THE LAST IRISHMAN. (Transluted from the French of Elie Berthet, by C. M. O'Keeffe, for the Boston Pilot.) CHAPTER XIV.

(Continued.)

Lady Ellen preceded Richard to the staircase, while Angus followed Richard. They found Julia in her bed in her little room—her face and hands white and transparent as wax. Under that satin skin the blood had apparently forgotten to circulate, but a slight tincture of crimson still lingered on the once rosy lips, and a sparkle of guidly on her funeral pillow. feverish fire lighted up occasionally the beautiful eyes with unnatural lustre. The poor girl could move in the bed with a languid motion-slowly and painfully-her mind and her eyes alone retained real vitality. A single taper shed a dim and insufficient light in the room; and darkness seemed to curtain that form which was well nigh ready for the grave. An ivory crucifix, which had belonged to her mother, stood before the dying girl, and sanctified her agony. The nursetender, under the impression that Julia could not be rescued from death, sat in a distant part of the room as if to await the result. When Richard entered, Miss O'Byrne seemed to revive a little; her cheeks were suffused with a hectic blush:-she attempted to extend her transparent hand to him. "Richard"—she murmured—"Is this Richard! thank God. Heaven has heard my prayers?"
Notwithstanding his strength of mind, her bro-

ther found it impossible to restrain his feelings at this death-bed. Distracted with grief, he threw himself on his knees and exclaimed in a heartrending tone-" My poor sister | my dear Julia | will you not forgive me !" His sob hindered him from speaking. The dying girl made a feeble effort to rise, but unable to effect her purpose she extended her hand to take her brother's hand .-Am I not the happiest of women! What would have become of me, if God had not rescued me mony. But the mourners, including the two old from years of agony by calling me now to him-self!" She stopped to draw breath, exhausted by this short speech. "Richard," she continued,-"I had foreseen this solution, and sought yesterday to anticipate it by the commission of a crime, Heaven be praised I was saved from my before me. You whom I have loved, and whom effort, struggle, or convulsion whatever. She I still love, will pray for me, and I shall pray for was dead. Lady Ellen and her two companions you, and commiserate you in my turn." Richard was suffocated with grief-rendered

speechless by excessive emotion, and Lady Ellen who knelt beside him, burst into tears. A few steps in the rere, Angus appeared melancholy lessly approached the bed, and inclined her ear and calm. The priest, from the elevation of his to the body. After a moment's pause she raised piety, mastered the passions, and was maccessible her head. to the weakness of men. The dying girl seemed to take a pleasure in contemplating the two heads of the young persons kneeling side by side, so close to one another that their hair mingled.

"O, Richard, be a brother to my dear Ellen, her as you loved me. And you, Ellen, be a sister to Richard; console him when he is afflicted. I shall participate in your feelings as I look down on you from the skies."

With a spontaneous movement the two young people joined hands in compliance with the wish of the dying girl. But Lady Ellen quickly withdrew hers, and, rising suddenly, retired behind the curtain to conceal her emotion. Julia's eyes turned next upon Angus. " Approach, brother," said she, " and accept my last thanks for the good advice and affectionate care which you have bestowed upon my youth. If I have not always enjoyed the sweets of innocence and peace of mind it was not your fault; but I have still a duty to perform." She rose with pain and difficulty on her elbow,-" Richard and Angus," said she, addressing her two brothers : " the clouds that have risen between you must not grow darker when I am dead. Let me see you and myself will have to wash the corpse, and embrace before I die-it is my last wish. I beseech you in the name of our poor mother who loved us all with equal affection."

Richard appeared to hesitate; but Angus advanced to him full of emotion. "Richard," said he, "I have neither gall nor anger against you; Father O'Byrne, more familiar with the ancient if my past conduct has not obtained your approbation, I am ready to humble myself."

"Enough, brother," said Richard, returning at once to his natural generosity. "I would pardon my deadliest enemy, if Julia asked me; -then, why should I not pardon my brother. I, myself, I suppose, ought to ask his pardon."-They embraced with tears.

