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Pat's Corner.

For the Montrose Democrat.

Lines

Written to the Memory of Dr. E. A. Butterfield.

BY CAROLINE—TO A FRIEND.

Dost thou still mourn for thy darling,
The buried youngest child;
Bright thought brings back his childhood years
In manner sweet and mild.
It draws him in past helpless days
Of laugning childish glee,
When in loved infancy he sat
On his fond Mother's knee.

How well then his bright laughing eyes
Swam in sweet clear delight,
When thou did'st playful hector him
He hid them from thy sight.
And quickly sought his Mother's breast
To smother his chagrin;
Then he would laugh and look again
Thy attention to win.

In those past happy, childish days
Thy love he fairly won,
Thy sweetest smile did freely rest
On that dear petted son.
As time passed on his stature gave
A large promising boy;
His roddy cheek and bold clear eye,
Told of light coming joy.

His gleeful voice and bounding step
Were most noted in thy play;
He ruled all with a lordly grace,
And sung the loudest lay.
His wild presence true gladness shed,
In equal way most fair;
The sweetest pleasures thou didst know
Were such as he could share.

He took manhood's fine graceful form,
And gathered strength in years;
Strongly cherished frail life's new hopes,
For then they cast no fears.
The novel thought possessed his heart,
That he would love to roam,
More high and bold his spirit grew,
In wish to leave his home.

Hours fast flew, hence the parting came,
And brought the short adieu;
Thy hidden grief gave vent by tears,
In sorrow long and true;
Then did'st look forward to that time,
He would sit by thy side;
So formed his strong, healthful youth,
In well aght joyous pride.

Time's stern finger wrought its deep trace
On all things near and far,
Thy mind did not allow such change
His blooming face to mar;
Sim- fleeting years and changing scenes
Fled with their fading ray;
Ellen wrote, his cherished visit
He would not long delay.

Forthen on his slight youthful form
Disease fast grasp had lain;
His chief hope and only wish
Were to see thee ag in;
Soon and fast, he hastened toward
His kin, once more to meet;
In the few short hours he was spared,
Before his final sleep.

Mourn not so deep, for thou canst look
Beyond the hopes of earth;
His blooming form has only faded,
Not that of sterling worth:
His soul will live after his form fades,
Where no earthly tempests rave;
So think, dear friend, when thou dost weep
By the late young Edwin's grave.

July, 1852.

From the Sunday Delta.

Home.

'Tis the place that we love, that cheris hed old home,
Wherever we rove, wherever we roam;
If we plough the rough ocean or wander afar,
We feel that our home is our true guiding-star.

We may make our abode in a far distant land,
Where earth turns to gold at the touch of our hand,
Where the tempest is stilled, and no cloud is e'er seen,
Where orange trees bloom and remain ever green.

Where swee. fairy music forever is heard,
And the wild wood is filled with the gay-plumaged bird;—
But our home is still cherished, and blest is our lot,
If we once again see that familiar old spot.

That much beloved spot that our infancy knew;
With its high-gabled house and its sky of deep-blue,
The hill where the mill waves its arms in the breeze,
And the valley beyond, with its clump of green trees.

That smooth grassy meadow, where the lofty elm grows,
And the stream that runs by it, and noisily flows
O'er rocks and o'er pebbles, each one of them dear,—
O, would that our lives might pass peacefully here!

Here would that our lives might pass cheerfully away,
Like the stream as it deepens, like the closing of day,
To our home up above, where no foe doth molest,
Where the wicked ne'er trouble and the weary have rest!

AMELIA.

New Orleans, Sept. 1852.

A gentleman just arrived from Washington informs us that he saw 10 *mail bags* filled with the "Life of Scott," which has been franked and packed to be delivered over the United States—*N. Y. Day Book.*

The "Life of Scott" is issued at the New York *Tribune* office, and franked by Truman Smith, Whig M. C. from Connecticut. They are loading down the mails with them, and the people of the country have to pay for their transportation. At the same time the *Tribune* is crying out against the franking privilege! and the mailcage swindle. Ah, whiggery, what a jewel of honesty and consistency!—*Morning News.*

Selected Tale.

From Littell's Living Age.

FARDOROUGHA;

THE MISER.

[Continued.]

