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Thursday Morning, February 2, 1899.

Selected Poetry.

(From the Knickerbocker Magazine.)

RICH THROUGH POOR.

By A. D. F. BARDOLPH.

No rood of land in all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
No treasures rare, nor gems nor gold,
Do any keep for me,
As yesterday I wrought for bread,
So must I toil to-day;
No one is not as rich as I,
Nor I so poor as they.

On yonder tree the sunlight falls,
The robin's on the bough—
Still I can hear a merrier note
Than his is warbling now;
He's had an arch of the sky,
And never lingers long—
But that c'er runs the live long year
With music and with song.

Some gather round me, little ones,
And as I sit me down,
With shouts of laughter on my place
A mimic regal crown;
See, childish king, would I accept
Your armies and domain,
Or 'ere your crown and never feel
These tiny hands again!

There's more than honor in their touch,
And blessing unto me,
Than kingdom unto kingdom joined,
Or haries on the sea;
So greater gifts to me are brought
Than Sheba's queen did bring
To him who, at Jerusalem,
Was born to be a king.

Look at my crown and them at yours!
Look in my heart and thine;
How do our jewels now compare—
The earthly and the divine?
Hold up your diamonds to the light,
Emerald and amethyst,
They're nothing to those dove-like eyes,
These lips so often kissed.

Oh, noble Roman of them all,
No better, good and wise,
Who pointed to her little ones,
The jewels of her eyes,
For sparkle in my eyes to-day,
To deck a dimes' brow;
How glow my riches at the thought
Of those in glory now!

And yet no rood of all the earth,
No ships upon the sea,
No treasures rare, nor gold, nor gems,
Are safely kept for me;
Yet I am rich—a stirring king!
And here in my domain,
Which only God can take away
To give me back again!

Selected Tale.

(From the Dublin University Magazine.)

Life and Death in Tipperary.

A Story Founded on Fact.

CONCLUDED.

"Begone, you shameful wretch!" he exclaimed, wildly. "Disgrace never defaced your father's name till it was blackened by you! Quit the place! Hide your face from all beings to you, you ungrateful girl! How dare you show yourself back here in this brazen way? Well becomes you to have that impudence, even that you've got nowhere else to go, since the bla'guard you wot of wid is tak up for t'ard and robbery."

Astonished at this reception, yet fully comprehending what the words of her father meant, Nelly endeavored to utter some explanatory sentences, but he would not listen to a word from her, and even her mother called out sternly.

"Come in, Pat; shut the door, the air's blawin' in cold."

In an instant after the door was banged with a force that made the hinges tremble, and the miserable girl found herself once again alone, standing out in the chill night air, with the rain pattering thickly on her. Her head became giddy, and staggering a few paces from the house, she would have fallen to the ground, but a friendly arm was passed round her slight form, as the voice of Bet Fagan murmured in her ear.

"Never heed, alannah! you'll come wid me." All else was mist and confusion. The widow supported her to her own dwelling, and there laid her on a bed tenderly as she might have laid her own child.

"Oh, poor thing! poor thing! sure you wot for your own ruin any way!" she murmured, as she chafed the girl's hands, and drew the warm hair from her beautiful forehead.

"Oh, sure meself often thought things 'd come to this pass!"

Nelly heard the words, and understood their implication too well. She fixed her dark eyes steadily on the widow's face, but could not utter a word. Pride choked her utterance. The widow continued to murmur forth kindly words, as though she were passing through her mind, words that she regarded her as a lost and erring creature. Bet knew that human nature was frail; and even when she bent low over Nelly, and asked in a whisper if she was married, she only shook her head and made no reply. Then, after a moment's pause, she said, "Oh, poor thing! poor thing!"

Unable to bear this any longer, the girl now started up in an excited manner, and with a gleam of light sufficing her face, exclaimed in a low voice:

"Bet Fagan, what d'ye take me for? Do you wot or any one else that I was meself enough to go away wid Peter Fogarty?"

"What, alannah! said Bet, indignantly, "sure you needn't care for what any one says. Why would I care? exclaimed Nelly, "it's nothin' to me that my father t'ard me

from the house like a mad dog? But y're all mistaken. I never went away willin'. He took me away—God sees he did; an' I never laid eyes on him since the evenin' he carried me to the mountains. The Lord only knows what tempted him to do the like!"

