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THE FOSTER-BROTHER'S REVENGE.

HARDRESS FITZGERALD.

Some years ago, says the Sunday Times, there appeared in that popular periodical, the Dublin University Magazine, a narrative of the singular adventures of Hardress Fitzgerald, an eminent Irish Royalist, who contrived to elude the strictest search for his person after the battle of the Boyne had all but annihilated his party. The narrative, from which we propose to make a short extract, purports to be written by the hero himself, and commences with an amusing account of his living in disguise in Dublin. It then proceeds to state that, becoming anxious to join the wreck of King James's forces in Limerick, he ventured on travelling across the country as a pedler; how, while on his way, he had an interview with General Sarsefield, and received from him certain papers to convey to the unhappy royalists; after which, on pursuing his journey, he had the misfortune to fall into the hands of some soldiers, and was brought before Captain Oliver, a leader in the ranks of his opponents. At this point we shall allow him to tell his story in his own words, which give one a fearful idea of the cruelties committed at that disastrous period in Ireland:

"Unbuckle your pack," exclaimed the corporal. "Unbuckle your pack, fellow, and show your goods to the captain—here where you are."

I proceeded to present my merchandise to the loving contemplation of the officers, who thronged around me with a strong light from an opposite window. As I continued to traffic with these gentlemen, I observed with no small anxiety the eyes of Captain Oliver frequently fixed upon me with a kind of dubious inquiring gaze. "I think, my honest fellow," he said at last, "that I have seen you somewhere before this. Have you often dealt with the military?"

"I have traded, sir," said I, "with the soldiery many a time, and always been honorably treated. Will your worship please to buy a pair of ruffles?—very cheap, your worship."

"Why do you wear your hair so much over your face, sir?" said Oliver, without noticing my suggestions. "I promise you, I think no good of you: throw back your hair, and let us see you plainly. Hold up your face, and look straight at me; throw back your hair, sir!"

I felt that all chance of escape was at an end, and stepping forward as near as the table would allow me to him, I raised my head, threw back my hair, and fixed my eyes sternly and boldly upon his face. I saw that he knew me instantly, for his countenance turned as pale as ashes with surprise and hatred: he started up, placing his hand instinctively upon his sword-hilt, and glaring at me with a look so deadly, that I thought every moment he would strike his sword in to my heart. He said in a kind of whisper: "Hardress Fitzgerald!"

"Yes," said I boldly, for the excitement of the scene had effectually stirred my blood, "Hardress Fitzgerald is before you. I know you well, Captain Oliver. I know how you hate me—I know how you thirst for my blood; but, in a good cause, and in the hands of God, I defy you."

"You are a desperate villain, sir," said Captain Oliver, "a rebel and a murderer! Hallo there, guard, seize him."

As the soldiers entered, I throw my eyes hastily round the room, and observing a glowing fire upon the hearth, I suddenly drew General Sarsefield's packet from my bosom, and casting it upon the embers, planted my foot upon it. "Secure the papers!" shouted the captain; and almost instantly I was laid prostrate and senseless upon the floor by a blow from the butt-end of a carbine.

I cannot say how long I continued in a state of torpor; but at length, having slowly recovered my senses, I found myself lying firmly handcuffed upon the floor of a small chamber, through a narrow loophole in one of whose walls the evening sun was shining. I was chilled with cold and damp, and drenched in blood, which had flowed in large quantities from the wound on my head. By a strong effort, I shook off the sick drowsiness which still hung upon me, and weak and giddy, I rose, with pain and difficulty to my feet. The chamber, or rather cell, in which I stood, was about eight feet square, and of a height very disproportioned to its other dimensions—its altitude from the floor of the ceiling being not less than twelve or fourteen feet. A narrow slit, placed high in the wall, admitted a scanty light, but sufficient to assure me that my prison contained nothing to render the sojourn of its tenant whit less comfortless than my worst enemy could have wished. My first impulse was naturally to examine the security of the door—the loophole which I have mentioned being too high and too narrow to afford a chance of escape. I listened attentively to ascertain, if possible, whether or not a guard had been placed upon the outside. Not a sound was to be heard.

