

Brave fastened his teeth in the side of his enemy, that the collar of brass around his neck, which had been glittering throughout the fray, was of the colour of blood, and directly that his frame was sinking to the earth, where it soon lay prostrate and helpless. Several mighty efforts of the wild cat to extricate herself from the jaws of the dog followed, but they were fruitless, until the mastiff turned on his back, his lips collapsed, and his teeth loosened; when the short convulsions and stillness that succeeded announced the death of poor Brave.

Elizabeth now lay wholly at the mercy of the beast. There is said to be something in the front of the image of the Maker that daunts the hearts of the inferior beings of his creation; and it would seem that some such power, in the present instance, suspended the threatening blow. The eyes of the monster and the kneeling maiden met, for an instant; when the former stooped to examine her fallen foe, next to scent her luckless cub. From the latter examination it turned, however, with its eyes apparently emitting flashes of fire, its tail lashing its sides furiously, and its claws projecting four inches from its broad feet.

Miss Temple did not, or could not move. Her hands were clasped in the attitude of prayer, but her eyes were still drawn to her terrible enemy; her cheeks were blanched to the whiteness of marble, and her lips were slightly separated with horror. The moment seemed now to have arrived for the fatal termination; when a rustling of leaves from behind seemed rather to mock the organs, than to meet her ears.

'Hist! hist!' said a low voice; "stoop lower, gall: your bonnet hides the creator's head."

It was rather the yielding of nature than a compliance with this unexpected order, that caused the head of our heroine to sink on her bosom; when she heard the report of the rifle, the whizzing of the bullet, and the enraged cries of the beast, who was rolling over on the earth, biting its own flesh, and tearing the twigs and branches within its reach. At the next instant the form of the Leatherstock rushed by her, and called aloud—

'Come in, Hector, come in, you old fool! 'tis a hard-lived animal, and may jump ag'in.'

Natty maintained his position in front of the maidens most fearlessly, notwithstanding the violent bounds and threatening aspect of the wounded panther, which gave several indications of returning strength and ferocity, until his rifle was again loaded; when he stepped up to the enraged animal, and placing the muzzle close to its head, every spark of life was extinguished by the discharge.

FOX AND O'DWYER, OR IRISH ECCENTRICITY.

Mrs. Hall is the authority for the facts which are here related:—

Many years have elapsed since Chas.

James Fox visited Ireland, and some venerable friends of mine still recount the delight my country-folk felt at his frank and Irish manners. A portion of his time, during his sojourn, was spent at the palace of the Bishop of Waterford,—a churchman of the old school, with a cauliflower wig, a gold-headed cane, and as much importance of appearance and address as any one attached to dignity and formality could possibly require. One of his lordship's intimates, or, as he used in brief moments of relaxation to denominate him, "his familiar," was a merry, jovial, fox-hunting squire, of large hospitality and small fortune—one of the genuine six-bottle school, with more heart than head, and more wit than judgment—and Dermot O'Dwyer by name. It was, in truth, a strange companionship; to which I can liken nothing, except a species of regard that once existed between a grave Newfoundland dog of my own (Neptune he was called) and a mischief-loving ringtailed monkey of my cousin's. The great dog would sit for hours, blinking his eyes in the sunbeams, and watching with a sort of sleepy interest Jacko's manifold tricks and capers: and when the skipping thing was tired, permit him to nestle in his thick coat, and submit to the pushing and scratching he exercised to form a bed to his own taste, with extraordinary good nature.

When the worthy bishop succeeded in obtaining a promise from Mr. Fox, that he would visit his country residence, it will be easily believed that the reception he purposed giving the great M. P. was in keeping with his usual compositeness. Cards of invitation were duly sent forth, and one of the first despatched to his eccentric friend Dermot. On the appointed day, his tenants were drawn up on each side the avenue, his servants drilled into new stiff liveries glittering with gold and embroidery; even his wife's lap-dog had its little throat garlanded with true blue riband; and every servant maid in the house was compelled to wear shoes, which, at that period, were an extraordinary novelty, and occasioned much stumbling and more confusion. All things, however, were at length in proper order, every thing arranged *comme il faut*; my lord bishop complimented his lady on the taste and judgment of her dress (stiff flowered satin and high pinners,) and she declared that his lordship looked as handsome and far more portly than when he led her to the hymenial altar. During these old fashion'd courtesies (husbands are not particularly famous for complimenting their wives now-a-

days,) Dermot O'Dwyer, attended by his favourite hounds, Fan and Free-love, burst into the state drawing-room. "Come an hour earlier than dinner-time, my boy, to have a long chat with the parliament man. Saw him driving down the hill, threw him clean out at the corner, and, egad got here first—An't I a buck?—quite the thing, eh?" "Boots!" "Why, what the devil! have me ride without boots? We'll make a night of it. Ay, here's Charlie, black muzzled as a terrier—fine face though. I wish he had'nt come so soon, for I wanted to read you a speech I intended to make after dinner. The poor bishop was terrified at his friend's oratorical talents, for an entire month he had been lecturing O'Dwyer on the greatness and importance of Charles James Fox, and the necessity for "proper behaviour in his presence;" how was he petrified when, on presenting his friend to the M. P.; "as one of the free and independent landholders of the county." Dermot unceremoniously interrupted him, and shaking Fox by the hand until his very arm ached, exclaimed, "It's part of my lord bishop's trade to blarney the people: you, I suppose, are Charles James Fox, M. P., a sturdy independent fellow; and I am Dermot O'Dwyer, a hater of ceremony and Tories; so there now, my worthy friend in the glorious wig has an acre of breath saved for the next oration." This originality was highly entertaining to a man of Fox's disposition. The party separated at about 4 the next morning, neither the wiser nor better, that I could learn, for having met, which I believe is generally the case at gentlemen's dinner parties. Certainly the hair-dressers occupied a most unusual time next day in arranging his lordship's wig.

Mr. O'Dwyer lived bachelor fashion, in the dilapidated home of his ancestors, about three miles from the bishop's abode. The house was spacious, and, in one sense of the word, well furnished, for there was no lack of inhabitants; a family of favoured pigeons occupied the attics, and reared their young in undisturbed tranquility amid the ruin of old bedsteads and mouldering furniture. Whenever there was need of provender Denis O'Hay, huntsman, footman, head groom, and valet, mounted the once handsome but then decayed staircase, and making his way over piles of broken balustrades and recumbent trophies of field and chase, brought down, to use his own phrase, "two or three dozen birdeens wid the end of a stick, though sorra a mouthful on each, the craters." The middle rooms were sadly off for want of en-