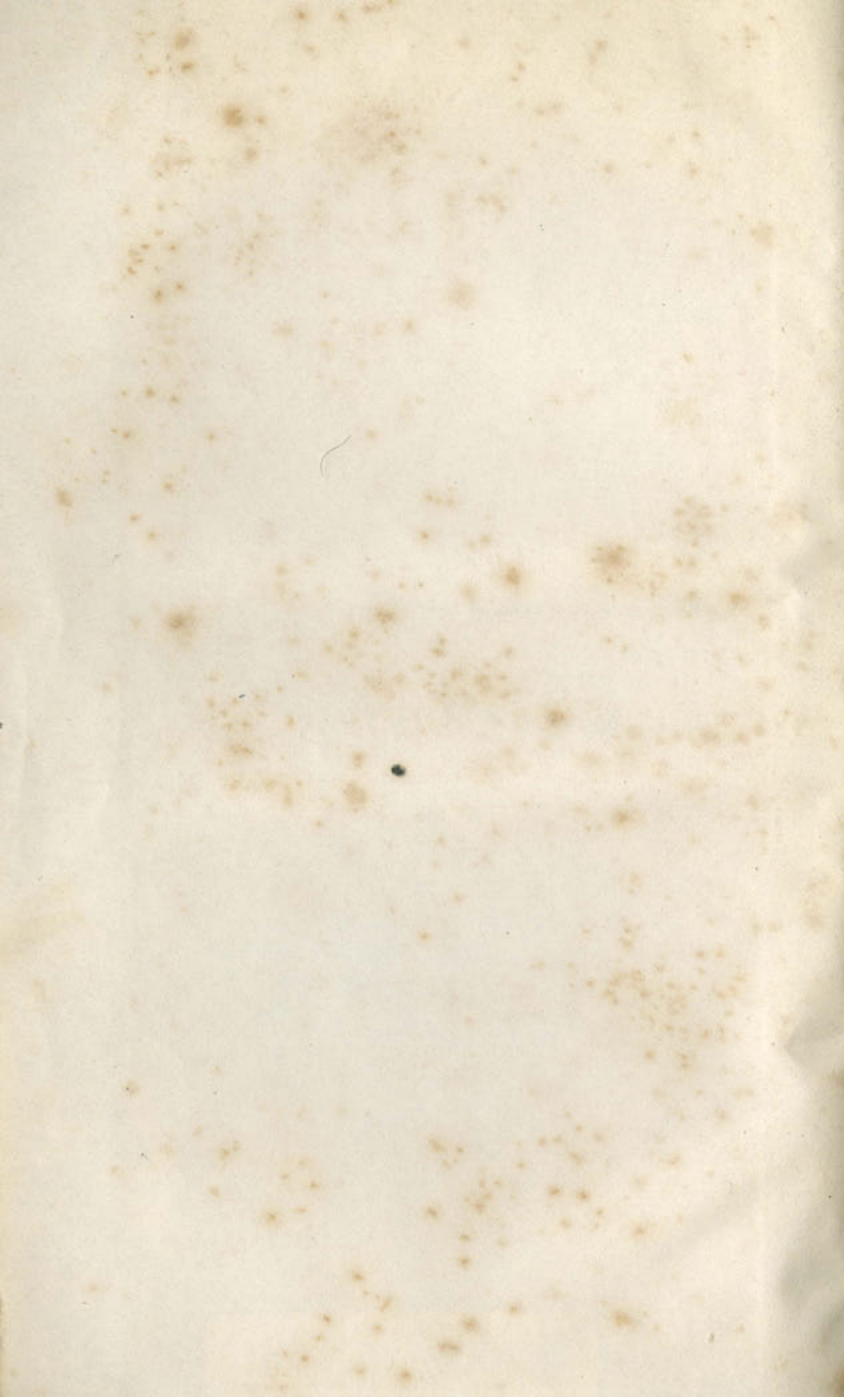


A. M. South

South Hall

July 1844



THE MANOR OF GLENMORE.

C. RICHARDS, PRINTER, ST. MARTIN'S LANE.

THE
MANOR OF GLENMORE:

OR,
THE IRISH PEASANT.

BY
A MEMBER OF THE IRISH BAR.

" Within that land was many a malcontent,
Who cursed the tyranny to which he bent ;
That soil full many a wringing despot saw,
Who worked his wantonness in form of law."—*Byron*.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
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MANOR OF GLENMORE

THE IRISH PEASANT

A MEMBER OF THE IRISH BAR

Who would be a peasant in the
year of the famine? A peasant
was a man who had a right
to the land which he tilled
and who was not a tenant.

VOL. 2

LONDON

EDWARD HOLLIS & SONS

1884



TO THE ENGLISH NATION

THIS WORK

AS ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION

OF

IRELAND

IS

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.



TO THE ENGLISH NATION

THIS WORK

AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

PRESENT SOCIAL CONDITION

ERRATUM.

Page 20, last line but one, *for* "much of an egotist to it," *read*, "much of an egotist in respect to it," &c.

IRVING

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

THE MANOR OF GLENMORE :

OR,

THE IRISH PEASANT.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

“ The path of narrative with care pursue,
Still making probability your clue :
On all the vestiges of truth attend,
And let *them* guide you to a decent end.”—*Cowper.*

THE scene of our modern tale, the Manor of Glenmore, is situated in an inland county of the eastern province of Ireland. A beauteous locality it is, in each and all of nature's features. The valley's rich and verdant sward, divided by the gracefully winding channel of a gentle stream, and widening, as its forming hills recede, into a broad expanse of pasture country, picture forth the sweetest rural peace ; while rising from the stream in gradual ascent, the fertile hills encompassing the narrow portion of the vale, bloom in as soft luxuriance as the plain.

No toilsome path obstructs the progress to their summits, but, by the devious way-worn tracks, wherewith sagacious custom ever shuns each craggy knoll, or jutting little steep, springs up the meadow grass, or blossomed clover, healthy young corn, or the strong-stalked, rank, dark green potatoe crop.

Unambitious quiet could not choose a more congenial scene to dwell in, or industry a glebe more bounteously grateful in reward of honest toil. Many, and accurately distinct in their boundaries, were the farms into which this happy-looking little tract of country was divided. Close hedge-rows of whitethorn, studded with dwarf beechen trees, some, extending parallel to the stream, other, from the hills' sides stretching across the vale, and reflecting their almost meeting foliage in the interposing waters, gave at once security to each tenant's beloved little share, and the air of comfort and beauty to the entire and united possessions of this rustic community. The thatched roofs of the farmers' houses, generally embrowned by the influences of time, were at the period of the year we write, but dimly (if at

all) seen through the thick leafy shade of closely clustering trees ; while, the clear whiteness of the low lime-washed walls, revealed beneath their waving shelter, was happily contrasted with the various shades of green, and the mingled full-blown blossoms of a few large, old apple-trees. In the front of some, and by the side of other cottages, were orchards of very ancient growth ; and winding along the base of the hill, on the left-hand side, as from the adjacent village you approach the valley, lay the common road of communication, almost shaded from public view, by the interweaving branches of tall, strong hazels. Every circumstance suggested to the spectator's mind, an antiquity of transmission from sire to son, in those humble abodes. An inviolate similitude in each permanent developement of skill and industry, existed throughout. No newly introduced taste distinguished one cottage or farm-shed from the other ; but, that accordant variety of structure, which continuity of possession generally produces, as the laboured results of the industrious, whose means are limited, was to be recognised in every instance ; for, though

it was easy to discern in every habitation the gradual additions to the original cottage, or out-buildings, which similarly increasing wants had required, yet, the same rude similarity of style, the same convenient, often uncouth adaptations, identified the rise and progress of each and all. As it was in utility, so was it in ornament. The knotted old woodbine stems, and rose trees, still held their first place, by the small windows on each side the door, and stretched their weaker branches along the after-added walls. The close, thickly-matted ivy of the old sheds was evidence of times long past; while the successive, and proportionally distant progeny from the parent plant, were flourishing testimonies of uninterrupted and peaceful advance, under the sympathizing dispositions of succeeding, but kindred owners. The simple, green houseleek spread and prospered as of old; and the rank garden lay behind each house, its fence coeval with itself, and with its formally-cropped, capacious summer-house, formed of the fully-matured box-tree (often the gay scene of many a sportive group), the ingenious construction of whose

shade—the work of many ancestral hands—had as often given delight to honest hearts, while rendering it alike impervious to meridian sun or evening shower, they amiably anticipated peace and joy. Even the low, wide-spread shrubs and bushes, whose very existence was of chance, as, scattered here and there, they luxuriantly grew upon the most fertile spots of the little farms,—and which, to new residents unprejudiced in their favour, might reasonably appear somewhat inappropriate usurpers of such soil,—seemed as if conscious familiars of the place, confident their masters loved them, for that their green waving branches had been the charm of their boyhood,—shade from the sun, and shelter from the storm, to their toiling manhood,—“growing with their growth and strengthening with their strength.”

Such, as we have ineffectually attempted to describe, was the undisturbed serenity that appeared to pervade each cottage and each scene of this sheltered tract.

The extent of the Manor of Glenmore was not, however, wholly comprised within this valley and its cultivated sides, though the loose

stone wall that traversed the ridge of its forming hills, would indicate such to be the boundary line, but extending also down the oppositely reclining slopes, terminated its limits in every direction with the general level of the subjacent country.

The scenery, as the spectator stood with his back to the valley, leaning, perchance, on the loose stone wall, was far different, indeed, from the former; affording to the eye a much more comprehensive view, as, far away beyond the bounds of our story's little region, in the direction of the south-east, swept a graceful crescent of noble hills, which the slanting beams of the setting sun often lit into radiant lustre; while directly to the east, prominent and distinct in the triumph of the morning, and as if springing from the deep foundations of the sea, to guard their own ocean isle, arose the Wicklow and the Wexford mountains. The interposing spaces between these outlines and the immediate neighbourhood of the Manor, were generally of a gently undulating surface, now and again decorated by demesnes, and furnished with new-built

churches and chapels, all contrasting their gay freshness and sheen with the venerable remains of some adjacent monastic ruin, or with the more sombre sullenness of some old baronial pile, whose tottering and now silent walls once resounded with the clang of hostile arms, or re-echoed the tones of feudal revelry.

These scenes would, however, have still partaken of too tame an uniformity, were it not that exuberant nature, in her truly Irish freaks, relieved any soft tedium of view by interspersed and somewhat conical hills, which frequently refracting the sun's unclouded beams, shed lively floods of light athwart the trees and copsewood at their base, and over the gentle swells and hollows of the contiguous ground.

But, though inspiriting to the imagination, and pleasing to the fancy, was this extended and diversified view, that portion of the Manor itself, whence you could descry it, was by no means so tranquil, or lovely to look on, as the valley behind. Not but, that it was susceptible of equal charms, did a generous or just spirit of improvement allow industry to sufficiently avail

herself of its natural capabilities. But those circumstances of beauty, which are ever to be derived from the well-being and comfort of the inhabitants, were here all wanting.

There was the smoked dingy hut, instead of the clean cot; the broken fence to light up poverty's fire, where should be the protected and blooming thorn; the car or kish to guard the little meadow, where the tidy gate should hang; the potatoe garden, waste for want of seed, when opportune husbandry should mould the rising stalk, and the ill-omened scutch and presagh, blasting the promise of the spring, and boding an unhappy autumn. Thus the human incidents of the place were here, as throughout too many parts of our country, at once blots upon the face of nature, and such indexes to the low state of civilization, as often unjustly drew from unfeeling, or unenquiring observers, misapplied sarcasms on the laziness and filthy habits of such Irish inhabitants.

In this instance, at least, as we believe in most similar cases throughout Ireland, the efficient causes of evil were to be discovered, not so much

in the peasant as the peasant's taskmaster. It is true that the poor wretch has his vices and his faults,—that he is often dispirited, despairing, idle, irregular, vehement, revengeful : still more true, that his failings have been ever exaggerated, and unpitifully exposed to the scoff and punishment of society ; but truer far than all, that the moral blame he merits, should be but secondarily severe to that of those who have ever struggled to render him socially miserable.

As the Spartan master prepensively intoxicating his Helot slave, that the drunkard might prove an object of horror to his children, grossly debased humanity to attain his paternal end,—so, more inhuman men, from more selfish, and less excusable motives, daily overwhelm our peasantry with crime-impelling wrongs, and point to them, in their state of infuriate madness, or sullen depression, to malignantly make a byeword of their shame.

The simple secret of the contrast between the valley and the backward portions of its hills, lay in the different tenures of the respective tenants. The head-landlord of both was indeed the same ;

but the former was an old, and now beneficial take. Several short leases, such as the penal laws allowed Roman Catholics, had expired before the present tenure was obtained, which was a leasehold of sixty-one years, procured immediately after 1778, when such privilege was first conceded to the oppressed, and which, at the date of our story, was too rapidly hastening to its close. These advantages, with the additional circumstance that a hanging gale of rent had been ever the immemorial usage of the estate, displayed themselves in the general comfort and generous hospitality of the simple, prosperous farmers of the valley. Nearly the reverse were the facts in the other case.

Formerly a deer park, afterwards more profitably let out for grazing of cattle, much of the hill's side remained unreclaimed by the plough, till the impetus given to agriculture by the high prices of war-time, and the profit in corruption's market of numerous voters, made it easy and desirable to the then landlord, to set at an exorbitant rent, small patches under freehold leases, and so provide a political interest, com-

pletely at his HONOR's mercy, of forty-shilling serfs.

The natural consequences of such sytem of land-letting followed in this as in every similar instance. The millions, the great body of the state, from whose toil in peace all superior ranks derive their comfort, their wealth, their luxuries, and to whom, in war, they owe the protection of their every worldly blessing, lived but the mere rack-rented instruments of at once the avarice or profligacy, and the perverted ambition, of absentee lords, or resident lordlings. When the energies of youth and mature years were shattered in such wretched service, and decay succeeding, left it an impossibility in stricken nature, to work up the exacted rent, the cottier, turned on the world, became a beggar at the doors of his own class, or a burthen on the poor earnings of his own kin,—while his former hut and holding were cravngly implored by numerous competitors, ambitious of the only support, “a bit of land;” and attained by whomsoever, rapacity conceived the next most available victim. Never was there a more

unfortunate class of human beings under any government, however theoretically despotic, than those now mentioned. A life eked out in almost absolute destitution, and under a political tyranny most abhorrent to their souls, concentrated, in their lot, the vile subjection of the West Indian slave, with all the miseries of the unfed, unclad, unwarmed victims of some famine-stricken land.

We trust our readers will pardon these political allusions, in the commencement of our acquaintance with their kind dear selves, in respect to the truth of the pleas, that it is ever necessary, in the foreground, to convey some faint idea, not alone, of the scene in which the story is laid, but also of the social state wherein the "Dramatis Personæ," however humble, "move, and have their being."

CHAPTER I.

"Slaves—slaves, you are seven millions—know your own strength, appreciate your power—it is no longer fitting that a handful of men should lord it over you. *Meet on the same day, at the same moment,—meet loyally, legally, and constitutionally—but meet,—assemble round your altars and your priests—let the rites of your church be celebrated—let the chalice ascend, and the cross be lifted up, and then raise your voices for liberty together.*"—*Mr. Shiel's Speech on the Simultaneous Meetings.*

OF the many extraordinary instances of social organization, which Ireland displayed during her peaceful contest for civil and religious liberty, there was no one so comprehensive in its design, so imposing in its appearances, and so morally exciting in its influences, as that of the simultaneous meetings. A project grand in theory, its application at a period when the nation's mind was prepared by due excitement, to a lively appreciation of its powers of good or evil, was a bold and master stroke of policy, which at once manifested the universality of the

people's views, exhibited their combination, resolution, and discipline to their foes, and so set an overshadowing crown of perfectness on all former exertions of political agitation. The single fact, that the millions of the proscribed race of centuries, the inheritors of tyranny, and its host of indignities, met through the entire length and breadth of their beloved fatherland, at the same moment, and for the same common purpose of liberty, was in itself a full development of moral magnitude. Were such national rallying even but as a wild gathering in mountain fastnesses, it would have been an imposing attitude for any oppressed people to assume. On the instant, virtuous hope would have had its fervent votaries, and tyrannous fear its attendant tremblings, and pale anxieties. But in the temper of the times, and from the nature of the contested object, as also, from the strictly peaceful processes of its popular attainment, the associations of time and place, were additionally important elements, the adoption of which go far to intimate the political profundity, as well

as creative brilliancy, of the eloquent designer's mind.*

When, therefore, the essentiality of the deed was clothed in a drapery of sacred love and beauty to the people's eyes—as around the revered altars and beloved priests of their despised creed,—whether in the splendid, though voluntary-built, modern cathedrals of their cities; the decorously-ornamented chapels of their towns; or the rude thatched dwellings of the cross upon the mountain side,—their demand for liberty from man was almost blent with their supplications and thanksgivings unto God,—when the persecuted worshippers beheld that religion, a conscientious attachment to which was the chief solace of their wretched lives, and most self-esteemed of their virtues, exhibited and confessed, as the only bar to their acquisition of civil rights, enthusiasm in its favour became the more vigorous and glowing, and indignation with tyranny the more concentrated and fiery in their excited souls. Their love of liberty was, indeed, spiritualized into a still

* Shiel.

holier passion, and the determination to attain freedom, without one stain upon the garment of their ancient faith, grew into a more fixed, and, as it were, heaven-strengthened resolve. At the least, it cannot be accounted exaggeration to remark, that the sentiment could not but forcibly strike into the imaginations of the peasantry, as they all knelt at the same moment before altars of the same sacrifice, and arose from its adoration to demand the same liberty in the state,—that they in duty ought, and in policy should be, affectionate brothers in the cause.

Thus, while the meetings themselves were as members of the great frame-work of constitutional revolt; and the love of liberty its creative and animating spirit; and justice, reason and eloquence, the moral influences of its power; religious associations were its subtle ministers to the affections of the nation's soul, instinctively forming a brotherhood of millions, and making the land, as it were, a region of spirits, tremulously sensitive with sympathy.

These exciting acts and incidents proved, however, the forerunners of success, not only

from the intimate union they produced among the various classes of the proscribed, but also from the consequent dread that result occasioned to the inveterate foes of the people's liberty and religion. Alarm did what justice could not do, and terror shook men's souls into a sense of their own and the country's critical condition, when force of reasoning and appeals to every kindly feeling, had failed in the effort. What degree of fear the government itself may have experienced from such manifest exposition of hostile strength, it is not our province to intimate to our readers; but, their supporters in Ireland—they, to whose idol of "Protestant Ascendancy" the country had been sacrificed for centuries, were, as might naturally be expected, both enraged and troubled. A distorted view of their own interests, a love of their faction, and not of their country, and educational prejudices of the grossest nature, at once made the civil liberty of the people, an object of interested hate to their selfish and unshared dominion, and the people's religion an ideal horror to their spurious holiness, and unchristian sectarianism;

while an irritating consciousness of their party's past and present cruelties, suggested to their diseased apprehensions the probability that popular vengeance *was* at hand. Indeed, the most strangely fanciful fiction could scarcely embody the monstrous and ludicrous imaginings, which the self-created fear of Papistry and rebellion then occasioned in the most orthodox of Irish bosoms.

It was during this anxious period, that our story has its commencement; and on that Sunday, the 21st of January, 1828, on which the species of national convention alluded to was held, secluded though the manor of Glenmore might appear from those wars of opinion, which ever more or less excite free states, and then agitated Ireland from the extremest limits to its centre, yet its humble inhabitants were very far from being cold, unaffected partakers of the general spirit of their country.

The bell of the parish chapel was tolling the first summons to second mass, and the congregation were hurrying forward in detached groups, or standing in circles of friendly companionship

near the chapel gates, waiting until the priest should go in ; and conversing, with but very few exceptions, on the subject which imparted a distinct interest to that day.

The chapel was situated on an eminence, commanding an extensive view, and as its bell rung the fore-mentioned warning to the faithful, there was, toiling up the ascent, which led to it and its enclosed grave-yard, a man, far advanced in years, of kind and venerable appearance. He was dressed in a capacious grey bang-up, with a cape fully proportioned to the coat's dimensions, while leather breeches, comfortable stockings, of well-spun grey yarn, and thickly-soled well-nailed brogues, gave an air of security and comfort to the lower portion of his person. A felt hat, of a fresh, unalloyed blackness, curiously cocked up behind from the upward pressure of his bang-up's collar, presented a marked contrast to the snowy whiteness of the long, and somewhat curled locks that lay adown his shoulders.

The poor man was gradually stooped from the loins to the neck, and seemed to use his limbs but for merely carrying on his weighty

shoes; while a seasoned black-thorn stick, well greased some forty years ago, and retaining its polish to this day, was the main support of his inclined body. In other respects, he looked hale and hearty, and yet fit to weather out many bleak Decembers; but, particularly so when to converse with a neighbour, or a neighbour's child, he *stroightened* himself (as he said); but, in truth, rather raised his head and neck erect, as if in defiance of the bent posture of his frame; and displayed to full view a strongly-marked, but comely and ruddy visage, in which good-humoured intelligence and rude health were pictured rivals.

A stranger to John Glennon (for such was this old man's name) could at once perceive he was well liked in the parish; for the passers-by, of both sexes, young and old, saluted him with friendly respect, and seldom failed to inquire, "was the rheumatism much at him to-day?"

Glennon, though a martyr (as was his own term) to that troublesome complaint, was never much of an egotist to it and himself, and generally answering the inquiry with a shake of his

head, and the belief "that it was a bitter ould companion, would stick to him all the days of his life; thanked God it was no worse, and that in troth 'twas ten to one but he'd feel lonesome and a trifle deserted, if it did not give him a twitch now and again, if the likes was only in token of long acquaintanceship:" thus slurring over allusions to himself and disease, he ever branched off into some one or other of the many general conversational subjects in which it was quite evident his heart delighted.

No matter how complicate was the subject-matter of debate, John Glennon had thereon as complicate views of his own. In theology, it was confessed, he had no parochial equals, at least, out of the profession. In foreign politics, quite a homely topic with him, John Glennon had also decided views of his own. He was (for instance) no friend to the Turks, as a family in the European system, and would, indeed, live and die a sincere hater of the unbelievers, but that he strongly suspected the Russians were plotting against them; and he could not in his conscience well hate any people "that the brutes

who butchered the brave Poles, and weren't men at all, but worse than Turks, Jews, or Atheists, were scheming against."

As to Buonaparte, he had almost become his political idol, "in regard," as John himself expressed it, "that he raised the price of the poor man's grain, and gave the Irish farmers the first merry life—though a short one—they ever had ("thanks for their same misfortunes," he said, "to the Danes and English,") since the days of their own good ould King, Brien Boru."

But then, though he was glad Boney wiped his feet on the kings of Europe, he confessed he could not expect luck, and have imprisoned the Pope; and generally concluded his remarks on this historic personage, by instancing his run-away from Moscow, his captivity in Elba, and harsh exile and death in St. Helena, as "the just judgment of Heaven for his impious conduct to the head of the true Church."

For the French people, though a great nation in the map of European policy, John Glennon entertained no affection, because, as he said, "they were all for flash, and seriously fond of

nothing,—not having any grah for even the ould Faith,—and in their bloody rows and revolutions making gods and goddesses of themselves and their notions;” and he lost no opportunity of assuring all his gossiping acquaintance, that “it was Almighty Providence itself, that, in the Atlantic storms, twice prevented their successful landing in Ireland; and that, much as he hated English oppressors, he felt that it was better for their country to bear with “the devil they knew, than the devil they did not know.”

Of the Spaniards John Glennon used frequently remark, they were a very stedfast people, and near akin to the Irish; and, though he confessed they had many failings, being very jealous, and thinking nothing (by all accounts) of stabbing a man with a short knife, he yet liked them better than most other nations;—but, above all in Europe, he revered the Poles, and used frequently suffer a species of pleasing melancholy in comparing the calamities endured, and sacrifices cheerfully borne, by the Polish and Irish people for their country and religion.

Of late years, indeed, John had become a most enthusiastic admirer of American policy, having a great many blood-relations settled in its broad realms now, and doing well too; and from whom he frequently received long letters in praise of the country and the people; and being thus somewhat dashed in his opinion "of the best of the ould European systems, even in the real Christian times, before the plundering Reformation," as he said; always in his discourses reverentially surmised "that the God of justice, foreseeing man's iniquity, had directly caused a discovery through one Americus Vesputius, and the great navigator, Christopher Columbus, of that truly new world; because, that, when the people were not allowed to live innocently, after their own ancient ways, in their own native countries, they might there have a place to flee to, to be quiet and content among themselves; and adore their Redeemer according to the manner they sincerely believed to be right."

But it was in domestic politics Glennon especially shone. With the many revolts, from the

reign of Henry II to the rebellion, he was intimately conversant, and could accurately depict, from either historic knowledge of the past, or self-experience of *ninety-eight* (for he was out in that year), the most prominent characters of the opposing parties in each intestine strife. He, indeed, generally commenced his historic lore with the Irish religious feuds of the Elizabethan age; and painting Shane O’Nial and his Gallowglasses as the first and chief militant heroes of the faith; eloquently carried on the narrative of sectarian dissensions to the very day he chanced to be discoursing on. Curry’s History of the Civil Wars, and similar records, were, in fact, as familiar to his mind, as was the Litany of Saints.

Under this head of domestic politics, he, however, markedly confined his discussions to Ireland alone; frequently remarking “that as up to that year, 1828, we had never received any good, but much of injury, from England; he was bound in conscience to consider it as an enemy’s country.” Glennon accordingly took little notice of even his own dear Ireland’s his-

tory, from the period of the Union; and should allusion be made in his presence to the many brilliant achievements of her soldiers, during the late continental wars, it was instantly evident to any observer, that a deeply seated dislike to the dominant country had long taken possession of his breast. During these and like eulogies on his countrymen, he was either cold and unelated, or often contemptuously remarked, that "such feats were not cause for pride, but regret;" that he grieved to say, "the noble wolf-dog of Ireland was but acting jackall to the lion of England, hunting down prey for an insatiate beast, that returned growls instead of thanks, and distrust instead of gratitude;" and often, in these moments of irritated nationality, the characters of Wellington and O'Connell, as the representatives, in his mind, of opposite systems, became the individual themes of illustrative comparison, between what Ireland was, and what Ireland ought to be. All the military success in the world, could not make the denier of his country a hero, in the estimation of honest Glennon: while, even

Washington and Bolivar were inferior champions of liberty, to Erin's indefatigable, though then unsuccessful O'Connell.

But it was not only in an accurate knowledge of those revolts, which have unfortunately formed the chief history of Ireland, that John Glennon excelled. His mind was, in a manner, fitted for the investigation of the most minute, equally with the grandest objects of national research. He could, in the twinkling of an eye, distinguish the most ancient church of Protestantism from the ecclesiastical buildings of "the ould faith;" give the respective dates of the foundation, and the founders' names; or even discern "the very points," where, as he said, "Venerable Catholic cathedrals and charitable monasteries, were impiously patched and darned with the decaying stone and mortar of heresy." Glennon was also intimately acquainted with the local traditions of numerous counties; could show the very boundary "where, for centuries, the English language could never get *across* into the county of Kilkenny;" the very fields wherein the English of the pale, and the Irish

fought; the streams in which the multitude on both sides commingled their blood, and those religiously preserved footsteps of the most brave opposing chiefs, which, in past times, were vigorously impressed on the green sward in the nervous gripe of victory or death.

He also knew the mearings of some of the best confiscated estates in Ireland, and used frequently boast that, "after all the changes and chances of time, John Glennon could, if he liked, lay his hand on three or four conacre holders, that owned fine broad lands, according to the just laws of descent, but that he thought it better not to turn the poor creatures' heads, by giving them an insight to their rights."

From this slight sketch of John Glennon, our readers, who know anything of the naturally intellectual, however, run-to-waste qualities of the Irish peasantry, will not be surprised to learn that the said multifarious John was esteemed, by all his humble acquaintances, a most knowledgeable man, or too severely criticise the old parish priest's obedience to public opinion, because that he ever called him "his

most esteemed parochial theologian, politician, antiquarian, genealogist, and most decent and venerable inhabitant of the decentest part of his parish—the Manor of Glenmore.”

Glennon had now nearly gained the summit of the chapel-hill, when a handsome young man and blooming girl, of somewhat equal age, and of the peasant class, walking very quickly, hand in hand, up the ascent, overtook him. They stopped for a moment to accost the parish patriarch, and were again commencing their former speed to the chapel, when—“Why then is it you, Kitty Kelly?” said Glennon, “with the best blood in your veins, on my side of your parentage,—and you Johnny Rourke, that I so often nursed on my knee, at your own decent father’s and mother’s fireside, that are setting off in a hand-gallop apast me, as if was a discreditable relation, or indifferent company for either one or the other of you?”

“Oh no, uncle Glennon,” says Kitty, turning her sweet expression of countenance on the old man: “you know I always liked you better than all my people put together, after my father and mother, and brother Pat.”

"Whisht now, Kitty, maybe you like me as well as your own people; but you don't like me half so well this minute, as you do Johnny Rourke, there, that's neither kith nor kin to you; and very natural 'tis for you and her, Johnny Rourke, to like one another. My own dear Peggy, God rest her soul! and myself, were as fond of each other as the turtle-doves: but, in the name of God, as it's not mass-time yet, let us just sit down on this friendly stone, that's I may say inviting us to a rest, and talk over the great meeting we are to have to-day."

"No, uncle," says Kitty.

"But I say yes, though," says Glennon; "sure 'tis the ould priest will say mass, and he'll take a long time to vest himself, you know, so that"——

"But, uncle, I have a trifle of prayers to say before mass begins; and, besides,"——

"No more about it, my child; off with you, then, and never neglect your penance at any rate;—Johnny Rourke and myself will just sit a moment."

"Uncle, you may as well come on now, and

let's be all together ; for, in troth, it isn't becoming in either you or Johnny Rourke to be disturbing the congregation, once they kneel down, getting over to your own little pew ; but ' the least said the soonest mended, ' " says Kitty, perceiving by her uncle's expression of face that he would rather converse a little, " and I'll leave you to yourselves." So, hurrying rapidly on to the chapel, she was, before long, piously engaged in her supplementary Sabbath duties.

Glennon had, however, barely taken his seat, and just commenced his discourse on the simultaneous meetings, and his prophecies that " such good behaviour in politics couldn't fail to be lucky and successful," when the crowd round the gate gave proof, by an onward motion, that the priest was on his way to the vestry or altar ; and, so saying, that " even Ireland itself should give way to the obligation of hearing mass on a Sunday," supported by Johnny Rourke and his own black-thorn stick, he made his way as quick as possible to his respected seat, which was situate in the nearest side-pew on the left hand of the altar.

CHAPTER II.

“A Christian priest—devout, and pure and meek,
 Whose solace, sinners in affliction seek;
 A pastor wise—just, affable, and mild,
 Who loved and ruled his flock, as parent should his child;
 A friend—revered by low and high degree—
 At once, the stay and charm of true society;
 A blameless man—who scarce suspected ill,
 And bore to each and all a sweet good will.”—*Parish Papers.*

THE officiating clergyman of the day was, as the patriarch had remarked, “the old parish priest,” who was, moreover, a vicar-general of the diocese, and the Rev. Father Patrick, by popular appellation.

We must make bold to, at least momentarily, detain the course of our narrative, while we give some record, faint though it be, of this kind old pastor. Never lived there, even an Irish priest, more beloved than he was. The kindness and simplicity of his manners and actions would have proved a general passport to the esteem of

all, within his social reach, in any circle of society; but particularly so, in the sphere he moved in, where, by the duties of his calling, and the state of the Church, in relation to the people, he was necessarily brought, for even his own support, into daily contact with the parishioners, both high and low.

In both societies he was equally esteemed for his mild good nature and unaffected worth. The poor found in his unostentatious friendship a patronage which exacted not homage, but kindly bore away love. The same qualities had their similar salutary influence, though from a different cause, among the wealthier sort. The quiet unobtrusiveness of his disposition saved him from any rough social collisions; and when it so chanced he was in friendly opposition on any subject, his temper remained so passive, though his intelligence was ever sufficiently vigilant, that his tongue never wounded even the most morbid sensibilities of any opponent.

It was this natural tendency to be universally kind, and the indisposition to be severe, even in rectitude, that made him the proverbial fa-

vourite with all in his parish. He had, besides, many adventitious advantages.

Educated in France, his manners were of a more polished order than those of the generality of the priesthood who had been instructed and ordained in the then infant domestic establishments of Maynooth or Carlow. His external was also exceedingly handsome; at once tall and well-proportioned in figure, comely and agreeably intelligent in countenance; and now, that he was old and rapidly declining, was it the frequent conversation among his comfortable parishioners over their station-dinner's* punch, when he himself, after a jug of toast and water (for such was his anti-gout beverage), had

* All our readers, we presume, understand, that by a station is meant in Ireland, the visitation of the priest twice a year to the house of a parishioner, for the purpose of hearing the confessions of the family, the servants, and the population in that neighbourhood. There were numerous houses in each parish appointed for this object. It was the practice also, that on the day of the station, the priest dined with the family in whose house it was held. The respectable neighbours were invited for the occasion, and much of good fellowship often prevailed. On the ground that the abuse of conviviality sometimes occurred, Dr. Doyle, to the regret of many "a soft soul," led the way among the bishops in abolishing the dining system.

retired, "what a beautiful man the ould priest was, when he first came to the parish!"

"He is now over us and with us well nigh fifty-two years," would say another; "and when he goes, we'll never have his likes again."

"God knows," would add a third, a little softened by the liquor, "it was no wonder that the lady should follow him from France; though, Lord be praised! his Reverence had the grace not to desert the Church for her sake, God bless her!"

Some younger portion of the company, ever struck with the romantic scandal of a lady following a priest, would anxiously enquire, could such be truth; whereupon twenty voices at once would often give different versions of the tender affair; all, however, agreeing in the main features of the case; and which, by the bye, we assever was no fiction, but true as holy writ:—"How (as many of the modern sennachies often told ourselves the tale) there was a young Scotch lady of great rank and fortune educating in a convent in France, who, seeing Father Patrick, then a lovely young man, fell in love with him; and when she discovered he was going to Ire-

land, wrote to him, and he not answering her letter, she set sail after him, and arriving in Dublin, drove down in a beautiful coach and four to —, within six miles of the spot where he then was, notifying, beforehand, that she was dying to see him, if only for once; and he, fearing he might be tempted,—though it went to his heart all the time,—still refused her request.”

At this stage of the narrative some old woman in the chimney corner usually said, “that it was his guardian angel gave him the strength to do the likes, for, by all report, she was the loveliest creature on the face of the earth.”

“He never could have stood out from himself, whether or no,” would generally add some ancient female; “God had a hand in it to preserve him for the ministry and the altar.”

“But what happened the lady?” would enquire the young voices.

“His Reverence himself gave her up to Bishop Keefe,”* answered the would-be biographers, “and he sent her home to her people in Scotland.”

“Fakes and I believe it wasn’t for nothing he

* The then bishop of the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin.

gave her up," would insinuate some other of the company: "only he did so, he'd never be made parish priest without ever being curate at all, at all, and that, of a fine parish like this too."

This view of the matter generally produced dissent, and the show of contention, till some other eulogist turned the conversation from his love affair to his horsemanship, mentioned the scenes of his many various feats, and particularly every incident connected with the day when on Ballyfriar hills, his horse impetuously carrying him towards an immense cut of a quarry, the priest coolly turning to the grandfather of the now lord Roden, ("who," the speaker never omitted to say, "was no canting swaddler like the present degenerate, but a noble horseman, a fair drinker, a great friend of the ould priest's, and a well-liked man in the country,") said, "Pardi my lord, but I believe I'm at the end of my mission," and with that laying the whip under the horse's flanks, the fine man and beast landed, amidst the acclamations of the entire field, safely on the other side of a leap, that was never attempted before or since.