Bet, once more urged the poor girl to calm herself. As she could express frantically of one so she could that of another; and it did not surprise her that Nelly should, as she thought, resort to falsehood to screen herself from shame. Therefore she did not press her to give a particular account of her late adventures, so firmly was she convinced that a dark blot, which nothing could remove, rested on her character. Appearances were all against her. No story that she might frame, however plausible, could, in Mrs. Fagan's estimation, and to use her own phrase, "deceive the people out of their seven senses," and when the girl took her by the arm, and solemnly recounted the daring act Fogarty had been guilty of, in carrying her forcibly from the Cappanick hills, and the after events, which the reader already knows, the widow listened incredulously, though kindly, thinking, at the same time, that it would be far better, and more likely to awaken the compassion of the neighborhood, if Nelly stuck to the truth, and confessed her fault repentantly. As the young girl went on with her narration, she only nodded her head at appropriate periods, and ejaculated now and then, "Dear, dear!" "Is it possible?" and so forth. But it was only when she slyly observed, "Wasn't it the poor story that you met Fogarty at all that day?" that Nelly suddenly became aware that her words were doubted. Starting up, she exclaimed, "You don't believe me, Bet Fagan—you know you don't!" and Bet, taken very much aback, made as Jesuitical a reply as possible, which, might neither offend her poor friend, or endanger her own knees by one of Father McCabe's penances for downright lies. Without crediting anything whatever of the story, Mrs. Fagan, nevertheless, remembered every word of it, from beginning to end; and being much of a gossip, as well as kind hearted, lost no time in telling it over again to some of her particular friends, and among them to Kitty Dillon, Nelly's sister, who earnestly wished it might be true, though she could hardly dare to hope it was.

"There's only one bein' can clear Nelly," said Mrs. Fagan, as she spoke upon the subject to Dan Phelan, a neighbor to whom she generally applied for advice in time of perplexity; for being, as she often observed, "a lone woman," she frequently feared herself in want of assistance. This was considered a decided delusion on her part by the neighbors, who were opinion that she was perfectly capable of managing the affairs of the whole country, without help from any one, man or woman. There wasn't such a "stirring woman" for miles around as Bet Fagan: she was the best dancer and the swiftest walker in the neighborhood; she could sit up with the sick night after night, without once snatching a wink of sleep; she was the merriest jester at a wake, and the most skillful layer-out of a corpse—an accomplishment much prized in Ireland; in short, in all times of need, Bet's presence was very much in demand; not a christening, funeral or wedding, could be complete without her; and her large, good-natured face was often the most cheering sight that met the gaze of many a dying one. So she said to Dan Phelan, "There's only one bein' that can clear Nelly, an' that's the Pety Fogarty, himself. You see he's in gaol at Clonmel, an' maybe if you'd ride over there, Dan, you'd get him to tell the truth to you."

"I'm willin' to do it," replied Phelan, stretching his head, doubtfully; "but I mistrust, Bet—it'll be of no use."

"Go, any way, whin I tell," urged the widow; and Dan was obliged to say he would.

CHAPTER VIII.

The idea that his daughter had the unblushing effrontery to return to the neighborhood, after her supposed delinquency, struck Pat Dillon, if possible, with greater wrath than he had felt for the last three weeks. The compassion expressed for her by the neighbors, in consideration of her youth and previous good conduct, only hardened his heart, and made him more unlikely to forgive her. He considered it a slur cast upon his name, that any excuse could be found to palliate her glaring misconduct. Far better would it have been pleased, if the country all round had joined condemnation and rebuke upon her. His sons felt equal fury, regarding their sister with feelings that might have done honor to Spartans of old; nor was their mother at all more lenient to her wretched unhappy child. Kitty, alone of all the family, experienced anything like compassion for the disregarded one; but she was perpetually ordered not to see or speak to her. Nelly remained under the friendly shelter of Bet Fagan's roof, a prey to the most despairing feelings. There was one person very interested in the misfortune of the girl, who, nevertheless, spoke but little on the subject. This was Denis Ryan. Doubtless, despised, as she felt herself to be, Nelly would rather have suffered her right hand to have been lopped off than design to ask for an interview with her lover, when he did not seek of it himself; and this Denis was too proud to do. Upright and honest, with reputation never blemished, Ryan was yet more cautious than generous; and his affection for Nelly, powerful as it may have been, was not so powerful as his fear of being the mock and laughing-stock of the country; and though he heard the account that she had given of herself, and was aware that she had always been the most truthful of beings, he always held waiting for further evidence of her fidelity. All this may have been national and prudent; but Nelly felt she should have had very different treatment. As a lady, she was treated, she became more and more, and more clearly how difficult it would be for her to dispel the dark cloud of shame that rested upon her. Bet Fagan at length had persuaded her friend, Mrs. Cronin, to send for Clonmel, to seek an interview with Fogarty, who was waiting, in trial at the assizes, for the crime of murder. Through the

