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POETRY.

From Sartain's Magazine.

Alone.

BY J. D. DURAND.

Alone, alone in a forest glade,
Where the brave old trees cast a leafy shade,
And where no sound on the balmy air
Tells of the din in a world of care.
Yet not alone! There are forms around
That dance on the boughs, and chequer the ground:

No, not *alone*, for Beauty is here,
With joy for the eye and song for the ear.
The streamlet is murmuring by in glee,
Seeking its home in the far-off sea,
And the listener's heart in its depths is stirred
At the joyous note of the singing bird;
And the distant horn and the tinkling bell,
With soothing melody reach the dell.
There's a dancing of leaves on every spray,
And a flitting of birds in plumage gay,
And the wild-bees hum, and the zephyr's note
Upon the ear with a sweetness float.
There's a blushing of flowers on bough and mound
While sunbeams play in the vista around.
Oh! who could call it a lonely scene,
With its wealth of song, and its dress of green?
I feel it no solitude lingering here,
Though Nature's the only companion near.

Alone, alone in the twilight gray,
Afar from the social hail away,
Where the flowers are closed with dews empearled,
And the shadows of evening shroud the world.
Yet not alone! O'er the dusky earth
There are things of love and music forth;
And the voices of night are whispering near,
That fall with joy on the listening ear.
Hark! in the shadows misty and dim,
Nature is chiming her vesper hymn.
The wind-song has died to a murmur low,
And the playing brook has a gentle flow—
On the dewy air its tones are borne
With the night-bird's note from the distant thorn.
And look to the sky! in its changing shade
What a change one brief-told hour has made!
For the glorious stars, from their far-off home,
Have taken their watch in the night's blue dome,
And now o'er the couch of the sleeping earth
Are showering the shining tresures forth.
What though far from the vestive throng,
Where light feet trip to the wildering song,
Companionship greets me along my way,
And unseen harps in the mists are at play.
I feel not alone; for the radiant sky
Beams with a joy on the gazer's eye,
And a whispered hymn from the mantled earth
Calls slumbering bliss from the spirit earth.

Alone, alone at the midnight hour,
When silence broods with a holy power
O'er the watcher's heart, as he treads the hall,
Where no sound save the hollow echoes fall.
Yet not alone! For while I stand,
Memory weaves, with a shadowy wand,
A spell for the heart, a dreamy spell,
Tales of the misty past to tell.
Yes, they come in a noiseless throng,
Things that have slept in the memory long,
And the fancies of childhood, waking, seem
As fresh as when formed by the summer stream;
And the boyish hope, and the warbled tone
Of the little maid that I called *my own*,
Come back to my heart with a kindling power,
And chase the gloom from the midnight hour.
Oh! I feel it no solitude lingering here,
Though my thoughts are the only companions near.

The World is Bright before Thee.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

The world is bright before thee,
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee—
Thy bosom, virtue's shrine;
And thine the sunbeam given
To nature's morning hour,
Pure, warm, as when from heaven,
It burst on Eden's bower.

There is a song of sorrow—
The death-dirge of the gay—
That tells ere dawn of morrow
These charms may fade away;
That sun's bright beam be shaded,
That sky be blue no more—
The summer flowers be faded,
And youth's warm promise o'er.

Believe it not; though lonely
Thy evening hours may be—
Though beauty's bark can only
Float on a summer's sea;
Though time thy bloom is stealing,
There's still beyond his art,
The wild-flower wreath of feeling—
The sunbeam of the heart.

FAMILY OF PATRICK HENRY.—The distinguished Virginia orator, Patrick Henry, had five sisters, Jane Meredith, Anne Christian, Lucy Wood, Susan Madison, and Betty Russell. The last lady was the grandmother of the Hon. Wm. C. Preston, President of the South Carolina College. William Henry was his only full brother.

Patrick Henry's mother was Sarah Winston. His father was John Henry, of Aberdeen, Scotland: John Henry's mother was Jane Robertson, sister to Dr. Wm. Robertson, the Historian.

