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TURLOGH O'BRIEN; OR,

THE FORTUNES OF AN IRISH SOLDIER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.-THE FORGET ME-NOT.

The moon shone gloriously from the soft summer clouds, and silvered the woods and towers of Glindarragh, as Percy Neville, overtaken by the nightfall in his ramble, found himself once more under the shadow of the oaks and thorns. The presence of the king's soldiers in the castle. however, in other respects undesirable, was attended at least with this good result-that no predatory invasion was any longer to be apprehended from the wild peasantry; and thus the ancient mansion and its surrounding woods were now as secure and peaceful as in the happiest time of civil quiet.

As the young invalid slowly approached the bridge of Glindarragh, he heard upon the sequesstered bye-road which debouched at its extremity the rapid tread of a horse's hoof; and pausing by the battlement, he saw beneath the stoop-

ing boughs the advancing form of a horseman. God save you, sir,' said the cavalier, gravely drawing up upon the bridge, beside the young gentleman, and raising his hat with a formal salutation-'I bear with me some letters for the castle-and some, if I mistake not, intended for your own hands; may I ask your name? Even as I suspected,' continued O'Gara, his question answered-' I have two letters addressed to you.'

Percy Neville, with a courteous acknowledgment, took the letters which the young priest extended toward him, and, leaning against the battlement of the bridge, as the horseman rode up the steep ascent to the castle gate, he read their contents in the bright moonlight. Sir Hugh's letter was a hurried one, and intentionally made light of his own present difficulties. In the belief, therefore, that the old knight was undergoing no more than the inconvenient formalities of a temporary confinement, the young gentleman, without much anxiety, passed on to the next .---This was from his father, Sir Thomas Naville; one passage from it we shall quote ; it was couched in the following terms :---

'On receipt of these, it is my pleasure you should set forth from Glindarragh, and crossing the Shannon into Clare, by which course you the screen of the wild thorn, whose roots were will be less like to meet interruption than were knotted in the buttress of the bridge, and beyou to take the long road through Dublin; so neath the soft and melancholy raliance of the to pass on for Antrim in the north, where I shall moon, Percy Neville and the simple country expect your arrival, as doth my honored friend, Sir John Campbell. You can get a protection from any general officer; but as Sir John is known to be a Whig, you had better not mention your exact destination. It is now high time you were settled in life. I have let my cousin Hugh know my opinion of his weakness in suffering a wilfal young hussey to disappoint both him and me. Mayhap, however, it is better so. I have at present in view such an alliance as will be, in point of rank, more honorable, and no less desirable in the matter of wealth; but I will well.' more fully unfold my purpose when we meet.?

-that I can never tell her this-that she can never know it.

' Pride, pride, pride-accursed pride,' he said, with the vehemence of anguish, as with a slight but expressive gesture, he struck the folded letter, which he still held in his hand, upon the battlement of the bridge- ' pride, parental pride, commands me to be silent-forbids me woo to an honorable alliance, this most noble and beautiful creature-this being whom I love so fondly, so unutterably, because, alas! she is humble in fortune and in birth. And therefore must I, with all my store of love and adoration untold, part from her silently-never, most like, in all the wayward naths of life to meet her more.

'But then,' he resumed, ' she cares not for me, that is, beyond mere simple kindness, she knows not of the love I bear her. I myself scarce knew it until now. To her this parting will be but so many last words, and one last look-to me, a struggle that wrings the very heart. But that avails not, were I to plead and pray, with all the fond love of my heart, 'tis more than likely she would refuse to hear me. I cannot now bethink me I ever marked that, in her words or looks, which could show me that she liked me; wherefore, then, say more; better to part thus, and at once, than to strive to involve her in the fate of one whom inisfortune would thenceforward mark for its own-dependent upon the pleasure of an promised one to the other through every chance ambitious aud imperious father. Ay, ay, 'tis bet-ter as it is, pride, have you triumphed,' and as he CHAPTER XXX spoke, he crushed the clenched hand. 'Yes,' he pursued; 'it will need much stoicism-a sore effort; but I shall not be wanting to myself-I shall leave it early, and without seeing her-I shall avoid the possibility of seeing her-I am resolved there shall be no leave-taking.'