treachery of one of his companions in guilt, he had been betrayed to the police, who after much fruitless searching among the Galtee mountains, at length captured him near Limerick, where he was about to embark for America. Upon the evening that he had carried off Nelly Dillon, a hint was given him by a comrade that he was to be thus betrayed, and in consequence of this information, he abandoned the usual hiding-places resorted to by himself and his lawless companions. Having deposited the senseless form of Nelly in the cave, he found it necessary to make his escape in another direction with all speed, hoping to evade the police as he had often done before. But animated by the fiercest feelings of revenge, his pursuers were determined to hunt to the death, and after some time Fogarty and a few others were made prisoners.

Dan Phelan was not exactly the sort of person calculated for such a mission as Bet Fagan dispatched him on to the gaol. Peter received him sullenly, and as the poor stupid old man scratched his head, and bemoaned and howled, ignorant of how he should commence his inquiries, Fogarty maintained a dogged silence, by no means encouraging. At last Dan was necessitated to take his departure as wise as he came, with a very unsatisfactory report to bring Mrs. Fagan. Nelly, who had clung to hope that Fogarty might have honestly endeavored to clear her character, was wofully disappointed at the ill-success of Phelan's efforts; the blow fell so heavily upon her that she had become very ill, and was for many weeks laid up on a sick bed, while Bet Fagan and her old friend, Norry Croon, nursed her with unwearying kindness.

Father McCabe, the parish priest, was called in to see her, and from his manner, and a few words he dropped upon hearing Nelly's confession, Bet felt, at last, almost convinced that she was as innocent as she declared herself to be.

"Bedad," thought she, "I'll try her wighted more again, afore it is too late to get her acquitted, an' sure if I fail I can't help it; no one can do more than their best."

The assizes had commenced unusually early this year, and Fogarty was now a condemned criminal, awaiting the hour of execution in his cell. One morning Bet set out on foot for Clonmel, without mentioning the object of her journey to any one. It was a raw day; sleet was drifting over the hills and valleys; laden clouds darkened the sky; but unwavering from her purpose the widow heeded not the weather. Her short, sturdy figure might have been seen moving steadily along, undaunted by wind or snow. Arrived at the town, she made her way at once to the gaol, and asked permission to see Fogarty. After some difficulty it was granted, and she soon found herself in the presence of the condemned man. Ever since his capture and conviction, Peter had preserved a most undaunted bearing. The fire of his eye still burned brightly as ever; the wild, scornful expression of his countenance remained unchanged. He might have stood as a model for any bandit hero of romance. He had listened to his death-sentence in court without moving a muscle of his face; yet, when Bet Fagan stood before him, his eye quailed, and for a few minutes he appeared struck with deep emotion.

"Pety," said the widow, kindly, while her voice quivered slightly; "it isn't here I expected to meet you next, whin we parted after the dance in Tim Scully's barn."

He made no reply, and Mrs. Fagan continued: "I'm sorry for you, an' that's the truth, Pety. There's a world of trouble ken over the neighborhood since that same night. Poor Nelly Dillon was blighted and merry at the dance an' now, sure enough not one 'd think she was the same colleen; it's on her account that I'm here to-day, Pety, an' as ye expect mercy for yer own whin ye lave this world, I'd have you make a clean confession of what passed to make her quit her father's house the way she did. She'll never hold up her head unless something's done to make the country think better of her than she is."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Fogarty, gloomily.

"I want you to tell me, in the name of all that's blessed, did Nelly go wid you wid her own free will an' consent?"

