I feared this wild weather had marred our meeting—it has been a cold trysing-place for you, No. ra, and I have kept you waiting, but I could not come saoner, and when I did come, I could not see you for this blinding sleet!—Have you brought the child? There was no snawer; he stooped and drew the closk from her face, "He Nors, awaken! how can you sleep on such a night as this? 'Tis I, Nors rouse your-

Richard, replied a feeble voice, as the benumbed being wole from her stuper—"oh Richard, are yen com ast: I thought I was doomed to die at the foot 'e do ald stone. God and my own chilled the foot 8 do told stone. God and my own chilled he confider what I have this night suffered for

Her half inarticulate from weakness, were almost inablible from the violence of the wind, but their faintness made her wretched plight sufficiently underr stered

tood.

"Go up, Nora dear," said her companion, bending over her and extender, his cloak between her and the blast, while he god her to rise—"You will perish, Nora, if you sit longer here," he said. "I have a pillion for you behind my saddle; we can be in Banagher be-

on banagher!" ine exclaimed: "and shall we not

irst go to inisbeg chapel?"
"Yes, yes," he toplied hastily: "certainly we shall—I had forgotten."

"Oh, Richard," she creed, taking his hand, "you

rould not, you carely would not decieve me?"

Do Plive? do breathe?" he exclaimed; but the one of indignant affection in which he spice was too to be real : but Nora," he added quickly in low and eager whisper, have you brought the

"Alas! poor infant," she replied, "he is here in my arms. I would to God I were free of the sin of bringing him out this bitter night.—Baby, baby," she passionately added, addressing her covered and apparently deeping burthens "I have stolen you to-night from for my own. Oh, Richard, shall we not be kind to him when we are the happy couple that you promise this when we there shall make us ?"

"We will, we will, Nora; but waste no more time, ise and let us go." He aided her to rise slowly and painfully, and placing his arm round her waist supported her, while she began to lap the infant closer in the modlings. Suddenly she started and drew in her breath with the quick sob of terrified alarm. "What is the matter?" cried her supporter.

"Ch nothing-I hope, I trust in God, nothing," she replied, sighing convulsively, and trembling, as with a shaking and corried hand she undid the wrappers in which the infant law; but when she had bared its near. and once pressed her cheek to its face, and her hand to its little feet, she fell from his arms to the ground, with

one long my, and fainted.

"What is the meaning of all this?" sed the man, his woice of rough importance and revailor as he stooped down and raised her on his knee. Her head sank back upon his arm, and the child rolled from her relaxed embrace. He grasped it roughly as it fell, bent down, and gaved upon its still features, and laughed horribly. "Air ha!" he muttered, "here is a speedy consummation. No more need for plotting and planing now :fool after this. Ha, ha, Sir Richard Morton, I wish you

But consciousness was now returning to the wretched girt; ste heaved a deep sigh, and raised her hands to her forehead - "Nurse, bring me the baby - oh! gracious God, what is this!—Richard, Richard, where am 1?—is this the Brehom pillar?—and the mant-is he-oh! is he so numbed and

"Numbed!" repeated Morton, in a voice of illsabdued triumph, "he is numbed to death, I think."

"No, no, no," she exclaimed, frantically tearing away the kerchief from her bosom, and snatching the motionless body from the ground, where it had failen like a clod out of the hands of the extilting vilhan, to press it ineffectually against her chilled and terrified heart. "Oh! no, no, he is not dead-he is not dead" she cried, "or I am the most accursed of women :" and starting to her feet, she rushed wildly into the stor m. The storm caught her like a withered leaf in anti-man and upon the wings of the wind, and in the fre AZY of despair, she flitted before her astonished pur over, for Morton had followed on the instant; yet a'though he ran swiftly, impelled by anger and apprehension, he had left both horse and pillar far out of sight, before he overtook, and at length arrested her. "Touch me not, Richard!" she exclaimed, "touch me not, for I am a wretch that would pollute the hangman. Oh, God! send the storm to sweep me to the river, or the snow to bury me where I stand, for I have taken the life of that innecent babe, and am not firto live !"

