By GERALD GRIFFIN

"Is this my welcome home?" - Southerne. "I declare, then," said Dorgan in "I declare, then," said Dorgan in soliloquy, as he mingled another "tumbler o' punch " (the first having insensibly disappeared, while he was poring studiously over the above composition), and looked musingly in the glass, only a little puzzled—"I declare, now, I can anderstand what the follow means year. understand what the fellow means well, although he has put it into that erinkum crankum, fine spoken, ginger-bread language; and I felt just the same thing myself since I came. This wery landlord o' this public house I knew at school—a wild, scatter brained young fellow, that would box a round, or climb at a magpie's nest with any boy in the parish, and to see him now enter the room, knocking the ashes off his pipe with the tip of his little finger, hoping your honor is convenient, and talking of the duty on licences and the distillery laws, as if he had never done anything since he was born but jug whiskey punch, and score double! It makes a man feel as if he were thinking of growing old, one time or another, himself. Going to 'lie beneath the turi I trod,' as this poet here says. No matter!" he continued, indulging in a more liberal draught than he had yet ventured on, "this is the way of the world-sic transit gloria munde; here to-day and gone o' Sunday. Hush! that Kinchela?'

He interrupted himself, on hearing a voice in the kitchen outside. The speaker approached the door of the room where he sat, and entering out ceremony, showed him that his con

jecture was perfectly correct.
"I beg pardon, Mr. Dorgan," he said, making what he considered a very courteous bow—" I'm afeer'd I kep you waiten, but I was obleeged to be at the Head all the morner, gatheren the barnocks (a kind of shell-fish.)—an' I couldn't well afford to lose more than

balf a day to our meeten this turn."

Dorgan accepted his apology, and invited him to a corner of the board of the good things with which it was decorated. Pryce readily seated himself, but refused to drink and when our hero pressed him hard added vehemence to the negative.

"O come," said Duke, angrily, " will say that you do not yet look on a friend if you refuse to join me in a glass. There's no salt in the liquor -and you may be my foe to-morrow, it

Pho! pho! sooner than you'd be sayen anything o' that kind, Duke," the other said, with some confusion of manner, "I'll drink the ocean dry wit And he filled a glass without further preamble.

After the usual commendations on

the quality of the materials which went to the composition of their popular beverage, the young men talked freely of the changes which had taken place in the affairs of the neighbourhood, dwdlling on the intermediate histories of all whose fortunes were of any inter est to the sailor from their association his early life, comparing their actual fates with what might have been anticipated from his knowledge of their character in boyhood—how one was married—another hanged—one killed at a hurling match—another transported for sheep stealing—wondering at every circumstance in turn, and at length chopping round (to use the professional phrase of one of the parties) upon the old and favourite theme of M'Loughlen

and his daughter.
On this subject, Dorgan, a little stimulated by the awakened recollec-tion of the slights east upon him by the old farmer; and not a little, per-haps, by the influence of the Irish whiskey, to which he had become al most a stranger during his exile, allowed himself a liberty of speech which he had afterward deep cause to regret. of his resentment, and even adding some observations calculated rather to aggravate than assuage it, suddenly changed his tone, and said in a gentle

But although he did injure you surely. Duke, an' that greatly, I'd like could prevail on you to forgive and orget. Bear an' forbear as we're manded. He's an old man, an you're a young one, and it won't be long until the grave will draw a line between ye, that you may wish to pass, to make friends again, an' won't be able. So don't harbour any bad designs poor M'Loughlen, I beg o' you."
h, I'll make the purse proud old

rogue know at any rate that—"he in-terrupted himself, on perceiving a dark shadow thrown on the table at which he was seated. On looking up, he per-ceived an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, with whip and spurs, and silver buckles at his knees, standing be-tween him and the window. He addressed Dorgan with a manner of solemn authoritative, although very mild and dignified reproof.
"I have been listening to you," said

he, "for the last few minutes."
"Have you?" interrupted Duke,

have made more free than welcome, I can tell you."