He had hardly uttered this doughty resolution, when he heard a light footfall approaching the bridge. This little sound smote heavy on his heart-a thousand remembrances and feelings rose at its tiny summons-and in an instant all his resolves were obliterated and gone. There she came, indeed; alone, descending the steep road at the far bridge foot, her light cloak drawn about her, and her little shoe-buckles glittering at every step in the moonlight. So, after all, they were to meet before he left the old castle-and under

In the moonlight, he thought he saw her color change as he said this. She did not speak, however, but lowered her head a little, as if to ad-

just her cloak, and he plainly felt the little hand he held tremble in his own. "Does she love me-does she really love me?"

thought he, as he gazed passionately upon the beautiful girl. 'Phebe,' he continued, after more than a minute had passed in silence, 'my pretty Phebe, when I am goirg away, as I shall be to-morrow

-will you sometimes think of me, will you remember poor Percy Neville. She strove to smile, she tried to speak, but she could not, it was all in vain, the fountains of

her full heart were unlocked-the unavailing struggle was over-and she wept in all the abandonment of desolate and bitter grief. In an instant every colder thought and remem-

brance vanished from his mind. Warm, generous fervent as ever flowed from a lover's full heart, the words of passion, devotion, adoration, pledged him for ever to the weeping girl. What recked he of consequences; what cared he for the distant future. She loved him-loved him truly; he would not-he could not give her up. What boots it to follow this scene of passionate romance through all its length. They parted, then, beneath that wild-thoru tree, pledged and

CHAPTER XXXVII. - THE PARCHMENT.

Weary after a day of tedious travel, O'Gara entered the old castle-yard, as we have described, and fully impressed with the importance of his mission, hastened, spite of his fatigue, to acquit himself of his momentous undertaking. In compliance with Sir Hugh's minute directions, he selected, as his bed-chamber, the old knight's apartment, which, as we mentioned in an early chapter of this book, was situated in one of the projecting towers, overhanging the river; he at his leasure runmaged the dusty papers and parchments which filled the old press in the antechamber-and, at length, to his infinite satisfactionate, discovered the identical deed of settlement-the precious document of which he was in search.

It is necessary to be somewhat particular in detailing his proceedings, inasmuch as he was that night destined to experience an adventure, whose consequences exerted an important influence upon the subsequent events of our history. Having ascertained by an accurate scrutiny, the identity of the deed he had selected, as the actual document of which he was in search-he sate down before a roaring fire of turf and bog wood, in what we have called the ante-chamber or dressing-room, through which his bed-chamber was reached, and then enjoyed at his leisure such substantial reflection as his jaded condition demanded. His supper ended, fatigue began to weigh his eyelids down, and leaving the door of communication open, he placed his loaded pistols upon the table where he bad supped, and, for greater security, brought the parchment itself with him into his bed-chamber, and laid it safely under his pillow upon which his own weary head was soon pressed in dreamless slumber. He might have slept for some hours, when he became conscious, though without thoroughly awaking, that some one was cautiously moving about his bed-room with a candle, and stealthily moving the furniture, and searching among his clothes; but the sense of fatigue was so overpowering, that, although he actually opened his eyes, and saw the light shifting, and the distend-

clearly enough, a retreating form skulking in a 1 can obtain permission to do so; and, at least, stooping posture from the outer room.

for his pistols, but the fire light showed him that my conscience by the fullest information I can they were gone ; his visitor had taken the precaution to remove them-a sufficiently unequivo- lains by my silence. I greatly fear the loss is cal evidence of a sinister purpose. Glad that an irreparable-a ruinous one.' the intruder had, at all events, relieved the apartment of his presence, O'Gara followed to the outer door, looked forth upon the passage, and hearing nothing, contented himself with shutting self by the fire, awaited in solitary and anxious the door, and turning the key in the lock upon the inside.

For some time after his return to bed, he was kept awake by uneasy conjectures and speculations as to the purpose of the visit which had thus disturbed him; and no less so by the fruitless endeavor to recall the time or the season or any of the attendant circumstances in which the countenance, somewhere or somehow unquestionably seen before, had first been presented to him. But gradually the soothing rush of waters, seconded by the fatigues of his journey, prevailed over every more exciting influence, and he once admiration - too open to flattery, for safety more sank into profound repose.

