

## Poets' Tally.

## OUR MEMORIES.

BY "EVA" OF THE 'NATION.'

(Now Mrs Kevin Izod O'Doherty, and resident in Queensland, Australia, where her patriotic husband enjoys a large practice in the medical profession.)

Let us take them to our hearts awhile, the memories of our land,  
Tho' wrapped in gloom and woe they be, yet still the're proud and grand;

Those records old, like glowing gems set in the gold of song,  
Are hoarded treasures still for us thro' years of scorn and wrong.

There are thousand themes of Ireland's soil for Irish tongue to tell,  
With paling cheeks, and flashing eyes, and hearts that wildly swell;

Nor minstrel's harp or poet's pen had e'er a nobler field  
Than thy old name, Irene dear, since far back time can yield.

God bless ye, great and good of yore, for all that ye have left;  
We cling unto those lessons now, when of all else bereft;

We need them well—we need them well—in all their strength and light,

To teach us how to bear ourselves and fight the glorious fight.

Ah! Brian, thanks be to your name—though lone and dark you lie,  
As many lights spring up from you as through the morning sky;  
May heaven reward you, Aodh O'Neill, for that same deed you wrought,

We feel that, though we may be slaves, it is not we that ought.

Oh! Gratian, there are eyes that still will glow to think of you;  
And brave Fitzgerald, yet we turn to you, the warm and true;  
You cannot say—you cannot say, O! men of Irish birth,  
That there is nothing left to-day to raise you from the earth.

Yes, noble are the memories ye left, our fearless sires—  
Do they not burn within the land like consecrated fires?  
Bright beacons still remain for us untir'd to journey by—  
Not lit upon the lowly earth, but shining in the sky!

Say, what shall be the memories that we will leave to guide?  
Our children—shall their heritage be infamy or pride?

What are the thoughts that will arise when years have pass'd  
away,

As they shall linger on our names—oh! will they curse or pray?

Shall they, enwrapp'd in freedom's light, be rulers of their land—  
With fearless arm protecting all the rights that we had plann'd?  
Or shall they, crushed by deep disgrace, be taunted and defied,  
As of a faint and and braggart race, who flourish'd, shrunk, and lied?

Shall nations point to them and say, "Their wives were Helots  
born—

They vow'd to break the strangers chain, and yet they were forsworn;

The good, the true were in their ranks, and yet they shrank away,  
And serfs and slaves upon the soil their children are to-day."

## THE DISINHERITED SON.

## A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

THE WHITE WANDERER.

"They come! they come!" she cried, "Oh, save me! save me from them both! From Oswald, who in the dim hours of the night excluded me from the safe shelter of your halls, with the voice and aspect that are so like his brother's. Save me from him—from Oswald—the husband whom I wedded to maintain my fair repute. Save me yet more. Hide me, hide me from Randolph, my betrothed, whom I loved! He will call me traitress! And oh, had I loved him less—had I refused, my lord, to defy your authority—had I not consented secretly to wed him—the barbarous Oswald had never so betrayed us both! Oh, forgive me, Lord Thurston, and save me from both your sons!"

As the unhappy damsel in broken sentences gasped forth these direful words, she shook as with convulsions; and Lord Thurston, by the advice of the abbot, carried her into the ground-floor chamber of the bell-tower.

Still the beat of hoofs was heard approaching nearer—nearer; and even as Lord Thurston laid the almost expiring form of the damsel on an oaken bench, the rider drew the bridle of his panting steed beneath the fetted arch, and, vaulting from the saddle, Oswald de Coniston rudely thrust his way through the group of monks and attendants, and, in a voice fierce and determined, demanded that his bride, his wife, should be yielded to his marital authority.

"Wretch!" exclaimed the Earl, "for whose fraud and villany a father's tongue can find no name. Darest thou, in the presence of the reverend abbot, attempt to enforce a claim which the damsel's pre-contract with your brother will destroy? The Lady Evelina is under my charge, and I will protect her till that divorce is procured which, I doubt not, my Lord Abbot's representations will induce our holy Father the Pope to grant!"

"By Saint Mary of Furness!" answered Oswald, with a manner so truculent it would not have misbecome Randolph himself, "the damsel is my wife till the divorce shall come."

"Oh, cruel, treacherous Oswald!" said Evelina, fixing her eyes upon the youth. "Our marriage shall be as brief as it was miserable. Death holdest the nuptial torch, and shall pronounce our divorce anon."

"This sword shall soon quit thy most abhorred bonds!" cried a furious voice, as Randolph de Coniston burst like a thunderbolt on the astonished group. "Traitor!" he cried, "was it to vaunt thy triumph over me thou didst commission the false slave, Joslyn, to liberate me to-night; it was rather that thy false heart's blood should stain this sword!"

