

DE PROFUNDIS.

(BY FAITH RYAN.)

We cannot resist the temptation to lay before our readers the latest, and one of the most powerful, of the spiritual poems of the American poetess, Faith Rylan. It is a terrible strain, and meets as a requiem for the victims of yellow fever.

LLOYD PENNANT.

A TALE OF THE WEST. By RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"I see two vessels clearly," replied Mike, "one has been there since morning, without apparently moving from the same position. They are, I fear, only lookout frigates, nothing more."

as it were bodily out of the water, flung her on 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 lanterns, the seamen busily employed in cutting away the masts; while the wreck was fast drifting towards the cliff on which they stood; another moment of suspense, the top hamper fell overboard, and the ship was righting, when a huge oak 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 sight, accompanied by Darcy, who not knowing the cause of their delay, had come to seek them. They descended as close to the sea as the nature of the shore would permit, but they could discern no remnant of the lost vessel; now and then, as the moon shone forth for a moment through the fleecing 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.

ney the instant she was apprized of their arrival in the neighborhood. The herdsmen, and his boy Sheemon, had been sent off the day before with sheep for Dublin Market, protected by the pass obtained from Captain Tammy, while the blank form dropped by that gentleman on the carpet, and so adroitly secured by Mrs. O'Mahony, was filled up for the same persons, the writing in the body of 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 the country, as, though suspected, he was still uncompromised, but Lord Edward's safety and the form of the pass required that both should go, as in case of difficulty the chief conspirator might be in some ways concealed, or occupied, 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.

The result of their deliberation. He found that Lord Edward, after an early dinner, had thrown himself upon his bed to take a short sleep. While awaiting his waking, the master of the house occupied the time in showing Mike the arrangements made for his guests' immediate flight in case of need. They mounted to the attic, from whence a small well-concealed door led into a similar apartment in the adjoining house, used as a rag store. There he pointed out a large wicker basket, which was kept always attached to the crane used for raising and letting down the rags, in which Lord Edward, should need be, was to descend into the neighboring yard, from whence he might easily escape while the officers of justice were searching his apartments.

in thought, tears running down her cheeks; then, rising from her seat, she fell upon her knees, clasped her hands in an attitude of supplication, and prayed that God might direct her wily to do. "At this instant a post-chaise drove rapidly to the house, and before 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. Pennant at first did not recognise him; then she uttered an exclamation of surprise, and springing forward to clasp him to her breast. The young man received her embrace motionless and in silence, and then bursting into tears, as his head fell upon her shoulder, he demanded, in a voice which indicated the depth of his misery—"Mother—dear mother! am I the son of a murderer?"

miserable 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 feebly deprived a former friend of life and happily never-ending obloquy on an aged parent and an honored family. The gentleman who acted as his second stated, when examined as a witness, that, after having left the ground, 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 rejoicing him, that he had found his adversary alone and dead. The witness was obliged to admit that his manner and expressions had seemed unaccountable 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: "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. It was succeeded on the witness-table by a boy of still more tender years, who told a similar story, and fully corroborated the account of the transaction given by his companion. Colonel Blake and the doctor were produced to complete the chain of evidence. They both had heard the shot, had both seen the prisoner running from the place, and had found Desmond dead, with the recently discharged pistol lying by his side, and the former positively swore that the wound in the forehead (the immediate cause of death) must have been inflicted during the time he was absent, seeking the doctor. The judge 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; 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 such tender age having been guilty of such a grievous crime, without any assigned reason, 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 returned, or by afterwards lying concealed where they were, have easily escaped all observations; 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 peasant, it deserved the highest eulogium, but he should take care he added, that the government protected and rewarded 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, for that would save him still. This glimpse of hope, slight as it was, banished all weakness, and inspired me with a courage and resolution of which I believed myself before incapable; to aid in my husband's escape, by any means available, was now my fixed determination, and to accomplish this duty became 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 necessary to secure the assistance of the "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 been violated, influenced some—dread of incurring Colonel Blake's displeasure deterred others; they argued that he who had been so active a partisan in forwarding the prosecution, would never forgive those who balked him in his revenge. 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 proposed that I should attend the White Boy lodge in man's attire, and if his last offer by 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 assistance.