

anticipations have never cast a dark shadow over that happy face of thine. Enough, I feel that I will not survive the conflict of to-morrow. Do not ridicule this idea, nor endeavour to persuade me that it is merely a phantom of the brain. Ere yonder moon again looks down upon this beautiful but unhappy land, you will be convinced that it is no chimera. But it was not anxiety for myself that engrossed my mind when I was deaf to your kind attempts to cheat me of my solemn meditations. I thought of my boy, my motherless child, who will soon be left to the mercy of a cold-hearted world. I am about to confide a trust to you, Fitzgerald, to implore you by the careless, happy days of boyhood which we have spent together,—by the dangers which in manhood we have shared,—by all that you hold dear, to supply a father's affection and care to him who will soon be an orphan. Twice in the height of battle has your arm interposed between me and death. Be a shield to my boy as you have been to his father."

"Fear not, O'Donnel," replied Fitzgerald, grasping the hand of his friend with warmth, while a tear glistened on his sunburnt manly cheek. "I will be all that you can desire to your boy, should the fate which you so despondently predict await you. But you must not entertain such gloomy forebodings. I trust that many happy years are yet in store for both of us. In a short time this unhappy war must terminate, and then we will be enabled to return to our native land, and again behold those dear ones, who, though absent, are ever present to our thoughts. Come, O'Donnel, be yourself once more. Who knows but I may have to consign to your care those who will mourn for me when I am gone. The bullet that speeds harmlessly by you to-morrow may find a home in my heart. But a truce to such thoughts, O'Donnel, let us banish them."

O'Donnel replied only by a grateful pressure of his hand, and saying:

"Fitzgerald, I am satisfied."

He rose and joined a group of his brother officers, and apparently the most cheerful in that circle during the rest of the evening was Charles O'Donnel.

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It was night once more, but ah! how changed. The conflict was past—the deeds of daring had been achieved—the heart which had panted for glory was stilled forever. All was hushed, except that here and there a dying groan or a prayer for mercy to the God of Peace, might be heard ascending from a parting spirit, breaking upon the dread stillness of the night. Those plains

which but last evening had teemed with life, upon whose surface had reposed many a proud, manly form, were now covered only by the disfigured, mutilated remains of humanity. Ghastly figures in which even a fond mother might have shuddered to recognize the babe she once hushed in her bosom. The duty of interring the dead had already begun, and silent, dejected groups moved about conveying their comrades to their last places of rest. Not to the sod-covered grave in their native village church-yard where their kindred repose, and over whose congregated dead the vesper bell nightly "tolls the knell of parting day." They lay them in a foreign land, in one promiscuous heap, thus outraging those melancholy but pleasing feelings with which man loves to regard the consecrated spot where his unconscious form shall rest.

Two soldiers were hastily digging a grave under the shade of an orange tree, which scattered its sweet scented blossoms on the earth at every passing breeze. Leaning against the tree, with his arm in a sling, and pale from loss of blood, stood an officer directing their task, while his eye rested upon a motionless figure which lay upon the turf before him enveloped in a military cloak. The labour was soon over, and the narrow resting place was waiting for its kindred dust. Gently as a mother lays her sleeping babe within its cradle, did Fitzgerald place Charles O'Donnel within his last bed, then slowly withdrawing the cloak, he gazed once more upon the rigid features of his friend, and turning away burst into tears.

The grave was hastily filled up, and naught but a little mound of earth told of the place where O'Donnel reposed; but a passing breeze came sighing mournfully through the branches of the orange tree, and strewed the pale blossoms over the newly made grave. As Fitzgerald turned from the spot in sadness and loneliness of heart, he looked upwards, and there again was the silvery moon, smiling and placid as yesternight when he and O'Donnel gazed upon her beams together.

CHAPTER II.

—That house was his.

The portal gates have fallen from their hinges,
The windows are unshaded, the roof lacks leading,
And docks and nettles in the court grow rank,
All witness to the noble master's absence.

THE MISANTHROPE.

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THE Angel of Peace passed over Europe, and her soft silken wings had dried the tears from the maiden's eye, and her gentle voice had bid the