I now placed my shoulder to the door, and sought to burst it open—but, baffled in my appeal to more animal power, exausted and disheartened, I threw myself on the ground. It was not in my nature, however, long to submit to the apathy of despair, and in a few minutes I was on my feet again. With patient scrutiny I endeavord to ascertain the nature of the fastenings which secured the door. The planks fortunately having been nailed together fresh, had shrunk considerably, so as to leave wide chinks between each and its neighbor. By means of these apertures, I saw that my dungeon was secured, not by a lock as I had feared, but by a strong wooden bar, running horizontally across the door, about midway upon the outside.

[Contriving to make an opening, he reaches the doors of the apartment in which he had been seized, and overhears an order given by Oliver for his execution, which he declared should take place in the evening ere the moon arose.]

There was a kind of glee in Oliver's manner and expression which chilled my very heart. "He shall be first shot like a dog, and then hanged like a dog—shot to-night, and hung to-morrow—hung at the bridge-head—hung until his bones drop asunder!" It is impossible to describe the exultation with which he seemed to dwell upon, and to particularise, the fate which he intended for me. A chill, sick horror crept over me as they retired, and I felt, for the moment, upon the brink of swooning. This feeling, however, speedily gave place to a sensation still more terrible—a state of excitement, so intense and tremendous as to border upon literal madness, supervened; my brain reeled and throbbed as if it would burst; thoughts, the wildest and the most hideous, flashed through my mind with a spontaneous rapidity that scared my very soul; while, all the time, I felt a strange and frightful impulse to burst into uncontrolled laughter. Gradually this fearful paroxysm passed away. I kneeled and prayed fervently, and felt comforted and assured; but still I could not view the slow approaches to certain death without an agitation little short of agony.

I returned again to the closet in which I had found myself upon recovering from the swoon.

The evening sunshine and twilight was fast melting into darkness, when I heard the outer door, that which communicated with the guard-room in which the officers had been amusing themselves, opened and locked again upon the inside. A measured step then approached, and the door of the wretched cell in which I lay being rudely pushed open, a soldier entered, who carried something in his hand, but, owing to the obscurity of the place, I could not see what.

"Art thou awake fellow?" said he, in a gruff voice. "Stir thyself—get upon thy legs. His orders were enforced by no very gentle application of his military boot.

"Friend," said I, rising with difficulty, "you need not insult a dying man. You have been sent hither to conduct me to death. Lead on! My trust is in God, that he will forgive me my sins, and receive my soul, redeemed by the blood of his Son."

There here intervened a pause of some length, at the end of which the soldier said, in the same gruff voice, but in a lower key: "Look ye, comrade, it will be your own fault if you die this night. On one condition I promise you to get you out of this hobble with a whole skin: but if you go to any of your gammon, before two hours are passed you will have as many holes in your carcass as a target."

"Name your conditions," said I; "and if they consist with honor, I will never balk at the offer."

"Here they are: you are to be shot to-night, by Captain Oliver's orders. The carbines are cleaned for the job, and the cartridges served out to the men. I tell you the truth."

Of this I needed not much persuasion, and intimated to the man my conviction that he spoke the truth.

"Well, then," he continued, "now for the means of avoiding this ugly business. Captain Oliver rides this night to head-quarters, with the papers which you carried. Before he starts he will pay you a visit, to fish what he can out of you, with all the fine promises he can make. Humor him a little, and when you find an opportunity, stab him in the throat above the cuirass."

"A feasible plan, surely," said I, raising my shackled hands, "for a man thus completely crippled, and without a weapon."

"I will manage all that presently for you," said the soldier. "When you have thus dealt with him, take his cloak and hat, and so forth, and put them on; the papers you will find in the pocket of his vest, in a red leather case. Walk boldly out, I am appointed to ride with Captain Oliver, and you will find me holding his horse and my own by the door; mount quickly, and I will do the same, and then we will ride for our lives across the bridge. You will find the holster-pistols loaded in case of pursuit; and with the devil's help we shall reach Limerick without a hair hurt. My only condition is, that when you strike Oliver, you strike home, and again until he is *finished*—and I trust to your honor to remember me when we reach the town."