Do not condemn me as an eves dropper," said the gentleman, caluly, "until you are certain that I deserve the name. I did not intend to over-hear you; but if I had used so unwarrantable a means to serve you, young man, you should respect your Maker more than to insult his minis-

"I really ask your pardon," said Dorgan, rising—"I was not aware or your profession, Father, or I would not have used these words."

There was a fault on both sides,' said the clergyman—" however, before I go (as I only stepped in here, in the expectation of meeting a friend,) I venture to pursue the subject a little farther. I heard you speak in terms of strong resentment of one of my worth parishioners. There is not a man of his means and station in the country who has done more good to the poor and to all who needed his service, than that very man. He is a fond father—a

friend of his. I have often heard him mention, with deep regret, the hard language he used towards you in his younger and more passionate days—and et this is the man whom you denounce by an epithet, which it does not become ne to repeat, even for the purpose reprehending it. I would recommend to you for your own sake, and that of all in whom you have an interest, to acquire the virtue of subduing those violen resentments. Remember that 'the patient is better than the strong man

and he that ruleth his mind than the overthrower of cities.'"
"Well," said Dorgan, "you will not think the worse of me for speaking my mind freely, at all events."
"Av. young man, then would be a

"Ay, young man, there would be a merit in that frankness if it implied purpose of amendment, as well as a con cicusness of error. But it is the mis fortune of your countrymen and mine to imagine that open-heartedness is virtue, even when it only consists in making a boast of guilby propensities which other men deem it prudent to conceal. I mentioned to you the merits of him against whom you have been railing, for the purpose of showing what a darkener of the mind and senses this private resentment is-and how it can so change the eyes and heart as to make one man see evil, where all other can discern nought but good. It is the indulgence of this dreadful and selfish propensity that has made the gibbets of our country groan under the burthen of so many hundreds of her young and high-spirited children. I warn you to beware of harboring resentment against your brother." And saying this, the clergyman left the room, followed by Kinchela, who pleaded some business with the publican.

Dorgan remained for some time after

in an attitude of stupid abstraction and amazement, not altogether occasioned so much by the reproof which he had undergone, as by the strange coinci lence between the clergyman's last words and the warning given by the dence Card drawer on that very morning. What !" he exclaimed at length what i'm he exclaimed at length, striking the table forcibly with his clenched fist, and speaking with much vehemence; "are all the people mad, that they warn me at every step I take to beware of murder and the gallows Do I meditate bloodshed? Let me take my own heart to task. Is it that of a midnight cut throat? It surely is I have never spilled one red drop of living blood in my life, but that for which I ventured my own in the service of my country. I would not set my foot on that fly that is crawling there, if it were to purchase the three kingdoms. What then do the people mean? Is my forehead stamped like Cain's, with the mark of blood? Is murderer in my face? If Nature has written the word there, she lied foully, for the heart of the young lamb is not more free from the thought or thirst of violence than

A little relieved by the fervor with which he thus unburthened his spirit, Dorgan prepared for his night's rest in the inn, and was shown by the landlord into a double bedded room, after bid-ding good night to Kinchela, who was to return to Loup Head early in the morning. Notwithstanding all the efforts which his companion made to banish from his memory the recollec-tion of the double warning he had received in the course of the day, the circumstance still hung upon his mind, and troubled his slumbers. The forms cart—the tree—chains—night cap—and all the other awful et cetera of untimely and ignominious, floated with a horrible and oppressive influence upon her brain; and he awoke just in

which was all but fastened on it. It was dark midnight; and he felt his head almost riven with a cruel ache. the result in all probability of his un-accustomed libations, together with the and night. Wishing to day round with a silk handkerchief, he stretched his hand out to the chair on which he had laid his clothes, but to his great surprise found that they had about the room for some time in the dark, but with no better success: he was, in fine, obliged to return to his bed and sleep off the illness as well as

he could until morning.

