

POETRY

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

Extract of a Letter from LARRY, now in England, to his wife JUDY, at Mullinafad, in Ireland.

[FROM THE HALIFAX JOURNAL.]

Dear Judy,—I send you this bit of a letter, By mail coach conveyance—for want of a better— To tell you what luck in this world I have had Since I left the sweet cabin at Mullinafad Och, Judy, that night! when the pig which we meant To dry nurse in the parlour to pay off the rent, Juliana, the crathur—that name was the death of her, Gave us the ship and we saw the last breath of her!

And there was the childer, six innocent sows, For their cant little play-fellows, turning up howls; While yourself, my dear Judy, (though grievin' a folly.) Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy— Cryin' half for the crathur and half for the money, 'Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sow'd you my boney?

But God's will be done!—and then faith sure enough, As the pig was desaiiced 'twas high time to be off. So we gather'd up all the poor duds we could catch. Lock'd the owld cabin door, put the key in the thatch, Then tuk leave of each other's sweet lips in the dark, And set off, like the Christians turn'd out of the ark; The six childer with you, my dear Judy, ochone! And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands, And what cruel hard walkin' I've had on my hands, Is, at this present writin' too tedious to speak, So I'll mention it all in a postscript next week; Only starv'd I was, surely as thin as a lath. Till I came to an up and a down place they call Barn, Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat, By dhraggin' owld ladies all day through the street— Which their docthors (who pocket like fun the pound starlings), Have brought into fashion, to please the owld darlings.

Divl' a boy in all Bath, though I say it, could carry The granies up hill half so handy as Larry: And the higher they lived like owld crows in the air, The more I was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy they say, And mine has both handles put on the wrong way, For ponderin' one morn on a drame I just had Of yourself and the babies at Mullinafad, Och, there came o'er my senses so plaisin' a flutter, That I spilt an old countess right clane in the gutter; Muff, feathers and all! the descint was most awful, And—what was still worse, faith—I knew 'twas unlawful; For though with mere women no very great evil, T' upset an old Countess in BATH is the devil! So lifting the chair with herself safe upon it, (For nothin' about her was kilt but her bonnet,) Without even mentionin' "By your lave ma'm," I tuk to my heels and—here Judy, I am

What's the name of this town I can't say! very well, But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell! Your own beautiful Larry the very first day (And a Sunday it was shinin' out mighty gay.) When his brogues to this city of luck found their way. Being hungry, God help me, and hap pennin' to stop, Just to dine on the smell of a pasthry-cook's shop, I saw in the window a large printed paper. And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper, Though printed it was in some Square A B C, That might bother a schoolmaster, let alone me; By ger, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you've but listened, As doubtin' I cried, "why it is,—no, it isn't," But it was, after all—for by spellin' quite slow, First I made out, 'Rev. Mortimer'— than a great 'O' And at last by hard readin' and rakin' my skull again, Out it came nate as imported "O'Mulligan."

Up I jump'd like a sky-lark, my jewel, at that name, Divil a doubt on my mind, but it must be the same. "Master Murthagh himself," says I, "all the world over!" My own foster-brother—by jinks I'm in clover, Though there in the play-bill he figures so grand, One wet-nurse it was brought us both up by hand! And he'll not let me starve in the inemy's laud!"

Well to make a long hishtory short, never doubt But I managed in no time to find the lad out; And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me— Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see; Nor is Morthagh less plas'd with the evint than I am, As he just then was wantin' a valley-desham, And for dressin' a gentleman one way or t'other, Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But new Judy, comes the quare part of the case; And in troth, it's the only drawback on my place. 'Twas Murthagh's ill luck to be crossed as you know, With an awkward misfortune some time ago; That's to say he turn'd Protestant,—why I can't learn; But af course he knew best, an' it's not my consart; All I know is, we both were good Catholics at nurse, And myself am so still,—nayther better nor worse.

Well, our bargain was right and tight in a jiffy, And lads more contint never yet left the Luffey. When Murthagh, or Morthimer, as he's now chrisen'd, His name being converted, at laist if he isn't,— Looking sly at me (faith, 'twas divartin' to see,) "Af course, you're a Protestant Larry?" says he, Upon which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly, "Is't a Protestant j—oh, yes, I am Sir," says I: And there the chat ended, and divil a more word Contravarsial between us has since then occur'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and in troth Judy dear, What I myself meant doesn't seem mighty clear; But the truth is though still for Owld Light a stickler, I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar:—

And God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair Of twin Protestants couldn't be seen anywhere.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play bills I mention'd) His rivrence my master, comes forward to preach, Myself doesn't know whether sermon or speech, But it's all one to him, he's a dead hand at each: Like us Paddies, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations, Quite bothers the blarney o' all other nation.

But whist! there's his rivrence, shoutin' out Larry! And soira a word more will this shmall paper carry; So here Judy, ends my short bit of a letter, Which faith, I'd have made a much bigger and better, But divl' a one post office hole in this town Fit to swallow a dacent siz'd billy-dux down, So, good luk to the childer!—tell Molly I love her; Kiss Oonagh's swate mouth, and kiss Katty all over,— Not forgettin' the mark of the red currant whiskey She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky, The heav'n's be your 'bed!—I will write when I can again. Yours to the world's end, LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

THE LAW SUIT.

"Well me!" I exclaimed, joyously, as I encountered my old college friend, Charles Morton, one morning in Oxford-street; "why Charles, looking on your happy countenance recalls the gladsome days of youth and merriment."