Often in our boyhood, at a station dinner, have we heard such remarks as the above on the beloved old priest, and generally were they concluded by an universal call for a bumper to old and young, amongst which latter we came in for our share, to drink long life and success to his reverence, and a happy death when it came ; and never was there a glass but was religiously drained to the bottom in proof of his flock's love of the liquor dedicated to such honest service.*

* This character, and the incidents connected with him, of education in France, the lady's love, his gallant horsemanship, and intimate acquaintance with Lord Roden, and others of the Protestant gentry, are literally of real life. We have assumed the licence, however, of locating "the good old priest" in a parish not identical with that he occupied while living. Some other liberties also, admitted to fiction, we have been bold enough to take with his reverence ; but in general, the circumstances associated with him in story, are faithful to fact.

CHAPTER III.

"Never think it strange that illiterate persons should believe without reasoning. No man ever believes with a true and saving faith unless God inclines his heart, and no man when God inclines his heart, can refrain from thus believing. Of this David was sensible when he prayed, 'Incline my heart unto thy testimonies.'"

"If we bring down all things to reason, our religion will have nothing in it mysterious or supernatural."

"Nothing is so agreeable to reason, as the disclaiming of reason in matters of pure faith."—*Thoughts of M. Pascal on Religion.*

THE day's devotions commenced, as the priest, repeating in Latin the following anthem, from the psalmist, "Sprinkle me O Lord with hyssop, and I shall be cleansed, wash me and I shall become whiter than snow," scattered, as was then the general practice in the chapels of rural parishes, amidst the upturned faces, and stretched forth hands of the dense multitude, the holy water of the ceremonies, and in the acceptation of the Church's meaning, admonished his flock,

by this simple action, that it is with baptismal purity and innocence of heart, they should ever appear in the presence of their Saviour.

The prayers before mass were then read in English; and the Christian virtues of faith, hope, charity, and repentance, as expressed in the simple perspicuous language of each prayer by the priest, were accurately repeated, or attentively listened to, by the entire assemblage, with that solemnity and respect for religious observances which has ever characterised the Irish peasantry. The service of the sacrifice itself followed; the candles were burning on the altar, in testimony of the light revealed to the Jews and Gentiles, and of the bright splendour of faith and good works, required in the celebration of so august a mystery as the mass; and the minister of religion, bearing on his vestments the figure of the cross, and clothed in other garments, representative of those wherewith the Jews mocked Christ, bowed down at the foot of the altar in the ancient Confiteor of the Church, while the entire congregation, as if actuated by the one will, bowed down in unison of heart with him, murmured forth ac-

knowledgments to heaven, and beat their breasts in sorrow for their sins.

It was at this moment of the service, that a young stranger of tall figure, dark complexion, yet mildly intellectual cast of countenance, and bearing the modest air of a well-educated, considerate gentleman, entering the little gallery, on the right of the altar, gently advanced to a seat in the foremost pew. Kneeling down he covered his face with his hands for a moment, and then raising his features, over which a slightly suffused blush had spread, and imparted thereto, though somewhat ruffling their characteristic placidity, an additional grace of expression, he attentively observed the ceremonies of the service, the priest, and the people.

The devotional stillness which reigned throughout, during the celebration of mass, interrupted but by some detached sentences, from the Latin ritual of the priest, responded to by the neatly surpliced boys, serving around the altar, with an occasional ejaculation, or audible though suppressed sigh escaping the unguarded pious hearts of some, who abstractedly conned over their

prayer books, or counted their beads, according to the number of Pater Nosters, Ave Marias, Creeds, and Confiteors, their illiterate piety repeated, seemed to deeply absorb his attention. Indeed, the marked seriousness of the proverbially mercurial Irishmen, the religious decorum of the young females, and the strange rocking to and fro of the old women, as with their bodies almost level with the earth, they prayed,—until often in the height of rapt fervour, raising their faces, and stretching forth their clasped hands towards the altar and the cross, they presented, despite age, poverty, and rags, interesting, though haggard pictures of sincerity and zeal, could not fail to attract the attention of any novitiate to such scenes. The present gentleman, was evidently struck, as with a spectacle, not alone novel, but interesting to his imagination; and the contemplative pensiveness of his apparent character, seemed awakened to affectionate sympathies, which were visible in each lineament of his countenance.

Frequently the gaze of John Glennon, and of his company in the little pew,—Kitty Kelly,

Johnny Rourke, Glennon's own slashing son Pat, and other neighbours, met those of the stranger, as he attentively regarded the modes of piety of all within view; and in a manner, searchingly, yet respectfully, perused the hearts of the supplicants.

The old priest was now standing at the altar,—his hands spread over the oblation, and praying, as with his entire being;—the kneeling crowd, stilled into perfect quiet, seemed lost to earth's concerns, in deep unchangeable devotion; and the stranger, gazing on the scene of prayer, with reverence of thought depicted in his face, looked equally affected, as though he himself believed. It seemed, in truth, a moment of deep concern to the souls of all; and the fulness of religious presence, in this instant of death to the world's cares, held fast the beatings of the novice stranger's heart; when, by the low murmurings of an aged man, praying near the seat of the unknown, the spell of silence was suddenly broken, as his tremulous voice uttered, "Take and eat ye all of this (said Christ), for it is my body." The stranger, starting, looked around,

and beheld the suppliant bent in prayer, his forehead resting on the kneeling board, and his entire frame commoved by the agitated spirit of the faith within him;—but, the chiming of a little bell, again attracting his attention, he turned towards the altar and the aisle, and beheld all, both priest and people, bent down in the same reverential posture. The former, then erecting himself, made numerous crosses, over the host and chalice, as mystical representations of the many grievous torments Christ endured for the redemption of man, — while, still the congregation, humbled themselves to earth, or beat their breasts, or raised their imploring looks on high; when again the old man near the stranger broke forth thus: “He that is almighty, he that is truth itself, has said, with his holy mouth, ‘This is my body.’ And how, then, can we doubt the truth of it? He that has made all things of nothing, by his word, is he not to be believed, when he says, he has changed one thing into another? Yes, I believe and adore.”

The host and chalice were now separately elevated on high, by the raised arms of the

priest, in commemoration of the lifting up of Christ on the cross ; and as the enthusiast old devotee inarticulately sobbed forth,—“‘Let there be light, and there was light;’ ‘Let the earth bring forth fruit,’ and it was so;—the same eternal word now says, ‘This is my blood,’ and speaks it from the highest heavens, at this very moment, by the voice of his servant;”—at the same instant a similarly indistinct hum of adoration ran through every space of the humble temple, intimating the strength of belief, swaying every bosom, and exalting the mystery of faith above the throne of human reason;—till even the stranger caught the sacred passion of the place, bowed down he knew not why, and felt the holy impulse to revere, if not adore.

The service, until after the receiving of the sacrament by the priest, was attended to, with the same uninterrupted piety as before ; at which period, however, of the post-communion, as it is the custom with the Irish priesthood to preach upon the Gospel of the day, or, at least, morally advise their flocks, the entire congregation arose from their knees,—those in the galleries, or side pews, sit-

ting; but the great mass of the people, standing in the aisle and wings, and very many, indeed, outside the doors, from the inadequateness of room in their, as in most country chapels, to contain the parochial population.

The favourite old clergyman then slowly advanced from the altar, to the centre of its frontal platform; and, after publishing the stations for the week, soliciting the prayers of the congregation, for the souls of the faithful departed, and alluding to parochial morals, thus simply addressed his parishioners: "Beloved brethren,—you all know, I suppose, that the Catholic Association,—the body, which, with Mr. O'Connell and other clever and honest Irishmen at its head, is legally seeking the people's religious emancipation, have thought it wise, that every parish in Ireland should hold a meeting on the same day, in order to petition the Parliament for their common rights, and to show to our enemies, how the country agrees to a man, in the demand for them. My good people, I entirely coincide with the Association, in the wisdom of this course. It is a good thing, for any

one parish even, to petition the Parliament for a redress of grievances; for it is exactly doing what the Parliament itself, and the laws, bid all subjects to do; but it will be a grand sight, and one that cannot fail to have good effects, to behold the entire of Ireland peaceably assembled, and like good, honest, loyal citizens (as the Irish would at all times be, if they got anything like fair treatment), demanding from men, what God and nature gave us, as well as those above us;—neither more nor less than our liberty. We do not want to injure any order of men with it, my good people, but only just to enjoy it, and see that justice be done to our side as well as the other. You know, my parishioners, that every man has a right to get to heaven the best way he can: and if you like to travel by the old road, instead of the new short-cuts, that are in fashion with some, believing, like many wise men, ‘that the longest way round, is often the shortest way home;’ that’s no reason why you should be denied everything good that’s going, while you’re here on this earth. The Lord knows, there’s hardship and sorrow enough, in

the lot of humanity, without the wrongs of persecution and insult for one's religion. Then, in God's name, my good people, let our parish do its duty, as well as the best of them in old Ireland.

“There's no fear, my brethren, but you'll succeed in the long run, if you follow the advice of O'Connell and your other friends. I may not live to see it,—indeed, I may say, I won't hold out so long”—(here many a “God leave you over us,” was heard from the crowd);—“but then, come it will, if your own misbehaviour does not throw it back; for, there was never anything just yet, that, if rightly managed, did not triumph in the end. What I mean by injurious behaviour on your part, my brethren, is night-walking, and joining in bad, illegal societies; you mustn't be plotting or scheming against your neighbours, or rioting, and behaving like savages among yourselves; for they're vicious acts in themselves, my people, and whatever is, will have no luck or grace under God; and, besides, there are no honest men could at all countenance the disturbing society, and endan-

gering the lives and properties of industrious people. It is your enemies that, underhand, have been ever encouraging in you these improper courses, that they might, in the first place, get you an established bad name ; and, in the next place, by dividing you among yourselves, make it an easy matter for themselves to ride rough-shod over you. Now, my people, that is the entire history of it, and it is time for the poor themselves to open their eyes to it. That was the very way the rebellion was brought about, and you all know the consequences. Indeed, I have no right to say anything on this subject to you, my brethren, for I'm sure there's no Shanavets, or Caravats, or any other such vicious order, among you. But then, I want to warn my flock, that, if they wish to succeed in honesty, they must take the proper course, and avoid all others. That proper course is petition, and legal, open conduct, like your meeting on this day. It is such will make you strong among yourselves, respected among your friends, and feared by your enemies. Bad as the times are now, they were far worse, my brethren.

Often, when a child, I heard my poor father (God be good to his soul!) say, that himself, and the comrades of his young days, used to hear mass in the shelter of an old quarry, before light of a Sunday morning; and that it was kept such a secret, as though life and death depended on it. It wasn't much better shortly before even I myself went to France; and sure my old parishioners well recollect the morning, when, in the time of the rebellion, the old chapel, where this now stands, was in flames;"—(here there was a deep groan amidst the people)—“and now, what good did that do the wretches that burned it? I knew some of them, that I may say, rotted off the earth since.”—(Here, again, there ran a groan through the crowd.)—“God forgive them, however! We're bound to forgive them, as Christians; and I only make that remark on their death, to show you, my parishioners, that God does not omit to punish, and sometimes, too, on this earth, any men that follow bloody, violent courses. If there were some bad Protestants at that time, my people, there were also many, very many, good ones,

that helped us to build it up again ; God reward them for it ! Now kneel down until mass is over, my brethren ; and after that, attend to your meeting. I'm not able to take an active part now ; but I'll just sit here, near the altar, and look on at your proceedings. You have respectable, honest men in your own parish, to guide you, and let you look up to them. Your conduct will be spirited, I know, but let it not be noisy, or violent ; and recollect, you're in the house of God.—Heaven bless you, my poor people, and give you success in your undertaking !”

The mass was concluded, the benediction pronounced, the “*De profundis*” repeated, and the holy water again sprinkled on the congregation ; when, immediately, the reverential stillness of the place became changed to a busy hum, and an undisguised anxiety, to commence their parts of auditors, or more interested actors, was evident in every face.

A temporary platform, formed of planks, supported by the chapel forms, was erected, immediately outside the enclosure of the altar, there-

by enabling the multitude in the wings and galleries, equally with those in the aisle, to see and hear the proceedings of the day. A respectable old "Gentleman farmer," as the class of extensive landholders were called in Ireland, was voted to the chair, and a young popular favourite of the parish, an embryo barrister, was appointed secretary.

The form and regularity with which matters were conducted, by the managers of the day's business, were unexpected circumstances to the stranger, who, still sitting in the gallery, seemed to anxiously watch every occurrence; but to whom such strict observance of method, would have appeared in no wise extraordinary, had he known that such young men, as the present secretary,—being frequently attendants of the Catholic Association, during the time they pursued their studies in the Irish Capitol,—became in the country parishes, on all such occasions as the present, excellent instructors, in both the necessary and formulary arrangements of politics.

At the suggestion of the secretary, and before

the business commenced, the curate waited on the stranger, to know did he wish to take any part in the proceedings; and to express how pleased and happy they would be to accommodate and hear him. The young unknown seemed at once pleased, and disconcerted; and, prevented from answering in the affirmative, as he would apparently have liked, by some motive, evidently more influential than natural timidity, hesitated for a while, and then warmly taking the curate's hand, thanked himself and fellow-labourers for their politeness, but, declining the invitation, assured him, that, though a stranger to them all, he felt deeply attached to their country and cause."

The eyes of the crowd, had, during the interview, been fixed upon this young man, some guessing "he was a fine gentleman on their side;" others, "he was a relation of O'Connell's own," or may be, "some liberal Englishman," or "honest Protestant;" which latter opinions, "as he did not bless or cross himself," as they said, became among the conjecturing peasantry, far the most prevalent. When, however, he did

not accompany the curate, there was an evident disappointment in the multitude; and having surveyed him for a moment, some suspicion of the cause of his presence, despite even his ingenuous appearance, rising in their minds, they one and all again turned their undivided attention to the persons on the platform.

The secretary then succinctly explained to the meeting, the country's present political position, and the views of their leaders in the Association,—historically detailed the enactments of the penal code, skilfully and emphatically dwelt upon the ferocious and crafty spirit, that dictated its original object of extermination, and still upheld its remnant of injustice and cruelty; and aroused, by the recital, the natural ardour of the peasantry, into glowing and oftentimes fierce indignation.

He next pointed out the different modes of rescuing themselves from oppression; illustrated by apt reasoning the safety, the social strength, and attractions connected with peaceable and legitimate struggles; forcibly expatiated on the horrors of civil war, the impracticability as well as

crime of such mad out-breaks as the late rebellion, and added, to their venerated priest's pastoral injunctions against illegal societies, some practical instances of the bad working of such systems; until with perfect ease he brought their minds to distinctly comprehend, and zealously prefer, the moral warfare adopted and inculcated by O'Connell and the Catholic Association, to all other methods of redress. The secretary was too practical an orator, to neglect this moment of fervour, to introduce to notice the Catholic rent, which he truly described "as the armour of their political success, the ægis of defence, and the lance of attack;" and complimenting them on their former instances of patriotism in a pecuniary respect, conjured them on every such occasion to preserve the character they had gained. He next referred to their own meeting on that day, as but one of the many similar assemblages held at the same instant throughout Ireland; gratified their self-complacency, by showing to them, how powerful even they, though but a parish, were in all the elements of success, and impressed the consequence upon their minds,

that, "if such were the case with their poor selves, how omnipotent must not Ireland prove, when every such division of her lovely soil, was the scene of similar exertions."

The speech struck the stranger as excellent in sentiment, skilful in its disposition of arguments, and practical in application; but the responses of the peasantry to it, the loud and spirit-stirring cheer at the mention of their coming freedom; the shrewd replies to the speaker's warning against the consequences to themselves of insurrection and riot; and the vigorous susceptibility of moral impressions, when social disorder was denounced on higher grounds than self-expediency; but, above all the frequent anticipation of their young favourite's meaning, expressed in their own vernacular eloquence, pleased and surprised him still more.

The resolutions, and petition of the meeting, were then severally descanted on by their respective movers and seconders, and passed as true political coin amid the applause of the assemblage; and three cheers being enthusiastically given for O'Connell, and Doctor Doyle, Shiel, Wyse, the

Association, and their own good old priest, the stranger not being anxious for an interview at present, with the curate, or his associates, quietly retired; and the immense crowd having severally signed the petition, shortly after dispersed; Jack Glennon and company to the Manor of Glenmore,—the old patriarch assuring his companions, and every neighbour that overtook him all the way along, that they might take his word for it, “Sunday the 21st of January 1828, was a great day for ould Ireland.”

CHAPTER IV.

"Oh the pleasures of neighbourly chat,
If you can but keep scandal away,
To learn what the world has been at,
And what the great orators say."—*Bloomfield.*

As the road from the neighbouring village to the manor of Glenmore was also the thoroughfare to and from the collieries of this district, Pady Casey's old-established public-house, the gable end of which projected to the road, and from beside whose chimney, attached to a stout pole, firmly fixed in the ground, there swung, and creaked at all seasons of the year, "the sign of the Sheaf of Wheat," surmounted by the industrious stanza,

"The sun is up, the time is now,
Drive on, brave boys,—God speed the plough."

Pady Casey's licensed house was, we say, from such its commercial position, naturally held in high repute, by both man and horse that were accustomed to toil or travel on that line of way.

Indeed, the host and hostess were, from marked attention to the comforts of their guests, deservedly favourites with all customers; and the sagacious neighings of the beasts of burthen, as with their drivers often benighted, they approached this resting-place, though at first it might only intimate that such quadrupeds possess a quality somewhat akin to the virtue, called political gratitude among their master bipeds,—to wit, “a lively sense of favours yet to come;”—still, on second thoughts, also, went far to prove the honesty of all Pady Casey’s past dealings with the above-mentioned race; and, consequently, to establish his own, and his oat-binns’ deserved popularity among so useful a class of the creation.

But, the sign of the “Sheaf of Wheat” was popular with others than the fagged and hungry wayfarers from the collieries, and with none more so than its domestic patrons, the inhabitants of the Manor of Glenmore itself;—as well because that the Caseys were always well liked in the country, and Pady’s father and grandfather were *ancient residents* in the same line

of business; during all which time the house had an unblemished character for honest drink, and never pressed hard for payment of scores when money wasn't at hand; as, also, from its convenient situation to them all,—not being the throw of a finger-stone from John Glennon's own snug little farm,—who, a loadstone of social attraction in himself, was in the habit of smoking, at Pady Casey's fire, a conversational pipe of tobacco, every Sunday night, for these twenty years back, and who, of late, supplied an additional allurements thereto, by reading, from the "Weekly Register," to which, his own comments formed a proportionate supplement, what he never failed to entitle "the splendid speeches and wonderful proceedings of the Catholic Association for ALL Ireland."

The evening of the Sunday of meeting had become wet and gloomy; and frequently did John Glennon, as he conned over, at his own fire-side (while impatience made frequent twitches of the rheumatism still less endurable,) those passages in the speeches of the week, which pleased him most, send Johnny Rourke (whom, by the

bye, he had kept to dinner on their return from the meeting,) a distance into the bawn, to see if there was any chance of the night's clearing up. Johnny, who had his own motives of policy, in representing a fair hour, as, during, and despite the drizzling mist and darkness, Kitty Kelly's eyes were, to his charmed fancy, as two bright stars of a clear sky, denoting serenity and peace; and to the beloved sphere of which, he longed to flee from the uncongenial region of tobacco and politics,—in his successive reports of the night, always lent the warm colouring of the heart's fond wishes, to the dull, dreary aspect of the still clouded heavens.

At length, nature seemed, as it were, to struggle into an acquiescence with Johnny Rourke's desires; and he congratulated himself that, having first done his duty to old age, by escorting, to Pady Casey's door, the patriarch of the Manor, he could then dash off across the fields, in the full vigour of ardent, anxious youth, to the sweet, though humble home, of his dear, expecting Kitty.

The moon had now triumphed over the dark-

ness, and transfused its silvery light through the still-watery clouds; giving to these several and detached fragments of vapour, the appearance of mild islands, floating in a softly radiant world, and investing the things of earth with the tearful tenderness of the illuminated expanse above. The valley of the Manor never looked more exquisitely lovely, than as the light of this delicate moonshine lay upon its fields, like a soft thin veil over a face of rich inviting beauty; and whose rays, now and again refracted from the gentle stream, gleamed like modest flashes of the diamond, — while all around, from every shrub and tree, the pendulous drops of rain seemed spiritualized to crystal,—as wrought on, by the magic touch of heaven's light, they glittered above the varied shadows of their supporting branches.

Young Rourke was, during this auspicious moment, assisting John Glennon to Pady Casey's; and, at the same time, the movement for the gathering of the rustic politicians had generally commenced. The smoke of the pipes was warming and regaling the chill noses of the poor

tenants from the deer-park side of the hill, as, at the several gaps, they might be seen, passing the stone wall on its summit; and frequently, sparks from the excited dudeens,* gave notice of other friends' approach, when their persons were yet concealed from those at the "Sheaf of Wheat," by the intervening fences that sheltered the hill's side.

The usual attendants had, however, principally assembled. John Glennon had unfolded his Weekly Register, and comfortably posited in the two-armed wooden seat (to which, prescription gave him, on the Sabbath evening, an undisputed title),—situate as it was, close beside a huge chimney, well hung with flitches of bacon, at the right-hand side of a neatly swept hearth, protected from the blast of the door,—was just commencing his duties. Opposite to him, sat the head of the house, and his spouse; and on their knees, or on little stools, just at their feet, were gathered before the blaze their young ones, playing with the cat or dog; while, all around a large oaken table, which extended beyond the centre of the kitchen floor, were grouped, with out-stretched necks,

* Short pipes.

and anxious ears, a gaping, earnest crowd, some one or other of whom, could not fail to catch, even the least audible sentence, from their oracle's lips.

Upon the reading of each speech there were murmurs of applause, proportioned to the reported wit and spirit of the several orators, mingled with frequent thanks to Mr. Glennon, for the many obligations the company were under to him, and sincere prayers, that "God would long leave him the use of his creditable tongue." Acknowledged precedency never made a man more happy than it did John Glennon; as, receiving and returning all compliments, with a perfect consciousness of his own deserts, and the self-satisfied ease and grace of an established patron, he illustrated the sagacity of that ambition, which prefers admitted superiority in an inferior, to annoying mediocrity in a higher class.

The debates of the Association were read through, and the company had commenced to canvass the merits of their own meeting, and to conjecture anew, "who could be the stranger of the gallery?" when a fresh batch of politicians

arrived, with their own leader, Willy Moore, at their head, who, getting a lend of the paper from Mr. Glennon, and begging the company's pardon, while he lit the remains of a penny candle, which he took from his waistcoat pocket, retired with his party to the settle-bed at the end of the kitchen, and there read aloud for them, with stentorian voice, and strangely wild emphasis, the speeches, which he avowed "he loved six times better than the best of suppers."

"Well done, Willy Moore," said an admiring companion, as Willy paused for breath after O'Connell's harangue; "your's is the voice can throw spunk into a speech, aye, if it trailed as dead as a swaddler's preaching."

"Much less one of the best and heartiest narrations ever came off our own Daniel's tongue," continued another.

"True for you, boys," said an old grey-headed man, with scarcely a tatter of clothes on his emaciated frame; "I'd go to bed supperless every night, that my children, though they are not bad at the book either, could do the likes as well; for there's nothing after all, makes any thing of a man, equal to the larning."

“Indeed,” says a prim little tailor, who, out on the tramp, had of late stopt in this neighbourhood, and seemed to carry with him, as his stock in trade, all the cold pert assurance of a self set-up critic; his dry, crisped physiognomy, the very contrast of the rude, ruddy, enthusiast features of the majority around him; “Upon my honour I must admit, that, after having heard many excellent readers, discoursers, and pronouncers of the English tongue, Mr. Moore is, in my opinion, —not meaning at the same time any disrespect to Mr. Glennon,—very respectable, considering his opportunities.”

“Arrah, well said, my bottomless thimble,” muttered a rude voice at the other end of the kitchen.

“With this defect, however, in the measure of his perfection,” continued the fashioner, “that he is oftentimes in too violent a hurry over his work, and seems to be carried away by his feelings, from a proper attention, to the true proportions, and, if I may so say, genteel fit of a sentence.”

“And what the dhuoul else would you say,

you tenth part of a man, but the words of your own trade?" roared out the same rough interrupter. "But in troth you ought to stop there, and not be putting up for as high-flown language as if you had the abilities to speak before a company of men."

"Pray, who addresses me, in that style of speech?" enquired the tailor, as drawing up to its fullest height his dapper little body, he ostentatiously stepped forth on the centre of the floor.

"I do, Mr. Goose; I, Pady Glennon, slashin' Pady, of the Manor of Glenmore; son to ould Jack Glennon, of the same townland."

"Whisht, whisht, Pady, avick! you're in fault now," quickly repeated the company all round.

"Yes, Pady," says his father, rising, and leaning on his stick, his earnest voice, filled with mingled passion and sorrow; "Pady, I'm disgraced by you; your ill manners has brought the blush of shame in my face, forenent this genteel assembly, and at the close of a happy day. I thought I could lie down on my pillow to-night, after the happiness of the mass, and the delights of our grand meeting, without

any drawback, on the contint of my satisfied heart."

"Don't let his words weigh on you, Mr. Glennon; you know, it was the whisky spoke in Pady, and not his own disposition," said Mrs. Casey. "Pady avourneen, where did you get the drink?" asked the good-natured hostess; "for you know, you didn't come in with the rest of the company, and the drop you took here couldn't harm an infant?"

"He went into some low public-house, instead of coming home from the meeting to his dinner," responded his still reproving father; "and only for Johnny Rourke, (God grant Pady was like him,) that helped me down to your house, Mrs. Casey, I couldn't have come out, I was so bad with the rheumatism this livelong night."

"And where's Johnny Rourke now, will you tell me, father?" says Pady; "to take your part like a man, and make smithereens of that scrap of creation, that went to compare your reading with Willy Moore's; *you* that are reading these full sixty years, with a boy not well done his a—b ab."

A checked smile of pride in himself, and fondness for his wayward son, passed over old Glennon's features.

"Johnny Rourke would rather be courting a bout with his Kitty, any Sunday night of the year, than picking a quarrel with anybody," said Mrs. Casey.

"Small blame to him, to be peaceable if a fight doesn't come in his way, Mrs. Casey; but I'll just tell *you* where I was, though I wouldn't give that satisfaction to *one more* in the room," continued Jack Glennon's slashing son. "You recollect the Mangams, and our family, had an ould grudge, Mrs. Casey; and it entered my heart, after the speeches and the advice our sort got, to stand loyal together, to wipe off all farther ill-will with that faction; and so we went into Pady Morrissy's, at the sign of the 'Bellowing Bull,' you know; —

Welcome here, all who passes,
Horses, mares, mules and asses,

and, after four naggins of punch, we came out as reconciled as brothers."

"And you came here now, to insult that

genteel little body, at the other end of the kitchen," interposed the still reprimanding patriarch.

"You christened him, father, to a shaving,—‘that genteel little body’—Arrah, a high hanging to the likes of him to rise a ruction amongst men, much less atwixt father and son: but I forgive the cratur; he didn't well know what his language would lead to. Hand him over here, boys, on a clane pewter trencher, till I shake hands with his body," said Pady, rising on tiptoe, and stretching forth his muscular arm and hand, that might fairly cope, in pretensions to power, with the tailor's whole frame.

Willy Moore, and six or seven lusty comrades, now seized the poor fashioner, who, reluctant to be handled in friendship by Pady Glennon, was receding to the settlebed; and as they one and all impressed on him the necessity of a reconciliation, while he as pertinaciously contended for an apology, in justice to his disparaged profession, one joint effort overcame opposition, and, whipped from off his feet, the little tailor was placed on his posteriors, in the centre of the

oaken table; when "habit, which is second nature," overcoming his presence of mind, and sense of the ludicrous, he clapped his legs professionally under him, and looked disdain at Pady Glennon, amid the boisterous laughter, and restored good-humour of the surrounding company.

"He 'll soon come to himself, now that he's in his proper iletment," says Pady Casey.

"He's still like a fish out of water, without his side-arms by him," says Willy Moore,—
"oblige him, Mrs. Casey, with a needleful of business, till we see would *he* be in a hurry over *his* work, like me with the reading," continued Moore, evidently gratified in paying back the last part of the tailor's criticism.

"Give him a scissars for a sword, a needle for a bayonet, and a goose for a bomb; and let me see which of you will face him," said an old, one-legged pensioner, sitting by Mr. Casey's side.

"No more humbugging, gentlemen," said John Glennon, "the decent man is very good-humoured."

"May I never get more plunder, but he is," said the pensioner; "for I see a laugh breaking out through his face this minute, like a glimpse of sun on a winter's day."

"Let the laugh out, you devil's limb," says Pady Glennon, "and there's my hand for you."

"Aye! out with it, crack the skin of the sulk," severally cried the company.

"Mrs. Casey, bring him a dandy of punch, and that will perfect him," continued Pady Glennon.

"We'll tickle him into good-humour," says the gay, bouncing hostess,—as she rose to procure the dandy; and as the tailor somewhat relaxed the severity of his features, in anticipation of the treat,—“we'll tickle the little heart out of his ball-of-twist carcase, unless he throws the black man off his shoulders as he tosses my best liquor down his throttle.”

The tailor half looked up, apparently struggled with himself, and partially grinned.

"You've put him in good humour, Mrs. Casey," said Willy Moore.

“Never fear I did, Willy; and I’ll give him a slice of lemon in his dandy of punch, into the bargain, if he be a good boy at once.”

The tailor smiled, and a little water ran through the interstices of his teeth.

“Come, leave your fairy mittenfillers there,” said Pady Glennon.

“Aye, and take this in your other trifles,” said Mrs. Casey, “for ’tis just their fit,” as laughingly she stretched the little tumbler to him; and at length all appearance of ill-temper gave place to smiles—contracted and unmellow though they were—in the little tailor’s visage; while, taking the dandy in the left hand, he locked in the broad palm of Pady Glennon his diminutive fingers, and looking reconciliation on the company, took a deep dip into the fluid that was the bribe of his good-humour.

“I knew what the cratur wanted,” said Pady Glennon, “and he must have his skinful of it; for, in troth, it couldn’t injure any man’s means to give the likes of him enough.”

“I’ll thank you for another, then,” said the tailor, taking Pady at his word; and, as a

sinister grin, which he endeavoured to conceal, quickly passed over his features, he said, "I think the company might as well follow my example (for 'tisn't so often we're together), and call for a full round;" which proposition being seconded by the majority, and but weakly opposed by the patriarch; he then freely entered into conversation,—most glibly, and, to the surprise of many of the staring peasants, discussed various subjects, and especially "the policy which," as he said, "should now regulate the conduct of their own sort—the humble classes of the country."

Many, that laughed at him but a few moments before, now heard him with a kind of respect; and, as he came into collision with Mr. Glennon on several points, could not but perceive that, though a queer bit of an article, he was still a man greatly after their own hearts, that might even bid fair, on some matters, to rival in popularity their long-established parish favourite.

"There is no fear, but the people will prevail in the long run, if they only take their leader's

advice, and always act like Christian men, and, at the same time, bold soldiers of their own faith," said John Glennon. "Surely we're getting on pretty well; we have twenty-times as much liberty now, as we had five years ago; for, if one of 'the bad breeds in the country' tramples, as they used, on a poor body, the Association at once takes up our cause; and though they may not yet, be able to cut the claws entirely off our vicious tyrants, and keep them from tearing at the heart's blood and vitals of the country, still they do their best for us, and show to the world the horrid way, the poor, and the weak have been treated in their own native country."

"True for you, Mr. Glennon," repeated a majority of the company.

"Some persons talk very fine of what ought to be done," continued the patriarch, "but they forget, how long ould Ireland is turned upside down, and how many stakes and fastenings there have been driven in, and knotted around her for centuries, to keep her on her present topsy-turvy stand,—and that, by cunning, longheaded rogues, too; every one of which twinings must

be regularly, and in due order, skilfully cut or untied,—and that, moreover, by men that understand the proper balances of things, for fear lest the country would roll over, and injure itself,—going, mayhap, from bad to worse, instead of arriving, as she will, with the blessing of God, and the management of wise patriots, on her own broad and natural bottom ; there to last and flourish in security for ever and ever—Amen.”

“ Success to you, Mr. Glennon,” said Tim Dunne, the old grey-headed peasant, from the deer park side of the hill ; “ that’s language and sense, a body id know, if they wer’nt even looking on at the speaker, should come out of the mouth of an experienced man that saw different kinds of times.”

“ Take my word for it, my friends, that ould Ireland and the poor, too, are getting on ; and you’ll find,” continued the patriarch, “ that bad as the worst of our enemies are, they have still some shame in their hearts, and won’t like to be a second time made a show of, in the Association and the public papers, when they once feel the

black blood mounting into their sallow cheeks, at the honest truth being told of their dirty doings."

"Arrah, nonsense, father,—the Orange landlords and magistrates to have shame! is it?" said Pady, "no, in troth; but the little tormenting they now and then get from the Association, only makes the devil hotter and stronger, in the marrow of their bones, every day of the week."

"It makes some of them worse, shure enough," said Willy Moore.

"But this is straying away," says the tailor; "the question is, what are the poor to do? Isn't there, Mr. Cash, the agent over yourself, Mr. Glennon, and the whole Manor of Glenmore, that, as I am credibly informed, is going to turn to the road every poor creature of a tenant, on the other side of the hill, that doesn't send his children to the new bible-school?"

"That's true, at any rate," said Tim Dunne, the old grey-headed man, and one of the class alluded to;—"he called yesterday at my cabin, and bid me have my childer sent in on to-morrow morning; and I tould his *honour* I

would; but, at the same time," says I to myself, as the villain turned his back, "I'd see you swallowed up, like your image in ould times, Pharaoh, in a second Red Sea, before you'd snaffle my children for your church, or your bible-school."

"Take no notice of him, neighbour," said John Glennon, "they'll soon get tired of that work too, for they're mad at our success just this moment, and don't know well what to be at; and so are scheming to lure over to their side some bad Catholics, and little children, by bribes, presents, and the like, and then to trump up a story of all our conversions, and that there's no necessity for emancipating the Catholics at all, for that we'll all be Protestants before another year goes round."

"That would be the devil's big army of deserters, all in a minute," says the one-legged pensioner.

"The same I tell you now, I saw last week in one of their Protestant newspapers, that I got a read of, and in a speech from no less a man than Lord Roden," continued the patriarch.

"God help their heads, I thought they got

enough of their second reformation, as they call it;" says Willy Moore. "Well, but it beats Banagher, to think to prevail, and that in one year too, against the holy Roman Catholic Church, that's built on a rock, and now lasted near two thousand years; while there was a swarm of their mushroom religions, almost every spring; and were out of fashion, fakes, too, before a man could well learn the meaning of as much as one of them."

"That was, because there was no meaning in them," pertly remarked the little tailor; "but what are the poor people to do, when turned out on the road to starve and die, because they prefer their own holy faith to their tyrants?" continued he. "What is that old man to do, if driven, with his shivering family, on the common highway, because he dares to refuse Cash, the tyrant's, bidding?"

A deep sigh, unconsciously, escaped from Tim Dunne's bosom.

"I recollect in Waterford," continued the tailor, "after the election, when Beresford was thrown out, (for I was working in the town of Portlaw, which is at the very demesne gate of

Curraghmore, (the Marquess's own place, at that time)—every one of the forty shilling freeholders that voted against Beresford, was a doomed man. You might read destruction in their faces, for months afterwards; and only for something that I know well, there isn't one of those brave heroes, that struck the first blow for Ireland, that wouldn't have perished like so many famished dogs since."

"Och! then that would be the murdering pity," half-groaned the old grey-headed peasant.

"But shure they got share of the 'new rent' from the Association; and that is another good thing, O'Connell, God bless him, did for the poor, that you forgot to mention, Mr. Glennon," said Willy Moore.

"I didn't forget it, friends," said the patriarch, "'tis to it, I suppose, this little gentleman that knows Waterford well, alluded a while ago; but in respect to the poor freeholders there, I'll just tell you what a very elegant man, and fine patriot too, as ever I had the pleasure of conversing with, and a parish priest of that county, moreover, one Father Sheehan, told to myself."

