

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. II.

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, 19, HOLLES STREET.

1839.

87/1500
Inv. 3849

THE
MANOR OF GLENMORE:

THE IRISH TREASURY

A MEMOIR OF THE IRISH MAN

VOL. II

LONDON:
EDWARD BULL, 18, HOLLES STREET.

1852



THE MANOR OF GLENMORE :

OR,

THE IRISH PEASANT.

CHAPTER XV.

" You cannot say to the sea of our troubles, ' Be still'—nor to the tempest which rages in Ireland, ' Do not blow.' We are a nation grown up to manhood, and the only force which can subdue us, without ruin to the State, is the force of equity."—*Extract from Dr. Doyle's letter to the Duke of Wellington, on the Catholic Claims.*

" As when of old some orator renowned
In Athens or free Rome——
—— to some great cause addressed
Stood in himself collected."—*Milton.*

THE young political associates, had, from their early rising, and rapid travelling by an Irish jarvey, across a broad extent of country, met in due time the mail, on its route from Dublin to that sweet town, Limerick, which, under every misfortune, never yet lost its fame for bravery and beauty, at least from the days of the gallantry of Sarsfield, to the era of the wild valour of the " boys of Garyowen ;" or from the beau-

teous patriot heroines of the siege, to the lovely lasses of to-day.

Quickly and comfortably as one of the perfectly-appointed coaches of their useful and enterprising proprietor, Mr. Bourne, could, by horse-power, possibly convey its burthen, were our acquaintances and many others hurried on to its destination.

The night on which they travelled was in the latter end of June,—singularly beautiful from the clearness of the heavens, and the stillness of the air, and unaccompanied by any severe degree of the chill so sensitively felt during that portion of our summer-months' nights, when the set sun, being, as it were, deeply sunken below the horizon, the damp attracted by its day-beams re-descends in a cold dew on the surface of the earth. As the horses rapidly galloped towards the ancient city, the calm light of the pure sky was faithfully reflected in the generous ocean stream that lay beneath, and which now,—as in the dark age of civil strife and desolateness, when the poet Spenser described it as

“ The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea,”

still flowed on in full majestic course. One hundred and thirty-eight years of oppression had just then passed over the country, since that river's waters—which now flowed lightsome and placid—ran red with the blood of as brave defenders as ever, in a contest against foreign aggression, shed the lustre of heroic deeds on the cause of country and religion. As the companions passed on in this tranquil and mournfully-beauteous moment, both felt a deep, though uncommunicated, sympathy, between the genius of the place, and the emotions of hope and fear, that, for the same public cause, at that very instant agitated their own anxious bosoms;—and which impressions stole with the soft steps of a tender melancholy over their souls' being, as they unconsciously sighed for the unmerited fate of brave, confiding, and deceived Ireland. 'Twas true that the adjacent fields—which were once devastate with the ravages of war, whence the clang of the trumpet, or the vicious revelry of the mercenary, oft broke upon the ear of night—now lay tranquil beneath the heavens, which

disclosed the prosperous culture and luxuriant verdure of peace and industry;—'twas true that anxious sentinels no longer paced their rounds of duty beside the besieged massive bastions and lofty battlements, which, now crumbling to decay, or wholly removed for the purposes of the times' commerce, but weakly tell, through the almost conjectural remnants of themselves, or the declining traditions of each age, the bygone deeds of blood and heroism of which they were once familiar scenes;—'Twas true that the safety of the citizens, their lives, their properties, their affections, depended, not on the dubious fidelity of a Clifford, or the supposed treachery of a Luttrell;—'Twas true that Thomond's old bridge, built six hundred years ago, and which had survived the shocks of time and war, as with its many arches, spanning the peaceful Shannon's course, it then stood an interesting monument in the grey light of night, was happily unstained with the fresh blood of any late civil strife;—'Twas also true—and happy was each truth—that the ancient cathedral of St. Mary, which, then wearing, with a sombre and religious hue,

the mild starlight of the skies, as, in the unbroken rest of all around—the hushed hum of commerce, and the stilled sounds of busy man—it revealed the noble simplicity of its ancient Gothic style, was no longer exposed to the dread fire of a beleaguering foe, but solemnly standing on its site of centuries, seemed a presiding spirit, kindred with the peaceful serenity of surrounding heaven and earth, the silent harmony of whose spheres of peace should not there be broken, save by the measured chimes of its sweet bells, holily pealing to the city, as of old, a matincall to prayer. These circumstances were true, and happy was each truth;—but then, painfully, and more true still than any, was the consciousness, that even there, on that very soil of heroism, where was still faithlessly violated the nation's gallantly-won liberties, the now sleeping descendants of the brave, who had purchased the inheritance of freedom by their blood, would awake on the morrow but to sectarian insult and public thralldom: and thus, despite the beauty of the heavens, and tranquil stillness of the scene, the gloom of the general slavery, the dark tri-

umph of perfidious wrong (in the imaginations of the young politicians) hung, like a sullen cloud, above the city they now entered, and shadowed, not alone the sacred remembrances of the past, but the vision of the present.

The coach had, however, stopped at the hotel in George's-street; and our friends, being in a short time removed from the external influences which disposed them to meditative dispositions, began to think of allaying the cravings of the physical man, and the good policy of securing some refreshment and rest. They accordingly moderately supped, and went to bed.

Ennis, the chief town of the county Clare, lies eighteen miles north-west from Limerick; and after an early breakfast, Francis French, and the young Sec., with facility reached Mrs. Carmody's tavern, in its square, just at the hour of noon on the day prior but one to the commencement of the election. They had not crossed the Shannon by Thomond's bridge (the boundary between the counties Limerick and Clare), when in every countenance they met upon the road, was to be seen evidences of the popular excitement; or, as

the coachee truly said, "How Clare was up, to a man."

The most celebrated of the demagogues had been commissioned, by the Catholic Association, to excite to a constitutional revolt, from feudal sway, the vast body of tenants, whose fathers and whose selves had been, even before this period, the mere political vassals of their landlords. It was, indeed, quite evident, to even any passing observer, that the agitating orators had met a ready response in their multitudes of auditors. Dense crowds of peasants, whose gestures evidenced intense excitement, were to be seen in full relief, as on the many prominent places, they anxiously looked out for the patriot's coming. Triumphal rustic arches, to greet the same Liberator's passage on to victory, spanned numerous parts of the public road. Bonfires blazed upon the hills and plains; the younger lads and lasses danced to music on the green; and the coming of freedom was happily heralded along by popular festivity. The old rivalled the young in anxiety, and exceeded them in ejaculations of wonder. "Did I live to see the day!" burst

from the lips of many an old crone, as she clapped her hands in joy, when some car or carriage, decked out in the national green, rapidly whirled by, while the passengers and rustics lustily hailed each other, with the shouts of "Success to ould Ireland, and O'Connell for ever."

"Clare's up to a man, for O'Connell and the country; and all the Brunswick landlords in the world won't bring her back, to the ould slavery, plase yer honors," triumphantly remarked the driver of the public vehicle to Ennis, as he laughingly whipped his lagging horses onwards.

This public character, however, before making such manifestation of himself, had taken good care to sound what were the feelings of the "raal gentlemen," and "patriots of the first water," as he afterwards called them, but whom, then for the first time, he had made bold to address. The Sec., who from experience was well-acquainted with the complicate traits, for which Irish lads of his class, chay boys, jarvey drivers, *et hoc genus omne*, are distinguished, beyond even the national average of unreachable intricacy; and who, accordingly, knew the best modes

of disentangling the perplexing twists of their every moment apparent inconsistencies, and thereby turning to account their copious knowledge on all such matters as the present, skilfully, *et Hibernice*, drew forth from the adroit Paddy that now drove them, every ha'porth he was up to, in respect of the state of the county; and possessed much more sound information, by the time they reached Ennis, of the wheels within wheels of the coming battle, than many grave-looking election agents, of wise saws, and numerous cut and dry forms of business, could without discredit to themselves possibly imagine.

In that graphic sketch of the Clare election, published in the *New Monthly Magazine* for October 1828, and supposed to be from the pen of Mr. Sheil, the following passage occurs:—
 “The man of the people arrived, in the midst of the loudest acclamations. Near thirty thousand people were crowded into the streets of Ennis, and were unceasing in their shouts. Banners were suspended from every window, and women of great beauty were every where seen waving handkerchiefs with the figure of the patriot

stamped upon them. Processions of freeholders, with their parish priests at their head, were marching like troops to different quarters of the city; and it was remarkable, that not a single individual was intoxicated. The most perfect order and regularity prevailed; and the large bodies of police, which had been collected in the town, stood without occupation. These were evidences of organization, from which it was easy to form a conjecture as to the result." The reality of the scene, indeed, far exceeded any anticipations, Francis French, or even the Sec., who was well-acquainted with Irish enthusiasm, could possibly have formed. The former also, had never, before this occasion, seen the celebrated O'Connell. The demagogue who had breathed the tempest of liberty through all ranks of the people; the sagacious, the ingenious deviser of practical political advancement; the pioneer through all difficulties of the Association's arduous course; its daily, indefatigable support; at once the inspirer, the organiser, and achiever of victory, was now, however, before him. He, whose eloquence, whose energy, whose skill, and, not the

least, whose nationality had created union, and raised up public opinion, among the slaves of a century ; who had exorcised the people of their various errors, banished from their minds a dread of established power, a diffidence in public exertion, an impatience to due subordination, jealousies about trifles, rivalries for next to nothing, and innumerable other pettinesses, incident to a long-enslaved condition ; he, who had done this, and had also concentrated and directed the combined moral energies of each and every class of the same people, to the attainment of liberty ; who was, therefore, hailed with gratitude by his country, and maligned with hate by its faction (until from such joint influence his fame spread over the world), was now accompanied by thirty thousand peasants entering the main street of Ennis.

As his open carriage passed along, applause rent the air ; and joy and gratitude manifested themselves in their every form. In that multitude around him were to be seen the chivalrous enthusiasm of man, and the devotional sympathy of woman. The champion of the people complacently smiled, and looked thanks on all, and

while ever and anon bowing, and uncovered, he raised erect his portly form, and displayed to fine effect the vigorous massiveness of his frame, amid the bland gracious smiles which popularly won, and the kind gestures of action bespeaking devotedness to each and all,—there was also, despite even the laughing humour of his small acute gray eye, and some shades, that, as it were, of other thoughts, came and went rapidly, fully expressed in the closely set resoluteness of his figure, and face,—the firm stand, the steady gaze, the marked outline of profile, the deep and compressing under-jaw, the straight broad forehead, and slightly elevated cast of look, that firm self-reliance, betokening fearlessness of shock, in the strife of lofty patriotism, or daring public ambition.

“ He is emphatically,—in my opinion, at least,—the leader of the people, from nature, though I have, as yet, but experienced the eloquence of his silence,” remarked Francis French to his friend, the Sec.

O’Connell commenced his harangue. It was an exciting moment to the mercurialism of an

Irish peasantry ; but, after the first burst of applause, there was no noise, no stir, until the completion of each sentence ; all excitability was absorbed in love and reverence to him ; and as though suspended in the still muteness of the dead, the entire living mass of men hung upon the charm of his accents, and as intensely drank of the warm hopes of coming liberty, which flowed from his lips, as though he had been a fully accredited prophet, commissioned from above, to declare the liberation of their country.

Such is ever the powerful influence of a great public advocate and great public cause :

“ Resistless eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
Shook the Arsenal, and fulmin’d over Greece,
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

O’Connell had by his speech more than realized the sanguine anticipations of Francis French. The orator then retired, followed by his assisting demagogues, while reiterated shouts of applause again arose from the populace. The Sec. turned to his friend, Francis French, and, in the ardour of the moment, warmly grasping him by the hand, anxiously enquired, “ did he not

now, more than ever, admire ‘the man of the people?’ ”

Francis French expressed his admiration, and confessed the stirrings of the soul, which, as the patriot spoke, he felt within him.

Arm in arm they now silently made their way through the crowd, on towards their lodgings. Francis French, however, first broke the silence, as he said: “Considering O’Connell’s persevering industry, and aptitude for business,—his warm devotedness to the cause of the people, and yet the strong ambition for his own ascendancy, that seems to me incorporate in his nature, with undoubted love of country, I do not, indeed, wonder, that, in such a thoroughly misgoverned land as this, a man gifted as he is, of aspiring and indomitable spirit, and with so robust and buoyant a constitution, as to experience but pleasure in exertion,—endowed too with such varied mental faculties,—an orator in every sense of the word,—at once master of pathos, and of passion,—adapted to animate by humour and wit,—to persuade through the feelings,—to convince through the understanding,

—to exalt and ennoble, through vast powers of imagination,—and who, also, by a happy arbitrariness of temperament, blends, in his guidance of the people, authority with entreaty,—commands while he advises, and identifies his individual rule, with the service of the public,—I do not wonder that such a man, in a country at once so oppressed, and generous, should have risen, on the confidence of the people, to the unprecedented popularity, I might say power, he holds as a subject.”

The enthusiasm evoked by O'Connell's appeals, had imparted to the young Sec. a more quick and vigorous affection, if possible, than he even generally entertained for “the Liberator.” This young man, in truth, ever abounded in national feeling, and felt pride and triumph in the praise and glory of his great countryman. He then briefly and ardently exclaimed, as the young Liberal had concluded his remarks, “O'Connell will never betray the confidence of the people, I'll warrant.”

“I do not think he ever will,” was the more cold and unprejudicedly-uttered remark of Fran-

cis French. "Though I believe an overreaching ambition to be a fixed quality in his character, I am as yet, at least, convinced, that fidelity to his country has been, and is paramount, to any estranging suggestions ever whispered to his conscience. It may, however, be considered fortunate in a country, requiring, on the road to redress, labours analogous (if I may so say) to those of Hercules, that the energy and preeminent capacity of its leader should be not alone impassioned by patriotism, but also stimulated by other auxiliary motives, even though springing from the sources of most ambitious self."

"Pardon me, my friend," replied the Sec.; "but I think you remark unfairly, when, in your endeavour to account for the greatness, with which our leader fills his broad space in fame, you, using the admitted truth, that ambition is a powerful, and, generally speaking, the most powerful, impulse to distinction in public life; then, without more ado, ascribe to him, not alone, what share is ordinary to other public men, but that fulness and excess, which has ever made the quality a socially dreaded attribute.

We have proofs of his patriotism,—of his daily devotion to the service of his country,—we are, therefore, bound to acknowledge him, patriot. We may, also, confidently entertain either of two assurances,—that, did he possess from nature the inordinate love for self-aggrandisement, which, like a moral cancer, too often destroys our better qualities; and, in the anxious competition for the world's great prizes, becomes the worst vice of man's spiritual being; he, if so instigated by its inordinateness, would not, in all human probability, have chosen the powerless, and, therefore, unattractive party, with which he first and ever since most intimately allied himself; or, if that supposition satisfies not, and you still adhere to the opinion, that his character is strongly tinged by, what you term, an 'over-reaching ambition,'—and I, for the sake of argument, admit it,—surely, he deserves the greater credit, that, notwithstanding such violent propensions, he was never faithless to his country."

"Oh! indeed, I by no means insinuated that his public virtue was not at all times still more signally pre-eminent than his bold ambition," replied Francis French.

“And, surely, if ambition be but tributary to love of the public good, it cannot justly be accounted an overreaching, or inordinate affection,” rejoined the O’Connellite Sec.

“Well, perchance I was wrong in using a term of such dubious import as ‘overreaching;’ because I agree with you, that ambition, if it does not trench on the province of public good (and I can certainly advance no instance against O’Connell in that regard), does not deserve to be so censured; but, it very often so happens, as, for instance now, in relation to his influential connexion with Ireland,—and which, unless substantial remedial measures be soon applied, will continue to increase, that a course of the greatest public utility—emphatically a patriot’s career—affords the most available means, whereby to ultimately attain the greatest share of political power. When, then, ambition is so felicitously placed, as to enjoy the noble field of patriotism wherein to expatiate, it being not experienced a social evil, in any regard,—but rather its direct opposite,—we have no such easy means of ascertaining whether its spirit forms an ingredient in the character of a patriot, as we otherwise would.

There is one power, however, which has sprung into maturity during this age, that is sufficient of itself to teach sagacity to the too-aspiringly ambitious, as, by the withdrawal of its influences, it can leave the most potent, comparatively powerless in an instant;—I mean public opinion.”

The Sec. perceived that, notwithstanding the liberality of Francis French, there was still an unconfessed dread of O’Connell, superstitiously shrouding, as he thought, his imagination,—and so, suddenly turning more fully round, he, with marked warmth of tone and manner, thus addressed him:—

“I am one of those, Mr. French, thoroughly devoted to my country. I love Ireland with a fervent and a vigorous passion. I believe her to be formed, by Heaven, to be great and good,—physically powerful, morally glorious. Her situation, her climate, the fertility of her soil, the power of her rivers, the seas which gird her shores, bespeak her Nature’s favourite. Adapted to be at once the region of freedom, and the dwelling of social peace;—whether for agriculture, for commerce, or for war’s defence, there

is no island, no country, naturally her superior. True! she has been cursed by a sad destiny, which has left her wasted.—But, in the ruin of her fortunes, the virtues of her children have still preserved her noble. Their generous enthusiasm of soul has been a light throughout all time: their devotion to their faith, their fidelity to their country, invest her calamitous history, like the moon's pure beams, hallowing the wrecks of greatness, whereon they shine, with a sacred lustre. Her very sufferings, thank Heaven! have endeared her but the more to her faithful sons. The intellectual temperament, too, wants but a fair field to render itself signally illustrious. An appetite for noble fame, has ever quickened the Irish breast;—and an ability, commensurate with the inciting ambition, has displayed itself in all the lands on earth. That Ireland has not attained, at home, an excellence in the sciences and arts, proportionate to the native talent, is the fault not of her children, but the result of the vicious dominion of her faction. From the first, knowledge was proscribed by them, because knowledge is the friend to truth,

and the foe to tyranny. But, notwithstanding every impediment, there are yet glorious streaks of the light of genius, rendering radiant, even in misfortune, our gallant land. Can you, then, blame me, or any, if we feel an impassioned love towards him, who would disperse its clouds of darkness, and make it the home of liberty and glory ;—who, already, has raised it, fallen, from the prostrate posture of subjection, to the erect attitude of freedom, and inspired it with a spirit worthy of its nature and position ?”

“No, assuredly no !” replied the Liberal. “On the contrary, I admire you and your countrymen the more, for your affectionate fervour and ardent zeal in favour of him. The Irish, I think, resemble, in many features of character, the ancient Athenian people. Like the latter, they are keenly susceptible of the influences of heroism ;—eloquent, quick, ingenious, daring, and, when swayed by generous impulses, ever ready to devote themselves to death for their country and their freedom. With all the sensibilities to the grand, the affecting, and the beautiful, whenever occasion afforded opportunity,

they have evinced the cast of genius of the ancient republic, in the fire and vigour of their oratory,—and yea, too, in the splendour and chasteness of their architecture. The historic independence of their parliament, and the style of the temple itself, in which liberty then triumphed, present instances worthy the polished Capitol of Greece. Like the Athenians, too, the Irish people heeded not in time the warnings of their Demosthenes. The ill effect of national apathy,—the moral, illustrative of the evil of public credulousness, conveyed by the famous orator, in the sentence — ‘ Philip is dead’ — ‘ Philip is sick,’ was again verified in them. But, though similar in many qualities, the Irish are endued with much more fervency and depth of sentiment and passion, than were the Athenians. They will, therefore, I feel convinced, never prove ungrateful, as often did that ancient state, to its public benefactors.”

“ Oh, never, never to him, at least !” ejaculated the Sec. “ He is inwoven with the affections of us all. As though Ireland’s second self, he is the living image of its thoughts and feel-

ings; and, regarding ourselves, we must love him."

"His nationality is, in truth, the great attractiveness and poetry of his character," replied the Liberal; "and, like to relief in sculpture, or in painting, its prominence and drapery have set forth to manifest advantage, the expression of the intelligent mind, — the lineaments of the great advocate, and of the able politician."

"Yes, you judge truly, Mr. French,—it is from thence, that clothed, as it were, in the shadowy attributes of a somewhat mystic light and beauty, his intellectual portrait has assumed to public view, the envelopement of all the charms of country and religion,—until he has become unto men's eyes, as the living semblance and the embodied genius of Ireland and her feelings."

"That happy disposition of temperament, that native cast of soul, if I may so say, inspiring his imagination and his reason, has, no doubt, proved, in mighty measure, the spell of his power," replied the Liberal. "By it, he has won the heart, which is ever quicker than the understanding; and through the prepossession of the

affections of the nation, predisposed its mind to receive his policy. By it, too, the boldness of the daring demagogue has been not merely allayed, but even invested with the interests of a moral tenderness, and much mildly-impassioned religion-like association. He has discoursed in their own characteristic spirit to the Irish people, —blent pathos with their rudest anger, entwined the affecting and vehement, and so swayed ‘the fierce democracy,’ with the silken reins of their own cherished sentiments.”

“True,” responded the Sec.; “and hence has it arisen, that, even in periods, when the popular elements of his stormy sphere became commoved to turbulence, his influence to becalm has been manifested equally, with his power to excite. At these junctures, it was still the grace of nationality, which hung around him; and the conviction of his affection and sincerity for Ireland, remained paramount to their own zeal in the opinion of the masses.”

By this period in the conversation, the two young politicians had reached their lodgings.

After such salutary ablutions and brushing,

as freed them from the unpleasantness and disfigurement of mingled dust and heat, they repaired to the temporary chambers of the great Agitator. They found him standing in the midst of a group of his celebrated compatriots. The eloquent Shiel,—second but to himself as an orator, beyond him as a pointedly brilliant rhetorician, and intensely vivid painter,—was by his right side. His small delicate stature, was not more remarkably contrasted with the bulwark form of O'Connell, than was his quick restlessness of action with the composed collectedness of the other. The persons and features of both, appeared, indeed, a true type of the respective genius of each. The voluble brightness of Shiel's round dark eyes, and his biliously anxious features, which seemed never in repose, save when momentarily wrapt in the contemplation of some suddenly-caught imagining, fully personated the spirit, whose intellectual existence has shone out, in those continuous coruscations of radiancy, that have ever dazzled and surprised his hearers. The squarely-formed and muscular figure of the controversial father, Tom

Maguire, filled the space on his left. It was quite evident to any observer, from the confident self-possession and somewhat rebellious air of authority, — the mingled jocoseness and rude expression of good sense, — which this priest, of strong and subtle powers of reasoning, and condensed and perspicuous energy of expression, familiarly carried about him, — that he placed no small reliance on his physical or intellectual manhood, in any fair rivalry, likely to occur, from good fellowship over a bottle, or prime so-ho after a hare, — to stiff grappling with a scholastic syllogism, or practical hard hitting towards the close of a reply. Close by this stalwart soldier of the Church, stood his shadowy contrast, the emaciate enthusiast, Father Murphy, of Corofin. The devotional austerity of this clergyman's character, and the spectral sublimity of his appearance, would have entitled him, in a past age of religious enthusiasm, to have raised aloft, to the faithful haters of the Saracen, before the very gates of Palestine, the awe-inspiring cross. Behind their reverences were two very tall, but differently shaped and habited personages; the

one, graceful looking, dashing, and bold—attired in a fanciful apparel,—with the studied carelessness and dandyish freedom, of a taste, very singular indeed, but still accordant throughout, and perfect in its style. This was O’Gorman Mahon, looking, as he then did, more like a chieftain of Erin’s ancient Gallow-glasses, than a gentleman of the modern school. The other was of a loosely-joined, but strongly-membered frame, habited with little attention to grace, or the profuse drapery of his compeer’s vesture, being, indeed, too tightly succinct in the measure of his habiliments, both as to his muscularly developed limbs and arms, to bear comparison therein, but expressing, throughout the contour of his figure, and his large, irregular, and strikingly impassioned features, a far more vehement devotedness of heart, and determined resoluteness of purpose, than any of his confederates. This was the celebrated Tom Steele, equally identified with the most passionate love of national liberty, whether on the batteries of Trocadero, or on the O’Connell mountains of Clare.

In the front of all, and with his face turned

towards O'Connell and the others, moved about, with a certain Roman erectness of carriage, while he fluently talked away all the while, and wound, by inadvertent swings, the pendant ribbon of his spy-glass around his fingers, the notorious Jack Lawless. His prominent, shaggy brows, tintured with grey, and his perfectly-formed aquiline nose, imparted to him a markedly senatorial aspect, which his handsome mouth, and nicely-chiselled chin, would have confirmed into still deeper pretensions to the classic acumen and gravity becoming deliberation and debate; were it not that an air of apparent vanity, or rather quick amiability, pervaded the entire man; while a too receding forehead, culminating narrowly to the top, additionally intimated that "Honest Jack" was more showy than solid in the chief seat of thought. Outside this group was another orbit of still minor satellites (we use this word in its strictly astronomical, and by no means invidious, sense); who, generally standing on tiptoe, severally radiated towards their chief,—they being then, as ever, while in due revolving course, politically attracted to their's,

and Ireland's great central planet—the broadly-luminous Dan. The young Liberal was introduced to all, and most cordially welcomed by each; and soon felt, as he afterwards expressed, that any fearful prepossessions he entertained against O'Connell, immediately gave way before the rich urbanity and overflowing kindness of heart that distinguished his private manners, even more than his public demeanour.

The election commenced. Its opening and principal successive scenes have been pourtrayed by a master-pencil.* Suffice it for us to say, that each hour was rife with the conscientious intrepidity of the poor forty-shilling freeholders,—of men, who, expecting the vengeance of their landlords, and utter destitution as their lot, still dared all for the liberation of their country and the love of their religion. If disinterested nobleness of conduct deserves the meed of heroism from fame, that barren reward has been at least as meritoriously and dearly won, by the daringly-virtuous deeds of the Irish peasant, as ever by the most elevated and proud of any times. We trust that the virtue which disdained all worldly

* Mr. Shiel.

considerations, and, with a self-sacrificing enthusiasm, rushed to the rescue of right, will live consecrate in public remembrance, even though, from the humbleness of rank its maintainers bore, it may fail to be arrayed in that dazzling attractiveness, with which rapt bards and storytellers have gratefully recompensed the gallant chivalry of old.

The occurrences of each moment, however, far exceeded, in every respect, all expectation. There was, at least, no faltering in bravery, or waggery,—in serious or ludicrous circumstance. On the second day of polling, while the contest yet was doubtful, from the effect of some of those legislative advantages, by which, in the present times, as then, the “Protestant Ascendancy party” can materially impede the progress of their opponents in elections, it so chanced that Francis French and the young Sec. formed a portion of the crowd of gentlemen who stood on the erected platform communicating with the window of O’Connell’s chamber, and from which he and his prominent supporters used to address the immense multitude that continuously occu-

pied the square beneath. A young orator, essaying his first flight into the political empyrean, was then haranguing. He had progressed successfully, and was contrasting Vesey Fitzgerald with the "Man of the People,"—"In a word, O'Connell is," said the enthusiast stripling, as he wound up, in his peroration, the sum and substance of his discourse, "the living statue through which the genius of our country breathes its fervour,—its love of justice, its indomitable spirit, its very mirth and sadness." The remainder of his sentence, if any such there was, was drowned in the public applause; and the novice, being captivated with the effect he produced, still leaned forward over the balustrade, with his arm raised, his mouth—certainly not shut, and his whole gesture, anxiously-suspended action,—when, as the tumult subsided, and he recommenced, a rival, from the body of the people, who, by some singular exertion, had raised himself on the shoulders of his comrades in the crush, at the same time shouted out, with surpassing lungs, "'Tis true for you, sir, and a bright spaker you are, and a credit to

them that owns you, sir ;—O'Connell is a raal Irish diamond, dug out from the best mines of our country, of lustre as well as size ;—none of the Wicklow, or, in troth, the Kerry pebbles, either, that's but fit for a breast-pin in a lady's bosom, or the likes, boys ; but a fine mountain gim, able to shine out over all the country, and give every mother's sowl in the land a glimpse of its perfections."

" Pull down the plebeian out of that,—the fellow that went to interrupt the gentleman's preaching," vociferated, in the Irish language, some of the multitude, whose habits were not yet sufficiently democratic to bear the intrusion on public notice of one of themselves."

" Let me see who dare touch a hair on his head," answered others, in the same expressive tongue ;—" he has sentiments and utterance fit for a prince, and why then wouldn't we hear him as soon as the best-dressed gentleman there above ?"

" Let there be only one at a time, at any rate, boys, and give them both fair play, and that's the only way to hear all out," said the more

rational of the crowd, interposing between the extreme sections.

“ I have friends there above myself; I saw them this morning, only I couldn’t get to speak to them, that ’ll give me a character any day, for being true to the country,” continued the orator, below. “ I walked over a hundred miles upon foot, to be in at the victory of the country in Clare; and sure ’tishn’t going to say ‘ill I did it, in trying the same,’—you Patriots, that are up cheek by jowl with the scene of action, and that haven’t as much as a blister upon one of your feet, this minute, in the cause of O’Connell.”

This appeal to their sympathies was received by a tremendous cheer, and as the young Sec., who was situated too far behind on the platform to see with facility, strained forward to behold the object of tumultuous approval,—to his great surprise, neither more or less than Willy Moore, of the Manor of Glenmore, was the figure which presented itself, and towards whom every eye in the multitude was then directed. At the same

instant the ex-churchwarden caught a glimpse of his neighbour, and stopping in his discourse, which he had resumed, being encouraged thereto, by the modest withdrawal of the young speaker, whom, through zeal, he had interrupted, at once appealed to the Sec., "would he not vouch before any company of men in the world, for his, Willy Moore's staunchness and fidelity, even up to the cannon's mouth, for the cause of his country."

The young Sec.'s eulogy was additional credentials to the public approbation of Willy Moore; and so the ex-churchwarden figured in fullness of character throughout every striking scene that occurred during the rest of the contest.

At length, after a contest of five days, the return of O'Connell was most triumphantly carried. The Roman Catholic demagogue was declared by the Sheriff, "sitting member for Clare;" and thus in truth, by this electric shock, the penal chains which bound seven millions, and on the durability of which

bonds, the Prime Minister, and ascendancy party of the empire, confidently relied, were in an instant snapped asunder.

The young liberal had now witnessed the entire procedure of the struggle, had accurately scanned the characters of the popular leaders, and in obedience to promise, communicated his own thoughts on the event, and the actors therein, to his fair biblical cousin, Miss Pigott. The moral, he educed from the action-plan of that eventful victory, was similar, we may say identical, with that most happily expressed by Mr. Wyse. "It was designed to tell ministers, in a language which should no longer be misunderstood, that wherever the Association chose to call, that there were the people ready to follow;—that obedience to the Association was the paramount principle in the heart of every peasant in the country;—that the power of the Association was, therefore, absolute and universal;—that it could not be got rid of by the law, for it never infringed the law;—that it could not be got rid of by brute force, for it never rendered brute force necessary;—that it

was, therefore, unattackable and enduring;—that unattackable itself, it could attack others;—that without injuring established institutions, it might make use of those very institutions for every purpose of injury;—that it could wield the constitution against the constitution;—introduce a sullen perpetual war into the bosom of peace;—disturb every relation of society, without violating a single enactment on which such relations repose;—and, finally, produce such an order of things, as to *compel* the minister to choose between coercion or conciliation,—between justice or tyranny,—between war or peace,—between equalization or revolution. It was intended to tell him that the crisis had come, and there was no longer any time left him for pause or deliberation.”

CHAPTER XVI.

"Spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet."

Æneid.

"Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."—*Æneid.*

IN the executive power, with which the Association, a self-constituted body, wielded the energies of the great mass of the community, Francis French, also, saw the natural result, which the systematized oppression of government on the one hand, and the protection of a confederacy (of, however, informal origin), extended towards the people on the other, — acting as contrary forces in a social system, — are ever likely, sooner or later, under each and every theory of constitution, to mature into full political being. He, to be sure, knew that, as to the developement of this power, whether it be hastened or retarded, — whether it be improved or weakened, much

ever depends on the different capacities and skill of its immediate guardians; but he was, with still more certainty, assured, that its elements were too vigorous, not to perpetuate themselves, and ultimately flourish, notwithstanding the dreariness of any season of foul sway on the one part, or the lax and negligent, or indiscreet culture of any labourers in the vineyard of political freedom, on the other. He saw that the government of the "miserable monopolising minority," had ever been a body of repulsion;—the present Association at once, and continuously, a body of attraction, to the people;—that the former was a multitudinous institute of injustices, the latter, a hundred-handed engine of redress;—that the main principle of the one, towards the millions of the state, was selfish spoliation, the soul of the other, generous mutuality;—that while the law-established sway added insult to cruelty, the moral mirror of government essayed justice for the wronged, and felt and spoke sympathy. He, in short, saw that the pre-eminent and overwhelming authority of the Association, had arisen from the close and intimate alliance of

services, which they had established between themselves and the humblest classes of their countrymen;—and, that it had ultimately achieved its design of defeating the oligarchy, and ruling the population through its edicts, simply because its means of procedure were the continuous granting to the people of that protection which government is established to afford. Do unto your fellow-labourer, in the common cause, as you would wish to be done by, if in his position, and bind each and all together by reciprocity of deeds, was, in truth, the spell of that public body's power. If Orange magistrates inflicted *their corrections* on the peasant, if unoffending Catholics were butchered at the truculent processions of the North, the Association not only poured forth its indignant execration against the faction, but realized the public expectations it had raised;—despatched, to the scene of offence, lawyers, attorneys, and reporters; and, though most frequently, justice was not to be obtained, still, the peasants' feelings were soothed by the national sympathy; and the Association had, as its reward, the affection and

respect of the grateful injured. It was thus it became a moral *imperium* under a tyrannic *imperio*; the principle of its power, the people's love; the object of its existence, the people's liberty;—until, from the influence of these qualities, made politically omnipotent, its public opinion became the country's law, and coerced to obedience the despotism of centuries. The millions had arisen at its bidding; an almost miraculous order, sobriety, and temperance, had regulated their enthusiasm. In the elections at Waterford, Westmeath, Monaghan, and Louth, the results of the Association's practical attention to the people, had exhibited themselves in the people's devotedness to the Association; and now, as Francis French himself had witnessed in Clare, the fulness of popular triumph was obtained, and stupid and insensate statesmen lashed into the knowledge, that the most absolute authority on earth, never yet possessed the valid sway, which men excluded from the meanest offices of the state, had acquired by becoming the advocates and protectors of the oppressed.

Francis French, however (with perchance, too

sensitive a timidity), also painfully apprehended that critical existence of society, wherein it was necessary, for the sake of attaining public justice, to raise up a counter power to the government of the land; and the natural susceptibility of whose vigorous organism, not alone the glowing fervour of its own confederated millions, but the insulting tyranny of the law—protected faction were likely (notwithstanding the dispositions to peace its directors held) to daily stimulate into excess. He, however, allayed in part his apprehensions on that score, by the consciousness that the organization, which had put forth such signal strength, — though, at times, portentous in its appearances, and eccentric in its course, (as disdaining formal orbits, it aspired, on the bold wing of a but self-restraining licence, after liberty) was still a far preferable existence to either the slavish political apathy, and predial disorder of the past dark age of Ireland, or the moral certainty of one, or more, of those volcanic outbreaks of the passions, in which a despairing people so often seek remedy from wrong, and by committing their fortunes to

arms,—steep their country's liberty, or downfall, in civil blood.

