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(BY FATHER RYAN.) We cannot resist the temptation to lay before our readers the latest, and one of the most powerful, of the splendid poems of the American poetpriest, Father Ryan. It is a terrible strain, and meet as a requiem for the victims of yellow fever:—

ver:—
Ah! Days so dark with Death's eclipse!
Woe are we! woe are we!
And the Nights are ages long—
From breaking hearts, thre' pallid lips
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Trembleth the mourner's song—
A blight is falling on the fair,
And Hope is dying in despair. And Hope is dying in despair, And Terror walketh everywhere

All the hours are full of tears, Olt, my God! wee are we!
Grief keeps watch in brightest eyes—
Every heart is strung with fears,
Woe are we! woe are we!
All the light hath left the skies,
And the light we-struck crowds
See above them only clouds
And around them only shrouds.

Ah! the terrible farewells! Ah! the terrible farewells!
Woe are they! woe are they!
When last words sink into moans,
While life's trembling vesper bells
Oh, my God! woe are we!
Ring the awful undertones!
Not a sun in any day!
In the night time not a ray,
And the dying mass may! And the dying pass away!

Dark! so dark! above—below— Oh, my God! wee are we! Cowereth every human life— Wild the wailing: to and fro— Woe are all! woo are we wee are an: wee are we!
Death is victor in the strife:
In the hut and in the half
lie is writing on the wall
booms for many, fears for all.

Thro' the cities burns a breath, Woe are they! woe are we!

Hot with dead and deadly wrath;
Liye and Love lock arms in death,
Woe are they! woe are all!
Victims strew the Spectre's path;
Shy-eyed children softly creep. Where their mothers wall and weep-In the grave their fathers sleep.

Mothers waft their prayers on high. Wollers wait then passes are we!
Oh, my God! woe are we!
With their dead child on their breas!,
And the Altars ask the sky.
Oh, my Christ! woe are we!
"Give the dead, O Father! rest!
Spare thy people! Mercy! spare!
Answer will not come to prayer—
Borror moveth everywhere. Horror moveth everywhere.

And the Temples miss the Priest-And the Temples miss the Priest—
Oh, my God! woe are we!
And the cradic mourns the child.
Husband! at your bridal feast
Woe are you! woe are you!
Think how those poor dead eyes!smiled:
They will never smile again—
Every tie is cut in twain, All the strength of love is vain.

Weep? but tears are weak as foambe are ye! woe are we Woe are ye! woe are we:
They but break upon the shore
Winding between Here and HomeWoe are ye! woe are we!
Walling never-nevermore!
Ah, the dead!they are so lone,
Just a grave, and just a stone,
And the memory of a moan.

Pray? yes pray; for God is sweet— Oh, my God! woe are we! Tears will trickle into prayers When we kneel down at his feet— Woe are we! woe are we! With our crosses and our cares. He will calm the tortured breast. He will give the troubled rest.— And the dead he watcheth best.

A TALE OF THE WEST.

By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

(Reprinted from Duffy's Hibernian Magazine.)

CHAPTER IV .- CONTINUED.

"I see two vessels clearly," replied Mike there sine apparently moving from the same position. They are, I fear, only lookout frigates, nothing

"Think you so? Well, at all events, you see he's steering northward, which clearly

shows his intention to remain. Edward deplored the loss of such precious time, | me, but on all other hands we have been sold. and bitterly regretted the false position in A curse upon those heartless monsters who which he found himself placed. "Could I secretly abet the cause of tyranny, and battle have been identified, this Grouchy would have all our efforts when liberty is really to be been obliged to act.

"I doubt it; his manner was that of a person who sought every excuse to evade the spreaders of a political pestilence, who, a duty, which was either displeasing on while proclaiming freedom, smother it in inaccount of its responsibility, or which he was determined from other motives should prove here, and I have the good fortune to reach a failure in its execution.'

