

Port's Fougny.

THE EXODUS.

BY "EBLANA" (J. BUTLER), IN THE 'NATION,' APRIL 21, 1860.
 THEY are going, they are going where Missouri's waves are flowing,
 Where the waving crops are growing for the tiller of the soil;
 Where the light of Justice beameth, and the sword of Justice gleameth,
 And good fortune ever seemeth as attendant upon toil.

Far from Erin they are flying, where their fathers' bones are lying,
 Where Atlantic's waves are sighing 'round her desolated shore;
 Where the streams of care are welling 'round each simple peasant's dwelling,
 And the bravest hearts are swelling with the sorrow at their core.

There are parents fond, endearing; there are scenes yet bright and cheering,
 But an evil star is peering o'er the dwellings of our isle—
 O'er the cot amidst the bushes where the shining river rushes,
 Where the sparkling fountain gushes like a heart that has no guile.

They are leaving home for ever; and the fondest kindred sever;
 And the light of joy shall never brightly beam upon their breast.
 Though the freeman's flag is o'er them, and a life of peace before them,
 Yet the mother fond who bore them sighs with sorrow in the West.

Let them go! may Heaven speed them! be a blessed lot decreed them;
 But if Ireland e'er shall need them, may they hasten o'er the sea;

May the loving hearts that slumbered, by the weight of grief encumbered,
 Beat for Erin's woes, unnumbered, and return to set her free!

THE DISINHERITED SON.

A LEGEND OF FURNESS ABBEY.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

LITTLE LORD WALTER DE CONISTON AT THE ABBEY OF FURNESS.

TYRANNICAL and proud, the Lords of Thurston were little loved by their retainers and dependents. Oswald, nevertheless, had some devoted adherents in his father's castle; for in him the bitter mood of his race was varied by fits of real kindness and generosity.

The huntsman Joselin was one of these, and in defiance of Lord Thurston's desire that none should quit the castle to offer aid or encouragement to his delinquent son, he let the weeping boy, Walter, out by the postern gate, and saddled his pony for him that he might seek the unfortunate Oswald.

From some peasants the boy had learned that his brother had been on the road that led to the Abbey of St. Mary, and thither he betook himself, naturally reflecting that even if Oswald was not there, the monks and their vassals would aid in the search for him, and that, moreover, there was no doubt that they would interpose as mediators between the exasperated father and his offending son.

In the confusion of that terrible quarrel, little Walter was unnoticed; but not the bitterest paternal malediction could have withheld him from following his beloved brother.

The father of John Broughton, the young monk who was sent for on Walter de Coniston's arrival at the Abbey, held land of Lord Thurston, and had been in his boyhood, ere he entered on a religious life, a humble but favorite companion of the Earl's sons, especially of Oswald.

He it was whom Walter had inquired for on reaching the Abbey, and who, after the youth had been vainly sought for during several hours, at last surmised that he might have bent his way towards the Sands.

When the monk John Broughton addressed that adjuration to the distracted youth, Oswald, scarce turning his head, replied scornfully—

"And what want you here, Father John, on such a night as this? Go to. Return to your monastery. What though thou hast donned the cowl, thou art but my father's vassal still!"

"Aye, still your father's vassal so far that for very love we yield thee duty, Lord Oswald. I beseech ye come down from that dreadful rock. There are not ten minutes more for dry footing on its summit."

"Nor will our little craft hold out against such a sea as this," shouted the fisherman. "Here, catch this rope, my lord. I dare not venture nearer; but you are a stout swimmer, and with a rope for us to haul on, we may save you yet."

"Begone, old man!" shouted Oswald in reply. "Risk not thine own safety and that of the monk. It is my wish to die!"

High above the united roar of wind and wave, rang the wrathful answer of the desperate youth.

"Oh, Oswald, dearest of my brothers, say not so. Wouldst thou slay me, too? For how shall thy Walter live without thee?"

The accents of that clear sweet voice, faintly though they swept across the howling blast, startled the wicked determination of Oswald.

In the obscurity, he had not noted that the monk and the fisherman were accompanied by his young brother.

"Thou, thou!" he cried. "Back, back! beloved boy. Risk not thy precious life for one so lost as I."

"Never back without thee, my Oswald," cried the boy, starting up and standing with hands outstretched on the brink of the boat.

His long golden hair streamed like a woman's on the gale that swept it from his fair young face, which, full of beseeching agony, was turned towards his brother.

The one soft spot in the life of Oswald de Coniston was his love or that boy, the only tender affection of his life.

The voice of an angel would not have so moved him.

"For thy sake, dear Walter, then. For thee, for thee!" he exclaimed, as he caught the strong rope which the fisherman swung. He girded it round his waist.

Alas! he had been won from his dreadful resolve too late to prevent a terrible catastrophe.

