

And when friends are crying around the dying. Who would not wish he had lived alone!

'Ay,' cried he aloud, as his eye glistened with an unnatural lustre, 'better be poor Tipperary Joe, without house or home, father or mother, sister or friend, and when the time comes, run to earth without a wet eye after him.'

'Come, come, Joe, you have many a friend, and when you count them over, don't forget me in the reckoning.'

'Whist, whist,' he whispered in a low voice, as if fearful of being overheard, 'don't say that—their's dangerous words.'

I turned towards him with astonishment, and perceived that his whole countenance had undergone a striking change. The gay and laughing look was gone; the bright color had left his cheek; and a cold, ghastly paleness was spread over his features; and as he cast a hurried and stealthy look around him, I could mark that some secret fear was working within him.

'What is it, Joe?' said I; 'what's the matter? Are you ill?'

'No,' said he, in a tone scarce audible, 'no; but you frightened me just now, when you called me your friend.'

'How could that frighten you, my poor fellow?'

'I'll tell you—that's what they called my father, they said he was friendly with the gentlemen, and sign's on it,' he paused, and his eye became rooted on the ground, as if on some object there from which he could not turn his gaze; 'yes I mind it well, we were sitting by the fire in the guard room all alone by ourselves—the troops were away, I don't know where—when we heard the tramp of men marching, but not regular, but coming as if they don't care how, and horses and carts rattling and rumbling among them.'

'Them's the boys,' says my father, 'Give me that old cockade there, till I stick it in my cap, and reach me the fiddle, till I rise a tune for them.'

'I mind little more till we were marching at the head of them through the town down towards the new college that was building—it's Maynooth I'm speaking about and then we turned to the left, my father scraping away all the time every tune he thought they'd like; and if now and then by mistake he'd play anything that did not please them, they'd damn and blast him with the dreadfulest curses, and stick a pike into him, till the blood would come running down his back, and then my father would cry out—'

'I'll tell my friends on you for this—devil a lie in it, but I will.'

'At last we came to the duke's wall, and then my father sat down on the road side, and cried out that he wouldn't go a step farther, for I was crying away with sore feet at the pace we were going, and asking every minute to be let sit down to rest myself.'

'Look at the child,' says he, 'his feet's all bleeding.'

'Ye have only a little farther to go,' says one of them that had cross belts on, and a green scarf about him.

'The devil rescue another step,' says my father.

'Tell Billy to play us 'The Farmer's Daughter, before he goes,' says one in the crowd.

'I'd rather hear 'The Little Bowld Fox,' says another.

'No, no, 'Baltiorum! Baltiorum!' says many more behind.

'Ye shall have them all,' says my father, and that'll please ye.'

And so he set to, and played the three tunes as beautiful as ever ye heard; and when he was done, the man with the belts ups and says to him—

'Ye're a fine hard, Billy, and it's a pity to lose you, and your friends will be sorry for you, and he said this with a grin, 'but take the spade there and dig a hole, for he must be jogging, it's night day.'

Well, my father, though he was tired enough, took the spade, and began digging as they told him, for he thought to himself, the boys is going to hide the pikes and the carbines before they go home. Well, when he worked half an hour, he threw off his coat, and set to again; and at last he grew tired and sat down on the side of the big hole and called out—

'Isn't it big enough now, boys?'

'No,' says the captain, 'not half.'

'So my father set to once more, and worked away with all his might, and they all stood by, talking and laughing with one another.

'Will it do now?' says my father; 'for sure enough I'm clean beat.'

'Maybe it might,' says one of them; 'lie down and see if it's the length.'

'Well, is it that it's for?' says my father; 'fair, I never guessed it was a grave; and so he took off his cap and laid down his full length in the hole.'

'That's all right,' says the other, and began with spades and shovels to cover him up. At first he laughed away as hearty as

the rest; but when the mould grew heavy on him, he began to screech out to let him up, and then his voice grew weaker and fainter, and they waited a little, then worked, and then came a groan, and all was still; and they patted the sods over him and beaped them up; and then they took me in the middle of them, and one called out 'March!' I thought I saw the green sod moving on the top of the grave as we walked away, and heard a voice half choking calling out, 'There there, boys!' and then a laugh. But sure I often hear the same still, when there's nobody near me, and I do by looking on the ground by myself.

