Oh! Blame Not the Bard. BY THOS. MOORE.

Oh! blame not the bard, if he fly to the bowers,
Where Pleasure lies, carelessly smiling at
Fame;
He was born for much more, and in happier He was born for much more, and in happier hours

His soul might have burn'd with a holier

flame. The string, that now languishes loose o'er the lyre,
Might have bent a proud bow to the warrior's dart;
And the lip, which now breathes but the song
of desire,
Might have pour'd the full tide of a patriot's
heart.

But alas for his country !-her pride is gone

by,
And that spirit is broken, which never
would bend;

Per the ruin her children in secret must
sigh. sigh, For the treason to love her, and death to defend.
Unprized are her sons, till they've learn'd to beiray;
Undistinguish'd they live, if they shame not their sires;

not their sires; And the torch that would light them thro' dignity's way. Must be eaught from the pile where their country expires. Then blame not the bard, if in pleasure's soft

The manner of the contribution of the contribu couple of pigs, and "the ould cabin," which consisted of four mud-walls, covered with thatch, in which was an opening, "to let in the day-light, an' to let out the smoke." In the interior there was no division, or separate apartment, as the one room con-tained their cooking materials, and all other necessaries, besides their bed, which was placed close to the fire, and, of course, nearly under the opening in the roof. If any one spoke to Owen about the chances of rain coming down to where they slept, his universal answer was, "Shure, we're naither shugar nor salt, any how; an' a dhrop ov rain, or a thrifle ov wind, was niver known to do anybody harm—barrin it brought the typhus; bud God's good, an' ordhers all for the best." Owen had been brought up in this way, and so, as he could live by his labor, he never thought of needless luxuries; and Ellen, seeing him con-

tented, was so herself. For some months previous to the time of which we write, Owen's affairs had been gradually getting worse and worse; and it was with no pleasing anticipations that he looked forward to his approaching renthe looked forward to his approaching rent-day. His uneasiness he studiously kept a secret from his wife, and worked away, seemingly with as much cheerfulness as ever, hoping for better days, and trusting in Providence! However, when within a week of the time that he expected a call from the agent, he found that, with all his industry, he had been only able to muster five-and-twenty shillings, and his rent was about five pounds. So, after a good deal of painful deliberation, he thought of sell-ing his single cow, thinking that by reing his single cow, thinking that by re-doubled exertion he might after awhile be enabled to repurchase her; forgetting that before the cow was sold was really the time to make the exertion. A circumstance that greatly damped his ardor in this design was the idea of his wife's not acquiescing in it; and one evening as they sat together by the light of the wood and

turf fire, he thus opened his mind:—
"Ellen, asthore, its myself that's sorry I haven't a fine large cabin, an' a power o' money, to make you happier an' comfort-

abler than you are."
"Owen," she interrupted, "den't you "Owen," she interrupted, "den't you know I'm very happy? an' didn't I often tell you, that it was the will of Providence that we shud be poor? So its sinful to be wishin' for riches

"But, Ellen, acushla, its growin' worse wid us every day an' I'm afeard the throuble is goin' to come on us. You know how hard the master's new agint is—how he sould Paddy Murphy's cow, an' turned him out, bekase he couldn't pay his rint; an' I'm afeard I'll have to sell Elled Park! to versit his dein' the sould 'Black Bess,' to prevint his doin' the same

wid us." ".
"Well, Owen, agra, we mustn't murmur "Well, Owen, agra, we mustn't murmur for our disthresses, so de whatever you think right—times won't be always as they are now."
"Bud, Ellen," said he, "you're forget-"
"Bud, Ellen," said he, "you're forget-"
I wint through a dale ov hardship, an'I

tin' how you'll miss the dhrop ov milk, an' the bit of fresh butther, for whin we accused ov so black a crime."

an' the bit of fresh butther, for whin we part wid the poor baste, you won't have even thim to comfort you."
"Indeed, an' iv I do miss them, Owen," she answered, "shure its no matther, considherin' the bein' turned out ov one's home into the world. Remember the ould eavin', or, fout on two acids always chuse.

home into the world. Remember the ould sayin' ov, 'out ov two evils always chuse the laste;' an' so, darlint, jist do whatever you think is fur the best."

