

tones of piteous entreaty—he will not be long with me—let me look upon him while I can—while I can see Aunt Martha, Aunt Martha, what will I do at all?

A wild burst of anguish followed, and Mrs. Esmond, trembling and exhausted, was easily prevailed upon to resume her seat. It appeared to the sympathizing friends who watched her so tenderly that there was in her mind, and hovering on her lips, something which she could not put in words. Aunt Martha, kind and prudent, guessed it.

My poor Henrietta, said she, you are thinking of—of—the laying out—but that cannot be done to-night.

And why not? cried Mrs. Esmond with a start. The old lady was silent, but the doctor spoke:—

Well, you know, my dear Mrs. Esmond, coughing slightly to gain time, there is a certain—ah!—investigation to be made—before anything of that kind is done—

Oh, you mean the inquest? said the widow, seized with a sudden tremor. I had forgotten that—my God! my God!

What if you took her to see the children? whispered the doctor to Aunt Martha as he turned to leave the room; if the sight of them might soften heart and make her weep—then all were well—but I fear this horrid wildness—this dry ferish agony.

At this juncture the door opened and Uncle Harry joined the group. The meeting between him and the heart-stricken widow of his murdered nephew was strangely silent and solemn. In silence the old man took Mrs. Esmond's hand and squeezed it very hard; in silence he seated himself by her side, drew a long, long breath that ended in a sigh, then looked through his half-closed eyes first at his wife, then at Dr. Hennessy, and last of all at his niece. As for Mrs. Esmond, she appeared but little consoled by his presence, and a darker shadow seemed to gather on her face since his entrance. She returned his greeting with her wonted gentleness, but remained silent.

My dear niece, began Uncle Harry at length, this is an awful visitation that has come upon us all. Who could have thought that such an end awaited our poor Harry?

A voice here spoke from the shade of the high and richly curtained bed—they said they'd do it—no! they did—they said they'd hang—no, shoot could Esmond!

Great God! who is that? exclaimed Uncle Harry, while his wife turned pale as death, and Dr. Hennessy, approaching the spot whence the voice appeared to issue, led Mabel out by the hand.

I knew it was poor Mabel, sighed the younger Mrs. Esmond.

But how came she there? said Uncle Harry testily.

She must have got in when you did, observed Dr. Hennessy, for I know she wasn't in the room before.

Don't mind her, pleaded Mrs. Esmond, reaching out her hand to Mabel; she was the first to cry over—over—him, that's gone!—That's a good girl, Mabel, don't be afraid! and she smoothed down the dark dishevelled tresses that hung over the girl's shoulders.

I'm afraid of him! said Mabel, pointing to Uncle Harry, who was regarding her with one of his keen, scowling glances; that could Esmond, you know, in a half whisper to Mrs. Esmond, and they said he was a born devil.

Hush! hush! Mabel, whispered Mrs. Esmond eagerly.

Let her say on, said Uncle Harry sternly; who said I was a born devil, Mabel?

Why, the men in the Abbey that dark night—and listen hither—they said they'd kill you!—ha! ha! I knew they'd do it—it's well it wasn't hang you they did—they hang every one you know—barrin' the gentlemen—but they shoot them—ha, ha, ha!—an' that's all the same but ochone! the purty young gentleman in the room above, what made them shoot him? sure he never done anybody any harm?

Och, it's once I had a true love, but now I have none!

This allusion to her husband's fate, accompanied as it was with so touching a tribute to his goodness, went straight to Mrs. Esmond's heart, and drew a torrent of tears from her eyes, to Dr. Hennessy's great relief.

But who were the men? persisted Uncle Harry, his brow darkening more and more every moment.

Wisha, how could I see in the dark? was the answer. Ask Jerry Pierce up at the big house, and maybe he'll tell you! He's Kate Martha's born brother, you know! Augh! let me go now—I want to see the young master. Ochone! ochone! the black day it was when any body made that hole in his purty white forehead?

Dr. Hennessy flew with great alacrity to open the door for the wayward girl, and away she went along the corridor crying and clapping her hands in all the wildness of sorrow.

There's a terrible meaning running through her incoherent ravings, said Uncle Harry with stern emphasis; we must have her before the coroner in the morning. Come, doctor, let us join the gentlemen, and taking Hennessy's arm they left the room together.

(To be continued.)

