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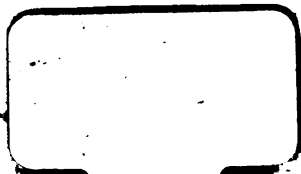
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THE

SIEGE OF DERRY,

OR,

SUFFERINGS OF THE PROTESTANTS:

A

TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

BY

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR & CO.,

145 NASSAU STREET.

1844.



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S. W. BENEDICT & CO., STER. AND PRINT.,
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TO
JOHN ROBERT BOYD, ESQ.
OF BALLYMACCOOL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

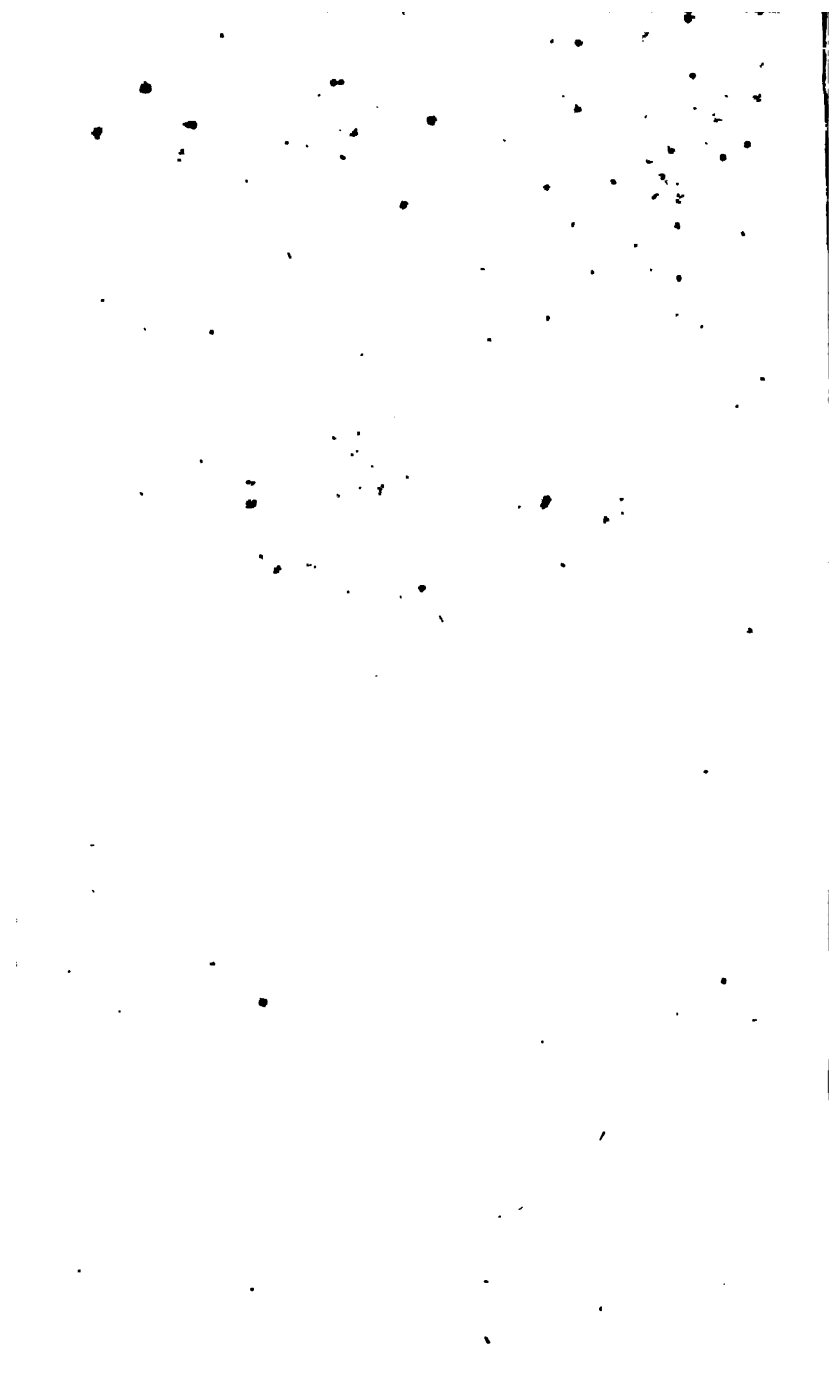
To you I need not say, that in tracing the outline of that memorable defence in which your ancestors bore a distinguished part, I have faithfully adhered to the historical data afforded by credible writers.

In prefixing your name to the volume, I would fain express my grateful regard towards you: my deep feelings of the wrongs, and sympathy in all the woes, of your beloved, unhappy country. May the wisdom that is from above direct the steps of her embarrassed Protestants, and that which is from beneath be banished from their councils. May Popery unmasked be the prelude to Popery destroyed, not by carnal weapons, but by the word of truth: not by the might and power, but by the Spirit, of the Lord of Hosts.

I am,

Your affectionate Friend,

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.



PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH EDITION.

An impression seems to prevail in some quarters that the work which has now, by the blessing of God, reached a sixth Edition, is a mere fiction; or at least that the facts relating to the defence of Derry have been greatly exaggerated, under the influence of imagination or of party spirit. This is an erroneous supposition: characters have certainly been introduced, and domestic scenes described, for the purpose of bringing forward the object of all earthly things most dear to the author's heart—that of affording instruction in their own tongue to the Irish-speaking Aborigines of the land; and also of realizing more vividly the sufferings to which individuals were exposed during the period of their wonderful defence of the Protestant fortress; but in every particular where public events are noticed, she has been most scrupulously exact in following the historical records of those days, and now, after having for the first time actually visited the spot, inspected its numerous monuments of the siege, and collected every species of information that could be obtained, she finds but one misstatement to correct throughout the narrative. This consisted in an erroneous representation of the conduct of the Presbyterian leaders, into which she was led by the remarks of another writer.

Familiarized as the author had long been with all the recorded particulars of that momentous struggle which forms the main subject of the following pages, she was overwhelmed with wonder when the first view of the maiden city broke upon her from that direction whence Lord Antrim's forces approached to meet the unexpected repulse of the gallant Apprentices. Abruptly rising from within a bend of the beautiful Foyle, terminating, as it seemed, in a point, and that narrow summit crowned with the

single church, Derry, the Derry of 1688, appeared, girt with the dark zone of her impregnable old walls, and occupying a space so limited, that when by an effort of imagination the numerous additions of more modern date were swept away, and their places supplied by the lines and batteries of an investing army, it did really seem like a vision of wild romance, rather than a simple fact of history, that the defenders of such a narrow fortress should have held their besiegers at bay during eight months of unsuccessed distress, and finally have driven them from the scene of their unparalleled discomfiture.

But when passing through the Ship-quay Gate, the visitor found herself actually within the boundary where no Papal foe was ever permitted to set up his banner; when, with a swelling heart, she paced the still unbroken round of those glorious ramparts, and from the cathedral's tower took in at once the whole compass of the scene, wonder and admiration rose into awe: for never in the varied history of the church's deliverances was the finger of Omnipotence more clearly revealed than in the preservation of this diminutive casket, where the Lord had enshrined the jewel of true Protestantism, and by the word of his power had declared that no spoiler should rend it thence. He alone who for the promotion of his own glory, and to abase the pride of man, hath usually chosen the weak things of the world to confound the strong, could have given the victory to the enfeebled handful who remained, after a protracted period of inconceivable suffering, to maintain that post, of which the limited space and more limited supplies were less remarkable than its helplessly exposed situation, commanded by surrounding hills, the broad outstretch of which afforded such favorable positions to the assailants, that every battery they chose to mount could tell with certain effect on the city. In tracing the occupation of the ground by the French and Irish army, and glancing down upon the straitened space within the walls, computing the density of an imprisoned population, and the inevitable effects of an incessant bombardment upon the dwelling-houses, the streets, the walls, the inhabitants, there was but one conclusion to which the mind could satisfactorily come: "This was the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

Memorable and honorable as the defence of 1688-9 has rendered the name of Derry, it is far from constituting her sole

claim to distinction. Many circumstances of much earlier date distinguish her among the interesting spots of a most interesting country.—The extreme beauty of the situation, added to its peculiar value as a seaport, seem to have recommended it from the earliest times as a desirable post. The name by which it was first known was Derry-Calgach, literally signifying “the oak-wood of the fierce warrior.” In former days the slopes that on all sides bend down to the Foyle were covered with noble oaks; and upon its conical hill no doubt some powerful chieftain fixed his abode, bidding defiance alike to the rival clans around, and to the hostile invader who might, in rude shipping, approach him from the neighboring coasts of Scotland or England—to the fierce Norwegian or the restless Dane; or whosoever might attempt to violate the sanctuary of his own green Isle. In the sixth century the celebrated Columbkil, who was a native of Donegal, chose this tempting site for the erection of a monastery—not a covert for the lazy monks of Rome, for at that period the papal antichrist had not stretched his arrogant pretensions even to the shores of England, and long, very long, after England became a vassal of the Romish despot, Ireland maintained the independence of her pure Christian Church. Columbkil’s monastery was a house of prayer and of devotional retirement for men whose zeal in the study and propagation of divine truth was tainted neither by a pharisaical spirit of separation from their fellow men, nor by unscriptural restraint from the privileges and enjoyments of domestic life. After a while the warlike distinction of Calgach gave place to a memorial of the mild Christian patriot, and Derry-Columbkil became the recognized title of the oak-girt city.

It was not until so late as 1566 that the garrison of Derry passed into the hands of the English: up to that period the native race had held possession, defeating all who, at various times, attempted to dislodge them. In 1600, during the commotions excited by that extraordinary person, Hugh Roe O’Donnell, Queen Elizabeth dispatched Sir Henry Docwra, with a powerful body of men, who landed from the Foyle, and, having cleared away the ruins of Columbkil’s institutions, then long desecrated by the idolatrous inventions of Popery, and which had been nearly destroyed by an explosion in 1568, they commenced the work of regular fortification, by digging a fosse, throwing up a rampart,

and by every means in their power placing the town on the defensive. Thus the very first foundation of the walls of Derry was the work of Protestant hands; and the materials employed were gathered from the wreck of what had been originally dedicated to the pure worship of God, thence passed into the polluting grasp of Romish superstition, and now, having undergone a decomposing process by way of purifying them, they were recomposed into a substance destined to be the groundwork of the firmest earthly bulwark that Protestantism ever entrenched itself within. So many and so various are the points of interest that Derry offers to our contemplation.

When the terrible rebellion of 1641 broke out, and Ireland was reddened with the blood of many thousand Protestants, principally the victims of a massacre such as the Romish Apostasy usually enjoins and practises for the purgation of her domains from heretical taint, the possession of Derry formed an object of great importance to the rebels, who purposed taking it by surprise; but the vigilance of its inhabitants defeated this plan; and by the divine blessing on their determined resistance its garrison succeeded in holding uninterrupted possession of their post, destined to become the scene of a far more extraordinary defence and deliverance at the distance of less than half a century from that time.

Protestantism being the pole-star of the Derry men, their submission to earthly rulers seems to have been always yielded under the limitation which is now, happily, the safeguard of the British sceptre. Their allegiance always bore the saving clause, "being a Protestant;" so that, when nearly the whole of the north, disgusted by the regicidal acts of the parliamentarians, declared against Cromwell, Derry in 1649 stood another close investment, and a severe siege of four months, rather than recognize an authority that, however legitimate, was regarded as dangerous to the interests of Protestantism. On this occasion, Owen Roe O'Neill relieved the garrison, when reduced nearly to the last extremity; and for their unshaken fidelity to the cause the citizens received a renewal of their charter, granted by James I., and cancelled by his unhappy son Charles, but now restored with additional privileges by Cromwell. In 1687, James II., then in the full career of his persecuting tyranny in Dublin, brought a

quo warranto against the corporation, and thus again wrested their charter away.

But the following year proved fatal to the hopes of that monarch; and its closing month introduced the eventful transactions of which the ensuing pages furnish a feeble, but, as far as it goes, a correct memorial. Of incidents pregnant with most thrilling interest, enough might easily be supplied to fill an additional volume; but the author's principal anxiety has been to show how the spirit of pure Protestantism may best work for the good of those much injured claimants on our Christian sympathy and zeal, the native race of Ireland. Influenced as they now unhappily are to perpetrate anew the worst outrages of former times, when Popery enjoyed the ascendant among them, a display of physical force and of moral determination appears requisite to restrain them from accomplishing the will of their wily and remorseless instigators, the men who, themselves wrapped in mysterious retirement, work the vast machinery of Popish aggression and aggrandisement throughout the world. The miserable, sworn assassin, who without being able, or even desirous, to make out a case of personal wrong, or the slightest ground of individual hatred against his victim, stealthily tracks his path, and stoops behind the hedge for a deliberate aim at the unconscious prey—that wretched peasant is influenced as a puppet by its wire, and its every motion impelled by the unseen chain of which the last link encloses him, body, soul, and spirit, while the first is firmly grasped in the practised hand of the man of sin, enthroned on the seven hills of Rome. An incalculable accession of strength and ductility has accrued to this infernal engine of despotic cruelty by the various sins of ignorance and of presumption that England has committed both against Ireland and against herself, in fostering the accursed thing that God commands his people to cast out from among them. These sins have already found us out, and Protestantism among ourselves is even now struggling in the net of chains that could never have been cast over us but for our own wanton connivance at the evil. In Ireland that net is more perfectly wrought and far more closely drawn, but, blessed be God! the struggle there is so vigorous, so persevering, so believing, that a good hope is inspired of seeing the links broken, and the captives set free. Protestantism there exists in a wider extension than is generally dreamed of; the

struggle adverted to is carried on under the roof of many a cabin, in the half enlightened mind of many a poor devotee, whose hand falters with secret misgivings while telling out the idolatrous ave on the string of beads; it struggles in the confessional as a ray of unsought light breaks in, revealing the spiritual darkness that shrouds the unholy tribunal; it struggles on the steps of the vain altar, where reason itself must fall prostrate before a palpable lie, and the mind suffer degradation, while the soul incurs pollution, and the lip utters blasphemy. It struggles too in the bosoms of some who are themselves important links in the fetter that holds their unhappy dupes, and who, when led to open the Word of God, and finding the path of life set forth so plainly in its pages that wayfaring men, though fools, need not err therein, remember their fearful oath, binding them to receive and to understand the Scriptures only as their Apostate Church professes, to receive and, to understand them; and thus are reduced to the alternative of direct perjury, or of consciously turning the truth of God into a lie.

To aid the struggling Protestantism of these awakened souls, to disperse more widely the light that alone can break on the slumbers of their still sleeping brethren, and thus to fling the iron net from off their beloved country, is the object for the attainment of which the Protestants of Ireland struggle too, under difficulties and in the midst of perils scarcely to be conceived by those who have not enjoyed the rich, yet melancholy privilege of beholding their patience and faith in the very scene of trial. Yet enough may be gathered from what passes under our observation at home to convince us that it becomes our bounden duty to assist in the work; and nothing will so effectually promote it as a right understanding of the means whereby a hold may be acquired on the affections, and an influence exerted over the minds of the lower classes in Ireland. In this humble volume the subject has never been lost sight of; and the Author sends forth a sixth impression with feelings of unspeakable gladness, while computing to how many thousands of individuals the plea must have found its way by the dispersion of the former five editions. On one occasion, the volume was placed in the hands of an aged Christian Englishwoman, who, on perusing it, immediately added to her will a bequest of one hundred pounds to the Irish Society whose peculiar work it is to instruct the native race through the medium of

their own language. Such instances are very cheering to the Author; she desires and anticipates a blessing on this edition also; and she strongly protests against having her book classed with works of fiction, or considered as amusement for an idle hour.

The sufferings here recorded of the Protestant defenders of Derry, and the other victims of Popish cruelty, ought to speak to us all in the voice of solemn admonition. Are we so well grounded in the faith for which they endured them as to maintain it at as costly a price, if called on so to do? Are we convinced by the Spirit of God that Popery is indeed what his Word represents it to be, the "mother of harlots and abominations of the earth?" Do we comprehend the soul-destroying nature of her delusions, their inevitable consequences, and the awful condemnation denounced on such as perish in the guilt of trusting to them? Are we fully aware that Popery rejects Christ as Prophet, degrades Him as Priest, and dethrones Him as King? Have we considered the device in its true character, as a mystery of iniquity, whereby Satan has instructed men to establish a political system for gain and authority, by means of a religious deception: making merchandize of the souls of their brethren, that they may rule despotically over their bodies, and grasp their worldly possessions? If not, we have been exceedingly remiss in not inquiring into the grounds of our own faith, which our forefathers held amid the flames of martyrdom rather than concede a particle of it to Romish demands. If we do know this, how dear to our hearts should be the memory of the Lord's mighty works in delivering these lands from the fearful scourge, our fathers from the yoke, and ourselves, hitherto, from the peril. It was by no slight effort on the part of those who contended against it that the rescue was effected; nor ought we to regard in the light of a mere exciting tale the history of their deeds and their endurance.

As respects the struggle in Derry, whether we view the nature, the extent, or the continuance of what its defenders went through, the reality is so overpowering as scarcely to leave room for the wildest fancy to present an exaggerated picture of the scene. In the first place, the town is so small, taken in connection with the multitude who had found a refuge there, that it is almost inconceivable how they could be lodged, yet the documents whence

these particulars are taken are official reports, civil and military, now before the writer, and bearing the date of 1689, the year in which they were printed. From these it appears that the garrison amounted, at the commencement of the bombardment, to 7343, and the whole population to above 30,000. The space within which these were confined is nearly an oval surrounded by the walls: less than two thousand feet in its extreme length, and its utmost width is less than 600. A street perfectly straight, and of remarkable steepness, runs through it from Ship quay to Bishop's Gate; another cuts it across, on the top of the ascent, from Butcher's to Ferry Gate. Their intersection forms the Diamond, in the centre of which stood the court-house, used as a guard-house during the siege. The space between the houses and rampart forms another street, running nearly round the city, and besides these there were not above five small intersections in the place. The Cathedral, with its grave-yard, the small burial-ground, and the Bishop's palace and garden, as well as the Diamond, took up a great deal of room; so that the inhabitants were crowded into the narrowest bounds we can suppose capable of containing them. Now, to show on indisputable authority one consequence of this dreadful confinement, the following extract gathered from the parish registry may suffice.

"There were but two places of burial within the walls—that round the cathedral and a small space not far from it, on which the present chapel of ease was afterwards built. Nine thousand corpses were interred within the walls between the 18th of April and the 1st of August, in these receptacles for the dead: being filled to overflowing, there was a want of earth or other material to cover the putrifying bodies, and the shells aimed at the living frequently fell among the dead, and made hideous exhumations of lately buried bodies. In this sad state the practice of burial in the back yards became unavoidable." After the relief, the naked bodies in the church-yards were covered over with rubbish gathered from the ruins of the Town Hall and other buildings destroyed by the shells: those buried in the back yards of the various houses were allowed to remain there; and it was found necessary to issue very severe prohibitions, enforced by strict vigilance, to discontinue the interment of such as died soon after the relief, beside their slaughtered friends—so strong was the

desire to enjoy a share in the grave of those who had so long shared in their sufferings!

Surely there is little danger of exaggeration when treating of such a subject as this. Language cannot convey an adequate idea of what must have been endured by these martyrs to Protestantism, nor can the mind grasp a scene of such accumulated horrors as must have glared out on every side to sicken the hearts of the fainting multitude for many weeks previous to their deliverance. It is painful to remark, too, that the recompense of their constancy was, so far as it rested with man to bestow it, a tissue of ingratitude and wrong. Kirke, the unfeeling general, who in point of cruelty of disposition might have almost rivalled De Rosen, assumed the command of the town, and exhibited such a want of common justice in his proceedings towards the dauntless little garrison and their heroic commanders as ought to have drawn down upon him severe punishment from the Protestant king. But William was only a political Protestant; of the life-giving influence that alone produces spiritual Protestantism he appears to have been destitute; and those among the defenders of Derry who had wrought and suffered for Christ's sake and the Gospel, had their reward in seeing the religion of Christ firmly re-established through their means, and the Gospel secured to their children beyond the grasp of Popish violence that would fain have wrested it away.

Weak, imperfect, wholly unworthy of the subject as is the ensuing attempt at recording the main incidents of the Siege of Derry, the Author unfeignedly rejoices that it was her privilege to make it. Those who read it must needs know something of the deeds and sufferings of former generations, a more intimate acquaintance with which would have checked the growth of that false and mischievous liberalism which is eating out the very heart of Protestant principle. These pages but faintly delineate Popery as it was in Ireland; and what Popery was, in its days of rampant domination, THAT POPERY IS, AND EVER WILL BE.

Many who doubted this ten years ago, and who, acting upon that doubt, forbore to grapple with their country's destroyer, even when striving to obtain a footing in the legislature, now mourn in the bitterness of their souls such a faithless dereliction of duty; and deplore too late the blindness of that hour. Somewhat yet remains to contend for; all is not utterly lost, though our high

vantage ground is abandoned, and the exulting enemy pour through a breach that they could never have effected, had we, with the spirit of our forefathers, manned the walls of our citadel. Oh, that there may be among us a heart to rally round and throw ourselves upon that breach, to resist the encroaching tide, to set up a banner in the name of the Lord, and, remembering that with Him there is no restraint to save by many or by few, to experience yet once more His delivering mercy, and in His almighty strength to trample the great masterpiece of Satanic ingenuity under our feet!

May, 1839.

THE SIEGE OF DERRY.

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DERRY.

A TALE OF THE REVOLUTION.

CHAPTER I.

“ To exchange such a spot as this for the smoke, the din, and publicity of a town—how shall I prevail on them ?”

Such was the mental inquiry of Bryan M'Alister, as he slowly wound along through one of the most romantic defiles of the ancient Tyrconnel. November blasts had stripped the foliage from many a towering tree and luxuriant shrub, tarnishing the emerald hue of Erin's sod, and imparting to that majestic scenery a character as sternly wild as were the spirits of those times. Yet beautiful, surpassingly beautiful in despite of cloud and storm, the giant hills arose, the valleys crouched beneath their sheltering bulwarks, and the broad lake expanded, or the narrow streamlet rippled on, diversifying, by its liquid splendor, the ever changeful prospect. Home itself, that centre of all attractions to young Bryan's affectionate heart, could not by its proximity win him to quicken his pace. He suffered the rein to hang loosely on his horse's neck, and gazed around him with the sad forebodings of one who anticipates a long farewell to a spot endeared by every tender recollection of infancy and youth.

The abode towards which he was so leisurely advancing, lay buried in deep seclusion, considerably removed from the highway. The approach was a perfect labyrinth, scarcely deserving the name of a road, or even of a path; but Bryan's steed required no guidance to the well-known spot. Emerging from the covert under which an ascent, and then a descent had been pursued, he now came full in view of the simple but substantial cottage that sheltered all his earthly treasures; and his near approach was presently discovered by its delighted inmates. A sturdy house-dog was the first to greet him, with the warning bark of defiance instantaneously changed into the yelpings of joy, as he bounded forward to spring against the saddle. Two blooming girls next rushed from the door: and after them hastened a white-haired retainer of that noble, but no longer affluent house, whose fallen fortunes it was his pride to follow. A bare-headed gosssoon seized the bridle with one hand, while the other plucked at his matted locks by way of obeisance; old Shane laid hold on the stirrup; and the impatient sisters seemed disposed to drag their prize from his seat, before he could well dismount. Bryan had a kiss, and a smile, and a tear too for each, with many a kind word to old Shane, as he hobbled after the youthful trio, to the presence of two more expectants; a smiling mother and a grandame, whose feelings were too deep to find vent in many words, as she embraced and blessed the sole representative of her slaughtered line.

But why attempt to describe the most indescribable of all things—an Irish welcome, bestowed on one around whom a cluster of Irish hearts entwined their fondest affections?

Amid the interesting group now assembled, a stranger's

eye would have involuntarily rested on the form and features of the venerable parent. Both were strikingly noble, nor had the pressure of near threescore years and ten diminished the sparkling intelligence of the face, or bowed perceptibly the stately figure of the old lady. Highly intellectual, and marked with decision of character, her countenance yet bespoke a meek benevolence which endeared what had otherwise been too commanding to inspire affection; and there were traits of long and patient endurance sufficient to show that a cross had indeed been borne by her, whose whole deportment told a tale of pious resignation.

She was a daughter of the princely race of O'Neill, brought in childhood, by a chain of providential circumstances, under the influence of truly Christian advisers. Thus her mind became early and deeply imbued with doubts and apprehensions as to the soundness of her hereditary religion. Pursuing in secret the inquiry, she had made a tacit renunciation of its errors, convinced by the mere force of reason and such arguments as came within her reach. At an early age she had become attached to Colonel M'Alister, a Protestant of rank and influence, whom she married, much to the chagrin of her own bigoted kindred, and resided with his family until the dreadful massacre of 1641 cut off many of them, and sent most of the survivors broken-hearted to an untimely grave.

Through many calamities, and bitter reverses of fortune, she had been brought to such a thorough self-acquaintance as laid her low at the foot of the Redeemer's cross; and rendered her a meet guide for the children of her only son, who, with their widowed mother, dwelt in this secluded nook of their native Donegal, subsisting on the wreck of a fortune once most abundant. Letitia and

Ellen, the latter of whom was scarcely past the age of childhood, furnished sufficient employment for those whom they fondly designated their two mothers; but Shane distinguished the younger widow as "the mistress," and the elder as "the Lady of M'Alister," by which title she was generally known and spoken of, throughout the narrow circle of their acquaintance.

Shane O'Connogher was a genuine Irishman from the western province, bred to arms from his infancy, and most devotedly attached to the master, whose steps he had faithfully followed. The same partial affection that led him, as a young lad, to separate from the Romish communion, and to embrace nominally the faith of his benefactor, inspired him with unspeakable horror and detestation of all belonging to that party by whom the cruel murder was perpetrated. Shane was, in truth, a devotee to his political creed; and in universal, indiscriminate hatred of all who differed from him, he could not be outdone by any partizan of any cause whatever. His ardent fidelity was so appreciated by all the wrecks of M'Alister's house, that it secured to him immunities and privileges, approaching rather to the station of a friend than that of a domestic.

Shane had never relinquished the use of his vernacular tongue; loquacious at most times, his eloquence never flowed so freely or so rapidly, as when his thoughts found vent in his native Irish: and his frequent soliloquies in that language proved a source of so much vexation to the children, by exciting their curiosity, that they gladly became his pupils, and acquired some little knowledge of a tongue too generally as much despised among the higher classes, as it is beloved and cherished by their more humble compatriots.

Of all created beings, the Lady of M'Alister possessed

the largest portion of Shane's reverential regard : but he failed not to protest against her views and proceedings on some occasions ; particularly in what related to her son and grandson, neither of whom she would allow to follow the profession of her husband. The former had suffered so much from the perils and privations to which his helpless infancy was exposed, that he never acquired strength of constitution ; he had lived in retirement, and died of lingering decline soon after the birth of Ellen. Shane admitted that he was not formed for military life ; but could by no means pardon the wrong done to the Protestant cause, by restraining Bryan from following what was certainly the early bent of his inclinations—for Bryan was truly Irish, after Shane's own fancy : manly in person, robust in constitution, warm in his affections, and buoyant in spirits as the bubble that danced upon the water. His laughing eye was sunshine to the old man's heart ; and Shane had observation sufficient to discern the deep, firm energy of character which had as yet been but partially called forth : a steadiness of purpose and unflinching resolution, joined to great personal courage. The sweetness of a placid temper, rendered yet more even by the subduing influences of divine grace, restrained the exhibition of these more vigorous traits ; but Shane delighted to trace them, and loudly bewailed the successful appeals which had won on the youth's affectionate heart to concur in the wishes of his "two mothers," and to become the apprenticed assistant of a respectable merchant in Derry.

"Ahone !" sighed, or rather groaned the old man when he heard that the indentures were made out. "Isn't it a big shame to plant the last of the M'Alisters behind a counter, out of the way of all the honor and glory in life ?"

"Be easy, Shane, dear ; those things are not confined

to any profession. A faithful discharge of duty is the right road to them everywhere."

"Murder! Master Bryan, avourneen: is it yourself that has the face to say so? You'd get 'em as a soldier; or may be as a sailor; but masha! who ever heard of the honor and glory of a 'Prentice Boy!" and he turned away in high disdain.

As a 'Prentice Boy, however, the last of the M'Alisters was well satisfied to commence his modest career. The seed of divine truth had not been vainly scattered by pious hands during his early days: it had taken deep root, it had visibly sprung up, and gave promise of a plenteous harvest. Those very traits in Bryan's character, which rendered him the delight of his companions, were to himself a source of watchful solicitude; and he bowed in secret thankfulness to the wisdom which marked out for him a path where such fiery qualities stood in less apparent peril of being fanned into a flame. He had acquired that great lesson—the root of all humility—self-knowledge; and his acquaintance with the doctrines of the gospel was not merely theoretical: it was practical, and wrought in him a growing conformity to the Author and Finisher of his faith. He felt that much, very much, was yet wanting to purify the silver: and he patiently awaited the operation of whatsoever furnace it might please the Great Refiner to prepare, for the trial of that precious metal.

Bryan had now been settled for two years with his master; and his steady application to business had won many kind approvals, with frequent permission to visit the cottagers in the glen. To them his approach was ever as the returning spring after the clouds of winter; so dearly, so exclusively, was he beloved in that retired nook. The

object of his present excursion, however, was one of more serious import than any that had preceded it ; and he lost no time in making known to the wondering little circle that surrounded the evening fire, his wish to accomplish their removal to the town of Derry.

His grandmother shook her head, and his mother declared it to be impossible.

"Nay, but let us hear his reasons," said Letitia, "for Bryan is not apt to counsel foolishly."

"They must be powerful reasons, my child, that would tempt me from this quiet retreat, to place you amid the turbulent scenes of a city, a seaport, and a garrison town."

"Dear mother," said the youth, "the dangers that you would encounter are trifling, compared with those from which you must flee. A storm is even now gathering around ; and its first thunders are already rolling in deep menaces of unequivocal import. Every nook in these valleys will be explored in quest of plunder and revenge. Think you that a family so marked as ours for sufferings in the cause of truth, will escape the deadliest visitations of their hatred?"

"Our family lies buried in obscurity ; its name overlooked, and its history forgotten."

"Never trust to that, mother. Many a hand would yet be raised to point out the poor remains of M^r A^lster ; and many a blade would thirst to quench its brightness in their heretic blood."

"Don't speak so, brother," said his younger sister imploringly.

"I speak as I feel, my poor Ellen : and even were it otherwise, the straggling foragers would doubtless discover your abode. What defence would be found for such a helpless household of females?"

"The defence of the Most High, young man, is as potent in the glens of Tyrconnel, as behind the fortresses of Derry," said the old lady.

Bryan smiled as he bent towards her, and replied, "Must I read back to my dear grandmother the lessons, by means of which she coaxed the hereditary weapon from my hand, and nailed me to an ignoble occupation, because I should not tempt the Lord, nor hazard the last hope of an expiring line?" He then more fully declared the alarming indications that had of late been given, of some hostile design on the part of those who held the great mass of the people in spiritual bondage; the Romish Priesthood, whose language had assumed a character of open defiance too general and too daring to be overlooked.

"Shane was telling us strange things about it," remarked Letitia, "but my grandmother checked him."

"I did so, my child; because his misjudging zeal is apt to lead him into error; while his prejudices operate to the disadvantage of every one connected with the hostile party."

At Bryan's earnest request, Shane was now summoned; and he, delighted to find the restraint taken off, gave full vent to a large collection of anecdotes and inferences, bearing on the subject under debate; of which, if some provoked a smile by their extravagant improbability, others were calculated to excite serious alarm. He concluded by advising Bryan to make a short tour through the neighboring valleys, and to judge from the result of his own inquiries.

His suggestion was adopted; and it was ascertained beyond dispute that preparations of a most threatening description were on foot, among the more fierce and lawless of the peasantry. Language was uttered from the altar

and the pulpit, that could admit of but one interpretation ; and instances were not wanting where the Priest had added to his harangues the encouragement of his personal assistance in collecting, marshalling, and exercising his flock, as for military service.* In corroboration of all this, a letter followed Bryan from Derry, with farther intelligence of a similar purport, collected from other quarters ; and the friendly head of his establishment urged an immediate removal of the family to Derry ; proffering the use of a small house, in a retired part of the town, where, if obscurity were their object, they might remain almost as much out of the busy world as in their present retreat. These concurrent circumstances satisfied the Lady of M'Alister, that to reject such an interposition would be indeed presumptuous : and as her decisions gave law to the whole household, immediate preparations were engaged in for a hasty removal, which was accomplished without much difficulty.

The little mansion allotted to the strangers stood in a retired street, on a low site, well sheltered, and of course sufficiently sombre. The narrow casements in their deep recesses, showed the thickness of walls that had braved many a stroke from the hand of time, and contrasted painfully with the airy character of their late abode, whose windows, gaily festooned with flowing shrubs, invited the broad beam of heaven to brighten the apartments. The young girls found their spirits weighed down by irresistible depression, save when their brother's cheerful smile broke in to dispel the gloom ; and the frequency of his visits did indeed almost reconcile them to the change.

* See "Graham's History of the Siege of Derry ;" a work to which the author is greatly indebted for accurate and minute information.

Their mother was more perplexed by the absence of the many conveniences which formed the pride of her department in the forsaken cottage ; while the Lady sat in patient contentment, pursuing her needle-work, discoursing with her family, or deeply meditating on the pages of that venerable volume which, in its black binding, with silver clasps, lay evermore within reach of her hand.

To one individual, the transition was fraught with unmixed delight. Old Shane scarcely found the winter days long enough for the pursuit in which he was constantly engaged, the insatiable quest after news. Neither his political animosities, nor his religious bigotry, lacked sympathizing encouragement from kindred spirits within the walls of Derry, while the prospect of hostilities, the critical position of public affairs, and the overpowering anxiety with which three kingdoms watched their progress, imparted an unspeakable interest to the most indifferent actions of James Stuart and William of Nassau. The latter had very recently effected a landing in England, and every rumored accession to his standard of title, wealth, and military prowess, formed matter of rapturous exultation among the zealous partizans who surrounded Shane O'Connogher.

Nor was young Bryan free from enthusiasm of the same cast. The sparkle of his eye, and the glow of his cheek, when bearing such tidings to his family, bespoke it plainly. But the feeling of personal hostility was a stranger to his compassionate bosom, and the life which he counted not dear to him in the cause of that holy faith wherein he stood, would have been as freely sacrificed to win one of its deluded persecutors from the error of his way. The sin, not the sinner, excited his abhorrence ; and while against the creed of Rome he avowed the most uncompro-

missing, the most unqualified hostility, his heart yearned over the individuals enthralled beneath her merciless sway. To implant in his young mind this important discrimination had been the indefatigable endeavor of his pious grandmother, and she had amply succeeded, by leading him to the same sacred fountain from whence she drew her own supplies of knowledge and grace. Herself delivered from the net, she had long been habituated to examine minutely its texture; and regarding it as the mystery of iniquity, the master-piece of Satanic wisdom, the most subtle and powerful delusion that ever triumphed over reason in the subversion of revealed truth, she marvelled not at the stubborn adherence of its victims to their blinding errors, but sought by every affectionate and persevering effort to recover them out of the snare.

In the fatal year 1641, her husband, his parents, two young sisters, and a whole household of faithful domestics had fallen—fallen within her view, and under circumstances of aggravated cruelty; while maternal love for the helpless babe that slumbered in her arms, prompting the hope of screening him from those gory knives and pikes, nerved her to remain, a concealed and silent spectator of these horrors. Shane O'Connogher, returning from a mission to the neighboring Barony, had providentially escaped falling in with the assassins; and by him she was borne away from the scene of blood, nearly in a state of insanity. Long, very long, it was ere her lacerated mind could endure the slightest allusion to that hour; and even then the wildest spirit of vindictive passion that ever raved in the unsubdued bosom of an O'Neill would impetuously break forth as she looked upon her sickly child, and vowed to train him for the work of vengeance. And well was she qualified by nature for such a preceptorship, the masculine

strength and daring of her character having been conspicuous from the cradle. But better things were in store for the bereaved and desolate sufferer; her deep afflictions melted the heart of a pious minister, who had brought into a strange land all the devoted ardor of a Scottish Covenanter. He too had his tale of wrongs and domestic anguish to tell; and having thus engaged her sympathy, he turned to the best and holiest of purposes the advantage gained. Before his white hairs descended to a peaceful grave, the widow of M'Alister was enabled to cheer his dying pillow with those sweet words of gospel promise which had sounded strangely to her ear when first brought under his teaching; and the boy so early dedicated to the work of unhallowed wrath, was trained, and lived, and died, a meek follower of his compassionate Saviour.

But strong, indelibly strong, was the impression left by that fearful scene of massacre; and her mind would ponder and revolve it, under every change of character and circumstance. She had beheld those murderers kneel in prayer, before they plunged their weapons into bosoms that pleaded for them with their last throb—for the M'Alisters were more than nominally Christians—and she had also seen and heard their solemn acts of thanksgiving over the mangled bodies. The retrospection led to deep musings on the nature of that delusion under which they acted, and the Lady of M'Alister had achieved the noblest victory that human nature is capable of, in its renewed and sanctified condition; for her keenest wrongs now formed an argument wherewith to disarm her own and others' resentment; and she dwelt upon them but as an incentive to redoubled exertion in rescuing souls from that Mother of Abominations, so drunken with the blood of the saints, with the life-blood of all that had been most

dear to her own agonized bosom. When a blessing had been given to her zealous and patient endeavors for the conversion of some poor ignorant follower of Rome—and more than one or two had crowned those efforts—she would smile, and say, “Behold my triumphant revenge for the slaughter of my house?”

It will not be doubted that the progressive advance of James II. towards a re-establishment of Popery had excited in her mind the most acute and painful interest, while a just view of what the Scriptures inculcate of submission to constituted authorities taught her to shrink from the prospect of popular insurrection on the part of the aggrieved Protestants. The act of abdication, therefore, by which the monarch subsequently vacated his throne, she hailed as a most providential interposition; the very name of William of Nassau sounding in her ears a tale of hope and joy. Beneath her calm deportment, there lay concealed an anxiety the most intense; and while her thoughts pursued, with eagle glance, the relative position of the contending parties throughout the British Isles; that little spot to which the family had been recently removed, acquired an importance abundantly verified by the sequel. She doubted not but that a perilous fermentation pervaded the Scottish clans, and that to secure a northern point of rapid communication between that country and Ireland, such as the port of Derry could supply, would be found essential to the success of James, who had sufficiently shown that he hoped to recover by force what in a moment of panic he had so hastily relinquished. These views she often communicated to her little family circle, as an incentive to more earnest prayer, since nothing short of divine power could interpose between the project and its accomplishment. Bryan was fully convinced

that she predicted rightly as to the importance of that post ; and the subject was frequently canvassed among his young companions, who entered into its discussion with the vivid feelings of men whose earthly all was involved in the question.

Tyrconnel, the unprincipled viceroy of James, had, in his eagerness to swell his master's disposable forces, withdrawn from Derry its accustomed garrison—a welcome relief to the minds of the many who dreaded such defenders far more than any evils from which they might assist to shield them. Entire subserviency to the views of James had rendered these troops a terror to their Protestant fellow subjects ; and now, whilst almost every other place of note was strongly garrisoned by the partizans of James, Derry enjoyed the singular privilege of being under the guardianship of her own citizens. Whispers were abroad in the streets that such a privilege would not be lightly relinquished ; and looks more eloquent than words gave frequent pledge of mutual fidelity, as from their barrier-walls they gazed upon the winding Foyle, and calculated the strength of their position. But these were ebullitions of youthful spirits, extorting the smile of pity, or provoking the rebuke of prudence, from their more experienced companions.

CHAPTER II.

THE chills of December were now striking their paralyzing influence into every department of the natural world, and its snows began to whiten on the neighboring hills. The Protestants of Derry remained unmolested, but conscious that perils were thickening around them; the numerous Roman Catholics within its walls generally wearing an aspect calculated to increase the perturbation, and with trembling solicitude was the appearance of Bryan M'Alister hailed whenever he approached the retired dwelling of his kindred.

Even old Shane now found a ready audience for his exaggerated reports; and it was with no slight degree of terror that Letitia and Ellen beheld him break abruptly into their sitting-room, after a short absence, with a countenance full of important information.

"What is it, Shane?" was the anxious inquiry.

"Indeed, and it's bad enough for the like of you to hear, poor fatherless cratures that ye be! It's out and out true, that next Sunday, the ninth of this very month, every Protestant soul will be murdered. I'm just after seeing the letter come in from Enniskillen, where the brave lads are defending the place; and there's a big

army coming up upon us, to be here in no time at all ; and the bloody Papists whetting their knives in open day, all over the town. Musha, but we'll be all slaughtered like a flock of sheep !”

Before the old man could recover his breath, Bryan entered : his countenance was pale, but an air of fixed determination pervaded every feature, and seemed to nerve his whole frame. With a rapid, but silent glance, he scanned the agitated circle, and then rested his intelligent eyes on his grandmother.

“ It is true,” he said, “ what Shane has no doubt communicated to you. A plan of general massacre is divulged, and the day after to-morrow fixed for its perpetration. Lord Antrim’s regiment of Irish and Scotch, alike hostile to our faith, is on the advance towards us ; and the ferocious soldiery are even outnumbered by more furious women and wild young boys, armed with skenes, with pikes, and whatsoever instruments of destruction they can get hold of.”

Ellen flew to her mother, who with a sigh of silent despair clasped her arms around the shuddering girl. Letitia sunk back on her seat, gazing with bewildered looks from one to the other of the party. Bryan remained, his eyes fastened on those of his grandmother, who raised them to heaven, while Shane exclaimed, “ The gates, Master Bryan ; ye were talking of that.”

“ Of the gates ?” said the old lady, casting an inquiring glance at her grandson.

“ There was a talk among us of closing them,” said Bryan, “ but the Corporation checked that suggestion ; and yet—grandmother—where the means are at hand”—He was proceeding in a tone of deepening energy, when another young man of the city rushed into the house.

"M'Alister," he exclaimed, "why do you loiter? Our lives hang by a whisp of hay. Those white-livered Aldermen are temporizing and higgling, ready enough to sacrifice us all as the price of their own proper immunity."

"For shame, Ross," interrupted Bryan; "you wrong them."

"Then let them right themselves, the calculating drones. M'Alister, do you flinch? You were forward enough just now. Why, man, there are already two companies of infernals arrived at the Water-side, attended by a host of furies, actually drunk with rage, and yelling for blood; while the little butchering ruffians, boys from eight to ten years old, are brandishing their knives, and prepared to take their initiatory lesson in the art of torturing from their more practised companions."

"Away!" exclaimed Bryan; and regardless even of the cries that implored his return, in voices so dear to him, he ran off at full speed with Ross.

To describe the state of the city is utterly impossible; groups of terrified Protestants were seen congregated in the streets, their low whisper and sidelong glance of half-suppressed suspicion, following the steps of every neighbor who held the contrary persuasion. Undissembled triumph sat on the features of the many friars and priests who, in evident expectation, paraded the town, while, in strong contrast, an Episcopal or Presbyterian minister, with meek resignation portrayed on his countenance, might be seen encouraging his trembling hearers to a firmer trust in the Most High. Others of the clergy, with official men, merchants, and here and there a military officer, were grouped in close and earnest debate. Rapidly passing by these, the two young men reached that

quarter of the city which fronts the Foyle ; and there, on the opposite bank, called the Water-side, Bryan beheld an ample confirmation of his friend's report.

At this period, the two officers in command of the assailants were crossing the river in a ferry-boat, for the purpose of demanding admission for their companies ; and these, crowding to the water's edge, presented a most appalling spectacle to the devoted inhabitants. Ross had by no means exaggerated the horrors of their aspect. A more formidable body of assailants the imagination could not picture. Wild, fierce, and restless, their very look was a menace ; and the regular troops were mingled with such a motley crowd as gave them the aspect of a promiscuous banditti, while the impatient gestures and shouts of their female followers, accompanied by an immense number of young boys, exactly answering to Ross's description, imparted a character more dreadful than could have attached to a regular army of military besiegers. The object of their cries—the intent with which those weapons flashed in the sun-beam—was but too little questionable ; and maddening were the thoughts that crowded upon those whose domestic circles were threatened by a visitation so horrible.

Our youths found themselves surrounded by a number of lads and young men, apprenticed to the different merchants and tradesmen : these eagerly greeted their arrival, and pointed to the opposite side.

"It cannot be—it shall not be," cried Bryan : "By timely resistance we may avoid the effusion of blood. Admit these forces and our houses will be deluged in the gore of their inmates."

"To the gates, boys!" shouted several voices ; and the mob re-echoed the words.

The deputy-mayor hastily approached, and demanded that the cry should be silenced.

"Never mind him, boys," said Ross: "he's in the pay of the old Papist. Sheriff Kennedy tells us another story."

The courteous reception given to the officers, and the manifest determination of some among the leading men to admit their followers, increased the irritation of the apprentices; nor was this mitigated when they perceived the foremost of the two companies already in the act of crossing the river, to force admittance.

"Now, or never!" was ejaculated by the agitated lookers-on.

Bryan's mind was in a tumult of opposing principles and harassing doubts; how far they should be justified in resisting what would soon become an overwhelming force, and thus increasing the certainty of slaughter, was a matter of severe perplexity to him. But then, the firm conviction that their city was formed to be the earthly bulwark of a righteous cause, an assurance that there was no restraint with the Lord, to save by many or by few, and the evident fact that butchery would be retarded, if not altogether averted, by a measure so purely defensive, all wrought with him to obey the impulse of strong natural feeling. One fervent ejaculation he breathed to the Helper of the oppressed, and then raising his voice to its utmost pitch, cried out, "For our altars and our homes! To the Guardhouse, boys! Seize the keys!" and away they started.

Some severe struggling took place, before the keys were wrested from those who had them in charge; but the rapid approach of the soldiers to within three hundred yards of the gate, nerved every arm among the youthful

band of resolute defenders with supernatural strength. The scuffle was quickly over, the keys were won; and with the rapidity of hounds in full chase, the boys rushed to the ferry-gate, the drawbridge of which they instantaneously drew up; and as the massive gates swung heavily forward, and the coarse key grated harshly upon its wards, it told that the deed was done; a deed to which, under the all-directing power of the Most High, may doubtless, in some measure, be traced the blessings that for one hundred and forty years crowned our country. A deed achieved by unarmed boys, baffling the wily counsels of kings, impeding the progress of victorious armies, setting at naught the exterminating thunders of vindictive Rome, and proving by what seemingly inefficient means the Lord of Hosts wills to accomplish the dictates of Almighty wisdom.

At the moment when the ferry-gate was closed, Lord Antrim's myrmidons had approached within sixty yards of its portal. The other city gates were next secured and guarded by the enthusiastic spirit of those who volunteered for the duty. The hand of Bryan had been conspicuously active in assisting to perform all that his voice counselled; and he now led back his exulting comrades to the market-place: whence, after a vain attempt on the part of the Deputy Mayor to induce a reception of the enemy, they again sallied to repel a meditated movement, by which their exploit would have been rendered unavailing, and the gates thrown open. Popular feeling was now too strongly excited on their behalf to leave any doubt of the general resolution to defend the city, and the threat of bringing a piece of ordnance to bear on the intruders, sent them in disorder back to

their companies ; leaving the town to the guardian protection of her devoted young apprentices.

During the whole of this tumultuous scene, old Shane had endeavored to keep Bryan in his view ; but the tottering limbs of the veteran were unequal to the task. Indeed, the celerity of the young man's movements was such, that to Shane's vision he appeared as a flash of lightning, or rather a succession of flashes, darting along various points of the horizon. However, the powerful tones of his voice, continually rising above others, as he shouted forth the words of direction and encouragement, were faithfully echoed by Shane, whose inmost soul revelled in the luxury of what he considered the first act of vengeance wrought on the part of an injured family. At length he bethought himself of the terrified and anxious females, to whose abode the uproar must have penetrated ; and he hobbled away from the scene of action, to place before them a glowing picture of Bryan's achievements. "The *raal* M'Alister ; the true blood of him that was now revenged."

It was late at night before the youth could snatch an hour to satisfy his family that he was unhurt. The highest animation played upon his features, and enlivened every gesture, as he explained the events of that memorable day ; and the Lady of M'Alister never sat more erect in native dignity than while she listened to his accents, and marked the strong traits of a character endeared by cherished remembrances. Yet a tear fell, as the ejaculations of thankfulness for the past, and earnest supplication for the future, ascended from her lips ; and the less subdued emotions of the mother and sisters, who hailed in their most endeared relative a deliverer from immediate destruction, sweetened Bryan's hasty meal into luxury. But

in the open expression of delight, old Shane far outdid all the rest, and frequently extorted a smile by the extravagance of his commendations on the heroes of the day.

"What are you dreaming of, Shane," asked his young master, archly, "the honor and glory of an apprentice boy?"

"Hush, my child," said the Lady of M'Alister: "and you, Shane, forbear to take from the Lord the praise which is due to him alone. The weakness, the inadequacy of the instruments this day employed, give promise that the work will prove to have been of God; and if so, it will be a mighty and a perfect work. He who says to the foaming billows, 'Hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther: here shall thy proud waves be stayed,' may have blessed our little fortress to be the feeble but sufficient barrier against the progress of His church's foes. Here he may be about to kindle a fire through which they cannot pass; a fire whose intensesness shall try us, even as silver is tried. We are now pent up, beset by open foes, and in manifest peril of being surrounded by accumulating hosts, not one man of whom can set upon us to hurt us, unless the Lord give the word. Oh, my children, shall we trust to an arm of flesh, and cast away the shield of the Almighty, by boasting in our own prowess? Let us rather turn unto him in weeping and supplication, and pray that in these kindling flames we may be purified, and made white, and shine—for in the straitness of this siege the slain of the Lord shall be many." She then read the first two chapters of Joel, and offered up an impressive prayer.

"Grandmother," said Bryan, as he took her hands on rising to depart, "when I ran down to the portal, when I laid hold on the pulleys of the bridge, when I lent my strength to close those heavy gates—the sound of whose

creaking hinges I never, never shall forget—the prayer of David was in my heart and on my lips, ‘Let us now fall into the hand of the Lord, or his mercies are great: and let us not fall into the hand of man!’”

“Peace and blessing be with my dear boy!” she replied; and the tears of all mingled on his cheek, as they bade him a reluctant farewell.

“Heaven bless her ladyship!” muttered Shane, as he secured the door, after wringing his young master’s offered hand; “the like of her isn’t above ground for throwing a wet blanket. And she’s right, too, I’m entirely certain, in respect to the siege; for when the Boys slammed the creaking ould gates in the faces of yon spalpeens, thinks I, it’s your hearts’ blood that’ll spout upon ’em yet, jewels of the world! And Shane O’Connogher’s old ears will tingle, when your merry voices are turned into dying groans, and the roar of big guns be your ulla-loo!” And, overcome with the picture that his fancy drew, he slunk away to his little dormitory.

During the night considerable tumult prevailed in the city; and with dawning day it arose to a higher swell; and agitating was the anxiety of the M’Alisters, as they sat in desponding silence, bending many an impatient look on the door.

Suddenly the loud report of two cannon, successively discharged from the walls, preceded and followed by most exulting shouts, sent a tremor through every frame. Old Shane, who had reluctantly consented to keep guard over the household, started and threw back his head, as the aged war-horse, who smells the battle afar off. The sisters drew nearer to each other, and gazed with fearful expectation on the opening door. Never had the protecting arms of their brother been so welcome as now,

when, bursting into the room, every feature irradiate with joy, he embraced them and exclaimed, "The post has brought us glorious news: not only has the Prince of Denmark declared for William of Nassau, but many a proud name of English rank and influence swells the roll of his adherents. Our own Ormonde has ranged his true men under the banner of Orange; and the tide of popular feeling runs steadily along, promising victory and peace."

Ejaculations of delight and thanksgiving followed the welcome communication. "But the guns, brother?" said Ellen.

"Merely a shot in honor of our deliverer; but I did not stay to witness its effect on the gentry over the water; so anxious was I to be the bearer of welcome news. And now have I earned my breakfast?"

"What! fasting yet, my poor boy?" said his mother, as she eagerly advanced to her little stores.

"That's right, Master Bryan," said Shane, with great emphasis. "Eating is the last thing in life that a soldier should think about. But is it you that have been on guard all night, avourneen?"

"Sure and I have, Shane; who should keep the gates but the boys that shut them?"

"True for ye: and have you mustered the garrison?"

"Aye, and a bare three hundred of fighting men can we number, for the defence of our good town?"

"Say three hundred and one, sir;" exclaimed Shane, as he drew himself into an upright position.

"Three hundred and one, then; and to arm these we have made free to open the magazine, and have taken out muskets for about half that number: how to equip the rest, we know not. But that cowardly rabble before the wall cannot face the report of a child's popgun.

Shoulder the poker, Shane, ready—present—and off they will scamper.”

“Beware, my child, of viewing these things too lightly,” said his grandmother. “Victorious moments are moments of temptation, when a vain-glorious spirit is too apt to taint the Christian’s joy. For our sins is the chastisement sent : and no race of beings, no reptile, no insect, too mean to execute the judgments of the Lord, where he wills to smite. Frogs, flies, and lice were made effectual to scourge the pride of warlike Egypt.”

Bryan assented : and united prayer was then engaged in, led by the venerable Lady. Fervently did she supplicate that the Lord would look favorably on his little Zion, and be to them a strong hold in that their day of adversity. A touching recurrence to past scenes melted every heart ; and if one thing beyond all others characterized those prayers, it was the energetic pleading for every single soul among the thousands then thirsting for Protestant blood :

Immediately on rising, the lady withdrew to her apartment, and brought forth the antique arms of her slaughtered husband. She had, on that morning, opened a chest, which for many a long year had remained unexplored ; and often had it excited the curiosity of the young people, as they remarked the jealous care with which its possessor kept it under her immediate guardianship. The objects now presented to their eyes were new to them : but a heavy groan from poor old Shane bespoke his recognition of the broadsword, from whose hilt of costly workmanship depended a knot, deeply incrustated with gore. A belt of black leather, much embrowned with age, trailed along the ground ; and a brace of pistols, superbly mounted with silver, completed a burden almost too heavy

for the arms that trembled as they bore it. Bryan hastened to take the weapons, and his knee involuntarily touched the ground, as he kissed the hands that yielded them. His heart was too full for any other expression of thankfulness.

"Take them, my beloved child; and may the sight of them soften your heart."

"Soften his heart!" ejaculated Shane indignantly.