After this conversation, it was agreed on by both that Owen should set out the next day but one for the town, to try and dispose of the "cow, the crathur;" and although poverty had begun to grind them a little, still they had enough to eat, and slept tranquily. However, it so happened, that the very morning on which he had appointed to set out, "Black Bess" was seized for a long arrear of a tax that had appointed to set out, "Black Bess" was seized for a long arrear of a tax that had not been either asked or paid there for some time, and driven off, with many others belonging to his neighbors, to be Now, you must know, good reader, that there is a feeling interwoven, as it were, in the Irish nrture, that will doggedly resist anything that it conceives in the slightest or most remote degree oppres-sive or unjust; and that feeling then com-

owen ministry, with safe joyany claimed:

"Oh, heaven be praised, yer come back at last, to give the lie to all their reports, an' to prove yer innocence."

"Ellen, my darlint," he answered, "I knew you'd be glad to get me back," and he kissed, again and again, her burning lips; "but what do you mane, acushla?—What reports do you spake ov, an' ov what am I accused?"

"Oh, thin, Owen, I'm glad you didn't even hear ov id; an' the poliss here,

even hear ov id; an' the poliss here, sarchin' the house to make you pres'ner. Shure, avick, Billy Daly, the procthor, that seized poor Black Bess, was murdhered the very morning you went to shoot the hares; an' on account ov yer borryin' the gun, an' threatenin' him the day ov the sale, they say it was you that done id; bud I gev thim all the lie, fur I knew you war invesent. Now Owen a bague you oud I gev thum all the lie, fur I knew you wer innocent. Now, Owen, a hagur, you look tired; sit down, an' I'll get you somethin' to ate. Och, bud I'm glad that yer returned safe!"

The overjoyed wife soon heaped fresh turf on the fire, and partly blowing, partly fanning it into a flame, hung a large iron pot over it, from a hook firmly fixed in pot over it, from a nook firmly lated in the wall. While these preparations were going forward, Owen laid aside his rough outside coat, and going to the door, looked out, as if in irresolution.

out, as if in irresolution.

"Ellen," at length, said he, turning suddenly round, "I'm thinkin' that I'd betther go to the poliss barrack an' surrindher—or rather, see what they have to say agin me; as I'm an innocent man, I've no dhread; an' if I wait 'till they come a' table he is i'll belo as it I was food." an' take me, it'll look as iv I was afeard.

"Thrue fur you, agia," she answered; "bud its time enough yit a bit—no one knows ov yer bein' here. You look slaved, an' had betther rest yerself, an' ate a pratee or two. I have no milk ov my own to offer you now, but I'll go an' thiy an' get a dhrop from a neighbor."

When Ellen returned with a little wooden noggin full, her husband was sit-ting warming his hands over the fire; and it was then she recollected that he had not brought back the gun with him; besides, when she cast a glance at his clothes, they were soiled with mud and clay, and torn in many places. But these circumstances did not for a moment operate in her mind against him, for she knew from the very manner of his first question, and the in nocence of his exclamation, that the accusations and suspicions were all false. Even though he had not attempted to explain the cause of his protracted absence, she felt conscious that it was not guilt, and

accused ov so black a crime."

"Och, shure enough, Owen, darlint; but
I hope it 'ill be all fur the best. I little
thought I'd see the day that you'd be suspected ov murther."

"Well, Ellen, aroon, all's in it is, it can't

be helped. Bud, as I was sayin'—whin I left this, I cut acrass by Shemus Doyle's, an' up into the mountain, where I knew the hares were coorsin' about in plenty. I shot two or three ov thim; an' as night. I shot two or three ov thim; an' as night began to fall, I was thinkin' ov comin' home, whin I heerd the barkin' ov a dog a little farther up, in the wild part, where I niver venthured afore. I dunna what prompted me to folly id; bud, anyhow, I did, an' wint on farther an' farther. Well, Ellen, agra, I at last came to a deep valley, full up a'most ov furze an' brambles, an' I seen a black thing runnin' down the edge ov id. It was so far off, I thought it was a hare, an' so I lets fly, an' it rowled over an' over. Whin I dhrew it rowled over an' over. Whin I dhrew near, what was it bud a purty black spaniel; near, what was it bud a purty black spatiet; an' you may be shure, I was sorry fur shootin' it, an' makin' such a mistake. I lays down my gun, an' takes id in my arms, an' the poor crathur licked the hand that shot id. Thin suddenly, there

turned round, and raised her tearful eyes to question the intruder. She sprang forward, and hung on his neck (for it was Owen himself), while she joyfully exclaimed:—

Toward, Enten's emotions were most agontizing. She stared wildly at the magistrate and the two witnesses; and as the evidence was proceeded with, she sometimes hastily put back her hair, as if she thought she were under the influence of a dream. But when his final committal was nade out, and her mind glanced rapidly at the concurrent testimony, and the danger of Owen, she rushed forward, and flinging

er arms around him, wildly exclaimed "They sha'n't part us—they sha'n't tea "They sha'n't part us—they sha in t tear us as under! No, no, Owen, I will go wid you to preson! Oh, is id come to this wid us!—You to be dhragged from home, accused ov murdher—and I—I—Father of marcies, keep me in my sinses—I'm goin' mad—wild, wild, mad!"