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY—KINGSTON. The following is an extract of the Minutes of a Committee Meeting of the St. Patrick's Society of Kingston, held at their Hall, Anchor Buildings, on the 23rd of March, 1863:—

speech referred to—  
ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY OF THE CITY OF KINGSTON, O.V., at the City Hall, on St. Patrick's Day, 1863, by P. J. Buckley, jun., Recording Secretary of the Society.

Mr. President, Gentlemen, Members of the St. Patrick's Society—The Annual celebration in honor of Ireland's Patron Saint brings us once more together to-day; and, I am sure, it must be a matter of much congratulation and a source of unmingled pleasure to Irishmen in general, but more particularly to the members of this Society, to find that the celebration of this festival in the year 1863 is in no wise inferior to any had in former years, but in some respects, far superior. Well indeed may the St. Patrick's Society of this City be proud of themselves on to-day; for, if it is at any time praiseworthy for men to do their duty, it must be doubly so when, upon occasions like the present, regardless of the slurs of some and the dissatisfaction of others, they boldly, but peaceably, evince those regards and affections which they possess for dear old Ireland, and which, I am confident, will never be parted with. (Cheers.)—If, however, the eye, on casting a glance around this Hall, crowded though it is, detects the absence of some, who from their birth, origin, and nationality, ought to be present, you must know, and I am here to tell you, that their absence must not be assigned to anything connected with this Society, but to their own want of true love of country and to their own negligence in permitting to die out that sacred spark of patriotism which God Himself planted in their hearts at the moment of their birth. Well indeed would it have been for them had they never ventured a trip across the Atlantic; for they seem to have cast overboard the best part of their outfit—viz, their patriotism and love of country. Had they remained however where they were born, they never could have lost this same love of country of which I speak; for how could they gaze on the round towers of Ireland—the proud relics of her antiquity and grandeur; or upon the moss-covered walls of her venerated chapels—the undying proofs of her attachment to religion and Christianity; or upon her beautiful lakes and smiling plains, reacting in every scene some well known passage of her soul-stirring poetry and music—how, I ask, could they be the inhabitants of such a country without possessing that feeling for which Barbarians have been given credit, namely, patriotism and love of country? Why, then, do I hear you ask does this occur, or why does this state of things exist? I will tell you. It is because some on leaving their native shores bring with them to this country, not those endearing memories of the past which keep alive this patriotism and love of country of which I speak, but, on the contrary, carefully bring with them those seeds from which spring those plants of exotic growth which are so frequently met with by the researching botanist in quest of the many *lusus nature* which abound in this Canada of ours. But let me tell the puzzled botanist that this is not an indigenous plant, but merely the offshoot of narrowmindedness and bigotry, of sectional prejudices and feelings which beyond a doubt have proved the greatest scourge and curse of Ireland. Ah! well would it be for us all to remember those few lines of our own poet, Moore, which, if well considered, might perhaps be productive of that effect which he intended, when he said—

IRISH INTELLIGENCE. LENTEN PASTORAL OF THE LORD ARCHBISHOP OF DUBLIN.—We extract the following from the pastoral of His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin:—