For two nights they slept in the house of Darcy's relation, proceeding there after dark, and leaving before day-break, each carrying with him a sufficiency of oaten bread, fresh butter, and rich cream, on which they feasted their eyes met no object on the wide waste of waters but the same two vessels which they had discerned on their first mounting the tower; they still remained as if motionless in their original positions. All this time no British fleet appeared, and it would almost appear as if the arrival of the French had been unnoticed. The third day came and with it a change of weather. The wind blew in wild gusts, the sky was lowering, and the huge swell of the Atlantic, which dashed against the perpendicular cliffs, raised its crested head above their summits, and sent its drifting spray clean over the lofty tower in which they stood As night approached, the wind, which hourly increased in violence, blew steadily from the west, the thunder commenced to growl, and vivid flashes of lightning occasionally glared through the pitchy darkness which now overspread the ocean. As they were about to descend, Lord Edward looked anxiously seaward, "Can you see anything, Mike? I think -tis certain; yes, that flash enabled me to see two ships-'tis the fleet returning ; may God pressrvethem! for their position is perilous on a lee shore in such a storm as this."

"Yes," interposed Mike, "there, I see them, too; and look at the signal light burning on the opposite side of the bay; it must be the French fleet returning."

"Perhaps with Hoche! God grant! let's go down and burn a light, too.'

"That," said Mike, " would be destruction. they have evidently an understanding with some one on shore, to interfere with whose arrangements would be disastrous; but let's go down, we can render no assistance."

Some minutes after reaching the shore were passed in breathless silence, each man striving to penetrate the darkness; at length a blue light ascended from almost beneath them, and they distinctly saw a ship, evidently endeavoring to make the harbor. The signal was quickly answered by other vessels, some near, some more distant, which left no doubt that the fleet was returning to its former anchorage. The glare of the signals had scarcely passed away, when an awful peal of thunder burst over their heads, a flash which followed struck the laboring ship, and the blaze of light in which she was enveloped exposed her desperate condition fully to their which preceded it now caught her, she reeled

her beam ends into the trough of the sea. They could hear, even over the roaring of the ocean, the cry of despair which issued from the crew; they could see, by the light of the drifting towards the cliff on which they stood; another moment of suspense, the top hamper when a huge sea took her forward, her stem was thrown up like a cork, and she sank head foremost in the seething waters. For hours they watched that dreadful night, accompancern no remnant of the lost vessel; now and through the fleeting clouds, or the lightning flashed more vividly, they could see the bodies of the men who perished borne forward by the waves, erect, with outspread arms, as if ready to spring upon the shore, and then sucked back again by the eddy, after having been dashed against the projecting rocks. The signal made by the other ships became more and more distant, and at length were lost to view; so it was possible that all the rest of the fleet had succeeded in beating off shore, and gaining the open sea.

1. 1.

After a sleepless night, the friends had reached their station in the tower as day dawned, but nothing was to be seen upon the ran high. The ocean still felt the effects of the storm. They looked anxiously for the ing, so as to reach the market-place by break two vessels which they were accustomed to see, as if stationary, but they also had disappeared.

"And so end our hopes," said Lord Edwatd, with a sigh; # a little more courage or a little more honesty and things would have gone differently; our only chance now rests on their meeting Hoche."

"And this is but a poor one, for after such a night those left of them may be unequal to the attempt even if led by such a hero." "Look to the south-westward," cried Lord

Edward, hastily.

"Yes," said Mike, "I see a ship: certainly she steers this way; all her sails are set, and the wind is fair "

The stranger was watched with intense anxiety as she rapidly approached, but she carried no flag which would enable them to discover her nationality; she passed the opening of the bay, close in shore, as if to see what it contained, then put about and beat up until she had gained sufficient offing; made a signal, which was apparently answered, as she immediately ran in and dropped her anchor. Darcy, who had been despatched to ascertain her character, returned with an assurance that she was a French ship, and that some Irishmen were on board.

"Then this is Hoche," exctaimed Lord Edward, " let's be off to greet him."

There was no shore boat, but Lord Edward baying taken off his cloak and helmet was soon recognized. The tri-color was hoisted and the Captain's gig was lowered and sent to fetch them. Hoche received them at the gangway with the Irish delegates who accompanied the expedition, and after warmly embracing Lord Edward, conducted him to his cabin.

" My dear lord, misfortune seems to dog us: delayed for a whole month while the weather was fine, and the wind favorable, by the traitors who sold themselves to England, we were, I may say, forced to embark when it blew a hurricane against us: the first night I was separated from the expedition, and what it's fate has been I know not."