Like a bird upon a bough, young Walter stood poised upon the edge of the boat.

The wind driving from the Irish coast lashed up the waters. The fisherman's boat rode them like a cork; but the fragile form of Walter de Coniston swayed like a willow wand. Then a cry, long and shrill, like that of a wounded bird, rose above the hoarse voices of the storm, as the boy was swept from his slender footing into the raging sea.

Bruised, bleeding, breathless, the body of Oswald de Coniston was borne to the monastery, by the fisherman and Brother John.

The hour of ten boomed from the great Abbey clock as they passed the great gates.

The storm had lulled as suddenly as it rose.

The dark fondage of the planes in the vale of Bekansgill was touched with a silvery lustre; the blue and cloudless sky was thick inlaid with stars.

The ocean lay smooth as a mirror over the dead hid in its treacherous bosom. The delicate child, Walter de Coniston, had been swept away by the cruel waves.

Buffeted by the angry waters, dashed against the rocks in his frantic efforts to rescue young Walter, Oswald was senseless when, with great danger of the boat upsetting, the monk and the fisherman hauled him into it.

They thought him dead.

Hours elapsed ere, with all the care lavished upon him at the monastery, he showed symptoms of consciousness.

Messengers had been despatched to the castle of Coniston to inform the Earl of the catastrophe of his youngest son, and that Lord Oswald was lying in a dangerous condition at the monastery.

As the Earl was but a rough and rude warrior, who regarded book learning as fit only for monks, he had cared but little for poor Walter.

Nevertheless, this catastrophe troubled him.

The character of Lord Thurston was, however, proud as well as violent.

An ordinary calculation might have assumed that the calamitous death of poor little Walter, solely owing to his love for his outcast brother, would have increased the Earl's exasperation as to Oswald.

On the contrary, it seemed to make him oblivious of the young man's offence.

Despite the wound in his arm, he accompanied the messengers back to the Abbey, where he found his son restored to life, but not to consciousness; for he was in the paroxysms of a delirious fever, in which he would alternately speak of his harsh father, of Evelina's scornful rejection, and of his lost and beloved Walter.

The fantasies of his disordered brain now presented his young brother as standing by his bedside pale and ghastly, with dripping garments, and bright hair tangled with sea weeds.

To this creation of his feverish fancy he would address the most passionate protests. He would weep and moan, or by turns promise the drowned boy that he would avenge his fate with imprecations so dreadful, that the good monks were appalled, and conceived fears of the young man's future which did not suggest themselves to the obtuse mind of the Earl.

He, apparently forgetful of the degrading manner in which he had ordered Oswald to be expelled from the castle, seemed to renew all his former favor. Fain would he have had the youth carried home immediately.

But that was impossible. For more than a week he hovered betwixt life and death; and well would it have been had the pale King of Terrors turned the scale, and that he had never risen from that sick bed to fulfil the scarlet career of crime into which he was urged by his ungovernable passions.

His first inquiry when the delirium was passed was for his beloved Walter. Had he been saved alive or dead? had the cruel sea disgorged its prey?

The Prior, to whom he addressed this query, shook his head, bid the youth give thanks to God that he was himself still alive, and not ask for particulars of sad events which he was too weak and feeble to discuss.

"Oh, Walter, my precious brother!" ejaculated the unhappy youth, clasping his thin hands, "Who will love me as thou didst? who have I to love as I loved thee? And I,—I was thy murderer. In seeking to save me thou wast lost. Oh doomed accursed wretch that I am! Hopeless alike for this world and the next. Oh, Walter! would that I were sleeping with thee in thine unhallowed ocean grave. Oh, that I were dead! that I were dead!"

"Forbear, my son," exclaimed the Prior, in accents the rebuking tone of which was softened by exceeding pity. "Impugn not the boundless mercy of the Lord. Let not the calamity brought about by thine unrestrained passions urge thee to the inexpiable sin of despair. Rather may it subdue thy heart, and fill thine eyes with the bitter but blessed tears of repentance. Thy young brother, pious of soul and tender of heart, loved and prayed for thee on earth; he loves and prays for the still, now that his bright spirit is associated in heaven with the angels and the saints of God. May his prayers, and the benign influence of our sweet Lady and the saints, so melt and turn thy heart that this thy sore trial shall in the end prove a saving grace."

"Father," replied Oswald de Coniston, "my heart is turned. If I rise to health from this sick couch, to dear Walter's memory do I swear all my future life."

"Amen! Amen! May Almighty God, dear son, prosper all thy good intents," was the answer of the Prior.

The tone in which Oswald had spoken seemed quiet and resigned; but as the Prior turned away in answering him, he noticed not the vindictive fire that flashed for a moment in his sunken eyes, or the smile of cruel sarcasm that quivered round his ashen lips.