Amid her passionate lamentations, the roise of Mor-ton was hardly heard; but when her tears and so is at length choked their utterance, he said there as the sank exhausted in his arms, "Gease was plaints, and hear me. What is done?" a less commodone; ont listen to me, and, even as it is, I you how to make it better for us both-do you hear what I say to you, Nora Boyle!"
"Richard, Richard do you know what I have done!"

he sobbed in reply.

"Pil teil you what," cried he aternly, "you have done me better service than you ever did before—you have done the very thing I wanted."

"My brain is bewildered and burning," she said and I hardly comprehend, what you would tell me, Service, did you say? Alas I can do you no service, Richard. I would to Godd were dead!"

"I did not ask you to do more service," eried he-"I told you, you had done enough already. The stealing of their heir, I tell you, was of no use without this; and this would have been done sooner or later. Why, what a simpleton you were, to think that I would succeed to these estates, till a jury had been shown that the next heir was dead! I was jesting with you when I said that would rear him in France,"

Consciousness of something dreadfully sinful in her companion seemed to have been gradually forcing itself noon the reluctant mind of the miserable girl; she had shrunk partially from his embrace at the first faint suspicion, but now she sprang from his side with the energy of entire herror.

Jesting | jesting !" she exclaimed : " and your promise that you would marry me on I blested Virgin ! was that jesting also ?"

as jesting also ?"
"Parverse and provoking fool," an cried furiously. and grasped hor by the arm, "dare you reproach me with a falsehood when the guilt of murder is on your own soul. What would you do? Would four rush into arms, and tell her that you had come to be hanged? Would you go mad, and race to the tempest here, till you sink upon the common, and become like what you

orty ""
"Oh! that I were:—oh! would to God that I were!" she exclaimed, with a fresh burst of passionate weep

ing.
"Well, well," said be, "be calm; be calm, I entreat you now, and listen to the."

He set his back doggedly against the blast, and again

drew her to his side, where, under the shelter of his

cloak, he said, in a strong whisper—
"You can save us both if you will, Nora. Go down
to Mount Morton: I will see you safe to the door.
Steal in as you came out. Dry the wet from the child's hair, and the marks of the soil from his night-dress, and lay him as you found him, in his cradle. The draught you gave the nurse secures you from interraption.
Then, go to your own bed; but you must hang your
wet clothes to dry, and throw your shoes into the river out of your window. They will all say in the morning that the child died a natural death overnight. Come "
—for all at once, as he was opeaking, she had clasped her hands closer over her breast, hy, and with a deep and fluttering inspiration had made a motion of assent in the direction of the house—"Come, there is a good girl. Did I not say well, Nors! Why, you are a woman of spirit after all. quarrel with you. This was no fault of yours. You could not tell how cold it would be; never blame you self then. By my honour I will marry you yet, if you only do this thing well; -but why do you not speak,

"Make haste, make haste," in a voice of forced and tremulous calmness, was all the reply she made.

"Yes, let us hursy on," he answered; "the scener it is done the better. But, I cannot take you with me tonight, Nora: you are aware of that. You must stay to avoid suspicions. And, mark me, be not to eage morning to take the alarm; and when you have to look at It along with the rest "---

But let us not pollute our pages with the minutile of deliberate villiany which, in the pauses of the wind, he ceased not to pour into the ears of Nora Boyle, till they had passed the farthest skirts of the declining moon, and were arrived beneath an arch of tossing and leafless branches. Through this the blast chricked so long and shrilly, that neither heard the other till they stood before an antique and extensive building at its farther end

"Now, Nora," whispered Morton, as they advanced to a low door in the thickly ivied wall, "remember what I have told you; I will see you to morrow; till then, give me a kiss "-

But she had burried in through the unfastened pos tern, and he heard the bolts shoot and the chains fall on the inside ere the unhallowed words had passed his

"She cannot mean to play me false," he muttered she cannot do but as I have desired. She has no thoice. Yet I will not trust her. I will round to her window, and see to it myself.