"Oh! I know him well," says the tailor.

“’Twas at dinner one day at our own good ould clergyman’s, I met his reverence; and I’ll go bail if the people all over Ireland only stay as well behaved, and take the advice of their clergy, as he told me the Waterford men did, the biblicals will have a blue look out afore long. Well, you know, there was never a greater upset given to the orangemen yet, than the forty-shilling freeholders gave them, when they kicked the Beresfords out of Waterford; for, it was that family, you know, that got Lord Fitzwilliam out of this country, when he came over to free the Catholics, and that drove us all into rebellion; but it’s no matter about that now,” said he, a deep flush of red mantling his cheeks, “’tis a long lane that has no turn, and so they’ll find out yet. Well, as might be foreseen, you know, all the brave freeholders that dared to think for themselves, and in favour of their own country and creed, were to be ejected by these Beresfords; and the black-hearted Sassenachs conspired to distrain, cant, and eject the poor, root and branch, out of the country, and so they be-

gan; but our side was awake too, and beforehand with them."

"Yes, yes," says Willy Moore.

"They collected, as the priest told me, money at Dungarvan, and the Catholic and honest Protestant gentlemen on our side, were to give the preference on vacant lands, to the freeholders that would be persecuted; and afterwards Mr. O'Connell in the Association spoke about the 'brave men of Waterford,' and made every part of Ireland contribute. You recollect, neighbours, we paid our own share, though some of you, through fear of Mr. Cash, gave it in secret."

"Well! any way it was good, Mr. Glennon," said Willy Moore.

"Yes, Willy, and this subscription you know kept up the hearts of the poor, and gave a hint to the landlords, what the people when joined to a man, could do; and then, when the persecution came, whatever was best in each case was done for the brave freeholders."

"Bravo! glory to the Association," says Willy Moore.

"If I had but one penny in the world, I'd break it and give half to its treasures," said Mrs. Casey.

"And so would I," "and I," "and I," resounded through every part of the room.

"And so would every honest man, neighbours; but as I was saying, when cruelty ran to great lengths entirely, there was a threat made on our side to purchase up the debts on the estates of the landlords themselves; the priest called them—let me see, aye! the out-standing judgments."

"Yes, to be sure; oh! yes; the out-stranding judgments; I know," says the tailor, "I know."

"And then, you see, neighbours," continued John Glennon, "if our enemies whipped the poor, the Association could whip them in turn."

"Very bright," says the pensioner; "every thing's fair in war; Buonaparte himself couldn't do it better."

"That was Dan's doing, I'll be bound," said Willy Moore.

"No matter whose it was," said John Glennon, "it had good effects; and the priest told me, that he himself, after that, easily made terms between some of the worst landlords and

their tenants ; so that, we perceive, neighbours," continued Glennon, " that, after all the boasts of the Beresfords and Orangemen, the poor freeholders, thanks to the Association, are as well off as before, and have done an act that, by benefiting their country, will yet benefit themselves and their posterity for evermore."

" Oh, very good, very good ; praise be to O'Connell for eternity," said Willy Moore.

" But it is time for me to go home, now," said the patriarch ; " and I would be obliged to one of you, neighbours—you, Willy Moore—to give me your arm, as Pady wouldn't be a sure prop to-night." And with that, the principal part of the company rose, as the little tailor, also arising, commenced, " I assure you, Mr. Glennon, though there is some truth in your remarks, yet it was by no means what you say, that *chiefly* put a stop to the persecutions in Waterford."

" And what was it, then, my pinkeen ;—you that would live in a sea of punch, what was it ? Come, tell me, and I'll give you another dandy," said Pady Glennon, as rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, he rose and staggered a little.

" No, Pady," said the patriarch, " there will

be no more dandies of punch here to-night; Mrs. Casey won't give a drop more to any one."

"Tell me then, at once, my needle-Goliath," says Pady, "what was it that put a stop to the persecution in Waterford?"

"I'll tell you that at another time," said the fashioner, as he buttoned up his little body in his shabby-genteel bit of coat; and, after wistfully looking at Mrs. Casey, so much as to say, "Give Pady Glennon and myself (now that the others are out) two dandies more;" when, finding his expressive gaze to no use, he thereupon discontentedly made one of the company abroad, as they all dispersed to their several homes, after their Sunday night's political *soirée* at the "Sheaf of Wheat."

CHAPTER V.

“Ingenuous trust and confidence of love.”

As we remarked, at the commencement of our former chapter, Johnny Rourke had escorted to his destination the parish patriarch, and then, with all the impatience of the young lover, who truly enjoys life but in the presence of his mistress, and yet is ever shy of the bantering cajolery of companions, had stolen away from the curtilage of Pady Casey's house, and, avoiding the numerous paths which directed thereto, many of his comrades among the peasant politicians, bounded off, like an escaped prisoner, to the home of his Kitty. It was situated the highest of the many cottages on the hill's side, which overhung the valley, and the most remote from the sign of the “Sheaf of Wheat.” But distance is brief when the errand is love, and the messenger of the heart the glad swain him-

self; and so, long before an unaffected youth, however agile, would be half-way there, Johnny was mounting the stile of the garden, that, nicely fenced in on the left-hand side of the cottage, still lay between him and Kitty's abode.

He, however, suddenly drew back in his haste, as he observed a female figure moving hurriedly to and fro, between the shade of tall currant trees, which grew on each side of the garden's central path; and, doubting whether it was his own love or not, he cautiously retired a little, and stooped beneath the cover of the ditch, through the bushes of which he could peep and observe.

Johnny was not long in suspense, for it was his Kitty indeed, who, soon walking beyond the currant-trees, fully revealed her figure to her lover's eyes. But, the disclosure startled him still more, as he beheld her stand still, and statue-like, her face raised to the heavens, her large, soft, blue eyes suffused with tears, and a cold, marble-like paleness spread over her usually blushing cheeks, and clear, open forehead. He endeavoured to rise, and flee to her; but,

somehow or other, felt as if chained to the spot and still desirous to gaze.

Johnny Rourke had rarely, if ever before, seen his Kitty in tears, and never, to his pure heart, did she seem so lovely.

“What can be the matter with my darling?” said he; “sure I ought to go and comfort her; and yet, I don’t like to break in upon her grief, she looks so sweet and heavenly. Oh! it must be that the old man’s dead,” he continued, as Kitty had sunk upon her knees, and, supporting on her bosom her closely-clasped hands, looked with as rapt intensity to Heaven, as though she could pierce its mysteries; “it must be that the old man’s dead, for her soul is in her eyes, beseeching his forgiveness, and her lips move in prayers, and the tears are running down her pale cheeks for the loss of her poor old father. I must go comfort her; but God direct me from harm,—for, may be, I’d frighten my poor girl, now that she’s minding nothing upon earth, if I went too suddenly.”

Johnny Rourke arose, and still fearful of intruding on his sorrowful sweetheart, struggled

against his sensitiveness,—stole a few paces towards the stile,—a second time yielded to his delicate fears, and crouched down, to gaze again.

“ I’ll call out her name first, and then she’ll know my voice, and won’t be afraid,” whispered he to himself; “ or I believe it’s better for me not to stir at all, till she’s done praying; it would be an unholy sin to wrong the old man’s soul of her pure prayers, and a pity, in the sight of heaven, to disturb her from her knees, now that she’s praying under the moonlight sky, like a sweet angel of heaven. My own good Kitty! It would be better for my rich uncle to have her petitions to the throne of grace, for his sake, than all his gold; and yet, he wouldn’t be satisfied I’d marry her. I must give *her* up, and take *his* choice, or I won’t get his money; well, I’ll stay constant to my Kitty, though I never got a penny of what he promised me, to stock my new farm. Her love will be my wealth, my comfort, my luxury, in joy and in sorrow,—riches that, with God’s help, won’t fail, while we live; and when we die, will be a treasure, and a bless-

ing, for us both in heaven. I wonder if he saw her kneeling there, under the clear cold winter's moon, and interceding for her poor father's soul, would his hard heart be any way moved to pity? Oh! Lord! what an upset world it is; that, an old man near his grave, because there isn't the glitter of the gold, would turn away from a picture of virtue, that, the virgin and the whole choir of heaven, are this moment delighted to look on. Well, if hard industry can be of any avail, Johnny Rourke and Kitty Kelly won't want any man's money to make them happy. Whisht; whisht; she is going to rise, for she *blessed* herself, and put the sign of the cross on her smooth forehead. I'll call her now;" and with that Johnny Rourke gently stepped to the stile, and softly called out—"Kitty, Kitty!" who, turning to answer, recognized him, just as the garden gate opened; and Kitty's mother, wondering where her daughter could so long be, enquired aloud, "Are you there, Kitty?" Twice, indeed, had she called, before the daughter, who was now hurriedly wiping away the tears from her eyes, answered,

"Yes, mam;" and hastening to meet her mother, they both quit the garden, and closed after them its wooden door; but not until Kitty had first made a quick sign to her lover not to follow.

He, however, descended from the stile, and remained in anxious disquietude, walking about the garden.

"It can't be the old man that's dead, at any rate, nor her brother Pat either," said he; "or Mrs. Kelly herself would be crying; and who else could she be so sorry for?"

Thus tortured by fears, his brain commenced to conjecture afresh, the causes of Kitty's grief. Hot flushes of anxiety, succeeded by moist coldness, mounted to his temples, as he laboured to solve his fond perplexities, and his troubled heart beat so quick and tremulously, as though it was but the weak and fluttering abode of a startled child's terrors.

Johnny Rourke, though constantly attached, from boyhood, to his present choice, now first experienced (yet still, unmindful of their origin) the sorrows inseparable from love; the troublous solitudes that fond ones reciprocate,—

and interweave as closely with their mutual being, as they ever did, the pliant, blossoming tendrils of passion's first rich growth.

Some faint anticipations, that such were to be the case with him, now momentarily flashed across his mind. The course of his affection, had theretofore generally been, as a stream, lit up with sunshine; but, its depths, he fancied, were now darkening, and clouds of worldly gloom were often to shadow, perchance impress dark melancholy's image on its once blissful flow.

Hope, however, which is indeed the future's smiling deity, soon bade him disregard his worst forebodings, and shedding, as though from her aerial temple, in the fancy, radiant imaginings across his mind, consolingly inspired him with the sentiments, on which abstractedly musing, he unconsciously uttered aloud, as, Kitty, unobservedly approaching, with a water can in her hand, heard him say, "No matter; what are our sorrows, we'll share them together, love one another, and, with the blessing of God, Kitty and I will be happy yet."

He started from his reverie, as her voice, softly

repeating his name, reached his ears; but in an instant, and with all the sweet fervour, such a newly recovered, darling treasure, in instinctive duty demands from its owner, she was clasped to his bosom and affectionately kissed.

Kitty receded from his embrace, and sorrowfully fixing the gaze of her large, soft, blue eyes upon him, said, "I forgot myself, Johnny; you mustn't make these freedoms with me any more; for, I'm afraid, 'tis learning to part, we must be now."

The rapture of the minute was chilled to stone in young Rourke's heart, and a subtle iciness rapidly shot, as it were, along his nerves and veins.

"What is the matter with my darling, is there any one belonging to you dead?" said he, partially recovering his self-possession.

"No, Johnny."

"And you're not in anger with me, Kitty?"

"Oh! no, no, indeed," she said, and her face affectionately turned upon him, corroborated the reply.

"There's something lying heavy on your heart, then, and you must tell me now, Kitty."

"Nothing to signify."

"But there is, or you wouldn't fall down on your knees, to pray in the cold, damp night."

She turned an enquiring glance on her lover's face.

"You needn't want to read the truth in my eyes, I'll tell it to you with my tongue, Kitty; I saw you praying, my darling, and you looked as pure, as if you belonged to heaven, and were but a sad messenger to the earth, that was beseeching, before you returned to above, forgiveness for some poor sinner."

"I was only saying my night prayers, Johnny."

"Don't keep the secret from me, for there was more than that, in your devotions, Kitty; and sure you were crying like rain too; and were as pale, as if the angel of death's winding-sheet was round you, and your spirit on its wing for heaven."

"Hold your tongue, Johnny."

"Can't you tell me, and I will; and though there was no cheer in your face then, Kitty,

neither a blush, nor a smile, nor a dimple, but all like the white, white marble, I never loved you so tender."

"Ah! can't you cease, Johnny?"

"You looked as if you wanted me to guard you, and so I was there, ready, if any one dared harm your little finger."

She sobbed, and her warm tears fell on Johnny's hand.

"Aye! there it is again,—there's sorrow on your heart, or your eyes wouldn't fill up that way, Kitty," said he, as stooping, he soothingly kissed off the big tears that dimmed her beautiful eyes, and pressed her complying bosom to his manly heart.

Kitty Kelly possessed too fully the softness of her sex, to withhold any longer from her persuasive lover the secret of her sorrow.

"Leave off your folly, Johnny aghra," she said, as he continued to caress, "and come down with me to the spring-well, for I brought out the can before my mother for water by the way, and there I'll tell you all about it."

Silently, side by side, they walked to the end

of the garden, and opening a little railed gate, entered a small green paddock, in the centre of which was the spring well, entirely encircled, save in the exception of an arched porch, by the trained and, as it were, hollowed form of an aged overspread white-thorn;—and from the overflowing of whose ever recurring fountains, there ran through a shallow channel, and danced fairy-like, with the gay moon-beams, the pebble-rippled waters of a cold chaste rill.

“Stand, Johnny, in the shade there, and no one will see you,” she said;—“It was that tyrant agent, Mr. Cash (and an unusual flush of anger passed over her mild features) was the first cause of it all: *he* thinks nothing of the feelings of the humble, nor cares how he harasses the poor.”

“What did he do *now*, Kitty?”

“When we overtook my uncle Glennon, this morning, I was just telling you how he came with the new minister, Mr. Cantall, to bid my brother Pat send in his children to their bible-school; and Pady not being at home, nothing would satisfy them, but to go into the room to

my poor bed-ridden father, who, knowing well what a dark Sassenach heart Cash has, and how sooner or later, he'd wreak his revenge on him, in the way of the rent, was afraid to tell the truth, and so gave him a kind of a promise; and then they began to palaver the weak old man, and to tell him, 'how great an advantage 'twould be to the children, especially when they had *now* no mother, to be well taught,' (and, sure, so it would, Johnny, if they'd only leave the poor children to follow their own creed;) and the minister said, 'what pains his own lady would take in particular with them.' "

"They're going on, with their old tricks afresh, I see, Kitty,—they were dying away on it, till this new minister came."

"Yes, Johnny; and oh! I saw the treacherous grin, upon Mr. Cash's face, while he was speaking this friendship; and it was just on the top of my tongue, to ask them, how, they thought 'our kind' could send their children to such a perverting place; but, I'm glad now, I didn't, Johnny (although, when they went, I was saying to myself I had no spirit), for then, all the

blame of his spite would have been thrown upon me."

"And sure you're not grieving for this trifle, Kitty?"

"I'd grieve till my heart would break, if the children were to be weaned away from their own holy religion, Johnny; and by such a set of persecutors too, that can't bear to see a struggling body of our creed, getting on in the world. What a fancy they took, all at once, of late, for minding the poor, and Cash driving them to the road, every day, if they haven't the bribe-money for him, and sure 'tisn't long since the minister himself, before he was three months in the parish, canted the bed from under the poor widow Donnelly, and the pot that she boiled her few potatoes in, for the tithes of her "bit of a garden."

"True enough, Kitty; one might easily guess, there was no good at the bottom of it, when the likes of them laid the scheme of educating the Catholics. I don't say, Kitty, but there are some of the ladies among them, that have tender hearts, and wouldn't ask to tamper

with the poor innocent children (although they think their own way the best, to be sure), but you know, Cash, Cantall, and the others, have them at their fingers' ends."

"Indeed, I don't think Miss Pigot (that will be your own landlady yet, Johnny, in respect of your new farm), though, they're all a bitter family enough, would strive to turn the children from the ways of their parents:—but, I must tell you the rest: As they were going home, yesterday evening, they met Pady, near the village, and told him to have the children sent in; but, you know, Pady could never bear interference, from any one, and he hates Mr. Cash like poison, and has no policy to hide his feelings, Johnny, and so, he up and told them stoutly, that 'he wouldn't do any such thing.' And they said he should,—that his father was for it, and that the old priest gave his consent too; which, you know, wasn't the truth for them, Johnny, after all the curate said about it, this day week, off the altar; and so off they rode, Cash desiring Pady to recollect himself, and his conduct; and not a word we heard about it,

at home, at all, at all (Pady not wishing to make my father afraid), until just as I came in, after parting you at uncle Glennon's to-day, there came, at the same minute, Ned, the driver, to tell my father to have the hanging gale, and the November's rent (that was never called for at this time, before, from us, for we always paid up our presents regularly) in with Mr. Cash, before ten o'clock on to-morrow morning, or he'd send out to drive the cattle, to cure Mr. Pady of his insolence. Pady wasn't at home himself, being gone to cousin Brennan's, to be in for to-morrow's fair, you know, to buy a stripper; and so we picked out of Ned, the driver, as well as we could, what it was Pady said:—he told us, as he heard it himself, and that, he knew we had no mercy to expect, for that, the master was in a terrible rage, but to make up the rent the best way we could."

"There's no mercy to be had from Cash, sure enough," said Johnny; "and hasn't your father the means, to meet the rent, at all, at all, Kitty?"

"There's the means in it, you know, Johnny,

and more than enough for that much; but, then, being taken so sudden, we can't dispose of them to any good; and my father is as miserable, as if we were all to go to the road to-morrow; for the poor old man, God raise him! lying helpless so long, is frightened, and peevish at every hand's turn, much less the likes of this."

"But, Kitty, sure you oughtn't to sorrow, as you did, for even such a hardship; there's not the least danger, but it will blow over,—never fear but we'll put our heads together, and manage, in spite of Cash, yet."

"Oh! I thank you, Johnny, but it grieves me to the heart, to see my father, so fretted and cross; I'd sooner be the livelong night out under the cold,—shivering and looking up at the sky there, Johnny, or at the hardest of work in the fields, than be in a house, where there's the voice of the world's fretting and scolding."

"But that can't be helped, sometimes, Kitty; so, cheer up, my darling, and let us, as well as we can, manage to ward off the storm."

"But, oh! Johnny, I'm more afraid for you,

than myself. My father was troubled, as I told you, and Pady wasn't at home; and so, after many plans being struck out and resigned, at last my mother said to him, 'tis better send Kitty into town, to Mr. Rourke (your uncle Johnny), and as we often borrowed money, on interest, from him afore, and paid him punctual, I'm sure he'll lend it again on an occasion like the present. This hope gave the poor old man a little ease, Johnny; and so, though my heart was fluttering, all the way long, to have to go to your uncle, when I knew what he thought of between you and myself, — my mother first writing a bit of a note, — I put on my cloak and bonnet, and walked off as quick as I could."

"Yes, Kitty," said Johnny Rourke, as, he drew in his breath, and, with deep anxiety depicted in his face, impatiently listened.

"I overtook Ned, the driver, on the road, I went so fast, Johnny; and, having a trifle of savings, out of my milk money, I was keeping to buy a new gown, — for fear I might meet mischance with your uncle, I gave it to him, to put in a good word for my father, and stave off

the evil day. He promised he would, and, putting the money in his pocket, thanked me for my kindness to him, Johnny."

"The covetous rascal ! but go on, Kitty."

"I saw your uncle, and oh ! I didn't think that one, having a drop of your blood in his veins, could look so bitter on me, Johnny."

The colour mounted to young Rourke's temples, and flushed his entire face, as he raised his hand to relieve himself of the sense of weight that pressed upon his brow, and the disconcerting shame that burned in his cheeks. The moon was, at the instant, hid beneath a cloud, and Kitty noticed not his discomposure.

"Tell your father, I wouldn't do a five pound bill for him," said he, "and sure the man can't want money, that's going to fortune his daughter; and, with that, he turned his back on me, Johnny."

"The spiteful old dog," agitatedly burst from Johnny Rourke's lips.

"No matter about it now ; but don't speak harsh of your dead father's brother at any rate, Johnny."

“ My poor father was never like him, Kitty,” said he, as his clear voice trembled, and the delicate nerves about his mouth for a moment rapidly quivered;—“ but, how much money would do for the rent, Kitty?”

“ Thirty pounds, with what we have ourselves, would be enough for all.”

“ He has in the desk five times more than that, the venemous old niggard,” said Rourke.

“ It can’t be helped Johnny; but, I was so confused, the way he spoke and looked at me, that I couldn’t say a word, and don’t well know how I got out of the house,—and so I came home; but only just said (as I didn’t like to be causing bad blood), that Mr. Rourke couldn’t at that time give the money;—and then my father began again to moan, and ruminate on his troubles, and says he, at last, quite peevish to me, “ Kitty, you must at once give up Johnny Rourke, I don’t see what business either of you’d have together, and he depending, for the most part, on his uncle; and ’tis plain to be seen, it is his coming here, that was the cause of ould Rourke’s refusing me the money,—a thing

he never did before; and so, Jenny (says he to my mother), what's to be done may as well be done at once, and let me see you'll forbid from this out, Johnny Rourke to be coming to the house; and with that, I couldn't hold out any longer, and burst out crying, Johnny."

"My poor Kitty," said Johnny, placing her cheek upon his breast,—when, on the instant of tenderness, her heart's sensibilities broke forth afresh; "my poor Kitty, sure you're not grieving for this; come cheer up, love," soothingly he continued, "don't be downcast entirely, your father only said that in the hasty moment."

"I didn't know what to do, Johnny, it came so like a killing thunderbolt on my heart, after the stings of my other sorrows; I was but like a poor stranger in the house all the evening, afraid you'd come in every minute, and that, they'd say something to you; and so I went out into the garden, when the moon was up, to try to compose my spirits, and I thought of our love all over in my mind, and I cried the more, till I knelt down and prayed to God to direct me, Johnny."

We trust, our fair readers will agree with us in thinking, that he would have been a soulless lover, who would not have tenderly consoled the pious Kitty, and, according to his vocation, lent the pure human aid of affection's solace, to that unearthly confidence she reposed in above, for the alleviation of her guiltless sorrows. Her qualities of pious tenderness and innocence, were not, indeed, thrown away on the unvitiate heart of Johnny Rourke, but had ever formed additional links of endearment between their kindred beings;—and so, after the warmest parting, compatible with the delicacy of young hearts' sincere affections, these rural lovers separated,—she to her sleepless pillow,—while he, wending his way towards home, with less buoyant step, and in more subdued mood, than when he came the way,—ran over in his thoughtful mind the difficulties of the good among the humble, when there is tyranny, bigotry, craft, revenge in the ranks above them; and the canker of petty pride or selfishness, too often preying on the best social virtues, in every—even the lowliest, among the many varied walks of human life.

CHAPTER VI.

"The relation subsisting between landlord and tenant, was, in England, that of sympathy without dependence; while in Ireland it was too often dependence without sympathy."—*Lord Mulgrave in Reply to the Earl of Roden on the state of Ireland.*

No sentence could possibly better convey the striking difference which, unhappily for Ireland, exists in the social condition of the two sister islands, than that we have chosen as the motto to our present chapter. But the peculiar circumstances which belong to our story's particular locality we shall now briefly detail.

The absentee (as, which of the extensive landed proprietors of Ireland generally is not?) who possessed the inheritance of the Manor of Glenmore, was by descent a nobleman, by disposition and habit, an useless, injurious prodigal. Addicted to the turf, and to the other modes of

gambling practised in England, he had not sufficient quickness of intellect to cope with his associates in the daily converting of social vices into honourable personal profits; and was accordingly compelled, in sustainment of notoriety, to celebrate his name by the many accomplishments, so facile to all monied entities, of gewgaw dash, and riotous extravagance. He should live like a young nobleman, to be sure, and as his high-sounding titles, in the persons of his progenitors, had always moved before the public, in some stare-attracting sphere, it in duty behoved him, to brandish his inheritances of honour, on at least, some equally ostentatious theatre of scenic flare. In respect to military lustre, the family records had animated his pride by reciting that his great-grandfather had been a general, and omitting to mention that he was *never* a *soldier*. In old England's just pride, the navy, the same trustworthy memorials informed him, that his grandfather had been an admiral; aye, and the very mainmast of bravery, too; while the traditions, which were common to others, never once reached his young lord-

ship,—“that his entire merits on board consisted in drinking more grog, and damning more living and dead things than any other tar of the crew.” His father’s line of life was, indeed, rather tame, and pacific, for his present lordship’s notions, he having been but an Irish peer and privy councillor; who, however, made amends, in his son’s eyes, by acquiring the reputation, in the high political world, of being (though no orator) an excellent man of business; for he had attained and transmitted an English title, by his share in the sale of his country, at the time of the legislative Union; and, both before and since, had made more lucrative arrangements for himself and family, by the equally vigilant application of similarly exerted talents.

It was therefore but natural (as, wise people say, such things run in the blood) that the present landlord of the Manor of Glenmore should struggle for celebrity; and so, inheriting, with his honours, the absence of delicacy respecting his track of fame, he aspired, in obedience to the stirrings of the spirit, to become a clever liber-

tine and *roué*, and succeeded, both in England, and on the continent (few men ever reach the exact mark of their ambition,) in acquiring the apposite characters, of deludable fool, and incurable rake. During many fashionable seasons, his equipage was notorious among the most splendid in Westminster and St. James's; his person and weaknesses well known by the adroit frequenters of Crockford's, and the equally skillful female leaders of Almack's *haut ton*; and his title, on all such occasions, blazed in the correspondence to the morning papers, from the numerous resorts of the sporting world.

It was, accordingly, never supposed by the sagacious, that, our lordly weathercock, suited but for the purpose of pointing out, how the currents of folly blew in the giddy regions of fashion, once reflected, whence came the gilding of the forms, and outlay of the coxcombry, with which (as from every fresh impulse whirled on his spiral eminence) he shone, disporting in flashy frivolity. His lordship never, indeed, at all, deceived the numerous entertainers of such conjectures among his Irish tenantry, by enquir-

ing, what was the state of the crops on any year, or whether, from the low prices of the market, an abatement was not vitally necessary. He was too loftily perched in "upper air," to attend to any of even his own affairs, farther than the receipt, and sometimes acknowledgment, of orders on his banking-house; and so, his entire power of good or evil, as regarded them, became vested in the person of Mr. Cash, who was agent to him, and some such other absentees.

This latter gentleman, the holder of an office which, from its multitudinous capabilities of conferring advantage, or inflicting injury on the farmers of rackrented Ireland, gives its possessor the rank of a personage of some consequence, and the daily title of "Your honour's honour," accurately knew the measure of his employer's abilities. In his capacities of magistrate, grand juror, and his public character altogether, Mr. Cash acted the rancorous bigot, not, however, so much from fanatic zeal, as from the lust for retention of the vulgar power, which he shortsightedly fancied, not merely ascendancy, but active despotism, in every department of church

and state, would most surely confirm in the hands of himself and the long-favoured caste.

In the every day transactions of life, he was a cold, crafty, vindictive, but, above all, avaricious man; and in the frequent combats of those qualities, for ascendancy over his actions, now that, the shrewd Padys under his lash, knew, as they said, "the guage of his mind's contents;" they often managed to rescue themselves from his cunning and revenge, by allaying his perpetual craving for a share of their little earnings.

Possessed of subtle, and active energies, conscious of his power to wield as he willed, his inattentive, and ever absent employer, and to crush (if they dared independence) the exposed tenantry; he acted in his situation, not as the guardian of the interests he should assume, but to faithfully manage, neither as the encourager of industry, nor the strictly honest earner of his service's rewards, but as a vigilant schemer, who, possessed of a favourable position for self, and true, but to the avarice of a sordid heart, played the part of those wretched hirelings, who, during the continental wars, were often the

active spies, for opposing parties, and as often, according to the amount of the bribe, traitors to each, in turn. Such, so far as opportunities admitted, in the management of those relations, which (with similar mediators) between spendthrift, absentee landlords, and an impoverished tenantry, are no farther superior to a state of war, than is a complication of wrongs, and perfidies, was the daily practice of Mr. Cash's life. The habit of unseasonable demands, unless his hush-money was paid,—permission of arrears for compliance with the knavery,—the expenses of a latitat, or ejectment, unless a rich present made recompense for allowing the immemorial custom of the hanging gale, or threats of compelling the payment of those war rents, in the body of the lease, which former bribes had *on his promise* got *permanently* abated; a sale, beyond the value, of some farming overstock, to tenants in his power, or usurious interest, for discounting with his lordship's property, the bills of pretended favorites, a shilling in the pound, for sealing money, on new leases, or renewals,—duty fowls, and horse labour, when

on a pinch with their own work, from the poorer sort, with numerous other extortions and malpractices were some of the various modes of his attack. The constant dread, and whispered mention of which persecutions, among his exposed dependants, with the public report that he also possessed (but for the truth of which we by no means avouch) that mysterious power of book-keeping, formerly taught but by Irish hedge-schoolmasters; and the virtues of which consisted in making an account fair and honest in the tot, while the clerk robbed his employer all the time, hanging as a shadowy drapery round his moral portrait, in the eyes of the neighbourhood, firmly established the nefarious repute of this omnipotent lordling, or absentee lord's substitute.

The continuance of Mr. Cash, in the agency, after frequent proofs of cruel, and uncalled for conduct, and the enclosing for his perusal, and consequent vengeance, the petitions of poor tenants, who were simple enough to believe they would be righted, if they wrote the truth to the landlord himself, afford a sample of the benefi-

cent favours, our young lord often heaped on his tenantry.

His lordship was also the patron of the parish benefice, and had lately been considerate enough of its social peace, to appoint thereto Mr. Cantall, the parson before-mentioned; who, whatever might be his other good qualities, unfortunately possessed the inverse moral quantum of the dispositions most needed in Ireland, being more of the officious zealot than of the assiduous pastor, and possessed rather of the misdirected ambition to proselytize dissentients to his sect, than of the desire to afford to any, of even his own flock, examples of that charity and good-will which are the basis of every form of the Christian faith. To take the incumbent's character from the patron's pen, as in the letter written, on that occasion, to the bishop, he delineated it,—“ Mr. Cantall would, he was confident, meet his lordship's approval, as from Mr. Cash's and other respectable gentlemen's reports of him, he would prove a thorn in the sides of the Papists of that disaffected parish.”

The same post which brought the nomination

of Mr. Cantall, had also conveyed an authority to Mr. Cash to give that donation to the Kildare-st. school, about which he had written to him, "as he was glad to learn from his letter, and other sources of credit, that it was expected, such institutions would greatly alienate the growing generation from the Romish priests, which result, he was sure, would be highly favourable to the pleasures and power of the gentry of the country." But to an application from a respectable parochial committee, in support of a fund for poor widows and housekeepers, which had been established by the humane of all political parties; there was neither then nor afterwards any reply,—nor has it transpired, that in the letter of gift to the Kildare-street School, on any other of his lordship's few lucubrations to Mr. Cash, there were any queries, as to the number of starving poor on his estate, or what amount it would require to moderate their wants.

It was not then to be imagined, that, sincere respect or affection could be entertained by any of the tenantry towards their landlord,—nor, in truth, much of fear or thought of him either, as

the presence of Mr. Cash's tyranny was fully sufficient to absorb all their faculties of dread, and keep alive their native talents for stratagems of escape. Indeed, the inhabitants of the manor, knowing nothing of his lordship, but the reports of his horseracing and gambling in England, and experiencing his agent's exactions of the rents, no matter what kind were the crops, and seeing poverty encrease every year about themselves, while thousands, made by the sweat of their brows, were despatched for his pleasures; sometimes, in their discourses, at the sign of the "Sheaf of Wheat," on what a bad kind of a man, though a great lord, he was, insensibly took the liberties of conforming his hereditary titles to those, which nature's patent of nobility, according to their views, intended for him; and, at length, after various dubbings, conferred on their lord (at the learned suggestion of John Glennon, and with the common consent of the company), the honours of "Baron Scatterbrain of England," and "Viscount Littleheart of Ireland." We would beg our courtly readers to excuse us for adopting, in the following pages

of this tale, those titles from his own tenantry, which the unread might be ignorant enough to conceive vulgar nicknames, and which, if really so, we would not affix to him. But, as the Irish peasantry have ever been an imaginative, and highly-classical race, who, like Homer's Greeks, often shadow forth in the name, the moral or physical pretensions of prominent chiefs, we, therefore, deem ourselves licensed, under the sanction of such ancient and grave authorities, instead of at all apologizing, to recommend a similar practice to all persons of this age, but more especially to those, who, like the learned Mr. Burke, illustrate the United Kingdom's ancient and modern peerage.

CHAPTER VII.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed."—*Old Proverb.*

JOHNNY ROURKE rose early on the morning, following his interview with Kitty, and first putting into his pocket, the few pounds he possessed in the world, went straight to the house of her uncle, John Glennon. Though he was aware, that, from family differences, there existed an unreconciled quarrel between the two old men, which would prevent either of themselves from seeking aid of the other; still he relied on the goodness of John Glennon's heart, his fondness for Kitty, and his hatred of Cash's persecutions,—independently of his love of doing a kind turn to any one in distress, as more than a counterpoise to the force of his other feelings.

(We think, indeed, that, in such emergency,

Johnny Rourke wisely reasoned on the probabilities of success, when he, at once, preferred his claim for generous service, to one, whom he knew to be of that rare stamp of men, whose heart, though alienated from the sufferer, still beats philanthropic to all; and from the fountains of whose general good nature, he might anticipate, there would not fail to flow that amiable Lethe of the past, which, on the mention of present suffering, forgets, forgives, and pities. The young man could not, in truth, afford to lose this critical time, in then applying to any of those numerous *friends*, to be found in every rank of life, who, superficially tried, live on in good repute, as most excellent fellows, but who, when sounded to the depths, are discovered, just sufficiently kind, to be formally obliging to all,—sufficiently prudent, to prove emotion for none.

As John entered the door of his old friend's cottage, though conscious, from his estimate of the patriarch's disposition, of a favourable reception for his subject, he yet felt bashful (such, and so many, are the lover's self-created perplexities)

of revealing his own anxious zeal, from an inward tell-tale of the tender motives, which might reasonably be attributed to him, and the dread of those uncheckable blushes, that, on such allusion, would confirm the partly sound suspicion. But, the moment whereon depended the happiness of a whole family, and of his own darling Kitty, was no time for the allowance of even the most amiable weaknesses; and so, repressing such delicacies, he opened the bedroom door, and walking to the bedside (for John Glennon was not up at the time), briefly told to the patriarch the circumstances of wrong.

When the recital was concluded, John Glennon, as is customary with all sages, cogitated awhile; and, after threshing out the substance of the story, by the agency of his common-sense, and then carefully winnowing its corn, from its chaff, by the nicer faculties of his intellectual power,—on a review of the whole matter, sagaciously gave it, as his opinion, “that it was just such a sample of an action, as he’d only expect from that persecutor, Cash.”

“Though tares grow of themselves among

corn, Johnny," said he, "that's no reason that wheat should be reaped, where it was never sown. The best of our dispositions have a share of the spontaneous weeds, but Cash's nature is bountiful only in the bad, and the seed of humanity, or justice, can never flourish to a stem in it."

"I believe you, sir," said Rourke, respectfully, while he, at the same time, wished in his heart, Mr. Glennon would change from his disquisitions on character, to some talk of the needful.

"Signs on it, he'll know the difference yet, great a bibleman as he is, between the value of the tares and the proper grain in the other world," continued the Patriarch. "Believe me, Johnny, and I'm an old man, that, if Cash, (God deliver the poor from him!) was ploughing and harrowing the ill soil of his natural disposition, with the best of cultivation, and scattering in it the holiest truths of 'the blessed word;' still, all would be, in a manner, thrown away, (unless, to be sure, the grace of God made a kind of a miracle in his favour,)—and, now, do you know the reason why, Johnny?—because,

as I may say, it's like bad ground, that has a sandy bottom, and would swallow down, never to be turned up, everything it could get:—for, there's covetousness, bigotry, and cruelty, like so many treacherous pitfalls, yawning underneath, that it would take sixty editions of the real Douay to rectify; and over them, no more than a few layers of a kind of soft rabbit-sand, hypocrisy,—and how, then, could the fruits of richness or goodness be expected to thrive, or come to a head?"

