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Poet's Corner.

The Laborer's Noonday Hymn.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Up to the throne of God is borne
The voice of praise at early morn,
And he, who sends the punctual hymn,
Sung as the light of day grows dim.

Nor will he turn his ear aside
From holy offerings at noontide;
Then here reposing, let us raise
A song of gratitude and praise.

What though our burthen be not light,
We need not toil from morn till night;
The respite of the mid day-hour
Is in the thankful creature's power.

Blest are the moments—doubly blest—
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,
Are with a ready heart bestowed
Upon the service of our God!

Why should we crave a hallowed spot?
An altar is in each man's cot,
A church in every grove that spreads
Its living roof above our heads.

Look up to heaven! the industrious sun
Already half its race hath run:
He cannot halt, nor go astray,
But our immortal spirits may.

Lord! since his rising in the east,
If we have faltered or transgressed,
Guide, from thy love's abundant source,
What yet remains of this day's course;

Help with thy grace through life's short day,
Our upward and our downward way;
And glorify for us the west,
When we shall sink to final rest.

Miscellaneous.

The Snake and the Crocodile.

The following thrilling account of an engagement between a boa constrictor and a crocodile in Java, is given by an eye witness:

It was one morning that I stood beside a small lake, fed by one of the rills from the mountains. The waters were clear as crystal, and every thing could be seen to the very bottom. Stretching its limbs close over this pond, was a gigantic teak tree, and in its thick shining, ever green leaves, lay a huge boa, in an easy coil, taking his morning nap: Above him was a powerful ape of the baboon species, leering race of camps, always bent on mischief.

Now the ape, from his position, saw the crocodile in the water, rising to the top, exactly beneath the coil of the serpent. Quick as thought he jumped plump upon the snake, which fell with a splash into the jaws of the crocodile. The ape saved himself by clinging to a limb of the tree, but a battle royal immediately commenced in the water. The serpent, grasped in the middle by the crocodile made the water boil by his furious contortions. Winding his fold round the body of his antagonist, he disabled his two hinder legs, and, by his contractions, made the scales and bones of the monster crack.

The water was speedily tinged with the blood of both combatants, yet neither was disposed to yield. They rolled over and over, neither being able to obtain a decided advantage. All this time the cause of mischief was in a state of the highest ecstacy. He leaped up and down the branches of the tree, came several times close to the scene of the fight, took the limbs of the tree, uttered a yell, and then frisked about. At the end of ten minutes a silence began to come over the scene. The folds of the serpent began to be relaxed, and though they were trembling along the back, the head hung lifeless in the water.

The crocodile also was still, and though only the spines of his back were visible, it was evident that he, too, was dead. The monkey now perched himself on the lower limbs of the tree, close to the dead bodies, and amused himself for ten minutes in making all sorts of faces at them. This seemed to be adding insult to injury. One of my companions was standing at a short distance, and taking a stone from the edge of the lake, hurled it at the ape. He was totally unprepared, and as it struck him on the side of the head, he was instantly tipped over, and fell upon the crocodile. A few bounds however, brought him ashore, and taking to the tree, he speedily disappeared among the reddlick branches.

INDIAN SUMMER.—This season, if so it may be called, is peculiar to the temperate zone of North America. Its distinguishing features are mildness of temperature and a cloudless and murky sky. These are so modified that it sometimes difficult to know its commencement or end; but there are few indeed of native feelings, that are ignorant of its existence, and not delighted with the mild and genial weather designated by the heading of this article. The origin of the name "Indian summer," is said to be, that during a period of uncertain number of days while autumn and winter were struggling for predominance, a hazy atmosphere was produced.

During this time the Indians were wont to make incursions into the settlements of the pioneers of the wilderness," and wreak on them bloody revenge for real or supposed injuries. To relate the legends that are told of the horrible scenes perpetrated during the Indian summer, would only be to retail the history of the settlements of this country which should be in the hands, and treasured in the memories of every American. And to refer more particularly to the peculiarity of the climate in the temperate zone of North America, it is proper to say that the distinguished characteristics of the Indian summer do not exist in any other part of the globe.

There is another feature in the climate of the United States, which distinguishes it from those countries, viz; the transparency of the atmosphere. With perhaps the exceptions of the section of Italy and of Sweden, no country on the globe, so far as known, compares with it in that respect. This is evidence of the preservative healthfulness of this climate.—Those remarks apply better to the great central basin than to the Atlantic or Pacific slopes of the continent, and go to show that as soon as the causes which generate malaria are removed by cultivation, this will be at least one of the most healthy and beautiful climates in the world.—*Cincinnati Nonpareil.*

Selected Tale.

From Littell's Living Age.

PARDOROUGHA, THE MISER.

[Continued.]

