AN UNHALLOWED UNION.

By M. L. O'Byrne.

CHAPTER XLV .- CONTINUED.

He arrived at Don Antonio's residence just as O'Driscoll had preceded him, anxious and miserable, with a new care weighing upon his heart. His mother, whose health had long been ailing, too hastily apprised of Alphonse's condition, had fallen into one of her swooning fits, and though better when he left her, had to retire to her room, to which he feared she would be some time confined; and then hastily he inquired of the servant about Miss Fitzpatrick. The menial replied that there was no perceptible improvement; that another doctor had been called in, and the two were then with Don Antonio in the drawing-room. Miles and O'Driscoll went now," cried Effie, looking at Maurice, who up, to find Effie and Nelly hanging about the replied:

"There's time enough yet between this cannot be forth, for an opinion upon their own case; and as the two gentlemen entered the draw-ingroom, they followed without ceremony, eager to make known some nondescript symp toms that troubled them to the men of lore. Don Antonio's face, as Miles and O'Driscoll conceived, did not express an air of much satisfaction; nor did the physicians, when questioned as to their hopes of the patient, give very definite opinion. One shrugged his shoulders, and said:

"She has youth on her side and an unim-paired constitution. We hope the best."

The other added: "Whatever the faculty has prescribed in such cases we have adminisbut it was a serious mistake not to have called in advice immediately upon symptoms supervening the swallowing of the bonbons.

"Then you believe it was the combons caused her illness!" said Miles.
"Undoubtedly; I have known many chil-

dren poisoned by eating those noxious compounds of plaster, and arsenic, and other deleterious coloring stuff and ingredients."
"Sir, do you think we'll die?" exclaimed Effie, whose terror broke loose and defied all control. "We ate a lot of them, Nelly and

"I see nothing to indicate such casualty, my dear; but if you wish, I'll order you emetics," smiled Doctor Adrien. "Mean-while, air"—he turned to Don Antonio as he left the room-"remember, above all things, the patient is to be kept quiet and free from excitement till the feverish symptoms are abated, and we can, after neutralizing the effects of the drug, get up her exhausted

strength. They departed; and for the rest of the day a pin might have been heard to fall in the house. Don Antonio, in his anxiety for Alphonse, merging solicitude for his nephew, deputed Miles and Maurice to find where he had been temveyed, and downat they could in his behalf, while he himself sat down to write to various parties whose interest he hoped might be of avail in the young man's case. Early the following day O'Driscoll, accompanied by Miles, who met him by appointment, hastened to make inquiries about the invalid. Upon being told she passed a rest-less night, but was now a little more composed, as the doctors expected, they went up stairs, and met Effie on the landing, who

whispered: "Lady Alicia's just come; she's in the drawingroom, and wanted to go up to Alphonse, but I told her she couldn't, that Don Antonio and the nurse was with her, and the

doctors coming."
"My dear Maurice," cried the lady, coming to the door as they entered, and her look expressed so much feeling that O'Driscoll, "Well, you are a generous, noble-hearted creature, and I was mistaken in my contrary opinion." "Poor darling Alphonse! Only this morning I heard she was so ill, and came off at once to see her. What do the doctors

may! My poor fellow!" We must wait till we hear what they say to-day. She has had a bad night," Maurice with a choking in his throat. course we hope the best."

"Poor dear, of course you do. Sweet Alphonse !"

"It was the bonbons you gave her, Lady Alicia," swid Miles, "that sickened her." "Sir, what do you mean to insinuate?" screamed Lady Alicia, with brow of thunder, and lightning in her eyes. "Do you dare to say the bonbons contained poison, and that I wilfully conspired against Miss Fitzpatrick's

"I did not use the words poison or life," calmly replied Miles. "I merely said the bonbons sickened her."