Whatever his astonishment might have been at missing his clothes during the night, it certainly did not exceed that which he felt on opening his eyes next day and perceiving them exactly in the place where he had laid them the evening before. The royal father of Badroulboudour never rubbed his eyes so often or in such astonishment, at the disappearance of the enchanted palace of his son in law. Kinchela had al-ready departed; and our hero, after discharging the duty of morning prayer with somewhat more than his usual fervency, and consuming a reasonable portion of the publican's grozeries, paid his bill like a man of honor, and

departed. The calmness of the morning, the fresh look of the green fields, the sweetness of the open air, and the sight of the hills and crags where the days his childhood had passed so merrily contributed to wean his mind from the gloomy reflections to which the occurences of the preceding day had given rise. Every step that brought him nearer to the dwelling of his love, made his heart bound with a freer and happier movement within his bosom, until at length the exquisite poignancy of expectation became almost too eager and tumultuous for unmixed pleasure. He passed the old school-house in the glen, the chapel, the inch which was used for a play ground, and at length, on arriv ng at the summit of a gentle eminence. beheld the farm-house (a neat little band-box, in which his love lay treasured like one of her own new boonnets) clustered in among a grove of Scotch firs, and presenting its cheerful white-washed front to the broad face of separated by a green and sloping meadow.

It was rather early when Dorgan left religious observer of God's law—and a friend to all—even to you—(do not that he was a little surprised to see a start, for I know you, sir,) who are no considerable number of persons col-

ected round the door. They passed rapidly in and out of the house, and a few hastened across the fields in the direction of the village, while others passed them after a hasty greeting, and seeming to convey the tidings of some important event. On a sudden, while Dorgan continued looking towards the open door, a woman rushed from it hurried through the crowd, tore he cap from her head, and, while her lon hair fell over her shoulders, began to her hands, and utter the most heart-piercing screams. A terrible sensation lodged itself upon the heart of young Dorgan as he heard this fatal song, which his memory enabled him to ecognise as the deathwail of his coun-He was about to spring from the hedge on which he sat, and hasten to the house, when he was stopped by a woman who had been sitting on the woman who bank side in the sunshine, arranging a small pack of rabbit-skins and goose quills which she carried.

"Tee you! tee you! (To you! Be are!) sailor!" she exclaimed, "Tee ware !) you! Don't go a near the house!
Are you light? (Mad) They're on the
watch for you. Oh! you foolish cratur,
why didn't you do me bidden. I'd
rather the cards to be out itself, this once, than to have such a clane, likely boy as what you are coon to any harm

on the head of it."

"You infernal hag!" said Duke, turning fiercely upon her, "are you mad? Let go my dress! You are all What watch?—Who? mad together. What watch ?- Who ?-

What do you mean?"
"You do well to be ignorant of it, to be sure. There was murder done in that

house jast night, and-"Hold!" said Dorgan, turning pale as death, and staggering forward, until he supported himself by grasping the extended arm of the Card-drawer. The woman paused and looked amazedly on while his head drooped upon his breast; a dreadful sickness his heart, his brain felt as though it reeled within his head. At length, raising his eyes heavily to heaven, while his words fell from him with so faint an emphasis that the utterance of each single syllable seemed to require all the exertion his nerves could muster, he said slowly and feebly, Great Heaven! if now, after my long absence from my native land, after all the danger through which the Almighty has preserved me, both by storm and battle—if now, the first day of my com ing home, the first day I was to mee my old friends, my first love, in health and happiness—if I am doomed to see her, after all our love and our hopes, and our long parting, a bleeding corpse before me, I will strive to submi and bear the judg-ment; but do not blame me if my heart

Who was murdered?"
"O thin, dear knows, sir,

continued pressing the Card drawer's

arm, and panting with apprehension,

while he dared not look in her face,

breaks under it-and if-Tell me,'

M'Loughlen was—an' I'd think that enough, an' not to go farther."

Again Dorgan paused, while his limbs shook with apprehension—" And -and his daughter?