"Now I shall die in peace," said Julia, sinking anew upon her couch. She closed her eyes and remained for some moments motionless.

tone that she was scarcely audible, "farewell! low me." I feel that my hour is come?"

Angus immediately knelt down, and began to a transport of grief, " let me remain another morecite the "Recommendation for a Departing ment." Soul." All present joined in the prayer, even ment, the antipathies of Creed, and invoked the common Father of all in favor of her dying friend. The prayer had hardly commenced when shouts of joy, the discharge of fire-arms, and wild burras of triumph purst upon the ears and startled the hearts of the mourners Julia moved lan-

"My God! what noise is that?" asked Lady Ellen with involuntary terror.

An old woman, named Betty, the second nurse-tender, made her appearance at the door, and eagerly replied,

"The boys, glory be to God, are afther heating the soldiers at the Gap of the Good Messenger. - The great Count O'Byrne massacred them all; and they say, before the week is out there wont be a soldier left alive in Ireland."

"Silence, woman!" cried Richard, in an angry tone, "curses on the victory which breaks in upon our grief with its discordant shouts of

"And who are you?" cried the old woman, who would hinder the honest neighbors--?" At this moment a gleam of light fell upon the face of Richard O'Byrne.

"Oh, Lord!" cried the old woman, "is it himself that's in it—and is the dear young lady still alive?-Thank God I have come in time to cry the *keen*—"

With an imperious gesture Richard directed the terrified woman to retire to the end of the apartment. Betty hobbled down and seated herself beside Jenny, where both began to cackle with great animation. The prayers continuedprayers in which the two old women hastened to "Why, Richard," said she, while a half smile join. At intervals the cries of triumph, which played about her lips, "Why ask my pardon? were uttered by the villagers, rose again and again from the street, as if to disturb the cerewomen, groped around the bed-seemed insensible to those discordant clamors. At the moment when the priest pronounced the sacramental words—" Depart, Christian Soul," Julia's person was gently agitated by a slight tremor.

"I am going to see my mother," she murmurown despair, and thus enabled to put into the ed, as she opened her eyes again and fixed them calm port of death. Do not weep for me, my on her friends as if about to utter an adieu; then brother; for my happiness is enviable. I am she closed them a second time: the light breath now at peace with God and my fellow-creatures. which slightly heaved her gentle bosom diminish-In a few moments the gates of eternity will open ed gradually, and she finally expired without any anxiously contemplated the calm livid face, of which every muscle was motionless. The soul had quitted its earthly tabernacle: but they still doubted-they still watched. Old Jenny noise-

" All is over!" said she.

The fatal news was received with a burst of anguish. At the same time old Betty, who had shown a little before such odious insensibility, hastened to the window looking into the street, protect her when she needs assistance, and love and uttered a plaintive, sweet, and lugubrious cry which was heard at a great distance. This was the keen, or death-cry, (the ullaloo of the ancients.) The old woman repeated the funereal appeal several times. The moment she ceased the listening village became perfectly silent; the shouts of triumph were no longer heard; 'the boys" were doubtless eagerly inquiring what life was lost, or whose death was announced by this well-known signal. After a moment's nesitation a melancholy cry, responsive to the first, arose in the outskirts of the village; then other voices swelled the chorus, rising here and there at equal distances. Then the whole village seemed to lament; a melancholy concert of mourning and lamentation seemed to arise from the means of braving-" every quarter. Old Betty closed the window and approaceed the two brothers.

"The good neighbors," said she, " will be coming to the wake, please your honors; Jenny light the candles; and sure your honors wont grudge the drop of whiskey to fasten the life in the poor ould nurse-tenders."

Richard could not restrain a gesture of horror as he turned from the old woman in disgust; but customs of the Irish, gave some orders to old Betty, who immediately left the apartment .--Then he approached Richard and Ellen, who stood gazing at the dead, unable apparently to tear themselves away from its melancholy contemplation.