The appearance of those who were here assembled was indeed singularly striking. A large fire of the unconsumed peat brought by the scholars on that morning, was kindled in the middle of the floor—its usual site. Around, upon stones, hobs, bosses, and seats of various descriptions, sat the "boys"—some smoking and others drinking; for upon nights of this kind a shebeen-housekeeper, uniformly a member of such societies, generally attends for the sale of his liquor, if he cannot succeed in prevailing on them to hold their meetings in his own house—a circumstance which for many reasons may not be in every case advisable. As they had not all yet assembled, nor the business of the night commenced, they were, of course divided into several groups and engaged in various amusements. In the lower end of the house was a knot, busy at the game of 'spoiled five,' their ludicrous table being the crown of a hat, placed upon the floor in the centre. These all sat upon the ground, their legs stretched out, their torch-bearer holding a lit bunch of fire splinters, stuck for convenience sake into the muzzle of a horse-pistol. In the upper end, again, sat another clique, listening to a man who was reading a treasonable ballad. Such of them as could themselves read stretched over their necks in eagerness to peruse it along with him, and such as could not—indeed, the greater number—gave force to its principles by very significant gestures; some being those of melody, and others those of murder; that is to say, part of them were attempting to hum a tune in a low voice suitable to the words, whilst others more ferocious brandished their weapons, as if those against whom the spirit of the ballad was directed had been then within the reach of their savage passions. Beside the fire, and near the middle of the house, sat a man, who, by his black stock and military appearance, together with a scar over his brow that gave him a most repulsive look, was evidently a pensioner, or old soldier. This person engaged in examining some rusty fire-arms that had been submitted to his inspection.—His self-importance was amusing, as was also the deferential aspect of those who, with arms in their hands, hammering flints or turning screws, awaited patiently their turn for his opinion of their efficiency. But perhaps the most striking group of all was that in which a thick-necked, bull-headed young fellow, with blood-colored hair, a son of Rousin Redhead's—who, by the way, was himself present—and another beetle-browed slip were engaged in drawing for a wager, upon one of the school-boy's slates, the figure of a coffin and cross-bones. A hardened-looking old sinner, with murder legible in his face, held the few halfpence which they wagered in his open hand, whilst in the other he clutched a pole, surmounted by a bent bayonet that had evidently seen service. The last group worthy remark was composed of a few persons who were writing threatening notices upon a leaf torn out of a school-boy's copy, which was laid upon what they formerly termed a copy-board, of plain deal, kept upon the knees, as a substitute for desks, while the boys were writing. This mode of amusement was called waiting for the Article-Bearer, or the Captain, for such was Bartle Flanagan, who now entered the house, and saluted all present with great cordiality.

'Begad, boys,' he said, 'our four guards widout is worthy any money. I had to pass the sign-word afore I could pass myself, and and that's the way it ought to be. But, boys, before we go any further, an' for fraid of traitors, I must call the rowl. You'll stand in a row roun' the walls, an' thin' we can make sure that there's no spies among us."

He then called the roll of those who were members of his lodge, and, having ascertained that all was right, he proceeded immediately to business.

'Rousin Redhead, what's the raisin you didn't take the arms from Captain St. Ledger's stewart? Sixteen men armed was enough to do it, an' yeas failed.'

'Ay, an' if you had been wid us, and sixteen more to the back o' that, you'd fail too. Begarra, captain dear, it seems that good people is scarce. Look at Mickey Mulvather there, you see his head tied up; but aldo he can play cards well enough, be me sowl, he's short wan ear any how, an' if you could meet one of the same stewart's bullets, goin' abroad at night like ourselves for its divarsion, it might tell you how he lost it. Bartle, I tell you a number of us isn't satisfied wid you.—You send us out to meet danger, an' you wont come yourself.'

'Don't you know, Rouser, that I *always do* go whenever I can? But I'm caged now; faix I don't sleep in a barn, and can't budge as I used to do.'

'An' who's tyin' you to your place thin?'

'Rouser,' replied Bartle, 'I wish I had a thousand like you, not but I have fine fellows. Boys, the truth is this, you must all meet here to-morrow night, for the short an' long of it is, that I'm goin' to run away wid a wife.'

'Well,' replied Redhead, 'sure you can do that widout our assistance, if she's willin' to come.'

'Willin'! why,' replied Bartle, 'it's by her own appointment we're goin'.'

'An' if it is then,' said the Rouser, who, in truth, was the leader of the suspicious and disaffected party in Flanagan's lodge, 'what the blazes use have you for us?'

'Rouser Redhead,' said Bartle, casting a suspicious and malignant glance at him, 'might I take the liberty of axin' what you mane by spakin' of me in that disparagin' manner? Do you remember your oath? or do you forget that you're bound by it to meet at twelve hour's notice, or less, whinever you're called upon? Dar Christin! man, if I hear another word of the kind out o' your lips, down you go on the black list. Boys,' he proceed, with a wheedling look of good humor to the rest, 'we'll have neither Spies nor Stags here, come or go what may.'

