

him with roars of increasing fury, mingled with which were the shouts of the observers, who thus hoped to distract his attention from the shrieking priest. As he sprang forward, a tree of full fifty years' growth met his career; he struck it with his broad front, and shivered it like a splintered lance; it fell right over the bishop's otherwise imperfect shelter, and by its shadowing branches saved him from destruction. Jacqueline was now on the ground, and while Van Monfoort held the curb of the almost frantic horse with both hands, as a final means of turning the wild bull's rage, she placed an arrow in her bow, and (with a courage, which on many as great a trial proved her one of the bravest of women) she scorned, or perhaps saw the hopelessness of flight, and discharged the weapon with a steady hand; it struck the animal close to one eye, and broke against the bone. Irritated by the obstacles which kept him from the bishop, and inflamed by the smart of the wound, his long beard was now white with foam, and he darted with a tiger-spring full against the spot where the Countess and Van Monfoort stood. The horse, which the latter still held, now burst from his grasp, and in a desperate plunge for escape, fell on his knees over the branches of the broken tree. The orox almost instantly transfixed him to the earth, and then goaded him in a shocking manner, as he lay groaning and snorting with agony and fright. At this moment the young stranger, who, during the brief space occupied by the appalling scene had been held in his giant companion's grasp, succeeded in breaking from it, and sprang to Jacqueline's side. Spurning all false delicacy or forced reserve, he caught her in one arm, and made an attempt to bear her away towards the clump whence Oost had followed him; while Van Monfoort, with more respect, but equal valour, covered their retreat, and stepped backwards after them, his huge two handled sword pointed towards the pursuing orox. The young stranger, whose keen eye looked around at every step, saw now there was more danger in an attempted retreat than a desperate defence. He, therefore, turned again, and placed himself beside Van Monfoort, calling out to him to stand firm.—The intrepid Ludwick stepped short, and answered by a cheering word—Oost stepped up a little, inclining in front of his companion, the dog flanking both. As the orox plunged towards him, with horns and visage streaming in the gore of the torn horse, Van Monfoort and the stranger opposed their swords' points to his broad front, and in the same instant Oost dealt him a terrific blow on the head with his mace.—He might as well have struck against a rock; the iron points pierced, and perhaps splintered the bone, but the monster never swerved. He, however, raised his neck and head for one instant to its utmost height, either from the effects of the stroke, or to gain a better aim for the fatal plunge which immediately followed directly at the stranger and Jacqueline, for they formed but one mark. Oost stepped another step forward, and threw himself before them; there was but one blow between him and death. Stooping almost to the earth, against which the heavy head of his mace rested, he raised the weapon up with a fierce jerk in both hands, to the elevation of his own head, as he sprang erect to his full height. The descending muzzle of the brute, as it came down with an equal speed and tenfold force, caught the uprising blow. It was the vulnerable part, the spot held by Mother Nature, as she plunged this monster and its kind in the exempting mould of its terrible strength. It reared up and tottered back; in an instant the swords of Van Monfoort and the young stranger were in its breast, and the more effective knife of the dyke-digger was deeply plunged into its throat; his dog at the same time sprang at its lip, and, with the sagacious tenacity of its breed, held down the animal to the earth, on which it sunk in a flood of gore. A shout of triumph burst from the victors, echoed by a scream from the bishop, who had just forced himself from his place of safety, and began to fly, why or where he knew not. But at this new sound, which he could not imagine aught but the monster's roar, he flung himself prostrate again, and would willingly, like the ostrich, have plunged his head into the earth. The busy group of combatants saw that the business was over. Jacqueline, too, knew that the danger was escaped. Compassion was her first feeling. 'Fly, fly, Van Monfoort, and succour

the huntsman, if he yet live!' said she. Her next impulse was gratitude. She hastily untied the girdle from her waist, and turning to the young stranger, who left the completion of the butcher's work to his companion, and she said, with brimming eyes and trembling voice, 'Take this, wear it for the sake of her whom you have saved. Ask not who I am, but if the day ever comes when you discover it, remember that I shall value this as one of the brightest in a whole life of misfortune!'

FROM LOVER'S LEGENDS AND STORIES OF IRELAND.

THE CATASTROPHE.

One evening, just as the last glimmer of departing day was streaking the west, Mr. Daw and his friend, when returning after a long day's shooting, in gleeful anticipation of a good dinner, heard a sudden splash in the water, apparently proceeding from the convent-wall. Beau Peep and Jack Daw hurried towards the wall. 'On arriving at the extremity of Mr. Daw's grounds,' continues the story, 'they perceived the stream yet agitated, apparently from the sudden immersion of something into it; and, on looking more sharply through the dusk, they saw floating rapidly down the current, a basket, at some distance, but not so far away as to prevent their hearing a faint cry, evidently proceeding from it; and, the next moment, they heard a female voice say, in the adjoining garden of the convent, "There, let it go; the nasty creature for doing such a horrid thing!"'