"Brother and you, Lady Ellen, must remain here no longer," said the priest, in a voice of blended authority and sweetness: "the room Lady Ellen with a sigh, "though it is repug-will be filled in a few moments with strangers.— nant to my own feelings, I must accept Mr. will be filled in a few moments with strangers.— Bid a last adieu to the terrestial tabernacle of "My friends!" she murmured, in so low a the friend who has ascended to heaven, and fol- diately; but is there any news of Lord Pow-

"Anous," exclaimed Richard, in a tone of

But Angus took them both by the hands, and, after permitting them successively to kiss the forehead of her who had been once Julia Q'-Byrne, led them into a parlor on the ground surrection." floor, and left them to fulfill the many duties which circumstances imposed upon both.

Richard and Lady Ellen threw themselves

carelessly on separate seats at some distance from each other. The young girl continued to sob, and utter words from time to time, suggested by the memory of her friend. Richard on the contrary neither wept nor spoke. With his head down and his eyes fixed on the floor, his grief was the deeper, as it found no relief in expression. A quarter of an hour passed in this way. At last Lady Ellen rose, put aside the ringlets that covered her face like a veil, approached the Colonel, and said in an affectionate tone,-

"Such grief as this may be excusable in a lady, but no family affliction, however calamitous, should overwhelm a brave soldier—a man of enterprise, who cherishes the gigantic project of delivering his country from the yoke of England."

Richard stood up, and his black eyes were fixed for a moment on the humid pupils of the young lady. He remaind silent, but shook his head with a bewildered air.

"Listen," said Lady Ellen, "she who has just died gave us both an advice: you are to give me protection, and I am to give you consolation when I see you overwhelmed with grief and affliction."

"Lady Ellen," interrupted Richard, "the sainted girl who has just died, added to her advice an additional recommendation: she recommended us to love one another, and, in spite of the numerous obstacles that separate us,-she divined the secret sentiments of my heart."

" As to me, Richard," replied the young lady, " the task which she imposed is not very difficult -before you had saved my life I liked you; and when I was abandoned by my relatives-by him to whom I ought to be the dearest object on earth, I was pleased to find in you a protector and a friend. Besides, I have appeciated the noble heroism of your soul-I measured the deep devotion you manifested during the terrible day that has just come to a close; and I am filled with admiration—I have said to myself, in this instance, as in many others, the race of Wingfield has no advantages in generosity and justice over that of O'Byrne-and thus, Richard, a task which Julia imposed on me cannot be very difficult."

"Do I not deceive myself?" said he at last. "Has not sorrow rendered me insane!-is it Lady Ellen who has uttered these words?"

"I have always been an odd creature," interrupted Lady Ellen, " unable to conceal my love or my hatred in conformity with the prescriptions of the world—a spoild child, constantly surrounded with inferiors and flatterers, can seldom learn dissimulation .- But if I speak now with frankness, Richard, it is in conformity with the wishes of your sister, who affianced us on her death-bed and this betrothment is as sacred as if it took place in a temple before a priest of your religion or a minister of mine,—heaven has been witness

The Colonel seized the hand of Lady Ellen, and pressed it against his breast.

"The object of Julia," said he, "was to put an end to the quarrels which, during ages, separated our respective families. May her will be accomplished. I promise you, for my part, to employ all my efforts to produce a reconciliation, so far at least as my duty to my country, my honor, and myself will permit me. Should this reconciliation become impossible, we shall find

"For my part," replied Lady Ellen, "that I shall never accept any other husband than Richard O'Byrne! Sainted shade of Julia O'Byrne, hear and receive this promise."

In the conversation which followed this pledge they forgot the present and the past-the future alone occupied them. When Angus entered the room he did not appear surprised to see the young people sitting beside with their hands interlaced.