He accordingly appreciated that civil amalgamation of the people's various resources, which, in the common parlance of our days, has been (in contradistinction to the processes of war), not inaptly styled their "moral union," as involving, at the worst, the least share of those politically developed evils, which sooner or later necessarily arise in every unhealthy condition of things. But, to such modified eulogy of the advantages of agitation,—as sitting with his friend the Sec., the night prior to their departure from Ennis, they conversed,—that associate by no means assented; as he was, indeed, just the young man, who, without any negation of good, would sincerely award Ireland's engine of redress, plain, positive, and downright praise. Thus, while the young Liberal, though regarding the Association's systematized conduct, as the best possible mode of discovered relief, still also somewhat lamentingly considered it as the manifestation of deep disease in the body politic,—the young Sec., who was by no means merely a lover of the present

order of good upon earth, but also a strong hoper in the full coming of a political millenium, saw in its continuous success a realized, and no longer ideal truth,—at once a principle and precedent to prove, that no despotism can permanently prevail, when the love of liberty, regulated by order and morality, becomes the ground-work and established tenet of a nation's actions. He was, indeed, ambitious enthusiast enough to imagine, that the new code of political ethics, in Ireland, would shortly become the imitated of the other countries of the empire,—and that their advocate and champion, would before long appear, in relation to the acquisition of civil liberty throughout the world, as the majestic genius of Bacon did to the world's natural sciences,—the establisher of a sound empire of reason, and the dethroner and dissipator of the complicate vices, and errors, that had long debased and inverted the intellect's ascendancy.

The moment for O'Connell's return to Dublin, had, however, arrived. A multitudinous procession of peasants, bearing every rural ensign of victory, which the varied shades of rich

green boughs could afford, and extending far behind, before, and around a gaily decorated suite of carriages, which followed O'Connell's, accompanied the victor to Limerick.

As the immense throng approached the scene of enacted perfidy, the moment of a century's retribution appeared vividly to the imagination of the multitude. An arch of triumph had been erected at the celebrated stone of the violated treaty; and as though Freedom's consummation had been for this place portended, by some such far-famed "weird sisters" as once predicted to Macbeth his vice's fall, when "Birnam-wood should come to Dunsinane," the spectacle and locality then,—as potently to all, but happier far,—looked like charmed victory. The Liberator passed beneath the crescent of green boughs, that at once hung enwreathed above the monument of wrong, and of himself triumphant over it. A tumult of exulting voices burst from the human mass, and was re-echoed by the ancient city. The past and present spirits of the place told, as it were in tones of thunder, their common joy of recovered freedom; and the immortal

passion of the entombed dead seemed arisen, and reinvigorated in the enthusiasm of the living.

The champion of the people, in a position loftily surmounting the throng, stood forth the expressive patriot and conqueror. The country's civil and religious claims were there centered in its leader. Entitled by the constitution, he claimed its privileges. The legitimate impersonation of the people's franchises, he demanded their rights. But admit him to civil power, and they too were free. The agitated affections of all were shadowed forth in him. The melancholy associations of the past—the consciousness of present glory,—the prospective vision of quickly coming greatness,—came full upon him. The soul, swayed by the subtlest impulses, lived and varied in his countenance. It was, indeed, a morally glorious instant, justly overshadowing the proudest pomp of war,—when the contest for Ireland's religious freedom, an age concentrate in a minute,—was *there*, as in an intensely living drama, vividly summed up,—when encircled in the unfading light and lustre of a

people's sufferings and a people's virtue, the moment burned excitingly resplendent; and the wreath of victory which, theretofore, in the world's eyes, brightly bound the brow of the conqueror at Waterloo, grew dim in the public vision; while Fame, the complying handmaid of glorious triumph, was proud to honour the Irish nation, through its organizer of redress,—proclaiming him, the vanquisher of war's champion, the bloodlessly political Napoleon of his age.

O'Connell spoke. His sentiments were suited, were equal, to the occasion. He excited and soothed, he exhorted and controuled. Still, lofty as a patriot, and bold as a leader, against his country's faction, he seemed not the less superior, in either character, because that he mediated between the people and their highly-wrought passions; and, while he composed the latter, still directed their full and assuaged course in the channel of the public service.

Francis French and the young Sec. formed a portion of the audience, and were more than

ever excited by the incidents of the scene. Willy Moore was still true, despite fatigue, to the fond ambition of his heart; and being stimulated by the sense of his past distinction,—as, also, by the assistance of a *drop*,—had clambered up the carriage wheels of the Agitator, weeping while he listened, and applauding while he wept; until at length, emboldened by the swell of his affections, he seized the hand of O'Connell, as he concluded his address, and kissed it, with all the fervour of his heart's idolatry.

From Limerick, to Dublin, O'Connell travelled for the most part by night, but the fame of his coming had everywhere on the road preceded his arrival, and the population of each district were assembled to demonstrate their joy, before the bonfires, which blazed by their chapels, or their neighbouring towns.

It was not to be expected that during this national rejoicing, the patriarch, John Glennon, could possibly escape the general contagion. He accordingly hired a car, and took with him, from the sequestered Manor of Glenmore,

(across a wide tract of country), his young friends, Johnny Rourke and Kitty Kelly, as also his slashing son, Pady, that, as he said himself, "they four, since they couldn't be at the election itself, might, at any rate, have the glory and delight of witnessing the great Liberator, moving in triumph on to Dublin city, across the ould Curragh of Kildare."

They reached some hours before O'Connell's arrival, at the round tower of Kildare town, and the locality of the famed St. Bridget's shrine; and as the three young folks listened to the patriarch's wondrous accounts of both,—Willy Moore, who, after the scene at the celebrated Stone of Limerick, having mounted a caravan, from whose top he heralded along O'Connell's approach (until he met the outposts of the multitude assembled to draw the Liberator in triumph across the Curragh)—the very self-same Willy, as enthusiastic and unsated in patriotism as ever,—now stepped across the numerous graves of the dead, "to fix," as he said himself, "a laurel branch of Clare's victory, in the mouldering ruins of Ire-

land's ancient piety," while he chaunted, not very musically, indeed, the following stanzas, from our national Bard:—

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm!
Erin! oh, Erin! thus bright, through the tears
Of a long night of bondage, thy spirit appears!

"The nations have fallen, and thou still art young;
Thy sun is but rising, when others are set;
And though slavery's cloud o'er thy morning hath hung,
The full noon of freedom shall beam round thee yet.
Erin! oh Erin! though long in the shade,
Thy star will shine out when the proudest shall fade!"

The patriarch and his company were, for some moments, concealed from the ex-churchwarden, by the remaining walls of the ruined convent; but when the parties recognized their proximity to each other, their surprise was, indeed, mutually great; and their joy almost intense. Clare's battle was, in description, fought over again, while the patriarch listened, with as much avidity, as though his existence depended on the recital. O'Connell came, and was received as exultingly as anywhere before. The old patriarch was happy to rapture; and when

the Liberator proceeded onward, it was by a severe struggle John Glennon stopt his own advance,—tore himself away from gazing after his dear country's pride, and got in readiness to return with Willy Moore and his own party, to the quiet Manor of Glenmore.

Francis French, and his friend, the Sec., had come down the Shannon, by steamer, to Lough Derg,—thence on to the harbour, and, by travelling on a car, reached the village of their residence, the same night on which Willy Moore, the patriarch, and his young company, safely arrived in their own sheltered valley.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Oh, Freedom! first delight of human kind!"—*Dryden*.

"Each was to each a dearer self.—

Alone, amid the shades,

Still in harmonious intercourse they liv'd

The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart;

So pass'd their life, a clear united stream,

By care unruffled."—*Thomson*.

THE influence, which the victory at Clare produced throughout every class in Ireland, cannot, without difficulty, be now duly appreciated by any persons. All contests of a similar kind, sink into insignificance, when compared with it. The form of an election, it was true, narrowed the sphere of its energies, and veiled its greatness; but such, and almost such only, had this struggle in common with the ordinary instances of a like nature. Neither was it to be regarded as the mere winning of a favourable vantage-ground, or the fullest success of an isolated

battle. No; these had occurred, had been won before; but *it* emphatically was the pitched encounter,—the staked field of fight, between two excited and rival divisions of the empire. The parties interested, watched in the combat their several fate;—the contending hosts trembled for the issue;—the fears of the oligarchy momentarily encreased;—and the heart of Ireland throbbed high with anxious expectation. But, when the standard of tyranny went down, and elated freedom flung forth her victorious banner to the people,—as though it were the poetic “sunburst of old Erin,” that again broke on the delighted nation, her million multitudes knelt down in the spirit, and, with reverence and triumph, hailed their victory. It was celebrated, with thanksgiving and applause, on the mountains and the plains,—in the valleys and the glens. From the peasant to the peer awoke the bold pride of liberty, and the land was, as a tented field of soldiers, in its cause. The event, in general estimation, was the confirmed assurance of national power,—the consolidation of all fore-won success. Consciousness of the ability

to obtain similar victories, by similar means, filled the public mind. The validity of the oligarchical ascendancy could not possibly coexist with such a course,—the constitution should either legitimate, by its sanction, the popular will, or in suicidal relief fly for refuge to absolutism itself. The latter was a resort, no power in the State dare minister unto; and the Irish people became, one and all, convinced, that their freedom had been virtually won, and the long-established despotism smitten to the earth. But, when the excitement of their gratulation and glad triumph had subsided, satisfaction and content still remained behind. Theirs was the sustaining confidence of self-deliverance,—a nation's self-deliverance from bondage; and as such, will the event, and the champion of its success, stand out to immemorial time,—the truest moral and model of redress to all people who are oppressed.

We do not indeed aver, but that the military might of England could have overwhelmed, by the force and blood of conquest, the then aspiringly bold, but still peacefully legitimate ener-

gies of the Irish people ; but yet, speculating for a moment on attack, resistance, and the probable result of war, we do assever, that when a devoted love of creed, of country, and of liberty, inspires and elevates a nation, as it did Ireland then, something more is to be drawn into account, before any conclude which side may prevail, than the physical comparison of greater forces, or the value of more practised warlike skill. The but dimly-shadowed divinity, which on such occasions animates and fires man to a magnanimous heroism of soul, has ever made power the most self-possessed, irresolute, nay, timorous. It is, as it were, the evident finger of the Lord sanctioning right, and daunting, by such approval, the spirit of ill,—the godlike spell, to discomfit tyranny, of truth, of justice, and a great cause. In eternal honour, however, to the warrior-minister who then presided over England's councils,—all-reluctant conceder of liberty though he were,—he shrunk from the consideration of war's resort. Though in political life a patriot he is not, nor “ Father of his country,” as he might have been, still purely

does it add to the lustre of his great renown, that, vanquished into concession as he was, he yet lived stainless of the wish for civil blood. The laurels of his military fame will surely ever be the brighter in all good esteem, that, sooner than desolate his country, he conquered his prejudices and himself,—surpassing all his warlike glories by his sacrifice to peace. More ennobling, in truth, to his famous character, is this one instance of his love for “the olive branch,” than the proudest of the wreaths he ever won in war; and illustrious, to fulness of honour, would this period of his life have ever been to him, had a similar statesmanlike expansiveness of view influenced his entire conduct. But, one marked blot of littleness of soul, disfigured, in the occurrences of that era, the new lustre that arose round Wellington’s name. The ability which in war rivalled Napoleon’s, and the mind which, through respect for social peace, subdued itself to the emancipation of (theretofore) a hostile people, ought never to have so stooped from the station of its eminence, as to labour (seemingly in spite) to preclude a former and chief opponent—the

champion of the people's victory—from the enjoyment and advantage of the people's acceded rights. We allude, in these remarks,—which, rather unduly, in truth, outstrip the present period of our narrative,—to the subsequent ministerial exclusion of Mr. O'Connell from the Commons' House. It is, however, believed, and we would willingly trust, such belief rests upon good grounds, that the petty narrowness, wholly inconsistent, as it was, with the principle of the Premier's declared resolve, to *finally* and *perfectly* emancipate, did not directly spring from him, but was, in fact, “part and parcel” of the mean malignity of one, in rank, a greater personage. Yet, it is with much hesitation to be credited, that the then powerful minister, who, in the crisis of social danger, bent, by his personal and political influence, the long-obstinate and titled powers of the State to public justice, could not,—if willing with a strong will,—have also prevented the stain and paltriness of individual partisan vindictiveness. It was, moreover, but the first (to use the gentlest phraseology) of a series of mistakes. When the concession of

civil and religious liberty had been once resolved on by Ministers, sectarian ascendancy should, from that day forth, have abdicated its illegitimate dominion, and allowed the reign of political equality to auspiciously and consistently commence. The great relations of imperial government were altogether materially changed, the instant the principle of religious freedom was established in the State. To make the British empire powerful, peaceful, prosperous, and happy, it should, thenceforward, have been governed in full accordance with the spirit of the new civil equality. The Duke himself should have been the very statesman to lead on the social transition involved in his own legislative act; and had he then done so, happy would it since have been for the general good, and fully would he have entitled himself to the deserved fame of possessing a great mind. "Genius of a high and commanding order," says Schiller, "guides the future, rather than follows the past." But the policy of the men then in power went contrarywise. Emancipation, as has been well remarked by Mr. Wyse, was the result of an

“unwilling willingness” on the part of its Ministerial authors ; and it soon became revealed, that, though equality was conceded in the letter, the old despotism, in spirit and in act, still remained behind. The attempt to shut out O’Connell from Parliament, and thereby defer, when they could not permanently withhold from Ireland, the rights already accorded to her, was but the first outbreak of this mean and spurious system. As was most pertinently expressed by an ardent and distinguished young patriot at the time,* “They blotted the charter of the country by the proscription of its chief.”

However, we have too far, by much, anticipated events, and were descanting upon circumstances, which—though now so well known to our readers as the public history of the past may be,—were yet, at the period of the present stage in our narrative, veiled with all the darkness of the future from those who figure in our story. But to return. When Francis French and the young Sec. had somewhat subsided, after the election’s excitement, into a more ordinary temperature

* The late much lamented James Charles Brady.

of life, though it were difficult to decide which of the two was the more gratified at the approaching prospect of Irish liberty,—still very different, indeed, was the state of pleasurable feelings in the bosom of each.

The triumph, nay, even the excitation of the occasion, had imparted unmodified gladness to the young Secretary's heart. He saw, not alone, the prospective glory of his country—the development of her rich soil's, and brave and intellectual sons' resources—the closed career of every path to civil honour open to himself and countrymen—the detested brand of insult and inferiority removed;—but the same joy, and *imagination-wreathed* hopes, that then imparted a before unknown transport to his own existence, were so rapturously felt by all of the society he moved in,—his old, and young, and fair, and numerous fellow-religionists,—that the anticipation of the desired liberty was as grateful to his soul—perchance, even more so—than its very enjoyment.

Francis French's pleasure, however, in the coming emancipation, was chiefly upheld but by

his own inward satisfaction towards the attainment of right. It is true, had he looked forward to self-advancement in Irish public life, such pleasing and stirring emotion would have had, now, for the first time, any cause for existence ; for, all-Protestant though he was, and all-Roman Catholic, though Emancipation might purport to be, still practically considered, liberality of opinions would have rendered him,—with all Castle-governments of past times, and, under similar tutelage, still continue to do so,—as much an object of exclusion from favour, or even courtesy, as any despised Papist. But Francis French was not much stimulated by feelings of personal ambition ; and so these strongly-influencing motives lent no additional delight to his unmixed gratification, in the probable success of justice. All the adventitious circumstances, too, of a sympathising society of near and dear friends, who so often, in a matter of common desire, mutually exalt each other, by fond expatiations, to a region of extasies, if not a more extravagant sphere, were also wholly wanting to him. He continued to regret the alienated feelings of his uncle, and

the privation of the society of his cousin ; and, having learned, in his first late interview with the latter, of the Squire's tender of reconciliation, and his return to angry feelings, on account of his Clare trip, he was still more than ever depressed. And thus the young Liberal lived on for a while, in the zenith of content, as regarded his public wishes,—but often down to zero, from the influence of his private relations.

But, if the happiness of Francis French still maintained itself, despite these alloys,—and that of the Secretary was absolute,—Willy Moore's excess of rapture was, indeed, inordinate. The ex-churchwarden's disposition was naturally, as the readers know, of a most fervent cast ;—and the influence of the events, in which he lately mingled, with the continuous aid of “a drop of liquor” to sustain his exaltations, now gave an habitual fever to his already predisposed temperament. However, as impartial historians, in truth be it writ, that the patriarch, and some other politicians of the Manor also, as well as the ex-churchwarden himself, were in a more

than reasonable degree absorbed in the great event of the day;—and what between joy, triumph, confidence in themselves, and even strong trust on Providence for all they wished and imagined respecting the political future, rested the whole earthly hopes of their country's cause on "O'Connell, and his fine victory." "The sign of the Sheaf of Wheat," continually resounded with their united and profound expatiations thereon; and John Glennon, Willy Moore, and their followers, continued to more than philosophically draw, from the sweet medicinal virtue of Clare's great success, a solacing balsam, of sufficient amends for all their past wounds of oppression.

"Brien Boru, routing the Danes at Clontarf, was nothing in comparison to the new liberation of Ireland," frequently averred, in his discourses, the historic patriarch.

"Pshaw upon Clontarf, sir! neither the battle nor the ould king himself, could hould a candle to the brightness of the glory of Clare, and the great Dan, at least in the opinion of any man that was present, like me," ever rejoined the now

self-complacent ex-churchwarden ; “ and that, like me, too, Mr. Glennon, took part in the difficulties, and was up to all the intricate ins-and-outs of the victory itself.”

“ ’Tis you we believe, sure enough, Willy Moore, beyond even Mr. Glennon himself in this matter,—(because he was by, you know, Mr. Glennon, at the very very transaction,)” always remarked the reflective and rival-reconciling Mrs. Casey.

“ Oh ! indeed, I confess, it must be given up to Willy Moore on this point, at any rate,” generally admitted the patriarch ; — an avowal, however, which though of himself he in conscience felt bound to announce, yet, had it always somewhat pained him to perceive, never failed but to meet with the warm and general concurrence of the company.

As our readers may, with some reason, have presumed, Willy Moore’s political credit had, in reality, become more than restored by his intimate connexion with the late signal event,—and though not honoured like old Mr. Glennon, or young Johnny Rourke, by local office, he still

felt now compensated, far beyond the measure of any such value, by being fully considered as a trustworthy and fixed authority, respecting the great deeds of Clare.

Even they, who laughed at Willy Moore's foibles, still liked himself. Every peasant and small farmer's family in an extensive neighbourhood, were delighted on his arrival to them;—and the best bit and sup, and most nicely wiped seat in the house, were, by common consent, the right of “the boy that could tell every ha’porth, truer than the best newspaper, about O’Connell and the great Clare election.” Even the patriarch, whose good opinion of Willy was very materially lessened, on account of his again recurring to “the practice of drink,”—“still could not but respect him,” as he said, “for his zeal for the country, and his great aptness at describing (if he was only a trifle less random and hurried in his discourse,) such big and pregnant events.”

Besides, though he blamed the young man for his general leaning to liquor, — he “felt bound,” as he said, “to applaud one bright spot

in his conduct, since (as he was credibly informed by his friend the Sec.) “Willy Moore, with an honourable exception to his usual habits, remained sober as a judge,—till the very last day, and just after the close of the whole election.”

But lest some readers might imagine, from our silence concerning them, that fond lovers are not equally fond patriots, we feel bound to inform all that the circumstance which gave rise to the general joy, was not more fervently regarded by the most political of the Manor’s society, than it was by Kitty Kelly and her swain, Johnny Rourke. The latter, indeed, from his office, might be presumed to more frequently form one, among the gathering of debaters at the “Sheaf of Wheat,” than he, in fact, did; but, though as solicitous as any respecting his country’s good, and as attentive to the essential duties demanded of him in its service, he yet seemed to have always at heart “some metal more attractive” during his leisure hours, than the oft recounted and stale stories, to be heard at the “Sheaf of Wheat.” The delightful month of July, too, was over precious, in his esteem, to

be wasted within doors, listening to mere politics, when nature's beauties could be enjoyed, and hopes for his country's liberty and peace indulged in by him, in association with the sweet society of his beloved Kitty.

Wedlock, it was true, had not as yet brought its sum of happiness to them,—placing beyond uncertainty and fear the long and fondly-cherished imaginings of their pure affection;—still, scarcely more blissful, could time have passed with any, than it much and frequently did with these rural lovers. In gentleness of temperament, love finds its happiest home, and such spirit of disposition was, in a marked degree, mutually theirs. They had grown up in kindred developement of thought;—and delicacy of sentiment, and purity of life, allied them in a sweet mental sympathy together. Naturally rich, in those numerous and nameless graces of inclination and manner, that impart a decorous elegance to even humblest life, and the attractive charms of which are not to be attained, merely from any polishing of art,—their deportment to each other, and complacency of soul, might well

personify in picture, that moral beauty and tenderness which is the surest affiance of the sexes in devotional regard. Luxuriant summer, too, had now flung around them its many delicious spells, and, with the delicate air, and soft subtle warmth of its genial season, stole, as it were, through their assenting souls.

The walks of the Manor, and its opportunities for beautiful view, were frequented in their hours and moments of leisure;—and harmonized the more to charm of scene, by the softly assuaging influence on their minds, they oft looked on the world, as though it contained no ill, and were a region as pure, as the sphere of their own brightly meek imaginings, or the mildly splendid surface of sunny earth and sky.

The valley and its hills possessed, in truth, many delightful haunts, both for the open prospects of fair extended brilliancy and beauty, and the gentle recess and shade of peaceful quiet. To these, whenever occasion served, it was their sweet pastime of virtuous delight to flee away together. On the hilly steeps, along the valley's stream, or in some green retreat, how frequent

was their joy, to move in gladsome converse, and point out to each other the loveliest features of each blooming scene. The jutting moss-grown rocks, and some arboury trees, afforded them many a resting spot;—the rippling waters oft mirrored the heavens and their own forms to their view, and the sun-lit foliage around, moved in grace above their heads, or waved in shadow at their feet. All nature was then to them, as a temple of beauty under God, and the exquisite perceptiveness of charm lived in the serenity and bliss of their mild, mutual love. There are yet many Edens upon earth, but their loveliness and peace appear only to those, who behold them with pure minds.

“Build me a shrine, and I could kneel

To rural gods, or prostrate fall:

Did I not see, did I not feel,

That one great spirit governs all.”

The melody of birds, the rich verdure of the fields, the lowing herds, the meek bleating of lambs, the waving corn, and the musical murmuring of the valley's brooks,—all spoke, with a poetry and tenderness of thought, to their inmost sympathies. It was the silence and eloquence of

peace and of repose, and like a mystic and diffused benevolence, accorded with the attempered spirit of their refined affections.

“Welcome silence! welcome peace!

O most welcome, holy shade;

Thus I prove, as years increase,

My heart and soul for quiet made.

Thus I fix my firm belief,

While rapture's gushing tears descend,

That every flower and every leaf

Is moral truth's unerring friend.”

What was all worldliness to them, compared with such peace, such retirement, such love? The evening air often breathed to their senses like the still and gentle sleep of beauty,—the blue smoke ascended to the heavens in graceful wreaths,—the plaintive voice of music was heard, as though the mild spirit of the place, and each cottage, in its embosoming shelter, seemed as built to be the dwelling of unambition and contempt. All looked happiness and virtue, and each read in the other's eyes, a kindred and sweet felicity of soul.

Their moments were then, 'tis true, of the lulling slumber that steals away harshness from life, and during the entrancement of which, our

spirits, as though oblivious of clay, aspire towards too angelical delights, and dream of some happiness, like celestial, upon earth. It was but a delicious vision, a too spiritual enchantment, to be sure; but then the existence which is deeply tintured with such poetry of soul, is ever the happier of the charm, even though the roseate hues of its beauty be too delicate to bloom on, through the cold severities of life. Thus, the time passed now with these lovers,—in the daily communing of their own gentle and endeared society; their hours of separation, and of industry, even made happy and composed by the ever-present memory of the pure enjoyments of their love, and the anticipatory return of its blissful peace.

“It is not fantasy’s hot fire,
Whose wishes soon as granted fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;

“It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.”

But, in order to prepare our readers for the due understanding of some succeeding incidents

of our story, we must again, for a short while, slightly treat on certain passages of Ireland's modern public history.

In the parliamentary session of the year 1825, as may be recollected by all conversant in our national politics, and prior to the period when the Catholic Relief Bill, with its sustaining wings, the Freehold Disfranchisement, and Pensioning of the Roman Catholic Clergy Bills, were discussed and rejected, there readily, and, indeed, *con amore*, passed both Houses of Parliament, a statute (popularly known as the Algerine Act) suppressing that Association, which, to the terror of Toryism, had first organized the Catholic Rent, and by it, and many other means, so signally advanced the political pretensions of the Irish people. The baffling of this Algerine Act gave being, under a new form, to that succeeding Association, to which, in the preceding pages, we have so often alluded. A plan, proposed by Mr. O'Connell, represented, even more effectually than the former, the people's grievances, without at all contravening the enactments of the Suppression Bill.

The Fourteen days Metropolitan meetings, the provincial meetings, the census of the Catholic population, the triumphant elections of Waterford, of Louth, of Cavan, and, finally, of Clare, the Simultaneous Meetings, and the Churchwarden system, with the fervent union of sentiment, and irresistible strength, which such successive developements of popular power, order, and skill, imparted to the Irish millions, were accordingly the chief fruits of the legislature's preposterous attempt to crush, by any suppression bill (without first remedying the wrong,—removing the creating causes of discontent), the constitutional complaint, and demand for redress of such a powerful and then ably directed nation, as Ireland. “The coach and six of O’Connell,” as was the popular boast, annoyingly drove through all the legislative devices of such “would-be, could-be” omnipotent tyrannies. In the month of July, however, following the Clare election, this Algerine act expired, and the original body was re-established. Through the attempt to restrict, by the bill of 1825, political agitation, this dreaded system of popular

redress was, in truth, expanded, and strengthened. Discussion had, as we have described, spread all over the country. This advantage was not lost sight of by the revived and recentered body. The autumn of the year ripened a plentiful harvest of political agitation. Liberal clubs, originated, and most earnestly and eloquently advocated, by Mr. Wyse, were established in the counties, under the authority of the Association;—and under these county bodies, were also parish clubs on the same principle.

“ Their objects were the due registration of freeholders, the obtaining of the freedom of cities, towns, and boroughs, the correcting abuses by legal means, the contesting illegal cesses, grand jury taxation, and vexatious tithes, the preventing secret societies, illegal oaths, and every manner of Whiteboy outrage, the discouraging of party riots, drunkenness, and village faction, and promoting the peaceable co-operation of all the people in constitutional and legal exertion for the freedom and happiness of Ireland.

While the Roman Catholics thus constitutionally fought their way on to civil liberty, their exasperated enemies rallied with increased vigour, and acted with surpassing violence for the defence of their monopolies. The Orange Lodges sent forth afresh their sentiments of virulent malignity. The political and religious misrepresentations of a bribed press were *their* dialectic forces. Hirelings industriously ransacked past ages for records of bigotted cruelty, and charged bygone misdeeds, as if such were necessarily entailed inheritances on the present professors of the Roman Catholic creed.

Charge was met by counter-charge; the persecuting cruelty of the apostles of the reformed faith was dragged into the light of the present day. But, with honour to the Irish advocates of liberty, though in answer to such a contemptible, cruel faction as opposed them, there were necessarily passions, and highly excited nationality, there was also respect for truth, and some consideration for history's philosophy. The civil and political circumstances of our European forefathers, whether Roman Catholic, Lutheran, Cal-

vinistic, or what other denomination, were often honestly presented, and the public intelligence had some other grounds beside the sectarianism of any, to afford solution for the vices of human nature in all. No form of Christianity was politically upbraided by them, but the right of all human beings, and therefore of themselves, to civil freedom, was the general war-cry, as well as maxim. "Civil and religious liberty all over the world," was their chieftain's motto, and the practical support of this principle, in each and every case, was his, and the nation's proud boast.

The old Derry cry, of "No surrender," was written on the banners of the opposite party;—and the King William that was instrumental to the Revolution, and the acquirement thereby of constitutional liberty for *England*,—and the Brunswick family, beneath whose sway the Irish Catholics had attained what freedom they possessed,—were now evoked by the Orange faction, as tutelary powers to their already anticipated butcheries of the people, and reenactment of the horrors of '98.

These party watch-words excited, indeed, the ignorant of their followers,—but they also served to provoke debate, and ultimately make manifest to the empire, which of the two Irish, contending hosts, practically maintained the principle of the Revolution,—which was neither more nor less than the era's civil liberty,—and the establishment of the House of Hanover, which was, at its juncture, England's national security. Liberal clubs, and Brunswick clubs, divided the land;—and there was no one that still remained a neutral, but became immediately despicable, in the thoroughly inflamed opinions of the times.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“And to say truth, though in its early prime,
And when unstained by any grosser crime,
Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost;
Yet age, by long experience well informed,
Well read, well tempered, with religion warm’d,
As time improves the grape’s authentic juice,
Mellows and makes the speech more fit for use,
And claims a reverence in its short’ning day,
That ’tis an honour and a joy to pay.” *Cowper.*

DURING this period, the old Priest, now gradually sinking, was for the most part confined to his bed-room, and the good-natured patriarch never omitted hobbling over (to read the newspaper for his Reverence) every Monday evening at the least, and very often two or three times in the week. Francis French had been long most anxious to meet in private this beloved clergyman; and, on the same evening, as it so chanced, that he was brought by his friend the Curate, in

company with the young Sec., to be introduced to him,—while they sat in converse,—the patriarch, accompanied by Willy Moore, whom the former made bold to bring,—that by his Clare adventures he might help to drive the drooping of age from his Reverence's spirits,—entered the room.

The rustics, however, were about to withdraw, on perceiving Mr. French; as he, though regarded a Liberal, yet being also esteemed, in some measure, as one of the aristocracy,—the patriarch felt, from all past experience (as his class have unfortunately been ever compelled to feel in Ireland), that the best and most affable, among those of such rank, always liked a great distance, in the way of company, between themselves and the humbler sort. The old Priest correctly surmised John Glennon's motives for retiring, and immediately called out to him, to come on, and not be bashful,—as he was sure the young gentleman, who did his humble self the honour of a visit, was too good, and too kind, to dislike exchanging conversation with an honest man.

Francis French was, indeed, more abashed than the other, on the allusion to such feelings of social inequality, and felt momentarily awkward under the estimated conditions of a station that was regarded a repulsive, not attractive, superiority. His unostentatious blandness of manner, however, soon proved to John Glennon that Mr. French was an exception in courtesy, as well as in other respects, "to the same run of quality" as himself in the country;—and, after that evening's exchange of ideas, the patriarch entertained no such sweeping prejudices, by the half, against the whole "stock-lock and barrel" of the aristocracy, as he before cordially felt. It was the Priest's bed-room, an humble, but cleanly, apartment, on the ground-floor of a long cottage, in which the company now sat and conversed. A few cleft fragments of fresh ash crackled in the fire-place (for, though summer, the evening's chill was too biting and pungent for an invalid), and diffused that strong aromatic fragrance, which, in addition to its clear blaze, makes the burning of this wood so much more agreeable than any other of our timbers. Every

article of furniture betokened the absence of expense, and yet a sufficiency of outlay for the comfort of human life. A large looking-glass, the gilding of which had survived its age of brilliancy, and was now inadvertently adorned, but by a few sprigs of the yew-tree,—which were severally pendent there, since more or less successive Palm-Sundays,—surmounted the chimney-piece;—on the left side of which, was attached to the wall, an ancient holy-water fount, and from the other hung suspended an ivory image (inserted in a dark wood, like ebony) of the crucified Saviour. The room, though plain in its appearance, was comfortable for the winter nights, when the door was shut, and the windows closed, and the fierce wind ineffectually howled and passed by; and sufficiently lightsome, wholesome, and airy for the sun, and the warm gentle breeze of the kind summer season.

In an unadorned home-made chair, close by the fire-side, sat the benignant clergyman himself; and, over him, on the mantel-shelf of the chimney-piece, was placed, just at his hand, his large and old-fashioned breviary. Francis

French, though he had often heard sneering mention of such book, had never seen one before, and now, in curiosity, opened and looked over its pages. A placid good-natured smile passed across the old priest's features, as he perceived the young gentleman endeavouring to interpret somewhat of its contents.

"Oh! that is a book of spells and charms, such as we could turn an enemy, or unbeliever, into a hare by; and that the uninitiated can't well understand, you know," smilingly said he.

"I cannot read it, sure enough," answered Francis French, "though, I flatter myself, I know the language pretty well, in which, from a few understood characters, I see it purports to be written."

"I often heard of a chip of the same block as yourself—our own holy Church, your Reverence, that couldn't celebrate mass out of any missal, barring his own; but 'tis th' other way with you and your book, sir; for I'm told no one, but yourself, can take a spell out of its leaves, at all at all," said John Glennon.

“That priest was a blockhead though, in his day, John, and I’m too learned for the age I live in,” jokingly remarked the patriarch’s favourite; “and so, you see, ’tisn’t in the books the main difference lies, but in the men that own them.”

“Oh! in troth, bright as the clergy are in the lump, if they were even twice as learned paragons as yourself, we’d rather have your Reverence than the full of the *Propaganda de fide* (I know that much Latin, at any rate, sir), of the very best, and choicest pick among them,” responded the parishioner.

“I never saw any so ancient, and fancifully wrought text, indeed, as this book contains,” said Francis French, while handing the breviary to the young Sec.: he then enquired of him, could he solve its concealed mysteries?

“If some of the biblical newlights got that, they might fairly call it unintelligible jargon—to themselves, at least,” said the Curate.

“Don’t holloa till you’re out of the wood yourself,—let alone the newlights, for I’ll wager

a small bet, that, if you got your penance in the same breviary, you'd never perform the half of it; Mr. Curate," said the old Priest.

"This is the book of penance I'd best like then, indeed, sir, for I might lawfully lay it up on the shelf, and have the excuse of 'invincible ignorance' in my favour, for non-performance of duty," said the young Sec.

"I'll take care, that's a church or law point shan't be open to you then, my boy, if I live till the next time you come under my absolving finger and thumb; as there is no trusting, Mr. French, his branch of life for honesty, unless obligation is made as plain to their crooked understandings, and as free from all doubt or quibble, as the blow of a pikestaff would be to the deadeast numskull."

The company enjoyed the old Priest's good spirits; and no one among them was more delighted than the patriarch to witness his favourite's return to that state of innocent wag-gishness and sportive humour, of which, throughout a long life of health, he was in boon society ever fond.

A servant man (an odd character too, with whom our readers will meet in after pages), had before this period of the chit-chat placed drinking materials on a table before the fire.

Two decanters of port and sherry sparkled in the blaze; and a black bottle, wholly unostentatious of its contents, but not the less prized for the same, intimated the presence of the *native*; whereupon Willy Moore, who, up to this moment, apparently chilled by the presence of higher society than he had expected, had remained almost insensate as a grub, began now, in the congenial warmth of hot water, and its best family affinities, whiskey and sugar, to manifest that he still belonged to the living and the quick.

“That book has puzzled many more than yourself, Mr. French,” said the old Priest; “I once gave it to our great bishop, Doctor Doyle himself, to read his matins in,—and he told me (good, fine, pleasant man!) ‘that I only wanted to expose his ignorance, and shew that it was myself ought to have been made the bishop in his stead.’ You see the title-page is lost, and

was when I got it; so, I could never discover the date of its publication,—but I always heard, from the old friar, who gave it me, and taught me its characters,—that it was far older, at any rate, than the Reformation.”