It was more than an hour before the man returned, holding Fardorougha by the arm, and, after having left him in the cell, he instantly locked it outside, and withdrew as he had been desired. Connor ran to support his tottering steps; and wofully indeed did that unfortunate parent stand in need of his assistance. In the picture presented by Fardorougha the unhappy young man forgot in a moment his own miserable and gloomy fate. There blazed in his father's eyes an excitement at once dead and wild—a vague fire without character, yet stirred by an incomprehensible energy wholly beyond the usual manifestations of thought or suffering. The son on beholding him shudder, and not for the first time, for he had on one or two occasions before, become apprehensive that his father's mind might, if strongly pressed, be worn down by the singular conflict of which it was the scene, to that most frightful of all maladies—insanity. As the old man, however, folded him in his feeble arms, and attempted to express what he felt, the unhappy boy groaned aloud, and felt even in the depth of his cell, a blush of momentary shame suffuse his cheek and brow. His father, notwithstanding the sentence that had been so shortly before passed upon his son—that father, he perceived to be absolutely intoxicated, or, to use a more appropriate expression, decidedly drunk.—There was less blame, however, to be attached to Fardorougha on this occasion, than Connor imagined. When the old man swooned in the court-house, he was taken by his neighbors to a public house, where he lay for some minutes in a state of insensibility. On his recovery he was plied with burnt whiskey, as well to restore his strength and prevent a relapse, as upon the principle that it would enable him to sustain with more firmness the dreadful and shocking destiny which awaited his son. Actuated by motives of mistaken kindness, they poured between two and three glasses of this fiery cordial down his throat, which, as he had not taken so much during the lapse of thirty years before, soon reduced the feeble old man to the condition in which we have described him when entering the gloomy cell of the prisoner.

'Father,' said Connor, 'in the name of Heaven above, who or what has put you into this dreadful state, especially when we consider the hard, hard fate that is over us, and upon us?'

'Connor,' returned Fardorougha, not perceiving the drift of his question, 'Connor, my son, I'll hang—hang him, that's one comfort.'

'Who are you spaking about?'

'The villain sentence was pass on to—today. He'll swing—swing for the robbery; P——e will. We got him back out of that nest of robbers, the Isle o' Man they call it—that he made off to, the villain!'

'Father dear, I'm sorry to see you in this state on such a day—such a black day to us.—For *your* sake I am. What will the world say of it?'

'Connor, I'm in great sp'rits all out, except-in' for something that I forgot, that—that—lies heavy upon me. That I mayn't sin, but I am—I am, indeed—for now that we've *cotch* him, we'll hang the villain up. Ha, ha, ha, it's a pleasant sight to see sich a fellow danglin' from a rope!'

'Father sit down here, sit down upon this bad and comfortless bed, and keep yourself quiet for a little. Maybe you'll be better soon. Oh, why did you drink, and us in such trouble?'

'I'll not sit down; I'm very well able to stand,' said he tottering across the room.—'The villain thought to starve me, Connor, but you heard the sentence that was passed on him to-day. Where's Honor, from me? she'll be glad when—when she hears it, and my son, Connor, will too—but he's he's—where is Connor?—bring me, bring me to Connor.—Ah, avourneen, Honor's heart's breaking for him—'t any rate, the mother's heart—the mother's heart—she's laid low wid an achin', sorrowful head for her boy.'

'Father, for God's sake, will you try and rest a little? If you could sleep, father dear, if you could sleep.'

'I'll hang P——e—I'll hang him—but if he gives me back my money, I'll not touch him. Who are you?'

'Father dear, I'm Connor, your own son, Connor.'

'I'll marry you and Una, then. I'll settle all the villain robbed me of on you, and you'll have every penny of it *afther my death*. Don't be keepin' me up, I can walk very well; ay, an' I'm in right good sp'rits. Sure, the money's got, Connor—got back every shilleen of it. Ha, ha, ha, God be praised! God be praised! We've a right to be thankful—the world isn't so bad afther all.'

'Father, will you try and rest?'

'It's not bad, ather all—I won't starve, as I thought I would, now that the *arrighad* is got back from the villain. Ha, ha, ha, it's great—it's great, Connor, ahagur?'

'Connor, sing me a song—my heart's up—it's light—arn't you glad?—sing me a song.'

'If you'll sleep first, father dear.'

'The *Uligone*, Connor, or *Shuilagra*, or the *T'ougha*—for, avourneen, avourneen, there must be sorrow in it, for my heart's low, and your mother's heart's in sorrow, and she's lyin' far from us, an' her boy's not near her, an' her heart's sore, sore, and her heakachin', bekase her boy's far from her, and she can't come to him!'

The boy, whose noble fortitude was unshaken during the formidable trial it had encountered in the course of that day, now felt overcome by this simple allusion to his mother's love. He threw his arms about his father's neck, and, placing his head upon his bosom, wept aloud for many, many minutes.

'Husth, Connor, husth, asthore—what makes you cry? Sure, all 'ill be right now that we've got back the money. Eh? Ha, ha, ha, it's great luck, Connor, isn't it great? An' you'll have it, you an' Una, *afther my death*—for I won't starve for e'er a one o' yees.'