"Aye, Shane O'Connogher, soften his heart. He who wielded that sword, my noble and faithful M'Alister, was laid low by pitiless assassins. The stain on this knot, Bryan, was from the heart's blood of your gallant grandfather—but," and she laid her hand on his arm, and spoke with awful solemnity—"but, Bryan, where are the murderers now? Misled by treacherous guides, who assumed to teach them the way to heaven, they verily believed that in this work of butchery they wrought their own salvation. They are gone! The blind and guilty followers of leaders more guilty, because less blind, they are swallowed up in the pit of eternal wo. Oh, my children, follow them in thought to that unchangeable state—hear their groans—behold the smoke of their torment—and each vindictive feeling shall be hushed beneath the power of HIM who alone maketh us to differ. Aye, and I too have lisped in childhood the prayer for extermination of all who differed from her who is drunken with the blood of the saints. In this juncture, Bryan, you must needs bear arms: but may that blade remain in your hand innocuous, as it has lain for half a century: and never may those barrels send a message of death to one soul unprepared for the awful summons!"

It is not our purpose to furnish a chronicle of this

memorable siege, of which the annals are, or ought to be, familiar to every one who loves to trace the hand of God, manifested in signal mercies to his church, and to our nation—mercies, in whose warm blaze a heedless posterity has basked, until the sufferings are well nigh forgotten that taught their ancestors wisdom, warning them to repel the encroaching billows of antichristian rage.

Unappalled by the menacing aspect of his indignant subjects, James Stuart had pursued his darling scheme. He sought to force upon them that detested yoke under which their progenitors had perished in the flames of Smithfield: nor could the unequivocal symptoms of popular resentment stay his course. It would be difficult to credit the existence of such infatuation, did not the history of other lands furnish us with abundant proof that Popery is, and ever must be, unchanged in its manifestations, wheresoever it can find meet tools to work with: sternly resolved to rear its throne upon the prostrate rights of millions; aye, and to cement that fabric with their blood, should outraged humanity but dare to lift an appealing hand against its galling pressure.

Panic-struck, the unhappy James had abandoned for a while his project, and retreated to a foreign shore; but goaded onward by his remorseless advisers, he had resumed the enterprise, and thrown himself upon the fidelity of his Irish subjects, rightly calculating on the fervency with which the great majority would adhere to his cause.

The very appointment of Tyrconnel to the vicegerency of their country, had struck such terror into the Irish Protestants, that on learning it, no fewer than fifteen hundred had accompanied the Earl of Clarendon from

their own shore, self-doomed to voluntary exile; nor had the subsequent acts of this governor tended to lessen the odium in which he was held by the feebler party. The recent death of the famous Duke of Ormonde—a name that ought to live enshrined in every Irish heart—had increased the helpless despair of all who desired peace. Even in extreme age, that nobleman, who, like a stately tree, seemed to have been planted for the shelter of his native soil, could inspire confidence in their minds: while Ormonde yet lived, Ireland had a champion, and a friend. But he was gathered to his fathers just previous to the event which armed Tyrconnel with augmented power of mischief. Never did a purer spirit of disinterested patriotism animate the mind of man, than that, which, during the fifty-four years of his public life, had endeared the Duke of Ormonde to his suffering country. Poor Ireland has had many masters; but alas, how small the number of her friends! A Butler, a Bedell, and a Boyle, do indeed shine forth, during this the cloudiest period of her troubled history; and while the former, blazing through her political heavens, scared many a vampire from his accustomed feast, the two latter applied themselves to the sacred task of clearing away those mists which hid the Sun of Righteousness from her spiritual discernment, by clothing in the garb of native language the word, whose entrance giveth light—light to them that sit in darkness, and the shadow of death, that it may guide their feet into the way of peace.

Ireland, poor, suffering, guilty, Ireland! If the hand that traces these lines might but be so directed, as to kindle a flame of pure love and glowing zeal on thy behalf, it might contentedly rest from its labors, to mould-

er in the dust of the grave. From every former attempt, by whomsoever made, to promote this object, little else has arisen than a blinding smoke, yet farther to darken and confuse the judgment of thy friends. It is among thine own, thy native children, that every evil fixes its deep root, and defies alike the arm of force, and the voice of persuasion to remove it. And wherefore? Because we are too proud, too obstinately prejudiced to opinion, to sit down among the Irish race, and address them in a tongue that sounds of home and kindred, and every endearing sympathy to which their hearts can vibrate.* No: we hail them in a language that to their jealous partialities speaks of conquest and defiance, as though we treated with a vanquished enemy, willing rather to fix the yoke of despotism on his neck, than to clasp his hand in the fellowship of Christian love. We mean it not so; but so he is taught to regard it; and what avail our good intentions, if our stubborn prejudice still neutralize the effort? For nearly seven centuries has the victim bled beneath our hand, through the inefficiency of our ill-devised styptics; and miserably futile will the remedy be found, which political wisdom has recently applied. England has long squandered her millions, and all her costly sacrifices have been vain. And though her frantic desperation lead her, like the priests of Baal, to lacerate her own flesh, while trampling on

* Let it be remarked—let it be remembered, that at the present moment, there are still between two and three millions of native Irish, so wedded to the ancient or Celtic tongue, that to their affections no appeal can be made in any other language, with a reasonable prospect of success. See a powerful and convincing work, entitled, "Historical Sketches of the Native Irish and their Descendants, by Christopher Anderson."

the altars of her national faith, the power, whose aid she supplicates, can yield no answering sign. The God of Israel must be invoked, and that according to His own appointment: then, and never till then, shall hallowed fire descend, consuming the body of sin, absorbing the waters of strife, confounding every delusive idol, and causing the multitude with one tongue to exclaim, "the Lord he is the God."

Had the rod no voice, that came so heavily on the Protestants of Ireland in 1641, and was again uplifted after the lapse of forty-seven years? Derry, which, as we have seen, could enrol but three hundred men capable of bearing arms, when her gates were so intrepidly closed against the enemy, became in a short time the great rallying point of Protestant fugitives in the North. Lord Mountjoy having been sent from Dublin with six companies for the purpose of reducing the intrepid little garrison to obedience, the towns-people had gladly received him, and two companies composed of Protestants, to strengthen their citadal, placing full confidence in that upright nobleman. A foul stratagem on the part of Tyrconnel recalled, and betrayed him to a lingering imprisonment in France; but not until he had placed the defence of Derry on a more solid footing; leaving Lieutenant-Colonel Lundy invested with the chief command. In this officer, Tyrconnel possessed a disguised, but most efficient tool for his worst purposes: yet even here, the Lord wonderfully over-ruled their devices; for on the admission of some additional forces, the citizens, with equal spirit and judgment, selected from among them those whose religion furnished a guarantee for their fidelity, and expelled the remainder: Lundy not daring to unmask his actual character, by offering opposition to their unanimous decrees.

CHAPTER III.

PATIENTLY enduring their share of the general calamity, the family of M^cAlister continued retired from public observation, quietly pursuing such works of beneficence as their means admitted. Many a fainting heart was cheered by the bare sight of such uncomplaining fortitude, such cheerful submission, as shone on the now pale countenances of that unobtrusive group: for even Letitia and Ellen had already lost the healthful bloom; while Bryan's looks bore witness to the effect of sleepless nights and days of care. Considerable notice had been attracted by his conduct, during the period when the defence of their town might be said to rest entirely on the apprentices: and since the appointment of military officers over an augmented force, his counsel had been sought, and his co-operation thankfully accepted by men of far greater experience than himself. Lundy, observing his deserved popularity, failed not to affect considerable deference to his opinions, and sought every means of attaching him to his interests; but Bryan marked with latent suspicion his wily course, and never could shake off the unwonted reserve of manner, which repelled the governor's advances. To his friend Ross, he once began to

hint these doubts ; but the impetuous young man, thoroughly persuaded of Lundy's sincerity, gave him no encouragement to proceed. It was, therefore, with no small surprise that at the end of a few weeks, Bryan beheld Ross enter his mother's dwelling with high displeasure on his countenance, scarcely permitting himself to be seated before he proclaimed his conviction, that Lundy was a traitor and deserved the gallows : adding, " This very day has the fellow issued an order to prohibit us from keeping our accustomed guard ; taking the defence of the city out of our hands altogether."

" That will not be submitted to," remarked Bryan, coloring.

" I trow not : " replied the other ; " but unless a few of the boys take heart, and pitch him into the Foyle, I see not how we can be rid of him. Then, there is a mischievous spirit at work among the Presbyterians, who tell us to our faces, that all these troubles are the consequence of our refusing to take the covenant, which they seem pretty well disposed to ram down our throats. In truth, there is no trusting anybody ; and I begin to think of stealing a march to join the brave lads of Enniskillen."

" Patience, Ross," said Bryan, " we all have our difficulties to encounter, and must not be lightly discouraged. Our troubles are but commencing, and surely we who struck the first blow, should be the last to run away."

Ross nodded assent : and glancing around, remarked with affectionate concern, that no one present was looking so well as he wished.

" How can we look well, Mr. Ross," said Ellen, " when we are shut up like birds in a cage ? However, I assure you that we chirp and sing sometimes ; and though it is seldom that a ray of sunshine contrives to

creep through the corner pane of that ugly casement, we feel the comforting beams of a better Sun, and can rejoice."

"And yet," said Ross, "it is to yourself that the change appears most injurious."

"Oh, don't say so!" exclaimed her mother anxiously.

"And why should he not say so, my love?" asked the old lady: "have we not made the same remark to each other; and is not our Ellen conscious of it? How weak is our faith, that, in the midst of such peril, yet shrinks from committing a treasure into safe-keeping—to shelter a lamb in the Shepherd's bosom, ere the wolves break into the fold!"

"Dear lady," exclaimed Ross, "we will, by God's help, keep the wolves at bay yet. Returning spring will give you to liberty and security."

"I cannot think it: I see no token of aught but coming judgment; and your own tidings confirm it. When hands that should be raised in united supplication are well nigh lifted up to smite in wrathful debate, the arm of the Lord will assuredly descend to chastise the pride of man. Disunion among the people of God is ever the precursor of judgment. Let professors lay to heart the lesson, that we shall yet receive; for Christians thus unnaturally separating must be melted into one by the intense fires of His wrath, whose holy name and cause are blasphemed through their unseemly disputes."

At this moment a young minister of the Scottish church entered the apartment; and the Lady immediately repeated to him her last remark.

"I do not," said he, "view the matter in precisely the same strong light. Discussion is unavoidable, where men are diligently searching for truth; and to restrain it

would be to bow us beneath a yoke incompatible with Christian liberty."

"And is not truth recognized, and proclaimed by both our churches, Mr. Malcolm?" asked Mrs. M'Alister.

"Unquestionably, the broad basis of eternal truth supports either fabric: it is perspicuously set forth in our respective confessions, and personally apprehended, as I trust, both by you and by me, through the enlightening grace of the Holy Spirit making known to us the fulness of the salvation that is in Christ Jesus; implanting faith, which worketh by love, producing the fruits of righteousness, to the glory of Him who is the sole ground of our hope. But beyond this there lies many a question."

"Alas, yes!" interrupted the Lady, "many a question gendering strife, and sapping in the bud those fruits of which you speak. Why stand we thus in jeopardy every hour, exposed to the violence of unchristian men, but because the church, divinely commissioned to preach the Gospel to every creature, has loitered by the way, entangling her feet in snares laid by the rulers of the darkness of this world? Think you not the enemy of souls would prefer that you and I engaged in some discussion, profitable, it may be, to our individual growth in knowledge, rather than that we sallied forth to invade his reign in the dark places of our land, proclaiming deliverance to his captives, and the opening of the prison to those whom he hath bound? Oh, it is a question of awful import, how far we can be doing the will of God, when occupied as Satan would prefer to behold us!"

"Would you then prohibit all advance, beyond the acquisition of first principles?"

"Not so: but I guard against the selfishness that would, even in spiritual things, eat its morsel alone, and

not invite the fatherless to partake in it. I would bear in mind, that I may 'understand all mysteries and all knowledge,' and yet be nothing, if lacking charity—that grace which seeks the welfare of every soul around. I would evermore desire to grow in grace, and in knowledge too; but the tree grows by watering, and what is the promise? 'he that watereth shall himself also be watered.' After higher attainments we should constantly aspire; but 'whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule,' and impart to others the gifts vouchsafed unto ourselves, so far as means will effect it."

"Were this rule followed," said Bryan, "every Christian would become a missionary within his own sphere; and who shall calculate the blessedness that would result, if even in our own poor country alone, such were the general feeling among Christians! May the Lord give me grace diligently to communicate the little that I know, relying on his inexhaustible treasury or a more abundant supply!"

"Amen!" uttered Malcolm. "I never enter this abode, but I find myself under an humbling dispensation, and imbibe somewhat of quickening zeal to cheer me on my way. Thus my experience certainly furnishes a powerful argument in favor of your doctrine, albeit I sometimes doubt whether it savors not of works."

"Works!" exclaimed the Lady of M'Alister, "and who, being called into the vineyard, shall dare refuse to work there? Shall the justifying righteousness of Christ, by which alone we stand, become the plea of indolence? Put forth your whole strength, bend every faculty of mind and body to the task of working while yet it is day; and fear not but when the night cometh, you shall amite

upon your breast, as an unprofitable servant, and lay hold, in utter self-despair, on the satisfying obedience of the Saviour."

The contentious spirit of the day, excited by Tyrconnel's secret emissaries, found no abode in the bosom of Malcolm. His character, formed among the covenanters of the North, exhibited, indeed, much of the inflexibility produced by being rooted in that region of storms; nor did he participate in the scruples which shrank from resisting an ungodly ruler. Naturally bold and enterprising, he loved to breast the opposing wave, to encounter obstacles, and triumph over difficulties, alike in temporal and spiritual experience. This habitual bias frequently led him from the even path of Christian usefulness, into heights and depths of speculative inquiry, where few could follow him: and thus, consciously pre-eminent, he occupied a station in that little circle of theologians, perilous to man, as tending to foster that carnal pride which never ceases to struggle against the humbling grace of God, in the heart even of the regenerate. The Lady of M'Alister perceived the snare, and Malcolm had accurately described the constant tenor of her discourse, when he called his visits to her house humbling dispensations. Fully aware that she was competent to engage, with a high relish, in those abstruse questions and subtle disquisitions which he so greatly valued, he could not but marvel at her unvarying self-denial, her earnest endeavors to win him back to the simplicity of all-sufficient truth. Her counsel he had found to be salutary, her example stimulating; and often did he close some favorite volume of systematic divinity, to pocket his little Bible, and sally forth on a mission of mercy to such lowly and obscure abodes as had escaped his obser-

vation, until the Lady told some tale of suffering poverty, or conscious guilt, shrouding its inmate from the public eye. The frequent accession, both of military forces and panic-struck individuals, seeking shelter within its walls, had now supplied the city with an overflowing population: and so urgent was the call upon the few devoted ministers of Christ, that he, who truly and eminently merited that appellation, found his hands perpetually full. Bryan, witnessing the indefatigable labors of one, who was too apt to stigmatize as legal the more practical exhortations of his brethren, used to remark, that the only charge to be brought against Malcolm was the reverse of that reproach too often deservedly incurred by his clerical brethren—he needed but to preach what he practised to render him an invaluable divine.

The visits of this young pastor were indeed a welcome refreshment to the afflicted family; for it could not be but that the scenes surrounding them should recall to the elder branches many a heart-rending occurrence of former days. Old Shane was rendered irritable by the weaknesses of his frame, unable to follow the dictates of a spirit still ardent—a mind devoted to the cause for which he passively suffered, while his younger comrades toiled and triumphed in it. The unsubdued, unsanctified character of this faithful adherent occasioned many pangs to the bosom of his mistress, who mourned over the hardness of a heart so impenetrable to divine grace, while overflowing with reverential love towards herself. To this were added the forebodings of a mind accustomed to look more deeply into passing events, and to augur more correctly of their probable consequences, than those around her. Intense anxiety for her children depressed the spirits of the younger Mrs. M'Alister, and rendered

her incompetent to the task of encouraging others : while Letitia and Ellen, the latter of whom perceptibly declined, were losing all their youthful elasticity of spirit, and rendering more apparent that loss by ineffectual efforts to force a cheerful aspect, while their tender hearts were writhing under natural terror. To them the lofty tone of confident assurance, which Malcolm sometimes indulged in, came as a vivifying cordial : and in this light, their grandmother not only sanctioned, but encouraged it ; regarding it as rich wine, mercifully provided to make glad the heart of man in his seasons of overwhelming oppression.

Of Bryan's troubles, the greatest was his deep distrust of Lundy, and the apprehension of some treacherous under-current, baffling the honest efforts of his unsuspecting companions : the act, however, by which Ross had been similarly alarmed, manifestly increased the secret misgivings of some, and opened the eyes of many more ; so that a strong party was quickly formed, whose avowed object it was to keep a jealous watch upon the governor's proceedings. The solemn recognition of William and Mary, as successors to the abdicated crown of James, took place in the month of February, and the proclamation of their sovereign dignity was celebrated in Derry with an enthusiasm proportioned to the magnitude of that stake for which its inhabitants contended. Their joy was nevertheless damped by incessant rumors of the landing of James in their country : and the exulting triumph with which such reports were hailed by the adversaries of their cause. Still it was the general impression among them, that King William would not fail to dispatch the succors which their fidelity assuredly merited ; and which would place them at once beyond the apprehension of farther peril.

But the infant power of William had yet much to struggle through, ere it could extend a sheltering wing to this remote corner of his dominions; and the Protestants of Derry had still to learn how vain is the confidence reposed in princes—how exclusively sufficient the arm of the Lord, who is also a jealous God, and wills not that His own professing people should trust in man, and make flesh their refuge.

Tyrconnel pursued unfearingly his traitorous designs, and desolation once more rapidly spread over the soil of Ireland, until the seal was, as it appeared, put to her dreaded doom; and the landing of James Stuart at Kinsale, on the 12th of March, identified her as the stage on which three kingdoms should be lost and won.

An unsuccessful effort on the castle of Carrickfergus disheartened yet more the Protestants in that vicinity, who, on the defeat of their forces, abandoned their homes, and flocked for shelter to the fortresses of Enniskillen and Derry. Throughout every movement of the northern troops, the insidious proceedings of Lundy were found to operate disadvantageously; and under the pressure of their rapidly accumulating sufferings and privations, the popular feeling arose against him, until the garrison and inhabitants of Derry were scarcely restrained from laying violent hands on him. Still, as no act of unequivocal treachery could be authenticated, many continued to countenance his proceedings; and this brief sketch must suffice to bring our narrative down to the middle of March, when an incident occurred to vary, in some measure, the painful solicitude of the M'Alisters.

Bryan, and his friend Ross, were keeping their accustomed guard towards evening, the former still endeavoring to awaken in his comrade's mind that concern after

eternal things for which their growing perils furnished a more forcible argument, when they were struck by the appearance of a group surrounding an object of squalid aspect, whose stubborn taciturnity incurred the evident wrath of his impatient querists. Demanding the nature of their inquiry, Bryan was informed, that the captive had been discovered lurking under the walls in a very suspicious way; and refused either to state the nature of his business, or to give an explicit answer on the score of his religion.

"Why don't you take him to the governor?" asked Bryan.

"Arran, shure, and the governor's self is the very person to dale with a traitor!" exclaimed one of the guard, with a grimace that sufficiently showed the scope of his remark; while an involuntary movement of the prisoner's muscles seemed to bespeak a recognition of its justice.

This play of feature yet more provoked the bystanders, one of whom roughly seizing the stranger's collar, his tattered vest gave way, and displayed a small crucifix of coarse materials, suspended from his neck. The object seemed a satisfactory confirmation of the worst possible surmises; and while some shouted, "bayonet the popish traitor!" others proposed to pitch him over the walls. Among the latter was Ross; but Bryan interposed, saying, "Really, boys, it is a bad example that our enemies set us, of putting men to death without a trial—give him fair play."

The public opinion, however, was against this; but on Ross enforcing the demand, and some other object diverting the attention of the people, it was agreed, that if M^r Alister would be surety for his safe-keeping, he should be allowed the disposal of the prisoner for the night; and

their guard being now relieved, the friends consulted as to the best way of securing their prize.

"I shall take him home," said Bryan, after a moment's consideration, "no prison so safe as our little abode; and I dare say the poor fellow is hungry by this time. Probably, too, he is wholly Irish; and we can make out a little of the Celtic among us."

"You needn't put yourself out of the way," grumbled the prisoner. "Sure enough it's myself that has the Irish drop, clane and entire; but I'm 'cute at the languages."

Ross and M^cAlister looked on each other, not a little amused at the careless effrontery of a man in such critical circumstances. The former, assuming as rich a brogue as his new acquaintance, said,

"Come now, my gay fellow, I'll engage that you'll be after just taking charge of some nate little billet for Governor Lundy."

"You may get out of that," answered the other; "for my trial does not come on till to-morrow."

"Hold your tongue, Ross," whispered Bryan, "we must not encourage his familiarity: consider the poor females at home."

Arrived at their abode, Bryan briefly prepared his family for the entrance of such a guest; and then ushered him into the apartment, from which the young ladies had withdrawn. Old Shane, of late indulged with a seat near the chimney corner, was dozing, and scarcely marked their entrance; but the Lady of M^cAlister bent her scrutinizing eye upon the stranger, as, with mild dignity, she pointed to a seat.

He was evidently quite young; and in the absence of filth, and if properly clothed, would have borne rather a

prepossessing aspect. His figure was good, but drooping under evident weakness and fatigue : a naturally fair complexion, though embrowned by exposure, and lively blue eyes, bore witness to his Milesian descent ; while the thick chestnut hair, clustered or rather matted about his face, imparted a characteristic wildness, and concealed much of its expression. His manner at once changed to respectful courtesy when he beheld the ladies ; till the luxury of a warm seat appeared to banish every other feeling but that of present enjoyment. Bryan immediately supplied him with a substantial slice of bread and cheese, over which he devoutly crossed himself.

Just at this moment Shane recovered the use of all his faculties ; and sitting upright, with staring eyes exclaimed, " In the name of madness, Master Bryan, what have you brought here ? "

A comic expression of countenance showed that the new comer enjoyed his consternation : while Ross answered, " A prisoner ; " and Bryan followed it up by a brief statement of the circumstances attending his capture.

Mrs. M'Alister expressed her anxious hope that he would not prove so guilty as they supposed ; but Shane's indignation scarcely knew any bounds.

" Sure and you haven't the heart to see the poor ladies kilt with fright, while you garrison the house with murdering papist rebels ! "

" Compose yourself, Shane, " said the Lady calmly, " we are perfectly satisfied to shelter him for the night. "

" Long life to your Ladyship's hospitality ! " said the man ; " you'll be Irish, I'm thinking, by that same. "

" Aye, won't she then ? " exclaimed Shane, in a yet more angry tone ; " who'll be Irish if the right, real, rich

blood of the O'Neills isn't that? Nothing but a black-mouthed Papist could deny her Ladyship."

"I'm proud to hear it," replied the other; while Bryan reprimanded Shane's asperity, and Ross highly enjoyed the scene.

The old man, however, seemed to have been awakened from some alarming dream, to behold the vision verified; for he continued to bewail the event, adding, "Man and boy, these seventy years, has poor Shane O'Connogher been larning the mischief of them; barrin, that when I was a brainless gossoon, I went to mass with my kin. But never since I saw the outside of sweet Ballinahagan, to follow my noble master, have I darkened the door of one of their mass-houses. Och, and it's old Shane that must sit and be bearded to his face by a rebelly popish traitor, crossing himself to the blessed work of selling our lives to the bloody Tyrconnel."

"And is it yourself, Shane, dear," said the other, in the most provoking tone of affectionate remonstrance; "is it yourself that'll sit crackling your precious wind-pipe to the disparagement of your own natheral flesh and blood, avourneen?"

"My flesh and blood, you imp?"

"Plase your honor," said the man, turning to Bryan and his laughing companion, "as sure as I sit here, I'm his brother's daughter's son. Hadn't he a brother named Denis, five years older nor himself, and that same married to Judy M'Lanaghan, who died, rest her soul! at the birth of her first child. Well, and wasn't young Judy married to Larry Magrath, the miller's son at Kilcroman, and he my own father? Faith and it's a good name that my uncle is after taking out of me, though I hadn't the merit of turning my religion, agra!"

Fixed in amazement, old Shane gazed on his *soi-disant* grand-nephew; and then let forth a volley of Irish, to which the other responded with no less fluency; when, quite overcome by the sudden recognition, the aged man tottered towards his relation, and almost fell over him in the attempt to grasp his hands. Young Magrath at once lost the air of levity and sarcasm, and after affectionately embracing his uncle, led him back to his chair, by which he stood, looking down on him with an expression far more pleasing than his countenance had yet assumed: until Shane abruptly asked, "And did ye come to search for me, dear?"

"I can't say that I did," answered Magrath; and his looks changed again for the worse.

Had the recognition taken place under any other circumstances, suspicion of some sinister design might have attached to the new comer; but the way in which Magrath had fallen into his hands, convinced Bryan that it was altogether unpremeditated. Shane had said enough to identify himself; and the particulars mentioned by the other could not have been added at a venture. These remarks he communicated apart to his grandmother, who, with her accustomed strong faith, referred the whole matter to an over-ruling Providence; expressing an anxious desire to screen the captive from public resentment, if he might be prevailed on to confess and to forego any treacherous purpose. Bryan consulted Ross, whose compassionate, good-natured feelings had already well nigh overcome his political hostility; and they agreed to make an effort on their prisoner's behalf. Public suspicion, however, had fastened so keenly on the governor, that the vengeance which was restrained from reaching him,

would be sure to fall heavily on any suspected emissary, if once within its grasp.

Determined to elicit some confession from Magrath, the two friends agreed to sit up during the night, having prevailed on the ladies and Shane to retire and leave them with their charge. Vain was all their skill; for with invincible self-possession, Magrath met, and successfully repelled, every attempt to extort information, until Bryan was compelled to declare, that their wishes to protect him must be unavailing, seeing how obstinately he withstood every inducement to confide in them. He then dismissed him to his couch in an adjoining closet, and pursued the subject with Ross.

"You see how impossible it is to make him confess anything."

"Aye," replied Ross; "but, mark you, he has denied nothing. You'll get neither truth nor falsehood out of that fellow. He is too wary for the first, and either too honest or too proud for the latter—but, hark!" and he paused as the voice of Magrath issued from the little cell, in the voluble repetition of his prayers, which he uttered in Irish.

"There now," continued Ross, "if that wasn't done to brave us! Why could he not gabble his mummeries in a lower tone!"

"Patience, my dear fellow: this lad is certainly of a daring spirit, and intends to let us know it. Better to deal with an undisguised ruffian than a smoothed-tongued assassin. Let him sleep awhile; and we will have recourse to my dear grandmother's book, that lamp to our feet which never yet cast its guiding ray on the wandering mazes of his perilous path;" and he read a portion of Scripture, commenting as he proceeded: after which,

wrapped each in his watch-cloak, they resigned themselves to slumber.

Before day-break, Magrath issued from his dormitory, and succeeded in kindling the fire, whose smoke aroused the young men from the sleep which his stealthy movements had not disturbed. With some surprise they looked at him and at each other, while Magrath, turning up his arch countenance from the operation of blowing the fire, exclaimed, "Arrah, now plase your honors, and 'if I'd been the murthering traitor that my uncle, rest his tongue! convicted me, you mightn't be after shaking yourselves out of your sleep this blessed morning."

"Sure enough," answered Ross, "we have proved ourselves drowsy sentinels, and might have had the tables turned."

"We felt ourselves safe, my lad," added Bryan. "We were in good keeping, in the way of duty, and dreaded no evil."

"Your honors have no cause to dread it from me," said Magrath, with the strong emphasis of real feeling. "Shane O'Connogher's old stomach has been nourished by your bread, and his grey hairs sheltered under your roof, too long to leave you in danger from one of his own blood."

"And for poor old Shane's sake, if not for your own, why will you not allow us to befriend you?"

Magrath's brow clouded again, as he recommenced blowing the fire; and before he could frame a reply, a gentle tap at the door announced the Lady of M'Alister whose busy thoughts had roused her thus early; while sounds of preparation proved that others were also on the alert to provide a breakfast for the prisoner and his guards. By the first grey tints of morning, Magrath beheld the

whole family assembled, and received the cordial greeting of his uncle, whose limbs trembled with apprehension, as he wistfully inquired what they were going to do with "the boy."

The Lady made a sign for silence as she unclosed the precious volume of inspiration, and spread it before Bryan, who selected the ninety-first Psalm. Curiosity and surprise, mingled with much interest, animated Magrath's countenance, to whom the nature and contents of the book were apparently unknown; but when the party kneeled to pray, considerable embarrassment appeared in his manner. He rose from his seat, moved away, lingered, then again moved on; and softly withdrew to his late sleeping apartment, from which, however, he could not exclude the voice of supplication, particularly pleading for direction and a happy issue in that which concerned him.

This indication of Popish exclusiveness, on the part of his nephew, seemed to revive somewhat of Shane's former displeasure, which found vent in an interrogatory abruptly put in Irish, and answered with a seriousness which prevented farther remark, beyond a little unintelligible muttering. Magrath would have respectfully withdrawn from the breakfast table; but being kindly invited to stay, he seated himself in a distant corner, and looked upon the assembled party with an aspect from which Bryan augured a relenting temper. Ellen appeared particularly to engage his regard. He inquired of Shane, in Irish, whether she was sick, and received an answer from the girl herself, who, sweetly smiling, replied in the same language, that she was rather weak, but hoped to be better when the siege was over, and she could get home to her native hills again. No one could avoid noticing the effect pro-

duced on Magrath by this unexpected address in his own tongue, imperfectly spoken indeed, but quite intelligible to him. He gazed for a moment on the pale face that smiled so kindly upon him, then laid his hand to his forehead, and with elbow resting on his knee, continued in thought, the earnestness of which was marked by the swelling veins of a really expressive brow, partially seen.

"Ah, bless the dear child!" exclaimed Shane; "she little thinks how long a day that may be yet:" while Ross darted at Magrath a glance so hostile that Bryan rejoiced that it had failed to catch his eye, and whispered him anxiously to repress his feelings. No sooner had Bryan completed his breakfast, than Magrath respectfully summoned him aside, and commenced by asking before whom he was to be taken.

"You heard the bargain," answered M'Alister. "I engaged to deliver you up to the person who captured you, and he, I suppose, will have you before the governor."

"Colonel Lundy?"

"Yes."

Magrath's forehead now wore a portentous scowl, and he clenched his teeth. Bryan continued, "I have told you that it is our wish to avert the necessary consequences of your conviction. That your object in coming here was that of an enemy, we can hardly doubt, nor have you denied it. As a citizen and defender of this town, I cannot, nor will I be a traitor to her cause, nor endanger her safety through favor to ~~any~~ man"—

"Now, your honor," interrupted Magrath, "will you believe what I'm going to say?"

"Certainly; if I've no just cause to doubt it."

"Why then, it isn't that I value the toss of a halfpenny

what comes over myself; and if the fellows pitch me into the Foyle, as they talked, so let 'em. Larry Magrath isn't the boy to flinch, right or wrong. But, sir, if you'll keep me out of the governor's sight, better folks than myself"—and he glanced around him—"may be thankful; only don't ask me why, for tell it I won't."

"But how am I to do this, and in the dark too?"

"Och! it isn't for me to direct your worship: but one of the jontlemen that collared me last night didn't appear in haste to bring me to Colonel Lundy: and he seemed to know his honor too."

Bryan could not forbear smiling at the point with which these words were spoken, recalling the evident suspicion of Lundy's treachery.

"Well, Magrath; if I bring you out of danger, will you promise me—solemnly promise me—to lay aside any evil design with which you came here, and to be faithful to us while you remain?"

"Sir, I will." And the firm tone, the deliberate utterance, the straightforward look, carried conviction with them, to Bryan's generous mind.

Accompanied by Ross, he now repaired to the principal of the party who had committed Magrath to his care, and informing him of his strong grounds for suspecting that the prisoner had come on some mission of treachery, which the unexpected meeting with a long-lost relation had led him to regret, he suggested the propriety of preventing the interview so much deprecated by Magrath. Knowing how deeply his hearer participated in the prevailing doubts concerning Lundy, he could speak without reserve: and two or three influential men of similar views having been consulted, it was agreed that if M'Alister would himself become surety for the appearance of the

stranger when called on, no notice should be taken of his capture. The frequency of such occurrences rendered it unlikely that any farther inquiry should be made, beyond what a few vague words would satisfy, and Bryan returned with a light heart to acquaint Magrath of the result : inquiring whether he would be content to remain a prisoner on parole with him.

“ Long life to your honor, and it’s myself that could desire no greater than to be your servant. I wouldn’t ask it first ; but indeed I’m better in it than outside the walls, barrin always Góvernor Lundy’s two eyes upon me. And it isn’t for my own gain I say it.”

“ I believe you, Magrath. I think that the natural kind feelings of an Irishman towards an unsuspecting family who wish him well, have overcome something less creditable to the character.”

“ True for you, sir ; at least I don’t deny it : and now your honor will just let me work in the family, so as to earn the bit that I eat ; and long life to you for the same.”

CHAPTER IV.

A LITTLE attention to his person and apparel had wrought such a change in Magrath's appearance, that there seemed to be but slight hazard of a recognition, even should he meet his original captors. He was, indeed, a fine manly fellow, with an air of independence about him that bespoke a habit of thinking and acting for himself. He soon became an especial favorite with the younger Mrs. M'Alister, who found his ready ways invaluable, as a household assistant; while his perfect good-humor, tempered with deep respect, won the partiality of the two girls. The Lady regarded him with a more anxious interest, concerned for his spiritual darkness, and longing to see some indication of a willingness to receive the truth. But Magrath baffled all her attempts to engage his notice, and wrapped himself up, occasionally, in a reserve so chilling, or else betrayed such manifest impatience to get out of hearing, that Shane often lost his temper, and indulged in hard speeches at his nephew's expense. Sometimes the old man was thoroughly bent on his conversion, making violent attacks on his religious creed, more conspicuous for the zeal that inspired, than the knowledge which supported them. To these Magrath generally op-

posed that dry and irritating sarcasm which never failed to put his uncle completely off his guard; so that the Irish language, rich as it is in variety of expression, could scarcely furnish the old man with phraseology sufficiently copious for his purposes of invective and contradiction. Often did the Lady of M^cAlister interpose her authority, and many a private admonition Shane received; but his irascibility surmounted everything except the stoical endurance of his nephew, who with elbows on his knees, and chin propped on the palms of his hands, seated on a low stool, would gaze, and listen as if to an agreeable narrative, while Shane exhausted all his strength of lungs, all his treasury of tropes, figures, and denunciations, against "the monsthrous, bare-faced tricks of shaven priests; and the jabbering nonsense of prayers only fit to be squeezed out of a rebelly throat at the foot of the gallows." So invariably did Shane identify Popery with treason; still embodying all loyal and patriotic virtues in the expressive term of "a real Protestant."

And if Shane had lived to number a hundred and forty years from the siege of Derry, would he have incurred the charge of singularity by repeating this assertion? It may be feared, that even among those of a far higher grade, both in rank and learning, a kindred spirit would be found extensively spread abroad, impressing men's minds with a similar conviction, while the true nature of real Protestantism remained as little understood as it was by old O'Connogher. It must be observed, in the midst of his invectives against the Romish faith, he never questioned the safety of their souls who lived and died under its influence, providing always that they were untainted by rebellion against a Protestant ruler. Shane never viewed that faith in its more awful character of treason against

the King of kings, a homage rendered to the anti-christian usurper, who assuming a royal priesthood, yea, even to reign an enthroned priest, over both priests and kings, lays claim to that prerogative which belongs to Jesus Christ alone; "so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God"* in his own estimation, while he receives the worship which is a robbery of the true God, and therefore branded in scripture as bringing into eternal perdition those who continue in its practice. A change of opinion was that on which Shane hoped to build a change of his nephew's character: while the enlightened Christians of the household well knew that such a fabric could not rest on any other foundation than a change of heart. To show him the evil of his nature, and the peril in which he stood as a helpless sinner, was the necessary prelude to humbling him before the Lord in prayer for that renewing process which God the Spirit can alone achieve; and whosoever has seriously tried this experiment with a member of the church of Rome, must bear testimony, that, until bulwarks be levelled, the task is hopeless. The transgressor may be convinced, deeply convinced of guilt; but humbled he cannot be, so long as he believes that his own doings and sufferings can atone for the sin which oppresses him. Seeking wherewith he shall appear before the Lord, the inquirer is met by a host of deceptive helpers, absolutions, prayers, penances, alms-deeds, imaginary mediators and purchaseable merits; and should all fail on this side the grave, he is assured of purifying fires beyond its boundary, and efficacious masses to expedite their work. Alike welcome to carnal pride and to

* 2 Thes. ii. 4.

spiritual sloth, he is presented with a scheme which offers him a self-righteous plea on one hand, and on the other dispenses with that sanctification which God has pronounced INDISPENSABLE. And can it be that any person taught of the Holy Spirit should attempt to pour into these bottles of rotten leather, the new wine of unadulterated truth—should essay to patch this worn and perishing garment of rags with the firm fabric of gospel doctrine—should flatter himself that Christ will deign to rule in a temple where every species of idolatrous abomination is to cluster round its footstool, to obscure his kingly glory, to intrude upon his priestly prerogative, to interpolate his prophetic mandate, and only as a chief among many saviors, to yield him the worthless homage of divided praise!

“We would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed: forsake her,” saith the prophet. The Lord, indeed, has pronounced her incurable, and the only deliverance is found in obeying the summons, “Come out of her, my people: be not partakers of her sins, that ye receive not of her plagues.” God has a people, even in the iron furnace of her spiritual despotism; and he alone can bring them forth, and gather them into his fold: but ours is the task to proclaim deliverance, and we be to us if we dilute the awful word rendering void, the testimony of God by our traditional delusions, miscalled charity.

We may naturally suppose that such a character as Magrath, so singularly brought among them, must have excited uncommon interest in the bosom of a Christian family: and anxiously did they, particularly Bryan and the Lady, labor to make known to him the way of escape; but Shane’s injudicious proceedings, entrenched in the strongholds of his vernacular tongue, appeared to

counteract all their efforts. The partial knowledge acquired by the young people was totally inadequate to follow Shane and Magrath in their rapid enunciation; neither could they command terms wherewith to express themselves on spiritual or intellectual subjects. "I can manage pretty well," observed Ellen, "so long as I keep to what is passing around us every day: but to reason in that tongue is out of the question. I cannot *think* in Irish."

"You are right, my love," said her grandmother; "and you have unconsciously described the one insurmountable bar to my country's peace: her children, the native race, *cannot think in English*; and therefore the instruction offered to them under what they consider a foreign garb, finds no entrance to their understanding or their heart. Oh, but to see one of the days of Bedell, whose hand so indefatigably labored in their cause; his patient mind surmounting every obstacle, until he had mastered the language, and transferred into it the word of life, leaving his name embalmed in many a heart which bleeds in secret over my country's desolation!"

It may appear a bold assertion, though more easily to be contradicted than confuted, that even the lowest orders of native Irish—by which we always understand the race whose ancestors possessed the soil prior to the English invasion—are decidedly a more intellectual people than any who occupy a similar station in other countries. Disgraced as Ireland has been by intestine wars, rebellions, massacres, and almost interminable insurrections, accompanied with deeds of aggravated atrocity, we are more disposed to combine the idea of brutal force, animal courage, and inherent cruelty, with that of an Irish peasant, than to concede to him an elevated station in the

grades of mental capability. In this we err ; at least in concluding that with the latter distinction the former characteristics are irreconcilable. The simple fact is, that we have taken infinite pains to incapacitate ourselves from forming any right judgment concerning the race, by denouncing the only key to their thoughts and feelings. We have refused to explore the mine of national intellect buried under what it pleases us to call a barbarous tongue : and just looking upon the rugged surface, we avert an eye of scorn, perchance of disgust, incredulous that precious metal lies deeply imbedded in the soil. And yet, in the face of all this prejudice, I assert—disprove it who can—that the native Irish, generally speaking, are richly stored with mental powers, keenly sensitive, highly imaginative, delighting in the play of fancy, and marked by an inquiring spirit, not terminating in the present gratification of vague curiosity, but capable of seizing, investigating, developing, and feeding upon those subjects which call into fullest activity the reasoning faculties of man. Withheld by the fetters of a darkening delusion from expatiating where immortal beings find a congenial element, the craving appetite turns earthward and feasts on poisonous garbage : yet were an Englishman of cultivated mind, well versed in the vernacular tongue, to become the unsuspected witness when a party of Irish peasants rest from their toils, he might often hear such tales of Ireland's ancient glory, such legends of her warlike kings, and such foreshowings of imaginary triumph, gleaned from prophetic lays, and traditionary oracles, as would fix him in astonishment ; and prompt the secret query whether that is a wise policy which, by locking from this ardent people the stores of useful sobering information, indissolubly weds them to these exciting retrospections—

these meteors of anticipated glory, too often leading them forward in the path of mutual destruction.

But again, we must return to Derry, and view the progressive troubles of her augmenting population, for she soon became the last refuge of all the terrified northern Protestants; and while the garrison received a welcome accession of strength, the influx of many helpless fugitives, incapable of yielding any assistance in defending the town, created additional embarrassment. Still was the compassionate sympathy of the inhabitants unbounded; and they cheerfully concurred in submitting to every privation rather than reject the pleadings of these persecuted wanderers. The Irish army, as it was called, under a commander devoted to James Stuart and Tyrconnel, gradually approached this northern extremity: and it was evident the bloodless blockade would, ere long, be converted into a sanguinary siege.

The presence of Lundy within the walls, however, constituted a more serious cause for inquietude than the prospect of assaults without. He was closely watched, and the doublings of his crooked policy made manifest to many. Ross had become the most intemperate of these; and his irritation frequently showed itself in bursts that all the calm reasoning of his friends could scarcely repress. It was on one of these occasions that, after a sweeping denunciation, which included both principals and inferiors, all, of every class, attached to popery and King James, he concluded by a comparison between the native Irish, and all other inhabitants of the British Isles, thanking the fates that he derived his lineage from a very different race, and hoping he might never have to do with the bloodthirsty traitors of the soil.

The very peculiar expression that curled Magrath's

lips as he turned to his uncle, caught the eye of Ross ; which the other perceiving, dropped the native language, and continued in English a remark just commenced, that it was a pity they ever risked their nate persons among 'em.

“ What are you saying, sir ? ” demanded Ross, sternly.

“ I am saying, sir, ” answered the other, fixing on him the full gaze of calm defiance, “ that it's out and out true for you, your forefathers had better have let us be asy in our own land. ”

“ Your land ! the land is ours by conquest, and it is only by our weak sufferance that a tribe of you exist. ”

“ Conquest ! ” ejaculated Magrath, starting to his feet, while impassioned energy swelled every feature, and fired his action into vehemence. “ 'Tis false ; ye invaded the land, ye overran it, ye parcelled it out ; but conquer it ye didn't, nor ye couldn't. Och ! but maybe we'll be after forgetting, when Malachy scoured the land of them heathenish Danes : and our own Bryan Borromy led his Dalcais to Dublin gates, and showed how Irishmen wouldn't be conquered. And we'll be forgetting—— ”

“ Hush, Magrath ! ” said the Lady of M'Alister, kindly smiling on the vehement orator ; then turning to Ross, she continued, “ The way to conquer the Irish, my young friend, is to conquer their hearts. ”

Till this moment it had never occurred to the angry youth that his intemperate philippic had touched the venerable lady as nearly as her more humble guest. He manifested no little embarrassment, while Magrath's countenance brightened into ten-fold animation.

“ Good luck to your ladyship, and long life, and honor, and glory !—that belongs to the O'Neill any how. And poor Larry Magrath is bound to love the green sod that your honor walks over, barrin' that it isn't in Derry

the grass will grow. And your ladyship, wasn't the O'Neill the very mischief among 'em, marching up and down, like a mad cat at their tails? And you'll remember, your glory, when Finn M'Coul, in the pride of his heart——"

How far Magrath's reminiscences might have carried him, or how many more epithets of affectionate reverence he might have bestowed on the Lady, cannot be ascertained: for Bryan, pitying his friend's confusion, good-humoredly interposed, saying, "Come, let me negotiate a peace between the contending powers. Confess the truth, Ross, you have very little blood in your veins that is not Irish; and therefore you could not intend seriously to decry the race. You, Magrath, have certainly lost sight of the respect due to a gentleman—to your joint protector—to my friend."

This appeal seemed to fail of its effect, until the last word was uttered, when Magrath, fixing on him a look of respectful firmness, answered, "Sir, any offence against the friend of O'Neill couldn't come from my heart, and I ask your pardon." Then, without noticing Ross, he turned to his uncle, and impatiently exclaimed in Irish, "By the battles of Conn! only for the O'Neill I would not shelter my head under this roof another night."

One good effect seemed to result from this altercation—Magrath's attachment to the Lady of M'Alister was evidently increased; and as Ellen inherited much of her grandmother's resemblance, and took great interest in the records of olden time, she came in for a large share of his affection too. The poor girl was still wasting slowly away, and furnished the little family with an object of peculiar care and solicitude, among the many which pressed upon their thoughts.

On the reception into the garrison of a numerous reinforcement in troops, driven, with their attendant crowds of fugitives, from the neighboring stations, it was found needful to provide accommodations for them at the expense of almost all the little remaining comfort of the inhabitants. The M'Alisters contrived to spare a portion of their small abode; the elder lady taking Ellen into her apartment, which being on the ground-floor, was more accessible to the invalid; while Letitia and her mother occupied a bed in the attic; an adjoining closet serving the purpose of a store; and Magrath, with his uncle, stowed their couches; side by side, in the little cell already mentioned. The female servant only attended in the house during the day; and Bryan, when not on duty, slept at his former home. By this arrangement, two comfortable apartments on the intermediate floor were appropriated to some respectable soldiers, whose care to prevent any encroachment on the family repaid the hospitable shelter which they enjoyed.

It was not long, however, before another interesting individual was added to the household, in the person of a venerable man, whose silver hairs and care-worn, but meek and placid countenance, attracted Bryan's attention. He was quartered in a noisy barrack-room; and M'Alister overheard him reprove some blasphemous language from a half drunken soldier, in terms that left no doubt on his mind as to the religious feeling of the old man. Politely introducing himself, he received ample confirmation of his hope; and finding that Basil, as his new acquaintance was called, possessed the manner of one accustomed to far different society, he consulted his family, prevailed on the soldiers to resign the smaller of their two apartments, and conducted the old man to a

home which he entered with expressions of the deepest thankfulness.

Hitherto, no demonstration of an actual attack had been made against the city; but on the very evening following that of Basil's reception into his family, Bryan entered, accompanied as usual by Ross, and communicated the intelligence, that the combined Irish and French army, with James at their head, would immediately appear to demand that surrender which the traitor Lundy and his confederates had assured them of. A capitulation had indeed been agreed upon by most of the leading men—some assenting through intimidation, while others acted on the treacherous principle, or rather want of principle, which swayed their leader. The bulk of the people, however, were strenuously opposed to this measure; and in answer to the anxious inquiries of the trembling females, Bryan assured them, that the citizens' resolution was unalterable.

"Aye!" exclaimed Ross, "we'll hang the rascals over the gates, before we open them to the popish army."

"Lundy," added Bryan, "has nearly cast away all semblance of decency. His villany in trying to keep Mr. Walker outside the walls, after all his faithful and gallant conduct, was insufferable. You know that his little party only got in by downright force."

"I do not like to hear of a fighting clergyman," remarked Letitia; "and they say Mr. Walker is one."

"He has rendered us most important service, however," rejoined her brother, "and helpless as we are, we must not quarrel with his voluntary aid."

At this moment another of the apprentice youths entered in breathless haste and agitation, exclaiming,

“M’Alister—Ross—sure, boys, you’ve lost a most edifying scene! You know how our trusty governor and his crew have been deliberating with closed doors, even denying admittance to Crofton and his true fellow-soldiers.—Well, what think you was the result? Just a resolution to send back the supplies from England, and to go forth *en masse*, with halters about their necks, in prostrate submission to King James.”

“Halters!” ejaculated Bryan, Ross and Shane, in a breath.

“Nay, I won’t swear to the halters; but a most abject submission was resolved on. The greater number of white-livered poltroons, overawed by the lying representations of others, signed it; but two or three honest fellows refused, and gave a hint to the people without, who surrounded the doors, and very audibly promised to treat both governor and council with a swing. Yet we verily think that an official communication has been dispatched, and some agreement propounded to his popish majesty. And if it comes to that the villains may settle the ratification in person, for we’ll shoot them from our cannons’ mouths into the enemy’s teeth.”

“Aye, that will we!” exclaimed Ross. “Let’s be off, M’Alister, we are wanted.”

With a hasty farewell, Bryan tore himself from his trembling mother and sisters, accompanying his fiery comrades; while Magrath, who had privately left the apartment to summon Basil, attended him into the room; and in considerable agitation, placed himself behind the Lady’s chair.

“Oh, these are heavy crosses!” said the old man, as he looked on the party before him; “but to God’s children they are merciful chastisements, not wrathful visita-

tions. Let us bow the knee, dear ladies, to him who is near when troubles press the hardest. Prayer, prayer is the balsam for all wounds."

They kneeled; and Magrath, instead of retiring as usual, remained with his clasped hands resting on the chair's back, and his forehead bowed upon them: his intense anxiety had not been unnoticed; and while it somewhat soothed their feelings, it tended also to increase their fears.

"You could tell us much, Magrath," said Mrs. M'Alister, looking earnestly at him.

"No, madam: not more than you know, or can guess at, any how. But it's myself can tell you, that not a hair of your heads shall be touched, while Larry Magrath has a drop in his veins to shed for you."

"Oh, and *will* there be fighting?" cried Ellen.

"Be calm, my love;" replied her mother: "there will be nothing but what the Lord permits."

"But Bryan—our own Bryan!"

The mother could only reply by a fresh burst of tears, while the Lady, raising her eyes, said, "The buckler of the Highest is around him: the eye of a reconciled Father is upon him; the prayer of faith still bears him before the throne, our treasure—our precious boy:"—her voice failed, and Basil added, "The only son of his mother, and she a widow."

There was something in the allusion that fell sweetly upon every heart: a grateful smile beamed through the mother's tears, as she said, "I will think of Nain, and trust, and not be afraid."

Neither Bryan nor the soldiers returned to the house that night, but the former sent a cheering message, desiring them to persevere in prayer, for that a great crisis

was at hand, and help would not be withheld by him who was mighty to save.

On the following morning, by sun-rise, Bryan took post on the flat roof of the cathedral, and beheld a scene well calculated to thrill his every nerve. As far as the eye could reach, dense columns of infantry, shrouded at times in the dust raised by vast bodies of horse, approached the devoted spot. Situated within an abrupt bend of Lough Foyle, Derry is two-thirds surrounded by its waters, at that spot not more than half a mile in width. Not only was the town in process of investment by a line of troops, whose extreme right and left rested on the edge of the Lough; but batteries were being erected on the opposite side, and the prophet's imagery—"a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, a besieged city," presented itself to the mind of young M'Alister, with a force and a pathos that dimmed his bright eye, as he scanned the accumulating host without, and pondered on the treacherous leaven that wrought on the multitudes within. Eager interest in the scene, as it regarded his country and his faith, together with the ardent risings of inherent courage, soon overcame these saddening feelings, and aided by a small telescope, he took a scrutinizing survey of the advancing foe.

Proudly waving on the breeze, he descried the royal standard of England, which left upon his mind no doubt of James's personal approach, at the head of his army, surrounded by a galaxy of nobles and commanders, whose armor flashed in the far distance. It was, indeed, that unhappy and misguided tool of priestcraft, who, after exercising in Dublin the brief authority again acquired in a manner sufficient to prove his infatuated devotion to the will of spiritual tyrants, now came to overawe by his kingly presence the cluster of determined Protestants encaged

within those walls. And it had surely been an easy conquest, but for the Omnipotent Guardian of a praying people—a small number, who, mingled in the mass, nerved by their incessant supplications the arms which were too prone to boast as though their own strength upheld them. Wonderful indeed were the incidents of that protracted siege, and most astonishing the deliverances vouchsafed. Let the praise be rendered to him who wills not that his glory be given to others.

The flat roof of Derry Cathedral furnished at once a post of observation and a battery; and while, beneath, the word of life was dealt forth, the engines of destruction stood ready charged above, to sweep immortal souls from earth, to the judgment-seat. The thought pressed heavily on Bryan's spirit as the front of war expanded before his gaze: but his reveries were quickly interrupted by the ascent of many eager footsteps, while the citizens crowded to partake the commanding view. One of these presently pointed out to Bryan a party of cavalry, exultingly announcing them as belonging to Colonel Murray, a faithful and gallant ally, who, at the head of his troop, galloped up to the ship-quay gates, demanding entrance.

"See, see!" exclaimed Bryan's informant, "if the villainous governor have not refused them admittance, after fighting their way thus far!"

A rope was now brought to that part of the walls, and an offer evidently made to admit Murray singly by such unmilitary conveyance; while a messenger from the Council directed the transaction. Colonel Murray wheeled his horse, in marked disdain, and addressed a few words to his followers; but ere he could conclude, the gate was flung wide by the officer in command; and greeted with the loudest acclamations, Murray led his men into the

town, where he was presently hemmed in by the agitated populace, imploring his assistance against their betrayers. The party on the cathedral rapidly descended to join their voices with the rest.

A night of fears had ended, and the morning had brought to the household of M^r Alister tidings confirmatory of their worst surmises. On the first assurance that the enemy was actually taking post around the walls, Shane had sallied forth; and Magrath appeared disposed to follow, but was withheld by the entreaties of the girls. A short, but encouraging visit from Malcolm revived in some measure their fainting spirits; and several of Bryan's young companions looked in from time to time, with a few hasty words, often of contradictory import. The Bible lay open before the Lady, and many a promise did she cull from its abundant stores, to sustain her own firm mind—now tried to its utmost stretch—as well as those of her less energetic companions. Magrath, indeed, was energy embodied, as he paced the room, and busied himself in every imaginable way, to curb his impatience. No countenance exhibited so intense an expression of quick and watchful solicitude: he seemed on the very tip-toe of eager expectation, mingled with most painful doubts. Basil showed the calm endurance of one too well acquainted with such scenes; and assisted the Lady in her task of consolation.