If the above is correct, Lord Brougham (descended from the Robertsons) is nearly related to Patrick Henry's descendants. Two such orators from the same race—are not to be found in all history.

MISCELLANY.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DEMOCRAT.]

Nations of the Continent.

BY IPSILANTI.

There is always some motive which prompts the actions of individuals. Idiots or mad men only act without any motive. In the same way there is an influence which originates or at least moulds the actions of communities. This influencing power is various, and developes itself in different forms in various stages of society. Consider the history of the world, or rather that portion of it which is almost directly within our cognizance; commencing with the date of Roman Power about 950 years B. C., and extending to the present. We find that so long as Rome unintained her unrivalled ascendency, her citizens, her public men, in fact, every constituent member of her community was deeply impregnated with the *lust of conquest*. From the time that the youth changed the *toga virilis* for the *toga praetexta*, till the sage Senator or Imperator laid aside the purple for the habilaments of the grave, it was a ruling passion. It was this which moved them on like mighty waters to sweep over all. It was the life blood of a national heart which beat high with success, and throbbed but faintly when reverses attended their arms. You could see it in the countenance and bearing of one of those ancient Romans. How his breast expanded, and his eye sparkled with very pleasure, as it greeted one of the triumphal processions of Sapio! And those triumphal processions, of whom were they composed? The abject and down trodden of the world were there. Beautiful women and brave men were there, chained in the streets of the city which boasted its freedom. Noble youth were there; and men of mind, educated men, such as Rome could never boast, yoked to the car of a Trajan.

Yet Rome was a *free city*. Her plebians, when they fancied that their rights were invaded could indignantly 'secede'—take possession of some 'Mons Sacer' and there sit like 'patience on a monument' till their wrongs were redressed. And when some Cataline threatened this seven-hilled home of freedom with a servile insurrection, grave Senators could decree that some Dictator should have a care 'lest the Republic should have any harm. And this republic marched on conquering and to conquer, in their attempts to enslave the world, until the free Northmen swept, like one of their own storms, over the Eternal City, and prostrated it in a dust which centuries have not removed.

Greece too was once the land of the free, but the same spell came over her. Her different states fought the Persian like brothers; his bones whitened the pass of Thermopylae, and bleached on the plains of Leuctra. But when the last of Xerxes' fleet had disappeared from the Hellerspont, they forged for themselves a chain more durable than that with which the commander of a million and a half of fighting men thought to bind the sea,—a chain whose rust cankered the heart of freedom. They fought among themselves until the walls of Athens were torn down by its own citizens to the sound of the flute, and the fields of Macedonia became a howling wilderness. Hemlock removed the guards, and ostracism the watchmen from the citadel of Grecian liberty.

Plausible excuses and pretended good motives have not been wanting to the chroniclers of such nations. But time has invariably developed a motive of which mayhap they were not cognizant, but no less a potent one in their decline and fall. Success may attend them for a time; court intrigues, and depravity of state may stalk unblushing because empowered.—But the God of nations has written upon the pages of history an unmistakable edict against that nation which moved by the lust of conquest raises the hand of fratricide.

In the Revolution on the continent during the last few years, we see a visitation upon the mighty offenders against this law. Kings there holding sovereign power, by what they are pleased to call 'a divine right,' have schemed and executed villains high handed and unparalleled. The many have been crushed, bartered and sold like sheep in the shambles that a hereditary aristocracy might revel and sport upon their abjection. But the day of their sins, and the hour of their repentance have nearly passed, and time is rapidly discovering their executioners. A mighty effort in 1848, seemed to betoken the nearness of that hour when monarchy should tremble and fall. That year with a part of the one preceding, was a space in the world's history which will long be remembered. To a part of continental Europe it will be a kind of Fourth of July, from which some nations may date their republican existence, while others will remember it, as the time when the dawing of better times appeared, when hopes of a better form of government were high; but the light which glimmered upon them was put out by bad management, and those hopes were blasted by traitorous friends of popular rights.