"Beware what you say, sir. I am not one to be assailed with impunity; and I have friends powerful and prompt to do my behest and redress my grievance," retorted the lady, with the hissing tone and vindictive aspect of an envenomed snake about to dart its fangs. So terrible was the effect of her speech, and gesture of rage and alarm, that for the first time an awful suspicion, that was almost conviction, flashed into the soul of O'Driscoll, and shuddering he recoiled from the touch of her cold, fishy hand, as one electrified by contact with a torpedo; while, grasping his, she continued, in agitated strain: "Would you believe me capable of it-of anything so base ? O'Byrne, you wick-

"My dear Lady Alicia, compose yourself, cried Maurice, soothingly. "My friend Miles has said nothing absolutely that could be construed into the smallest offence. I might myself be open to the reproof, innocently, of giving sweetmeats to some one

that disagreed."
"But who said the bonbons were poisoned, and that I gave them to her?" said Lady Alicia, now weeping hysterically upon Mau-

rice's shoulder. The doctor said they were poisoned. Where did you get them, and have you any

"Then the doctor is a liar, and he is in the plot against me. They came to me from France; I have eaten of them myself. Oh,

cruel, cruel Maurice! to hear such a charge and not knock down the traducer; - but I will deal with him." Suppose they were poisoned; you might

not have known it," said Maurice: "You make too much of it."

'Oh, Maurice, you are a dear fellow to try personed; but, if it so happened I would lie down and die at your reer for my ty no unlucky hand in the accident. But is awe-struck horror, a picture of speceniess she so ill? Is she beyond hope? What woe.

She so ill? Is she beyond hope? What woe.

"Where's O'Driscoll?" said Miles, addressdoes the doctor say? I was just going to ask was it fever, for a contagious disorder, when I was interrupted; and I would go up now to see her, but that little girl told me Don Antonio was with her. Won't you tell me how she is? You said she had a bad night?"

"So I heard, Lady Alicia; but she is more tranquil to-day," said Maurice, "and I hope the best

"To be sure; I declare I feel so relieved. What gave her the bad night, do you think? Maybe some one incautiously told her about her brother the priest, and that may have

disquieted her, poor thing."
"No. What! do you know anything of him? We have been trying to make him out, Miles and I," said O'Driscoll, eagerly. 'Oh, don't you know ?-lf not, perhaps I

should not tell you?" "Yes, yes, pray tell us; a murderous cer-tainty is better than torturing suspense."

"He is dead, unhappy man; refused to answer all questions put to him, and died in Beresford's Mews, at Drumcondora, last night; -so Claudius told my uncle. Don't say a word of it to poor Alphonse. Oh, by-the-by, Maurice, I want you to do me a favor; I am going on Monday next to Lady Aldborough's rout, and you know I'd like to look my best. Would you coax dear Alphonse to lend me the pearl suit your mother gave her? I'd prefer a loan of her uncle's diamonds, and if I asked him myself I'm suie he'd oblige me; but his manner is so stiff and unpleasant it repels one; so I must be content with the pearls just for one night. Liffie will take your message and run up and get them for me.

"Alphonse is to be kept quiet, the doctor says, and we couldn't tease her for them

and Monday, Lady Alicia; she cannot be disturbed now. And so they have murdered poor Fitzpatrick?"

"Oh, you know he was a United Irishman; they couldn't help it; the country must be pacified. Of course it is very sad and we are all so sorry; but couldn't Effic run up and get the jewels quietly; Alphonse need know nothing of it, they'll be back before she wants them, and I'd like to see what

dress would best suit them."
"I couldn't do it, Lady Alicia," returned
Maurice, in tone more hard and firm than
ever she had heard from him. "Excuse me if I go; I hear the doctor's carriage. Come, Miles.

