Daily Appeal.

POETICAL.

NIGHT.

Gently, O Night! as falling now
O'er closing flowers and waters bow,
The wing is cast,
And coming and deep Oblivious lie,
As early thoughts that cannot die,
Within the Past.

And now, in yon blue vault so bright,
The countless priesthood of the night
Serene and still,
With holy lustre, pure and true,
Reflected from Eternity,
Their counsels fill.

Whence comest thou, O solemn Night!
O! mysterious Night!
The presence who, so embracing deep,
Hast ever such appropriations to
The Spirit Land.

Rise with the hues of early birth,
And leave with the dust of earth,
The weight of Life;
My struggling spirit drawn from thee
Power is endued with destiny—
Strength for the strife.

Thy shadows cool my burning brain,
With soothed Content soothing pain
On the parched tongue;
And Fancies I have dreamed to pray
For a repentance is sweet and lone's way—
For changeless trust.

PETER MULROONEY;

OR, THE WIDOW'S VICTIM.

Among the acquaintance I have picked up in my goings and comings in the world, ranks Peter Mulroney, who is an Irish as he makes and is possessed of the well-known idiocyncracies of his people to a degree that never fails to attract the attention of such whenever persons as may come in contact with him—but that is not the story I am going to tell now. Business of some importance having taken me to the city, I was traversing, pretty rapidly, one of its meaner streets, when I heard myself suddenly hailed by name in an accent peculiarly Irish; and turning around, discovered Peter approaching towards me with his usual loping gait. He was so altered in his habiliments from the picture I vividly retained in my memory of the blundering, blarneying Irishman, who took my cow to market, that if had not been for his voice, I dare say I should have passed him without recognition. But the voice—that voice—that was Peter's peculiar birthright.

Mr. Mulroney, whom I only remembered in a bleak gray coat, a light, feathle-felt hat, and thick brogans, was now dressed in a threadbare suit of black, a silk hat, with the crown sunk in and well worn at the edges, and a pair of high dress boots elaborately patched. With his coat buttoned up to the chin, and his greasy hat thrust jauntingly on one side, he looked as genteel as any man of one of those seedy poor devil actors whose personal appearance is so often stereotyped as of the fashion in the novels of the day. My words naturally took the color of my thoughts. "Why, Mulroney," said I, is that you? What part are you playing now?"

"Fair, Mister Dhin," he replied, "its little yel be after guessin' if ye thryed iver so much. Sure its a great gintleman I am since I left sarvice, and I live on my mind."

"A gentleman? What sort of a gentleman, Peter?"

"Mither Mulroney, if ye please," said he, correcting me my familiarity with one of his dark looks. "Och, but its a rare country this is, any way. Beyant the wather it was Peter here an' Peter there, till sevin a bit I forgot of any other name than Peter. But here the conversation of the ladies an' the gintlemen is illegant in the extreme, and the great politeness is the rule in correspondence wid me write like beautifullest letthers, shupercrishin' them. 'To Mither Mulroney, Esquire.' Faix! but it hates Bavanager any how, and thats no lie."

"I'm glad to hear you are getting along in the world so famously."

"Aisy, sir, aisy. Lashin's of aisy! an' divilthe without any contributhinal objections. Its mighty little work I have to do any way. I am a professional gintleman, Mither Dhin, an' I live on my manes."

"Oh, Mister Mulroney!"

"Arrah, sir, but its thrue the day. Its a politshiner I am, wid a great janious for fighting; but its wonderful how happy they do be when I give them the mitten." "Which party do you call the injiny?" "Sorra bit I know," said Peter, shrugging his shoulders, then casting towards me one of his odd, queer, side long looks, he added—"Thinkin' sir, its the Pay-triotic party meself does belong to!"

"And so you get well paid, and feel for your services, do you?"

"If promises tal fatten a man I'd be as big as the mayor, an' that's a lie. But sure they'll kape some of them I think, an' this is to be a magister I am, and dale out the law to the vagabones—och, 'tis the beautiful business!"