'Stags!' replied Rouser Redhead, whose face had already become scarlet with indignation. 'Stags, you say, Bartle Flanagan!—Arrah, boys, I wondher where is poor Connor O'Donovan by this time?'

'I suppose bushin' it afore now,' said our friend of the preceding part of the night. 'I bushed it myself for a year and a half, but be Japurs I got sick of it. But any how, Bartle, you oughn't to spake of Stags, for although Connor refused to join us, damn your blood, you had no right to go to inform upon him, Sure, only for the intherest that was made for him, you'd have his blood on your sowl.'

'An' if he had itself,' observed one of Flanagan's friends, 'twould signify very little.—The Bodagh desarved what he got, and more if he had got it. What right has he, one of our own purswadjion as he is, to hould out against us the way he does? Sure he's as rich as a Sassenach, an' may hell resave the farden he'll subscribe towards our gittin' arms or ammunition, or towards defendin' us whin we're brought to thrial. So hell's delight wid the dirty Bodagh, says myself for wan.'

'An' is that by way of defince of Captin Bartle Flanagan?' inquired Rouser Redhead indignantly. 'An' so our worthy captin sint the man across that punished our inimy, even accordian to your own provin', and that by *staggin'* against him. Of coorse, had the miser's son been one of huz, Bartle's brains would be scattered to the four quarthers of heaven long ago.'

'An' how did I know but he'd stag aginst me?' said Bartle very calmly.

'Damn well you know he would not,' observed Ned M'Cormick, now encouraged by the bold and decided manner of Rouser Redhead. 'Before ever you went into Fardorougha's service you sed to more than one that you'd make him sup sorrow for his harshness to your father and family.'

'An' didn't he desarve it, Ned? Didn't he ruin us?

'He might desarve it, an' I suppose did; but what right had you to punish the innocent for the guilty? You know very well that both his son an' his wife always set their faces against his doin's.'

'Boys,' said Flanagan, 'I dont undherstand this, and I tell you more I won't bear it. This night let any of you that don't like to be undher me say so. Rouser Redhead, you'll never meet in a Ribbon lodge agin. You're scratched out of wan book, but by way of comfort you're down in another.'

'What other, Bartle?'

'The Black List. An' now I have nothin' more to say, except that if there's anything on your mind that wants absolution, look to it.'

We must now pause for a moment to observe upon that which we suppose the sagacity of the reader has already discovered—that is, the connection between what has occurred in Flanagan's lodge, and the last dialogue which took place between Nogher and Connor O'Donovan. It is evident that Nogher had spirits at work for the purpose both of watching and contravening all Flanagan's plans, and, if possible, of drawing him into some qesition which might justify the 'few friends,' as he termed them, first in disgracing him, and afterwards of settling their account ultimately with a man whom they wished to blacken, as dangerous to the society of which they were members. The curse, however, of these secret confederacies, and indeed of ribbonism in general, is, that the savage principle of personal vengeance is transferred from the nocturnal assault, or the mid-day assassination, which may be directed against religious or political enemies, to the private bickerings and petty jealousies that must necessarily occur in a combination of ignorant and bigoted men, whose passions are guided by no principle but one of practical cruelty. This explains, as we have put it, and justly put it, the incredible number of murders which are committed in this unhappy country, under the name of waylayings and midnight attacts, where the offence that caused them cannot be traced by society at large, although it is an incontrovertible fact, that to all those who are connected with ribbonism, in its varied phases, it often happens that the projection of such murders are known for weeks before they are prepetrated. The wretched assassin who murders a man that has never offended him personally, and who suffers himself to become the instrument of executing the hatred which originates from a principle of general enmity against *a class*, will not be likely, once in his hands are stained with blood, to spare *any one* who may, by direct personal injury, incur his resentment.—Every such offence, where secret societies are concerned, is made a matter of personal feeling and trial of strength between factions, and, of course a similar spirit is superinduced among persons of the same creed and principles to that which actuates them against those who differ from them in politics and religion. It is true that the occurrence of murders of this character has been referred to as a proof of secret societies are not founded nor conducted upon a spirit of religious rancor; but such an assertion is, in some cases, the result of gross ignorance, and, in many more, of far grosser dishonesty. Their murdering each other is not at all a proof of any such thing, but it is a proof as we have said, that their habit of taking away human life and shedding human blood upon slight grounds or political feelings, follows them from their conventional principles to their private resentments, and, is, therefore, such a consequence as might naturally be expected to result from a combination of men who, in one sense, consider murder no crime. Thus does this secret tyranny fall back upon society, as well as upon those who are concerned in it, as a double curse; and, indeed, we believe that even the greater number of these unhappy wretches whom it keeps within its toils, would be glad if the principle were rooted out of the country forever.