Perhaps it was that the agitating occurrence which we have just described made O'Gara's after-slumbers lighter and more easily disturbed; but certain it is that he was wakened on a sudden by a slight rustling at the side of the bed, and distinctly heard a soft step crossing the floor of his chamber, toward the outer room, and at the same moment a very low knocking.

His first instinct, as before, was to thrust his hand beneath his pillow. Good God ! the parchment was gone ! In an instant he was upon the floor; and just as he entered the antechamber, he saw, in the imperfect fire-light, the squat, simster figure which had appeared by his bedside, and so unpleasantly occupied his drowsy fancy, reach the chamber door, and turning the key hurriedly in the lock, exclaim in a harsh screech :---

'Found, by -----. I have it-I have it.' Straight at this hideous thief the young priest darted, heedless of all consequences. The villain did not wait to open the door, and make his escape upon the passage; but leaving it vacant for the entrance of his accomplice, he ran round the room, screaming, 'help!' and pursued by O'Gara in bis shirt. A tall, powerful form, however, now bolted into the room, and joining him? why should 1 turn chicken-hearted, and in the scramble clutched the unarmed priest

to secure my own honor against a share in this He stretched his hand instantly to the table most infamous proceeding-as well as to clear give, of the reproach of having screened the vil-

> Without attempting to return to his bed, he hurried through the offices of his simple toilet, with all convenient despatch-and seating him-

ruminations, the arrival of the morning. How different were the feelings with which Miles Garrett paced the floor of his chamber .--It was nigh twenty years since he had last passed a night m Glindarragh Castle. Sir Hugh was then a prosperous gentleman, and greeted him with all the hospitality of kindred and affection. A beautiful young bride was by his side, in all the pride of her early loveliness-glad and happy as the song of a merry lark in a summer's morning-proud and generous as she was beautiful-but, alas ! too light, too vain, too fond of against the arts of villains; and now, how was all this wrecked and blasted-how hideous and desolate the contrast!

As Miles Garrett, in the irrepressible excitement of his recent triumph, strode slowly through the long wainscotted apartment of which he was the solitary tenant, spite of all the exultation of his success, he felt occasionally a sudden misgiving-a paug of something like fear, if not remorse-as the rememberance of all he had inflicted-the portentous desolation which he alone had wrought, came darkly to his mind. He started, with an effort, from his haunting thought as a feverish sleeper would from a recurring nightmare-and busied his mind with projects of further aggrandizement, and schemes of future vengeance.

'The thing is done,' muttered he, as half jaded with his own excitement, he threw himself into an arm-chair, before the expiring fire ; ' done and ended; there is no need any longer to avert his fate-so, in the devil's name, let him hang now, as soon as they list. Why should I budge to save him? pshaw! this dark old room, with its accursed remembrances, rising like vapours round me, makes a mere child of me; why, in hell's name, should I, of all men, stir to save lose courage now? Curse my folly; how Talaround the waist in his iron gripe, so tight that bot, and even that sneaking dastard, Garvey, would laugh at me if they knew it. 'Sdeath, let the old dog hang, the sooner the better-it's not my doing; and if it were, by ----- he has earn-'Now, now, Garvey — now, you idiot; now, my doing; and if it were, by — he has earn-into the fire with it. Well done; grind your ed it well at my hands; ay, fifty times over— the involved fould. No us 'he continue heel on it; roll the red fire over it. Well done, the insolent, dogged foul ! No, no,' he continued, after a long pause, ' I'm not so weak-I am not so mean, as to help the snarling, ungrateful suffocated and helpless priest, to his unutterable old libeller out of his troubles; he has turned on me twice when I offered to succour him-and 'fore God, he shall never do so a third time .-smoked, and smouldered; and at last he saw And then there's that hopeful Spaniard; well. well, no matter-all in good time. Brag is a good dog, but Holdlast is a better-and we'll see whether I'll not get the whip-hand of Colonel O'Brien yet; all in good time-fair and easy goes far in a day.' He shook his head slowly, and smiled a pale sinister smile upon the smouldering fire as he spoke; and then bit his lip, and contracted his brows, in deep and silent thought-buried in which we shall for the present leave him. (In be Continued.)