'Father, father, I wish you would rest.'

'Well, I will, avick, I will—bring me to bed—you'll sleep in your own bed to-night. Your poor mather's head hasn't been off o' the place where your own lay, Connor. No, indeed; her heart's low—it's breakin'—it's breakin'—but she won't let anybody make your bed but herself. Oh, the mother's love, Connor—that mother's love—*that* mother's love—but, Connor—'

'Well, father, dear.'

'Isn't there something wrong, avick? isn't there something not right, somehow?'

This question occasioned the son to feel as if his heart would literally burst to pieces, especially when he considered the circumstances under which the old man put it. Indeed, there was something so transcendantly appalling in his intoxication, and in the wild but affecting tone of his conversation, that, when joined to his pallid and spectral appearance, it gave a character, for the time being, of a mood that struck the heart with an image more frightful than that of madness itself.

'Wrong, father!' he replied, 'all's wrong, and I can't understand it. It's well for you that you don't know the doom that's upon us now, for I feel how it would bring you down, and how it will, too. It will kill you, my father—it will kill you.'

'Connor, come home, avick, come home—I'm tried at any rate—come home to your mother—come, for her sake—I know I'm not at home, an' she'll not rest till I bring you safe back to her. Come now, I'll have no put offs—you must come, I say—I ordher you—I can't and wont meet her widout you. Come, avick, an' you can sing me the song goin' home—come wid your own poor auld father, that can't live widout you—come, a sullish machree, I don't feel right here—we won't be properly happy till you go to your lovin' mother.'

'Father, father, you don't know what you're making me suffer! What heart, blessed Heaven, can bear—'

The door of his cell here opened, and the turnkey stated that some five or six of his friends were anxious to see him, and, above all things, to take charge of his father to his own home. This was a manifest relief to the young man, who then felt more deeply on his unhappy father's account than on his own.

'Some foolish friends,' said he, 'have given my father liquor, an' it has got into his head—indeed, it overcame him the more, as I never remember him to taste a drop of spirits during his life before. I can see nobody now an' him in this state; but if they wish me well let them take care of him, and leave him safe at his own house, and tell them I'll be glad if I can see them to-morrow, or any other time.'

With considerable difficulty Fardorougha was removed from Connor, whom he clung to with all his strength, attempting also to drag him away. He then wept bitterly, because he declined to accompany him home, that he might comfort his mother, and enjoy the imaged recovery of his money from P——e, and the conviction which he believed they had just succeeded in getting against that notorious defaulter.

After they had departed, Connor sat down upon his hard pallet, and, supporting his head with his hand, saw, for the first time, in all its magnitude and horror, the death to which he found himself now doomed. The excitement occasioned by his trial, and his increasing firmness, as it darkened on through all its stages to the final sentence, now had in a considerable degree abandoned him, and left his heart, at present, more accessible to natural weakness than it had been, to the power of his own affections. The image of his early-loved Una had seldom since his arrest been out of his imagination. Her youth, her beauty, her wild but natural grace, and the flashing glances of her dark enthusiastic eye, when joined to her tenderness and boundless affection for himself—all caused his heart to quiver with deadly anguish through every fibre. This produced a transition to Flanagan—the contemplation of whose perfidious vengeance made him spring from his seat in a paroxysm of indignant but intense hatred, so utterly furious that the swelling tempest which it sent through his veins caused him to reel with absolute giddiness.

'Great God!' he exclaimed, 'you are just, and will this be suffered?'

He then thought of his parents, and the fiery mood of his mind changed to one of melancholy and sorrow. He looked back upon his aged father's enduring struggle—upon the battle of the old man's heart against the accursed vice which had swayed its impulses so long—on the protracted conflict between the two energies, which, like contending armies in the field, had now left little but ruin and desolation behind them. His heart, when he brought all these things near him, expanded, and like a bird, folded its wings about the gray-haired martyr to the love he bore him.—But his mother—the caressing, the proud, the affectionate, whose heart, in the vivid tenderness of hope for her beloved boy, had shaped out his path in life, as that on which she could brood with the fondness of a loving and delighted spirit—that mother's image, and the idea of her sorrows prostrated his whole strength, like that of a stricken infant, to the earth.

'Mother, mother,' he exclaimed, 'when I think of what you reared me for, and what I am this night, how can my heart do otherwise than break, as well on your account as on my own, and for all that love us! Oh! what will become of you, my blessed mother? Hard does it go with you that you're not about your pride, as you used to call me, now that I'm in this trouble, in this fate that is soon to cut me down from your loving arms! The thought of you is dear to my heart, dear, dearer, dearer than that of any—than my own Una.—What will become of *her*, too, and the old man? Oh, why, why is it that the death I am to suffer is to fall so heavily on them that love me best?'