“You mean the book itself, your Reverence,” said Willy Moore; “for its doctrines, Mr. French, are as ancient as the Church of Christ itself, or the keys of the kingdom of heaven, that, in trust for the Church of Rome, were given to St. Peter.”

A smile irresistibly spread over Francis French’s face, caused even more from the manner than the remark with which Willy Moore introduced himself into the conversation. The Curate and Sec. laughed unrestrainedly aloud, as they at once perceived that Moore had indeed become himself again, and so they might expect during the remainder of the evening some good share of his odd hilarity.

“There’s a true soldier of the faith for you, sir,” said the old Priest, as he continued. “That Breviary, that holy water fount, and that image of the crucifixion, which you see before you there, Mr. French, formerly belonged to a once daring

and most learned Jesuit,—a man, that in the worst days of persecuted Ireland, persevered, despite every danger and vigilance, to celebrate our creed.”

“Our forefathers prayed before them, and the likes of them, your honour, on the high mountains, and in the hidden glens ; when, through fear of the black, Sassenach stranger, they daren’t show themselves on their own green, native plains,” said Willy Moore.

“Can’t you hould your tongue, and let his Reverence himself give their history to the young gentleman, Moore?” said John Glennon.

The old Clergyman continued : “They were given, Mr. French, by that Jesuit, when on his death-bed, to the priest of my grandfather’s native place, and often have I heard my poor father say, that in his youth he saw these very three, weekly laid on a white slab of stone, that, in the recess of an old quarry, then served for an altar.”

“Their history is sufficient to invest them with interest, independently of their pious use, sir,” remarked Francis French.

"I am rejoiced to hear such a young gentleman as you, say so," replied the Priest, "for simple as your observation is, it shows to an old man like me, the change for the better that is fast coming. Oh ! what a led-astroy world this has been, through false religious zeal, Mr. French. To say,—that very image of our Saviour, if discovered, would have been broken into pieces by the rude savageness of bigotry,—as if, because it belonged to a Popish priest, the Saviour and his cross demanded not respect from all Christians!"

"Such perversion of opinion is, I trust, gone for ever, or at least, fast receding from among all sects," remarked Francis French.

"I hope so, my young friend ; but still I often have my fears on that regard. Men are so ruled by their worldly passions, that justice is scarcely ever conceded, until yielded from terror ; and then, though the victory of right be won, bitter ill-will survives the strife, and still estranges fellow-men."

"It is too true, sir."

"Statesmen and Churchmen too, have in past times and countries, but never more so than in

Ireland, Mr. French, sacrificed the humility and charity of Christ's religion, to the pomp and disdainfulness of state connexion, and have, for self-interest, diffused from their high places, the subtlest errors respecting the advantage to creeds of alliance with State governments,—until, even many honest men, caught in the wide-spread net of their deceits, imagine they are extending eternal truth, when, in fact, they are but strengthening the fleshy frame of temporal power, and over-laying the meek spirit of our Saviour's Gospel."

"I fully coincide with you, sir," said Francis French.

"Oh, yes! Mr. French," continued the purely sincere, and unsectarian old Clergyman, "in the religious institutions of each and every country in Europe, there has been too much of such compounding between heaven's purity and human ambitious designs, sir; but in Ireland, Church and State, pomp and haughtiness, have been aggravated by unparalleled tyranny to the consciences of men. For it, seven millions of human beings are deemed unworthy of liberty. For it,

there is daily wrung, from souls unassenting to its doctrines, compliance with tyrant authority. For it, a nation's creed is prepensively vilified, and their feelings insulted. It stands in the land, not as a Christian edifice, reared by pious hands, which loving hearts revere, but as a monument of wrong, an imperious ensign of power, before which, all the people must bow down, as the fellow-countrymen of Tell should once stoop and bend to the tyrant Gesler's cap."

"Arrah, glory to your Reverence, but you're beating yourself hollow," said Willy Moore.

"I say, don't be interrupting his Reverence every minute, Willy Moore," reprovingly remarked the patriarch.

"Now, what service has all this conferred on the State religion, Mr. French?—its doctrines have not spread, its pastors are not beloved,—Minister Cantall cannot surely be so happy in the dislike, as I am in the affection of the people who live around us. What does all the wealth of the world, even as regards happiness here, signify, unless there be also confidence and goodwill from our fellow-Christians towards us?

Even those few relics, which we talked about, Mr. French, were almost my only possession when I came to this parish, and from that to this, I never wanted for any comfort—God bless my parishioners—a clergyman need wish for.”

“The best we’d have, wouldn’t be half good enough for your Reverence,” said Willy Moore.

“’Twas always too easily pleased in regard to himself,” said the patriarch, “the good man was, Mr. French, and so, the best of us got narrow fashions in the way of our dues, and the miserly kanats that were left by his Reverence (like Neddy Rourke you know, sir), to their own bad natures, often paid nothing at all.”

“I always got enough, John; lived at peace with all men, and never resorted to harshness, at all events with any of my flock,” remarked the poor Priest.

“The likes of your Reverence will never get rich any way,” said Willy Moore.

“I have no more wealth to leave behind me than when I began my mission, sure enough, Willy; and as I will shortly pass out of this world, no thoughts about it will trouble me; but fears for the welfare of my poor flock, and

hopes that those humble relics, my almost only chattels, will remain, with the faith they represent, unbroken and cherished, when the altars of my country are respected, and my countrymen free."

"Never fear for our faith and our freedom, your Reverence, since the Clare election," enthusiastically ejaculated Willy Moore.

There was a calm and lofty benignity in the expression of the old Priest's features, as he uttered this last remark, which on the moment entered Francis French's soul, and, notwithstanding the ludicrously-uttered comment of Willy Moore, held him in admiration.

"You have lived as a Christian pastor, indeed, and hold that character in the opinion of even your religious and political opponents," said the young Liberal.

"Oh! I thank you, my kind friend, for your good regards. I lived too unworthy to deserve half the kindness I've ever received. Your uncle, the poor old Squire, never said a bad word of his friend, at any rate, I'll warrant."

"Never, indeed: if he has an especial fa-

vourite in the world, you're that man, sir," said Francis French.

"The poor old Squire! Many a fine day we hunted, and many a gay night we drank our bottle of port, and sung a jolly, honest song together. Neither the gout nor age troubled me then, John Glennon. Well, these times are past; and if ever there was an honest heart, Squire Pigott had one."

"He was the best man of *his kind of opinions* I ever knew, in troth," said John Glennon.

"If he could only get shut of the black drop of bigotry against a *Roman*, he'd be a prince in the country," said Willy Moore.

"Yes, Willy! that was the rock the Squire split on," remarked the priest; "and yet it wasn't dislike to any man, on account of his creed, that spoiled him, for he was too good-natured to bear ill-will against any one; but scheming fellows were always dinning into his ears about the destruction of Church and State; and, besides, he hated everything that spoiled good-fellowship in the country; and always swore that politicians only wanted, by their divi-

sions, to break up the hunt, and interfere with the mirth of the people."

"Such were the influences, indeed, that perverted his judgment on public matters," said Francis French.

"When I was a well-established parish Priest here, Mr. French, in good health, with a fine horse, and every proper equipment, the Duke of Rutland, then Lord Lieutenant, used often come hunt to this country. The fields, at the cover side, were then to be seen brilliant with scarlet redcoats, and merry with the laughing faces of jovial, dashing sportsmen."

The enthusiasm of youth seemed revived in the old priest, and a moist brilliancy in his eyes bespoke the influence of awakened remembrances.

"'Twas on such a morning the old Squire used to be in his true glory; and an honester face, or finer man, no one ever saw, as riding up to join us, he often quoted his favourite verse from 'Somerville's Chase':—

"Delightful scene!

Where all around is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy."

Oh! what a hearty welcome every sportsman gave Squire Pigott,—from the whipper-in to the gay Duke himself. Indeed, indeed, I was never so fond of another, Mr. French, as of your own uncle, the old Squire.”

“There is one happy circumstance derived from your past companionship, at least,” said Francis French, “that, notwithstanding these present excited times, you both equally retain your good opinions of each other; for he says, there is not such a man in the world as the old Priest.”

“Just like him, Mr. French, he was ever my best friend. My own horse was never laid up with sprain, corn, or any other mishap, that he didn’t send me the best in his stables; and often that I refused his “King Bill,” as noble an animal, by-the-bye, as ever man was on the back of (you never saw the horse itself, but his likeness is now hung up in the dining-room), the Squire used to say, “Big a Tory as I am, you see, I never liked King Bill so well, but I’d like him better the day that such ‘a priest in his boots’ as yourself was astride of his back.”

“If any one painted King William a horse-

back, in College Green, then, into a parish priest, he wouldn't be well pleased, I'll engage," said Willy Moore.

Francis French laughed heartily at this strange conceit, yet apt conception of his uncle's character; and the old Priest, patting Willy on the shoulder, in paternal approval, encouraged him to mix another tumbler.

"I will, and I thank your Reverence," he replied; "but, to say no more about Mr. Pigott, for he's the best of the bad ones, at any rate," continued the ex-churchwarden, "if that ould Breviary was only put into the same statue's hands, I'm tould, sir, the city corporation, and all their sort, is so bitter and black, that they'd get him refreshed with new orange again, for fear lest King William might get a touch of the Papist about him, and ride down of his own accord, some fine morning, to hear mass said in the Castle chapel, as often as it was before, or ould St. Patrick's cathedral."

The eyes began to shinningly dance in Willy Moore's head, as he delivered himself of his last discourse; and the Curate and young Sec. en-

tertained some trifling fears that he might outstrip the bounds of propriety, if he continued his addresses to the black bottle.

“Why, Willy, your brain is more turned than ever with politics, since you were at the Clare election; whereas I thought ’twould be the reverse with you, and that you’d get a surfeit of them that turn, at all events,” said the old Priest.

“My brain turned! is it, your Reverence? I wonder at such a disparaging remark to come from your Reverence, in my regard,” answered Willy Moore. “The Clare election couldn’t turn any man’s head, sir, but rather teach him the best of discretion, and every other kind of good conduct. I saw sobriety, and actions of peace, there, your Reverence, from the very commonest sort, that would be a credit to a Priest, aye, or a Bishop,—the best, and the holiest day of their lives, sir.”

“Go on, Willy; didn’t I tell you your brain was turned; and in proof of it, don’t you see how they’re all laughing at you this minute?” said the old Priest.

“My brain is not a bit turned, then, sir; but

I will go on, and I'll engage Mr. French (for to his credit, he was at the Clare election, too, your Reverence) will back me in the truth."

"To be sure, he will, and I too," said the young Sec.

"I always expected as much from you, sir," continued the ex-churchwarden. "Well, your Reverence, no matter what kind of provocation our side got, they were as well instructed as if there was never the spirit of fight in their veins; or that the holy apostles themselves taught them quietness, and when they'd be slapped on one cheek, to turn the other, your Reverence."

"They were under great restraint on themselves certainly," said the patriarch.

"Och, you can know nothing about it, Mr. Glennon. Sure I saw a man on our side, sir, that was six feet high in his stocking feet, your Reverence, and made, moreover, like a rock of strength, struck one day, by a diminutive little fairy, not higher than his knee, of the opposite party—a cratur, the very drawn image of the little tailor,—you know him, Mr. Glennon."

"Yes, Willy."

“And although the big man was stung to the quick, he never so much as laid a hand on him; but when he complained to O’Gorman Mahon, and that fine dashing gentleman asked him, ‘Why didn’t you knock him down, man?’ ‘Och! then, your honour, said he, I thought yourself and the Association forbid us; or by the’—— and with that, your Reverence, he stretched out an arm that would give a blow like a thunderbolt;— and every man of fifty thousand of them was just as checked in themselves, and made up for the peace, as that very boy, although if they liked, you know they could carry the world before them, while ‘you’d be saying Jack Robinson.’”

Francis French controuled, so well as he possibly could, his now rising laughter, at the strangely wild energy which began to fully distinguish the eloquence and action of the ex-churchwarden. The Clare election, however, was Willy Moore’s favourite hobby, his own political celebrity being intimately bound up with its achievements; and so, while during the remainder of the evening, he cut all kinds of

capers, from the believable bound, to the more proper "bounce," the company with all due respect attended to his collection of feats. Numerous anecdotes, and varied descriptions of the opposing parties, and the leaders engaged in the contest, *pro* and *con*, were tossed off Willy's recollection, or fancy (he could not, then, well tell which), almost so quickly, as were repeated his sips from the fresh tumbler, or the laudatory smack of his lips after each go down.

"O'Connell" he described "as the tower of strength, and pillar of fire, and light, and glory of the whole Catholic body. Sheil, as its stream of splendour, and winged flash of lightning. Protestant Steele, an intrepid ally of virtue, and burning hero of devotion; and O'Gorman Mahon, the strong arm of success, and strapping Milesian chief of victory."

"Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman," he designated "as a stout buttress of support to the good cause; and "honest Jack Lawless" a fine, flaming skyrocket, in zeal for his country."

"Father Maguire was theological champion

of the true faith, and a second Sampson among the Philistines; and Father Murphy of Corofin, was a solemn, walking spirit upon earth, or warning voice from the world to come."

"Maurice O'Connell was a spark of the true fire of his father,—while poor Vesey Fitzgerald himself, though a nice man all the time, was no better nor a fallen star, from the firmament of fame, and all his prominent supporters were but mere 'Wills of the Wisp' compared to the real shining lights of the people and the country."

The old Priest, for awhile, heartily enjoyed Willy Moore's strange etchings, but found it necessary at length to interpose, and beg some cessation. It was much later, however, than the Priest's usual bedhour, before the guests retired to their homes, and his Reverence to the blankets.

CHAPTER XIX.

“ Full many a lady

I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath unto bondage
Drawn my too diligent eyes.

But you, oh ! you,

So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.”—*Shakespeare.*

THE Secretary employed himself, during the autumn, in organizing a Liberal Club for the county, and also in the establishment of similar parochial bodies. Francis French, to beguile the tedium of his present social position, set off on an excursion to the Lakes of Killarney ; and Miss Pigott had gone to Dublin, to attend an aggregate gathering, at the Rotunda, of the sanctified elect. The Parson of the parish, and social, moral, and political coadjutor to Mr. Cash, was also in town, affording *his* countenance to the spread of the holy word ; and the

latter gentleman remained at home, *to preserve the peace of the neighbourhood*, by his energy, in his numerous relations of agent, magistrate, country gentleman, and so forth. The old Squire lived quietly with his spouse; was glad to see a friend, or a dozen, if they came; and amused himself, when an hour hung heavy on his hands, by damning both politics and polemics, "one of which," as he said, "seduced away his nephew; and the other set his daughter a scenting after religion (as if she couldn't find enough at home), with a pack of rogues and fools, all the way off to Dublin."

The Curate had business more than enough in the fulfilment of his avocations, to be able to afford much aid to the young Sec. John Glen-non read the newspaper, as usual, for the old Priest, and instructed his acquaintances of the Manor in the nicer points of politics; and his friend, Johnny Rourke, had one eye for the coming-in harvest, another for his churchwarden engagements, while, with the Argus-vision of a lover, he at the same time contrived never once to lose sight of his own darling Kitty. He, with

pleasure, indeed, gave a helping-hand to her brother Pat and herself in the getting up of their crops, which had ripened earlier than his own; and they, in turn, did as much, and more, in the "labour of love," for him, when his little share of the general plenty came round. Nor were their mutual good offices concluded without the pastime, proper to the season, being celebrated at the cottage of each, and the music and dance of the gay "harvest home" gave the zest of joy to the completed toils of industry, both at Kitty Kelly's and Johnny Rourke's.

"Now, ere sweet Summer bids its long adieu,
And winds blow keen where late the blossom grew;
The bustling day and jovial night must come,
The long accustomed feast of *Harvest Home*."

Slashing Pady of the Manor, however, was in some trepidation about his approaching trial at the Quarter Sessions; Willy Moore also had to undergo the same unpleasant ordeal; but his Clare adventures having, by this time, lost much of their original relish, and he being ambitious, at least, to preserve, if not to increase, the fame he acquired for beholding and narrating great events, had now, regardless of recognizances,

taken a fresh ramble to the county Tipperary, where the abandonment of secret and illegal societies by the peasantry, and “reconciliation meetings” between their various hostile factions, attended, as they then were, with many interesting circumstances, were, at the request of the Association, daily taking place.

The secret confederacies and faction feuds alluded to, had long been a principal bane of Ireland,—at once a moral evil in themselves, and a political impediment to the success of liberty, which the constitutional associations of the Irish Roman Catholics had, from the earliest periods of their existence to the present times, endeavoured to suppress. Under various designations, they had, however, lately reappeared in the counties of Clare, Limerick, and Tipperary,—and Messrs. Steele and O’Gorman Mahon (who, owing to their great exertions, preceding and during the Clare election, possessed paramount influence over the peasantry of the South), were commissioned by the Catholic Association to use every exertion in their power to undo the unholy brotherhood of the one, and reconcile the foolish

and disgraceful contentions of the other. Mr. Wyse thus describes the influence of these gentlemen over the peasantry :—

“ Wherever they appeared in the turbulent districts, the factious laid by their animosities, and in great crowds flocked to the chapels, to embrace, in the spirit of forgiveness, their most inveterate foes. It was certainly a striking sight to see their chiefs on either side advance up the steps of the altar, and embrace each other in the presence of their priests and their respective factions; and call God solemnly to witness, that, henceforth, for the good of their souls and the cause of their country, they would dwell together in amity and peace. Their hands were joined together by the clergyman, sometimes by one or other of the gentlemen just mentioned.”

The following lines, too, by Mr. Banim, in the true poetry of simplicity and vigour, are most strikingly descriptive of a then not unusual occurrence.

“ The old man he stood at the altar,
His enemy's hand to take ;
And his feeble voice did falter,
And his aged hand did shake ;
For his only brave son—his glory—
Had been stretched at the old man's feet

A corpse—all pale and gory,
By the hand which he now must greet.

“ The old man he stopped speaking,
And rage, that had not gone by,
From under his brow came breaking,
Up to his enemy's eye.
And now his hand is not shaking,
But over his breast is crossed;
And he looks a fierce look, to be taking
Revenge for the boy he had lost.

“ But the old man he looked around him,
And he thought of the place he was in ;—
And he thought of the vows that bound him ;
And he thought that revenge is sin ;
And then, shedding tears like a woman,
‘ Your hand,’ he said, ‘ aye, that hand !
And I do forgive you, foeman !
For the sake of our bleeding land.’ ”

It was at the period of these incidents, that Willy set off for Munster. The peasantry of the country, indeed, were never so politically excited as at this very juncture. A cry for blood was general among the Orange party,—and this popularly hated brotherhood had been even halloed on to their violent courses, by many ministers of the gospel. The lay portion of their exhorters was not less rabid. Mr. Ellis, Master in Chancery, Serjeant Lefroy, and John Claudius Beresford, had, at a late meeting in Dublin, all but avowed the necessity of a second '98 ;

and, to show their power for the task, had, in mimic rivalry of Esop's inflated frog, verbally swelled the physical pretensions of their faction, to a stretch beyond all credibility. While the peasantry expected to be goaded into a rebellion, the Brunswickers, terror-stricken at the counter-tumult they had caused, nightly dreamed of a general rising.

These late events had, consequently, diminished the interest before attached to the ex-churchwarden's stories; and so, learning of the Southern doings, he at once saw in them a plentiful harvest of future distinction; the instant reaping of a share of which, was worth some trouble from his ex-official self.

He accordingly packed up his little duds, and, leaving home of a Friday morning, arrived by the next Sunday (as God willed it), at the chapel of Borris-o'-Leigh. Willy Moore there beheld a sight, indeed, far exceeding his imaginations. Factions, comprising full four thousand men, generally dressed in an uniform of green calico, with their several chiefs (distinguished by some characteristic, and often most fantastic badge)

respectively heading them, were marshalled, in imposing array, outside the chapel. They had all been just reconciled to each other, and had sacrificed their several feuds, and every secret compact, to their "loyalty" (as they termed it) to the Association. Willy looked (as he himself thought, most accurately) through their well-arranged ranks, and, as he beheld the muscular forms, and fierce visages of these powerful peasants, muttered to himself, "if *they* had but firearms, like the bloody Orange yeomen, they'd beat double their number of the Northern rascals."

A figure, which stood close by his side, and then overheard the ex-churchwarden, struck him the slap of friendship on the shoulder, and Willy Moore turned round to recognize the little tailor,—his acquaintance of the Manor. A warm shake of clasped hands was the work of an instant, — and Willy, rubbing his palms, and quickly shrugging his person up and down, was all delight with the scene, and all anxiety to learn more about it. He regretted, beyond all things, he had not been in time "to witness the

grand making up and promise against Ribbon-men, and the likes;" and the little tailor increased his disappointment, by telling, that "it far exceeded anything of the kind that had ever taken place before."

This assemblage of factions, preceded by bands of music, marched (to the very great delight of Willy Moore) in conjunction for awhile, on their return to their various neighbourhoods; and, then formally, but with renewed greetings of friendship, separated, under the command of their respective chiefs.

During his stay in this district of Tipperary, the little tailor had insinuated himself into the confidence of a *fluhulock* family, connected with one of the long-notorious factions, known by the title of the "Black hens,"—and to their house he now brought his friend, Willy Moore, to co-enjoy, with himself, the hospitality that was there going. A stranger has, at all times, been an object of Irish regard, and, as might be expected, our friend, Willy Moore, invested as he was with circumstances of peculiar interest, to his present entertainers, and which he never

failed to respectably magnify in the mention, was made much,—*very much of indeed.*

Willy, too, in happy alliance with his qualities of political fervour, possessed also such propensions (whether springing from warmth of imagination, or whatever other cause, we pretend not to divine), as, at all events, made him very susceptible of the beauties of nature. “A fair landscape of mild earth,” in the bewitching form of a handsome woman, was, accordingly, never thrown away upon his organs of vision;—but, on the contrary, ever made the good eyes God gave him! (as he himself used to say, when he blessed the happy star he was born under) miraculously quick conveyers of all such nice sights, into the very interior core of his soft heart’s affections. It wasn’t Willy’s fault, then, but his misfortune (if it could be called the latter, either), that he scarcely ever went a night to bed,—that is, provided he met good cause during the day, without feeling a new impression, somehow or other, weighing on his bosom. But then, though he often gave a groan of sorrow, or a soft sigh of pining, hard by the ear, or

forewent the eyes of his admired girl,—so as that, whichever way he told the beating and heaving of his poor heart, whether by means of her hearing, or through her beautiful eyesight, it couldn't be lost on the creature, Willy's chief relief always was, that none of these many love pressures ever leant very heavy upon him. He now, however, spent the little time he could snatch from political confab, in courting “a beautiful young pullet,” (as he called his fair one) of that family, belonging to the faction of the “Black hens,” with which he was sojourning;—and she, with all the politic coyness, derived from the well-established flirting maxim, “keep him off, and you'll keep him on,”—rural young chicken, though she was,—managed most efficiently to dally with Willy's advances. No other female of his experience, though many were often twice as agreeable to his wishes, ever remained half so long a magnet, as did now this very identical young “Black hen.”

There was, however, to be on the next Sunday, on the borders of the counties Waterford and Tipperary, in the neighbourhood of Clog-

heen,—(the very same classic village, by the bye, in which “Sergeant Snap met Pady Carey,”) a great meeting, consisting of the chief population of sixteen parishes, and so Moore was, in public duty, compelled to forego his courting bout, and attend to that vocation for politics, for which, however much he might shine in love, he felt nature had especially formed him.

After many ineffectual attempts to gain the present fair one’s promise, and many “looks back,” when on the road, in the hope she might relent, the ex-churchwarden, accompanied by the little tailor, made the way from Borris O’Leigh to the locality of “neat Clogheen.”

Willy Moore was here present, from the commencement of the ceremony of reconciliation, and of the vowed abandonment of all such societies as were secret or illegal; and crew, in his fancy, at the grand friendship and junction among every branch of his own sort, that he had witnessed.

“If we don’t get our rights, and if the Orangemen drive us (as, if we weren’t prepared, the scheming villains would try to do) to blows for

them, sure, now that we're all as one man, bound up like the bundle of twigs, avick, 'tis we that'll shew them the differ at once," said the elated ex-churchwarden.

"We'd drive them off the face of the land in a jiffey, if we only liked," still more earnestly remarked the spiteful-looking little tailor. "I tell you, Willy Moore," he continued, "that, let O'Connell and the Association say what they like about the secret societies, if the people were once reconciled in themselves, so as that there might be no traitors among them, and all in one sworn body to extirpate their enemies, you might then, indeed, boast that the day for Ireland's redemption was at hand."

"No secret societies, no swearing of oaths,—all reconciliation and friendship,—but nothing that isn't open as the noonday, and bright as that fine golden sun," said Willy Moore.

They both stood on the centre of a cross-road, near Clogheen, while they thus spoke. Their position commanded an extended prospect. It was the evening of the Sunday's meeting. The autumnal setting sun flung its surpassingly-

golden streaks of light across all visible creation. The land seemed a beauteous vision. The whole scene might have come full upon the fancy, as though the gathered harvest of virtuous industry, and the religious stillness peculiar to this season, were deemed by the Supreme Cause more especially worthy to be lit up in superior grandeur of praise, by the retiring rays of his world's source of light, than any other of earth's appearances. The face of heaven looked in gladsome jubilee down, and shed its glory forth, that nature had prevailed, and the seasons bounteously fulfilled their peaceful destiny of bringing plenty unto man.

The view immediately around our acquaintances beamed in the same general brightness. Every object partook of the sun-setting splendour. The waters of the river Tar sparkled glowingly as they flowed. The sombre ruins of Castle-Grace stood invested with a veil of rich, amber-coloured light; the varied scenery of Lord Lismore's seat,—as well the ruggedness of its neighbouring mountains, as the bloom and beauty of its young plantations, all reflected the

radiance from above; and a few eagles, which at the moment were hovering over Bay-Loch, and in their bold, free grace of flight, now and again swooped towards the steep northern ascent of Knockmeladown, shone lucently on wing. Were it that the inanimate works of God,—illuminated as they then were—the immeasurable arch, and clear immensity of the cloudless heavens, the radiant horizon, and the lustrous features of reflecting earth,—could have been beholden abstractedly from all lesser things, or associate with such only as pertain to kindred grandeur, like the eagle moving amid the skies, and aspiring to the regions of the sun,—the scene would have been august beauty, sublime, unmingled majesty, indeed.

Detached parties, however, of the lately co-assembled multitudes were now scattered here and there; some in the fields, others on the high-roads. The still-retained badges of the day,—the uniform scarf of green on all,—the cockades and feathery plumes of the peasant chiefs, waving and dancing in the sun's beams,—

as, with a more than usual proudness of carriage, their rustic wearers moved along,—while accompanying troops of gay-hearted girls, their caps dressed out with the flashy bows of southern custom, and loudly laughing at their “soldier boys” (though they liked them the better all the while) for their martial air,—imparted a grotesque life and brilliancy, which could not fail to distract attention from even the setting sun’s gorgeous splendour, lighting up the mild evening’s autumnal calm.

There was also a public-house in view, which, it is unnecessary to assure our readers, had then, as at any other time, especial claims for the little tailor and Willy Moore.

As they approached its entrance, a few half-drunken men staggered out, who, being in that state which makes light of the form of introduction between strangers, immediately seized Willy and the tailor, and insisted they should come in, and take share of a treat. Our acquaintances were willing captives indeed ; and scarcely a moment had elapsed, when they were all seated

round a small table, in one corner of the room, and drinking as if they had been boon companions for many years past.

Some of the present company betrayed, in their converse, sentiments very much akin to the tailor's; and this little personage, finding himself well backed, pressed his opinions the more urgently on Willy Moore. The ex-churchwarden became restive; the tone of conversation grew louder, as they severally grew warmer in debate; and just as the little tailor, in advocacy of his views, asserted, he would continue to swear in as many as ever for secret societies, and had boastingly drawn forth a prayer-book, with a cross on each side of its cover,—another company of peasants, who sat at some distance, and had been listening to the discourse, becoming, as it were, suddenly mindful of O'Connell's often-repeated advice, "To seize, and bring before a magistrate any such tamperers with the morals of the people," arising together, at once clutched the little tailor, and bore him into the centre of the room.

"Bring him before some honest justice of the peace" said one.

“No! down with him to the priest’s, this minute,” said another.

“The little firebrand of villainy, to dare tamper with the morals of the people!” said a third.

“Aye! and to take advantage of their being in liquor, to lead them and us into ruin,” said a fourth.

The drinking associates of the tailor had now rushed to the rescue, and were vociferously demanding the liberation of their friend; while Willy Moore protested, by all manner of asseverations, “that the little gentleman was only arguing for argument’s sake, and had no serious notions at all at all, of what he was saying.”

“He could stake his own word and reputation as a patriot, that if they’d only let his comrade free, he’d prove to them, as plain as two and two make four, that there was never the blemish of illegal doings, or the suspicion of the likes, on the same honest boy.”

He proceeded in such exculpatory strain, until he was gruffly asked,—“what spallpeen he himself was at all,” or “what prate he was going on with? as, if he didn’t keep his tongue quiet in

his jaw, they'd treat himself just in the same way, as being of the bad company with such a villain."

Willy Moore's blood was now roused—he drew back, and looking scorn on the interrogator, asked him—"did he know whom he addressed in that manner?—would have him howsoever to understand, that he disregarded his insolence; for that he was a man after O'Connell's heart, who would keep the peace, though he was insulted; that he had been churchwarden of the Manor of Glenmore,—full in the confidence and respect of the people,—that he was at the Clare election,—that he shook hands with the great Liberator at the very entrance through the ould gate of Limerick;—that, in a word, he was entitled to respect from every heart's blood of an Irishman, and wouldn't be purposely insulted by any, but rascals that had the big black drops of the bad Orange gore in their veins."

The abuse of each other increased between the parties, during which time the little tailor had been so mobbed from one side to another, that he could not possibly get a distinct glimpse of either friends or foes. He at length escaped into

a corner, and as his pursuers approached him, and one amongst them had again laid hold of his neckcloth, "to drag him to justice," as he boasted, the little tailor uttered, in a demoniac and shrill scream,—“Do you not know me, Mahony?”

The most stunning blow could not more effectually fell the energies, than did this one question strike powerless that muscular peasant.

“When you plotted the destruction of your landlord, and lay in wait to murder the agent, did you not know me, Mahony?”

Mahony endeavoured to compose himself, but his colour came and went.

“Your life is in my hands, you traitor,” said the little tailor.

“I did not know you now, and I wish to God I had never known you, you overreaching imp of hell,” muttered Mahony, as groaning he reeled, and fell back against the opposite wall. The attention of both parties of the company was now withdrawn from the tailor, to the guilty-looking Mahony; during which, the former, placing one hand upon something in his

bosom, walked boldly out the room, and the companions of the latter, arousing him from his stupor, enquired what was the matter?

Willy Moore had, in the meantime, sprung up on a chair, and flinging open his waistcoat, conjured them, "like good Irishmen, to be friends."

"His little comrade," he said, "was unimpeachable; the other man, he was sure, was equally so, but that it was evident, there was some old grudge, that ought to be forgotten, existing atween them;—sixteen parishes, like so many allied armies, met to-day to join each other in the noble fight, like loving brothers," continued Willy. "Let us then not be fighting among ourselves; and above, and beyond all, let no man league himself in private plots, but let us one and all rally with O'Connell, to put up the standard of green, the country's colour,—and pull down to the dust, the orange, that was stained with the blood of our fathers."

Loud applause now rung through the room, in approbation of the ex-churchwarden. Mahony quitted the apartment during this moment;

and, after awhile, the remaining company, with Willy Moore for their pet, sat down to take one glass more;—and as they debated the matter over in their minds, all concluded, “that to say the least, it was a subject that looked very suspicious and queer.”

During the remainder of that evening, the tailor came not back; and the ex-churchwarden, having rested for the night, in the public-house, and, when sober, on the morning of the morrow, having reflected on the late occurrences,—being, indeed, almost satiated with public excitement,—and some shades of suspicion respecting his companion having also come across his mind,—he rose to an early breakfast, and then commenced his return to the home of his yet un-complying fair one.

These large assemblages, among which Willy Moore had lately moved, had certainly effected much good with the peasantry. Though necessarily composed in part, of some naturally turbulent spirits,—of many reckless victims of persecution, of many without employment, and who were, consequently, easily misled instru-

ments for designing spies and informers, still, being also attended by the old, the industrious, the sober, and the female portion of the community, if the former classes were not always persuaded from malpractices, by the exhortations of the clergy, and the popular leaders, they were generally overruled by the social discountenance of the latter, from either perseverance, or re-embarking in their past evil ways. Thus, there sprung from those meetings, all the moral impulses towards good order, which pastoral advice, patriotic entreaty, and the influence of domestic opinion can afford to any society so unfortunately constituted, as to be daily and necessarily supplied with those stimulants to riot and insubordination, which an inversion of public justice, in its numerous social and political relations,—administered by a bigotted, and most detested faction,—must even produce among any people.

But, though these desirable results had been in great measure attained, still, in a period of such excitement, these meetings could not but be exposed to much commixture of evil. Did

the coarse violence of the turbulent, or the giddy wantonness of the unreflecting, instigated by the crafty plotter, once predominate, the mischievous career each might naturally run, is beyond calculation. Strong symptoms of such licentiousness began to display themselves. Some miscreants placed, at the head of one of their processions, an outlaw, named Kisby, who had been implicated in the murder of the Maras, and paraded near the barracks of the very police who were on the watch to seize him. On another occasion, a policeman, having insulted a priest, the feelings of the population burst the bonds of restraint, and the barracks belonging to his station were destroyed in an instant.

The Association became alarmed, and at once appealed, by a public address, to the Southern population. Mr. O'Connell, who was then in Derrynane, was also requested, by that body, to advise the cessation of large assemblages, and the effecting the reconciliation of their factions and the public abandonment of secret societies, without the intervention of such means. They at once obeyed; and another annoying proof of

the unparalleled potency of his, and the Association's influence, was afforded to all, who might still wish to misgovern Ireland.

When Willy Moore, however, reached the home of his acquaintances, among the Blackhens,—after a somewhat reserved greeting between himself and the pretty pullet of the Clutch, and less embarrassed forms of salutation with the rest of the family, he took the earliest possible opportunity of drawing the old man of the house aside,—seriously narrating to him the late transactions between the tailor and the peasant Mahony, and delicately hinting a warning, against his son's future intimacy with the little tailor. “The head of the house” entertained, after this conversation, a doubly high opinion of the ex-churchwarden.—The young man was, in fact, a kind of Nestor, in his way, and wise beyond his years; and so, he did not fail to communicate his increased good estimate of him, and the reasons whereof, to his “own good woman,” as they both lay down that very night, after saying their regular share of prayers, and sprinkling around their bed (just to keep away

any evil spirits might be going,) a few drops from the "holy-water bottle."

It was no injury to Willy's love-suit, to have the countenance and respect of the "ould couple;" and so, after awhile,—without any very increased exertions on his part, the pullet became more familiar in her behaviour, and confidential in her discourse towards him, than could be reasonably expected,—considering her first "keep your distance, young man," and "indeed, and you shan't"-kind of manners.

The ex-churchwarden was, in fact, now quite happy. He had no thoughts of terminating his visit, and became almost forgetful, not alone of his trial, but even of his friends of the Manor. He sometimes worked in the fields with the boys; but was far more at home, when carrying a tub of water from the spring, or a pail of milk to the dairy, or doing any other little household office, in company with his now-complaisant fair one.