"Oh! true, for you, Sir," said Johnny, as he moved about a little to manage his impatience.

"Grapes don't grow upon thorns, or figs upon brambles, Johnny Rourke; but, hand me my leather breeches; or hark ye, just put your hand in the right side pocket, and you'll get my keys,—and open the box, where you'll find, in the left corner, my old trash-bag."

Rourke did this bidding in the twinkling of an eye.

"That has all the money I own, Johnny; but, though it's not enough, I have credit to back it; so give me the half sheet of paper, just there at

your hand, and a tint of ink in the pen, till I write a few words, for a loan of the rest, to the ould priest."

"Thank you, sir," said Johnny, "that will complete us."

"Five pounds besides what's there, and what you have yourself, will do, I think, Johnny," said the patriarch, as his young friend was now counting the notes; "and this bit of paper is value for that: for his reverence, God reward him! never deserted me yet on a pinch."

"It will, sir," said the elated, almost triumphant lover, the joyful vision of whose hopes of rescuing Kitty's family from Cash's hate, was now before his mind;—"it will, sir, and for your kindness now, you'll never want a friend, Mr. Glennon, so far as an honest heart's poor abilities can stand, no matter how the world goes, while blood runs in the veins of Johnny Rourke."

The agitation of the young lover's feelings had so disturbed his mild and ruddy features, that the inward man could not but be perceived by the good-natured patriarch. The chord of

sympathy was struck; he called Johnny back, as the latter, wishing to escape from his own confusion, was hurriedly opening the door.

“Johnny Rourke,” said he, “I always thought you were a good young man, and for that reason I had a fixed respect for you. This morning has confirmed my thoughts,—aye! and done more too, for I find that you have a heart, like your poor country’s, Johnny, that grows fonder of what it loves, when the day of distress comes near. You needn’t be ashamed, man,—’tis they should blush, if they could but feel proper shame, that wouldn’t act as you act. Say nothing about getting any of the money from me, Johnny, and there’s my hand for you. You know what kind of a man I am,—I’m an old one, to be sure; but, praise be to God! I didn’t lose my feelings in my passage through the world. You said you’d be my friend,—I’ll take you at your word, Johnny; I’ll be your’s, too, closer than ever, for if I didn’t know one drop of the blood that runs through your heart, much less (God rest their souls!) your own honest father’s and mother’s,

I saw enough to tell me that, wherever it came from, 'tis fit to warm the best veins that ever throbbed in an honest man's body."

After a few moments the old and young friends parted; and the latter, hurrying away, and having obtained from the parish priest the sum required in the patriarch's note, hastened to Kitty's home, and arrived just in time to save the family from the bitter pain of seeing their collected stock driven off for the rent; and to afford the glad daughter the joy of imparting to her poor bed-ridden father the good news of their safety, and of receiving, in turn, his embrace, as he repented of his peevishness, and heaped grateful blessings on the head of Johnny Rourke, and his own kind colleen, Kitty."

Thus, in this instance, the diligent earnestness of love proved more than a match for the fiendish desires and subtle toils of Mr. Cash's hate; and, for once, prevented the consummation of his revenge, without the stooping to sacrifice at the shrine of his avarice. But similar persecutions at this period had a very opposite result, and many neighbouring tenants of

the Deerpark side of the hill,—among them Tim Dunne, the old greyheaded peasant of the company at the “Sheaf of Wheat,”—paid for their conscientious disobedience to biblical dictation or artifice, whatever penalty the unchristian propagators of the volume of heaven’s charity could, by any legally allowable vengeance, succeed in accomplishing.

So far, indeed, as the joint efforts of good-natured neighbours could protect the weak, humble friendship succeeded in doing so; but the chief part of the unfortunate were either turned out of the agent’s work, and left idle and starving, or, after the wear and tear of legal process, finally ejected and sent forth wayfaring wanderers on the wide world.

At this juncture (as for the two years preceding it) the Association was putting forth all its strength, endeavouring to cope with its numerous adversaries; and, though unable to shelter the myriads of victims of political hate, and religious fanaticism; still, by honest attempts in their favour, had proved its sincerity to the world, and was daily weakening in public opi-

nion the strong-holds of the still ruling party. The Waterford election (as the patriarch in his conversations remarked) had indeed stimulated the landlords to an inordinate persecution of their tenants; but their vengeance had also reacted in the moral form of a protecting fund for the oppressed. This national reward for the heroic devotedness of the freeholders, filled their own hearts with gratitude, and shot, with the electric force of impassioned sympathy, throughout every grade of the excited millions. The simultaneous meetings had now generalized those feelings, and borne alike into the most recluse hamlets and crowded cities the burning emotions of the wronged localities. The numerous returns from the parishes of "the population census" continuously set forth the glaring disproportion between the pitiful faction of the ascendancy and the multitudinous serfs of the nation; and the Association itself, centering to a focus the popular passions, and resolutely laying bare their rankling causes, arrayed them, in all the forms of impressive, nervous eloquence, and sent them forth to the world missiles of

a manifold power; at once generating dread in the hearts of the guilty, indignation in the souls of the free, and imparting even hope to the continental nations jealous of England's glory, that, with such millions of alienated subjects, her downfall could not but be at hand. Ambitious France had again and again spoken either her sympathies for us, or her wishes against England. America, the new world of freedom, declared, in frequent addresses to the Irish people, her opinions of British tyranny, and exhorted to a course of conduct far beyond what the patriotic amongst ourselves ever desired. These foreign manifestations, however, emboldened still more the domestic spirit of constitutional revolt, and impelled to the goal the already matured determination of the people to be free. Even England's administration had been necessitated to liberalize itself; and, though detested Toryism still clung to office, the signs of the times could be read in the highest places of the state. During the Wellesley Lieutenancy in Ireland, the old despotism had somewhat diluted its former acrid strength, and was endea-

vouring to lessen the popular repugnance to bad government, by the substitution, for tyranny's unmodified bitters, of a species of disguised syllabub rule. Even Canning, the friend of the Catholics, had been prime-minister of Protestant England; and that permission was a proof of something. The hopes of the Irish were, from these united causes, high; and, though ever and anon partially nipped, as by his death, and also by wrong impressions of their new Lord Lieutenant the Marquis of Anglesey's predispositions regarding them, there still remained a strong consciousness among the people, that their cause was so far advanced, as to be beyond the permanent check of any prime-minister, and to mainly depend on themselves.

But during the advance of the cause itself, and as the battle between the antagonist parties hung on the trembling beam of balanced victory or defeat, the peasantry, exposed to the vengeance of their exasperated landlords, daily suffered still the more and more. The Association's attention was justly directed towards the sufferings of the freeholders in the lately-

contested counties; and its organization, notwithstanding the solid and brilliant efforts of its leaders, was not sufficiently matured to afford a power of protection at all commensurate with the extent of persecution. The acerbity produced by the spirit of proselytism existed throughout the entire land; and the Christian tempers of those godly tyrants, who fanatically insisted that the poor should, on an instant, swallow their medicine of salvation, and root out from their spiritual system the inveterate disease of popery, took fire and revenge on the least show of hesitation. As the accomplished Mr. Wyse, in his historic sketch of the Association, remarks, "Irish teachers had been employed by the biblicals, and controversy brought down, with all its multitudinous evils, to the peasant's hearth." It was therefore necessary to Catholic success that this cruelty and craft, which, under the guise of religious feeling, was endeavouring to restore the declining despotism, and which, by the published fictions of numerous conversions from among the people, (even in such happy announcements as the following—

“We feel a lively satisfaction in announcing that two Catholics have just abjured the errors of the Church of Rome to embrace those of the Church established,”) laboured to reanimate the faltering energies of the Protestant leaders in Church and state,—should be at once met in detail, and dragged before the light of day.

The Association of itself could not accomplish this; provincial, or even simultaneous, meetings would be equally inefficient, and nothing but a silent and continuously working machinery in every parish, in regular communication, for the supply of facts, with the great expositor of abuse, the central and metropolitan body, could possibly be adequate. Lord Bacon has truly and succinctly remarked, “that he that cannot contract the sight of his mind, as well as disperse, and dilate it, wanteth a great faculty;” and so it is morally certain, that, were it not for the excellent and minute arrangement at this juncture, proposed by Mr. O’Connell, the religious liberty of the Irish people would have been seriously impeded, notwithstanding the bold appearances of American and French

sympathy, the magnificent displays, and practical utility of the simultaneous and provincial meetings, and the dazzling attractiveness, and substantial power of the *imperium in imperio*, the Association itself. With a view to remedy the existing defects in the popular organization,—on the illustrious leader's suggestion, two Catholic churchwardens were appointed in every parish; one to be in the nomination of the parish priest, the other to be elected in vestry. As this circumstance was attended with serious national results, and also had its due effects in the locality of our story, we cannot do better than conclude the present chapter, by annexing to our brief allusion to those political churchwardens, the lucid account of their duties, as given by a cotemporary politician and historian :*—"They were required to furnish short monthly reports, after a formula, extremely simple and concise, sent down to them by the Association, of the progress of the rent, the census, the amount of the tithes, the church cess, the establishment of Kildare-street Schools

* Mr. Wyse.

and the progress of proselytism in their respective neighbourhoods. The freeholders still continued to be ejected from their holdings, and otherwise persecuted, in several of the lately contested counties. The churchwardens were commissioned to make every due enquiry into such persecution, and to report the same, in gross (leaving the details to the clergyman, or the freeholder himself) in their monthly returns to the Association. To give greater extension to the proceedings of the Association, they were farther employed, with great judgment, as vehicles for the circulation of the public papers. A weekly register was sent down to each of the churchwardens, every Saturday, containing the amplest report of the speeches and resolutions of the Tuesday and Thursday meetings of the Association. On Sunday they were read aloud at the chapel door, and then filed by the churchwardens. The entire public gaze became instantly fixed on every measure of the Association; the debates of Parliament were passed over;—the only Parliaments which the people seemed to recognize,—the only names with

which their feelings were associated—were the Parliament and names of the Catholic Association. For weeks afterwards, passages of those speeches could be heard, accompanied with the shrewdest comments, from the mouth of the humblest peasant in the country. The nation had become a nation of politicians: not a single chapel which had not its lecturer, not a single lecturer who had not thousands for his audience."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Property has its duties as well as its rights."

*Mr. Secretary Drummond's reply to the
Magistrates of Tipperary.*

"Thine heart should feel, what thou may'st hourly see,
That duty's basis is humanity."—*Bloomfield's Farmer's Boy.*

SEVERAL months now elapsed, since Mr. Cash's attempt to persecute Kitty Kelly's family, without anything very remarkable occurring in the Manor of Glenmore. The poor, who had been driven from their wretched dwellings, had no resource, but in temporary huts, erected against some sheltering ditch, as a protection from the winter's cold; or in renting, in some adjoining village, the size of their miserable beds, and covering, from some equally pauper holder of a one or two-roomed cabin. While, such was the state of things in the humble walks of life, matters of serious moment were daily developing themselves in the political world.

The Marquis of Anglesey had been sworn in Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on the 1st of March, in the same year, with the commencement of our story; and in a short period of rule, by the mildness of his sway, and the frankness of his temper, thoroughly removed those deep apprehensions of his character, and government, which, from the report of some hostile expressions he was said to have uttered in Parliament, were naturally entertained by all interested in popular politics. So rare, indeed, to the Irish, had been any approach to parental kindness, in the former representatives of their sovereign, that his generosity of manner at once acted as a spell upon their congenial dispositions, leading captive their hearts' susceptibilities, and charming away resentment. The various constitutional modes of advancing the Catholic question, which had been adopted, and energetically pursued by O'Connell and the Catholic Association, were uninterrupted by his government; and the whole political machine, with each patriot in his proper place, being allowed free play for its powers, like

a strong buoyant vessel, when careering against an opposing sea, with a skilful pilot to direct, and the brave hearts, and steady hands of a gallant crew to execute, was unfalteringly worked with equal courage, assiduity, and toil. The two political churchwardens had been generally appointed throughout the parishes of the kingdom; but, as the parish which contained the Manor of Glenmore, consisted of unions, John Glennon, from the respect attached to his name, was nominated, by the old priest, for that district, with leave to depute some one he confided in, to do the laborious portion of the business; and the population of the same neighbourhood, in vestry, elected Willy Moore, as his fit and proper colleague in the service. Generally speaking, indeed, the political churchwardens were (as the phrase goes) of a "far higher class" than our humble friends of the manor; but as its district was not inhabited by extensive landholders, few, if any, better could have been there selected.

As might be surmised, the patriarch chose, for confidant and assistant, his young friend,

Johnny Rourke; and the three mentioned rustics accordingly took office, and held regular communication under and with the most extraordinary political confederacy of ancient or modern time.

The parochial curiosity excited in respect to the stranger of the gallery, had also been so far gratified, as a knowledge of who he was could afford. Discovered to be the nephew of an old Tory gentleman, of the right wicked sort in talk, and in all public acts, such as elections and petitions to parliament, whereby he could politically injure or retard the Catholic cause,—but still, in his every-day communication with the peasantry, when they came before him, either as tenants or labourers, being after all a well-liked man,—and, with the neighbourhood at large, when in the field of sport, where he knew no distinction, but loved best the keenest hunstman of the day, that, like himself, could delight in the musical cry of the dogs, and make a bold bound for the brush; really prized and beloved,—the conjectures in most aged peasant companies generally were,—“after which vein of the uncle, would the son of the ould squire’s oun sister,—

the good, beautiful Miss Bessy that was, who married one Mr. French long ago, and lived and died in England, leaving after her only this one young man, Mr. Francis ;—after which vein of the ould uncle's, they wondered, would the young nephew take?"

Their hopes, indeed, were strong, that the young gentleman was, in his heart, of their own way of thinking; still, they could not but have their fears that he only came to the chapel that day to bring back the news; "for sure," as they said, "if it was for anything else,—as to hear the mass, the speeches, or the like, the ould uncle was such a terrible man in that regard, that he'd never let him sleep another night under the same roof with himself."

This Squire Pigot lived about three miles from the Manor, and was the same from whom Johnny Rourke held his new farm, being father to the Miss Pigot, that, according to Kitty Kelly, "was a good sort of a creature, though a biblical," and who was likely to be Johnny Rourke's, and, as she sincerely trusted, her own landlady yet, inasmuch as there was no son to inherit the old gentleman's estate.

The churchwardens of the Manor accurately performed their prescribed duties, and sent regular accounts to the Association of the progress of proselytism, of the persecutions of Mr. Cash, and of such other political tyrannies, whether committed by the magistracy, parsons, or less influential personages, as at all came within the letter or spirit of their instructions. They had, also, to undertake a no less serious duty within the parish, and one, which, under the critical circumstances of their particular neighbourhood, required, in the first place, unalloyed popularity, and at once nice circumspection and great energy of character. According to the sketched design of the Association, their other duties were as follow :

“1. To prevent the existence of Whiteboy disturbances of every species and description.

2. To prevent the existence of any secret societies whatsoever.

3. To prevent the taking of illegal oaths of any nature or kind whatsoever.

4. To put an end to party feuds and quarrels of all kinds.

5. To take care that an accurate census of each parish be procured.

6. To collect signatures to the several petitions, and transmit them for presentation.

7. To promote peaceable and moral conduct, and universal charity and benevolence amongst all classes."

The feelings of the ejected peasantry, many of whom yet lingered about their native place, were already sufficiently outraged, to predispose them to accept any form of redress even wild vengeance would suggest; when suddenly, and inauspiciously the life on which depended the remaining holdings of the Deerpark side of the hill expired; and Mr. Cash, appreciating the misfortune, as a propitious God-send, prepared to avail himself of all the cruelties the law allowed. There were forty-two heads of families still retaining possession of their farms, and never, during all the hardships of their past life, in wretched toil to scrape together the landlord's rack-rent, and the agent's presents, and the parson's tithes, and the grand jury jobber's cess, —while they themselves, even when the fond

wife was sick, and the poor children weak, and the old father and mother ailing, and past their labour, had no little comforts to give those of their own dear heart's blood,—never, during all, came there a blacker morning than the one that told them the last life of their lease was dead, and they all thrown, without a hope or stay, at the mercy of Mr. Cash.

Badly off as they were before, they had still a roof to cover them, and the hearth, round the poor fire of which they and their children sat, had been their fathers'. It was a mean cabin to be sure, but, it was there the young couple commenced their wedded life, under the first flush of hope;—there they planned their humble ways of industry, and there returned, when disappointment fell on them, for rest and solace in each other's love. Their little ones liked the native spot, and the mother could not but feel a cheer in her gay children's home. Though the father came from the fields' toil at night to the poorest food, there sat around the humble board the hearts he loved, and the body's best fare was nothing, in his esteem, to that simple luxury of

soul. There his ruddy-faced, bare-legged little son, that had worked the whole day with him, eat his potatoes dry to save the drop of milk for the younger ones, and, while the untasting mother divided the sweet sips, and taught them all lovingly to share with another, the growing daughter that helped her in the house's work, picked out each laughing flowery potatoe, and as the father kissed her for her thought, provided the kind mother's supper.

But, soon, and it was never again to be so, at least there, the protecting huts of their past life were to be levelled with the earth, and with them, their hearts' few hopes. The reclaimed patches of the hill's side, that grew "the handful of oats," and "broke the heart of one half-year's rent," were to be theirs no more. The only spots, from which they themselves received any reward for their labour, that put the family past the winter with potatoes, and allowed "a charity for the poor," were to be taken from them too. The team of some rich man, that, could give the agent "a good bribe," would shortly carry the plough, where they had long

toiled with their spades; and what little service they ever did the ground, he, and the agent, would have it all now. Soon, and the richest among them would have no cow, nor would the goat stand on the poor man's floor to be milked, while the children playfully plucked her beard, and she, pretending to horn their laughing, well-known faces, gambolled with them. No more would the young kid, with its playful frolics, gladden the whole family; its sport, a type of the joy which the fountains of sweet milk, that came with its being, brought to its young master playmates. No longer would even the pig, "the real gentleman of the house," run home grunting for his share, boldly smell, and knock about the pots, and little furniture, or earnestly pull the mistress by the gown, and raise its snout, in angry expostulation, for his rights, as if conscious 'twas himself paid up the hanging gale, lessened the arrears, and kept the roof above the heads of all. No! their little property and home were no longer to remain. What then were they to do? They had not even time to look out for "a bit of ground;" and so, were worse off than

the very cattle ; for, the masters had a feeling of interest for their beasts, and wouldn't leave them out in the winter's cold. But, there was no compassion in the great ones, for the poor, and they might be turned out after their misfortunes in little more than a month, and in the hardest of seasons, just to live, or die, as the great God thought best. But, if they had time itself, where could they now get a "bit of ground," for, weren't the landlords clearing away the poor from off the face of their estates, as if they were the vermin of the earth, and letting the land in great tracts to gentlemen like? and sure, the farmers by another new and bad law couldn't as much as let an acre to a cottier without the unlikely chance of getting the haters of the poor, the landlords' consent. Where then, were they to turn, houseless, and almost hopeless? What prospect had they, but, as the others, the shelter of the ditch, or the disease of the unhomely hired cabin corner of the crowded village? Dare they settle on the bog's skirt; encroach on even the waste grounds of the estated man? The guardian power of the same despot's law was there,

and, like a monster, bade them thence. That soil lay idle, and useless to the possessor, from which the peasant could soon raise sustenance, but, like the "dog in the manger's" unshared possession, it was to be of service to none. Had they any claim on him, for whom their past toil accumulated wealth? The law permitted his foreign revels, prompted his prodigality, smiled on his gifts to courtezans and players, but took no heed that he should practise domestic humanity. It should ever be, forsooth! so tender of individual liberty, as not to restrain even licentiousness; and so, that a few of the fine feathered race might range where they willed, bearing with them the golden spoils of industry, the poor should get no food from those, who bore its accumulations in wealth away; or no alms but from the class, on whom, too many burdens of ejected beings, like themselves, were already imposed.

These poor tenants could not but then feel, as they bitterly did, that, it was a hard, hard matter, to leave the place they loved at any time; and they willing to toil on, and pay their way

for it, made it worse still; but, with no human shelter under heaven to be had, it could not but enter their souls, as a deep, deep wrong. Where even could they find support when in the ditch's hut, or the weekly rent in the village, and no employment to be had? They might sell the little remnant of their stock and furniture (if any such there would be after paying all demands), and live on that. But what then? Were they to beg? They once had some means themselves, and ever gave share of their little, to the poor who had none. The beggar's bag never went empty from the floor, while they could spare a potatoe from their own wants; but, was the kind wife, and the tender children, and the generous husband, that never set their hearts on a trifle, to be reduced now to beg in turn? Where would they go, or which of them would begin? The husband and wife could work, morning, noon, and night, and be delighted to earn for the little ones; but it would break their hearts to be compelled to beg. None belonging to them ever craved a charity from another; and must it be their lot to bear

the first blush of their blood's shame in such a course? Necessity leaves no escape. Or must they do even worse, and send their little children out to curtsy from door to door for alms, while they themselves sat hid within, drooping and brooding over their sorrows? No! Beg themselves they will, for, though poor, and grieved, and broken-hearted by their lot, they were not yet morally degenerate, or inhumanized by misery. Their hearts had yet sweet delicacy left, and could not bear to see the shivering young and weak go out to beg for them. It was a hard, hard lot, to be compelled to beg; but do it they must, or see their children starve. Their neighbours in general were charitable, to be sure,—they knew that they were honest, and oppressed, and would pity their petitions; but these neighbours were poor, too, and the poorer, the more generous; and could they, who knew the difference, be always troubling those, with whom it was no wonder if the welcome for the desolate was long since worn out! Or, if they went to the richer sort, and

could get past their demesne gates, must they, that knew no harm of themselves (unless misfortune was a crime, and poverty a disgrace) daily bear the scorn and the contempt of being told, that they were rogues and vagrants, and the command to leave the offended sight of the opulent, and go back to the place they came from; and if they could or they could not endure these things—no matter which—sure it would be better for themselves, only in regard of the poor children, to be dead, at any rate. Then if they be ashamed to trouble those at home that knew them in better times, and heartsick of the frowns and insults of the rich, their only resource was to wander away and seek charity from strangers who still had a poor cabin, as they once had themselves.

Oh! in truth it was a hard, hard extremity for their human hearts to bear,—that the husband should evermore look upon that wife whom he loved better than himself, and hopes for whose comfort had been the pleasure and stimulus of his youthful labours, now sunk into

a mere beggar ! That her cherished self-abstinence, and domestic pride of having, after the day's work, a decent bit for her poor, weary man, and the kind look of his affectionate gratitude in return, should never more light up, in a home as of old, their once happy features ! Surely, the crest of their independent spirits must necessarily be broken ; and, as they parcel out the joint morsels of unwilling beggary, the eyes that met, and danced in joy and pride before, will now often fall abashed from one another. Or, could it be, that penury might chill their long affection, and make starved nature's greedy selfishness the sapping enemy of their family loves. Could it be that the husband for one instant would forget his bosom's friend, her tenderness, her sufferings, to swallow one unshared mouthful, and feign unbroken hunger to that wife, who trailed along with weaker limbs than he, and led and bore his children. This last anticipation would be the worst, the most withering of their many dreaded miseries ; and were it not that, under kind Pro-

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vidence, in our country of woes such possibility has ever been an unadmitted fear to them, as to other most despairing bosoms, life would have completed its sum of hopeless wretchedness, and become a tasteless, joyless desert to their eyes, and an afflicting prison to their souls.

CHAPTER IX.

"It is not bread alone, but where we eat it."—Coleridge.

"Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt, O!

Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh:

Though our farm it was small, yet some comfort we felt, O!

Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh!

But at last came the day when our lease did expire,

And I fain would have dwelt where before dwelt my sire,

Erin ma vourneen, Erin go bragh!"—*Old Song.*

WHILE the wretched tenants of those holdings were agitated by all the fears we have just described, of being a homeless, despairing, and degraded swarm of wanderers, as they anticipated they must become, various applications in their favour were made by humane persons, to the guardian of Lord Littleheart's Irish interests, the amiable Mr. Cash. Johnny Rourke, in his frequent recourse to his landlord, Mr. Pigott, had become acquainted with young Mr. Francis French, and soon perceiving his virtues, made bold to request his intercession with the agent,

for the poor people. The Roman Catholic curate of the parish, who, owing to the manner in which he had found it his duty to oppose the proselytising schemes of Mr. Cash and the other biblicals, felt every possible disinclination to solicit, from such opponents, the smallest boon, was yet so importuned, as well by his own heart, as by the imploring wives, and their unmanned husbands, that he could no longer resist. He did apply, but distrustful of any service he could render through himself, also employed numerous unsuspected methods, and exerted Protestant influences for the purpose of attaining for them even a little time to remain in their cabins. He, who was the general favourite of the parish, notwithstanding sectarian dissensions—the old parish priest—also solicited. Even the poor man's bishop was sought by those anxious and wretched tenants, and as ever, was undenied to the unfortunate. The locality of persecution was in the diocese of Kildare and Leighlin; and he, of sacred memory, the truly illustrious Dr. Doyle, now felt compelled, in duty, to entreat mercy, for man,

from the hands of a heartless absentee's griping agent.

Bitter enemy to the Roman Catholic, and ungenerous worldling to all, though the bishop knew Mr. Cash to be, he still supposed him not wholly dead to common reason, and to common pity; and, accordingly, appealing to the existence of those qualities, in which all men are alike, however they may differ in religious belief, whether it be Jewish, Mahometan, or Christian, he besought him by his sense of man's natural wants, natural loves, and natural fears, to respect his own, and their common humanity. He adduced in his aid the Christian precept, "Do unto others as you would wish to be done by;" and begged of him but to imagine himself, for one moment, in their expelled and forlorn condition. He urged upon him the doctrinal inculcations, from every page of Scripture, of mercy to the poor; he contrasted the luxurious prodigality of the landlord, with the hunger-pinching penury of the tenants; and conjured him to interpose, not destroy. He supplicated his consideration of their conscientious

motives, in disobeying his biblical commands, and entreated him, as he valued his own independence, and loved his own creed, not to take vengeance on the weak, for regard and fidelity to theirs. He depicted the crimes and social horrors which must necessarily be the result of poverty's outraged humbleness, and of its crushed and trampled affections. He bid him consult himself,—would not man, sooner than perish, grasp, in his struggles for self-sustainment, at even the elements of destruction. He asked his own experience, did not the oppression that destroyed the hopes of peace, make the energies of wild revenge spring up, and often turn those bosoms that would have been the lasting homes of nature's social loves, into hellish dens of burning hate, and of fiends' desires ; and he, finally, left to his own decision, were not *they*, for whom he pleaded, honest, though they were poor ; and of all the portions of the parish, was not their locality the least degraded by vice of any kind ?

The bold urgency of the bishop's appeals had a sweet ally in the biblical Miss Pigott ; and

never was the mild image of beseeching clemency more appositely placed beside the figure and majesty of intellect, when girt in the strong armour of truth, than appeared now,—in joint mercy to the poor, supporting one another, though unconsciously to each—the tender female pathos, and the masculine moral energy of those two consistent, though dissenting, lovers of Christian beauty. Francis French, having failed in his own kind endeavours, enlisted, as he thought, in her, an effective advocate. He naturally conjectured, that, from the apparent anxiety of herself, and Mr. Cash, to attain the one object,—the conversion of the peasantry, she would, therefore, be the most likely person to inspire him with *any* sympathy. He, at that period, little knew how wide asunder,—how, differing, as is the purest ether of heaven, from the foulest exhalations of earth, were the influencing motives of each;—how, while he, steeped in the depths of his own natural sordidness, was but solicitous to secure the fat benefices, and preserve the temporal sovereignty of the state creed's shrines; the enthusiast maid,

purely ministering at the altar of intense conviction, rapturously saw the heaven of her own faith, and appreciating its blessings to herself, longed, in the divine charity of her soul, that its moral light, its Christian love and beauty, should be distributed to all.

But her solicitations were equally unavailing with those of the other applicants. Mr. Cash was emotionless to each and all. Neither reason, pity, religion, nor the oft magical tones of friendship, could educe one kindly feeling from his obdurate and unkindred heart.

The day of dispossession came.

The crying wives and children tremulously watched, were Ned the driver and the bailiffs coming. The husbands, afraid of their own feelings, kept despondingly within, or with a laboured, assumed carelessness, looked out but now and then. The restraint, by which these men endeavoured to subdue themselves, gave a cowering and somewhat treacherous expression to their naturally open features. They were too much grieved, not to feel deep sorrow; too much outraged, but to burn with hate, and yet too

obedient to the religious and moral inculcations of their priest and friends, but to struggle to bear up against the one feeling, and to repress the other. This alternation, and mingling of contending emotions, gave, despite some irrepressible evidences of agony, and wild out-breaks of fierce ill-will, the general cast of a sullen, dismal resignation to their various countenances.

But, their dispossessioners were now at hand. Mr. Cash himself, Ned the driver, the sheriff, with his bailiffs, and a strong escort of police, ascended the hill's side. The alarm in an instant spread. A shrill scream, that acutely told the hearts' pangs, broke from the women; and the little children, as they clung to their fathers, wept and sobbed to see their mothers' tears and terror. A crowd of pitying neighbours, of idlers, and others with worse intents, had now assembled; and amid the lamentations of the sufferers, and expressions of solace and of sympathy from the gentle, also arose the ill-suppressed murmurs of rage, and the deeply-muttered tones of malignant curses.

One by one, each cabin was emptied of its

little furniture; the contents rudely scattered on the ground; the family, and other living things, put out; the fire for ever quenched on its humble hearth; and, as the door was locked against re-admission, the wild wails of female agony, the cries of children, and the groans, oaths, and choking emotions of the strong, struggling, but now overcome men,—none of whom, had a roof to cover them,—ascended as a horrid clamour of misery, to their only shelter,—heaven.

During each expulsion, Mr. Cash, sitting on horseback, accompanied the sheriff, and bailiffs, an unaffected, if not a pleased, spectator; and the guard of police, many among whom were by no means so emotionless as the callous wretch they protected, remained in a circle around him. The legal severity was almost completed, and some of the late wretched inmates of each hut were gathering up the miserable articles that once constituted their household comforts, while a still encreasing and excited crowd followed the officers of the law, and the protected tyrant of the poor. There was the cabin of an old bedridden cripple nigh at hand, who was long so weakly

that he had not been out of it now for more than two years, even to go to mass on the former or the latter Christmas-day. There was deep curiosity in a few, but deeper anxiety in more, as to what would be the fate of this poor man. He had been irremediably injured in the spine, and lamed in limb, by a fall from a ladder in the making of a hayrick, while in the employment of Mr. Cash; and this circumstance had been frequently adduced as a reason, that "bad a persecutor as the agent was, there would be a difference made between the treatment to him and that towards the general run, who had no such claim."

This unfortunate man, whose name was Carty, had two sons and two daughters living under the same roof with him, who, though often rejected, when they had supplicated Mr. Cash for pity for their aged and helpless father, still retained hopes, in which they were generally confirmed by the neighbours, that, "bad as he was, no ould master would ever have the heart to turn out upon the road, to perish, the disabled creature that lost his health and the use of his body in labour and misfortune under himself."

One of the sons, too, was married; and it inopportunately happened that his wretched wife was just on the eve of her first lying-in; and, though the husband perceived, from the cruelty exercised to others, that such condition would be no guarantee for mercy, he still composed his fears on her account by the surmise, that, favour being shown to his poor father, the shelter granted to old age could be made available to the protection of the young mother and her infant.

The still-gathering mass of people had now assembled at, and encircled, the cripple's cabin. Some individuals had entered, and more on the outside, and under the very eye of the sheriff and police, had made bold to desire the bailiffs and their master "to go on, and not disturb the poor bed-ridden man."

There was a moment of stillness and death-like silence over the whole assemblage. The two sons, with their hats off, and, as paleness spread over their agitated features, and the two daughters in tears, and equally suppliant, begged mercy for their helpless, their only parent. Every eye was turned on the imploring group,

or watching the features of the agent, in the expectation of one gleam of pity; and had his heart but then yielded to that request, though the fires were quenched on numerous hearths, and the earthly hopes in more souls extinguished, the susceptibilities of the most wronged would have admitted, by their meed of applause, that he was still a man, and have confessed the virtue of tenderness, in even their own oppressor.

But no spark of feeling was kindled in his cold, affectionless heart. In the denial of this clemency he was as repulsive and unmoved as when he rejected any ordinary application; and as the official sheriff, and even hireling bailiffs, reluctantly doing their paid-for duty, entered the cabin, there ran through the disappointed people, that hoarse, dead sound of many various voices, which, as in a rising tumult of nature's elements, usually precedes the first burst of rage in human multitudes. The police, with professional instinct, looked to their muskets' flints, and pans; and the peasantry, with less legal, though almost equally natural promptings, be-

gan to think of protecting the weak, and assailing the tyrant.

They who most laboured for peace were the injured children. "There should be no blood spilt," they said, "on their's, or their poor father's account."

"Boys," said the married son, "if the old man dies from the hardship, let him go at once pure to heaven, without any stain of wickedness on his death's hour; or sorrow, that his children or friends were led astray in the moment of their blood's passion."

"The same was the priest's orders," said the other son, who stood at the threshold, as the furniture was taken out, the fire quenched, and the pig and goat driven into the bawn from their beds in the corner.

The sheriff entered, but shortly after returned, and pleaded for the poor helpless man. The bailiffs stood at the door, and looked compassion; and the surrounding multitude perceiving their heart's inclinings, sent "the good word" from one to another, till even those detested officers of the law, the loathed bailiffs,

grew into regard, and were hailed by the populace as chosen favourites. But still the agent was inexorable. The command, as before, was possession. The crowd pressed nearer to the hut, and the police to Mr. Cash. The bailiffs had re-entered, and the impotent old man, now placed upon a door, and covered with his ragged bedclothes, was borne by his peace-loving sons into the air. A loud and general outcry of "Bring him back, bring him back," burst from the now riotous crowd. The sons requested the people to be quiet, but were answered in terms of reproach, as "dastardly chicken-hearted children;" and the emaciated sufferer himself, turning on his side, endeavoured to articulate the same favour of his friends and neighbours.

But, as his incapable form was seen extended on the door,—a but living anatomy,—and his inconsolable daughters followed, as distracted mourners would the hearse that bears to the grave their heart's affections; and the son's wife, as if tremblingly fearful of the infant life she bore, wailingly clung to her husband, there arose anew a violent obstreperous clamour of

“Shame,” accompanied by gestures of fury, undisguisedly directed towards Mr. Cash;—during which moment, some collectedly cool and daring spirit, seizing the opportunity, hurled a large stone, from among the forest of raised arms, and felled to the earth the detested agent. The peasantry rushed on, as Ned the driver raised his master up, and the police, forming a line in front, presented their loaded muskets to the breasts of the infuriate revenge-desiring multitude. Gesticulations of fierce pleasure made manifest the hearts of many, and exclamations of wild triumph and devilish rage ensavaged the human throng. Another stone, flung from behind, struck the assisting “Ned,” as he supported his now-senseless employer, and both agent and driver fell equally stunned to the earth. The suppressed mutiny of hate and vehemence had broken forth,—and one strong man (a son of Tim Dunne, the grey-headed peasant formerly ejected), now assuming leadership, and gathering up all his energies, as bare-headed and enraged he stood, a living portrait of ferocity, commandingly shouted, “Back to your cabins, men, and

never live to see the day that your people shall die like dogs, as my poor father now does, in a wet ditch.

On the instant, the multitude was at his command, part rushed towards their cabins, part bore down, like a sea's swell, upon the police, and extending their lines beyond its small troop, doubled, and enclosed in a ring, their still insensate victim.

"He never pitied us," was heard, and vociferously reheard, like multitudinous echo.

The police had skilfully wheeled into a small circle, within the compass of the tremendous mob's circuit. The cry of "Give us up Cash!" was answered by the clicking sound of the drawn-back locks, and the mingled threats and entreaties of the trembling, armed men.