He then returned to his bed, but the cold and dreary images of death and ruin haunted his imagination, until the night was far spent, when at length he fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

By the sympathy expressed at his trial, our readers may easily conceive the profound sorrow which was felt for him, in the district where he was known, from the moment the knowledge of his sentence had gone abroad among the people. This was much strengthened by that which, whether in man or woman, never fails to create an amiable prejudice in its favor—I mean youth and personal beauty. His whole previous character was now canvassed with a mournful lenity that brought out his virtues into beautiful relief; and the fate of the affectionate son was deplored no less than that of the youthful, but rash and inconsiderate lover. Neither was the father without his share of compassion, for they could not forget that, despite of all his penury and extortion, the old man's heart had been fixed, with a strong but uncouth affection, upon his amiable and only boy. It was, however, when they thought of his mother, in whose heart of hearts he had been enshrined as the idol of her whole affection, that their spirits became truly touched. Many a mother assumed in her own person, by the force of imagination, the sinking woman's misery, and poured forth, in unavailing tears, the undeniable proofs of the sincerity with which she participated in Honor's bereavement. As for Flanagan, a deadly weight of odium, such as is peculiar to the *Informer* in Ireland, fell upon both him and his. Nor was this all. Added by that sagacity which is so conspicuous in Irishmen, when a vindictive or hostile feeling is excited among them, they depicted Flanagan's character with an accuracy and truth astonishingly correct and intuitive. Numerous were the instances of cowardice, treachery, and revenge remembered against him, by those who had been his close and early companions, not one of which would have ever occurred to them, were it not that their minds had been thrown back upon the scrutiny by the melancholy fate in which he had involved the unhappy Connor O'Donovan. Had he been a mere ordinary witness in the matter, he would have experienced little of this boiling indignation at their hands; but first to participate in the guilt, and afterwards, for the sake of the reward, or from a worse and more flagitious motive, to turn upon him, and become his accuser, even to the taking away the young man's *life—to stag* against his companion and accomplice—this was looked upon as a crime ten thousand times more black and damnable than that for which the unhappy culprit had been consigned to so shameful a death.

But, alas, of what avail was all this sympathy and indignation to the unfortunate youth himself, or to those most deeply interested in his fate? Would not the very love and sorrow felt towards her son fall upon her mother's heart with a heavier weight of bitterness and agony? Would not his Una's soul be wounded on that account with a sharper and more deadlier pang of despair and misery? It would, indeed, be difficult to say whether the house of Bodagh Buie or that of Fardorougha was then in the deeper sorrow. On the morning of Connor's trial Una arose at an earlier hour than usual, and it was observed when she sat at breakfast, that her cheek was at one moment pale as death, and again flushed and feverish. These symptoms were first perceived by her affectionate brother, who, on witnessing the mistakes she made in pouring out the tea, exchanged a glance with his parents, and afterwards asked her to allow him to take her place. She laid down the tea-pot, and, looking him mournfully in the face, attempted to smile at a request so unusual.

'Una, dear,' said he, 'you must allow me. There is no necessity for attempting to conceal what you feel—we all know it—and it we did not, the fact of your having filled the sugar-bowl instead of the tea-cup would soon discover it.'

She said nothing, but looked at him again, as if she scarcely comprehended what he said. A glance however, at the sugar-bowl convinced her that she was incapable of performing the usual duties of the breakfast table. Hitherto she had not raised eyes to her father or mother's face, nor spoken to them as had been her wont, when meeting at that strictly domestic meal. The unrestrained sobbings of the mother now aroused her for the first time, and, on looking up, she saw her father wiping away the big tears from his eyes.

'Una, avourcen,' said the worthy man, 'let John make tay for us—for, God help you, you can't do it. Don't fret, achora machree, don't, don't, Una; as God is over me, I'd give all I'm worth to save him, for your sake.'

She looked at her father and smiled again; but that smile cut to the heart.

'I will make the tea myself, father,' she replied, 'and I *won't* commit any more mistakes,' and as she spoke she unconsciously poured the tea into the slop-bowl.

'Avourcen,' said her mother, 'let John do it; acushla machree, let him do it.'

She then rose, and without uttering one word, passively and silently placed herself on her brother's chair—he having, at the same time, taken that on which she sat.

'Una,' said her father, taking her hand, 'you must be a good girl, and you must have courage; and whatever happens, my darling, you'll pluck up strength, I hope, and bear it.'

'I hope so, father, she said, 'I hope so.'

'But, avourcen machree,' said her mother, 'I would rather see you cryin' fifty times over, than smilin' the way you do.'

'Mother,' said she, 'my heart is sore—my heart is sore.'