The tumult occasioned by Murray's reception had now subsided; and its origin had been explained by a passing friend, who described it as a most auspicious event. Another half hour elapsed, and with increasing anxiety the coming of Bryan was expected; when suddenly a thundering peal of artillery burst forth, the roar of cannon drowning the fainter report of musquetry, while every

building seemed to rock, and every roof to respond the dreadful salutation. For a moment it paused; and then the shrieks of terror might be heard, resounding from streets and neighboring houses; but again the batteries renewed their fierce explosion, and clouds of smoke rolled by, impregnating every breath with their sulphureous effluvia.

What words may suffice to portray the agony of those bewildered females? The dreadful reality was at length arrived; the substance of those troubled visions which had frequently haunted their pillow, and even in the brightest hours of day overclouded their minds with foreboding apprehension. It was come; and terrible indeed was that hour. A vague desire to flee from the surrounding peril was immediately succeeded by a deep consciousness that no possible way of escape existed for them.* Enclosed on every side, they must await the issue; and await it they did in meek and holy resignation.

No scream escaped them, no violent contortion appeared: they gazed on each other, and on Basil, and simultaneously kneeled down, but to articulate was impossible, as it would have been vain, amid that deafening uproar: Magrath wrung his hands, and struck repeatedly upon his breast—now he hurried towards the door, and then lingered and went back, when some imploring eye turned towards him. Poor Ellen was soon seized with a violent cough, as the tainted air assailed her tender lungs, and he hastened to procure a cup of water; then looked to the entrance of the house, as resolved to issue forth; but she grasped his arm, and uttered a cry.

“In the name of all the saints, Miss Ellen dear, do, do let me go see for the master,” he said, when an interval of the firing allowed of it. His arm was immediately liberated; but before he could reach the door, his egress was impeded.

CHAPTER V.

"Your handkerchiefs, girls, your handkerchiefs!" shouted Bryan, as he dashed into the room, followed by two or three more: and he snatched them from the astonished females, rending them in two, and tossing the divided portions to his companions: who, as well as himself, proceeded most busily to fasten each of them a fragment round his right arm.

Again the cannon thundered, and again ceased, with a longer pause than before: and Bryan was able to reply to the broken sentences of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh, such a deliverance! Murray, gallant Murray, has it all his own way. No SURRENDER! James is retreating—the Council stole off—"

"And Lundy?" asked Magrath.

"Gone to the bottomless pit, for aught we can make out," replied some of the young men.

"And this," continued Bryan, striking his left hand forcibly on the linen that encircled his right arm, "this is the badge of No SURRENDER. We who wear it are sworn to perish to a man, rather than hear of capitulation."

"Good luck to you, then," exclaimed Magrath, triumphant delight blazing in his countenance, while the

guns drowning the remainder of his speech, he tore his neck-handkerchief in two, and threw the half of it to Basil, twisting the other round his own arm.

"And now, Mr. Bryan, sir,"—for Magrath never called him M'Alister;—"when the cat's away, the mice will play, as uncle says. And I'm after your honor to the last drop"—again the cannon could alone be heard.

Old Shane now bustled in, as the young men hastened out; and seeing Magrath with the badge, bestowed on him a cordial embrace—then, throwing himself into his chair, answered the queries that flowed in upon him, with a confirmation of the tidings, that the besiegers were cast into great panic.

"And will they not come here, then?" asked Ellen, eagerly.

"Howe! Och, bless your simple heart; why, it isn't in them to look at the walls! Out and out frightened they were, from the minute the boys let loose the gunpowder. There's a gay chap killed, they say, as close to King James as the pratee to the stalk; and himself's off at a hand gallop, out of reach clane and entirely, to complain to Pope Joan, may be."

"Oh, brother," said Basil, "do not exult over a fallen king! Unhappy as guilty, he is betrayed by others;—and even here he came to look for homage, and dreamed not of resistance."

"True, for you, sir; may be he didn't know that we have but few Jacobites here," replied the old man, rather bitterly.

"He is no Jacobite, Shane," said the Lady; "but he feels that a head once anointed is no meet object for mockery. Let us rather pray that his present sufferings may lead him to repentance."

"Your Ladyship can, sure," answered Shane, sulkily; adding, in a lower tone, "it's myself that'll fight for King William, let who will pray for old James."

The assurance of no attack from without being contemplated, somewhat reconciled the household to the discharges which at intervals still shook their abode; and in the evening they were gladdened by a visit from Malcolm and Ross, who brought a promise of Bryan's appearance: a temporary couch was formed for poor Ellen, whose disorder was greatly aggravated by the impregnation of the air with gunpowder. Magrath, who had returned with Ross, occupied his usual place a little in the rear of Shane's seat by the chimney corner.

An occasional cannonade, interrupting the repose of their little apartment, furnished a striking commentary on the pious and appropriate remarks of the Lady and Malcolm. The latter seemed to be still in a state of much excitement; and frequently paced the room, or stood within the attentive circle, who hung upon his words.

"It was marvellous," he said, "to behold the spirit which animated our heterogeneous mass of population when the enemy drew on towards the walls. Mutual mistrust had chilled their spirits, and unnerved many an arm. Unable to look to an invisible Leader, the multitude had no rallying point, no common centre of respect and obedience, hope and confidence, until the good providence of God sent them that true-hearted Murray, round whom they rallied to a man. I trust that he is the Gideon raised up to deliver our afflicted Israel; the more so, as his presence struck an almost supernatural panic into those traitors of the council-board, sending them

self-exiled from the spot, reluctantly to disprove their own unprincipled representations."

"And judge you," asked the Lady, "that all who remain are faithful?"

"Of leading men, unquestionably so; and among the troops heroic ardor prevails. Our own citizens have never wavered in fidelity, though some were for a space deluded by specious pretences of assured defeat. The first roar of our artillery broke many a spell, and scattered the fears of hundreds. I doubt not but the arm of the Lord is on our side; and that he will gird us with strength unto the battle. May he glorify himself, be it by the mortal weal or wo of his chosen ones! Blood will flow even within these walls; and the Foyle may carry a crimson streak into the northern main. We are compassed on every side; they come about us like bees: and yonder Sennacherib will lie down among his motley host this night, counting, perchance, on a banquet of carnage for the morrow, but our Shepherd watches his fold, and the wolves approach in vain: for we, even we, in the name of the Lord, will destroy them."

"Alas, alas!" said the old stranger, "that ever the carnal weapon should be drawn to fight the battles of the Lord's people! Better yield our throats to the knife, as befits the character of sheep for the slaughter."

"You speak not well, brother," observed Malcolm;—"we defend the ark from a company of uncircumcised Philistines, who seek its capture. Know you not that herein is the very citadel of the Protestant's faith, and that he who is on the Lord's side must draw the sword as of old?"

"You are a minister, sir," answered Basil, meekly.

"It is not for me to gainsay your word. But he, too, was a minister whose teaching I followed; aye, and follow it yet, hoping that the day is not far distant when like him I shall go down in peace to the grave, and my spirit rejoice before the throne, with my master, my glorified master, precious, holy Bedell."

The old man bent his face on his hands, and tears flowed over them; the name of Bedell had operated variously upon the assembled party. The Lady raised herself up, and her eyes sparkled with momentary fire. Deep interest spoke in the features of the younger people. Malcolm, as he stood, looked down upon the aged sufferer with reverential sympathy; and Magrath, resting his elbows on his knees, with chin propped on his hands—his favorite posture of attention—gazed upon the stranger, as if awaiting in eager curiosity for what was to follow.

"And did you really know the blessed Bedell?" asked Ellen, raising her pale cheek from its pillow.

"Know him! Ah, young lady, I was born and cradled under his roof, nourished and brought up in his doctrine. I was the companion of his imprisonment, I supported his dying head, I bent over his grave;" and again the recollection overcame him.

"My brother," said the young minister, gently and affectionately placing his hand on the silver hairs, "be collected. He who has been thus privileged is steward of a gift, not to be wrapped up in the hidings of selfish sorrow, but liberally imparted to the starving church of Christ."

"I know it, I know it; and many a faint heart has waxed strong under the hearing of what I love to tell. It is only now, weakened by age and many trials, and

surrounded by scenes at once so like and so unlike, to those that were—it is only now that nature rebels.” He gazed round him, and seemed to derive encouragement from the expression of so many inquiring looks.

The entrance of Bryan and Shane completed the circle: the former took his station by the invalid, surprised at the animation of her countenance; and while she explained the cause, Shane received some communication from his nephew, which appeared to brighten his faculties, fatigued as he was, into something like corresponding attention.

“My father,” said Basil, after humbly bowing to his hearers, “was the confidential domestic of that holy man. He accompanied the bishop from Suffolk to this country, enjoying a place in his affection that bespoke for me, his only child, the tender concern of our benevolent master, when I was left, a helpless orphan in his house, my mother having died at the time of my birth, and my father within two years after. The bishop took on himself the care of my education; and many an hour of proud enjoyment have I passed, seated at my little desk beside the good man’s chair, transcribing from his manuscript that best monument of Bedell’s fame, the IRISH BIBLE.”

“There, my Lady!” exclaimed Shane, exultingly; and the Lady had already taken the hand of the venerable narrator. “Blessed old man,” she said, “in the name of my lacerated country, let me thank you for the oil and the wine that can alone pour healing into her wounds. This hand has wrought with that good Samaritan, and my roof is honored to shelter it. Oh, never, never shall my country know the sweets of permanent peace, until that work commenced by Bedell be perfected: until the fountain dug by his pious labor be cleared

from all obstructions, and widened, and caused to flow in a thousand ready channels, spreading through the thirsty land those rivers of the water of life !”

“ Never !” responded Basil. “ *He* said it many a time to whom, for the prophetic work, a prophet’s spirit seemed given ! But alas ! Lady, how few among her own tribes seek Ireland’s welfare as he sought it, whom you rightly term a Samaritan ; an alien, held accursed by those for whom he toiled, until his deeds disarmed their deadly hatred, and sowed it into love.”

A general assent was given, and Basil resumed. “ The tale of forty-one is written in letters of blood on some memories”——he paused, for Malcolm gave a sign ; and again proceeded. “ I was still a youth, but hardy and strong ; and courageous in the cause of my beloved master and his family. There lacked not among us those who would have repelled violence, and built a barrier round him with our slaughtered bodies. Nay, I wrong many in not including all his flock. But it was his care to represent the duty of resting solely upon the invisible arm of Jehovah ; and while his dwelling and his church were thronged with faithful adherents, no breath was ever heard but that of meek submission to the divine will. Dreadful were the scenes beyond our little sanctuary ! within it all was peace and safety.”

“ And yet,” observed Ross, “ your bishop understood the principle of ‘ No surrender.’ ”

“ He did, sir ; and with holy daring acted upon it. I was with him when that startling summons came, to deliver up the fugitives sheltered in his home. I saw the many cheeks that were blanched with terror for themselves, while grateful love checked every wish for a refusal which might expose his own sacred head to the

fury of their foes. Aye, and I heard that refusal given in tones never to be forgotten—so solemn, so powerful, so nerved with energy, and sweetened with humility—while with uncovered heads, the messengers withdrew from the presence of one before whom their ferocity melted into awe. Oh, my master! Is it a dream, or did I really see thee borne away from that home? Did I really rush through a crowd of levelled pikes, to claim, in prostrate supplication, the privilege of sharing thy dungeon?"

"No dream, I'll engage you," said Magrath, abruptly: "you got it easy, that same."

"Yes," answered the other, "I did. The rebel appointed to guard the innocent captives, had been particularly obliged to me; and through his intercession I was permitted to follow, though not to accompany my beloved master and his sons. Before my departure I saw the abomination of desolation standing in that place where Bedell had offered to God the sacrifice of prayer and praise. Yes, I beheld the Host elevated, where holy hands had been lifted up, and weapons incrusting with the blood of the guiltless were grounded, while the crimson fingers that bore them smote upon the breast, and murderers yielded homage to the blighting mockery." Indignation burnt on his cheek as he recalled the scene. Shane looked hard at his nephew; but the latter merely compressed his lips, and listened with undivided attention.

Basil went on. "I was conveyed to my master's prison, far from the unhallowed pageantry that desecrated his palace. I found him enclosed in the tower of Lochwater, that desolate dwelling which arises from the centre of a lake, without so much land about it as might suffice to support the foot. December's storms swept

over the unsheltered spot, and found entrance on every side, for the building was most ruinous. The few prisoners whose garments had been left upon them, were constrained to part with all but a slight portion, to cover the more numerous victims of rapacious cruelty, stripped literally to the skin by their jailors : and bitter were the sufferings from cold and damp. Provision was liberally supplied, but in every instance, raw : so that those who knew anything of cooking were incessantly employed for the rest. The good providence of God sent a pious carpenter to be our companion in captivity ; and by his skill some little repairs were effected, for which we were most thankful. But our best, our dearest pledge of Jehovah's gracious presence we received in the unlooked for permission from our keepers of worshipping together, according to the accustomed rites of our church. No interruption assailed us : and deeply sunk the word of exhortation into our bosoms, from those revered lips that never ceased to proclaim the unchangeable love of God, under whatsoever dispensation his wisdom laid us."

" Answer me this question," said Magrath, with a look of restless impatience, " will you answer me truly ?"

" Assuredly, young man : I would not dare to do otherwise."

" Well—that good man, that heretic Bishop, did he ever curse the Catholics with ye ?"

" Och, the fool's head that's upon your shoulders !" exclaimed Shane ; while Basil gazed with astonishment on the querist.

" Answer him !" exclaimed the Lady.

Basil now seemed for the first time to comprehend that a member of the Romish church was present. With a look of placid kindness, he said, " My answer, brother, is

short, simple, and true. No! as soon would the sweetest springs of your native plains send forth the waters of bitterness and corruption, as those lips could have given utterance to a curse. But they of whom you speak were the objects of his deepest, tenderest sympathy and love; and their welfare was a constant theme of prayer in our afflicted little congregation."

"Come, now, you'll be after making the best of it, and no blame to yourself; but you won't pretend that you prayed for the fellows who gave you that lodging, took the clothes off your backs, and treated you like dogs, I'll engage."

"We did," answered Basil. "Our sufferings were great, and our oppressors cruel; but morning, noon, and night we made our supplication for them; that the light of the gospel, visiting their dark minds, might show them under what deadly delusion they lay. Every murmur excited by our own bodily pains was hushed by the awful consideration of what awaited their immortal souls, blinded and ruined under the influence of their false and persecuting religion."

"That's enough," said Magrath: and folding his arms, he leaned back against the wall, his eyes fixed on the speaker.

This strange episode had excited no common interest in the little circle; but all were silent, and Basil resumed,

"Even under these depressing circumstances, the object dearest to his heart—the Irish Bible—was not forgotten by my blessed master. He would urge me to repeat from memory such portions as I could recall, suggesting improvements. I was the more encouraged to this work, because, at such times, I have seen the guards

stealing towards some aperture to listen, as the language never failed to attract their attention."

"True for ye," said Magrath: but the words seemed to drop unconsciously from his lips.

Before the old man could proceed, another discharge from the batteries broke in upon the comparative repose; and a guard turned out for the especial purpose of perambulating the street, inquired if all was well within. A few words with them, determined the young men on volunteering their services likewise for the night; and after joining in the supplications of the family, they sallied forth, leaving on the minds of their friends a more anxious tremor than had ever before accompanied the unwilling farewell.

Shane's curiosity had been violently excited on more than one occasion during that eventful day. His nephew, from the moment of assuming the badge, had appeared to throw off a painful restraint, and to attach himself with unfeigned cordiality to a cause against which he had assuredly, not long before, harbored evil designs; a circumstance to Shane quite unaccountable. The unexpected and unwonted share which he had taken in the evening's conversation also perplexed him; for Magrath's general deportment was marked by the extreme of reserve, rather than its opposite. To Shane's drowsy faculties, however, the latter transition appeared less surprising than the former: but with the Lady of M'Alister, it was far otherwise. She rightly attributed his morning animation to a relief from painful forebodings as to the sufferings awaiting the family, whose kindness to him had evidently sunk deep into his mind; and also to the removal of that restraint under which the fear of meeting Lundy had kept him. To the cause, as such, she could not suppose him

attached ; but to Bryan exceedingly so ; and she verily believed that an affectionate desire to watch over his personal safety, was the motive of Magrath, in adopting the prevailing badge. A more inexplicable mystery involved his evening conduct. The acquaintance which he seemed to have with many particulars related by Basil, was not very wonderful, the events being comparatively recent, and strong in the memory of those who survived the scenes of 1641 ; but there was an intense interest, an eager curiosity in his aspect ; and an unmoved endurance of reflections on his country's faith, from the lips of a Protestant and an Englishman, which formed a strange contrast with his fiery impatience under the reproach of Ross. The subject haunted her pillow, and prompted many an aspiration on behalf of the intractable object of her frequent endeavors, while she counted the hours whose flight brought on the wished yet dreaded dawning of another day.

It was upon the 18th of April that the dethroned monarch met his unlooked for repulse before the walls of Derry ; and the next day beheld him on the road towards Dublin, there to concert farther measures for the recovery of his abdicated throne. No hostile act was committed on either side during the two succeeding days, save in the silent but busy work of offensive and defensive preparation. Bryan was incessantly occupied among the citizens and soldiers, both of whom received with deference the suggestions of his intelligent and judicious mind. In his perambulations, Magrath was always at hand ; and evidenced the sincerity of his good-will by furnishing many valuable hints, both in the way of information and precaution, for his master's benefit ; but Bryan remarked that the measures which he seemed to approve were

strangely defensive ; and in this, though on different grounds, their feelings coincided.

“ How I long for the Sabbath ! ” exclaimed Letitia, as the evening preceding it closed in. “ We shall all assemble in the house of God, and raise the united voice of supplication.”

“ And set up our Ebenezer,” added her mother.

“ And will my dear Ellen likewise venture ? ” asked Bryan.

“ Oh yes, brother dear ; these two quiet days have refreshed me, and I feel quite strong. I long to tread the courts of the Lord’s house too : and I have a sort of fearful curiosity to pass through the street, and look upon the preparations, and to be made to feel how precious it is to have the Lord for a very present help.”

“ May it be a Sabbath of peace ! ” said the old lady ; and she looked at Bryan, whose downcast eyes spoke little of encouragement to her hope.

In fact, it had been decided to make a sortie from the walls on the morrow, as the planting of a large gun very near, seemed to menace a hostile attack. The design was deprecated by those alone who preferred the sanctification of the day to the pursuit of a possible advantage ; and it may readily be believed that their voices were faint and few, compared with the clamors of the many who thirsted for vengeance and distinction.

The morning came, and to the cathedral all repaired who desired to commit their cause unto the Lord of Hosts ; these were so numerous, that a succession of congregations filled the pile, a fresh crowd of worshippers still assembling as others departed ; and amongst them the family of M’Alister sought the Lord with hearts united to fear his name.

It was awful and affecting, the stillness that reigned over the dense populace on the morning of that day. Thronged as they were, the streets yet wore the character of Sabbath solemnity, and the very sentinels appeared to soften their measured tread, as they cast a frequent look to the azure sky; with some, the upturned gaze bespoke devotion: in others it seemed rather expressive of impatience, and in many it indicated an anxious observance of the weather, as though a few gathering clouds would have marred some design. The citizens of Derry, close pent within its narrow bounds for more than four months, already bore the marks of pining imprisonment and protracted care: while deeper anguish sat on the features of those homeless wanderers, to whom the sacred season more forcibly recalled the memory of happy Sabbaths gone by where their place knew them no more.

"It is in such a spot as this," said a weeping mother as she passed through the church-yard, "that my daughter lies buried. Just such a tender yew tree was beginning to bud above her grave: ah, little did I think that stranger eyes should watch its growth, or stranger hands tear it from the sod, where I must never hope to lay my bones beside her!"

"She is better there," replied a young woman, the wildness of whose pallid looks contrasted with the melancholy gloom of the former speaker. "Better in a grave—any grave—than living to weep over all that was loved, and is lost, and gone—gone for ever"——

"Oh no!" said Letitia, who overheard her, "say not that all is gone, while he remains whose love for sinners took the sting from death, and victory from the grave. Come unto him—for the weary and the heavy-laden shall there find welcome and repose."

Arranged within the building, how sweet to the ears of Christ's little flock sounded the word of promise and of peace! Magrath had accompanied them to the door, and as he turned from it a deeper sense of their own inestimable privileges filled each heart; while compassion for him added fervor to their intercessions, and earnestly did they long to share with him the abundance of God's treasury.

The preacher took for his text an animating promise of deliverance; and though the tenor of his discourse was more decidedly warlike than fully accorded with the feelings of his spiritually-minded auditors, there was much of solid comfort in the address. Returning homeward, Bryan directed his grandmother's attention to some military men who were hastening towards the guard-house, after attending at the church. He told her that they were about to sally forth and attack the enemy.

"Oh, Bryan, that ought not to be, on this holy day; dissuade them."

"It is impossible. Malcolm and myself, with one or two others, attempted it; but the clamor was overpowering. Colonel Murray leads them on, and Mr. Walker leaves the pulpit to accompany him."

"Then mark my words. This desecrated Sabbath will stand recorded against us; and many a cry will ascend in vain from those who hallow it not."

"They are so confident of immediate succors from the king, that they scarcely anticipate a contest of a week."

"They must then learn what it is to put confidence in princes, rather than in the Lord."

The culverin planted by the enemy now discharged its heavy shot—the first which passed into the town—and

that shot, whizzing over their heads, struck the market-house.

"Messenger of wo," said the Lady, "how many of thy fellows shall bring havoc into our streets!"

Basil had remained at home, indisposed; and Bryan, softly ascending to his little apartment, was struck at hearing the old man's voice, with tones of solemn earnestness, addressing another in the Irish language. He paused, as the name of "Slanuigheora Iosa Criosd," the Saviour Jesus Christ, met his ear, and ascertained that the words were those of Scripture. Softly entering, he beheld Magrath, his face buried in his hands, in an attitude of fixed attention, while Basil, with looks of unspeakable animation, was setting before him the pure gospel, in the irresistible garb of his own tongue.

Bryan withdrew unperceived, to communicate the glad tidings below stairs; and "Blessed Bedell!" burst from the lips of the old lady, while her heart overflowed with thankful delight.

But far other work was going on without the walls; and after a fierce combat the party came back victorious, bearing the dead bodies of an officer and several privates, who, a few hours previously, had left the town in confident expectation of a triumphant return. They were hastily interred; and while the military exulted in the comparative insignificance of their loss, a dark foreboding overcast the minds of many, with a sad experimental certainty that havoc was indeed begun.

The single piece of ordnance planted on the opposite side of the water had inflicted little damage on the town; now, at less than half that distance, four others commenced their dreadful greeting from a different quarter, and their balls continually rebounding from the tiles, crashing the

window panes, and rattling through the streets, killed some, inflicted wounds on many, and struck terror into all. On the second day after this, some mortar pieces being added, the besiegers threw bombs from them; which by their noisy explosion increased the panic tenfold, among those altogether unaccustomed to the horrors of a siege.

"Now, your honor," said Magrath, as with Bryan he bent his course towards the house in the evening of that day, "I'm altogether not agreeable to going home to-night."

"Why not?"

"Oh, sir, but it's the ladies that will be frightened to purpose now. And, the sows! what comfort can we give 'em?"

"The very sight of us will bring comfort to them, Magrath; for I have marked this day, while carnage has been in our streets, that those who go forth are followed by lamentations, as though they went to certain death; and their return welcomed with cries of joy. But in our home, I trust, we shall find that the Lord himself is giving strength according to their day."

"Is it to-day, sir?" asked the other, a little puzzled.

Bryan explained to him the promise, but it seemed not to make much impression on his mind. Bryan's heart was indeed oppressed with a grievous weight: not for that the instruments of destruction had now and again crossed his own path—for himself he had no fear; but faith was sorely tried in regard to those so dear; and the consolations which his lip spontaneously uttered, scarcely soothed his own bosom at the moment.

But the word of the Lord is sure; and gratefully did he acknowledge it; for they found the little party calm

beyond all human expectation ; and such a holy character of resigned submission sat on every countenance, as rendered it far more touching than the wildest distress could have done.

“ And isn't the life frightened out of ye then ? ” was Magrath's first inquiry, after the silent welcome of thankful love had been bestowed on Bryan.

“ We've been sadly frightened indeed,” answered Ellen : “ but we prayed, and the Lord sent peace.”

“ Wars and fightings without,” added the Lady, “ but peace within. Know you, Magrath, who walked the billows of the roaring sea, and bade them, ‘ Peace, be still ? ’ ”

“ It was Jesus Christ, or the Virgin, or one of the Saints, I'm thinking.”

Basil raised his head ; and in a clear tone he recited the whole passage in Irish ; while Magrath, his mouth wide open, and his eyes dancing with a peculiar expression of interested curiosity and pleasure, gave earnest heed to every breath.

Has the reader ever witnessed the effect produced on a poor native Irishman thrown among strangers, when the sublime truths of Scripture fall upon his ear, in that language so unutterably dear to him ? Probably not : but why, oh, why is it probable, reader, that you should not ? Has not your path been too frequently crossed, and your step arrested, by the plaintive supplicant, whose accent bespoke him a native of Erin, and to whom the utterance of his wants in your language appeared difficult and uncouth ? Yes : you have met with Irish beggars, be your habitation where it may ; and if the love of Christ rule in your heart, you have, according to your means, supplied their necessities ; but few indeed, in this age of missions, have bethought themselves of pursuing a mis-

sionary work at their own doors, by the acquisition of that tongue in which the stammering mendicant could be as fluent, as eloquent, as you in your native English. Make but the inquiry, and you shall wonder at the result. And if you would be kindled into zeal on behalf of these poor outcast victims of a gross delusion, so far as means can do it, go forth among them where they congregate, and take with you one who is versed in the Celtic dialect, bearing in his hand the word of life, and on his heart the love of souls. One such scene is never to be forgotten: and, blessed be the God of the friendless! such scenes shall ere long be more frequent in our land, for the Lord is remembering Erin, and his servants take pity to see her children in the dust of spiritual death. Yes, thrice blessed be his name! there are young and accomplished females at this moment intently studying those characters so little known—so grossly undervalued—for the sacred purpose of imparting to these poor wandering beggars, these perishing immortals, what in their own tongue they call “the story of peace,” and what shall, instrumentally, convey to many a one among them the rich gift of joy and peace in believing. May the blessing of the Highest prosper their work!

“How beautiful the language is, when Christ is the theme!” observed Letitia.

“In what language can the name of Jesus sound unwelcome?” asked Malcolm, who entered as she spoke. “The thunder of war has rolled about us this five-long day; and cries of terror and groans of anguish have mingled with its roar; but, powerful above them all, the name of Jesus has prevailed, to still the throb of many a bursting heart, and soften to a prayer of resignation the scream of wild dismay. Oh, for the faith of Israel’s King! Therefore

will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, for 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.' "

" Ah, but he is with us now in anger," said Ellen, " to afflict and destroy."

Malcolm looked earnestly on her, and repeated, " The mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee."

" No," said Mrs. M'Alister, " that covenant cannot fail. Hitherto, I have trembled and feared, and thought that my very heart would burst asunder, whenever it came to this awful climax. But the day is come, and with it grace sufficient to the time of need! Those dreadful bombs, as they exploded in my hearing, even they have seemed to utter, ' Fear not,' and my weak spirit is enabled to respond, ' It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good.' "

" My daughter!" exclaimed the Lady, " have I not ever told thee that his faithfulness could not fail?"

" Yes, mother: but it is the Lord who tells me now."

" Happy experience!" said Malcolm. " I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee."—Aged pilgrim," turning to Basil, " can you buffet this storm, so nearly at the journey's end?"

" Aye, sir: and I bless God for it. I see young trees well rooted by its blast; and tender blades of corn may peep forth, when the whirlwind has scattered opposing rubbish." The allusion to Magrath was evident.

" All's well!" uttered the night-guard as they passed the door: the explosion of a bomb followed, and then

Malcolm responded, "All's well! Sin is pardoned, salvation is secured, and the children of the promise sealed to their eternal inheritance."

Then suddenly addressing Magrath, he added, "Brother, can you claim a portion here? can you join us in the glorious anticipation, and utter, with assured conviction, that all is well?"

"May be it is, sir," answered Magrath, coldly.

"What! stake eternity upon a may-be?"

Magrath, yet more sullenly, muttered something about the Catholic church.

"Out upon ye, for an obstinate Papist!" ejaculated Shane, "haven't we enough of the Catholic church outside? What else is it knocking the houses about our ears this blessed night, but your rebelly church, ye spalpeen? isn't the bombs pretty beads to tell?"

"Musha, then," said Magrath, "it's myself that'll go look after my beads," and he left the house.

"How obdurate!" observed Malcolm.

"Have patience, sir," said Basil, "your query was a startling one, and may be blessed to his soul. Let him digest it."

The Lady reproved Shane for his ill-timed and railing accusation; but the old man continued to exclaim against his nephew, who, as he said, ought to have been converted in half the time.

The word of promise was then laid open; and amid the din of discord, the prayer and the hymn arose. Malcolm gave out a Psalm from the paraphrase of his church, the 23d, dearly prized by the persecuted covenanters; and with deep intonation he dwelt upon the lines,

Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill ;
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

When Letitia retired with her mother to their little sleeping apartment, she stooped to look through the window, which nearly touched the ground, "How beautiful, mamma, is this night! The moon shines sweetly, and though Foyle dances like quicksilver below. Is it not strange that under such a sky, men should prepare to dye those peaceful waters with blood? With the words that we have heard to-night, warm on my memory, methinks I could go forth to yonder camp, and proclaim to the foes who seek our lives, 'Peace on earth; and good-will towards men.'"

"My child, it is the love of God, shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, that disarms all bitter and resentful feelings. Come, Letitia; let us pray for them; for they know not what they do."

They kneeled in prayer; and peacefully composed themselves to rest, conversing for a while on the glorious privilege of God's children, so exquisitely set forth in the Psalm, which Letitia again recited.

The grey tint had not visited the darkened east, when a bomb broke through the garret roof, and falling on the bed, rolled thence to the window, which it forced from its frame, and exploded loudly in the street.

But these two quiet sleepers awoke not: without a pang, they had passed into eternity.

CHAPTER VI.

In the crowded state of the city, it was needful to commit with all speed to their last earthly resting-place the bodies of the slain: and scarcely had the agonized survivors of M'Alister's race a competent time allotted to enshroud the forms so tenderly beloved, ere they were pent up in the narrow receptacle that sufficed for both—one coffin was prepared—one grave was dug—and ere yet the shell received its lid, a crowd of weeping friends hemmed in the individuals, who, stationed close around the shattered bed, gazed upon those lineaments, as uninjured and as calmly soft as when slumber first stole over them. The Lady's heart was rent beyond the power of her strong mind, and stronger faith, to sustain without a struggle that convulsed her frame; while the tearless stupefaction of poor Ellen, as she hung upon her brother's shoulder, appeared more pitiable still. But Bryan's trial was perhaps the hardest, for nature strove in his bosom against the subduing grace of God, and raised a cry of wrath and vengeance. Shane's grief was frantic; and his passionate lamentations woke a responsive chord in many a breast: for there were childless mothers by, and widowed brides, and orphaned children. The fugitives who had sought shelter in Derry, had each

some tale to tell that would have claimed an eminence in grief; and the stream of selfish sorrow now flowed afresh, in the contemplation of another's woes.

Up to this period, Malcolm had not been apprised of the event; but he now appeared, led by vague rumor, and hastily passing the deserted apartments, ascended to the spot. His presence occasioned a movement throughout the party, whose sobs and moans redoubled as they opened a passage for him to the coffin.

"See there," said Bryan, moving his clenched hand towards it.

"And see there!" responded Malcolm, as he pointed to the broken roof, through which was visible a portion of the deep blue sky, and a little fleecy cloud that glided like a distant wing athwart it.

But while other eyes were raised to mark, his own fell again on the lifeless forms, and he burst into tears.

The firing at this time became more rapid; and whizzing balls passed through the streets, and another bomb exploded at a short distance. When the noise subsided, Malcolm spoke, "All is well; aye, better than well with them: for what hosannas, what music of heavenly harpings, now surround those rejoicing spirits before the throne of the Lamb! Oh blessed confession," he added, as he bent over the shell; "said she not last night, that the Lord himself had taught her, whose teaching is the pledge of never-ending life?"

Then, in a strain of triumphant praise, he rendered thanks for the victory achieved over death and the grave. The exercise was blessed; for Ellen wept, and Bryan found deliverance from the revengeful cravings of a lacerated spirit, while enabled to contrast the triumphs of heavenly joy, with the poor mangled remains of the earth-

ly tabernacles, which once imprisoned the now liberated souls. On rising, he inquired for Magrath.

Summoned from a corner, the poor fellow approached; and covering his face with both hands, exclaimed in broken accents, "Oh, don't, sir, don't put the blame upon me—they are *not* my beads."

"Blame you, Magrath? never. I blame only the sin which has brought death into the world. I called you to take a farewell look at those whom you loved, and served, would have died to defend. See, how peaceful—oh, Magrath, they are happy: for they died trusting in Christ, and in Him alone. He is all—all sufficient."

Magrath gazed for a moment, then casting up his eyes, he wrung his hands; and with a passionate exclamation in Irish, rushed from the room.

Through the broken window the coffin was lowered, and, amid the tears of many, borne to its grave.

Ross had quitted Derry three or four days previously, on a mission to Enniskillen; and returning into the town, he met his friend, slowly retracing the homeward path.

"M'Alister, my dear fellow, are you going to give me the cut at last?" said he gaily; but the eye that was raised to his own made him start away.

To speak Bryan found it impossible; he took his arm, and strongly compressing it, led him back to the grave. Magrath had taken the shovel, and was carefully filling in the last earth.

"Bryan, for mercy's sake, what is all this?"

"My mother—and Letitia are there."

Aghast, and panting, Ross seated himself on an adjoining grave, while a stander-by related the circumstances.

"Come home with me," said Bryan.

"Impossible! what! to see *their* places empty—to look

upon that venerable ruin, struck by such another thunderbolt—to see poor Ellen—poor Ellen;” and his tears flowed.

“Yes, my friend, to see all this, and to witness likewise the power of Him to whom you must come, that you too may have life.”

It was indeed a struggle of no ordinary intensity, by which the Lady of M'Alister had retained her self-possession through the day; but in Basil she found an invaluable comforter. Long tried in such a school, he was well fitted for the office; and gentle representations on behalf of poor Bryan, had prevailed to induce a composure that could not but be soothing to his feelings, when at evening's close he returned to the diminished circle. The appearance of Ross, and his undisguised emotion, had nearly overcome them again; nor had any one courage to invade the death-like silence; till, on the entrance of Magrath, the Lady, with marked kindness in her tone, invited him to approach the fire.

Shame eyed him askance for a moment, and then began most piteously to moan, rocking himself to and fro on his chair.

After the evening meal, scarcely marked by a whisper, Magrath took upon himself to lead the conversation, and in so doing, displayed a wisdom and delicacy for which they were hardly prepared.

Slowly disengaging from his neck a narrow tape, he took from it what appeared a scapular, such as the lower orders of Roman Catholics usually wear; it seemed bulky, and with a pen-knife he carefully ripped it open. A half sheet of paper, closely folded up, was then discovered; the marks of age visible upon it; and the appearance of having been much in use. This he held to

wards Basil, at the same time advancing the candle ; and asked him, " Do you know it, sir ?"

An exclamation of wonder, and of delight too, bespoke an immediate recognition ; as Basil commenced the perusal—" it is my own," he said.

" True for you, sir ; but it has had other masters."

" To me it is scarcely legible now," observed Basil ; " but well I know the contents, a part of the Irish Scriptures."

Magrath took it ; and deliberately commenced reading it, to the no small surprise of his auditors.

" It is the fifteenth chapter of the first of Corinthians," said Basil, " but not complete, only a selection."

" Will I tell you how I got that same ?" asked Magrath, addressing Shane.

" No, no ! don't bother : will it bring back them that are gone ?"

" May be it will comfort them that remain, uncle."

" Comfort is it !" uttered Shane disdainfully ; but the Lady interposed, saying, " Proceed, Magrath. All comfort is contained in the words which you now hold in your hand, and nothing connected with them can be uninteresting."

Magrath re-seated himself, and commenced a story which, divested of extraneous matter, may thus be stated :—His grandfather, Dennis O'Connogher, when a very young man, had made one of the party most active in persecuting the family of Bishop Bedell. In reward for his zeal, he was entrusted, with others, to keep guard over the prisoners in Lochwater tower : and in the pocket of a garment plundered from Basil, he had found that paper, which, being unable to read, he kept for some other to decypher. Much attached to his native lan-

guage, whenever he heard the prisoners converse in it, as he supposed, he placed himself at a cranny to listen; and so, unconsciously, heard many portions of the Holy Scriptures recited. Convinced that men who thus continually spoke such good words could harbor no very evil designs, he became, though secretly and cautiously, yet effectually, their friend: and to his favorable representations they owed much of the indulgence afterwards granted. Returning to the head-quarters of his army, Dennis found a person who read over to him the contents of the paper; which he recognized as having formed a part of the supposed conversations between the Bishop and his amanuensis. This increased his curiosity; he revisited the palace at Kilmore; and among some lumber, thrown by as useless by the rebels, he discovered, and appropriated a pretty large parcel of MSS., in a rough state, which resembled the fragment in his possession. This he lodged, with other plunder, in safe keeping; and forming one of the rebel party, who paid such unwonted honors to the remains of the good Bishop—attending his funeral for the purpose of firing a salute over his grave—Dennis was more deeply impressed than ever with a consciousness that, in serving him, he had befriended a true follower of Christ—one whose example he revered, and whose doctrine he longed more fully to examine.

A series of battles and outrages soon obliterated from his mind the transient interest thus awakened: and after many years, Dennis, crippled by a wound, accepted the shelter offered by his daughter, then recently married; and had scarcely learned to relish the sweets of a quiet home, and the dutiful affection of his child, when he beheld her suddenly snatched away, and a motherless babe

left dependent on the attention of others. The widower soon married again ; but continued his hospitable kindness to Judy's father : while young Larry formed the sole earthly comfort and delight of the bereaved old man.

Magrath was much moved, when touching on the subject : and Shane's attention had become so eager, as to banish for a while the pressure of his immoderate grief.

"I was a wild gossoon," continued Magrath, "but I did my duty by the grandfather, why shouldn't I, he so crippled and sorrowful, and I the vein of his old heart. My father, no blame to him, was a strong Catholic, and never heard the name of the bishop without putting a curse on him ; and as my father was well off in the world, and a big man with the priest, old Dennis didn't care to be thwarting him, may be : so kept all snug, and sorrow the word he would be spaking, of what lay deep enough in his mind. But he was a thought arch too ; and so, says he to my father, 'Larry Magrath,' says he, 'isn't it a thousand murders that Larry the boy should have no more larning nor a sea-gull, and he so 'cute, the eratur.' — 'What is it you'd be after, the day ?' says my father. 'O, then it's myself that would put the boy to his larning, and Irish is the thing for Larry,' says my grandfather, 'you see, honey, how Ireland will soon be at the top of her ancient glory, please St. Patrick ; and is it young Larry that shouldn't rise to be lord judge, or huntsman, or may be an ancient bard, or such like, when the land and the language come round to be our own again ?' So he bothered my father, good look to the blarney ! but I'm thinking, that little was in him, barrin' only the wish to get to the bottom of the old papers. For, when he found me discreet, and no blab, he would tell of by-gone days : and out and out partial was he to all that savored

of the bishop, and his follower, that ran upon the pikes' points for the cold comfort of a lodging in Lochwater; and that's yourself, sir, I'm thinking," addressing Basil, who, deeply moved, could scarcely reply, "It was."

In short, by working on his son-in-law's ambition, Dennis prevailed to send the lad where he acquired a good proficiency in reading and writing his native language. Proud of his education, young Magrath returned, to find his grandfather in wretched health, and worse spirits, confined to his bed, with no better prospect than so to linger out his remaining years. Convinced of his affection and fidelity the old man, after many injunctions to secrecy, drew forth the scrap of paper; "and joyful was he when I read it off, as easy as I'd skim a bowl of milk: though for the matter of understanding it, all the pains that my grandfather took couldn't beat much of that into me."

"Ah, I'll engage it's little that himself understood it," sighed Shane; "let alone that it wasn't for the likes of you to read it right."

"Wasn't it then?" exclaimed Magrath, rather hotly. "I'll be bound to you then that I'll not miscall a word of it;" and with extreme animation, feeling, and emphasis, he read the whole passage, from the 42d verse, beginning, "As mar an gcéadna bhias ciseírghe na marbh" —"So also is the resurrection from the dead," to the end of the chapter.

Various were the sensations excited by this unlooked-for display, while Magrath, his voice deepening, and his color heightening as he proceeded, seemed to enter into the full sublimity of that exquisite passage.

The circumstances under which he had, on that very day, heard the same portion read in English, and which,

no doubt, led to its production ~~now~~, filled his heart with tenderness, and gave an occasional pathos to his tones, that rendered them deeply affecting, even to Ross, who was totally unacquainted with the language.

Bryan and Ellen could comprehend it, and to them the voice sounded as from another world. The Lady's hands were clasped, her eyes were closed, and every emotion seemed lost in prayer. Old Shane presented the most striking object of all: for accustomed as he was to hear the Scriptures daily read, it would have seemed as though something most strangely new had reached his ear and heart. He sat in breathless attention, catching as it were at every word, and straining his faculties to grasp the mighty subject presented to their view.

Basil—who shall portray the feelings of Basil? His countenance was shaded, but tears of joy and praise trickled fast down his furrowed cheeks, as the wonderful chain of events passed rapidly before his mental view. The master chord was touched, in the heart of that poor Irishman: he could not mistake its tone, and his was the blessed privilege to have wrought in the work. Nor did his happiness end here: such a persevering thirst after the word of life, bespoke a divine agency, exerted also in the case of old Dennis: and while, as Magrath slowly recited the concluding verse, he received it as a message from on high, addressed to himself, his emotion was increased yet more, on hearing from poor Shane such an *amen* as never had before issued from his lips. Immediately after a heavy cannonading shook the town; and the falling of some loosened tiles into the shattered room above recalled most bitterly the reality of their domestic loss.

“Go on, Magrath, go on with your story, my dear fellow,” said Bryan, hastily.

But Magrath seemed to have come to a stop in his narrative. There evidently was something that he did not like to relate; and the Lady interposed, saying, "Magrath is fatigued, my dear child: another time he may resume. Bring the Bible hither, and let us seek to the Lord. He has smitten, and he will heal."

Bryan obeyed: he took the fourteenth chapter of St. John, and commented on it as one who felt its rich consolations. Neither did he abstain from exposing most unreservedly, the vanity of every hope that was not placed on Jesus Christ alone. He addressed Magrath, and pointing out the grounds of their perfect assurance, in regard to the present bliss of those so recently departed, he told him that of such bliss he could not be partaker, if cut off in like manner, while resting on an unsound, unholy faith. In solemn terms he spoke to Shane, as one yet unrenewed in the spirit of his mind; and directed to Ross a series of animated interrogatories, well calculated to probe his conscience, and to display his peril. "And now to prayer," he concluded. "Diminished as our party is, oh, let not one withdraw from it!" Magrath understood the allusion to himself, and knelt beside his uncle.

"It seems strange," said Ross, when they arose, "that I, who have been as one of your own family these many months, and so heaped with kindnesses, should be the person who has not a single word of consolation to offer—but I cannot—it cuts too deep"—and he sat down quite overpowered.

"My beloved young friend," said the Lady, laying her hand on his shoulder, "we lack not the consolation which man can give. Our souls had fainted within us, unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord

in the land of the living.' This, alas! is the land of the dying, the land of the dead. Earth bears us on its surface for a little while, prepared to claim again the kindred dust. These bodies that shall yet be scattered on the winds, and whirled across the path of succeeding generations, do these deserve our care? Yonder empty seats can preach as eloquently as angel tongues, to tell us we are nothing. Hark to that shot! you know not its commission, the next may summon you; and whither? To the land of the living, or to that of the doubly dead? To the God of purity, whom none without holiness shall see, or to the father of lies, who whispers that what the Lord has said he will not perform! Awake, awake, young man; escape for your life; flee from the wrath to come!"

Bryan could not prevail on himself to quit the house on that sad night: but left with Basil alone, while Magrath had persuaded Shane to let him assist his tottering limbs to reach the little dormitory, they commenced a discourse on the subject of that joyous recognition which awaits the members of Christ in the presence of their Head. Magrath returned, and requested leave to join them.

"Now, your honor," said he, when a pause ensued, "I'm thinking that you would be glad to hear the end of the ould story. Somehow, I didn't like to go on, and my uncle by, and young Mr. Ross; but I'm quite agreeable to letting you know the rest."

His offer being very thankfully accepted, he proceeded to relate, that his grandfather revealed to him the hiding-place of the manuscripts, and he commenced their perusal; overcoming, as well as he could, the obstacles presented by many corrections and interlineations. He passed whole hours in this occupation, until his father, suspecting that all was not right, apprised the priest of

his doubts ; and young Larry was unexpectedly assailed at the confessional by questions which, on peril to his soul, he was obliged to answer. A visit from the priest to Dennis was the consequence ; but Magrath, not being present, could not tell what passed, excepting only that he heard a great deal of violent altercation ; and he himself, for having so long listened to the commendation of heretics, and above all, for daring to read a wicked book, was sent on a long and severe pilgrimage.

“ Before I set out, I was resolute to see my poor grandfather ; but that wouldn’t be allowed me. However, I contented myself with getting in at his window by night, the door being locked outside, and sure enough the old man was changed grievously. ‘ Larry, dear,’ says he, ‘ it’s the last of me you’re seeing now ; for my ould heart is broke into five halves by the blasphemy of ’em— I suppose he meant the books—‘ and now, honey boy,’ says he, ‘ they’ll be after burying me afore you return, for the life is flickering out of me like a wasted candle, but’—and then he repeated something out of the papers, about the blessed Saviour. ‘ Ay,’ says he, smiling like a babe, ‘ out of my hands they may get it, but sorrow the thief that can steal it out of my mind.’ I remember his words, though I couldn’t pin much meaning upon them, and it’s like he was delirious. However, he gave me what was hanging about his neck, and said, ‘ that’s a true gospel for ye, Larry dear : now, don’t ye part with it, but wear it unknownst for my poor sake. And, child, if ever ye’re puzzling to know how I died, it’s according to *that*.’ I cried over the ould man, and left him ; and sure enough, when I came home from my penance, it was burying him they were.”

The young man was then, it appeared, absolved from

his past sins, and told to be thankful for his escape from perdition. Dennis, they asserted, had made a full confession of all his crime against the Church ; and that the heretic bishop and his fellow prisoners had met several times a day to curse the Catholic Church, and put spells upon the kingdom. That, by listening to the prayers of heretics, he had fallen under the power of the evil spirit, and was trying to lead poor Larry in the same way. However, having been convinced of his wickedness, on giving up the fatal papers to be burnt, he had received absolution and died in the faith. " Not but that it needed a power of masses to help his sowl in purgatory," added Magrath, " and the priest warned my father that he was bound to do it for a penitent sinner. Indeed, I've heard my father say that Dennis in his grave cost him more money than his six living childer, that were munching and supping from morning till night."

Magrath, however, was not well at ease concerning his grandfather ; for it was whispered by some that he had died excommunicate, though the priest soon put such penances on those who hinted it, as stopped their tongues. One day, recollecting that the old man had said the scapular, or gospel as the people generally called it, would show how he died, the youth ventured to rip it open, and was not a little amazed and alarmed to find that it contained the old paper. At first he thought to take it to the priest : but having never confessed his nocturnal visit, he dreaded farther discoveries, and another pilgrimage. He therefore read it over and over to detect any evil that might lurk in it ; and finding nothing that could possibly do harm, melted too by the recollection of the afflicted donor, and not a little afraid of being haunted if he disobeyed his last injunction, he again sewed up what, after

all, might be a true "gospel," as Dennis had solemnly assured him that it was, and had worn it as such to that day.

"And this," said Basil, "was what led you to question me as to our having cursed your church and people?"

"It was, sir."

"And are you satisfied on that point, now?"

"Why, I can't say but I'm pretty clear about it. 'Tisn't yourself, Mr. Basil, that would curse a dog, let alone a Christian, and I'm bound to believe that of ye."

"But, Magrath, what becomes of the story told of your poor grandfather's dying confession: did he die with a lie in his mouth?"

"He did not, sir: I'll take my oath to it he wouldn't," answered Magrath, warmly.

"Did the priest invent a falsehood, to slander the dead, and to turn the living from the paths of peace?" asked Basil, with increased earnestness. Magrath put his hand to his forehead.

"Why then, your honor, I'll tell you how it was. Poor Dennis hadn't his senses right about him at all. Vexation had bothered him, and he talked at random, which same they mistook for a confession."

"Impossible! the ravings of delirium cannot be mistaken for reason and recollection."

Magrath's perplexity increased; and he gladly evaded the subject by turning to Bryan, who, deeply brooding over the agonizing dispensation which had bereft him of objects so dear, sat unconscious of their short dialogue, his eyes shaded with his hand, and tears flowing down his cheeks, in the bitterness of unrestrained sorrow. Magrath for a moment gazed on him, and then repeated in Irish, "O death, where is thy sting?"

Bryan looked at him, and he continued, "O grave, where is thy victory? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law:" then added he in English, "Many's the time that I've gone over those words, for, somehow, they took hold of my fancy; let alone that my grandfather would be saying it like a paternoster. But, Mr. Bryan, dear, it's myself that can't comprehend it."

Roused by this judicious appeal, M'Alister replied, "Read the next verse."

Magrath unfolded his manuscript, and read. "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"And do you not understand that, Magrath."

"Not rightly, sir, I'm thinking."

Supplied with so appropriate a text, Bryan proceeded, with kindling animation, to set before him the full and sublime consolation couched under those inspired words, "By the entrance of sin into the world, sentence of death passed upon all men, for all are born in sin, and live in continual transgression. To him who dies unforgiven, death comes in unspeakable terrors, summoning his soul to hell. The sting, or dart, which destroys him, is sin; and that which gives strength or power to sin, is the holy law of God, showing it in all its blackness, the offspring of Satan, worthy to dwell with him in the lake of fire for ever. The grave swallows up its victims, and every mound of earth is but a monument of the power of sin. God's law declares 'the soul that sinneth, it shall die;' 'the wages of sin is death;' 'the wicked shall be turned into hell;' and armed with this commission, death goes forth to slay—to furnish food for the

grave, and fuel for the flames that cannot be quenched. Do you understand this, Magrath ?”

“ I do, sir ; and sad enough it is. But then the innocent and the good——”

“ The innocent and the good are those who never in thought, word, or deed, departed from the strict and holy law of God ; who never were conscious of a motive that had not his honor and glory for its sole object ; who were neither guilty of actual sin, nor partakers of that sinful nature which belongs to the race of guilty Adam. Where shall we find such characters, Magrath ?”

“ Indeed, sir, if you are so strict as that, it isn't in this world we must look for them.”

“ Then, if we stop here, judging according to the law of God, what remains but death, in all its terrors, a victorious grave, and a portion in eternal fire ?”

“ Nothing else, sir.”

“ Now, Magrath, in order to disarm death of his sting, what must be done ?”

“ You must take away the law, sir.”

“ Impossible ; for God has said, ‘ one jot, or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.’ ”

“ Then we must fulfill it.”

“ We cannot ; we are born under a broken law, and we break it daily ; one transgression shuts us out from hope ; for the scripture says, ‘ whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.’ ”

“ Indeed, then, I'm quite astray how we are to get out of it,” said Magrath.

“ Sin has obtained the victory over us, and by means of the law destroys us. But what if one came, who could,

as you say, fulfill the law, having been born without the sin of Adam's race, and lived and died without transgression?"

"He would get the victory back again, sure."

"Exactly so, Magrath, and Jesus Christ has gained ~~that~~ victory; for he was clothed in flesh, pure and holy as was Adam's when first created by the hand of Jehovah; and he perfectly fulfilled the whole law, suffering a wretched life and cruel death, persecuted by Satan and evil men. Yes, he won the victory indeed! and what he won by bitter sufferings he gives to all believers. God, who armed the law with its dreadful power to slay, gives us the means to escape its sting, gives us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord. His sufferings satisfied the justice of God; atoning for our transgressions. His death is our life: for Jesus, by descending into the grave, wrested from Satan the conquest that he had won. And knowing this, may we not exclaim, O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

Magrath replied not; and Bryan requested Basil to repeat in Irish the substance of what he had said. This was faithfully done, and attentively heard; and then M'Alister proceeded to describe who they were who could confidently appropriate the apostle's exultation, dwelling on the holiness, the zeal, devotion, and humility which mark a true disciple of Christ: drawing a marked distinction between the careless assent of a worldly mind, and the active principle of true faith, uniting believers to their Lord, as the members to their head, the branch to their root, and the body of flesh to a vivifying soul. "And these," he concluded, "are the ransomed, the pardoned, the justified, who, having no hope but in Christ Jesus,

find in him all that they need ; through faith in him they can defy a stingless death, and triumph over the victory of the grave."

"I believe it," said Magrath, as he looked upon the pale but animated countenance of his instructor ; "for it isn't a fancy that could uphold ye all this sorrowful day. I've listened and watched, but lambs upon earth or saints in heaven couldn't take it more meekly. Not a word of revenge against them that did it ; not a look of reproach to me that belong to 'em—and yet a heart-break it is, and veins of the heart were they"—He grasped Bryan's hand, and ejaculating, "the Lord bless ye !" hastily retreated into his apartment.

"How characteristic was that burst of feeling," exclaimed Basil, "and how cheering ! Mercies rich and abundant lie veiled beneath these cloudy dispensations ; and the persecutions of God's people shall tend, as of old, to the enlargement of his church."

"Amen !" sighed Bryan. "The blow has fallen heavily upon my heart, and while faith struggles to look up and smile, memory cleaves to earth, imagination digs beneath its surface, and all the sinful weakness of flesh gathers strength to resist the Comforter ; refusing, hating to be comforted ; I want reproof."

"Alas, my son, your heart reproves you, and Satan whispers hard sayings, adding wormwood to gall. That doubting, half-reproachful expostulation, 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died'—how often has it breathed from my agonized soul ! But they shall rise again, rise to welcome his approach, rise to share the glories of his reign. Then shall death be swallowed up in victory, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality.

It was sweetly considerate of poor Magrath to lead your laboring thoughts into that track of life, and light, and glory."

"It was indeed. A ray appeared to break on his own mind, revealing where true comfort lay. Oh, that it may lighten more and more, exposing the snares that beset his crooked path, and guiding his feet into the way of peace!"

CHAPTER VII.

