

A Never-Falling Tryst.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

There are leagues and leagues of land,
There are mountains dim and grand;
There are many a shining river, love, and
Many a silver lake,
Between thy face and mine,
As I kneel at Mary's shrine,
And open at her virgin feet each hidden
Pain and ache.

At this hour I can say:
"Asian altar far away,
Another pair of eyes (like mine) are lifted to
her face;
And another pair of lips
Burns with the Rosary's lips
Thro' another pair of hands (like mine):
Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

O with what a fresh delight
Our spirits reunite
At dawn, at dusk, at noon, at night; in glad-
ness or in grief,
O'er the plain and o'er the prairie,
Flying straight to Blessed Mary,
Every hour sure of grace, every care of swift
relief.

Change, and sorrow, and chagrin,
Doubt, distrust, and even sin,
May build between our loving hearts a
momentary wall;
But the instant we kneel
At Our Mother's feet, we feel
That all obstacles must vanish, every cloud
in dewdrops.

The mountains melt away,
The plains, in vapor gray,
Disolve like dreams at morning light; and
Time and space are naught:
For here at Mary's feet,
In closest union meet.
Two hearts that beat as one: two souls
with but a single thought!"

THE WIDOW'S CURSE.

It was in the winter of 1863 that a home-
ward bound East-Indian, richly-laden,
wrecked on the Irish coast, and every
soul on board perished in the raging
waters. The place where this awful and
deeply-lamented catastrophe occurred is
known to many of my readers. It is a
small rocky island near Howth, called
Ireland's Eye. The night had been dark,
and dreadfully tempestuous; and when
the morning broke it revealed the heart-
rending spectacle—the shattered bark was
there, but not one of its numerous pas-
sengers or crew was left to tell the tale
of their sufferings. As is usual on such oc-
casions, a guard was placed near the wreck,
and means employed to get as much of
the cargo as possible ashore. In about a
month (the guard having been removed),
fragments of the vessel, and part of the
cargo much damaged by the salt water,
had been picked up by the fishermen;
and boxes, containing rich shawls, lace,
and silks, small casks of wine, rice, and
many valuable articles were left by the
waves upon the strand for miles around.
Some said that bars of gold were found by
the fishermen, and small boxes of this
precious metal. At all events, the fisher-
men and some of the poor natives of the
strand, and the coast "wreck," to use the words
of some of the neighbours, "made up
intirely by this fourth shipwreck!"

"God save you, sir," said a dark-looking
man to a farmer who was walking on his
own ground. "That was a terrible ship
wreck that happened there, boyant.
Many a beautiful thing is gone to pave
the bottom of the sea—a rich place it is
be all accounts; and many of the fine fel-
low is gone to Davy Jones's locker to feed
the hungry sharks."
"You might have said, 'The Lord be
merciful to their souls!' and it wouldn't
cost you much neither," said the farmer,
resuming his walk.

"There are many of the neighbours
come to be very rich intirely, all at
once," continued the intruder. "There's
Paddy Brady and Bill Fagan have a power
of fine silks, and elegant shawls, and can
show a wonder of gold too into the bar-
gain—I wonder, Mr. Connor, you let your
luck slip away from you, when you have
so many cars, and might be down on the
strand, and I'll be bound you may be sar-
tin of fetching home somethin' or an-
other."

"It would be a great waste of time, I
think," said the farmer, relaxing a little
of the severity of his manner. "And, besides,
what right have I to anything that does
not belong to me?"

"An' sure you have as good a right to it
as the fishes or any of your neighbours;
and as to its being a waste of time, Mr.
Connor, fair, if a person was to make
more in one hour than they could a whole
year, and would to do it, I don't think it's
a great waste of time either."

"But, I don't understand what you
mean," said the farmer; "do you think
I've nothing else for the cars, and horses,
and the men, but to go to the strand, and
wait there with my finger in my mouth,
to see if the waves'll brin' me in a God-
send?"