'It is, ahagur machree; and your hand is tremblin' so much that you can't bring the tay-cup to your mouth; but then, don't smile so sorrowfully.'

'Why should I cry, mother?' she replied; 'I know that Connor is innocent. If I knew him to be guilty, I would weep, and I ought to weep.'

'At all events, Una,' said her father, 'you know it's the government, and not us, that's prosecuting him.'

To this Una made no reply, but, thrusting away her cup, she looked with the same mournful smile from one to another of the little circle about her. At length she spoke.

'Father, I have a request to ask of you.'

'If it's within my power, Una darling, I'll grant it; and if it's not, it'll go hard with me but I'll bring it within my power. What is it, asthore machree?'

'In case he's found guilty, to let John put off his journey to Maynooth, and stay with me for some time—it won't be long I'll keep him.'

'If it pleases you darling, he'll never put his foot into Maynooth again.'

'No,' said the mother, 'dhamnho to the step, if you don't wish him.'

'Oh, no, no' said Una, 'its only for a while!'

'Unless she desires it, I will never go,' replied the loving brother; 'nor will I ever leave you in your sorrow, my beloved and only sister—never—never—so long as a word from my lips can give you consolation.'

The warm tears coursed each other down his cheeks as he spoke, and both his parents, on looking at the almost blighted flower before them, wept as if the hand of death had already been upon her.

'You, father, and John are going to his trial,' she observed; 'for me I like to be alone;—alone; but when you return to-night, let John break it to me. I'll go now to the garden. I'll walk about to-day—only before you go, John, I want to speak to you.'

Calmly and without a tear, she then left the parlor, and proceeded to the garden, where she began to dress and ornament the hive which contained the swarm that Connor had brought to her on the day their mutual attachment was first disclosed to each other.

'Father,' said John, when she was gone, 'I'm afraid that Una's heart is broken, or if not broken, that she wont survive his conviction long—it's breaking fast—for my part, in her present state, I neither will nor can leave her.'

The affectionate father made no reply, but putting his handkerchief to his eyes, wept, as did her mother, in silent but bitter grief.

'I cannot spake about it, nor think of it, John,' said he, after some time, 'but we must do, what we can for her.'

'If anything happens her, said the mother, 'I'd never get over it. Oh marciful Saviour! how could we live widout her?'

'I would rather see her in tears,' said John—'I would rather see her in outrageous grief a thousand times than in the calm but ghastly resolution with which she is bearing herself up against the trial of this day. If he's condemned to death, I'm afraid that either her health or reason will sink under it, and in that case, God pity her and us, for how, as you say, mother, could we afford to lose her? Still let us hope for the best. Father it's time to prepare; get the car ready. I am going to the garden, to hear what the poor thing has to say to me, but I will be with you soon.'

Her brother found her, as we have said, engaged calmly, and with a melancholy pleasure in adorning the hive which, on Connor's account, had become her favorite. He was not at all sorry that she had proposed this short interview, for, as his hopes of Connor's acquittal were but feeble, if, indeed, he could truly be said to entertain any, he resolved, by delicately communicating his apprehensions, to gradually prepare her mind for the worst that might happen.

On hearing his step she raised her head, and advancing towards the middle of the garden, took his arm, and led him towards the summer house in which Conner and she had first acknowledged their love. She gazed wistfully upon it after they entered, and wrung her hands, but still shed no tear.

'Una,' said her brother, 'you had something to say to me: what is it darling?'

She glanced timidly at him, and blushed.

'You won't be angry with me, John,' she replied; 'would it be proper for me to—to go'—

'What! to be present at the trial? Dear Una, you cannot think of it. It would neither be proper nor prudent, and your surely would not be considered indelicate? Besides, even were it not so, your strength is unequal to it. No, no, Una dear; dismiss it from your thoughts.'

'I fear that I could not stand it indeed, John even if it were proper; but I know not what to do; there is a weight like death upon my heart. If I could shed a tear it would relieve me; but I cannot.'

'It is probably better you should feel so, Una, than to entertain hopes upon the matter that may be disappointed. It is always wisest to prepare for the worst, in order to avoid the shock that may come upon us, and which always falls heaviest when it comes contrary to our expectations.

'I do not at all feel well,' she replied, 'and I have been thinking of the best way to break this day's tidings to me, when you come home. If he's cleared, say, good-humoredly—'Una, all's lost,' and if—if not, oh, desire me—say to me, 'Una, you had better go to bed, and let your mother go with you; that will be enough; I will go to bed, and if ever I rise from it again, it will not be from a love of life.'

The brother, seeing that conversation on the subject of her grief only caused her to feel more deeply, deemed it better to terminate than to continue a dialogue which only aggravated her sufferings.