Oh, allilu! Penny, is it? Oh, in deed I wisht himself was as well as her an' 'twould save her a sighth o' grief.' Dorgan covered his eyes with his hands, and leaned for some time, silen and motionless, with his back against the bank. At length, rising silently with as much firmness as he could con nand, he began to move towards the house in silence. "Don't you hear me, what I'm tellin

said the Card drawer. "What do you say?—"
"They're all on the look-out for the

murderers, and examinen 'em all right on' left—gentle and simple. Remember time to save his neck from the noose the knave o' clubs."
"Pooh—pooh!" Dorgan exclaimed,

shaking his arm from her grasp, and

hurrying toward the house.
"Pooh, is it?" said the indignant Gondoutha wisha pooh! That's my thanks. May be 'twould be a new story wit you before you'd leave that roof, then; an' I'd be sorry it should, for all. Well then, I declare, now," she added, crossing her hands in more composed soliloquy—" one oughtn't to be funnen on things o' that nature, at all—for see how what I did, be way of a punishment to frighten him, is coming ery near the truth after all !- I declare, it's a droll thing to think of-Easy ! isn't that the priest I see comer over the ro d? O murther alive! I'll be kilt if he sees me, after he waren me out o' the parish last Advent." She huddled her pack hastily up, and ran along under cover of the hedge, in different direction from that by which his reverence, the same gentleman under whose censure Dorgan had lain at the inn the night before, was approach

ing the farm. A dreary scene awaited our young hero in the interior of the house. He passed in without attracting any notice from the crowds of persons who were too busy, in hearing or telling the cir-cumstances of the fearful occurrence which had taken place, to suffer their attention to be divided by the appearance of a stranger. In the centre of the neatly furnished kitchen was a long deal table, on which was laid the corpse, with the clothes in which he had been ound-and all the awful appearances of violent fate which he had undergone The gray hairs, matted and stiff—and the wrinkled features distorted with the still surviving expression of horror and frightfully dabbled in blood, re mained still untouched, unchanged-ar indication that the corner's inquiry was not yet concluded. It was, in fact at this moment, proceeding in an interior room. In the capacious chimney corner were seated a number of ol women, who declared, as they socially passed the single pipe from one to another, that the old man would make a good corpse, when the blood was washed off and the hair combed sleek upon the brow. An old man, in anothe corner, was entertaining a number of wondering auditors, with an account o a murder far more horrible than the present, which had occurred within his own memory; and farther on, were seated a circle of females, preparing, by low modulations of the death cry, to shine in the rivalry of the evening wail. which this unfortunate circumstance

Two or three of the sincere friends of the dead man, standing near his body, perused in heavy silence, and with grief-struck features, that face which ven enemy could not contemplate, disigured and dragged as it was in the figured and dragged as it was in the parting agony, without an emotion of pity and forgiveness—if not remorse. One of these men was Duke Dorgan.

He learned, from the conversation of

those who stood around him, that a party had entered the house on the previous evening, in pursuance, vas said, of a threat which had been conveyed to poor M'Loughlen a short time before, warning him not to bid for a certain farm in the neighbourhood, the former tenant of which had been ejected for non-payment of rent. M'Loughlen had disregarded this menace, and in some measure brought on himself the consequences which had been laid bofore him. His daughter, and a little girl, his niece, were the only persons in the house at the time; and the latter alone, an intelligent child about seven or eight years of age was enabled to see the whole procedure from a loft on which she usually slept Dorgan entered the room where the coroner's inquest was held, just as that

gentleman was beginning to take down the deposition of the infant witness.

"Well, my little darling," said the Corner, "tell your story now, like a good girl. Don't be afraid of these gentlemen : we are all your friends and we'll take care that nobody shall

do you any harm."
I will, ser," said the little girl.
"This was the way of it. Uncle was sitten there abroad a near the kitchen fire on the sugan chair, an' Penny was readen a chapter out o' the Bible to him, an' Tom Dooly, our boy, was out looken at the bounds, to see would any o' the Key's cows be trespassen, a meself was just out o' my first sleep above upon the loft, over right the fire place, when I heard a tunderen rap place.