THE morning which followed that day of bitter trial, dawned on the afflicted family through clouds and storms. A heavy fall of rain, finding free ingress through the broken roof, obliged the inmates to devise means for filling up the chasm—a task too perilous to be performed in the usual way, since the workmen so employed would become a mark for the enemy's gunners. Magrath displayed great skill in directing the operation ; and hastening down stairs, employed himself in altering, as much as possible, the arrangement of the furniture, changing the usual position of the breakfast table, and narrowing the space formerly occupied by the family. Bryan, as he paced the room with restless steps, surveyed from time to time the progress of his attached follower ; and secretly acknowledged the mercy which had sent among them one, who to the faithful affection of old Shane added that judgment and self-possession in which the grey-haired domestic had always proved himself remarkably deficient. But he spoke not.

Those feelings of bitter wrong sustained, which had wrought in his mind on the preceding day, even to a momentary thirst of vengeance, had partially revived, while, standing on the bedstead he assisted to repair the breach where death found entrance, and fixed a temporary shutter

to the window-frame through which the beloved remains were passed to the street below. To combat these suggestions was no easy task ; for patriotism combined its powerful voice with what seemed the pleadings of filial and fraternal love. Hitherto Bryan had refused to depart from the strict line of defensive operations, nor had he been much urged to do so ; but now it became evident that frequent sallies would take place, and not to volunteer a soldier's part must necessarily expose a young and active man to unpleasant remarks. It is the policy of the tempter to aggravate present grief by leading the imagination to dwell on the probability of future perplexities ; and poor Bryan experienced such a conflict as almost overpowered his frame, fatigued by two nights of watchful sorrow, during which he had not cast off his apparel.

Magrath, having ended his arrangements, brought out his uncle, who complained of his chair having been removed ; while Magrath, in a low voice, and in Irish, explained his motive, and exhorted the old man to lay a curb on his feelings when the ladies should appear. Touched by the querulous tremor of Shane's tone as he promised obedience, Bryan drew a chair close to him, and taking both his hands, asked how he had rested.

" Rested is it ? Yourself may tell that, Master Bryan, while the eye and the cheek of ye show that your young heart's well nigh broken. Ahone ! but the deed hasn't brought up to *your* sight the rivers of blood that trickled past mine ; nor unshrouded the dead to show you their gaping wounds, and make the cries ring in your ears that were hushed long afore you were born."

" It's nice comfort you're giving him, isn't it ?" asked Magrath impatiently.

Shane hung his head, and Bryan, with soothing kindness, said, " It is I that should comfort him, for he speaks too truly of the agonizing recollections brought to my mind by this event. You know not, Magrath, what your uncle's affection for your race has led him to endure. We live in the veins of his heart, and what afflicts us, pierces him."

Gratified by this testimony, Shane looked up at his young master, saying, " True for ye, dear, but then we know that they are in glory, and who would bring 'em back?" Then, with greater earnestness, he went on; " There she sat, she that's an angel in heaven now, after going to church last Sunday. ' And I'm thinking, Shane,' said she, ' that my poor Ellen won't go again to the house of God, until they'll be carrying her there in a coffin.' ' Ah, now, Miss Letitia,' then said I, ' and what'll be putting such dark fancies in your head? Many's the day that ye'll both be skipping with the kids, upon your own hills again.' Sure, my heart didn't go along with my words, but I said it to cheer her soul, any how. ' Is it dark my fancies are, Shane?' says she, with a smile like a sun-beam. ' Nay, but I'll read you an account of the place that I'm thinking to dwell in." And then she opened the ould book and read something near the end of it, about a city that hath no sun nor moon, nor candle, but is always bright with the glory of God. I asked her, how did she know that she was going to live there? and she told me that she knew it. ' And Shane,' said she, ' you heard the shot that hit the market-house? many of those shots will we have among us; and if one of them hits me, I'll tell you, Shane dear, it will but be the chariot that my father sends to take me to the bright city.' Och, but

I'll never forget how she turned up her blue eyes and smiled, as if it was all before her sight."

"She's there now," uttered Magrath, in a deep tone of voice ; while Bryan in silence regaled on this almost dying testimony of the gentle spirit whose flight he longed to follow.

The entrance of the Lady and Ellen severely put to the test both his fortitude and Shane's. They had slept, and the waking hour—who that has known such a waking hour would wish it described?—who that has not, could realize the description?

Deep sobs shook the frame of poor Ellen, as she vainly strove to answer her brother's tender inquiries : while the Lady advancing to Shane, took his hand, and extending her other to Magrath, "What comfort, my aged partner in sorrow, has the Lord given you under this blow?"

"Tell her Ladyship what you told the master," whispered Magrath. Shane readily obeyed, and the Lady's countenance assumed an expression of triumphant delight, as she uttered praises to the author and finisher of her children's faith.

"Oh! that such a chariot would come for me?" murmured Ellen.

"Hush, love ; were you not, even now, resigning all your will to his!"

"Ah! yes! but——"

"Unsay that but, my beloved young lady," interrupted Basil, who had entered. "He hath done ALL things well ; but it is never well with our souls till they assent to that confession."

Magrath had placed the Bible before Bryan ; and whispered, "Will I call the soldiers in?" as their steps were heard descending the stairs from their breakfast.

A nod of delighted acquiescence dispatched him to summon them, while a look of mutual gratulation was exchanged between Basil and the Lady.

Again was the domestic visitation improved to the benefit of others ; and Basil, having brought down his Irish translation, had the delight of seeing Magrath diligently studying the chapter that was read.

“ Heaven bless you !” said the elder of the soldiers, as they respectfully retired after prayer. “ God sends trouble to all ; and happy are they who get such comfort with it.”

“ Blessed indeed,” remarked Basil, “ are those afflictions which trim the lamp to make it burn more brightly ; causing the light to shine broadly before men, which else had illuminated but a contracted sphere.”

“ Oh, sir,” said Ellen, “ I will, indeed, unsay that discontented *but*. It seemed hard, when first we entered this altered room ; but the Lord sends others to hear and to pray in their place ; yes,” she added, raising her eyes with solemn fervency, “ yes ; he hath done all things well ; and his will, his will alone be done !”

“ Didn’t she look like an angel then ?” whispered Shane to Magrath in Irish.

“ Aye, and she’ll be one before long.”

Magrath did not seem aware how widely he was departing from his Church’s bounds, in thus freely conceding an entrance into Heaven to those whom she stigmatizes as the progeny of hell. Taught from his earliest years to regard as the natural claimants of his most vindictive hatred all who bore the Protestant name, the temporary impression in their favor which his grandfather’s narrations had made, wore away beneath the rough collision of fiercer spirits ; and gladly did he ac-

cept the pre-eminence which his comparative learning acquired for him among evil men. Hardy, daring, and acute, he shrunk from no enterprise that was placed before him, conscious that his wit and cunning would be found available where the rougher qualities might not suffice. He had been chosen to convey intelligence to Lundy, and approached the walls of Derry with feelings as hostile as ever beat in the bosom of man ; counting it a high privilege to accelerate the extermination of what he considered a nest of poisonous reptiles. How far the hospitable generosity of Bryan might have wrought upon his prejudiced feelings, without the aid of his unexpected recognition of Shane, may be doubtful, but the word is sure which says, "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him," and many a persecuted member of the Church of Christ in those days of discord and massacre, experienced its fulfilment. Certain it is, that consanguinity was the least powerful of all the ties which, after a little space, bound Magrath to the house of the M'Alisters. An Irishman is generally too much the creature of impulse to investigate very closely the origin of his warm feelings ; and when Magrath did incline to wonder at his growing attachment to an heretical brood, he referred it to the royalty of the O'Neill, which demanded from him an allegiance spontaneously paid. Conscience occasionally whispered that the Lady, having strayed from their fold, was under the ban of the Church ; and as such an alien from the prerogatives of her race : but Magrath turned a deaf ear to these admonitions ; banishing the thought by a happy facility which he had, of forgetting whatever he did not choose to remember.

Basil's first recital had revived most unexpectedly the

very feelings best calculated to soften his religious asperities ; and it was from a dim recollection of the calming effect which the Scriptures never failed to produce on his grandfather, that Magrath was led, as it were, instinctively, to place them in the hands of those who writhed under affliction. But to his own mind they were still devoid of interest, unless clothed in the garb of his kindred tongue. "It isn't that I care for the Bible," said he, one day, when wishing to damp the evident hopes that Basil entertained of his conversion. "An ould legend of Bryan Boromy, or Conn, would take my fancy more. But you see the Celtic comes so natural to me, that the sound goes through my heart. Sure, and didn't *they* all speak it that are dead, and they that are far away ? Wasn't it the comfort of ould Dennis to tell his griefs in it ; and didn't I hear it talked round the dinner board, and sung over the cradle ? Och, but it's a murder to twist this English off my tongue, while the Irish slips out of my throat like the breath of my lungs, or glides down into my heart before I'm aware of it." An Irishman of our day has most beautifully expressed the charm of those familiar accents.

And oh ! be it heard in that language endearing,
 In which the fond mother her lullaby sung ;
 Which spoke the first lisplings of childhood, and bearing
 The father's last prayer from his now silent tongue.
 That so, when it breathes the pure sound of devotion,
 And speaks with the power that still'd the rough ocean,
 Each breast may be calm'd into gentler emotion,
 And Erin's wild harp to Hosannas be strung.

When Bryan made his appearance on that day, in the streets of Derry, his garb of deep mourning heightening the paleness of his dejected countenance, looks and

words of heartfelt sympathy followed his steps. His young companions greeting him, evinced in various modes the sincerity of their commiseration, some dashing away a tear as they spoke of comfort, others bitterly imprecating vengeance on the authors of their common calamities, and nearly all describing the event as having kindled tenfold ardor in the breasts of the garrison.

Arrived at the Diamond, or open square, in which the four principal streets of the city meet, Bryan was quickly joined by Ross, and surrounded by citizens and officers of the garrison, all anxious to tender their mite of consolation.

He had not stood long on this spot when a party approached him, among whom he recognized the two most distinguished characters, Governor Walker and Colonel Murray.

The former of these, a Yorkshire clergyman, had lately held some preferment in the county of Tyrone; and being ardently devoted to the Protestant cause, which he considered it lawful to support by other than spiritual weapons, he had raised a regiment for the protection of his immediate neighborhood, placing himself at its head. During the early part of Lundy's administration, and before his treachery was generally suspected, Walker had opened a communication with him, volunteering his services to aid in the defence of Derry; and very materially had he conduced to the first repulse of the enemy. The undisguised malice of Lundy towards him, and his refusal to admit within the city one who had engaged the foe at a few miles' distance during the whole night, had aroused the popular feeling so strongly against Lundy, that it issued, as we have seen, in the expulsion of that

traitor, and his unprincipled abettors. Walker was then, in conjunction with Colonel Baker, invested with the government of Derry; and in his own person continued to unite the strangely incongruous characters of a military commander, and civil governor, and a spiritual pastor. Nor was his external appearance of less singular combination than his official responsibilities: considerably advanced in life, his tall and commanding figure yet displayed no token of time's devastating hand, but well became the cuirass which shone from beneath his upper garment. This, however, was clerical, a gown of deep purple, with loose sleeves, and a large ministerial band; but the military sash of bright crimson, not unfrequently stuck with pistols, formed, with the cuirass, as unsuitable an accompaniment to it as did the sword which his right hand generally bore, to the Bible frequently carried in his left. Governor Walker was, indeed, an apt personification of the days in which he lived; and had he confined his active exertions to the spot committed to his trust, it might be difficult to pass, at this distance of time, a severe judgment on a man who certainly appeared so far commissioned for a most extraordinary work; but when we follow him to the end of his mortal career, and find him numbered among the slain amid the waters of the distant Boyne, whither no possible call of duty could have led him, we are again brought back to the emphatic warning of him whose ambassador he assumed to be, "Put up thy sword again into his place: for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Murray wore a far different aspect. Descended from the race of Philiphaugh, whence sprung the house of Athol, he inherited an estate in Ireland from his fathers,

who had settled with others of their countrymen in the north. He held the Protestant religion with the tenacity of his Scottish ancestry, and defended it with the enthusiastic ardor of his Irish birth and temperament. Still in the bloom of life, he had already acquired great distinction by various exploits of military courage and skill. To his energetic proceedings, after fighting his way to the gates of Derry at the head of his troop, was owing the sudden flight of Lundy and his crew ; and Murray, recognized as principal military commander, enjoyed the full confidence both of the garrison and citizens, among whom he was exceedingly popular.

The day had brightened into sunshine, and Shane O'Connogher, leaning on the arm of his nephew, hobbled unperceived towards his young master, on one side, while the Governor and Colonel approached him from the opposite direction—he was made, for the time, an object of general attention.

Walker first advanced, and laying one hand on Bryan's shoulder, while he raised the other towards heaven, to which also he lifted his expressive countenance, he solemnly uttered, "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held : and they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth ? And white robes were given unto every one of them ; and it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."

These sublime words of Scripture, spoken with the deepest emphasis of genuine feeling by a voice well

accustomed to make itself heard, even in the din of battle, produced no slight effect on the surrounding listeners. Many an eye sparkled, many a cheek burned; and the martyr's zeal appeared to kindle among them. Bryan could not be insensible to their perfect applicability in the case of his beloved parent and sister; well he knew that for the testimony which they held, the testimony of Jesus as the only and all-sufficient Saviour of sinners, most gladly would they have laid their heads on the block, or given their bodies to the flame. But he was also conscious, that the indiscriminate zeal of Walker would have applied the same passage to any among the ungodly multitude, who had fallen, as Protestants, by the hand of the common foe. He could not, therefore, yield the animated response which the same passage would have called for, if adduced by the lip of Malcolm, or of Basil; but he deeply felt the affectionate sympathy of the warlike pastor, and, clasping his descending hand, assured him that, by the grace of God, he was enabled to resign submissively what His unerring judgment had seen fit to recall from among the many blessings bestowed on him.

“Right, my young friend. You did not, without counting the cost, close these gates against the popish legions, and choose the defence of the Lord Almighty before the favor of a treacherous king. We shall conquer yet, for our cause is righteous, our hearts are true, and our hands strong; and they who now lament the sorest, will exult the loudest, when God has broken this accursed yoke from off the neck of the country.” He drew back, and Colomel Murray, extending his hand to Bryan, spoke with a warmth that crimsoned his cheek and bedewed his eye.

“Believe me, M'Adister, there is not a heart within these walls, but throbs for your calamity in mingled sor-

row and wrath. The first shot, I may almost say, seems to have singled you out, as the fittest object of revenge—you, who have been foremost among the gallant citizens of Derry, to stamp upon her annals the record of inflexible patriotism, showing them an example of active courage, as now of pious, unshrinking endurance." The sentiment was so accordant with those of the bystanders, that it elicited an audible buzz of approbation, restrained only by delicacy from breaking out into louder applause. The Colonel, then, stepping back a pace or two, still facing Bryan, with both hands resting on his sword, and the same bright animation playing on his countenance, resumed in a yet louder tone,—

"Reparation we cannot offer for this deep wrong sustained in the public cause: yet what we can do we will. Yonder, M'Alistair,"—and he pointed with his sword—"yonder are the infernal machines that brought death into your peaceful home. A sally is projected; that battery must be stormed, and the unanimous voice of your fellow-townsmen will confirm my words, when I concede to your well-tryed courage and fidelity, the post of honor—the conduct of this assault—the privilege of this just and honorable act of vengeance." A loud and general cheer from his auditory gave the anticipated confirmation.

Never in the course of his short experience, had Bryan been called on to maintain such a struggle against every bias of natural feeling. Young, ardent, and devoted to the cause in which so many of his race had bled, he could not be insensible to the personal distinction conferred, by such marked respect from Walker and Murray. Twice had he, with difficulty, stifled the secret cry for revenge, to which this public invitation seemed to give a momentary sanction: while all around him was calculated to

feed the indignant fire, as well as to render more intolerable the imputation of cowardice, with which a refusal might fairly brand his name. The bright eye of Murray, and the approving smile of Walker, were both upon him; his young companions crowded around, eager to volunteer their services beneath his leadership. The sword of M'Alister was girded over his sable coat, and on its hilt his left hand unconsciously rested; while a discharge from the enemy's guns, and a bugle call from the guard-house, completed the exciting concomitants of that trying moment.

And how did Bryan meet this exigency? In a strength not his own. The principle on which he had declined to mingle in offensive warfare was unchanged, nor could its strong foundation be shaken by the inroad made upon his personal happiness. Indeed, as he raised his heart in mental prayer, that event assumed a restraining character, as recalling forcibly to mind the command, "Avenge not yourselves—vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Bryan's resolution was taken: but before he could give utterance to it, Shane caught hold of his sleeve. The old man had frequently expressed his displeasure at the pacific counsels of the Lady of M'Alister, and loudly urged his master to seek distinction in the paths of military peril; but the last blow had fallen so heavily on the aged sufferer, that his spirit was utterly broken by it; and distracted by the apprehension of seeing the youth borne home, a mangled corpse, to their house of mourning, he now uttered, in a plaintive tone, an appeal, which increased the embarrassments of Bryan's situation.

"Musha, then, honey dear, is it yourself that'll go to be murdered and shot by the butcherly hands that have laid your kin in an untimely grave? Ahone! but a

bloody welcome ye'll get, and the Lady's heart to burst over your coffin."

"Silence your blarney there!" exclaimed an angry bystander; "d'ye think that ever a lad of us goes out to battle, but some lady's heart must stand a chance of an ache, or may be a breaking, before he comes back?"

"Fie, fie, man!" cried another; "what's to come over us, if old soldiers preach up faint-heartedness to young ones?"

"Och, and it's no less than Shane O'Connogher," added a third, more angrily, "old fire-eating Shane, persuading his master to be a coward!"

That word cut Bryan to the heart; his color rose, and his lip quivered, and he felt as though more were required of him than strength was given to achieve. But seeing Shane about to renew his pleadings, he hastily interposed, and looking on the last speaker, said, "Cannot charity surmise a less disgraceful motive than cowardice, where the hand is withheld from taking vengeance for a private wrong?"

"Private!" repeated Walker, "can that wrong be private which has carried blood and havoc into the family of a patriotic citizen? Nay, but 'if one member suffer, the rest suffer with it.'—Your wrong, M'Alister, is ours, and our wrongs are yours. Private!" and he pointed to where a bomb was at that moment falling over the houses; "methinks such messengers as that are sufficiently public to appease all scruples on the score of individual grievance. Come, young gentleman, I, an Englishman, am daily hazarding my life on behalf of your country—I, a minister of the gospel of peace," and he drew his little bible from his bosom, "am in arms to defend the most holy faith contained in this precious book. Think you

that a private wrong from yonder savages, would win me to renounce this glorious cause? such qualms are unseemly."

"Nevertheless," replied Bryan, "as I have hitherto declared my purpose of maintaining the character which I at first assumed—one purely defensive—I have yet to learn on what grounds I may now consistently depart from it, under a full disclaimer of personal revenge."

"Please yourself, sir," said Walker, as he coolly turned away; and Bryan had to endure the glance, the shrug, the whisper of wonder and contempt, from many of those who had most eagerly pressed forward to hail him their appointed leader. Even Ross walked off in gloomy displeasure; but Murray, after a pause of evident perplexity and disappointment, gave proof of the generous feeling for which he was distinguished. In the same clear, audible tone, he once more addressed M'Alister: "I cannot say that I fully comprehend the nature of your distinction, nor where the precise line of demarcation lies. But your scruples I respect, because I *know*," and he laid a strong emphasis on the word, "that your personal intrepidity is unimpeachable as your principles—both above the breathing of a question. I would not, I confess, desire to see the example generally followed, under our present circumstances; but no man of honorable feeling can withhold the testimony of warm esteem, where consistency of conduct springs from purity of motive. Give me your hand, M'Alister; a hand that will never flinch from any enterprise, where your conscience approves." And with this kind farewell he followed Walker.

Oppressed, and yet relieved from a far sorer oppression, Bryan turned towards the burying-ground, hoping by a visit to that endeared spot, to calm his agitated spirit:

yet before he reached the corner, now so sadly precious, his attention was attracted by two children, seated on a new made grave, and crying bitterly. Bryan knew it to be that of a young townsman, who had fallen in the sally of the preceding Sunday ; and drawn by sympathy, he approached the youthful mourners, gently inquiring why they grieved : " Oh, isn't it enough to be grieving at," cried the girl, " when brother Patrick is lying down here, ever so deep, and will never get up again !"

" Mother is always calling him," added the boy, who was much younger, " but he doesn't come, any how ; though I've called him too." And putting down his rosy mouth to the sod, he shouted " Pat !" with all his power.

" Ah, vein of our hearts," sobbed the girl, as she also bent downwards, " is it never that you'll answer us again, your poor little Thady and me !"

Bryan was deeply touched ; he seated himself by them on the grave, and said, " My dears, I can feel for your sorrow, and you for mine. Look yonder, in that corner, at the large new mound of clay ; my own fond mother, my young and beautiful sister, were buried there last night"—he could not proceed.

The little boy leaned against him, looking up in his face, while the girl said, " What, the ladies is it ?—the ladies killed by the big shot in their bed ?"

Bryan nodded assent. " Oh, then, and I wish you saw my mother ; it's the only thing she'll hear about, let alone Patrick. May be she'd listen, if you spoke of them first, and then of Jesus Christ ?"

" And why of the Saviour last ?"

" I don't rightly know ; she'd be talking of nothing else, and Pat couldn't tire of reading about him in the

ould bible. But now, joy, if we'll be spaking the least word, she goes wild, and cries out for Pat, to no end."

"Will you take me to see her?" asked Bryan.

"Och, and it's we that will, sure," answered the girl, rising with alacrity; but the boy remained seated, and as Bryan moved away, he pulled at his coat, saying, "Sir, if you'd call *very* loud, Pat, may be he'd hear *you*,—sir, will you then?"

Bryan made no answer, but lifting the child in his arms, and taking the girl by the hand, conducted them to the other grave.

"See, my dears, if calling would waken the dead, do you not think that I should raise my voice, and shout for those who lie here to return to me?"

"May be not, sir," said the girl. "Heaven is a better place for them—no shot fly about there: Jesus Christ feeds them, and takes care of them."

Surprised, and soothed too, Bryan rejoined, "Most true, my child; nor would I, as I meant to tell you, bring them back to this world of wo: for I know that they are with Jesus. But how comes it that you wished to try and awaken Patrick?"

The girl again began to sob, and twisting her little apron, said, "I didn't wish to try, because I knew that the dead would never wake, till the angel comes with a trumpet. But mother cries out so, and she can't believe that he's with Jesus Christ. It's Thady wants to call him up, to make mother eat."

More than ever interested for his little companions, Bryan only remained long enough by the grave to declare to them in simple terms the blessedness of sleeping in Jesus; with a solemn warning of the hourly peril in which their lives were placed: and then, still carrying Thady,

who had become drowsy with grief and fatigue, he accompanied Sarah to the abode of her parent, which was not far distant.

It was the house of a widow, in humble, yet decent circumstances ; but all bore the marks of desolation and disorder. In a high-backed chair, at the farther end of a little darkened apartment, reclined the mother ; her apron thrown over her face. A compassionate neighbor watched beside her, who, on their silent approach, whispered, " I'm thinking she sleeps, the bereaved creature !"

" Sleeps !" repeated the mourner, throwing the apron from her face ; " No, no,—he giveth his beloved sleep, but none to me."

Bryan quietly seated himself near her, and carefully supporting the little Thady, showed him to his mother, in a profound slumber. He was a beautiful child ; and the trace of tears on his eyelids and cheeks, with the disordered state of his auburn locks, added much to the interest of his appearance. The mother's attention was arrested ; she gazed on her boy ; and Bryan said, " Is not this one of His beloved ? see how peacefully he sleeps. I found him," he continued, " near the spot where last night I buried my mother and sister."

This abrupt intimation had all the effect that he anticipated ; the widow looked at him with much compassion, and taking his hand, burst into tears.

" I have trusted the Lord," continued Bryan, " while his dealings were plain and comprehensible to human reason ; but now is the trial of faith, when he comes in a cloud, rending away our heart-strings, and the soul would, if it could, stay his hand, and say unto him, What doest Thou ?"

The widow shook her head from side to side, and hid her face, but spoke not. Bryan resumed.

“To have trusted in him, to have sought him long in earnest prayer, and confidently known that the prayer of faith could not fail : to have seen a token of gracious acceptance, and then the veil drawn, and all left dark—impenetrably dark—oh, it teaches us a lesson of our own unbelief, most sorely humbling. For, had we faith, but as a grain of mustard seed, we should cast ourselves upon that seal, ‘ the promise of God standeth sure.’ ”

“ Oh, sir,” exclaimed the poor woman, “ yours are the first words that have reached my heart, and sure I see a little bright spot of hope and comfort where all seemed blacker than midnight.”

She then told him, that her dear boy had given many evidences of spiritual feeling, delighting in the Scriptures and prayer. That on the preceding Saturday he had been appointed to accompany a party in the sally of the following day, but did not make it known to her until the Sabbath morning ; when on her requesting him to attend her and the children to public worship, he was obliged to confess that his destination was far different. In vain did she plead, and weep, and set before him the sin of violating the Lord’s Day : to hinder him was impossible, and when he asked her blessing, she still continued to urge him, until, after hastily embracing her, he ran off. His mangled remains were brought home at night : and utter despair in regard to his eternal portion had taken possession of her mind to that hour.

By representing the peculiar nature of that obligation which compelled the youth to follow his commanders, Bryan convinced her, that she was not justified in deciding so unfavorably on this awfully interesting question.

He exhorted her rather to receive the message as one of admonition to herself, sent in love, to rebuke and chasten, for the quickening of zeal and repentance.

He dwelt on the mysteriousness of the divine dispensations towards the most favored people of God ; and obtained a promise, that she would seek grace to rest her burden on the unchangeableness of Him, whose gifts and calling are without repentance.

After kneeling in prayer, and persuading her to take proper sustenance, he left a kiss on little Thady's blooming cheek, and departed. At the door, Sarah stood, and raising her eyes to his face, with a low curtsy, pronounced the words, " The Lord bless ye, sir ! " in a tone of such solemn, such earnest gratitude, that Bryan's heart welcomed the blessing, and acknowledged the hand of God in honoring him with this commission to comfort his mourners, rather than permitting him to go forth on an embassy of destruction against his wretched and deluded countrymen.

CHAPTER VIII.

To communicate the tidings of Bryan's resolute consistency, Shane O'Connogher had hastened home: but Magrath lingered about the Diamond, exceedingly provoked by the sarcasms occasionally levelled at his absent master. Still he restrained himself; until, sauntering near a small group of the better sort of citizens, he heard a respectable merchant, an alderman, who prided himself on particular friendship with Governor Walker, most vehemently protesting that the insolent young scoundrel ought to be drummed out of the city forthwith.

"Nay," observed another, smiling, "such a punishment would be somewhat too severe for a silly notion learnt of his fantastical old grandmother."

"'Tis no such thing," answered the other, "malice and envy against Dr. Walker prompted every word that fellow uttered. Did you not perceive, in his sanctimonious abhorrence of blood-shedding, an implied censure on our heroic governor? If a layman, forsooth! couldn't draw the sword against popish traitors, how much less a clergyman? This M'Alister, with all his fine mouthing, is a rebel at heart, a hypocrite and a coward."

This was too much for Magrath: with that peculiar expression of bitter irony and stern disdain in which he

had few competitors, he addressed the angry calumniator. "Sure, and the lad's out of hearing: you needn't spare your lungs."

"What does the rascal mean?" asked the other, surveying him from top to toe.

"Mane! what would it mane but to put the lie down the throat of any spalpeen that names coward on Bryan M'Alister."

"Hark ye, sir," said another citizen, shaking his cane, "if you don't ask pardon for your insolence, we'll soon teach you better manners."

"Pardon is it? Fait, and I've nothing to pardon you for: it wasn't your honor that spake against him."

"Away with you, Paddy," said an English officer, who stood by, "or your wit won't save your bacon."

Magrath, however, moved not, but continued to bend a most ominous look upon the first offender, who called out, "Halloo! a guard here. The fellow's dangerous. Come, sir, off to the council: you shall confess your business to Governor Walker."

"Confess, is it? and to the English priest? Och, and it's little he'll get out of me, his fighting reverence, any how."

At this sally, some laughed: others denounced him forthwith as a popish spy; and Magrath's case was beginning to assume an unpleasant aspect, when Colonel Murray, riding past, observed the commotion, and reined in his horse.

The alderman hustled towards him, and his communication induced Murray to dismount, directing that the prisoner should be conducted into the adjoining guard-house, requesting the attendance of the governor, who was at hand.

All the evil in Magrath's character was now at work : religious prejudice, party animosity, and the dark passions of revengeful nature. Every individual present appeared a legitimate object of his hatred ; save only Murray, whose courteous and considerate behavior towards Bryan had completely disarmed his malignity. The Colonel, however, took his seat on a side-bench, in the attitude of an observer only ; while Walker, with the alderman, and other leading men, appeared in the conspicuous situation of judges. There were not wanting some who treated the whole matter as a ridiculous farce, while others conceived that a mighty plot was on the eve of discovery.

In fact, the worthy alderman was an alarmist ; and one of those fond partizans who considered the whole cause of King William and the Protestant faith, to hang on the individual exertions and personal security of Governor Walker : who, on his part, had by far too much good sense and integrity to encourage such misplaced confidence in a fellow mortal.

The charge having been gone into, the harsh expressions of the alderman being considerably softened in his own statement, Magrath was asked what excuse he could offer for so insulting an attack on one who had given him no offence.

" Give him his oath," answered the prisoner, " till I cross-question him." This proposal, exciting some mirth at the alderman's expense, increased his wrath.

" He has been on his trial before now, I'll warrant you, and for something more serious ; but waving the insult, which is, in truth, beneath my notice, I tax the fellow with being a popish spy." Then seeing Ross, who had mingled with the crowd, he added, " You, sir, as the intimate companion of young M^cAlister, can attest

whether this fellow has really been brought up in his family or not."

"Does he assert that he was?" asked a person whom Ross recognized as the original captor of Magrath:

It was generally admitted that no such assertion had been made: while the inflexible composure of Magrath impressed many in his favor.

"It does not appear to me," remarked Governor Walker, "that anything more is proved than a very rude and unjustifiable speech to a superior. If the prisoner can show himself authorized to fight the battles of Mr. M'Alister, I, for one, shall be content to use my influence with my good friend Crowe, to accept an apology and dismiss him."

"Plase your riverince," asked Magrath, with a look of simplicity; "what call would a man show for fighting of battles?"

"There now!" exclaimed the alderman: but Walker, with great good-humor, replied, "the call of duty, my lad. A loyal man may fight when his king's authority is resisted; a Christian man will fight the battles of his faith; and an attached follower may stand by his master when assailed; which in the present instance I do not see to have been the case. But come: our time is precious: call witness to prove your connection with the M'Alister family; and then make a suitable apology to this gentleman."

Ross stepped forward, and said he knew Magrath to have been some time in the family, that a near relation of his had served them for half a century, and the attachment, he believed, was very strong.

"And is he a steady adherent to our cause?" asked the suspicious alderman.

"He was among the first to assume the white badge, to my knowledge."

"And his religion?"

Here one of the soldiers quartered at the house, eagerly advanced to depose that Magrath had, on that morning, invited him to join in family worship, at which he was also present. "After what form?" inquired the persevering accuser. The soldier answered, that they belonged to the Established Church.

"All well," said the governor: "and now make an ample apology to the alderman."

But Magrath was thoroughly bent to ruin his own cause. He roundly accused Mr. Crowe of having "mended one big lie with a bigger," and insisted that the apology ought to come from him.

"Let him state his own case," said Colonel Murray, "or we never shall have it ended."

Magrath turned to him, his countenance brightened, and his manner softening from dogged sullenness into courteous respect. "Why, then, your honor, and I'll answer to you with all the pleasure in life."

"Take my place, colonel," cried Walker, "and make what dispatch you can."

"Sure, your riverince, you'll be laving your blessing over us, anyhow?" drawled out Magrath, in a ridiculous tone, as Walker stopped to buckle on his sword.

"Come, come," said Murray, rapping his knuckles loudly on the tables, "no more trifling, sir, be brief."

In a moment Magrath assumed the aspect and attitude of a man resolved to make good his cause; and fixing a proud look on Murray, said, "It's yourself, sir, that would scorn to put wrong over right, or to call a noble young gentleman out of his name, braving him behind his back."

It was you that spoke the generous word for him ; and yourself would have stopped the foul mouth that angered me."

"Angered you, truly !" interrupted the alderman.

Magrath turned fiercely round. "Didn't you call him a rebel?—didn't you call him a hypocrite?—didn't you stick the name of coward on him?"

"I hope not," said Murray, "your fancy, my lad, helped out the meaning."

"Fancy is it?" Then taking a cane from one who stood near, he touched with it the shoulder of a gentleman, saying, "You'll please, sir, to give evidence. Sworn you are not—a poor Irishman's good name isn't worth such security—but a gentleman's word is fair coin. Speak the truth, sir."

"Really," answered the person appealed to, "I cannot in conscience refuse. Certainly, Crowe, you did use the words, though I am sure they were spoken in the heat of argument."

The momentary displeasure occasioned by Bryan's conduct had already disappeared from the minds of those who well knew and rightly appreciated his exemplary character. Considerable indignation was excited by this disclosure ; and not a little heightened when Magrath proceeded—"Wasn't he gone to grieve over the clay that these two hands shovelled last night into the grave? Didn't he return to see where they are not, who used to brighten his meals when he came in from the long guard, and the comfortless watching? A hypocrite! aye, he will put a smile over the breaking heart, to cheer up them that are fading before his eyes. A rebel is he?—and the blood of O'Neill in every vein!"—he trembled with passionate emotion.

"A great preservative that, against rebellion!" said Alderman Crowe, sneeringly.

"Pardon me," interrupted Murray, somewhat warmly, "but allowances must be made for those national feelings which are interwoven with our very being. This poor fellow's attachment may well gather strength from the circumstance to which he last alluded. Young M'Alister holds some singular opinions, but I confess that his manly avowal of them struck me as indicating the reverse of hypocrisy. As to rebellion or cowardice, the words might escape in a moment of irritation, but intentionally they could not be uttered in reference to M'Alister."

"Right for ye, Colonel Murray," said Magrath, triumphantly, "but his worship spoke a true word that he couldn't make good. He called me a popish spy. Now, a Catholic I am, and never denied it; and if I didn't come here as a spy, I came as an enemy. It isn't for love of your faith, nor for love of your cause, that I'm your friend, anyhow: but I've borne the badge, and I'll stick to it, for the sake of Bryan M'Alister."

"Upon my word," said the alderman, "we are prettily garrisoned, under this young gentleman's command."

"You are at liberty, Magrath," observed the Colonel, rising. "Return to your master; but, in future, put a check on these hasty ebullitions, or the consequences may be more serious." Then, leaving the room, he remarked to a brother officer, "such a fellow is worth a regiment of mercenary allies."

Not a few of the party concurred in this sentiment; for among the most faithful adherents of the afflicted Protestants were often found those, who though refusing to forsake their religion, yet held it in subordination to their more earthly attachments: and the bold honesty of Ma-

grath's avowals had made its way to many manly bosoms. The alderman, however, was exceedingly annoyed at the unceremonious manner in which Murray had dismissed the prisoner, without even pressing the condition of an apology. In fact, Murray possessed too enlarged a mind for the abode of party spirit, which loves to coil itself within a contracted habitation. His generous sympathy was awakened by Magrath's brief yet touching allusion to M'Alister's domestic calamity; and the concluding trait of enthusiastic nationality struck a kindred chord in his own chivalric character, to which the alderman's unfeeling remark presented a discordant contrast.

There had, indeed, been such displays—displays of mutual animosity—within the walls of Derry, as well nigh disheartened her warmest defenders; and happy it was for them, that the more elevated characters who now took the lead, both in civil and military concerns, placed a check on these foolish and disgraceful exhibitions; the nature of which may be judged from the fact that, a short time before, in that very place, the Diamond, two parties, Episcopalian and Presbyterian, had actually arrayed themselves to fight for the privileges of respectively using the cathedral as a place of worship! The right feeling of a few principal men interposed, to prevent this almost incredible act of madness; and Walker succeeded in convincing both parties that Hewson, the individual who had instigated them to it, was a hired emissary of 'Gyrconnel's. By much persuasion they were induced to adjust the difference, and agree to use alternately the venerable edifice on the Sabbath: and once in the week also the ministers of the kirk were invited to assemble their congregations beneath its roof. Increasing danger and privations quickly united the sincere Protestants in

a common bond of fidelity : but sad were the forebodings of those whose spiritual discernment could detect, in this unseemly contest, the permitted power of Satan within, while his more open instruments from without were so vauntingly defied.

There was also much of treacherous instability among the worldly class, which manifested itself by degrees in frequent desertions, accompanied sometimes with disclosures that kept the garrison in continual fear lest the enemy's guns should be so pointed as to ignite their scanty stores of ammunition ; and those very characters, whose blind attachment was wont to manifest itself in ebullitions of misjudging zeal, like that of Alderman Crowe, were the most ready and efficient dupes of such hollow professors. Crowe had a follower, in whom he placed unbounded confidence, on the ground of his having forsaken popery out of compliments to himself ; and this man was made acquainted with many deliberations that were not supposed to be divulged beyond the council-chamber. To him the alderman communicated his suspicions respecting Magrath, and directed him to keep an eye on the audacious avower of popery—an injunction upon which the other acted, from motives somewhat unlike those suggested by his employer.

Time was rolling on, and the warmth of approaching summer appeared far more dreadful than the rudest storms of winter to so dense a population, pent up within a narrow compass. After the beginning of May, the throwing of bombs ceased : and this was hailed as a welcome respite, though only of a few weeks' duration ; but the firing of cannon balls into the city, some of which were red hot, created a new source of terror, and deprived several persons of life.

James Stuart was still in Dublin, where, assisted by his mock parliament, he continued to issue the most tyrannical and oppressive edicts against the Protestants of the land, outlawing them, that his own adherents might obtain possession of their estates; and proving that their sole hope must lie in a desperate course of resistance to his usurpation. No succors had been received from King William: while the French fleet, with a reinforcement of popish auxiliaries on board, had gladdened the heart of James by making good their entrance into Bantry Bay, and landing their formidable freight in the country which, it was credibly reported, was to be annexed to the dominions of the French king, when his troops should have completed its subjugation. The Marechal Conrad de Rosen, a fierce and pitiless commander, headed this expedition: and commenced his progress across the island, from which his object was to root out Protestantism in every form, and to lay the nation prostrate before the rulers into whose hearts it was put to give their dominion unto the papal antichrist. It is difficult to assign a reason for the tardiness of the English government in this emergency; but it was overruled to the better instruction of the Protestants as to the value of the stake for which they contended; and also to the severe chastisement of that pride, self-confidence, and disunion which so disgracefully marred the church of Christ among them.

During the month of May, continual sallies took place from the gates of Derry, in which the besieged were generally successful. Such was their confidence, that Walker in his diary mentions, under date, May 5, "This night the besiegers drew a trench across the Windmill-hill from the bog to the river, and there began a battery;

from that they endeavored to annoy our walls, but they were too strong for the guns they us'd, and our men were not afraid to advise them to save all that labor and expense, that they always kept the gates open, and they might use that passage if they pleas'd, which was wider than any breach they could make in the walls." This was five months after the commencement of the contest, and strikingly displays the undaunted resolution of men who, what with external assaults and internal treachery and disappointed hope, had endured enough to damp the ardor of minds sustained by anything less powerful than the consciousness of a righteous cause. In the bulk of those people there might indeed be found few instances of vital, personal religion; but, collectively, they had, by solemn public acts of devotion, committed themselves and their cause into the hands of the Most High, abjuring all connection with the idolatrous power which is most emphatically opposed to the sole and absolute sovereignty of Jehovah. What was the result? "He wrought for his name's sake," and having made them, in their unsupported constancy, a spectacle to the world, he finally brought them out of their distresses when in the utmost extremity, and blessed their efforts to the establishment of that pure faith for which they professed to suffer. Alas, that so signal an example should in our day have become powerless! that on occasions of national perplexity, instead of seeking to that arm wherein our fathers hoped, and trusted, and found deliverance, we should embark our safety in the nutshell of our own strength, relying on a worldly, crooked, inconsistent, and unscriptural policy for that which our perverted wisdom can no more secure, than could our puny might have

acquired it. "Do we provoke the Lord to jealousy? are we stronger than He?"

Neglected by their friends, and on all sides pressed by foes, yet could not the inhabitants of Derry entertain a thought of capitulation; for not only were the most shameless acts of treachery committed,—prisoners murdered in cold blood, and messengers fired at under a flag of truce,—by the assailants, but one of the captives brought into the town after a successful sally, moved by the generous compassion and kind usage of the citizens, confessed to Governor Walker that the enemy were bound by dreadful oaths to observe no faith with them: but on whatsoever terms they might obtain possession of the city, to slaughter indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, whosoever bore the Protestant name. Thus, by the mercy of God, their peril was still made known to them; and any degree of suffering preferred before delivering up their helpless families to such bloodthirsty fanaticism.

The report of De Rosen's probable advance, with formidable reinforcements, was communicated to the besieged by their enemies, in one of the frequent parleys that took place. It reached M^r Alister's home, and was variously received by the different inmates.

"This commander," said Ross, who brought the tidings, "is alike celebrated for skill and brutality. He cares not about the price of a victory; friend and foe may perish together, providing another leaf is added to his laurels, and his name clad in additional terrors. I doubt whether he would honor us with a menace, had we not made ourselves of some consequence by holding out so long."

"The terrors of his name," observed the Lady, "will

not daunt us. No blast can uproot what the Lord has planted ; no gate of hell prevail where he acknowledges a church. Let De Rosen approach with his foreign band : it will but relieve us from the pain of counting as our foes exclusively those of our own household."

" True for you, my Lady," said Magrath. " It's myself that'll serve again, if the Frenchmen but take a peep at the ould walls."

" But," asked Ellen, whose increasing debility had rendered her almost helpless, " will they not again throw bombs when he arrives ?"

" You needn't doubt that, Miss Ellen," answered Shane. " The art of war requires it. Och, but we'll be bombarded to purpose, and set fire to, and blown up, may-be."

Ellen shuddered, and Basil remarked, " You have got rather a croaking tune to-day, Shane. Has De Rosen received any commission more effectually to harm us than those who have so long been kept at bay ? Does an event that will drive us closer to our Refuge call for despondency ? Burnt, and blown up, we should long since have been, had not a shield been over us, which France and all her marshals cannot penetrate."

" How like you that rebuke from a man of peace, my old soldier ?" asked Bryan, clapping Shane on the back. " You'll get me into some new scrapes by preaching cowardice, after all the trouble it has cost me to retrieve my character."

The sprightliness with which this was spoken, Bryan had recently assumed to avoid the suspicion of those for whom he was suffering some privations. Confident that famine would soon show her ghastly face among them, and distressed at the thoughtless profusion of which many

were still guilty, he, with a few others, had agreed to lay by for their families whatsoever their own abstinence could enable them to save, without secreting the common property. To this end they established a mess ; and procuring the most durable articles, such as salt meat, potatoes, meal, cheese, &c., they barely satisfied the cravings of nature, and hoarded the rest. The effects of this spare diet were often visible ; but were little remarked where all were losing their bloom, and pining beneath the hourly distresses of the time ; while, as if by common agreement, every tone became bolder, and the courage of every heart assumed a character of higher elevation. Scripture was ransacked, by the various preachers, to furnish their flocks with examples of holy daring and pious endurance. Even the absurdities of the Apocryphal books were rendered available by some, while others with more spiritualized judgment selected the messages to the seven churches of Asia, applying the reproofs and encouragements in which those exquisite portions abound, to the present circumstances of their afflicted community. At the fire thus kept constantly burning on the altar, many a torch was kindled, which had otherwise perhaps remained in eternal darkness. And we, who by our peaceful hearths, look back upon the sufferings of that period, may live to experience that persecution can be made effectual to awake a drowsy church, or to cement a disunited household of faith, or to compel the people of God to put away from among them the unholy leaven, with which false maxims of interest and expediency have led them to defile themselves.

In one of the skirmishes which took place during the month of May, at a little distance from the town, a gallant officer, Captain Cunningham, having been made

prisoner by the enemy, and afterwards basely murdered, his remains were brought into Derry, and interred with great solemnity; a strict fast being kept by the members of the Scottish and dissenting churches, while their respective ministers addressed them from the pulpit in terms suited to the affecting occasion. A liberal collection for the suffering poor was at the same time made: and the laudable example was followed immediately by those of the Established Church. The fast was more strictly kept: and nowhere more so than under the roof of M^r Alister.

Perceiving that Ellen refused to fare better than the rest, Magrath expressed his wish that in her weak state her minister had given her leave to eat. He was not a little surprised at being told that their abstinence was altogether voluntary, and that no penalty would have followed their non-observance of the fast. This led to a full discussion of the subject, with Basil and the Lady, in which Magrath evinced a deeper spirit of inquiry than he had ever before displayed. He could not well conceive upon what principle the whole question of merit was excluded from the acts of self-denial and almsgiving which he saw practised; but his readiness to abide by the decisions of God's word occasioned great joy to his affectionate instructors; and they hailed the dawning of such pure light upon his soul, as must, in its progressive brightening, dispel every shade of error. The Irish Scriptures were often in his hand; and Basil requested his assistance in translating anew some striking passages: so that Magrath was becoming possessed of a little hoard of manuscripts similar to that which his grandfather had so dearly prized.

But the Lady never failed to point out those peculiar

doctrines, and numerous declarations that brand the Romish faith as an anti-christian delusion. Malcolm was wont to recommend that the word of God should be left to achieve alone what nothing else could effect.

“Without it, I admit,” said the Lady of M^cAlister, “that no real conquest can be gained over this delusion ; but from that Word itself I derive my authority for enforcing these distinctions. When our Lord commissions his servants to go forth among the Gentile nations generally, the injunction is to preach the gospel, to baptize, and to teach them to observe and do whatsoever he had commanded. To the Jews, in addition to this, we find a continual appeal made as to the acknowledged predictions of the Old Testament which they possessed and revered as the oracles of God : but when this mystery of iniquity, that should spring up in the latter times, is referred to, what directions are given ? St. Paul, after describing the unequivocal signs of forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, adds, ‘If thou put the brethren in remembrance of THESE THINGS, thou shalt be a good minister of Jesus Christ, nourished up in the words of faith and of good doctrine ;’ a command which surely brings a heavy charge of omission against those who neglect to point them out. Again, in the revelation made to St. John, where this apostacy is most vividly described, we find a voice from heaven proclaiming, ‘Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.’ Can you assign to these, and similar passages, any other interpretation than that of an open, distinct, and unwavering testimony against the particular abomination of this fearful perverter of God’s truth ?”

Malcolm assented to this remark, and confessed that he had not devoted any careful study to that branch of the sacred writings which more immediately related to the papal error: he had rather accustomed himself to spiritualize every part of God's word for the edification of his own soul, and the nourishment of his flock.

"Aye," replied the Lady, "and behold in the surrounding horrors the fruits of that unauthorized procedure, too general among the pastors of the churches. The Lord has meetly and equally guarded every avenue to his fold, presenting against each assailant such bulwarks as his infinite wisdom and foreknowledge saw fit. But ye, too often, in the exercise of a limited vision, displace the goodly arrangement, and in order to heap defences in one point, leave many a gap wherewith the wolf enters, and ravages at his pleasure."

"Is it not," asked Basil, "as though we should take three of the four gates from their hinges to strengthen the other, when all quarters are equally assailed?"

"I must not dispute the point," replied Malcolm, smiling. "May the Lord abundantly bless your zealous endeavors, and give you a harvest of many souls!"

"Amen!" ejaculated the Lady of M'Alister; "and see that you withhold not your own hand from the work."

But in despite of past experience, in the face of those provisions which the Reformers established, and in an unaccountable indifference to many plain commands of God, the ministers of our Protestant churches have withheld—do withhold their hands, with very few exceptions: and the wolf enters, bearing away whole flocks, while scarcely an attempt has been made to rescue from his fangs a single victim, until within so short a space of time that our youth can remember its first date. And

with what epithets have they been hailed, who venture to claim for the outcasts of Israel, and the dispersed of Judah, their appointed portion from the Lord's inexhaustible stores? a portion lent indeed to the Gentile church for spiritual improvement, and that by apostolical authority, but as unalienable from the Jew in its actual literal import, as is the land which God gave to Abraham and his seed for ever; but which, during the period assigned for scattering the holy people, has likewise been permitted to remain in Gentile hands. Or has a less abundant share of harsh reproof fallen to the lot of those who, under the title of the Reformation Society, have gone forth, bearing their divinely commissioned testimony against the Mother of harlots and abominations of the earth? The men of Derry, in 1689, doubtless reckoned that succeeding generations would reap the fruits of their heroic endurance, in the wide extension of gospel truth: and that from their little citadel should spread broader light over their beloved and suffering country, even through the effort to extinguish what she yet possessed. Oh! that there had been such an heart in God's people as should have led them to verify these hopes, rightly dividing the word of truth; and conquering with the sword of the Spirit the fathers of those who, left in the bondage of spiritual Egypt through such cruel neglect, now array themselves in wrathful hostility against our name and nation, prepared to combat for the privilege of perpetual darkness in the dungeons of papal delusion!

CHAPTER IX.

THE month of May had passed without any greater annoyance from the enemy than that of the frequent cannonading, which, amongst other unpleasant effects, so polluted the water of the city, that many hazarded, and some lost their lives in the attempt to obtain a purer beverage from without the gates. This was a dreadful hardship, bearing, particularly, on the sick, on delicate women, and children. Various diseases began to spread among them, heightened by the heat of summer, and the unwholesome food to which they were well nigh confined. But on the twenty-ninth of the month a general panic was spread throughout the numerous families, by an order that every house should be provided with supplies of water; a heavy bombardment being expected during the night, of which the probable effect would be to ignite the town in every quarter.

All was confusion; and among other precautions the gunpowder hitherto lodged in the church, was removed into places of great security. Wells, long since dried up, were selected to receive it; and covered with every article best calculated to repel the dangerous element. In this service Magrath made himself so useful, that Colonel Murray particularly noticed his activity, and the good

sense that marked his frequent suggestions ; while Alderman Crowe observed to his factotum that it argued little short of madness in the leading men to follow the counsel of an acknowledged papist in a matter of such importance.

The wily follower of this zealot had good cause to know that Magrath was sincere ; since he had himself such frequent communication with the enemy as enabled him to identify every other traitor within the walls : he was one of those purchasable characters who may always be relied on by the highest bidder, and a chief agent of Tyrconnel's retained him at a handsome price. He had ascertained many particulars relating to Magrath ; and was pursuing measures to rid the garrison of one so likely to become a valuable helper in the struggle.

The bombardment did not take place ; but on the first of June a few shells were thrown during the night, and on the morrow an incessant fire was poured in from the enemy's guns ; they had, in the course of the few preceding days, constructed no less than sixteen forts, on which to mount these engines of destruction. It was now that Magrath for the first time took part in offensive preparations ; for he assisted to cast leaden balls, mounting the roofs of houses with cool intrepidity to strip the metal from them. But the following day was marked by a shower of bombs, which inflicted greater damage than had yet been sustained ; and a fierce assault from the besiegers brought the combat to the very walls of the town.

"This is terrible," said Ellen, as the chairs on which she lay rocked with the concussion ; but her look was calm, and her fortitude unshaken.

"Isn't it a blessed thing that *they* were taken away from all this evil ?" whispered Shane to Basil.

The old man had, for some time past, given his attention to the word of God, as continually spoken in his hearing by Basil. Conveyed in his native tongue, Scripture truths came home to his understanding, with a plainness of intelligibility never before felt. He did not often ask to be indulged in this way, but a sort of restlessness frequently came over him, which yielded to nothing else; and when once that sound reached his ear, it subsided into pleased attention. Magrath was the first to notice this; and struck with the similarity of his case to that of old Dennis, he would seat himself on the low stool, and read from his manuscripts, until, he said, he fancied himself a gossoon again. It was a feast indeed to the Lady of M'Alister, when, employed at her knotting, she watched and prayed over the interesting scene: and poor Ellen, with eyes half-closed in delighted attention, followed the language, to her perfectly intelligible. Basil seemed engaged with his own book, occasionally introducing a remark, as passages of particular applicability occurred in Magrath's reading: and amid the bitter trials of that calamitous season, the voice of praise was incessantly called forth on behalf not only of Magrath but of Shane.

On this dreadful day, however, the former was absent with Bryan, and every explosion spoke in audible menace concerning those abroad.

"I have been in many perils," remarked Basil; "but such a roar of artillery, such crashes, and bursts, I never heard. Oh, it is a happy privilege to know that the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier than all this noise; and that his thunders are not armed against our souls, nor will his terrors make us afraid."

"My country, my poor Ireland!" said Ellen, "will she never leave off thus to wound herself?"

"Alas for Erin!" responded the Lady, "her history is but a tale of horrors such as these."

Basil was about to speak, but a tremendous noise, accompanied by a shock that made every pane to rattle in the casement, told that a bomb had exploded near the house. Groans and shrieks followed, and Ellen, her countenance convulsed with anguish, exclaimed, "O grandmother, when will it end? when shall I get free?"

"Hush, my child: tarry the Lord's leisure. Patience must have her perfect work, but rest is near."

Shouts and screams, more appalling than before, were now heard: explosions re-echoed in various directions, and the sulphureous clouds of dense smoke drifted past, until the girl's lungs were oppressed almost to suffocation. Gently raised by her aged attendants, she struggled long under the paroxysms of coughing; and then sank down, sobbing for breath, and presenting such a spectacle of hopeless suffering, that Shane averted his eyes, groaning bitterly, while the others looked on and wept.

But instead of dispersing as usual, the smoke increased so fast as to suggest an apprehension of the city having taken fire. Another thundering explosion shook the house, and several panes of glass fell from the window. Rushing through the aperture, the choking fumes now whirled in eddies round the apartment, and Ellen's infirm supporters were themselves beginning to need support, when the door was hastily opened and closed again; and Bryan, catching up Ellen from her couch, bore her rapidly into an inner room, returning for the Lady, whom he dragged rather than led, to the same place, giving no heed to her questions; reaching again the outer apart-

ment, he bolted the door after him. Then clasping his hands on his forehead, he said, "There are times when I feel as if on the very verge of insanity. But a moment since, I looked with tearless and reckless eye on the mangled bodies of friends long endeared—now, the bare recollection maddens me"

"Yet be calm. Think of the Christian's perfect peace."

"I do—but, I had forgotten—one of our poor soldier inmates has been desperately wounded: they are bearing him hither—for that cause I bolted the door. Can you endure the sight?"