"He had no equals over a churn," she said; "and was as lucky in gathering butter, as any boy, she ever saw take a dash in his hand."

Willy Moore was also greatly weaned from liquor;—as, his intended (though she had no objection to an enlivening drop) manifested marked repugnance to excess. Indeed, on a Sunday, after Mass, or when coming from a “berring,” a fair, a market, a pattern, or the likes, Willy always treated the creature herself to a *wee* glass (for she’d take no more) of the “Ladies’ fancy,” or a taste of burnt brandy, or some other such kind of stomach cordial, and took just so much of “the native” himself, as would make him hearty; for in that state, more than all others, he experienced the sensation, though he said nothing about it all the while, so aptly expressed by Leigh Hunt, in one of his fugitive pieces, called “Valentine’s Day,”—

“Gentle love, made bold by mirth,
Is the sweetest thing on earth.”

CHAPTER XX.

"Tell me, Job, what seest thou in the visions of thy mind; the unknown places of the damned, or the brightness of such as stand in the presence of their God?"—*Lionel Lincoln.*

THE October quarter-sessions arrived, but there was no Willy Moore "to the fore." The little tailor, indeed, had returned to the Manor, but was altogether silent of any late knowledge of him. His sureties, too, knew nothing of their trust, and had with difficulty somewhat composed themselves, to even hear talk of the probability of paying their forfeited recognizances. For once in his life, the Patriarch was free of the troublesome consequences of good-natured imprudence, —neither he, nor his friend Johnny Rourke having, as our readers recollect, the bad luck to be bail for the defaulting ex-churchwarden.

Indeed, the immediate friends of poor Willy, might (apart from their apprehensions of his strong dread of "the shame") have been sufficiently well acquainted with his scampering impulses, (even, when attaching in their judgment, but small regard to the captivating influence of his numerous love affairs,) to have with some reason, shifted (each, for himself,) from one to another, the friendly responsibility of his appearance in court. It was, however, as it now so turned out, most opportune for them, that the village miser and usurer,—the Mr. Rourke before-mentioned,—had been induced, for the sum paid him at the time of bailment, to run the chance of a loss;—and so, having procured a comrade in danger, had at that period presented himself—to the surprise of the village, and his every acquaintance, as the chivalrous surety for the ex-churchwarden.

Few local circumstances could cause greater pleasure, to all classes and parties, generally, than the fact that ould Mr. Rourke was *at last taken*

in. One troop of little boys, as if in most serious haste, would run to inform him, that "Willy Moore had just come to court," while another hot-foot after them again, announced "it was no such thing—all a mistake,—that there wasn't so much as a sign, or a foot-print of him, on any road in the country."

Slashing Pady was, at length, arraigned, alone, for assaulting the police in the execution of their duty; and, after some most disputatious contention on the part of the opposing attornies, and a grave charge on the enormity of his offence, from the assistant-barrister, with corresponding looks of horror, and expressive whispers from Cash, the parson, and the other sitting magistrates, the jury, relying on the evidence of Pady Casey and his wife, as also of the widow woman and her daughter, Nancy, acquitted him of the accusation. Bills of indictment, on the part of Slashing Pady, against the police-serjeant and his party, as having first assailed

him, under the pretence of executing a warrant, had also been sent before the grand jury.

But they were ignored. A memorial, praying an enquiry into the conduct of the police, was afterwards forwarded to the seat of government, Dublin Castle, but it was unattended to. Considering, however, the vindictiveness and power of his enemies, escape, on the part of Pady Glennon, was deemed a triumph by his father and friends. His discharge was hailed with boisterous joy. A bonfire and a dance enlivened, on that evening, the valley of the Manor; and, when the shades of darkness fully enveloped it, there was a general translation of the friendly mirth to the sign of the "Sheaf of Wheat," where various conjectures about Willy Moore, and witty jokes at the expense of Mr. Rourke, kept up the fun, while the glass went round until a late hour of the night.

On the last day of the sessions, Mr. Rourke applied for a diminution of the amount of the

recognizance, and having, theretofore, somewhat consoled himself with the hope, that he would, at least, succeed in reducing it to the sum, he had been paid for his good-nature, and thereby leave himself harmless, at any rate,—the unpopular miser, to the unconcealed joy and delight of the crowded court, was emphatically refused his request by the assistant-barrister. He still perseveringly pleaded “it was the first time,” and he sincerely promised “it would be the last, he’d be ever caught doing the likes;” and was only answered by the general acclamation, “that it was now full time for him, if *ever*, to lose something by a friend.”

Having exerted his ingenuity to no avail, Mr. Rourke at length struck his little cane against the ground, and, bitingly telling the Bench that the law might as well pick a man’s pocket, as outwit him of his money in that manner, angrily quitted the Court, amid the ill-suppressed laughter of those within, while the village boys, awaiting outside, followed him to his home, as they

severally cried, "Will you go bail for *me*, Mr. Rourke?"—"Arrah, then, musha, won't *you* go bail for *me*, sir?"

It was of a night not long subsequent to that, on which festive rejoicing filled the house of Pady Casey, that, not very far from the scene of past revel, and in a wretched hut, formed by part of the gripe of a bye-road,—or boreheen, as such narrow lanes are called in Ireland,—and badly covered in by potatoe-stalks and stubble, there lay, on the eve of death, the aged and emaciate form of the grey-headed peasant, Tim Dunne,—whom, our readers may recollect, was among the very first of the ejected poor.

The quick-coming collapse of death was fully foreshadowed on the dying man. His eyes were rayless,—the colour of his lips had fled,—and on his forehead and cheeks lay the moist damp, bespeaking the speedy grave. His bed was little better than the bare earth; and the light of the twisted, and pitched, coarse flax, that, burning beside his almost lifeless corse, disclosed his

misery, and comfortless abode, blazed like a funeral torch. The October wind passed, in fitful, sullen moans, around his hut; and the dismal melancholy of man's dreaded dying, arose personate to the eye of grief, like a pale spirit, on each blast.

To any observer, his lot would have, indeed, appeared well nigh worldly destitution, but not desertion. His worn, cold, white fingers, were death-like,—but they reposed on the kind palm of one, dearly kindred to him. He was surrounded with privations; but a countenance of devotional affection piously watched over him. His sinking frame betrayed inanition,—but he dreaded not filial disregard in his death's hour. Despite earth's misery, his placid smile ever and anon, told he was not wholly unhappy. True! the early partner of his life was dead, and, perchance, the grave had less terrors for him, from that very reason. He had sons, but none of them were with him now. Some, through the fond hope of acquiring comfort for his life's

decline—unconscious of his present dying state, —were seeking that very chance in distant places. One—fiery, turbulent, and bold, embittered by wrong—had plunged into the recklessness of despair, and almost snapped affection's bonds asunder. His two daughters alone had continuously remained with him. The salt tears of affliction ran down the cheeks of the one who supported the parent's hand, and watched his ebbing life; and the heart throbbed to overcoming in the bosom of the other, as she anxiously hurried to the village, across field and brake, for the consoling Priest.

This old man had now fully run the course of ordinary human existence, and, in his country, almost ordinary human wretchedness. The joys and sorrows of life had, in great measure, ceased to move or scathe him. The vision of another world was before his soul;—but, still, the affections of humanity would come over him, and, notwithstanding that he was almost insensate to past feelings, and absorbed in dreamy imagin-

ings of an awful eternity, or in painful anxiety for his preparing priest,—his daughters' kind grief oft brought the tears of sympathy to his glassy eyes, and the horror of his son's dreaded course, spoke in the groans of his troubled bosom. For awhile he lay sunken in still abstraction, when, suddenly attempting to elevate himself, he feebly and hastily exclaimed, "Make ready, Mary, 'tis his Reverence is coming!"

"No, sir, there is no sign or sound of him yet," said Mary, as arising, she stooped, and looked through the low doorway of the wretched hut.

The intensity of the old man's anxiousness had momentarily imparted an almost miraculous subtlety to his decayed sense of hearing,—and, as if his longing spirit, independent of bodily organ, had become, of itself, apprehensive of religion's approaching solace, he again exclaimed,—
"Oh! he is, Mary, and the sound of his coming, is as heavenly music on the air, to my poor distressed soul."

The subtile perception of his ear was not de-

lusive. In a few moments, the tread of the Priest's horse sounded distinctly, and Mary trimmed the flambeau of pitched flax, and did what little else she could, to befit the hut for receiving his beloved Reverence. The Curate, dismounting, entrusted his horse to the kind daughter. Stooping, he entered the miserable shed, and sat down on a rude log of wood, by the dying man. Fear, and trembling for salvation, agitated Dunne's wasted existence. No imagination, but the wrath, or mercy of Heaven was before him then. Penitent anguish, or illuminating hope, commoved his spirit. It was to be his last confession upon earth, and the remnant vigour of his expiring nature, struggled to meet the intense occasion. He poured forth the sinful sorrow on his soul to his spiritual consoler.—He groaned in the heaviness of his heart, and sighed in the yearnings of his spirit;—he was dead, but to the bitter recollections of his guilt, or the rapturous extasy of his redemption. The tears of contrition, commingled with those

of pious joy, as they streamed from their mysterious fountains; and the assuaging solaces of the Priest came to his religiously perturbed spirit, as "oil upon the troubled waters."

The poor man concluded his confession, and the absolving blessing descended, like a holy calm, over his agitated soul. His spirit bowed, thrilled, and adored, as his lips received the holy communion;—and while the Priest administering the last sacrament of the Church, anointed the sinner with the ritual olive oil of extreme-unction, and implored pardon and remission of his sins, the intensity of Divine favour was for a moment radiant on features, that in the next instant were pale and cold in the embrace of death. He died in the unhurt perfection of his penitence;—his last breath pronounced the name of Jesus. There was no regret for the world lingering in *his* heart;—its pomp, its riches, and its luxuries were as non-existences to him. Like Lazarus sinking to the grave, for whom extravagance had no spell, on whom avarice had no

hold, he was rich beyond the gold of earth, in the grace of Heaven. How retributively superior, are the religious poor, to the most rich, in this moment of disappearing earthliness, and opening region of spirit ! The strain in which Pope has beautifully apostrophized "The dying Christian to his Soul," conveys the feeling that then thrilled the departing spirit of this poor humble man :—

"Vital spark of heavenly flame ;

Quit, oh quit, this mortal frame :

Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying—

Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,

And let me languish into life.

"Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,

Sister spirit, come away.

What is this absorbs me quite,

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,

Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?

Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

"The world recedes ; it disappears !

Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

Oh grave ! where is thy victory !

Oh death ! where is thy sting ?

'Tis thus, the soul intuitively sees its eternity of weal, or woe. His too, had quitted its tenement of clay without a pang. The Curate felt his still-ed pulse and throbless heart. Surprised, he fell upon his knees, and fervently prayed over the corpse. Still murmuring orisons for the departed spirit, the Priest arose, and taking in his hand the torch of pitched flax, advanced towards the porchway of the hut, to call to the deathbed of their parent the two daughters;—and to enjoin on them, patience, and respect to heaven's will. The bold figure of the reckless son confronted him, outside the entrance. In the lurid light, which the flambeau of pitched flax distributed through the dense surrounding darkness, his impassioned rugged features looked pale and harassed. There was a fiery wildness in his eyes, and the clenched teeth, and drawn muscles about his mouth betrayed his endeavour to repress emotion. The Curate, suddenly startled, receded a step. The son of the dead father stood sullen, and silent. For a few painful moments, they

stedfastly looked on each other;—but the peasant soon cowered beneath the Priest's gaze, and with difficulty faltered forth, "could I see my father, Sir?"

"Your poor father is dead, you unfortunate man," mildly answered the Priest.

The rigidly strung energies of the abandoned desperado, slackened and relaxed. His broad chest cooped;—his muscular neck lost its sinewy tensure, and fell weakly on his shoulder. He wailingly moaned, like a sick, faint man, and tottering through the door-way of the hut, threw himself on the lock of straw, whereon lay his dead father. For awhile, he was insensible to his own wretchedness. The mournful cries of his sisters, as they clasped their hands, and supplicatingly wailed towards the few dim stars of heaven, reached not *his* ears. The Priest's tones of mild authoritativeness, and pastoral condolence with their woes, were unheard by *him*.

Kitty Kelly, as was, of late, her nightly habit,

when the business of her own house-work was completed, was then bringing some whey to the occupier of the hut. Johnny Rourke was her faithful guide and guard through the gloomy darkness. As they walked on, they communed between themselves, what a blessing and relief 'twould be (were such God's will), that the old man should die at once. But, the unavailing wail of sorrow, like the passing-bell announcing his departure, was soon borne on the night-wind, to their ears. Their moralizing vanished, before the screams of woe, and their quick hearts felt the instinctive thrills of pity, and of grief, for the poor orphaned daughters. Though no more than an ideal protector, had the old man long been to them; still, the moral fear, the reverential charm,—the mystery, if we may so say,—of parental being, until now existed. That centre of their affections was, however, gone for ever. The links of a cherished dependency were snapped in twain. They had now no home, no parent, no common bond to place, no common

image of authority. Like frail vessels, without any, the weakest anchorage, they were thrown on the wide waves of a troublous world. It was thence,—from this source of kindred, but unworldly loss, that then arose the filial shrieks of sorrow, piercing the damp night air.

Under the persuasive solacing of the Priest, their bitter grief was, however, soon changed into religious resignation. Putting some few pieces of silver into their hands, and forbidding its sobbingly proffered return, he entrusted them to the kind care of the young lovers, who had sympathizingly hastened to the scene of grief; and, mounting his horse, returned to his home, musing on the manifold miseries and vices which the sectarian persecution of the times was so fruitful in producing.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Silent, and sad, and savage,—with the trace
Of passion reeking from his clouded face."—*Byron.*

"Now let it work ; mischief thou art afoot :
Take thou what course thou wilt !" — *Shakespeare.*

VERY different was the reckless brother's state of mind, from that of his dejectedly sorrowing sisters. The Scriptural truth,—“there is no rest for the wicked,” was verified in him. From the apathetic stupor, into which he had been temporarily plunged, he awoke to the hopeless agony of impenitent remorse. There was no soothing wish of recovered innocence, to alleviate his sense of guilty disquiet. A war—a chaos of the passions—perturbed his soul ; but there was no hope of the victory of order,—no reacting principle or impulse towards assuaging virtue. He

passed through the commoving ordeal of his own spiritual strife, and continued reprobate. Sul- lenly he arose, and, with clouded mind, hating communication, hastily strode past his sisters and their friends into the dismal gloom of the night's darkness. The children of the same loins piteously called after him; but he answered them not. In their tones mingled the pathos of affection, and of grief; but his heart was irre- sponsive, and its chords irreciprocally strung.

The mourning daughters, and their condoling friends, entered the hut. The pangs of filial woe returned afresh. They kissed their father's wan forehead and emaciate hands,—they em- braced his cold remains; and, as if anxious, beyond earth's possessions, for the salvation of his soul, imploringly turned their looks from its late tenement of clay, to the Heaven, to which their hopes had already wafted him.

Their brother had, before this, joined a small band, which awaited him at no long distance. The Priest, on his earlier return, had fallen in

with the same group of persons. They had responded to his salutation of "Good night!" and, in the indistinctness of the cloudy twilight, the Curate imagined he had recognized the small, hard features of the little tailor. He turned round his horse, as if to heedlessly ask some question, but, in reality, to separately re-scan their persons, and ascertain was he correct in his surmise.

The figure of the conjectured fashioner had, however, glided imperceptibly away; and the marked, southern brogue of one tall, robust man, and the similar accents of the others, as, in appearance, they vacantly answered his inquiries respecting who the little man could be,—“barring it was a leprechaun his Reverence saw,”—made it evident to him that they were not of that neighbourhood or county. In reply to his enquiry, “What was their business there, at that late hour of the night?” they answered, “They had come to the potatoe-digging, and were just waiting for the young man that hired them, to

be brought on for the night to their supper and their beds."

The Curate, enquiring no farther, rode homeward.

Anxious fears, that the peace of the parish and neighbourhood would be seriously disturbed, during the winter, by Whiteboy outrage, then engrossed his mind. Some marked evidences of such crimes had already transpired. A monied scullogue, suspected to be treating with Mr. Cash for the tract of the hill's side,—whence the forty-two families were ejected,—had been served with a Rockite notice. In this warning-service the fate of the landjobber,—as the writers termed the bidder for the farm,—was very circumstantially denoted. A coffin, and the effigy of his murdered self, rendered needless the verbal explanation which surrounded the depicted intent. The communication by writing, was, indeed, from its (as if purposely) bad spelling, far more difficult to interpret, than the pictorial emblem. The Kildare-street school-house of

that parish had also been burned, and various fruitless investigations held by the magistrates, for the purpose of discovering the ill-doers. The neighbouring peasants to its site had been arrested by the police, and subjected to several severe scrutinies. The circumstance, that it had not been burned until the proselytizing scheme of its foundation had actually failed, and its education lectures became unattended to, at once strengthened the popular impression, that the peasantry were innocent of this mischief, and the strong suspicion that the late teacher,—a patronized, *quondam* charter-boy, but now ex-official,—had been himself the incendiary. Numerous confirmations were adduced in support of this belief; and the local magistrates,—Cash, the Parson, and others,—having held a court of inquiry, with doors closed to the public, fully acquitted their scriptural *protégé* of the charge.

As these dispensers of justice were, however, in no great savour for purity with the public

theretofore, not only their ambitious zeal for the innocence of the ex-schoolmaster, but, also, the marked indignation with the charging parties, which they manifested, tended to make the impressions of the guilt of the suspected teacher, the more popularly rooted. Thus, while one party,—the Orange section of the village and neighbourhood imputed the crime to the peasantry,—the great body of the people, as if by way of rejoinder, were as zealous in fastening the offence on the pedagogue, whose worldly occupation, by Kildare-street biblicism, was, most inopportunately for himself, irretrievably gone. Neither was there any lack of popular insinuations against the justices;—and the Irish belief (supposed to be drawn from analogies quite at home with us all) that “there’s favour in hell,” wasn’t half so strongly, or justly founded, at any rate, as the conviction that an Orange Rhadamanthus, on the bench, wouldn’t forget the tie between himself and a brother lodgeman, no matter where the latter

might be, even though it so chanced,—it were the dock.

The Curate, however, had his own train of conjectures, and corresponding deductions, in regard to these matters. He had, from no long period after the little tailor's first arrival, in the neighbourhood of the Manor, strongly suspected that he was the emissary of a Rockite society, and that his chief business there was to swear in, to evil courses, those outcast peasants, pre-disposed to mischief, by the cruelties they had experienced.

He was now additionally strengthened in this surmise, by the fact, that, since the tailor's late return, even the popular Patriarch, John Glennon, had been served with a notice "to keep himself quiet, and not be prying after the affairs of others."

Fiercer ill will was, also, threatened on his fellow-churchwarden, Johnny Rourke, and deep vengeance, of some terrific, but dubious, import,

notified by customary form of service upon him. The Curate was convinced, that these latter matters had never originated with the neighbouring peasants, but were more probably the doings of some Rockite emissary, or those he had corrupted. He had, on his first suspicions, communicated, also, his belief of the little tailor's character, to the chief constable of police, and others of the local authorities;—but they, notwithstanding his earnestness, always managed to remain unsatisfied with the credit of *his* conjectures. Neither, indeed, was the Curate enabled, so as to fully satisfy his own mind, to discover sufficient of the fashioner's sayings, or doings, to be in anywise justly positive respecting his guilt. Even the churchwarden, Johnny Rourke, and the Patriarch, whom the tailor, by his conversations at the "Sheaf of Wheat," had, in some degree, at first, successfully emulated in popularity, were indisposed to entertain a seriously bad opinion of the suspected. There existed, however, from the first, enough of suspicious

circumstance, as the priest thought, to make the magistrates and police be more than ordinarily vigilant of him;—but when, instead of distrust, he learned that the little tailor, as on the night of the arrest of Pady Glennon and Willy Moore, was treated with the clemency of a discharge, while the others were committed to gaol, he was inclined (whether justly or not, is another matter,) to fall into the general opinion, that the paid eye of peace preservers, then often blinked on the real ill-doers.

But that, at least, Dunne had embarked in some such daring and immoral practices as Whiteboyism, he scarcely had a doubt. In this opinion, many among Dunne's co-equals and neighbours fully concurred. It was well known, that he was but seldom to be seen about the hut of his father, or in the neighbourhood at all; and that, on some rare occasions on which he did return, he had, considering his station, a more than proportionate plenty of money;—all which circumstances, put in apposition with his father's

similar dread, his sisters' ignorance of his haunts, and his own reported moody state of mind, gave, in the Curate's and other neighbours' imaginations, a moral certainty to suspicion.

There was at least no doubt among any class of people, and (as it was currently believed) among the magistrates, and police also, that although on the day of dispossession, Pady Glennon had been the person arrested for the attempt to kill the agent Cash,—Dunne was not only the well-known leader of the multitude, but the wary, and successful flinger of the avenging stone also. The populace, however, independently of their habitual dislike to become “informers,” scorned the office more than ever, when it might bring the punishment of Cash and the law, on him, who, for the houseless and heart-broken, but took the “wild justice of revenge” on “the destroyer of the poor.”

Strange to say ! the magistrates and police, as if actuated by far more inconsistent motives,

sought in numerous persons than the probable one, for the violator of the peace. Such conduct, some imputed to Cash's immediate dread of this desperado,—others to his fears, that were Dunne arrested and brought to trial, opportunity would be then afforded of exposing his own cruelties as an agent, in the face of the assembled county. In addition to these particular surmises, the general impression also was, that such politicians as "his honour," being always better pleased when the country was sufficiently disturbed, to afford an excuse for unconstitutional resorts, as insurrection acts, and the like, were therefore consistently indisposed to suppress, in their commencement, such outbreaks as that alluded to.

However that might be, the Curate moreover entertained the notion, that this same daring man, Dunne, was also the prepense and desperate assassin, who, but for his providential interposition, on the night of Mr. Cash's return

from Squire Pigott's, would have cut short the life of that proverbially tyrant agent, in the heat of his cups, and the midst of his manifold sins.

Of this impression, though he had at first failed in assuring himself with any marked degree of certainty;—and which also, (owing to Dunne's sisters' utter disbelief of the circumstance, as besides his own inability to ever discover the young girl, who came for him on that night,) he had at various moments since, been even disposed to utterly efface from his mind,—he was now, however, much confirmed in by their late short interview. As he gazed upon him, when standing outside the door of his father's hut, that image of the disguised assassin of the past period, which since then, had been to the Priest's remembrance but shadowy and indistinct, was by Dunne's presence at once reflected both in expression and form, as most vividly alike. The outline of the herculean person,—the muscular developement, and stalwart proportions of his bared neck, and its erectness, as springing boldly

from his breast, and gracefully moulded with his broad shoulders, seemed the same. His features, he, at the time before, was, from their disguise, quite unable to accurately distinguish ;—but the high forehead, as also the working muscles about the mouth, seemed the one,—and the same fiery fulness and passion in the eyes, glanced with similar flashes of awakened agony and ferocity, now, as then.

The Curate had also confided his surmises of this man's dangerous character, to the chief constable ;—with the request that such suspicions should be communicated to Mr. Cash, and the other magistrates ; but, he remarked, that the same inattention was manifested to his opinions in the case of Dunne, as was before, in regard to his observations respecting the tailor.

But, though confident that both these men were engaged in some secret and noxious confederacy, the Curate could never at all trace, that any,—the least intimacy subsisted between them. They frequented not the same houses in the

parish,—their acquaintances were not common to each other,—and, considering the general familiarity which subsists among persons of their rank in Ireland, he knew not, but that, in reason, he should conjecture their apparent absence of all intimacy, as still more suspicious, than if the circumstances were otherwise. Accordingly, when he met the group on that night, as the thought immediately struck his mind, that they were waiting for Dunne,—no sooner had he espied the figure, he conjectured to be the little tailor's, than (under the influence of his anxiety to discover whether the fashioner and desperado were acquaintances or not) he suddenly wheeled his horse around, as we before remarked;—but was still eluded of his enquiry, by the sudden disappearance from among the crowd, of the person resembling him, he anxiously sought.

Disappointed in his object, he rode thoughtfully on. The more he reflected, the more was he confirmed in the belief that political *espion-*

age, rather than honest vigilance against predial outrage, was too often the especial object of the Orange magistrates and police,—and being, as yet, unable of himself to discover any overt acts of crime, the Curate felt he had no other resource than to prevent so much as he possibly could, in that parish, by his discourses from the altar, the farther spread of the leprous, social disease, that he deeply feared, at least, lurked among the peasantry. His anxiety was farther relieved by the consideration that, as “Confirmation” was soon to be administered to the prepared children of the parish, by Dr. Doyle, he might rely on that occasion, as affording to the powerful eloquence of that Bishop, a fitting opportunity to scare away the guilty from their crimes,—to dissuade the tempted from their ruin,—and to strengthen the sober, and the virtuous, still more in the ways of religion, morality, and peace.

Consoled by the hope, that the appeal of this

venerated Prelate, and most nervous orator, would not fail to be salutarily efficient, he had thus slowly rode on, until he reached his lodgings, unconscious of the chill, that at a moment of less absorbed thoughts, would have compelled him to a quicker gait.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Some love-lorn fay she might have been,
Or in romance some spell-bound queen."—*Marmion*.

THE succeeding night was still more gloomy and dark. Johnny Rourke, and Kitty Kelly's brother Pat, had, early in the morning of the day, gone together to a somewhat distant fair, and Kitty herself was now, about the hour of seven in the evening, anxiously expecting their return.

The dinner or supper table, (call it, gentle readers, which you will) was comfortably laid before a blazing, cheerful fire of well-saved turf. The homemade, but white and unstained tablecloth, evidenced the good and neat housekeeper; the plain bonehandled knives and forks were as cleanly as could be; the bright drinking mugs stood round in order; the whiskey bottle and

tumblers were to be seen upon the dresser, in readiness for after dinner ; and the warm hearth was most carefully swept clean of every trace of ashes, or of dust. The potatoes, too, boiled upon the fire ; the bacon was ready at any moment to repose on its warm bed of greens ; two plump chickens were piping hot within the pot ; and the large shining pewter dish and plates before the blaze, were duly prepared to give their intended contents a truly warm reception. How the heart of the laborious man cheers within him, when he returns to a happy home, and moderate regalement, and what delight does not the kind domestic manager experience, when she witnesses his joy, and prides herself on being its agent !

The nice crisis, however, of her simple cookery's perfection, had in this instance passed, without the expected's coming, and the minutes began to weigh heavily with Kitty. She managed to keep all warm, and yet not have them too much sodden, or overdone, so well as possibly she could ; and, ever and anon, impatiently list-

ened at the door, in the hope of catching the sound of their horses' approaching tread.

Johnny Rourke, unwilling to cause her any apprehensions respecting himself, had forborne to communicate to her (as also did the Curate, and the few others who knew of it) the threatening notice he had received.

Kitty was, accordingly, so far at least happy, as to remain unperturbed by any conceptions of such danger to him. She, indeed, never once imagined that any others, save the agent Cash, Mr. Cantall, and "their sort" could bear ill-will to her Johnny.

While thus anxiously awaiting the arrival of her lover, and her brother Pat, a little barelegged boy, almost breathless from his haste, hurriedly announced that the Curate wanted to see her, though but just for a minute, at old Tim Dunne's hut. Fulfilling his message, the urchin scudded onwards, apparently as if intent on some other errand.

Hastily, Kitty put on her cloak and bonnet,

and imagining the Priest might want her to perform some kind or charitable services to the orphaned daughters, forgot in her quick sense of duty to the distressed, the anxieties she the moment before felt for the impatiently expected. Telling her mother whither she was going, and that as little time as possible she would lose till her return, she committed to her care the task of getting dinner for "the boys," if in her own absence they should arrive; and before the lapse of many minutes descended to the path, which ran windingly along the valley's stream, and, passing across a little ford, led in the direction of the boreheen where the poor orphans' hut was situate. She was too accustomed to the way, to experience much difficulty of advance, from the prevailing darkness; and the lights, which, burning at the old man's wake, sent forth their weak rays upon the night, were sufficient beacon to inform her of her precise destination. Neither was she at all superstitiously afraid, and, whether gloom or starlight overhung the valley, she had

long become so familiar with its appearances under both aspects, as neither to dread the grim hobgoblins of the one, or be moonstruck with the fairy visions of the other. Often, however, she paused upon the path, in the imagination that she had caught the distant steps of quickly coming horses. But, it was indeed a longing imagination alone, which could have educed from the silence of the elements, even a similitude to such sounds. There was neither noise nor motion ;—the tame monotony of a calm, heavy night was there, unbroken, only by the weak sighing of a dull, sluggish breeze, and the melancholy murmurs of the hoarsely babbling stream.

She had now advanced more than halfway to her destination, and unerringly stepping on the stones, which afforded a dry passage across the ford, stood safely on the other side of the little river. The dwarfen beech which overhung the stream, were there thickly intermingled with some hazel copsewood, and deep brakes of briars, that extended several yards into the field she

had now entered. Cautiously, Kitty proceeded past their denser gloom, and had just attained the open space, when suddenly, and she was violently seized by two powerfully athletic men. A piercing scream broke from her,—the image of Johnny Rourke, with an instant hope of his relief, flashed across her mind, and for the moment, she weakly struggled with her savage waylayers;—but, one of them, placing his hands upon her mouth, soon stifled her cries for help, while the other rudely and tightly bound a large coarse handkerchief across her eyes. Terrified with dread, Kitty, were she even unprevented, had now wholly lost the power to scream, and would have fallen to the earth, were it not, that the ruffians held her up erect, while they the more securely gagged and blindfolded their fear-stricken unresisting victim. Insensible, she was placed upon a horse, which stood bridled at hand, and one of her assailants actively springing to its unsaddled back, with one arm encircled her form, which, placed as in side-saddle position, he tightly held unto himself, and

with the other directing the vicious garran he rode, into the channel of the valley's stream, furiously galloped up its shallow current towards the ascent of the hill. His accomplice took another route; but before long, both again met upon the road, which led into the collieries—quickly leaving which, however, they took an uneven, hilly pathway across the country, and in the direction of mountains, that had often before afforded refuge 'mid their solitudes to daring marauders like themselves.

The forcible abduction of females had long been a practice in Ireland, to which many unwed Padys resorted, as the surest way to marriage, and a fortune, either on failure of their milder powers of persuasion, or often, indeed, in lieu altogether of the dilatory process of courting. The adventurous champion that chose war as the means to love, had always his faction to back him, and the girl's friends, too, never failed to be ready to avenge the wrong to "their people." After hot pursuit,

however, broken heads, and now and again the slaughter of some followers, the matter generally terminated, as most sublunary concerns, sooner or later, do, in a kind of amicable compromise. "It would be a bigger disgrace than any, to let it go before the assizes," reasoned the female injured; and so, the girl herself, like her excellent prototypes, among the Sabine women, often overcame her first, fixed objections to 'the bold boy.' "Besides, let what will be said in just disparagement of him, for attempting the likes, he treated her," she must allow, "very modest and genteel, at any rate, while he had her in his power,—better than she thought he'd do; and sure she couldn't forget that to him,—and, moreover, how could she help his loving her; and, so, considering all matters, if she could only have her own way, for once in her life, she'd rather settle the business for ever, and marry the young man, if it was only for peace sake;—for in troth there was

mischief enough on her account, done to both sides already."

The opposing parties became reconciled,—a wedding usually healed all sores,—any old grudge between the rival factions, was, like the hostilities of kings and courts, drowned in family alliance; and, whether at fair, market, or pattern, he'd be a foolish fellow, that would tell either Pady or his spouse, "that 'twas ill they did it."

But, however frequent such violations of law, and composing of differences, may have been in the "real south," the county in which the Manor of Glenmore was situate, had rarely been distinguished by any such proceedings. The Manor itself, indeed, or any other portion of its parish, had never, in the memory of man, been the scene of such an occurrence. Matters of the kind were, therefore, known to its peasantry but as traits of Tipperary life, and tales of terror, from which they gratulated them-

selves, they were happily free. Still, unacquaintance with reality, it may be conjectured, did not lessen, but rather tended to invest with still more horrors, the fear, which the Manor of Glenmore's fair ones entertained for such rude matrimonial advances. Perhaps, too, as habit is second nature, were they but only used to the like, they'd have thought nothing very horrible about it. Their present unfamiliarized sensitiveness, however, would have dreaded an abduction, equally with death.

If, even the unprepossessed of heart may justly be imagined so to feel, with how much more of alarm and agony must not Kitty Kelly, who, from childhood, had confidently placed her hopes of happiness on Johnny Rourke, have then regarded the likelihood of such an event. And so, when awakened from insensibility to a state of consciousness, a sense of almost madness and despair rushed upon her mind. They had traversed a large range of mountain-ground, before Kitty recovered from the stupor into which

terror had thrown her ; but even then she knew not in what locality she was, for the blindfolding handkerchief was still tightly bound across her eyes. In the hope of any fate, rather than the horrors anticipated, she attempted to fling herself from off the horse ; but the power of her detainer was too vigilant and vigorous ; and pressed back again upon his breast, she unavailingly struggled and wailed in hysterical agony. The principal's accomplice was at the horse's side in an instant, to assist his comrade ; and poor Kitty despairingly perceived, that, overpowered and lost, all resource was taken from her. The hope, too, of any aid from Johnny Rourke, or her brother Pat, had wholly deserted her ; and, if possible, she was but still the more agonized in mind, by the boding dread of some danger to them, connected with the forcible abduction of herself. On galloped, however, the goaded garran that bore her ; and chucklingly, and malignantly, broke on the stillness of the night, the jeering condolences of the savage

ruffian, who then claspingly held her. Our readers may possibly conceive,—but we are quite inadequate to convey—the depth and extent of her overwhelming misery.

During the earlier period of Kitty's sufferings, Johnny Rourke and her brother Pat had returned from the Fair. They found the mother fretfully awaiting her daughter's return; she told them of the priest's message:—"Kitty," she said, "was to be absent only a few minutes; and now, better than an hour had gone by, and there was no sign of her;—where could she have gone to, at all at all? I sent the servant-maid, and one of the boys of the barn, to search after her, to the wake-house, and neither one nor the other of them (signs by it, they'll suffer for the same), came back with the least account yet. And, moreover, Pady," she continued, "I sent your two little boys,—God grant nothing happened them in the dark,—over to her uncle Glennon's, to see was she there; and, if not, to

call in at Pady Casey's, to know did they chance to hear anything about her."

Some unsatisfactory conjectures were made, as all three stood upon the floor, heedless of dinner, and thoughtful only of Kitty. Drooping disappointment, and sensitive fear, were depicted in the appearance of Johnny Rourke,—he knew, in his own mind, that something must have befallen Kitty, or she would never stay away, and she expecting him. He turned to her brother, to arrange a plan of search; when the bed-ridden old father called out to Pat, from his bed-room, to come tell him what kind of a Fair he had,—and the mother warned the son not to say anything about Kitty's absence, as the poor old man would be only tormenting and fretting himself.

"Sit down," says Mrs. Kelly to Johnny Rourke, "and take some dinner, at any rate; you got over enough of slaving and hardship all day, and Kitty will be in, with the blessing of God, before you're well nigh done."

Dinner, however, had then no charms for Johnny Rourke;—he stood silent, and down-cast.

“Oh! maybe, Johnny Rourke, you know anything unfortunate of Kitty, you look so sunken and sorry?” said Mrs. Kelly.