"Unfortunately, I can give you some sad information upon the subject." Lord Edward then recounted all that had occurred, his interview with Grouchy, the departure and return of the fleet, the probable escape of the greater part of it in the storm, and he concluded by denouncing the General "as either are traiter

"Ah," said Hoche, sadly, "in that respect you wrong him; he is capable and daring when in a subordinate position, but should he, when in command, be ever placed in a difficult one, his dread of responsibility may ruin the best interests of his country; I acquit him As each ship passed beneath them, Lord of corruption, although he was forced upon served; who exhibit us, the generous soldiers of France, to a horror-stricken world only as nocent blood; but should the fleet not return Brest again, be assured that I shall never expedition comes, and that quickly, to your assistance.

"It will arrive too late, I fear," said Lord Edward, despondingly; "after this failure, in their hiding-place. During this weary time the Government will force us into unsupported, and, therefore, hopeless rebellion."

The day was passed in making arrangements for a landing, in case of Grouchy's return, but he appeared no more, and next mornng, after warmly, but fruitlessly, pressing sail, and, unmolested by the British cruisers, reached France in safety.

"Now," said Lord Edward to Mike, when they were landed, "I must to Dublin, come what may; after this open exposure of our designs, Government will act without reserve, and one of two things must happen before any foreign aid can reach us-they will either succeed in arresting all the chiefs, and so stifle the rebellion, or their cruelties and ex- shepherd. cesses will compel the people to rise in selfthem. I must be upon the spot to warn and guide the executive committee, to discover if in the dim twilight. I can the traitor who evidently is amongst us to take measures for an immediate insurrection, if necessary, and to see that it be conducted in the manner most likely, if not to

prolonged resistance."

Mounted on the veomanry horses, and disguised in cloaks and helmets as before, they set out soon after nightfall on their return to Captain Jack's; this time they travelled by the public road, which made their journey shorter, although it necessitated their passing through some villages which lay upon their route; but Darcy made inquiries as they proceeded, and found that the different detachover the country were either withdrawn by orders, or had of their own accord retired from fear of being attacked by the French who, rumor had it, were already landed in force. Having abandoned their horses some distance from their place of refuge, they lay concealed in the mountains until next night, | street, their charge was taken up by Shemeen when, on a preconcerted signal from the and his master without delay or the exchange Castle, they again took boat and arrived at of a single word. Lord Edward betook himthat hospitable mansion where a hearty welcome and a comfortable supper awaited them. street, and Mike, who had sent forward his Here they learned that the house had been twice searched since their departure, the last time by police agents from Dublin, who were stroyed the frieze garments in which he had still remaining in the county town some five | been disguised. miles off. There was evidently no time to be

as it were bodily out of the water, flung her on ney the instant she was apprized of their arrival in the neighborhood. 'The herdsman, and his boy Shemeen, had been sent off the day before with sheep for Dublin Market, protected by the pass obtained from Captain lanterns, the seamen busily employed in cut- Lammy, while the blank form dropped by that ting away the masts, while the wreck was fast gentlemen on the carpet, and so adroitly secured by Mrs. O'Mahony, was filled up for the same persons, the writing in the body of fell overboard, and the ship was righting, the paper and the signature being so perfectly imitated as to render detection impossible, while the clothes suitable for disguising Lord Edward and Master Mike were in readiness. There was no occasion for the latter quitting tied by Darcy, who not knowing the cause of the country, as, though suspected, he was still their delay, had come to seek them. They uncompromised, but Lord Edward's safety and descended as close to the sea as the nature of the form of the pass required that both should the shore would permit, but they could dis- go, as in case of difficulty the chief conspirator might be in some ways concealed, or occuthen, as the moon shone forth for a moment | pied, so as to escape observation, while Mike, for whose apprehension no warrant was issued, and whose person was not described in the "Hue and Cry," might give the necessary explanations, and produce the passport when required.

It was arranged that the two gentlemen, travellling by night, and reposing during the day at friends' houses, should overtake the shepherd and his boy the night before they reached Dublin, and drive the sheep the last stage of their journey, the real shepherds joining them on their entrance to the city, taking charge at some convenient opportunity in the street, and allowing their repre- and Lord Edward brandishing a bloody dagsentatives to retire unnoticed. All went sea. The wind had fallen, but the swell still | well, and as the men driving cattle to Smithfield left their last halting-place in the evenof day the following morning, Lord Edward and Mike. perfectly disguised, set out on their journey, the latter well versed in all the terms | mer. The hall door had been left open, used by a person in his assumed capacity to whether by accident or design is still unurge on the animals in their charge at the known, and the soldiers, undelayed by any pace necessary to cover the distance they had opposition, at once rushed upon their prey. pace necessary to cover the distance they had to perform.

