

MEMORIALS.

BY DANIEL CONNOLLY. BURKE. Clothed in the glorious majesty of mind. And rising reason's sceptre as his own. He roared in monarch on a stately throne.

LLOYD PENNANT. A TALE OF THE WEST. BY RALPH NEVILLE, Esq.

(Reprinted from Duff's Liberator Magazine.) CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"Hurrah! had luck to you, Mike, my boy, how are you?" shouted the newcomer; "the devil take you, but you look well!"

administered. He was called to the bar as a matter of fact to qualify him for place, but he never practised his profession, unless occasionally walking the "Hall" with an empty bag.

CHAPTER III.

Mike, having disengaged himself from the cook, continued his progress. The passages and rooms were crowded by the neighbors, who came armed with pitchforks and other offensive implements.

which had carried his servant from Dunseverick, rode rapidly towards Deerpaven. Bay Captain Beaumont had that afternoon received despatches from Dublin apprising him that a French frigate, which had sailed from Brest for the west coast of Ireland, might be momentarily expected there.

CHAPTER IV.

Mike, having disengaged himself from the cook, continued his progress. The passages and rooms were crowded by the neighbors, who came armed with pitchforks and other offensive implements.

he might be at liberty to leave the castle sufficiently early to visit the abbey, and afterwards to accomplish his journey on foot, and reach the Rover by the appointed time.

CHAPTER V.

"I am unequal to such an exertion," replied the colonel; "my spirit has been subdued, my chief strength has been long since exhausted by my domestic misfortune.

no recent safety. Heart and soul I have embarked in a holy cause, and whether success or defeat attend me, in that cause will I live or perish. Three hundred thousand Irishmen are sworn and ready; hourly I expect to welcome the gallant Hoche, the head of an invading army, and with such resources it would be blasphemous against God's justice to anticipate defeat."

CHAPTER VI.

The colonel at once recognized the sailor, and easily conjectured the cause of his alarm, remained patiently beside him until consciousness returned. When the man's opening eyes rested upon him, he exclaimed wildly:

"Tush, my dear Blake, I have abandoned the use of all such aristocratic distinctions; call me Edward, as you used to do of old in happier times." Here he was interrupted by Darcy, who said, hastily: "The wicket-gate has opened."