'I trust, and hope, dear Una,' he said, 'that you will observe my fathers advice, and make at least a worthy effort to support yourself, in what cert'nly is a heavy affliction to you, in a manner becoming your own character. For his sake—for my mother's, and for mine, too, endeavor to have courage; be firm—and Una, if you take my advice, you'll pray to God to strengthen you; for, after all, there is no support in the moment of distress and sorrow, like this.'

'I will take your advice,' she replied; 'but is it not strange, John, that such heavy misfortune should fall upon two persons so young and who deserve it so little.'

'It may be a trial sent for your advantage and his; who can say but it may yet end for the good of you both? At present, indeed, there is no probability of its ending favorably, and even should it not, we are bound to bear with patience such dispensations as the Great Being, to whom we owe our existence, and of whose ways we know so little, may think right to lay upon us. Now, God bless you, and support you, dear, till I see you again. I must go; don't you hear the jaunting car driving up to the gate; be firm—dear Una—be firm, and good-bye!'

Never was a day spent under the influence of a more terrible suspense than that which drank up the strength of this sinking girl during the trial of her lover. Actuated by a burning and restless sense of distraction, she passed from place to place with that mechanical step which marks those who seek for comfort in vain. She retired to her apartment and strove to pray; but the effort was fruitless; the confusion of her mind rendered connexion and continuity of thought and language impossible. At one moment she repaired to the scenes where they had met, and again with a hot and aching brain, left them with a shudder that arose from a withering conception of the loss of him whose image, by their association, was at once rendered more distinct and more beloved. Her poor mother frequently endeavored to console her, but became too much affected herself to proceed. Nor were the servants less anxious to remove the heavy load of sorrow which weighed down her young spirit to the earth. Her brief, but affecting reply was the same to each.

'Nothing can comfort me; my heart is breaking; oh, leave me—leave me to the sorrow that's upon me.'

Deep, indeed, was the distress felt on her account, even by the females of her father's house, who, that day, shed many bitter tears on witnessing the mute but feverish agony of her sufferings. As evening approached she became evidently more distracted and depressed; her head, she said, felt hot, and her temples occasionally throbbed with considerable violence. The alternations of color on her cheek were more frequent than before, and their pallid and carmine hues were more alarmingly contrasted. Her weeping mother took the stricken one to her bosom, and, after kissing her burning and passive lips, pressed her temples with a hope that this might give her relief.

'Why don't you cry *anien machree?* (daughter of my heart.) Try and shed tears; it'll take away this burning pain, that's in your poor head; oh, try and let down the tears, and you'll see how it'll relieve you.'

'Mother, I can't,' she replied; 'I can shed no tear; I wish they were home, for the worst couldn't be worse than this!'

'No, asthore, it couldn't—it can't; hush!—do you hear it? They are; that's the car, I'm sure, indeed, it's at the gate.'

They both listened for a moment, and the voices of her father and brother were distinctly heard giving some necessary orders to the servant.

'Mother, mother,' exclaimed Una, pressing her hands upon her heart, 'my heart is bursting, and my temples—my temples'—

'Chierna veelish,' said the mother, feeling its strong and rapid palpitations, 'you can't stand this. Oh, darling of my heart, for the sake of your own life, and of the living God, be firm!'

At this moment their knock at the hall-door occasioned her to leap with a sudden start, almost out of the mother's arms. But, all at once, the tumult of that heart ceased, and the vermillion of her cheek changed to the hue of death. With a composure probably more the result of weakness than fortitude, she clasped her hands, and giving a fixed gaze towards the parlor-door, that spoke the resignation of despair, she awaited the tidings of her lover's doom. They both entered, and, after a cautious glance about the room, immediately perceived the situation in which, reclining on her mother's bosom, she lay, ghastly as a corpse, before them.

'Una, dear,' said John, approaching her, 'I am afraid you are ill.'

She riveted her eyes upon him, as if she would read his soul, but she could not utter a syllable.

The young man's countenance became overshadowed, by a deep and mournful sense of the task he found himself compelled to perform; his voice faltered, and his limbs trembled, as, in a low tone of heartfelt and profound sympathy, he exclaimed,

'Una, dear, you had better go to bed, and let my mother stay with you.'

Calmly she heard him, and, rising, she slowly but deliberately left the room, and proceeded up stairs with a degree of steadiness which surprised her mother. The only words she uttered on hearing this blighting communication were, 'Come with me, mother.'

'Una, darling,' said the latter when they had reached the bed room, 'why don't you spake to me? Let me hear your voice, jewel; only let me hear your voice.'

Una stopped and affectionately kissed her, but made no reply for some minutes. She then began to undress, which she did in fits and starts; sometimes pausing, in evident abstraction, for a considerable time, and again resuming the task of preparing for bed.

