

Card Drawing

By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home?" Southern.

Notwithstanding this wholesome reflection, the weakness of the man's nature was such, that many days elapsed before he could prevail on himself to put in act any portion of the measures necessary for the accomplishment of his resolution. Even after he had learned from a neighbor that Dorgan's sentence had already passed, and that the day was appointed on which he was to be executed, in the neighborhood where the offence had taken place, he sustained many terrific struggles with his conscience, before he could bring himself to form a full and unreserved intention of making the disclosure, whatever it might be, which oppressed his soul. He left his home, at one time, master of himself in such excess as to overstep, for the moment, every other consideration besides that of his immediate personal safety; and at another, the recollection of the perils he had undergone, and the uncertain tenure of his own life, which they manifested to him, renewed his remorse and his terror of another more powerful tribunal than that which here awaited him. He recollected, too, amid his merely selfish reflections, the destitution which must attend the lonely old age of his unhappy parent, when he should be no longer able to minister to her wants, as he had done from his youth upwards; and again he recollected that a superior duty called him away, and he resolved to commit his fortunes to the care of the Being Who summoned him from her side by warnings so singular and impressive—warnings, however fearful they might seem, which it would not, perhaps, require much enthusiasm to attribute to the mercy shown on behalf of this single virtue, which looked so lonely and beautiful amid the darkness and the multiplicity of his crime.

Dorgan in the meantime was left to meditate, in the solitude of a condemned cell, on the singular fatality of the circumstances which had conducted him to it. The ceremony of a trial had been so often and so well delineated, and the facts that were proved on that of Dorgan were so merely a repetition of those which have already been laid before the reader in the account of the coroner's inquest, that we have esteemed it unnecessary to go at length into the subject. Whatever amusement the reader might find in this history of Irish wit, or the solemnities of an Irish court of justice—these afforded but little subject of merriment to our poor hero, who, in spite of the confident anticipations which he had expressed to the coroner, beheld himself placed within the peril of a disgraced death at the very moment when he expected to enter on the enjoyment of a life of domestic comfort and quiet happiness.

Two cards (an English, cards) were placed on the table, and the clergyman and the card-drawer, who immediately secreted himself, amid the shouts and groans of the populace, under the straw which was placed in it for that purpose. As the cards were about to move forward, a woman passed through the guard, and grasped the rail of that which contained Dorgan, who was deeply absorbed at the moment, in the discourse which the clergyman directed to him. One of the soldiers perceived, and striking her on the shoulder with the butt end of his musket, bid her go back.

"One word, sodger darlin—let me only spake a word to the boy, an' I'll be off. Mr. Dorgan! Don't you hear, sir?"

Dorgan lifted up his eyes, and started back with sudden terror, as he beheld the card-drawer, his evil prophet, looking into his eyes, with her finger raised in the action of beckoning or inviting his attention. The clergyman also recognized her at the same instant.

"Wretched impostor!" he exclaimed, "how dared you force your way hither? Is it not enough that you mislead and injure in their health, but you must trouble the hope of the dying, as you do now?"

"No trouble in life, your reverence, only just to spake one word to the boy. Mr. Dorgan, there's one gay me a message to you, sir—say a whisp'er hether—"

"Remove that woman," said the sheriff.

"I say, you mizzuz!" said a soldier, elbowing her from the card.

"Only one word, sodger, dear darlin—"

"Remove her, I say!"

"Oue word—O darlin sodger, don't kill me with the plunder-pish—Mr. Duke, keep up your spirits—for there's one that ill—"

The remainder of the speech (if it were uttered) was unheard by the ears for which it was tendered as the speaker was forced back into the centre of the noisy press, and the party proceeded on their route.

The day was as dreary as the occasion. The remark, so popular in Ireland, that there never is an assize week without rain, was in this instance justified by a thick mizzle which made the air dull and gloomy, and covered the trees and herbage with a hoar and dimly glittering moisture. There was no wind, and the distant surface of the river, as they passed in the direction of its mouth, was covered by a mantle of gray and eddying mists, through which the shadow of a dark and flagging sail, or the naked masts of an anchoring vessel were at intervals visible. The crowd which accompanied the party to the outskirts of the city, dropped off gradually as they proceeded into the country, until they were left to prosecute their dreary journey with no other attendants than the few whose interest in the prisoner's fate had induced them to come from the east for the purpose of witnessing his trial.