So saying he turned from the door, and dived into the thick shrubbery that skirted the court-yard in front. Mount Morton House was built on the precipitous bank of a toment that poured the collected waters of its

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course int o the Shannon, sometimes in a tiny cascade that was , hardly visible, trickling down the face of he steep c nannel, and sometimes, as on this occasion, in a thun tering water all that shook the trees upon its sides. and drove the beaten flood in a tumultuous repulse far o er its level banks beyond. The rear walls of the ouilding rose almost from the verge of the rock and any ledge that their regular foundation had left, was inaccessible except from below.

Morton descended the steep and wooded bank till arrived at the water's edge, which was now risen a high, that in some places there was barely footing tween it and the overhanging precipice. The jagged and command masses of rock that usually obstructed the course of the howling brook was now covered by a deep river that ponced its effent weight of waters from bank to bank, uninterrupted, save here and there where a sul len gargle told that some overhanging branch or twisted root was struggling ineffectually with its swift oppressor. Every stock and stone, from the spot where he stood to the window of Nora Royle, was known-alast too well known to Richard Morton; yet he pansed and shuddered when he looked at the drifting tempest and black precipice above him : and at the swelling inundation at his feet. Bound upon whatever errand of sin, he might have clambered up the ragged pathway before, yet his hand had never trembled as it grasped branch or tendril, and his knee had ever been firm above the narrowest footing; but whether it was the increased danger of the ascent on such a night, or the tremendous conscioueness of what that perilous ascent was under-taken for that now transanted him, he stood in nerveless trepidation his hand hid upon the first hold he had to take, and his foot placed in its first step up the sheer face of the crag, motionless, till suddenly a strong light flashed successively from the three loop-holes of the hall, and after disappearing for a moment, streamed again with a strong and steady lustre from the well-known window of his paramonr. He started from his trance, and flung himself to the next ledge at a bound; thene tolling upward, new swinging from branch to branch, now clambering from crag to crag, sometimes hanging from the one hand, sometimes from the other, panting and exhausted be at length gained the projection beneath Nors's window. He caught the sill, and raising himself slowly, looked into the apartment. A light burned on the high mantle-piece, and a low fire was gathering into farms below. On the floor snelt Nora Boyle, and before her, wrapped in blankets, lay the dis-coloured body of the frozen child.

"Nors," cried Morton in a strong whisper, "what are you doing? You will rain all! Fut him in his cradle, and got to bed.

She raised her head with a strong shader. "Tillist, I dely you !" she cried, and bent down again—it was to chafe the little finds with both hands.

"Villain | Villain | Trapeated Morton-"are you thad do you know what you say? open the window, and I will show you what to do myself."

Her long hair, glistening with rain, had fallen down-dishevelled over her hands; she threw back her Lead to part it on her brow, and bind up the wet locks behind; and, as with unconscious violence, she drew the dark and glossy bands till the water streamed from their hard knot, cast one glance of exulting abhorrence at the window, and again cried, "Villian, I defy you! The baby is not dead !"

"It is a lie!" cried Morton, Inflously, but his heart misgave him as he uttered the words, and the chance of losing all by that unforeseen possibility, smote upon his soul with sickening auddenness, "No, no, Nora," he cried, "you are deceived. It cannot be. The body is as cold as a stone. You will be hanged for his murder if you go on. "Nora!" for she did not seem to hear him, bending with her face to the infants, and constantly change with both her hands,—"Nora! give it up and save yourself. But him in the cradle. I will marry you -I will, by all that is sacred, if you do! I will make you lady Morton, by Heaven I will, before to-morrow morning, if son give it up.—Nora! wretch! hear me, I will not be triffed with. Open the window, or I will break it in," and he shook the stauncheons inriously, but she heard him not,