"Does she say she did?" asked Peter, fixing his eyes with a mocking expression on Bet's face.

"Never heed what she says," said the widow, eagerly; "but spake for yourself."

"Whatever Nelly says is true," replied Fogarty.

"But that won't do," rejoined Bet. "Her people, more shame for them, won't b'lieve her own story; they're as black again as if she was no more to them than a stone wall. If I was you, Pety, I'd spake out to the truth, if it was only to shame them."

Mrs. Fagan was a skillful diplomat, and had very cunningly spoke the last words.

"Does Nelly curse me?" asked Fogarty.

"Curse you, Pety! Ah, no! she! Nelly isn't the one to curse you, let who will; but she's frettin' her life out about everything. D'ye think she forgets the time when you an' she was courtin', an' you not higher than meself? Curse you, indeed! I'm afraid it was only too well she liked you always, an' there's the truth for you! Poor child! she's lyin' as wake as an infant now, an' most dead in me house at home; an' there isn't one o' her people 'll put their foot inside the door."

"Does Dinny Ryan be often in wid you?"

"Dinny, is it? Meself, God help ye! Dinny don't show his nose in the house! He's as black again as any body else; maybe worse. I'd just like to let him see he was mistaken about Nelly, if it was only for spite."

"What can I do for her? what is it you want, Mrs. Fagan?"

"I want you to come this night, how it was that Nelly went away wid ye, so that her people may know the truth; an' if you told it all over, Father McCabe, an' gave him leave to say it to the Dilloons, an' everybody else in the place, sure, that'd be no wonder."

"I haven't got more than a few days to go," said Fogarty, sadly; "I'm to be hanged on Tuesday."

"Sure there's time enough for your confession, anyhow," replied Bet, in a business-like manner. "It wouldn't take more than an hour or two to see Father McCabe and tell him everything."

"Well, maybe you had best send him," observed Fogarty, after a pause.

"An' what'll you tell him?" asked Bet, who now began to entertain doubts about the sort of confession Pety might make.

"I'll tell him what's the truth."

"You're not joking, Pety?"

"Sorra joke," replied the condemned man.

"But what's the truth?" persisted the widow.

"Father McCabe 'll tell you," replied Fogarty.

"Pety," said Mrs. Fagan, solemnly, "remember that we'll part shortly, never to meet again in this life, an' whatever you say, let it be nothin' that 'll bl'ie Nelly."

Fogarty looked impenetrable, and hurriedly said:

"Send Father McCabe."

As the turkey came to say he must put an end to the interview, Bet shook hands kindly with Fogarty, just as she had, during her lifetime, shaken hands with scores of men about to be hung, and wiping some tears from her eyes, left the gaol. Back again, through wind and sleet, with the gathering gloom of night descending upon all outward objects, the widow went home. She was afraid to mention any thing of her expedition to Nelly, for fear of further disappointment; and when the girl anxiously inquired where she had been all day, she vaguely replied—

"Only a piece off, alannah, seen' a frind, an' I was delayed longer than I intinded."

"What day is this?" inquired Nelly.

"It's Friday, sure."

"Saturday, Sunday, Monday," muttered Nelly, as if to herself, adding aloud, "there's only three days more for him to five, Mrs. Fagan, he'll be hung on Tuesday."

"Well, an' if he is, sure the world 'll be well red of him," replied Bet shortly.

Nelly said no more; but the widow looked uneasily at her as she saw her clasp her hands convulsively together. A long silence ensued only broken by the clinking of pots and pans, and the whirr and crackle of the blazing wood that was helping to fire the supper ready. Nelly was sitting by the fire, looking beautiful, though fearfully emaciated.

"What way d'ye feel the night?" asked Bet, after a long survey of her pale features.

"I feel as if I was dead, Mrs. Fagan."

"Lord be good to us! How's that, an' you sittin' there alive enough?"

"I feel as if I was dead, Bet Fagan, an' as if God had cursed me so that I was condemned to walk the earth, a spirit that nobody wanted to see."

"It's a sin to talk that wild way, agrah," said Bet, looking a little alarmed. Nelly certainly looked rather spectral; but there was the light of an unquenchable pride burning still in her eye.