"A magistrate! Can you read and write?"

"Ayeh! What 'tod I be good for if I couldn't?" said Peter, crankily. "Sorra bit it mattheres, 'tis strong mark I make, an' that's not aiser to rub out any way."

"Take my advice, Mulroney, and go to work. Ditch dig cellars—break stones upon the road—do anything rather than suffer yourself to be made a tool of designing men who will use your services as long as they are beneficial to them, and cast you off as soon as their own ambitious projects are achieved. Now, as for a living, it is very easy for you—being a single man."

Peter grunted.

"It's married I am," said he.

"Married!" I exclaimed. "And in your circumstances? What folly!"

"Troth ye may say that, ye're honest!" said Peter, penitently. "But Mathrees Mulroney was a widdy, Dhin! but if the dearest creathyther they are, all the wide worrld over." "Ayeh!" he continued, turning towards me with a look of half humility, half worry. "I was a widdy, Dhin! I thrie to market that time, an' that's no lie."

"Was she a country woman of yours?" I inquired.

"Deed yes! honor be thinkin' its a American woman that could chate me in that way?" said Peter, indignantly. "Sure 'tisn't in the likes of them to do the thrick."

"But how came this about, Peter?"

"Ayeh! Bad luck's soon told, I boorded widdy."

"And so, Irish-like, you must needs fall in love with the lady and court her?"

"Ayeh! little love I had for big Mathrees Connolly any way, an' that's no lie! As for the courtin' 'tis a natural failin' of mine to be spoken! soft words to the faymales of a truth I am, an' 'tis mighty natural, besides, to kape Mathrees Connolly's mind as aisy as an ould shoe while I owed her for my board."

"And that is the way you came to get married, is it?"

"Ayeh, sir 'tis the strangest thing! Oh Michael Connolly, wha did you die? Bad luck to me that iver I should live to be deceived by a fat woman of fifty. But sure the quarthous wor so pleasant, Mr. Dhin," continued Peter, apologetically, "an' Mathrees Connolly was so tender-hearted! wid her heart bruk into pieces wid the sorrow that was in it. Oh! but 'tis strong enough now—that I thought it wd be a merciful interposition to comfort her anybow."

"And so you courted her, I suppose?"

"Oh, but it was a purty sight to see the way I did it," replied Peter, with one of his odd laughs. "Twas the beautifullest specimen of the effects of blarney that has been seen since Saint Patherick put his comather upon serpents."

"What could you expect, then, but marriage as a consequence?"

"Faix, the little I thought about it at all, and how I liked it. Sure I build the room I was a single man, and swore by the piper I intended to remain so."

"Then you should never have sought to gain her affections; it would have been cruel to serve the poor creature so, and desert her afterward."

"Affectionate! Musha! 'tis her affections wor mouldy many a long day ago."

"Well, you married her at all events," said I impatiently.

"Fair, I dunno; but I does be a thinkin' 'twas she married me. One night there wor some of ould country people at the house, an' we talked about ould times; an' after a while there wor bashine of whisky put on the table, an' we talked, an' drinked, an' quarreled, an' danced, an' drinke! again, till it's my sarious opinion that my senses left me intirely, and never came back till I found myself in bed next morning, no right aware of my mind, and wondhering how I got into Mathrees Connolly's room instead of my own. While I was schaming out an apology, who should come to my door but Mathrees Connolly herself."

"Mither Mulroney," sez she, wid a deep blush. "How do we find yersell this marnin'?"

"Purty well thank ye, mem," sez I, "barring the dryness of my mouth."

"Is it dry ye are?" sez she, "as soft as butter."

"Faix that's aisy mended anyhow. Would ye like a dhrop of spirits, Mither Mulroney?"

"Deed no! I would, an' I axed janious for fighting, but its wonderful how happy they do be when I give them the mitten." "Which party do you call the injiny?"

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