Yet that year with its scenes has not been without its beneficial results in all countries. An impulse was given by it that sooner or later will manifest itself in some permanent form. The people too long in serfdom and under a degenerate feudalism have once made themselves to be recognized as almost sovereigns, and the day of their assuming that now unregarded right will speedily arrive. That year came as a year of retribution, upon the allies who, fought under the villain Wellington, who on the fifteenth of June 1815; restored the Bourbons. As the result of that Waterloo Louis Phillippe went to Paris and Napoleon to St. Helena; the one to be crowned, the other to die. Things were not thus to remain. Those bones of martyrs that there mouldered, and were, through succeeding seasons, powdered by the husbandman's plough, sprang again into existence, men armed and mighty for the pulling down of the strong holds of tyranny. Old things speedily became new in Paris. The throne of the citizen king was powdered in its streets and its dust less honored than the memory of Granely. A Provisional government issued its edicts from the Tuilleries, for the semblance and shadow of royalty had passed away.

In England the contemplated presentation of the monster petition by twenty thousand chartists and Repealers, threw the Lords of Parliament into a consternation and nearly resulted in the establishment of a Parliament on College Green.

In Austria the clamor of the slave and serf, the pauper and hireling for reform, drove out from the land he had so long cursed with his policy, the most infamous of Princes, most reckless of Statesman, the notorious Metternich.

Thus, as Louis Philippe, Victoria and Metternich were each compelled to seek refuge from the sans culiotte, the chartist and the slave, changes progressed rapidly. Hereditary situations were no longer an immunity and protection to their possessor, but only rendered him a mark for the persecutions of enfuriated mobs and revolutionary clubs.

When these beginnings will shape themselves into permanent results is uncertain, but that time is probably approaching. France is not a Republic. Her people are more fitted for socialism than republicanism. Still she is as near republican as she can be. England is not free as she should be; but when Victoria on the memorable eighth of May 1848 took refuge on the Isle of Sky, a point was gained which demonstrated that the Chartists and Repealers were no longer to be trifled with by Lord Russell's Cabinet. In the other countries perhaps nothing has been gained, yet certainly nothing has been lost. The new constitutions of Bavaria, Sardinia, Prussia are like to become worth less than the paper upon which they are written. And well may they be considered so, for as securities of public rights they are nothing. Autocrats and Dukes may be pleased with the division of Poland and Prussia, and the proposed partition of the Germanic States; but these divisions are but lines upon the map. The people still live where their fathers lived, the desire for freedom is not stifled, and an uprising will surely come that will pull down tyranny in every form, and it may come soon.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Grace Kennedy.

It was on a raw evening in December, 183–, just after dusk, that a wild-looking, haggard man entered a little hovel near the side of a by-road between Hollywood and Escar, in the Queen's County.

'Well, what have you got?' cried a shrill voice from the interior of the hut, which proceeded from a woman, crouching over a turf fire, burning dimly, from the damp of the material placed on it.

'Ye got nothing?' she asked again, not having received an answer to her former query.

'Nothing!' was the sullen rejoinder, as the man, approaching the fire, drew a broken stool to him and sat down amongst the ashes; on one side of him the female half sitting, half lying, against the corner of the recess in which was the fire, her covering being a thin, torn blanket on her shoulders, and a ragged black petticoat about her loins. Opposite to her were two little children, from about three to five years, the younger altogether naked; the other with a ragged piece of linen hanging about it; both crouched over the burning turf; looking up to the man with their dark, inquiring eyes.

After a short silence, the woman again addressed her husband, for such was the relation of the parties—

'An' did ye get no work?'

'The sorra bit.'

'Wasn't Mr. Rawson at home?'

'He was.'

'Well?'

The man made no answer, but asked—

'Where's the ould pot?'

The woman sprang to her feet, and brought over an old pot, with a triangular piece broken out of the side.

'Well, honey,' she said, in a soothing voice.