'An' so you'r goin' to put my father down on the black list,' said the beetle browed son of the Rouser. 'Very well, Bartle, do so; but do you see that?' he added, pointing to the sign of the coffin and cross-bones which he had previously drawn upon the slate; 'dhar a sphirit Neev, if you do, you'll waken some mornin' in a warmer country than Ireland.'

'Very well,' said Bartle, quietly, but evidently shrinking from a threat nearly as fearful, and far more daring than his own. 'You know I have nothin' to do except my duty.—Yez are goin' aginst the cause, an' I must report yez; afther whatever happens wont come from me, nor from any one here. It is from thim that's in higher quarters you'll get your doom, an' not from me, or, as I said afore from any one here. Mark that; but indeed you know it as well as I do, an' I believe, Rouser, a good dale betther.'

Flanagan's argument, to men who understood its dreadful import, was one before which almost every description of personal courage must quail. Persons were then present, Rouser Redhead among the rest, who had been sent upon some of those midnight mission, which contumacy against the system, when operating in its cruelty, had dictated. Persons of humane disposition, declining to act on these sanguinary occasions, are generally the first to be sacrificed, for, as in the case of the execrable Inquisition, individual life is nothing when obstructing the propagation of general principle.

This truth, coming from Flanagan's lips, they themselves, some of whom had executed its spirit, knew but too well. The difference, however, between their apprehension, so far as they were individually concerned, was not much; Flanagan had the person to fear, and his opponents the principle.

Redhead, however, who knew that whatever he had executed upon delinquents like himself, might also upon himself be visited in his turn, saw that his safest plan for the present was to submit; for indeed the meshes of the White-boys' system, like those of the Inquisition, leave no man's life safe, if he express hostile opinions against it.

'Bartle,' said he, 'you know I'm no coward, an' I grant that you've a long head at plannin' anything you set about. I don't see, in the mane time, why, afther all we should quarrel. You know me, Bartle; an' if anything happens to me, *it won't be for nothin'*. I say more; but I say still that you throw the danger upon uz, and don't—'

'Rouser Redhead,' said Bartle, 'give me your hand. I say now, what I didn't wish to say to-night afore, by Japurs, you're worth five men; an' I'll tell you all, boys, you must meet the Rouser here to-morrow night, an' we'll have a dhrink at my cost; an', boys—Rouser, hear me—you all know your oaths; we'll do something to-morrow night—an I say agin, Rouser, I'll be wid yez an' among yez an' to prove my opinion of the Rouser, I'll allow him to head us.'

'An', by the cross of Moses, I'll do it in style,' rejoined the hot-headed but unthinking follow, who did not see that the adroit captain was placing him in the post of danger.—'I don't care a damn what it is—we'll meet here to-morrow night, boys, an' I'll show you that I can lead as well as folly.'

'Whatever happens,' said Bartle, 'we oughtn't to have any words or biekerin's among ourselves at any rate. I undherstand that two among yez struck one another.—Sure yez know that there's not a blow ye giv to a brother but's a purjury—an' there's no use in that barrin' in a righteous cause, an' to help forid the truth. I'll say no more about it now; but I hope there'll never be another blow given among yez till we draw cuts for six that I want to beat Tom Lynchaghan, of Lisdhu; he's worken for St. Ledger, afther gettin' two notices. He's a quiet, civil man, no doubt; but that's not the thing. Obadience, or where's the use of our meetin' at all? Give him a good sound batin', but no further—break no bones.'

He then marked slips of paper, equal in number to those who were present, with the numerals 1, 2, 3, 4, &c., to correspond, after which he determined that the three first numbers and the three last should go—all of which was agreed to without remonstrance, or without any apparent show of reluctance whatever.

'Now boys,' he continued, 'don't forget to attend to-morrow night; an' I say to every man of you as Darby Spaight said to the divil, whin he promised to join the rebellion, '*phe dha phecka laght*,' (bring your pike with you,) bring the weapon.

'An' who is the purty girl that is goin' to get you, Captain Flanagan?' inquired Dandy Duffy.

'The purtiest girl in this parish anyhow,' replied Flanagan, unawares. The words, however, were scarcely out of his lips, when he felt that he had been indiscreet. He immediately added—'that is, if she is of this parish; but I didn't say she is. Maybe we'll have to thravel a bit to find her out, but come what come may, don't neglect to be all here about half-past nine o'clock, wid your arms an' ammunition.'

Duffy, who had sat beside Ned M'Cormick during the night, gave him a significant look, which the other, who had, in truth joined himself to Bartle's lodge only to watch his movements, as significantly returned.

When the men deputed to beat Lynchaghan had blackened their faces, the lodge dispersed for the night, Dandy Duff and Ned M'Cormick taking their way home together, in order to consider of matters, with which the reader, in due time, shall be made acquainted.