It was late in the afternoon before they arrived at Carrigahol. As the cars were descending an eminence in the neighborhood, Dorgan cast his eyes towards the west, and beheld, on the very spot where he had parted with his love before his departure, to join his ship, and where the sweetest hours of their first and declared affection had been passed, the dreary engine erected, on which he was within another hour to lose a life which but a few days before he would not have given for that of a purpled monarch. A great multitude of people encompassed the spot, among whom might be discerned the light blue dresses of the fishjolters from the coast; the rough and halstiel-like persons of the fishermen; the great-coated and comfortably appointed farmers from the interior; nearly all of those whom he beheld having been at one time or another the partakers of some hours' youthful enjoyment; with the victim of the sacrifice, in his days of careless youth. Seated on a green bank, at two or three hundred paces distant from the gallows, were a group of persons, comprising a soldier and two sailors, the same who were witnesses to Dorgan's first landing, during their watch at the signal tower on the evening of his arrival.

ignominious badge to be laid on his neck without further question.

"Why is the prisoner not dressed in the goal clothes?" said the sheriff.

"There was no order given, sir," said the gaoler, an' I'm afeard 'twould be late wit us, now."

"No matter," replied the sheriff, "it will answer as it is. Let him die in the clothes in which the deed was done."

Dorgan instantly raised his head from its drooping position, and looking calmly and fixedly on the officer of the law, said: "Let me die, sir, in the clothes which I wore while engaged in the service of my country. Her uniform will never be disgraced by a death that is not merited, although it be shameful."

"You persist then in declaring your innocence?" asked the officer.

"I did not intend, sir, to have repeated what I already said; and that last word escaped me unawares; but since you put the question, justice compels me to give you an answer. I here solemnly declare in the presence of these men, my accusers and my executioners, as well as in the presence of that God before Whom I must shortly stand, that I am now about to die the death of a murdered man. Yes, ye are about to do a murder—and it is more for your sake than mine, that I bid you take the warning. The day will come, sir, when you will remember my words with sorrow. I pray Heaven that you may have no heavier feeling to strive against. You, Father, were one of the witnesses against me; when the day arrives, as it may before long, that shall make my innocence appear—all I ask, sir, is—that you will pass, and weigh the matter well with yourself before you throw in your hard word against a poor fellow-creature's life. Remember these words. I hope that my late will teach the gentlemen that have the lives of the poor in their hands to proceed very cautiously in future, before they take circumstances for certainty. I am ready to attend you, Mr. Sheriff."

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"I say, you land-lobster there," said the hero of the draught-board, "will you do me your sky-tackle there, and let us have a peep at the fun. A meas-mate! I'd rather than a gallooner it had been a red jacket instead of a true blue. You have the wind o' me there, Will."

"I say, Jack!" the soldier replied, turning his head round, "you mind the Papist that made the ball that night."

"Ay—ay—"

"There he's over; speaking to that elderly lady with the pipe in her mouth."

"Eh? Why, unreeve my clue lines, Will, if that an't the very lubber I met in the barboard field yonder, this morning, about the tower. I'll tell you now how it was—I saw his pennant flying on the lee, and took him for our cook at the tower; so I made sail—he stood off—"

"I saw him," said the sailor, "and stood off across the meadow—I squared my yard, out studding-sails—surg out 'steady'—poured in a broadside, and ran alongside to see my mistake just as he weathered the gap in the hedge. 'My eye,' says I, 'here's a go—I took you for our cook.' 'No, sir,' says he, 'I'm for the hanging match, can you tow me on the way?' 'To be sure I can,' says I—"

"'bout ship and sheer of yonder; when you come about the water mill, bring sheets and tacks, and stand off close to the wind's eye for the potato field—then bear away for the bog—sing out a head, and if they won't open the gate, 'bout slip again; lose your main sheet—make for the white cottage—sheel—and come out upon the highway—crowd all your canvas, and run right a head for the gallows."

"How I saw! And what did the Hibernian Papist say to you?"

"He stood with his mouth open, gaping like an empty scuttle-butt. The fellow never heard English in his life before. O' say, you Papist Paddy, you come here and make us a bull, and you shall have a glass o' grog when I'm purser."

The person who he addressed was standing at a few paces distant, occupied with far other and deeper thoughts than those which suggested the holiday converse of the last speakers. His eye was fixed on the place of execution, while he received some message from an old and miserably attired woman, which seemed to fill him with anxiety and disappointment.