The man put his hand in his pocket, and drew out a dead fowl, with the neck twisted. The children uttered a cry of delight.

'Here, Pather,' said the woman, 'go an' wash the pot, and bring some clane water out of the hole—half-full, Pather.'

The urchin darted off.

The man had by this time drawn some turnips out of his other pocket, and handed them to her.

'Yer a good man the day, Pather Kennedy. We have something at any rate.

And she busied herself in cutting up the turnips, and put them and the fowl, unplucked, on the fire, when the boy brought in the pot.

'Tell us, Pather, agra, how did ye get it?' she said, putting on more turf, and again cowering over the fire.

'Let me alone,' he said, harshly; 'ye have it—there; isn't that enough for ye?'

'Had Rawson no work?' she continued, changing the subject.

'No, he hadn't; yet he tuk in the two Byrnes last week. He gave me a penny, and tould me to go to the poor-house,' he added, with a scornful laugh.

'Give us the penny,' she whined, coaxingly; 'it'll do for male in the mornin'.'

He looked at her for a moment.

'It's not worth givin' or houldin',' he said, as he threw it to her.

A noise was heard outside the door.

'Here's the childre,' she said. 'Let none of yez say what's in the pot.'

A little girl entered, hardly better dressed than those before described; a ragged cotton frock, with a dirty handkerchief round her, was her only covering; her age might be eight or twelve; from the emaciated state of her face unnaturally pale from the glare of a dim rush-light it was not easy to form an exact idea.—Her eyes were blue, her hair light—that color which deepens to a pretty brown in womanhood.

'Well, Grace, is that you?' said her father—the first uncalled words he had yet spoken.

'Yis, father dear, it's me. Ah, bud it's cowld,' she continued, getting between the little ones at the fire.

'Did ye bring nothin' wid ye?' cried her mother, sharply.

'It's down the road,' she said; 'the sack was big, an' I got tired, so I left it in the ditch, as I seen the light in the house, an' knew father was here, an' he'd go back and bring it in.'

'That I will, alannah,' replied the man, rising. 'Whereabouts is it?'

'Just at the ould mile-stone, this side of the bridge, down in the ditch.'

It was speedily brought, and the contents emptied on the floor. Potatoes and skins of the same, the inside wanting though, turnips, cabbage, bones, meal, and rags tumbled out.

'Haith, Grace, you're a wondher, entirely,' said her mother, in a tone of commendation.

'Ye've a good dale, Grace, darlint,' said her father, half mournfully.

'An' didn't stale a ha'porth there,' cried the little girl.

'Ye didn't stale it; an' how did ye get all this? ye bought them, maybe?'—asked her mother, with a sneer.

'No, mother; I went to a big house a long ways off, an' the masther seen me first, an' he brought me in to give me a bit in the kitchen; and thin the misthress gave me the ould duds, an' the servants the rest; an'——'

'An' what?' said her mother, seeing her hesitate.

'An' the little one gev me this'—showing a sixpence as she spoke.

The mother snatched it from her.

'Arrah, Grace, bud yer a rale darlint, the day.'

Her father drew her towards him, and kissed her.

'Ye stole nothin' the day, thin, alannah machree?' he asked.

The girl did not answer; she fixed her large eyes on her father, as if she sought silently to tell him something.

The mother turned round—

'Answer yer father, will ye?—have ye nothin' more?'

The girl drew out of her bosom a handsome cap, all crumpled.

'I stole this,' she said.

The mother attempted to take it also.

'I got it as I was goin' up to the big house, on the hedge, near the avenue, an' it belongs to thim, an' I am goin' to lave it back to-morrow,' said the girl, eagerly.

'Lave it back, indeed!' cried her mother, standing up, and taking it from her. 'A bran new cap, I declare!—the lady's, I'm sure!—lace an' fine ribbon!—lave it back? 'Haith, yer no sich fool.'