"Why, Mr. Connor, if you would be
advised by me, and brin' the cars out at
half-past nine to-night, I'll brin' you to
the wreck, and I'll be bound we will not
return home empty-handed."

"Well, then, there will be no harm in
trying it once," said the farmer, after
some hesitation, during which the other
was not idle, but continued impressing
upon his mind the rich things which were
found, and also those which remained to
be found yet.

"I will be with you at half-past nine,"
said he, as he sprang over a hedge, and
left the farmer in a more thoughtful mood
than he found him.

Brian Connor had an extensive and
thriving farm, and the man who accosted
him was a labourer who formerly worked
for him, but from his neglect and drunk-
enness he was discharged.

He was one of those characters that it is
wiser to shun than encourage; who would
incite to an unlawful act, a premeditated
attack, or a midnight burning, but on the
approach of danger would be the first to
fly; and it very often happened the great-
est offender, in fact, the principal cause of
the crime, escaped, while those who were
fools enough to be led away by the artful
and cowardly villain, suffered the awards
of justice.

When he returned home to supper, and
informed his wife of his intended expedi-
tion, she strove to persuade him against it;
but when she heard who was the cause
of it, and to be the guide, she lost all pa-
tience, and in a long and bitter harangue
against "the cowardly deceiver," who, she
said, "would lead his own father astray,
like an ugly will-o'-the-wisp as he is!"

In spite of her entreaties and warnings
he went out after supper to have the cars
ready. Barry Sullivan was there at the
time appointed, and off they started with
four cars. The distance from Connor's

farm to the strand was two miles, and
owing to the darkness of the night, and
the road being heavy with the rain, they
did not arrive there as soon as they ex-
pected.

"Are you quite sure the tide will not
be on the turn before we get back," said
Connor.

"Aw, then, wisha, to be sure, I'm quite
sure of it," said Barry. "It will not be
on the turn for a good three hours yet,
and here we are on the strand, and if I
don't very much mistake, we'll be at the
wreck less than half an hour."

It was now quite dark. The wind,
which had been high during the day, had
abated somewhat of its fury; but a driz-
zling rain was beginning to fall, and was
driven right against their faces. The half
hour, and another with it, passed away,
and still they were not at the wreck.

"Bad cess to this blinding rain," said
Barry; "we can't see our way forment us
on 'count of it; but, I think, we'll be on
our journey's end, anyhow, in spite of it."

"I'm thinking," says Connor, "tis com-
ing in the tide is, and not going out."
"I'm thinking so too, sir," said the
driver of one of the cars; but the other
man, willing at all hazards to go on, in-
dicated by the hope of bringing home the
cargo, and the second Barry's of re-
iterated assertion, that it was still going
out.

The foremost car, in which Connor was
seated, was driven by Barry, and the others
followed in succession. Giving the
line a lash of the whip, he cried out—
"There it is—there it is at long last.
Arrah! wisha, didn't I know we'd be at it
soon and sudden!"

By this time the waves, which were
above the horses' knees, were beginning
to roll in with awful rapidity, and as
Connor started up to take the reins in his
own hand and turn back, the horse had
lost his footing, and was obliged to swim.
"Turn back, sir, for goodness sake,"
cried the men who followed, and who now
saw the danger which awaited them.

Barry and the now terrified farmer got
upon the horse's back, as the car was filled
with water.

"Would me firm by the coast," said the
treacherous guide, "and there's no fear."
And as the farmer grasped the large out-
side coat, which he wore, he called out to
the other men to turn at once, that they
would not go a step farther. They
obeyed him, but it now seemed impossi-
ble for the horse to be on either to go
on or get back; the car was too great an
incumbrance to him, and his strength was
nearly exhausted from his ineffectual
plunging and struggling to get free.

Barry, seeing that now all was over,
and that they would have to swim for
their lives, suddenly disengaged himself
from his coat, and the ill-fated farmer, as
the horse gave a desperate plunge, fell
backward, encumbered not only by his
own great coat, but by the coat which the
treacherous villain, Barry, had left in his
hands.

