

O'CONNELL'S GRAVE.

His country long in chains; her spirit gone! The dark taskmaster, the cruel, piled his woe...

Earth's tyrants learnt new mysteries of hate; The saxon lash surprised their bloodiest doom...

The brightest, noblest, holiest, the best. Their voices importune were hushed in death...

O God! was ever people so oppress'd! So long, and suffering, and in the grave?

Sometimes, the tyrants' agents, forced to weep. Stay'd for awhile the persecutor's hand...

Alas! that head, which never knew relief, Piltow'd upon some bosom true as steel...

What holier thing has this cold world to give Than hearts torn in the heart and sorrow rend...

With hands and eyes oppress'd—on bended knee— Sad, suffering Erin, praying with nightly tears...

Imperial Julius, with his legions strong, Sweeping o'er Gaul with clattering horse and spear...

Without the sword, the tyrant saw a power, Strong with a nation's woes, and, seeing, feared...

Not Achilles' great sword in ancient time, When Rome was not, and glorious Greece was young...

As fall the monarchs of the forest down, Before the North wind's fierce, relentless blast...

As, when a lily bent down by the rain, Seeing the rosy dawn, doth raise its head...

Like Hope's bright rainbow, o'er the sullen storm, He rose the harbinger of peace and light...

His soul was full of sweet humanity, And, like a harp, touched by the passing wind...

With sudden life his native land awoke From her deep lethargy, so numb and cold...

Peace to the noble dead, full well he sleeps Among the people who he loved so well...

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. Logan was silent, and so disconcerted at this accident, that she no longer opposed Miss Moore's good-natured attempt to pick up the fallen portrait.

"Oh! dear," said Miss Moore, "the poor lady in pink is quite spoiled; but I declare, the lady in blue has not a scratch!"

"Oh! all right, then," cheerfully cried Mr. Templemore; "I can get another pink lady any day at a sale, but my blue lady *altra cosa*!"

Mrs. Logan's breath was gone to hear this, and she rolled her black eyes in utter bewilderment. Mr. Templemore, unconscious of the construction she put on his words...

"I hope so," replied Mr. Templemore; but never was hope uttered in a more despondent tone than this.

"but I am going. Pray excuse me, Florence. Miss Courtenay, I am going with you."

How little we do know of each other, after all, in this bright, clear world, where every thing looks so open, and is so secret and mysterious!

"I shall remember it again and again," she had said to herself in stoic self-subjection. "I shall not forget, or shun the inevitable."

"I hope poor Eva is not going to be ill again," exclaimed Miss Moore, looking much concerned.

"Yes, she is, just to vex me," resignedly said Mrs. Logan. "But if the marriage is put off again, she significantly added, it shall be for good, you know, Miss Moore."

"Oh! but Mr. Templemore will not have the wedding-day put off again," exclaimed Miss Moore, eagerly. "I know it; he has said so again and again."

"No, pray don't!" entreated Miss Moore. "Eva will get well," to Eva's ill-health she attributed Mrs. Logan's evident displeasure...

And she opened wide and rolled her black eyes in a manner which fairly confounded Eva's aunt. Indeed, she was quite awestruck on hearing Mrs. Logan hold so formidable a threat as that implied by the statement that she was not silly, and that she was wide awake.

"I am going for Doctor Leroux," he said, anxiously. "It is late; you must not stay sitting up with Eva. Where is Fanny?"

"I sent her away." "But you may want assistance. Better have Miss Moore."

"I think Eva will soon fall asleep," quietly replied Dora. "Will you not Eva?"

"My dear Florence," kindly said Mr. Templemore, taking her hand, "you are not to blame. The poor child alone is guilty, but is excusable, because she is a child. We are innocent, and suffer for her sin even more than she does."

"I know," he said, "that when Petit luckily fell ill, you got well. I know, too, that when you are my wife, that man, of whom I have a perfect horror, shall never attend you."

Leroux, you will not wonder that I do not stay to hear his opinion of Eva?"

"There is no necessity for your doing so," he gravely replied. "Eva is not so very ill; I dare say, but I am, as usual, nervous, and too anxious. I shall see you home if you are going."

Mrs. Logan knit her smooth brow, and raised her arched eyebrows. Did Mr. Templemore want to get her out of the way? But she had said she would go, and she would not retract.

"I shall be sure to send early to know about Eva," she said, airily. "Good-night," and she skipped into the house, and closed the door behind her.

Doctor Leroux was not within, so Mr. Templemore had to come back without him. He went up at once to Eva's room. Dora sat by the bed of the child, half bending over her, and telling her little stories to send her to sleep.

"And so"—Mr. Templemore heard her saying, as he opened the door—"the poor prince was wounded by the giant, and—"

"No, he was not," impatiently interrupted Eva; "he shan't be wounded. Don't let him be wounded, Cousin Dora!"

"I don't mind if I do. And now suppose he is dead and buried—and suppose a little girl I know goes to sleep."

But as Dora was going to comply, Mr. Templemore came forward. He found no change in Eva. Her flushed cheeks and dilated black eyes still told him the same story that had sent him forth into that state.

"Poor Eva!" thought Dora, looking down at the little flushed face on its white pillow. He saw the kind look, but did not read its meaning.

"Dear Miss Courtenay," he said, anxiously. "It is late; you must not stay sitting up with Eva. Where is Fanny?"

"I sent her away." "But you may want assistance. Better have Miss Moore."

"I think Eva will soon fall asleep," quietly replied Dora. "Will you not Eva?"

but Mrs. Luan had been so fast asleep, that she had no conception of her niece's meaning, and required a whispered explanation to make her understand at last that Dora no longer needed her presence.

"Dora went back to Eva's little cot, and bending over it, she looked long at Mr. Templemore's child."

"He has all but given you to me," she thought; "but if I were Florence he should give you to none. If I were Florence I would have won your heart whether you liked it or not, and made you mine before I became his."

"You did not finish that story about the prince and the giant," was Eva's answer. "I want to know how it ended."

"It shall end as you please, Eva," answered Dora, with an easy complacency rare in authors; "the giant shall kill the prince—no, well, then, the prince shall kill the giant."

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may; and the comparison was far more apt than she imagined it to be. Mrs. Luan was no longer the blue-bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan's headless ear.

"There is a terrible power in 'one idea.' A power which is often the stronger that it is embodied in a narrow mind. No fancy, no imagination, no tenderness, could divert Mrs. Luan from a purpose once conceived; and this tenacity, which is always dangerous, was the more formidable in her, that no strong moral law controlled it."

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Mr. Templemore had too much of that philosophy which is the gift of experience, not to abide by this conclusion, and what was more, not to be in some sort satisfied with it.

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(To be continued.)