He turned on the sailor a ghastly and fearful eye, but made no answer to his words.

"Never look so cloudy about it, mess-mate," the latter continued in an open and cheerful tone, "cheer up, man, the rope is twisted for your neck yet. Jack's alive; who's for a row? Never say die while there's a shot in the locker. Whup!"

"It would become you, av you're a Christian yourself, to conduct yourself with more feeling and more decency an' the breath gone to be taken out of a poor fellow creature," said the woman, moved to anger by the sailor's mistreat, by the kindness you show him."

"Ayeh, my dear," the Card drawer retorted, plucking the man's blue jacket significantly—"tint my unyform he wears."

A shout of laughter burst from the sailor's companions at this sally, as the old woman hastened off, audibly humming over a stanza of the popular ballad.

"An' as for the sailors I don't admire them—moving won't live—"

For their concern they're still discerned Of thine consarnment the ocean wide."

While the countryman, who had shown such marks of intense interest in the scene, disappeared amid the crowd that surrounded the place of execution.

The car had already halted at the foot of the fatal tree, and Dorgan, his limbs stiff from the maintenance of the same position during the long journey, was ordered to stand erect. He opened his eyes heavily, and gazed around on the multitude of faces that were turned towards him—he looked on the fields and meadows in which his childhood had been passed, and felt his heart almost break with the long farewell which it sent forth in a sigh, that

seemed to shatter all his buik And end his being."

The awful preparations were already completed—Dorgan's hands were pinioned—the dreadful knot allixed—and the whole scene, the hills and cottages and buzzing multitude, swam and reeled before his eyes—when the ghost-like person in the blanket approached, and uncovering from beneath his woollen envelope a bony and muscular hand, extended it to our hero, saying at the same time:

"Theon a lane a gra taion." (Give me the hand, my white darling. Forgive an' forget—Sorrow better boy ever I see die in his shoes. Say you won't be haunten me for this—it's only my juty.")

Dorgan, half-stupified, gave him his hand in token of his forgiveness, and at the same instant felt the death-cap pulled over his eyes, while the command to "draw away the car" sounded in his ears.

"Hold!" cried the clergyman to the owner of the vehicle, who with much simplicity had taken the collar and was about to lead the horse away, not considering that by so doing he would in fact be the executioner of the convict. "Let the man who is engaged for the purpose be the shedder of the forfeited blood," continued his reverent co.

"Do not move the horse."

"A" then your reverence might just let matter go on as they were," said the finisher of the law. "It's all o' to the boy who does that job for him."

The pause saved Dorgan's life. At the moment when the hangman was about to lay his fingers on the collar, the crowd near him separated with much noise and confusion, and a man darting through the passage and through the file of soldiers, seized the ruler's handle, and striking the executioner so as to make him reel and stagger a few paces, cried out in a hoarse and loud voice, "Come down, Mr. Dorgan, come down off o' the car. Let him go, Mr. Sheriff, dear, for the man is here that did the deed."

The sheriff, in the midst of the confusion that prevailed, imagining that a rescue was about to be attempted, had

cocked a pistol and placed it to the head of his prisoner. He now suffered the muzzle to fall, and gazed in astonishment on Kinchela, who stood, pale, trembling, and listless, at the horse's head. The truth flashed on the clergyman's mind, as he recognized in Pryce the same individual who sat with Dorgan in the parlor of the Beehive on the evening before the murder. He suggested to the sheriff the propriety of inquiry.

"It may be a cheat," said the officer, "and if so, how dreadfully cruel will be the disappointed to the prisoner after this suspense."

"Let the man be summoned hither and questioned at once," said the priest.

Kinchela was called accordingly, but he was unable, for a long time, to answer, or even to comprehend the questions that were put to him. The excess of his terror had deprived him for the moment of all consciousness: he saw a thousand faces flitting about his ear, and heard a thousand voices at his side, but was totally incapable of appreciating their meaning or their wishes.

The sight of Dorgan, still pinioned and blindfolded in the car, at length startled him from his stupor; he suddenly extended his arms, and repeated with great violence, "Come down, again, I tell you, Dorgan! Mr. Sheriff, let go Mr. Dorgan, for he's innocent. I am the man that done it."

"That did what?"

"That murdered old M'Loughlin!" Kinchela exclaimed, with a gesture of deep horror, "an' here I'm come to answer for it now."