Three times did the drowning man rise
and lift up his hand, and three times did
the men in the last car, at the distance half
affrighted from the pursuing waves, hear
his wretched cry for help; it grew fainter
and fainter, and the last words they heard
were, "God forgive you, Barry!" There
was a gurgling noise, and the ill-fated
Connor was never seen again.

After a tiresome drive through the
heavy sand, now completely covered with
the waves, they all got safe, but the horse
and car, from which the farmer fell, was
lost. The men drove slowly and mourn-
fully homeward; they knew not what had
become of Barry, and it was two or
three days before he made his appearance
among them again.

The grief and despair of the widow of
Connor may be imagined but cannot be
described. Her reason left her for a time,
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her little family of children, who had now
no protector but her and heaven, that her
senses returned. She never could bear to
hear the name of Barry; if it was acci-
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It was a week after the fatal night on
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body of Connor was found. When the
news was brought to Mrs. Connor she
hastened out; it was a melancholy grav-
estone to have the body of her mur-
dered husband decently interred in his
burial ground. By the time she arrived
at the spot a crowd had gathered; and
men who accompanied him on his luckless
expedition were there, and in the back-
ground stood Barry, looking round with
a cowering and uneasy glance, yet striving
to assume an air of confidence. As the
widow approached the corpse, the loud and
murmuring voices of the people died away;
there was a death-like silence, and every
eye was fixed upon her. She stood
for a few moments bending over the still
perfect features of the lifeless form, her
face pale as that she gazed on, and her
tearful eyes ready to start from their
sockets. Lifting her eyes and her hands
to heaven, she exclaimed—

"Just and all-seeing Judge! thou
knowest who did this; who it was that
left me a widow and my children father-
less—Oh, my God!" she shrieked, and she
glanced wildly around, "wilt thou not
punish the murderer!"

Her friends strove to comfort her, but
they might as well have attempted to
reanimate the breathless clay before them.
An angel man remarked that it was only
right that all present should lay their
hands upon the corpse; a custom which is
prevalent in the country parts of Ireland.
He caught the widow's attention, and had
the effect of assuaging the violence of her
grief. A circle was immediately formed,
and each person laying his hand upon the
corpse passed on.

While this solemn ceremony was going
on, Barry was seemingly unconcerned. It
soon came to his turn; he drew near with
a firm step, but as he laid his hand upon
the cold corpse, he was observed to
shudder, and a sudden paleness overspread
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the blood gushed from the temples of the
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sed with rage, broke out into a wild and
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Barry escaped; all knew he must have
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upon him, and when search was afterwards
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Three years passed over the widow's
head, and in attention to her farm, in
which her eldest son was soon able to
assist her, and the care of her younger
children, the poignancy of her grief wore
away, and happiness once more spread
over her forehead. But where was Barry
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peace? No; in the emphatic language of
Scripture—"The wicked are like the
troubled sea." He became a wanderer and
a vagabond; he fled to the south, where
he had not long been till he became an
invidious and assistant of illegal meetings.
His conscience was stung by the remem-
brance of past villainies; the curse of the
widow ever rung in his ears like the knell
of the departed; and in his waking moments
he heard it, and in the dark midnight
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fled to the public house, and to the haunts
of the dissipated, and plunged recklessly
into every crime.

It was in the commencement of the
winter, three years from the time when he
fled from his home, that an abduction of a
rich farmer's daughter was planned.
Barry was present and an active promoter
of the lawless act. On the night appointed
for the assembly, and were too success-
ful in securing the girl, and bearing her
away from her home, in spite of the cries
and entreaties of the distracted parents.
Maddened by despair and anguish, the
unfortunate father rushed towards his
daughter, whose piercing shrieks the un-
happy villain strove to smother, but
blow from the butt end of a musket soon
laid him prostrate, and the heartless mon-
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Maddened by despair and anguish, the
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was a gurgling noise, and the ill-fated
Connor was never seen again.