'Great God!' cried I, 'is this true.' 'True as you're there,' replied he. 'I was ten years of age when it happened, and I never knew how time went since, nor how long it is ago, only it was in the year of the great troubles here,—and the soldiers and the country people never could be cruel enough one to another, and whatever one did to day, the others would try to beat it out to-morrow. But it's a truth every word of it,—and the place is called 'Billy the fool's grave,' to this day. I go once a year to see it myself.'

This frightful story—told, too, with all the simple power of truth—thrilled through me with horror, long after the impression seemed to have faded away from him who told it, and though he still continued to speak on, I heard nothing; nor did I mark our progress, until I found myself beside the little stream which conducted to the mill.

INFANTILE INQUIRIES.

'Tell me, O mother, when I grow old, Will my hair, which my sisters say is like gold, Grow gray as the old man's, weak and poor.'

Who asked for alms at our pillared door? Will I look as sad, will I speak so slow, As he, when he told us his tale of woe? Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim? Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?

'He said—but I know not what he meant— That his aged heart with sorrow was rent, He spoke of the grave as a place of rest, Where the weary sleep in peace, and are blest; And he told how his kindred there were laid, And the friends with whom in his youth he played: And tears from the eyes of the old man fell, And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!

'He spoke of home, where, in childhood's glee, He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee,— And followed afar, with a heart as light As its sparkling wings the butterfly's flight,— And palled young flowers where they grew 'neath the beams, Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams,— Yet he left all these the earth to roam! Why, O mother! did he leave his home?'

'Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child! The fancies of youth and age are beguiled,— Though pale grow thy cheeks and thy hair turn gray, There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak, Where age never wrinkles the dwellers' cheek; But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee— It was there the old man longed to be!

'For he knew that those with whom he played In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage shade— Whose love he shared, when their songs and mirth Brightened the gloom of this sinful earth— Whose names from our world had passed away,

As flowers in the breath of an autumn day— He knew that they, with all suffering done, Encircled the throne of the Holy One!

'Though ours be a pillared and lofty home, Where Want with his pale train never may come, Oh! scorn not the poor, with the scorner's jest, Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest,— For he who hath made them poor may soon Darken the sky of our glowing noon,

And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild! Oh, soften the griefs of the poor, my child.'

WM. P. BROWN.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW WORKS.

Ireland, its Scenery and Character, by Mr and Mrs. S. C. Hall. LOCH ERNE.

It is, however, to the grace and grandeur of Nature that we desire to direct the attention of our readers. Travel where they will, in this singularly beautiful neighbourhood, lovers of the picturesque will have rare treats at every step. It is impossible to exaggerate in describing the surprising loveliness of the whole locality. How many thousands there are, who, if just ideas could be conveyed to them of its attractions, would make their

annual tour hither, instead of 'up the hackneyed and 'soddened' Rhine—ininitely less rich in natural graces, far inferior in the studies of character it yields, and much less abundant in all enjoyments that can recompense the traveller! Nothing in Great Britain—perhaps, nothing in Europe—can surpass in beauty the view along the whole of the road that leads into the town of Enniskillen, along the banks of the upper Lough Erne.

TOUCHING AND TRULY IRISH ROMANCE.

By far the most interesting of the islands that 'gem the bosom of Lough Erne,' is the island of Devenish, about two miles across the upper lake from the town of Fermanagh. It contains between seventy and eighty acres of remarkably fertile land—pasture for cattle—so fertile, indeed, that it is said never to have required manure. Here are the remains of several ancient churches and a round tower—to which we shall presently refer—considered in its present restored state to be the most perfect as well as the most beautiful in Ireland. The religious establishment at Devenish is said to have been founded by St. Lasearian, called also St. Molaisse, who died in 563. It was repeatedly plundered by the Danes; and appears to have been refounded A. D. 1130.