Our readers may recollect, that Dandy Duffy and Ned M'Cormick exchanged significan glances with each other, upon Flanagan's having admitted unawares that the female he designed to take away on the following night was 'the purtiest girl in the parish.' The truth was, he imagined at the moment that his designs were fully matured, and in the secret vanity, or rather, we should say, in the triumphant villainy of his heart, he allowed an expression to incautiously pass his lips which was nearly tantamount to an admission of Una's name. The truth of this he instantly felt. But even had he not, by his own natural sagacity, perceived it, the look of intelligence which his quick and suspicious eye observed to pass between Duffy and Ned M'Cormick would at once have convinced him. Una was not merely entitled to the compliment so covertly bestowed upon her extraordinary personal attractiena, but in addition it might have been truly affirmed that neither that nor any adjoining parish could produce a female, in any rank, who could stand on a level with her in the character of a rival beauty. This was admitted by all who had ever seen the *colleen dhas dhun*, or 'the purty brown girl,' as she was called, and it followed, as a matter of course, that Flanagan's words could imply no other than the Bodagh's daughter.

It is unnecessary to say, that Flanagan, knowing this as he did, could almost have bit a portion of his own tongue off as a punishment for its indiscretion. It was then too late, however, to efface the impression which the words were calculated to make, and he felt besides that he would only strengthen the suspicion by an over-anxiety to remove it. He, therefore, repeated his orders respecting the appointed meeting on the following night, although he had already resolved in his own mind to change the whole plan of his operations.

Such was the precaution with which this cowardly but accomplished miscreant proceeded towards the accomplishment of his purposes, and such was his apprehension lest the premature suspicion of a single individual might by contingent treachery defeat his design, or affect his personal safety. He had made up his mind to communicate the secret of his enterprise to none until the very moment of its execution; and this being accomplished, his ultimate, plans were laid, as he thought, with sufficient skill to baffle pursuit and defeat either the malice of his enemies or the vengeance of the law.

No sooner had they left the schoolhouse than the Dandy and M'Cormick immediately separated from the rest, in order to talk over the proceedings of the night, with a view to their suspicions of the 'Captain.' They had not gone far, however, when they were overtaken by two others, who came up with them at a quick, or, if I may be allowed the expression, an earnest pace. The two latter were Rousin Redhead and his son Corney.

'So, boys,' said the Rouser, 'what do you think of our business to-night? Didn't I get well out of his clutches?'

'Be me troth, Rouser darlin,' replied the Dandy, 'you niver wor completely in them till this minuit.'

'*Dhiir ma tham chaish*,' said Corney, 'I say he's a black hearted villain, and *dannho orm* but 'ud be aquil to absolution from the priest's hand to knock him on the head.'

'But how am I in his clutches, Dandy?' inquired the Rouser.

'Why,' rejoined Duffy, 'didn't you see that for all you said about his throwin' the post of danger on other people, he's givin' it to you to-morrow night?'

Rousin Redhead stood still for nearly half a minute without uttering a syllable; at length he seized Dandy by the arm, which he pressed with the gripe of a Hercules, for he was a man of huge size and stength.

'*Cuarp an diouul!* you giant, is it my arm you're goin' to break?'

'Be the tarnal primmer, Dandy Duffy, but I see it now!' said the Rouser, struck by Bartle's address, and indignant at the idea of having been overreached by him. 'Eh, Corney,' he continued, addressing the son, hasn't he the Rouser *set?* I see, boys, I see. I'm a marked man wid him, an' its likely, for all he said, will be on the black list afore he sleeps. Well, Corney avic, you an' others know how to act if anything happens me.'

'I don't think,' said M'Cormick, who was a lad of considerable penetration, 'that you need be afeard of him or the black list. Be my sowl, I know the same name Bartle well, an' a bigger coward never put a coat on his back. He got as pale as a sheet to-night, when Corney there threatened him; not but he's deasteful enough I grant, but he'd be a greater tyrant only that he's so hen-hearted.'

'But what job,' said the Rouser, 'has he for us to-morrow night, do you think? It must be something past the common. Who the *diouul* can he have in his eye to ren-away wid?'

'Who's the purtiest girl in the parish, Rouser?' asked Ned. 'I thought every one knew that.'

'Why, you don't mane for to stay,' replied Redhead, 'that he'd have the spunk in him to run away with Bodagh Buie's daughter? Be the contents o' the book, if I thought he'd thry it, I'd stick to him like a Throjan; the dirty Bodagh, that as Larry Lawdher said to-night, never backed or supported us, or gev a single rap to help us, if a penny 'nd save one of us from the gallis. To hell's delights wid him an' all belongin' to him, I say too; an' I'll tell you what it is, boys, *dhar Christha*, if Flanagan has the manliness to take away his daughter, I'll be the first to sledge the door into pieces.'

'*Dhar a spiridh*,' an' so will I,' said the young beetle-browed tiger beside him; 'thim that can an' won't help on the cause, desarves no mercy from it.'