He raised his look from the ground, and met the gaze of the mother, which, though searching and inquisitive from her anxiety, was yet relieved of all sharpness, by the affectionate tears that mellowed the expression of her eyes.

“Oh! indeed, Ma’am, I don’t,” Rourke subduedly answered;—and as he looked on the kind, troubled enquirer, the presage of woe, that somehow or other, he felt heavily on his heart, ran in chill over his frame, and manifested itself despite him, in his saddened, tear-filling eyes. “Tell Pat,” he continued, “that I’m gone in search of Kitty, Ma’am; and don’t you be fretting, Mrs. Kelly, for I’m in hopes we have no cause to be grieving at all.”

Quickly he crossed the threshold, and de-

scended the pathway, while the mother, standing at the door, watched his form moving through the gloom, and prayed to God "to guard her Kitty, and bless both her and him, for their dear, kind souls."

Agitatedly, Johnny Rourke sought each probable, or at all likely place in the Manor. There was no account of her at John Glennon's, Pady Casey's, or any other neighbour's. The Priest, it was true, had been at the orphans' hut; but the family of the deceased knew not of his sending for her. Disappointment met him everywhere. Her brother Pat had followed Johnny Rourke; Slashing Pady accompanied them in farther search; and the Patriarch, who detained with himself the children, and sent such word to Mrs. Kelly, remained sleepless and perturbed. The first messengers had also returned to the mother, and, by their ignorance of all tidings, rendered the wretched woman still more miserable.

Each haunt, where misery might require aid, was now approached. Every weak light, that

now and again directed the solicitous relatives, and trembling lover, to some cheerless hut, was as a ray of hope to Rourke's fond imagining. But, one after one, they became as dreariness,—for she was not there, or there. Neither could they discover any trace of the little boy who brought to her the message. Perchance, too, she might have missed her way or footing in the dark, if even worse did not happen. Deep agony was setting in on Rourke, and the worst fears of incertitude on all. Pat Kelly proposed to go into the village, to the Curate, and make enquiry of him; Slashing Pady took another direction; and the lover was yet more diligently to search the valley, and its embosoming hills.

Despondingly—almost despairingly—he proceeded by the little river;—each eddy of the stream, inequality of the shore, and overhanging shade, were inquisitively, yet shrinkingly, examined. He hesitated, in dread of his task's result, and trembled on each brink of desired discovery. His voice, to which grief imparted the

accents of lament, timidly called forth "Kitty;" and the forlornness of each tone broke on the melancholy stillness of the night, as the mourning soliloquy of a sad solitude. It was to be heard, now in the recesses of the valley, now on the ascents of either hill; but no response came to his sorrowing call; and both enquiry and entreaty unavailingly died away on the sighings of the breeze, and the murmuring plaintiveness of the rippling stream.

At length, and the moon gleamed faintly through the night's heaviness;—an indistinct, dreamy, and deceiving light lay athwart the scene. His fancy soon imaged, in many an object, the dear being he sought. The lone hawthorn in the vale, the weeping willow above the stream, and the small mountain ash, or other shrub-tree upon the hill, were, by turns, mistaken for her form. Deluded by the continuous working of his affections, in racking hope and fear he hurried from place to place. Each instant, almost bereft of confidence, he knew not what

to do ;—now, weak from agitation, he leant against some object for support ; and oft, wiping the moist damp of suffering from his brow, begged of God “to preserve Kitty, and to pity him.”

The moon more lucidly emerged, and the weak glimmering all around became purer light. It was unto him as a fresh flood of unexpected fortune. He ascended to the summit of the hill, and gazed throbbingly in every direction. A form came upon his view,—it was a female form,—and his heart violently beat in overpowering emotion. Ascending the deerpark side of the hill, the figure came ; and, intercepting, as it did, the mild rays of light, its shadow moved with it in the moonbeams. Transversely with the acclivity, but also directly towards Kitty Kelly’s home, it wended on its way. Held in suspense the most agitating,—of instant death, or of success to his intense hopes,—tremblingly the lover stood. More palpitatingly than ever, his heart fluttered in his bosom,—his entwined

hands were compressively knit into each other, and the colour rapidly went and came, athwart his cheeks and temples. He sprung a few paces down the hill, and stood again. The female's path now lay through some stunted copsewood; her face was turned towards the ground, and, apparently, she toiled against the steep. In the glance of one moment, he was all but certain it was Kitty;—on the next, and he was again involved in doubt. He advanced farther on, and, as he did so, she had but just a little raised her head. “It is, it is she!” he whisperingly said, and her name was escaping from his lips; but the figure suddenly stood still, and Rourke held in his breath. The shade of some tall copsewood she had reached, bedimmed the light around her,—and strainingly he gazed, but was yet uncertain. Her face was raised towards the moon, and in its indistinct lineaments he now caught, and as quickly lost, resemblances to his dear sought one;—but unexpectedly, and, as though awaking from reverie, she plaintively

murmured, or rather sung forth, the following rhythm:—

“He is dark in his soul, or he'd turn not from me,
For it once was his pride my sweet lover to be.”

At once, and those tones fell witheringly on Rourke's ear;—his hopes were dissipated, and his heart sank within him. It was not Kitty's voice. It was, indeed, far wilder, and as touchingly sweet;—to others, than his prepossessed self, perhaps sweeter. The stranger,—for she was such to him,—then walked on from beneath the copse's screen. The features, in which he had imagined similitudes to Kitty Kelly's, bore none. The present girl's were sharply chiselled, and delicate in the outline; her cheeks were attenuate and worn,—and from her sunken but brilliantly dark eyes, there broke forth frequent gleams of wildness and of misery. Unlike, in each and every respect, as possibly could be, to the rounded bloom of cheek, the bright blue eye, and the composed meekness of beauty, that characterized his poor Kitty's countenance. Under

other circumstances, Johnny Rourke might have wondered at, or sought a clue to, his self-delusion; but the wretchedness of despondency, or the anguish of despair, were then too strong upon his mind, for the admission of any such curious canvassings. Still, unobservant of Rourke, the strange female advanced towards him. A short tattered cloak, and which, as is oft the habit with Irish peasant girls, she, on Rourke's first view, wore covering her head, was now removed by her to its more apposite position, upon the shoulders. Her dark hair, glossy in the moonlight, was blown back from her temples, wavingly in the air; her features were pale, and now raised towards heaven,—and from them all came that sad, but interestingly-spiritual, expression, which is the soul's reflection of suffering and devotedness. Discoursing to herself, as would appear by their irregular cadences, some melancholy, and incoherent rhymes, or, perhaps, the broken ballads of her childhood's memory, she appeared, in her rapt musings, and snatches

of song, as one sorrowfully deranged. Suddenly, and again stopping, she mournfully and beautifully sung—

"On the mountain, in the valley,
Everywhere, his spirit's with me,—
In the air, or in the cave,
In the light or in the gloom,
'Neath the sun, or neath the moon,
On the scaffold, in the tomb,
He is one I'd die to save."

She ceased, and remained gazing on the heavens. Affected by her wo-begone look, and struck with some strong sympathy, Rourke, notwithstanding his own grief, stood intently regarding her. Still, unconscious of being observed, she again, lamentingly, warbled forth,—

"Never, true maid, never, lover,
Yet were happy upon earth;
Sorrow's dismal stars do lower
On the moments of their birth."

Ceasing, the tears streamed down her wan cheeks, when, as suddenly, and a smile lighting up her eyes, she rapturously and thrillingly sung in a different rhythm,—

"Twinkle, twinkle, prettiest star,
I once was merry, as you are,

And never dreamt your dancing ray
Would light me on misfortune's way.

"Oh! could my love but happy be
Once more, poor I were bright as thee;
And like a sweet and playful child,
Again were gay, again were wild."

Concluding, she now laughed and cried in her own extacy, and hurried on. Rourke yet stood still, hesitating whether to accost, or let pass, in silence, the poor sense-bereft creature, as he deemed her. In hope, however, that she might give him some information respecting Kitty, he, as mildly as possible, called out after her, "Stop, and God save you, my poor girl!"

Startled, she half screamed, and, turning round, stared wildly on him. Even the deprived of reason, retain, however, a quick perception of kindness; and, as Rourke, unaffectedly looking pity on her, enquired did she know of such a person as Kitty Kelly, or chance to have met any stray maiden on her way, the poor stranger soon grew becalmed and soothed. She, however, afforded him no clue to the discovery of her whom he sought. His inquiries were an-

swered but by outbreaks of wild rhyme. Still, there were words of solace, and good omen in some things she said. Turning round, as she agilely bounded away, and assuming the most expressive gestures, she, with appropriate action, sung—

“ When the kind maiden’s loved
By the youth that is mild,
Both happy should be
As the summer-day’s child,
That basks in the sunshine around.”

“ Then fear not, young man, for thy love ;
To the ark, o’er the waters, came back the poor dove ;
So, thy peace and joy
Though misfortunes annoy
A God to protect thee ’s above.”

Saluting him with a graceful, but somewhat theatric farewell, and tossing her head and arms wildly in the air, she ran to the summit of the hill. Superstitiously affected by the subject-matter of her last rhyme, he as hurriedly pursued. Turning suddenly, and assuming an impressive, earnest air, she piteously exclaimed, “ Follow me not—Molest not the poor wanderer.” Repressed in his haste, he disconcerted stood.

“ And do you know nothing of Kitty—of her I seek ?” he at length, and falteringly uttered.

“ Nothing.”

“ And who are you, my poor girl, or where do you live ?”

“ I’m nobody,—poor nobody,” she replied.

“ Have you no father ?”

“ I never had.”

“ No mother ?”

“ I never had.”

“ No friends ?”

Silently, but eloquently, she pointed to above.

“ And where is your home ?”

“ My home !”

The bereft creature paused for a few moments, as though wrapt in reverie, when suddenly she sweetly sang forth :

“ My home’s on the heath,
And my home’s mid the fern,
My home’s in the brake,
And my home’s in the dell ;
With the birds of the air
My singing I share ;
And where wild fox and hare
Have their cover and lair,
There, there, does ‘ Poor Mary ’ dwell.”

Ceasing, she precipitately ran down the declivity of the hill, and left Rourke to himself, still unalleviated of his grief. Supposing her to be a fugitive from some asylum for the mad, he at any other period, would have been so interested in her safety, as to have followed, with the purpose of providing her with sustenance and shelter. But, increased dread and anxiety for Kitty, still more than ever, absorbed all his soul.

That night was unavailingly spent in most varied search by him, and the others;—and a bitterer morning never arose to any lover, and a more overwhelming period of incertitude and grief was never yet endured, than that which yet restored not the lost Kitty to her home and his arms.

When her brother Pat, who had gone to the Curate's, reached his lodging in the village, he discovered that the Priest, on his return from the orphans' hut, had proceeded on, for that night, to a friend's house in another parish, in order to be early next morning at "an office for

the dead," in which he was to assist. There, accordingly, no information was to be gained. He returned, in the hope that others had been more successful, but all had been similarly unfortunate.

On the next day, indeed, the little boy, who had brought Kitty the message was found out; but, he could communicate no more, than that a man, muffled up, and holding a horse by the bridle, who said he was the Priest, and whom, in the dark, he supposed to be so, had desired him to do just as he did. This, far from imparting consolation, was a source of additional, and far more horrible, dreads to Kitty's relatives and lover.

CHAPTER XXIII.

“He stood—some dread was on his face,
Soon, hatred settled in its place :
It rose not with the reddening flush
Of transient anger’s hasty blush ;
But pale as marble o’er the tomb,
Whose ghastly whiteness aids its gloom.”

The Giaour.

JOHNNY ROURKE and the relatives of Kitty Kelly, extended their search, on the next day, into more distant places. Separating, each took from the other a diverse direction. Whilst they were thus painfully engaged, and while Kitty’s father, from whom his daughter’s absence could not be long concealed, was equally wretched with her mother ;—and John Glennon, scarcely less anxious than either,—Pady Casey, on whom such charitable responsibility,—from the present troubles of the others,—now chiefly devolved,

made a glove-collection among the neighbours, for the purpose of burying, with decency, the remains of Tim Dunne, and leaving some little surplus, for temporary support, in the hands of the poor orphan daughters.

After the wake of the past night, beside that more sorrowful and lonely one, throughout which, the daughters alone watched over the corpse until the tedious morning sun arose, the old man was now to be buried in the graveyard of the same ruined abbey, in which his neighbour Carty, the cripple, had been, also, committed to the worms. It so happened, too, that one of the sons, who, in industrious search of employment for his father's relief, had left his native spot, just returned to the hut before the sad hour of interment arrived. He had been more fortunate in his quest for profitable labour than he expected;—he was returning, with a glad heart, to alleviate and soothe; but it was his lot to mourn, not to cheer. The shock to his cherished hope, of bringing home some little

comfort to his poor declining parent, was then, as may be conceived by our readers, more than painfully severe. As a sudden paralysing affliction, it smote his heart's anxious affections. The warm rush of virtuous emotion that had quickened his blood's course, became sluggish and chilled. The locality, that despite past recollections, he still imaged as a dear one, at once assumed all the rayless dreariness of blighting disappointment.

He, however, had done his utmost,—his conscience rebuked him not,—and so far, as yet in him lay, he still struggled to fulfil the kind ministries of duty. *He*, at least, among the sons of the deceased, helped to bear his father's bier to the grave;—he saw the mingled bones and earth fall on his coffin's lid, and heard the hollow, voiceless answer;—he checked his sisters' plunge into the grave, and mastering his own weaknesses, tried to compose their sorrows, and to stop their tears.

The green sod soon covered the raised mound,

that evidenced his father's still repose;—the burial crowd thoughtlessly dispersed, and the sorrowing sisters were led away from the humble grave. But, they often turned to look back upon it:—there was death beneath, and even the verdure of the covering turf, parted from its bed of native earth, shewed a moment of decline—but, the night's dew, and the vivifying sun, were soon again to raise into wholesome bloom those drooping blades of grass. The order of nature was therein to prevail, and the daughters sighed to think, that it otherwise should act towards him they loved. The now smitten verdure was yet to flourish luxuriantly over the spot where their father should moulder into dust! They reflected not, in their sorrows, then, that the more vivifying power of the first Cause of all, will triumph also;—that each, and every subordination shall give way, and as the All-mighty once proclaimed,—“Let there be light, and there was light,” so also, the dead will come to life,—the multitudes from the world's tombs ascend, and

the glory and omnipotence of Heaven—above earth's conqueror, the grave—be made manifest to requicken'd man in the resurrection of his being. But we must now accompany, awhile, the far different career of their estranged brother.

There had been a frequent and anxious look out, from the sisters, before the funeral proceeded to the grave-yard, in the hope, that he would at least join them in the last offices to the dead. But he came not. They still expected he would meet them on the way,—but there was no sign of his approach, from any direction around, neither did he appear among the crowd, that filled the churchyard. There was many a censuring whisper, and “shake of the head” among the neighbours, on consideration of his absence.

“He was a lost man, that grew so hardened in his nature;” was a general impression, and oft-repeated remark. Some again surmised, “he but feared, that there was something out against him, in the nature of a warrant, or the likes;—

and that so, he did not wish to put himself in the way of the police."

But they, each and all, inadequately appreciated his motives. It was not the fear of any one, which prevented the presence of Dunne. The dread of himself, was indeed, often stronger on his mind, than his fear of all the world besides. Neither, was he wholly insensible to grief, or emotionless respecting his father; but the milder affections of his character were so sunken in the fiery nature, and turbid gloom of his despair, as to render him regardless to the observance of customary, or even natural duties.

He felt his natural state to have become as a commoved sea of passions, among which, virtuous sorrow could not live, and wherein the wild, unrestrained lust of vengeance was the ambitious element of ascendancy. Indulgence in grief, was mere mispent trifling to him. If he could not enjoy revenge, his only pleasure was in the consideration of its planning,—his only quiescence, in the sullen rest of its expected coming.

He accordingly hated all approach, or recurrence, to such circumstances, as, but awakened in his breast unsatisfied pain ;—and he felt, as if the dark pride of his fierce spirit would be abased, in that, he should be seen to suffer, and yet, be unable to revenge.

It was the influence of these feelings, that held him apart from the funeral crowd. But he was still attached to humankind, by some weak tie, of amiable anxiety. Though his filial piety was blighted, it was not dead. Concealed by the stone wall on the opposite hill's summit, and by the shade of some few stunted whitethorns, he abstractedly watched the funeral obsequies. There was present no human eye to regard him, and he felt unhumbled in his solitude. But, repressed tears, despite himself, wetted his cheeks. He folded his muscular arms, graspedly, in each other, and holding himself erect, and nerved, continued to look on. The paleness of pain and rage, however, came upon his brow, and he ground his teeth in the endeavour to check the

stir within him. The confined force of his deep passions had overcome his guarded being. He turned away convulsedly, and in the speechless madness of his heart, looking wildly towards the Heavens, raised his clenched hand, and trembling sinewy arm. For a moment, he fixedly stood on the hill's top, as a breathing figure of anguish, whom the dark Furies troubled. In a few instants, he strode down the declivity of the hill, borne on with unconscious rapidity, by the sway of his impassioned energies. He thus passed across some interjacent fields, and hid himself, from the daylight of the heavens, in the ancient cave of a neighbouring rock.

The night came on slowly, but acceptably, to his sullen mind. The Curate was correct in his surmises of acquaintanceship between the tailor and him. Dunne had arranged to meet that little personage and his associates, when the darkness came. The moon would not arise until nigh the hour of twelve; and the pitchy gloom would be most dense between nine and

ten. About the earlier of these hours,—like a solitary wild beast from its lair,—he issued forth from the cave. The nave of the ruined abbey was the preconcerted meeting-place. In his haste, at the moment of appointment, the probability struck him not, that some of his sisters' friends would be watching at his father's grave. He had also recognized his brother's figure among those at the funeral; and the impression that such watch would be held, was, from the circumstance of his return, the stronger on his mind. Recall was, now, however, impossible. He proceeded towards the ruined abbey. With a stealthy pace, unnatural to his bold temperament, he walked round the churchyard, and peered through the darkness. He distinguished no object, save the erect, still tombstones; and heard no sounds, save the mournful shrieks of a few startled owls. He entered on the dwelling of the dead;—he stepped from grave to grave, until he stood above his father's. No being watched there. He instinctively trembled;—

a mysterious awe possessed him. He fancied he heard unearthly sounds, and saw incorporeal forms ; but the only voice of the place was the night-wind's moaning,—and the only images of life, the shadowy creations of his own fears. All was silent, dark, and melancholy, as any region of the dead could possibly be. He hurried from the proximity of his father's grave,—and, with a sense of a creeping chilliness—which, over him, none, save some supernatural dread, was likely to induce—he reached the abbey's ivy-clad Gothic entrance,—which, still noble in its decay, and religiously solemn from the sombre character of its design, looked down austere, as if to chasten of the world's thoughts all approachers to its sacred precincts. For a few moments the desperado superstitiously regarded the more visible gloom, which, amid the prevailing darkness, hung, like a mourning pall, from around the portal's frowning arch. Its ruinous decay, and his fierce, savage misery, might well have portrayed, at the moment, the

desperate and long-broken fortunes of our wretched country. The lofty gate of that temple, now in ruins, had for ages been the ingress, not only to many succeeding fraternities of the vested monks of its order,—the adoring peasants of its faith, and simple reverers of its ministries,—but also to the titled, and the proud, of both Irish and Anglo blood,—whether they sought to humble themselves before its altars, atoning for their many misdeeds, or mournfully followed the hearse of some departed branch of their house (perchance, untimely slain in civil war) to its sepulchral tombs. But there was now no Hosannah, whether by day or night, re-echoed from its roofless walls,—no altar, no ministry, no host, no ascending chalice, before whose elevation, the suppliant crowd in humility kissed the earth ;

“ Hushed is the ancient anthem, keeping

The vigil of the silent night ;

Gone is the censer's silver sweeping ;

Dim is the sacred taper's light.”

The very passage to its vaults was now un-

known,—the race, that sympathized with the spirit of their ancestral burial ground, forgotten, or extinct;—the rank grass grew, on unheeded graves, within its aisle,—the way-worn beggar slept the long sleep, above the ashes of those ancient great, who, whether piously peaceful priests or boldly factious chiefs, once had, for such as him, some little cheer and rest, at least, in hospitable halls;—every mark and time-trace, shewed, how had fallen the social order of one system of nationality, and its congenial faith; and how, in the foot-prints of the Destroyer, there had been substituted nothing, save the void-filling solitude of desolation, and the chill, withering absence of—even sympathy.

Dunne entered the abbey;—he stood in the dense gloom within its walls, and, whisperingly, enquired for his comrades. There was no answer; and, impatient of their arrival, he first leaned against the doorway, and then seated himself on a detached mass of the ruin that lay just outside. The sounds of suppressed voices soon reached

his ears. He warily listened, to distinguish were the tones those of his comrades in guilt,—or the once more familiar accents of his brother, and other friends. He felt relieved at heart, when he perceived they were not the latter. The distinguishing twang of the Southern brogue had its charms for him then. There was, however, the glimmer of a light; and, still fearful those advancing might be his own relatives, he withdrew within the abbey. In a few instants, his expected companions in evil were around him. They all, with the exception of the little tailor, bore evidences of having taken a “drop too much.” In obedience to Dunne, however, the light was extinguished,—and they held their converse in the dark. Selecting from the group the little tailor, Dunne placed his own hard muscular hand on the other’s diminutive shoulder, as he somewhat agitatedly commenced.

“I first joined you,” said he, “that I might take vengeance on Cash, the destroyer of my father. I didn’t plunge into wickedness,—for in

wickedness I am,—for nothing. Before I knew you at all, I attempted to dash the tyrant's brains out with a stone. If I succeeded then, I'd be content to 've been hanged by the throat the next day. But, the tiger-cat of hell, that has nine lives for his villainies, and more claws against the poor, escaped me. I met you, a few nights after that, you may remember; and you praised me and encouraged me, when others threw blame on me;—my heart cottoned to you on that account. You let me into your secrets soon after that again,—and you know it was you yourself swore me on the holy Cross, and the blessed Book of God, to hunt after the life's blood of him, and such as him—all land-agent tyrants."

"It was,—sure enough it was," spitefully answered the tailor.

"I now then want to tell you, before our comrades here, you haven't stood to me, against that pest to the earth, and curse to the poor, as you made my lips, and my soul, before Heaven,

swear *I* would;—you've always been putting off the wreaking of my justice, and my revenge, upon him. Still and all, though I was bound to you, I made a second offer for his life against your knowledge;—I had men to help me then, that suffered like myself; though, like me, they weren't sworn against him. I waited his coming within my reach, as a tiger would its prey; for I longed to revenge my poor father in the black blood of his heart, and the hot twists of his entrails. Some one fate or other was between my vengeance and the tyrant. The Priest, that very man you met the other night, grasped the barrel of the blunderbuss, that would, on the next instant, have blown the villain into atoms. I shook, like a coward, before his puny Reverence, and had barely strength to get away, and find shelter in the woods. I don't know how it is, but, from that minute to this, I feel as if the eye of God, and of man, looked on me as a murderer. I might as well have dabbled in his blood, as sworn and wished to do it. There is

no change in me yet,—for I have not buried my oath, or the glutting of my revenge, in the grave of my poor father; and although I know if his dead lips could speak, *he* would implore me to forgive, still I”—— The remainder of the sentence was impeded by the chokings of his passion; and, though ultimately faltered forth, was known but to himself, from the inarticulateness of his agitated and subdued voice.

“And, sure, you’ll have revenge on him, my comrade, when the fit time comes,” said the little tailor.

“The fit time’s at hand, if ever,” emphatically answered Dunne. “When the poor were persecuted about their Bible-schools, it was the fit time; but, the Priest’s sermons cowed us then;—when they were pitilessly turned out on the wide world, from their little places, it was the fit time,—but the Priest, too, cowed us then;—when they starved in the wet dykes, and saw themselves die off from each other, one by one, it was the fit time;—but, even then, the Priest!

—I had none to help me,—and is it because the last of the ould neighbours, my own poor quiet father, is buried to-day, that the wrongs of him, and of them all, are to be forgotten, or put off, as if they never were?”

“Oh, no, no, my friend, no, no!” answered, in well-feigned tones of sympathy, the little tailor.

“The time’s ripe for him, sure enough,” said, with a broad Munster accent, a half-drunken individual of the group; “and he won’t find a Tipperary boy backward, whether he wishes to burn him, in the flames of his own house, or stale him through the black blood of his own heart.”

“Hold your prating tongue, Fireball,” said the tailor; “and, believe *me*, and trust to *me*, Dunne,” he continued, “the fitting time for Cash’s fate is not come yet.”

“It is! But, as I tould you before, I would have massacred him myself, if I could, and

sought none of your help. You know, that you yourself, though I forgot mentioning it, while ago, wheedled me out of my ambush,—when I lay in wait for him, another night, besides the time, the Priest stopped me,—saying it was the summer season, and that all would be easily discovered;—and so, humbugging me on, from day to day, ever since, until the long winter nights would come. They are come now,—the clouds are as dark as the black drops of his own foul heart; there isn't a star to shine upon his blood, and if yees come with me now," he continued, lowering his voice into a whisper, and griping, as in a vice, the little tailor's shoulder; "if yees come with me, like men,—we'll get in, never fear; I'll shoot the tyrant on his knees, and spatter, with his vicious brains, that ever schemed against the poor, the hall, and thrashhold of his house,—that many a poor man, like my father, was obliged to draw stones;—aye! and to sweat in hard labour,—to build up for the villain's den."

"Flames to me ! but I'd like to be on the mission with you, sure enough," said Fireball.

"You would, Fireball, and so would we all, and none of you were ever with a better leader ; but, you, Fireball (at least, if you were sober), ought to know well, that we 'd be soon ruined, if we began that way in our business. —No, no, Dunne, take my advice ;—we must first rise the country in our favour, and strengthen ourselves with the grown-up boys, and farmers' servant-men, of the district all around us, before we attempt an act that would bring legions of police upon our backs, and have us put down at once, just like the snuffing out of a candle, or the turning of your hands."

"And, if we're to be put down at all," answered Dunne, "why not let us crush, at once, the chief oppressor of the poor, and be after taking one life at the least,—that if twenty of us were to hang for it, and be gibbeted into the bargain, wouldn't be one too many, thrown away in consideration of getting his."

“ But we won’t be put down at all at all, if we only go right about our business,” remarked, in a cunning strain of voice, the little tailor ; “ and, besides, recollect too, that if we’re bound to settle Cash for you, you’re bound to the good of *the cause* for us also,—and it would be ruin to it, to do now what you ask of us. If we killed Cash, or if we failed in our attempt, whichever way it ended, the magistrates and their sort, would be up and alive upon the minute, asking the government for army and police, and getting them just as soon as they were asked ; and then, where would the handful of us, that are only just forming ourselves into anything like system in the country, be, after three nights’ searching ? But, on the other hand, if we first settle, one by one, those fellows, of much of our own rank and sort in the country, that, having a little money, are bidding for every poor man’s holding, that falls out of lease,—just like the scullogue rascal, looking this minute for your poor father’s place, and who (as I heard to-day)

has closed with Cash for it, and the whole hill's-side above, we'll get quietly on, without raising much hubbub in the country, at first, (for what signifies to the magistrates the life of a craw-thumper of his kind?),—until we have a fine troop of boys in our favour, and plenty of fire-arms too, from the ould rusty musket, to the pocket pistol,—that maybe, we won't polish and prime, and charge well with slugs too, so that there shall be no miss-fire, when the proper minute comes, for the head or the heart of the persecutor, Cash, my trusty comrade, Dunne."

"'Tis true for yourself, Captain, that you know the knack of spreading the mischief with surety," said Fireball. "Though he's no great things in size, Mr. Dunne, he has a long wit for the war that we want; and, after settling the low varmint first, never fear but he'll put a nail in the head of Cash too, before the long run is half over with us, against the land-jobbing rascals, and tithe proctors all round the country."

Dunne made no remark, but stood sullenly silent, engrossed in his own thoughts.

“Strike a blaze, with a little touchpaper and a flint, Homethrust,” said the tailor to the tall robust man, who had been the chief spokesman of the group the Curate encountered, on the night of old Dunne’s death;—“strike a blaze, and light that stump of a candle, ’till I read for you a bit of a message, was sent me this evening by a servant boy in my training, that lives in the house of the very fellow, too, that, worse than any Sassenach, is bidding for Dunne’s father’s old place, and every other acre of the whole hill’s side.” The candle, taken from an old stable lantern, was lit in an instant. Being protected from the wind’s frequent blasts, by the shading circle of forms surrounding the little tailor, as standing in the most sheltered angle of the old abbey, he read aloud for them the following epistle,—the light burned on steadily, and, notwithstanding the pitchy gloom, with sufficient brightness also.

“ This is to tell you, Captain, to be here, with your men, to-night at eleven o'clock ; myself and my comrade sarvent boy sleep in the barn, and won't pretend to hear them within, if they bawled till they split, so, don't be afeerd of being stopped in your doings by any outside ; besides, the two sons are over young and weakly, to be any great stop to yee's. Yee's can get in through the dairy window, if yee's only pull away a bit of an iron hoop, that's nailed across the lathes,—and, from the dairy, into the ould fellow's bed-room. There's a good gun betwixt the wall-plate and the thatch, just over the head of his bed, and an old musket-barrel, moreover, up the right-hand side of the kitchen-chimney, lying full lengths across from two houldfasts. If yee's be in humour for liquor, it's in the little press in the wall, just inside the bed-room door, from the kitchen, and if yee's id take a trifle of money, I'm thinking it's there, too,—the silver in a little ould teapot, with a broken snout,—and the notes, if they be in it at all, rowled up

in a trash-bag, far in on the second shelf. If the trash bag isn't there, you'll find it in the big box, at the foot of the bed. I knows, as you wur telling me the same yourself, yee's won't kill the master all out the first time; but if yee's gave him a couple or three clipes of the butt-ends of the guns, or a flesh-thrust of a bayonet, or the likes, it wouldn't be much astray, for he's going to the Divil, head foremost, in tyranny, hard labour, and poor food, this time back; and if there be any change in him, id's for the worse, iver since he got the promise of the new farm from Cash,—and that he has it, is sure, Captain, for, by the same token, I overheard him telling the mistriss herself, last night, that he had to pay a purty penny after all for the priference he got. You're up to your coorse now, Captain, and so, wishing yee's success in your undertakings, I remains your obedient sarvent and recruit,—Young Johnny Raw."

"That's not a bad letter from a spalpeen, that has white hair on his upper lip yet, and

isn't over eighteen," said the little tailor; "but, it's just what always comes of managing right beforehand," continued he, looking somewhat proudly around, and letting his eyes rest, with a searching gaze, on the features of Dunne.

This enterprise, the communication of which was cunningly reserved, by the adroit tailor, until he might successfully work his own band's sudden and fresh passions in its favour, against any hesitation might arise on the part of Dunne, was, at once, and by the great majority, most greedily received. Fireball insisted "a moment should not be lost," and was supported, by equal anxiety, on the part of the rest. Even Dunne, the direct channel of whose hate was against Cash, and Cash only, and whose impulse to league himself with the secret gang, arose from that overmastering passion, assented, though sulkily, to the proposition.

The little tailor then set forth, with much tact, Dunne's now certain, though temporarily postponed, vengeance on Cash,—renewed most zealous

lous assurances of being his very second self in revenge on the tyrant,—and then confided to them all (as if a most important secret) his determination to march them, when they had settled their accounts with the landjobbing scullogue, beyond the not distant borders of a neighbouring county, where there also existed a growing band of brothers, like themselves, who were anxious to know them all, man by man, but especially Dunne, of whose bravery and sufferings they had often heard.

In a few moments their preparation to set out against the scullogue was completed. They severally blackened their faces with burnt cork and grease, and variously disguising themselves by other additional devices, rendered their countenances, from the metamorphosis, still more ferocious-looking than before. From the inside folds of the large coats of some, were now brought out short guns and musquets; and from the very bosom-covering of others, were drawn forth pistols; the priming and flints of all which, being

looked to, with at least the seeming of accurate knowledge, by their bearers, were again, as they collectively set forth on their march, deposited under the cover of their very unmilitary garbs.

They did not, however, set off, without severally drinking their rations of whiskey, as, poured from a flat stone jar, it was presented in a small horn vessel, with a half-drunken formality, by Homethrust, the apparent quartermaster of the company.

As they then passed out of the churchyard, they heard voices, in the direction of Dunne's father's grave, towards which they thereupon faced about, more in daring than defenceful retreat;—while the watchers of the corpse, equally on their guard, though from very different motives, unobservedly held the aim of their fire-arms (borrowed for the occasion) directed towards the spot whence they heard, as they imagined, the conspiring whispers of the *sack-'em-ups*. Dunne, in more trepidation than might be expected by his new comrades

from him, communicated by whisper the probable cause of the noises; and on that instant the soft, but hurried tread of the Rockites, might be distinguished, as more in obedience to their companion, than in anxiety to avoid a skirmish, they endeavoured to escape unheard from the confines of the guarded grave.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"As long as Ireland shall pretend,
Like sugar-loaf turned up side down,
To stand upon its smaller end,
So long shall live old Rock's renown."—*Moore.*

"'Tis true they are a lawless brood,
But rough in form, nor mild in mood."—*Byron.*

AFTER a rapid passage over ditch and drain, across a few miles of country, they soon reached within half-shot, or rather within view (if the moon had chanced to be up) of the devoted scullogue's house. It was comfortably situated beneath the shelter of a small fertile hill, that protected it from the north-west winds; and surrounded, on every other side, by such proportion of trees and whitethorn fencing, as left it sufficiently open to the morning sun, or the mid-day meridian warmth, and sufficiently shel-

tered from the damp-bearing mists, on the west, and the south-west winds. They stood, to discuss, for a moment, the plan of entry; after which, the little tailor, calling Fireball and Homethrust aside, held with them a short private converse.

The next quarter of an hour had not elapsed, before the iron hoop, nailed across the dairy window, was broken, as directed, and the gang (excepting the little tailor, and two guards, that remained outside with him) under the same roof with the scullogue.

The noise of their entry had been heard by the watchful old couple; and the several hurried helps, which the furniture of the bed-room could add to the resisting power of the inner bolt of the door communicating between the bed-room and dairy, were forthwith added. The sons, daughters, and servant-maids, were upon the kitchen-floor in an instant; and though they all had some apprehensions of Captain Rock, from the notice with which they had been served,

still, as the idea was uppermost that the assailants were robbers, who had come to take away the butter-tubs in the dairy,—and, if they could get in, the money, and other valuable articles of the house;—the latter were concealed as quickly as possible by some, while others, putting forth their heads through the small windows in the front, shouted for help to the boys, who feigned sleep in the barn. The discharge of a slug-loaded pistol, from one of the little tailor's two men-at-arms, towards the windows whence was heard the cry for help, soon caused the withdrawal of faces, and cessation of calls for aid,—while repeated blows with the butt-ends of their guns, by others, broke some boards of the bedroom door, so as to afford a chance to those in the dairy, of drawing back its inside bolt, and propelling such obstructions as had been placed by the scullogue and his wife against it.

All such attempts were, however, successfully repulsed by the old man and his now assisting sons. Homethrust's hand had received a severe

wound from the stab of a pitchfork; and the little tailor, perceiving that the assailants were somewhat in each other's way, ordered some of them out, to attack the front door of the house.

