

slip thro' their fingers? 'If we do,' says I, 'we deserve to be poor and hungry all our lives.' Each then thought that he might escape,—one trusted to luck, another to courage, and myself to a gospel that was blessed by Father Daly, and hung round my neck by my mother on her death-bed. We got our forks and shouls, a crowbar, lantern, canteen o' whiskey, a bottle of holy wather, a dark hafted knife to stick the spirit, and a black cat to kill and throw in the hole, when we got the goold, in place o' the life that was to be lost. Whin we came to Parristown churchyard, Shemus was the same dare-devil as ever. 'As we're gone so far, there's no back doores now,' says he; 'let us see it out; for, be all the saints in the callendur! I'll give in to no man with or without a head, while a breath of life remains,' says he. 'If I don't live here, I must live some place else,' says he, callin' for the bottle, and he did take a pull sure enough! not as much as you'd sprinkle yourselves wid he left; not a toothful. And then he laughed at us for *omedhauns*. 'Come, boys!' says he, strikin' a light, and handin' the lantern to me. 'Rouse your hearts, and stand like min till we come to the treasure,' says he, 'for we won't get it without a struggle;' so he pulls off his coat, and stuck his fork a foot and a half in the sod at the first dash, and down he and Terry dug till they cum to a flat stone, an' hot it a prod; and the sound riz up in the air, and seemed to swell over the heavens; and then we heard a rumbling nize as good as three or four miles away, cummin' nearer and nearer till it surrounded us, and a fairy blast-like swept past, and nearly whipt me off with it. The air was filled with the din and tumult o' contendin' armies, and the lightnin' flashed in the form of sagers, their swords cuttin' and hackin' all afore 'em. I tho't my last minit or the end o' the world was come, and I'd have given a mug of moldores to be sittin' where I am now; but to crown all, I hears a bull lowin' in the next field, thin the rattlin' o' chains as he tore up the airth. 'It's the divil himself,' says Shemus; 'd'ye hear the chains how they rattle?' 'Boys, boys! come away, come away,' I cried, 'while there's an inch of life in us, and let him keep his dirty goold;' and off we pelted as fast as legs could carry us, leaving forks and shovels to the marcy o' the roaring reprobate, and never looked behind till we put the runnin' wather atween us and the evil spirit; and whin we got to the far side, would ye believe me, Miss Mary? there he was like a ball of fire. Faith! we had the hight of a lucky escape that night.

(To be continued.)

AN ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF ALEX. SKAKEL, L.L.D.

Ah, woe! he's gone—and now my soul doth mourn
With bitter, scalding tears. I weep for one
Whom Death hath taken to his darksome bourne,
And left a void in countless hearts, that none
Can e'er fill up again. Oh! he has throwp
Through many a young mind, the deep bright rays
Of his own genius. Now he is gone
Like some bright, flashing meteor, that displays
Its transient beauties, and then sinks from mortal gaze!

Ah! 'tis the fate of life to die, and yet
When friends we cherish and revere, lie down
To rest through all Eternity—regret
And bleeding ties do bind the soul, and drown
The beauteous earth in sorrow. Who could frown
On the bereaved who weep a cherished friend?
Oh! none. The sight wrings sympathly, to crown
The truth, that with our earthly fate must blend
Sorrow and tears—and unto these mankind must meekly
bend.

The sun shines, but he feels it now no more,—
The birds sing, but they gladden not his heart—
And the bright flowers of earth cannot restore
The beam within his sunken eye;—the dart
Of death hath chilled his life-blood, and the spark
Of consciousness is quenched:—none can relume
The vital flame within him. There's no art
To warm the clay within the frozen tomb,
Nor cast one gleam of sunshine through Death's midnight
gloom.

Philosophy came to him, and she wept
To see her child upon the deathsome bier;
She scattered flowers above his form that slept,
Eternal sleep to earth,—and all that's fair
And beautiful to mind wept mournful there;
And Death was shamed, and left his mighty throne
To hide his grim repentance:—for the stare
Of thousands was upon him,—and the bone
Of his dry cheek grew red at sight of what he'd done.

From earth his soul hath flown—but he's enshrined
Within my heart's sad depths; and memory
Its halo of love round him doth wind
And turn in varied thought, with many a sigh
For the hours I've passed beneath his guardian eye.
He's gone. Alas! all things must pass away—
The flat hath gone forth from Him on high;
And life at most is but a sunny day,
That smiles a while on earth, then seeks a brighter ray.

Our forms decay, but as a brilliant star
The soul shines sweetly down from Heaven's high dome.
Death is the Monarch of the Charnel-house—we are
The subjects he reigns over in the tomb.
Let him!—throned though he be in sunless gloom,
He cannot for the soul forge chains or gyves—
He can but usher the bright spirit home,
And set it free from all its earthly ties,
With the bright angel band to live beyond the skies.