"Ellen!" said Owen, gently unwinding her arms, and kissing her forehead, while a scalding tear fell from his eye on her cheek—"Ellen, asthore machree! don't be a scalang cheek—"Ellen, asthore machree covercome. There's a good girl, dhry yer eyes. That God that knows I'm guiltless, afe through all. May his eyes. That God that knows I'm Sunday, sill bring me safe through all. May his blessin' be on you, my poor colleen, till we meet again! You know you can come we meet again! You know you can come an' see me. Heaven purtect you, Ellen,

When he was finally removed, she seemed to lose all power; but for the arm of a bystander would have fallen to the ground. It was not without assistance that she was

t length enabled to reach her cabin. It is strange how man's feelings and owers are swayed by outward circumances, and how his pride and strength stances, and how his pride and strength may be entirely overcome by disheartening appearances! So it was with Owen, although constantly visited in prison by his faithful wife—although conscious of his own innocence—and although daily receiving assurances of hope from a numerous circle of friends—yet still his spirit drooped; the gloom of imprisonment, the idea of danger, the ignominy of public ex-ecution, and all the horrors of innocent conviction, gradually wore away his men-tal strength; and when the assizes time approached, he was but a thin shadow of the former bluff, healthy Owen Duncan. In so short a time as this, care and harrowing thought exhibit its influence on

the human frame! heavenly morning than that which ushered in the day of trial. The court-house ed in the day of trial. The court-house was crowded to suffocation, the mob outside fearfully numerous, and never before, perhaps, was Ennis in such a state of feverish excitement. Daly's murder was as nought in the minds of all, in comparison with Duncan's accusation. Alas! the former was an occurrence of too frequent repetition, to be very much thought of; but the latter—namely, Owen's being suspected—was a subject of the extremest wonder. His former high character—his native of the town, in some measure counted for this latter feeling; and there was an inward conviction in most men's

minds that he was guiltless of the crime minds that he was guilless of the crime for which he was accused. Although the court-house was crowded, yet when the prisoner was called to the bar a pin could be heard to drep in any part of the place. There was a single female figure leaning on the arm of an aged and silver-haired, though hale and hearty man, within a few feet of the dock; and as the prisoner adfeet of the dock; and as the prisoner advanced, and laying his hand on the railing, confronted the judges and the court, she slowly raised the hood of the cloak, in which she was completely muffled, and gazed long and carnestly on his face. There was in that wistful look a fear—a hope—an undying tenderness; and when his eye not here, was a proud yet soft and met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and met hers, there was a proud, yet soft and warm expression in its glance, that reas-sured her sinking heart. As she looked round on the court, and the many strange faces, and all the striking paraphernalia of justice, a slight shudder crept silently over her frame, and she clung closer to her companion, as if to ask for all the protec-tion he sould affect. It was Ellen and her tion he could afford. It was Ellen and he father, who came, the former summoned as a witness, and the latter to accompany and support the daughter of his age

eart.
Duncan was arraigned; and on being

answered:—
"Oh, yis! yis! my lord, I can. He was in the mountains shootin' wid Phil Doran's gun, an' he was sazed by some men, that made him stop wid thim, an' take an' oath not to revale who they wor,' an' they thrated him badly; so, afther three days he made his escape, an' come home to the cabin, whin he was taken by the poliss."

"One word more, and you may go down

What was done with the gun?" The judge's hard and unmoved tone of voice seemed to bring misgiving to her mind, and she trembled from head to foot s she falteringly answered:—
"The wild boys in the mountain kep' it,

my lord, an' so he couldn't bring id home wid him. But indeed, my lord, indeed, he's innocent—I'll swear he never done id! Fur, oh! iv you knew the tindherness ov his heart—he that niver hurt a fiy!