The gun, which lay between the wallplate and the thatch, whether fortunately or otherwise, was not charged. The "man of the house," however, had recourse to it, and holding its muzzle through the break made in the door, and sheltered as to his own person, behind the partition wall, there stood awaiting his enemies' advance. Homethrust seized in his unhurt hand its too far projecting barrel, a little above its muzzle, and pressing it in a direction from him, left room for Dunne, who, owing to the exciting resistance made, had now thrown aside his apathy, and commenced an onset to demolish the remainder of the bed-room door. An opening sufficient to admit an ordinarily sized man, was soon effected, and the herculean figure of Dunne himself pressed through the space. With the rapidity of lightning, and a strength beyond im-

aging for his years, the scullogue pulled back the gun, from the gripe of Homethrust; and centering the whole existent strength of his frame, in a well-directed drive against the side-breast of Dunne, whose person remained still wedged in the break of the door,—the unfortunate man groaningly fell back, as a sudden gush of blood spouted from his chest. Homethrust now, however, presented himself at the opening, and one of the young sons, encouraged by his father's success, resolutely met him, with the vigorous thrust of a propelled pitchfork. The prongs passed through the assailant's coat-sleeve, and enclosed in their grasp, the most muscular part of his left shoulder arm;—and the Rockite, somewhat unnerved by the shock, firing his pistol at random, the ball deeply grazed the young man's shoulder, and passing into the kitchen, struck, with spent force, the centre of his sister's left bosom. She shrieked in the suddenness of her pain, and fell to the earth, as if dying.

The party commissioned by the tailor, and led on by Fireball, had succeeded in entering by those front windows, through which, the family within had been vainly calling for the help of the servant boys;—and cruelly laying about them, with the butt ends of their guns and pistols, on the females, as well as the young sons, they then rushed on, in a body, against the father. Committing him to the custody of two of his gang, Fireball raked forth the fire on the hearth, and taking some straw from the settle-bed in the kitchen, he lighted up a bright blaze, that being refracted from the polished pewter plates, and tins on the dresser, and the small windows in the front, sent a vivid glare through the entire house. They then placed the scullogue on his knees, while his wife, his sons, and the partially recovered daughter begged his life, and, in return for their supplications, were brutally pushed from about him, by the butt ends, or sometimes the muzzles, of the Rockites' arms.

"They told him "he got warning, not to dare take the hill's side from Cash, and that yet, still, and all, he took it."

He denied he had; he protested he'd "never offer another penny for it,"—and implored them "but to spare him his life,—if only in consideration of his poor children."

His protestations, and entreaties, were answered but in fiendish derision. Fireball drew some paces back, and bringing to full cock the lock of a short blunderbuss, raised it, so as to cover his intended victim. The shrieks and screams that suddenly broke from the family, momentarily startled him. He lowered the blunderbuss, to reprepare himself for his bloody purpose, when the figure of Dunne, striding hastily from the bedroom, (while with weaker, than his usual tones, he called to Fireball to stop,) placed itself directly between the aim of the Rockite, and the kneeling person of the old man.

"He's not worth my revenge," he said, "and

no blood shall ever sink into the earth, in return for my wrongs, before the head-villain's own."

Turning to the eldest son, he continued, in a tone and air of marked authority, "Get that gun, which your father had, and give it to that man," pointing to Homethrust; "and do you, Fireball, leave that, and take the barrel from the kitchen chimney. Let you, you old covetous rascal," said he, turning round to the kneeling man, and taking him by the hair, as with the hold he bent back his head, and elevated his countenance,— "let you, from this day out, mind the land that you have, and don't be seeking after that which never belonged to you, and from which, men better than you, or any of your breed ever were, were turned off by a tyrant to die. Mind my words," he continued, "and let your wife, and your sons, and your daughters, mind them too!" (he raised his arm,—his frame trembled with agitation, and the coming and going of his colour could be easily distinguished through his face's

blackening disguise)—“for, so sure as there’s a God in Heaven, if you take an acre of the hill’s side from Cash, though I save you now, I’ll burn you root and branch in the flames of your own snug place, and give the ashes of your well-fed carcasses to be blown about by the howling winds !”

Notwithstanding the prospect of their father’s and their own escape, a chilling shudder ran through the veins, and over the bodies of them all, as they instinctively cringed before the more than human ferocity, that, as he spoke, shot like flashes of unearthly fire, from Dunne’s large, burning eyes;—and gloomily gleamed across the blackened lineaments of his swollen and wrathful face. The gun was instantly given up, by the son, to Homethrust, and the barrel as quickly taken from its place of rest, by Fireball;—and the woman of the house having partially recovered her self-possession, ran to the press for the whiskey bottle, in the hope to con-

ciliate thereby the favour of the now triumphant ruffians.

While Dunne, haughtily refusing the proffered glass, walked out of the house, Fireball, Homethrust, and the others of the gang, unconcernedly drank to the house-wife's health; and then, with equal ease of manner, bid her deliver up, as a slight contribution to Captain Rock, what silver was convenient to her. She freely did as desired; and the whole troop then joined the little tailor, who, standing in the bawn, had been impatiently awaiting the result of the attack. Fireball and Homethrust communicated with him; and as they all departed for their projected destination, the little tailor might have been beholden, in the first light of the risen moon, every now and then eyeing, with furtive glances, and an expression of angry disappointment, the person of Dunne;—while, almost at the same moments, he, with assumed cordiality of manner, expressed his “hope and trust that he had not been seriously hurt.”

The robust vigour of Dunne was, indeed, notwithstanding his own denial of the fact, sensibly weakened by the old man's well-directed thrust of the gun-barrel; but he, nevertheless, bore himself uncomplainingly on, among the most forward of the group, as they all hurriedly traversed across hill and plain, towards the bounds of the neighbouring county.

After a little more than an hour of their hurried march, the moon had fully arisen, and angrily sailing, as it were, amid the dense clouds, that in confusedly blent contrast of colours, rapidly swept athwart the heavens, appeared to continuously emit a luridly red light, and by the wild commovedness of its orb, not only to exult in its then exciting course, but also anticipate in triumph the bolder-coming convulsion and storm, which the disturbed firmament foreshadowed. Fireball, Homethrust, and others of the gang, being divested of all fears of Peelers, and the like, by the security and solitude of their then mountain-position, began to lustily

sing forth some of their uncouth, Rockite songs, while the daringly inordinate and tumult-loving temperament of Dunne was more absorbedly appreciating, in a wildly licentious composure of its own, the congenial commotion of the heavens.

They at length, before the hour of one, gained the ridge of a lofty hill, which the tailor had frequently pointed out, as well nigh the close of their night's journey, and from it beheld, on the plain immediately beneath, a long line of peasants, generally clad in the blue coats and stockings of the County Kilkenny and south-east costume. These rustics were evidently essaying military evolutions, and that, too, under the guidance and correction of some very ostentatious drill-master; not one of whose words of command (however understood) could possibly be lost on the stillness of night. His recruits, generally of the ages of from eighteen to twenty-five, were wild, strapping, rakish-looking fellows,—thorough-going Irishmen all, —as if born for each and every occasion, but,

up to any devilment, sooner than want some better occupation. No discipline, much less that of their then instructor, could wholly remove the half-wildly licentious—half-mirthful air and swagger, that characterized their persons. There could scarcely be found, indeed, a better *beau ideal* of a rurally scampish “free and easy club,” than were to be had in plenty among that very group. The white top of one stocking was generally, as if from the fashionable negligence of the wearer, carelessly drawn over his inexpressibles, somewhat up the thigh, while its fellow fell loosely down the other leg, as it more often than otherwise exposed a fine muscular calf, around which dangled, perchance, the untied ribbons, that were designed to confine the breeches at the knee. An old straw caubeen, cocked-up in the front, somewhat in the shape of a small Spanish hat,—a large, loose coat, tucked up in its skirts behind, and confined around the waist by a string or leather tie, from a button-hole,—sometimes the twist of an

osier gad, but rarely the hold of a button itself, —a shirt, opened at the neck, and down the breast, and displaying itself in a space between the waistcoat and the belted-up breeches,—a short pipe, or dudeen, in his mouth, and a sly leer over his entire face, while he put himself and his firelock through their various positions, completed the appearance of each Pady upon drill.

These peasants, whether stripling spalpeens, or full-grown men, were, for the most part, the unemployed surplus of the labourers, or small farmers' sons, who, for the want of something profitable to do, and the general dislike to every thing established, believing, from their hereditary distrust in the government, under which they and their fathers lived,—that all law and authority in the land smacked of Orangeism and the Sassenach, just as much as the tithes, the proctors, the Peelers, and the Church, were, for these reasons, notwithstanding the continuous vigilance of their movements by the Priests,

O'Connell, and the Association, the ever-ready raw materials, after a season's drinking and smoking, for the predial disturbance of the country. The general expulsion, also, of their class, from their small holdings, with the other manifold persecutions that then, as now, disgracefully distinguished the Tory landlords of Ireland;—and the insolent raving against their creed, by the Biblical fanatics, and religion-talking, crafty worldlings, that had for some time been preaching through the towns and villages of the country, additionally whetted to evil their sufficiently-predisposed passions.

As the tailor and party stood looking on them, from the hill, the martinet, before-mentioned, was instructing the troop in what he pointedly styled the “manual exercise;” and, as he ran through the consecutive orders of his craft, the authoritative bombast of his voice,—at the bidding of which, a listener would imagine everything desired should necessarily be done,—was, more often than otherwise, ludicrously answered, with

either a vacant stare, or an inquiring "Eh, sir?" or a still more palpable blunder, than the sagacious omission of making no offer at all. This stand-still progress in discipline was not to be attributed, as we dare say our readers anticipate, to any natural defect in the ready-witted Patlanders, whom our drill-master taught; but, indeed, wholly to their perception that their teacher in arms was an empty kind of a fellow, whom they'd be better, and more pleasantly, occupied in making game of, than receiving instructions from. The disciplinarian of the night was, in truth, no less a personage than the one-legged pensioner of our acquaintanceship at the sign of the "Sheaf of Wheat." Dunne, the tailor, and party, paused for a few minutes, unobservedly regarding the strange tactics of their brother Rockites, until, at a nod from the fashioner, a pistol was discharged into the air by Fireball; whereupon, the Rockite boys, as if in expectation of the signal, presented a front to the mountain, and, raising their various fire-

arms in triumph, gave continuous friendly shouts of welcoming recognition.

These recruits of the pensioner's, as, on the signal, they at once bounded into the air, and whirled, in the moonlight, their arms, like shillelahs, round their heads,—sending forth, at the same moment, on the quiet night, such vigorous shouts, as in a better cause, and on the battleplain, like their countrymen, the Faugh-a-Ballaghs, against the empire's foes, might not unworthily be styled the “Royal Irish cry,” seemed certainly far more at home, when in these—the natural attitudes of their own licentious joy,—than they did the few moments before, when engaged in an attempt at formal drill.

The parties quickly joined; when, after introductory greetings, throughout which, the little tailor and one-legged pensioner acted as chief masters of the ceremonies, they collectively made their way for a secluded rath, situated some distance, in the more recluse interior of the county, where the opportune site of a poteen-still, nightly

frequented by "such boys, as in whose blood there was never an informer's drop," was to make amends for both the fatigue of our acquaintances on the march, or the more unfamiliar annoyance incurred by the others on the parade.

As they rapidly departed, the charged fury of the Heavens was just about to expend itself. The moaning wind increased to the rage of storm; immense columnar masses of clouds wholly obscured the moon, and the rain suddenly fell in torrents, through the impenetrable darkness. Those acquainted with the route, took each of them a companion from among the strangers, that they might hurry them on aright to the desired poteen quarters; while one of his most game-making pupils on the drill, in kind considerateness, lest the one-legged pensioner might foot it to no purpose on retreat, acting somewhat like another Æneas (though, as we believe, more through the spirit of devilment, than devotion,) whipped up his instructor stradlegs on his back,

and in panting eagerness laboured with his burthen through the storm, as though he bore in the old body across his loins, and held in the more youthful wooden leg within his hand, at once, the Anchises and Iulus of the expected Rockite State. With more immediate success, too, than his great Trojan prototype, he lost neither of his joint charges on the road; though, from the many groans of the pensioner himself, and the numerous shocks, and jolts, the chief prop of his old age, (though but just the height of his knee,) his all-supporting wooden stump received, it was much to be dreaded, that one or other of the three should certainly part company before the end of the way. The unembarrassed comrades too, of the drillmaster's supporter, who, while the latter toiled through the resisting storm, and pelting rain, now heartily enjoyed the shelter of the shed, —which, formed beneath a thicket of luxuriant blackthorns, that grew from the sides of a very deep part of the foss, surrounding the rath,

served as effectually for the secret service work of the "*boys of the country*," as though they had profanely dug a cave in the holy fairy-ground itself,—were just conjecturing, as they drank, of the probable fate of the pensioner, and missing recruit, when the latter, backing himself through the narrow porchway of the shed, deposited the drill-master safely, leg, body, and all, amid the laughter and congratulations of his friends, side by side with the piping hot kettle of the distilling poteen. The clothes of both, saturated with rain, were soon dried before the blazing turf fire, and the drenched wayfarers themselves made up for lost time, by more than ordinary applications to the little keg in the centre. Dunne, whose gloom and sullenness had begun to give way, before the exciting influence of the "dear delicious illicit," soon exhibited, in broad relief to those around him, those qualifications for superiority in their projected course of life, to which strong passions, daring resoluteness, and keen

design, equally with great physical powers, fully entitled him. The raw youngsters of recruits soon looked up to him, with a species of reverence, as their natural leader, and the associations of his family's sufferings, and his own bold attempts at revenge, seemed additionally to point him out, as their fitly chosen chief. In the candour of his coming drunkenness, the little tailor, however, openly expressed against Dunne's act, of saving the scullogue's life, the blame he before but furtively looked ; and actively supported by Fireball, and somewhat weakly by Home-thrust, even endeavoured to bring the general censure of the society on his interference. The abilities of Dunne were, from the necessity of his own defence, brought into full play, and the cunning of the tailor, and the ferocity of Fireball, experienced, that, in his characteristics, there was more than a counterpoise to their acquired influence over even their own Rockites. After some hours spent in discussion, in drink-

ing, and sometimes the licentious merriment of song, many of the young revellers fell asleep here and there,—some near the mash-keeve, some over the fire; while, others with their heads grouped around the whiskey keg, as their beloved centre of attraction, severally radiated in irregular lines across the floor, unto the scope of an equally zigzag circumference.

CHAPTER XXV.

“What shall be the maiden’s fate ?
Who shall be the maiden’s mate ?”

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

“My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,
My gentle guide, in following thee.”

Lady of the Lake.

THE same influence, however, which oppressed some with a stupid sleep, but disposed others to a rash loquacity. Whiskey is a great tell-tale,—and so, some secrets of the little tailor’s doings began now, under its influence, to very opportunely transpire. Fireball and Homethrust severally praised themselves for their respective shares in the daring venture, and claimed their due meed of merit from those around them, also. “There were none,” rather ostentatiously asserted the former, “but true Tipperary boys, like themselves, that would at once dare and do the likes.”

In vain the little tailor winked,—in vain frowned on them the injunction of a “shut mouth.” They, every moment, grew more and more blind and dull to the object of his dumb show.

“HE,” they said, “certainly deserved praise for laying out the work,—but they were the proper lads in earnest for finishing it off so clane. If Johnny Rourke,” they continued, “didn’t meddle in prying after them, sure, they wouldn’t have thought of interfering with her; and so now—and the devil’s cure to them both—let the Captain himself just do whatever he liked best, with her shook four bones.”

Greatly to the surprise,—we may add, the indignant astonishment—of Dunne, he now learned what had befallen Kitty Kelly. She had been not only carried away by Fireball and Homethrust, at the little tailor’s suggestion and command, but was also still forcibly detained by the same orders, and that, within the very precincts of the rath in which they now were.

At once, and an angry schism arose in the party. Dunne demanded her instant liberation,

and their restoration of her to her home. His demand was met but by drunken laughter and insult from Fireball, and attempted to be evaded in insidious cunning by the little tailor. But there was no escape from her defender's resolve;—"They did as he asked, or"—

The clamour of contention aroused the sleepers from their stupor, and severally they took their stand at one side or other of the dispute. Dunne energetically recounted her many and various virtues, her general worth, her goodness to every one, her charities to the poor, and her kindness to his father.

"If," said he, "this be your way of putting down tyrants in the country, by harassing the kindest and very best in the whole place, don't think that I, or any one I can stop, will ever strike a blow for you."

The naturally sensitive nobleness of this somewhat desperate character, was now impressively depicted, as he spoke, in his masculine and boldly-elevated features.

Those, in anywise generous, began to rally with enthusiasm around him.

The little tailor, put to his shifts, however, worked all his ingenuity. He adduced various and frequent instances of what injuries, Rourke, her lover, and John Glennon, her uncle, had done to their cause,—the danger, too, of yet attacking the fellows themselves,—but, still, the good policy of shewing them, and such as them, that they could injure any one they pleased, in whatever points, it was seen, might be felt the most acutely. The wholly vicious, at once arrayed themselves in aid of the tailor, and countenance of his principles. The subtle fashioner brought forward various other arguments in support of his act, and concluded with the announcement, “that, in addition to his other reasons, he also intended Kitty Kelly as a prize for a young, neighbouring farmer, who would be a great acquisition to their body, and who had promised him to join them, if he only secured the same girl for his wishes.”

For some time, and the happiness—the fate—of poor Kitty seemed in deep danger;—but the vigour of Dunne’s advocacy, and his denunciations of such injustice to the good, at length,

more than bore down both the drunken aimless ferocity of Fireball, and the collected adroitness of the little tailor. The demands for her liberation became every moment more tumultuous and general, and the keen fashioner began to wisen with himself, that he ought now, in policy, to give way at once, before, without the merit of assent, he would be forcibly compelled.

There was a pause of the turmoil, in impatient expectation of his consent or refusal; when, thereupon, and the moment of quiet became suddenly filled, not as with the rude roughness of former brawl, but by the delicate sweetness of a wild harmony. Most of the Rockites listened, as if affected with a superstitious awe;—it was fairy-ground whereon they stood; and even the desperado, Dunne, trembled as sensitively, for the moment, as did the quivering vibrations of the singer's agitated voice.

A rath has been long deemed, in Irish popular belief, as sacred fairy-ground, and there were some, among even that licentious, peasant group, who became now impressed with the imagining of some such presence preternatural.

There was then near them, however, no existence more unconnect with earth, or akin to the regions of spirit, than "Poor Mary." And truly, in the genius of that creature's derangement, there was a tender fitful melancholy, and a rapturous, unearthly frenzy, that might well assort with the haunted abode of sprite or fairy. Plaintively warbling, as of wont, her irregular rhymes, she thus sung:—

"As an angel to the good,
So, under heaven if she could,
Your guardian spirit from sin and blood,
Would be, Poor Mary.

"During calm, or during storm,
At sunken night, or rising morn,
When, whether joyous, or forlorn,
Ceased she to love?

"Though living but on root or berry,
And water's drink, she,—she'd be happy,
And make with songs the mountains merry,
Looked you but glad.

"But gloom and guilt are on you now,
They cloud your soul, and shade your brow;
Oh! turn from them,—to heaven bow,
And blessed will be, Poor Mary."

The singing ceased, and very many of the Rockites, in yet superstitious fear of the fairies, — some in more real dread, that their

resort of secrecy might be discovered and revealed ; then, whisperingly uttered their various apprehensions. However insensate to the claims of justice or compassion, as regarded Kitty Kelly, some, among the former class, had, up to this moment, callously been, they began now, indeed, to believe that better could not have befallen any, who kept the innocent and virtuous confined against their will ; and interpreted in the singing which they heard,—but the application of which they did not correctly understand,—a manifestation of the “good people’s” favour towards the imprisoned maid. As Poor Mary’s song was proceeding, the agitation also of Dunne had become still more marked ; and twice obeying some strong impulse within him, he had attempted to go forth into the air, from the deep covert recess of the poteen-still. The fears of the party, however, had, at these periods, prompted them to prevent him. But now that the singing had ceased, and he somewhat regained his composure, he told the still silent Rockites, that the songstress was but a poor bereft creature, over whom he had influence,

and on whom it would be necessary for him to impress,—that she should never come there again,—as it were likely that if he did not do so now, others, at some future time, might track her to their haunt. The little tailor, fearful of the possibility of his identification in such company, by any one, nodded assent, and some of the least vitiated in the party, now believing the poor crazed creature to be some relative of Dunne's, more than usually woe-begone, and distract, from the death of his father, even revealed some pity by their looks. Before his proposal, however, could be generally assented to, he had passed out of the poteen-still;—and after the first wild exclamation of gladness from the poor maniac, her ejaculations of joy and sorrow, were continuously, but faintly heard; until, led away by Dunne, far from the neighbourhood of the rath, her tender ravings and entreaties died upon the night air, before reaching the Rock-ites' densely-shaded retreat.

Dunne returned in no long time. His demand for the liberation of Kitty Kelly was resumed, and, on his pledging the forfeit of his

own life to the confederacy, if Fireball, Homethrust, or any others of the gang were ever brought to trouble about it;—and, also, taking on himself the danger of restoring her to her home, the little tailor consented. At first, too, it was suggested by some, that Dunne should warn her against the farther prying of Johnny Rourke, or John Glennon, after “Captain Rock and the “boys of the country;”—but, on a second view of the matter, and Dunne’s confident assertions, that he would so manage, as to leave the causes of her abduction and restoration, without any the slightest trace, it was deemed the better course, to still keep her, as to their objects, altogether in the dark.

There had now elapsed more than thirty tedious, and miserable hours, since Kitty Kelly had been forcibly hurried to her unknown prison. It was situate at the opposite side of the rath from the poteen-still, and differed but in little from the form, and the secluded secrecy of position which distinguished the other. The blindfolding, moreover, had been never for a moment removed from off her eyes;—food and

drink, indeed, she had been offered, by a person deputed to guard, and to attend her, but neither one nor the other had she at all tasted. Between hope and fear that every sound she heard was the precursor to some aggravation or relief of her wretchedness, she had feverishly lived on.

Dunne, however,—the gloomy and dark desperado, on whose soul sullen fierceness had not relaxed its hold, when appealed to by the entreaties of his own sisters;—and who was often even insensate to those influences, which are frequently stronger than any of family affection, was the first that now came to alleviate her distress. Trembling in every nerve, notwithstanding his softest and sincerely-intended attempt to mitigate her terror and woe, Kitty Kelly was then led forth by that daringly desperate, yet chivalrous man, from her late strange and perilous immurement. Ignorant of her deliverer,—more than suspicious of his intentions, and, indeed, almost certain, at first, of the arrival of her utter ruin, the imagination came insupportably on her mind,—that in the person of

him who liberated her, was the identical ruffian to whose licentious passions she was to be sacrificed. Her screams rose wildly on the night air, and the protestations and soothing tones of her conductor from the rath, were yet construed, by her fears, to be but the artful wiles of prepense deceit. Struggling against the wild efforts of her despairing hopes, and, with the storm and drifted rain blowing directly in his face, Dunne toiled onwards with her towards the mountain.

Frequently, and he who had risked the hazard of his life for her sake, in disdain of the little tailor and his gang,—as, also, in the undertaking, that if liberated, nothing should transpire injurious to those really guilty towards her,—now stood upon the plain, where the pensioner had, on that night, drilled his recruits, in increasing uncertainty as to how he should act. Once, and it was but once, the thought arose within him of loosing the bandage from her eyes, and then hastily escaping from her presence on the moment that he did so,—thereby, leaving to her weak self the poor chance of attaining, unassisted, her home. The next instant, he all but tore

the covering from her sight,—confessed who he was, told the causes of his gratitude to her, and threw himself, in confidence, on the inviolability of her secrecy. Could he, however, but attain the mountain, and he had hopes of not requiring either resort,—as he trusted that “Poor Mary,” whom, for the purpose (as he hastily communicated in their late brief interview,) of her consoling some distressed maid, he had sent on thither to await him, at its opposite side,—and who, notwithstanding her general aberration, was acutely intelligent to his every wish, would be able to beguile, into composure, the poor frightened girl. Placing then his finger to his mouth, he sounded a shrill and piercing whistle, which rose distinct above the storm, and in the same minute, lifting up Kitty Kelly in his arms, hurried forward, notwithstanding her piteously embarrassing cries, with rapid strides, towards the mountain. He had not, however, reached its base, when the figure of “Poor Mary” was seen in the moonlight upon its brow, and before he toiled but a step, with his fair charge, up the ascent, she rapidly bounded down the declivity to meet him.

Breaking forth into wild extasies, that "the innocent" was liberated, and blessing her deliverer in passionate, and eloquent transport, she sang forth the raptures of her soul, in broken snatches of song.

The confidence in her safety, which all Dunne's exertions had failed to awaken in Kitty Kelly, now arose unbidden, as though it were from some magic force, in the simply sweet, yet thrilling tones, and the heart-touching pathos, of the poor maniac. A strong consciousness she was in the company of some one, who could tenderly sympathize with the distressed, possessed her;—and then, for the first moment, since the minute of forcible seizure, had the withering gripe of fear unloosed its hold upon her heart.

Dunne took advantage of the opportune instant to explain to her (without committing himself,) his motives for liberating her, and the reasons why, as yet, she continued blindfold. Enough transpired in his communications, to make perceptible to her his interest in her safety;—and, of all which he had said in partial elucidation of the sad mystery around her, though,

for secrecy sake, many things were necessarily omitted, there was yet nothing untrue, save his representation that her forcible abduction arose from the daring conduct of some men in a drunken fit.

Gradually, Kitty became more and more composed,—and consenting to the guidance towards home of “Poor Mary,” and promising not to injure any one for what had happened, if even a tempting opportunity presented itself, or to unloose the handkerchief from her eyes, until such time as her guide wished,—Dunne now hastily parted from his devoted maniac, and repaired to his comrades in the poteen-still, while the others hastened on, in the direction of the Manor.

No better guide to conduct Kitty Kelly to her home, could possibly have been selected by Dunne, than was “Poor Mary.” Implicitly obsequious to the every wish of that gloomy man, who held over her eccentric fancies such mysterious controul, and singularly recollective of his slightest command, she would have deemed it irreligion, to violate, in the least, any trust he reposed in her. But, even independently of

his influence, the gentle spirit of her madness, too, was of that disinterested and devoted character, which, as though attached by affinity to all lorn distress, would instinctively make common cause with such a sufferer. Her deranged intelligence, indeed, was not at all sufficiently capable, or calm, to comprehend, in a view, the circumstances of wrong (even had she been made *fully* cognizant of them) committed against her whom she then guided,—but transient and rapid glimpses of a strong perceptiveness, like glancing gleams of light, continuously shot across her wildered faculties, and imparted all the wild, lustrous poetry of her soul to each irregular imagining. With maniacs, when excited, the memories of past occurrences will, ever and anon, precipitately come back upon them,—and on the next instant, as suddenly, in turn, be effaced. And so was it frequently with “Poor Mary.” Vivid fancies of the moment, or sudden flashes of remembrance, often stirred into transport her awakened soul,—and again, in both respects, she was oblivious and vacant. Now, however, some bright, but broken recollections,

of that stranger's distress, whom she met the night before, upon the Manor's hill, became blent with her conceptions of her present charge; and, at such moments, investing both the liberated maid and the anxious lover in her own overwrought imagery, she was enraptured with the creations of romantic vision. In song and rhyme, and glimpses of the past, and outbreaks of imagining, she spent the way. Love, pity, joy, and sorrow, alternately lent their colouring to her radiant images; and, though her understanding had been shattered from its seat, yet the grace of virtue, uneffaced from her soul, spoke its beauty and its truth, as with one enthusiastic and inspired, in the unpremeditated fervour of her pure affections.

Kitty Kelly, then, could not possibly but regard, with feelings of gratitude and joy, the utter contrast between the romantic gentleness of her present conductor, and the unmitigated savageness of those who had violently seized her. She indeed listened, from the first, with an encreasing confidence of security, to the passionate extacy and solacing pathos of the fanciful

and tender maniac; and so sweetly potent, too, had become those spells upon her, that scarcely more soothing to the soul of any, is that mild influence (we all feel at times) of some strain of music, or other awakening of those sympathies linked with the being of our happier days, than was the gentle composure that had now softly stolen over the lately perturbed spirit of poor Kitty.

Neither was there any one better acquainted with the devious pathways which led in the direction of the Manor, than was the same strange creature. Such might justly appear improbable to those who knew her not; but in her mental wanderings, "Poor Mary" had yet *one* load-star, every locality of which had become familiar as a home to her. And so, thus following, like a guardian shade (as on the present night, to the secluded rath), the desperado, Dunne, whithersoever he either fled for secrecy, or his more criminal impulses impelled him to go, there was no haunt, on mountain or on plain, whether pass, thicket, or cave, associated with him, to be forgotten by her. It was that same devoted

anxiety, moreover, which, with a strange force, thus impressed on her derangement his every refuge, that was also the source of her acutely-vigilant caution, against any the least disclosure of him, or of his haunts.

However wrecked in general intelligence, there was no circumstance, connected with any danger to Dunne, to the results of which "Poor Mary" did not seem to be, in a manner, intuitively apprehensive. Kitty Kelly, who, from portions of her wild discoursings, suspected some mysterious bond of love to exist between her guide and her deliverer,—and who, in gratitude, was anxiously inquisitive as to "who he was," made frequent attempts to discover through her. But by no questionings could she at all betray the maniac into any intelligible answers. The object of "Poor Mary's" love was ever, indeed, when expressed in her outbreaks of song, so veiled by the rhapsody of fancy, as rather to incite to curiosity still more, than afford grounds for probable conjecture at all.

They had now, however, surmounted in safety most of the difficulties, of their journey, and

Kitty, still sustained by hope, was proof against weakness, and toil. The gloom too, which from the storm, and clouds before their departure, much obscured the skies, had now, wholly dispersed. The moon was bright, and free from mist, and the face of heaven seemed (so cheerful, and purified had it become) as though, it were a God, had flung off whatever dark, or sullen anger, had overspread his being. But, the radiancy of night was yet as darkness to Kitty, who still in obedience to promise, retained the blindfolding bandage on her eyes. Caught she then but one glimpse of the surrounding scene, and she would have beholden the haunts of her childhood, and the place of her nativity.

In the neighbourhood of the Manor, and situate in a very sequestered spot, nigh the acclivity of its loftiest point of hill, stands an isolated rock called in Irish the "Dun." It was once a fort belonging to a race, among the most distinguished of Ireland's ancient chiefs. Underneath it, are some spacious, natural caves, the access to which is difficult, and whose narrow entrance is moreover guarded by the creations of

peasants' superstitious fears. Its chief outlines, too, are similar to those of its peculiar class, among the antiquities of Ireland. On its summit is a plain, which still bears marks, of being formerly surrounded by a wall, built of rock stones, without cement, and having a grand entrance from the south. There is, however, no trace of any masonry with lime, and stone; and whatever edifices, may have been ever constructed on it, were most probably of the mud, and wicker-work architecture, of the Aborigines. But, that it was an habitation, at least a resort, before even the establishment of Christianity in the island, is more than conjectural, as in an adjacent field, is an ancient tomb, with an inscription in Druidic characters, denoting the race of which the deceased chief was, and signifying, "Hy Mordha" "the Great King."

Up its ascent, "Poor Mary" who still sung, and soothed in her wild, warbling strains, as usual, now led Kitty Kelly. The broad streaks of light illumined every space around. The stream glittered, the valley and its hills lay in lovely lustre,—the isolated rock itself was boldly

relieved in the moonbeams,—the image of each leafless branch swayed movingly on the ground,—the very jutting stones were pictured to the life,—and each and every possible object accurately figured forth in brilliant shadow. There was a pure, chaste beauty in the expression of the scene ; and earth physically seemed, as earth morally should be—a mild and subdued reflection of the spiritual Heaven.

Embracing now her entrusted charge lovingly, and earnestly beseeching blessings on her head, “ Poor Mary ” unbound the handkerchief on Kitty’s eyes, and imprinting on her lips a long and passionate kiss, and snatching the blind-folding cover in her hand, quitted her hold, as with the suddenness of disseverment,—and fled in the most agile precipitancy away. In the first glance, Kitty indistinctly caught the retiring figure of her guide ; but on the instant, dazzled by the sudden flood of light, she stood, momentarily sense-stricken. At first she held forth her hands, in the vague hope of grasping some supporting object, and then as quickly placed them on her eyes. Unconscious of her immediate proximity

to home, and deeply affected by the desertion of her guide, whose retreating figure, she, in the first glance of her vision—before overpowered by the sudden light—had, for an instant, caught, poor Kitty now felt again as if wholly lost and forsaken. But the view which quickly broke on her soon-recovered sight, made more than amends for any moments of pain. It were indeed vain in us to attempt describing the then rapturous wonder of her bosom. The incident was, in truth, one of those, that, from its instantfulness, and intense force and brevity, admits but of conception, and grows weak under any forms of descriptive expression. The Manor's valley and its cottages lay before her,—and love, friends, home, every past association, and future happiness, flashed into the instant.

But, in her agitating extasy, Kitty did not long remain forgetful of her faithful conductor. To whom she was indebted, she indeed knew not; but, again and again, with the hope of catching another glimpse of that but once seen form, she strained her vision in the direction whither “Poor Mary” had fled. There was,

however, within view, no human figure at all visible to her. Somewhat subsiding from surprise, the habitually religious girl, ever wont to refer all events to the goodness of God, then knelt down upon the mount, and prayed in gratitude. She arose with a more composed spirit, and hastened on to home.

While such was the recent good fortune of Kitty, her family remained in woe; and Johnny Rourke, her brother Pat, and cousin Pady, were yet engaged in different searches for her. The former, indeed, in utter hopelessness of good, was now just returning, when, meeting "Poor Mary," on her way towards the mountain, and soon after her parting from Kitty, she obscurely conveyed to him, by her songs, the safety and return of his beloved. Still, however, unpossessed of confidence,—in hope, incertitude, and yet-despairing dread,—fearing her indulgence of the former, and shrinking, with instinctive terror, from the latter, the lover made his way onwards. Rapidly passing over every obstacle, the spring of his tired nature resumed itself within him, and, like a man who had summoned

up his every energy in sustainment of his last hopes, he became determined to know his fate at once.

The moon had by this time waned into paleness, and Kitty was fatiguedly approaching the cottage bawn. Had there been but the former brightness, as Johnny Rourke hastened impetuously across the valley, he might have perceived the figure of his love on the elevated ascent. But it was now just the period of dim darkness, that usually precedes, in that season, the weak twilight of the morning; and neither saw the other.

Kitty reached the garden-stile; — she perceived there was a faint ray of light in the kitchen, and, conscious of their misery on her account, she hurried on the more; — but, her limbs every instant trembled, and she tottered, — almost sunk, in agitation. She now gained the cottage door, but she could not unlatch it, — she could not knock: — it was a weak, tremulous cry she gave, — and in a few moments, as it opened, and she sunk, weakly sobbing, into her mother's arms, came, also, the startling scream of joyful-

ness from her lover's voice, and the passionate fondness of his embrace.

We draw a veil over these moments, and give no speech to their emotions. They were those of deliverance, those of recovery;—a mother's and a daughter's tears, and feelings, and, not the less agitating, — lovers' also, in the first moment and gush of their relieved agony. Emotions sprung from the sources of joy, yet were they exquisite with pain. And even, in their wild looks of delight, was there yet an anguish,—and, in their closely-clasped forms, a lingering of despair;—and, in their agitated utterings, spoke there a thrill, which, more than eloquently told, how the violently-struck chords of their affections still trembled with fear. It was a piteous, and a moving scene. The poor, bedridden old father, had, in the sudden shock of his joy, broken the bonds of his helplessness, and stood, tottering, on the floor. Re-assured of her safety, he again and again folded his daughter to his breast,—cried as would a child, and then sank into his palsy, content and happy.