"Draw but a trigger, and we'll trample your bones into the earth!" was the returned defiance.

At this instant, John Glennon, Willy Moore, and young Rourke, arrived, and pressed forward with more than imaginable strength. They threw themselves between the police and mob;—they implored, they rebuked, they soothed the crowd by turns. 'Twas to no effect. They

were pressed back on the police; and the muskets, now resting on their shoulders, were levelled for discharge, while the palpitating fingers of those who held them just pressed the triggers, when the cry of "the priest is coming," was loudly shouted. Some still urged onwards,—the greater portion faltered, and fell back, when, fortunately for all, the curate galloped into the midst, and justly careless of whom he rode down, or struck with his thong-whip, wheeled his horse in every direction, till he formed a space between the enraged peasants and Mr. Cash's guards.

He, whom the curate had importuned for mercy to others, was soon sufficiently recovered from terror or insensibility, to perceive he owed, (though he so acknowledged not,) the safety of his life to a hated, despised "Romish priest." Morosely and gloomily the mob dispersed. Mr. Cash was carried home by his escort;—John Glennon, Rourke, and Willy Moore, being desired by the curate to accompany them also, lest the unsatisfied vengeance of the populace might break out afresh.

The bedridden old man was still supported

by his sons, while his daughters and daughter-in-law wept around him. The curate desired them to bring him forward to the village, and that he would ride on, and procure him a lodging.

"No, your reverence," tremulously sobbed the old man; "I will never die out of this townland."

"You will, I trust," said the curate, "for you have no shelter here."

"My father and grandfather lived and died in that poor cabin; and though since 'tis God's will I can't breathe my last in it, too, I won't die far from it, your reverence."

"Bring him on," said the priest to the grieved sons.

"No, my children; no! your reverence, don't go now against my heart's wishes, for they're almost my last on earth; I won't trouble you long, boys; but do your father's bidding *now*, at any rate. You know the ould churchyard is on our 'bit of ground' that was, and that, praise be to God! is still open to the poor. Bring me there, my children."

The daughters and daughter-in-law instinc-

tively shuddered at this boding love for the abode of death.

“Oh! no, father, do as the priest desires you,” sobbed they.

“Don’t oppose your father, and he near his death, my girls. The neighbours and yourselves can build a shed for me, in the old abbey’s blessed walls, and I’ll die there happy.”

Tears filled the curate’s eyes, and weeping and groans overcame the old man’s children.

“I won’t be far from the bones of my people, for they’re buried just outside the walls; and I can be thinking, and praying for them, and making my own poor soul, while I live, and then be buried, without much trouble, my children, in that blessed spot.”

The curate perceiving the strong bent of his declining nature, consented; and as his children, followed by friends, bore him to the ruined abbey’s walls, the curate quickly rode back to the village, to procure some deal poles and straw, for the accommodation of a hut, and some turf, and such other little comforts, as were at all attainable.

In a short time the sympathising neighbours, —some of whom, in their blood's heat, would have cordially despatched the agent, Cash, built up a roomy shed in the nave of the ruin; and there,—far better off than many others, who had but the protection of rotten stubbles and potatoe stalks, laid upon a few supporting branches, across a ditch—the old man shortly afterwards died; and his young daughter-in-law brought into this cruel world her first child of hope, and heir of suffering.

CHAPTER X.

“Within this hive, we’re all alive,
 Good liquor makes us funny;
 If you be dry, step in and try
 The flavour of our honey.”—*Old Song.*

THE night of the day of dispossession was, according to his own account, the last the little tailor would spend in the neighbourhood of the manor; and as he had become, since his first introduction to our readers, at Pady Casey’s, a general favourite with the neighbouring peasants, some of them had arranged to give, on this very night, a decent entertainment, at the sign of the “Sheaf of Wheat,” to the “well-read, bright little creature,” as they called him, “before he set out on his tramp among the master tailors of Munster.” The bacon and eggs screeched in the pan; the white horse was on the potatoes; fresh, overflowing pints of hot beer, with a glass of whiskey in each, smoked

on the table; the tailor guest, and one-legged pensioner, of the former company, were drinking toasts and sentiments, hand to fist; and slashing Pady Glennon, by way of banishing care from his heart, on account of the "poor turned out creatures on the other of the hill," was singing the "Shan a van vucht;" while, a blind piper accompanying him with the sonorous drone of his wind instrument through every verse, they both succeeded in filling the house with noise, if not with harmony.

"If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong."

When this national mode of either exciting the heart's mirth beyond its natural pitch, or banishing its depressions from the world's sorrows, was at its top-height, a low-backed car, unheard by those within, and containing the patriarch himself, and his friend, Johnny Rourke (Willy Moore having just jumped out), stopped on the road, at the gable end of the house, and the following dialogue took place on the instant:—

"I tell you, once for all, Willy Moore," said the patriarch, "not to go into Pady Casey's

this night. You got over enough of drink already, and 't isn't becoming in a young man, that has serious duties on his back, and is honoured and trusted by O'Connell, and the Association, to have as much as the sign of liquor ever upon him."

"Take Mr. Glennon's advice, Willy Moore," says Rourke; "if you promised the company itself, you can easily feign an excuse from all you had to do to-day; and, indeed, I think those singing and shouting there within, might have fixed on a better night for their parting and merriment, than the one that forty-two families, all of them near neighbours too, are without a roof, of their own, to cover them."

"I won't drink a drop more to-night, Mr. Glennon; I will not, Johnny Rourke; but I must go into the company for a start," inarticulately muttered Moore; "I know I took too much in troth already, but then you know, I couldn't well get over it, Mr. Glennon."

"How did Johnny Rourke get over it?" harshly remarked the patriarch; "you shouldn't have taken a drop more than the one glass that

you wanted, and that, signs by it, the curate gave you. I tell you, Willy Moore, and I'll tell the parish too, that you're not fit for your situation,—you're too easily led away by every one that puts their *comether* and praise on your reading, or conversation ;—I don't say but you're honest, and not badly read either, but then you should try and have good sense too. Don't you know that you're bound up, by one of the Association's rules, that you have this very minute in your pocket, '*to promote moral and peaceable conduct*;' and do you think, or did you ever hear off the altar, or read out of a book, that drunkenness was any way moral? Don't you know that it leads to more fights, and sin, and mischief of every kind, than all the other *seven deadlys* put together?"

"You ought to go lecture your own son, Pady, then, Mr. Glennon, that would drink more in a swallow than I would in a night; and not be taking such liberties with one that's neither kith nor kin to you," angrily answered Moore.

"And so I have lectured him, many a sor-

rowful day and night ; but if I can't get good of the foolish boy, that's no reason that you should throw my admonitions to you in my face, Willy Moore," said the patriarch. " If all the parish voted ' my Pady ' to be churchwarden, I'd vote against it, because I know his folly and weakness ; and, if I knew you before as well as I do now, you'd never be joined with me, in keeping peace in the country, and helping on the cause in the right way, and after O'Connell's directions, by petitions, good conduct, and the like."

" The parish thinks as much about me as it does about yourself, and that you'll see before long ; and I can tell you too, that if it was not for the ould priest's interest, you'd never be a churchwarden at all, Mr. Glennon."

" You'll be sorry for this talk when you think of yourself in the morning, Moore," says Johnny Rourke.

" No, I will not, Johnny Rourke ; I have the free voice of the people in my favour, and he's only a mere nominee,—nothing better in the nature of his station, barring that it is the clergyman of our own holy church appoints him, ' than

the fellows that,' as O'Connell himself says, 'are returned by some boroughmonger of a lord for Ould Gatton and rotten Sarum.' "

"Hold your tongue, like a good fellow, Willy Moore, and don't be making a fool of yourself," says Rourke.

"I will not hold my tongue, Rourke, and what are you but *his* understrapper again, great airs as you're taking on yourself to-night."

"Drive on, my spalpeen," says the patriarch to the little boy on the side-lace of the car, "and let him follow his own ways, since he won't take my advice."

"And that is what I'll always follow, Mr. Glennon; neither you, nor any one else shall master me; for, I have a spirit of independence, that would never allow of the like, from any man, if he was as great as 'king George the fourth' is on his throne, aye, or 'O'Connell himself' this blessed minute."

"I only hope, that you'll use your spirit in the right way, Moore," said John Glennon, as the horse being driven on, while rebellious Willy entered Pady Casey's, the fatigued patriarch

shortly afterwards reached home, and Johnny Rourke, having parted from him, quickly repaired to disembarass Kitty Kelly's mind, by shewing her, that, after the harrassing events of the day, he was still safe and sound.

No sooner had Willy Moore made his appearance within, than he was greeted with a general and boisterous welcome from the assembled company. "Make way there," said Pady Glennon, in a tone semi-serious and jocose, "make way there, and first kick the cat and dog off the hearth, that our own churchwarden, Mr. Moore (not one of your 'vestry cess boys,' but 'a raal patriot'), may have (now that my father isn't here), the seat of honour and comfort, hard by the hob, and over forenent the decent couple (God leave them long over both!) that owns the liquor, and the house we love to have mirth in."

"Yes! make way, children," said the host and hostess: "and Mr. Moore, now, that I may say you're in Mr. Glennon's shoes, at least in his seat," said the latter, as Willy half-staggered into the comfortable birth, "give us an account, as the ould man himself, God bless him! would,

of the adventures, both happy and unhappy, as they came afore you, the whole live-long day."

"No man can speak well on any subject, till he has his drink in his reach," says the little tailor.

"True, for you, my friend; 'tis you that can take the right measure of a boy's wants," said Pady Glennon. "Yes, Mrs. Casey, get Willy Moore a share of what's going, and don't let it be a dandy; but, one of the raal ould-fashioned tumblers, that were making and breaking in the war times, before the pinching poverty, or economy as they call it now, of the long peace came into vogue."

"I won't drink a drop more to-night," answered Willy Moore, a sense of his error in coming in at all (now, that he had gratified, what, during his disagreement with Mr. Glennon he imagined independence of spirit, but, which was more truly the diseased obstinacy of an over-excited temperament, that must have satiation, before cure), somewhat breaking on his half-conscious intelligence; "I won't drink a drop more to-night, and 'tis true for your father, Pady, that I took too much; not that I believe I'm one

bit the worse Christian for it, because I don't make a habit of it, like you, you unfortunate fellow, Pady Glennon, that, by your folly often makes your poor father's heart, sick and sorry."

"Arrah, by ging, Willy, but you're a bright preacher; shure 'tis example teaches, so give us another pint, Mrs. Casey, aghra, till I come up to Mr. Moore's sober ways," says Pady Glennon.

"Ah! but then you know, Pady," said Moore, "begging your pardon, company, and saving your presence, Mrs. Casey, for this touch of a hiccup,—och, Lord! but I've a horrible waterflash: I'm terrible bad: I believe I'll take a taste burnt, Mrs. Casey, just to stop it."

"Didn't I tell you no man could speak well on any subject without some drink, be it ever so little?" said the tailor.

"And, in troth, 'tis a just judgment you were stopped in the middle of your discourse, Willy Moore, considering that you were casting discredit on the taking of liquor," said Pady Glennon.

"He won't fault his rations next time, never fear, after that hint from Providence," said the

one-legged pensioner ; “ I know myself never refuses share of what’s going ; and just on this simple consideration, boys, that God only knows when I’d get a like offer ; and so, like an ould soldier, I think it’s good generalship to never miss an opportunity of taking an offered drop, if it was only by the way of strengthening one’s own forces of fun, and routing the common enemy of mankind—bad spirits—out of the heart.”

“ Or putting bad spirits into the stomach,—that’s twenty-times worse, like me to-day,” said Willy Moore ; “ but, boys, I wouldn’t regard a trifle of sickness, or, I believe, God forgive me ! even the sin or disgrace of being ‘ done up,’ once on a turn, or so, if I was only plain Willy Moore, as, till t’other day I was,—and not an elected churchwarden of Ireland.”

“ Bother, man !” says Pady Glennon, “ don’t be making a bocaun of yourself. Is it that a boy should give up his tastes, and bind himself down with a vow against liquor, because he takes on his shoulders the trouble and slavery of an office, for the good of his country ?”

“It would never do,” says the tailor.

“The priest himself wouldn’t require such mortification from any man,” says the one-legged pensioner.

“I’ll be bound,” said Pady Glennon, “those that have noble births of it in the Government itself, and are well paid for their labours into the bargain, don’t limit themselves to a trifle.”

“The best speeches that ever were made in the Irish or English House of Parliament, I can tell you, Mr. Moore,” says the tailor, “were delivered when the orators were all but damaged with wine.”

“And what signifies wine to the virtues of whiskey?” said the one-legged pensioner. “When I was in Spain, at Talavera, Badajoz, and every other bit of an engagement, we could get lashings of port,—aye, pailfulls of it; and now, do you know what?—by Mars, if the Irish had some of their own country’s stuff, we’d have lathered the enemy in half the time.”

“And shure, spaking is much of the nature of fighting: whoever houlds out the longest, and strikes the cleverest, gaining the day in both,

only that the weapons differ a trifle," said Pady Glennon.

"By the beauties of fighting, but there are some tongues, Pady, especially the women's," said the one-legged pensioner; "and I had rather face a seventy-pounder, than the war of one of 'em."

"What's that you say about the women, you one-legged remnant of villainy?" said the bouncing Mrs. Casey.

"Don't you see, now, boys, how the mistress herself, that's, I may say, a mild kind, is opening her shot already on me; and so I had better beat a retreat at once."

"Oh, stop your gab on your betters," continued the hostess.

"The present company is always excepted in every society, you know, Mrs. Casey," said the tailor.

"Troth, and bad as the women are, in the tongue, if your own glibber was taken, you wouldn't be missed out of any decent gathering, you diminutive cratur," answered Mrs. Casey.

"Hadn't I better, genteel company, eh! Mr. Glennon? play you up a good-humoured lively

air to restore yees to yourselves, for, some of you, begging your pardon for the remark, are spaking (I think) somewhat sharp, and out of tune, considering the night that's in it," remarked the heretofore silent blind piper.

"Very timely, by Ging!" said Pady Glennon; "but, hark ye,—no, no, don't play, for Willy Moore's fast asleep, and you'd waken him."

"Right, right, don't disturb the poor fellow," said Casey; "the boy had a hard day of it, trying to keep peace in the country."

"Don't be talking about that business at all, at all, for it sets me mad to think on that Cash, the villain," said Pady Glennon.

"He'll get his reward yet, never fear," bitterly remarked the little tailor.

"None of us begrudges him the crack of a stone he got, at any rate, boys; I wish it was a bomb, for his sake. Och, glory! what smitherreens 'twould make of his carcase," said the one-legged pensioner.

"But, about the merits of drink,—let us stick to that," said Pady Glennon. "Great an ould lecturer as my own father is against liquor,

often and often I heard him (and so did you, Mrs. Casey), tell about the great lawyer, Toby Butler (the man, you know, that when the treaty of Limerick was going to be broke, made the defence for the Catholics),—often I heard my father say, and he had it from an ould friar, that that very Toby Butler, before his good speeches, used always drink lashings of wine.”

“Often I heard the ould man tell the same, indeed,” says Mrs. Casey.

“Aye,” says Pady, “and, how one lawyer, that was against him in a cause, and that knew his ways well, laid a wager with Toby that he’d beat him, if he took no drink before his speech; and Butler was a bright lawyer, you know, and up to every point, and so he struck his hand on the bet; and what did he do, but steep a loaf in two bottles of port, and took it for lunch,—and that was eating, you see,—and so he won the cause and the bet; but we all know now what it was, though it was a secret then to be sure, that brightened his reasoning, and gave him a full flow of speech for the judge and the jury.”

“It is always the case,” says the tailor; “sure,

in later times, there was Sheridan, if, in these obscure country parts, you ever heard of that orator."

"There's impudence, for you! I can tell you, you vain jay, then, that there's no place obscure that ould Mr. Glennon (at least, if the people about him wished to learn,) ever lived but for a month in."

"Oh, I beg pardon, I meant no offence, Mrs. Casey; but was just going to remark, that that illustrious orator, by all accounts, generally got tipsy before he ever attempted to speak, at least on any difficult subject."

"By Gor," says the pensioner, "I heard ould Mr. Glennon himself read from a newspaper, here, at this very fire one night, a story about that head villain, Billy Pitt himself, that also proves the value of drink to a speaker."

"What's that?" said Pady Glennon.

"A Mr. Dundass, I think it was,—I know the name ended in ass, any way,—may be, you recollect, Mrs. Casey, the night I mean."

"I have a glimmering about it, sure enough," said the hostess.

“ Well, this Dundass and Billy Pitt were going into the parliament house, one night, both linked together, to keep one another from tumbling, when Pitt says to t’other, ‘ I see no chair, Dundass, meaning the seat where the chairman, or the speaker, as they call him (although I’m tould, by knowledgable people, that the devil a much he spakes at all). ‘ By G— ! and I see two,’ says the other fellow. Now, there were a nice pair of mimbers of parliament, that couldn’t agree on that much; and, although Pitt, the villain that stole away our parliament, and left Ireland as bare as a plucked cock, was so blind drunk, as that he couldn’t see a chair forenent him, the paper mentioned, that he made the greatest speech, when he got up and balanced himself on his limbs, that ever came out of the mouth of man.”

“ If that be so,” said Pady Glennon, “ all an orator has to do, is to drink enough, and then stand up; and by Gor he’ll spake of himself, without any trouble or study at all.”

“ It’s you that would take the shine in the country, then, Pady,” says Mrs. Casey; “ for

you'd drink more, and stand steadier after the same, than any six men in the townland. But 'tisn't the truth that all the great men and speakers drink; I believe 'tis the other way," continued the hostess, "and it stands to reason, too, that they don't; for I never knew any body to be snug, let alone great, that drank hard in their life-time."

"Och, whisht, Mrs. Casey, honey; the best men in our country were hard drinkers, of either the common run or the quality. There's ould Mr. Pigott, a fine man to this day, that was always a hard goer; and, come now, let you show me one gentleman in the whole country round that was a sober man, and lived any way long," says Pady Glennon. "You're worse than the ould judge that I heard my father tell about,—in troth you're a great deal worse itself, for you're turning against your own honest livelihood, Mrs. Casey. There was an ould judge in this country some time back; and like you now, he used to be always running down drink: and on one trial there was a witness in a murder case brought on the table, a middling healthy

ould man; and after his being cross-shackled about the murder, the judge should go find out by the way what made him look so well, and asked him what he drank, and the witness tould him 'nothing stronger nor water;' and the judge thought he had a mare's nest; and, instead of minding his own business, he began to charge the gentlemen of the jury on the beauty of sobriety, and to show this ould witness as a pattern of the proper course of life, when up comes another evidence, a million times finer man, warm, and comely, and ten years oulder, moreover; and no sooner was he on the table, than the judge said, 'You never drink, either, I'll engage, my honest man.' 'I never go to bed sober; it wouldn't agree with me, plase your lordship,' says the fine warm ould man; and so all the judge's lectures against drinking went for nothing,—like your's, Mrs. Casey."

"Oh, but I can give one proof on my side that's worth all you're saying to-night; a man that's greater than all your great men put together, and that put over him more labour, and study, and speech, as the priest at the last sta-

tion, in this very room, said, than any other man in the world, barring St. Augustin; and the priest, moreover, said that he heard Dr. Doyle, who well knows the differ between men, mention the same, and that is no less than our own O'Connell, who never takes more nor three or four glasses of wine, on any day of his life."

"Why, woman," says the pensioner, "if O'Connell took drink, he'd carry the world before him, let alone emancipation."

"To be sure," said Pady Glennon.

"Or if even it wasn't the case with him, you know, Mrs. Casey, there's no general rule, as I remarked before, without an exception," says the little tailor.

"Besides, I'll agree so far with Mrs. Casey as this, that there's no use in drink if a man doesn't want it," says Pady Glennon; "and I'm tould that O'Connell has as much natural spirits and merriment in himself, as there would be in a hogshead of liquor; and where's then his use in taking a drop?"

"Aye, and it would be the same way with us all, Irish, if ye only gave yourselves the good

habits at first, for it's too full of fun the most of you are," said Mrs. Casey.

"But, shure, 'twould be only like bringing water to a well, for O'Connell to be taking rousers, and he rousing the whole country, morning, noon, and night, himself," said the one-legged pensioner.

"That's a fair and impartial view of the matter, 'pon my honour," said the little tailor.

"And all the priest tells you about drink, isn't gospel, either ; for, listen to the ould song's sentiments, Mrs. Casey," said Pady Glennon ; and with that he lustily sung forth the following verses of an old convivial song :—

"Come, let us drink my boys,
And drive away all sorrow,
Come, let us drink my boys,
And drive away all sorrow ;
For, perhaps, we may not,
For, perhaps, we may not,
For, perhaps, we may not
Meet again to-morrow.

Come, let us, &c.

"Wine cures the gout, the cholic,
And the phthisick ;
Wine cures the gout, the cholic,
And the phthisick ;
And it is for all men,
And it is for all men,

And it is for all men
 The very best of physic:
 Come, let us, &c.

"He who drinks,
 And goes to bed sober,
 He who drinks,
 And goes to bed sober,
 Fades as the leaves do,
 Fades as the leaves do,
 Fades as the leaves do,
 And dies in October.
 Come, let us, &c.

"But he who drinks,
 And goes to bed mellow,
 But he who drinks,
 And goes to bed mellow,
 Lives as he ought to do,
 Lives as he ought to do,
 Lives as he ought to do,
 And dies an honest fellow.
 Come, let us, &c."

Pady concluded, with the applause of the company.

"But, whisht, boys, do you hear any one crying outside?" suddenly remarked Casey.

"I think there is some one, sure enough," says Pady Glennon.

"God look down on us, but I'll be bound 'tis some of the poor, turned-out creatures that's looking for a night's lodging," says the hostess.

"'Tis a child's cry, at any rate;—boys, let

one of you open the door, and see—or, stay, I'll do it myself," said Pady Glennon, rising, and advancing to unbolt the door.

Pady Glennon's conjectures were found to be correct. The night-wind mournfully whistled along the channel of the valley; there was no moon, the star-light was dim, and the figure of a weeping girl, about fourteen years of age, who stood shivering outside, was scarcely perceptible.

"Who's there?" said Pady.

"Oh, 'tis I, sir, my name is Nancy Brennan; I picked stones off the little meadow for you, last year, Mr. Casey. I was trying to get in, sir, to ask some of you for God's sake"—

"Come in, my child, give me your hand."

"No, no, sir; my mother fell in a dike there below; and oh! will you come, Mr. Casey, or send some of the boys to help her out?" said the girl, still mistaking Pady Glennon for the master of the house.

"I will, you creature; but come in first, till I get my hat."

"Yes, sir. We were trying to get across from the hill's side, sir, to ould Mr. Glennon's,

to beg a night's lodging from *him, that* we knew wouldn't refuse a poor creature; and my mother, she's a poor widow woman, sir, had the youngest of us in the blanket, on her back, and I was leading my two sisters, sir; but it was so dark, we missed our way; and as we were scrambling up a big fence, sir, my mother fell back, and oh! I thought the little child was killed; but, thank God! 'tisn't hurt, sir; but my mother is so sorry and weak from her troubles,—for we, too, lost our poor little place, sir,—that she couldn't stir a foot out of the spot, but gave up, and began to cry and moan, as if we were all dead and gone, sir.”

“God help you,” says the hostess, as the naturally pretty young girl now stood upon the centre of the floor, a too-faithful picture of poverty and sorrow. Her scantily-covered person shivered with the cold: she had no shoes for her feet, nor covering for her head; her youthful limbs were unprotected, but by an old, worn-out petticoat; and the bosom, wherein yet lived, and might be nurtured to perfection, the soft virtues of her kind, and the little arms,

that would with gladness prematurely work in daily toil for self and others, were almost naked to the world.

"Come near the fire, my poor child, till Mr. Glennon's ready," said Mrs. Casey; but her teeth chattered, and her eyes refilled with tears, as she answered, "No, thank you, ma'am, not till I get my mother."

"Take this drop of hot beer," said Pady Casey, himself putting the glass to her lips, "it 'll stop the trembling on you."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Casey; I thought it was to yourself I was speaking at the door, sir,—God bless you, sir! But won't you let me fetch my mother and the children, sir, to give themselves a heat at the fire?"

"In troth, I will; you were always a good child, alanna."

"God reward you, sir!" and joy at the prospect of her mother's and the children's comfort, sparkled like a brilliant, amid the young girl's tears, as she left the house, to direct and assist the good-natured Pady Glennon.

"God look down upon the poor turned out

creatures this night ; and sure this poor mother and her children are only a trifle of them," said Mrs. Casey.

"What will they do at all at all?" said her husband, "it's hard for them, to bear their misery, sure enough, and stay any way peaceable or well-regulated in the country."

"There were fellow-creatures beyond the means of support on the likes of us, before these poor outcasts, Pady ; and sure we can't see them die with the starvation at any rate," continued the hostess.

"Och ! blood and ouns ! I wish the devil would take Cash to himself, and not be bothering the neighbourhood with him any longer ; one can't as much as take a glass in comfort on his account," said the one-legged pensioner.

"And 'tis he would be in the red-hot flames of hell this night, if the stone took proper effect on his skull to-day," malignantly uttered the little tailor.

"God, between us and harm ! and don't be mentioning the devil's name under this roof, if you please," said Mrs. Casey, crossing herself.

“’Tisn’t talking about the devil, you ought to be, sure enough,” said the tailor, “but alive, and ready in yourselves. I’m as glad as a ten pound note in my hand this minute, that, I’m going out of the place at once, for I know I could never stand it much longer ; and what vexes a person, more and more, is to hear Mr. Glennon, and such people, talking about O’Connell and the Association, and all they’re doing for the poor, and putting a damper upon every one, that speaks out like a man, against the tyranny of such fellows as Cash, and hints at the way to treat villains like him in the country.”

“Why, what would you have the people to do?” said Mrs. Casey.

“There’s no use in telling a woman a secret ; but, thank God ! I’m going out of this, and, may be, ’tis better for myself too, not that I’d be one bit afraid, if others thought with me ; but, I see plainly, that down in this country, not like in the south, there isn’t as much courage in six full grown men, as there would be in one Munster infant.”

“Arrah, well said, Goliath ! why man, a half-

year old infant is well nigh as large as yourself; but, to tell the truth, I never saw one of your kind that couldn't speak big at all events," responded Mrs. Casey.

"The speaking is all on your own side of the question man, if you please. Let me see, will Mr. Glennon, and those that give you chapter and verse from the Association to keep quiet, get O'Connell and the Association to grant any thing, to keep a bit in the poor creatures' mouths that are turned out on the road-side?"

"Aye! by ging, there's something in that," says the one-legged pensioner; "if the poor don't get something now, after all their meetings and speeches, they ought to rise up at once, and take the matter into their own hands."

"They oughtn't and won't then, either," says Mrs. Casey: "how fond of a scrimmage you'd both be. I wonder, Mr. Pensioner, how you'd look, if any one whipped your wooden prop from under your ould stump of a body, and left you on the broad of your back? I wonder would 'you rise at once and take the matter into your own hands,' then, or would you leave all the work to

Sampson there; but, you may hold your gab, both of ye, for the people know their best friends, and will take their advice too."

"Oh! go on, Mrs. Casey," says the pensioner.

"Yes! I will then; there is the curate of our parish; and is there a better, or activer man, to befriend the poor in every way? and does he ever let slip Sunday or holiday, that he doesn't preach up the peace to the congregation? and bind them all to make a vow like, that, no matter what bad men like Mr. Cash may do, they won't be driven to sin; to lose their eternal souls, and set blood, and hanging, and transporting agoing in the country."

"Set blood agoing is it? Mrs. Casey. No, but put a clean stop to that same; for, don't you know very well, that, if you lie down for a bitter enemy, that he'll leave you as naked as the day you came into the world? I know that's what I always saw in the wars; and then, if the poor lie down for every villain to trample and plunder them, when they're left nothing, like those creatures on the hill's side, that have neither house, nor home, this night, mustn't they go rob, or

murder, and spill blood in either course; whereas, if they rise at once, and make a feast, as they ought, of the worst of their tyrants, never fear but they'll soon put an end to the persecutions."

"Just so," said the tailor, "and if they were afraid to attack the great fellows, that have their houses well-guarded, and the police on the watch, surely they can take revenge on the scoundrels among their own sort, that take their 'bits of land;' and if they once put the fear of God in these rascals' hearts, they may rest content, that, if the landlord was ever so cruel, when every one will be afraid to bid for the holdings, they themselves may lie down, and rise, to the day of their death, sure of their little cabins."

"Oh! glory, I wish I had the drilling of a company of clean, tight, young fellows," said the pensioner bombastically; "and I'll be bound but I'd make them more than a match for double their force of yeomen or police, after four moonlight nights' teaching."

"There is no use in such talk, and I hope you won't be using it here, any more, if you please," said Pady Casey.

"I know, if ever I hear the likes again under my roof, from either the one or the other of 'em, 'tis very little footing they'll ever get here again," said the more dominant hostess.

"Hush, now, honey, at any rate," said Pady, "for I hear some feet coming, and let all of you sit back a taste, till I make room at the fire for the poor woman, and her children; that while ye are choakful of eating and drinking, are both wet and hungry."

"Aye! and that, in their misery, haven't half as many bad thoughts rising up in them all, as you'd find in one corner of that little wasp's heart there, or that propped up ould sinner's; that, if he had as much sense as the peacock, and would only look down at himself, wouldn't be dying with pride, at what a great drill-master he is, over a pot of hot beer, and by the side of a warm hob; when he ought to be thankful to God, how much better off than he deserves the likes of him is."

The door was on the instant unlatched, from the outside, and rudely pushed in; and before the host and hostess could well turn round to

welcome, as they thought, the poor widow and their children, a body of police stood grouped about the drinking table, their fire-arms, locks, and barrels, gleaming in the fire's blaze, as the ostentatious peace-preservers simultaneously struck against the earthen floor the brass-covered ends of their musquets' and carbines' stocks; and sent the din of war through the humble mansion of the peaceful host and hostess. Willy Moore, disturbed by the sudden clash, from his sleep, started to his feet, and, perfectly unconscious of the locality of the scene, vacantly stared at the police. Shadowy remembrances of the events of the day, however, came rapidly before his mind, and imagining himself as still a mediator between the enraged peasantry, of the hill's side, and the police guardians of Mr. Cash, he stepped, or rather staggered forward, and extending his interposing arms, begged of the police "not to fire," and of Pady Casey, his wife, and the remaining company, "for the sake of peace, and in honour to O'Connell, the priest, and the Association, to at once disperse."

The peaceful couple's queries, as to the busi-

ness of the police in their house, at that hour of the night, he mistook as deadly denunciations of popular vengeance; and the interchanged glances of the constabulary, as not perceiving whom they sought in the company, they communed with each other by expressive signs, he read as the gathered resolve and signal of the party to fire. With his two arms, then stretched to their full length, in opposite directions, one hand on Mrs. Casey's bosom, keeping back, as he fancied, some frantic mother, enraged for her poor children's sake, and the other against the serjeant's chest,—and, with his face alternately turned towards the imagined combatants, pleading the cause of peace and humanity, Willy Moore officially stood, as the door was reopened, and Pady Glennon entered, supporting a pale, faint-looking woman, after whom followed two little girls, and Nancy, the eldest, carrying, in a blanket on her back, as her mother had lately done, a delicate and almost naked infant.

Two of the police instantly bounded, and seized on Pady Glennon; and the weak widow

woman, frightened from the sudden shock, screamed, and clung to him. The children cried piercingly, and the kitchen, that, but while ago was the scene of revel, was now filled with most bitter wailing. In the excitement of the minute, Pady Glennon lost his habitual good temper and presence of mind, and under the momentary swell of rage, disengaging himself, by one muscular exertion, from the joint-gripe of the police, impetuously heaved them from him, against Mrs. Casey's inopportunately situated dresser of prized delf. The vessels of her domestic gods were shivered to pieces, and as she heard the crash, and ran to protect a still unshattered dish, large enough to serve up the finest pig's face, which, during her excellent housewifery, she had ever saved; every feeling of pity for the widow, and fear of the dreaded fire-arms, gave way to the valorous love of her little property.

“This is what comes of a scrimmage, you one-legged villain, and fairy imp of hell; I couldn't have better luck, and to let such company under my roof.”

The sergeant of the party had advanced with his bayonet drawn against Pady Glennon, and Willy Moore still interposing, endeavoured to mediate peace, when two others of the constabulary, withdrawing him from his official position, quietly, but jestingly, united his pleading arms with a pair of handcuffs. The churchwarden was astounded at the sudden change in his powers, and *then* looked and spoke *now* unutterable things.

The whole party of police had however pressed upon Pady Glennon, who, with his back against the wall, parried their advances by a spade which he seized from its stand in the corner. Pady Casey interposed, begging quietness in his house, "which was never disorderly," and that "Glennon would give himself up to the law." The widow's little girl, Nancy, crept among the policemen into the narrow space between the hostile parties, and piteously entreated mercy for "the good man that saved her mother." The little tailor kept adroitly out of danger, but, running round the group, kept up the hubbub, by turns abusing each policeman, and

threatening in due season most dire vengeance on them all. The pensioner looked on, or rather espied how best he could get off; and the blind piper listened for the exact locality of the row, that he might reason with himself what spot would be most preservative of his all-supporting bagpipes.

Pady Glennon had gained time for reflection, and now capitulated to yield, if they'd but take him quietly, and tell what charge they had against him.

“A warrant,” was the curt answer of one.

“How innocent you are now,—though, you treacherous dog, you could well nigh kill Mr. Cash to-day with the crack of a paving stone!” said another.

“It’s a damned lie,” said Pady Glennon; “I wasn’t there at all.”

“There, or not there, ’tis sworn against you,” answered a third.

“We have a warrant against your body, and if you don’t yield this minute,” said the serjeant, “I’ll drive six inches of this bayonet into your damned entrails.”

Quicker than thought, Glennon struck senseless the arm of the threatener, with the flat of the spade, and then desperately winding round the crescent, which the police formed about him, the same dangerous implement, the constabulary fell back, and simultaneously levelled their muskets on him. The little tailor loudly damned and threatened, — Pady Casey and his wife begged that blood might not be spilled upon their floor;—the widow and her children placed their wretched persons before the fire-arms, and Nancy, the eldest, turned aside the musket that she thought covered her mother's preserver with the most deadly aim;—while Willy Moore, still alive to his duty, held the menace of "O'Connell and the Association over the first man that dare pull a trigger."

"For the sake of the house I'm in, and lest the blood of the innocent might be shed on my account, though I'm wronged itself, I'll yield myself up to you, you cowardly rascals," said Glennon, throwing the spade upon the floor, and stretching forth his arms for the handcuffs, as he walked up to the police; while the agitated

muscles of his boldly masculine face, and the repressed, but starting tears of indignation, manifested the deep effort it cost him to surmount the fierce sway of his feelings.

He was hand-cuffed on the instant; and the little tailor, as if ambitious of the same bonds, scowled at, and vituperated the police, till attaining the martyrdom he coveted, he was marched off, with the churchwarden and slashing Pady;—the drill-master and piper being left behind,—the former of whom, in answer to Mrs. Casey's rebuke on his cowardice in danger, and his prate when there was none, as, with his wooden leg, he made his best way towards the door, remarked—"that, though true to what he said all night, on the proper occasion, he had no notion of risking his reputation, as a soldier, by joining raw, unarmed recruits, such as Pady Glennon and the tailor *yet* were, against, at least (to some extent), regularly disciplined, and fully-accoutred men."

CHAPTER XI.

— “Nocet empta dolore voluptas.”—*Horace.*

“A night’s delight oft brings a bitter morrow.”

New Paraphrase.

ON the morning after the affray at the “Sheaf of Wheat,” the magistrates got early information of the arrest of Moore and Glennon; and Mr. Cash, being not merely unable, but also indisposed, to be the committing magistrate in this instance, requested the parson, and another neighbouring *confrère*, to do the requisite.