Thus spoke from the lips of ignorance and brutality that *esprit du corps* of blood, which never scruples to sacrifice all minor resentments to any opportunity of extending the cause, as it is termed, of that ideal monster, in the promotion of which the worst principles of our nature, still the most active, are sure to experience the greatest glut of low and gross gratification.—Oh, if reason, virtue, and true religion were only as earnest and vigorous in extending their own cause, as ignorance, persecution, and bigotry, how soon would society present a different aspect! But, unfortunately, they cannot stoop to call in the aid of tyranny, and cruelty, and bloodshed, nor of the thousand other atrocious allies of falsehood and dishonesty, of which ignorance, craft, and cruelty, never fail to avail themselves, and without which they could not proceed successfully.

M'Cormick, having heard Rousin Redhead and his son utter such sentiments, did not feel at all justified in admitting them to any confidence with himself or Duffy. He accordingly replied with more of adroitness than of candor to the savage sentiments they expressed.

'Faith, you're right, Rouser; he'd never have spunk, sure enough, to carry off the Bodagh's daughter. But in the mane time, who was spakin' about her? Begor, if I thought he had the heart I'd—but he hasn't.'

'I know he hasn't,' said the Rouser.

'He's nothing but a white-livered dog,' said Duffy.

'I thought, to tell you the truth,' said M'Cormick, 'that you might give a guess as to the girl but for the Bodagh daughter, he has not the mettal for that.'

'If he had,' replied the Rouser, 'he might count upon Corney an myself as right-hand men. We all have a crow to pluck wid the dirty Bodagh, an,' be me zounds, it'll puzzle him to find a bag to hould the feathers.'

'One 'ud think he got enough,' observed M'Cormick, 'in the loss of his haggard.'

'But that didn't come from uz,' said the Rouser; 'we have our share to give him yet, and never fear he'll get it. We'll taich him to abuse us, an' set us at defiance, as he's constantly doin'.'

'Well, Rouser,' said M'Cormick, who now felt anxious to get rid of him, 'we'll be wishin' you a good night; we're goin' to have a while of a *kailyeah** up at my uncle's. Corney, my boy, good night.'

'Good night kindly, boys,' replied the other, 'an' *banaght lath* any how.'

'Rouser, you divil,' said the Dandy, calling after them, 'will you an' blessed Corney there, offer up a Patthernavy for my convarsion, for I'm sure that both your prayers will go far?'

Rousin Redhead and Corney responded to this with a loud laugh and a banter.

'Ay, ay, Dandy; but be my sowl, if they only go as far as your own goodness sint you before now, it'll be seven years before they come back again; eh, you smell anything?—ha, ha, ha!'

'The big bosthoon hot me fairly, begad,' observed the Dandy. Aside—'The divil's own tongue he has.'

'Bad cess to you for a walkin' bonfire, an' go home,' replied the Dandy; 'I'm not a match for you wid the tounge, at all at all.'

'No, nor wid anything else, barrin' you heels,' replied the Rouser; 'or your hands, if there was a horse in the way. Arrah, Dandy!'

'Well, you graceful youth, well?'

'You ought to be a good workman by this time; you first learned your thrade, an' thin you put in your apprenticeship—ha, ha, ha!'

'Faith, an' Rouser, I can promise you a merry time, my beauty; you'll be the only man that'll dance at my funeral; an I'll tell you what, Rouser, it'll be like an egg hornpipe, wid your eyes covered. That's what I call an active death, avoucha!'

'Faith, an' if you wor a priest, Dandy, you'd never die wid your face to the congregation. You'll be a rope-dancer yourself yet; only this Dandy, that you'll be undher the rope instead of over it; so good night.'

*An evening conversational visit.

'Rouser,' exclaimed the other, 'Rousin Redhead!'

'Go home,' replied Rouser. 'Good night, I say, you've thravelled a great deal too far for an ignorant man like me to stand any chance wid you. Your tongue's lighter than you hands, even, and that's paying it a high compliment.'

'Divil sweep you, Bcien,' said Dandy, 'you would beat the divil an' Doether Foster. Good night again?'

'Oh, ma bannaght lagh, I say.'

And they accordingly parted.

'Now,' said Ned, 'what's to be done, Dandy? As sure as gun's iron, this limb of hell will take away the Bodagh's daughter, if we don't do something to prevent it.'

'I'm not puttin' it past him,' returned his companion, 'but *how* to prevent it is the thing. He has the boys all on his side, barrin' yourself and me, an' a few more.'

'An' you see, Ned, the Bodagh is so much hated, that even some of them that don't like Flanagan, won't scruple to join him in this.'

'An' if we were known to let the cat out o' the bag to the Bodagh, we might as well prepare our coffins at wanst.'

'Faith, sure enough—that's but gospel, Ned,' replied the Dandy; 'still it would be the *millish* murdher to let the double-faced villain carry off such a girl.'

'I'll tell you what you'll do thin, Dandy,' rejoined Ned, 'what if you'd walk down wid me as far as the Bodagh's.'