"Then I may go," sighed Lady Alicia, "and as I drive through town on my return, I'll call to hear the news. Effie, would you like a drive in the carriage?"
"No, I would not," bluntly responded

Effie, yet rueing the bitter memory of bonbons and emetics. "Wouldn't you like, dear, to go to see your old friends, the Misses Hodgenses? I'll

take you, if you wish, there." No, thank you, I don't care at all to "see the Miss Hodgenses;" and Effie decamped

from the saloon, while Lady Alicia made her

way, unattended, to the hall-door.
"Maurice," said Miles, as they waited in the dining-room the return of the doctor, and saw her step into her chariot, "ayoid that woman; there's a fiend in her eye; woe be-tide the man that shall call her wife," and with a pang at his heart he dashed away a tear that had sprung to his eye, and turned to scan the backs of the books in a glass-case

Two hours later, Florence Esmond, yielding to the persuasion of her cousin, Ethel Courtney, ordered the jaunting-car, and mournfully apathetic, accompanied her to pay a visit to Alphonse, of whose illness they had not even heard. As they drew up before the house. Ethel uttered an exclamation, and Florence a moment abstracted from her sorrow, fixed a gaze of surprise upon the shroud ed windows.

beside him.

"Someone is dead; it must be Don Antonio, cried Ethel, They descended from the car and knocked at the door; a servant opened it, and bursting into tears mur-

"She's just gone half an hour, Miss."
"Who?" cried Florence, pushing her way
into the parlor, while Ethel ran up stairs.
"Poor Alphonse," said Miles, dejectedly, coming forward, leading her in by the hand and closing the door. "Poor Alphonse is dead; I'm glad you've come, Florence."

"Alphonse dead!" exclaimed Florence, forgetting every other thought, and fainted way.

THE EMIGRANTS.

"I am glad you came, dear Florence," were the reiterated words addressed by Miles O'Byrne to Florence Esmond, as, recovered from her brief lapse of consciousness, she sat beside him on the sofa, her hand in his, her eyes bent downward, her countenance expressing contending emotions of dismay and pity for the fate of Alphouse, and reviving hope for her own destiny. "I am glad," he repeated, "to see you once more, for not such as the past would I that our parting

"But must we part, Miles?" she hastily interrupted. "I have given you my love, which shall never be recalled. I have pledged you my faith which it is not in any power save yours to sever. Whate'er may be your lot in life, for weal or woe, I am content and

strong to share with you." "Dear Florence," he returned, deeply moved, "urge no more. I appeal to that self-same love and devotion of yours, and ask would you, could you, noble in every sentiment as you are, ask me to forego my own self-respect, to forfeit my own self-esteem by act so unworthy? You know the undisguised opinions and prejudices of your family. What nope of domestic concord should bless our ill-starred union, could I brook, fiery as I am of soul, the insult, scorn, and contumely of your haughty brothers and their friends I fear not a drawn sword, which not the voice of an angel of peace might bid be sheathed, would rule and ensanguine our house. Yet more, granted I were magnani-mous enough to rise superior to myself and pass by Marmion's hate and Percy's sneer, or poltroon enough to sneak away and hide from their wrath, what manner of mind or heart should animate my nature, to schold, unmoved and unremorseful, Florence, beautiful and good, the star of her sphere, and the cynosure of every eye, dragged down by my hand from the high estate, her birth right, disowned by her brothers, forsaken by her friends, plunged into obscurity, and all for no other guerdon than that of my fatal love, which, without dooming such infliction, may yet and for ever be hers?" He drew from his bosom the ring she had given him, and which was attached by a little chain to his crucifix. "You remember this token, dearest? I am not going to return it, for though while I release you, Florence, from your pledge to ally with my destiny, this little amulet shall ever rest upon my bosom, closing the door of my heart, and guarding, inaccessible to every other object, the empty niche consecrated to its sole idol, my lost Florence." He kissed ber hand and rose quickly, warned by an approaching step at the door; it opened,

and Ethol entered with streaming eyes, accompanied by Effie, sobbing as if her heart would break, and Don Antonio, looking like a statue of solemnity cast in bronze. Silent-

ing M Mahon, who answered, in hollow tone:
"Gone home; just got word that his
mother was found dead, sitting in her bedroom—disease of the heart. Poor fellow."
"Any commands, sir?" cried a servantman, noiselessly opening the door. "I'm

going through town.
"Commands!" re-echoed Don Antonio, looking perplexed and preoccupied. "Yes; State Church,"

wait :—stay, you are going to give directions to the undertaker; have you got my note? You might as well bid an auctioneer come up with a valuator to take the furniture, and call on Jefferies, the landlord, to come over this evening till I settle about the rent; that will do-go."
"What are you going to do, Don An-

tonio?" who began to think that the old man, crazed by affliction, was issuing incoherent orders, and was not quite cognisant of his

