

THE AMERICAN.

PERRY.

A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

Bryan had beheld the whole scene with feelings unusually excited; for, as the venerable forms of Basil and Sham 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 and 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 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 dying 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; also, 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 us 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 repulsions, and teach my soul to say, 'It is the Lord!'"

There was a simple, a sublime favor in the tone of this short appeal that bespoke the agony of spirit under which the sufferer struggled for resignation; it carried a presence so 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 expression of his Christian sympathy; then said: "There is evident danger in your continuing 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 abundantly."

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 propose to execute those miserable captives?" asked the stranger, whose name was Morrison.

"Every neck of them, sir; we would have strangled," 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 impious 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 wall, had approached the place where Morrison's wife lay seemingly in a quiet sleep. Attended

by three or four soldiers, he avoided the spot, and, slowly pushing with his foot the helpless creature before him, demanded in broken English why she did not follow the rest of the victims on their way.

She raised her hollow eyes, and articulated some words faintly to be understood. The Frenchman with difficulty heard what she said, as though the pillow of ragged clothes from beneath her head, at the same time obstructing her view of the top of the wall, seemed in the act to draw himself over as the accused lay to answer her, when an Irish sergeant approaching, in atoms of suppressed rage exclaims, "Let the woman die in peace!"

The officer commanded him to retire, but he stood his ground, seeming prepared to resist, if need be well as by word, the wanton brutality of his companions. Through one so evidently suffering the pang of dissolution, while the soldiers, passing beneath, seemed anxious for some command to remove him by force.

This was presently given; and at the same moment the sergeant, clutching himself astide over the narrow wall, drew his dagger. But several of the countymen running up among whom was an officer, the Frenchman moved back, calling on his men to disperse the multitude, and vanquished the factotum.

"What this Connellan?" asked the Irish officer. "How come you drumming?"

"Is it nothing so decent a dying comrade from those who thirst for Irish blood?" said the sergeant, at this instant.

"Is he dying?"

The Frenchman asserted that she was as well able to walk off as the rest of the party; but that she preferred dying there, in the hope of being taken into heaven.

No fear of that," answered the other. "The steaming cauldron know better than to let unmercifully smother into their dust." "Master," he added, dropping his look at her pallid face, "she is nearly at the point of death."

The Frenchman made no reply to this, but in a more silent tone repeated the order to disperse Connellan for him.

"You've no prejudice now, Mr. Ross, answer me," 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 is more characteristic of our countrymen's national 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 infamed 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 hating the priest's baseness."

The Frenchman peremptorily ordered the men to advance upon Connellan; the others, as promptly placed an endeavoring him. A disreputable scuttle-club, plastic were discharged, while Magrath and others shouted from the walls their loud encouragement to the铁血 party. It was a short interval of unspeakable horror to the husband, who beheld this sanguinary struggle around and over the despatched of his beloved partner; and scarcely could Bryan withhold his tears, leaping down to sustain her.

"Never mind," replied the other, with provoking coolness; "We're not particular here, you know. Monsieur de Ross has dispensed with all the constitutional care of honor, good faith, and humanity; and we need not stick at a trifling article of the articles of war."

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