"The man should be a maniac," said the sheriff.

"Oh, I wish to the heavens I was!" Kinchela exclaimed. "No, no; I was mad when I done it, it's in my sober senses I come to declare it. Let Mr. Dorgan loose, an' tie me up in his place, an' heavens bless you an' an' an' don't keep me long in pain, for I have a hangover is a fearful death."

After some constation the sheriff agreed to take upon him all the responsibility of delay; the unhappy Dorgan was unbound and removed from the car. He looked drearily around him, and leaned on the clergyman for support, while the change in his fortunes was communicated to him by the sheriff.

"In the middle of the night that same time," said Kinchela, in answer to the inquiries which were made re the manner of the occurrence, "I made my way into Dorgan's room, an' I took his clothes that wer lye on the chair, an' dressed myself in 'em, an' in them I did the murder. I don't know what made me tell it, but my conscience was killeen o' me intirely. Mr. Dorgan, I have only one word to say to you before we part. My poor old mother, that—the word stuck in his throat, and he could only his meaning through his tears."

"Never fear for her," she shall be provided for. Oo, Pryce, I little thought—Well, there's no use in talking about it now."

The sheriff now gave orders to take Kinchela into custody, detaining Dorgan at the same time under arrest, until his sentence should be rescinded according to the usual form. The crowd separated in great confusion.

It now became a point of consideration with her friends to devise the most easy method of breaking the joyous intelligence of her lover's innocence and liberation to Penmie M'Loughlin. Although the mode of her life and education exempted her in general from the danger which might be apprehended in such cases to a person of refined habits or a more nervous constitution, yet it was conjectured, with much truth and sagacity, that the repetition of so many dreadful shocks within so short a space of time could not fail to be injurious in its operation on a mind not altogether destitute of sensibility. If the reader have curiosity or good feeling enough to induce him to entertain an interest in the contrivances of their usual form, he may find some amusement in tracing the narrative to its real consummation, the reconciliation of his lover.

Pennie had removed immediately after the day on which her father's funeral took place to the house of a village—a "dairie women," in the village of Carrigahol. A few days after Dorgan's formal pardon had been obtained, his fair accuser being yet ignorant of the many events which succeeded the trial; she was seated in a small clean room, called a parlour, inside the shop, in which her relative appeared, bustling about in all the conscious satisfaction and importance of a thriving huxter, among her closely packed assortment of haberdashery, repelling books, penknives, notation-books, *reading-made-easy*, small and large, and a variety of other articles, waistcoat-patterns, plates, dishes of the most flaming colors, with a small stock of grocery, and, in short, every description of merchandise which might be of any possible contingency become needful to the comfort of the good folks in her neighborhood. The door of the little parlour was left ajar, so that our heroine, while occupied in her usual duty of instructing her infant cousin in her rudimentary lessons, could hear that passed without. A snag-looking farmer was bargaining at one side of the shop for a new "Poor Man's Manual," while his wife, a quiet, elderly woman, neatly attired in a scarlet rug cloak (a favorite article of dress among the fair ones of the coast), and a decent snow-white handkerchief simply tied in a matron fashion over her head, was turning over some pieces of gingham in an opposite corner.

"Sixpence!" the Dinmont of Clare exclaimed in a tone of expression of strong surprise, while by a jerk of the frame he tossed his heavy great-coat higher on his shoulders, as if preparing at once to depart. "No—Mrs. Rahilly—take four pence for the book, an' here 'tis for you."

"I never bought it for the money," said Mrs. Rahilly, replacing the book on the shelf.

"Well—what's your lowest offer then! I don't like, as we're old friends, to have the money anywhere else though I protest to my consins, Davy Molony below 'treet offered me the same book for four-pence, ha'p'ny."

Mrs. Rahilly paused. "Well then—'Dorgan,' as you say, an' old customer—split the difference, an' say no more about it."

"That may be best as I do, now. Here's four-pence ha'p'ny, an' I never 'll go back o' what I say."

"Have it for the penny."

"Oh, ax wool of a goat—what talk it is!"

"Well, may be herself would want another."

"Oh, never heed me," said the woman smiling and laying down the pattern of gingham, "if it's prayer-books your talking of, I can say my rosary on my fingers."