I cannot say whether I resolved right or wrong, but I thought my situation, and the conduct of Captain Oliver, warranted me in acceding to the conditions propounded by my visitant, and with alacrity I told him so, and desired him to give me the power, as he had promised to do, of executing them. With speed and promptitude he drew a small key from his pocket, and in an instant the manicles were removed from my hands. How my heart bounded within me as my wrists were released from the iron gripe of the shackles! the first step towards freedom was made—myself reliance returned, and I felt assured of success. "Now for the weapon," said I.

"I fear me you will find it rather clumsy," said he, "but if well handled, it will do as well as the best Toledo: it is the only thing I could get, but I sharpened it myself. It has an edge like a skean."

He placed in my hand the steel head of a halberd, and with a low savage laugh left me to my reflections. Having examined and arranged the weapon, I carefully bound the ends of the cravat, with which I had secured the cross-part of the spear-head, firmly round my wrist, so that in case of a struggle it might not easily be forced from my hand; and having made these precautionary dispositions, I sat down upon the ground with my back against the wall and my hands together, under my coat, awaiting my visitor. The time wore slowly on. The dusk became dimmer and dimmer, until it nearly bordered on total darkness. "How's this!" said I inwardly. "Captain Oliver, you said I should not see the moon rise to-night; methinks you are somewhat tardy in fulfilling your prophecy."

As I made this reflection, a noise at the outer door announced the entrance of a visitant. I knew that the decisive moment had come, and letting my head sink upon my breast, and assuring myself that my hands were concealed, I awaited, in the attitude of deep dejection, the approach of my foe and betrayer. As I had expected, Captain Oliver entered the room where I lay. He was equipped for instant duty, as far as the imperfect twilight would allow me to see; the long sword clanked upon the floor, as he made his way through the lobbies which led to my place of confinement; his ample military cloak hung upon his arm, his cocked hat was upon his head, and in all points he was prepared for the road. This tallied exactly with what my strange informant had told me. I felt my heart swell and my breath came thick, as the awful moment which was to witness the death struggle of one or other of us approached. Captain Oliver stood within a yard or two of the place where I sat, or rather lay, and folding his arms, he remained silent for a minute or two, as if arranging in his mind how he should address me.

"Hardress Fitzgerald," he began at lenght, "are you awake? Stand up, if you desire to here of matters nearly touching your life. Get up, I say."

I arose, doggedly, and affecting the awkward movement of one of those whose hands were bound.

"Well," said I, "what would you of me? Is it not enough that I am thus imprisoned, without a cause, and about, as I suspect, to suffer a most unjust and voilent sentence, but must I also be disturbed during the few moments left me for reflection and repentance, by the presence of my persecutor? What do you want of me?"

"As to your punishment, sir," said he, "your own deserts have no doubt suggested the likelihood of it to your mind; but I now am with you to let you know that whatever mitigation of your sentence you may look for, must be earned by your compliance with my orders. You must frankly and fully explain the contents of the packet which you endeavored to destroy; and, further, you must tell all that you know of the designs of the popish rebels."

"And if I do this, I am to expect a mitigation of my punishment—is it not so?" Oliver bowed. "Well, sir, before I make the desired communication, I have one question more to put. What is to befall me, in case that I, remembering the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, reject your infamous terms, scorn your mitigation, and defy your utmost power?"

"In that case," replied he cooly, "before half an hour you shall be a corpse."