'Ah, mother!' pleaded the little girl, 'they're good people—ye wouldn't stale from thim yerself; sure they gave me all thim; and there was a poor ould man wint up after me, an' maybe they'll think it's him that took it.'

'An' let him—who cares?' answered her mother, still examining the cap.

'Ah, mother, darlin'! give it to me, an' I'll bring you somethin' as good; let me give it back to the lady.'

'Divil a fut ye'll go wid it, there.'

'Ye may as well give the child the cap,' said the husband.

'Is it to have me 'rested, and put in jail, ye want, Pather? Arrah, man, are ye a fool, at all, at all?'

This silenced him; but the child still importuned for the cap.

'Go along wid ye,' said her mother, striking her; 'go an' blow the fire, till we ate our supper.'

The girl whimpered, and proceeded to her task.

Soon after a lad of thirteen or fourteen came in, with a sack on his back, which he threw on the floor as he came in.

'Well, Mick, acushla, yer welcome. What have ye to-night?'

'Faix, ye have a bit o' mate, and some praties and cabbage from ould Worrell's garden.'

'An' the mate, Mick, honey, how did ye get it?'

'Oh, give me my supper fust, an' thin I'll tell you.'

The pot was boiled by this time, or sufficiently so for them, and they took out the fowl, pulled off the feathers, and divided it between the father and mother, and the boy last named, giving a little bit to the girl, which the father added to from his share. The mother gave the little things some turnips, and told them to roast some potatoes for themselves in the ashes.

'Where's Ned, I wondher?' asked the father.

'Bad luck to him,' said the mother; 'he's always last, and divir has a ha'porth; and when he does get anything, it's into throuble he brings us for it.'

'He's so small,' urged the girl.

'Arrah don't be talkin'; aint he as big as you?' said the mother, angrily.

The object of the conversation here appeared at the door—a little child of seven or eight years, with only a ragged pair of trowsers and an old shirt on him.

He stood shivering at the door, with a little bag in his hand, empty: one would think he had heard what they said.

'Come in, Ned,' said the sister, who first saw him.

'Well,' said his mother, savagely, 'where's what you got?—where's your bag?'

'I couldn't get anything all day,' he whimpered.

'Ye dirty vagabone!' cried his mother, starting up, and cuffing him on the head and ears, 'is this the way yer to go on always? Yed rather be fed here for nothin', and do nothin' for yerself; night after night the old story—the empty bag, an', I couldn't get anything.' Were ye at Worrell's?' she asked fiercely.

'I was,' he sobbed.

'And ye could get nothin'? she again asked. 'Will ye answer, ye blackguard?' she continued, as the boy cried on.

'We nivir take thim,' he sobbed again.

'We!' she repeated after him; 'and who's we, ye omadhaun? Have I nivir fould you not? And why don't you take them?' she continued, mimicking him.

'Because,' said he again, still sobbing, 'they give us our dinner.'

'And whose us?'

'Grace and me.'

'Come, my man, none of yer nice humbug; out wid ye, and don't dar come in here widout yer share. Come, be off.'

'Ah, mother!' cried Grace, springing up, 'don't ax him to go to-night—it's cowld, and wet—don't ax him—sure he's small.'

'Lave me alone,' she cried, her anger rousing her—'he must go. I'll teache him to come in again this way. Out, ye cur!'

'Let him ate a bit first, thin, mother jewel.'

'Divil a taste, till he brings his bit. Come, out wid ye!' she shouted.

'Arrah, Katty, can't ye let the child alone?' said her husband.

'Hould yer tongue, and ate yer supper,' said she; 'and don't crass me, I'd advise ye.'

The poor child still lingered at the door—the mother rushed at him, and he disappeared.

'I'll go wid him,' cried Grace, about to follow.

'Will ye?' said her mother, giving her a slap. 'Go sit down, and don't stir again wid out my leave.'

The poor little girl sat down in the chimney-nook, sobbing bitterly.

'Sure we had enough widout his share,' said the father.