"You are attending to those people in the shop instead of minding your task," said Penmie chiding her little pupil. "Keep your eyes on that book now. Read on. 'Thirty days—'"

The child read, in a high singing tone, the lesson from her marble-covered notation book, "Thirty days hath September, April, June and November," etc. On a sudden she paused, and looking into her cousin's face, said, "Pennie, are you gone to die?"

The young maiden started at the suddenness of the question, and then looking fixedly in surprise on the child, "Why do you ask such a question as that, honey?"

"Because Patey Magrath, he toul me that his mammy said you wor, and that she seen it by you, for you was growing thinner an' thinner an' paler an' paler every day, an' that you'd die before long an' be buried like uncle."

"I hope not," said the poor girl smiling rather anxiously.

"I hope not either—for what 'ud I do at all then? I wouldn't have any body to tace me my lessons or do a halporth. Aunt Rahilly doesn't know B. from a bull's foot, although she pre-tends to a dairie. I know what I'll do for you, I'll marry Patey Magrath, for he's a fine scholar—that's when we're big enough—an' he'll learn me—but what'll I do till then?"

"Mind your tasks, and do as you are bid, honey, and say your prayers regularly, and God will be a father, and uncle, and cousin, and all to you. You need fear nothing so long as you do not displeas Him."

"That just the way the man with all the wool about his head talked to me in the court house, when I toult upon Dorgan for murderin' uncle—What alls you now, Pennie? I can't say a halporth to you, ever since uncle was kilt, but you begin to cry that way. Are you sick? Because if you are, I'll go an' get a physic o' salts from Aunt Rahilly. She has a tub o' salts abroad that would cure the world."

At this moment, the sound of Dorgan's name, pronounced by a voice that was familiar to her, in the shop, struck on the elder maiden's ear and prevented her reply. She put the child from her, with a sudden "hush!" and remained in an attitude of the most anxious attention, with her ear turned towards the half-open door.

"I wonder who it is that's minding the people in the shop now," said the child. "Well, Pennie, if you won't hear my lesson, I'll go and play tug-tug-iron with Patey Magrath in the haggard, an' I'll have it for you agen slipped."

She slipped out of the house through a back door, leaving Penmie to perfectly absorbed in the conversation which was now passing in the shop, to answer or even to notice her departure.

"An, is it now they're thinkin' o' throwin' a doubt upon his guilt?" said the farmer. "Here—take a pinch, sir, while the box is open. The little dust o' snuff I had isn't the much the better of you since you took that *dindoghe* (snuff) out of it any way. But as for Dorgan why I seen the guard gone to the gallows with him myself, though I couldn't stop to see the hangen."

"That may be compatible with the limits o' veracity," said the person who had just entered, "but it is an undeniable fact that Dorgan has been apprehended innocent—and Kinchela, the fisherman from the Head, has been forth and prosecuted his confession before the magistrate as the real perpetrator."

The conversation was here cut short by a deep groan, and a sound as of a heavy weight descending, in the inner parlour. The plan which had been constructed for breaking the matter to Penmie was completely baffled by the awkwardness of the well-meaning friend who blurted out that part of his intelligence which comprised the most horrible inference in the very commencement. She had scarcely heard it uttered, when her senses failed her, and she sunk on the floor in a strong convulsion fit. When the exertions of her friends, who at once hastened to her assistance, had recalled her to some degree of consciousness, she beheld, among the many faces which surrounded her, those of the clergyman, her parish before-mentioned, and the unfortunate agent of the discovery she had made. The former, having ascertained the degree of strength which might now be expected from her, motioned every person out of the room, with the exception of her relative. He then took Penmie's hand kindly.

"Are you prepared," he said, "to thank you—God for a more pleasin' piece of news than that which you have just heard?"

The girl looked in his face with a gaze of bewildered inquiry. Her lips

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matored, as if unconsciously, the word "Dorgan," as she thought which floated uppermost in her imagination.