"What am I going to do?" mildly re turned Don Anionio, but with firmness of look and tone that left no doubt of his perfect competency to govern his affairs. am going once again to fly with speed from this land of desolation, where I have sufffered wreck and loss of all that was dear to my bosom—my brave boy Patrick, my murdered Alphonse, and my grandchild, sole offspring of my only daughter, whom in evil hour I beguiled from her widowed father's arms to accompany me on this ill fatal reverse to possible to the state of the st company me on this ill-fated voyage to perish with our vessel on the coast." bis hands and mouned aloud: "For your sakes, Patrick and Alphonse, whose duteous love comforted my soul, and whom I had looked to be the staff of my declining years, I had consented to make again my home in my fatherland, having no other ties to bind me to my foreign associations, my son-in-law having formed for himself other connexions indifferent to me; and now, lo! behold the sequel."

"But Alphonse murdered, you said, Don Antonio?" exclaimed Ethel Courtney, with starting eyes. "What mean you?"

"Though the last word my child spoke, with O'Driscoll's hand and mine locked in hers, was: 'Forgive her and let her live to repent,' I will lift my voice and let it resound to the ear of the murderess, whose name, for sake of the promise extorted by our lost one, shall not be spoken. Alphonse died of the poisoned sweets offered by her hand." Florence and Ethel simultaneously uttered

a cry and clasped theirs.
"Yes," said Miles, "in friendship's guise sweetmeats were given to the victim; some, we have now ascertained, were harmless;

some slightly tinctured with deleterious mixture. But one was prepared with distinct ingredient sufficient to accomplish the end, and that one the unsuspecting Alphonse ate."

He hurried forth, overcome by a burst of emotion, and Don Antonio, conducting the stupefied ladies to the hall-door, quietly opened and closed it upon their exit.

On the morning of the third day after their decease, two funeral corteges swept in long mournful procession through the streets of Dublin, and two mortal tenements were committed to return dust to dust, and sleep their long quiet sleep till the trumpet of the angel shall sound the morning call for the dead to fling off their blanket of clay, lift their pillowed head from the tomb, and bound, thrilling with new life, ethereal and vigorous in perennial beauty, into the light of a day whose sun shall never set, and remoulded in flesh not annealed from dust or elements of earth, but in the subtle essence of divinity, resplendent and immortal.

Don Antonio, O'Driscoll, and Miles O'Byrne, having paid the last sad duties to those so dear to them, returned, disconsolate and silent, to the house of Don Antonio, for he had entreated that, as this was his last day in Dublin, and that on the morrow he embarked for South America, trey might spend it together. Upon arriving at the mansion, Miles was surprised to hear that Captain Courtney, Percy Esmond and Miss Esmond, awaited him in the drawing-room.

Come with me, for heaven's sake ; I have not nerve now to meet them alone," said he, addressing his companions. They entered, and before they could observe more than that Florence, Ethe, and Nelly, were grouped apart, Percy Esmond, looking excited and eager, stepped forward, crying :

sure your life till nightfall for a groat. You know the men with whom you have to deal. Secret assassination or judicial murder is all that you have to expect, and that immedi-

"Yes, dear Miles, it is too true. I came myself lest you might too lightly disregarded Percy's admonition," cried Florence, earnest-You must fly at once; it is Florence Esmond exhorts, entreats you. There is no

time to lose."