"Aye, and play the leech too, if needful: I am inured to all."

The party now arrived, bearing the poor soldier, whose leg was completely shattered. They carried him up to his apartment, followed by Basil, while Shane strewed ashes over the crimsoned floor, and Bryan went to break the matter to the females.

"It is all well, my love," said the Lady; "we will attend him with every care." Ellen asked for Magrath.

"When I last saw him he was communicating something to Walker. There had been dreadful work, but the assault is repelled, chiefly through the intrepidity of females."

"Oh, Bryan, are you not thankful concerning our mother and Letitia?"

"I am, I am. From the church battery I looked down, and rejoiced over their quiet resting-place. It is all well, Ellen; and as to us, the Lord fights for his persecuted church. There is some invisible wall of fire around us."

"It is even so," rejoined the Lady, with a look of

triumph ; "horses and chariots of fire surround us, and we are impregnable in the bulwark of prayer. Come, kneel ; for his ear is ever open, and his eye beholds while his shield defends us." She poured forth a strain of intercessory supplication for her country ; and in glowing faith commended the cause of his church to their glorious Head.

During the whole of the week, havoc and destruction were carried into the city : not satisfied with execution already done, the besiegers increased the size of the bombs, striking down houses, and killing numbers of all ranks and classes. Salted horseflesh was almost the only meat now discoverable, and of this they had put by a tolerable store. On the Friday evening Magrath entered, his countenance clouded in an unusual degree, and seated himself as if scarcely conscious where he was.

"What's come over the boy?" asked Shane anxiously.

He received no answer ; but on a similar question from Bryan, Magrath replied that he must leave the city before dawn, adding that he hoped to return in two days. Remonstrances and entreaties ensued, which at last compelled him to say that he had been summoned by his priest to confession, preparatory to the festival of St. Columbkille.

"Confession!" ejaculated Bryan ; "surely, Magrath, you are not about to betray the confidence so freely reposed in you."

"Nothing, your honor, barring what my clergy can require."

"And that is just everything! Besides, I could not believe you to be still under this irrational thralldrom."

"Is it that I ever turned my religion, sir?"

"I don't say so, but—in short, it perplexes as much as it grieves me."

Magrath handed a paper to Basil, requesting him to declare its contents aloud. It was in Irish, and required him to repair to the 'station' at Culmore, for the purpose of confessing, and hearing mass.

"Culmore! Really, Magrath, this is madness! Why, the enemy are in the greatest force there."

"May be so; but it isn't for me to dispute my clergy's orders."

"Ahone!" said Shane, "and what confession would you need, when the Saviour himself is ready to hear and forgive you?"

"True and he is; but then didn't himself say, 'Hear the church.'"

This led to an argument, in which Bryan, the Lady, and Basil took part. Magrath heard them patiently, but maintained that, as a member of the church, he was bound to obey his priests. He added, that the besieged would probably enjoy a respite on Sunday, as it was to be kept in the Irish army.

Before separating for the night, the Lady addressed him in a solemn tone. "Mark me, Larry Magrath, if you bow the knee at that confessional, invoking departed saints to hear and intercede, you reject the sole Mediator who stands between you and an offended God. If you worship the wafer, you make the cross of Christ of none effect, owning another sacrifice than that which God appointed, and committing likewise the deadly sin of idolatry. Trifle not with your salvation, for you totter on the brink of eternal flames. Take with you this warning, from one who has burst the yoke, and knows it to be a link to perdition." Ellen, with tears, implored

him to the same effect; and Basil advanced a host of scripture evidences against his purposed deed. The poor fellow was, however, inflexible, though evidently distressed; and before day-break he was past the gates, under a written protection from General Hamilton, which had been enclosed in the priest's letter.

The scanty fare of the breakfast table was rendered unpalatable to those who surrounded it, not so much by the tremendous sounds that deafened them, as by the dreary feeling which Magrath's absence produced. The wounded soldier had died in the night, and Basil, who had assiduously attended him, seemed exhausted by fatigue. Shane appeared lost in painful ruminations; and the Lady herself was unusually cast down. Ellen wept, as Bryan prepared to depart, and augured that they would lose him too; but her brother checked the murmuring expression, reminding her that her doubts of his continued preservation would be the worst omen of their own fulfilment. He urged them to be much in prayer for Magrath, as well as for himself: and left the dwelling with a heavy heart; for in Magrath he had lost the voice which always spoke some cheering word as they crossed the threshold.

Colonel Murray was one of the first persons whom he met, and instantly inquired where Bryan had left his shadow. Obtaining a promise of secrecy, M'Alister acquainted him with the fact, at which the Colonel expressed no small annoyance, hinting that he questioned how far they were justified in permitting him to depart.

"Do you doubt his fidelity?" asked Bryan.

"Why, I cannot if I would; but the matter is one of a perplexing character. So many desertions take place, that, in fact, we cannot hope to conceal anything; but I

felt a sort of regard for that fellow, which renders the possibility of his treachery quite painful."

As they approached the walls, Alderman Crowe came bustling up, and accosted Bryan, "So, Mr. M'Alister, your trusty follower has turned traitor, and deserted to the enemy."

"Indeed!" said the Colonel, "how is that?" giving Bryan a sign to be silent.

"Why, I'll tell you now, since it's all out. You know I have an attached servant, who changed his religion entirely out of personal regard for me, and therefore must be sincere. He has kept an eye on this famous gentleman some time past; and last night informed me that he was going to desert, having all along maintained a communication with the enemy. This morning I hear that he passed the Ferry-gate, and was received with open arms by his fellow-scoundrels outside."

"Well—he is not the first who has done so."

"I hope he may be the last; but don't notice what I have told you. In fact, Smith desired me to say nothing until I should hear it from other quarters. He does not like to claim the reward which his own fidelity merits."

"He shall get it though," said the Colonel, as soon as the Alderman was out of hearing. "Of the two, I'd far sooner suspect his convert than your stout-hearted papist. Keep Smith in view, if you can, M'Alister; I must away to the guard-house. You see what a peppering the rascals are disposed to give us to-day."

Perfectly sure that Magrath was the victim of some treacherous stratagem, Bryan at once bent his steps to Alderman Crowe's house; and on the door being opened by Smith, asked first if all was well within; and then,

whether he had seen or heard anything of his man, Magrath.

"Nothing, sir: sure I hav'n't been outside to-day. The last I saw of Magrath, he was walking past with you yesterday. I hope no harm's come over the honest lad."

Bryan turned away, and seeking out Ross, told him all that had occurred. He was not a little gratified to find his impetuous friend as perfectly convinced of Magrath's integrity, and Smith's perfidy, as himself; but how to make their conviction available, in the dreadful state of the town, was a difficulty which they could not surmount. "Let us to the church battery," said Ross, "and take a look around us."

They ascended the cathedral roof; and surveyed the sickening prospect. The numerous forts, entrenchments, batteries, and works of every description that had completed the investment, were occasionally obscured, as the mortars rolled forth their clouds of smoke, each sending into the city its messenger of destruction. Lough Foyle rolled its broad stream tranquilly past unless when a shot ploughed the surface, or sank with an echoing plash into the tide. Towards its mouth many a longing look had been cast, in fond anticipation of coming succors: and some, when their hearts failed them, were wont to mount the walls, and gaze in that direction, until the vision of hope pictured an approaching sail, and imagination filled up the outline. But now, in addition to the accumulated works on either side, the enemy were beginning to stretch a boom across the river; and thus presented such obstacles to the progress of a fleet, as tended to chill the most sanguine expectant: and when the eye, withdrawn from this quarter, fell on the streets below, a spectacle

of misery presented itself, difficult to conceive and impossible to describe.

At this time the mortality was such, that the burials averaged thirty in a day ; so that the streets presented a succession of funerals, conducted in trembling haste, while the frequent bombs tore up the neighboring pavement, and cast it among the attendants. Scarcely was more than the surface of the burying-ground disturbed, to furnish a shallow grave for several dead bodies together : and often was some mourner reached by a fatal ball, while returning from his sorrowful task. Even as Bryan and Ross looked down from their elevation, a bomb struck the house of a gentleman, driving out from the wall a ponderous stone, which, falling on a man near the Ship-quay bastion, dashed his head to atoms.

The fort, or castle of Culmore, situate on a point of land which projected considerably into the river, at a short distance, was an object of particular interest to the two friends. It formed the strongest of the enemy's positions of annoyance, in case of any approach from the harbor, and was well garrisoned. But beyond the association of Magrath's image with its distant outline, it presented nothing to their view : and in melancholy silence they quitted the spot, to commune with those who thronged the Diamond ; to assist in deliberation on the important subject of husbanding provisions, and the many other anxious cares that harassed the public mind.

Magrath's augury that the Sunday would afford a respite from bombardment was fulfilled. Not a shell nor a ball was fired on that day ; the Irish camp being engrossed in paying those honors to St. Columbkil which they had never once afforded to the Lord of the Sabbath, during the protracted siege. Advantage was taken of

this cessation by many whom timidity had deterred from venturing abroad; and the Church was thronged at its various services, by a crowd of sickly objects, whose squalid and emaciated appearance contrasted most strangely with the words of hope and fortitude to which they gave utterance. Many with tearless eyes looked on the graves of their nearest and dearest connexions; while others, in greater emotion, uttered ejaculations of resignation to the divine will, blessing the Lord for what he had done, and declaring that they deemed no sacrifice too great for a cause so holy. Ellen was wheeled in a low chair to the cathedral, her grandmother, supported by Bryan, walking on one side, Basil on the other; and Shane, with trembling hand, essaying to steady the hinder part of the vehicle, which rather assisted his steps. An expression of heavenly peace was upon her pale fair countenance, and though a tear swelled when she passed her mother's grave, a smile of indescribable sweetness illumined every feature, as, looking up to Bryan, she softly said, "I hope they will have room beside it."

At the door, a number of coffins were deposited during the service, and the departing congregation were constrained to pass between two files of them, awaiting a hasty interment. One very plain box, over which was thrown a black shawl, attracted Bryan's view: for the mother of Patrick, with little Thady in her hand, stood behind it. She curtsied as she caught his eye; and with unruffled serenity glanced first at the boy, and then at the coffin, indicating that her other child was there.

"And is it so?" asked Bryan, involuntarily pausing on his path.

"She was so happy!" answered the mother, raising her eyes to heaven; while the deep hollow of her cheek,

the sunken eye, and sallow hue, bespoke her also a candidate for speedy admission to the mansions of peace. Thady retained all his beauty, blooming like a solitary flower in the midst of every imaginable species of desolation.

“Ah! the cause upholds her wonderfully,” said a stander-by.

“The cause of the cross,” rejoined the sufferer, “and the cross in the cause, are precious.”

The crowded coffins, the open graves, the church windows shattered by balls, together with the wretched aspect of the living spectres, all arrayed in the gorgeous beams of a dazzling summer's sun, presented a wild and ghastly incongruity, over which the holy enthusiasm of the hour threw a character of such awful interest, that many lingered and looked, as if to impress upon their minds a lasting recollection of the unearthly scene. Among these was Colonel Murray, who, as Walker in full canonicals took his station in the door-way, approached M^cAlister, and requested to be presented to his venerable parent, to whom he immediately tendered his arm, addressing her with a suavity of manner peculiarly his own.

“It is a sad, and yet a glorious spectacle, which those who survive will labor to declare to their children's children, as a holy incentive to like fidelity.”

“And as a lesson of confiding faith,” added the Lady, “that hearing what the Lord has done for us, they may feel the blessedness of saying, ‘This God is our God, for ever and ever.’”

“I trust so,” said Murray: then added, “no tidings of poor Magrath.”

"He is in the Lord's hand," responded she: "may he receive grace to resist every temptation!"

"I have taken precaution in a quiet way, that no hindrance should be given to his re-admission: but suspended as we all are by a mere cobweb over the abyss of eternity, a single life is perhaps too little recked of."

"Yet each single life, Colonel Murray, involves the doom of an immortal soul; and what of equal value does this material world contain?"

Murray took her hand and answered, "At this spot I must reluctantly leave you; but to your query I reply, that a single soul is beyond all price; and while your faithful prayers nerve our arms in battle, forget not to supplicate that those who fall may find mercy through the blood of the Redeemer." Then turning to Ellen, he bent over her little carriage, and said, with strong feeling, "Be of good cheer, dearest young lady: true hearts and firm hands are the walls that hem you in; and the Most High will not forsake his children."

"May you be numbered among them!" was the secret prayer of each as he departed.

The family sat up late, indulging a hope that Magrath might return: but in vain. He formed the subject of their discourse, and of their supplications; and unwillingly they bade good night and parted; yet thankful for the day's unwonted repose.

The following morning witnessed a renewal of the bombardment and cannonade: a new scene of horror was also exhibited; for the dead so lightly interred were rent from their graves by the bursting of large shells. This proved to many fond survivors a more heart-rending visitation than all their personal afflictions, outraging, as it did, one of the strongest feelings of domestic love. But no trial

seemed to be wanting in this season of fiery tribulation. Magrath's non-appearance increased the despondency of his friends: and Ross kept a strict watch over the mansion of Alderman Crowe, in the vague hope of eliciting something from Smith: but to no purpose. On the following day, Ross himself was not to be found, nor could Bryan gain any tidings of him.

At the old Lady's suggestion, Basil had obtained permission to visit the prisoners, and make an attempt to read the Irish Scriptures to them. In this he was successful beyond his hope; for although many rejected with sullen scorn, and some with abusive insolence, his proposal, yet, when he commenced on the slender encouragement which a few afforded, such was the power of their vernacular tongue, that scarcely one refused to listen. Many were sensibly affected; and as he chose the most simple portions, chiefly the recital of the Lord's miracles, teaching, and sufferings, their interest was engaged, their prejudices disarmed, and not a few repaid with warm thanks his kindness in cheering their captivity. Shane accompanied him once or twice; and his report, divested as it was of every strimionious expression concerning those whom he before deemed it meritorious to revile, was doubly welcome to his friends.

Weary, disheartened, and indisposed, Bryan stretched himself on some chairs in the evening of that day, listening to a conversation between Shane and Basil, and secretly wishing that he was as sure of a speedy removal to the unseen world as their advanced years rendered them. Ellen dozed; and the Lady was engrossed with her Bible. Frequent explosions shook the house; but they were now of too common occurrence to be much regarded. The door was flung open, and Ross entered, with a shout

of joy, which was echoed, in some wise, by each of the party, when they discovered that he led Magrath, evidently wounded, and extremely weak : but staggering eagerly towards Bryan, who had started up, and upon whose arms he threw his own for support, while he exclaimed, "Praise to God—the fleet! the fleet!"

"Oh! blessed sound!" cried the Lady, as she raised her clasped hands, "and blessed sight to behold our poor brother once more."

"Magrath—my dear fellow!" exclaimed Bryan, almost wild with joy, while Ross said, "The fleet is in the Lough, though still far distant; and not likely to make any way for some hours, and panic is spreading among the enemy; but we must look after Magrath. We fished him out of the water in good time, and I fancy that he is in a poor plight—have you any provisions at hand?"

Such as they had was produced, and Magrath voraciously devoured it. The bullet, which had passed through the fleshy part of his arm, had inflicted but a slight wound; and Basil remarked that it would be a source of great thankfulness if his soul had sustained no greater injury, exposed as it had been to worse peril than his body.

"Sure, and I've taken a power of care of the same. Troth, and it's I that have need to do that," he added with an indescribable grimace, and checked himself.

"You've been to mass!" said Shane, in a tone of sorrowful reproach.

"May-be I hav'n't."

"Nor to confession?" asked Bryan eagerly.

"Sorrow a bit, sir."

"What, could you not find a priest?" inquired Ross.

“Oh! as plenty as pratees, your honor: but we couldn't agree, any how.”

He then, with perfect composure, proceeded to recount his adventures, and in the effect produced by them, his mind appeared to lose all consideration of the triumph which such a narrative must afford to some who had hitherto been his opponents, as well on religious as political grounds.

He related that no obstruction had been offered on the short excursion to Culmore, where he found a bishop of his church, who received him with much kindness, congratulating him on having escaped the hands of his enemies, and strictly enjoining him not again to hazard himself among them. After some discourse, in the progress of which Magrath baffled several attempts at obtaining information concerning Derry, the Bishop recommended his confessing to a priest, just arrived to hold a station there. Magrath obeyed; but on coming to the confessional, honestly apprised the priest that he should give no information on anything that did not concern himself;—a plan in which the other refused to concur, indignantly assuring him that any concealment on points where he might be questioned, would burden his soul with mortal sin. Finding his penitent still refractory, he changed his tone, and pathetically appealed on behalf of the persecuted church, representing the Protestants, especially those of Derry, as children of perdition, obnoxious alike to divine and human detestation, and with whom none could keep faith without incurring the contamination of their damnable heresies.

The failure alike of his eloquence, and of the menaces with which he interspersed it, soon overcame his small stock of patience, and seizing Magrath by the collar, he

dragged him towards an adjoining room, the door of which he threw open, and in violent wrath denounced him as a pestilent heretic to the bishop, who was seated at breakfast, with a party of his clergy around him. Every eye was turned on Magrath, who presently recognized in one of them the ominous twinkle of Father Peters, under whose careful superintendance he had been sent on pilgrimage, just previous to his grandfather's death.

The recognition was mutual, notwithstanding the lapse of eight years since their last meeting; and the priest, expressing great pleasure at beholding him again, assured his brethren that he was a faithful son of the church, long under his care, and one who would gladly receive wholesome admonition from his ancient pastor.

With Peters, therefore, Magrath withdrew, and had to maintain his post against every mode of displaying that authority to which he had once paid such unlimited obedience.

"I tould his riverinca that I came to confess all my own sins and get absolution; but the Derry men hadn't put it upon me to fetch them a penance, and I couldn't in conscience betray them. 'Conscience,' says he, 'and who's to look after your conscience, barrin' the clergy that has you under his knee!' 'O, sure,' says I, 'and isn't it myself that must give account of myself to God? Musn't I stand before the judgment seat of Christ? Then to see the face of him when he asked me, 'And who tould you all that stuff?' 'Stuff is it?' says I; 'sure and it's in the blessed book of God's truth.' And then I gave it him in Irish, clane and entire, as it was on my memory."

"And how bore he that?" asked Eryan.

"Bear it he didn't any how; but he clenched his fist

in my teeth, and cursed me for as big a heretic as ould Dennis himself, that was burning like a dry sod of turf in the fire of hell. I axed him how long had he known that the sowl was there? 'How long is it?' says he; 'it's ever since I put my curse on the ould heretic for sticking to the trash that has poisoned ye all. Didn't he tell me the rites of the church couldn't bring him to heaven? Troth, and he went fast enough to hell without 'em.' 'Why, then,' says I, 'it's your riverince that's going to do the just and generous thing, giving back to my father's son the mass-money that went to fetch Dennis out of purgatory, and he in hell the com-fortless creathur!'"

Unmoved by the burst of laughter which this shrewd turn drew from Ross and Bryan, Magrath went on to describe the augmented rage of the priest, who swore that unless he gave full information on every point required, and amply atoned for his sacrilegious insolence, he should be turned out among the faithful army as an excommunicated traitor. Left to himself, in a small apartment, of which the grated window and iron-clenched door bespoke it a prison, Magrath had leisure to reflect on the probable termination of his adventure; while the pacing of a sentry at a short distance proved that he was carefully guarded.

"And didn't you repent of your stoutness the while?" asked Shane, the intentness of whose interest struck all the party.

"I didn't repent of my honesty, any way," answered the other, with strong emphasis: "but Father Peters' blarney had put me on thinking over past times; and sure it was I that had sins to confess, and wouldn't be let tell them to mortal man." He paused—his heart

seemed full, and his downcast looks bespoke deep thought. Then suddenly raising his eyes, with a bold and frank expression, he fixed them on Basil, saying, "I'll tell you what myself did: I couldn't well bear the weight that was on me; for somehow, talking of ould Dennis brought back the remembrance of the lone tower where the bishop was pent; and I couldn't but think a curse was upon me for that same; so I kneeled down and confessed to the Lord Jesus Christ, without priest or patron; and when I was in it, somehow I couldn't leave off, but confessed for ould Dennis and all the race, and asked him would I get absolution that way? why shouldn't I? for sure the words were clear in my mind:" and he recited in Irish, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Bryan started from his chair, and repeating the text in English, paced the room, absorbed in mental thanksgiving; while Basil, suppressing his emotion, asked Magrath whether he experienced any comfort from this, to him, novel mode of confession.

"Sure, and I did, sir. A feel came over me as if the great God looked and listened, and I cannot say but I trembled. Yet, comfort it was to think that he heard me, and I got up with a lighter heart." He then related that another attack was made on his constancy by one of the servants, who, coming as if by stealth, set before him the certain death which awaited him, should the priest denounce him from the altar on the morrow, as he would do unless a timely submission averted the fate. Magrath, however, described the report of the pieces which sent shells and shot into Derry, as assisting to harden him against all pleading; and he made up his mind to brave the worst; passing the night in painful reflection, not

unmixed with joy, as passages from the Irish scriptures were forcibly brought to his remembrance.

At early morning, Peters once more appeared, accompanied by the bishop, and armed with all the artillery of expostulation, and thundering menaces, both as regarded this world and the next. He stood firm; and they left him for the first mass, giving him until noon to consider the consequences of such unheard-of pertinacity. Peters had informed the bishop of old Dennis's refractory end; and the virulent abuse heaped on the word of God by the *soi-disant* ministers of his truth, operated to strengthen Magrath against the uttermost that their malice could achieve. Through his narrow window he saw the men crowding to mass, and, not wishing to be behindhand in devotion, he knelt down to pray, as before.

The sentry had been frequently relieved; and about noon, when, after a short query, to which an equally short negative was given, the priest had left his door, Magrath recognized in his new guard one whom he well knew as an active emissary of his party; high in the confidence of some leaders among the native Irish clans. Magrath called him by name; and the other, much surprised, advanced to the grate, inquiring by what means he had been placed in such a dilemma.

"For my honesty," was the reply; and before he could proceed, the other burst into low but bitter invectives against the French party, who, he said, were using the Irish as tools, to gain a footing in the land at the expense of their blood, and afterwards to enslave them. The priests then at Culmore, he said, were all in the plot, and would, no doubt, make away with every honest man who sought to maintain his country's independence. He then inquired if it was by their means that the pri-

soner lay under sentence of death, as he understood; Magrath simply gave an affirmative; which drew from his friend renewed expressions of indignation. As, however, time for relieving him approached, he hastily desired the prisoner to watch until he should see a sentry on guard, wearing a green riband at his button-hole, and then to try the door of his cell, and make what use he could of the opportunity. He finished by directing him to seek out their former employer, and apprise him that those in authority were deeply plotting the subjugation of Ireland beneath the yoke of France; and was gone before Magrath could answer a word, leaving him doubtful whether he should avail himself of succor given under so evident a misconception.

Connellan, his ancient comrade, he knew to be a man of dark and stern resolve, in whatsoever regarded the exclusive interests of the native race. Religion formed, with him, only an inferior branch of patriotism, and his was the hand that would stab on the high altar even a sovereign pontiff, capable of conspiring against Irish ascendancy. Called from a distant post to take his turn in guarding a prisoner whose safe keeping was only entrusted to men of tried resolution, he knew no more than that he had fallen under the displeasure of their leaders. His former experience of Magrath's devoted attachment to the native cause, brought at once his impetuous mind to the conclusion that for it he was now about to suffer; nor would he regard the representations subsequently made in answer to his inquiries as any but the artful invectives of his enemies. Revelry prevailed throughout the camp, while in honor of Columbkil a high feast was kept: and this disorder bade fair to facilitate the

plans of Connellan, whose fixed resolve it was to liberate the captive.

Magrath, meanwhile, ruminated on the strange event, opening so unexpected a way of escape. With characteristic scorn of consequences, he resolved to undeceive Connellan, rather than bear the brand of treachery to any party: at the same time not purposing to lose any hope of an honorable retreat from the grasp of those against whom his patriotism was rising into active hostility. Some hours elapsed, and several times had Magrath taken an anxious survey of some new guard, before the welcome sight of an end of green riband, drawn out through the button-hole of his vest, apprised him that a confederate of Connellan had assumed the office. This man took a wider range than his predecessors, whistling a national melody as he paced the ground; and while observing him, Magrath distinctly heard a key turn in the lock of his door. At the same time, the sentry, ceasing his tune, stood stationary with his back to the building.

Magrath opened the door; all was clear: he turned the key again, to secure the entrance of his prison, and slipping it into his pocket, passed swiftly round a projecting angle of the wall, and descended a bank overhanging the lower ground—a rude, natural rampart—under which he paused, stooping low beneath its level, to ponder on the next movement in his novel and perilous expedition. At any other time, such an escape would have been morally impossible, nor could he have occupied his present position for three minutes undiscovered: but all bonds of discipline had been loosed, and every military precaution sacrificed at the shrine of drunken revelry. In fact, the army had long manifested symptoms of disgust, and even of an insurrectionary spi-

rit, under the severe privations imposed by their arduous task before the stubborn walls of Derry; and it was wisely counselled by the crafty priesthood, that a day of unlimited enjoyment should be conceded, to restore in some measure the good humor of the troops; while by an extensive application of that invaluable engine, the confessional, they should themselves be able to ascertain that nothing like an organized plan of mutiny existed among the complainants. Always ready to take full advantage of such festive seasons, the men were continually assembling in that part of the camp where liquor abounded; and no such attraction residing in Magrath's present vicinity, he was comparatively safe, while screened from the view of the sentinels, whose measured tread still vibrated before the empty guard-house.

In deliberating on his future course, Magrath decided on that from which a mind of ordinary nerve would most intuitively have shrunk. With care and circumspection he might have won his way back to the walls of Derry, favored as he was by circumstances that would speedily be changed into double vigilance; but he resolved on gaining some farther insight into the condition of his countrymen, and with this intent he prepared to throw himself into the midst of that confused company, which, like the mixed multitude that went up out of Egypt, still hovered about the regular camp, and anticipated, if not a share in the future spoil, yet, at least, a sanguinary participation in the meditated carnage of the devoted city. The better to avoid such suspicion as his decent garb would perhaps excite, Magrath divested himself of his coat and shoes, which, with his hat, he buried under some loose earth: then, having torn his waistcoat, and otherwise damaged his remaining apparel, he placed the

fragment of a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, and sallied forth, exposed to any eye that might be roaming thitherward, and deliberately passed on towards the outermost part of the encampment.

Bryan could not refrain from expressing some astonishment at a proceeding so manifestly imprudent; but Magrath assured him that, barring Father Peters, he could have faced any man who had seen him during that or the preceding day without apprehension of discovery. Adding, that at first he had assumed somewhat of a staggering gait, as though intoxicated; but some passage which came into his mind, bidding him abstain from every appearance of evil—and he quoted it in the Irish—induced him to lay aside the semblance of that sin which he would not actually have committed, and to trust to such disguise alone as his conscience could not condemn.

Arrived among the wild stragglers of his race, he was allured by the savory steams of a pot, which promised some relief to his hunger; and which, as he approached, was just taken over from a fire of turf, where it had hung suspended from sticks, and carried into a sort of cabin, or rather shed, most rudely constructed for the shelter of as many human beings as chose to congregate beneath its roof. His wistful looks were remarked by one who seemed to exercise some control over his surrounding companions; and who, as a matter of course, proffered a welcome to the stranger, in that tongue which was almost exclusively spoken around him. Magrath thankfully accepted the invitation, while his host remarked that it was a long fast some of them had kept: adding, that probably Magrath, like himself, had been with the priest that day: a fact which the visitor readily confirmed.

"I could not get to the blessed sacrament," said the other, crossing himself, "until just now; and that is the reason that I am fasting still. Oh, it's a comfortable thing to come under the priest's hand, and to know that all is right between God and your soul."

"Ay, Corny," remarked another, "you are the most religious man among us. I don't believe you ever put your head down without prayers."

"Never, without an act of faith, and of hope, and of charity," answered Corny. "How could I get my rest, if I was not in peace with God and all the world?"

By this time the savory mess was emptied into a capacious pan, and the guests proceeded to help themselves, each as suited his own convenience. Some women and children were among the party, and the latter appeared particularly ravenous; one little fellow was grasping at a small bone in such haste that he burnt his fingers severely, and threw it down with a cry.

"Served you right, Dan," said Corny. "What good do you think you'll get of the food without blessing yourself? come, sir, do it now; you are a perfect heathen." The child readily crossed himself, and Magrath could not but feel respect for the character of his pious and hospitable entertainer. As the dinner proceeded, he cast his eyes around the room, if such it could be called, and in one corner discerned a confused heap, the outlines of which struck him with sensations of uneasiness, though he could hardly assign a name to the object before him.

Corny, however, followed the direction of his eye, and exclaimed, triumphantly, "Aye, that's one of them, and snug enough he is, I'll engage you." He then put forth what partook pretty equally of the character of an imprecation and a prayer: trusting that the Virgin would

give them as many whole heretic carcasses to pike, as there were hairs on that fellow's head.

"Where did he come from?" asked Magrath.

"Skulking from Enniskillen, I suppose, to the wall of the devil's other fortress, yonder. We laid hold of him, last evening, and paid him off to some purpose. It was myself, though, that cut at him both first and last."

"No, it was not," said little Dan, "for I stuck the knife into him after you."

"Well, you are a brave little lad, and there's a better bone for you, only don't forget the blessing again, Dan; for what is man or boy without religion?"

Magrath had never been sensible to how great an extent the veil had been removed from his heart, until he experienced the thrill of horror which this dialogue sent through it. A few weeks ago, and not the slightest incongruity would have appeared on the face of this fearful compound of religion and butchery; but now it struck him as the very masterpiece of satanic domination over the soul of man. Still, with his unflinching self-possession, he escaped exciting a surmise as to the tenor of his feelings; and wishing for farther confirmation, where his own experience bore but too clear a testimony, he asked, in a careless way, "And what said his reverence to you about it?"

"It would not become me," answered Corny, "to repeat all that his reverence was so good as to say; for surely I did no more than my duty. But he gave me a plenary indulgence for seven years, and power to deliver the soul of my father and grandfather from purgatory; saying—and that I tell for the encouragement of others—that if every heart was as sound, and every hand as steady as Cornelius O'Keefe's, we should not be so long

unkennelling the poisonous vermin, and clearing the sod of their whole generation."

"The infernal hypocrite!" ejaculated Ross, while the rest of the party seemed petrified by the tale. Magrath quietly asked him, "Is it Corny, or the priest, sir?"

"Why, both; but particularly the murdering scoundrel who made such a fuss about crossing himself."

"Then, begging your honor's pardon, no more a hypocrite than yourself, Mr. Ross; or than Mr. Basil was, when he prayed over his enemies in the ould tower. And why did he do that? Sure, wasn't it because his religion taught him, and his own bishop showed him the way into it? Now, Corny's religion taught him the other plan, and his priest encouraged him in the same. If Mr. Basil had murdered ould Dennis that guarded him, I'm thinking it's he that would have been the hypocrite; and sure if O'Keefe let the Protestant escape, the same would have been his rightful name. Moreover, he'd have earned the curse of his church, instead of getting sowls out of purgatory."

"Och," groaned old Shane; "and you think they were in it?"

"Myself didn't see them any how, in or out," answered Magrath, with one of his peculiar grimaces. He then resumed the thread of his narrative, relating that the sufferings of the Irish without the walls fell very little short of those experienced by the besieged: while famine prevailed to a great extent, and contagious diseases carried off numbers daily. A feeling similar to that expressed by Connellan seemed very generally diffused among the native Irish, who complained heavily of the callous indifference with which the foreign soldiers and officers beheld their sufferings, securing to themselves

whatever they could lay hold on, and treating as an inferior race of beings those to whose aid they professed to have come. Still the priests had laid a timely and effectual curb on this murmuring disposition; and by directing every excited feeling into its ancient channel of vengeful hatred against the Protestant name and cause, these ghostly engineers had wrought a diversion highly favorable to their arrogant allies; into whose hands, as Magrath again asserted, they had most assuredly sold both the country and its whole population.

When he had completed his survey, the intrepid Irishman bent his steps towards Derry; but having excited some suspicion when approaching it, he was fired at and pursued. As a *dernier ressort* he had plunged into the Foyle, by his skill in diving baffling farther aim, and under the shades of closing twilight, escaped their view; the attention of his pursuers having been arrested by the sudden report of a fleet entering the Lough. He had, however, exhausted his strength so much, that he might have perished in the water, had not Ross, with his little reconnoitering party, happily discovered and rescued him.

"Aye, my lad," observed Ross, as he concluded, "and with hearty good will I landed you on *terra firma*; but mind, the next time you sally out at the priest's bidding, you may e'en fight your way back again, for any help that you'll get from me."

"True, for you, sir," answered Magrath; and the smile that accompanied his words seemed to augur little success for the priest, should he issue a second summons.

Ross declared that he would have Smith tossed over to his confederates, at the top of the morning; but that worthy gentleman had anticipated his kind purpose, by stealing out soon after nightfall, leaving them to conjec-

ture that tidings of the prisoner's escape had reached him, and that his disinclination for any possible meeting with Magrath prompted the hasty retreat.

Magrath had not described to his auditors the effect produced on his mind by the horrible incongruities displayed under the roof of Cornelius O'Keefe; but from his ready disclosure of the facts, the inference was necessarily drawn, that popery had nearly lost her victim; and powerful was the encouragement deduced, to pursue those rational and scriptural means whereby the infernal yoke should be effectually and for ever broken from his neck.

CHAPTER X.

It was a remark of King William, when alluding to the protracted defence of Derry, that there could not have been one soldier either within or without its walls. He spoke with that exclusive reference to second causes, which is too prevalent among warriors and statesmen; evidently implying that no man of military genius could have failed of carrying, or ventured upon defending, so weak a post. In thus saying, he, however, underrated the professional abilities of the French Mareschal, who, on the first view of that little citadel, was so struck with the human impossibility of any garrison maintaining possession, that he expressed supreme contempt for those who had failed of capturing it; swearing a most impious oath, that he would make his soldiers bring it to him stone by stone. It would seem that neither the monarch nor the mareschal called to mind the over-ruling power of him who, in answer to the prayer of a believing king, said of the vaunting enemy encamped before his walls, "He shall not come into this city nor shoot an arrow there, nor come before it with shields, nor cast a bank against it. By the way that he came, by the same shall he return, and shall not come into this city, saith the Lord."

It was a sore trial of faith to the fainting inhabitants of Derry, when the ships, whose approach had so revived their hopes, and struck terror into the besiegers, turned their prows against the breeze and departed. The drawing of a few cannon from the Irish camp down to the banks of Lough Foyle, intimidated the English commander into this cruel desertion of his suffering allies; and they were once more cast on the unseen Arm to which many of them clung with an enduring trust, well worthy the brightest periods of the church.

In vain did the signal of distress wave from their cathedral-spire; in vain did the famishing people mount their walls, and stretch their hands, and strain their eyeballs, as if to catch some answering sign from the receding vessels; some with cries of anguish, others with loud reproach, or bitter execrations, while a few, in patient submission, secretly prayed for grace to wait the Lord's appointed time. The shouts and insulting gestures with which the enemy mocked the baffled hope, proved to some more irritating than the disappointment itself; and one of the apprentices exclaimed that, to be revenged on those unfeeling English, he could find it in his heart to fling open the town-gates, and swear fealty to King James.

"Indeed you would not," answered Bryan; "our cause is unchanged and so are we. We struggle not to sustain this dynasty or that, but to keep alive a glimmering spark, which, once extinct, must leave our poor country in utter darkness. We have nursed that little spark through storm and flame, through pestilence and famine, and we'll guard it still, the Lord being our helper. Precious beam! yet destined to survive, and shine, and brighten every nook of our own green isle!"

"Bravo!" cried Walker; "three cheers for that sentiment from all true Derry boys:" and the call was obeyed with all the alacrity of rekindled enthusiasm.

But sadly they descended from those walls to bear the unwelcome tidings, each to his home: to meet the hollow eye of craving famine, and to blanch the hectic of expectation on many a care-worn cheek; to hear the mean of insupportable disappointment, or to gaze on the more pitiable smile, beneath which affection sought to veil the sufferings of nature. This last was Bryan's lot to encounter; the Lady of M'Alister looked up with meek submission, saying, "All is well. The fire would not be thus intensely heated if the Lord had not here some precious metal to refine and purify."

Ellen, stretched on her couch of chairs, turned her cheek on the pillow, and remarked, "I must needs grieve for others who hunger; but none need pity me, who have so poor an appetite."

"You'll be saying any how," rejoined Shane; "but it's a sup of nourishment that would put the blood into your veins again, avourneen."

"I have a heavier trial than this," observed Basil, "for the swelling in my ankles threatens to forbid my visiting the prisoners."

The Lady anxiously exclaimed, "Do not say so; you shall be wheeled in Ellen's chair. Amid these sighs and sounds of horror, O let not that voice of pity be silenced."

"And why would it?" asked Magrath, who in gloomy silence had occupied a distant corner. "Sure, and I'm quite agreeable to go in his place."

"And to read the Scriptures to your countrymen?"

"Why not? The story o' pace is a good story to tell a man any day, let alone such days as these." He took

Basil's book from the mantel-piece, and immediately sallied forth.

"Now, grandmother," said Ellen, "is not that better cheer than all the ships of England could have brought us?"

"I'm thinking it is," remarked Shane, as he took his staff, and tottered out after his nephew.

"These are cordials," cried the Lady, "precious cordials for fainting hearts. Year after year has that stubborn soil resisted the hand of culture, and chilled me oft with sinful unbelief, as though God had willed the death of a soul, placed by his own overruling Providence under every means of grace. The famine and the drought are consuming his aged flesh; but Shane's spirit now hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and it shall be filled."

"Indeed," rejoined Basil, "I never witnessed a more lively eagerness after spiritual nourishment than he has lately shown. When you read, he listens with serious attention, and strives to understand: but soon as the sentence reaches his ear in the beloved Celtic, every faculty is roused, and his whole soul absorbed, to the seeming exclusion of all bodily suffering."

In the mean time, the subject of their remarks proceeded to the prison, where Magrath, surrounded by his wondering countrymen, was reading the word of life to some who had formerly known him under very different circumstances. Basil had in some wise overawed them by his venerable aspect and superior manners: but with Magrath they were under less restraint, and one began loudly to cavil, rejecting the Bible as a book proscribed by the priest, and therefore to be abhorred of all true Catholics. Another maintained that the book proscribed was the English Bible, the real heretic words, whereas

nothing but the right religion could be put into Irish. Magrath refused to avail himself of the ready assent yielded by the rest to this characteristic distinction ; he stoutly asserted the supreme authority of God's word, in whatsoever language conveyed ; and his arguments, though abounding rather in point and shrewdness than in spiritual power, plainly indicated that glowing light which had begun to triumph over the long-cherished darkness of his soul.

He returned home in good spirits, recounting what had passed, and apparently much gratified by the invitation given at parting to renew his visit.

"This blessed leaven will work," remarked Basil to Bryan, "and the teacher will learn while instructing others."

Ellen observed how much England must have to answer for, in so long neglecting these simple means of instructing her sister island.

"She has answered, dearly answered for it," said the Lady of M'Alister, "in rivers of her best blood, and hoards of her treasure ; nor will the effect ever cease while the cause remains. Ireland, unenlightened, will still be Ireland unsubdued ; her people may be won, may be melted, may be attached with all the ardor that their glowing affections are capable of : but coerced they cannot be into perfect subjugation, while the dearest feelings of their nature are outraged by the wild attempt to crush their national predilections, or left to expatiate amid exciting themes, in a language unknown to the strangers who govern them. Strangers still, and ever to remain as such, while they suffer that language to run, like an impassable river, along the boundary, which, by a little patient and judicious labor, might be led into channels of

kindly communication and mutual benefit between two people so near, and yet, alas! so widely and fatally separated!"

Thus, under many a roof, were the manifestations of divine love enabling suffering families to glorify God in the fires of increasing tribulations; and the prayer of the people prevailed to strengthen the bulwarks, in themselves so miserably weak. A few days brought the expected augmentation to their besiegers' forces of fifteen hundred troops, commanded by De Rosen, whose preliminary vaunt has been already noticed, and who took especial care that threats and promises should be conveyed in equal abundance to the straitened garrison. He menaced all of every age and either sex, with the most cruel deaths that protracted torture could inflict, unless the town were immediately delivered up to him; while bribes as costly as the denunciations were terrific, were held out to those who should induce submission; but, as Walker writes in his brief diary, "God having under all their difficulties established them, with a spirit and resolution above all fear or temptation," this intrepid governor immediately issued an order, denouncing the penalty of death on any man in Derry who should even mention the subject of surrender.

Magrath, with undisguised satisfaction, communicated this order at home, adding, "It's his riverince that is arch, sure enough; and he'll be guessing that Mounseer hasn't the gift like one of the real blood, to bring the boys after his heels. Connellan wasn't the only one that grumbled over it; and myself doesn't care if I join the next sally, to put down the foreigners that come to enslave us." From that day his activity increased in the service of the citizens, who were kept in continual

anxiety by numerous desertions, and the consequent accuracy of the intelligence perpetually conveyed to their vigilant foes.

Language is insufficient to portray the horrors of accumulating misery sustained by the diminished band. The horse-flesh was all expended, and the twenty thousand sufferers who still remained were reduced to greater privations than they had ever yet anticipated; the daily deaths becoming a matter of calculation, not unmixed with selfish feeling, among those whose craving hunger grudged the supply of so many mouths; but instances abounded of noble devotion to the public cause, and self-denial was practised to an extent truly admirable. Bryan's little party had long since made a voluntary relinquishment of their private hoard to the public store, and he had himself embarked in an attempt to gain the distant ships, with the view of making known their desperate situation to the unfeeling Kirke, who still rode at anchor where he could behold the piteous signals of agonizing distress. This effort was rendered fruitless by opposing enemies; and the little party returned after braving such peril in the cause of humanity, that Magrath could not refrain from uttering a few remarks on the subject of M'Alister's cowardice, within ear-shot of his ancient antagonist, Crowe.

The Lady was privy to this expedition, but they concealed it from Ellen, whose wasted powers could ill have sustained the agony of sisterly apprehension. Her grandmother had cut the silver buttons from a suit of her husband's garments, and added to them the poor remains of her family insignia, in the hope that a price of some magnitude might win, from the well-supplied shipping, a few articles of suitable nourishment for the uncomplaining

girl ; but in vain. Bryan returned, after an absence of twenty-four hours ; and the first feeling of his mind on re-entering their poor abode, was a conviction that Ellen's sufferings were nearly terminated, although, to eyes less habituated to the sight of premature death, she would have appeared surprisingly revived.

"What tidings do you bring us, dearest brother?" she asked, as he took his station by her side.

He answered, "Governor Baker is no more ; and the enemy persist in tempting the garrison to treachery by every species of inducement ; but they will not prevail."

"Prevail is it?" said Shane ; "sure I saw the boy, Larry, seize a fellow with papers in his pouch, to tempt the lads ; and no thanks to them that he wasn't tore to pieces before Larry could get him under shelter."

Magrath entered to confirm this statement, adding that the Derry men had a greater spite to traitors within than foes without.

"And that is a good rule," observed Ellen, "if we all applied it to the traitors in our own hearts, as being far more hateful than all our outward afflictions."

The Lady of M'Alister had caught Bryan's eye, and the look told much of mutual expectation of what was at hand. Magrath had riveted his on Ellen, and, with an altered expression of countenance, seated himself opposite. The summer twilight was closing, and a small lamp shed its pale glimmer on the beautiful but still paler face beneath it.

"Now let us speak," she said, "of the mercies already experienced in our little besieged city, that from the past we may gather hope for the future."

"First then," said Bryan, "for a recent interposition, too remarkable to be overlooked. We removed our

gunpowder from Campsie's cellar, on a vague apprehension of insecurity. In less than twenty-four hours, a bomb fell and exploded in that cellar, by which, but for the providential removal, our city had been destroyed."

A pause of thankfulness ensued; and several other instances of merciful interposition having been recounted, the Lady spoke of that discriminating goodness which had removed, by so easy a transition, the two who, of their little household, seemed most ripe for heaven; sparing them the anguish which thousands were left to endure; adding, "Few and feeble will be the remnant reserved to welcome deliverance, if, to any, temporal deliverance come."

"Never 'if' it, my Lady," said Shane. "Delivered we shall be; and of that we have tokens galore."

"The token of continual answers to prayer," added Bryan.

"That to be sure, Master Bryan dear; but we've signs to show us the same, if you'll only listen to what has been seen."

"Well, go on."

"Troth and it's uncle that will make a long story," said Magrath; "but I'll tell you clean off hand. Why then, sir, every night, as soon as the bell goes twelve, fair or foul, light or dark, there comes a big angel, riding a horse as white as Miss Ellen's hand, and going the round, with a drawn sword, over land and water, to trace the holy circle, that neither man nor devil may pass;"—he was about to cross himself, but desisted.

"And you believe this?" asked Bryan, smiling.

"And why wouldn't he?" indignantly retorted Shane. "Hasn't he told you the real truth? How else would he know the horse's color, and the sword that is pale and

pink, like the top of the morning? Och! but it's no time to be doubting: when the devils come up against us by troops, is it that the Lord couldn't spare us an angel to stand sentry!"

"Very true, Shane; but"——

"It isn't a but," interrupted Magrath: "and yourself, Mr. Bryan, shouldn't question it: for why? didn't you show me the psalm that says it?" and he repeated in Irish, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

"There, sir," cried Shane exultingly.

"Not one angel alone," exclaimed Ellen, "but hosts of heavenly guardians, chariots, and horses of fire, are on the hills around us? Are they not ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to us?" Have they not charge concerning us, to keep us in all our ways? Do they not joy in the presence of God over one repenting sinner? Oh! to attain to that innumerable company—that great multitude of the heavenly host, who, on the plain of Bethlehem, hymned the new-born Saviour, and now roll their unceasing anthems round the throne of the Lamb!"

She uttered this most energetically; and Magrath's countenance bespoke such triumphant animation as recalled to every one present the fact of his having been taught, from infancy, to worship those ministers of God's pleasure. Ellen gathered breath, and proceeded: "Shall we not love our fellow-servants, and bless the hand which commissions them to aid? Because some have erred from the truth, and taught men to pray to them which are no gods, we run into the other extreme, and fear to speak of them. I can rejoice in the sunshine, love the warm beam, and bless the power and wisdom which cre-

sted it, without danger of worshipping the sun with Eastern idolaters."

"You are right, my love," responded the Lady. "We dwell too little on the realities of that spiritual world near which we live, unseeing, but how clearly seen. And doubtless, the sin of worshipping angels, introduced among a cloud of other abominations, has operated to deprive us of many a sweet and cheering contemplation on their existence, nature, offices, and privileges—so soon to be our own, through the grace of Him, who, for our sakes, stooped to be made lower than they."

"I'll tell you," said Magrath, who perceived the drift of their allusions to his creed. "It's myself that hasn't prayed a bead to saint or angel this many a day. Why should I?" Then with an emotion that defied control, while tears burst from his eyes, he added, "Miss Ellen, dear, the cold hand of death is over ye."

"I know it, Magrath."

"Then carry this comfort with ye, that poor Larry Magrath will never put hope nor trust in living soul, let alone them that are dead, but believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for 'tis he that can save—and make his prayer to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, without cross or crucifix, bead or wafer, or anything but the blessed Bible itself. Amen."

He clasped his hands and raised his eyes with a look of fervent appeal; but, save Ellen herself, none could fully participate in its feelings. A gleam of heart-cheering delight it did indeed shed over each; but his abrupt announcement of her approaching departure, and the calm response which confirmed it, wrung every bosom. She perceived it; and after extending her hand to Magrath, with an earnest blessing, she threw it around her broth-

er's, and asked him whether he wished to detain her from the blessed society of which they had been speaking.

"No Ellen, I do not. These are tears of selfish envy. You are happy—quite happy?" and his voice softened from assertion into interrogation as he bent over her.

"Perfectly happy; not a doubt nor a fear. The Lord is present, who has done great things for me, and in that I rejoice. O Bryan, trust him at all times, and pour out your hearts before him! Yes, I am very happy; but oh, my bereaved mother!" and she turned to the Lady, who knelt beside her. "Hush, my darling: the mother sees her children laid to rest, and then how peaceful her own pillow!—how bright that morning of the resurrection, when all shall bloom in renovated beauty around their Father's table! I have lived to see the fruit of many prayers—every prayer; and shall I murmur? No, Ellen, this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Go in peace, vein of my heart! and we will abide in hope."

Peaceful indeed, as affection itself could desire, were the few remaining hours of Ellen's mortal existence. She declined to be carried into her own apartment, observing, that there would be less trouble in removing her remains from where she then lay. Encouragement to persevere in defending the citadel of Protestantism, mingled with fervent supplication for her deluded countrymen, and glowing anticipations of the rest upon which she was about to enter, occupied her latest breath. The last faint whisper was one of praise; and the last smiling look was bent on poor old Shane, who could not be persuaded to relinquish her hand, until its pulse had long ceased to throb. She departed soon after midnight, as

if to verify the earnest whisper of Magrath to Basil, that the angel would rein in his horse to wait for her spirit, and bear it around the city, and away to heaven : a thought which seemed to delight him so much, that the old man, smiling through his tears, forbore to check it, otherwise than by an answering whisper, reciting in Irish the promise of Jesus, " If I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself." Magrath assented, but immediately quoted also the passage which describes Lazarus as being carried by angels to Abraham's bosom ; and Basil was too much rejoiced at his readiness in appealing to Scripture, to cavil at the innocent and touching inference which he delighted to draw.

The last sigh was hushed, the long lash had fallen over the sunken but beautiful cheek, and the chin was supported by a riband, which had confined her chestnut tresses, now straying over the pillow. Solemn stillness reigned, broken sometimes by a stifled sob as recollections of past days became too powerful for entire restraint ; and occasionally by a short but fervent supplication, offered in a low tone, by Basil or the Lady, and mingled with praise. Bryan sat in deep, calm silence, gazing on the features which, from the day when first he peeped into the cradle to admire the " new baby," had been of all earthly things most lovely in his sight. The short gloom of a summer night soon passed away : the little lamp was extinguished, with that frugal care which the deep poverty of the poor succorless inhabitants rendered indispensable : and the Sabbath morning's golden hue crept round the apartment. Magrath arose to shade the window with a token of death ; and with one consent the trembling voices of age, suffering, and sorrow, com-

menced a funeral dirge, from the simple melodies that had frequently cheered their hearts during the long season of wasting calamity. Absorbed in the soothing employment, they marked not the opening of the door; and on concluding, beheld with surprise Colonel Murray leaning against a projection of the antique wall, gazing on the group, with an expression of such mingled pity and love, as words could but weakly have conveyed.

"Another deserter from our garrison," said Bryan, as with a melancholy smile he pointed to the couch.

The Colonel advanced, and with clasped hands, bent over it for a moment; then starting away, exclaimed, "It will not do; we must be men of iron and rock. A few more such sights as this, M'Alister, will melt us into children."

"You wouldn't say that," uttered Magrath reproachfully, "if you'd heard the creature's dying breath, telling us to stand by the last stone of Derry walls."

"And did she? the beautiful martyr: may that lovely smile upon the lips that spoke such cheer, be prophetic of its accomplishment! M'Alister, I came to speak of death and the grave, but knew not of this. Baker will be interred to day: you will, alas! you must be there;" and again he looked on the corpse, and from that to the Lady, until his eyes swam in tears.

"Grieve not for us, Colonel," she said, "we share but the common wo. Would that every mourner equally shared our abundant consolations! We are chosen to suffer in the cause of truth:—May succeeding generations estimate the blessing, for the preservation of which we gladly endure the loss of all earthly things."

"Amen," he ejaculated. "The Protestant cause is the cause of posterity; and we are cementing with our

dearest blood bulwarks which they will value and maintain."

Before the sun had reached his meridian height, a long and mournful procession conveyed to the cathedral the mortal remains of Henry Baker, in whom the citizens had lost a valuable friend. He was united with Walker in the government of Derry, and generally beloved. A solemn funeral service was performed, a sermon delivered on the occasion, and groups of mourners surrounding their respective dead, collected as usual for interment near the door, listened with deep interest to a theme but too widely applicable. Ellen's bier was, by Murray's command, brought near the governor's; and among the haggard countenances assembled, none excited more commiseration than the venerable trio attached to it, Shane, Basil, and the Lady of M'Alister. Magrath voluntarily accompanied them, and joined in the service of the Church, having fulfilled his self-imposed task of digging a grave unusually deep, beside that of the two first victims; and here, after depositing Baker in the vault, they bore the corpse of Ellen to its nook of peaceful day.

On that same day the infamous De Rosen sent in his peremptory order to surrender the town, before six o'clock on the ensuing evening, on pain of indiscriminate slaughter, by fire and sword. It was rejected: and he proceeded to renew the bombardment with increasing fury. This producing no appearance of intimidation or fluctuation in the devoted little garrison, the Frenchman had recourse to an expedient, in the execution of which he proved himself an incarnation of the spirit of cruelty; a meet son of her who is drunken with the blood of the saints.

On inquiring for his friend Ross, Bryan ascertained that

he had been wounded, and was unable to leave his bed. Repairing to him, he found him under considerable excitement, having been assured that De Rosen had some project of cruelty which should overcome the obstinate assistance of the Protestants. "It is the ruffian's boast, that in Languedoc, he found means to quell them, such as had never entered the dull heads of English or Irish. Come, M'Alister, promise me, helpless as I am, that you will join to your own my share of resolution, and stand, though it be singly, against every temptation to yield."

"My dear fellow! what is my resolution, and what your own?—the weak, wavering flame of a candle, to be blown out by the first breath, unless lighted at the altar of divine love and holy zeal. For a double portion of such fire I will pray; and so far as I know myself, I will suffer martyrdom rather than flinch from the sacred cause—the cause that my poor Ellen cherished with her latest sigh."

"So, so! Ellen too is gone? Very good, and I am glad, and so ought you to be. She will never more feel heat, nor thirst—burning thirst like this"—he was evidently in great torture, and his brain become affected.

"Be calm, dear Ross; leave these agitating themes, and look to the Lord—the Lamb who now leads Ellen to the living fountains of waters; who is equally willing to lead you there, and to overrule these bodily sufferings, to the eternal refreshment of your soul."

"I know it: I think of it sometimes—often. But I fear it is the freshness of the cool, cool damp green pastures, and the bubbling and flowing of the delicious cold waters, that allure me. O, M'Alister, I fear it is my raving thirst of body, not the thirst of a parching soul, that makes all this so lovely; for I am dying under these

parching agonies, and no drop to moisten my burning lips."