The next morning was Saturday, a wild, dreary day, and Bet went early to Father McCabe to give him Peter Fogarty's message. The priest was a good natured man, and he lost no time in repairing, in his gig, to Clonmel. Mrs. Fagan saw him off with great satisfaction, and yet, when he was gone, a dull misgiving crossed her mind that Fogarty might, possibly, make matters worse than ever by stating falsehoods in his dying confession.

"Master, he was always full of tricks and divilment," she muttered as she went home; "an' he no more cared for priest nor mass than the haysthen."

This reflection induced Bet to take a gloomy view of affairs for the remainder of the day; and she was glad that she had not given Nelly any reason to hope. She felt very uneasy, indeed; and when she heard the well-known rattle of the priest's gig returning, she ran out in the dusky evening to hear the worst at once.

"Well, yer reverence, what news have you for me?" she asked, as Father McCabe alighted at his own house.

"You mustn't be impatient, Bet," replied his reverence, slowly and calmly; "whatever I have to say, you can't hear it till to-morrow."

"Oh, meself, Father John let me hear it this mornin'," retorted the widow, in an agony of suspense.

"To-morrow, Bet—to-morrow," repeated the priest.

"Oh, it's no good!" moaned the woman, striking her hands together. "Sure, if it was, you'd spake it out at worst."

"You must bear all things patiently," rejoined Father McCabe, gravely.

"Oh, sorra bit of patience ever I had, your reverence," said Bet, with frankness. "If you'd tell me at worst what news you have, I'd sleep sound the night."

"To-morrow I will—not till then."

"To-morrow's Sunday, an' sure there'll be three masses an' a sermon, an' it'll be all hours afore I can see yer reverence to spake to."

"Never mind that. Come to mass, just as you do every Sunday, and don't be thinking of anything but your prayers," replied Father John, as he unreluctantly entered his house and closed the door.

CONCLUSION.

The Sunday broke over the world bright and cloudless, and from far and near the burden of cheer, a bright light flashed its pensants were flocking to Father McCabe's chapel. Bet Fagan, as usual, got ready for twelve o'clock mass, and as she left the house she recommended Nelly to the attention of old Norry Croon. The chapel was very much crowded that day. Bet found some difficulty in pushing her way through the mass of people that thronged the building. The Dilloons were there, praying devoutly, and sprinkling themselves well with holy water; while Denis Ryan could be seen among the crowd busy with his misal. Nobody was so earnestly wrapped in devotion than the widow herself. She swept herself backwards and forwards in the perfect agony of piety, and a murmur like the swell of the ocean occasionally arose through the building as the enthusiasm of the people waxed greater and

greater. At length the sermon commenced. Everybody was attentive. A pin might have been heard dropping, so still was the congregation. At the conclusion of the discourse, Father McCabe, according to custom, entered into some secular affairs of the parish; asked why Jack Molloy hadn't brought in his harvest dues months ago, like everybody else; threatened to denounce any man that had been concerned in cutting off Tim Brogan's cow's tail, and painting his horse's skin; and declared his intention of horse-whipping whoever it was that nailed Mary Hannegan's three fine hens to her own door. The worthy pastor kept his most remarkable piece of information till the last, summing up all by an astounding disclosure—

"And now, good people," said he, as he turned his face full round to the congregation, "I'm going to tell you something that'll astonish and gratify you all; and it's no less than I have it in my power to declare to you this blessed day that Pat Dillon's daughter, Nelly, is as innocent as the unborn child. I heard the confession from Peter Fogarty's own lips, in Clonmel gaol, yesterday; and it was his wish that I would tell it before you all this day."

Here followed, amid the breathless silence of the hearers, a brief, but correct, account of events which the reader is already acquainted with; and when Father John ceased to speak, a cheer burst from the crowd that shook the chapel windows, and made the image of the Virgin over the altar sway from side to side perceptibly. A rush was made from the building without delay; and Bet Fagan, being near the door, got out first, and with the speed of lightning rushed to her own house, where she communicated to Nelly the glad tidings she had heard, and which were now known to everybody, far and near, in the parish. On being made acquainted with this intelligence, Nelly slowly arose from her bed, where she had been reclining. A bright flush was in her eye, but speech seemed to fail her, for she uttered no word.