"Oh, blessed mother, if ever I prayed to you with a pure heart, make my hands werm now," she cried, for the livid purple was already changing upon the little limbs. "Baby dear baby!" she sobbed with bursting tears of loy, "are you coming at that to save me? Oh, open your blue eyes; mile upon ine;—bless me forever with one breath!—Oh, gradious God, I bless thee! his eyes are opening!" and she fell by the reminated in-just's side, swooning again; but from the excess of feelings, oh how different from those which had stricken Her down, a conscious and despairing sinner at the foot of the cold stone on Dirrimshon Moort

Nora Boyle returned slowly and painfully to consciousness. The images of life's bright dawning in the eyes of the little one, and of the savage spowl that had placed upon her through the window, as the baffled vil-hin saw his is at dark hope dispelled, still floated before her confused senses, but she remembered nothing dis-tinctly. Something was moving, twining, warm, strong the long tresses on her neck. Oh, blessed touch! is was the little hand with its soft, busy fingers playing with her wirls! She would have clasped the recovered treasure to her heart, but returning recollection of the wrong she had done him deterred her and she could only sit and gaze with an awful and reverential wonder upon the miracle of Heaven's kindness that lay, moving and smiling in the now genial glow of the bright heurth

She gazed till the fulness of her heart had almost overcome her once more, but tears at hist came strug-gling up with the imprisoned passion, and poured it forth in long and relieving weeping. But her unlingthened heart had hardly expanded again within here bosom, when the thoughts of her own injuries, degrada-tion and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that non and abandonment, and the dreadful reflection that all had been endured for the sake of such a man as Mor-ton, came crowding on her son, and choked the reflec-ing team at their source. She covered her face with her hands, as if to hide besself from the innocent being be-fore her, and it was not till she had knelt in long and fervent prayer that she dared at length to look upon or touch him. At last she arose, and giving him one timid caress, lifted her arcest burden again, and bore him with

steps that seemed, unsteady as they were, to tread on sir, to his empty cradle by the bedslde of the still sleeping nurse. She placed him softly in his little nest, and stole to the door-rethrned-kissed him-he laughed. and stretching out his tiny arms, wound them around her neck. "Oh, blessed baby, let me away," she unconsciously whispered, as she strove gently to disengage berself, but he wreathed the playful embrace still closer and closer. She heard a door open suddenly, and a footstep on the lobby; then her own name called at the door of her chamber in a voice of fearful alarm—the voice of Lady Morton, roused from her sick-bed by some new calamity. Nora's first impulse was to go, to cast herself at her feet, to contess all, and to implore her pardon: but the shame of that confession seemed so decaded that she stood trembling in presolute confusion till her kinswoman entered. Lady florton was ghastly pale, as well from recent lines as from agitation. "O. Nora, are you here?" has the haby been unwell? No. no, you need not lift him now, but call the servants, dear Norm, for I can go no mather, she said, as she sank exhausted to a seat. Norm gazed at her in wild confusion. "Leave the infant with the Norm," continued Lady Morton. "sad go rouse the servants, for I am terrified almost to death. There is some one drowning in the river!" Nora attered one piercing scream, and rushed towards the window. "You cannot hear it here, Nora," said the lady, "the cry comes from under the black crag. Oh, God protect me from ever hearing such a sound again :

Nora classed her hands tight over her breast to suppress the agony of rising despair, and rushed from the room. Her cries soon rused the household; and in a short time servants were thronging from the front with ropes and lanterns, and scrambling down the deep bank to the waters edge. Nora was the first at the river's brink. All was the meaning of the wind, and the sullen rush of waters. Lights, lights; she cried, "bring lather lights, for it is here that the pathway crosses the

crag; but I cannot find it."
"Ah, miss," cried old Felix Daly, the butler, as he gained her side with the oull light of his lantern, "the pathway is six test under water by this; the man is not in Ireland that thre subumpoit."