with those who may choose to dispute the point of our greatness and superiority of race. There is one thing, however, incontestably true, and that is, that a true Irishman is a great man on St. Patrick's Day—this is his day, *par excellence*, in the year. Enthusiastic by nature, he becomes doubly so upon to-day; warm-hearted and generous, he is ready to extend the right good hand of friendship and love to every one; and I am sure upon to-day many differences, quarrels, and disputes are smothered by the *Cead mille faille* of an Irishman's home. We have no objections to the sons of Scotia celebrating St. Andrew's Day; and who can question their right upon that day, especially to revel in the sweet pleasures of the past, and again revisit those sacred spots of his youth, and play again, amidst the bethel-land hills of his native land; nor why upon that day the proud Scotchman should not talk of his Scott, his Wallace, his Bruce and his Burns, and cast around his home the sweet odors of affection and love of country. With equal right does the Englishman, on St. George's Day, glory in the greatness of his country and the extent of his Empire, and honor that flag that has "braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," in the way and manner he knows so well to do. And now I would ask in the name of common sense and justice, has not the Irishman an equal right, and an equal privilege to honor his day in the best manner he knows how; or are Irishmen to be an exception to the rule? No, gentlemen, they are not; and your presence here to-day is the best proof I can possibly give of how the rule works.—To-day, we wish to carry before us the Green Flag of Erin, the colors of our country. To-day, we love to float down the sweet tide of memory, and revisit once more those cherished spots in a far-off land, still known to us however by the endearing epithet of "HOME." We wish to remember that that was the land of our birth;—we love to stand in imagination by those grassy mounds, the sacred repositories of the venerated ashes of our ancestors, and there recall the greatness of the past, when Ireland, in the barbarian darkness which plunged Europe in night, was the only day-star which shone out brightly, and which told of a speedy return to civilization. We also upon to-day love to boast that the land which gave us birth produced an O'Connell, a Curran, a Grattan, a Moore, and a Burke; that it also gave birth to a Brian Boroinne, a Sarsfield, and a Wellington; and that it is still producing great men in every department of science, literature, and art, and sending forth her brave soldiers on many a gory field of battle. To-day, the Irishman, no matter where his fate may have driven him, turns all his thoughts to, and centres all his affections in, that dear green Isle in the far ocean; and let him be living near the source of the Ganges, or at the foot of the Himalaya, or seeking a home in some country of Continental Europe; or let his fate have driven him across the Atlantic, and compelled him to seek a home on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or amidst the wild forests of Canada, or if further driven still he may be found on the banks of the Mississippi, or on the far Pacific Ocean—it matters not; with him distance only makes the heart grow fonder, and he loves old Ireland still the more. Before concluding, gentlemen, permit me to draw your attention to a single fact, and I promise you to be brief. A great and mighty struggle is now going on among our neighbors upon this Continent, and I do not refer to the subject in order to enlist your sympathies either upon one side or on the other. But I merely wish to call the attention of the world to the fact that Irishmen are still what they were as soldiers, and that they have not lost that ancient prowess in war for which they were so deservedly celebrated. Impelled by a sense of duty, the Irishmen in the once United States of America, seeing that flag which gave them shelter and protection in the hour of need, threatened by danger, rushed as one man to defend it, and stand or fall by it; and I am sure if we had the Stars and Stripes before us this moment we should find it stained and saturated by the heart's blood of Ireland's stoutest sons: They have added one more page to the martial history of Ireland already bulky with feats of daring, courage, and bravery. May the day be far distant when the Irishmen of Canada will be called upon to stand by her flag, and protect her shores; and I am sure if they were, they would be the first in the field, and the last out of it. That they would stand by that flag which gave them protection and shelter in this country—a flag which floats on every sea, and flutters in every breeze, and which every Irishman in Canada is bound in honor and principle to stand or fall by. They would thus prove, if proof were necessary, that having adopted this country as their home, they are proud of its Constitution, its laws, and its regulations, and that no one must dare to touch with impunity the flag under which they are living. Still however on occasions like the present they love to go back to the old land they have left, and, in imagination, roam over it once more for one day at least, and that when they return from their trip, they come back imbued with more love for old Erin, the land of their birth, and her reminiscences, and none the less for Canada, the land of their adoption, and her institutions. Permit me to conclude, gentlemen, by thanking you for the very kind manner with which you have received me to-day, and in the sweet language of Moore, I will only say—

Let fate do her worst, there are relics of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy, Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the lectures that joy used to wear. Long, long be our hearts with such memories filled, Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled; You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

DUBLIN, 15th February, 1863. DEATH OF THE REV. JAMES TRACY, C.C., DUNDUNWAY.—It is with very great regret that we announce the death of this estimable young clergyman, which took place on Tuesday, after a brief missionary career of four years. The deceased gentleman was a student of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, where he attained for himself distinction in his several classes, and earned the good opinion of his superiors, as well as the affection and esteem of his fellow-students. At the close of his collegiate course he was appointed to the curacy of Dundunway, and the duties of which he discharged with fidelity and zeal up to the period of his fatal illness. We feel assured that no words of ours can fully express the sorrow that filled the breasts of the parishioners on learning his demise, for his kindness and amiability of disposition, no less than his strict and conscientious fulfilment of the onerous duties inseparable from the missionary life, must have endeared him to all with whom he came in contact. Nor will the clergy of the diocese hear, without much painful surprise, Father Tracy's early death. The remains of the reverend gentleman will be interred this evening in the cemetery, Botanic Gardens.—Cork Examiner.