"Very well, my girl, very good child," the Coroner said, while he con-tinued making his memoranda. "Well? child."

you heard a knock? "I did, ser. Penny dropt the book in a fright an coom an thrun her arms about uncle's neck. 'O murther, ather! what's that, I wonder?' says Penny. 'It's the boys, (The familiar name for Insurgent,) I fear,' says he, Penny. 'Heaven preserve my child!' say he. So he put Penny into the corner, an' party broke the door (I heard it crashen), an' coom in an' b croosten (Pelting at him) uncle crosten (Feling at him) there with stones, while he kep 'em off wit the chair. At last, they pull't the chair from him, an' bid him go on his knees to be shot. 'O boys,' says he, 'don't take my life, an' I'll give up the farm.' It's too late now, says one of 'em-why didn't you take the warnen whin it was given you?' With that he was strike him with a piece of a going to Scythe he had in his hand, whin Penny ran screechen out o' the corner, an' tuk him by the coat to pull him away from uncle; but he threw her back again' the wall, an' then he began cutten uncle on the head with the sye till he fell back on the floore groanen You done enough now, says one of the party that was with him, 'he never'l see daylight agen—he hasn't a kick in him.' I owed that much to him a long while, then,' says the man as they were goen out the doore. Uncle was stretched a'most the first blow he gave him, an' very justly, for it was a great stroke surely."

Here the girl began to cry and trem-ble, as if labouring under great anxi-ety. "I'll be ki!t now entirely," ety. said. " for there's one o' the me that murdered uncle liss'nen to me." A general exclamation of astonish and alarm broke from the circle at this naive declaration. The door vere closed by the Corner's desire

and the girl was asked to point out the person whom she recognised. "I'd be afeerd he'd kill me," she

"Do not fear it," said the Coroner, taking her into his lap, and patting her head: "we are too strong and many for him. Where is he, pet?"
"There he is, standen a nigh the table, in the sailor's clothes."

She pointed to Dorgan, who felt, while her small finger was tremblingly directed towards him, as if he were sur rounded by the phantoms of a hideous dream. He could scarcely believe tha the fate with which he had been s singularly threatened was in reality to be fulfilled ; and he could do nothing nore than gape and stare around him, until the rough hands of two of the me present, grasping his collar, and drag-ging him before the Coroner's chair, convinced him that the scene and the event were directly the reverse of

"This is a serious charge that brought against you, young man," said the Coroner. "What is your name?" "Dorgan," was the reply. "I have "Dorgan," was the reply. served in his Majesty's navy, and have only arrived in Ireland the day before

A murmuring of recognition passed among the people who crowded the room, and one of them whispered to the Coroner, who nodded as if in token of assent.

You knew the deceased ?" he said, again addressing Dorgan.

"I did, many years since."
"You owed him a spite, I believe? "I owe no man a spite. That is a coward's passion. He refused me the hand of his daughter, when I was very young, and I confess my resentment against him was strong; but I came home with an altered spirit, anxious to see and to be reconciled to him."

"Those were not, justice compels me to declare," said a voice behind me to declare, said a voice behind I borgan, "the sentiments which I heard you express towards him yesterday evening. In the parlor of the Behive, I heard this very young sailor speak in terms of the vilest reproach against my poor murdered friend, M Loughlen."

Dorgan looked over his shoulder, and beheld the clergyman with whom he had been speaking. "I cannot, nor am I anxious to deny that I did use such such expressions," said he, slittle confused, in spite of his conscious ness of right at the corroborative force

was likely to give to the mistaken testi-mony of the child—" but I spoke then under unusual irritation. I had been indulging a little too freely in the strong liquor that was placed before me, and might have said, perhaps, more than I ought.'