Suddenly Lady Morion's voice was heard from her,

window above, and there was something wildly sarnest in the tones. At they event over their heads upon the wind—"Hold out your lanters further over the water..."
I see something in the bend of the river." The old man bent over the torrent with his arm ex

tended. "Farther fet," was all they could bear of the lady's

next are.
"I cannot reach farther, my lady," said Daly.

"I cannot reach farther, my hady," said Daly.

"Give me the light," used Norw. She took the lautern from his hand, and, or mass of loose rubbish, long straws, grass, and been, gathered in some uplanded day, same saiding down the river, she cast it with a firm hand on the rule rafe hoffered. The inherm sunk through the fielding bramples the the first was almost level with the water, but some stronger branch, or firmer texture of soots and rusness arrested its further escent and, filekering up from the very verge of the stream, it floated away, cauthor a note year would that showed the naked rocks with their waving crown of woods on either hand, and the brown, twisted torrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhtorrent between, like the back of a great serpent, writhing and rushing down the gien. It disappeared behind the black erag, and in breatness suspense they listened. for the next cry from above. First came a scream sounding shrilly over all and then they could distinguish the exchanations.

gaish the exchanations.—

'I see it new also It is a man! He is eaught upon a branch, and the water breaks over him. His hands and feet are except out in the current. The light is sinking—ib lickers on his face. Merciful Heaven! it is the constant of the seed of the see is my cousin Richard !"

While Fells Daly listened to these words which came-fitfully on his shuddering ears from a love, he also heard a low voice by his side say, "God have mercy on my soul!" and at the same instant beheld Nora Boyle plange forward into the stream. He seized her dr and should for assistance. The river struggled hard to hold its prey, and drew him after till he stood to his knees in the flood. Another step would have precipitated both into an irresistible weight of water beyond, for they stood upon an exercising bank covered by the arream; but timely help arrived, and both seed dragged from the reluctant torsent. They drew them out upon-the bank, the old man weak as an infant, the wretched girl quite insensible. They bore her to the house, they laid her in warm blankets, they chafed, and at length revived her, even as she had revived the murdered infant an hour before; but when at length she opened her eyes, alas! there was no dawning of intelligence there. She raved all night in utter delirium. Lady Morion sat, by her bedside, letening to horror and amazement to the revelations of her anginess. First, she gathered that her child had been carried out, she could not find for what purpose; then she heard that he had been (as the miserable being expansed its dead; and had she not held him even then breathing and moving in her own arms, she would have run to his cradic to satisfy herself that it was not a changeling. But her fear and smazement turned to horror abnost insupportable, when at length Nora's involuntary contession declased her seducers motive in making that theft the condition of their promised marriage, and that horror was again lost in gratitude and wonder, when she heard the exchanations of wild delight wish which Nora acced, over strain the

of wild delight with which Nora acted over again the scene of her child's resussitation; and, finally, the left her bedside at daybreak sworn out with mingled emotions of joy and sorrow!

With the tariest light of dayn, the domestics were again by the river side. Its himmsen waters now yielded them a pathway to the spot where the body of Morroton had been seen at night. Fody there was mone; but on the branch that had arrested it there still remained a raysed piece of cloth, fluttering over the turble stream, which now flowed many feet below that hist and only remnant that was ever discovered of the miserable man. His flures was found dead, laired in a morbs, near the pillar, sirths and bridle broken. He had burst from his confinement and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was had burst from his confinement and foundered in the storm. Reason returned to Nora Boyle, but life was fast departing. Her kinswoman had given her fell forgiveness, and the last rites of the church had been administered. "Will thou, too, forgive me, dear child?" she said to the baby on its mother's breast. The boy stretched out his arms, she clasped aim with a feeble embrace, and breathed her last in a blessing on his lips.