"Stir up, Miles! look alive!" cried Don
Antonio. "Put your traps together and go on board the emigrant vessel in which I have taken my passage. There are a few berths to

be had yet. Take three for yourself, and Effie, and Nelly."

"And one for me, too," chimed in O'Driscoll, gloomily composed, "with accomedacoll, gloomily composed, "with accomedation for Tippo Saib and Bourbon. Stay, I'll accompany you to the quay."

"Nonsense! What are you going for ?" cried Percy Esmond compassionately gazing upon the haggard visage of his friend. We are all sorry for you, old fellow : and there's better luck in store for you. After all, a wife far gone in decline, as we hear poor Alphonse was, you would have had but a short lease of; and Lady Alicia, who is dying for love of you, has plumed up again with new hope, and exultingly whispers up and down that now there is no rival to balk her, you are hers for ever."

"She deceives herself!" was the curt rejoinder of the desponding young man, as he took up his hat. "Come on, Miles."

"Hoity toity! was there ever such a complication of cross purposes and refractory spirits?" exclaimed Captain Courtney, now throwing himself into the melee. "A young lady in decline dies, and emigration on a large scale must be the sequel! Don Antonio takes ship for the western hemisphere; Miles O'Byrne must fly for his life for some word dropped in folly on a spiteful woman's ear: and O'Driscollmust cut and run because Cupid threatens with his bow and dart. Can't you all settle down like sensible men, and think it over. If O'Driscoll doesn't choose to surrender himself thrall to Lady Alicia, to my own knowledge there's twenty other ladies won't say him nay; and, as for you, Miles, all you need do to get out of scrape is to go to church, marry Florence, tack yourself to the winning party (the Government), go in for a good appointment, and snap your fingers at the mongrel tribe who, having no root in the land by right of ancestry, as you and I have, would sell the clay that covers their father's bones for less than its weight in dross, and stake their reversion of heaven at the gaming-table. Be wise, man you have precedent in your kinsman, George Byrne, of Cabinteely, a prudent, sensible man; who, sooner than see his fine estate sequestered for a quibble, comformed to the

"And threw up the Apostolic one," laugh

ed Miles, scornfully.
"Let me say on.—Showed himself one day in church at Monkstown, where the event so notable you may see blazoned on marble——"
"Testifying to the edification of his ex-

ample," sneered Miles.
"To the triumph, sir, of our having made a convert of such notability; unlike his son Robert, who, shouldered up, no doubt, by his friends—Grattan, Connolly of Castle town, and his kinsmen, Blackney of Balleil-lon, Wyse of The Manor, and the Devereuxes—rather than consult his own interest, and vote for the Union. I can tell you, Government made him handsome offers through Castlereagh for his support of the measure

"The destruction of his country." "No, sir, the good of the country. Well, he stubbornly refused, as you know, as the world knows, all terms.' Was this why the pikes were hidden in

his demesne of Cabinteely ?" "I know nothing about that transaction. The Sham Squire, who knew of Byrne's dis-affection to the Union, and that he was hence in no favor with the Government, very likely

thought it a good opportunity to help the

Government to get rid of him."

lainy.

"Then we should have Higgins and o., under Castlereagh's patronage, lording it in the last remnant left of our ancient heritage, but for the influential interposition of Judge Day, with the Viceroy, and his disclosure of the vil-

"Well, to what end?" Bob Byrne, who might have defied them, and his head higher than the best, held just giving the tips of his fingers to the Government's outstretched hand, dashed the whole thing, and flies like a hunted have to pine an exiled man in Buenos Ayres, with his wife and three little girls. Come, Miles, my good fellow, have more common sense; change your tactics, and steer with the wind that blows, for the Union will be carried with or without you. Dame Fortune is just now disposed to be amicable in your regard; catch her by the skirt, come in along with your friends to the Castle, where pensions and peerages are at discount for votes, and any amount of patronage you go in for. Why do you shake your head and laugh ?"