"Is mine indeed a happy countenance?" asked Morton, as after a hearty shake, he withdrew his hand from mine; and he uttered the question in such an accent of bitter heart brokenness that I involuntarily paused to look upon him. There was still the same fine features—deep eye, aquiline nose, and lofty brow which had gained for him the appellation of the handsome Morton; but care had paled his cheek, and after I had gazed at him for a moment, I almost imagined that it had bowed his tall and graceful figure.

"Charles," I uttered painfully, "you are ill."

"Yes, my friend," replied Morton, with mournful earnestness. "I am indeed ill—sick at heart—a disease which knows no remedy."

I asked the cause of his unhappiness. He felt that the question was one of friendship not of curiosity; and he told me of his sorrows like a man who had the miserable satisfaction of feeling that although unfortunate he was not degraded.

He was an orphan, dependent on a rich and parsimonious relative. On leaving college he had induced the only daughter of a wealthy Baronet to elope with him, and her father had resented the action even to his death hour. Morton's uncle, with the caprice incident on revenge, bequeathed to him but a poor pittance, almost inadequate to the support of nature, and thus Charles, in a few short months, beheld the woman of his heart in all, save his affections, a beggar! He had been induced to mortgage his slender annuity, and dispute the will of the lady's father. "I have done it," concluded Morton, with a hollow tone; "I have become the victim of a law-suit. Alicia and my boy are the sacrifices of my credulity—but till to-day I madly clung to hope, wild and chimerical enough to satisfy the raving fancy of a lunatic—and to-day one more merciful than his fellows, told me that there was—no hope. In a few hours the fiat goes forth, and I am taught that utter ruin will be the result. For myself, I care not, but Alicia, bred in affluence, the child of luxury and indulgence—and he smote his brow, and trembled with the excess of his emotion.

"Do not despair while even a shadow of trust remains," I urged, gently, "Charles, for Alicia's sake—for your son's sake you must hope on; let us return to your wife, if you are thus moved, what must be her sufferings?"

A flash of the deepest crimson overspread the countenance of Morton; then bursting into a hysterical laugh he himself directed my attention to it, as he exclaimed bitterly; "Do you not see how my impotent pride rushes to arms, when a friend would look on the wretchedness that will ere long be food for the un pitying world?—and yet —" and he held me back a moment, and the glow of memory brightened his countenance and flashed in his dark eyes: "You will not see Alicia as I have seen her—as she once was—as she will be no more!—This vision of present wretchedness darkened the tablet of memory, and with an expression of subdued feeling, he led in silence to an obscure street and finally, to his miserable lodging; the cracked stairs gave notice of our approach to the young and heartstricken wife, and on our entrance her eyes at once eagerly caught and rested on her husband. Fair and beautiful as the Mahometan houri there was a cast thought upon her fine face, and pictured to the heart the deprecating sadness of the Recording Angel when noting down the trespasses of man—her dress was somely, even in wretchedness—but what had dress availed to such a face and form? The long braids of raven hair that pressed her forehead, were lost beneath a close cap of the purest white—her child played at her knee, plump and rosy, unconscious of present troubles, and thoughtless of those to come. Never did I bow so low before a titled beauty on a first meeting, as I did before the wife of Morton! On our entrance Charles had thrown himself into a chair and with his face buried in his hands sobbed aloud. Alicia was beside him—her lips pressed his brow— I was forgotten.

At length Morton raised his head, and his eye fell upon me as I stood in the centre of the apartment. "Alicia, speak to him," he murmured in an unearthly tone, "our sorrows are enough; why should we spread their pestilence abroad?" She approached me, and at the moment Morton's child playfully clung to his knees—hurredly he grasped the little innocent, and raising him up at arm's length, he exclaimed: "Charles, unhappily victim of father's weakness you are a beggar!" Pleased with the rapidity of the motion, and the emphatic accents of his father the import of which he guessed not the child laughed gaily in his face. Morton could not bear this; in a frenzy of emotion he would have rushed from the room; Alicia, like his guardian Angel, held him back. She had not shed a tear; her bosom heaved wildly, and her cheek was deathly pale, but still she spoke with fearful calmness.

"Alicia," said the unhappy Charles, as subdued by the violence of his emotion, he remained passionately in her embrace "why do you cling to me? have I not drawn the world's scorn down upon you?"

"If the world indeed scorns us, my love," said the young wife tenderly, "let us be every thing to each other, and the sting will be unfelt."

At this moment a quick step was heard upon the stairs—the door yielded to the pressure of a heavy hand and with a smile of honest joy upon his countenance a man in mean habit entered the room. You have gained your cause Mr. Morton he uttered hastily—and I heard no more. A wild laugh burst from the lips of Charles, and he strained the senseless form of his wife to his breast with frightful violence.

I was slowly sauntering in Pall Mall, but three days ago, when from the window of a handsome chariot a fair hand motioned my approach. For a moment I looked incredulously at the lofty brow, kissed at intervals by a superb, snow white plume; at the raven hair hangin' in glossy and luxuriant ringlets; at the mild dark eyes, gleaming with temperate brightness; put, in the next instant, a large tear swelled in them. I was in doubt no longer; it was Alicia, and as I extended my hand, her boy twisted his little fingers around one of mine, and drew my hat over my eyes to conceal my weakness.

When the Marquis de Montcalm was informed, on being taken from the field of battle, that his wound was mortal: "So much the better" said he, "shall not live to see the surrender of Quebec."