'Did you hear that?' said Mr. Daw.

'I did,' said Beau Peep.

'There's proof positive,' said Daw. 'The villainous papist jades, one of them has had a child, and some of her dear sisters are drowning it for her, to conceal her infamy.'

'No doubt of it,' said Beau Peep.

'I knew it all along,' said Jack Daw. 'Come, my dear friend, added he, 'let us hasten back to O'Brien's cottage, and he'll row us down the river in his boat, and we may yet be enabled to reach the basket in time to possess ourselves of the proof of all this popish profligacy.'

And off they ran to O'Brien's cottage, and, hurrying O'Brien and his son to unmoor their boat, in which the gentlemen had passed a considerable part of the day in sporting, they jumped into the skiff, and urged the two men to pull away as fast as they could after the prize they hoped to obtain. Thus, though excessively hungry, and anxious for the dinner that was awaiting them all the time, their appetite for scandal was so much more intense, that they relinquished the former in pursuit of the latter.

'An' where is it your honor's goin'?' demanded O'Brien.

'Oh, a little bit down the river here,' answered Mr. Daw; for he would not let it be known what he was in quest of, or his suspicions touching it, lest the peasants might baffle his endeavours at discovery, as he was sure they would strive to do in such a case, for the honour of the creed to which they belonged.

'Troth then, it's late your honor's goin' an the wather this time o' day, and the night comin' an.'

'Well, never mind that; you, but pull away.'

'By my sowl, I'll pull like a young cowll, if that be all, and Jim too, an; (that's your sort, Jimmy); but, at this gate o' goin' the orox far off the rapids we'll be long, and, sure, if we go down them now, the dekens a back we'll get to-night.'

'Oh, never mind that,' said Daw, 'we can return by the fields.'

As O'Brien calculated, they soon reached the rapids, and he called out to Jim to steady the boat there; and, with skillful management, the turbulent descent was passed in safety, and they glided onwards again, under the influence of their oars, over the level waters.

'Do you see it yet?' asked one of the friends to the other, who replied in the negative.

'Maybe it's the deep hole your honor would be lookin' for?' queried O'Brien, in that peculiar vein of inquisitiveness which the Irish peasant indulges in, and through which he hopes by presupposing a motive of action, to discover in reality the object aimed at:

'No,' answered Daw, rather abruptly:

'Oh, it's only bekase it's a choice place for setting night-lines, said O'Brien; 'and I was thinkin' maybe it's for that your honor id be?'

'Oh,' said Beau Peep, 'tis something more than is caught by night-lines we're seeking—eh, Daw?'

'Aye, aye; and, by Jove, I think I see it a little way before us. Pull, O'Brien pull!' and the boat trembled under the vigorous strokes of O'Brien and his son, and, in a few minutes, they were within an oar's length of the basket, which, by this time was nearly sinking, and a moment or two later had deprived Jack Daw and Beau Peep of the honour of discovery which they now were on the eve of completing.

'Lay hold of,' said Mr. Daw; and Beau Peep, in making 'a long arm' to secure the prize, so far overbalanced himself, that he went plump, head foremost, into the river; and had it not been for the activity and strength of the elder O'Brien, this, our pleasant history, must have turned out a tragedy of the darkest die, and many a subsequent discovery of the indefatigable Beau Peep have remained in the unexplored depths of uncertainty. But, fortunately for the lovers of family secrets, the inestimable Beau Peep was drawn, dripping, from the river, by O'Brien, at the same moment that Jack Daw, with the boat-hook, secured the basket.

'I've got it!' exclaimed Daw in triumph.

'Aye, and I've got it too,' chattered forth little Beau Peep.

'What's the matter with you, my dear friend?' said Daw, who in his anxiety to obtain the basket, never perceived the fatality that had befallen his friend.

'I've been nearly drowned, that's all, whined forth the unhappy little animal, as he was shaking the water out of his ears.

'Troth, it was looky I had my hand so ready,' said O'Brien, or faith, maybe it's more nor a basket we'd have have to be looking for.

My dear fellow, said Daw, let us go ashore immediately, and,

by the exercise of walking you may counteract the bad effects that this accident might otherwise produce. Get the boat ashore, O'Brien, as fast as possible. But we have got the basket, however, and that is some consolation for you.

Yes, said the shivering little scandal-hunter, I don't mind the drenching since we have secured that.

Why, thin, as he pulled towards the shore, may I make so bowld as to ax your honour what curiosity there is in an owl's basket, to make yiz take so much trouble, and nigh band drownin' yourselves afore ye catch it?

Oh, never you mind, said Mr. Daw; you shall soon know all about it. By-the-by, my dear friend, turning to Terrier, I think we had better proceed, as soon as we get ashore, to our neighbour Sturdy's: he is the nearest house I know of: there you may be enabled to change your wet clothes, and, he being a magistrate, we can swear our informations against the delinquents in this case.