"I can't help but laugh to think of the entourage of patented nobility with which our ancient pedigree should be confounded- incumbent clouds spouted drenching raincertainly not such as can boast in heraldic page to honor well won in field of chivalry. Some I could name, you know them yourself peers and peeresses, save the mark !—with whom I would prefer to have no association." "Pish !-hang it, what a cynic you are. Then here's my hand, and the hand of Florence Esmond, together, and Percy smiling fair approbation for himself and Marmion

by proxy on the transaction. Come."
"Don't tempt me beyond my strength to a gulf I see yawning beneath my feet," said Miles, with a wrung bosom. "I am not prepared to pay the cost at which the treasure may be mine. Oh! Florence, Florence." He broke down and sobbed.

There was a loud knock at the front-door "'Tis Major Sirr and an officer!" cried Effie in alarm, as she peered out under a corner of the blind. "What brings him now!" "Fly, Miles! oh, fly!" cried Florence. They clasped in last farewell.

"Get out by the coach-house," said Don Antonio, hastening to warn the servants. "Go on board at once, and I'll follow by and

by with the children."
"Take your berth, Miles, under an assum ed name, as so shall I also," whispered O'Driscoll, as they made off together. " We are in a hunter's net, and it behoves us to move with caution."

So down to the quay they passed, unobstructed, while Major Sirr, seated at wine with Don Antonio and the visitors, blandly asking for Miles O'Byrne, of whom he want-"Miles, we had been to your lodgings to ed to make inquiries concerning a boy who | youd reach of helping hands; and being aid frenzy impelled you to impeach Lady formed by Captain Courtney that he had just inanimate form he had just rescued from a Alicia Luttrell with poisoning Miss Fitz- taken the coach to Wexford with a friend patrick? I can tell you, you are in jeopardy. but that he intended to ask him Carhampton has taken it up; Colandisk is to dine on his return in a day or in consultation how to dispose of you this morning without giving you opportunity to defend yourself, or to repeat what they term your libellous slander and defamation of Lady Alicia. What will you do? Unless you fly at once, within this house is to make inquisited to make inquisited to make inquisited to make inquisited. pikemen the day before yesterday on the Hill of Tara by the troops. Desperate villains! We are cutting them down now pretty fast.

It was in the season of the vernal spring time, then the ministers of evil and Ate personated by Castlereagh, let slip their hordes of furies over a peaceful and smiling land. It is now advancing late in autumn and where are the many rustic hamlets and thatched cots, that had nestled once in sequestered bowers, and peeped at from gorge and glen on the mountain or by the river side, clustered in humble group, upon the open sward, basking in tranquil repose, or lay scattered amid wild upland regions, the voice of whose many waters, dashing in cascades to the valley, or murmuring and purling through pebbly channels, the loud howling of the storm cannot drown? It is night, and where are the sheiling roofs, and the glimmer of the hearth-light through the pane that once, like an oasis in the desert, met the belated wanderer's eye? Hark! what cry of lamentation, what voice of wailing thrills upon the startled car, and stirs the calm pulsation of nerve and vein to a deeper heartthrob? How awfully from the drear solitude ascends the choral dirge, ever wilder and louder, ringing through the reverberating arch of the firmament, as though bursting neart-strings had given forth their last three of anguish, with the passionate rush of a spirit just severed from their clasp! Hark! what phantomlike shapes glide by the half shrouded moonbeams, along the highways, and by devious routes; while others yet hover and linger, unwilling to depart, round the dismantled wrecks, and upon the site of ruined homesteads. Alas! that lament of mourning is their farewell to the land they shall inhabit no more, and to the graves of their kindred with whose dust theirs shall

not commingle.