" Ay, and done more than you ought sir, perhaps from the same cause. Doctor Mahony's evidence is important, however," the Coroner continued

writing.
"It would be," said Dorgan, with sudden confidence brightening in his manner, "but that I have one witness who will decide the question of my innocence at once. There stands the landlord of the inn; he knows that I passed the night under his roof.

"I declare, gentleman sailor," said the landlord, affecting the euphony of the greater number of his class—"I'd prefer you didn't appale to my evijunce
—I don't know who may be the perpet raathur of this horrid fact-but if I must give my judgment in the case, I must say that I slep in a room, the comrade o' that you hired, I heard you rise in the obscurity o' the night an' walk meet constitution. walk most surprising about the room, an' my wife testified to me that she had been audience o' the doore outside open en an shutten : while before. It was a contrary thing for you to direct application to me, for I profess without maning to be litigious or factious, I have nothen commendable to vouchsafe in your favor." And so saying, with the air of a Dogberry, the eloquent host retired from the gaze of the crowd into his former place, satisfied that he had impressed the company with the highest respect for the perspicuity and elegance hroseology which he displayed

There was no other witness to his dibi who might not have been imposed upon by the same appearances, and Dorgan felt as if a net were weaving around him, from which he should in vain seek to disentangle himself.

"All these circumstances become more important as they corroborate each other," said the Coroner. "I am afraid, young sir, that it will task you ingenuity hard to bear you safely through them all." Dorgan paused for a moment, and

pressed his hand on his brow in deep agitation. At last, starting from his reverie with a sudden and passionate vehemence—" Let Miss M'Loughlen be called," he exclaimed—" She saw the murderer, she is your first witness Let her come quickly, or my life will be drivelled away by fools and children. "You would do well, sir," said the

Coroner, after requesting the clergyman to go for the unhappy girl, neasure your language by stances in which you are placed. ground on which you stand does not an pear to be the firmest possible.' "Peace, and be silent!" cried Dorgan, fiercely and loudly. "The

ground on which I stand is the ground of my own innocence, and that I will tain after my own fashion. I hope you will prove it tenable,

said the Coroner. "If it be undermined by others, in malice, or in wanton negligence," said our hero, "may the ruin fall on the heads of the contrivers!"

" Amen !" was the reply. The throng at the doorway here separated, and Dorgan's attention was riveted by an object of new and en-grossing interest. The priest entered supporting on his arm the slight and drooping figure of a young woman of an excelling beauty both of face and excelling beauty both of face and person, although the effect of the terrible shock which she had undergone, considerably abated the fresh and healthy bloom that was the legiti-mate property of the former. She was dressed in a plain dark cotton gown round her well-formed head, while he light and polished curls shaded her pale features, and her deep blue eyes were fixed on the ground with a strong effort at the calmness of resignation, as the clergyman whispered some words of en couragement and comfort in her ear A dead silence took place as soon as silence took place as she made her appearance, which con tinued until she had been conducted to a chair near the centre of the room.

Dorgan, after pausing for some time mind, walked towards his love, and take ing her hand, while she seemed scarcely conscious of the action, in his, said gently, "It is a sad meeting that has been reserved for us, Pennie; but do you not knew me?"

The poor girl had not, from the time

of the murder up to the present moment, indulged in any of those salutary bursts of grief, in which the loaded heart finds safety from the breaking when it is oppressed with sorrow too mighty for its narrow limits to contain. The more violent, therefore, was the rush of passion, when a channel was at length afforded, by which the long pent-up and accumulating agony was enabled to discharge itself.

she recognized her lover, uttering a shrill and piercing shriek, which darted electric shock through the like an nerves of the hearers, she flung herself upon his neck, and hung in a convul sion of mingled tears and sobs around him. Dorgan supported and endeav ored to soothe her, while his own tear flowed in abundance, and the many of the company showed that their

hearts were not proof against the sud-denness of the appeal made to them.