Very true, said the unfortunate Beau Peep, as he stepped ashore assisted by O'Brien, who, when the gentlemen proceeded some paces in advance, said to his son, who bore the dearly won basket, that the poor little whelp (meaning Beau Peep) looked for all the world, like a dog in a wet sack.

On they pushed, at a smart pace, until the twinkling of lights through some neighbours trees announced to them the vicinity of Squire Sturdy's mansion. The worthy Squire had just taken his first glass of wine after the cloth had been drawn, when the servant announced the arrival of Mr. Daw and his half-drowned friend, who were at once ushered into the dining-room.

Good Heaven! exclaimed the excellent lady of the mansion, (for the ladies had not yet withdrawn,) on perceiving the miserable plight of Beau Peep, what has happened?

Indeed, madam, answered our little hero, an unfortunate accident on the water.

Oh, ho! said the squire, I should think that just in your line—just exploring the secrets of the river? Why, my good sir, if you go on at this rate, making discoveries by water as well as by land, you will rival Columbus himself before long. And Miss Emily, of whom we have already spoken, whispered her mamma, that she had often heard of a diving-bell, (Belle,) but never before of a diving BEAU!

Had you not better change your clothes? said Mrs. Sturdy to the shivering Terrier.

Thank you, madam, said he, somewhat loftily, being piqued at the manner of his reception by the squire, I shall wait until an investigation has taken place, in my presence, of a circumstance which I have contributed to bring to light; and my discoveries by water may be found to be not undeserving of notice.

I assure you, Mr. Sturdy, added Mr. Daw in his most impressive manner, we have an information to swear to, before you, of the most vital importance, and betraying the profligacy of certain people in so flagrant a degree that I hope it may, at length, open the eyes of those who are wilfully blind to the interests of their king and their country.

This fine speech was meant as a hit at Squire Sturdy, who was a blunt, honest man, and who acted, in most cases, to the best of his ability, on the admirable Christian Maxim of loving his neighbour as himself.

Well, Mr. Daw, said the squire, I am all attention to hear your information.

May I trouble you, said Daw, to retire to your study, as the matter is of rather an indelicate nature, and not fit for ladies ears?

No, no. We will stay here, and Mrs. S. and my daughters will retire to the drawing-room. Go, girls, and get the tea ready; and the room was soon cleared of the ladies, and the two O'Briens were summoned to wait upon the squire in the dining-room, with the important basket.

When they entered, Mr. Daw, with a face of additional solemnity, unfolded to Squire Sturdy how the attention of his friend and himself had been attracted, by a basket flung from the convent-garden—how they ran to the spot—how they heard a faint cry; and then said he, we were at once awake to the revolting certainty, that the nuns had thus intended secretly to destroy one of their own legitimate offspring.

Cross of Christ about us! involuntarily muttered forth the two O'Briens, making the sign of the cross at the same time on their foreheads.

But have you any proof of this? asked the magistrate.

Yes, sir, said Beau Peep triumphantly, we have proof—proof positive. Bring forward that basket, said he to the boatman. There, sir, is the very basket containing the evidence of their double guilt: first, the guilt of unchastity, and, next, the guilt of infanticide; and it was in laying hold of the basket, Mr. Sturdy, that I met the accident, that has occasioned you so much mirth. However, I believe you will acknowledge now, Mr. Sturdy, that my discoveries by water have been rather important.

Here Mr. Daw broke in by saying, that the two boatmen were witnesses to the fact of finding the basket.

Oh, by this and that, roared out O'Brien, the devil receive the bit of the child I seen, I will be upon my oath! and I would not say that in a lie.

Resilent O'Brien said the magistrate. Answer me, Mr. Daw if you please, one or two questions.

Did one or both of you see the basket thrown from the convent garden?

Both of us.

And you heard a faint cry from it?

Yes, we heard the cry of an infant.

You then rowed after the basket in O'Brien's boat?

Yes.

Is this the basket you saw the gentlemen pick up, O'Brien?

By my sowl, I can't exactly say, your honour, for I was picking up Mr. Terrier.

It was you then, that saved Mr. Terrier from drowning?

Yes, sir, under God.

Fortunate that O'Brien was so active Mr. Terrier. Well, O'Brien but is that the same basket you have carried here from the river?

Troth, I don't know where I could change it on the road sir.

Well, let us open the basket, and see what it contains; and O'Brien commenced unlacing the cords that bound up the wicker tomb of the murdered child; but so anxious was Mr. Daw for the prompt production of his evidence, that he took out his penknife and cut the fastenings.

Now, take it out, said Mr. Daw; and every eye was rivetted on the basket as O'Brien, lifting the cover and putting in his hand,