'Much ye know,' answered his wife. 'Is that the way ye'd have me bring up the childre, in idleness—walkin' about all day, and bring nothin' home at night? I'll teche them, I'll engage.'

They finished their meal and lay down on some straw, covering themselves with clothes and rags of blankets. They all huddled together—the children at their parents' feet.—They slept; Grace was still awake—still crying within herself. She got up softly, and looked out; dark as pitch, and no sign of her little brother! She crouched over the remains of the fire, and every few moments went to the door and looked out. Still the absent one came not. Grace looked at the wet turf, smouldering by degrees to ashes; the half-burned sod, growing smaller and smaller, crumbling away—a little red here and there, just showing how it went; at last 'twas out, and then a heap of ashes in its place—now warm, less warm, cold, and colder—till at last as cold as the clay floor it rested on. So Grace watched; and in her grief forgot to keep alive the embers she had raked up from the ashes; each one burned slowly away and disappeared; and so she watched, and, watching, slept.

She dreamt. She thought her little brother came in, his little bag empty still, but all wet and black; the water running from his hair, and down his cheeks, and neck, and little shirt—all wet; and still he looked at her, and smiled. She wandered in her dream: and his darling blue eyes looked into hers, so happily, as they used to do long ago; she wished to speak, but could not; and still he looked at her so pleasantly; she tried to get up and go to him, and awoke crying.

He was not there; but the first dawn of day streamed through the little window. She put her hand where the fire had been—all heat gone—the ashes cold as stone. She was very cold herself. She looked out again for Ned—no sign yet. 'He'll soon come now,' she thought; the day-light still came on; the stars, one by one were lost. She went back to the house—all slept still; her mother, roused up by the draught from the open door, muttered to her to shut it, and slept again. Grace closed the door, and, going to the little broken window-hole, still watched. Still the day dawns, brighter and brighter still. Two men are coming down the road—they walk rather slowly—they are carrying a sack between them; they get over the ditch, into the bog opposite the hovel; one of them is young Worrell, and the other his servant-boy.

'It's not a sack they have—'tis a boy!—it must be Ned.'

Grace rushed out; a few bounds brought her to the men—it *was* Ned. Oh! there was a scream, a long, long scream, and then another; and then the pent-up anguish of her soul found vent in tears. It was Ned, poor little Ned! The men laid him down—he was wet and dirty—his eyes shut—his face wet, and pale, and cold. Poor little boy,—he was quite dead. And the little girl knelt by his side, and held his moist hand so cold, and kissed the dirt from his lips, and called for Ned, 'her brother, alannah machree?' 'her brother jewel!' 'her darling!' but Ned awaked not; and the men stood by and wiped the corner of their eyes with their coat-sleeves.

The father had come out and the eldest boy; the former ran up and looked at the corpse—he said nothing; he raised it in his arms and bore it to the house; his wife still lay asleep, he laid the body on the floor.

'Get up!' he said to her, shaking her arm.—

'Let me alone, will yez?' she cried, half asleep.

'Get up!' he said, sternly, taking her in his arms, and putting her in a sitting posture.

'Arrah, bad luck——.' She stopped, her eyes opened. There was the corpse at her feet, and they circled round it in silence. She burst into a loud cry, rocking herself to and fro.

'We found him in a bog-hole near our house,' said young Worrell, as he went away.

CHAPTER II.

There they were: the father, with his arms folded leaning against the wall, near the fire-place, looking with a stare of vacancy on the face of his dead child; the mother, still sitting on the bed, whining, and rocking herself, with her head on her knees; the two younger children, kneeling on the straw at the foot of the bed, looking at the corpse; the eldest son leaning against the door-sill, with his hand in his pocket, looking out listlessly on the beautiful morning; and Grace knelt beside the body.—She no longer cried aloud, but the tears rolled silently down her cheeks; the large drops one after another poured from her eyes; she took one hand in hers, and gazed at the little pale face before her; and then from time to time she put her other hand on his breast, or raised the closed eyelid, and then moved it quickly away, as the dull, cold eye met her view—that eye which used to smile so lovingly on her.—Or she would open his lips; whatever little red was in them once, quite blanched away; and then another passionate burst of inward grief, as she kissed again and again that dear mouth, never more to press hers in answer.—At last the mother looked up.