It was some time, indeed, before composure

became then restored to any of the group. Gradually, however, and all began to breathe more freely. The passion of their emotions died away;—and as, from April's sunshine and mild showers, we see arise the summer beauties of blooming May, so their coming peace, and calm of happiness, were preceded, too, by alternate smiles and tears :

“And ev’n that swell the tempest leaves,
Is like the full and silent heaves
Of lovers’ hearts, when newly blest,
Too newly, to be quite at rest.”

Her brother Pat and cousin Pady did not arrive during the morning, but were despondingly returning at mid-day, when they heard of her safety from some neighbours. At this period, however, sleep, with its sweet, assuaging relief, possessed poor Kitty; and, on their arrival, they, indeed, saw her, and kissed her lips, too, as she tranquilly slept on, but received not her gratitude and embraces until the evening came, and she awoke, to the delight and happiness of all.

The Patriarch, too, had, on the day before, hobbled over to mitigate his sister's woe;—and,

now, also, in joyful love of his niece's safe return, visited the cottage again. What little dissensions had, theretofore, divided the bed-ridden old man and himself, were now for evermore buried in forgiveness;—and so, one good result, at least, sprung from Kitty's misfortunes. Her little nephews, and nieces too, looked again smiling and glad, for their “poor dear aunt Kitty” was restored and safe.

The Curate, on his return from the office, hearing of her strange disappearance, had become equally solicitous, with any, about his especial favourite;—and was, on that evening, one, also, of the many, whom her safe return made composed and happy.

Mystery to them all, however, still hung over the cause of such savage treatment to *her*; and any account Kitty herself could give, served but little to explain away its darkness. The incident of “Poor Mary,” whom Johnny Rourke instantly surmised as her guide, was the only circumstance from which any clue to its discovery could, as they thought, be attained. The Curate advised all to say as little about it as needful, and

that, being apparently forgotten, it might be the more probably discovered. Others suggested the offer of a reward; but, Kitty herself, who was not only mindful of her promise to injure none connected with the wrong, but who, also, sensitively shrunk from such publicity connected with her name, besought and protested against it. Some remained convinced, that it was for the usual purpose of abduction she had been seized; but, the more general opinion was, as the disguised Dunne had represented to Kitty herself, and she had mentioned to her friends,—that the whole matter had upsprung from the madness of a drunken bout. We dare aver, indeed, that many equally sad, and much more ludicrous, events, have had both their rise and catastrophe, in Ireland, from the same wretched and immoral cause. The social happiness, however, of Kitty, her family, and lover, now soon became perfectly restored.

But, we must return awhile to Dunne, and his acquaintances among the Rockites.

CHAPTER XXVI.

“How now, bully-rook? thou’rt a gentleman:
Cavalero-justice, I say.”—*Shakspeare.*

LONG before the clear morning light of the same coming day on which Kitty reached home, the aggregate Rockite recruits had dispersed to their several districts, leaving behind them, with the owner of the poteen-still (there to remain in comfortable reserve until the next occasion), the drill-master of the force. The little tailor and party had also prepared to return towards the locality whence they came. They washed the disguising black from their faces, and deeming it prudent to take a route (even though very much of a round) different from that by which they had reached the rath, they set off in two separate parties, as though neither knew anything of the other.

The tailor, Dunne, Homethrust, and some

two or three of the more obscure of the society, chose one line, while Fireball directed, by a still longer and more secluded course, the remainder of the body. The latter party, too, from the greater safety of their more lonely path, carried the arms of all.

The dark heaviness of the morning had barely disappeared, and the weak gleam of a dawning winter sunshine was feebly resting on the surface of the chill-looking earth, when Dunne, the tailor, and party, having reached the short turn of a road, on which, a few moments before, they had but just jumped from the ditch of the neighbouring field, beheld, to their alarm, and very close by them, too, a strong party of police. They were too near their anticipated foes to attempt escape by flight, without manifesting, at the same time, both a consciousness of guilt, and exposing their lives to the musket-fire of the Peelers. They had also but little time for communication with each other, so as to concert what it was best to do. A throbbing anxiety beat in the breast of Dunne, for the possession of his short blunderbuss; for though he had no reason to apprehend arrest from the police of this neighbourhood, in which he was unknown, still, the consciousness came over him,

that he'd be far safer in their proximity, if his trusty weapon were at hand. The rest, on the contrary, the rather congratulated themselves on having parted with such suspicious company ; —and the little tailor had scarcely time to enunciate his advice, “to be chatting and walking on, as if they weren't thinking of or minding them at all,”—when the sergeant of the party coolly took his little self by the collar, while the remaining Peelers, surrounding the others, made them severally captives.

Dunne hesitated for a moment, as if pondering, why he should not resist, when quickly perceiving its efficiency would be then impracticable, he wisely made a virtue of necessity, and submitted, for the first time in his life, to quiet arrest, from any man. The little tailor, in the assumed air of bold innocence, frequently required an explanation of why they were thus treated, and even threatened on his detainers the due punishment of law ; while Dunne, little attentive to the recriminating converse of either, held himself prepared, should any favourable circumstance arise, of giving leg-bail to all. The police were, however, equally vigilant with him ; and our acquaintances having reached, still in custody, a wretched village, in which the

only good house was a newly built police-station, were roughly introduced into its guard-room, and instantly handcuffed.

The magistrate of the district, a half-pay Lieutenant-Colonel, didn't reside exactly at hand; and two mounted police having been despatched forthwith, to announce to him "the barracks charge," the "great unpaid," attended by his escorts, galloped to the scene of duty, with a zeal, in praise of which language would be weak, but which the swelling importance wherewith his magisterial countenance was fraught, and the steam and foam from his fretted charger, might, in some degree, weakly attest. His motives for such furious haste, it would be difficult, indeed, for strangers, to in anywise, appreciate;—and the more so, when they additionally knew, that, the culprits being prisoners, he couldn't be said to be exactly in pursuit;—but a solution of whose pell-mell clatter along the road, a poor woman, who ran to her cabin-door, in the village, as his hated Honour passed by, thus gave (as we transcribe for the information of our readers), in her own vernacular idiom, to her husband:—

"Arrah, fire and nouncers, Pady, but the lads in the barrack must be some of the poor boys

for the country, sure enough, that were caught napping last night, or this morning, for the Colonel (sweet bad luck to him !) wouldn't ride so hard, on any mission, unless the world was at an end, and the Divil himself (as i' ll be the case, one day or t'other, Pady) whipping after his heels;—barring again, he was doing the likes, in consideration of crucifying some unfortunate *Roman*, that, ten chances to one, was drove into badness by the villainy of himself, or sich other tyrants in the country."

"Just so, Alanna Machree," said her old father, who hobbled from the hob, in the chimney-corner, to look out after the gallopers, "just so, Kitty Aghra; 'twould be as well for the misled spalpeens to be brought afore 'ould Nick himself,' for a magistrate, as forenent one of his kidney: and in troth it's no wonder for the young, giddy blood of them,—foolish boys as they all are, Pady,—no better, to try their luck (if they make so much as one mischance in their youth), for evermore in wild coorses, and the mountains themselves, till they come to the gallows at last, rather than go for fair-play, much less kindness, before the likes of any one of his sort, on a binch of justice."

"True, for *you*, sir," said the woman's hus-

band; "Guilty, or not guilty, I'd sooner try my chance any way, than look for honest law from him; aye, if I was innocent, which I'm not, God forgive me! as a sucking lamb itself, Kitty."

"Barring you chanced to be one of his own," said the wife; "the right sort for favour, in a coort of justice, you know Pady,—which, God be praised! you're not, though;—id's then, you'd get tratement fit for a king's son, no matter if you kil't, not only one man, but legiuns of the likes of us, in the country."

It is not our present province to remark, whether or not the passing criticisms of these peasants, on the dispenser of law and justice among themselves, were accurately correct. But, if a coinciding majority of their local community be any test of the truth of their particular opinions, we are quite confident, that not alone, Kitty, Pady and the old man, but a vast preponderance, if not the entire of all those rural acquaintances, the Colonel was so unlucky in making, when either in court, as a justice, or out of it, as a country gentleman, would aver the description of him to be almost so true, as if it was down in the book of holy writ itself. It, however, signified but little with the government of that day, with what disfavour the bench and

public mutually regarded each other,—and so, his then omnipotence—just a fair sample of his class—with the air of a man, desirous to be feared, rather than respected,—a small potentate, after his own way,—swelling with the consciousness of authority, both puffingly and scorningly took his judicial seat (a hard-bottomed wooden chair, though it was), in the parlour of the police-station, as he arrogantly ordered, that the prisoners be at once brought before him.

Trepidation, more or less, existed in all, save the little tailor, who, when brought before his Honour, seemed, indeed, to bear his mischance with a *nonchalance*, that somewhat surprised the others. The hope, however, that the late attack which they committed against the scullogue, could not have created such serious alarm, as to so quickly extend itself to the neighbourhood they were then in, and produce there corresponding vigilance on the part of the police, upheld them in their fears. In this respect they had surmised aright; but then, on the contrary, in as suspicious error, the tailor and Homethrust apprehended, that it must have been some information which the liberated Kitty had disclosed, that now brought the police on them so very

soon. This view was corroborated in their minds, by the fact, that, when they met the Peelers, these latter were going in the direction of the poteen-still. The little tailor looked and muttered his spiteful anger against Dunne, which the latter returned with a more fierce disdain. It was evident, that, notwithstanding their close connexion, a deep, though repressed hatred already existed between these two men.

They had been all now apprehended, however, as persons suspected of a predial outrage, —of which they were, in truth, wholly innocent, —and were then about to undergo a scrutiny, similar to which many honest men, very unlike them, had for the same crime been also subjected.

There arose, on examination, no clue to connect the present party with the outrage in question ; and disappointment displayed itself to the full on the Colonel's and the Peelers' visages, from their decidedly unfortunate miss of *a case*.

The fellows, however, were suspicious characters, at any rate, and should be detained. Their given names and residences were taken down ; and the Colonel, drawing from his pocket the "Hue-and-Cry," as a *dernier resort* against them, sought, among its advertisements, for like-

nesses to the prisoners. He silently read the descriptions severally over, while he examined, with a most prying gaze, the lineaments of each of the detained. He made various offers in discovering and establishing a resemblance, which the next line in the advertisement as frequently undid. The police stood round, in the stiff attitude of official respect, with their arms and hands as if pinioned to their sides and thighs, while their faces looked the anxiety they felt, for the Colonel's making out of a likeness.

Dunne escaped the ordeal; his marked features had not any, the most remote portraiture in the "Hue-and-Cry." Homethrust was equally fortunate. The nameless obscure of the society were also safe; but, unluckily, it remained, that, at the bottom of the last column, just next to the weight of the bread for the week, the little tailor should be perfectly drawn, in each and every of his hard, waspish features, by some most master-hand.

There was but one point for doubt, rather than difference, between the described and the supposed original. The advertised culprit had a slight cowlick just on his forehead; and the most nice scrutiny could not descry one on the tailor. Like all other self-evident matters, how-

ever, it soon became subject for disagreement. At first, there was no such thing; but second looks, like second thoughts, are best,—under the influence of which the Colonel discovered that there had been a slight one, certainly, by whatever process its print had been weakened, almost to effacing.

The principal portion of the police, as a matter of course, wheeled round with the Colonel; and the one sustaining plank of hope, which kept the tailor from wreck, was just washed from under him. With an equanimity that did him credit in the eyes of his companions, and surprised the Colonel and Peelers, he remained perfectly composed. Eyes had done their utmost in making out a cowlick; and having, with more than microscopic power, succeeded in their efforts,—every other trait of similitude being as plain as the nose on his face,—the Colonel decided on committing him, and those found in his noxious company, to gaol, at any rate.

For the first time, the tailor now seemed somewhat agitated,—and, arousing himself to action, began to plead his cause with subtlety, and to point out some additional slight differences

between himself and the described of the advertisement.

His exertions were all to no avail. The Colonel motioned him to desist. "The case," he said, "was decided," and two or three of the police put their hands across the poor tailor's mouth, in attempt to stop his voice. All ordinary hope of escape was now over. The Colonel had given orders to the police to remove the prisoners to the guard-room, while he'd be preparing their committal; when the little tailor, drawing a folded, and much-injured paper writing, from his pocket, and giving a most significant glance to the magistrate, while, at the same minute he winked at his comrades, "begged his Honour" would be kind enough, just to look over that character he had from under the hands of some of the first gentlemen of his own county."

This worn bit of paper seemed to contain a potent spell indeed. After a slight perusal, an interchange of looks, expressing something like sympathy, passed between the prisoner and the justice;—and the Colonel, turning to the document again and again, musing while he read, at length exclaimed, "that he felt certainly bound to give to such a testimonial, all the credit and weight it was so fully entitled to."

The police were dum-founded, and the prisoners looked cheered. Fortunately for each, the ambitious discoverer of an offender, and creator of a cow-lick, saw nothing, after all, but what was correct and pretty in the decent little man. In less than half an hour the whole party was discharged, and rapidly on their route to join their comrades of the gang.

CHAPTER XXVII.

“—— Thou bloodier villain
Than terms can give thee out.”—*Shakspeare.*

“Simplicity and spotless innocence.”—*Milton.*

THE abduction of Kitty Kelly, as though from considerate delicacy towards her, was not at all so much the theme of local remark as might have been expected; but, the attack on the scullogue's house created a far more general alarm, among the farming and middle class, than the Rockites imagined at all likely.

Though, from his griping disposition, the attacked was by no means popular among his own neighbours, or rank, and, accordingly, a very unlikely object to produce general sympathy on account of any particular maltreatment to himself; still, each and every one around, sensitively felt, that if such ill-doings were permitted towards any one, their own turn of danger, or of loss, might probably be the very next upon the

wheel. The magistrates were, certainly, not very active at first, in their endeavours to discover the offenders; but the Curate being determined, if at all possible, to crush at once, and before the winter season fully set in, such rising disturbances in the country, had, with the aid of the young Sec., commenced a parochial subscription, for the purpose of rewarding any that might either prosecute these Rockites to conviction, or give such information as would lead to their discovery.

Their efforts were fully seconded by the comfortable farming class of the country, and shop-keepers of the village; and when successful, so far as regarded a respectable list of subscribers' names, were then half-patronizingly assented to by some portion of that very nondescript rank that style themselves "the Gentry of Ireland." A Parson's pauper, and ever muddling brother, who necessarily belonged to the aristocracy, because so nearly allied to the Church;—a few of the tail of the grand jury—too genteel to be farmers, and too ignorant to ever become gentlemen—with three or four underlings, belonging to some absentee great men, had the condescension to ornament the top of the list with

their small subscriptions, but most imposing names.

Mr. Cash, the Parson, and others, however, still remained indignant that such matter should have originated with any but the magistracy; but, at length, deemed it graciously wise, even in themselves also, to proffer their almost preposterous zeal for discovery, and equally inopportune eulogies of the Curate and farmers, as they requested of them to join in their requisition to Government for a large increase to the local constabulary.

The original requisitionists altogether dissented from this proposition, as a cure just as bad, and worse, than the present disease; but submitted through their spokesman, the Curate, the plan of uniting themselves, and the other farmers of the neighbourhood, into a society, whose business, whose interest it would be, to be vigilant in preventing, by timely watch and information, and punishing, by unsparing prosecution, the commission of all Rockite crimes.

The idea of entrusting such a task to a Roman Catholic priest, and population, but afforded subject for the ill-concealed derision and insult of those loyalists in the commission of the peace;

and so that, like many other similar designs elsewhere, was (from the manner in which met) rather fruitful in increasing sectarian discord and mutual distrust, than attaining any the least social junction for good, as was sincerely desired. A large addition to the constabulary stationed in the neighbourhood, was, however, at the request of the magistrates, immediately ordered, and supplied.

From the description given by the scullogue, and his family, of the persons concerned in the attack, the suspicion against Dunne became confirmed. There was, however, according to their account, no figure among the gang to correspond with that of the little tailor's, and the Curate began to presume, he had been wronging, by his suspicions, an innocent man. But, why Dunne, the person most naturally anxious for revenge, should have interposed to save the life of the scullogue, and who the others, such as Fireball, could be, whose bloody purpose he had prevented, were puzzles beyond the solution of any,—even the Curate himself. The family had been too frightened, to recollect or report aright, the words which first fell from Dunne; and so, in the absence of these, there were no grounds whereon to conjecture respecting his

motives in saving the scullogue. There was, however, a strict search made for him by the police; and the poor sisters and the industrious brother, had to undergo the pained feelings and disgrace of being scrutinized,—and that, with a coarse savageness from some magistrates, too,—about their unfortunate relative. Repeated searches for the suspected, were all equally ineffectual. He had got “the wind of the word,” as we say in Ireland, and so, either made off beyond grasp, or lay close in his hiding-place. The others of the gang, and the unsuspected tailor himself, more than any, lived in equal publicity, as usual. The Curate, indeed, had the gentlemen of the Munster brogue arrested, and cross-hackled; but no greater crime, than the innocent one, of coming down the country to dig out the potatoes, could be discovered against them. As, however, outrage was the profession, rather than the passion of themselves, and the tailor, now that they saw there was some danger, they were content, like all other hirelings, to be quiet, and suspend the activity that was likely to bring them no good. They accordingly arranged to postpone the execution of their plans, and neither attack any house, crop the ears of any farmer, hough any horse or

cow, or so much as burn a stack of corn, yet awhile. The tailor, indeed, industriously turned to his lap-board and journey-work, telling his employer he'd give up courting,—and being *much* on “the batter,”—from this out; and the others, as usual, laboriously dug out the potatoes, by day, while none of them forgot, if at all comeatable, either the poteen or the tobacco, by night.

Neither, indeed, did they altogether omit, so far as swearing in, when with safety they could, to extend their vicious brotherhood among the peasantry. But, in this regard, also, they felt compelled to be circumspect, as they knew that the Curate had too much influence to be long outwitted, if they followed on the business too hotly.

While *they* thus lay in partial abandonment of “the cause,” the one-legged pensioner still fulfilled his nightly vocation of private-drill master, and was happy in the hope, that it would be a long night off yet, before he'd be called out on active service, from his present head-quarters. Many were the conjectures, among the frequenters at the sign of the “Sheaf of Wheat,” as to what could have happened, or where could have gone their former boon companion, the old

soldier; and often did Mrs. Casey congratulate herself, now that the times looked as if going to be troublesome, "that he wasn't at hand, to give her house a bad name, by his ill-spoken tongue." At Pady Casey's also, as, indeed, in all conversation places elsewhere, in the neighbourhood, the general impression was, that Dunne had escaped to America. Very many rejoiced, for his people's sake, that the unfortunate fellow got off safe from the gallows; and there were more who would not have grieved, had he been obliged to fly for the death of Cash, instead of for attacking the house of "a mean fellow of a scullogue." The apprehensions of the Curate about the spread of Whiteboyism began to subside, and anxiety to have the children, under his charge, well prepared to meet the bishop, sufficiently employed his spare time.

It was just at this period of lull, that an incident occurred, which dissipated at once the coming repose. Not many days previous to that, on which confirmation was to take place in the parish chapel, Mr. Cash, as, at the hour when his workmen were at dinner, he rode along over the grounds of his own demesne,—finding fault, every step he went, with the work done,—was murderously fired at.

The first shot missed its object; whereupon, the daring man who discharged it from beneath the shelter of a grove, at once jumping forth on the open field, within twenty paces of his object, fired off a second charge, loaded with slugs, on his just retreating victim. The fleshy part of Cash's whip arm, and right side breast, were torn, nay, ploughed up, with the pellets from the musquet; and the horse, also, being fortunately grazed, and irritated, bore his rider from the pursuing murderer, with furious impetuosity, towards home. The disappointed assassin returned from his murderous pursuit as would an enraged lion from its escaped prey; and the wounded sufferer himself had not passed, by his horse's bound, over the sunken fence before the lawn, when he fell, through exhaustion, to the earth. He was borne in, insensibly, to his terrified wife and children, whom a consciousness of his unpopularity kept at all times in a state of continuous anxiety for his safety.

All attempts to trace out the insatiate miscreant, were still,—as in the case of the attack on the scullogue,—in vain. The succeeding nights were spent in search, by the increased constabulary force, to no purpose. Many innocent persons were, indeed, taken into custody,

and, having been subjected to the customary formulas of imputed guilt and insult, were then discharged. Mr. Cash's recovery was very doubtful; and, though the generality of his neighbours would rather feel relieved, than otherwise, if he quietly departed this world,—still, the audacious attempt, at mid-day, on his life, created, not alone a deep public sensation, but also, even some interest in his escape.

From the period of this late daring attempt to murder him, a short interval elapsed in matters of but ordinary occurrence, when the day of Confirmation arrived.

From an early hour in the morning, groups of little girls and boys were to be seen hastening towards the chapel. The former were all dressed in white, generally with pretty ribbon belts around their waists,—and having their heads decked out with neat little caps, tastefully decorated with white and pink ribbon bows. Their hair, that never knew an artificial curl, nicely combed in the simple, Madonna style, was but partially revealed beneath the borders of their tightfitting caps, both at their smooth temples, and youthfully-blushing cheeks. They held in their hands their prayer-books and catechisms, and some also a white pocket-handkerchief, not

out of the fold ; while clean white stockings and well-polished shoes perfected the decorous modesty of the becoming apparel of all. They formed, indeed, interesting pictures of innocent anxiety. Their bashful shyness of the world, and even of themselves, in their nice strange dress, was happily relieved by the expression of solicitude depicted in their faces, as to how they might acquit themselves before their Bishop and the Priest.

A stranger would, no doubt, be astonished, how the children of poor peasants, living in wretched cabins and huts, could possibly be so prettily and comfortably dressed. Like many other circumstances in Ireland, it would, at first, present an anomaly. But the characteristic traits of our national disposition would soon account for the incident. Where Irish affections are engaged, there is no social difficulty insurmountable. The father would deprive himself of his tobacco for months,—the mother, of her comforts and her necessaries, that their daughter might “look decent in the chapel on her confirmation day.” If they themselves couldn’t reach on everything they required, public sympathy, on such an occasion, was always in their favour ; and no neighbour’s

daughter would refuse to give "a lend" of her best, or to help to change it to a proper fit, "for the poor little girl that was going to be confirmed." The mistress of each class took pride in her scholars' good appearance; and the young ladies of each adjoining village, never failed, when solicited, to be amiably obliging also. The belt of a Protestant belle often encircled the waist of some poor little Papist; and if there was any ill-will towards the family of the lender, as being of a "bad breed" in the country, no magic zone of old ever possessed such charm for removal of evil, as would, with the poor girl's people, "the kind lend by the young lady, God bless her! of her nate ribbon to their poor creature that wanted it."

Thus,—not from the possession of individual wealth, or comfort, but from the thickset growth of the kind virtues among ourselves,—did it so happen, that the poor children to be confirmed, were able to make so decent an appearance.

The comfort of shoes and stockings, and the agreeable ornament of nice dress, were, however, generally confined to the persons of the girls. Where there are restricted resources in any society, some one class usually gets "a preference;" and though English grammar lays it down, that

the masculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, the gallantry of humanity—or, in shorter phrase—"manners," generally upsets the rule, in favour of the sex,—at least, in all small matters. On this account, the public were sufficiently gratified with the showy vesture being all on the side of the girls. But, whether the female portion fared better, from public opinion being, in such regard, most in their favour,—or from the fact, that, as ladies were at the head of the preparations, they naturally leaned, like other great authorities, to "their own order in the State,"—it must, at least, be confessed, that it is far easier to temporarily metamorphose to a smaller shape, for an occasion, a petticoat, a gown, or any other article of ladies' garb, than make either a breeches or a coat answer a hasty purpose.

For these reasons, the great majority of the young gaffers of boys, were, on that day, as they had always been, barefooted, and not very well clad. Still, some little change, in honour of the occasion, was evident in them also. Wherever there had been a hole in the little coat or trowsers, it had been lately mended with a new patch, of some texture, whether such matched the original raiment, or not. Their faces, too, had got

a most uncommon wash, and were glistening under its influence, as if they had been polished up with the white of an egg and honey, or some other emollient varnish. Their hair was combed as sleek as a mouse's skin, and wetted about the forehead and sides, to give it a fresh look, and a genteel sit,—or to still more improve its often natural curl. Their hands, legs, and feet, too, had received most improving ablutions in the river, and were actually looking, not their old dull red, and soiled French white, but clear and cherry-coloured, like the lean of a well-saved ham,—as the various crowds of young urchins, for the sake of warming their shanks, while getting to their devotions, emulated each other in running races to the chapel. They were all, however,—girls and boys as they were, to the amount of nearly four hundred,—assembled in their respective positions in the opposite wings, and on opposite sides of the aisle, long before the hour of seven o'clock in the morning.

The Bishop, and many assisting priests, then carefully examined these children in their catechism. They who passed the ordeal with greatest credit to themselves, were complimented and rewarded by the bishop with some appropriate book, as a gift. Masses were celebrated and

the sacrament administered to the prepared and approved by the attending priests. When, by twelve o'clock in the forenoon, all the essential observances, previous to the Confirmation itself, were completed; the juvenile multitude were arranged outside the sanctuary, in the body of the chapel, with their faces turned towards the altar, and in a kneeling posture. The girls were placed on the left, the boys on the right-hand side. An intervening space of three or four feet, between the parties, was reserved as a passage for the bishop and priests, from the sanctuary, down through the aisles. Kitty Kelly acted as godmother to the girls, but, as they say in Ireland, sponsors can't marry within the year, the curate selected, not as her co-partner in the pious office, his friend, Johnny Rourke. The next young parochial favourite on his list, was accordingly chosen for the place. Every, the smallest, space in the chapel, was then densely occupied. It was almost impossible to prevent the dense crowd from pressing on the children. Even the raised windows were thronged with heads and faces, protruded through their every open space. The little galleries were crowded; and in one of their front pews, which were courteously reserved by their

owners for those Protestants anxious to hear the celebrated bishop, was to be seen Francis French, who had chanced to come for a few days to the country. His political associate, the young Sec., sat by his side. Nor were the Patriarch's slashing son, Pady, or the churchwarden, Johnny Rourke, absent from the little pew, near the altar.

Doctor Doyle, who, somewhat overcome by heat and fatigue, had gone forth into the refreshing air, during the period likely to be occupied in the process of arrangement, now walked through the central avenue, between the kneeling children, on towards the altar. Every eye was directed towards him. He was dressed in the long flowing black sutan, and the cap of the Augustinian order, which he wore while examining the children, and which was his general costume during the fulfilment of ordinary ecclesiastic duties. As he entered the sanctuary, and for the moment that (having taken off his cap) he stood with his eyes raised towards the altar,—before he either bowed or knelt; his tall gaunt form, but commandingly intellectual and loftily devotional features, might, by those in the galleries, and around the altar, be correctly, though superficially scanned. His thin limbs, the spare

shapes of which, were the more markedly revealed by his tight-fitting black stockings, and low shoes, were to be seen through the open front of the then loose vesture ; that, when buttoned, concealed by its flowing length, the lower portion of his person. His long unfleshy arms, his pointedly lean and somewhat stooped shoulders, the thin depth of his frame's trunk, and the whole emaciate habit of his body, though perhaps to be looked on as ungraceful in another, still consorted well with the mind's justly severe conceptions of the spiritually austere Christian, and rigid unbending ecclesiastic.

But, if in the fleshless form of this Prelate, was, in a manner, faithfully personated the self-mortifying ascetic,—far more perfectly was portrayed, in the expression of his countenance, and the organic development from his chest upwards, the man of aspiring genius, of lofty enthusiasm, and high impassioned morality. A low, straight, black stock, half-covered from the top, with a white cambric band, and tightly fitting to the lower portion of his throat, left fully exposed to view the attenuate muscles of his finely moulded neck ;—the classic stature of which was equally graceful to look on, whether in the still attitude of his then devotional con-

templativeness, or bending flexibly obedient to any motion of his will. From thence, and in equal freedom from any grossness of configuration, as if shadowing forth the intimate alliance in his disposition, of intellect and grace, arose his finely formed head and strikingly intelligent features. In the whole cast, and spirit of his countenance, was not only expressed the fullest and most acute powers of reasoning, but also the highest reach of imaginative thought. His well-marked, high, broad forehead,—as also the contour of his temples and skull, and the open space between his brows, at once organically foretold the depth and expansion of his intellect;—while, a perspicuous speaking of his own mind, and an accurate scanning power of that of others, was fully to be recognized in the clear open wisdom of his fine full dark eyes. His cheeks worn and sunken, as if from the effects of meditation, would have been, indeed, a little too visibly contrasted with their high bones of Celtic character, were it not that the latter were happily relieved by the slight curl of his upper-lip, the decided turn of his handsomely curved, but somewhat cocked, nose, and the clearly defined rich full outline of his jaws and chin. He knelt before the altar, for some moments, deeply

absorbed in prayer, with his head stoopedly inclining to one shoulder, and his eyes closed, as if purposely to shut out from his soul any distractions likely to arise from the general gaze upon him. In this centering intent, he appeared to have, at once, perfectly succeeded; and, when having concluded prayer, he again elevated his head, and arose from his kneeling position, there was magnificently expressed, in the bland majesty of his countenance, an intense and sublime piety, that seemed to have wholly forgotten the things of earth, as though it gazed from some purer sphere, without any intercepting veil on the full glories of heaven. In a modified state of the same unearthly abstraction, he walked with his accustomed gait, of apparently careless ease and unpremeditated dignity, into the little vestry. He was immediately followed by the Curate, some others of the assisting Priests, and by his own half-reverential-looking servant man. The old parish Priest, as usual, continued sitting in his double-armed chair, at the left-hand side of the platform, which surrounded the altar. The chapel remained then, as before, perfectly still and quiet. The kneeling children were formally marshalled in their ranks, file regularly succeeding file, as any ecclesiastic orderly could

desire. Kitty Kelly, nicely dressed in white, and looking a model of religious respect and decorum, stood watching over her charge. Her male copartner in the trust, though by no means unfavoured in form, face, and becoming apparel, did not, however, seem at all equally at home in his share of the office. Indeed, let man boast as he may of his general pre-eminence,—at least, in that and all similar ceremonials, as well as in the varied range of tender domestic life, or any other duty or form of observance, wherein a delicate perception of propriety and ever vigilant attention to niceness of detail is requisite, woman has ever, from the days of Adam and Eve to the present times, shone signally superior to the “first lord of the creation.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

“He shone in his days as the morning star in the midst of a cloud, and as the moon at the full.”—*Ecclesiasticus*.

“Nations shall declare his wisdom, and the church shall show forth his praise.”—*Ecclesiasticus*.

WHILE each, and all within the chapel, whether kneeling or standing, remained perfectly in order, and unmoving posture, the whole aspect of the place, and of the assembled people,—though rude and simple was the edifice, and rural was the multitude,—formed an interesting sight for any quiet-loving observer to look upon. As mild as the calmness of a sky, whose various contrasting colours remain equally in repose, seemed the little scene. The neat sanctuary, the beloved old clergyman, and the decorous simplicity of the altar, whereon rested the glittering mitre, and against which leaned the silver-headed crosier, were not in more apposite keeping with the time and scene, than were the young and surpliced attendants, who, in the habit in which

they served the Priest at mass, then stood in a line near the vestry door, awaiting the Bishop.

Outside the sanctuary's railed-in space, the same stillness prevailed. The pretty, nicely-dressed little girls, and the ruddy-faced boys, looked, indeed, while they unmovedly read, or repeated, their prayers, like so much still life in a picture. Each diversification of group, whether in the galleries, the wings, or the aisle, was similarly at rest. Even the ribbons of the rural belles (so unstimingly did their wearers deport themselves) could scarcely be perceived to move; and the deep, dense crowd of rude, fierce-looking peasants, that, like heavy darkening clouds, surrounding a clear bright spot in the heavens, thronged the spaces around the young folk, appeared then gravely and sombrely unperturbed.

During this quietude, that, as it were, contagiously affected the entire congregation, the Bishop, followed by the Curate, holding up his train; also by other attending priests; and they, in succession, by the little surpliced boys, walked from the vestry to the central point,—below the short flight of steps ascending to the altar. The train of attendants arranged themselves, in equal numbers, on his right and left hand sides. They then all reverently bowed down, and having

again elevated themselves with him, he, followed by the Curate, ascended the steps of the altar, while the others remained standing below.

The desire of the multitude to see their great Bishop, became now fully evinced. The inanimatelike repose of the scene vanished; and, though there was little crush, less noise, and perfect voicelessness, there could not be better expressed, than was in the outstretched necks, and inquisitive eyes of the dense crowd, the most eloquent anxiety to behold.

Going to the altar, he remained stationary a few moments. His back was turned to the great body of the people; and his form, which, when in sight of the multitude at the former period, looked rather awkward than becoming in its proportions, appeared now, in the rich, full costume he wore, at once graceful and dignified.

A sutan, of a rich purple colour, closely fitting to the upper portion of his person, and descending in gradual grace, until it terminated in a full train, sweeping the ground, was his inner episcopal garb: over it, a white muslin surplice, which extended to the middle of his figure, and was very deeply embroidered with the finest lace, loosely hung;—and above that surplice again, around his shoulders, chest, and the lower

part of his neck, was very closely buttoned a short round cape of the same rich, bright hue, as the sutan. With his face still turned towards the altar, he placed upon his head his shining golden-coloured mitre; and, taking in his hand the crosier of his office, turned round, in front, to the people.

Rarely at any period (we make bold to think)—at least, since the more primitive simplicity of those early ages of the Roman See, when the first chosen servants of the Gospel were fresh in the remembrances of men, and the truth of Christ's doctrines was continuously confirmed and sanctified in the people's eyes by the blood of Martyrs, and the pure deeds of Saints, stood there forth on the altar, to any multitude, one whom, both from expression and from mien, the faithful might more justly regard as some signally great apostle.

And never, during those after-times,—when in more artificial forms of society it so occurred—that the same more extended Church was alone bright in intellectual power, amid the general darkness; and, though not oblivious of its commission from above, was yet far too emulous in its policy of imperial state,—as if imagining that the doctrines of our humble Redeemer would the more prevail with human-

kind, were the crosier of his shepherd elevated above the sceptre of the emperor, and his spiritual monarchy invested throughout Christendom with all the imposing forms of temporal grandeur,—still, never in that, any more than the former purer period, arose there any Christian Minister who won from society the meed of its amazement, and impressed upon it the force of his own genius and character, more remarkably than he did. During either eras, in truth, of the Roman Church, whether that of its more apostolic, or its more state-assuming hierarchy, however holy of temper, and heavenly heroic in conduct, like saint and martyr of old, many indubitably were; or however arrayed in pomp, gifted with genius, rich in learning, devoted to the practices of piety, and aided to controul mankind by all the associations of the past,—like many of Rome's pre-eminent ecclesiastics during the political greatness of the Vatican,—any may have been,—still, belonging to no land do we know of one, who was at once more generally and more warmly beloved, admired, and revered, than was this distinguished Prelate of our own times, and country.