"Oh, thin, it's meself the glad woman this day!" exclaimed Bet, clapping her hands, and saying her large head to and fro. Norry Croon now confronted her, with her hands in her sides, and her withered face agitated in every feature—

"Didn't I tell you, Bet Fagan, that I never believed a word again' Nelly Dillon. Didn't I say she wasn't the one to disgrace her people?"

"Ye did, Norry, ye did," murmured the widow, who was now fairly shedding tears of thankfulness.

A mighty singing sound was now heard without, and presently the doorway was blocked up by figures all eager to enter the house. Father Dillon, with his wife and daughter, Kitty, were given precedence, of course, and rushing in, they frantically embraced Nelly, who stood upright in the middle of the floor.

"Stand back, all ye!" said Mrs. Fagan, as she motioned to the crowd outside to keep off, and obeying her commands, the people moved from the door, leaving Nelly's relatives to speak to her in peace.

"Nelly, my own jewel, you'll come back to your poor father worst more!" cried Dillon, triumphantly.

"An' it's Dinny Ryan's the proud man this day!" exclaimed the mother, weeping, Kitty, unable to utter a word, hung upon his sister's neck, shedding tears. Nelly made no reply to any expression of endearment, and returned no answer to the house, and prepared to seize her hand with enthusiasm, the girl drew back proudly, and in a voice that thrilled through the nerves of her hearers, spoke out at last—

"Keep back, Dennis Ryan! keep back all o're! You're nothin' to me, an' I'm nothin' to ye!"

"Nelly, dear Nelly!" said Bet Fagan, reproachfully.

"Ay, nothin' to me," repeated Nelly, with flashing eyes, while the proud dilation of her beautifully formed nostrils lent an expression of wondrous power to her countenance. A painter might have chosen her as a personification of proud woman's indignation—"I'm nothin' to one o' ye!"

"Yis, yis," said Dillon, soothingly; "you are the same to me you ever were. You're me own pet child again!"

"But you're not the same to me," replied Nelly, bitterly.

"I am! I am, me poor child," continued Dillon; "an' your father's house is there ready to receive you this mornin'; so you had best come at worst."

"Never!" cried the girl, vehemently—"Never will I cross the threshold of the door that shut me out in the dark night. No, Pat Dillon! I'm your daughter no longer. I've no father nor mother, nor sister, nor brother. I have no one to love me but the man that'll be hangin' in the front of Clonmel gaol the day after to-morrow!"

"Nelly, acushla!" murmured Bet Fagan, reproachfully.

"You were kind to me, Bet Fagan!" said Nelly, taking her hand; "an' you, Norry Croon, knew me better than my own people; you trusted me more than the man that wanted me for his wife; still there wasn't one o' ye loved and trusted me like Peter Fogarty. Wid all his crimes on his head, an' great wrong as he done me, and great sorrow as he gave my heart, I'd marry him this blessed day, in Father McCabe's chapel, if he was here, free out of prison."

The neighbors had by this time gathered into the house, and stood looking on aghast. Whispers ran round to the effect that Nelly must have grown light in her head; but some there were that thought she "sarr'd her people right."

"You'll come home this mornin'!" cried Pat Dillon, whose anger was now cooled, and he advanced to take his daughter's arm in a firm grasp.

"Never, never!" exclaimed Nelly, shaking her hand off with wild eagerness. "If there wasn't another roof to shelter me in this world, I'd perish rather than put a foot inside your house! I loved you wass, father; I loved you so well that I broke my own heart for you. I did what I could to forget the boy that was as dear to me as my own life for many a long

year, just because you didn't like him; and I strove to like another till I did like him; and I gave my promise to marry him, and God sees it was a promise I'd have kept; but I'm sorry to the heart now that ever I did the like, for the love I threw away was the only true love among ye all! Ay, Pety Fogarty, murderer, robber, whatever you are, I'd marry you this mornin' if you were here to take me! But we'll be together soon enough!"

Fiercely writhed, Dillon made another rush towards the excited girl, but many hands held him back.

"You'll not lay a finger on her!" shouted the voice of Bet Fagan. "Ye deserve this, every one o' ye, for ye were like Turks to her an' ye know it!"