'Mother,' she at length said, 'my heart is as cold as ice; but my brain is burning; feel my temples; how hot they are, and how they beat!'

'I do, alanna dheelish; your body, as well as your mind, is sick; but we'll sind for the dochor, darlin', and you'll soon be bether, I hope.'

'I hope so; and then Connor and I can be married in spite of them. Don't they say, mother, that mn riages are made in heaven?'

'They do, darlin'.'

'Well, then, I will meet him there. Oh, my head—my head! I cannot bear—bear this racking pain.'

Her mother, who, though an uneducated woman, was by no means deficient in sagacity, immediately perceived that her mind was beginning to exhibit symptoms of being unsettled. Having, therefore, immediately called one of the maid-servants, she gave her orders to stay with Una, who had now gone to bed, until she herself could again return to her.—She instantly proceeded to the parlor, where her husband and son were, and, with a face pale from alarm, told them that she feared Una's mind was going.

'May the Almighty forbid!' exclaimed her father, laying down his knife and fork, for they had just sat down to dinner; 'oh, what makes you say such a thing, Bridget? What on earth makes you think it?'

'For Heaven's sake, mother, tell us at once,' inquired the son, rising from the table and walking distractedly across the room.

'Why she's beginning to rave about him,' replied her mother; 'she's afther saying that she'll be married to him in spite o' them.'

'In spite o' who, Bridget?' asked the Bodah, wiping his eyes—'In spite o' who does she mane?'

'Why, I suppose in spite of Flanagan and them that found him guilty,' replied his wife.

'Well, but what else did she say, mother?'

'She axed me if marriages wan't made in heaven; and I told her that the people said so; upon that she said she'd meet him there, and then she complained of her head.—The trewth is, she has a heavy load of sickness on her back, and the sorra hour should be lost till we get a dochor.'

'Yes, that is the truth, mother; I'll go this moment for Dr. H——. There's nothing like taking these things in time. Poor Una! God knows this trial is a sore one upon a heart so faithful and affectionate as hers.'

'John, had you not bether air something before you go?' said his father; 'you want it after the troublesome day you had.'

'No, no,' replied the son; 'I cannot—I cannot; I will neither eat nor drink till I hear what the doctor will say about her. O, my God!' he exclaimed, whilst his eyes filled with tears, 'and is it come to this with you, our darlin' Una?—I won't lose a moment till I return,' he added, as he went out; 'nor will I, under any circumstances, come without medical aid of some kind.'

'Let these things be taken away, Bridget,' said the Bodagh; 'my appetite is gone, too; that last news is the worst of all. May the Lord of heaven keep our child's mind right! for, oh, Bridget, wouldn't death itself be far afore *that*?'

'I'm going to her,' replied his wife; 'and may Jasus guard her, and spare her safe and sound to us: for what—what kind of a house would it be if she——but I can't think of it. Oh, wurrah, wurrah, this night!'

Until the return of their son, with the doctor, both O'Brien and his wife hung in a state of alarm bordering on agony over the bed of their beloved daughter. Indeed, the rapidity and vehemence with which incoherence, accompanied by severe illness, set in, sufficient to excite the greatest alarm, and to justify their darkest apprehensions. Her skin was hot almost to burning; her temples throbbed terribly, and such were her fits of starting and raving, that they felt as if every minute were an hour, until the physician actually made his appearance. Long before this gentleman reached the house, the son had made him fully acquainted with what he looked upon as the immediate cause of her illness: not that the doctor himself had been altogether ignorant of it; for, indeed, there were few persons of any class or condition in the neighborhood to whom that circumstance was unknown.

On examining the diagonistics that presented themselves, he pronounced her complaint to be brain fever of the most formidable class, to wit, that which arises from extraordinary pressure upon the mind, and unusual excitement of the feelings. It was a relief to her family, however, to know that beyond the temporary mental aberration, inseparable from the nature of her complaint, there was no evidence whatsoever of insanity. They felt grateful to God for this, and were consequently enabled to watch her sick bed with more composure, and to look forward to her ultimate recovery with a hope less morbid and gloomy. In this state we are now compelled to leave them and her, and beg the reader will accompany us to another house of sorrow, where the mourning was still more deep, and the spirits that were wounded driven into all the wild and dreary darkness of affliction.