There was nothing in this letter, one might have thought, to make the young man particularly sorrowful; and yet he was very pensive and melancholy, as he folded it again. He leaned over the moss-grown parapet, and looked sadly down upon the chafing stream, and then up again upon the broad sailing disc of the summer moon.

'And so, and so, all is ended,' he said. in regretful meditation : 'all her innocent, pretty ways - her simple kindness-the chance meetings that gave such a charm to every day-all gone and over for me. Am I never to see her again--her light step, ber beautiful smile-shall I hear her voice no more, the sweetest, the softest?"

He paused abruptly, and a pang of grief and loneliness, more bitter than he had felt for many a year, wrung his heart; and if the truth must e'en he told, it needed the whole force of all his stoicisin to restrain the tears from starting .---With a bitter effort, however, he mastered the weakness which threatened to unman him.

'I little dreamed,' he said, ' the thought of leaving her would cost me grief like this. She little thinks it either-she, who never cast away a thought on me, save in simple kindness-she will forget me as lightly as she would the chance traveller whom her bounty had relieved ; and I -I must forget her, too -I will forget her-if I may-And yet,' he resumed bitterly, after a part thus early, and while it is yet possible, than far away, and, perchance, when years are past that in an instant he felt himself thoroughly respondence with convicted traitors-so if you pause-'it is, perchance, better thus-better to to wait on, and break my heart. Only to think on it-sure never did dream steal away the sense like this-never did dream work such sweet and sorrowful magic, From the moment when I him. He took it, and he took her hand. saw her first, in that old orchard, which I love, and always will for her sake-when I saw her standing there, in her simple, sad, exquisite beauty, a spell was on me, which I had-which enchain me, heart and soul, for ever. And then for this is, perchauce, the last time in my life I der his pillow ; he sprung from his bed, and fol- of his mission. I have-no power to break-a spelt which will to think ob, God I is it not bitter that I; lov-indiants of the Union of a total and to think ob, God I is it not bitter that I; lov-indiants of the Protestant Establishment, were it indiants of the Protestant Establishment, were it communicating with his bed-room, he saw, indeed, minutes' reflection, but to return to Dublin, it not that court intrigues and all their geductive ing her thus-ay, loving, loving her to madness friend, my fretty Phebe?

beauty stood together, in another minute, upon the lonely road.

'Whither are you going, my pretty Phebe, asked Percy Neville, with a melancholy smile. 'I am going down to Nurse Eileen's, sir,' she

answered, gently. 'Nurse Eileen, the good old woman who nnrsed you, my pretty Phebe,' he continued in the same tone; "I feel fond of the old nurse myself, though, in truth, I could scarce tell why, unless it be, maybap, because she loves you so

The girl looked with sweet embarrassment in his face, and then turned her glance downward upon the chafing river.

'And where does Nurse Eileen dwell ?' asked he, willing to prolong this chance interview.

'In the old Abbey Mill, sir,' answered she, again raising her soft, dark, melancholy eyes. ' on the border of the wood, by the river bank; in was the knight-Sir Hugh-that made it up for her-God bless him, and put her there.'

'I know it, a pretty, small, thatched house, by the river side, among the oaks. She is very happy there, I dare say,' he pursued, with a sigh. You and she are happy together.'

She looked up into his face with one of her own sad, beautiful smiles, but marking the singularly melancholy expression which reigned there. the smile, with all the eloquence of its modest dimples, gave place to a look of sorrow, and almost of pain, and turning her eyes pensively away, she plucked from among the moss which covered the old battlement, one of the little blue weeds that nodded there ; it chanced to be that

wild flower to which poets and lovers have given the name of ' forget me-not.'

'Give me that little flower,' be said, very sorrowfully and tenderly, after he had watched her small fingers playing with its slender stem for some minutes. 'They call it 'forget-me not,' and if you give it, 'twill, indeed, prove one to me ; give it to me, pretty Phebe, and it will remud me of this spot, and this hour, when I am and gone."

With a mournful smile of perfect innocence and modesty; she held the little flower toward

We have been very good friends, have we not? since I came here, my pretty Puebe,' he continued in the same mournful tone, 'we have

ed shadow of a human form gliding upon the answered for.' wall, he had no distinct consciousness of anything sufficiently extraordinary in the circumstance to warrant his interfering-and wanted speak to the intruder.