Mrs. Dillon looked nearly as stern as her husband; and her sons, who were now entering, would have almost torn their sister, limb from limb, so great was their indignation; but not the crowd roared, them out again. While much bustle ensued, Nelly's strength became exhausted, and seeing her way to and fro, as she stood in the centre of the floor, Bet Fagan rushed to catch her in her arms. The girl's head dropped heavily on her shoulder, and seeing the expression of her features, Norry Croon shrieked out—

"She's dyin', she's dyin'; lave the house every one o' ye!"

The crowd fell back as Norry waved her hand to them, but the Dilloons did not move. Bet laid Nelly on the bed, and Mrs. Dillon, now overcome with a mother's feelings, ran forward to her; but gathering up all her strength, the girl pushed the unfortunate woman away from her with scorn and indignation.

Pat Dillon at length burst into tears, and wrung his hands despairingly.

"Nelly, Nelly!" he exclaimed wildly, "won't ye look on yer own father, an' say ye forgive him?"

Fixed and glazed, the daughter's eyes were fastened on vacancy; the things of this world had vanished from their sight forever; the life-blood was already growing stagnant in the veins.

"She's dead," whispered Norry Croon, bending over her; "the breath's gone."

A wild cry, like the shriek of some forest beast—discourant, ferocious, despairing—rang through the room; and rushing towards the bed, Pat Dillon seized the senseless form of his child, in his arms, and bore it from the house in a frenzy fearful to behold. The women screamed and ran after him; but with the speed of madmen, he gained his own house ere they could stop him. Flung the corpse on the bed in the kitchen, he exclaimed—

"She'll not be waked a night out o' her father's house, any how," and then burst into a hideous peal of laughter.

Bet remembered his own words, spoken the morning after Nelly's disappearance, that she should never cross his threshold alive again. It was her duty to lay out the dead body, and very mournfully she did it. Never had she dressed out a fairer corpse. The wake that night in the Dilloons' house was a strange one. The neighbors from far and near had gathered to it—all except Denis Ryan; and though there were pipes and tobacco in abundance, and plenty of whiskey, there was little merriment. One alone of those present joked and laughed with a wild revelry that struck horror into the hearts of the rest. This was the father of her who lay lifeless before their eyes. The light of reason had vanished forever from Pat Dillon's mind; and when his child's corpse was lowered into its last earthly resting place upon the same day that witnessed the execution and burial of Peter Fogarty, he clapped his hands, uttering unearthly shouts of triumph. From that time he was a confirmed maniac, gradually sinking into idiocy. His family became scattered; the sons departed to America and Australia; his wife, and daughter Kitty, did not survive their misfortunes very long; and Pat became a miserable object, wandering from town to town, generally attired in a cast-off soldier's uniform. He was soon well known at Thurlis, Clonmel, and Cashel; and till his hair was grey, and his form bent with age, he continued to live a poor idiot. His farm passed into other hands.

The walls of the house are black and old now, reader, but they stand still; and though Pat is long dead, his unhappy story, and the melancholy fate of his favorite child, is still spoken of in the neighborhood, though Bet Fagan and Norry Croon, like many of their contemporaries, have been gathered to their eternal dwellings.

HONORARY MEMBERS.—Despite the mother when she is old. Age may wear and waste a mother's beauty, strength, limbs, senses and estate; but her relation as a mother is as the sun which goes forth in his might, for it is always in the meridian, and knoweth no evening. The person may be grey-headed, but her motherly relation is ever in its flourish. It may be autumn, yet winter, with a woman, but with the mother, as mother, it is always spring. Alas, how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and all gone—when the cold and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts—when we experience how hard it is to find true sympathy—how few live as for ourselves—how few will befriend us in misfortune—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost.

PRETTY GOOD FOR THE YOUNGEST.—A school-marm out West told the following incident:—She was teaching a small school in an adjoining town, and "boardin' round." On rising a "new place" on Monday noon, she seating herself with the family round a small pine table, and made a meal of brown bread, fat fried pork, and roast potatoes. Just before pushing back from the table, a youngster of ten years, exclaimed:—

"I know what good victuals is, yes ma'am I know what 'is." "Do you indeed?" exclaimed the embarrassed school-marm, not knowing what to say, and ashamed to say nothing.—"Yes, ma'am! I knows what good victuals is. I've been away from home two times, and eaten lots o' 'em."