"Try to compose yourself until I return," said his friend; and then borrowing a small pitcher he sallied forth, at the imminent peril of his life, and filled it at one of the wells without the gate, while the enemy's marksmen showered bullets around him. The furious bombardment, just renewed, had polluted the water in the town to such a degree that many of the sick, like Ross, rejected the nauseous draught, while perishing with thirst: and few had the hardihood to brave, on their own behalf, what Bryan readily encountered for his friend.

Ross quaffed the precious beverage with gasping eagerness, and lay down refreshed.

"Now will you hear of the Saviour?"

"Ah yes, gladly; but I fear that gratitude for the water, love to the friendly hand which brought it, will predominate over better feelings."

"Well, you are right to mistrust yourself: but you must not therefore reject the offered mercy." He then spoke, and read, and prayed with the youth, and left him much composed. At the door he was met by Magrath, who asked him, had he heard the Mareschal's message? and informed him that the inhuman foreigner had threatened to plunder all the Protestants in the country round; and then to drive them, men, women, and children, to starve under the walls of Derry.

A menace so barbarous was not to be credited; and Bryan found the council preparing an answer expressive of universal indignation at the threat, with the reiterated assurance that no regard would be paid to any proposition which he could convey, on the subject of surrender. This

was the unanimous feeling of all ranks ; and the message was confirmed by hearty cheers from the walls.

On the following morning the Lady of M'Alister appeared equipped for a walk. Bryan suggested that the continued bombardment rendered the streets unsafe ; but she replied, " My child, I have now no sacred task to fulfill at home ; and it becomes my duty to devote the remnant of strength to our more helpless fellows."

" But, dear mother, you can pray."

" And work too, Bryan. He who has coupled ' fervent in spirit,' with ' not slothful in business,' will accept the heart's prayer, while the feet and the hands are occupied in the service of his poor afflicted ones.—Lead me to Ross."

With secret gladness he obeyed, and rejoiced in the delighted welcome of his friend, who received her as a celestial visitant. He left her there, and joined by Magrath, who had fulfilled his visit of mercy to the prisoners, he mounted the walls. The celebrated bulwarks of Derry consist of an inner and an outer wall, the former of which is about twenty feet in thickness, affording an excellent promenade ; the height of the other varies, in some places rising above the stature of a man, but generally not more than four feet, forming battlements to the inner one, to which it is united. Here then, the besieged were wont to array themselves, and employ their smaller fire-arms with such effect as they could, to aid their guns, planted on the bastions and lines. Of these they had no more than twenty fit for use, which, with two stationed on the cathedral roof, formed the entire battery for defence of the town.

Some excitement prevailed in that quarter to which Bryan had repaired ; for a rising cloud of dust bespoke

the approach of a large body of assailants; and De Rosen's threats had rendered them doubly watchful: "Be steady, lads," said the officer in command, "and give them a proper greeting, if they advance." A line was formed, the men stood to their arms, and, the party still drawing nearer, a volley was discharged into the mass. Screams and cries, in the shrill voices of women and children, with the loud and melancholy tones of entreaty from men, pealed back instead of the expected fire of musquetry; and the smoke dispersing on a light breeze, and the dust abating from the temporary halt, a scene presented itself—would it were a vision of the writer's fancy—but alas! no description can do justice to the appalling reality of what has been left on record by eye-witnesses, then gazing from those walls.

A crowd appeared, comprising several thousands of Protestants—not captives taken in battle, but victims dragged by force from their peaceful habitations, of whom the great majority were females of every age, from extreme decrepitude of years to the infant newly born; the rest were old men and young boys, or invalids brought from their sick-rooms, with some more vigorous in appearance, seized in the moment of unarmed security, overpowered, and compelled to mingle in the wretched throng. Half naked, with bleeding feet and tottering knees, they staggered off, raising their supplicating voices to the besieged, to spare their helpless friends; while the latter, in the very attitude of reloading their pieces, stood petrified with horror, staring as on some hideous vision which they wished to dispel. It was, however, no vision; still the crowd advanced; and they might see the ruffian soldiery behind, violently pushing and goading with their swords, the fainting forms that lingered last from inability

to proceed ; or dragging them along the ground, to which some had fallen.

The trance of horror into which the Derry men had been surprised was of short duration ; and such a yell of frantic fury was perhaps never heard from human lips, as then echoed from the walls. Faces pale and ghastly with famine, now flushed into the deep hectic of rage, and not a menace nor an execration was left unuttered, that their boiling passions could suggest. For a time, nothing was heard but incoherent invective, and threatenings, till Murray shouted out " a gallows ! " and instantly a thousand eager hands were at work, preparing the apparatus of ignominious death, which they erected within view of the enemies' camp, for the execution of the prisoners then in their hands.

Meanwhile, the exhausted crowds had gained the walls under which they sat or fell down, wiping the starting moisture, and tears, and blood, that mingled on their faces ; extracting the thorns from their blistered feet, and striving to close the tattered garments that scarcely covered their emaciated frames. Mothers clasped their infants, and rocked them to and fro, moaning in answer to the little sufferers' cries, or vainly tried to appease the clamors of children, who screamed for drink and food. Young girls were seen smothering their own complaints, though racked with the anguish of fatigue and suffering, while busied in contriving some little support for the trembling head of an aged parent ; or binding up the wounds of a brother, or relieving some fainting mother of her helpless babe. All this was terrible to witness : but when the victims looked up to those who hung over the walls, and smiled, and blessed them for their heroic fidelity, it was too much : tears and sobs broke forth from many who had

endured without a groan the inflictions of that dreadful siege; and the leading men hastened to dispatch a message to the general who commanded under the hateful De Rosen, declaring that unless the fugitives were properly refreshed, and re-conducted to their homes, the prisoners should be immediately hanged within their view, including a nobleman, and several officers. Yet, with this atrocious example of religious persecution before their eyes, they added a free permission for popish priests to enter, and prepare them for their fate.

The captives, acknowledging the strict justice of this proceeding, and expressing deep abhorrence at the deed of De Rosen, wrote an imploring letter to their general, to save them from a disgraceful death by his compliance, but in vain. The Frenchman was inexorable, and left them to their fate, merely signifying that their death would be revenged on the defenceless multitude. The sentence was not carried into execution, but every possible method was taken to relieve the sufferers, who on the following day were joined by another thousand in similar circumstances.

There was not a person in Derry, able to move, who did not seem to lose the sense of every privation, in the all-absorbing sentiment of indignant pity. Many climbed the walls, whom age or sickness had apparently disabled from walking the street, and some were seen to drop their own scanty morsel of food, or change of clothing, in the laps of such as seemed perishing for help. Recognitions the most heart-rending took place, while those on the walls discerned in some bleeding famishing creature beneath, a sister, a parent, a child—sometimes a wife or husband. Distressed as was the garrison, it became necessary to prohibit, under severe penalties, the recep-

tion, and even the relief, of those over whom all hearts yearned ; but the pleadings of natural affection overcame both fear and prudence, and many were admitted, fed, and clothed, during the night. Among these, one amply recompensed the mercy shown, by delivering a message from the fleet, directing that in case of great extremity, two fires should be lighted on the church. The beacons were immediately ignited, and plentifully fed, that their blaze might reach the ships with a silent tale of unparalleled distresses.

CHAPTER XI.

THE garrison of Derry was now reduced to less than six thousand ; and within the walls were many rendered useless by age or debility, but assisting to consume its scanty store of provisions ; while under its battlements there lay some hundreds of comparatively able men. It was proposed by several of the former that they should steal out under cover of the night, and their places be supplied by the latter. The most afflicted of the Protestants without, had remonstrated against receiving that help which the besieged could so ill spare : and the voice of tender compassion from above, was often answered from below in terms of cheering encouragement, from those who lay dying. Many a sublime instance of devotion to the righteous cause was long recounted to the children's children of the martyrs : and when the above-mentioned proposition was communicated, they united in assisting to single out the stoutest of their party, to the number of five hundred, while as many from within prepared to take their places.

It was a night of partings in Derry ; and often the half-stified cry of agony broke forth, as the voluntary victims crossed their threshold, to place themselves in the immediate power of their deadliest foes ; and still the ques-

tion will present itself, WHY did they thus suffer? WHAT nerved the citizens of this diminutive fortress even to the endurance of death in every shape, rather than surrender it? The answer is obvious: they knew the unspeakable value of that PROTECTOR from which they derive their very name; that solemn abjuration of an antichristian heresy, wherein consists the getting of 'the victory over the Beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name'⁷⁸—the maintenance of that pure and spotless faith, which loathes the ways of spiritual uncleanness. They trusted that the privilege which they individually enjoyed, would, through their constancy, be confirmed as a national blessing; and that the bulwarks of their citadel should typify an impregnable defence, to be reared around the altar and the throne, to guard alike the palace and the hovel. They succeeded, and the walls of Derry yet stand a venerable monument of its incorruptible defenders. Shall we go on? Shall we ask, where are now the national barriers? Gone. The adamantine bulwarks were undermined, and crumbled, and those who prostrated them ~~are~~ building a wall, and daubing it with untempered mortar. But let them look to it, for the great hailstones are beginning to fall, and England will yet learn that it is an evil thing and a bitter, to forsake the living God, who will not brook the Babylonian vest, however goodly in man's eyes.

The voice of fervent supplication rose around the Protestant city, for those who manned its walls; and with it the pleading of intercession for the deluded agents of a foreigner's cruelty. The victims said that the Irish officers had shed tears over their miseries; and that General

Hamilton, in defiance of his tyrant commander, had given them provisions on their passage through his camp. Indeed, deeply as were the native troops embued in kindred blood, this unprecedented act of barbarity towards their countrymen, on the part of a French intruder, united them in a feeling of detestation against him, and prevented that zealous co-operation which would have rendered the safety of Derry a human impossibility. This the sufferers did not fail to remark to their friends on the walls, rejoicing that their wrongs would be overruled to the promotion of their ultimate triumph.

On that mournful night the home of M'Alister presented signs of participation in what was going on. Nothing had been said; but Basil, after tottering to the walls and holding converse with some individuals below, returned to gather up his little bundle of necessaries, and with tearful eyes gazed on the Lady, who sate in melancholy silence, while Bryan and Magrath held a whispering conversation near the window. They approached, and Basil said, "Under this hospitable and blessed roof let me once more render praises to the Lord who brought me hither, and commend to his grace those who yet remain." They joined him in his prayer, which flowed in a strain of devotional joy and hope, well fitted to cheer their spirits. "And now," he said, on rising, "farewell for a little, a very little space, until we meet in our Father's dwelling."

While exchanging their tearful adieu, they were startled to behold Shane O'Connogh^{er} issue from his little cell, equipped for departure; while his countenance left no room to doubt that it was a final one. With earnest expostulation Bryan approached, and the Lady united her remonstrances: but, hiding his face, the old man

called upon Magrath to state his reason for accompanying Basil.

"Sure and I will, uncle dear, and the Lord strengthen ye! It's the Irish, my Lady, that has warmed his old heart, and he cannot 'bide without it."

"The blessed Word," said Shane; "the story o' pace, it's what I can't leave. And it's he that has the comforting words that keep me looking to my Saviour. Och! but it's many a long year that ye prayed over me, and wasn't weary, though I grieved ye sorely: but he was sent, and my heart opened at the sound of the tongue: and I can't part with him."

"And can you part with us, Shane?"

"Don't, Master Bryan dear, don't ye ask me. 'Tis duty, and God gives me help and comfort in it. We'll be meeting again, avourneen: with *them* and with *her*. It's I that couldn't sit and look on the empty chairs. May-be I'd get dark, and anger the Lord. It's the cross, Master Bryan, and who hasn't it now?"

"He is right," said the Lady, with a deep sigh.

"Come, brother pilgrim," exclaimed Basil, "let us go forth without the camp."

Magrath stood by, frowning most sternly, and making every grimace that could serve to hide the workings of emotion. Basil's Irish Bible was in his hand, and he grasped it with tenacious affection: but now held it out to its owner.

"Keep it, Magrath."

"Me! I wouldn't 'rob you of it for fifty thousand worlds," he exclaimed with extreme warmth.

"I'm glad you know its worth to be so priceless; but I cannot lose what you may gain: for I have it stored in my

memory; and the book itself would be taken from me by the foe."

"Then," said Magrath, "give me your blessing with it."

"God bless thee, my son! The Lord has evidently given the promise which is never revoked. May the day-star brightly shine, where already day has dawned, in thy heart. May thy life be the life of faith, and thine end, peace!"

"Amen!" was the simultaneous response.

But it was difficult to get Shane away from his Lady: he sobbed, and seemed to lose all resolution. Magrath whispered, and he regained it in some measure, while making the parting request that they would take young Mr. Ross into the house, and nurse him, and teach him in the right way.

Supported by Bryan and Magrath, the old men gained the walls; and were presently slipped into the crowd without; while several stout young fellows stole in at the half-opened gate.

"I'll stay and look after them," said Magrath: "go, sir, and fetch Mr. Ross home."

Bryan felt the excellence of this arrangement, and fully appreciated the motive that suggested it. He found Ross, to his surprise, prepared for the removal; and a bier in readiness to convey him, beside which he walked, recounting what had occurred, and describing the self-devotion of the poor creatures under the walls. "They tell us to look on their sufferings, not as an inducement to surrender, but as a warning sent by heaven to show us the consequences of trusting such perfidious foes; for scarcely one among them but has James Stuart's protection. Several expired yesterday in the very act

of encouraging us; and indeed it has nerved us all to desperation."

"How did Magrath behave?"

"Like a madman at first: tried to tear stones from the walls to hurl at the ruffians. On the suggestion of the gallows, he darted away, and was foremost in that work; but when I spoke of the deed as emanating from a foreigner, and he heard Lord Netterville justify us in hanging him and his companions, his feelings took a less violent turn; at least, the whole tide of his indignation set in against De Rosen, his French troops, and their religion."

"Aye, this is popery unmasked to some purpose," said Ross, "and worth all your controversy."

"Our controversy, however, in directing his attention through the produce of the tree, to the root, paved a way for an application of the event, which few, I fear, of his former party will think of making."

When the day was a little advanced, many citizens thronged the walls, in hope of discovering among the multitude below some beloved relative, who had participated in the voluntary exile of the preceding night; but carefully avoided any sign of recognition, lest the watchful foe might detect the arrangement. They did, indeed, accuse the garrison of forming such intention: but failed to discover its success, although, with insulting mockery, they passed among the shrinking victims, smelling to their garments, and declaring that they should identify the Derry people by the ill savor resulting from their wretched mode of existence. For not only had their dwellings been impregnated by the sulphureous effluvia of the shells continually bursting, which also rendered the water unfit for cleansing their

linen, but they were now reduced to subsist on the flesh of dogs, cats, and rats; on tallow, greaves, and every description of offal that famine could compel itself to swallow. The extreme length of the town being but three hundred paces, and its greatest breadth one hundred and eighty, some conception may be formed, even by those who have not seen it, of the dreadful effects produced on the health of its inmates, by a contest of already seven months' continuance; during the last ten weeks of which their rest had been broken, their houses shattered, their friends slain, the water polluted, and the air poisoned, by the almost incessant explosion of shells in the streets, three hundred and forty having been thrown in, to that date. To this we must add the horrible circumstance of dead bodies being frequently torn up from the grave, by the same destructive engines; and the devastating nature of the pestilence which was carrying off the inhabitants in augmented numbers every day. It becomes a matter of increasing astonishment that human nature could endure such varied and protracted sufferings: if we refer it to dread of the infuriated enemy, what shall we say of those who voluntarily placed themselves within their power, for the sole purpose of relieving and strengthening the garrison within? That party spirit actuated its defenders is palpably false in the eyes of every one who considers the circumstances; for when did the overflowings of party zeal produce effects in any way comparable to those so faintly described in these pages? Men of resolute minds, or of very excitable passions, have been known, under the influence of ambition or revenge, to sacrifice present advantage, to hazard fortune and character, perhaps even to peril life itself in pursuit of that

wherein they had embarked as avowed partizans : but when did the demon of faction so influence a mingled and motley crowd, comprising both sexes and every grade of rank, that with one heart and with one hand they should combine to immolate upon his altar all that endears existence, all that makes it desirable, all that even renders it supportable, and then to pine and waste away in the protracted agonies of a most lingering death ? We must look far higher for a motive capable of producing acts of such extraordinary devotion ; and vain will be the search if we stop short of that high and holy principle which has, in all ages, nerved to superhuman endurance sincere professors of the true faith, when called on to resist the rulers of the darkness of this world. The Huguenots of France, the early confessors of the Piedmontese valleys, bear witness to the all-conquering power of this divine principle, which so overcame in them, that they loved their lives unto the death, but willingly partook the cup of martyrdom, aggravated as it was by all that the craft of Satan and the cruelty of man could wring into its overflowing bitterness. To the Lord of Hosts, and to him alone, ascribe we all the glory of that endurance which the Protestants of 1688-9 were enabled to manifest under their fiery trials : in so doing we detract not from their well-earned meed of pitying admiration, but crown them with a wreath more glorious than all the unhallowed trophies that deck the vaunted heroes of old Greece and Rome. Shame and confusion of face belong to us, while we contemplate the deeds and the sufferings of those confessors, contrasting with them our own unfaithful and sinful connivance at the rapid growth of the overspreading abomination which they died to oppose. Will they

not rise up in the judgment with this generation, and condemn it ?

Magrath had succeeded in finding a spot on the wall of Derry, where, on bending forward, he had a full view of his uncle and Basil, who sate at some little distance from each other, amid a group of most desolate-looking creatures, one of whom was evidently about to enter eternity. The dying woman lay with her head reclined on the knees of a companion ; while her eyes fixed on Basil, with a character of earnest, deep attention, only wandered occasionally to the wan countenance of a little babe, which had, apparently, not many days before been added to the number of those helpless sufferers. The old man spoke in English ; and his earnest though tremulous tones frequently rose above the discordant sounds that pained the dying ear, generally drowning the voice of pity and the accent of prayerful supplication. Complaint was rarely heard, except from children too young to stifle their lamentations, or when a wail of agony burst over the closed eye of some endeared connexion ; or, more painful yet, when the maniac laugh and scream told a tale of wo, that reason itself had given way under the pressing of unmitigated sufferings of body and mind : but there were shouts of exultation from the foe, and bitter jests uttered in their own foreign tongue by invaders, too generally lost to every feeling of humanity ; mingled with bursts of indignant reproach on the part of many who bent from the walls, while the accustomed storm of bombs abated nothing of its fury, twenty-eight of those destructive missiles being cast into the city on that day.

Magrath gazed for awhile from his elevated position, and then shifted it a little to approach a group upon whose wretchedness a party of the enemy stood gazing,

and evidently animadverting. Some French soldiers were talking fast and loud, their tones bespeaking much of mocking levity; while several native Irish, with scowling looks, surveyed their allies, uttering in their own tongue remarks that seemed by no means favorable to the latter.

It was not unusual for individuals among the besieged to hold parley with stragglers who came under their walls; and Magrath, seeing them within a favorable distance, approached his countrymen near enough to ascertain the subject of their discourse.

"To be sure," said one, in reply to a comrade's observation, "we have always done our best to rid the country of the heretic brood; and good reason for it. The land is our own, and we've a right to recover it, and to see our holy church restored to her ancient glory; but what brought these fellows over to show their impertinence here?"

"They came to help us," observed another.

"Help us! sure there has been no luck since they came. Does not the old wall stand as fast as ever? and does the Frenchman suppose it will fall down with the cries of those perishing creatures beneath it?"

"The starving heretics," remarked a third, "will only become more obstinate by seeing what sort of usage they should get from him. Any way, they can but die; and better among their friends within yonder, than to be mocked at in their last agonies by those booted baboons."

"That's a true word, my lad," said Magrath, bending over the ramparts where he leaned. "Starving we are, no doubt; and yourselves have no great feast to boast of, if all were spoken honestly."

"Troth, no," answered the former speaker. "We are short enough; but 'tis merit to suffer in the cause of religion, to root out heresy, and recover our fathers' inheritance."

"You are likely to have all the merit," observed Magrath, "and your allies all the rest. They don't look so hungry as yourselves, and I am doubtful whether they mean to hand over the country to you when they've had the glory of conquering it for ye."

This speech produced the effect anticipated: his hearers burst into indignant invective, and one exclaimed, "'Tis ourselves that can conquer it far better without them. Haven't they taken command over the heads of our best leaders? Isn't General Hamilton overlooked and affronted every day? Does not our provision go to pamper the foreigners, while we are kept starving, and kicked about like dogs, if we do but growl over our wrongs?"

"Fair and softly," said Magrath. "You ought to consider that these gentlemen made their terms before coming here, and who can blame them for looking to their own share in the bargain? It is but reasonable to make room for themselves before they send for their families; and you'll not catch a dancing Frenchman building a house where he can find one ready furnished to his hands. Now here," pointing to a crowd of sufferers who lay round, "here is the French manner of serving ejectments on troublesome tenants. Many a nice little dwelling-house and patch of land is left vacant by turning these out; and being convenient to the coast, you see, 'tis all the better. Our town, when they get it, will be a famous key to the whole island; and as to starving a few thousand of ye, boys, or putting you forward, in our

way, when we take the air on a sally it's perfectly natural, for it leaves more room in the land. Don't beseeve on your friends, nor expect they'll fight your battles for nothing." And so saying, he withdrew from the wall, leaving his countrymen to vent as they might the indignant feelings to which he had added no small degree of poignancy by his ironical harangue.

It was, indeed, unspeakably galling to the native Irish, particularly to their officers, to witness the increasing arrogance of the Mareschal and his troops; whose general deportment was such as to justify the surmises expressed by Magrath, and secretly entertained by many of those who hailed them as allies, and fought under their command.

The recent act of outrage appeared too barbarous, even in the eyes of those who had not scrupled to commit atrocities equally cruel in the prosecution of that unnatural warfare: but the latter had been perpetrated on a small scale, individuals, or at most single families, having been the victims of their murderous animosity; while the dreadful aggregate of human suffering presented to their eyes, under the wholesale system of De Rosen, assumed an aspect of horror not recognized before. Added to this a secret jealousy, a sympathy which in the case of heretics they were loth to confess, even to themselves, whispered that the sufferers were their countrymen, the aggressors foreign intruders; and national pride was roused to resent what bore the aspect of national insult.

By such means, division was wrought in the adverse camp; and no small degree of perplexity harassed the impatient commander, who experienced its effects without being able to apply a remedy to evils to

which he was unused, and which indeed were in their very nature irremediable. "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper," is the gracious assurance given to God's persecuted people; and he has a thousand ways of rendering ineffectual the most skilful devices of their foes.

The fourth of July found De Rosen in a situation far from enviable: the half suppressed murmurs of his Irish confederates were rising into threats of open insurrection, on behalf of their tortured countrymen. The professing Protestants, who had disgraced their calling by co-operation with the Popish army, and who were chiefly men of influence, put no restraint on their angry feelings, but inveighed most bitterly against the unprecedented insult offered to their nominal faith, and the scandalous violation of all that man could deem binding on his fellow-man; for the greater number of De Rosen's victims had James Stewart's protection in their pockets. The Popish officers, as we have seen, shrunk from identifying themselves with the perpetrators of the outrage: and their feelings were responded to by the native soldiers. When the Marechal looked upon his motley camp, he could not but perceive that elements were there at work, which threatened a serious explosion; and on turning his eye towards Derry he beheld the appalling apparatus still displayed—the gallows on which Lord Netterville and his companions were to terminate their earthly course, in full view of their former associates and followers. Yet all this, it is probable, would have failed to turn the foreign General from his purpose, and under the walls of Derry those four thousand Protestants might have perished by famine, while above its ramparts the bones of his captured comrades had whitened on a gib-

bet, if he could have further calculated on the countenance of the unhappy king whose cause he had been sent to uphold.

But James was not sufficiently divested of humanity to concur in the dreadful project of the Mareschal. On being made acquainted with his cruel order, the monarch dispatched a letter condemnatory of the proceeding, and strongly protesting against it. The receipt of this communication left De Rosen under a responsibility too weighty to be incurred; and after some delay, he reluctantly issued the order for driving the poor captives back to their homes.

This command was hailed with joy by many who had often been the ready instruments of persecution, but whose bosoms were melted by the piteous spectacle before their eyes; and by them it was communicated to the men of Derry, who mounted the walls to take a last farewell of their fellow-sufferers, and to exchange one parting look with many a dear connexion, who had mingled secretly with the crowd below. The enemy this day were liberal of their ammunition, sending into the town a number of bombs much larger than those fired on the five preceding days: but these missiles appeared to have lost the power of intimidating even the weakest, where death in such variety of terrible forms continually crossed their path. Indeed, it became with many a matter of cool calculation, or a topic of desperate levity, in what manner they were likely to quit the world before another sun should set or rise. When, therefore, it was known that a movement had commenced among their friends without, none were deterred from hastening to the walls, who had power yet left to mount them.

The Lady of M'Alister, supported by Bryan and Ma-

grath, was among the number who succeeded in ascending those impregnable ramparts ; and melancholy beyond description was the scene displayed. Hundreds had already died upon the spot, and now, when the welcome sound of home saluted their ears, many were seen rising eagerly from the earth, only to fall again in helpless debility, beneath the overpowering burden of famine and disease. Of these, some in the wild eagerness of that hope which will cling even to a shadow, essayed to crawl along on their hands and feet ; while others even rolled in the direction to which their hearts pointed. Many in meek submission to the divine will gave over the attempt, after a faint struggle or two ; and greeting with audible blessings the departing footsteps of their comrades, resigned themselves to the approach of a lingering death where they lay. And there were partings, characterized by such ebullitions of violent feeling as wrung the hearts of many whose overflowing portion of private sorrow might have been expected to render them heedless of all besides : such a spectacle was displayed immediately under the spot where the Lady of M'Alister bent to survey the scene.

A woman of interesting appearance, the remains of whose garments bespoke that gentility to which her language also bore witness, was compelled to give over her attempts at rising from a rude couch, spread by some compassionate hands for her accommodation. A girl, apparently about eighteen years old, stood near, gazing in silent anguish on her parent, while three children of tender age were using all their artless rhetoric to rouse the sufferer into renewed exertions.

“ We are going home, mother dear,” said the elder of

the three; "and you will be well when once you see our pretty home again."

"Ah, mother," added a little boy, somewhat younger, "the smell of the roses, and the sweet honeysuckle over the porch, will be so nice after this place. The gunpowder and the noise of these naughty men, have made you sick—home will make you well again."

"I want to go home," sobbed out a little creature, who clung to her mother's neck, attempting to raise her.

"Kathleen will take you home, my darlings," answered the poor mother.

"But you must come too."

"Yes, I shall go home, my children; but not to the one you are returning to."

"Then we'll go with you, dear mother, to the other home" said the little boy.

"No, not now, Robert: but if you love the Lord and pray to be among the Lambs of the Good Shepherd, you will come to me in that pleasant home where I am to enter first."

"Oh, then you are going to die, mother! You must not die—you must not leave us;" and with cries of grief and terror each little voice repeated the words; adding such entreaties, mingled with terms of endearment and tender reproach, that the parent's natural feelings seemed for a while to overpower even the working of divine grace in her soul. She groaned with anguish of spirit, and exclaimed, "Oh, Kathleen, take them hence—leave me, leave me!"

Kathleen bent over with an aspect of tearless despair, and in a smothered voice, answered, "Mother, I cannot."

"You must," said a voice from the wall, so deep, so

uneasily in its tone, that all who heard it turned involuntarily towards the speaker.

Kathleen started: the mother raised her eyes to the spot, clasping her hands, but neither uttered a word. The children renewed their lamentations, mingling the name of father with that of mother; until Kathleen, evidently impelled to a renewed effort, stooped down to fold her parent in a long, a fervent embrace, and then raising herself, proceeded to disengage her from the arms of the children, to whom she spoke in an earnest manner, but too low to be heard by any others. Her words seemed to produce the desired effect: for the little ones checked their tears, and in turn kissed their mother, each whispering some injunction in her ear, while she held them close, and seemed to experience the rending of a heart-string as each soft lip was withdrawn from her face. They then surrounded their sister; and the girls, gathering up their garments, displayed the scars that had marked their tender ancles: while the boy's feet, without shoes, shrank from the rough stones, with which they came in contact as he moved away. It was with unspeakable thankfulness that the weeping lookers-on beheld a pair of shoes suited to his size flung from the ramparts just in his path; which the little fellow immediately put on, jumping with delight at the valuable acquisition. Kathleen turned round—she appeared doubly glad of the excuse so to do; and raising first her arms and eyes to heaven, she fixed an intent gaze upon the walls: she then bowed her head, clenched her hands in unutterable agony, and with one more hurried glance at her dying mother, she buried herself and the children amid the departing crowd.

All this was clearly comprehended by the spectators on

the wall ; and deep indeed was the sympathy excited for the father, who beheld his lovely and delicate children thus driven from beneath his eye, to seek a home, where no protection, beyond that of the bare paternal roof, awaited them ; while the partner of his sorrow lay expiring, nor dared by one glance of recognition to hazard the discovery of his having been admitted into the garrison. He stood, his elbows resting on the outer wall, and his face entirely concealed upon his hands. There was no outward sign of what was raging within, save the short and violent gasping of his breath ; nor did those who immediately surrounded him venture to break the silence, which spoke more than audible complaints could have expressed. Bryan had beheld the whole scene with feelings unusually excited ; for, as the venerable forms of Basil and Shane had receded from his view, until they became lost in the promiscuous company around them, every wound recently inflicted on his affectionate heart, bled anew under the sense of irreparable loss, rendering him more keenly alive to the sufferings of others. Besides, the objects most dear to him, his mother, Letitia, Ellen, were committed to a peaceful grave, over which it was his privilege daily to watch ; and their spirits, he knew, were yet more safely housed in the mansions of the blessed, under the guardian hand of Him who had loved them, and who gave himself for them : whereas this agonized husband and father was left to the most dreadful surmises, as to what of mortal suffering might yet await those in whom his own life seemed to be wrapped up. " And I know not," thought Bryan, " whether he be a partaker in that precious faith which seems to support the soul of his expiring wife." With such thoughts in his mind, he gradually approached the stranger ; and

having rested for a while on the wall beside him, addressed him in a voice of respectful commiseration.

“ You are not alone in your sufferings : alas, that the only consolation which we can offer should be a fellowship in wretchedness ! ”

The stranger shook his head in token of bitter assent, but neither spoke, nor looked up.

Encouraged by this slight proof of attention to his words, Bryan proceeded : “ I know that He whose power to save is as infinite as the compassion which calls that power into action, is likewise touched with a feeling of all our infirmities—has in all points been tempted like as we are ”—

“ Yet without sin, ” interrupted the other : and then raising his tearful eyes to heaven, he ejaculated, “ Oh, merciful High Priest ! subdue these sinful repinings, and teach my soul to say, ‘ It is the Lord ! ’ ”

There was a simple, a sublime fervor in the tone of this short appeal, that bespoke the agony of spirit under which the sufferer struggled for resignation : it carried reproach to many a heart which had failed under similar trial to seek to the same source for comfort and submission. To Bryan the words were fraught with solid satisfaction ; and confirmed him in a purpose already formed in his benevolent mind. Pressing still nearer to the object of his compassion, he continued, in a low voice, the expressing of his Christian sympathy ; then said, “ There is evident danger in your remaining to occupy a station from which it is yet hardly possible to urge your removal. Whenever your feelings will permit you to relinquish for a short space this post of melancholy watching, leave it to me—I will not neglect for a moment the sacred charge—and give my aged grandmother the support of your

arm to her bereaved home, where your presence will fill one of its many vacancies with a fellow-sufferer, partaking alike in our abounding affliction, and in the consolation that, through divine grace, sometimes much more abounds."

The stranger turned upon him his heavy and swollen eyes, with an expression of deep thankfulness, replying, "It is a brotherly offer; and with a brother's frankness I will accept it."

"Where have you been, Magrath?" asked Bryan, as his faithful follower mounted the wall near him.

"I have been putting my hand to the work yonder, your honor," he replied, pointing to the place where the gallows had stood, which, with scrupulous adherence to the letter and spirit of their declaration, the Derry men had taken down as soon as the crowd moved off from below.

"And did your governor really purpose to execute those miserable captives?" asked the stranger, whose name was Morrison.

"Every neck of them, sir, we would have stretched," answered Magrath, sternly, "and themselves never denied the justice of it."

"That acknowledgment was what saved them," added Bryan; "together with the evident fact, that the savage foreigners cared not how much of native blood might flow, but would rather rejoice in proportion to the horrors perpetrated under their iniquitous domination."

"They are encouraged by the priests," said Morrison.

"Look yonder!" exclaimed Magrath, unconscious of the agonizing interest that the scene to which he pointed must excite in the breast of his hearer.

A French officer, who appeared to have received some

order to investigate the condition of those who remained below the walls, had approached the place where Morrison's wife lay, seemingly in a quiet sleep. Attended by three or four soldiers, he reached the spot, and rudely pushing with his foot the helpless creature before him, he demanded in broken English why she did not follow the rest of the rabble on their march.

She raised her hollow eyes, and articulated some words too faintly to be understood. The Frenchman, with his sheathed sword, was about to thrust the pillow of ragged clothes from beneath her head, at the same time ordering her to rise, while Morrison, grasping the top of the wall, seemed in act to throw himself over, as the nearest way to succor her, when an Irish sergeant approaching, in a tone of suppressed rage, exclaimed, "Let the woman die in peace."

The officer commanded him to retire, but he stood his ground, seemingly prepared to resist, in deed as well as by words, the wanton barbarity of his companions, towards one so evidently suffering the pangs of dissolution; while the soldiers, pressing nearer, seemed anxious for some command to remove him by force.

This was presently given; and at the same moment the sergeant, placing himself astride over the narrow couch, drew his hanger; but several of his countrymen running up, among whom was an officer, the Frenchman moved back, calling on his men to disarm the mutineer, and conduct him to the fort.

"What's this, Connellan?" asked the Irish officer, "how came you to mutiny, sir?"

"Is it mutiny to defend a dying countrywoman from those who thirst for Irish blood?" said the sergeant, in his native tongue.

“ Is she dying ?”

The Frenchman asserted that she was as well able to walk off as the rest of the party ; but that she preferred lying there, in the hope of being taken into the town.

“ No fear of that,” answered the other. “ The starving rascals know better than to let more hungry mouths into their den ; besides,” he added, stooping to look at her pallid face, “ she is really at the point of death.”

The Frenchman made no reply to this, but in a more violent tone repeated the order to seize Connellan for mutiny.

“ I’ve committed no mutiny, and I’ll not be disarmed by you,” said the sergeant, darting a look of defiance at all the foreign soldiers.

“ You’re right, my lad,” exclaimed the officer, “ and General Hamilton will say the same.”

The Frenchman vehemently protested that all the rules of military service were on his side ; that for a non-commissioned officer to draw his sword upon a superior, was death before any court-martial.

“ Never mind,” replied the other, with provoking coolness. “ We’re not particular here, you know. Monsieur de Rosen has dispensed with all the troublesome laws of honor, good faith, and humanity ; and we need not stick at a trifle in the articles of war.”

The Frenchman peremptorily ordered his men to advance upon Connellan ; the others as promptly joined in defending him. A desperate scuffle took place, pistols were discharged, while Magrath and others shouted from the walls their loud encouragement to the Irish party. It was a short interval of unspeakable horror to the husband, who beheld this sanguinary struggle around and over the death-bed of his beloved partner ; and scarcely could

Bryan withhold him from leaping down to certain destruction. But the fray was ended, the Frenchmen retreated, leaving one of their number bleeding on the ground ; and as the combatants separated, the Irish officer gently raised the lifeless object of their compassion, saying, " She's gone, indeed : a bullet has passed through her brain."

The fact was evident ; and Morrison, bowing his head upon the wall, exclaimed, in a smothered tone, " Even so ; and there is mercy in it. Lord, teach my soul to praise thee ?"

CHAPTER XII.

WHEN the little household of M'Alister assembled at their evening duty, Morrison formed the principal object of interest, and their united prayers arose for the safe guidance of his distant children, concerning whom many questions were asked ; less from curiosity than to indulge the fatherly feelings of their guest. He represented Kathleen as endued with wisdom and discretion far beyond her years ; well armed in the gospel panoply, either to do or to suffer in that glorious cause, for which he professed his readiness to see even his children offered up as victims on the altar of their faith, rather than he or they should compromise it.

"I begin," said Ross, "to understand something of this high and holy principle, the fruits of which I have, with admiring wonder, continually seen displayed beneath this roof, without being able to comprehend the root that produced them. My head, I think, gets clearer ; but the heart, alas ! errs more widely every day."

"Say rather," replied the Lady of M'Alister, "that grace is given more clearly to discern its errors. The admission of light, my dear young friend, makes manifest many displeasing objects that were not before seen ; but it neither adds to their number, nor increases their actual deformity."

“I’ve been thinking on that myself,” said Magrath, “when reading to the prisoners to-day.”

“Then you found time even to-day, my good fellow?” said Bryan.

“Sure, sir, and I couldn’t do less. The poor souls expected every one to be hanged, though we told them it was only the officers that we meant to execute; and when the people marched away, and the gallows were taken down, it was myself that couldn’t but go and read them a psalm out of Mr. Basil’s beautiful book.”

“And this was what detained you so long?” asked Ross.

“No, sir; I had other work in hand afterwards; but I didn’t like to mention it till prayers were done:”—Then turning to Mr. Morrison, with the hesitation of real feeling, he inquired whether the name of Connellan had not reached his ears in the morning; to which the other, with a heavy sigh, answered, that it had; under circumstances never to be forgotten.

“Well, sir, that Connellan is an old comrade of mine; and a lad who won’t be nice about his religion when his Irish blood is up against the French. I took advantage of this after you left the wall, and”—he hesitated again, and then, in a more hurried manner, added, “There are graves of my digging in the church-yard, that cover some who were the sunshine to our eyes. I’ve dug another beside them, and at midnight we’ll receive the body of her who is gone to their blessed home. Connellan will bring it to the gate, and I’ve the Governor’s leave. I know ’tis a comfort,” he added, turning away to hide the starting tears, “for hav’n’t I found it so myself?”

While Morrison, overcome by this unexpected mercy,

vainly strove to express his gratitude, Ross exclaimed, "Magrath, I verily think you were sent here to be a perpetual reproach to my shameful prejudices against the native race."

"You've no prejudice now, Mr. Ross, avourneen," answered Magrath, with an affectionate smile; "but when they who should sow good seed plant nothing but thistles, what crop can you expect? Only lay the blame on the right shoulders."

"He speaks most justly," observed Morrison; "and the generous deed that he and Connellan have performed are more characteristic of our countrymen's natural feeling than are the sanguinary acts which have made their name a terror, and our beautiful island a reproach among the nations. My own life has been an active one, bringing me very frequently into contact with the most untamed among my countrymen, in their mountain fastnesses and secluded valleys. I have been so situated in those remote districts, that my personal safety depended, so far as man was concerned, on an unhesitating appeal to the nobler feelings of their nature: and when uninfluenced by the present instigation of their priests, I have found their enmity melt away before the appearance, or let me rather say the reality, of affectionate confidence on the part of one who threw himself on their hospitable faith."

"'Tis the way of them when left to themselves," said Magrath, thoughtfully; "but your honor was right in barring the priest's blarney."

"I have good reason to do so, my dear brother," rejoined Morrison, whose every look beamed with grateful cordiality towards Magrath; "and one among several instances I will name. Some years since I was travelling through a mountainous and unfrequented district in

the wildest part of Galway, where scarcely a trace of civilisation could be discovered, and where my ignorance of the native language left me in the state of a man cast ashore on some foreign strand. In fact, I had acted very incautiously, in neglecting to provide myself with an interpreting guide; but I could not believe that the English tongue would be so universally unintelligible within half a day's journey of places where it was generally understood, and used. However, I found my error too late to profit by the discovery; and committing myself to the Lord, I went on, accosting all whom I met, in the hope of obtaining an answer from some one. I was disappointed; and to aggravate it, there generally appeared a scowl of displeasure accompanying the muttered Celtic, or the sullen silence in which my address was received."

"I'll engage for 'em," said Magrath smiling; "it isn't the English sound will make a man welcome in Connamara."

"I went on," continued Morrison, "until the closing evening, and my own fatigue, together with the jaded pace of my horse, compelled me to make an attack on the hospitality of the next cabin that offered any appearance of comfort. I reached one, situated in the midst of what seemed a respectable little property, well farmed; but the house, though large, was as rudely built, and of as rugged an aspect, as any cabin in the bogs. Here I reined in my horse, and fastening him to a tree, walked into the kitchen."

"And parlor, and bedroom," interrupted Magrath, who seemed to enjoy the recital greatly.

"Yes; I believe it would be difficult to name any use to which it was not applied. My entrance was hailed with respectful courtesy, but when I spoke in English,

the party looked one upon another, with countenances that promised me little encouragement. Affecting not to perceive this, I advanced towards the table, on which smoked a plentiful load of hot potatoes; and, smiling with the air of a man who knows that he is welcome, I drew a stool nearer to the board, and seated myself; taking off my hat, wiping my brow, and letting them see that I was pretty well fatigued."

"And how did they look?" asked Ross.

"Perfectly well pleased. Some remarks passed among them in a tone of good-humored raillery; but the best potatoes were culled, and a slice of bacon presently cut, and laid over the clear turf embers. One of the young men, spying out my spurs, looked from the door-way, and went out, returning soon after with my saddle, bridle, and valise; which he put down, nodding his head, and pointing in a direction where I had observed some sheds, to intimate that the horse was housed; and taking out with him a bucket, and a measure for corn, he left me well satisfied that my poor steed was sharing the hospitality of which his master heartily partook."

Magrath's countenance shone with satisfaction. He rubbed his hands, and turned involuntarily towards the corner from whence old Shane's smile was wont to respond to any expression of national feeling on the part of his nephew. But that corner was empty, and a shade passed over the clear brow, not unmarked or unfelt by Bryan and the Lady.

"I need not describe," resumed Morrison, "the kindness with which I was treated, having once been made welcome by this Irish family: and on a rough but comfortable bed I slept that night, as free from apprehension as though my own roof had been over me; notwithstand-

ing the evident dissatisfaction with which they had marked my rejection of the holy water, carefully placed within my reach. Next morning I found that my horse, whose limping motion I had attributed to fatigue, had been injured by some sharp gravel getting into an old sore in one of his ancles, and really needed the rest which his good-natured attendant, by signs, requested me to afford him ; and while I considered the matter, a younger lad, whom I had missed from the breakfast table, appeared, leading a pretty little maiden by the hand ; who with a low curtesy, and blushing, informed me that she was come to give us the help so much needed, being able to speak both the language of my hosts and my own. With her assistance, the invitation was pressed more eloquently, and the case of my poor horse feelingly described ; so that I consented to be their guest for a day or two longer."

" And did it last, the hospitality of them, sir ?" asked Magrath anxiously.

" It did, for three days ; and we really had become such friends, that I could not, without pain, think of parting from them. On that day, however, being with Judy, my little interpreter, at some distance from the house, and reading to her from the Bible, some of those precious truths which, by her means, I had also conveyed to the family party, we heard on a sudden a very loud voice, evidently in great anger, expostulating in Irish, while the crack of a stout whip seemed to give emphasis to the exhortation."

" Long life to the whipcord !" said Magrath, with one of his inimitable grimaces : "'tis the best argument his riverince has to the fore."

" My poor little companion," continued Morrison,

“turned so pale, and trembled so violently, that I easily guessed what formidable personage was at hand. The voices approached nearer, and Judy, suddenly seizing me by the arm, compelled me to crouch with her beneath the shelter of a clamp of turf, which effectually concealed us ; while the priest slowly walked his horse, vociferating at the farmer and his eldest son, who silently accompanied his progress, until, just over against our hiding-place, the young man spoke in a tone of respectful but earnest remonstrance.

“On this the priest pulled up his horse ; and prefacing his speech with a crack that made poor Judy start terribly, he commenced a long and indignant reply, to which my companion eagerly listened. Her countenance bore testimony to its purport ; for she first let go my arm, which she had been holding fast, and then, by degrees, edged away from me, casting every now and then such a glance of fear and perplexity at my face, as it really pained me to witness. At length the parties proceeded on their way, and we left our retreat. I had remarked that Judy seemed quite ignorant on the subject of her own religion, and unconscious that any difference existed between others on matters of faith. She was also artless, grateful, and affectionate in an uncommon degree ; and as I easily surmised the cause of her sudden estrangement, I had little difficulty in counteracting the effect of the priest’s discourse on her mind, so far as to regain much of her innocent good-will. I depended on the Lord’s mercy to make her instrumental in preserving me from any snare that might be laid.

“Towards evening, Judy sought me out : and in a trembling voice, told me to go away from that place as fast as I could. ‘Why, my child ? Do you think that

I will hurt you, or any one?" She replied, that it was not *me* that would hurt *them*; and spoke it with an emphasis that showed she wished me to understand the reverse to be the cause of her fear. I pondered upon the case, not a little at a loss, and still unwilling to believe that any harm would reach me in the bosom of that hospitable and frank-hearted family."

Magrath shook his head, with a bitter smile.

Mr. Morrison proceeded. "At the evening meal I watched the looks of the assembled party, but could detect no change. Indeed, if anything, the farmer and his son were more officiously cordial than before; and this certainly perplexed me, seeing the effect produced on Judy by the priest's harangue. The little girl was evidently watching also; and at one time, when the men were talking in a loud, cheerful tone, calculated to dispel all suspicion from the mind of one who could not understand their language, I saw her so much terrified, that combining it with some side looks cautiously darted at me by the speakers, I felt convinced there was no time to lose. I took advantage of a half hour, when I knew that the men would be absent in a distant field; and saddling my horse, with a heavy heart, I rode hastily away."

"But you had no proof of ill intentions being entertained," observed Bryan.

"Not at that time; but I afterwards met with one of the farmer's sons, under circumstances where I was enabled to render him such an important service, that, in the overflowings of his gratitude, he confessed how near I had been to losing my life. The priest, he said, had threatened to denounce them all for harboring a heretic so long; and to such a pitch were the national and super-

stitious feelings of the elder son excited by his inflammatory language, that he had resolved to do me some mortal injury, in revenge for the wrongs of his country and his religion, as he said."

"I don't doubt it," observed Magrath; "but unless the others had joined him, he would hardly have been able to do it. No thanks to the priest that all the party were not against you. If the farmer had withstood his riverince, and kept your honor in his house, he'd have had the parish raised up against him, and a long day it would have been before he saw the end of their persecution."

"Pernicious influence!" exclaimed Bryan.

"And unaccountable, too," added Ross; "that it should quell, at a word, the strongest impulses of the national character, the force of habit, and all that appears most stubbornly rooted in man."

"That mystery of iniquity," remarked the Lady of M'Alister, "will be a mystery always; yet we may in some wise account for the despotic power so banefully exercised over the consciences, the souls, and the actions of our fellow men. They are taught from earliest childhood, that to the priests of Rome are committed the destinies of their followers; that he who ministers at the altar, and presides over the confessional, possesses unquestioned authority to admit or to exclude; to throw wide the door of heaven, or to fence it with impassable barriers against the individual who kneels at his feet. What marvel that, ruling as a demi-god, assuming to wield at will the thunders of Him who governs earth and heaven, his sway should be unlimited, and his dominion perfect?"

"Still," said Ross, "I am astonished that religion should so powerfully and extensively influence the mem-

bers of the popish communion, when among the followers of a purer faith we see it generally occupying a very small share of their attention. Supposing that a Protestant could believe his minister equally potent, in spiritual matters, as the papist holds his priest to be, I doubt whether the former, I mean the great bulk of professing Protestants, would show sufficient concern for things not of this world, to yield such blind obedience to the dicta of his guide."

"It is true," replied the Lady; "and it affords a lamentable proof how much wiser in their generation are the votaries of delusion than the children of light. But mark the origin of what you have alluded to: the priest of Rome knows that it is essential to the existence of his power to bring up every child in habits of religious observance. He must be kept mindful of his soul's concerns, because on that depends the value of all priestly services: and to accomplish this, the father of lies has framed for him a religion in no wise opposed to the natural bent of corrupt minds; a religion consisting of bodily exercises, and will-worship, fitted to nourish and to gratify his carnal pride; a religion perfectly compatible with the dominant prevalence of all sin and uncleanness; which does indeed point out and stigmatize those things as displeasing to God, and dangerous to the soul of man, but which at the same time proffers to the offender connivance—impunity in transgression—at the price of perfect submission to the church. The wealthy must purchase with their riches the privilege of sinning; the poor must render such service as they can, by holding themselves in perpetual readiness to execute every mandate of their crafty guides. And all this is comparatively easy to the natural man to

whom any sound is more welcome than that which calls on him to repent and be converted—to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, that he may be saved—which assures him, that in order to enter heaven, he must become a new creature, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, and glorifying God in that body, and in that spirit, which are his alone.”

Magrath listened attentively to this remark ; and when the Lady concluded, he said, “ It’s all true, for your Ladyship, and there’s yet another thing that you haven’t noticed. The poor people, indeed, are careful for their souls, as well they may be, seeing how little comfort they have to their bodies, let alone looking forward to the fire of purgatory : but you’ll please to remember, that the priest has power to harm them, in life, limb, and substance. Many’s the one upon whom he has put his curse ; and myself has seen it—bad luck was all that came to the sorrowful creature from that day forward. I’ve seen how the praties would fail, the cow would be dry, the turf was rotted in the clamp, and the man would sicken, and pine, and melt away, till only the bare bones remained, and into the grave he sank, withered by the curse of the altar.”

“ Indeed, Magrath !” said Bryan, “ I did not suppose that you still believed these lying wonders.”

“ I’ve seen it, sir,” answered Magrath in a firm tone, that seemed to set farther question at defiance.

“ You may have seen all these things, indeed, and I do not doubt your word ; but they were not the effects of the priest’s curse.”

“ Then why did they follow it, sir ?”

“ The failure of a crop, of a cow, or a clamp of turf would have occurred, and passed unmarked, only that,

the curse being borne in mind by the superstitious people, every untoward event was traced back to its operation. Did no other like misfortunes happen where the priest had given his blessing, Magrath?"

"I don't say but they might, Mr. Bryan: but then for the pining away, and melting of the person, just as the priest said, wasn't that his doing?"

"Most probably it was," replied the Lady of M'Alister; "but not by any power of his own. The poor victim who has fallen under a ban, which he vainly considers of such potency as to affect his life, becomes a prey to despair. The persecution to which he is subjected destroys every comfort of his existence, or dreadfully embitters it: and, looking on himself as doomed to destruction, he pines away, under the dread of what he has no hope of averting. Trust me, Magrath, should any power which he could believe to be more effectual than that of his priest, visibly interpose on his behalf, to reverse the unholy charm, he would quickly cast off his fear, the danger would vanish from before him, hope would revive his fainting heart; and if the malady of grief had not already eaten so deeply as to injure the springs of life, he would quickly walk abroad among his fellows, as alert as ever, and as far removed from that grave to which his own despondency was rapidly consigning him."

Magrath looked very thoughtful; and Bryan added, "Remember, you told me yourself that the hoisting of the gallows, and the prospect of a sudden, shameful death, had left the prisoners but little life for our justice to deprive them of."

"I'm glad," said Magrath, "to have heard all this; for, troth, Mr. Bryan, I've been more bothered by the

same than you would suppose. I couldn't deny that my own eyes had seen the curse prosper; and understand it I didn't: but it's reasonable to be as you say, and it's sheer roguery among the priests to frighten men out of their natural lives."

During the latter part of this discourse, Morrison had remained painfully abstracted from all that passed; absorbed in the musings of a mind most cruelly bereaved, and following, in anxious thought, the path of his helpless children. He was roused by the energetic tone of Bryan, who, rising from his seat, exclaimed, "Against this system of satanic delusion,—against this merciless traffic in the souls of men,—against this moral blight and spiritual pestilence, which desolates our country, we have manned our solitary fortress; and we will hold it, by God's help, while one stone remains upon another. Though foes press us from without, though famine pinches us within, though death stalks along our streets, and grave after grave yawns to receive the desire of our eyes;—though sorrow and suffering eat away our strength; and hope, perpetually deferred, sickens the hearts that it ceases not to mock—yet, yet we are unshaken: our cause is that of immutable truth, and an immutable God will give us the victory still. No SURRENDER!"

"No surrender!" was repeated by every individual around him, while their sunken cheeks kindled into a flush of sacred exultation: for even Ross now felt within him the actings of that principle which he had truly characterized as high and holy, and to him for a long time incomprehensible. In Magrath it had taken deep root; like a plant which at first vegetates but slowly to the sight, its vigorous fibres were fixing a firm and last-

ing hold in the prepared soil of his heart. Under ordinary circumstances, it is probable that he would have maintained a more protracted contest in defence of those delusions on which, but a few months before, his hope had been exclusively built; but the besieged fortress of Derry was no common school, nor the very court and presence-chamber of death a scene wherein to trifle with the things of eternity. To this may be added the rare advantage of seeing his instructors called upon daily to exemplify their teachings, by doing and suffering in the cause of truth, what the stoutest heart might quail to encounter; and in their unshaken constancy, their unremitting endurance, their freedom from all rancorous or vindictive feeling towards the wretched agents of persecution, he read a lesson the most touching, the most convincing to an observant mind. Thus, by external helps that infinite wisdom devised, was that secret work accelerated, without which all outward means had surely failed; Magrath grew in grace and in knowledge; the light that had so recently dawned upon his soul lightening more and more into perfect day.

Bryan's apostrophe had not been uttered without an especial view to the trial which awaited the stranger then under his roof. Midnight drew on, and the nourishment that would have recruited his exhausted frame, the cordial by which a temporary animation might have cheered his drooping spirit, that impoverished household could not bestow. Themselves pining with unsatisfied hunger, so long that its cravings had become, as it were, habitual, and, therefore, more endurable, they beheld with yearning commiseration the unsupplied wants of one to whom the privation came with the severity of an untried affliction. Bryan well knew the power of that stimulus which

he had applied ; he followed it up by a prayer such as they alone can pour forth on whom is laid the chastening hand of the Lord ; and closed the exercise with those impressive words that the suffering Protestants were often wont to appropriate, " My heart and my flesh faileth : but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever."

" Now, Mr. Morrison," said Magrath, "'tis time for us to be going. You've a sorrowful hour before ye, sir : but the sorrow is all to you—she's done with it for ever." Morrison grasped his hand, unable to reply ; and with Bryan they proceeded to the place of melancholy rendezvous.