"Lady Ellen,', said the priest in a melancholy tone, "my house must make you very sad—the scenes of death and desolation are not suited to a lady of your birth and disposition-let me implore you to accept the proposal of Parson Bruce. He offers you a retreat in the bosom of his family—your own happiness and the gloom that reigns in this house of mourning-"

"I understand you, Mr. O'Byrne," replied Bruce's offer-I shall repair to his house imme-

that, at an early hour this morning, he met two resist, was directed to march on Wicklow. At cavaliers riding in a northern direction, whose appearance corresponds with that of Lord Powappearance corresponds with that of Lord Powpoor Lady Ellen, reared in feelings of antipathy melancholy expostulation, "I shall never see her erscourt and of the individual who accompanies to the Catholic ritual, torgot at this solemn mo- again!" well mounted and going at a rapid pace, they are, in all probability, sheltered in the city by this Richard O'Byrne was aware of the dangers time, and quite safe from the dangers of the in-

"Thank Heaven!" said Lady Ellen with bitterness; the heroic sacrifice of Lord Powershis own safety, has been of some use. As to the other person whom you allude to, his fate is of little importance." After a moment's silence she added-" Do you intend, Colonel, to remain in this village until your sister's funeral?"

"I hope my brother," cried Father Angus, "will assist in waking our beloved sister. I bosom to the exclusion of the natural affections."

Richard was about to reply, when Jack Gunn, covered with dust and perspiration, rushed into the parlor.

"I am just come from the mountains, yer honor," said the old trumpeter, making the military salute. "Would you please to hear my report?"

Colonel O'Byrne led Gunn into the embrasure of the window; they spoke in a low tone, while Daly, who entered meantime, condoled with the priest on his family misfortune. Richard turned, approached and said-

"Brother Angus, and Lady Ellen, it is impossible for me to spend more time at the obsequies of my sister. I must depart at once—the regular troops, who were beaten to-day, have since rallied and are preparing, under the cover of night, to force their way into the valley. The fate of our cause depends very probably on the first success of our arms. But it would be a crime on my part to abandon those, in the present crisis, whom I myself have urged to take arms. I shall do my best to reconcile the duties of a patriot to those of a brother. On what day will the funeral take place?"

"It would violate the prejudices of my parishioners if the funeral took place in less than

quences be what they may. If I fail in keeping now pray for Julia."

After exchanging some words with Gunn and Daly, he turned to his brother and embraced him. "Farewell, Angus," said he, in a tone of emotion; "let me hope that when we meet again we shall be of one heart and one mind." "May heaven hear the aspiration, Richard," said Angus, shaking him cordially by the hand.

Then ColonelO'Byrne approached Lady Ellen. "Farewell, my sister," he murmured in a tone so low that no one heard it but herself; "farewell, my betrothed | I have received your promise, and shall keep my own to the last moment of Glendalaugh, and broke down the bulwark of

"Richard! my Richard!" Lady Ellen replied in a tremor, "your words make me tremble !-Is it possible—is there a chance that we shall never meet again?"

"I shall return, Lady Ellen. if possible, to accomplish the last wishes of my sister." He kissed her hand, saluted Angus, and rush-

ed out of the room. CHAPTER XV.

During the three days which followed Julia's death, the tide of fortune turned against the cause, of which O'Byrne was one of the chiefs. The rebellion, which commenced so formidably where O'Byrne was present, failed in the neighboring counties where inferior intellects had a command. The vigilance of the English authorities, who were informed of the complet by means of spies, and the hesitation of certain aristocratic conspirators, whose courage failed at the decisive moment;—the loyalty of the Repealers who were devoted to pacific agitation, especially the Catholic priests, had paralyzed the insurrection in every other part of Ireland. In addition to all this, a political fact of great importance disheartened the patriots. The French and English governments, according to the newspapers, were suddenly reconciled; it was difficult for Ireland, garrisoned by Ulster Orangemen, held down by the English army, and perfectly accessible to the English fleet, to resist the British Empire, if unaided by the greatest the heads of the patriots were hung in despair. rapidly fading from the sky.

Owing to the absence of a vigorous propagand— In the absence of eye-sight, the power hear-Owing to the absence of a vigorous propagand-ism in the mountain districts, Ireland remained calm, mute, and sullen. As soon as the insurdiately; but is there any news of Lord Powerscourt?"

"Your reverence," murmured Lady Ellen in diately; but a peasant informs me with the government hastened to extinguish it in are welcome!"

"Nothing certain; but a peasant informs me wicklow; an army, which it was impossible to the country generally, stood up—"you are the government hastened to extinguish it in are welcome!"

