

Poets' Convey.

THE "BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD."

BY THEODORE O'HARA.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo!

No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few;

On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumour of the foe's advance,
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought of midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife,
The warrior's dream alarms,
No braying horn nor screaming file
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shouts are past—
No war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce Northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was victory or death.

Full many a norther's breath has swept
O'er Augustus's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its moulder'd slain;
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn night
That frowned o'er that dread fray.
Sons of the dark and bloody ground!
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongue resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield;
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead,
Dear is the blood ye gave;
No impious footstep here shall tread
The heritage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While fame her record keeps,
Or honor points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Your marble minstrel's voiceless stone,
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year hath flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

COAL.—Few realise the power stored in coal for man's use. It is stated as a scientific fact, that in a boiler of fair construction, a pound of coal will convert nine pounds of water into steam. Each pound of steam will represent an amount of energy or capacity for performing work equivalent to 746,000 foot pounds, or for the whole nine pounds, 6,720,000 foot pounds. In other words, one pound of coal has done as much work in evaporating nine pounds of water into nine pounds of steam, as would lift 2,232 tons ten feet high.

FLORENCE O'NEILL; OR, THE SIEGE OF LIMERICK.

CHAPTER XX.

THE QUEEN'S ESCAPE.

On the following day she kept her room. The next morning she sent for Florence. "I have very much to say to you, Florence," said the queen, in a cold, frigid tone of voice. "I will commence by observing that you are too young to take so much upon yourself, as you have; there are many now in the Tower, and there are some who have been condemned to death, far less than you have been guilty of. Nay, do not start and turn pale, child, but hear me out. It has come to my knowledge that you presumed to mix yourself up with the conspiracy, for which Mr. Ashton has, this morning, suffered the extreme penalty of the law at Tyburn. Nay, even whilst you have been about our person, and enjoying our patronage, you took the opportunity of a visit to your aged uncle, to disguise yourself, and seek Ashton in prison but two days before his execution. I would ask if you have come here to help, by your puny efforts, those malcontents whom I am resolved to crush by the strong arm of the law; if so, why should I not do by you as I do by others?"

The tone of contempt, assumed by the queen, stung Florence to the quick; but she was wholly in the power of the latter, and she replied:

"Gracious madam, I knew the unfortunate Ashton well. I crave your forgiveness for my stolen visit to him, but though I was aware I incurred the risk of your displeasure, I could not resist the desire I felt, once again, to visit him, before he suffered a violent death."

"Nor could you resist, young mistress, the wish to combine with those who have suffered their just deserts. You have been within an ace of committing to the Tower: know you why you are pardoned? I will tell you," continued the queen, "because you risked your own life to save mine on the night of the fire. On that night, when I dismissed you, I had resolved to sign a warrant for your committing to the Tower on the morrow. Moreover, by your acts you have laid yourself open to the loss of the estates you will inherit from your uncle, and from Miss O'Neill. But my pardon is full and entire; in any other person's case, within the whole of our kingdom, their lands would be forfeited to the crown, for far less contumacious behaviour than your own. I forgive you Mistress Florence, in memory of the night on which you periled your life to save mine."

It was a part of the creed of Florence, to feel aversion for the princess who had usurped her father's throne; nevertheless, for a brief period she felt drawn towards the queen, whilst she expressed her gratitude for the full pardon she had received, and her happiness that it had been in her power to aid her.

"And now I expect, Mistress Florence, that you will make yourself contented in my Court, and mix yourself up with no affairs of State in future, for rest assured, whatever you may think of the matter, you are no strong-minded heroine, but a very timid woman, imprudent and rash withal; and whilst you can do no possible good to those you love, may do very much mischief to yourself. As things now are, Mary of England cannot be unmindful of one to whom she doubtless owes her life, but had there been no fire at Whitehall, your own would have been in danger; or, let us say your liberty," she added, as though half sorry she had used the word "life," for a warm flush had mantled the cheek of Florence, as she thought of the peril she had so narrowly escaped.

Many conflicting feelings agitated her mind when she found herself in the solitude of her chamber. That Mary had much to pardon in her conduct there was no doubt, any more than the fact that the breaking out of the fire, had been a providential thing for her; for well she knew the queen would have made good her threat. Then again came the question, how had Mary found out that Florence had mixed herself up with the plot, for which Ashton suffered; and, at last, though she did not like to think he had been so craven-hearted as needlessly to mention her name, she could not help criminating Lord Preston. Her suspicion was a correct one, and she came also to the not unlikely conclusion that emissaries of the government were actively employed in tracing out the movements of all those who were known to be of the Jacobite party; and that Mary's suspicions once excited, it was no very difficult matter to discover how she had spent her time on the day in which she left the palace, avowedly only to visit her uncle.

The young lady's pride and self-love were deeply wounded by the almost pitying and contemptuous language the queen had chosen to use, but she was compelled to own to herself that she was no match for Mary, and that it were wise to submit with a good grace, seeing that the queen had full power to do with her as best pleased herself.

Well was it for her that the confusion on the morning following the fire had put out of her head poor Ashton's execution.

The scene with his wife and children on the previous evening had been heart-rending, but he died with courage and magnanimity. He gave a paper to the Sheriff, in which he owned his attachment to King James, witnessed to the birth of the Prince of Wales, denied that he knew the contents of the papers that had been found upon him, complained of the harsh treatment he had met with from the judges, and declared that he forgave them before heaven.

CHAPTER XXI.

THORNS IN THE DIADEM.

Was Mary of England a happy woman after she had wrested the crown from her father's brow?

Alas, no; the path of wrong-doing and usurpation never can bring contentment, even apart from the aggravation of filial ingratitude and treachery to one who, be his faults what they may