The little tailor was discharged in an instant; the sergeant telling “their worships” that “it was not worth while to keep the wasp;” and that, moreover, “he had attempted no harm—quite unlike the two others,—against one of whom,—Pady Glennon, he had, as their worships knew, information of his being the very man that

flung the stone at Mr. Cash; and who," he supposed "from being conscious of his guilt, made desperate resistance, and committed several assaults on him and party, when engaged as officers of the law in the execution of their duty; in which he was aided and abetted by Moore, the churchwarden, as they call him, that, as their worships must have heard, was pretending to make peace. when Mr. Cash was struck; but against whom, also, they had very strong grounds of suspicion."

Many were the protestations by Moore and Glennon of their innocence of the charges made against them, and bitter was then Willy's consciousness of his folly in disobeying Mr. Glennon's advice; but more bitter still, when he saw that, all churchwarden as he was, he was to be exposed, and sent handcuffed to the county gaol,—the serjeant now dangling the iron bracelets in his hands, while the magistrates were signing the committals.

Some of their friends had already come in, and tendered bail; but it was refused by their worships for Moore, "until, at least, evidence

could satisfy them, that what the police reported was untrue; while, as to Pady Glennon, his was a case for the King's Bench, and not for them, or any other magistrates." A messenger was despatched for Pady Casey, his wife, or the old pensioner, to come in and bear testimony; but before the message could be delivered, the churchwarden and slashing Pady, handcuffed together, were on their way to the county gaol.

Nothing could have possibly pressed with deeper annoyance on John Glennon than the arrest in the public-house of his slashing son Pady, and the disgrace which the Catholic cause had suffered in the person of Willy Moore, who had violated his rules of conduct as churchwarden,—had proved himself obstinate and wrongheaded,—and above all, exposed his office, and the parish that elected him, to the ridicule and contempt of the Orange Peelers and magistrates. When the report of the circumstance reached him, on the morning after its occurrence, he ruminated, so well as his agitation would admit, on what course he himself should adopt, in respect both to his son and his brother

official, being altogether careless of the little tailor; but, before he had arranged in his mind what he would do about Pady, he sat down, and committed to paper, in a letter to the esteemed Secretary* of the Association, the truth as regarded Willy Moore. "First,—His alliance with him in the critical duty of preserving the peace on the day of dispossession; secondly,—his drinking more on that evening than he should have done, in propriety, on any day; thirdly,—his entering, in that state, a public-house, when he, his elder, and betters in every sense, advised him not; fourthly,—his being arrested therein by the rejoiced police, greatly to the discredit of the boy himself, his own mortification, as colleague with a drunken man, and injury of the glorious, religious, and moral Catholic cause; and concluded, by requesting a speedy answer, and advice as to what the vestry should do in this unpleasant matter."

He indeed mentioned, in a kind of postscript, that, "a wild, harum-scarum son of his own had been also arrested, but, as he was in no manner

* Edward Dwyer, Esq.

connected with public affairs, and therefore, could not bring any shame on the country's cause, he was in a manner not fretted about it, as perchance the disgrace of such an occurrence might cure the boy, now that his own paternal admonitions had long since failed; that, therefore, he would leave him to the due course of the law; but that, if he found the Orange magistrates, on account of the young man being a son of his, took illegal liberties, he would communicate with them on the subject, and be even proud of the occurrence (grieved as he was about the ill-habits of his child), if it might be the means of teaching the sassenach shoneens of the country, the law and the prophets from under the hands of the great O'Connell, and the Catholic Association for *all* Ireland."

In a few days after this occurrence, John Glennon received a letter from the Association, the contents of which raised that body (if such were possible), still higher than ever in his estimation. There was an addition to the letter also, and written by no less a character than the

all-fame-absorbing Dan himself, which increased to the tip-top pitch of veneration, the patriarch's reverence for the document. Indeed, we make bold to aver, that Mr. Glennon, if alive, still possesses the prize; or, if departed from this vain, sublunary state, did, when making his last will and testament, think he left no bequest from among his worldly goods and chattels, equal in worth to the Catholic Association's communication, and O'Connell's condescending postscript to his official self.

The letter certainly deserved the patriarch's commendations, for it very perspicuously set forth the criminality of drunkenness, and the complete unfitness of any man, who indulged therein, for transacting serious business,—but especially, such political duties as the office of churchwarden, in the present critical state of the peasantry's feelings, daily required. It accordingly advised the selection of a different person, from Willy Moore, to fill the responsible station. O'Connell's adjunct thereto coincided in this course, and after pithily denouncing the charac-

ter of a drunkard, thus, in the following religious, moral, and political olio of an advice, concluded :

“ Let me strongly advise you, to inculcate on all your neighbours and our friends, to be regular and constant in their various duties. Consider no man as worthy of being called a ‘ friend and brother,’ but one who is observant of the rules and practices of his religion,—who is honest, conscientious, and moral in his conduct,—who is, according to his relations of life, a good son to his parents, a good brother to his sisters, a loving and kind husband to his wife, and a tender and careful father to his children. We disclaim the assistance of the idle, the profligate, and the vicious. Religious and moral men are those alone who can regenerate Ireland, and I am sure there are, amongst your neighbours, *many, many, very many* such friends to liberty and old Ireland. The greatest enemy we can have is the man who commits any crime against his fellow-man, or any offence in the sight of his God. The greatest enemy of the liberty of Ireland is the man who violates the law in any

respect, or breaks the peace, or commits any outrage whatsoever.

“Believe me to be yours, and every good Irishman’s devoted friend,

“DANIEL O’CONNELL.

“Of the order of Liberators.”

As Willy Moore was still in gaol, when the patriarch received the above, delicacy of feeling induced the latter to withhold from the public vestry its contents. Having then accurately enquired into the particulars of the affray, at the “Sheaf of Wheat,” and got reduced to order by an attorney the several testimony of Pady Casey, his wife, the widow woman, her eldest girl, and the one-legged pensioner; he threatened, through the same devil’s limb of the law, the King’s Bench, and the more terrible Association, on the magistrates, unless they took instant bail for the prisoners. The attorney, having first procured a copy of the committal, discovered, not indeed to his surprise, being pretty conversant with police and magisterial delinquencies, that there was not one word about Pady Glennon having

struck Mr. Cash with a stone ; the whole charge being simply “an assault on the police, *when engaged in the execution of their duty.*”

While many were the delays to the liberation of Glennon and Moore, the former took the cause of his imprisonment pretty quietly—his annoyance arising altogether from the protracted confinement, and his one and only desire being to get out of gaol ; and that, no matter how, provided the mode were a quick one. But Willy Moore’s vexation and grief were more comprehensive by far. He mourned the whole transaction, from beginning to end ; but, his political slip, and still more its unfortunate publicity, especially affected him with some sorrow, like that of a real penitent. Not merely once or twice, but even very frequently, was he heard to say, in his dolorous musings on the “unforward event,” that, — “burn him ! but he’d sooner be dead all at once, than be after disgracing his office as he did, and besides have to go before, may be, a judge !—a barrister at any rate, with a bench of magistrates at his back,

and in the face, too, of a court full of men, to a second time shame himself and the country."

So sorely did poor Willy take his mishap to heart, that the patriarch, Johnny Rourke, and other friends, began seriously to think, that he wouldn't appear for his trial, if they released him by bail. However, they determined, at all risk, to liberate him at any rate; and so went forward to the magistrates to tender the sureties. Fortunately for John Glennon and Johnny Rourke, "their worships" wouldn't accept of them as bail for both prisoners. Neither would they receive a brother of Moore's, as it was the prisoner himself supported him; or at least owned whatever property there was in the house and lands where they lived. Others were then sent for to come in — the owner of the "Sheaf of Wheat" among the rest: but Pady Casey was afraid, lest, if he offered himself as bail in this matter, the license might be taken from him, through spite, at the next Quarter Sessions. The apology was deemed sufficient by the patriarch, and Pady Casey

staid back. The magistrates soon discovered, that of the remaining, some were too poor, others they didn't know at all; and so on, till they incapacitated for bail every one of the batch. All this happened in the petty sessions court, while the attorney employed by the patriarch, was, as a matter of course, insisting that the magistrates should, at once, exactly do, what the magistrates themselves as lustily insisted that they would not. Three or four times they were *going to commit* the "Devil's limb of the law," and three or four times he had them *all but* before the Court of King's Bench. Between them they made a hash of poor justice, at any rate; and Willy Moore, if he knew but all, had a bluer look-out than ever of the prospect of liberty.

It was getting late, moreover, and their worships threatened to adjourn the court: "God only knew," as John Glennon said, "when the two committing magistrates would be caught together again, to take bail; and as one of them wouldn't act without the other, and the other would be *out of the way*, if they couldn't get

Willy free then, he might as well stay in until trial. The attorney, however, after some additional battling, gave up "splitting the ears of the groundlings," with his fulminations against the bench; and their worships, getting cool, too, and coming somewhat to themselves, manifested some show of capitulating a little.

"Mr. Neddy Rourke, of the village, was a good mark, at all events, for any amount," said the patriarch to the bench, and his friends; "and if their worships consented, he'd go for him to bail out Willy Moore."

This suggestion was assented to by all; the more numerous auditors, however, very much doubting would the patriarch succeed; but, as Neddy's character was well understood by John Glennon and the deliberating group interested in the matter, it was thought advisable to at once make such a collection among themselves, as might induce the village usurer to run the risk of going bail. A shilling a-piece, or the like, soon made up a decent amount; and Neddy, (who always liked to seize the ready penny, come how it may, and had no conception in life of

Willy Moore's sensitive delicacy about the shame of such a trifle as had happened to him, or that he would be, possibly, a defaulter at the proper time for appearance). for the ready-profit consideration, procured, through his influence, a fellow-bailman, and presented himself and his co-surety before the bench, as pledges for the due appearance of Willy Moore.

The prisoners were accordingly bailed out, and bound to stand their trial at the coming Summer assizes, from which (as it afterwards occurred, and as the magistrates well knew would be the case) they were handed over by the going judge to the quarter-sessions.

In a few days after their deliberation, however, the patriarch brought before the consideration of the vestry, the subject of Willy Moore's deprivation of office.

"Although it went to their hearts," as they said themselves, "to cast any kind of dishonour on Willy Moore, with their knowledge of all his patriotic and other good qualities; and, on account of the one only little weakness he had, still they agreed it was but right to obey the

Association and O'Connell; and, indeed, sound sense in itself too, to choose the steadiest man possible for the situation."

Willy Moore candidly acknowledged his error; and to save the vestry the disagreeable necessity of removing him from office, opportunely, and, at the suggestion of some friend acquainted with the proper forms of public business, *requested leave to resign*. His tender was accordingly accepted; and Johnny Rourke, who acted but as *sub* to John Glennon before, was now chosen his co-equal and colleague.

CHAPTER XII.

"An old worshipful gentleman, that had a great estate,
And kept a brave old house at a hospitable rate."—*Old Song.*

"She was the contrast to Papa,
And far excelled even good Mamma,
In godliness and christian love,
And all the graces from above,
Yea! strange to say, though modern Saint,
She yet made piety—no feint."—*New Ballad.*

"The murderer is abroad."

MR. CASH was, in a short time, sufficiently recovered from the ill effects of his wound, to resume his habitual course of noxious activity. Indeed, had the opinions of the neighbourhood—at least, when in not an over-religious mood,—been accurately tested, we have no doubt, that a somewhat longer and severer state of suffering, would have been their estimate of what retribution more suitably accorded with his deserts. He took early opportunity, however, to preside in the magisterial court of his district; and, as if by the way of avenging himself, to inflict on

every inconsiderateness, or faulty lapse of the peasantry, those discretionary extremes of punishment awarded to his office, and which, in propriety, should never be meted out, but to malignity of crime, or inveterate perverseness to social order. The fines on the cabin-keepers (who, in Ireland, have generally no back-yard, or sty) for the escape of their little pigs into the village street, or on the public road, were often higher than was the market value of the animals themselves. The penalties for burning a rood of ground, to grow early cabbages, or such little sources of profit, were recorded to the utmost extent of their disproportionate oppressiveness ; and, indeed, judgment given, in each and every case affecting the poor, with a far more scrupulous respect for the “*summum jus*,” than with any the slightest regard to mitigate its “*summa injuria*.”

Though Mr. Cash was, at all times possible to him, an illustration of that injurious policy in governments, which, while their aim should ever be the protection and improvement of the people, too often distributes so material a portion

of the executive, and reflection of the royal power, as the magistracy, to individuals malignantly disposed towards the great body of their fellow-subjects,—and thus, in a manner, impersonates to them, the law as a scourge, and its pale as a despotism,—yet, his dreaded Honour never, at any past period, presented in himself such an indisputable proof and picture, as on this occasion, of the lamentable social truth springing from the false policy alluded to, and ever unfortunately existent in Ireland,—“that one of the most rancorous foes to the peace and good loyal sentiment of the country, has generally been the dispensing magistrate of its very laws.”

The occasion on which this parish potentate, and his brother on the bench, the Rev. Mr. Cantall, in their joint persons, then represented to the peasantry the happy intimacy of Church and State, chanced to be the very last hunting day of the season. Their lay and clerical honours had nearly concluded the magisterial malignities of their petty session, when Squire Pigott, who, as he said himself, “never attended to

punish rogues in a court, while he could hunt out their brother foxes from an earth," rode up in his hunting habiliments, his bridle decked with the trophy of the brush; and lustily called out to some policemen, who stood sentinels at the door of this Irish temple of justice, to know "why the devil were his brother magistrates worrying the people so long? and to go tell them from him, that unless they drew off from that wrong scent at once, they'd hardly rout out any eatable game from under his covers to-day." With such announcement to his guests for the evening, that the dinner hour was nigh at hand, the old squire cheerfully trotted towards home, and, in some short time, the *confrères*, Messrs. Cash and Cantall, followed him.

The party were seated round the dinner-table, —the old squire at the head, with his good-natured lady at one side, and more spiritually benevolent daughter on the other; while his nephew, Francis French, did the duties of hospitality at the foot, and the intervals on each side were filled up with some brother sportsmen, and officers from the next military station, in

addition to Mr. Cash, the parson, and the county inspector of police.

The palace was not more to be contrasted with the hut in Ireland, than in old times were the expensive tables of the gentry, in comparison to the wretched fare of the general peasantry; and, as Squire Pigott was a survivor and representative of the good old days of "proper eating and drinking," his excellent meats, and variety of wines, ever illustrated the love of plenty, and gay cheer of his truly Irish disposition. Were it not, indeed, that the sectarian and political bitterness of the party, with whom he ever lived, had necessarily tinged his opinions, and thereby, more or less, estranged him from the humbler classes of his countrymen, never did there breathe a more faithful picture of that happy existence in social life, "the fine old country gentleman," than would have been the naturally good-hearted, bounteous Squire Pigott.

After some general topics, the conversation reverted to that subject, which had already been the cause of the company's polite gratulations to Mr. Cash; at least so far as it was connected with his recent escape and full recovery.

“The people of the country are greatly altered at any rate,” said the old squire, “for except to myself, and a few of ‘*their own sort*,’ the footmen at the hunt didn’t pay the least respect to any red coat to-day.”

“I don’t wonder at it,” said parson Cantall, “for they’re so incited to wickedness, by their priests and O’Connell, that they’d think nothing of murdering any gentleman (see for instance their conduct towards Mr. Cash), that differ from their brutal leaders, in their views of papistry and rebellion.”

“That’s bad enough to be sure,” said the squire, “but that agitating work was going on these five years, and I never saw any symptoms of bad feeling at a hunt, till to-day; and to tell the truth, I don’t think that great a devil as O’Connell is, he ever put the peasantry up to that mischief; for I hear that both himself and all his family are right good sportsmen, and any man that is,—I don’t care a damn what his politics are,—but I know from myself, that he couldn’t have the heart to interfere with the beauty of the field’s diversions.”

“Besides, if I am informed correctly,” says

Francis French, "it was the Roman Catholic curate of the parish, who, instead of instigating to murder, actually saved Mr. Cash."

"So, I also heard, indeed, from several," said one of the officers, an English gentleman of middle age, who sat next to Mrs. Pigott; "and from what I have seen of Ireland, now that I have been stationed in different provinces, during these three years past, I certainly must give it as my opinion, that the priests do more to preserve the peace of this country, in which they have such especial influence, than either the army or police."

A smile of surprise, or rather derision, at such a sentiment, passed over the faces of his younger brother officers, and the majority of the company.

"In truth you do!" sneeringly remarked Mr. Cash. "You must have enquired to very little purpose then, sir; for almost every gentleman in the country will materially differ from you on that subject."

"I have not enquired for any particular purpose, sir; my prepossessions were always, from boyhood, and from education, directly at variance

with good opinions of the Roman Catholic priesthood of any country, and in respect to doctrinal matters remain so ; but, I feel it to be the duty of every gentleman, especially one like myself, who has been imbued with a false estimate of their character, in even a social point of view, to undo in that respect, as much as possible, the impressions on others, which experience, despite my own bias, has proved to me were erroneous."

"Yes ! if you think so, you do right, for that's honest," said the squire ; "and come, allow me the pleasure of a glass of wine with you, for the sentiment, my friend."

"With pleasure, Mr. Pigott."

"Now, captain, I never knew a good soldier, no more than a true sportsman, that wasn't fond of fair play. We have none of the little ways about us, captain, that other professions have. Sure ! I'd even give a fox law any day, and you'd give an enemy quarter ; and then, why the deuce should we treat Reynard, or a Frenchman, or Turk, better than we would a poor Irish priest ? But, as to the bad blood in the country, which I said I perceived to-day at the hunt, it

all sprung from Mr. Cash's turning out those poor creatures the other day. That's just the short and the long of it, and has no more to do with O'Connell or the priests, than it has with the Mahometan government or the king of the Cannibal islands. But now, captain, in respect to those priests generally, I fully agree with you, as to their usefulness in keeping this country quiet; and to prove the same by example, we have one in this parish now fifty-three years; and sure, if there be any thing essentially bad in the order, it ought to have come out of him before this time; but instead of that, a word could never be said against the good man. 'Tis he would be an ornament to any religion, and indeed, 'tis a pity he was ever a priest, to be pestered with his breviary, and confessions, and holy clay, and blessed candles, and beads, and scapulars, and the like. Oh! if you were to see him some twenty years ago (before that damned gout took the poor man), going over a leap, captain; and after that, when the hunt was over, drinking his bottle of port, or singing a jolly song!—he was as Christian company, and as good a fellow,

as ever put his feet under any gentleman's mahogany."

"I have heard much of him, indeed, and all in his praise too," says the captain.

"But, I was just going to say, that, though I'd never give a papist emancipation, because you know, captain, we must keep up the good, old, Protestant constitution of king Bill, and our ancestors, and keep away the brass money and wooden shoes of the *craw-thumping Shemus*; still, I'll just ask Mr. Cash, now, as another proof of what value the priests are in the country, wasn't it the curate (who by the bye I don't like a bit too well, because, I'm told he's one of your new-fangled politicians, captain), that saved himself the other day?"

"Why, in a certain manner, it was."

"Come, Mr. Cash, none of your qualifyings now; either it was or it wasn't,—and if he did save you, have the heart of a man, and don't be denying his goodness in one way, though you know none of us likes him in other respects," said the squire.

"It is true that he saved me from the mob,

certainly; but then who was it that attacked me, for my determination to diffuse the Scriptures; and that, at their chapel meetings, excited his ignorant hearers with his preachings about emancipation, and other schemes, that he knows can never be realized, unless all the true Protestants of the country are first to be murdered, or driven to exile from their properties?"

"Yes! I don't like that work; there's no excuse for such conduct in the country," said the squire. "I'd have no objection to put talking fellows like him on the treadmill, sure enough, if I could be sure the like would tame them down to quiet subjects for the rest of their natural lives, so that the country could get on in the old jog-trot way of good-fellowship. Aye! or by Diana, captain, I wouldn't blame them if they harangued their congregations against the absentees, till we made the deserting rascals march in double-quick time over from your country, as well as the Continent, to live on their own estates as gentlemen ought, and take care of the poor about them. Surely we all know, and Mr. Cash himself must admit it, that 'tis no kind of

proper, or Christian doings in a country, to be sending over, as he does, to a young rake of a landlord, all the hard earnings of his tenants—(no wonder that O'Connell, who knows how to turn every thing to account, should call Ireland a draw-farm,)—and then to be turning out upon the road, a burthen to such men as myself, and the farmers, these self-same tenants, because they have no more substance to be drained of for his employer's vain nonsense in other countries."

"'Tis only just what the brutal priest-ridden wretches deserve," says Mr. Cash.

"I fear I cannot remain a fellow-disciple of yours, Mr. Cash, if you continue so unmerciful in your acts and sentiments," somewhat agitatedly remarked the heretofore silent, but attentive Miss Pigott.

"Oh! shame, Fanny, to be so discourteous and severe," says her mother, as the unwonted blush of confusion spread over Mr. Cash's features, at this unexpected attack from such a source.

"She seems to have struck more pointedly than others could; at least the blood has followed

the wound," says Francis French, encouraged by the boldness of his cousin's remarks ; and, indeed, glad to avail himself of the opportunity to continue the mortification of Mr. Cash.

" I but meant, mamma, that as Mr. Cash was labouring with myself and others,—or, in truth, with Mr. Cantall, rather directing our efforts to convert the peasantry from their errors to the true doctrines of the Scripture,—he should also manifest, by his acts, the spirit of the Gospel, and prove his belief, with the Apostle Matthew, when he beautifully teaches, ' Blessed ARE the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.' "

There was still a slight flush in Miss Pigott's face, as she thus spoke ; and the tones of her voice, as though she struggled between a sense of duty and natural timidity, trembled in the utterance. The English officer looked somewhat surprised, as the young fair one quoted Scripture ; still could not but admire the enthusiasm of soul, which the lit-up countenance and disconcerted features of the maid fully revealed. The eyes of Mr. Cash met those of Mr. Cantall, and an expression of painful embarrassment was evident in both.

The latter, then turning to Miss Pigott, said, "Our friend did not mean, as you have interpreted, Miss Fanny, cruelty to the poor, as acting of themselves, but in their character of agents, in the hands of malignant and designing popish men."

"Such is too nice a distinction for the spirit of Christian mercy, enlightened but by our finite understandings, for me to attend to, sir," said Miss Pigott; "I cannot tell whether our poor fellow-creatures are agents in the hands of others, or not; but I know our Saviour has inculcated charity to all, even to our foes;—as when, in the twelfth chapter to the Romans, speaking through Paul, he simply says, "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him to drink."

"And it is altogether an assumption on the part of you, Mr. Cantall, to say, that the poor (as if they had no opinions or feelings of their own) are mere agents," said Francis French. "If they be obedient to others, it is from the assent or concurrence of their wills, which you, or Mr. Cash, or none other, have any right to controul."

“ Unless when exerted in the commission of moral or social evil ; to check either of which, there are established modes of punishment,” said the English officer ; “ but I certainly agree with Miss Pigott, that our good parson’s distinction savours too much of what we call, in England, *Jesuitry* ; and were such morality, as I presume, in this instance, he attempts to draw from the Scriptures, general, such lamentable conclusions would certainly be a strong argument in my mind for the necessity of note and comment to even the simplest passages.”

“ True, indeed, captain,” said Francis French ; but I trust that our most zealous diffusers of the Bible do not entertain such casuistries. If, for instance, cousin, the most ignorant poor, advised by their priests,—or, to speak in the language of Mr. Cantall, ‘agents in the hands of malignant popish men,’—do not wish to accept your proffered Scriptures, have you any other just authority, beyond the power of fair persuasion ?”

“ Certainly not,” answered Miss Pigott ; “ I could not account, with a clear conscience, between myself and God, if, because they did

not accept the grace which I endeavoured they should receive from my hands, I then withdrew mercy and charity, or the exercise of the moral and Scriptural virtues in my power, from them, in their need."

"You would not, then, turn out on the road those poor who dissent from you in religious belief, cousin?" said Francis French.

"I never knew any one who could think of advocating that doctrine, Mr. French," said Mr. Cash, mustering up courage to meet the perceived onset on himself; "but Miss Pigott's good sense, and moral perception, and Scriptural knowledge, also, teach her to know, that you should 'give unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's;' or, to apply the text to what I perceive, Mr. French, you labour to disclose,—that when a lease expires, 'tis only right that the agent of a landlord should take care that his employer be not wronged by a bad tenantry."

"He should certainly see that his employer be not wronged," said Miss Pigott; "but unless that agent is to become the more than officious tool of his landlord's vices, he should

not be the ambitious inflictor of every cruelty towards the tenants, that the law and other circumstances enable him to execute. In my opinion, if a man of moral understanding, much more one of Scriptural love, were commanded by any employer to execute such vile deeds, he would fling up the situation at once, as directly incompatible with the preservation of common humanity."

"Unless he read human duties by the light of Shylock's maxim,—‘I'll have my bond, and nothing but my bond,’" calmly remarked Francis French.

"But, surely, no agent by his office is necessitated to such a course," said the English officer. "The idea which I have always entertained of an agent, is, that of a person deputed, not alone to collect the rents, but to see that practical justice be preserved between landlord and tenant; to encourage improvement by rewards; to stimulate the indolent; to be watchful of the crafty; but, above all, to be cruel to none. I have seen, even in Ireland, many such instances; and if the exertions of agents were encouraged

by landlords, as I have witnessed in the case of Lord Headley's estate of Glenbegh, in Kerry, the most desirable social results to this, as yet, merely agricultural country, would, indeed, soon follow."

"Oh! yes, sir," said Miss Pigott; "and as the people became enlightened, and we recommended ourselves to their love, by charity and goodwill, surely there would be more hope also for the diffusion of Scriptural purity, and removal of superstitious error, than now, when, unfortunately, too many of our rank are known but to the poor peasant as bitter sectaries, or oppressive politicians. But Mr. Cash," she continued, "speaks of a tenantry wronging his employer. I would ask him in sincerity to answer, is it not his employer, who, in the case of the tenants to whom my father alluded, that ever regardless of the duties of his station, has deeply injured and neglected them? And also to answer this second question; that though unfortunately his employer does not, like Lord Headley, (of whose virtues I have heard), encourage him, as his agent, to si-

milar acts, still is he not empowered to manage as he thinks best his young lordship's estates, and, if so, ought he not to use the discretion entrusted to him, on the side of mercy?"

"This Socratic mode of reasoning is sometimes very embarrassing, Mr. Cash," said the English officer.

"'Tis at least a system likely to be eschewed by men of warfare, Captain," said Francis French, "as tending too much to a disclosure of one's weak points. I should not wonder, then, since you, a military man, have somewhat personated the divine to night, if our good parson, who is, in a manner, Mr. Cash's brother-in-arms, would assume your captaincy, and advise him at once to halt, or recede,—at least not answer."

"I should have great pleasure in answering Miss Pigott's questions, if I did not correctly refer them to your misrepresentations, Mr. French," sourly answered Mr. Cash.

"Be not deceived, Mr. Cash, by imputing to Francis any such offence. He is incapable of

injustice to you or any other. He did certainly request of me, to intercede with you, in mercy to the wretched poor of the hill's-side ;—I did so, was confident of success ; and when I failed, do now acknowledge, I felt most bitterly disappointed. I thought you imbued with the precepts of the gospel, and accordingly wrote to you in the language of Paul to the Corinthians, inculcations which should ever be present to the minds of the rich, in relation to the poor, but more particularly present to absentees, in respect to their impoverished tenants.—You may remember I forewarned you not to be surprised at my texts, for that they were extracted from the Douay version of the Kildare-Street Society.

‘ In this present time, let *your* abundance supply *their* wants, that *their* abundance also may supply *your* wants, that there may be an equality ;’—and also, in the tender sentiments of Matthew : ‘ I have compassion on the multitude ; I will not send them away fasting, lest

they faint on the way.' And, as in my last scriptural conversation with you and Mr. Cantall, I heard you both particularly appreciate the Epistle of James, I extracted the fourteenth and following verses, which, like the mild reasonings of angels, softly appeal to all Christians: 'What shall it profit my brethren, if a man say he hath faith, and hath not works; shall faith be able to save him? And if a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food, and one of you say to them, Go in peace, be you warmed, and filled, yet give them not these things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit? Even so, faith, if it hath not works, is dead in itself.' "

"Oh! by Bacehus, but this is too much of sermonizing by the double," said the old squire; "and, indeed, I think, Fanny, you have forgotten, in your celestial discourses, the proper manners of earth, — and they are, how ladies should, in due season, at least after moderate potations, my dear, withdraw."

“Or, rather, sir, I trust society will become shortly, so far improved, in these good British realms, as that the gentlemen will petition for the social continuance of the fair, and learn to make themselves worthy of the favour,” said the English officer.

“I see you have got a spice of the Irish blarney on your English tongue, Captain,” said the squire, as Mrs. Pigott and Fanny, having arisen to retire, the officer accompanied them to the door, and was recalled from his admiration of the fair biblical, by the loud tones of her father, as he demanded—“that the wine should go speedily round, till he’d make up for lost time, and begin properly to spend the evening.”

After a more than reasonable lapse of time, for “post prandia” conviviality, the chief portion of the guests, singly, or in pairs, escaped from the squire’s over-bibacious hospitality to the drawing-room. He himself, however, Mr. Cash, the parson, and inspector of police, remained behind;—and, as the three latter, over the bottle,

were endeavouring to attain, through the squire, a not very amiable object, others had already determined, against one of the plotters themselves, a still more atrocious scheme.

The Roman Catholic curate, and political secretary before alluded to, were, on this same evening, taking a quiet glass of good old whisky punch at the curate's lodgings in the neighbouring village,—and, as their faculties brightened beneath its moderate influence, were freely communicating one to the other the hopes and fears each entertained for the success of their common cause,—emancipation. The local circumstances connected with this all-absorbing religious and political question, were also conversed on; and the resolve to solicit from the Catholic Association, a grant of money, to sustain, during the scarce part of the season, those poor creatures who had been turned out by Mr. Cash, principally because they would not send their children to the Bible-school, was so far commenced, that a statement of the facts,

and an application for relief to the committee, was immediately drawn up. As the secretary read aloud the document, for the correction, or approval, of the curate, there was an humble and timid tap given at the parlour door; and as the priest said "Come in," a peasant girl, of singularly delicate and intellectual features, entering, curtsied, and, begging pardon for disturbing his reverence, said, "She wouldn't have done so, but that she wanted to speak to him in private, on a matter that wouldn't bear of a stop."

There was a hurried earnestness in the girl's manner, that bespoke instant attention from the priest, who desired her to "go on at once," and "not be shy of young Mr. —; for if she was about to get married itself, she needn't be ashamed to tell the "boy's name before him."

She, however, remained reserved and thoughtful for a moment, and then opening her lips, as though in the act to speak, again suddenly repressed herself, and looked imploringly on him.

The cry of an oysterman (often so very well-timed and agreeable in a country village,) met the young Sec.'s ears, and so, jumping up, laying the manuscript aside, and warning the pretty girl, on whom he could not but cast an admiring eye, "not to be tedious with her confidential communications," he told the curate he'd go bargain for a supper of Pooldoody oysters in the meantime.

"What brought me at this late hour to your reverence," she tremblingly commenced, "is, that there's a plot to murder Mr. Cash to-night, as he is coming home from Squire Pigott's, where he took dinner, your reverence."

"How do you know that, good girl?"

"Oh! I know it, your reverence, for I overheard the plan, and I lying awake last night; and they said, howsoever they found it out, sir, that he was to dine at Mr. Pigott's, too,—and I was afraid to tell of it to any one, lest the boys might come to bad by it, till I'd first mention it to your reverence."

"You did well to let me know it, my good girl."

"'Tisn't but, by all accounts, he deserves the worst (God look down on the poor!) that they could give him, sir; but, spilling blood is bad any way, and I'm trembling for that it might happen, your reverence: for I didn't think they'd keep up to their talk, till I saw them going out to-night, and got a glimpse of a pistol in one of their breasts,—and there was something under the bang-up of another; and if you would go now, sir, you'll find them at the back of the big whitethorn, in the old quarry of the young wood, that's nigh the valley road."

"And now, what are their names, my good girl?"

"Ah! don't ask me, your reverence,—I can't tell you, sir.—If you can stop the shedding of his blood, won't it do, your reverence?"

There was an agonized expression in the girl's face, as she thus spoke, and pallid as death she quiveringly trembled. The curate

knew her not, but imagining she was sister, or daughter, to some among the assassins, enquired her name. She remained silent. He then looked at his watch, and perceiving it was past eleven, and that no time should be lost, desired her to remain till his return; and then quickly putting on a large coat, and taking in his hand an oak walking-stick, he closed the door on her, and quickly repaired to the described spot.

The wood was about an English mile from the village; and as he reached its shade, he could hear, at a distance, the full round pace of quickly trotting horses. He arrived at the white-thorn of the quarry, the situation of which commanded an unobstructed view of the road, and was a most apposite position for the waylaying, by gun or pistol-shot, of any persons walking or riding thereon. It was a clear starlight night, every neighbouring object sufficiently visible for aim; and the silence of the adjacent country unbroken, save by the sound of the approaching horses' tread, and the distant barking of some

watchful dogs. The curate warily looked about, and could perceive no sign of the presence of crime. The whitethorn screened no murderous heart ;—he searched more closely still, and congratulated himself on the absence of the dreaded discovery.

“ ’Twas no such thing, the impudent young hussy !” said he to himself. “ I was tired enough after the labours of the day, without this extra trouble on my back ;” and the comfort of a hot tumbler and the Sec.’s supper of oysters, came vividly to his mind ;—“ I’ll stay until the horsemen pass, at any rate,” he said ; “ and then, if it be Cash, my mind can rest at ease. Or could there be any plot in it against myself ?” shot through his fancy. “ I don’t know that girl’s face,—and if some hired ruffian purposely fired from this wood, as if at Cash, and I were then discovered here by him, what could possibly clear me from such suspicious circumstances, in the opinion of all, at least disposed against a priest. Such, would be a God-send to every

malignant bigot; and, certainly, I would not put any scheme of wickedness beyond the concealed compassing of Cash."

He withdrew from the exposed space whereon he stood, to the shelter of the whitethorn, allotted, by his informant, for the murderers, and earnestly ejaculated a short prayer, "that nothing wrong might happen." As, after this quick entreaty he again lowered his gaze, the figure of a girl, similar to her he lately saw, and hurrying transversely from the road towards the interior of the wood, met his eye. The imagination that he was betrayed into his own ruin the more possessed him. He determined, however, to abide the issue. The horses, in a full round trot, approached, and the detested agent, the parson, and inspector of Police, escorted by two mounted cavalry-men, now turned a concealing curve of the road, and presented themselves in full view. They reined in, and proceeded in a walking pace. It was the moment for assassins to make ready, but there

was no sign of the proximity of any such. The curate felt relieved, but yet would have given worlds that the horsemen should pass rapidly on. They had now advanced well-nigh directly opposite to him. The brow of the hill, from the side of which, in long past times, had been scooped the old quarry, was densely planted; and in that point which immediately overhung the whitethorn that grew beneath, the curate heard, at the moment, a slight rustling sound, and perceived a sudden bending of the young trees-tops. The consciousness that it was the presence of the murderers nearly overpowered him. He stood erect and stirless as death against the trunk of the aged thorn; but, sooner than he could well repress his breathing and prepare for the occasion, two men, their faces disguised with black, and closely muffled beyond the mouths, slid down; and as one muttered to the other, "don't fire, there are two police with them;" he was answered in a dreadful whisper, "I'll have Cash's life if there was an hundred."

"He is the next man then ; be sure of him, if you're bent on it !" and the musket of the more desperate, before his comrade concluded his sentence, already covered the doomed agent.

"Softly ! your priest looks on you, horrid wretch," said the curate, stepping a little forward, and calmly averting the direction of the gun, while he firmly grasped its barrel.

It was the work of an instant. The hold of the resolved murderer, as if struck by some mysterious power, relaxed. He glanced a look of mingled rage and agony upon the priest, and convulsingly groaned and trembled. The crisis of hope and fear was well nigh too much for the curate, and he tottered, almost fainting ; but the timely shock had unnerved the assassin's energies, and the unconscious horsemen passed.