The grave yard of the ancient church has long been regarded with peculiar veneration by the peasantry, and the dead are brought from far off distances to be interred there—to lay their bones among their own people; the attendant mourners embarking in boats at a small promontory on the north side, called Portora—the Port of Lamentation. The lake is peculiarly liable to sudden and dangerous squalls. A circumstance was related to us by a gentleman who was an eye-witness of the sad scene, and who furnished us with the following particulars; upon the accuracy of which the reader may depend.

'Bury me, mother dear,' murmured Edward Doran, 'in the holy Island of Devenish I've been a free rover upon land and sea for many a year, and often when rocking in the 'shrouds, or half asleep in my hammock, I've seen the tower and its churchyard, and the quiet graves where the sun shone sweetly. Mother, darlin', you will bury me in Devenish Island.'

'Yes, yes, dear, sure it's my own heart's wish,' replied the mournful mother; 'why not there among your own people, where all belong to you lie? It's a holy place I know, and a beautiful. Staying so calm and quiet in the full part of the blue waters of Loch Erne; and you'll not be strange, or lying yer lone in the blessed Island of Devenish!' Before the widow Doran had finished speaking, the young man had fallen asleep; the mother knelt by his side, and while she prayed fervently to God for what she knew was impossible, she buried her face in the bed to stifle the sobs that arose from her breaking heart. In a few moments she recovered her self possession, and looked earnestly upon the face of the dying man; it was white and ghastly, and the dark tint around the lips and eyes, gave a sure token that his race was nearly run. His long fair hair, damp and matted, hung upon his cheeks, and huge drops stood upon his forehead. While the poor woman gazed, his lips became parted by a feeble smile; and in a few moments he awoke.

'Mother,' he said, 'you will all soon be with me there—with your own Ned—you, and Ellen, and Mike, and all.'

'Ah! Edward, honey,' replied the afflicted parent, 'don't set your heart on Ellen being there, ye're not man and wife you know, though ye're book sworn, and she's very young, dear; but I'll be in Devenish, holy place that it is; for I must bide with your father, his grave and mine are one; and sure—God be praises for all his mercy—I shall have nothing to keep me out of it when you're gone.'

A few words of deep love and thankfulness to the mother who had been unto him all that Irish mothers are, especially to their sons—a tender message of love to the 'Ellen' of his heart and youth, who was on her way from Dublin to see him—an expression of faith and hope for the future—something muttered between life and death, as to Ellen, and all sleeping in Devenish—and the mother was alone with her dead. The betrothed girl arrived about an hour after her lover had breathed his last, and more than usual interest was excited by her gentle bearing, and deep sorrow, when she sat at the head of the coffin, and by the side of the parent, whose grief hardly surpassed her own.

The boat was duly prepared to convey 'the funeral' from the mainland to the picturesque island in Loch Erne. It was a quiet 'grayish' day, heavy clouds hung low, beneath the canopy of heaven, and the air had a cold breezy feel; there was, however, no swell upon the water, and neither wind nor rain. The coffin was laid across the boat, and was followed first by the mother, but all the cousins and 'near friends' made way for the poor weeping girl. One by one the people followed, silently at first, until the entire party who were to accompany the corpse, fourteen in number, were arranged, as many as could be accommodated sitting, while the others stood in the midst; then, when the boat was pushed, and so fairly launched upon the lake, they one and all commenced the wild keen, lamenting the death of him of the fair hair and fairer heart, whose eyes were as blue as the sky he had looked at in many lands—

—whose voice was the music his mother loved—whose sweet feet could not outrun death—whose strong arm was but as a stem of flax in the grasp of the destroyer.

'Oh why—why, why?' exclaimed the first keener—whose grizzled hair streamed from beneath the red kerchief that was tied loosely under her chin, as she formed the centre of the standing group—and clapped her hands over her head each time she repeated 'why? why did you leave us? When the colleendas—the girl whose eyes are drowned with tears, and whose feet failed her through heart sorrow, when she was coming from the great city where many wooed her stay—to twine her white arms round you, and make you bide till she was ready—ready as willing to fly with you from all, but you alone—why did you not wait? Why—why—why?'