'For why? Sure they're in bed now, man alive.'

'I know that,' said M'Cormick; 'but howanever, if you come down wid me that far, I'll contrive to get in somehow, without wakin' them.'

'The dickins you will! How, the sarra, man?'

'No matther, I will; an' you see,' he added, pulling out a flask of spirits, 'I'm not going empty handed.'

'Phew!' exclaimed Duffy, 'is it there you are?—oh, that indeed! Fait I got a whisper of it some time ago, but it wint out o' my head. Biddy Nulty, faix—a nate clane girl she is too.'

'But that's not the best of it, Dandy. Sure, blood alive, I can tell you a secret—may depind—honor bright! The Bodagh's daughter, man, is to give her a portion, in regard to her bein' so true to Connor O'Donovan. Bad luck to the oath she'd swear against him if they'd make a queen of her, but outdone the counsellors and lawyers, and all the whole bobbery o' them, when they wanted her to turn king's evidence. Now, it's not but I'd do anything to sarve the purty Bodagh's daughter widout it; but you see, Dandy, if white liver takes her off, I may stand a bad chance for the portion.'

'Say no more; I'll go wid you; but how will you get in, Ned?'

'Never you mind that. Here, take a pull out of this flask before you go any further.—Blood an' flummery! what a night; divil a my finger can I see before me. Here—where's your hand?—that's it; warm your heart, my boy.'

'You int'nd then, Ned, to give Biddy the hard word about Flanagan?'

'Why, to bid her put them on their guard; sure there can be no harm in that.'

'They say, Ned, it's not safe to trust a woman; what if you'd ax to see the Bodagh's son, the young sogarth?'

'I'd trust my life to Biddy—she that was so honest to the Donovans wouldn't be deasteful to her sweetheart that—he—hem—she is far gone in consate wid—your sowl. Her brother Alick's to meet me at the Bodagh's on his way from their lodge, for they hould a meetin to-night too.'

'Never say it again. I'll stick to you; so push on, for it's late. You'll be apt to make up the match before you part, I suppose.'

'That won't be hard to do any time, Dandy.'

Both then proceeded down the same field, which we have already said was called the Black Park, in consequence of its dark and mossy soil. Having, with some difficulty, found the stile at the lower end of it, they passed into a short car track, which they were barely able to follow.

The night, considering that it was the month of November, was close and foggy—such as frequently follows a calm day of incessant rains. The bottoms were plashing, the drains all full, and the small rivulets and streams about the country were above the banks, whilst the larger rivers swept along with the hoarse continuous murmurs of an unusual flood. The sky was one sheet of darkness—for not a cloud could be seen, or anything, except the passing gleam of a cottage taper, lessened by the haziness of the night into a mere point of faint light, and thrown by the same cause into a distance which appeared to the eye much more remote than that of reality.

After having threaded their way for nearly a mile, the water spouting almost at every step up to their knees, they at length came to an old bridle-way, deeply shaded with hedges on each side. They had not spoken much since the close of their last dialogue; for, in truth, each had enough to do, independently of dialogue, to keep himself out of drains and quagmires. An occasional 'hanamondiouol, I'm in to the hinches;' 'holy St. Pether, I'm stuck; or 'by this an' by that I dunna where I am,' were the only words that passed between them, until they reached the little road we are speaking of, which, in fact, was one unbroken rut, and on such a night almost impassable.

'Now,' said M'Cormick, 'we mustn't keep this divil's gut, for conshumin' to the shoe or stockin ever we'd bring out of it; however, do you folly me, Dandy, and there's no danger.'

'I can do nothing else,' replied the other, 'for I know no more where I am than the man o' the moon, who, if all's thrue that's sed of him, is the biggest blockhead alive.'

M'Cormick, who knew the path well, turned off the road into a pathway that ran inside the hedge and along the fields, but parallel with the muddy boreen in question. They now found themselves upon the comparatively clear ground, and, with the exception of an occasional slip or two, in consequence of the heavy rain, they had little difficulty in advancing. At this stage of their journey not a light could be seen nor a sound of life heard, and it was evident that the whole population of the neighborhood had sunk to rest.

'Where will this bring us to?' asked the Dandy—'I hope we'll soon be at the Bodagh's.'

M'Cormick stood and suddenly pressed his arm.

'Whist!' said he, in an under tone, 'I think I heard voices.'

'No,' replied the other, in the same low tone.

'I'm sure I did,' said Ned, 'take my word for it, there's poopie before us on the boreen. Whist!'