" Lady," said Ross, " shall I ever attain to this triumphant spirit of self-surrender, which shines out so beautifully in those around me ? Removed as I am far away from every near connexion, and under no apprehension for their security, I seem exempted from the trial under which I should probably be found to fail."

" Say not so, my young friend. Your faith, too, will be tried, for it is no less precious than that of others ; you too will be scourged : for what son is he whom the Father loveth and chasteneth not ? But the time and the manner are in his hand. Your cross is prepared, though as yet you may not feel its pressure on your shoulder."

" I often wish that I did," said Ross.

The Lady smiled. " If your tender mother, and the sisters who love you, could witness that emaciated frame, those cheeks of famine, and the disabling wound that holds their Frederick in tedious captivity, would they not implore the mitigation of a cross so heavy ?"

" Yes ; individually considered, I grant that I might be

deemed a sufferer. But when I look around me at the widowed husband, the bereaved brother, the childless parent, and above all, when I look at my multiplied transgressions, I cannot but ask, oh, why is the rod so lightly laid upon one whose demerits call for its most unsparing strokes !”

“ Believe me, Ross,” said the Lady earnestly, “ the latter consideration is one of the most perilous snares spread in the path of God’s afflicted children by their indefatigable enemy. You know now somewhat of the plague of your heart ; you feel the burden of those sins that, through your life, have grieved a compassionate Father ; and, conscious of your desert, you invite the punishment which, for the glory of his justice, you feel willing to endure.”

“ And is that wrong ?” asked Ross.

“ Alas ! were he to reckon with you for the least of all your transgressions, hell must be your portion, and that for ever. I have witnessed much of this dangerous spirit, among our sufferers, and therefore, my son, would I warn you. He who considers that the punishment of his offences is to be laid upon himself, will, when heavily afflicted, regard the chastening as meritorious in God’s sight, and make a Saviour of his own endurance. When you behold in the sacrifice once offered on Calvary, a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice and satisfaction for all your sins, when in the undeviating obedience of the incarnate Son of God you see a justifying righteousness, and lay hold on it, and make it all your plea, then will you be strengthened to suffer and to do, according to the will of him who must be to you all that you require—wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.”

“ I see somewhat of this,” said Ross, after a few mo-

ments of deep thought ; and, raising his eyes, he added, " Oh, for more of that divine teaching, by which even I may become instructed in the things of God ! "

During this discourse—to the Lady of M'Alister most richly refreshing, as another token of accepted prayer—the party who had left the house bent their way to the gate at which Connellan had appointed to meet them. Late as was the hour, there was little appearance of repose within the walls of Derry : on the contrary, there seemed a greater stir than by day : a temporary respite from bombardment, combined with the freshness of the night breeze that swept over Loch Foyle, having tempted many to leave the covert into which they had been driven during the glare of a sultry sun, rendered doubly oppressive by the perpetual explosion of gunpowder in every street. Of the better sort, many felt an insuperable reluctance to expose the squalid wretchedness of their unwashed garments and blackened visages, even to the gaze of partners in affliction ; and among all classes there were mourners whose very heart-strings had been rent, while the objects of their tenderest love perished miserably before their eyes, and to whom the darkness seemed more congenial than the day. To this may be added the appalling fact, that their principal support now consisted of such animals as might be discovered prowling about the haunts of famine, under the cover of night ; and these were sold at a high price by those whose love of money overcame the cravings of hunger, or who had a surplus, after deadening that craving by a scanty meal on such loathsome fare as they had seized. Dogs were turned out in the evening, to prey upon the unburied bodies of those who had been slain without the walls ; and on their return were slaughtered to furnish a meal for the family,

at whose hands they had once plentifully fed. To such extremity had the garrison been reduced before the end of July, that a single quarter of one of these dogs was priced at five shillings and sixpence of their currency, and his head at half that sum. Even a cat was gladly purchased whenever it could be found, for four shillings and sixpence ; and animals yet more disgusting to the human palate in proportion.

Such being the condition of the beleaguered fortress, the imagination may perhaps sketch an outline—it cannot by any possibility fill up the picture—of what was passing under the midnight sky of Derry. One object appeared to possess attraction, even for the most reckless wanderer ; and that was the double beacon which sent its red columns on high from the cathedral roof. It was the appointed signal, communicating to the tardy fleet the desperation of that distress which they alone could relieve : and to the hollow eyes upturned towards the glare, it presented a sort of link between them and the objects of that oft-defeated hope which they could not relinquish. It was piteous to see the wistful countenances with which many would pause to gaze upon this unconscious messenger of their grief ; as though by so doing they could communicate to it additional power of expressing what they longed to send to the eye and the heart of unfeeling Kirke. Seen under its ruddy blaze, the broken windows of the cathedral, the shattered walls and dismantled buildings around it, roofs ploughed up by innumerable bombs, and wood-work blackened by the frequent ignition that had marked the progress of red-hot cannon balls—all these things united to produce such a spectacle of wretchedness, as the mind will shrink from dwelling upon. Yet happy had it been for poor Ireland,

could that scene have lived indelibly engraven on the memory of her Protestant race, as an abiding stimulus to incessant exertion in the peaceful and holy warfare, whereby alone the souls of their deluded countrymen can be rescued from the usurping powers of darkness and cruelty!

Absorbed as he was in the contemplation of his individual calamities, Morrison could not pass along the street of Derry, an indifferent spectator of these things. His heart melted over the sorrows, and glowed in the devoted heroism of the sufferers around him. "Methinks," he remarked to Bryan, "it would be a sore reproach to walk among these martyrs, if I bore not a portion of their cross, in humble anticipation of sharing with them the crown."

"True for you, sir," eagerly responded Magrath: "it was myself felt the same, and couldn't rightly look them in the face till my hand and heart went along with theirs. It isn't the starving among them, Mr. Morrison, that gives one a fellowship in their troubles: 'tis knowing what we suffer for, and being willing to suffer, though a man were left standing alone for the cause, and every back turned upon him."

"And what do we suffer for, Magrath?" asked Colonel Murray, who, unperceived, had joined them, and walked beside the animated speaker.

"Troth, Colonel, I'm somehow bothered to tell the matter clearly, but"—he hesitated; then turning full upon the inquirer, he made a stand, and raising his voice, emphatically uttered, "Sir, we suffer for our God, and for our country."

"Most true, Magrath; and from you that testimony

is invaluable. It is not long since you held us the direst enemies of both."

"I'll not be denying it, your honor: but now I've learned God's will out of his own word myself: and I'll suffer to death, rather than not see my poor country share in the blessing. They are God's enemies that wouldn't let his mighty works be made known to the people; and they are Ireland's foes who blind her people from seeing the glory of God's truth. If Derry fell, we'd soon see the dead idols set up over the land; and the living Word buried out of sight. 'Tis to hinder this, Colonel Murray, that we gladly suffer; and in the name of God and poor Ireland, I say, 'NO SURRENDER!'"

The last words were uttered with a shout, while he waved his hat exultingly. That watchword was caught by the surrounding population, Murray himself being the first to re-echo it; and like an electric shock the impulse was communicated, until a hundred hands were raised, and a hundred voices pealed the inflexible resolve, "NO SURRENDER!"

Murray, after this ebullition of patriotic, and more than patriotic feeling had subsided, turned with graceful courtesy to Morrison, just as Bryan was about to pronounce his name. "I need not," he said, "any other medium of introduction than the deep and heartfelt sympathy that must draw me towards one who has done and undergone so much in the sacred cause which binds us all together. Your name, Mr. Morrison, is familiar to me; as are the many good deeds that adorn it. In yielding a hearty assent to the request of our honest Magrath, Governor Walker gratifies his own feelings, no less than he hopes to soothe yours. He would have expressed this in person; but unavoidable engagements detain him for

two hours longer. At the end of that time, he will be ready to perform the last solemn offices over one whose grave will be bedewed with many a tear. Meantime I attend, his willing representative, to sanction, and in every way to put such honor as we can upon this mournful duty."

Morrison expressed most warmly his grateful sense of such delicate attention ; while M'Alister enjoyed increased satisfaction in finding that his roof had sheltered a valuable and active laborer in the cause for which it was his dearest privilege to endure the loss of all things.

They had now reached the gate, Murray's presence affording a most welcome countenance to the proceeding ; and on a given signal, that gate which, seven months before, had been the first to close against the enemy, swung back upon its hinges to admit the lifeless remains of one who had perished under that enemy's implacable cruelty.

The body was laid on a rude bier, a dark coarse sack being thrown over it, the better to conceal the nature of its freight. Before, however, any one could enter the half opened portal, Magrath presented himself at an aperture, and in Irish, demanded whether all was fair and honorable.

"You need not doubt it," answered Connellan, in the same language. "My own officer is on duty here, and not a Frenchman near us."

"This is my old comrade, Colonel," said Magrath to Murray. "I'll answer for him, if once he gives us his word : the other I don't know."

By Murray's direction, Connellan was told, that in consideration of his compassionate interference, he was welcome, if such his wish, to attend the body to its last

resting-place : pledging, of course, his promise to take no undue advantage of such discoveries as he might make. The assurance was given to Magrath's satisfaction, and Connellan, with the bier, entered the eventful gates.

A considerable number of persons had gathered around them : and many proffers were made with indications of respectful sympathy, to assist in bearing the humble carriage to the burial ground : but Morrison himself took the place of Connellan's former helper, while Bryan and Magrath each raising one of the poles, the bier was thus carried onward, followed closely by Colonel Murray, and a long train of voluntary mourners, who arranged themselves in procession behind them.

It was now that the full tide of sympathy seemed to set in with an uninterrupted flow towards the widowed husband ; nor could he, amid his smothered anguish, be insensible to its soothing power. Appropriate texts of Scripture, touching allusions, sentiments of elevated piety and holy resignation, fell continually upon his ear : while the haggard looks of those who uttered them, bespoke how needful to themselves was the consolation that they tendered to an afflicted brother.

Arriving within the church-yard, there was a temporary halt, preparatory to the opening of the cathedral door ; and Magrath suggested the removal of the uncouth covering, to be replaced by a sheet, which he had considerably provided. He had previously ascertained from Connellan that all was neat and respectful about the corpse. "Some poor Irishwomen," said he to Morrison, "undertook to settle the dear lady in her little bed ; and you'll find they've not neglected it."

It proved so : the placid countenance was uncovered beneath the flickering light of the beacon ; for other torch

could ill be afforded. The oil was spent, the remaining wood stored up to feed the watchfire ; and tallow was become an article of food, eagerly purchased at four shillings a pound.

Morrison, nearly overcome, seated himself on the bier ; and with clasped hands gazed on the sweet face that had never failed to meet his eye with smiles of conjugal affection. The bystanders pressed nearer, after a short silence of pitying respect ; and by degrees their words reached his ear with somewhat of intelligible meaning.

“ These are they which came out of great tribulation,” said one : and another added, “ They were slain for the testimony of Jesus.”

A grey-haired man, raising his folded hands above his head, and casting up his eyes, fervently ejaculated, “ The noble army of martyrs praise Thee !”

A famished mother, pressing in her arms the living skeleton of a child of two years old, bent over the corpse, and repeated, in the bitterness of agonized feeling, “ *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more :*” while a school-boy, gently touching the shoulder of the silent mourner, tendered his little mite of consolation by whispering a Latin line,

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

“ Sweet and becoming indeed it is, my child,” responded a bystander, “ to die for our beloved country, a willing victim in that cause, which with us is no less the cause of God.”

The door was now unlocked, a taper provided, and the body having been borne into the church, Morrison was left awhile to indulge his grief alone over the beloved remains.

Connellan looked around him with a mixture of sur-

prise and painful interest, not altogether divested of hostile feelings; while, heedless of his presence, the group pursued the subject that seemed for a time to have absorbed their individual sorrows. "I beheld the lady's death," said one, "and could not but thank God when I saw she was really gone. It was a quick passage at last, after some grievous tossings on the troubled sea of affliction."

"Alas!" exclaimed a female near him, "did you see the parting with her children? Yonder are the graves of my two darlings, cut off, the elder by the sword, and the other by the pestilence, within a fortnight. I did not begrudge them in the cause; but I never felt how mercifully I had been dealt with, until I saw that lady's children driven from her side to wander through a scene of horror, and cruelty, and blood: without a friend to watch over their young heads."

"Without a friend!" ejaculated another. "When did the best of Friends forsake those who cheerfully took their cross for him? We know better: we have tasted his mercy. He hath delivered us, he doth now deliver us: and in him we trust that he will more fully and triumphantly deliver us yet."

"It must be by a strong force, at any rate," said Connellan.

"There is no restraint with the Lord, brother, to save by many or by few;" mildly answered the old man who had before spoken. "All power is his, and he wields at will the armies of heaven no less than the elements of earth. By the waves of the sea were Pharaoh and his host overwhelmed: by the soundings of rams' horns did proud Jericho's bulwarks fall. A few lamps concealed in pitchers wrought the defeat of the many thousands of

Midian: and when the haughty Sennacherib lay encamped around the city of David, even as yonder our enemies encompass our city, an angel was sent forth at dead of night, who, with noiseless destruction, slew at once a hundred and eighty-five thousand of these boastful Assyrians. This God is our God: his hand is not now shortened, nor his power in aught diminished. For the better trial of our faith, deliverance is delayed; but in the appointed hour it will come—it will come, and not tarry.”

“And this is the way that you encourage yourselves to hold out?” asked Connellan, with a shrug.

“Ay, it is—it is,” responded many voices: and some added, “We’ll stand to our guns while we can lift a match to them.”

“That won’t be long,” observed Connellan, looking round him with more of pity than of scorn.

“Perhaps not,” replied Magrath; “but when we can’t move a hand to help ourselves, what follows?”

“Why your town will be captured at once.”

“Captured is it? Sorrow a bit do we fear that. It isn’t yet that the Derry men have lost the trick of peppering their friends outside: but when God takes it out of our hands, he’ll take it into his own. With his own right hand, and with his holy arm, he will get for himself the victory!” and this he again repeated in Irish.

A hum of applause, restrained by delicacy towards Morrison, from breaking out into a cheer, followed this apostrophe: and Connellan, to change the subject, asked why they kept that great fire on the top of the church. Various replies were given, chiefly in a jesting strain: one saying it was to assist the enemy in rightly pointing their guns and mortars; another, that it was used to

fumigate, their town being none of the sweetest. A third remarked that it would be wanted to roast the oxen and sheep which they intended to take in the next sally ; while Bryan more truly observed that a pillar of fire having been formerly the signal of God's presence among his people, the token of his guidance, and pledge of their deliverance, it could not but cheer them to be reminded, whenever they looked towards the house of prayer, of those works and wonders of old, the contemplation of which was their unfailing encouragement.

"Here comes the Governor," said Magrath. "Now, Connellan, we'll show you a better friend to poor old Ireland than your camp contains."

"He's an Englishman," observed Connellan, sullenly.

"He's not a Frenchman," warmly responded Magrath. "He's not wading through Irish blood to enslave the land : to keep it in darkness, and shut out the blessed light of truth."

Walker now approached ; and Connellan, from under his bent brows, took a keen and curious survey of a man whom he had more than once seen in the confusion of a skirmish, but who now appeared in a garb better suited to the sacred profession which he had so often merged in that of the warrior. The Governor's countenance bore testimony that he had fully participated in the privations of the suffering garrison : but his air was more lofty, his step more firm, his eye more animated than in days when hope was buoyant, and their present extremity of want altogether unthought of. Slowly and majestically this singular man walked through the opening crowd, with every individual of whom he seemed to be on terms of personal acquaintance. There lacked not several, even

among those then before him, in whose bosoms rankled the feeling of envy, suspicion, or dislike; but the observing eye of Connellan operated as a check upon them; and care was taken to maintain in his presence, at least the semblance of unanimous attachment to their celebrated leader. On arriving at the place where Bryan stood, Mr. Walker stopped short, addressing him in words of familiar friendship; and, apologizing for the delay in his arrival, inquired for the person who had acted so humane a part towards the slaughtered lady.

Connellan was immediately pointed out, and respectfully returned the Governor's recognition.

"Sergeant," said Walker, in that abrupt phrase which generally told well among the troops, "it seems you have not yet met a mutineer's fate."

"Nor ever will, sir," answered Connellan, sternly.

"The French are worse masters than the English," continued Walker.

"English or French," retorted Connellan, almost fiercely, "Ireland needs no masters,—she can govern herself."

"James Stuart thinks otherwise," said Walker, with a half smile; and slowly passed on.

The principal door of the church was thrown open, and thither in silence the spectators followed their clerical Governor. Murray's considerate kindness had provided the unwonted luxury of a coffin, which had been privately introduced through a side door, by attendants who assisted Morrison to enclose the beloved remains in that narrow receptacle. When, therefore, the bier was again discovered, it supported the coffin, and over it was thrown a pall: Morrison stood at the feet, not far from the reading-desk, on which two tapers were lighted,

casting their feeble glimmer upon his pallid countenance, while with folded arms, and tearless eye, he steadfastly gazed on the inanimate object before him. Connellan pressed forward, accompanied by Bryan and Magrath, and followed by a considerable number of persons. It was Walker's custom to render everything as far as possible conducive to the grand concern so near his heart ; and no man better knew how to give a powerful effect to such means as came within his reach. The present was an inviting occasion, not only to strengthen his friends, but to display before an enemy that unshaken constancy, that vivid interest in their glorious cause, by which alone he could entertain a hope of ultimate triumph. At the moment of uncovering his head, and stepping forward, he broke, with startling suddenness, the deep and death-like stillness of the scene, by uttering in the most sonorous tones of his powerful voice, the sublime commencement of that service which he came to perform. "I am the Resurrection and the Life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

Here he ceased, advancing in silence until he stood beside the bier, over which he stretched his right hand, standing erect in stately dignity; and turning full towards the listening audience, whose eyes were fixed upon him, he addressed to them the next of those impressive sentences; giving to it an emphasis of enthusiasm not to be described, "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold him, and not another."

The last apostrophe followed, after a second solemn pause, during which he bent his head with a thoughtful and compassionate gaze upon the coffin. "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain that we can carry nothing out of it." Then raising his eyes to Morrison, he concluded, in a voice of really touching pathos, "Brother, the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Walker then ascended the desk, and proceeded to read, or rather to recite, in a most animated strain, the magnificent lesson from the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, while Magrath, almost unconsciously, whispered it close to the ear of Connellan, in the beloved language of his country and his heart.

It was now, indeed, that the hostile visiter might take an accurate survey of those who had so long bade defiance to the united efforts of Rome and France—so long resisted the evil spirits of Ireland's worst delusion, with a constancy of endurance scarcely to be paralleled in the annals of human fortitude. Already had the morning put on the tints which promised a speedy brightening into day. The windows, retaining scarcely one unbroken pane of glass, gave ready entrance to her beam; and from the casements of surrounding houses was reflected the deep red blaze of the beacon above. Every head was bare, every countenance upturned towards the minister, receiving from the eastern window a full portion of light, and exhibiting such traces of famine, such wrinkles of care and sorrow, such a fixedness of earnest thought, while communing in spirit with that eternity on the visible borders of which their daily path was held, that all Connellan's feelings became softened into a mixture of pity, wonder, and involuntary respect; while

his heart secretly pleaded that the sufferers before him were but defending their native soil from the inroads of a foreign enemy,—were but rallying round the altar of their fathers, for the faith in which they had lived and died.

When the procession moved towards the grave, Connellan resumed his former station as a bearer ; his subdued tones giving testimony to the effect of what he had witnessed, on a heart replete with Irish susceptibility. Magrath observed, and rejoiced in the change ; resolved to follow up the advantage gained, with all the powers of his versatile mind.

The coffin was deposited in its final resting-place, amid the unfeigned sympathy of many, who had recently borne to that burial ground the remains of all that their hearts cherished. Hitherto Walker had acted in his sacred character, performing its functions in such wise as to impress the spectators with that holy submission which the beautiful formulary is admirably calculated to nourish in every Christian breast ; but he ceased not here ; on closing his book, he assumed an attitude of animated earnestness, and commenced an harangue addressed to the sterner passions, which it was his policy to keep perpetually awake.

He pointed to the open grave, characterizing it as the glorious couch of a martyr ; and waving his hand around, extended that character to the innumerable mounds that had, during the last few months, changed the aspect of the place, and filled to repletion the yawning appetite of the king of terrors. He apostrophized those mouldering ashes to utter an articulate voice, protesting, even from the grave, against the merciless ban-dogs of infuriate Rome. He reverted to the massacre of 1641, sketched the par-

tial outrages of intervening years, expatiated on the treachery that had doomed the inhabitants of Derry to the knife, and which would have been glutted with their blood, only for the closing of those impregnable gates. He stigmatized the native Irish as willing instruments in the hands of butchering priests, bent on the destruction of everything Protestant, and sworn to deluge Ireland with blood, so long as any power remained with them. Referring again to the victim whom they had then interred, he dwelt upon the dreadful scenes enacted under their very walls a day or two before, asking whether, after such a specimen of popish cruelty, his hearers could hesitate in preferring the most lingering or excruciating death, to any league that could be formed, any agreement that could be concluded with the vassals of perfidious Rome? Exulting over the numbers who had been slain in their various sallies, he spoke of them as so many irreconcilable foes laid prostrate beneath their feet: auguring a complete subjugation of the island to Protestant authority. As he concluded, some inconsiderate partizan proposed a cheer for King William; and the call was obeyed, but by no means unanimously. This war-note seemed to grate on the feelings of many, attuned so recently to holier strains. Morrison turned away, evidently much pained; Bryan passed his arm through his, addressing him in a low tone; and Magrath, apparently under great excitement, seized a shovel wherewith to fill in the earth, putting another into Connellan's hand, and calling on him in Irish, to finish his good work for a countrywoman of his own. There was a bitterness in the emphasis, which, accompanied with a quick glance towards Walker, seemed to bespeak a disclaimer of any such tie in that quarter; and when the partial cheer was given, he did

not scruple to utter pretty audibly, the very dissimilar note of "Erin go bragh!"

The general cast of Connellan's countenance was dark and stern in no common degree: shaggy eyebrows, closely contracted by the deep furrows of an habitual frown, were wont to conceal the flashes of an eye that never quailed before created being, though frequently cast down to mask its glittering animation, when some ulterior purpose required the sacrifice of present impulse. Magrath had often marked the momentary struggle, in which his comrade rarely failed to lay a curb upon his strongest natural propensities, and gather in the lightnings that would fain have dealt destruction around him; on the present occasion he witnessed no such conflict, for Connellan's features were wrapped in a cloud of sullen scorn; but Magrath had found himself too nearly touched, to doubt that Connellan's towering spirit writhed under what had been spoken.

They were soon left alone at their work, Bryan having seated Morrison near the grave of his mother, and holding discourse with him, so as to preclude all likelihood of overhearing the Irishmen, who conversed in their national dialect.

"It's a sorrowful story that Bryan M'Alister is telling yonder," said Magrath.

"Many such stories may they have to tell!" exclaimed Connellan, in a stern and bitter tone. "What are the sorrows of such intruding strangers, to the tale that Ireland can give of her children's sufferings under their hateful oppression! They have sowed in blood—let them reap destruction; they brought a curse into the land—let it be their meat and their drink—let it poison their life, and disquiet their graves!"

"You are wrong, Connellan," said Magrath. "He that loved cursing never yet inherited a blessing for his own portion."

"And is not that what I am saying? 'Tis well that bloody-minded priest threw off the sheep's skin and displayed the wolf. I was becoming as soft as a child, and doubting whether my hand could again point a gun at the wretched beings who crowded that battered building. I forgot they were English—sassenachs—enemies to God and man; so smoothly lay the serpent coiled under the green herbage. Ay, Magrath, I could have called them Irish; could have made common cause with them, and manned these walls to drive the more recent invader back to his home."

"You were right there, Connellan: the Irish blood is in them, or never could they have shown this endurance. Yet," he added, checking himself, "God can give to any man, of any country, wisdom and faithfulness to stand by his cause, when he knows it to be the cause of truth."

"But theirs is the cause of error and falsehood; of heresy, tyranny, and treachery."

"As to falsehood and heresy, Connellan, you and I could know no more of that matter than the priests were pleased to tell us; and judge you what sort of teachers they must be, who now sell the country to a parcel of foreigners, more insolent and cruel than any who have ever before tainted the land. Tyrants there have been, of English race; but the first and the worst were of the same faith with your priests; and as for treachery, let Dermot M'Murtough tell who was the traitor. We have all gone astray, comrade; and astray we must

still go, till we get a guide that cannot err, to put us in the right way."

"Such a guide who shall find?"

"'Tis found, Connellan; and if followed we can never go wrong. The words that you heard this morning were part of God's book: and that book is the only lamp to light us in the right path."

"Away with such woman's talk!" exclaimed Connellan. "The words were smooth, and fell pleasantly upon the ear; and I deny not that they helped to lull my better feelings into a dangerous slumber. But mark you not the contrast between those words, read fluently from a printed book, and the burning thoughts that issued in natural language from the heart of that heretic priest? No, no: trust me, Magrath, they are alike—children of one race, and priestcraft is the same, call it what you will. The legend of a saint may be given, in the way of trade, from altar or pulpit, and in the same way may such discourses as we now heard, be dealt forth to listening followers, breathing only peace, and love, and pious resignation; but hatred burns in their hearts the while, and that mutual hatred will still break out, whether in the priestly whisper of our secret confessional, or the open harangue of a Protestant ruffian, laughing to scorn the sanctimonious hypocrisy of their public ministrations. Vengeance, the cry; blood is the demand: and, mask it as you will, exterminating hatred prompts both priest and minister."

Before Magrath could reply, the grave being filled, Morrison and Bryan approached. The former, grasping Connellan's reluctant hand, inquired if there was any possible means whereby he could manifest his grateful sense of the obligation under which he was laid.

“None, sir; we are enemies, and enemies we must remain. I would ask of you yet to be a manly foe; and when the weak and the helpless fall within your grasp, remember that Connellan, though a despised Irish savage, could not look on, when the wife of his enemy was misused by a heartless foreigner.”

“Call me not your enemy, Connellan,” said Morrison, deeply affected. “I too am Irish, and my spirit weeps over the woes of my country, the afflictions of her children.”

“We will not argue that point, Mr. Morrison. I’ve done my duty: and if more than my duty, let it be remembered in the right place.” He crossed himself; and handing the shovel to Magrath, prepared to depart.

“Connellan,” said Bryan, “poor and unsatisfactory as is the refreshment that I can offer, still—” the Irishman interrupted him:

“Mr. M’Alister, sooner than take one mouthful from your starving townsmen, I’d go and blow the brains out of yonder French Mareschal, and make my breakfast on them. No, sir; had I my wish, I would feed you all first, and fight you afterwards. God and the Virgin give poor Ireland a happy deliverance from all her foes, whatever name they are called by!” and saluting the gentlemen with an air in which respect and defiance were strangely blended, he hastened away, followed by Magrath.

CHAPTER XIII.

In the course of the day which followed the interment of Mrs. Morrison, Colonel Murray paid a visit to the widowed husband, whom he found engaged in earnest conversation with his friends. "Let me not," he said, after the first kind greeting had passed, "let me not interrupt your discourse. United as we are in striving to uphold a righteous cause, it cannot be that any individual member of our common body should suffer or rejoice without exciting the sympathy of all."

"Our discourse, Colonel Murray," replied Ross, "was indeed on a topic of public interest; one on which opinion seems much divided, and where we should like to hear your sentiments. The Governor's address this morning to the spectators—I should rather say the mourners, assembled in the churchyard:—was it or was it not judicious?"

"Pardon me, my dear Ross; but you are aware how much I deprecate the habit of sitting in judgment on the words or actions of constituted authorities; particularly when, as in the present case, the thing is done past recall."

"There's a silencer for you, Magrath," said Ross.

"May be not, your honor," replied Magrath, who ap-

peared to have been much ruffled. "It's the popish way, as myself well knows, to silence a man without convincing him. 'Tisn't in judgment that I'd presume to sit; but when men are perishing by scores and by hundreds in a cause that is dearer to them than their heart's blood, they shouldn't be misrepresented, and that before an enemy, as if they were doing the devil's own work."

"Softly, my good lad," said Bryan.

"No, no: out with your grievance, Magrath," said Murray, good-humoredly. "'Tis some misunderstanding that I may perhaps be able to clear up. Governor Walker misrepresent his Derry boys! You've been dreaming on an empty stomach, I suspect."

"Is it dreaming I was, your honor? Troth, and my stomach may be empty, but my heart is too full to dream. Why then, sir, I'll tell you, and your two ears will bear me witness, that the Governor halloed us on like a pack of blood-hounds; and if 'Revenge' wasn't his word, I'll be bound that every soul present felt 'twas his meaning."

"And have we not much to revenge?" asked the Colonel, somewhat warmly.

"You have, sir; and God give you vengeance, everlasting vengeance upon her that is drunk with the blood of the Saints—that mother of Harlots that"—and his vehemence increased until he was obliged to have recourse to his native language for greater freedom of expression.

"He is quoting," said Bryan, "some of the awful denunciations of Scripture against the apostate church, which he now, at last, most deeply feels to be indeed the destroyer of our country. This excitement is carried beyond due bounds; but the scene at his parting with Connellan certainly offers some palliation. Come, Ma-

grath ; be composed, and relate once more what passed at the gate."

Magrath obeyed ; addressing Murray, he requested his pardon for being so rough in his presence, and then told him, that on reaching the walls with Connellan, he had endeavored to set before his comrade the misery into which both the country and the souls of her people were plunged, by the selfish machinations of that crafty priesthood, whose teaching they both knew, from personal experience, to be so decidedly contrary to the gospel of love and peace. He represented the contest in which they were engaged, not as one of individual hostility, but as a struggle on the part of the Protestants to preserve that light by which alone the darkness of the land could be dispelled ; and their efforts as directed to the subversion of the anti-christian power, by whom a foreign host had been invited to assist in fixing more deeply the fetter, which the priests were perpetually inciting them to cast off. " Didn't I tell him," added Magrath, with increasing vehemence, " that himself and me well knew the cry had been, ' away with the English yoke ; ' that from father to son they told it to the babe in his cradle, and talked it over the old man's coffin, how, since bloody Henry set foot in the land, Ireland had never known the sunshine of peace—how the strings of her harp were broken, and the song of her bards was silenced, and sorrowful under the blasted oak of her mountain, sat Erin—cuishla-machree !"

" This is poetry, Magrath," said Murray, smiling, as he looked on the flushed cheek of the excited Irishman.

" It is, poetry, Colonel Murray : and it kindles the heart of many a one whose hands are made ready to the work of death. But, sir, I'm to speak of Connellan.

I told him all this, and then I asked him, 'Isn't James Stuart an English king? Isn't it the English yoke that you're fighting to strengthen? and doesn't it prove that, English or French, any foreigners may have the help of the priest, if they'll but support him in making merchandize of the people's souls?' Now, Colonel Murray, if Connellan had agreed with me; if he'd been convinced, as myself had been, that such is the truth, what would have followed?"

"Why, we should have gained another adherent, Magrath."

"Ay, sir, and an honest one: and the same would have been lost to the enemy. He'd have seen that your foe is Ireland's foe; and that is the way, the only way, to break down the power that ruins my country. Derry might fall to-morrow, and myself be the first that should throw the gates open, only that I look for peace to grow out of this bitter war. God has said, 'Destroy it not, for a blessing is in it.'"

"I agree most heartily with you, Magrath: but how does this affect the Governor's speech?"

"Sure and it was that did all the harm!" exclaimed Magrath, indignantly. "Connellan told me that he had many a thought come over him like what I'd been saying: and only for hearing how well the Protestants kept their account for old grievancés, and how they'd be reckoning still on hunting down the native Irish like wild beasts, to be rooted out before the land could have peace, he'd been likely to join us. But that hour was past: truth, he said, would out, and since poor Ireland had no friends, he'd but perish in defying her foes."

"So much," observed Morrison, "for the illustration which has brought home to Magrath's feelings the dis-

inction between the mere casket of nominal Protestantism, and the precious jewel that lies within it. Mr. Walker's harangue was doubtless well calculated to rouse the indignant spirit, and nerve the animal courage, by which the military defence of these walls may be protracted until succor shall arrive, and our deliverance be wrought; but the question arises, how far will this event be made subservient to the welfare of our suffering country?"

"It cannot be otherwise," answered Murray. "Whatsoever tends to the establishment of Protestantism, must conduce to the overthrow of its hateful opponent. Let William of Nassau be firmly seated on the throne of these realms, let a Protestant succession be ensured, Protestant ascendancy take deep and abiding root, we shall, we must see prosperous days, shining ere long on our poor distracted island."

"This, too, is conceded," said the Lady of M'Alister, "but are we all agreed as to the meaning of that word so precious to our hearts? Do we fully comprehend what is included in that single term Protestantism?"

"I hope so," said Murray.

"I fear it is grievously misunderstood," remarked Bryan: and Ross added, "To that I can bear testimony, for no one more vauntingly claimed, or more successfully won the character of a staunch Protestant than myself. How far I was from deserving, or even comprehending the name, I am every day more feelingly taught: nor is the lesson yet perfect."

"Explain yourself," said Bryan.

"Why, truly, I considered Protestantism as a principle that should become exceedingly active and warlike in troublous times: but which might safely go to sleep

in seasons of tranquillity. So long as the papist made a hostile show, I held myself bound to offer uncompromising resistance ; but let me succeed in establishing my own religion, secure from his innovations, and he was welcome to the snug enjoyment of his darling delusions. In insurrectionary days, I had sword and pistol wherewith to put him down : right order restored, my purse was at his service for the building of a chapel, or for the collection-plate of a conventual school. I laughed at his dogma of transubstantiation, and abhorred the idolatrous absurdity of his image worship ; yet for the music of a mass, or the raree-show of a nun's profession, I could mingle in the crowd, a serious and respectful looker-on. Heartily believing that the popish priesthood constituted the abiding curse of the land, still, in private society, or on a public occasion, I felt it my duty to place his reverence next in honor to the Protestant clergyman ; and by no spoken word, or overt act of dissent, to remind him that his creed was the object of my reprobation ; his abuse of its assumed authority the ground-work of my country's destruction. Now this is the empty shell and husk of Protestant profession ; fit only to be cracked, and flung into the fire."

"If such be only the shell," observed Murray, "I should like to hear the definition of what you conceive to be the kernel."

"I refer you to Bryan M'Alister."

"You might have made a fitter choice," replied Bryan, "but I accept the office. You have well described the unsubstantial Protestantism of multitudes : how different is that vital principle of a pure faith, which holds an undeviating, unflinching protest against the powers of a darkening delusion ! The former, altogether selfish,

starts into angry resistance if the circle of its own privileges be threatened with encroachment : and having repelled the invader, it coils itself within its narrow boundary, leaving the soul of its neighbor to perish in its sin. The latter, divinely taught to look 'not every man on his own things only, but every man also on the things of others,' seeks not to purchase a momentary repose by such dishonest connivance ; it wages exterminating war, not against the enemy, but against the enmity—not against the deluded papist, but against the popery which constitutes his delusion. Yes, real Protestantism will seek to establish, even in temporal things, its just and lawful dominion ; but this it will make subservient to the far higher and nobler purpose of bringing souls into willing subjection to the righteous government of Christ. Real Protestantism never slumbers, never is off its watchtower : its very name argues that there is always something against which to protest, and that something is known to be the enemy of God and man, an enslaver of souls, and an usurper of the temple of the Lord. When the wretched bond-slaves of that anti-christian despotism take the carnal weapons, and march onward to root out and destroy, real Protestantism is tender, most tender of their lives ; for willingly it would not send one unrepentant soul to the judgment-seat of Christ : but knowing that its Author and Finisher is the Lord of Hosts, it casts its cause on his Almighty arm ; and, humbly using the allotted means, waits for the deliverance which shall glorify his name."

Exhausted by the fervency of his spirit, the weakened frame of M'Alister demanded a momentary pause. It was one of unbroken silence ; but with many it was one of secret prayer. Bryan resumed :

“ Real Protestantism, when the Lord has given it rest from external enemies, will improve that season to the extension of its Master’s kingdom. Tenderly concerned for the souls of men, it will go into the dens of spiritual tyranny, preaching ‘ deliverance to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound.’ By no act, by no passive acquiescence, will it sanction the deeds of darkness, or connive at the thralldom of a single soul. He who contributes to the building of a popish chapel, he who silently looks on when God is dishonored in a popish mass, **CEASES TO BE A PROTESTANT**—he is identified with the abominations against which it is his calling to **PROTEST**. And oh, how far, how immeasurably removed from the standard of real Protestantism, is he who, by the right hand of fellowship externally given to the false and idolatrous shepherd, assists to confirm his sway over the deluded flock whom he is leading to perdition.”

“ Pardon me,” said Colonel Murray ; “ but, cordially as I must needs concur in the greater part of your animated description, I do not see how we can carry the protest so openly into the domestic circle, where we must occasionally come in contact with the priest of Rome. It is not every man among us, in fact there are but very few, who can enter upon the controverted points of doctrines : and must we, by such a hostile carriage, provoke the encounter when there is no rational hope of anything better than a mortifying defeat ?”

“ Your question, Colonel,” replied M’Alister, “ involves another exposure of the lamentable defect in our nominal Protestantism. The word of God enjoins every man to be able to ‘ give to him that asketh, a reason of the hope that is in him ;’ no person who can scripturally do this, need fear the result of even a controversial encoun-

ter with a man whose creed opposes the fundamental doctrines of the all-sufficient atonement of Christ, and justification by faith in that atonement. Real Protestantism, therefore, will never need to shrink from such unmasked avowal of its principles, as shall call forth a statement of opposing creeds : and this it will the more readily do, because the minister of a false religion is himself also a man, within the reach of converting grace, liable to be convinced by the spirit of God ; and open to the cheering ‘peradventure,’ that through the gentleness with which the servant of the Lord will be ‘apt to teach,’ in ‘meekness instructing them that oppose themselves,’ repentance may also be given to him for the acknowledging of the truth. Such has often been the case ; such was the progress of that blessed Reformation which began with the conversion of a solitary Augustine monk.”

“If your estimate of real Protestantism be just,” said Murray, thoughtfully, “and I cannot gainsay any part of it—alas for the great bulk of those whom we call the Protestants of Ireland !”

“And alas for Ireland !” added Morrison, “if her hope of permanent prosperity be built on what our friend has aptly designated as empty nutshells. Victory may yet be ours : and a successful ascendancy be established in the government of the country ; but where shall we look for security against a future explosion of these terrific elements, which we leave within the grasp of the prince of the power of the air, instead of putting forth our spiritual strength to wrest them for ever from his hand.”

“Yet let me add one lovely feature of real Protestantism,” said Bryan. “It knows not the unhallowed thirst

for revenge which characterizes the carnal mind. Emulating the glorious example of him who says of his people, 'Their sins and iniquities I will remember no more,' the sin alone is hated, the sinner is pitied and forgiven. Our poor countrymen now do the bidding of those who delude their souls, and bind their consciences in fetters: our work is not to take vengeance on them for such erring obedience, but to convince them that the influence under which they act is alike opposed to the will of God and to their own well-doing. Is their sin against us of darker dye than that of the Jews in crucifying the Lord of Glory, that we should not, in recurring to past outrages, take up the language of Peter, 'And now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it'—'Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord.' "

"There!" exclaimed Magrath, striking his hands together, "there's the blessed truth of God's own word, to encourage poor ignorant rebels. A long day it would have been before Larry Magrath took the name of a Protestant, if the story that was told him hadn't been a story o' peace: and Connellan's proud heart, that's now breaking in sin and despair, might have softened and turned under this very roof, only for Governor Walker's speech. Myself, that ought to have known better, felt all the Irish blood in a blaze about me; and what blame to Connellan?"

The conversation appeared to sink deep into Murray's mind, which was of no common cast: but the delicate situation in which he stood, involving him in frequent difficulties between contending factions, induced a degree of external caution, uncongenial, and often irksome, to

his frank disposition. Abundant opportunities had been afforded him of verifying the distinction just drawn between genuine Protestantism and that political bias which assumes the name. Often had such promising shells of fair profession invited his confidence, while strengthening his hope in the stability of the cause: and then, on a more mature inspection, had proved altogether empty, or perhaps inhabited by bitterness and corruption. Colonel Murray already knew, far better than he cared to acknowledge, that Derry owed not its defence, nor would Ireland ever be indebted for her deliverance, to such adherence as worldly minds display, even to the most righteous cause. He had witnessed the defection of some, concerning whom he had entertained the most sanguine expectations from their blind and headlong devotion to the interests of what they called the Protestant faith: while others who, like Bryan M'Alister, appeared comparatively cold and almost timidly reluctant to take the sword against their wretched countrymen, had shown themselves endowed with invincible courage, and such an enduring fortitude as could not be shaken. Ross, in the recent change so clearly evidenced by his discourse, afforded an instance of this: for Murray, as he looked upon him, read in the sobered and settled expression of his countenance, a spirit of determination more fixed, than he had ever traced when the young man was found in the van of every desperate sally: in the language that bewailed the fate of his deluded countrymen, Murray discerned a better promise of inflexible hostility against all compromise, than in the loud and vehement execrations with which he had been wont to load them and their cause. And fervently, though secretly, was he led to wish that Derry had, from the first,

been garrisoned, or, at least, that it could now be exclusively defended, by such men as were before him, under the roof of the M'Alisters.

There was, indeed, much to occasion the most serious misgivings in the minds of those who knew the actual state to which the stores of the city were reduced : what this was, might be pretty well guessed by the inhabitants, when, on the ninth of July, it was announced that the garrison allowance to be served out for that day's subsistence was, to each man, *a pound of tallow*. This was the soldier's fare ; the miserable citizens had no such regular supply, whereon to depend : and they were to be seen in every corner, raking among the rubbish with which the bombs had overspread their little gardens, their bony fingers eagerly grasping every decayed leaf of even the most common weeds ; while many strolled out, in the carelessness of desperation, beyond the gates, to collect whatever the waters of Lough Foyle might have cast upon the beach, devouring the sea-weed as a dainty, though its only effect was to render more intolerable the burning thirst, to slake which, few could obtain a cup of cold water ; so high was the price set upon the refreshing beverage, by those who must place their lives in imminent hazard to procure it. When, therefore, on the following day, bombs were thrown into the town, containing in lieu of gunpowder, the most inviting proffers from General Hamilton, to such as should be willing to surrender the fortress, it became a matter of most anxious calculation how far the leaders could depend on those placed under their command. It was with a beating heart that Bryan M'Alister communicated to his friend Ross, the morning after this discovery, that a parley had been agreed upon, and that a council was

about to be held for the discussion of that subject, replete with awful interest to them all—the surrender of the city.

“Surrender!” exclaimed Ross, starting from his chair, “never, M’Alister, never!”

“It must not be,” said the Lady; “we may not deliver up our stronghold; we may not renounce our trust: we must not make ourselves a scorn, and our hope a derision to those who have hitherto been defied in the name of the Lord of Hosts.”

“What excuse upon earth have they found for such a project?” asked Ross.

“The dreadful strait to which we are reduced in point of provision; the rapid decrease of the garrison by death and overpowering disease; the disappearance of the ships, which drop away from their distant station, becoming invisible to our best glasses.”

Morrison, who had entered as Ross put this question, added, “And disaffection secretly expressed by some; and more loudly declared since the insidious offers of Hamilton were circulated in the town.”

Before Ross could commence the indignant reply which was rising on his lips, Magrath came in, asking, “D’ye know, gentlemen, what’s to the fore this morning?”

“Ay,” answered Ross, “and to the fore it may still be; for I’ll never believe that it can be present while there’s breath in one true Derry boy.”

“Long life to you, Mr. Ross, avourneen; and it’s you that will get into Miss Ellen’s chair—didn’t she bid us hold out like a rock?—and we’ll take you to the Diamond, where there’s a party assembled that mean to have two words to the bargain. It’s no time to be heai-

tating about the trifle of life that's in ye yet : make the most of it, and die like a man, sir."

"Magrath, my noble fellow, my true Irishman," cried Ross, "I would crawl there on my hands and knees rather than be absent. No need for the chair, Larry : give me your arm, and yours M'Alister—'tis true you have not yet declared your purpose, as to this new trial of our constancy, but you will not, you cannot"—he fixed a look of anxious earnestness on Bryan ; and Magrath, with a broad grin, responded, "Declared himself, hasn't he ? Sure and 'twas not Mr. Bryan who sent me to collect the boys that first wore the white badge, and to tell 'em all that the seventh of December was come round again ! Be asy, Mr. Ross," he added, as the other put the little wheeled carriage aside, "into it you shall go, if 'twas only to honor her that spent her last breath in putting courage into our hearts. There, that's right ; and now, your honors, for the Diamond, and no surrender !"

The Lady of M'Alister watched them from the doorway of her dwelling, in which, for the first time, she was left perfectly alone. With uplifted hands and overflowing eyes, she besought a blessing on the receding group ; and then retired to wrestle in more importunate fervency with him to whom alone she dared to look in this extremity of peril.

When Ross, having left his humble carriage at the entrance, was led into the room, supported by Morrison and Bryan, a movement of mingled gratulation and concern took place among the assembled party. His crippled state rendered his appearance yet more pitiable than theirs, who bore upon their visages the impress of famine, and on their persons the worn-out, uncleanly gar-

ments that contrasted most miserably with the gentlemanly deportment of the wearers. Few among them had of late paid any regard to outward purification ; it was, indeed, next to impossible so to do ; for water was too precious to be employed externally, and men who were thankful to feast on a dead dog, or a handful of meal fried in tallow, were little tempted to bring to their disgusting fare the decorations of the toilet. But there was many a sunken eye now flashing brightly beneath the rude mass of uncombed hair ; and the hectic color speckled many a ghastly cheek, eager to encounter a far greater extremity of suffering, in the cause for which they were pledged to live and to die.

“ You are welcome, Ross,” said one with a smile. “ A good spectre added to this most sepulchral assemblage.”

“ ’Tis in contemplation,” added another, “ to treat yonder rascals with a display of our plump condition ; we are to march out, a funeral exhibition of uncoffined skeletons, to show what sore penance we have undergone, for refusing to deliver up our town seven months since.”

“ I’ll blow up the magazine first !” ejaculated a third.

“ Softly, young gentlemen,” said Morrison, who was by some years the elder of the party ; “ we must deliberate, not inveigh—time is very precious.”

“ Who is he ?” was demanded in various tones, some of which sounded rather like those of defiance.

“ A Protestant,” answered Bryan emphatically ; “ one who has given many a costly pledge of his immoveable attachment to that cause in which we first closed our gates ; and for which, with the help of our God, we’ll

keep them closed, until our dead bodies, piled against them, form the last barrier for Ireland's enemies to force."

"We will! We will!" was responded in deep stern accents, and with almost unanimous consent; while several extended their hands to Morrison, and some suggested that he should be invited to preside.

"We need not the ceremony of a chairman," said he; "our object is simply to express the unchanged resolve of Derry's original defenders; and to have that declaration conveyed to the council, now assembling to treat of surrender."

The word was echoed through the room, in a murmur of angry scorn; only one or two seeming to dissent from the general feeling.

"Brothers," said Bryan M'Alister, "Brother 'Prentices—for that is our proudest title—we need no eloquence to relate what has been done and endured within these walls since the Lord of hosts nerved our hands to combine, for their defence, against the enemies of our faith, the destroyers of our country. That tale is imprinted on every countenance before me; and it stands recorded in indelible, though unwritten characters, on the graves of our martyred brethren. We assumed no weapons of aggressive warfare: we desired not to spill one drop of Irish blood, but beholding ourselves sold into the hands of those who make merchandize of our countrymen, and this little citadel about to be secured for the final establishment of anti-christian supremacy in our island, we cast our cause upon our covenant God, and pledged ourselves to uphold the sanctuary of our persecuted faith."

An applauding assent followed his momentary pause.

"Sufferings, far exceeding our utmost calculation, have

been the consequence ; not only the malice of men, but the power of Satan, seems, to have been let loose against us to try our faith, and to make proof of our constancy. Death has received an extensive commission, the grave has been peopled with our dearest connexions, and our feelings have been harrowed up by such an appeal as never can be forgotten by those who looked down from the walls of Derry upon the agonized friends beneath. All this we have borne ; we have borne to encounter the utmost, in patient waiting upon our God, in whom we trust ; knowing that he is able to deliver us, and made willing, by his mighty power, to endure even unto the end, so that we may but go down to the grave unstained with the guilt of connivance at this deed of darkness—this betraying of our beloved, our unhappy country, into the grasp of her children's most dire and pitiless foe—Popery."

"We'll perish first!" was the emphatic exclamation of many ; while others vociferated, "No surrender!"

"And now," said Ross, who saw that his friend was nearly exhausted by speaking so long, "now we are apprised that a sudden panic has seized some who hold the chief authority here ; shall we let them carry their plan unto execution without one vigorous protest, one solemn declaration, that, come what will, we are no parties to the surrender of what we hold immeasurably dearer than our life?"

"A moment's pause, gentlemen," said Morrison, as another ebullition of strong resolve was about to appear. "Let us consider for whom and for what we hold this important post. Is it for a party—is it for a name ? Is it for the pride of political ascendancy, or the emolument derived from hereditary possessions ? No : as a Protec-

tant I say that it is not—but we hold it for our countrymen, we hold it for our posterity. We have here our treasure of more worth than myriads of material worlds; we have this book”—he held forth a small bible—“the pure, unmixed, unmutilated word, by which alone poor lost sinful man can be made wise unto salvation, through faith in that only Saviour to whom its blessed pages bear witness. Too well do we know that the indispensable preliminary to the binding of our people in chains of darkness, is the withdrawal of this inspired volume from their sight; and wheresoever Popery is permitted to rear its head, there we find it stretching forth the sacrilegious hand to wrest away this staff, to extinguish this lamp, to rob our souls of this charter of their freedom. God has bestowed this precious book, as the richest of all his gifts to man; and dare we doubt that he will yet put forth his mighty power to guarantee to us possession of what he has bestowed, that we may, through it, make known his wondrous works unto our children—through it, spread light and knowledge among our hapless countrymen, if we humbly look to him for that help which he can, in the direst extremity, abundantly convey? Lay this to heart, my friends; and putting aside all angry, all vindictive feelings, resolve in the strength of your God to defend his choicest gift; in the humble, trustful hope, that some from among your besieging foes shall yet joyfully share with you the treasure that ye now preserve for them and for your children.”

This address was received with warm applause, and a resolution was immediately passed, that a deputation of three or four, including Bryan and Ross, should attend the council, to enter a solemn protest against capitulation, on any terms whatever. The delegates had but a few

paces of the Diamond to traverse, before they entered the presence of those who were met to decide the fate of Derry.

M'Alister privately acquainted Murray with the purport of their coming: the Colonel shook his head, with a look of despondency very unusual. "You are come on a hopeless embassy, if your purpose is to turn the council from their project: already are they appointing commissioners to treat with the enemy."

"Then it is time for us to speak," observed the other; and advancing to the Governor, he loudly and clearly delivered his message.

Walker frowned. "This painful necessity, Mr. M'Alister, is rendered doubly distressing by the unavailing opposition of our young friends."

Ross did not relish the slight emphasis with which the word "young" was marked: he spoke respectfully, but with considerable animation. "They were young heads, Mr. Walker, which first conceived the plan of defending this town; young hands that made fast those stubborn gates; young hearts that have been foremost to bleed in the protracted conflict; and young voices may surely be heard in deprecation of a deed that must render nugatory all their services."

"The ships have disappeared—the stores are exhausted. King William gives no heed to our extremity of suffering."

"The stores are not yet totally exhausted; the ships may sail in again as easily as they have sailed out, and King William—with loyal respect I speak it—holds not the power to save or to destroy. We look to a higher source for rescue."

"Very true, Mr. Ross," said Walker, who, while from

policy he appeared to advocate the proposed measure, in his heart determined to resist it to the uttermost, "very true: but if we hold not this citadel for his Majesty King William, and experience not his royal countenance, in what predicament, I pray you, do we stand?"

M'Alister answered, "In the predicament, sir, of men who have experimentally learned not to put their trust in any child of man; for there is no help in them. We, as loyal Protestant subjects, are leagued to uphold that cause, which, to a Protestant government, must be the strength of its life. Imagining for a moment that such a government should become blind or indifferent to that which constitutes its very existence, are we therefore to assist in driving the suicidal knife to its heart? If King William, our Protestant sovereign, whom God preserve! or his responsible advisers, know not the incalculable value of Protestant loyalty in his Irish dominions, must we league in a treacherous surrender of his dearest interests, leaving it to our king and our country hereafter to lament the error when past recall? No, sir: we must yet be loyal, though our loyalty bore for a day the brand of disaffection: we must withstand the enemies of our king, though for a little moment he were beguiled into considering them his friends. Above all, we must—ay, and we will contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, nor give the adversaries of that faith occasion to blaspheme as though we mistrusted the will or the power of our God to maintain his own righteous cause, and to magnify his great strength in the feebleness of our emaciated band."

Walker gave full time for this speech to take effect upon the hearers; then repeated his regret, that circumstances had rendered it impossible to decline the proffer-

ed treaty; and, the commissioners being named, the second day from that—the thirteenth of July—was appointed for the final adjustment of those terms on which Derry should be given up to the combined French and Irish armies.

On that evening a sally took place, in which the Derry men exhibited so little of their characteristic courage and enterprise, that it formed a matter of exulting reproach among the strenuous opposers of capitulation, and wrought on the minds of many who had before wavered, to renew their sternest resolves.

The Lady of M'Alister took especial note of the circumstances, remarking that the Lord would no longer acknowledge their cause, since they ceased to confide in his delivering power: while Bryan was indefatigable in urging upon the citizens every argument, persuasion, and remonstrance, that could tend to fix their fainting hopes upon that succor, which, however long delayed, they had professed to anticipate as certain. "If now we cease to hold fast our confidence," said he, "who shall calculate the extent of that evil which our faithless abandonment must entail on the Protestant name and cause? Enclosed in our diminutive town, we have hitherto found our defence invulnerable, and can fearlessly shout to the baffled hosts around us, that 'their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges.' Shall we invite them to hurl back upon us this word of holy exultation in the tones of triumphant mockery? Shall we yield in a conflict where we assuredly know that the Lord himself is on our side, that our cause is the cause of his eternal truth, and our foes the enemies of his righteous dominion?" By such expostulation he succeeded in increasing and strengthening the party who

appeared to be the forlorn hope of Protestantism in that, her strongest hold ; and when, on the appointed day, the commissioners met to deliberate in a tent erected for that purpose outside the walls, those ramparts were lined with many an anxious expectant, secretly resolved never to be found acquiescing in the surrender against which they had so steadily, so vauntingly protested.