The sun was just sinking in the west when. reaching a sharp turn in the road, the noble he killed one of his assailants, and continued demesne and proud mansion of Carton burst | gallantly fighting until, twice wounded, and upon their view. Lord Edward gazed upon his splendid and once happy home for some the loss of blood. moments in silence.

his cheeks, "it is hard for a man. circum- men, one of whom proved to be Darcy, at the stanced as I am now, to look unmoved upon the scene in which he passed his infancy and youth. I can distinguish the very trees I rolled down for amusement; I see the winmother used to kiss and bless me, of the room | can. in which I slept when I returned from America a distinguished and a flattered soldier. it full of people, rushing towards the scene of As I think on those happy and hopeful the catastrophe, some with the intention of times and on my present prospects and condi- attempting a rescue, others for the purpose of tion, my melting heart sometimes yearns for supporting the police officers who had made the past and sinks within me when I contemplate what the future may bring forth. And see-and see," he shouted, losing all self-control, "see, there are my wife and children glimpse, as it passed, of a man in the back seat coming from the house. I will-I must em- covered with blood, and supported by two perbrace them, come what may. Mike, you will wait here until I return. One moment, one downcast and troubled heart Mike reached his moment only with my wife and children."

" My lord, my lord," said Mike, restraining him, "you know not what you would do. To which he luckily found just on the point of follow the impulse of your heart would be but starting. to make your wife more miserable, most probably to sacrifice your own safety, and to deunited to her, of winning the independence of your country, and being hailed as its deliverer.'

The unfortunate nobleman threw himself into his friend's arms, his head rested upon his breast, while he sobbed like a child. Soon cheering up again, he said :

"You are right, Mike, you are right. Committed to a great cause, I must stifle my own to visit him, and that he was allowed the confeelings and even deny myself the indulgence of yielding to nature's cravings; but one look more; see, there they are again." Sinking on his knee, and raising his hat: "May Heaven | narrow and dismal cell, lay the high-born and bless and preserve you, my wife and children. noble-hearted Lord Edward; a small tallow May that God who fathoms the heart of man. candle gave a dim, melancholy light; while and knows the purity of the motives which | close by his pillow was a man upon his knees have induced me to abandon you and become the champion of a persecuted people and an ways hitherto stationed in the miserable oppressed country, may He shield you, if it be His will that I should perish. And should supreme moment was arrived, and the sufferer He crown my efforts with success, may He was left in the enjoyment of privacy, when it guard you in safety until, flushed with victory, I come proudly to clasp you to my heart, joying it. The dying man had lain for some amidst the prayers and blessings of a liberated | time apparently insensible, when suddenly, as nation." He was startled by the sound of military

music, and had scarcely time to spring from his kneeling position when the read of a dragoon regiment turned the angle in the road, advancing towards them. The weary sheep were scattered about, and many had lain down during the short delay. Mike immediately commenced running about and cease my exertions until a more formidable driving them to one side, so as to allow space grasp of a faithful friend; may God prosper for the soldiers to pass, all the time shouting and cursing at Shemeen to stir himself and mind his business. By this means Lord Edward's back was always kept towards the dragoons, and while employed in poking and | you? lifting the tired sheep he was enabled effectually to conceal his face. Mike managed to make some of his charge jump the roadside ditch and get into the adjoining field ; they were quickly followed by others, and then he Lord Edward to accompany him. Hoche set roared at Shemeen to prevent them joining a flock that was pasturing there. Lord Fdward immediately pursued, and his active, but intellectual, attempts to keep his truant animals from mixing with the others greatly amused the soldiers, who were halted while the officer examined the pass. Finding it correct, he ordered his men to march, who, while they remained in sight, kept cracking their jokes on the discomfiture of the baffled They had journeyed but a short distance

defense, no matter what the odds against | further when the square and massive tower of the old Castle of Maynooth stood grimly forth

"There," exclaimed Lord Edward, "there, Mike, is my antidote to weakness. If I melt with tenderness on seeing yonder dove-cot of my now peace-loving family, my soul swells command instant success, at least to secure a | with pride as I gaze upon that ancient cyric | and privileges, to have been the purest, if not of the Geraldines, from which, in olden times, the warriors of my race issued to smite the oppressors of their adopted country. Oft in my boyish days, as I paced the ruined hall, fancied it peopled with the stout hearts that bearded English tyrants in their places, and glittering with the true swords which they wielded in the cause of independence. How often have I bewailed the fate that cast my lot in those degenerate days, and envied ments of yeomanry which had been scattered | Silken Thomas the glory of boldly renouncing his allegiance in the very scat of royalty and falling bravely in defense of right.