Don't be hard on him, for the love ov marcy, an' I'll pray for you night an'

This was the last question she was asked, This was the last question she was asked, and having left the table, and regained her former position by her father's side, she listened with moveless, motionless intensity to the judge's "charge." He recapitulated the evidence—dwelt on the strong circumstances that seemed to be need his guilt—space of the mountful speak his guilt—spoke of the mournful increase of crime—of laws, and life, at property being at stake—and finally clos nis address with a sentence expressive of the extreme improbability of the prisoner's defence; for he, on being asked if he had anything further to say, replied in the negative, only asserting, in the most solemn manner, his innocence of the

The jury retired, and Ellen's hard, short The jury retired, and Ellen's hard, short breathing alone told that she existed. Her head was thrown back, her lips apart, and slightly quivering, and her eyes fixedly gazing on the empty box, with an anxious and wild stare of hope and suspense. Owen's face was very pale, and his lips livid—there was the slightest perceptible emotion about the muscles of his mouth, but his ave quality has a his broad brow but his eye quailed not, and his broad brow had the impress of an unquenched spirit as firmly as ever on its marble front quarter of an hour elapsed, and still the same agonizing suspense; another, and the jury returned not—five minutes, and they re-entered. Ellen's heart beat as if they re-entered. Ellen's heart beat as if it would burst her bosom; and Owen's pale cheek became a little more flushed, and his eyes full of anxiety. The foreman, in a measured, feelingless tone, pronounced the word "Guilty!" and a thrill of horror passed through the entire court, while that sickness which agonizes the very depths of the soulconvulsed Owen's face, with a momentary masm. and he face with a momentary spasm, and he faltered, "God's will be done." The judge slowly drew on the black cap, and still Ellen moved not—it seemed as if the very blood within her veins was frozen, and that her life's pulses no more could ex-

ecute their functions! No man, however brave or hardened, can view the near ap-proach of certain death, and be unmoved; and as that old man, in trenulous tones, uttered the dread flat of his fate, Owen's uttered the dread fiat of his fate, Owen's eyes seemed actually to sink within his head—the veins of his brow swelled and grew black, and his hands grasped the iron rail that surrounded the dock, as though he would force his fingers through it. When all was over, and the fearful cap drawn off, Ellen seemed only then to awake to consciousness. Her eyes slowly oversed to the fullest extent—their caprass. opened to the fullest extent—their expression of despair was absolutely frightful—a low, gurgling, half-choking sob forced itself from between her lips, and ere a hand could be outstretched to save her, she fell, could be outstretched to save her, she fell, as if quickly dashed to the ground by no mortal power—her piercing shriek of agony ringing through the court-house, with a fearful, prolonged cadence.

Evening approached, and the busy crowd of idlers had passed away, some to brood over what they had seen, and others to brood over what they had seen, and others to brood over what they had seen and others to brood over what they had seen and others to be seen as the same and the same as t

toforget, in the bustle of life, that then were woes and miseries in the hearts of their fellow-beings. Owen was remanded to prison, a his execution was not to take place till the commission was over, thus

which she surveryed the sentinels pacing up and down, it was evident that her mind but little accorded with the scenes by which she was surrounded. She slowly and fearfully entered the wide courtyard—a flood of light was streaming from the windows of the vice-regal decellar. the windows of the vice-regal dwelling, and a crowd of idlers steed round about, and a crowd of idlers steod round about, viewing the entrance of the visitors, for it appeared as if there was a revel of some kind going on. Ellen's heart sank within her, as she heard the carriages rolling and dashing across the pavement, for she felt that amid the bustle of company and splendor her poor appeal might be entirely unnoticed. As she waited, she saw save and of the pavents as sampled thrust several of the persons assembled thrust rudely back by the soldiers that were on ruard, and when she advanced a step of guard, and when she savanced a sep-two for the purpose of entering, a brute in human shape pushed her with a blow of the end of his musket back against the illar. He was about to repeat his nce, when the poor creature fell on her nees before him, and screamed :—
"Sojer, darlin', don't stop me!

' in to plade for my husband's life, and shure you won't prevint me? I've thravelled many a wairy mile to get here in time; an' oh! fur marcy's sake, let me pass.