The other, and more passionless wretch, regained, by a bound, the planted ascent, and the buzzing mention, "'Tis the priest ;" and the crush of their retreat, made manifest to the curate there was a gang in the wood. The awed man

of blood, and he of peace, remained; but the moment was so fraught with horrors, though of opposite nature to each, that both stood locked in a more fearful stillness than the dead.

“ Abandoned man,” at length, and with difficulty, was uttered by the curate; and on these weak tones of sorrow, large drops of relieving sweat ran down the discoloured cheeks of the sense-recovering reprobate. The priest still held the barrel of the musket, the heavy stock having swung, in the moment of his weakness, to the earth; and, as he turned his eyes downwards, to resecure his possession of the deadly weapon, the now wary desperado, muscularly wringing from his grasp the weighty musket, sprung from his dreaded presence, and penetrated the thick shelter of the wood. The curate, indeed, could make but weak resistance to the powers of that active and herculean man. After the moment’s agitation, he felt instinctively relieved by his departure, and tremblingly thanking God for the providential prevention of the

murderer's bloody intent, he fatiguedly walked home, little mindful, then, of either the comfort of a hot tumbler, or the Sec.'s supper of oysters. As he surmised, however, he discovered, on returning, that his informant had fled, and he was left, for the present, without any clue to the intended crime.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Methinks, kind readers, that it would be wise,
 As other men and matters will arise,
 To bring th' old characters before your eyes.

Anonymous.

"You tell me that the mildness of your master was expressed by the softness of the dove; your own spirit would find its emblem in the proud and predatory falcon."—*Shiel's speech on Plato and Dr. Magee.*

SINCE the period of Mr. Cash's fortunate escape, the spring had terminated, and gladdening summer was radiantly beaming forth again, maturing the developed beauties of the manor's valley; and by its united influences of warmth, of foliage, and of lovely sky, even lessening the appearance of desolateness, which the half-ruined cabins of the hill's side still presented. We must now, then, hastily group together for review, the *personæ* scattered through the preceding chapters of our

story; and having narrated the sum of their lives' incidents, since we parted from each, also manage to conduct their separate and joint being, through more interesting times than we or they have yet experienced.

It is not then to be imagined by any of our readers, that Johnny Rourke, whether as coequal churchwarden with John Glennon, or during the past period of his political office, of deputy to him,—and which was by no means a sinecure, as may have been perceived,—ever once, so far as in his power, omitted industrious attention to his farm, or the tender offices of attachment to Kitty Kelly. It is also unnecessary to add, that she fulfilled her female part equally well. His protection of her family, had, indeed, in the opinion of very many, drawn upon him the marked enmity of Mr. Cash, and thus imparted additional interest, among all friends and acquaintances, to the existence of his affection. Very soon after his favourable interference, he had been compelled to pay up the hanging gale, sooner than

on any past year, and with more inconvenience too; as, owing to his desire to stock his new farm, under squire Pigott, he had laid out therein, the amount of the rent, which, from the usage of the manor, and from his having paid even more than customary presents, he conjectured, would not have been called for so soon. Mr. Glennon, himself, however, suffered similarly, and although he too had helped to relieve Kitty's father, yet, as such was not generally known, the neighbours were divided in their opinions, whether Cash's severity to Johnny Rourke arose from his being "*acting sub*" to the chief churchwarden, Mr. Glennon, or from his having made up the afore-said rent, and disappointed him of his anticipated vengeance on Kelly.

Neither had Johnny's old and rich uncle, as yet relented any thing; and Rourke, seeing no use in delay, and thinking he had served sufficient apprenticeship to love, to be fully an adept for matrimony,—as also we may presume, from the authority of Thomson's *Seasons*, being some-

what influenced by "the infusive force of spring on man," or perchance, like the Damon of that poet's summer, having in the same genial season now fully beguiled his Kitty, 'till, like the bathing Musidora, she replied,

"Be still as now

Discreet : the time may come you need not fly."

Or, from what cause it may have been, he daily pressed hard on his friend the curate, (who, as the parish priest was so old, managed complicate matters, such as weddings, and the like), to induct him, with all possible speed, from his fond probation of bachelorship, into the long-desired state of hymeneal promise. The curate, however, who had a sincere esteem for the couple, and an honest wish for the success of their temporal concerns, and who was confident that he himself would yet, by good management, reach in Johnny's favour the soft part (if such existed) of the uncle's crusty heart, ever adroitly managed to postpone the longed-for bonds.

While the affairs of the lovers thus progressed,

the now ex-churchwarden, Willy Moore, was ill at ease with himself, not only regarding his deprivation of honourable office, but also for the ugly occasion of his tumble therefrom. He at once vowed a full month's abstinence from liquor by the way of experiment, as to how he could bear to live permanently sober; and slashing Pady had the grace also to bind himself in promise for just a week of the time. Willy Moore, indeed, was more sensitive than called for, concerning his one venial slip in the country's affairs; but we much fear for his own sake, that, like many other public men, his regrets arose chiefly from the sense of political disgrace, rather than repentance for the sin of his fall. However, somewhat damaged as he was in political repute, Willy at least had the wit, like other great authorities in political science, to at once try and put himself in "good odour" with the public again. Whether in small or great states, all communities are lenient, to an amiable fault, towards the most injurious peccadillos of their

favourite men; and it would be surely harsh to excess, if the Manor's society could possibly forget all the virtues of "poor Willy." He, himself, however, "left no stone unturned" to recover esteem. He proclaimed his personal reform in all quarters that he could,—mitigated his past-loving repute for the liquor in each possible way, and his labours in the vineyard of his country he took good care not to hide. The first news from the Association, or elsewhere, of the advance of "the cause," that could by hook or by crook be had, through post-office or coach, was with the speed of a Mercury delivered by him.

The "Sheaf of Wheat" was, as usual, his head-quarters by night; but, through the whole country round he went discoursing, from place to place, about emancipation, all day. The debates were read through, and the numerous variations of hopes and fears for "the question," as set forth by the press, were retailed out by Willy. The *Evening Post*, *Register*, and *Freeman*, were quoted off-hand;—sentences from

Dan, and from Shiel, spouted with force; and the parish patriarch discovered to his cost before long, that, in excluding Willy from place, he had raised up a dangerous rival to his own fame abroad.

The ex-churchwarden, indeed, enjoyed one advantage, esteemed as a fortune by most of his fellows, and which enabled him, in great measure, to devote all his time to politics or any other choice of his will. Willy didn't hold his farm, like the generality of his neighbours, under Mr. Cash, and so had no dread for himself of the tyrant's anger or craft. This circumstance in itself was lucky "beyond the beyonds;" but, independent of such, Willy had also in point of "cheap take," the good hap at his side. His ground lay in the plain just outside the Manor; and though long held by his father and self, even under a middleman, was better value for the rent, than any land in the place. He had years and lives in his lease, his own among the latter, and the rest, stout and hearty

beside ; and his father and mother being dead, himself and a younger dependent brother were the only family to be provided for. The world, accordingly, went easy with Willy ; he needn't labour at all if he liked,—had both leisure and ease, and, as regarded himself, cared nothing for Cash. Fortunately, however, for his welfare, after all,—considering his own pay-no-rent kind of tastes,—the brother minded the house and lands pretty well. Willy, indeed, left all to his controul, and was content as a prince respecting himself, provided he had some pocket-money, a good coat to his back ; and, after spending his time at a meeting, or discoursing politics through the parish, any kind of a decent “ bit and sup ” on his return to home. For these habits of negligence, as well as his love for the drop, the patriarch had often lectured him, even before his privation of office, and frequently assured him,—“ that it was by no means necessary for ‘ the cause ’ that he should make such a flying newspaper of himself as he usually did.”

Moore, though he said nothing disrespectful, while sober, to the established patriarch of the place, yet always imagined that some jealousy of his political repute with the people, tintured John Glennon's motives in giving such advice. However that may be, the ex-churchwarden was now more enthusiastic and assiduous than ever, in his vocation of political informant to the population of the Manor. He also most creditably adhered for some time to the ways of sobriety; and not even slashing Pady could induce him to deviate for once from his vow, until his month terminated. Then, indeed, he made free with himself for an evening or so, but still didn't lapse to excess, as was his weakness of yore. The little tailor, too, had gone away, after his liberation, no one knew whither, and so Willy Moore had the better chance of continuing somewhat soberly correct, in the absence of one, far too persuasively wily for evil, to be long with efficiency resisted by him. But, so much for awhile of our odd ex-official.

The statement of the sectarian persecutions of the peasantry of the hill's side, and the petition for relief as drawn up by the secretary and Roman Catholic curate, to which we alluded before, had been received by the Association,—and, after a warm debate in the finance committee,—some members opposing a grant, on the ground that the “New Rent” was instituted but for the protection of freeholders; and others, taking a more comprehensive view of its objects,—O’Connell himself turned the wavering beam, and the prayer prevailed. The exhortations of the curate, to peace, accordingly received well-timed aid, in a respectable remittance; and many of the wretched outcasts were, no doubt, rescued, by its means, not only from the starving point, but from the miseries and punishment attendant on secret societies, and their horrid crimes.

The season, during which the poor of Ireland are most destitute, is Midsummer,—the provision then becoming scarce and dear, and the little employment that is at all times to be had,

proportioned to the immense supply of hands, ever becoming harassingly less, between the middle of May, when the sowing of the potatoe crop terminates, and the close of July, before which, the general mowing of hay scarcely ever commences. Individual subscriptions of the farmers, shopkeepers of the village, and other inhabitants of the parish, who sympathized with the ejected, had been already expended in providing sustenance for many of those poor. Similar sums were now added to the Association's grant, and husbanded, with foresight and economy, by our curate of that priesthood, which, though continually maligned by the inveterate enemies of Ireland, still careless of the slander, undeviatingly pursues its practical and truly Scriptural course of charity; and of all other classes, while it best understands the every-day working of our anomalous social state, also most often mitigates the physical, as well as moral evils of the oppressed and wretched.

The inhabitants of the Manor, however, both

those who were ruined by, and they who were able to surmount, Mr. Cash's past cruelties, had also been seriously aggrieved by his active coadjutor,—the new Parson. Indeed, the hypocrisy of biblicism not having been successful in its object, was fast upon the wane; and systematized exaction, with the studied practice of rendering inconvenience in the numerous ways of social life, was now the adopted and acknowledged conduct pursued towards the peasantry by this Pastor, Cash, and Co. Such, for example, had become the repute of his reverence's preference for *acrimony* to even its more generally attractive termination, alone, that it was currently reported, he had arranged with the baronial collector of county cess, that the latter should first legally pilfer the cabins, for his employing grand jury jobbers, while he, quickly following with his scriptural demand, was afforded the probable luxury of a cant, instead of the mere vulgar pleasure of prompt payment.

We cannot assever, from our own knowledge,

as to the truth of this unsagacious mode of gratifying a depraved disposition, but are, indeed, conversant with too many similarly unseasonable practices, on the part of his Irish fellow-fleecers of their legal flocks, to at all wonder, that ecclesiastical rapacity at length eventuated in such a state of things, as to leave a tithe auction, neither a pleasant anticipation, or profitable result, to many parish incumbents.

Johnny Rourke, or John Glennon, as may be guessed, were not favoured with the absence of this parson, and as they both held a considerable quantity of ground, their tithes came to a “pretty penny” of payment, which, being exacted prior to the time usual under the last clergyman, was an additional hardship to their paying up of the hanging gale of rent, and gave to the patriarch not the least consolation or value, farther than the pleasure he experienced, in enunciating a wise saw, while then contrasting the ould and new *incumbrance*,—as by a happy blunder, the parsons are known in Ireland,—he said to his

friends, "You see now, that 'tis with this devil's limb, compared with the rotten branch that's gone, as with every thing else in the world, that bad as the ould thing is, there seldom comes a better."

However, nothing of hardship to the very poor, or of such gross outrage on misery as has disgusted human feeling towards the established Church in Ireland, would have then arisen in this locality, had his reverence closed for the season, the exercise of his pastoral virtues, by exacting the tithes from men of such a class as Glennon and Rourke, or any other dissenting parishioners of the ability to pay. But, unfortunately for the state faith, its Irish ministers have, in too many instances, wholly repudiated religion's precepts by their lives. Of late years, indeed, texts of Scripture have been much upon their lips; but a rancorous sectarianism, and hate, have envenomed their acts. To the tenets they too boastingly profess, their conduct has been most palpably and shamelessly opposed.

In speech, they will have the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible; yet in act they will recommend it not to others, for they themselves, have more than any, daily disdained its simplest inculcations.

Among the most virulent of these perverted zealots, was Mr. Cantall. He was too malignant, to now once forego the opportunities which the law afforded him, in vindictiveness to any,—even the most wretched poor, who sacrificed not their conscience to his proselytising schemes. Every sordid lure that could have been held out to corrupt the destitute from adherence to their creed, or from obedience to the desires of the priest, that the parochial children should not attend the Kildare-street Society School, had been first resorted to by him. Fanaticism wholly possessed his breast, and so dimmed his understanding, that it blinded him even to his self-interest. Frequent disappointments, too, in his purposes, but sharpened the morbid appetite of his sectarianism still more, and there was no expedient,

however petty, left untried by him, to acquire proselytes. A few worthless creatures deluded him into a belief of their abandonment of popery, and availed themselves for awhile of that easy faith, which, without farther seeking after grace, came merely on reception of a Kildare-street Society Bible, and was most miraculously confirmed, by being pertinently accompanied with some good worldly token.

In the history of the errors of human judgment, there could scarcely be discovered a more ludicrously absurd instance, than was the mania of "the new Reformation," then existent in Ireland. Admitting the originators of it to have been sincere, the conception of at once converting, as by spell, a whole nation of steadfast believers, to new and unpopular opinions, was, indeed, a bold, nay, if they will, a grand imagining. But the modes and the men were most laughably inapposite. There is but a step, as has been well said, between the sublime and the ridiculous; and surely, in all reason, we should

not laugh more at the folly of the fabled giants of old, that aspired to take heaven, by placing "Pelion on Ossa," than we must at the futility of the real numskulls, who could imagine it feasible, to work a religious revolution in seven millions of men, by resorting to the "ingenious devices" of feigned love for education, pious frauds, and alluring tit-bit bribes.

But, supposing the movers of the dramatic farce to have been insincere schemers,—as, at least they very numerously were,—mainly endeavouring to attain some temporary end, they must have appreciated at rather low account the sagacity of all other men besides themselves, when they for a moment fancied that their project, and expedients of proselytism, would not recoil on their own heads. And so, to the credit of public opinion, however gullible it may sometimes be, their fanaticism, and hopes, whether of fraud or folly, almost universally, and with an amusing vengeance, did. From Lord Roden to the most subordinate apostle, "the cause" and its promo-

ters were soon covered with ridicule. There continued some moon-struck applauders for awhile longer than the general desertion; to be sure; but common-sense at length wholly hooted and laughed the sombre humbug, and its lugubrious *dramatis personæ*, from off the stage of life.

Among the many processes, however, whereby Mr. Cantall endeavoured to procure a good sprinkling of the new-fangled converts, for his congregation, were also some amiable resorts of his, through the intervention of law. When his fellow-labourer, Mr. Cash, had turned adrift on the world the former tenants of the hill-side, many of them, as we before remarked, took refuge in the neighbouring village. They were generally destitute of any means of subsistence, save a chance day's work, and their several shares of what subscriptions had been made among the public for their temporary relief. In the hope that he, although Mr. Cash had signally failed, would yet reduce these wretched outcasts to compliance with proselytism, or punish them

the more, his Christian-like reverence took out, at the sessions subsequent to their expulsion, decrees for the amount of the tithes severally due by them. He had these individuals,—at least, as in a celestial temper of mind, he reasoned with himself, caught in a trying dilemma;—“either they should, comply with his demands respecting their children and themselves, or else”——

All tamperings, however, with their faith, or their obedience to the priest, proved fruitless; and his malevolence and bigotry were excited still the more.

The moment for his vengeance came,—the decrees were given into the bailiff's hands, and the law was to seek satisfaction of its penalty, in rapine upon destitution. The only bed of some, the potatoe pot, and water pail of others, were dragged into the public way. The wretched owners followed, and the skinny emaciate arm of sallow shrunk poverty was stretched forth in vain, begging back its only store.

“What will boil the potatoes for the children? or where will we lie down to-night?” cried mother after mother.

But it was of no avail for them. The cant bell rung, and the minions of a miscalled Christian minister hawked forth to the public ear and eye the wretched effects for sale. The scene was surely an edifying specimen of sectarian ascendancy. The parish church was situate nigh the village street, and its parson then stood upon the steps ascending to its door. Was he reflecting on the due discharge of his mission upon earth, or was he gratifying the mean malignity of a sectarian bigot? Was such a man fit to enter an edifice dedicated to the service of God, or was he but suited to stand forth, in bigotry's cause, as the legally legitimate despoiler of the poor? There, however, he stood, and the wretched appearance, or complaints of the unfortunate, had no influence on him. One by one the matters of sale were put up for a bidding. The miserable group of owners jealously eyed their scattered

furniture, and then furtively watched any, they suspected in their fears might probably buy. But there were none present would do the latter. The throng of spectators encreased,—expressions of disgust every moment broke forth from the crowd, and the remarks of derision and insult reached Cantall's ears. The bed of a weak widow woman was put up for sale, she stood by its side, and held two children by the hand. This widow was the same, whom Pady Glennon, on the night of his arrest, had brought to "the Sheaf of Wheat." The infant she carried on her back, when in good time relieved by "slashing Pady," had since pined and died. But the other two girls still lived, and were those now present. She excited more interest in the spectators than had any other, and the populace manifested, by murmurs of indignation, their strong feelings on her part. Mr. Cantall came forward in a rage, and called for the police. The widow tottered forth to meet him.

"I don't crave your mercy, sir," she said;

"cant the poor things I have; but there are my two children, and if I were hypocrite, and bad Catholic enough, to let them be Protestants for you, they needn't stand almost naked on the streets now, or be with only the bare earth to lie on, when they return home."

The pallid woman's eyes lit up with a gleam of fire as she spoke, and shewed the more visibly her sunken cheeks and sickly hue. A general shout of "Shame," broke from the crowd, and the apostolic pastor turned, in his passion, alternately pale and red. The police rushed on, and rudely pushed back the widow woman. She tottered, and fell; but some one in the crowd at once raised her up again. She looked towards Mr. Cantall, and put forth her trembling, wasted hands. "I won't give you my curse," she said; but you'll find yet that the prayers of the poor might serve the rich;—at Mr. Cash's door I leave the death of my poor infant; it died in misery, and——"

"Take that woman away, police," said Mr.

Cantall; and the myrmidons of the ecclesiastic magistrate, of the hybrid progeny of Church and State, seized on the helpless woman. Fortunately—or blood might have been shed upon the streets—Francis French and Miss Pigott reached the spot. They had been riding out, and, unconscious of any such occurrence, became, unexpectedly to themselves, unwilling spectators of the scene.

Miss Pigott had caught, at the moment, a full glance of the unseemly rage and indecorum of her pastor. The blush of shame mantled her handsome features, and the truly religious maid, sensitive to the disgrace brought upon religion, averted her gaze from its false minister. He did not come forward then to accost in her his fellow-labourer in the Lord, but covertly slunk back within his church's gates. Francis French discharged to the bailiff the aggregate petty sums due by the destitute; and as he and his cousin again rode on, the crowd dispersed, blessing *them*.

In thus setting forth to our readers a picture (and a faint one certainly) of social collisions, then, and more lately, very frequent in Ireland, between the poor and many parsons of the law-established faith,—we do so with no intention to cast any discredit on the doctrines of the English Church. Neither are we disposed to observe sneeringly, much less irreverently, of the ministers of any sect. In common with the purest religionists of the English faith, and such sincere and consistent Biblical Puritans as Miss Pigott, we deplore the degradation to which religion is too often subjected, in popular esteem, by the vices of its professing guardians upon earth. We do not dispute with the followers of any form of Christianity, but that their creed may be the purest. We trust that salvation is possible in all religions, provided men believe sincerely the religion they profess to be the best. We would only anxiously implore of all Christians, that, however they dissent in particular belief, they would zealously attend to

those great and saving truths wherein they generally coincide. Such—if it might not form the basis of ultimate union among them—would, at least, tend to Christian conciliation and amity between all. We have had too much of the asperities of controversy respecting modes and degrees of belief,—too little of serious conviction and sincerity regarding the duties of religion essential to all. As Archbishop Tillotson has well expressed it, we also for ourselves would say, “*Non amo argutias in theologia*,—I do not love subtleties in divinity.”

But, whatever form of faith, among the many on earth, various persons may conceive to be the most consonant with God’s will, all, at least, believe that *The Church* (whichever it be) is the institution of Christ, to embody and perpetuate his life and doctrines while on earth. It is the temple of Himself, raised by Himself, to fill the world with Himself; and the pillars of its support, and extension upon earth, are not tyrannies to our fellow-men, or the resorts of forcible

dominion, but faith in His sin-redeeming death, and the practice of His divine virtues. To extend the heavenly kingdom, men must imitate its Founder. Jesus chid Peter, for resorting, even in *His* service, to the sword, and said to his early disciples, "Take up the Cross, and follow me."

Can mankind, then, imagine, that they, who persecuted, followed our Saviour? Who, among the modern oppressors of our poor—though, in the Church's name, they, too, may defend themselves—have imitated His life and His precepts? Their professed creed may be pure, but they themselves are no longer the tabernacles of its holy spirit, but rather have done treason to Christ, whose service they have profaned and belied. They were Biblemen, forsooth! but yet, on all appeals to Christian principles, were deaf as is the adder; or, if they heeded, but answered with the Jew,—

"Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'st thy lungs, to speak so loud."

As a clergy—a body of men professedly devoted to religion—it surely is matter of regret that the Irish parsons have, in too many instances, flagrantly renounced the spirit of their own creed, and still more so of that gospel which they daily proclaim can only save. Its spirit will,—its texts alone cannot. Its simple principles, its mild commands, its meekness, its love, its mercy, the self-sacrificing beauty of its doctrines, the humility of our Redeemer, and therein the sublimity of Christian truth, as contradistinguished from all temporal power,—these will save; but these, alas! the peculiar province of all clergy, the message of their mission, the origin of their sacred influence, they have, apostate-like, abandoned, to rest their sect's dominion on the frail statutes of the State. The sword of Cæsar, not the Saviour's cross, has been their ensign. In the penal letters of a tyrant law they have read the charter of their rights, and placed its sordid sway above their trust from Heaven. Like the vindictive Shylock, when importuned

for mercy to Anthonio, they relented not from the letter of their right, but claimed "the pound of flesh." Surely, it were much more meet, if they and other churchmen had reasoned ever like the Christian Portia :—

"Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy."

CHAPTER XIV.

“ You see this fellow that is gone before ;—
 I fear the trust Othello puts in him,
 On some odd time of his infirmity,
 Will shake this island.”—*Iago.*

“ The rock is loosened from the mountain’s brow.”

Dr. Hussey.

THE unamiable object which Mr. Cash, the parson and Co-Inspector of Police, first, and cautiously endeavoured to attain, as they sat in insidious converse with the Squire, on the night of the disputatious dinner-party, and after the remaining portion of the company had withdrawn to the spiritual converse of the biblical Miss Pigott, and the tea and coffee of her less enthusiastic Mamma, was neither more nor less than the gradual alienation, and as they hoped ulti-

mate estrangement, of the uncle's friendship from his almost dependent nephew, Francis French. The intimate introduction to a high and old-established Tory family,—a sure support in any day, against the alarming strides of Popish liberty, or Irish reform,—of a young liberal and his opinions, naturally appeared to Mr. Cash, the Parson, and others, as likely to prove dangerous to the strength of, at least, their local, factious ascendancy. But, when in addition to the influence of continued communication, the dispositions of Mr. Pigott, his family, and the young stranger, were considered,—the natural tendencies of the squire himself to nationality, and kindliness towards the peasantry; the kindred good-nature of his spouse, the provoking excess of charity and mercy, that despite her contagious companionship with sectarian craft and fanaticism, still reigned paramount with the fair daughter of the house; and all acted on by that mild, equable temper, which, when accompanied by intellectual power, as was the happy

fortune of Francis French, is so suited, in the social circle, to mould to its own cast the thoughts of others,—the annoying analysis and review afforded increased cause for alarm, to their disturbed imaginations.

These general motives to their dislike of the young liberal were individually stimulated, by the personal interference, which, in favour of the hill's-side tenantry, he had undertaken ; and the frequent exceptions to the justice of their political and religious opinions, which, in arguments with each, he often pointedly and forcibly advanced. Their gradations of undermining, however, continued regularly on with the Squire, from the insinuations of that evening, to the more open regrets, and blames, they ever and anon expressed, for “ the unfortunate sentiments and probable conduct of his nephew.” The fact that Francis French had been in the “ Romish chapel” on the day of the “ simultaneous meetings,” a circumstance, which, as he did not wish to offend his uncle's prejudices, he had certainly never

communicated to him, was craftily exaggerated, in itself, and in its accompanying incidents, until each and all produced the desired, malignant, result. His slight intimacy with the curate, which commenced the same day, and had been since, but the interchange of far more distant politeness, than Francis French indeed wished; and his still slighter acquaintance with the Secretary, were adroitly magnified into acts of familiarity, concealed to be sure from Mr. Pigott himself, but, as they hinted, not the less certain or injurious on that very account.

It has been well said, by our great English poet, and master of the human heart, that—

“Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ;”

and with little fear of error, may it be affirmed by our humble selves,—that, when the public passions run high, and the dread that rivals are about to share the charms of that beloved dominion (to which factions so often illegitimately wed themselves), is morbidly excited in any of

her actual, or fancied, possessors' breasts,—their intellectual vision becomes equally distempered, and sees, in acts insignificant in themselves, deep, covert intrigues to irremediably wrong them, and their party, of their monopoly of favour.

It was thus with Squire Pigott. He profited little, indeed, save in imagination, by Protestant ascendancy; still, as such was the idolized object of his public affections, and towards which, the dubious advance of papist, or dissenter, excited his every fear, Mr. Cash easily played on him the part of a political Iago, so far, at least, as inciting distrust of the intentions and acts of Francis French.

Political excitement was never before so general in Ireland, as during the early part of this summer; and on each successive day, fast culminating to its meridian height, was now (concentrated to a focus) about to blaze forth with unimagined vigour in the Clare election.

On the accession of the Duke of Wellington to the premiership, the Catholic body had adopted

resolutions, under the title of pledges, directed against the existence of his then hostile administration. Their principle, was the popular demand from candidates at elections, of the following course of policy: 1st. Opposition to the Wellington ministry. 2nd. Support of the Catholic question. 3rd. Of reform in parliament. An occasion for the exercise of their resolve soon presented itself. Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald accepted a place in the cabinet, and vacated his seat for the county Clare. For the benefit of our readers we transcribe to our story's pages, the historic explanation of the "great coming event," as given by the same accomplished writer, and political contemporary, from whose pages we have taken some elucidatory extracts before.*

"It is very possible, that on the original passing of this resolution, the Catholic Association did not expect to be called upon to act upon it, until the next general dissolution of parliament, when the entire enthusiasm and vigour of the

* Mr. Thomas Wyse.

body being brought into action, little difficulty would exist in giving it its full effect. But, the case immediately before them was isolated, and affected by very peculiar difficulties. Mr. V. Fitzgerald was not an ordinary candidate. In some particulars, he had very great advantages over the Beresfords, and Fosters, and Jocelyns. There was no spirit of settled hatred in the people against the individual, or against his family ; he had, in the aristocracy and gentry, each of whom could count some instance of his friendship in their own persons, devoted and well-merited adherents. In the county at large, there was rather a feeling of gratitude, than otherwise, towards Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald. His father, prime Sergeant Fitzgerald, had just claims to their affections. An officer of government, he had voted against the Union, at a period when venality was considered as little less than virtue. Mr. V. Fitzgerald himself had placed the Catholics under very considerable obligations. He had constantly voted for their question, and was known

to be a devoted advocate of the measure. In personal qualifications, too, no man more truly possessed all those gifts, by which a candidate is likely to assure to himself the largest share of popular favour. He was a gentleman of the most conciliating manners, and an orator of no common eloquence. But, Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald came strictly under the ban of the late resolution. He was a minister, and a member of the obnoxious administration. To this ground of opposition was also superadded another, of scarcely less importance in the minds of the Catholics. Mr. Fitzgerald had lately voted against the dissenters, and in some degree neutralized by this act his ardent professions in favour of civil and religious freedom. The case was clear: the only question now was, whether the Catholic Association would act upon it immediately. The matter was decided in a few days; indeed, little doubt ought to have existed for a moment, in the mind of any rational or honourable man, what course ought to have been adopted. The Association had been

more than once taunted with their *paper resolutions*. They had pledged themselves, in the face of the country. They were strictly bound to adhere to this pledge. It was not less true policy. The life by which such bodies live, is public opinion. Whatever was the risk, the experiment was necessary; the prize was worth the venture: if successful, there was a certainty that the same principle would spread with tenfold energy through every part of Ireland, and with a success which no minister could contemplate without dismay. The contest was not an ordinary contest. It involved in its issue the far mightier battle of emancipation. The hour of the final engagement had at last come; the field where it was to be decided was the county of Clare. The Association looked round, and for some time hesitated—success seemed more than doubtful. No candidate could be induced to come forward against Mr. Fitzgerald. Major M'Namara, who united in himself all the necessary recommendations, 'a Protestant in religion, a Catholic in

politics, a Milesian in descent,' peremptorily refused. There was no other gentleman in the county sufficiently liberal, or influential, or willing, to take his place. The cause seemed lost, when the circumstances which appeared most fatal to its success, were the very circumstances which really constituted the glory and value of the struggle. The agitation had gone on; the county was roused. Urged by the arguments of his friends, and of the Association, Mr. O'Connell declared himself the new candidate, for the representation of the county of Clare, in an energetic address from Dublin."

It was on the morning of the — of June, that this address, commented on by all the newspapers, appeared in the country; and Francis French, in the unguarded moment of joy, expressing his approval thereof, the distrust and long-suppressed anger of the Squire became fully revealed. The prejudices of the good-natured old man were bitterly mortified; and reproach, and some allusions to the almost dependent state

of his nephew, roused the calm but sensitive spirit of the latter to disdainful revolt from authority, and disregard of the likely privation of worldly advantages. He was commanded to quit the house, or change his opinions ; and, rejecting the latter difficult alternative, he literally obeyed the other choice given him. During the storm of the uncle's rage, and the pained feelings of the nephew, the soothing of Mrs. Pigott, and the entreaties of the fair biblical to each, were inefficacious on either. The withdrawal of the harshness of the one, was prevented by his poisoned prepossessions and momentary political vexation ; and submission was forbidden by the indignant spirit of the other.

Thus, even the address preceding this election, produced not alone an extraordinary public sensation, but also shot its agitating powers through the predisposed temperament of many social circles. Francis French repaired to the neighbouring village, and, having taken comfortable lodgings, was determined to uphold, at the least,

his independence of thought. With such frugal enjoyments as contented him, and for the gratification of literary tastes, he possessed from the inheritance of his mother's portion—slender though it was—a sufficient competency. As he reconsidered the past, though deeply regretting the occurrence, being, indeed, sincerely fond of his uncle and aunt, and imbued with admiration,—if not more tender sentiments,—for his cousin, he was still not displeased with himself; and, in a manner, conscious, that, at some time or other, such collision would unavoidably take place, he consoled his anxiety with the reflection,—“’twas well it was no worse.”

He became now, in a few days, very intimately acquainted with the Curate, as also the young Secretary, who chanced to be, at this period, in the country; and, under other circumstances, the young Liberal would have certainly experienced unalloyed pleasure in their very intelligent, and, considering the excited times, unexpectedly impartial converse.

Francis, too, almost daily corresponded with Miss Pigott; who, though ever endeavouring to excuse her good cousin in her father's eyes, and produce reconciliation, still, as she had not yet succeeded, judged it the better taste to be altogether uncommunicative in her answers to him, on the matter of her requests.

The recurrence of his natural kindness, however, came before long to the Squire; and early one morning, unsolicited by any one, he wrote a candid, honest note to his nephew, regretting what he said, bidding him also "to forget and forgive," and to "mount, like a man, the led horse he sent by the new helper,—a chap," he said, "he had lately got,"—and come give an agreeable surprise to his aunt and Fanny, at the breakfast-table."

Had the invitation come but the evening before, it would have been well-timed, and Francis French had joyfully returned to his friends; but, whether for better or worse, availing himself of the Secretary's company, and that young

man's knowledge of the prominent public characters, he had accepted his suggestion to go to Clare; and so both had started, before daylight on that very morning, for the famed scene of excitement.

Francis' Roman Catholic host, too ostentatious of his lodger's public spirit, bombastically communicated the intelligence to the servant; and he, not being yet acquainted with the social state of the family, unwittingly committed it to his master's ears. The Squire became more enraged than ever; he swore "the apostate's eternal exclusion from his house;" and even Miss Pigott herself felt somewhat chagrined with her cousin, and his abrupt trip. A note, however, directed to her from Francis French, and which the host, in his exaltations about Clare, forgot to give the servant, was shortly after brought out by a runner. It went far to remove her uneasiness; for though a biblical, still, unlike most of her fair Irish fellow-devotees, Fanny Pigott was, from her comprehensive enthusiasm for imagined

good, not at all indisposed to bold change, in the relations of political, any more than religious systems; and, accordingly, notwithstanding his sudden departure, and her father's increased anger to him, was even well pleased when she read,—that, “as he had long entertained an anxious desire to observe, with his own eyes, the actual state of Irish politicians and politics, and could possibly have no better opportunity than the scene of such an election, he had, therefore, suddenly set off on that morning, and would have great pleasure in writing to her, from the battle-ground, a full and true account of the event, and its circumstances.”

END OF VOL. I.

NOTES

TO

VOLUME THE FIRST.

PAGE 78.—“ *The same I tell you now, I saw last week, in one of their Protestant newspapers.*”

See Lord Roden's speech in the Lords, 1828.

PAGES 82, 83.—“ *They collected, as the priest told me, money at Dungarvan.*”

“ The creation of such a fund was first suggested at Dungarvan, in consequence of numerous applications from the clergy, about two months before the Waterford election. It was then limited to a local subscription, and the promises of preference on vacant lands, to such freeholders as might be ejected by their landlords, for a conscientious discharge of their duty during the ensuing contest. Mr. O'Connell had the merit of making it really useful, by extending it to every part of Ireland.”—*Mr Wyse's Historic Sketch of the Catholic Association.*

Extract from the evidence of the Rev. John Sheehan, respecting the election in 1826, given before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, appointed in 1835 to consider the most effectual means of preventing bribery, corruption, and intimidation, in the election of members to serve in Parliament.

Rev. John Sheehan.

“ You are, I believe, a Roman Catholic clergyman?—I am.

“ You are a parish priest of the city of Waterford?—I am.

" Were you in the city of Waterford during the election that took place in the year 1826?—I was ; but not parish priest at that time.

" You were curate at that time?—I was attached to a chapel there, and I was chaplain to an hospital.

" Who were the candidates at the election of 1826?—Lord George Beresford, the late Mr. Richard Power, of Clashmore, and Mr. Henry Villiers Stuart.

" At that period great efforts were made, I believe, by the Roman Catholics to accomplish Emancipation?—There were.

" Lord George Beresford, and the Beresford family, which he represented, were opposed to Catholic Emancipation?—They were.

" In what month was the election of 1826?—In June.

" Can you state the number of persons who were ejected within a twelvemonth afterwards, in consequence of their having voted at that election against ———?—I can state, that I myself paid the passage-money of several of them to America.

" I ask you, are you able to state, without being precise as to ten or twenty, what you conceive to be the number of persons who suffered within one twelvemonth, from June 1826, for having voted against ———?—I should conceive, between two and three hundred people suffered within one twelvemonth after it.