The rest of the journey was performed during the night, and they reached Dublin by day-dawn without having run any risk of discovery. As they turned the corner of King self to the lodging prepared for him in Thomas portmanteau, containing a change of clothes, to a friend's house, proceeded there, and de-

It was necessary that Mike should remain view. A squall more terrible than any lost in quitting this part of the country; and in town to await the decision of the secret under its power, and a huge wave heavin the all the necessary preparations for their jour- day he proceeded to Thomas street to learn complish her object, she sat for some minutes we misled by appearances! The hopeless come necessary; should it prove otherwise,

the result of their deliberation. He found that in thought, tears running down her cheeks; Lord Edward, after an early dinner, had thrown then, rising from her seat, she fell upon her himself upon his bed to take a short sleep. knees clasped her hands in an attitude of While awaiting his awaking, the master of the supplication, and prayed that God might house occupied the time in showing Mike the direct her what to do. At this instant a post-arrangements made for his guest's immediate chaise drove mpidly to the house, and before flight in case of need. They mounted to the attic, from whence a small and well-concealed door led into a similar apartment in the adjoining house, used as a rag store. There he Pennant at first did not recognise him; then pointed out a large wicker basket, which was she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and kept a ways attached to the crane used for raising and letting down the rags, in which Lord Edward, should need be, was to descend less and in silence, and then bursting into into the neighboring yard, from whence he tears, as his head fell upon her shoulder, he amined as a witness, that, after having left the might easily escape while the officers of justice were searching his apartments.

A projecting angle of the house in which he lay protected the basket from being detected in its descent, and opposite in the rear, was the high, black wall of the Marshalsea Prison, which effectually prevented observation from that quarter; two trusty men were | justice?" always at hand to work the windlass, so that unless the secret door was at once discovered, ample time would be allowed the fugitive to reach the ground and evade his enemies.

While they were thus occupied, an unusual noise arose from the street, the master of the house rushed quickly through the concealed door, enjoining Mike to await his return. On looking from the top balustrade of the stairs he saw the lower flights crowded with soldiers, ger, and struggling amongst them. Some held by his legs, while others, forming a circle around him, pressed him down with their muskets, their orders being to capture him, if possible, alive: while in this helpless condition he was wounded in the neck by a drum-The unfortunate nobleman was completely surprised: nevertheles, jumping from the bed overpowered by numbers, he fell, fainting from

Hastening back, Lord Edward's host found "Mike," he said, as the tears rolled down | Mike already in the basket, with the two windlass.

"All is lost!" he cried. "Lord Edward is killed; when you get down pass out under which I played, the gentle slopes which | by the yard gate, which is never locked; keep to your right until you reach the dows of the nursery in which my darling street, and then save yourself as best you

When Mike entered Dirty Lane he found so important a capture. All were brought to a stand-still by the approach of a hackney coach surrounded by soldiers. He caught a sons who sat on either side of him. With a friend's house, and having snatched a hasty meal, at once proceeded home by the mail

Unfortunate Lord Edward was consigned to Newgate, amidst the jeers and insults of a stroy the only chance you have of being savage yeomanry, who were entrusted with his custody. Every expedient was adopted by his ungenerous and brutal guardians to aggravate the misery of his situation; his wounds were not attended; all comforts were cruelly denied him; and it was only when at the point of death, and when recovery was impossible, that the influence of his family could obtain permission for an affectionate brother solation of having a faithful servant to attend to his wants and witness his last moments.

It was night; on a rude truckle-bed, in a in the attitude of prayer. The sentinel, alabode, had been withdrawn, now that the was supposed that he had lost all power of enoften occurs before the spirit's departure, he seemed to recover his senses, and to appre-

ciate his situation. "Darcy," he said, feebly, "are we alone? There is a film before my eyes, and I cannot

" We are, my lord." "Then, take my hand; I have no power to give it; now press it, that I may feel the and protect you, for all-for all the true services you have rendered me-and-and should you be brought to misfortune-by following my example-you will forgive me-won't

"Oh, my lord," cried Darcy, sobbing aloud, " I'll love your memory to the last hour of my

"Has Master Mike escaped?"