"Oh, Dorgan, my own true friend, are you come indeed?" she exclaimed, gazing in his face, as if to be assured that she was not giving to a strange the welcome that was his right—"O the welcome that was his right—"Oh, Dorgan, I hoped that I should have the happiness to see you both friends once more—for he often and often spoke of you, and longed for your return, to tell you that his heart was changed ;—but ou have come to see a greater change than that. Cold enough his heart now, Dorgan, towards you and all.

vill not press your hand if you take it now. Oh, do not blame me, Father, she exclaimed, as she caught the clergyman's eye fixed on her with an expression of reproof, "I am wrong— I know I am—but my heart will break if I do not give it words."

" My own love, take comfort," said Dorgan, pressing her hand and speaking low to her—" You have lost a kind

and good parent—but you are not yet an orphan, I will be a father, and friend, and brother to you, while I live. Try, and be composed like a sweet girl."

Few exhortations are attended with more influence than those which pro-seed from the lips of those we love. The interests of two hearts, united like those of our hero and his mistress, are closely blended, so perfect harmonious an understanding exists between them, that an admonition, addressed from one to the other, is received with as ready a deference as a suggestion of its own will. The effect, which all the remonstances of her graver and more venerable friends ailed to produce, was brought to pass in an instant by the few words Dorgan addressed to her; and Pennie prepared herself to give evidence in some composure, while Dorgan, once more leaving her side, resumed his place near the table.

Pennie detailed the circumstances of the murder in nearly the same words as her little cousin, until she came to that part of the transaction at which she was said to have flung herself between her father and the assassin.

" You must have had an opportunity "You must have then," said the Coroner, "cf observ-then," said the Coroner, "cf observ-elosely. Will you have ing him very closely. Will yo the goodness to look round the and see whether you can recognise him among those people ?'

"I do not think I could know his face again," she said; "it was black. ened at the time." " How was he dressed ?" inquired his

Worship.
"I think in a sailor's dress-like Dorgan's" she said carelessly.
"You do not think it was I then?"

said Dorgan, smiling.
"You?" replied the girl, pausing, as if to comprehend his question,

should sooner say that it was his own act—or as soon."

"If we have wronged you by an un. worthy suspicion," said the Coroner to Dorgan, "you must blame the circumstances and not us-for they are more than sufficient to warrant us in looking well to the case. Are you quite cer tain, Miss M'Loughlen, that this was not the man whom you withheld from

the deceased?' " Certain that Dorgan did not murder my father! Am I certain at my exist-ence? I would stake a thousand lives f I had them, that Dorgan would not have stirred one of the gray hairs upon his head, in enmity, if it were to make him master of the universe.

"My own sterling girl!" exclaimed Dorgan, delighted far more by her ready confidence than by the safety which it procured him—" when all are turned against me, I have, at least, on

friend in you—for you of all the world have ever known my heart."

"The coincidence is still very strange," said the Coroner. "Pray, Miss M Loughlen, was there no mark no peculiarity of appearances about this sailor, by which you might recognise him again if you should meet him?"

"My memory had nearly deserted me," replied the young woman. "When he flung me from him, I grasped something which was hanging to his coat, and brought it away with me in the struggle. It is this," she added, handstruggle. ing in the Coroner a piece of silver with a blue ribbon at ached to it.

"This, indeed, is a most providential and important circumstance," said the latter, "and will do more to further the ends of justice, perhaps, than many

living evidences."
The condemned wretch, who, after having his ears greeted with the gladdening tidings of a reprieve, is informed that the news was communicated under a mistake, and that he must still tread the road to the fatal tree, may Dorgan felt when on imagine what swiftly lifting his hand to the breast of found that his Trafalgar medal was missing-and that in fact the piece of silver which the Coroner held was no other than it. He paused for some time, in utter ignorance and anxiety as to what his best mode of precedure would be on the occasion. He saw, in one rapid glance, all the fearful consequences of asserting his claim to the medal, but he felt that anything like an attempt at concealment, would (even though it might afford him time to secure his life against the effects of an erroneous suspicion,) at least, have the consequence of branding his name with ignominy for ever in his native land,

and Dorgan preferred his chance of hanging to that.
"I am sensible," said he to the Coroner in a low voice, "of all the in the jury which I may do myself by the avowal I am about to make—but I trust that all possibilities may be taken into account. How that medal can have come into Miss M'Loughlen's sion, I have not the remotest idea—but it is mine—the badge of distinction which all received who did their duty

on the waves of Trafalgar."