At this moment the carriage of the ec-At this moment the carriage of the eccentric and beautiful Lady—, one of the wildest, strangest, and best-hearted females of the Irish court, set down its lovely burden. She had seen the whole transaction of the sentinel, and heard Ellen's pathetic appeal, and her heart was instantly moved in her favor, for the example of fashion had not yet frozen up its finer feelings. Partly through the workings of a softened heart, and partly o make what was then all scene of sensation, she resolved instantly to get her admitted to the presence of th Duke—nay, to present her herself. Sh was well known to be a favorite, and whatever whim of hers took place, no matte how extravagant, was sure to meet his hearty concurrence. She desired Ellen to rise and follow her; and the poor creature's eyes streamed with tears as she invoked a fervent blessing on the head of her lovely protectress. While passing up the grand staircase, amid the wondering gaze and suppresed titter of many a pam-pered menial, she instructed her how to proceed; and having received a hasty account of all, and desired her not to b her not to be faint-hearted, she turned to the simpering master of the ceremonies to tell him of her "dear, delightful freak;" there was a glad smile on her lip, and a glowing crim-son on her cheek, but still there was a glistening moisture in her fine eyes, that old of soft womanish feelings.

and ennui, on the splendid group around him. The glitter of the lights, the lustre of the jewels, and the graceful waving of the many-colored plumes, gave everything a courtly, sumptuous appearance, and the air was heavy with odors, the fragrant offering of many a costly exotic. grant offering of many a costly exotic. Suddenly every eye was turned on the door with wonder and astonishment and every voice was hushed as Lady—entered, her checks blushing from excitement, and her eye bright with anticipated triumph. She led the poor and humbly-clad Ellen by the hand, who dared not look up, but with her gaze riveted on the splendid carpet, was brought like a tomaton to the feet of the Duke, where she mechanically kuelt down.

ton to the feet of the Duke, where she mechanically knelt down.

"Will yer Excillincy be plazed," began Lady —, playfully mimicking the brogue, "to hear this poor crathur's complaint. Her husband has been condemned to die for a murdher he didn't commit, by no manner ov manes, as the sayin' is; an' as there was a strong recommindation to marey, and (in an undertone) your Excilmarcy, and (in an undertone) your Excil

marcy, and (in an undertone) your Excilliney knows you want thim?"

The Duke seemed a little bewildered,
as if he could not make out what it meant,
and the glittering crowd now all surrounded
the group; when Ellen, who had ventured
to look timidly up, conceiving that the
Duke hesitated about the pardon, (poor
creature! she little knew that he had not
aven, heard of Owen's trial), eagedy

Owen was immediately realeased, and a subscription raised for him, with which, as well with a weighty purse presented to Ellen by Lady —, he took a comfortable farm, and rebought "Black Bess."

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Fresh meat beginning to sour will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night.

As much nitrate of soda as can be taken up between the forefinger and thumb put in the glass every time the water is chang-ed will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight.

GALETTE.—Take one pound each of butter and flour, a little salt, and two eggs, knead the whole together into a paste; roll it not more than an inch in thickness, and make it in the size of a dessert-plate. Then put it in the oven for a quarter of an hour; take it out, beat up two eggs with a little cream and some salt, pour it over the cake, and return it to the oven, or, if you please, ornament the back with candied citron.

Cooking Meats.—It is a common prac tice of cooks, and often of those who are called good housekeepers, to sprinkle salt all over meat when just ready to be put all over meat when just ready to be put over the fire. Now, to salt any meat before it is well heated through—or, better still, half-cooked—will injure very materially the best ever sold in market, and certainly quite spoil a poor article, no matter whether it is steak, roas, or stew. It will harden the fibres, toughen the meat all through, extract the best part of the juice, make it very injurious to the stomach, and give no pleasure to the stomach, and give no pleasure to the

To Boil Onions.—There is a great deal of prejudice against this most wholesome of all vegetables. Take two quarts of onions, peel them carefully; wash and put in two quarts of cold water; when it has boiled up twice, change the water, and replace with the same quantity of boiling water; add two table-spoonfuls of salt, and boil again until the onions are tender; the length of time onions require to cool depends upon the condition of the onion; if in summer, when fresh, they take from one-half to three-fourths of an hour; in winter, from one to one and a half hours; when boiling is finished, put in a colander and allow them to drain thoroughly; for the sauce take a tablespoonful of flour, a the sauce take a tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoonful of butter, and mix them thoroughly, beating them to a cream; a saltspoon of salt, half of white pepper, a pint of milk, and one-half pint of water; boil the milk and water, pour it over the butter and flour and they seek the salts. The Duke was sitting on a chair of crimson velvet; a cushion of the same costly material supported his feet; and he was looking, with an appearance of apathy