"Yes my lord." "Thank God! now-ah, Darcy, it's nearly over-press my hand still closer-I can't feel you-so, carry my blessing to my wife and children; tell the true men whom you know to be steadfast-and-hopeful-in their holy cause-and say-and say-that my last prayer

was-was for my country." Thus perished, in the flower of life, a man who sacrificed all the honors and blessings which high station, military renown, and domestic happiness could bestow, in behalf of his then oppressed country. Far greater concessions in favor of liberty than he then sought to obtain by armed force have since been freely granted on the grounds of common justice. The attainder which branded him as a traitor has long been reversed; and, without any imputation on our loyalty, we may pro nounce him, in the present day of equal laws the ablest, patriot that ever took a prominent part in the past political struggles of Ireland.

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Pennant was alone in her drawingroom; an open letter lay upon the table before her, to which she was evidently preparing a reply. It was the one her son had written, demanding the explanation which Mike had sought from him regarding his property and connections, apprising her of his attachment, and requesting her consent to his union with Miss Bingham, the niece of Colonel Maurice Blake, of Danseverick Castle. From the poor lady's appearance and manner it might easily be discovered that this communication had greatly afflicted her, and that she hesitated as to the answer which it was her duty to return. To gratify her son's wishes in every possible manner was the paramount desire of her heart; but to sanction his alliance with the niece of her husband's persecutor-even murderer (for such she conceived him to be)appeared in her eyes, nothing less than an act of treason towards that husband's memory -an almost tacit admission of his guilt. Often she commenced to write; then, tearing her unfinished letters, she abandoned the ungrate-

she had well time to rise from her knees, the door flew open and her son stood before her. His appearance was so ghastly that Mrs. sprang forward to clasp him to her breast. The young man received her embrace motiondemanded, in a voice which indicated the depth of his misery-"Mother-dear mother! am I the son of a murderer?"

"Great Heavens ! my child, where have you heard that falsehood?"

"I heard it on the spot where he died, and from Colonel Blake, who brought him to

"Did he know who you were?" "Twas he who told me."

"And you heard the memory of your father maligned, in patience? Lloyd Pennant," she exclaimed, drawing her person to its full height, "did I believe you capable of giving credit to your murdered father's guilt, I should spurn you from my heart, and drive you from my presence, dearly as I love you! and yet," she added, tenderly, " how can I blame you? You never heard the story, and were ignorant of my poor lost husband's fate." Then, sinking exhausted on a chair, and raising her outstretched arms towards heaven, she fervently prayed God to enable her to bear with fortitude this crowning affliction.

" Mother, dearest mother !" [cried Pennant flinging himself at her feet] " tell me it is not true, and let me believe that my father was guiltless: tell me of his innocence as certain, and I shall cherish his memory, though the world pronounce against him."

"Heaven bless you, my child!" and mother and son were locked in each others

"In the presence of God," she said, solemply, "I believe implicity in his innocence; I had the declaration from his truthful lips before and after his condemnation, and he sentence. The time is now come when you should have the history of your parents, and your own real name and position; but you are fatigued and seem exhausted; have some refreshment, and then---

"No, mother, now, let me hear all; I cannot bide delay."!

"I, your mother, am Lady Marguerite, the your father, Ulick Martin, though untitled, a race. He was an only child, and heir to a very large estate. While left alone at Kildare Castle, on one of those occasions when the Earl went to France on political affairs, we met, and in the end were privately married by our domestic chaplain, Father Stephen, but our union was carefully kept secret, because old Martin, having become Protestant, had property, and my husband had, previous to our marriage, made profession of the Catholic faith, which, in his father's eyes, would have been a sufficient cause for disinheriting him; on my father's side, too, there would have been insurmountable objections, unless the fact of my dear Ulick's having returned to the Church could be made public, for, devotedly attached to his religion, he looked upon the elder Martin as a despicable renegade, who had deserted his God to secure his earthly possessions. The old man's death, however, might be daily anticipated, and then the chaplain calculated on being easily able to reconcile the Earl to a match which, in a worldly point of view, was all that could be desired. Your birth was easily concealed, as I never went into society, and your grandfather was still absent. We lived in love and hope until, unfortunately, a duel took place between your father and Captain Desmond, the brother of Mrs. Blake, close by the Abbey of Dunsevrelative, who fell, wounded in the side, at the first fire. As your father and his second instantly fled, Blake was obliged to leave the wounded man alone while he fetched the surgeon, who waited out of sight until his services should be required. On his return with the medical man, they found Desmoed dead from a second wound in the forehead, with the pistol which had been unused in the duel lying by his side, and still warm from a recent discharge.