" Do you mean to say upon the ——— estate only?—Upon the ——— estate. When I say suffered, I do not mean ejected ; for this reason,—that their lives did not drop ; and that those who were in arrears, were protected by the Association.

" Do you know what the amount of money advanced for the relief of persecuted tenants, was, within one twelvemonth from the election of 1826, by the Roman Catholic Association?—About 2,200*l*."

" Persecution began. It was shocking, that tenants should not perjure themselves ;—unheard-of, that they should have a country ;—monstrous, that they should think of their religion ! The bishops, who knew that the Gospel was preached to the rich alone, were astounded ; fulminations, lay and clerical,—the latter, however, of a much finer scarlet,—went forth ;—but the Association existed. The new rent was established. If a landlord was deaf to decency and humanity, his sensations were assisted by a punch from the halberd of the law. Physicians, very skilful in their professions, applied the stethoscope to the state of his property ; the oppressed breathing,

which mortgages had induced, was explored, and an antiphlogistic regimen instantly adopted. They bought up the encumbrances on his property; and if he attempted to persecute his tenantry for their votes, soon compelled him to listen to reason."—Extract from an article in *Tail's Magazine*, on the Catholic Association, written by Mr. Denis Murphy, a gentleman of great ability as a scholar and writer, but who, to the loss of literature and his country, died at a very early age.

PAGE 128.—" *The population census.*"

"In conjunction with the 'Catholic Rent,' and the annual 'Meetings of the Provinces,' another measure, not less calculated to appeal forcibly to the sympathies and understanding of the Catholic community, was soon after adopted. The Catholic prelates of Ireland were requested by the Association to allow the clergy under their charge to commence, with as much expedition as might be practicable, the great work of a 'national census.' To Mr. Shiel, whose name is so intimately identified with the entire progress and success of the Catholic cause, is due the merit of this important suggestion. . . . He used it as a powerful lever, for the promotion of the cause. He wished to place habitually before the mind of the priest and of the peasant,—of the Protestant and of the Catholic,—the flagrant disparity between the two sects, particularly in the south. He wished to give a visible proof of the iniquity of a system which required so large a sacrifice of the happiness of the many, to the luxury and monopoly of the few. This was done effectually; and new facts came in every week at the meetings of the Association, vouching an extreme discordancy between the former statements of the ascendancy, and the new statement of things as they were. Every week, one or other of the clergy of the different dioceses sent in their report: they were immediately read,—entered on the minutes of the Association,—published, and preserved.* In these reports, every singular anomaly arising out of the perverted state of the laws, was studiously put forward. Whole parishes were stated to exist, where it was not possible to meet a single Protestant; rich rectorships were discovered, without a single parishioner; teachers were mentioned to have been paid out of lavish parliamentary

* In the discharge of this duty, Dr. Kelly, Catholic Bishop of Waterford, particularly distinguished himself.

grants, who had not a single scholar. Churches were allowed to fall to ruin by their opulent incumbents, that they might be rebuilt by a starving people; while, within a few miles' distance, flocks of thousands might be found, with no other chapel than a thatched hovel, to shelter them from the visitation of the elements. These, and many other contrasts of all kinds,—between what ought to be, and what was,—now successively pressed upon the public attention: grievance became a matter, not of loose invective, but of figures and calculation. Each man's local experience was called into action; every man contributed something from his own knowledge and sufferings, to the heavy sum. Foreign nations became interested in the statement, and commented, with great justice and energy, on the conclusions to which it necessarily gave rise."—*Wyse's Historical Sketch of the late Catholic Association of Ireland.*

PAGE 129.—“*Ambitious France had again and again spoken, either her sympathies for us, or her wishes against England.*”

“Whilst Ireland was thus organizing itself, with an order and discretion rarely witnessed in any country,—going on from little to great, and gathering at every step a more implicit confidence in its union and resources,—its proceedings did not escape the attention and the sympathies of other countries. The French,—stimulated by the progress of liberal institutions amongst themselves, and not a little, perhaps, by a lurking recollection of the injuries they had sustained from England,—began to turn towards Ireland a large portion of their observation, and to hope, from the discontents allowed so unwisely to continue in that country, a new addition to the spirit of liberalism spreading throughout Europe, and an ample vengeance, in due season, on the head of their haughty rival. The letters in the *Etoile*, the confidential, and, indeed official, organ of the government,—the visit of two or three distinguished French travellers, the Duc de Montebello, Monsieur Duvergier, the Marquess de Dalmatia, and others, and the publication of their travels on their return,—made a strong impression on the French mind. Societies were projected in aid of the Catholic Association, both at Paris and Bourdeaux; but the spirit was not yet sufficiently ripe to carry the project into prompt execution. In Germany, and even in Italy, a similar feeling began to develop itself. The rapid translation of everything connected with Ireland, not only into French, but into both these languages, is

a proof of the general interest which its condition had begun to excite in the most remote parts of the continent. Travellers brought home the same report: they were met everywhere, when they spoke of the glory of England, with taunts on the oppressions of Ireland. Every Englishman was made personally to feel the shame and disgrace which the tyranny of his own government had obtained for him abroad. The existing state of Europe was also favourable to this feeling. The late revolutions in Spain and Italy had disposed people to this train of thought; and the struggle in Greece, which still continued, furnished an example, in courage and suffering, quite analogous to the struggle in Ireland. The Irish Catholic was assimilated, in the popular imagination, to the Christian Greek; and the English Protestant, to his Turkish master. But there was another nation, whose interest in the situation of Ireland was of a far stronger and more domestic character. America had been long the asylum of the suffering and expatriated Irish;—the country which, of all others, most keenly reflected the feelings, and understood the grievances, of the Irish Catholic. The ties of consanguinity,—the dearer ties of character and principle,—the common recollection of former oppression,—the remembrance of ancient communion, and of ancient resistance to wrong:—all these feelings, not only preserved, but enhanced, by the contrast between their former and their present situation,—between Irish servitude and American liberty,—directed their attention, at a very early period, to their injured brethren at the other side of the Atlantic.”—*Wyse's Historical Sketch, &c.*

“In almost every quarter of the globe, the oppressions of Ireland, became the subject of discussion; and as their gigantic figures rose round the crater of the Association, the name of England was made the subject of scorn and open contempt. In France, Austria, Italy, Germany, in the United States, Canada, South America, the Colonies, and India, the most humiliating allusions were made. Even at an official dinner in Mexico, Mr. Ward, the British Consul, was taunted with the conduct of his country, and compelled to protest his individual condemnation of it, while he censured the introduction of the subject in such a place. The glorious characteristic of England,—her freedom, was decried. There was not a country of the new, or old world, in which an Englishman durst talk of English liberty. “Look to the Irish Catholics,” was the answer. Foreign despotisms exulted

at the extinction of that quality, which had raised us above the rest of the world ; for take away our liberty and what are we ?"—*Mr. Dennis Murphy on the Catholic Association*

PAGE 130.—“ *But during the advance of the cause itself, and as the battle between the antagonist parties, hung on the trembling beam of balanced victory or defeat, the peasantry exposed to the vengeance of their exasperated landlords, daily suffered still the more and more.*”

That, the same cruel, and unconstitutional system, which distinguished the Tory party at this early period of our story, is pursued in the present times, they who are acquainted with those expulsions of the peasantry from their little farms, which have lately occurred, and are daily occurring in Carlow, Longford, Cork, Queens', and many other counties in Ireland, can too truly testify.

In the county Carlow, alone, 338 families, comprising 1886 individuals, have been ejected within the last few years, by the Tory gentry. Of these unfortunate individuals, 1874 were Catholics ; and of the lands of which they were dispossessed, every acre, with one or two exceptions, was transferred to a Protestant ! How justly did Lord Mulgrave, in reply to the Earl of Roden, and in allusion to Lord Bandon, remark—“ That, any wholesale system of depopulation, founded on the religious opinions of a body of people, must be productive of most disastrous consequences.” But, unfortunately, persecution from political and sectarian motives, is not confined to the county Carlow, or to certain localities in Cork. The reader who is anxious for information on this subject, would do well to refer to the “ Evidence given before the Select Committee appointed in 1835, to consider the most effectual means of preventing bribery, corruption, and intimidation, in the election of Members to serve in Parliament.”

PAGE 136.—“ *The poor, who had been driven from their wretched dwellings, had no resource, but in temporary huts.*”

Dr. Doyle, in his Parliamentary evidence on the state of the poor in Ireland, thus describes the condition of the ejected class.

“ What is the change that takes place with respect to those ejected tenants,—where do they seek an asylum when they quit their farms ?

“ An example is very often the best explanation of a subject ; and

I will take one not to exaggerate the matter, but to illustrate it; it occurred near me the other day :—A gentleman ejected a few tenants, (eight or ten families,) some of whom sought an asylum with the neighbouring tenantry on the estate; and it was stated to me, on unquestionable authority, that the landlord prevented those other tenants from affording to the ejected people, that asylum. They then wandered about for some days, or weeks, till another gentleman in the neighbourhood, of a very humane disposition, afforded them some temporary accommodation, and gave them patches of land upon which to build huts. In other cases, they wander about without a fixed residence; the young people in some instances, endeavour to emigrate to America. If the family have a little furniture, or a cow, or a horse, they sell the latter, and come into small towns, where they often get licences to sell beer and whiskey. After a short time, their little capital is expended, and they become dependent on the charities of the town. They next give up their house, and take a room; but at present, many of them are obliged to take, not a room, but what they call a corner, in some house. It may be necessary to state to the Committee, that in all the suburbs of our towns, there are cabins (having no loft,) of suppose, twenty feet long, by twelve feet wide, with a partition in the centre. Now, four of those wretched families are sometimes accommodated in one small apartment of that cabin, and three families in the other. I have not seen myself so many as seven families in one of those cabins, but I have been assured by one of the officiating clergy in the town, that there are many instances of it; I myself found three families in a little compass, not larger than what is within the circuit of these tables; then their beds are merely a little straw, strewed at night upon the floor, and by day wrapped up and covered with a quilt or blanket; they are obliged to do it up in that way, to have some vacant space. In these abodes of misery, disease is often produced by extreme want,—disease wastes the people, for they have no food or comforts to restore them;—*they die in a little time.* I have known a lane, with a small district adjoining, in the town in which I live, to have been peopled by about thirty or forty families, who came from the country, and I think, that in the course of twelve months, there were not ten families of the thirty surviving."

prises six or seven tithe parishes, of the established Church, so that, the political Churchwardens of the Manor of Glenmore, as their brother officials in different localities, had to report the tyrannies of others, than their own state Rector, Mr. Cantall.

PAGE 143.—“*Badly off as they were before, they had still a roof to cover them.*”

illustration of the general wretched condition of expelled Irish tenants, and of the inclination to industry, and the amiability of our unfortunate poor under every misery, we have made the following few extracts from a pamphlet, entitled “*True Tales of the Irish peasantry, as related by themselves, selected from the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners,*” by Mrs. Johnstone,—a work highly useful to the public, and most honourable to the ability and Christian feeling of its very accomplished authoress. How very unlike are the sentiments of the peasantry, as expressed by themselves, to the false representations daily made of them by other writers. But our first extracts will be, not from the testimony of persons in the peasant class of life, but from such witnesses as may be reasonably supposed, by those of all political parties, to be impartial evidence.

The Rev. Mr. Andrew Phelan states:—“Within the last five or six years, 190 families have been ejected from the estates of the landed proprietors in the barony of East Idrone, (Carlow county,) amounting in the whole, to 626; of whom, 152 are widows and orphans. I recollect in one instance, of ten or eleven families who were driven off one townland; three or four persons perished in most melancholy destitution. A few of the dispossessed families erected temporary huts the dike of the road, opposite the land from which they were removed, by placing a few sticks covered with stubbles of straw and potatoe stalks, as a shield against the trials of the weather; but the rain flowed in, and some who had not strength to bear up against the trials they had to encounter, sank beneath them. Among these, were Stephen Cummins, his wife, and Mary Prendergast. The two former were old and feeble; the latter was confined in the hut. She got cold during her confinement, of which she died. After lingering some time, the infant also died.*”

There is no end to such statements.

* This is Colonel Bruen's late “Garden of Ireland.”

Kavanagh remarks:—"I counted forty-seven persons that were turned out of their cabins. They made to the bogs, and made little huts of the bog sods. I don't think there are ten out of the forty-seven alive. They have been all in comfortable circumstances, and reduced by misfortune." Mr. Farrell states:—"They told me they were willing to pay for their small farms of land; but they were turned out to make room for large farmers. I knew a little farmer, he was most comfortable, he was turned out on the road. He had not less than £10 in gold. The poor creature died a beggar. *From the day he was turned out, he was like a man struck dumb and stupified.*"

Farrell further says:—"That some of those driven out, had to lie in the wet ditches, before they had a hut to put their heads into; and some of them were even driven out of the ditches, as you'd hunt a rat out of a furze bush." Very few adopt begging from its facilities of life. Mr. Farrell says:—"I am convinced that there is not a set of people in the world who despise begging more than the people here; but they are fairly driven to it by the mere dint of hardship."

Lynch, a carpenter in Carlow, states:—"I believe that half the people are driven to becoming Whitefeet, and other illegal bodies, from destitution. One man was dispossessed of a farm, eighty years in the family, and was thrown out of his plot of ground, without any consideration. He shewed me the receipt for his last half year's rent; he was an industrious man, and had letters as to character, from the most respectable men, one from the late Dr. Doyle. He was in such agony of mind, he asked me should he join the Whitefeet."

At the examination in *Rathangan*, a parish in Kildare, Dr. Fitzimons states:—"I attended a patient some few nights since, on the hill of Grange, and found her lying on some straw scattered in the ditch; it could not be called a hut, for it had only two sides, the bank of the ditch forming one, and some straw or furze tied together the other. This was removed to whatever side the wind blew from. On asking why they had not something to prevent the patient from getting wet, in case it should rain, the mother replied,—*'We dare not do it;'* because, after we were turned out of our holding, we had to take to the common, and built there; but in some time, the *bailiffs* with the *Police*, came and knocked it down, and said we had no right to the ground."

Mrs. Johnstone, in allusion to such cases as this, (which are, alas! too numerous,) very truly remarks:—"It is known, that ejections

are the originating cause of many of the local factions and bands of desperados, under a variety of names, by which Ireland has been disturbed for sixty years. We all know what leagued the *Whitefeet*. Let us look to the lairs from whence these desperate men issue, and cease to wonder at their ferocity and disregard of life,—whether their own or that of others."

Mr. Townsend, the chief constable of Police, in the same parish of which Dr. Fitzimons speaks, says :—" I know an instance, the other night, of my police having gone out to execute a warrant against a man for *Whitefootism*, and on entering the house, they found four women and twelve children lying on some straw, scattered on a wet floor, and with no covering but a *tarpaulin* thrown over the sixteen persons." Mr. Townsend adds, " My opinion is, that many are *driven* to become the ready instruments of political excesses, in the hands of the disaffected."

Mr. Meredith, chief constable, says :—" Last summer some disturbance prevailed in this parish, from persons visiting the houses of farmers at night, to compel them to sell potatoes, which they were supposed to be holding over, for the purpose of realizing higher prices. In the performance of my duty, as chief constable of police, I had to make search for the offenders. Until the night that I made that search, I knew nothing of the destitution which prevailed, and which prompted to these outrages. In about fifteen houses which I searched, with one exception, I found no provisions, but a few stones of potatoes, carefully preserved in a corner of the same box in which the inmates kept their milk and their Sunday clothes. Their having milk and a change of clothing shewed that they by no means belonged to the lowest class, even of landholders. In one instance, as we were groping for the door, a policeman called my attention to a bundle of weeds, which was stopping what appeared to be nothing more than a breach in the cabin wall; on removing the weeds, we found this to be the only entrance, and the weeds the only means of closing it. The opening was so small, that the policeman had to take off his appointments in order to creep in. I found the occupant of the cabin, the person I was in search of, lying on a miserable straw bed; I had to take him from bed, from beside his wife, who was at that time pregnant, to be perhaps transported for an offence, to which it was evident the fear of starvation had prompted him. The scene of misery I witnessed on this occasion, and others which I saw in the course of my

search that night, I shall never forget. My duty, of course, compelled me to take the offenders before the proper authorities, but the destitution of which I was an eye-witness, enabled me to make such representations as ultimately procured their release."

In relation to ejected tenants, Mrs. Johnstone again remarks,— "We need not again repeat, that at every examination into the condition of the Irish poor, made within the last ten years, many credible witnesses have asserted, that by summary ejection, without any provision for the poor, of work or of aid, thousands have perished; while the same cause has doubled, and in many places quadrupled, the number of mendicants and vagrants, and given rise to the lawless associations of Whitefeet, Terry Alts, &c. &c." She continues,— "We shall select the least cruel cases." "A man may hold land from a gentleman, and work on the estate all his life, till old age comes upon him, without any hope of any indulgence at the end of his days. When past his labour, he must look to his children for support; he will certainly obtain no help from the landlord. None of us recollect a single instance of an old tenant being supported by his landlord, or being permitted to hold the ground when he ceased to be able to pay the rent. No matter how long a man, or his father before him, has held under a gentleman, as soon as he fails of being able to meet his rent, *he may walk away.*" (The foregoing is the unanimous expression of a number of witnesses, and corroborated by many other persons, present at the examinations of various classes and situations in life.)

The Rev. Mr. Brennan, of Kildare, states,— "It would make your blood run cold to hear the tales of woe and misery, that are told me in my confessional, that the hardships the poor bear are beyond endurance." Here the reverend gentleman got excited at the recollection of some of these scenes, and remarked,— "They attribute all the midnight murders and assassinations in this country to political causes; but, sir, I tell you, and am ready to swear, if necessary, that poverty and destitution are at the root. One instance, sir, I tell you; that of a decent farmer's wife, her children kindly reared and respectably brought up, *driven out of their holding, without a roof to put their heads under. Some one built them a wretched hut by the road-side, which covered them for forty-five nights. Her son, a young man, came to me when he heard it, and, in a state bordering on dis-*

traction, said to me, '*What am I told, sir? Am I to live and see those things?*'"

The following extracts are from the testimony of the peasantry themselves.

Adams, a labourer, in Kilcock, Kildare, remarks :—

"*Can any hardship be greater than to get up in the morning, as I have done, hear your children crying for food, and not having any to give them, to look at myself, a man able and willing to work, obliged to send the eldest of my children out to beg food to feed the young ones?*"

At Kilkee, county Clare, one poor fellow, named Mc Donnell, when asked, "If the young labourers subscribed for the old?" replied, "I am sure every labourer in the parish would do so if he had eightpence a day regular, if it was proposed to him by the priest; for how else are we to know what it is for, that we are to subscribe. He is our only friend, and to him we must look for every kind of advice."

When the Assistant-Commissioner asked him, "Whether a gentleman, who showed an interest in his tenantry, and lived among them, would not be able to carry such a plan into effect?" "To be sure he would; and why not? We would be willing to do anything for those to whom we belong, *who could come and live among us, and treat us like free-born men.*"

"If," says another witness, "there were plenty of employment, there would be no Terry Alts; but the people here have only *hunger and ease.*"

"Many a mischief is done," says another, "in poverty and distress, that would not be done but for them. When I am hungry, I want a meal at night; I will go out; I do what I would never do, if hunger did not drive me. When a man is hungry, the shame goes off him; and many a mischief is done to the gentlemen of the county they must overlook."

Here is another poor man's story. His name is Patrick Byrne, of Naas, county Kildare.

"My first take was £1 8s. per acre; and when my lease was out, my landlord raised my second take to £2 5s. 6d.; I should either promise to pay it, or quit at once. *As I was loath to leave the place I was born and reared in, I strove to stay and keep the roof over my poor mother's head.* However, with all our industry and hard work, what was not in the land could not be taken out of it; we could not

pay the rent, so, of course, we were put out. The old woman, however, went to the landlord, and told him how he got all the produce that came off the land; that he knew very well he got the very corn, after it was cut, drawn away by his own carts and horses; that the cows we reared went to pay the rent; all would not do: and the only answer she got was, that the ground was his, and the money hers; and as she could not pay the rent he fixed on it, she should go somewhere else. She is now seventy years of age, sir; and it is hard to see her depending on my labour, particularly when I can scarcely get any."

Mrs. Johnstone concludes her admirable compilation of the Examinations of the Peasantry, and her apposite commentary thereon, with the following just remarks:—

"It is impossible to peruse this most interesting Report, without being struck with the kindness and generosity of the people; their warm sympathy with distress; and, wild, reckless, and turbulent, as we have been led to think them, their high moral feelings. In the midst of extreme distress, dishonesty and pilfering—the common vice of the poor of all other countries—are almost unknown. It requires great suffering to break them down to beggary. They are accused of indolence. We believe those who now compete with them in the labour-market of England, Scotland, and America, will not confirm this charge. They are yearning for employment, at any rate of remuneration. Look at their periodical journeys to gain and hoard the rent of their miserable rack-rented holdings—to relieve the potato crop, that has been *crossed* until the rent is paid! Look at them, when they are labouring for themselves! Why, the English and Scots say truly, that the Irish labourer will scrape up his meat among their feet, and not by idleness. Filial piety—the virtue of the poor in most countries—is eminently that of the Irish. How many instances do we meet with in this work, of persons wretchedly poor themselves, yet sharing with their destitute parents. How many times do we hear of young women, who have gone to England and America, sending home a pound, or two pounds, as fast as they could earn it, to help those near and dear, whom they had left behind in misery. Soldiers also send. And the sums sent home by emigrants to some parishes, to relieve the old, or help the young to go out, are, indeed, most encouraging to those who would promote emigration. We cannot forbear citing a few examples of the kind-heartedness of

these poor people, both in their social relations, and in their families, just as they occur. The coldest relation in Ireland, seems that subsisting between a poor old man and a daughter-in-law, who is overburdened with the maintenance of her own family. In Killenory, in Roscommon, the husband of 'the widow Macklan was supporting his aged parents when he died; she continued to do so, and still does so, though badly able, being in very distressed circumstances herself.' John Clarke declares, 'I have been keeping my mother ever since I was able to work, and by dad! I have great hardship to do so, for we do not get work enough. My mother is an industrious woman, and would work if she could get it. I got three days work this week, and not a single day last week.' Here follows a lesson for those who are at present worrying each other in the name of religion. 'The Rev. Mr. Gibson (Presbyterian Minister of Mullingar) said, 'I knew a woman of my own congregation, of the name of Baxter, who died in great distress. She had a son, a weaver, but he could not help her. *A Catholic beggar-woman supported her for more than three years, by begging through the country.*' Here is another poor woman, who better deserves to be canonized as the heroine of Killeagh, than ever did Joan of Arc, as that of France. 'The witnesses mentioned the case of a woman who had been for years working for a farmer at fourpence a day, in order to support an old father and an old mother, both being utterly helpless through infirmity, not able even to wash or hang down (i. e., put on the fire) a pot of potatoes. This woman is near forty; she might have been married, but she refused to do anything that might put it out of her power to support her parents. She is content to devote her life to them; *she would not let them go into a poor-house; she will not leave them until she buries them.*' This woman lives in the parish whence the great absentee proprietor, Sir Arthur Brooke, draws a very large revenue. We would ask, if ever these landowners put the questions to themselves, or if ever their tutors or spiritual guides enjoin them to inquire, for what purpose Providence has given them their estates. Humbly, but earnestly, would we suggest, that they could not address themselves to any inquiry half so important to themselves. When the beggars hereabout are asked, how they live, they reply, 'By God and my neighbours.'

"Kelly, a farmer in Castledermot, remarks, 'Though they have not enough for the day that's going over them, they divide anything the Almighty God sends them.'

"The poor farmers and labourers always shrunk from estimating the amount of potatoes they might bestow on the beggars,—'I hope God will keep an account of it, but I won't,' said Kelly.

"They often said the rest of the potatoes would be blessed, and that they would grow, (i. e., increase.) Johnson, a labourer in Killybegs, says,—'There can be no doubt but that many who give, can ill afford it. *But God gives it them back again! What is given for the love of God, should never be measured!*'"

We have made these extracts from Mrs. Johnstone's pamphlet, for the purpose of giving a fair, real-life picture of the condition and sentiments of the Irish peasantry. We submit to public decision—are they "*savages*," as their political and religious enemies daily represent them? Colonel Bruen, and his party in Carlow, have expelled thousands from the homes of their fathers, avowedly because not slaves to his political dictation, and traitors to their own conscience. In the face of the world, before Great Britain's Parliament, the former defended the wide-spread ruin and havoc occasioned by himself and party, on the charitable principle of "*doing what they will with their own*." Contrast his sentiments, and those of the landed gentlemen who have made outcasts of the poor, and pity them not, with the simple sublimity of the peasant, who shares his little substance among the wretched, and answers, "*What is given for the love of God, should never be measured!*" Verily, verily, there is a savageness will have its reward.

PAGE 170.—"*Don't oppose your father, and he near his death, my girls.*"

As it might be imagined, by strangers to the sectarian expulsions carried on by the Tory gentry in Ireland, that cruelty would have, at least, relented before it deprived of shelter so incapable a being as a cripple, we extract, from the Rev. Mr. Phelan's letter to Mr. Vigors, on the subject of Colonel Bruen's ejectments, the following:—"He banished from the same place Patrick Comerford, also a freeholder, who, for two years previous to this eviction, had been in so delicate a state of health, as to have been unable to attend divine service at his chapel; he forced this man, in that delicate state of health, to take refuge in an old deserted ruin, where he shortly afterwards died; he gave his house, and twenty-six acres of his land, to Thomas Watson, Matthew Griffith, and other Protestants."

PAGE 240.—“ *If the exertions of agents were encouraged by landlords, as I have witnessed in the case of Lord Headley's estate of Glenbegh, in Kerry, the most desirable social results to this, as yet, merely agricultural country, would, indeed, soon follow.*”

“ The following account of Lord Headly's estate and improvements, is extracted from a pamphlet by his agent, Mr. J. Wiggins, an English gentleman, entitled, ‘Hints to Irish Landlords,’ &c., published in 1822, also from his evidence before the Irish Poor Committee, 1830.”—*Practical View of Ireland, by James Butler Bryan, Barrister-at-law.*

“ The estate of Glenbegh, or Glen of the Begh, or Birchen river, is situated at the entrance of the Iverah mountains, an extremely wild district, on the shores of the bay of Castlemain, and on the extreme south-western coast of Ireland. It consists of about 15,000 acres, much of which is rocky, boggy, and mountain ground. Steep and rugged mountains surround the estate, in the form of an amphitheatre, except towards the sea; along the shores of which a line of hills extends. Thus a sheltered vale is formed, through which the little river Begh takes the whole of its rapid course, from its sources in the mountain lakes to the sea.

“ This situation is romantic and picturesque, but its general aspect is wild and savage; and certainly, in the year 1807, presented as unpromising a subject for improvement as could well be imagined: and such was the character of the inhabitants for ferocity, that every traveller dreaded attack, and assumed a posture of defence, as he made his way between the river and a frowning cliff which overhangs it, then the only pass into the extensive districts to the west.

“ The glen was, at that time, supposed to be a place of safe retreat to every offender who fled from justice,—for there all pursuit terminated. The inhabitants allowed no person to be conducted through it as a prisoner, and it was their boast that none were ever punished who had taken refuge in its fastnesses.

“ They were looked upon by the rest of the country as savage, and treated as people amongst whom there was no security but in superior force. This feeling was far from being softened on those melancholy occasions when shipwrecks occurred on the coast, during which nothing but an armed force could prevent every vestige of property

being plundered by those and the neighbouring people. As to taxes, cesses, and other public dues, it may be imagined that the people lived nearly free from those imposts, for the king's hearth money was abandoned, because of the difficulty attending its collection, although the officers appointed to that duty were supported by troops.

"The habitations of these mountaineers were the lowest order of huts, scarcely affording room to the inmates, and quite inadequate to the purpose of shelter. The people were miserably clothed and badly fed; the scanty potato-crop was often, from necessity, shared with the cows, who must have otherwise starved for want of other provisions. Murderous quarrels were not unfrequent, often arising out of partnership of tenancy, and, that none of the usual evils might be wanted, letting, by the customary mode of canting, had created enormous disproportions between the rents and the value of the lands,—some of these rents being absurdly high, and others ridiculously low. To these people the bare idea of labour was offensive, and work was considered as slavery. They were, however, a remarkably robust, active, and enterprising race of men; hospitable and obliging to those who asked their assistance or courtesy. Many of them possessed almost chivalrous ideas of courage, of ancestry, and of adventure, and exhibited extraordinary symptoms of acuteness and intelligence, and a remarkable fondness for legal subtleties and historical tradition. Such were the people of that country, when Lord Headly, having recently come of age, for the first time visited this portion of the extensive family estate in Ireland. His lordship at once saw the deplorable state of those people was chiefly owing to a long course of neglect: he resolved, therefore, to cultivate their good qualities, without being at first very eager to punish their bad ones; these he wished to subdue by the progress of improvement, so that the culture of the people might keep pace with that of the soil; and he has succeeded in establishing, within eighteen years, a degree of improvement and civilization, which without those efforts must have required a century."

On his examination before the Committee, he was asked—

"Have you been concerned in the management of Lord Headly's estate?"

"I have, very much, for twenty-two years."

"What is the local situation of the estate?"

"It is in a mountainous district on the sea side, on the banks of the Castlemain."

"What is its extent?"

"There are about fifteen thousand English acres."

"In what year did your acquaintance with the district begin?"

"I think in 1807, or 1808."

"What was the character of the population?"

"They were extremely wild and savage."

"Is this district at the present moment in the condition you have described?"

"At the present moment it exhibits a very extraordinary contrast to the condition I have described; the people are now well clothed; they are extremely industrious and orderly, and I have seen them attending the chapel regularly twice a day, as well clothed, and as neat and as orderly, and as well-conducted, as you see in a country village in England."

"Has the character of the houses changed?"

"The houses are very considerably changed; there are about one hundred and fifty new houses, built as neat as you will see in England."

"Has agriculture improved?"

"Agriculture has improved considerably; they have got into the habit of using sea sand, which enables them to cultivate bog (peat) and mountain to a great extent."

"Was there a greater pressure in Kerry at the time of the failure of the crop in 1821?"

"Very considerable, I think; out of a population of 230,000, in Kerry, 170,000 were reported to have been destitute of subsistence for the moment, and it ought to be remarked of the people, that not a single depredation on property took place?"

"Did the condition of the Glenbay estate at the time afford any test by which you could show that it was better than the other parts of the country?"

"It did, a most remarkable test; for, instead of suffering for want of food, they were enabled to sell food to the rest of the country."

"Having described the former state of Glenbay, and its actual condition at present, will you have the goodness to explain what means were adopted for effecting this singular improvement?"

"The means adopted were generally an attention to the character of the people, and a constant desire, on the part of the managers of the estate, to avail themselves of the disposition of those people to the

improvement of the lands, and to the improvement of their habits and character generally; it was done with *very little sacrifice of rent or money*, but a constant and earnest attention to the object of improving the estate by the industry of the people; and whenever any particular instance of good management or industry, or of care to collect the land or sea-weed, or to reclaim or cultivate the land, or to build a decent house, was evinced by any of the people, they were encouraged by some little emolument or attention, or allowance, or something of the kind. I think the first system was to allow the people half value of any improvement made out of the rent; but as those rents were *considerably higher than could have been paid*, we conceived that the allowance was rather *nominal* than real."

"Then are the Committee to understand, that the improvements you have hitherto described have been effected chiefly by the people themselves, under a due system of encouragement and advice from the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You have stated that this has been effected without any considerable sacrifice on the part of the landlord, has there been any increased value given to the estate which is proportioned to the amount of rent sacrificed by the landlord?"

"If it were to be sold now, I would say it would sell for many thousands of pounds more than it would have done before; even allowing for what would have been the natural progress of the estate without these attentions and urging. In fact, seeing that the estate had been neglected for many years, and seeing the necessity of either abandoning it to a state of waste, or of doing something in the way of improvement, Lord Headly wished its improvement should be urged, and it was urged, *and his own personal attention had a great deal to do with it.*"

"During the disturbances that occurred, did the spirit of Whiteboyism extend itself to Genbay?"

"Not at all; on the contrary, the inhabitants had a meeting in a style rather of superiority, disavowing any participation in those feelings, and stating, that the reason they did not participate in those feelings, was, the attention that had been paid to them, and to their improvement, for so many years."

Two of those resolutions in 1822 were as follows:—

"Resolved—That we gladly embrace this opportunity to return

our sincere thanks and unfeigned gratitude to our landlord (Lord Headly), for having, since the year 1815, permanently abated the one-third of our rents, and giving almost constant *employment for the discharge of the rent* we at present assume, and thereby consulting our welfare, so as to render it both *unnecessary and inexpedient for us* to make ourselves a party to the violation of the laws of our God or of our country.

"Resolved—That we firmly believe, if all the landowners imitated the laudable example of Lord Headly, by timely lenity and indulgence towards their tenantry, the people of this hitherto loyal and peaceable country, would not have recourse to those unprecedented and disgraceful outrages at present so general."

"At the commencement of Lord Headley's undertaking, did he find the inhabitants of Glenbay, whom you have described as being wild and savage, were they indisposed to labour?"

"At first there was a strong indisposition to a deviation from their former habits of idleness, but that indisposition to labour was very soon got over, *when they saw the benefits arising from it, and the advantages and rewards that were given.* I found that a little *personal attention* was very beneficial in those cases; that if you went into a man's little farm that he had cultivated, and perceived it, it urged him very much; but, if you gave him a guinea, it urged him still more, and both of those practices used sometimes to be adopted."

"During the interval of time you have referred to, was there not, on the termination of the war, a very great reduction in the prices of agricultural produce?"

"There was a great reduction; the rents of Gelbay were very high at the time I first visited it."

"Did any accumulation of arrears still arise, which rendered it necessary to deal with those arrears?"

"A considerable part of the arrears were worked out by a sea-wall. There happened to be a bay, where the tide flowed over the shore, and we considered it a fit subject for reclaiming from the sea, and by the building of about three quarters of a mile of sea-wall, we got between four and five hundred acres. The building this sea-wall was a very difficult and dangerous undertaking, but it was carried through by the industry of the people; we had about five hundred men employed for three years upon that during the summer months, and nothing could exceed the exemplary conduct of those people during the work."

There was not a single quarrel among them during the whole time; they came every morning, and went away every night as regularly as possible, and they carried on their work without the slightest assistance of machinery of any kind, or even piles, but it was all done by the labour of the people, and with such resources as they happened to have among themselves, and we have now about four or five hundred acres of very fine land, in consequence of this sea-wall being built; we paid them *no money during the course of that work*. The rate of wages allowed was ten-pence a-day; the amount of arrears worked off was about 4000*l.*"

"Could that amount, or any part of it, have been recovered in money?"

"I should think not; it was all considered hopeless before we began, the rest was all entirely struck off."

"From your knowledge of the south-west of Ireland, do you think the system you have described as pursued by Lord Headly, would be capable of application elsewhere?"

"I should think perfectly capable of application in any part of Ireland, and perhaps with greater facility and ease than in Glenbay, because there were so many difficulties to struggle with at Glenbay at first, from the state of the people, and the backwardness to improvement; there was an application of land to a bog (or peat) surface, and it was let at four pounds an acre, the year after it was reclaimed."

"Did Lord Headly adopt any means for the promotion of education in that district?"

"He did; he instituted parish schools, he paid half the expense."

"Was the attendance at the schools considerable?"

"Very considerable, till the works began; but when the system of industry began, we found that the children deserted the schools; they were all employed; children as high as the table are employed in carrying sea-sand, rather than getting instruction."

PAGE 254.—"Rev. Mr. Nolan knew forty-two families dispossessed of their holdings in the Queen's county, five of whom had combined to murder the landlord and his agent, who were to pass by that night. Mr. N. went to the wood where they were hid, and persuaded them to give up the fire-arms, or they certainly would have committed the murders. The reverend gentleman mentioned another precisely similar case, in which he prevented a man, who was rendered desperate, from shooting his landlord."—*Extract from the Report of the Poor-law Commissioners.*