In the confusion and horror of Oswald's own appearance, none of the persons assembled in the bell-tower had noticed how the tramp of a second horse had followed close upon the first. Oswald himself, transixed by the dying aspect of his stolen bride, heeded not the entrance of his brother, till the latter ignominiously struck him with the flat of his sword.

He heeded not the blow, but sunk upon his knees beside Evelina, and took her pale hands in his own.

A dull grey shadow was falling on the damsel's face, she seemed unconscious now of what was passing round her.

The Abbot and his monks, Lord Thurston and his retainers, stood in awed silence; even the savage Randolph, though, for the first time in his life, he was injured, instead of the injurer, dropped his sword's point, and stood gazing on Evelina, silent as the rest.

"Evelina! Evelina!" wailed the wretched Oswald, "look up once more, pity me, pardon me, before you die. I loved you, Evelina, to sin and madness loved you. For you, for you, my innocent lamb, my precious Walter died. Then hatred mingled with my love, and I swore in vengeance I would steal you from my brother. But, oh, Evelina, wouldst thou live, we might be happy yet; for I love you for your own sweet self, but my reptile brother loves only the heiress of Egremont! Evelina, sweet wife, look up and pardon me."

"I know not," sighed Evelina, "if Randolph loved my fortune or myself; but I loved him only. It may be that thou didst merit better, that thy love was truer and purer than his; but thy love, unwished-for and ill bestowed, hath slain me. Yet do I forgive thee, lord and husband, as it is a wife's duty to forgive. Now pray you loose my hand. The bond that fettered it to thine is broken—broken!"

At this injunction, in very awe of the fixed, sad, stern eyes of her who uttered it, Oswald involuntarily loosed his clasp of Evelina's hand.

The hand dropped heavily, as if it were lead, from his grasp, a dull film obscured the stern eyes. Evelina was DEAD!

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE MALEDICTION.

For a minute Oswald gazed like one entranced on the motionless form of Evelina, then covering his face with his hands he burst into a storm of sobs. The Abbot, and even Lord Thurston, had compassion for the hysterical agony that shook the strong frame of the miserable youth almost to convulsion.

Not so was it with Randolph, alike ruffianly and base.

"What, ho!" he exclaimed, "wilt thou weep like a woman, for what you stole like a bandit? hast thou the meanness to regret a woman who loathed thee? or are thy tears for the loss of the broad lands of Egremont, which I swear shall never be thine?"

Oswald started up, his eyes flashing fury through their veil of tears, his set teeth, his voice hoarse with the sobs that he forced back in his swollen throat.

"Base villain! coward! and liar!" he exclaimed, as his sword flashed from the scabbard, "thou it was who cajoled the poor damsel with tales of love, when thou didst only seek her wealth. Perish that wealth, I care not for it, I only care to be avenged on thee. Defend thyself, I would not slay thee helpless, cur though thou art!"

Though Randolph de Coniston had for a time recoiled before his brother, at these taunts he rushed on to meet him with a fury equal to his own.

Their swords crossed, and ere the horror-stricken bystanders could interfere, Randolph fell back. Oswald had beaten down his guard, and with a desperate lunge severely wounded him in the shoulder.

His sword dropped from his hand, as he was received into the arms of one of the lay brothers.

The blood gushed in torrents from the wound. He looked like one dying.

In no way moved, however, by his ghastly countenance, Oswald, his face black with rage and hate, rushed forward; and had not the abbot thrown himself between them, he would have sheathed his sword in the heart of Randolph, all helpless though he lay.

The revered man might have fallen a sacrifice to his devotion, had not Lord Thurston also rushed on his son and dragged him back.

As it was, the abbot was slightly wounded in the hand. The blood sprinkled the pontifical cross, which he had upheld to oppose the furious youth.

The rage of Oswald was a fury, a madness which nothing could allay. He struggled vehemently to escape from his father's grasp. But the Earl, though a man well advanced in years, was tall and strongly limbed, with iron nerve and muscle. His retainers, too, came to his assistance. In a brief space Oswald was disarmed, and his hands bound with a scarf Lord Thurston took from his own neck.

Defiant still, he leaned against a column; and gnashing his teeth as he glared from his dead bride to his brother, he exclaimed—

"It is well, it is well, perhaps, caitiff brother, that my sword has failed to reach thy black heart. It were too easy a punishment wert thou now to die. I pray the fiends—for with the saints I have nought to do—that thou mayst recover from the hurt that is letting out thy venomous blood. And mark me then—not because I care for wealth, not because I care for titles; but in revenge for sweet Walter—in revenge for the guileless, deluded Evelina—I will be