A letter was received on that very day from the fleet, announcing that a formidable encampment had been effected by Kirke on the island of Inch, with a view to some speedy movement towards the relief of Derry ; and the promptitude of Walker in circulating these glad tidings through the town, sufficiently indicated his real sentiments on the question of capitulation. It became a matter of the greatest moment to protract the parley, in expectation of the promised succor ; and therefore the commissioners on one side were urgent in demanding for the besieged some days' space to consider of the proposed terms—an indulgence most strenuously resisted on the other side. One day, or rather one night alone, was given for the final settlement of this momentous point, within the walls, and the terms demanded by the garrison being such as the enemy would by no means accede to, the negotiation abruptly concluded ; a furious cannonading from their disappointed foes conveying to the defenders a speedy token of the wrath excited by their enduring pertinacity. This was followed up by new and menacing demonstrations, large bodies of the hostile army being marched upon the different points towards the city ; but these were met and repulsed by the intrepidity of the besieged, who sallied forth to meet them, apparently as much refreshed by the assurance of enduring yet longer their dreadful privations, as though they had

received that supply for the lack of which they were perishing with hunger.

In the midst of these awful scenes, Magrath had never failed of pursuing his delegated task among the Irish prisoners, who, subdued by the sufferings in which they were compelled to share, gave frequent encouragement to their zealous visitor to hope that his labor among them was not in vain. In one of the prison rooms was confined an ensign, with thirteen privates of the Irish army, from whom Magrath generally experienced a welcome reception. Going one evening to visit them, he found the guards reduced to so exhausted a state, as to be incapable of bearing to the poor captives their wretched pittance, which, nevertheless, stood untasted by the famished beings around.

“What’s the meaning of this?” asked Magrath.

The temporary gaoler, who was lying on the ground, raised himself a little, and replied, “It’s sheer starvation, comrade: I could not gain the door, but reeled from side to side after a most drunken fashion, until I fell where you see me; and not one among us is in a better plight. It is yet a good hour before the regular relief of our guard; and I fear the poor wretches within are even in a worse condition than ourselves.”

“Where are the keys?”

“In my pocket: take them, and carry in yonder the precious mess that would turn the stomach of a dog: ’tis a bitter temptation though, to have it in our sight.”

Magrath took the keys, as directed; and raising also the earthen pan, which contained the garrison fare of meal fried in tallow—scarcely himself equal to the effort of bearing even such a moderate freight, he proceeded to the prisoners’ apartment.

The spectacle there was touching, even far beyond what he had witnessed without. The officer, a fair and delicate youth, lay stretched on a low bedstead, surrounded by several of his men; one of whom appeared in the act of directing the point of a rusty nail to the veins in his own bare and emaciated arm, while a comrade with difficulty restrained him, by grasping his wrist, from prosecuting his strange purpose. The discourse that passed was in Irish.

"Be easy, Terence: he has said and sworn, that a drop of it should not touch his lips. Why will you drain the little life that is left in you, to no purpose?"

"To no purpose, Cormick? Is he not my foster-brother? Did not the milk of my mother nourish his infancy, and should not the blood of her son flow, to bring back the young breath that is fleeting fast away?"

"No—no!" faintly whispered the youth, with a movement of the head indicating much distress.

"You must, gramachree: how else could I show my face again under the roof of that cabin where your smile was the sunshine of the day? Now let me go, Cormick!" and he strove by a sudden wrench to release his hand; but, unequal to the struggle, both staggered together, until they fell against the grated window of the prison—a low groan from the officer showing at once his consciousness and painful appreciation of his poor follower's deeply-rooted attachment.

"Let us have no blood-shedding," said Magrath, advancing. "We are not yet quite driven to be cannibals. Come, Terence, lend a hand to raise your officer's head: while I give him a spoonful of what may keep the life in him, sorry food though it be!"

The sustenance was eagerly administered; and its

effect presently apparent ; for the youth sat upright, and leaning his head on the naked arm of Terence, exclaimed, " Never again think of such a thing ; my poor fellow, do you imagine I could feed upon your life ? "

Magrath was deeply affected ; his heart yearned over the noble and generous natures whom he knew to be perverted, even from the cradle, into instruments of persecuting cruelty. He divided in silence the mess ; and leaving them to devour it, hastened to the place where he knew that some of the council were then sitting in anxious deliberation. To them he related the circumstance, and heard with delight an unanimous vote passed for the liberation of the whole party ; authority to carry it into effect being at once vested in himself.

With a beating heart, he returned to the prison ; and drawing forth his Irish bible, first communicated the welcome tidings of their release, and then abruptly commenced reading the sixty-first chapter of Isaiah, drawing a vivid picture of the far mightier deliverance wrought by the anointed Saviour, for those who are held in spiritual bondage. He next represented how beautifully in accordance with the divine example was the act of those humane Protestants, in conferring the unsought boon of freedom, in that hour of the prisoners' extremity : and he compelled them to acknowledge, that, had the case been reversed, the spirit of a merciless creed, and the too consistent practice to which they had been inured, would have suggested a scene of slaughter, or of more lingering death by famine, as the fitting dole to enemies so sternly and so perseveringly opposed.

He then conducted his countrymen to the Ferry gate, recommending them to the care of the enemy's patrol, who in silent astonishment received his charge.

It was by such deeds as this—for such a liberation really took place in Derry—that the Protestants continually weakened the hands of their opponents. To so great a degree was the dissatisfaction of the Irish army now visible, that from the inaccurate pointing of their guns and mortars, scarcely a shot took effect in the besieged town, where previously such fearful execution had been done by those formidable engines. This was continually remarked by the garrison: and while some hesitated not to aver that balls and bombs were miraculously turned out of their course, others, more sober-minded, recognized a no less mighty display of divine power in thus softening the implacability of foes long distinguished by their exterminating rage.

Still, whatever might be the subdued feelings of the native Irish towards their persecuted countrymen, no visitings of compunction were discernible in the leaders of that army. De Rosen prosecuted, to the uttermost of his power, the work of destruction; and little it availed the sufferers that their dwellings were less frequently shattered by missiles from without, while pestilence walked their streets, and famine reigned under every roof. In the frequent sallies, too, their loss was considerable; and every family participated in the affliction experienced, when, from one of these sorties, the gallant Murray was brought in, so severely wounded by a shot which passed through both his thighs, that, for a time, his life was despaired of; and his valuable services were, at the best, to be lost to the distressed inhabitants in their greatest need.

It was now that the household of M'Alister found the trial of their faith most precious. While confidence was strong, and hope was buoyant, many had rejected their

solemn counsels, making light of their faithful reproofs ; but the season of extreme destitution brought those scorners to their door, in humble quest of the teaching that was often blessed to the quickening of souls, while the poor tenement of clay crumbled beneath the pressure of overwhelming calamities. Often when, on the point of famishing, the M'Alisters had resigned themselves to what appeared inevitable death, the grateful love of those whose starving souls they had led to feast upon the bread of life, brought the unlooked-for morsel to their colorless lips, and wept with joy in beholding its revivifying effect. " You have sown unto us spiritual things : is it a great matter if you reap our carnal things ?" was the affectionate plea to induce acceptance of what the donors could so ill afford to lose : and every new accession of strength, thus mercifully given, was freely expended in fresh labors of faithful love, of devoted zeal in their Master's cause. Magrath was as a ministering spirit among them : how the cravings of his own hunger were appeased, no one could tell ; for seldom was he seen to taste of food— all that his diligent search could obtain, was for those who lived in the warm recesses of his grateful heart. When urged to partake of their pittance, he would smilingly express his thankfulness to the watchful care of Father Peters, in early habituating him to the exercise of fasting ; adding, that one who had been accustomed to keep black Lent for forty days, would not flinch from a few weeks of self-denial. The natural hilarity of his character shone out in an extraordinary degree, during the darkest seasons of gloom and despondency ; but there was one place where Magrath's tone always softened into tenderness, and where his movements were cautious as those of a careful mother by the cradle of

her slumbering babe : this was the chamber of Murray, whither he bore his daily report of temporal warfare and of spiritual peace.

" Please your honor," said he, one day, on seeing the Colonel somewhat revived, " is it now that you'll hear what I've been about this morning ?"

" Do, my good fellow, tell me."

" Why then, sir, it's me that has introduced a regular spy into the city."

" I can't believe that of you, my lad."

" It's true, sir, notwithstanding. I made out that an old acquaintance of mine was on the sharps to discover what store of meal we had got inside : so I made my plan known to the Governor, and brought him privately in, to let his two eyes bear witness to the dozen good barrels of meal that were stowed away in one cellar."

" You could not do that, Magrath : for there are not so many left in the garrison, I fear."

" May be not, your honor ; but empty barrels there are, galore. 'Twas no difficult matter to turn a dozen of these upside down ; and when the bottoms were well covered with good meal, they must have been sharp eyes that could not find out it wasn't the top."

" And did you really play off such a trick ?" asked Murray, laughing.

" I did, your honor ; and sent him away to report it in the camp."

Murray greatly enjoyed the stratagem, which was one among the many that were resorted to, in order to dishearten the enemy ; and Magrath very adroitly turned the discourse to the affecting tale of the Zidonian widow, whose barrel failed not, while the prophet of the Lord

found shelter beneath her roof. More eloquently he could have told it in the loved language of his race ; but the gospel he was resolved to preach, however imperfectly ; and now, beside the pillow of that wounded warrior, zealously and sweetly he proclaimed once more the " story of peace."

CHAPTER XIV.

SHORTLY after the renewal of hostilities, the fleet—that mocking vision of deceitful hope to the poor suffering citizens—had anchored in the Lough, near Culmore. The boom thrown across, between that fort and Derry, barred its nearer approach ; but the besieged were hourly flattering themselves that the English spirit of the commander would lead him to attempt, at least, some enterprise for their relief. With straining eyes, and agonized hearts, they beheld once more these inconstant ships, spreading their sails, and saw them again recede into hopeless distance. It is difficult to devise an excuse for such selfish, such unseemly forbearance on the part of Kirke ; neither will the constitutional phlegm of William of Nassau justify, in the eyes of Protestant inquirers, his indifference to the calamities of those attached subjects, whose heroism, in the defence of their little fortress, materially contributed to the final success of his arms, at this period, against the disaffected Scottish clans. Had Derry been reduced, the Irish and French army encamped before its walls might have speedily passed over from the swelling Lough, to pour a formidable reinforcement upon the Scottish coast, for the maintenance of James Stuart's cause. But they could

not overleap that barrier ; and while De Rosen thundered forth his ineffectual rage against its stubborn wall, the battle of Killicrankie decided the Northern campaign, sealing the doom of popish usurpation in the hour of bootless victory.

But desperate beyond description was the case of those unvanquished defenders of Derry : for a time, as we have seen, the efforts of the enemy seemed to lose much of their wonted energy ; and very little execution was done by their guns. This comparative respite did not long continue ; a new spirit appeared to be infused into them, and very severe was the injury inflicted, both upon the outworks and in the town. The enemy's cattle, grazing within sight of the walls, induced the famished garrison to make repeated sallies in the hope of capturing them : and many lives were lost in such fruitless attempts : yet the tones of expectation sounded as boldly confident, the words of encouragement were as cheerily exchanged, as though the floating rumors of promised relief had been its unquestionable harbingers.

The voice of despondency, and even of open disaffection, was indeed sometimes to be heard ; but to silence such sounds appeared to be the especial business of all who distinguished them. On one occasion, as Bryan approached a group near the market-house, he recognized the querulous tones of Alderman Crowe, who had long ceased to consider even Governor Walker a sufficient staff whereon to lean in the grievous emergency to which they were reduced. "It is useless to talk of it," said the Alderman ; "so long as meat remained in the shambles, though it were but a barrel of salted hides, we might anticipate a further struggle against these desperate odds : but after what I have this day seen and heard,

it does sound like a jest to talk of holding out any longer."

"Many a true word, however, is spoken in jest," remarked a bystander: "and the joke of our holding out will come in among them."

"So you say," responded the Alderman, "but look round you. Can we eat the stones out of the walls?"

"No, no," observed Bryan, "they do us better service where they are. The walls, boys, the walls of Derry are a marvellously tough morsel, as the gentlemen yonder can vouch."

A hearty laugh yielded the general assent to this observation

"There now, Mr. M'Alister," said Crowe, "you are well known to be among the most obstinately sanguine of our infatuated citizens: yet you have suffered enough to damp the enthusiasm of any person. Yesterday it was currently reported that your venerable grandmother had died in consequence of feeding upon one of the nauseous rats that now form our dainty provision."

"It must have been the tail," observed another, laughing, "for they say that's poisonous. However, I saw the good lady to-day, as active as ever among the sick; and I shall see her, ere long, carving plump slices of beef and mutton to strengthen her patients."

"Or if not," said Bryan, "we'll never stand by to see the isle of our birth carved out among foreigners, or cut into fat slices of abbey lands to nourish the priests and friars of Rome. Come, come, my good friend Crowe," he added, seeing another lamentation ready to break forth, "what change has passed upon our glorious cause since you so loudly exhorted us to die in it, that your tone is become so discouraging?"

“The cause is not changed, M'Alister ; but”——

“Then it is still the cause of truth, and the God of truth will uphold it. Is his arm shortened, or is there anything too hard for him to achieve?”

“Certainly not ; but”——

“No more butting against our faith, my dear Alderman ; or, stay, if we must have a but, I'll find you one presently :—‘For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee’—‘for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, that hath mercy on thee.’”

This quotation was received with delight ; and the Alderman ceased to oppose the strong current of determined hope. He took Bryan's arm, and leading him a little apart, expressed his regret for having formerly wronged a character which he felt to be far superior to his own ; adding, that he had still a small store of good meal, and some few salted provisions, which he must insist on sharing with the Lady of M'Alister. Magrath conveyed this welcome supply, and the more welcome information that the poor old man had shown him, with tears, the passage quoted by Bryan ; observing that the chapter had been the best cordial he had got for many a day.

“Let patience have her perfect work,” said the Lady : “we shall know by and by that there was a need-be for every shot fired against our fortress.”

“I doubt it not,” remarked Morrison. “But it is for posterity to gather in the plenteous harvest, whatever individual gleanings the field may offer to us.”

“Ay, if our posterity follow up the work of those who

now sow in tears, they shall surely reap in joy: but should they suffer themselves to be lulled into thoughtless security, while the enemy sows his tares, they will be compelled to enter anew on this conflict, and against sorer odds than what we now encounter."

"I often fear it," said Ross. "In that false liberality which shrinks from the imputation of bigotry and intolerance, the lesson now written in our people's blood will perhaps be forgotten, or laid aside with disgust; until, bursting forth with recruited strength, the enemy of all righteousness shall succeed in driving Protestantism into its ancient fastnesses; and Derry will again be remembered, amid bitter regrets that ever its instructive records were buried in oblivion."

"And if it be so," exclaimed Bryan, "let the Protestants of Ireland recollect in whose name we strengthened ourselves, remembering that he abideth always the same. If the Lord deliver us, and establish the true faith in this land, a similar crisis can scarcely occur, except through the most culpable neglect of men's souls; the most infatuated connivance at the moral, the spiritual, and political plague of popery. In such case, let them take patiently the chastisement, searching and trying their ways, and turning anew to the Lord, with purpose of heart to work in reality that deliverance which cometh not by might nor by power, but by his Spirit alone."

But deliverance, though often on the lips of the sufferers, was a word that mocked them. Language is inadequate to describe the wretchedness to which they were reduced, towards the end of this month. Repeated suggestions were made of surrendering the town; but an overpowering majority of resolute voices never failed to

drown the timid accents of despair. A formidable sally was planned and executed, of which the object was, as usual, to capture a few of the enemy's cattle ; in this they failed, but took some inconsiderable spoil of oaten bread, and fragments of meat, on which the captors regaled themselves, and as many as they could admit to share it—the hungry bystanders felicitating themselves that it was at once a sample and an earnest of what they too should enjoy on the arrival of the promised succors. So debilitated were the frames of the men who made the sortie, that they reeled under the shock occasioned by discharging their own muskets, and often fell in the effort to strike a blow ; yet such was the vigor of this unlooked-for assault, that three hundred of the besiegers were slain, while the loss of the assailants amounted but to one officer and two private men.*

“ I love not,” said the Lady of M'Alister, “ to be told of slaughtered hundreds ; my thought pursues those souls into the dreadful world of eternal realities, and shrinks from contemplating their doom.”

“ The closing of our gates,” said Eryan, “ was an act purely defensive ; and some who were most forward in accomplishing it would have been the last to engage in aggressive warfare. These, however, and others like-minded with them, form but a small, a very small portion of the inhabitants, and possess little influence in the council. Worldly policy, trusting in the arm of flesh, is eager to make a proud display of physical strength, resolved that not to God, but to man, shall be ascribed the glory of whatsoever shall be achieved.”

* This disparity appears scarcely credible, considering the state to which the besieged were reduced : but it is authenticated by Graham.—See *History of the Siege of Derry*, page 246.

“It may appear a strange assertion,” observed Morrison, “but I have always thought that the numerical strength of Protestantism among us constitutes its actual weakness. Our Protestantism is a sacred ark, upon which no unhallowed touch should come: it is pure Christianity, distinguished alike from the systems of false religion, and from the worldliness which regards all religion as a party question—a symbol of adherence to this or that political cause. We have among us a little band of praying and believing brethren, for whose sakes the Lord defends our citadel: but there is also much to provoke his wrathful indignation, to keep the scourge uplifted still, and to make us almost tremble for the final result.”

Bryan remarked, “The frequent desecration of the Sabbath day stands prominently forward in that dark catalogue of provocations.”

“Assuredly,” answered the Lady, “and my child will remember that, as the first ball fired into our fortress bespoke the enemy’s scorn of that hallowed institution, so, alas! did the first sally of our unthinking garrison bring us under the like condemnation, in the sight of him who is jealous over His Sabbaths.”

“I never could relish that part of the business,” said Ross, “as far as the Governor was concerned. To my thoughtless and ignorant mind it appeared suitable enough for military men to pursue their work on that, as on any other day; but it struck me as incongruous, almost revolting, to see a minister of religion descend from his pulpit to gird on a sword, and to lead his flock into mortal combat, merely from choice; not from any necessity, real or imagined.”

“No real necessity ever did, ever can exist, for casting God’s law behind us,” said the Lady of M’Alister. “Wo

to the people whose rulers lead the way in provoking to jealousy the Lord of Hosts! Success may, for a little, appear to smile upon their council-table; conquest may proudly sit upon the banners of their warlike array; but no blessing is there: no permanent advantage shall that nation reap. In tribulation and anguish they shall be compelled to own, that it is an evil and a bitter thing to forsake the Lord their God."

"That experience is deeply written upon all our hearts," said Morrison with a heavy sigh. "My slaughtered wife, my helpless, wandering children, seem to speak a perpetual reproach to my soul for having compromised the holy principle of Christian separation, leaguings with worldly men, to promote, by worldly means, the cause which rests upon a purer basis than to brook such alloying mixture. Collectively, we suffer for the truth's sake; but individually, each can doubtless point to some bygone compliance, some treacherous departure from the acknowledged standard of his faith, and say, 'My sin has found me out.'"

At this moment the half-opened door was pushed farther back, and a most pitiable object presented herself. A woman, whose husband and two sons had already fallen victims to disease and famine, reeled forward: clinging to her soiled and tattered garments, were three children, whose cries appeared to have overcome her reason; for she stared around with looks of wild distraction, repeatedly endeavoring to release herself from their grasp.

"Naughty mother! naughty mother!" screamed one of the children, striking at her with his little fist, in furious passion. .

"Mother's not naughty," cried another, beating down the uplifted hand, "poor mother couldn't help it."

This interference was vehemently resented by the first speaker, who seemed scarcely four years old: he dealt a blow at his wister, and amid their redoubled cries of rage and pain, the battle continued, each maintaining its tenacious hold on the agonized parent.

The infant combatants were presently separated by Bryan and his friends, who vainly strove to pacify them. Their little bosoms seemed bursting with resentment and despair, and it was long before an answer could be obtained to the mild inquiries of their captors: at last the girl, who had been placed by Morrison on his knee, said, "Mother had a loaf, a beautiful loaf, that a kind gentleman gave: she dropped it; and a big boy snatched it up, and ran away."

"Naughty mother wouldn't catch the boy," roared her brother: the third child was too young to join in the explanation.

The poor woman, who had sunk into a chair, clasped her withered hands, exclaiming, "When will mercy come?"

"It will come," said the Lady, "when we cast ourselves on it in utter self-despair." Then looking around upon the miserable objects that encompassed her, she uttered, with a burst of anguish, "Hath the Lord forgotten to be gracious? hath he shut up his loving kindness in displeasure?"

"Never ask such a question, my Lady," said Magrath, who had entered: "it's the first doubtful word that ever came out of your mouth. Forgotten! No, no: God hasn't forgotten anything but our sins: and doesn't he say that he will remember them no more?" He then

drew from beneath his coat a wooden bowl, adding, "here's a new dish just invented, that's in great request among us; enough to mess ye all." He glanced at the squalid children and their stupified mother, adding, as he put down the provisions, with a look of deep feeling, "When God sends mouths, he will send meat."

This supply proved to be a composition of starch and tallow, fried together; a large quantity of the former article having been found in a store, a respectable merchant, Mr. James Cunningham, was induced to try whether it might not be made available in the extremity of famine. He found it not only eatable, but medicinal; and gladly published the important discovery, which became a means of saving many valuable lives. With the greediness of young wolves did those poor babes devour the portion joyfully raised to their livid lips; and that sight, melting the mother into tears, relieved her brain from its intolerable oppression. She also ate, and invoking blessings on that hospitable roof, departed with her now laughing little ones.

In almost every house some spectacle of equal suffering might be witnessed; but while the strongest frame lay fainting, and the most sanguine voice of hope died into the silence of despair, even a whisper breathing the hated word SURRENDER, rekindled in each sunken eye the fire of indignant reproof, and "Never! never!" was the universal response. The ministers of religion, who had indefatigably fanned the steady blaze of self-devoting zeal, redoubled their efforts as the time became more awfully critical. Their exhortations varied, indeed, according as the love of God or the pride of man, ruled in the teacher's heart: but their object was the same; and endurance unto death the unvarying topic of their animated admoni-

tions. On the twenty-seventh day of July, there was a general darkening of countenance, an interchange of looks among those who had charge over the public stores, that bespoke an approaching failure of the last poor pittance: and, by the governor's order, an urgent invitation was circulated through the town, for all to assemble on the morrow at the cathedral, and with united supplication to make known their request to God.

The Lady of M^rAlister, reclined in her antique chair, with folded hands and closed eyes, was placidly meditating on the inscrutable ways of Him whose path is in the deep waters. She sensibly felt the loosening of those cords which held her earthly tabernacle together, and secretly resolved to waste as little of the city's scanty provisions upon it, as the vigilance of her attached household circle would allow. More than once she had baffled the watchful anxiety even of Bryan; but Magrath it was still harder to elude, with such jealous care did he note her reception of each providential supply. Neither could her dignity ever awe him; for when, with a semblance of displeasure, she had demanded to be left alone over her pittance, the poor fellow replied, with glistening eyes, "And I'll go, my Lady, as soon as I have seen the morsel pass your lips. Sure and what is it keeps the life in poor old Shane, but the hope of looking you in the face again?"

"Shane has a better hope, Magrath," she answered; but touched by his evident distress, partook of what his affectionate zeal had provided. On this evening no inducement presented itself, for food there was none; and Bryan returned from an unsuccessful search, with looks of deeper dejection than he had ever worn, and seating

himself opposite, silently gazed on the venerable ruin before him.

It was then that the summons reached them, to join the morrow's solemnity; and the Lady, aroused by the waltzing sound, said, "It is well; be the issue life or death, in God's temple let us find it."

The silence of the grave reigned in Derry throughout that solemn night, save only one unceasing sound—the cries of hungry children, unsupported by the high resolve which nerved the adult population. Morning arrived; and at an early hour, the ghastly apparitions of that famished town were seen approaching from every quarter to the house of prayer. In little more than the space of a fortnight, the garrison had lost upwards of a thousand men: the mortality among other classes having been proportionate. No marvel that death, become so familiar to their daily and hourly view, seemed stripped of half its terrors; no marvel that the burying-ground, crowded as it was with objects nearest and dearest to their hearts, presented to many an inviting couch of repose. They entered the cathedral, and, prostrate in supplication, sought help of Him who alone is mighty to save.

Walker preached; in a strain of sublime eloquence, he set before his drooping hearers the encouragements of holy writ, showing the marvellous interpositions by which the Lord had of old maintained the right and the cause of His oppressed people. He exhorted them to trust, and not to be afraid; he recounted the extraordinary instances of a peculiar providence which had been remarked during the siege; and with a confidence that infused new life into many a fainting heart, he predicted a speedy realization of their most sanguine hopes. He

exhorted, he prayed for, he blessed them with paternal tenderness ; and then, descending from the pulpit, he mingled with the departing congregation, as slowly they emerged from the sacred edifice.

In the burying-ground a pause was made, as of general consent ; each individual seeming disposed to take one more survey of the beloved temple in which they had been wont to meet their God ; and of the lowly resting-places where so many of their kindred reclined—far removed from the troubling of the wicked. Leaning upon tombs and gravestones, or upon each other, for a momentary support, they gazed in solemn silence on those objects long familiarized, but, by every human probability, soon to be shut out for ever from their view. Then might be seen the dilated eye, deep sunk, indeed, within its socket, but still beaming forth the high resolve of unsubdued devotion to their righteous cause ; and fleshless lips, livid as those of a corpse, compressed as though they would forcibly imprison the struggling sigh of famishing distress. Walker, still robed as in the pulpit, paced slowly among the scattered groups, his gaunt frame and hollow cheek presenting a personification of suffering, as acute as had been undergone by any one. Arrived at an eminence, formed by the recent interment of several bodies beneath one mound, he looked for a moment at the crimson flag whose folds fell languidly over the battlements of the church tower, then cast his eye around upon the patient sufferers, who met it with something approaching to a smile, so full of melancholy endurance, that his tears well nigh overflowed, while once more addressing them in the tones of soothing encouragement. "Nay, doubt not, my faithful, my true-hearted fellow Protestants ; the Lord has heard—the Lord will assuredly

answer—the united appeal of his poor perishing creatures. Doubt not, for when did he reject the prayer of faith? when did, &c.—A sound, sudden and strange, and wildly joyful, came from the direction of the water-side; it produced a singular effect upon the hearers, and occasioned even in Walker a sensation of such choking emotion as cut short his address. That sound—dare they believe it? had they heard it aright? Yes, again it was repeated, and again the shout was raised; and again in articulate words was the transporting intelligence borne to their ears. “The fleet, the fleet approaches!—The ships are in the Lough!”

It was as in a death-struggle that the greater number of those emaciated beings rushed to the walls. Husbands carried their dying wives, mothers their expiring children, and by efforts that seemed supernatural, they gained the height, to witness what to their eyes appeared a celestial vision—the broad sails of three stately vessels, filled by a favoring gale, whitening upon the curling waters, and steadily approaching, with the undoubted purpose of anchoring beneath the walls. In the besiegers’ camp all was bustle: a desperate resistance would no doubt be made; and the boom that stretched across the Lough menaced destruction to the coming deliverers. The fort of Culmore was manned, and its batteries opened with thundering fury upon the advancing ships; while volleys of musketry from either bank poured upon their sides. The fire was returned, and evidently with considerable execution, upon the wretched instruments of Romish aggression; while, comparatively unharmed, the gallant vessels made good their passage past the fort.

“The boom! the boom!” was breathed in gasps and whispers of unutterable agony, by the terribly interested

spectators on the walls. "Will they venture to pass?—Can they break it!—Oh NOW, NOW, OR NEVER!—God give them resolution!—Still they approach?" Such exclamations burst from the parching lips that had so recently moved in united prayer; while a party of the townsmen mounted the cathedral, firing as a knell their minute guns of distress, and combining the efforts of their trembling arms to wave the crimson flag, in mute, yet touching appeal to the hearts of their compassionate deliverers.

The Mountjoy had taken the lead; her captain was a native of Derry, and within its walls were his wife, his children, and his friends. The boom was right before her, and she swerved not; but rising upon the flowing tide, impelled by a lively breeze, she bore with all her force upon the sturdy barrier. It broke:—alas! the shock was too severe for the vessel; she recoiled, rolled deeply in the waters, and striking into the shallow stream, was instantly aground.

A shout, or rather a yell of rapturous exultation, resounded from the hostile banks;—and boats were pushed off for the purpose of boarding the Mountjoy: while a groan, a deep, low, scarcely-uttered groan, seemed to issue from the walls of Derry, with now and then a shriek of female agony, re-echoed by terrified children. There was a horror on the minds of those devoted beings, compared with which all their preceding sufferings seemed light and trifling: but there was also many a prayerful spirit wrought into that intenseness of supplication, which cannot fail of entering into the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth.

The Mountjoy lay upon her side, seemingly a helpless victim within reach of the foe: but the stake for which her captain fought was too precious to be trifled with.

He fixed an earnest gaze upon the crowded walls of Derry, then raised his eyes to heaven as in passionate appeal; and drawing his sword, sprang forward to the most commanding station upon deck, cheering his men to a determined resistance. His shout was answered by a general huzza from the crew, each gunner applying his ignited match, and a tremendous broadside instantly enveloped the combatants in a cloud of smoke.

This was indeed the climax of agonized expectation to the gasping spectators, who clung to their rampart walls for that support which their own trembling knees refused to yield. Mothers strained their infants as in the very grasp of death, and joined their little hands together, lifting them between their own in mute supplication. Some were actually fainting under the conflict of hope and terror: not a few of whom had mounted the walls by that strength alone which desperation gives, to sink exhausted into the arms of bystanders somewhat less enfeebled. And the voice of trembling affection was heard in anxious whispers, imploring some loved one to revive, and hope, and pray for the issue of that fearful hour. It was a scene to mock description; a reality before which all the powers of imagination fade into contemptible nothingness.

The few seconds that elapsed before that cloud of smoke rolled away, leaving the Mountjoy once more fully visible—those few seconds seemed long indeed to the breathless gazers. They passed, and the gallant ship re-appeared, not lying in stranded helplessness upon the bank, but, majestically floating in deep water, she ploughed the dancing tide right onwards towards the town.

“That broadside saved her!” shouted Walker, “she has bounded from the shore—she has passed the boom! Derry and Victory!”

Loud and long, varied and strange, were the sounds that pealed from those invincible walls. The thundering shout of triumph again and again burst forth, mingled with passionate cries of devout thanksgiving. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise!" was the language of many a lip; while streaming eyes and outspread hands were raised towards the dwelling-place of Him whom out of the depths they had called, and from whom they had received so gracious a reply.

"Hush, baby, hush!" said the mother, while the laughter of joy mingled with her agitated sobs: "look vonder at the pretty ships: they come like birds—they come like angels to us. There is food for my baby—bread for my child—meat, meat for us all. Oh, God of mercy, ever mindful of thy covenant, thou wilt open thy hand and fill us all with plenteousness!"

Leaping from the walls, the men of Derry now hastened to throw wide the ship-quay gate, and in the bustle of rapturous preparation, they made all ready for receiving their precious freight. The other ships had fought their passage past Culmore, and followed the Mountjoy, where the gallant captain had fallen in the moment of success. A musket ball had terminated his mortal career, the last effective, discharged by the baffled foe.

Magrath had hastened to his favorite post, the bedside of Colonel Murray, whom he found in joyous exultation, too great for language to express. A silent-grasp of the hand bespoke their mutual congratulations, and then Magrath sat down, and burying his face in his palms, wept like a child.

"Many a stout heart has melted to-day, my lad," said the Colonel, after a short pause, "and I should not envy the feelings of the man who could be ashamed to

weep, when he looks upon our living spectres, and thinks upon our martyred dead."

"True for you, Colonel Murray; and the last soul that passed hasn't left its fellow among us."

"Do you mean the gallant Browning?"

"No, sir; I mean the Lady O'Neill."

"The Lady of M'Alister!" exclaimed Murray, almost starting from his pillow: and before Magrath could resume, Bryan entered, with Morrison and Ross.

The smile with which M'Alister greeted his friend met no response; Murray's brow was contracted, and he said in a tone almost resentful, "Surely, surely, she might have been spared to rejoice a while with us!"

"Aye, surely," said Morrison. "She is spared indeed, spared all farther conflict with a body of sin and death: spared to rejoice with us for ever."

"Don't teach me rebellion, dear Colonel," said Bryan, smiling through his tears: "my own heart is ready enough to prompt that lesson. The liberated saint whom we would fain have kept a longer tenant in this dreary dungeon, lingered till our deliverance was certain. At her own request, she was taken to the church battery, where we were stationed; and there, upon that hallowed roof, she poured forth the supplications of a soul that truly wrestled unto death, for us and for our cause."

"When the minute guns of distress were fired," observed Morrison, "she expressed her thankfulness, that even our engines of destruction had lain aside their character, uttering only the voice of sorrowful entreaty."

"She called them a goodly passing knell," said Ross; "and seeing that I both understood and felt her meaning, she added, 'All, all is peace: full pardon, full salvation, joy unspeakable, and full of glory.'"

“But the flag,”—said Magrath.

“Aye,” rejoined M’Alister, “we waved our flag, the signal of distress, and reeled beneath its weight. She gazed upon its crimson folds, and, in a tone of holy triumph, ejaculated, ‘Jehovah-nissi! In thy name, O Lord, we first set up our banners: for thy name’s sake, put to thy hand, hear, behold, and save.’ It was then that Browning’s vessel ran aground, and every shout from the enemy, every cry from the walls, seemed to infuse new energy into her prayers. Life was ebbing fast away; I gave her my support, and strove to join her fervent supplications; but I think my head and heart were failing together, for never did so fearful a darkness overspread my soul, as during that season of suspense.”

“It was not yourself only, Mr. Bryan,” said Magrath. “Every man’s face was changed, and blackened as if by a spell. Such looks were never seen among living men, as we beheld this day.”

“And did she rally again?” asked Murray, whose interest appeared intense.

“Yes: when the ship gave that successful broadside, she raised her head in earnest expectation; and then the shout, the clamorous joy, that told its glad result, came pealing on our ears; our comrades on the battery exclaimed, ‘she floats! she floats!’ and I raised my dying charge, and bore her to the point from whence she might descry the stately vessels bearing down in unimpeded approach. She uttered a sound of joy, and spreading abroad her hands, exclaimed, ‘Lord, I have lived to pray—I come to praise thee!’ She sunk back, breathed the name of Jesus, and departed to abide with him for ever.”

There was a pause of solemn silence, broken at last by Magrath.

"There's a rest and a glory, Colonel Murray, prepared for the people of God: a city where nothing can enter that has not been washed in the blood of the Lamb. Outside its gates is another place, and that place is hell. 'Tis an awful question to put, which dwelling is for us? That question was once put to me, within these walls, and it stuck like a barbed hook in my conscience; till God gave me the peace that only he can give. The question is here," he continued, drawing forth his beloved Irish bible, "and here, too, is the answer; and sorrow a sun, that may rise upon Larry Magrath, shall set, till he's told both question and answer to the ignorant people of his own poor country. Over mountain and bog, I'll bear this precious word, this story of peace, and many a knee that's now bent in sinful worship before an image of wood or clay, may learn to bow at the name of Jesus, knowing no hope but in him alone."

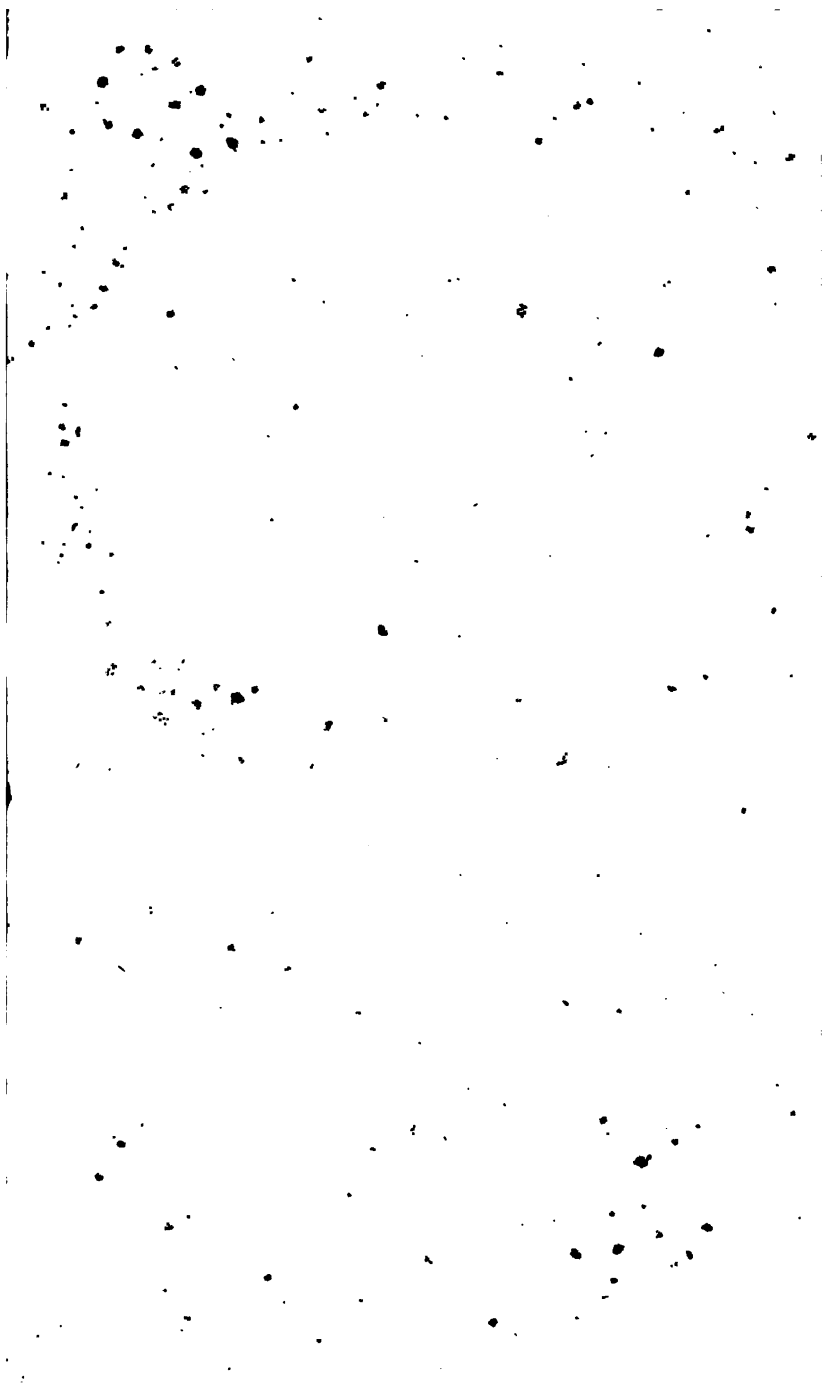
"You must not leave us Magrath," said Murray, anxiously: "we owe you a debt that I will see paid. Your fidelity, your zeal, your courage"——

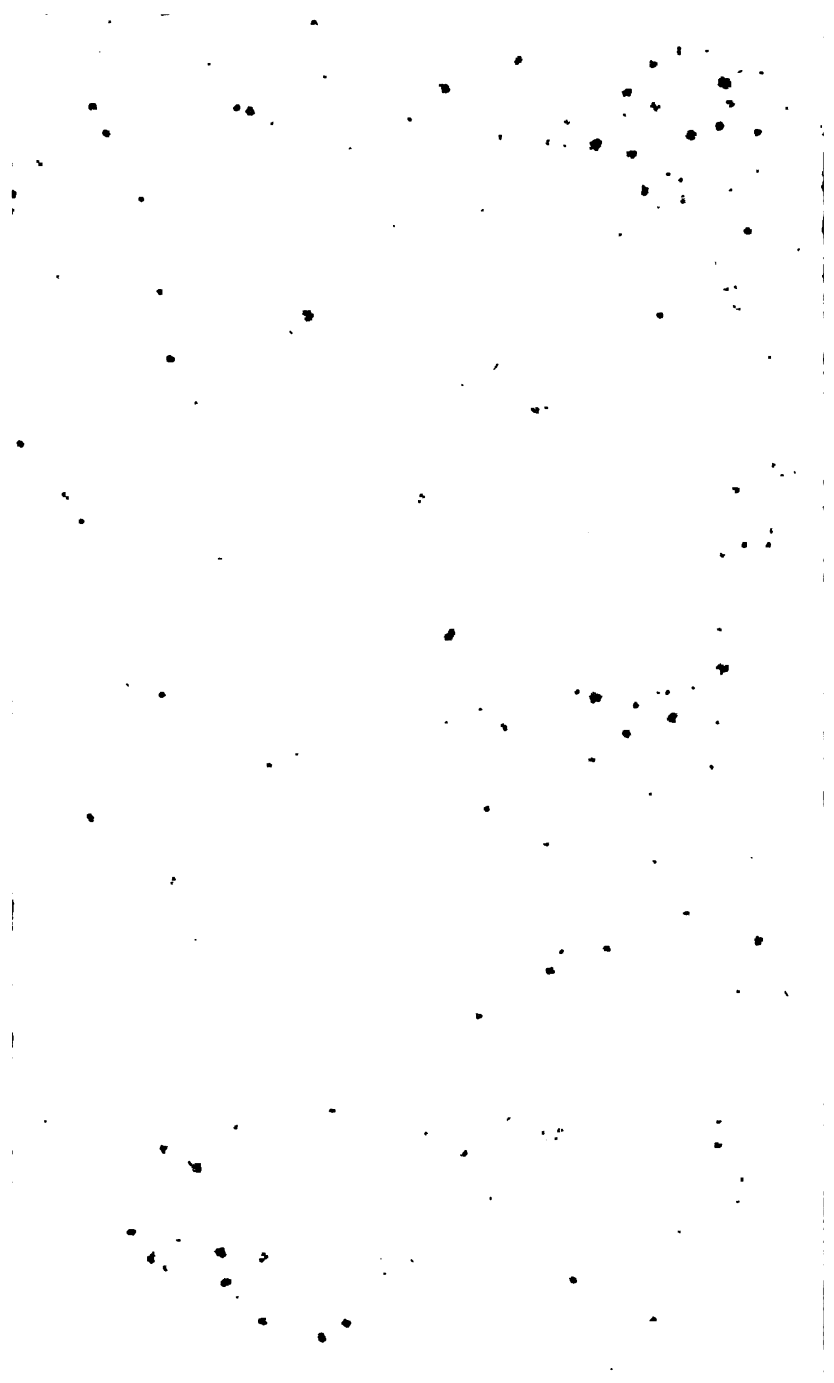
"Colonel Murray," interrupted the Irishman, rising, and standing before him in collected dignity, "Colonel Murray, you owe me no debt. The debt that was owing is paid, but not by your hand. This," and he elevated the IRISH BIBLE, and spoke with passionate feeling, "this is the debt that you owe to every poor child of sorrowful Erin. It's a long debt, and it bears a fearful interest, and wo to the Protestant who doesn't come forward to pay his share of it! You've made a resolute stand, and God has prospered it: the dark hour is ended, and yonder foes will be marching away by to-morrow's

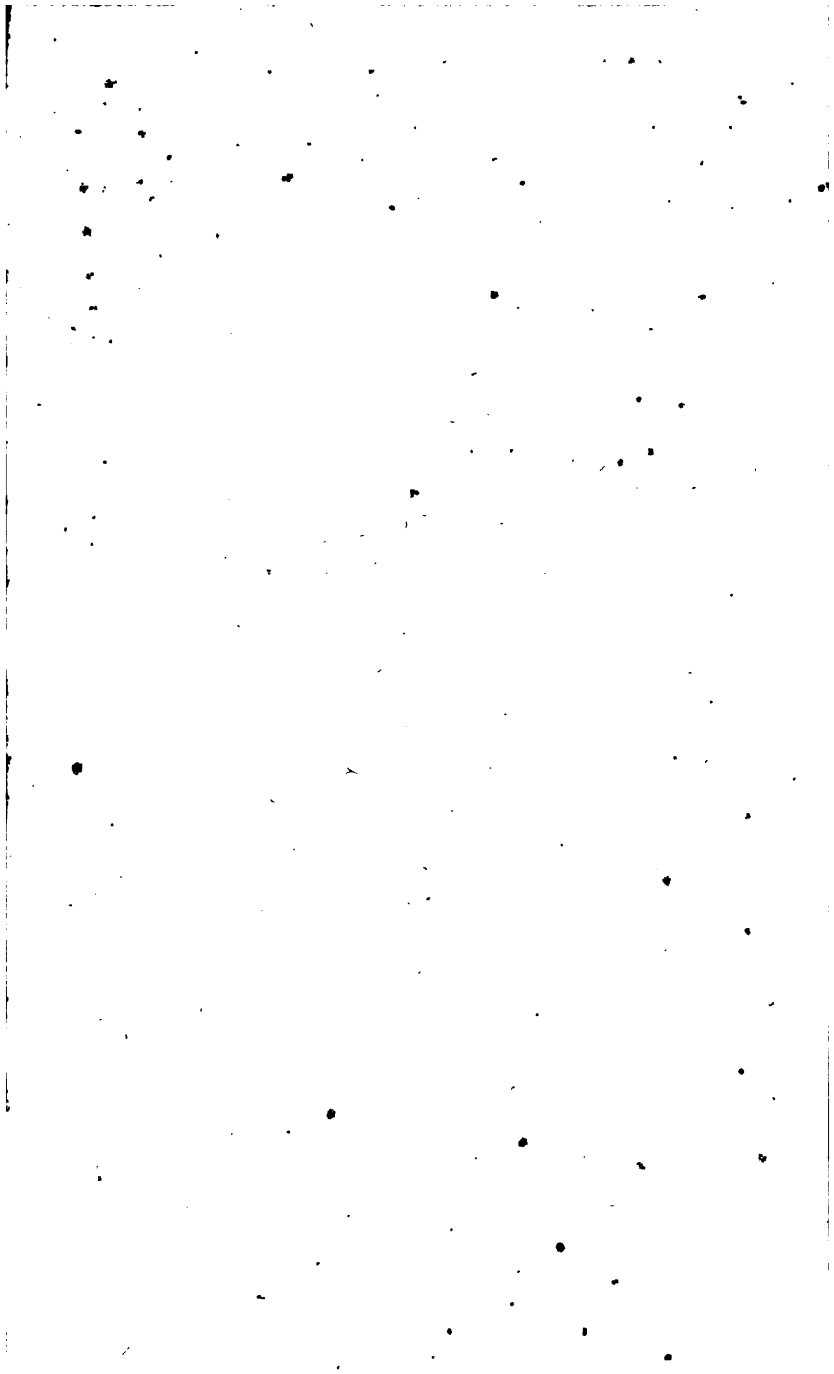
dawn : but Papists defeated may rally again ; they'll nurse the red spark of hatred from father to son, till your children's grandchildren may see the flame break out, the vengeance of heaven to fan, and no power in man to quench it !"

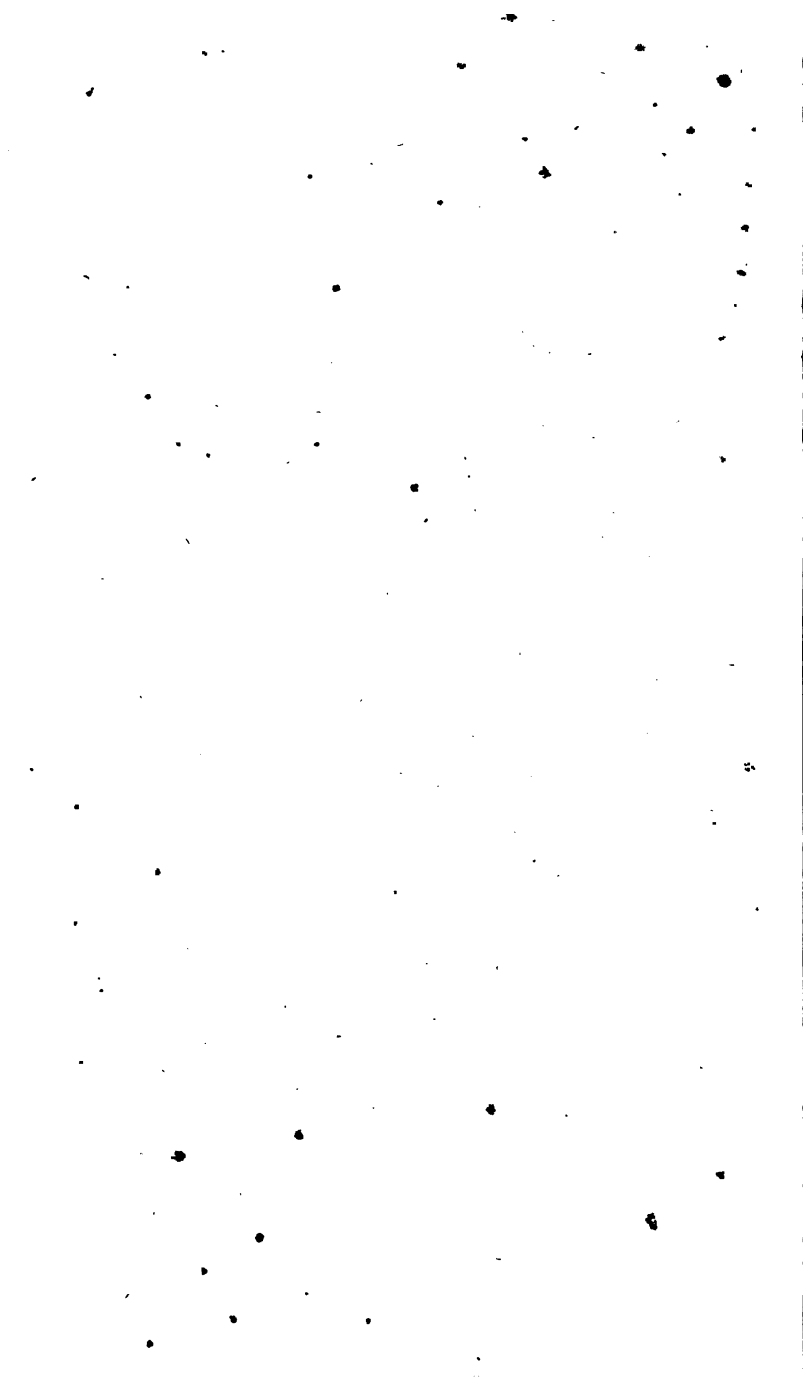
"But, Magrath, wherein lies our security, if not in Papists defeated ?"

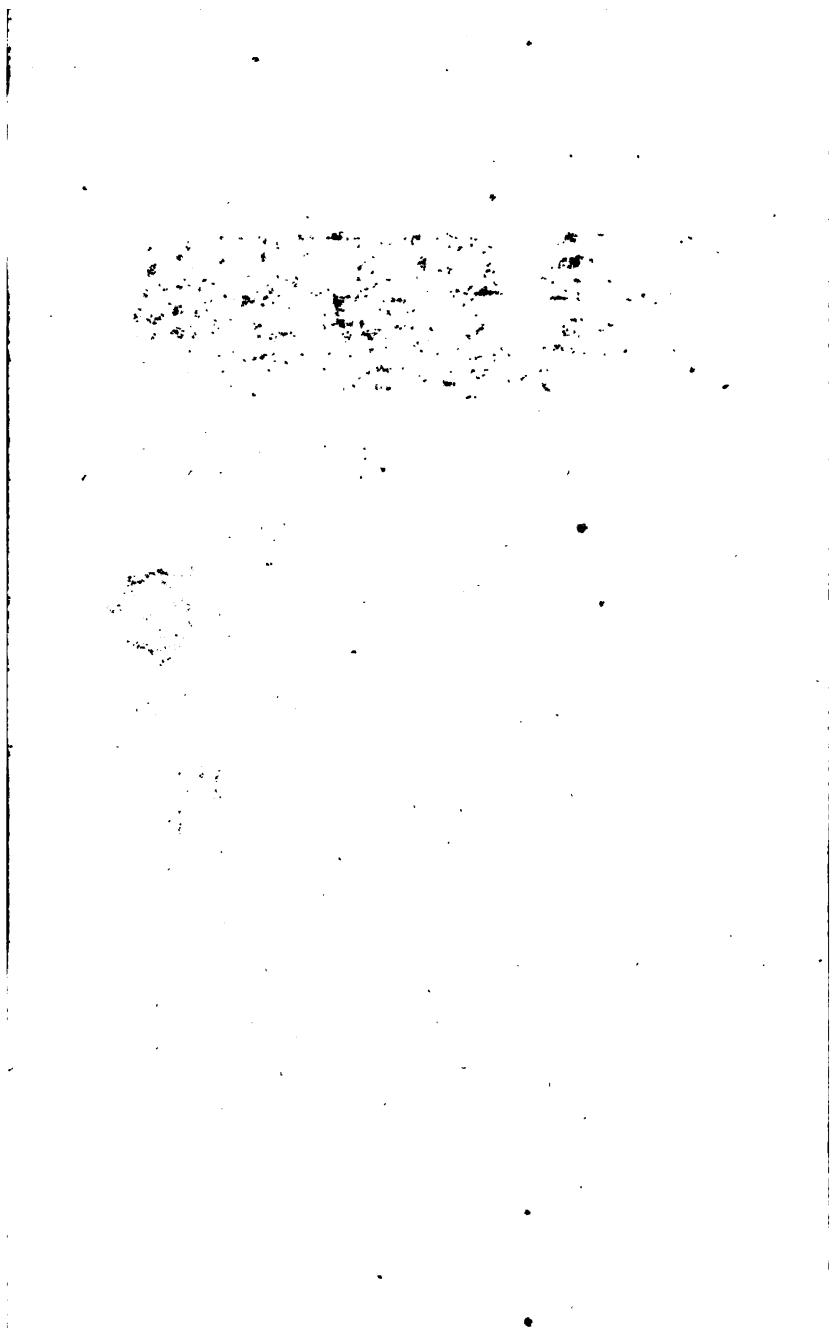
"In Papists converted, sir," answered Magrath, energetically. "Take the word of a Papist who came here, to destroy his friends, and now goes forth with no wish but to save his enemies. You'll never enjoy the land till you've conquered it ; you never will conquer it while Popery reigns. You may build palaces, and dwell in fenced cities, and laugh your enemies to scorn ; but there's that concealed under the cabin roof which all your armies cannot overcome. You may hang, and shoot, and persecute, but destroy ~~it~~ you cannot ; you may flatter and foster, and give it power, but your friend it will never be. Popery is the curse of God upon a land ; and nothing can remove it but the blessing of God, made known in the gospel of Jesus Christ."











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