"I really hope," said the Coroner, after the murmur, of astonishment and strong interest occasioned by this admission had subsided—"I hope you are the state of the said nistaken. This affords too frightful a confirmation of the circumstances al-

"In that," replied Dorgan, "I am unfortunate, as many a brave fellow was before me. The medal is mine, how-ever. I won it in honor, and will not

"I am sorry for you," said the Coroner. "Keeper!" he beckoned to the person who held that office in the neighboring bridewell — "Hand-cuff your prisoner." your prisoner."
- Prisoner!" exclaimed

turning pale as death, rushing between Dorgan and the bridewell keeper "What prisoner? Why would you hand-cuff Dorgan, our best friend?"

"You would alter that opinion, Miss M'Loughlen," continued his worship, "if you knew that this young man was heard lost night to utter the most violent language. violent language against your fatherthe number of people living in his house—that he was heard to leave his bed during the night, in the house where he slept, to which he returned before morning and that now, to crown this medal,

dress, to be his own."
"An' if he couldn'
could," exclaimed the ir I saw it wit my own eye breast as he was going
"It is all a dream, able, impossible story, girl with passion: "I and tell them they belie and tell them
The circumstances
told you, my dear Per
while she hung or gan, while she hang the to gather from their n ings of life or death, did make those inquir in foolish anger agains friend—and that medal but yet, Pennie—Pennated as he felt the be coiling with an express uncertain horror from am innocent of this." "It cannot be," sai cannot be. Say—oh, l again that this it not

ain will burst if you "I love your happir irl." said Dorgan, lo much greater pity tha own fate, "and I love character also; but I and the truth I have t n forsake me now, a alone ?" he adde she struggled to free "Don't hold my Drag-plack me from beckoning

clergyman, and speak and terrified accents. and terrined accents.
what am I, poor cresay? Let go my hand
"I will not, till yo
off! Look in my face
call me your father'
can. I will not be to you cursed my memor name. I will hear fore your stir! An murderer?"
"Oh, Dorgan!"
in a tone of cruel and
what a question you
his murderer! W. his murderer !

pressed mine so tesame that sent the

brain? Were thos ported me so often li same that flung me the hard floor? It was praying, night many years, for you would the Almight merciful Father of at last only to wet of father's blood? H and inscrutable, but He tries His children still, Dorgan, there the murderer wore yours, and you can you are innocent. enough from you.
Dorgan, if I wrong ent I would be v under your feet, if instice done to my am I to think or do me, that loves you innocent, and my you are guilty; and think, that between heart will be broke She fell back, w grief, as-she spoke of a female desire of the Coror

state of insensib crowd, and into th Dorgan continue with an expression tion, pity, and ag look, until her f concealed from h the press after her If you have an respecting those seem to implica young man," said said are willing to hear Dorgan started all the indignant

capable of assuming athering within ast hour, and v time suddenly en "Have I any the claimed; "if y blinded, would no it unnecessary fo self even to a I ask you, gentle standing erect : wide as he looked pany with that eye, and cheek. great instructres stant infuse on a citement and en itself has ever "I ask you is it night of my arri after a long a with every this secure me happi remainder of my of such a creatu for all my suffer with the knowle me, and longe again-Iask yo would so cause the blood of tha my own hopes Is it possible? is that the ch was given to charging my di blood of a secr

> fellow-creature Trafalgar and light from an likely that I v the dark ?' The indig energy of ma spoke his de moments a pa for some tin possession of he had thus s

decks of the Vi

deck that was

of a coward.

white hairs of

when he lay glory—is it li