clared that, in the Colonel's absence, Squire Ulick had returned, shot his prostrate adversary, and then run off again. The simple story of their informant, coupled with the fact that both gentlemen had heard the shot, and saw your father pass quickly and alone over an adjoining hill as they were approaching the Abbey, convinced them that a cold-blooded murder had been committed. Law proceedings were quickly taken, and my unforturate husband was committed to jail to abide his trial for the revolting crime of which he stood accused. You may imagine the agony of my feelings when informed of the terrible misfortune. My first impulse was at once to proclaim my marriage and fly to my husband, to console and support him in his afflictions; but the chaplain combated and overcame my resolution by pointing out the many evil consequences which might result from such a step. Through him, however, we kept up constant communication, and the poor prisoner had at least the consolation of knowing that his wife was most firmly convinced of his innocence, and more devoted (if that were possible) than ever in her love. The proof against your father was strong, and he was unable to produce any evidence or to give any explanation that could invalidate it. As time wore on without throwing any favorable light upon his case, his nearest connections turned against him; his father, a cold-hearted man, of haughty temperament and excessive pride, in whom age and bodily infirmity seemed to have obliterated all feelings of parental affection, rejected his entreaties for an interview; was hopeless, openly expressed his intention of taking no step which might tend to rescue his only child from the perilous position in which he stood, or to save him from the ignominious punishment necessarily attendant on conviction. His very second, stung by the disgrace which a participation in the unfortunate affair had entailed upon himself, was likely to prove one of the most dangerous witnesses against him. The period for holding the Assizes arrived, and the excitement, which had for some time flagged, was now revived with increased intenstiy. On the day appointed for the trial the court was filled to excess, and I, disguised and attended by my maid and Rory Mahon, your father's fosterer, was amongst the crowd, and could hear their different remarks as the case proceeded. The appearance of my poor husband, as he stood in the dock, shocked me, and created a strong prejudice against him. Pale, careworn, dethe bar, he pleaded 'not guilty' in a faltering voice, and seemed as if willing to resign him-

misery of a man deserted by his friends, overwhelmed by a damning, but false, accusation, and about to be consigned to an ignominious death, was attributed by those around me to far different causes. Remorse' was said to have palsied his intellect and wasted his physical strength, 'guilt' was declared to be imprinted upon his haggard brow, and many were the imprecations which I heard showered upon the head of the wretch who had foully deprived a former friend of life and heaped nover-ending obloquy on an aged parent and an honored family. The gentleman who acted as his second stated, when exground, the prisoner insisted on returning to ascertain the condition of the wounded man: that broken ground intervening between the spot on which they parted and the place where the duel had been fought, he (the witness) could see nothing of what might have occurred after the prisoner had left his sight that while awaiting his return he heard a shot, and learned, on the prisoner's rejoining him, that he had found his adversary alone and dead. The witness was obliged to admit that the prisoner was extremely agitated, and that