After a tiresome drive through the
heavy sand, now completely covered with
the waves, they all got safe, but the horse
and car, from which the farmer fell, was
lost. The men drove slowly and mourn-
fully homeward; they knew not what had
become of Barry, and it was two or
three days before he made his appearance
among them again.

The grief and despair of the widow of
Connor may be imagined but cannot be
described. Her reason left her for a time,
and she was only from seeing around her
her little family of children, who had now
no protector but her and heaven, that her
senses returned. She never could bear to
hear the name of Barry; if it was acci-
dentally mentioned in her hearing, her
rage was unbounded—her indignation
was deep.

It was a week after the fatal night on
which he met his untimely fate that the
body of Connor was found. When the
news was brought to Mrs. Connor she
hastened out; it was a melancholy grav-
estone to have the body of her mur-
dered husband decently interred in his
burial ground. By the time she arrived
at the spot a crowd had gathered; and
men who accompanied him on his luckless
expedition were there, and in the back-
ground stood Barry, looking round with
a cowering and uneasy glance, yet striving
to assume an air of confidence. As the
widow approached the corpse, the loud and
murmuring voices of the people died away;
there was a death-like silence, and every
eye was fixed upon her. She stood
for a few moments bending over the still
perfect features of the lifeless form, her
face pale as that she gazed on, and her
tearful eyes ready to start from their
sockets. Lifting her eyes and her hands
to heaven, she exclaimed—

"Just and all-seeing Judge! thou
knowest who did this; who it was that
left me a widow and my children father-
less—Oh, my God!" she shrieked, and she
glanced wildly around, "wilt thou not
punish the murderer!"

Her friends strove to comfort her, but
they might as well have attempted to
reanimate the breathless clay before them.
An angel man remarked that it was only
right that all present should lay their
hands upon the corpse; a custom which is
prevalent in the country parts of Ireland.
He caught the widow's attention, and had
the effect of assuaging the violence of her
grief. A circle was immediately formed,
and each person laying his hand upon the
corpse passed on.

While this solemn ceremony was going
on, Barry was seemingly unconcerned. It
soon came to his turn; he drew near with
a firm step, but as he laid his hand upon
the cold corpse, he was observed to
shudder, and a sudden paleness overspread
his face. He had no sooner done so than
the blood gushed from the temples of the
dead man, though not a cut nor mark was
visible. Barry was seized with a shudder;
he seemed to have lost the power of mo-
tion, whilst the widow, who, the moment
she had seen him, became nearly convul-
sed with rage, broke out into a wild and
passionate exclamation.

"I knew the murderer could not be hid.
The Lord is too just. Thou cursed har-
lot!" she cried, her hands upraised, her

body bent forward, her eyes sparkling
fiercely, and her voice raised to the high-
est pitch of anger, "thou art cursed; yes,
the curse of the widow and the fatherless
shall pursue thee; thy wife shall be child-
less—thy heart shall be cold—thou
shalt eat and drink bitterness and woe
while you live—and your death shall be
evil."

The sentence died away upon her lips;
a strong convulsion seized her, and she fell
into the arms of those near her in a faint-
ing-fit, from which she was with difficulty
recovered. In the confusion which ensued
Barry escaped; all knew he must have
been the murderer, yet none laid hands
upon him, and when search was afterwards
made for him it could not be discovered
whether he had fled.

Three years passed over the widow's
head, and in attention to her farm, in
which her eldest son was soon able to
assist her, and the care of her younger
children, the poignancy of her grief wore
away, and happiness once more spread
over her forehead. But where was Barry
all this time? Did he enjoy comfort and
peace? No; in the emphatic language of
Scripture—"The wicked are like the
troubled sea." He became a wanderer and
a vagabond; he fled to the south, where
he had not long been till he became an
invidious and assistant of illegal meetings.
His conscience was stung by the remem-
brance of past villainies; the curse of the
widow ever rung in his ears like the knell
of the departed; and in his waking moments
he heard it, and in the dark midnight