"Then God have mercy on your soul!" said I, and springing forward, I dashed the weapon which I held at his throat. I missed my aim, but struck him full in the mouth with such force that most of his front teeth were dislodged, and the point of the spear-head passed out under his jaw, at the ear. My onset was so sudden and unexpected that he reeled back to the wall, and did not recover his equilibrium in time to prevent my dealing a second blow, which I did with all my force. The point, unfortunately, struck the cuirass near the neck, and glancing aside, it inflicted but a flesh wound, tearing the skin and tendons along the throat. He now grappled with me, strange to say, without uttering any cry of alarm. Being a very powerful man, and if anything rather heavier and more strongly built than I, he succeeded in drawing me with him to the ground. We fell together, with a heavy crash, tugging and straining in what we were both conscious was a mortal struggle. At length I succeeded in getting over him, and struck him twice more. The weapon which I wielded had lighted upon the eye, and the point penetrated the brain.—The body quivered under me, the deadly grasp relaxed, and Oliver lay upon the ground a corpse! As I arose and took the weapon and bloody cloth from my hand, the moon which he had foretold I should never see rise, shone bright and broad into the room, and disclosed, with ghastly distinctness, the mangled features of the dead soldier. It is hard to say with what feelings I looked upon the unsightly and revolting mass, which had so lately been a living and a comely man. I had not any time, however, to spare for reflection; the deed was done—the responsibility was upon me, and all was registered in the book of that God who judges rightly.

With eager haste I removed from the body such of the military accoutrements as were necessary for the purpose of my disguise. I buckled on the sword, drew off the military boots, and donned them myself, placed the brigadier wig and cocked-hat upon my head, threw on the cloak, drew it up about my face, and proceeded with the papers, which I found as the soldier had foretold me, and the key of the outer lobby, in the door of the guard-room. This I opened, and with a firm and rapid tread walked through the officers, who rose as I entered, and passed without question or interruption to the street-door. Here I was met by the grim-looking corporal, Hewson, who, saluting me, said, "How soon, Captain, shall the file be drawn out, and the prisoner despatched?"

"In half an hour," I replied, without raising my voice.

The man again saluted, and in two steps I reached the soldier who held the two horses, as he had intimated.

"Is all right?" said he eagerly.

"Ay," said I which horse am I to mount."

He satisfied me upon this point, and I threw myself into the saddle; the soldier mounted his horse, and dashing the spurs into the flanks of the animal which I bestrode, we thundered along the narrow bridge. At the far extremity, a sentinel, as we approached, called out, "Who goes there? stand, and give the word! Heedless of the interruption, with my heart bounding with excitement, I dashed on: so did the soldier who accompanied me.—The sentinel fired.

"Hurrah!" I shouted; "try it again, my boy," and away we went at a gallop, which bade fair to distance everything like pursuit. Never was spur more needed, however, for soon the clatter of horses hoofs, in full speed crossing the bridge, came sharp and clear through the stillness of the night. One mile was passed, another nearly completed. The moon now shone forth, and turning in the saddle, I looked back upon the road we had passed. One trooper had headed the rest, and was within a hundred yards of us. I saw the fellow throw himself from his horse upon the ground. I knew his object, and said to my comrade, "Lower your body—lie flat over the saddle. The fellow is going to fire!" I had hardly spoken, when the report of a carbine startled the echoes, and the ball striking the hind leg of my companion's horse, the poor animal fell headlong upon the road, throwing his rider head formost over the saddle. My first impulse was to stop and share whatever fate might await my comrade; but my second and wiser one was to spur on, and save myself and despatch. I rode on at a gallop.—Turning to observe my comrade's fate, I saw his pursuer, having remounted, ride rapibly up to him, and on reaching the spot where the man and horse lay, rein in and dismounted. He was hardly upon the ground, when my companion shot him dead with one of the holster-pistols which he had drawn from the pipe, and leaping nimdly over a ditch at the side of the road, he was soon lost among the ditches and thorn-bushes which covered that part of the country. Another mile being passed, I had the satisfaction to perceive that the pursuit was given over, and in an hour more, I crossed Thormond Bridge, and slept that night in the fortress of Limerick, having delivered the packet; the result of whose safe arrival was the destruction of William's great train of artillery, then upon its way to the besigers.

Years after this adventure, I met in France a young officer, who I found had served in Captain Oliver's regiment, and he explained what I had never before understood—the motives of the man who had wrought my deliverance. Strange to say, he was the foster-brother to Oliver, whom he had thus devoted to death, in revenge for the most grievous wrong which one man can inflict upon another.