Upon the deck of one of the many fine vessels that lined the Dublin quay is congregated a vast swarm of the children of the Western Isle, departing to seek in unknown and distant clime a home denied them on their own soil, and the bread which robbery and oppression should there not wrench from the hard hand of honest toil, to pamper idle iniquity. Foremost and conspicuous among the self-expetriated emigrant pioneers stand Miles O'Byrne, Maurice O'Driscoll, Don Antonio MacMahon, European and Nelly; and amid the crowd the shore stood Capt. Courtney, Percy Esmond, and Florence, holding in her hand, pressed to her lip, the golden crucifix which enclosed a tress of the raven hair, the last relic and momento of him who bore away with him her heart, and with whom she had, in that last

indignant." wild, hurried adieu, parted for ever. No tear bedewed her eye, but her cheek wore that hue which tells of life un-hinged from mould transmuted to marble, and done with mortal care; while he, steadfast, silent, with thoughts he dare not utter, pale with agony too bitter for tears, gazed for victory achieved, what though the blood-

mournfully upon the severed idol of his knightly devotion, with feelings that must pollution, and honor and chivalry stood expire unknown and be buried out of sight proudly aloof from the ignoble revels of dein his borom. The red sunset glow is streaming upon the still, deep river, and empurpling the shades of eve, as they fall upon the vessel, with its heavy weight, sways from side to side; the sails swell to the with wailing from the shore, is responded to by a heartrending cry from the deck; a for sundered ties of human affections, which rising in the open sky, shines upon the blue expanse of the deep, and upon the emigrant ship steering gallantly on her way, far, far upon her course, every sail inflated with favoring winds, and the briny gales of the shoreless realm fanning cheeks over the immeasurable ruin of all his hopes and fortunes, sat apart, gazing listless upon the foamy track cut by their progress through the billows; while Miles O'Byrne, no less dejected by the stroke that had cast into eclipse mast with folded arms, hearing from O'Hart and Mooney the blacksmith—who had contrived to escape and smuggle themselves among the emigrants-accounts of various disasters befallen their friends; but he was chiefly interested in learning the fate of Ned Burke, who, having been taken prisoner along with Johnny Doyle in Dublin, were condemned by Major Sirr to receive each a hundred lashes, and be sent on board two separate transport vessels which had sailed for America the week before with gangs of prisoners, to be pressed into the war England was then waging with America; and of Kitty Burke, whom they had met making her way from Wicklow, where she had been confined for a talk and comment. time with a wound in her leg, received in the last action.

Meanwhile, day after day, the crowded emigrant ship held her steady course; night set upon the waves; sunrise illumined the Atlantic; and then came a change over the horizon. Skies lowered above, and from black, floods, and swept the breath of the equinox, engulfing the vessel in the abyss of mountain billows, and shaking every timber of the fragile thing, as it quaked in the tornado's grasp of wrath. Nelly and Effie, terrified, kept near Don Antonio, whose own many troubles, bravely stemmed and crushed down, had not hindered him from manifest ing towards them a paternal interest, and even courting their confidence; while in many a social moment he listened attentively to their prattle, and learned from them with profound sympathy and secret surmise, allied to pain, the history of the banshee, and all the troubles of which she had been the dread forerunner. Now close by his side they crouched, within sight of the land their destined goal, and beheld a fine frigate in the offing, struggling to make the port; when lo! the close-reefed togallant mast gave way beneath a shock of the tempest; the vesse lurched, floundered, and a death-shriek rose from the black abyssof the raging deep, strewn with human forms, gasping and struggling for life. Oh, for an arm to aid! Swiftly the Amphitrite's boats are out and manned. Miles and Maurice strain every nerve; their comrades ply the oar with vigorous stroke; but long ere they reached the scene of disaster, buffeted by waves and winds, almost every soul had gone down. The foremost boat picked up two or three, one faintly struggling form floated towards theirs, then sunk. Miles leaped over, caught him by the hair, himself narrowly escaping being swept be

CHAPTER XLVII.

CASTLEREAGH ACHIEVES HIS END, AND ENDS HIS CARRER.