They both listened, and they distinctly heard a confused but suppressed murmur of voices, apparently about a hundred yards before them on the little bridle-way. Without uttering a word they both proceeded as quietly and quickly as possible, and in a few minutes nothing separated them, but the hedge. The party on the road were wallowing through the mire with great difficulty, many of them, at the same time, bestowing very energetic execrations upon it and upon those who suffered it to remain in such a condition. Even oaths, however, were uttered in so low and cautious a tone, that neither M'Cormic nor Dandy could distinguish their voices so clearly as to recognize those who spoke, supposing that they had known them. Once or twice they heard the clashing of arms or iron instruments of some sort, and it seemed to them that the noise was occasioned by the accidental jostling together of those who carried them. At length they heard one voice exclaim rather testily—

'D—n your blood, Bartle Flanagan, will you have patience till I get my shoe out of the mud—you don't expect me to lose it, do you? We're not going to get a party wife, whatever you may be.'

The reply to this was short but pithy—

'May all the divils in hell's fire pull the tongue out o' you, for nothin' but hell itself, you villain, tempted me to bring you with me.'

This was not intended to be heard, nor was it by the person against whom it was uttered, he being some distance behind—but as Ned and his companion were at that moment exactly on the other side of the hedge, they could hear the words of this precious soliloquy—for such it was—delivered as they were with a suppressed energy of malignity, worthy of the heart who suggested them.

M'Cormick immediately pulled Duffy's coat, without speaking a word, as a hint to follow him, with as little noise as possible, which he did, and ere many minutes they were so far in advance of the others as to be enabled to converse without being heard.

'*Thar Dheah*, Duffy,' said his companion, 'there's not a minute to be lost.'

'There is not,' replied the other—'but what will you do with me? I'll lend a hand in any way I can—but remember that if we're seen or if it's known that we go against them in this—'

'I know,' said the other, 'we're gone men; still we must manage it somehow, so as to save the girl. God! if it was only on Connor O'Donovan's account, who's far away this night, I'd do it. Dandy, you wor only a boy when Blennerhasset prosecuted you, an' people pitied you at the time, and now they don't think much the worse of you for it; an' you know it was proved since that what you sed then was thrue, that other rogues made you do it, an' lift you in the lurch. But d—n it, where's the use of all this? Give me your hand—it's life or death—can I thrust you?'

'You may,' said the other, 'you may, Ned; do whatsomever you wish with me.'

'Then,' continued Ned, 'I'll go into the house, and do you keep near them without being seen; watch their motions; but above all things, if they take her off, folly on till you see where they'll bring her; after that we can get back enough—the sogers, if they're wanting.'

'Depind on me, Ned—to the core depind on me.'

They had now reached the Bodagh's house, upon which, as upon every other object around them, the deep shadows of night rested heavily. The Dandy took up his position behind one of the porches of the gate that divided the little grass plot before the hall door and the farm yard, as being the most central spot, and from which he could with more ease hear, or, as far as might be, observe the plan and nature of their proceedings.

It was at least fifteen minutes before they reached the little avenue that led up to the Bodagh's residence; for we ought to have told our readers that M'Cormick and Duffy, having taken a short path, left the others—who, being ignorant of it, were forced to keep the road—considerably behind them. Ned was consequently from ten to fifteen minutes in the house previous to their arrival. At length they approached silently, and with that creeping pace which betokens either fear or caution, as the case may be, and stood outside the gate which led into the grass plot before the hall door, not more than three or four yards from the porch of the farm-yard gate where the Dandy was concealed. And here he had an opportunity of witnessing the extreme skill with which Flanagan conducted this nefarious exploit. After listening about a minute, he found that their worthy leader was not present, but he almost immediately discovered that he was engaged in placing guards upon all the back windows of the dwelling house and kitchen. During his absence the following short consultation took place among those whom he left behind him, for the purpose of taking a personal part in the enterprise:

'It was too thrue what Rousin Redhead said to-night,' observed one of them, 'he always takes care to throw the post of danger on some one else. Now, it's not that I'm afeared, but as he's to have the girl himself, it's but fair that his own neck should run the first danger, an' not mine.'

They all assented to this.

'Well then, boys,' he proceeded, 'if yez support me, we'll make him head this business himself. It's his own, not ours; an' besides, as he holds the Articles, it's his duty to lead us in everything. So, be the sakerment, I for wan won't take awdy his girl, an' himself keepin' back. If there's any one present who will take my place for his, let him say so.'

They were all silent as to *that* point; but most of them said, they wished, at all events, to give 'the dirty Bodagh,' for so they usually called him, something to remember them by, in consequence of his having, on all occasions, stood out against the system.

'Still it is fair,' said several of them, 'that in takin' away the colleen, Bartle should go foremost, as she's for himself and not for us.'

'Well, then, you all agree to this?'

'We do; but whist—here he is.'

(*To be Continued.*)

A lump of gold, weighing fourteen lbs and a half, was found, one day last week, on the property of the Chaudleie Mining Company, near Quebec. It is worth £900. At the same place a very rich vein of gold has been discovered. So says the Montreal papers.

The population of Iowa is about 340,000, an increase of nearly 50,000 in two years.

*In Ireland, to be light-handed signifies to be a thief.