☞ A butcher's boy carrying a tray on his shoulders, accidentally struck it against a lady's head.

"The deuce take the tray," said the lady.

"Madam," said the lad, gravely, "the deuce cannot take the tray."

THE FLOWER OF THE FLOCK.—Some five years gone by we knew an unbroken family. Father, mother, sisters, brothers, all here. The third son was a dark-eyed, massive browed, hopeful boy of four summers. He was a romping, and yet a thoughtful child; there was a light in his large eye that showed an earnest promise of future capacity for usefulness, or an early flight to the world beyond the tomb. We played with him and wondered at him; as he romped with us he taught us to admire and love him; he showed us, all unconscious, what a boy could be. One day we bid him "good-bye." Many a time and oft, did we think of that boy.

Days run to weeks—weeks glide into months—years roll away. 'A rumor of death' comes on the evening breeze. The pitcher is broken at the fountain. The silver cord that bound that family in one is harshly severed, and the clods of the valley have fallen cold and heavy upon the coffin that cases the remains of one of those little ones. Scarcely less heavy and cold does that sound strike upon the living beating hearts of those who crowded around that "slight abode."

And is it the boy we so fondly loved that now lies under the clay? Our hearts tell us that it can be no other, for "death loves a shining mark." Idolatry is forbidden, and there were those who worshipped that beautiful boy. Our lesson was given as we needed, and also strength to bear.

O! ever thus, from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never 'oved a tree or flower,
But 'twas the first to fade away:
I never nursed a fond gazelle,
To glad me with its soft black eyes;
But when it came to know me well,
And love me, it was sure to die.

The heart will often tell us what the senses will not. We visited the broken family. We missed our favorite. Our forebodings were realized. The mother noticed our wandering eye, and with a quivering lip she asked: "Do you miss one of my little ones?"

We told her as best we could, that our favorite was gone.

A THRILLING SCENE—A DRUNKARD'S LIFE SAVED.—A few days since (says the Philadelphia ledger) as the express train for Baltimore was passing the vicinity of Naaman's creek; at the rate of forty miles an hour, a horrifying sight was witnessed by those having charge of the train. A man, apparently a fisherman, inhabiting one of the shanties close by, was laboring under *mania potu*, had thrown himself on the rails for the purpose of self-destruction, but two females having drawn him off, were engaged in a dreadful struggle to prevent his again throwing himself before the train. One had a deadly grip of his legs while the other was kneeling upon his breast, as the iron horse went thundering by; just grazing her clothing; indeed, so close was she, that her own escape from instant death was most imminent. The whole scene occupied but an instant, and scarcely any of the passengers were aware of the calamity that had been impending. Those who witnessed it were horror-struck knowing the impossibility to prevent the destruction of all three, if the maniac succeeded in struggling only a few inches nearer the rail. What a self sacrificing love was here manifested, inducing two women to risk their lives in saving one who had perhaps for years been a constant source of misery from his insatiate love of the bottle. If the poor inebriate could have this scene properly depicted, so as to make a lasting impression upon his mind, he would undoubtedly forsake his evil habits.

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.—The Quebec Morning Chronicle says:—The Americans want Cuba, and the same writer has frequently told us they want Canada. Canada is fast going to them.—Our lumber goes to New York, our flour and cattle to Boston or Portland; our very steamships go to Portland in the winter, and it must be borne in mind that a commercial is the most solid of all political annexations. Canada is already part and parcel of the United States, and we are sorry at it. Nothing but a rush of immigration can save us. The tide of public opinion and of public power is on the turn.—Loyalty to Great Britain is on the ebb.

MORAL CHARACTER.—There is nothing which adds so much to the beauty and power of man as a good character. It dignifies him in every station, exalts him in every period of life. Such a character is more to be desired than everything else on earth. No servile fool, no crouching sycophant, treacherous honor-seeker ever bore such a character. The pure joys of righteousness never spring in such persons. If young men but knew how much a good character would dignify and exalt them, how glorious it would make the prospects even in this life, never should we find them yielding to the grovelling and base-born purposes of human nature.