Our readers cannot forget the helpless state of intoxication, in which Fardorougha left his unfortunate son on the evening of the calamitous day that saw him doomed to an ignominious death. His neighbors, as we then said, having procured a car, assisted him home, and would, for his wife's and son's sake, have afforded all the sympathy in their power; he was, however, so completely overcome with the spirits he had drank, and an unconscious latent feeling of the dreadful sentence that had been pronounced upon his son, that he required little else at their hands than to keep him steady on the car. During the greater part of the journey home, his language was only a continuation of the incoherencies which Connor had, with such a humiliating sense of shame and sorrow, witnessed in his prison cell. A little before they arrived within sight of his house, his companions perceived that he had fallen asleep; but to a stranger, ignorant of the occurrences of the day, the car presented the appearance of a party returning from a wedding or from some other occasion equally festive and social. Most of them were the worse for liquor, and one of them in particular had reached a condition which may be too often witnessed in this country. I mean that in which the language becomes thick; the eye knowing but vacant; the face impudent but relaxed; the limbs tottering, and the voice inveterately disposed to melody. The general conversation, therefore, of those who accompanied the old man was, as is usual with persons so circumstanced, high and windy; but as far as could be supposed by those who heard them cheerful and amicable. Over the loudness of their dialogue might be heard, from time to time, at a great distance, the song of the drunken melodist just alluded to, rising into those desperate tones which borrow their drowsy energy from intoxication alone. Such was the character of those who accompanied the miser home; and such were the indications conveyed to the ears or eyes of those who either saw or heard them, as they approached Fardorougha's dwelling, where the unsleeping heart of the mother watched—and oh! with what a dry and burning anguish of expectation, let our readers judge—for the life or death of the only child that God had ever vouchsafed to that loving heart on which to rest all its tenderest hopes and affections.

The manner in which Honor O'Donovan spent that day was marked by an earnest and simple piety that would have excited high praise and admiration if witnessed in a person of rank and consideration in society. She was, as the reader may remember, too ill to be able to attend the trial of her son, or as she herself expressed it in Irish, to draw strength to her heart by one look at his manly face—by one glance from her boy's eye. She resolved, however, to draw consolation from a higher source, and to rest the burden of her sorrows, as far as in her lay, upon that being in whose hands are the issues of life and death; or if she descended from the elevation of true worship to supplicate the intercession of departed spirits, let us attribute this rather to the dogmas of her creed than the errors of her heart. From the moment her husband left the threshold of his childish home, on that morning, until his return, her prayers to God and the saints were truly incessant. And who is so we l acquainted with the inscrutable ways of the Almighty as to dare assert that the humble supplications of this pious and sorrowful mother were not heard and answered?—Whether it was owing to the fervor of an imagination, wrought upon by the influence of a creed which nourishes religious enthusiasm in an extraordinary degree, or whether it was by direct support from that God who compassionated her affliction, let others determine; but certain it is, that in the course of that day she gained a calmness and resignation, joined to an increasing serenity of heart, such as she had not hoped to feel under a calamity so black and terrible.

On hearing the approach of the car which bore her husband home, and on listening to the noisy mirth of those, who, had they been sober, would have sincerely respected her grief, she put up an inward prayer of thanksgiving to God for what she supposed to be the happy event of Connor's acquittal. Stunning was the blow, however, and dreadful the revulsion of feeling occasioned by the discovery of this sad mistake. When they reached the door she felt still further persuaded that all had ended as she wished, for to nothing else except to the wildness of unexpected joy, could she think of ascribing her husband's intoxication.

'We must carry Fardorougha in,' said one of them to the rest; 'for the liquor has fairly overcome him—he's sound asleep.'

'He is cleared!' exclaimed the mother; 'he is cleared! My heart tells me he has come out widout a stain. What else could make his father, that never tasted liquor for the last thirty years, be as he is?'

'Honor O'Donovan,' said one of them, wringing her hand as he spoke, 'this has been a black day to you all; you must prepare yourself for bad news.'

'This Christ and his blessed mother support me, and support us all! But what is the worst? oh, what is the worst?'

'the *bearnath dhu!*' replied the man, alluding to the black cap which the judge puts on when passing the sentence of death.

'Well,' said she, 'may the name of the Lord that sent this upon us, be praised forever! That's no reason why we shouldn't still put our trust and reliance in him. I will show them, by the help of God's grace, an' by the assistance of his blessed mother, who suffered herself—an' oh, what is my suffering to hers?—I will show them, I say, that I can bear, as a Christian ought, whatever hard fate it may plase the Savior of the earth to lay upon us.—I know my son is innocent, an' surely, altho' it's hard, hard to part with such a boy, yet it's a consolation to know that he'll be better wid God, who's taking him, than ever he'd be wid us. So the Lord's will be done this night and forever! amin!'

This noble display of glowing piety and fortitude was not lost upon those who witnessed it. After uttering these simple but exalted sentiments, she crossed herself devoutly, as is the custom, and bowed her head with such a vivid sense of God's presence, that it seemed as if she actually stood, as no doubt she did, under the shadow of his power. These men, knowing the force of her love to that son, and