Thus it was that once or twice he was thus partially awakened, and again relapsed into the overpowering forgetfulness of sleep; before, upon one of those occasions of temporary consciousness, he distinctly saw the face of an ugly, sinister-looking man, glide close by the curtains of his bed; the face seemed travel-soiled, anx-

ions, and villainous, and was stooped down, under the light of the candle, as if peering in cautious search after something; there was that in the features, momentary as was the glimpse which he as I please, and deal with them at my discretion; had obtained of them, which suggested to his ining some associations of remembered outrage and danger, with such sudden and painful power, aroused.

"Who's there?' cried the young priest, in a tone of sudden alarm.

There was no reply whatever, but instanta- | of the will and the power to punish you." bowever, thought be could distinctly hear the of the head, Garrett strode from the room, with- this too confiding disposition, we have witnessed two neously the candle was extinguished. O'Gara, sound of a cautious retreat in the outer room ; - | out waiting for an answer, and pushed Garvey been good friends all that time, and so do not and without an instant's hesitation, except so before him, swung the door fast, and left O'Gara the bitterness of disappointment. take your hand from me, for a tew minutes now ; much as was necessary to feel the parchment un- contounded and dismayed at this disastrous isone

he had scarce room to breathe; and exclaiming in a piercing whisper-

boy. Never lear, I have him fast.'

As he thus reiterated his directions, the hallagony, beheld the ugly familiar execute his orders to the letter. The parchment shrivelled, Garvey's foot grind its very ashes into powder.

'There now,' growled Garrett, relieving the struggling priest with a rude shove, 'our business here is done; so, if you'll take a fool's counsel, you'll just get back again into your bed ; by the way, you'd have done wisely not to have left it at all?

'You have done a foul wrong, Mr. Garrett,' said the priest, indiguantly. 'That caitiff there has stolen the paper from under my head, as I slept, and by your direction destroyed it. The mischief is, I fear, irreparable; but it must be

'Get to your bed, I tell you,' retorted Garrett, menacingly : ' you are too fond by half of meddling in other men's business; beware, or energy to rouse himself so far as to call out and you'll burn your fingers at last. You have come in my way once or twice already-be prudent, and seek not to thwart me again."

' I seek to thwart no man in the pursuit of his lawful business or pleasure,' replied O'Gara ; but I will not submit to be robbed, and to see the property entrusted to my care destroyed. without remonstrance and complaint, where both tion. In that roll I am glad to recognize some vewill be attended to."

• What I have done I have warrant for," retorted Garrett, doggedly; '1 am armed with authority to search here for papers-to seize such and thus much I will tell you, my worthy sir, there is enough in my possession to mark you for suspicion ; do you hear, to involve you in cor- cause Ireland, with all its real sufferings, has been be wise, you will stir as little as need be at present. Above all, forbear offending those, who, if provoked, may prove themselves possessed alike acquisition must be retained with the same weapons

Having thus spoken, with a threatening shake

ing her thus ay, loving her to madness friend, my firetty Phebe. And All their soductive in the standard of the second of the se

THE ARMAGH JURIES.

The Archbishop of Tuam has addressed the following letter to the Secretaries of the Free Press and Fair Jury Committee :-

"St. Jarlath's, Tuam, "Fesst of St. John Cantins, 1861.

have read over the roll of names that compose the Committee recently formed to right the grievous wrongs so long inflicted on Ulster, and to sustain and encourage a fearless Press that dares to stand by the people amidst general apathy, if not corrupnerated names, who, in the past struggles of our country, established a firm claim to the public confidence. Some of them were the able and eloquent champions of every right that was wrung from the gripe of a tennetious bigotry, not by the abstract force of justice, but by the pressure of a united nation, to which it was at length obliged to yield.

"During the last ten years of treachery, of ignominy, and disaster -- and the more ignominious, becontinually peraded in a false light, flaunting in the tingel of a got-up prosperity-those gentlemen have bad sufficient opportunities for reflection, and they have, doubtless, come to the conclusion that every by which, it was gained -a maxim which, in moments of excessive confidence, has been sadly formemorable instances in our time, both ending in all

"The first year that followed Emancipation would bave witnessed the first complement of that mensure, either in a Repeal of the Union or a. total an-