And all in that funeral boat repeated 'why—why—why?' and those on the main land took up the melancholy chaunt, and echoed the sound to him that heard it not. Slowly the deep laden boat proceeded, and the waters grew dark, and of a leaden colour beneath the shadow of the clouds; and some on the island who were watching the progress of the funeral, said to each other, 'we shall have rain; and a few large heavy drops, tears as of nature's agony in one of her convulsions, pitted the still waters: and suddenly, in a moment, a squall of wind—a blast—fierce and strong, rushed over the boat. It was gone, engulfed—there was a frothing and a bubbling of the lake,—and now a head upraised—and now an arm,—and the people on the main land sent up great cries of agony and prayer; but in an inconceivable short time all upon the lake was hushed, and a torrent of rain descended,—and then the sun burst forth, and shone above the surface of the deep, where fourteen living, and one already dead, had been engulfed—and while it shone brightly, as if upon a bridal, slowly was the coffin seen to rise, and float—float—on—on—on, upon the current, until it was landed close to where its grave had been prepared in Devenish Island. And the old man who had dug the grave fell upon his knees, and crossing himself, devoutly declared, 'that nothing could keep him from his people,' poor fellow. The dream of his death-bed came but too true,—for 'his mother, and Ellen, and Mike, and all—sleep with him in the holy ground of Devenish.'

From 'Percival Keene,' by Captain Marryat.

THE PIRATE VINCENT.

This scene is off the Virgin Islands. Percival and a boat's crew had been put on board a prize, which, in the night, became water-logged, when the men took to the boat, leaving young Keene to his fate. After many hours a rakish-looking sail hove in sight—

The schooner was full of men, and steered close to me; she was a beautiful craft, and, although the wind was so light, glided very fast through the water; and I could not help thinking that she was the pirate vessel which the frigate had been in chase of. It appeared as if they intended to pass me, and I halloed, 'Schooner, a-hoy. Why don't you send a boat on board?' I must say, that when the idea struck me that she was a pirate vessel, my heart almost failed me. Shortly afterwards the schooner rounded to, and lowered a boat, which pulled to the vessel. The boat's crew were all negroes. One of them said 'Jump in, you white boy; next jump he take be into the shark's mouth,' continued the man, grinning, as he addressed himself to the others in the boat.

I got into the boat, and they rowed on board the schooner, they ordered me to go up the side, which I did, with my spy-glass in my hand. I leaped from the gunwale down on the deck, and found myself on board of an armed vessel, with a crew wholly composed of blacks. I was rudely seized by two of them, who led me aft to where a negro stood apart from the rest. A more fierce, severe, determined countenance I never beheld. He was gigantic in stature, and limbed like the Hercules.

'Well, boy, who are you?' said he, 'and how came you on board of that vessel?' I told him in very few words, 'Then you belong to that frigate that chased as the day before yesterday?' 'Yes,' replied I. 'What is her name?' 'The Calloppo,' 'She sails well,' said he. 'Yes,' replied I; 'she is the fastest sailer on this station.' 'That's all the information I want of you, boy; now you may go.' 'Go where?' replied I. 'Go where?—go overboard, to be sure,' replied he with a grin. My heart died within me; but I mustered courage to say, 'Much obliged to you, Sir, but I'd rather stay where I am, if it's all the same to you.' The other negroes laughed at this reply, and I felt a little confidence; at all events, their good humour gave me courage, and I felt that being bold was my only chance. The negro captain looked at me for a time, as if considering, and at last said to the men, 'Overboard with him.' 'Good bye, Sir, you're very kind,' said I, 'but this is a capital spy-glass, and I leave it to you as a legacy,' and I went up to him and offered him my spy-glass. Merciful Heaven! how my heart beat against my ribs when I did this. The negro took the glass, and looked through it. 'It's a good glass,' said he as he removed it from his eyes. 'Well, white boy, I accept your present, and now good bye.' 'Good bye Sir. Do me one kindness in return,' said I very gravely, for I felt my hour was come. 'And what is that?' replied the negro.