'What's the girl whinin' for?' she asked, harshly. 'Will that bring him back? Arrah, who let the fire out?' she continued, looking round at the hearth. 'Go along, Grace, and get some kindlin' over at Micky Byrne's, sure we can't stay here in the cowld.'

A stifled sob escaped the child; she appeared as if she heard not.

'Will ye go?' said the mother again, impertinently. 'God knows the little varmint is no loss anyhow.'

'Ah, woman!' said her husband, 'howld yer tongue. The poor gorsoon's gone; let him lie in pace.'

The woman commenced an angry rejoinder, but changed it into her former whine, as a step was heard approaching the door, and a stout, respectable-looking man, followed by young Worrell, passed the boy at the door, and entered the hovel.

'Och! Misther Worrell! Misther Worrell! Misther Worrell!' screamed the woman, rocking herself on the bed—'Och, my poor boy an' he's gone from us, my fair-haired little child! O, what'll I do?—what'll I do? Look at him, Misther Worrell, the little darlint. An' he out lookin' for a bit to ate, the crature, and nivir kem near us, an' we wondherin' what was keepin' him. An' thin drowned in a bog-hole. O, wirrasthrue! what'll become of me at all, at all?'

The eyes of the good man addressed were full of tears, as he turned to the father, and said—

'Kennedy, I'm very sorry for you. It's a sad accident; but sure it's the Lord's will.—Mrs. Kennedy,' he continued, 'don't take on so—be resigned to the will of Providence. It was a poor end for the little fellow. And Grace, dear, you have lost your companion. Send her up, Mrs. Kennedy, in the course of the day, to my wife: I dare say she has something for you.'

'Thankee, sir,' said the woman. 'May the Lord of Heaven power a blessin' on you and on yer family.'

'And, Kennedy,' continued Mr. Worrell, 'you know we must have the coroner here; just a form, you know—accidental death, of course. Don't look frightened, Mrs. Kennedy; it's only just a form—necessary, though, in a case of this sort. I'm going down to Escar, and I'll mention it to the police there. Maybe the coroner will be here to-day: if not, it will be early in the morning. And you'll want a coffin, too, Kennedy; I'll just tell Jem Flynn, as I'm going down, to make one. And, Mrs. Kennedy,' he added, going, 'don't forget to send Grace down to our house.'

'May the poor man's blessin' be wid you this day!' said Kennedy, warmly.

'May God's blessin' rest upon you an' yours forever!' shouted Mrs. Kennedy after him.

As soon as the footsteps were lost leaving the house, she turned to her husband—

'Pather, man, sure you're not goin' to stan' there all day, are ye? Come, start off, agra; go over to Rawson's, an' tell them the story—and tell it *well*, mind. Ye'll get yer breakfast, anyway, and yer day's work and dinner, too, I'll go bail. We'll not want you at the quest. Come, man, go; we ye nothin' worth talkin' of for breakfast here, and ye'll be sure to get somethin' there.'

The man in silence took his hat, and went slowly out.

'Come, Grace,' she resumed, in a milder tone than before, 'dart off to Micky Byrne's for the kindlin'. There, run, and take the pot with you.'

As the little girl went, she called her eldest son, and handed him the sixpence that Grace had brought in the night before.

'Here, Mick avourneen, go up to the shop, and buy a twopenny loaf, a pen'orth of butter, a pen'orth of sugar, three hap'orth of tay, and a hap'orth of milk? an' don't buy yourself too much, till I send Grace to Worrell's with she brings in the fire.'

Mick departed, and soon after Grace came in with the lighted turf in the pot.