"Tour reverence," murmured Lady Ellen in "Nothing certain; but a peasant informs me

communicating with foreign countries. Hemmed in on every side, the rebels had no resource but to die in battle or surrender to their oppressors. which surrounded him, yet he continued to struggle with an energy worthy of a better fate.-Though every moment brought him bad news, he still noned that his example would animate his court, who forsook his daughter to provide for fellow-chiefs, and inspire the rebels with courage to strike a vigorous blow. Some event, some accident, some unexpected occurrence, some miracle in short, might save the cause of Ireland. He was determined to hold out to the fast, hoping Providence would finally interpose in behalf of the oppressed. Accordingly, he fought like a lion in the mountains, and communicated his hope revolutionary projects do not occupy his ardor to the handful of peasants and outlaws who obeyed him. Every day he disturbed the regular troops by sudden attacks and unexpected skirmishes—a guerilla warfare—which left them no repose; and the deeds of Feach Mac-Hugh were renewed in the same mountains by the lineal descendant of that heroic opponent of Elizabeth; but the government were not content to attack him face to face with the arms of courtesy. They knew that he was the soul of the insurrection; they aimed at the destruction of the man who had produced such effects in so short a time by military stratagems, and intrepidity so audacious. A considerable reward was offered for the capture of O'Byrne, alive or dead; placards were distributed far and wide, copies of which reached the rebel camp. Some of Richard's companions might yield to this temptation. He continued, nevertheless, to act with the utmost fearlessness, and appeared to repose the fullest confidence in all who approached him; he confided in the feeling of religious patriotism, which subsists indestructibly in Irish hearts, even when most degraded by oppression and ground by misery. As to the handful of vile miscreants whom English gold might tempt to violate their oaths, he knew they were cowards, and did not fear them. Nevertheless, white he seemed to multiply himself in face of the enemy, discouragement and despair began to creep into and cow the hearts of his partizans; "Well," replied Richard, in a serious tone, partial successes failed to bring him additional "I shall return in three days, let the conse- recruits. On the contrary, desertions from his ranks were daily increasing. Feeling the mutilmy word I must then be either dead or a pri- ity of compromising themselves any further, the soner; and my friends will pray for me as they peasants, one by one, skulked back to their cabins, hid their arms; and, according to custom, honed to escape the vengeance of power by denying all participation in the abortive rebellion. In this way, none remained around O'Byrne, excent outlaws and criminals, whose normal condition was one of war against government. These were certainly the most daring and the most suited to mountain warfare; but they roined the moral character of the insurrection. Thus, owing to the paucity of his partizans, in spite of prodigies of valor on the part of the rebels, the regular troops fought their way into the valley the rebellion.

Such was the state of things on the eve of the day appointed for the funeral of Julia O'Byrne; it seemed perfectly impossible that Richard could keen his promise: that very morning he sustained a bloody conflict with an English detachment. at a considerable distance from the village, which reduced O'Byrne to dreadful extremities .-Every one was certain that he would not appear at the funeral, especially as the camp of the soldiers was visible from the town.

The evening of that day, a little after sunset, Daly was seated as usual before the ruins of Lady's Church. In this place, every corner of which was known to him, the blind man had no need of a guide. Accordingly, he had dismissed his little conductor for the evening; and whilst the scamp was playing carelessly with the children of the village, Daly could give himself to the melancholy reflections, suggested to his mind by the subversion of his hopes.

His quick ear caught the sound of a female toot approaching, and immediately afterwards, a female voice exclaimed-" Good evening, Mr.

Daly." He turned his sightless orbs in the direction of the sound, as if expecting to penetrate the cloud which darkened them for years: but if they possessed the faculty of vision, he would not have been able to descry the features of his visitor .-She and her companion—for there were two -were carefully hooded and mantled in those Catholic power of the continent: Hope expired large blue cloaks which are common in the in-in Irish hearts; and hands which brandished the terior of the country. Besides the twilight was pike or loaded the rifle became paralyzed, and darkening into night, and the last tints of sunset

ing enabled Daly to distinguish his visitor:

"Is this Lady Ellen, then!" he asked, as he stood up-"you are welcome, Lady Ellen-you.

(To be continued.)