"Read there," said the clergyman, putting into her hands a letter, folded. The blood rushed forcibly to her cheek, brow, and her very finger-ends, and again recoiled, so as to leave her pale as marble, when she recognized the hand of Dorgan in the superscription. She quickly opened the note, and read as follows:

My dear Penmie—(For I may once more with a free heart, thanks be to the Most High, call you by that name.) I have pleased Heaven to make good the word which I spoke on that unfortunate day, when I told my judges that I felt it within me that I should not die for a deed of which I Lord knows my heart, and which is since proved, I was wholly clear and innocent. I have my pardon—for it seems it is a form of law, that when an innocent man is convicted, after suffering imprisonment, and all hardship and anxiety, instead of his judges asking his forgiveness, 'tis he that has to get pardon from them, for being so unfortunate as to be condemned and very nearly homes by the wrong. Now, Penmie, this coming by the hand of Father Mahony, to tell you, that of all things in the world, I admire and love you for your conduct on that day, and all through this dreadful business. I know well, my dear girl, how your heart is accusing you at this moment, but give heed to such thoughts, I beg of you, and let them be as far from your mind as they are from mine, for you did your duty nobly; and Lord Nelson, my glorious and lamented commander, who little thought I'd be brought into such trouble on account of the victory he died in obtaining, could have done no more if he was in your place. I hope, therefore, you will show your good sense, and think no more of what is passed, but take this as the true feeling of his heart from him who is yours until death.

To Penelope M'Loughlin, at Mrs. Rahilly's Shop, Carrigahol.

The heroic generosity with which her lover thus rose superior to all the petty resentments and jealousies, which are incidental to the passion, even in the most vigorous and straight-forward minds, sunk deeply into the heart of the young woman. Although the love which she felt for Dorgan was of that genuine and unaffected kind which is wholly a stranger to the delicate intricacies and refined difficulties attendant on the progress of this most capricious of affections, in the bosoms of those who boast a higher rank than hers, yet she could not but be keenly sensible that she had failed in one of its most essential qualities—an unbounded and immovable confidence. She raised her eyes, which were overflowing with tears of mingled shame and gratitude, towards the clergyman, when a creaking noise at the door attracted her attention. It opened, and Dorgan entered. Her agitation and confusion became now extreme, nor were they diminished when her lover advanced to her side with a respectful gentleness, and said:

"Pennie, you see we meet happier and sooner than we expected. I hope you'll be said by what I mentioned to you in the letter, and give me your hand now in token that all is forgotten."

"I give you my hand freely, Dorgan," the girl replied, still blushing deeply, "and bless your good, generous heart; but all cannot be forgotten. I may be friends with you again; but I never can on friends with myself as long as ever I live. There is a load now laid upon my mind that never will be taken off as long as I die."

Dorgan, assisted by his reverend friend, applied himself, and as is proved, not unsuccessfully, to combat this feeling; after which the latter departed, having seized the opportunity of impressing on both the obligations which they owed to Providence for the turn which their fortunes had taken.

The imagination of the reader may be safely trusted with the details of the ensuing days, the progress of Kinchela, and the distraction of his aged mother, who could scarcely be persuaded, even by his own assertion, that the son, whom she had found so faultless, could thus suddenly break upon her knowledge in a character so new and hideous. Dorgan took care, on his establishment in his native village, to fulfil the promise which he had made to Kinchela.

About a year after this, the handsome Mrs. Dorgan was sitting at the door of her barn, superintending a number of girls who were employed in sketching flax in the interior, when her eye was attracted by an old woman, who raised the latch of the farm yard gate, and, making a low courtesy, said, "You wouldn't have any kid-skins, rabbit-skins, or goose-quills to sell, ma'am?"

Mrs. Dorgan colored to the very border of her rich tresses when she recognized, and was recognized in turn by the Card-drawer.

"Well, darlin, didn't it come true what I toul you that mornen behind the stacks?" she asked, with a knowing wink.

"It did; but I have learned to know since, that it was more by your good luck than your skill, that you hit the mark so cleverly. You said that himself was far away at the time too, and he was close at our side."

"A" then sure he ought to have more sense than to trust me—a man that spoke like a priest, they tell me, before the crowner. But all that is over with me now; for sure I paid Father Mahony better than five pounds restitution money, no longer ago than yesterday, an' I'm to be tuk into the pale of his flock agen, wit a tripe more honesty made wit hare skins, and written-quits, an' one thing or another that way—an' I'm to live quietly, an' to have nothin' more to say to the Card Drawing."

The foregoing Tale was suggested by an occurrence which took place some years since on the estate and even close to the demesne gate of the late John Waller, Esq., of Castletown in the County of Limerick, a name which will ever be dear and venerable to the hearts of all who remember him who

bore it. A cruel murder was perpetrated. Many of these ailed and executed among these a sailed turned to his native evening before the attack of East Coast. The clothes had been taken by one of those who escaped detection while the identity to place the crime unoffending sailor