'There, that's a girl,' said her mother.—'Now go up to Mrs. Worrell, and she'll give ye yer breakfast; an' ax her for a sheet to lay him out wid, an' some candles; an' may be ye'd get a grain o' tay to watch him by. But hurry up now.'

The little girl, subdued and silent, did her bidding.

When she was gone, her mother bustled about, laid the dead boy on the bed in the corner, kindled up the fire, got some water, and put it to boil in the old pot; took a dirty tea-pot from a corner, and a broken cup and cracked bowl, and laid them on a three-legged stool, supported on a sod of turf in front of the fire. The two little children resumed their place in chimney-nook, following their mother with their eyes, everywhere she turned.

The water boiled as Mick entered.

'Just in time, my darlin', everything's ready. Where's the tay, till I wet it? Draw the stone over and sit down. Begor that's fine sugar; but, be aisy, what sort of butther is this?—Haith, its half suet. Show us the milk and the bread? but it's stale—two days ould, I'm sure. Here, shuinah, take a bit of stick an' toast a bit. I don't think the stale bread agrees wid me, and the butther's only middlin. Make room for the tay-pot, till I put it to stew. Now, Mick a lingur, you must mind and say, whin the crowner, comes here, how that Ned wint out in the mornin' to look for his bit, as we were all starvin', and that we didn't see a sight of him till they carried him in this mornin'!'

(To be Continued.)

DANIEL O'CONNELL.—Holden's Dollar Magazine, for December, contains the following description of O'Connell's Speech in Edinburg, from the pen of the Rev. HENRY GILES:

'He stood on Calton hill, which overlooks the city. The sky was clear and blue, and a mellow sun-light spread afar and along upon flood and mountain, some tens of thousands ranged themselves on the side of the hill, with their sea of upturned faces, on the stalwart man from Ireland. The city of palaces lay below them—the city of romance and story—the city of Mary—of Knox—of Scott—the city of resplendent genius, and heroic memories.—The panoramic vision stretched into the infinite, through glory and loveliness—and the eye gazed over frith, and lake, and brae, and highland, until it was dazzled and drunk with beauty.

To this sublime scenery, O'Connell pointed, and opened with an earnest eulogium upon Scotland. The palace of Holyrood was beneath. He called up the shade of Bruce, and quoted Burns. He glorified the beauty of Scottish women, and the bravery of Scottish men. He said to the women that he would tell their sisters beyond the channel, that the daughters of Scotland could feel for the woes of Ireland. He dwelt with enthusiasm on the independence which Scotland had always maintained—giving sovereigns, but receiving none, and allowing no foreign tyrant to keep his foot upon her heathered hills. He spoke of the Covenanters, whose ashes lay around them, in every quiet church-yard. He paid a hearty tribute to that honesty of conscience, for which these noble men had fought—for which they had prayed—for which they had died.' He then turned, in most eloquent despondency, to Ireland. He pictured the hard and desolate sway of the oppressor—the humiliation which for centuries had crushed his countrymen—who, unable to be free, were unwilling to be slaves. He enlarged on the beauties of his native land, and her miseries—the waste of all her energies—the hope deferred, until her very heart was sick. With patriotic sorrow, that she had yet no true place among the nations—had yet no history. Then, with strongest indignation, he denounced unequal laws—a compulsory church—an oppressive oligarchy—and he denounced them as an incubus on the people—alike the curse of Englishmen—of Scotchmen—and of Irishmen. After three hours speaking, he was silent. Then the sublime enthusiasm of that collected mass, arose in one loud shout, it rent the skies with its boomings, and rolled in long drawn echoes through the rocks and hills.

THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.—All are passing through the valley of the shadow of death. The last enemy may not, have yet received his dread commission, but it is equally possible that it may have been given him. We may now be toiling up the last hill, or joyfully brushing the dew off the declivity, and before us the ocean, the bottomless shoreless, ocean of a vast eternity. Some may be higher up the mountain side, where they find more sunshine and prosperity: some lower on its plains, by its deserts and its pits and its swollen streams; some at the bright entrance