Triumphant over the herculean stand of Grattan, and the small cohort of magnanimous patriots who had fought by his side to oppose and resist the abolition of their country's independence, despite the rivers of blood shed by the gallant nation to preserve its freedom, coercion, bribery, corruption and falsehood-base tools of the minions of Castlereagh and the Government carried the day. Ireland's liberty was violently wrested from her grasp; the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British Legislature shortly before and confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of the monarch, was cancelled, and the constitution of the country was voted away by paid British nobles, Orange gentry, and

clerks and hirelings employed and smuggled into Parliament for the occasion. "Upon the evening of the last year of the Act which was to transfer an ancient and respectable nation, crowned with an aureole of more than four thousand years of traditionary and historic fame and untarnished honor, to the condition of a tributary province, dependent upon the questionable honor of England for justice, the Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military, no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted. A British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colounades. The galleries were crowded, but not by those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence, and to animate the debates of the assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches. Scarcely a word was exchanged among the members At length the expected moment arrived. The order for the third reading of the bill for the Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland was moved by Lord Castlereagh, 'Unvaried, tame, cold-blooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the word, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject, at that moment he had no country, no God but his ambition. He resumed his seat; confused murmurs ran through the house: it was visibly affected. Every character in a moment seemed involuntarily rushing to its index, some pale, some flushed, some agitated. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their de-The Speaker rose slowly from his chair, held up the bill, looked steadily round him on the hast agony of the expiring

Parliamen! aves have i. .. with subdued voice, for an instant he stood statue-like, then flung the bill upon the table, and sank into his chair, exhausted and

The last meeting of the Parliament in College Green was held on Saturday, October 2nd, 1800; and in proportion as there was humiliation and mourning among the patriot few for their nation's downfall from glory's high pinnacle, and for its usurped right of selflegislation, so was there joy, and gratulation, and banqueting, in the high places of power,

stained laurel wreath had been draggled in proudly aloof from the ignoble revels of degraded slaves? Chief of the pandemonium, he whose brow glistens beneath the glare of a coronet-yet why is his cheek pale? and the scene. Amid the songs of the mariners his eye, why does it gleam with a charnel and the alternate hush and murmur of the light, in whose phosphoric glitter there is surging multitude, the anchor is weighed; neither soul nor mirth? Has the cup not been filled to the brim for which he stipulatfrom side to side; the sails swell to the ed? Has the guerdon of his labor, weighed light breeze; a deafening cheer, blended in the scale of his ambition been found fraudulently short of measure. He has achieved his end and aims. At the alter of ambition cry of woe and farewell, from riven bosoms, two most ill-assorted hands have been joined in bands of unhallowed union; over hecanought can repress, swells and rings awfully tombs of mangled dead, and thousands and evermore solemnly on the ear. Morn, of ravaged homes, and through floods of widows' and orphans' tears, he has stepped lightly, to make Erin and Albion one. Great Britain applauds his loyal zeal; minions, was themselves following his steps have risen from obscurity to notoriety and opulace on gales of the shoreless realm fanning cheeks their country's wreck, extol his genius and humid with tears, and bosoms yet heaving render abject homage at his footstool. Why with convulsive threes from that wrench of the heart and the hand from all that was dear to life. Maurice O'Driscoll, aching with the secret care? Who can tell? Paroxysms, in over the immeasurable missoul, brooding of incoherent gaiety burst through the gloom like wildfires shooting and glimmering in desolate marshes, as though the spirit from time to time made spasmodic effort to hurl off a load that oppressed, or break from a chain all his future life, stood leaning against the mast with folded arms, hearing from O'Hart a galvanised body, these unspontaneous expressions, designed to cloak the perturbations of a mind ill at ease, deceived no one. The observer might construe as he pleased of the cause, but to all it was apparent that the Marquis of Londonderry once Castlereagh-was an unhappy man, oppressed with care thought some, preyed upon by illness deemed others. And 40 time wore on, and brought no change, and the unsolved mystery ceased to surprise, people became accustomed to his altered mood, and other subjects of wonder and items of interest began to fill up the routine of daily business and afford theme for

(To be continued.)

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