his manner and expressions had seemed un-

accountable to himself. The elder of the

two boys swore that he and his cousin had

been seeking birds' nests amongst the ivy on

the tower; that they witnessed the duel: that immediately after Colonel Blake left they saw the accused return, take up the pistol, and shoot Captain Desmond (who begged for mercy) through the head, and that after having placed the weapon with which he killed him by the dead man's side, he then made his escape. When cross-examined, he said, that the duel being over, and he was in the act of descending the tower, when Colonel Blake went away, and that before he could reach the ground the prisoner came back: that after what then happened he became so terrified as to be unable to move until Colonel Blake and the other gentleman arrived, when he immediately went forward and informed them of all he had seen.' His testimony, given in a cool, collected, and ingenuous manner, carried conviction to the minds of all who heard it. He was succeeded on the witnesstable by a boy of still more tender years, who died protesting against the injustice of his told a similar story, and fully corroborated the account of the transaction given by his companion. Colonel Blake and the Dostor were produced to complete the chain of evidence. They both had heard the shot, had both seen the prisoner running from the place, and found Desmond dead, with the recently discharged pistol lying by his side, and the former positively swore that the wound in the only child of the late Earl of Kildare, and forehead (the immediate cause of death; must have been inflicted during the time he was descended from as ancient and unblemished absent, seeking the doctor. The sudge charged decidedly for a conviction. In the course of his observations, he told the jury. that the murder must have been committed either by the prisoner, or by the two boys who had borne testimony against him, as it was admitted that no other person had been present. or near the scene of the tragedy: that independent of the improbability of children of complete control over the disposal of his such tender age having been guilty of such a grievous crime, without any assigned rea son, there was a fact which spoke clearly for their innocence. They had come forward to denounce the assassin when they might either by fleeing before Colonel Blake re turned, or by afterwards lying concealed where they were, have easily escaped all ob servations: but on the contrary they had stood their ground, conscious of their own innocence, and at once gave information when they saw that their own personal safety was secured; such conduct, he said, was seldom practiced by the peasantry, it deserved the highest culogium, but he should take care he added, that the government protected and re warded those who acted in so exemplary and praiseworthy a manner.' A verdict of guilty was returned, and sentence of death pronounced. I was borne from the court house by the issuing crowd, and as we turned into a bye-path, to avoid observation, the "fosterer. with a confident air, told me to cheer up. 4 fo erick. The Colonel acted as the friend of his | that we should save him still.' This glimpse of hope, slight as it was, banished all weak ness, and inspired me with a courage and re solution of which I believed myself before incapable; to aid in my husband's escape, by any means available, was now my fixed deter mination, and to accomplish this duty becam the constant study of my mind. The sentence was to be carried out where the crime had been committed, the escort would not be strong, and we resolved on effecting a rescue. but to attempt so bold an undertaking it was As they stood by the lifeless body, two boys necessary to secure the assistance of the came from the Abbey, the elder of whom de-White Boys.' Rory Mahon, already a member of the society, put himself in communication with their leaders, but he was unable to succeed in procuring a promise of their aid disinclination to interfere in a case where even in their not over-scrupulous estimation all rules of fair play and honor had baen vio lated, influenced some-dread of incurring Colonel Blake's displeasure deterred others they argued that he who had been so active partisan in forwarding the prosecution, would never forgive those who balked him in his re venge. The fatal day approached, and Rory felt obliged to tell me that all his attempts to effect our object had failed. There was but one chance, he said, left, and that chance depended altogether on my resolution. He then roposed that I should attend the White Boy lodge in man's attire, and if his last effort a persuasion proved abortive, that I should abandon my disguise, avow myself to be 'Squire Ulick's wife,' pledge my truth for his innocence, and demand their armed assist-"It was arranged that, disguised as

peasant, and introduced by Rory Mahon, who was permitted to remain with him as his servant, I should endeavor to have, perhaps last interview with my husband. The peri odical assemblage of the . White Boys ' was to take place on the night but one after Rory had made his last proposition. The visit to the jail was arranged for the day following, and the succeeding one was that fixed upon for the execution. It was absolutely necessary that the final resolution of the White Boys should be at once ascertained, so as to enabl and being assured by his lawyer that defence me to communicate to your father any plans which might be adopted. The meeting was to be held at the house of the fosterer's sister, where you were at nurse. The night was pitch dark, for the safety of the confederate required that their movements should be con cealed; but I knew the route as well as my guide, and we arrived at our destination be fore the time appointed for the general tendezvous. I was placed, to avoid observation in a room, the door of which was carefully concealed by an arrangement of the kitcher furniture, and the fosterer had now no alterna tive but to apprise me of the necessity for taking the oath of fellowship; he told me that death would be the inevitable doom of both did he dare to introduce me or I venture to appear before the committee without being first sworn in or presenting a formal There was in this certificate of fraternity. step no danger of recognition, for those who administered the oath sat behind a screen in a jected, and scarcely able to support himself at | darkened room and could neither see nor be seen by the person who took it. A fictitious name was given, and Rory pledged himsel for my fidelity. He calculated that possibly self to his impending fate without even mak-"the mistress" had, with due foresight, made committee, and on the afternoon of the second ful task. After many fruitless efforts to ac- ing an effort to avoid it. Alas! how often are an avowal of my rank and sex would never be