☞ The dandy who was "struck with an idea" was not seriously injured, as the weapon was a very slight one. Such an accident is not likely to happen him again.

☞ It is rumored that a celebrated phrenologist has been invited to examine the "head of navigation."

A SENSIBLE ADDRESS.

The candidates for governor of Georgia have come to a wise conclusion upon the question of temperance. They think that this great moral reform "is more likely to be injured than benefited by being connected with the political contests of the day." Such was our decided opinion. But read their joint address. We take it from the Constitutionalist of Augusta:

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned, having been recently called upon, whilst engaged in a public discussion to define our positions relative to the temperance question, now exciting some interest in Georgia, and there being no material difference in the responses made by us severally, for the purpose of avoiding all misunderstanding of what we said, as well as for the information of others, present the following statement of our answers on the occasion referred to:

We are friends to the temperance reform and bid all enlisted in it God speed in every legitimate effort to advance it. We think the cause is more likely to be injured than benefited by being connected with the political contests of the day. The State temperance convention having been in session since the gubernatorial nominations were made, and having adjourned without taking any steps to interogate the nominees, we infer that they have wisely determined to avoid that connexion, and commend their example to the favor of their constitutents and organs.

The question of mere expediency in any act of legislation on this subject is so manifestly one for the consideration of the general assembly, as to render any expression of opinion by us unnecessary. The constitutionality of such a message would demand executive no less than legislative scrutiny. But there having been several different schemes proposed, the details of which, yet unsettled, may very materially affect the constitutional question, we cannot, with due regard to propriety, or with any assurance of avoiding misconstruction, pronounce upon either. The constitutionality of all enactments ought to be gravely and deliberately considered by the two departments in the order prescribed in the constitution—by the legislative *first*, by the executive *afterwards*.

CHARLES J. JENKINS.
HERSCHEL V. JOHNSTON.

A BAD SIGN FOR THE WHIGS.

For some time past the whig journals in New York have been telling us that they must nominate better men than they have been in the habit of nominating—men not known as Sewardites nor as Fillmoreites, as "silvergreys" or as "woollies," but men of "high character and decided talent."—The New York Tribune puts out a leading article approving this new whig policy and then winds up with the following declaration that it will *not* publish the ticket in the usual form. Here is its language:

"Finally, we shall put up no ticket for State or other officers under our editorial head. We give this seasonable notice in order that our course may not be misconstrued, as implying dissatisfaction with this candidate or that ticket."

Now this, we submit, requires explanation. Is it said because the Tribune is unwilling to publish a ticket of 'good men' being whigs only and not Sewardites, or is it because the Tribune despairs of finding such men in the whig party of New York?

GOV. STEVENS'S EXPLORING PARTY.—The Northern Pacific railroad surveying party are now encamped at Camp Cushing near the mouth of the Yellow Stone. The three sections into which the party was divided came together at this point by different routes. The Republican learns that a report of the survey thus far has been forwarded to Washington. The prospects is that the survey will be complete, and the report laid before Congress, by next February. The Republican further states that they are in receipt of private information which will satisfy Congress and the country that this route is impracticable.

NEVER SAY DIE.—Five years ago Santa Anna was hooted out of Vera Cruz with his own wooden leg. He is now President of Mexico. A month after Mooney attempted suicide, he was running for Congress. We care not how dark your prospects may be, keep on living and the time will come when you will get ahead of them. Arsenic was made for rats and cowards. If you have pluck, therefore, "face the music" and bide your time.

YACHT RACE IN ENGLAND.—The English papers contain accounts of a great yacht race at Cowes, for the prize cup offered by the royal yacht squadron in which the yacht Sylvia, from New York, was beaten by the English yacht Julia. Of course John Bull is in ecstacies, after being so often beaten by the United States yacht America.

IRISH EMIGRATION.—Irish papers state that emigration to America is increasing in all parts of Ireland, and that it would seem that the entire Irish race were doomed to be transplanted from their native land.

☞ As you are never sure of an hour, never squander away a minute.