And, quitting the days of his own Papal Church, whether, those of its primæval habit,

or, of its gothic splendour, never, in any of those seasons of reform, or rather of revolt, when all former prepossessions were confounded, and of no avail; and the passions and affections of mankind, yearned to be gained by the boldest actors of the times, came there forward any one of equal religious influence over the people. It is not to be wondered, that, in such an excited age as that, when angrily arose the rude, but aroused intelligence of those countries, which before, and during the progress of the Reformation, were naturally predisposed to change, by many practices of abuse in the Ancient Church, and were, also, dazzled into wild expectancies, by the first outbreak of that light, which, from the applied power of the press, was continuously made to glaringly contrast the overgrown anomalies of church government, with the leathern scrip, and unsuperfluous simplicity of the Gospel,—at such an era, we say, it was not to be wondered that ardent, and eloquent preachers, sympathising with the prevailing antipathies, and recklessly bold enough to promise New Jerusalems, should have rendered, fanatically devoted to themselves, multitudes of agitated, ignorant men. Still, not among any of the enthusiast, irregular, and vehement intellects of their orators at Geneva, or

throughout Germany and Scotland, however well suited, as, in truth, many were, like Luther, and like Knox, to excite and sway, by their great natural powers, multitudes fervently favouring them, and who would not have listened to an Erasmus, or a More, — still, never did the best and most towering of them all hold similarly spell-bound in love, and in esteem, in enthusiasm, and in reverence, their audience, or their country, as he did.

But, however historically disputed by the writers of contending parties, may have been the moral and intellectual pretensions, both of some distinguished Romish churchmen, and of some daringly able ecclesiastical reformers, yet, that Dr. Doyle, at least, more than ordinarily deserved the general admiration he had won, and would not suffer, by comparison, with the most virtuous and great of his predecessors in any church, may, with truth, be affirmed by all who knew him. His character has been, indeed, the subject of very varied comment, for (as is generally the lot of most able and honest public men), though his country loved, and an impartial public admired, yet bigots and corruptionists dreading his powers, hated himself;—and, if temporary detraction by the leaders, and the

Press of the ruling oligarchy, could have been felt as severity by him, most severely, indeed, did he pay the price of his greatness of fame.

His genius or abilities, it is true, few or none denied: that in conception he was masculine, in thought subtle and deep, in judgment profound and accurate, in logical deduction strict and acute, in memory well stored, and expertly recollective,—and that, also, he possessed a sustaining self-collectedness, and systematized solidity, that ever proved the firmer, the more deeply tested, were, indeed, endowments of his, well nigh generally admitted. Wondrously acquainted, too, not only with Scriptural research, but, also, with the accumulations of human learning, and rendered still more powerful by a fervid eloquence,—nervously commanding for good, scathingly destroying towards evil, his genius, whether as a writer or an orator, illuminated each subject which it touched, even less by the acquisitions of his varied learning, than the glowing vigour of his language, and the rich, full light of his tempered and majestic imagination.

The natural disposition of his mind,—most vigorously simple, and, despite his early scholastic education, still singularly inartificial,—

was, in truth, alike susceptible of views the most comprehensive, and knowledge the most minute. Uninfected, moreover, by that mental vice, which is too frequently attributed to men of his profession,—namely, a dread of the effects of knowledge, he, on the contrary, ever admired and encouraged all who aspired after it. They who “soared on eagle flight against the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winked, and a wing that never tired,” were the spirits of *his* sympathy; and his own pervading intelligence, fully matured by the discipline of science and of thought, loved to explore each intellectual region of enquiry,—and receded never, save when, in matters of pure faith (agreeing with St. Austin and Pascal), his reason *reasonably* disclaimed itself submitting to the mysteries of Heaven. And that, however mentally endowed, he was, in thought and practice, a most pure Christian,—and a patriot, impelled by no selfish motives,—as also a philosopher and statesman,—his life and works have eminently proved. If, indeed, an intense zeal for the true glory of religion,—a sensitive disdain of every sordid consideration connected with its ministry,—a wisdom of heart, capacious from Nature’s bounty, but more enlightened and enlarged, still, by long dwelling

on the truths and graces of Holy Writ,—an universal charity to man,—an unindulgence to himself,—a generous liberality to others,—a fearlessness of the powerful and proud,—a pity and attention to the most forsaken poor,—as also a disinterested energy in the social service,—continuous ardour for his country's political liberty,—equal devotion to its moral improvement and intellectual advance,—and, with all these greatnesses, an industrious assiduity to realize whatever his faith or intellect comprehended as of serious service;—if these, and similar qualities, constitute the Christian, the Patriot, and the Statesman,—history has furnished us with but few portraits, in which the virtues of each are more happily blended in the one character, or more likely to stand out to time, in durable superiority. And so, without any factitious aid, without worldly rank, or wealth, or civil power, it was purely this manifold assemblage of virtues and abilities, which, at once, upon his appearance in public life, made him manifest, above his fellows, as a great moral and intellectual shepherd, whom a people, faithful to their creed, and long stricken down by oppression, might naturally regard as providentially sent to enlighten them, while in their bondage of the desert, and

religiously direct them, when enfranchised with the world's liberties. But, merely a poor bishop of the small tract of "Kildare and Leighlin," still, shortly, and the limits of his fame terminated not with the shores of our seas. As well, in the then hostile senate of Great Britain, as throughout whatever wide-extended realms intelligence vivifies, he soon became regarded, not only as a most transcending pillar in the common temple of Christianity, but also as a radiant philosophic light, exposing the injustice and degradation inflicted by sectarian despotism on his country;—and, while dissipating the prejudices which, in Europe's greatest nation, shrouded his own and Europe's chief system of belief,—and essaying to consume the manifold tyrannies disfiguring that state, of which even he was not a free subject,—also ever luminously revealing the permanent ways of virtue and of civil wisdom unto all climes and all sects.

Under cover of intellectual praise, however, very numerous were the adroitly dangerous enemies, this distinguished man had, who daily represented him, as wily, imperious, and impetuous, more ambitious than patriotic, and more of a churchman than a Christian. Still, surely, beyond all other calumnies, truth must gainsay,

as regards him, that vulgar imputation of craft, which, under the titles of 'wily Priest,' 'intriguing Jesuit,' and so forth, is now-a-days, so flippantly attributed, by malignity or ignorance, to the talented of his profession;—for, if ever, eminence in man was distinguished by one characteristic trait stronger than all others beside, that, in him, was simplicity of thought, and action, with the most contemptuous disdain of little arts.

Imperious, but never impetuous, he certainly sometimes seemed; and yet, an impartial auditor of his discourses, observer of his conduct, or studier of his works, would, at once, perceive that his was not the imperiousness of "little brief authority," but rather revere both the semblance and embodiment of that moral pre-eminence, which indignation against wrong, lofty enthusiasm for right, and firm conviction of the truth, betimes assume with somewhat of a wrathful complexion in the best regulated of noble minds. It was, in reality, the manifestation of an over-ardent righteousness—a developement of the spirit of good, clothed in the countenance of an exalted anger. It is probable, however, that, in addition to the severe dignity of his manner, and elevatedness of his

character, such seeming of command may also have insensibly encreased upon him, not only, or so much, from habits of individual authority, as from historic associations connected with the most striking characters of his own profession. For, though a pure Christian, as we are convinced he was, we also regard in him, the zealous churchman;—and often, indeed, in the strain of his preaching, the expression of his features, and the attitude of his person, has he appeared to ourselves, as if the vigorous originality of his genius had arrayed itself in the drapery of the proudest ages of his Church,—an union, as it were, of some sublime apostle, with some transcending sovereign pontiff,—one that would advance the doctrines committed to the Shepherd with all the power of the Prince, and in whom the piety of a missionary St. Patrick, was fired by the more daring ecclesiastic zeal of a Becket, and invigorated by the more commanding genius and energies of a Gregory. And calculated, such appearances certainly were, to confirm those prepossessed against him, as to the dangerous ambition of his character; but, looking again, there was ever to be seen a radiancy in his wrath,—the mystical arm of *his* power, was never but encircled with light, and

the elements which were dreaded as of the nature of tyranny, were, in truth, but the moral and intellectual manifestation,—the thunder and lightning of a great spirit, impugning the grossness of man's nature or dominion, and to be instantly succeeded by the calm, rich effulgence of his soul's benevolent disposition.

He is now, however, entombed, and in honour to our common nature, and still more (if so it be,) to their common country,—let no partizan further vilify him. That cathedral, which in reverence to the service of his God, he long laboured, unlike other dignitaries, to raise up, by privation to himself, and without oppression to the poor,—and which now aspires to heaven, a suitable monument to him,—for there his fellow-christians pray,—contains his ashes. We saw him buried, and, amid the “Gregorian chaunt,” tremblingly sung above his bier, heard the crowded poor men's stifled sobs, the widows' wails,—and witnessed age and youth, vainly struggling against tears. Even, while we write, the sculptor in the classic clime of Italy, essays to chisel into life his striking lineaments, and convey to marble the shadow of his lofty soul,—but, albeit, his creative genius, and the beauty of his art, it is a task, we fear, beyond him,—

for the sublimity of that prelate's spirit is not now on earth, even in his works, as it lived within him; and his milder virtues, and graces are only to be recalled, when multitudes of grateful peasants throng his temple's aisle, reverencing his memory, and upon whose fond hearts the shadowy image of himself upon the altar, comes unbidden back.

It was this singularly gifted man, who, at this period of our story, in the enjoyment of health, and the full vigour of his intellect, then stood upon that humble altar.

Ever among the boldest of the assailants of public wrong,—yet none more longed than he for religious peace and quiet,—and nothing, not even the political degradation of the country so deeply affected his spirit as those agrarian crimes, by which a wretched peasantry disgracing, in the eyes of strangers, alike their nation and religion, were daily bringing ruin also on themselves and families. No individual, scarcely excepting O'Connell himself, laboured more effectually to destroy and prevent such social curses than he did. From the commencement of his episcopacy, which was in November, 1819, he very frequently wrote and published for the peasantry of his diocese, pastoral instructions against

illegal or ribbon societies; and when in the winter of 1822, Ribbonism became fearfully licentious, he addressed on the subject of illegal associations a singularly powerful pastoral to his Clergy, to be read by them to their several flocks. This letter, becoming known to all through the press, won general admiration; and the Marquis of Wellesley, wisely perceiving the likelihood of its great moral influence, circulated several hundred thousand copies of it, not only in Ireland, but throughout the empire. It was also translated into Irish, by Mr. Scully, and distributed among the peasantry of the south. From this period, the bishop's subsequent pastorals became "part and parcel" of the general, moral and political history of the country, and proved not only salutary within the limits of his diocese, but throughout every portion of the kingdom. No moral or religious maxims however, and no intelligence, potent as their union must be, are ever adequate of themselves to permanently suppress crime, the impelling causes of which are allowed to remain, much less riot, in the social and political system of a country. Barbarous treatment has naturally more influence on the instincts and feelings of man, especially rude man, than good advice has upon the reason.

In the former, there is the potency of fact of suffering, in the latter the more slow spell of argumentation and self restraint. A similarly quick instinct to that in the lowest of creation exists also in the human race.

“The worm will turn when trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.”

But, when despair produces human crime, the causes of which despair are allowed to continue unmitigated, and the punishment of which crimes is in that spirit of savageness accordant with the established inversion of justice,—then is ever sure to be formed an equally complicate system of immorality on the side of the persecuted, as on that of the persecutors. Between wide-spread tyranny and counter-retaliation, there is little room for aught but the wasting dominion of the vices;—and so, very often in the bishop’s day, as Lord Mulgrave lately, in his memorable reply to the Earl Roden, justly anticipated (should the depopulating system continue), must prove the case, even with himself also, “oppressors were found more powerful for evil, than the friends of the poor could be for good.”

END OF VOL. II.

NOTES

TO

VOLUME THE SECOND.

"LIMERICK."

Pages 1, and the following:

"The garrison of Limerick made a glorious struggle in defence of their religion and liberty; even the women gave proofs of valour, which cannot be equalled in history. After the capitulation in 1691, nineteen thousand and fifty-nine of the Irish troops, officers included, embarked for France. The gallant Sarsfield,—who bravely defended Limerick, and forced king William to raise the siege, received his death-wound at the battle of Landen. He and his brigade exhibited prodigies of valour, and it may be said were victorious in the centre of a defeated army. He died in the midst of military glory; and what could redound more to his honour, than that, the British forces bore testimony to his abilities, intrepidity, and humanity."—*The History of Limerick, by J. Ferrar, Citizen of Limerick, Appendix No. 10.*

The ladies of Limerick have long enjoyed a proverbial claim to beauty. "The men are social and hospitable; the women, fair, amiable, and accomplished," writes Mr. Ferrar; but lest he should be charged with partiality to his own birth place, he adduces the authority of Dr. Campbell, a dignitary of the diocese of Clogher, who, in his philosophical survey of the south of Ireland, among its other productions, also measured with his ken the Limerick ladies, but, we regret to say, thus rather philosophically treats (if coldness be philosophy) the interesting matter.

"*I can easily believe,*" writes this far too frigid observer of the sex, "even for a self-watching divine, or mere detailer of statistics to be,

"that the women here deserve their celebrated character for beauty; for I have seen great numbers of fine faces in the public walks." In our humble opinion it was very unbecoming in a philosophic enquirer to have rested content with such superficial observation.

GARYOWEN BOYS.

For an account of Garyowen and its fame, see chapter the first of Mr. Griffin's admirable novel, *The Collegions*.

" 'Tis there we'll drink the nut-brown ale,
And pay the reck'nin' on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail,
From Garyowen a gloria."

In illustration of the gallant valour of the Irish forces in Limerick, and the devotedness with which its proverbially fair daughters rivalled its sons, we annex the following account, as given by Ferrar, of the first siege of that city during the revolution, and which was conducted by king William in person. The authorities on which he relies are not to be supposed favourable to the besieged, they being all of the English party. But, as a scrap of history, the extract is well-worth the room of a novel's note:—

"While James was in Dublin, repealing the acts of settlement, and rendering himself obnoxious to a great part of his subjects, William, who had been proclaimed king in England, determined to drive James out of Ireland, and to take the field against him. He landed at Carrickfergus on the 14th of June, 1690, with thirty-six thousand men, but distrusting English soldiers to fight against one who had been lately their king, he took care that more than half his army should consist of foreigners. He had ten thousand Danes, seven thousand Dutch, and two thousand French Protestants.* After king William had defeated the Irish at the river Boyne, and nearly determined the contest for the crown, James posted to Dublin, where he assembled the magistrates; he told them, that in England his army had deserted him; in Ireland they had fled in the hour of danger, nor could be persuaded to rally; that he and they must therefore shift for themselves. The Irish officers were provoked at any reflection on their national character; they retorted on James, and even upbraided him with cowardice; he retired precipitately to Waterford, and embarked for France; and the remains of his army retreated to Limerick, with

* *Dalrymple's Memoirs*, vol. i, p. 474.

the duke of Berwick, Boiseleau, a French general, and colonel Sarsfield.

“Boiseleau undertook the defence of Limerick, and had under his command fourteen regiments of foot, and five of cavalry, besides an army in Connaught ready to assist him. The English town stands on an island three miles in circumference, which is surrounded by the river Shannon. It was fortified with strong walls, bastions, and ramparts, defended by a castle and citadel. It was deemed hazardous to attempt it on one side only; but William expecting the French would retreat, and the Irish of consequence surrender, resolved on the enterprise, though the season was advanced, and his army reduced to twenty thousand. At present he had only a field train, but his artillery, consisting of six twenty-four pounders, and two eighteen pounders, was on the road from Dublin, escorted by two troops of colonel Villiers' horse. On the 7th of August, 1690, he proceeded to Cahirconlish, where he was joined by general Douglas, after making an unsuccessful attempt on Athlone. Two days after, Mr. Robert Franklin arrived with advice, that Mr. Webson, lieutenant Croker, his son, and nine more, had possessed themselves of several castles against the Rapparees; that the Irish had driven every one from the County Clare side of Limerick; that they had demolished Brien's Bridge, and had posted three regiments at Killaloe and Annabeg. The same day captain Oliver presented a petition on behalf of the Protestants of the county Limerick, desiring protection for their Roman Catholic neighbours; which was granted. On the 9th, William decamped with his whole army, and marched towards the town, one thousand foot, and two hundred horse leading the van, through gardens intersected with hedges and ditches; the Irish retreating as the pioneers levelled them. Lord Drogheda and colonel Erle led the foot, and after fighting the Irish two hours, forced them to retire under the walls of the town, taking two advantageous posts, called Ireton's fort and the old chapel. The army encamped this evening at Singland. Next day four field-pieces were planted at Gallows Green, to play on the town, and the king sent in a summons to surrender. Many in the town were for capitulation, but Boiseleau, with the duke of Berwick, and colonel Sarsfield, opposed it violently, saying there was an insurrection in England; that the dauphin had landed there with a large army. The trumpeter was therefore dismissed with the governor's answer; “that he was surprised at the summons, and thought the best way to gain the prince of Orange's good opinion, was to defend

the place for his master, king James.* On the 10th a French gunner deserted into the town, and informed them of the artillery coming from Dublin, by Clonmell, and also where the king's tent stood, on which the cannon played incessantly on it, until he was prevailed on to quit it. General Ginkle was ordered out with five thousand horse and foot, to effect a pass over the Shannon, near St. Thomas's island, which was strongly fortified, but the Irish fled in the night, and he passed over on a bridge of pontoons. Marching through Park, his army was flanked by some cannon erected at the priory, now Sir Harry's mall.

"On Monday the 11th, six twelve-pounders were planted at Gallow's Green, which did considerable damage to the houses in town. This day Mr. O'Brien, and Mr. Bevan, crossed the Shannon at the hazard of their lives, and informed the king, that colonel Sarsfield had passed the Shannon at Killaloe, with five hundred horse, and designed something extraordinary. The king did not entirely credit this intelligence, however he ordered Sir John Lanier, with five hundred horse, to meet the artillery. They did not set out until two in the morning; on their march they saw a great light in the air, and heard a rumbling noise, which they justly considered to be the blowing up of the artillery. The party being near their own camp, suspected no danger, but encamped near the ruinous castle of Ballynedy, and went to rest, without taking any precaution for their safety, or drawing the cannon into the castle. Sarsfield lay concealed all day in the mountains, and at night was brought by guides to the very spot. He cut most of the party to pieces, with some waggons and country people, bound with provisions to the camp. After the convoy was totally dispersed, he drew together the carriages, guns, &c., and having filled the latter with powder, he fixed their mouths in the ground, to burst them, and the whole was blown up with an astonishing explosion.

"Everything was reduced to ashes. When Sir John Lanier arrived in sight of Sarsfield's troops, he endeavoured to intercept their retreat over the Shannon, but Sarsfield knew the country, and returned to Limerick in triumph.† The day after this disaster, Brigadier Stuart was sent to take Castle Connell; this was a strong fortress, and would have given the English much trouble to reduce it, if the governor, Captain Barnwall, who had one hundred and twenty-six men under his command, had defended it properly. But he immedi-

* Harris's *Life of King William*, page 284.

+ Ib. p. 286.

ately surrendered at discretion, and with his garrison were brought prisoners to the camp.

"The news of the artillery being destroyed, was received in the English camp with clamour and murmuring. It was imputed to the neglect of Lord Portland and Count Solmes, the general officers, and to the secret dissatisfaction of Lanier, who had formerly been a favourite of King James. This accident interrupted William's operations for a week; but having received some cannon from Waterford, he renewed them with vigour, and was frequently exposed to danger. The besieged, encouraged by Sarsfield's success, and animated by their officers, defended themselves bravely, like men whose fate was to be determined by one final effort. The assault and defence were maintained with equal bravery; when, on the 27th of August, a breach was made by the miners, near John's Gate, twelve yards in length, and the king ordered the counter-scarp, and two towers on each side of the breach, to be assaulted. Five hundred grenadiers, in the farthest angle of the trenches, leaped over, ran towards the counter-scarp, were furiously opposed, but, in the midst of a most tremendous fire, dislodged the Irish, and, pursuing to the very breach, many of them got into the town. The regiments ordered to support them stopped at the counter-scarp, and they whose ardour hurried them on, were all killed or wounded. The Irish rallied, returned to the breach, and defended it in a rage of valour. *Even the women mingled with the men, advanced in front, defied the besiegers, and assailed them with stones.*† For three hours a perpetual fire of great and small arms was maintained on each side. The Brandenburg regiment seized the black battery, but the powder catching fire, most of them were blown into the air. The breach was still obstinately defended; where the walls were entire, the besiegers wasted their fire to no purpose; they had no scaling ladders, and were exposed to all the fury of the besieged. The English had five hundred men killed, and one thousand one hundred wounded in this attack.†

"Next morning King William sent a drummer into town to demand a truce for burying the dead, which was refused. The English army, still undismayed, were impatient for another attack, but their ammunition was low, and the season rainy, which determined William to raise the siege, which was accordingly done on the thirtieth, after

* Leland, vol. iii. p. 582.

† Harris's Life of King William, p. 288.

losing above one thousand men in different assaults on the town. He offered the Irish very advantageous terms, which Tyrconnell was willing to accept; but the French general refused them, because he knew it was James' interest to keep the English forces in Ireland, lest they should strengthen the allies in Flanders. This terminated the period of William's personal enterprises in Ireland. Leaving the command of his forces to Count Solmes and General Ginkle, and the civil government to Lord Sidney and Thomas Coningsby, he proceeded to Waterford, with Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, and other attendants, and embarked at Duncannon Fort for England."—*The History of Limerick, Ecclesiastical, Civil, and Military, from the earliest periods to the year 1787. By J. Ferrar, Citizen of Limerick.*

"THOMOND BRIDGE,"

"Was built soon after King John's castle, which was about the year 1210.* This bridge is remarkable for being quite level, and remains a strong proof, that the ancients understood the art of building in water, better than the moderns, and that they had a cement much more durable. Several modern bridges have been carried away in a few years, but this venerable structure has, for above five hundred years, withstood the constant and impetuous current of a rapid river. The marks of the hurdles on which it was built, are still to be seen under each of the arches, and as it is capable of being widened and much improved, we hope that a speedy and thorough repair will prevent it from falling to ruin."—*Ferrar's History of Limerick.*

The author's allusion to it as the scene of bloody strife, is explained in the ninth paragraph of the fourth note to the present chapter.

ST. MARY'S CHURCH.

"Donald O'Brien, king of Limerick, bestowed his palace to the Church about the year 1180, on the site of which, St. Mary's, or the cathedral Church, now stands. The entire edifice is in the ancient Gothic taste, and only remarkable for the noble simplicity attendant on that order. There are seventeen arches in the aisles and choir, besides the great eastern window, which is a good antique. Under this window, the high altar was placed before the Reformation. The several recesses in the aisles were chapels endowed by pious families

* Heylin's *Cosmography*, page 294. This bridge is now removed.—*Editor.*

for their private devotions. As divine worship is now performed in the choir, they have been converted into a chapter room, a vestry room, and a consistorial court.

"The inside ornaments are not answerable to the venerable appearance of the outside. The introduction of Grecian architecture, has ruined many a noble Gothic edifice. The pillars that surround the communion table and bishop's throne, are Corinthian. It must be owing to a want of taste, that they ever found a place here. Indeed the modern sashes in the choir, and blacking the angles in the nave, have greatly diminished that magnificence, that awe, with which ancient churches strike a sentimental mind, and at once inspire respect and devotion.

"From the communion-table to the western door, measures one hundred and fifty-six feet; from the north to the south door, one hundred and fourteen feet; the length of the choir is ninety-one feet; and the whole circumference, including the churchyards, is seven hundred feet. When this church was built, the entrance was at the western door, from whence there was a good sloping terrace to the river side. Over this door there is a handsome square turret, or steeple, one hundred and twenty feet in height, *in which there are eight bells*, said to have been once harmonious; but three of them are cracked, or otherwise useless."—*History of Limerick*.

The allusion to its exposure during the siege, is explained in the fifth paragraph of the note to the present chapter.

PAGE .

On the year following King William's departure from Ireland, and in the autumn season also, Limerick was a second time besieged by the English army. After a valorous resistance, Ginkle succeeded against the besieged; not more, however, from his own military ability, and his army's valour, than treachery on the part of some officers in the Irish service. The following, and which will explain the allusions in the context, is the latter portion of the historic account with which Mr Ferrar concludes his notice of the second siege of the city of Limerick.

1. "After the famous battle of Aughrim, (July 12th, 1691,) the Irish retreated to Limerick. This city was always their last resource, their forlorn hope; the brave defence of the garrison last year, gave them hopes it was still impregnable; and although General Lauzun reported in France, he would take it with roasted apples, we find it

withstood an army of twenty thousand men, commanded by King William in person. The memory of the last siege made a deep impression on General Ginkle; he strengthened his army by withdrawing every garrison that could be spared, and Mr. Justice Cox sent him one thousand militia from the county of Cork, most of which were stationed at Killaloe. He proceeded, gradually and cautiously enlarging the time limited by a former proclamation for the submission of the Irish, promising pardon and protection, favour and encouragement, to all those who, by a timely submission, should contribute to save the effusion of blood. On the fourteenth of August, Ginkle encamped at Cahirconlish; early next morning, one thousand five hundred horse, commanded by General Ruvigny, and one thousand foot, by the Prince of Hesse, with six field-pieces, were ordered to march towards Limerick. The general and chief officers also went to Singland, where the army encamped last year, and found the Irish had repaired Ireton's fort, had built another at Pennywell, and partly finished a line of communication. The Irish seemed determined to try their fortune outside the walls; but, after a short resistance, they abandoned all their outworks, and retired into the town. Every precaution was now taken to guard the passes on the Shannon, to confine the garrison to the county Clare for subsistence. On the seventeenth, Sir William King, who had been Governor of Limerick, but a prisoner in the city some time past, came to the camp and was very serviceable to the General during the siege."

2. "At this time the Irish had strong garrisons at Newcastle and Gortnetubben, in the west of the county Limerick, which rendered the communication by land from the camp to the county of Kerry dangerous. From thence they issued on every side, plundered the country, and burned Ballingary and Brury. Captain John Odell was posted at Athlacka, for the defence of those parts, with a party of militia dragoons, but he had not sufficient military skill for a frontier so much exposed; he was defeated, and most of his party cut off, by means of an ambuscade laid by the Irish."*

3. "On the twenty-second, the General sent orders to Captain Cole, who had a fleet of ships in the Shannon, to sail up the river. This fleet was of the utmost service in preventing supplies being thrown into the garrison from Clare and Kerry; they took a French pink, having on board several passengers, St. Ruth's equipage, four

* Harris's Life of King William, page 339.

of his servants, and the horse he rode at the battle of Aughrim. They destroyed all the boats and small vessels on the river, fired into the horse camp, which Sarsfield had near Cratloe, on the banks of the river, and did considerable mischief. This day the whole army marched towards the town, with an advanced party of nine hundred horse, one thousand foot, two hundred grenadiers from each line, four field-pieces, and twenty-five pioneers to each piece. Mackay's and Nassau's regiments took Ireton's and Cromwell's forts, and changed the names to their own. A spy was sent into town, to disperse the General's proclamation, which he effected undiscovered, and some innocent persons were seized on suspicion of having done it. This evening all the train of artillery arrived, with a great number of bombs, eight hundred barrels of gunpowder, six chests of money, and a number of wool-packs, arrived from Cork and Clonmell, so that nothing was wanting to carry on the siege successfully."

4. "On the twenty-seventh, seven hundred horse marched to Castle Connell, where there was a garrison of two hundred and fifty men, who surrendered after a siege of two days. General Sgravenmore also marched to Carregogunnell, and the garrison surrendered; the following month, these two castles were dismantled and blown up.* On the thirtieth, orders were given to fit up six hundred bombs, and one thousand hand-grenades. Before next morning, above one hundred bombs were thrown into the town; the houses were in flames, and numbers of the distracted inhabitants took their bed-clothes, and fled to the King's Island, where they formed a kind of a camp. The batteries played incessantly on the town for several days, and had dreadful success on the houses; on the evening of the ninth of September, the besieged made a sally, in which they lost a number of men. On the tenth, a breach forty yards wide was made in the town wall, near Ball's Bridge; and it was a long time debated, whether a storm should take place, which was judged too hazardous, until the garrison should be more humbled by famine and sickness. This evening, a pinnace and twelve men were ordered to attend Francis Burton, Esq., who made several excursions to the county Clare. He prevailed on the garrison of Clare Castle to surrender it to the English, but this was neglected, until the capitulation of Limerick."

5. "On the thirteenth, the besieged placed a great gun, and one of their best gunners, on St. Mary's Steeple, who killed many of the English; the besiegers having laid all the store-houses near the walls in ruins, directed their fire chiefly to the cathedral church and steeple. They killed the gunner, who had been planted there; but

* Harris's Life of King William, page 339. It is worthy of remark here, that Dr. Story, who was Dean of Limerick, and who wrote a history of the war in Ireland, got one hundred and sixty pounds for his expense in buying powder, &c. to blow up Castle Connell and Carregogunnell Castles, which are now piles of venerable ruins.

Story remarks, that Ginkle ordered the cannonading to cease, thinking it a pity to demolish the steeple, the chief ornament of the city. On the fifteenth, Lord Lisburne, a gallant young soldier, being on duty with his regiment at Pennywell, was killed by a shot from one of the batteries."

6. "Ginkle now saw the only effectual means of reducing the town, was to invest it on the county Clare side, and thus cut off the garrison from all intercourse with the country, by commanding Thomond Bridge. It was resolved to make a bold effort to gain that side of the river. To conceal the design, Ginkle gave such orders as indicated an intention to raise the siege. The besieged saw his batteries dismounted with shouts of joy; and lulled, as they were, in perfect security, never suspected any danger, until a bridge was completed in a dark night. The evening of the fifteenth, four hundred grenadiers were ordered to parade at the head of Kirk's regiment, being joined by six hundred workmen, with the pontoons, empty casks, &c. supported by five regiments of foot, commanded by General Talmash, and a body of horse, under General Sgravenmore, with a train of six field-pieces. At nine o'clock, they marched to Corbally; and at twelve, began to lay the bridge of pontoons opposite Alancourt. The bridge was finished early next morning, when Colonel Mathews' dragoons began to pass over. Four regiments of Irish dragoons, commanded by Brigadier Clifford, were posted here; but their horses were all at grass, not expecting an enemy. Clifford was of the moderate party, who were inclined to put an end to the war; and though his men were eager to fight on foot, he gave the English little opposition.*"

7. "The Irish now fled in confusion towards Thomond Gate; in order to impede the progress of Ginkle, they attempted to pull down Quinpoole Bridge, but they were dispersed by two field-pieces. The General ordered his men to proceed to the horse-camp, where they found plenty of brandy, beef, &c. which the Irish in their flight had not time to destroy. A party of grenadiers found three hundred dragoon saddles, and other accoutrements, which were ordered to be burned. General Sheldon and Lord Westmeath, who commanded three thousand Irish horse, went off towards Six-mile Bridge. Two squadrons of horse were also drawn up at Villadora, within half-a-mile of the town, to secure King James's Lord Justices, the records, and money, with several of the principal ladies, all which might have been made an easy prize, if the English had pursued their good fortune, but Ginkle still dreaded an ambuscade, and proceeded with great caution. The Irish had a small garrison in a fort on St. Thomas's Island, which now submitted, with the loss of two brass field-pieces;

* It was reported, that Colonel Henry Luttrell commanded at this post, and betrayed it to the enemy; but this is fully refuted by the Earl of Westmeath's letter. See Appendix, No. 12. The Earl of Westmeath's letter to the Author (Harris) concerning Colonel Luttrell.

an ensign and twenty men, who were placed in the Castle, near the salmon weir, were also made prisoners."

8. "Notwithstanding this success, it was debated, whether the siege should be carried on, or converted into a blockade, such were the difficulties foreseen in reducing the town. Though the besiegers had made lodgements on the county Clare side, and had secured their pontoons by a fort, yet the King's island was still possessed by the Irish; its ground low and marshy, the season far advanced, and little hopes of success without securing this post. Ginkle who held a secret correspondence with the besieged, was desirous to prevent the effusion of blood by gracious offers; he issued a declaration, promising the garrison and inhabitants, who should submit in eight days, pardon for all offences, and restitution of their estates. This declaration was counteracted by the French faction in town; Ginkle's counsels were fluctuating, and the intelligence of the deserters uncertain. It was dangerous for the besiegers to continue in their present station; it was hazardous to divide an army, sufficient only for attacking the town at one side. However it was at last resolved to lead another body of troops across the river, and the signal of march, was a torch lighted on Mackay's fort.

"On the twenty-second of September, Generals Ginkle, Sgravenmore, and the Duke of Wirttemberg, with all the horse, except Mackay's, commanded by General Ruvigny, ten regiments of foot, fourteen guns, taking seven days provisions, marched over the pontoons at twelve o'clock. About four, all the English grenadiers, supported by four regiments, were ordered to advance, and attack the works that covered Thomond-bridge, consisting of a fort to the right, another to the left, with several stone quarries and gravel pits, in all which were posted about eight hundred men. A desperate action commenced, the cannon of the castle playing on the besiegers. The Irish fought gallantly, and repulsed the English several times, but they were at length broken, routed and pursued to the bridge, where a French Major commanded, who fearing the grenadiers would enter with his own party, ordered the drawbridge to be raised, and thus left the fugitives to the mercy of their pursuers. The consequence was dreadful, and shocking to humanity; six hundred were put to the sword, and lay in heaps on the bridge, and one hundred and fifty-four jumped into the river, and were drowned, whose bodies were reckoned on the strand.

9. "The besiegers, who were transported by their ardour, and pressed forward even contrary to orders, now found themselves in possession of the works, within ten yards of the bridge. They were astonished at their own success, and at a loss to account for the conduct of the besieged in not hazarding a general engagement, when the English forces were divided, rather than suffer the town to be surrounded. But the garrison was grown weary of the war; the dissensions of their leaders every day increased; the behaviour of the

French major at Thomond-bridge, exasperated the whole Irish party, they exclaimed with virulence against such treacherous allies ; pressed on all sides, and disappointed of a French fleet, which they were taught to expect, they resolved to seek security in timely capitulation. On the twenty-third of September, after the garrison had fired a long time, from their batteries, with uncommon violence, they concluded the day with beating a parley. A cessation of hostilities was agreed on for three days ; an amicable intercourse was opened between the two armies, and on the twenty-sixth, Sarsfield, commonly called Lord Lucan, with General Wauchop, dined with General Ginkle, and hostages were exchanged. On the side of the Irish, the Lords Westmeath Iveagh, Louth and Trimbleston ; on the side of the English, Lord Cutts, Sir David Collier, the Colonels Tiffan and Piper.

10. The articles came from Ginkle himself ; for he had orders to end the war, on any conditions.* Sir Theobald Butler, with several other lawyers, who were in the town, endeavoured to embroil matters, by altering the articles,—and it took some time to settle the capitulation ; but, with Lord Lucan's assistance, it was signed, on the 3rd of October, by Sir Charles Porter and Thomas Koningsby, Esq., King William's lord justices, and by the English generals. The military marched out with the honours of war, and had liberty of going abroad. A few days after the capitulation was signed, a French fleet of eighteen ships of the line, with thirty thousand arms, one thousand men, two hundred officers, ammunition, and provisions, arrived in the Shannon,—embittering, by the sight of assistance, the reflexion in the minds of the garrison, that, by their mutual jealousies and impatience, it was now become useless. Ginkle was created Earl of Athlone, and Ruvigny, Lord Galway ; but no notice was taken of Talmash or Mackay, because they were not foreigners. The Irish war was declared at an end ; and now only, at last, William became master of the three kingdoms.†

" 11. To the honour of King William's memory, the articles were preserved inviolate during his reign. The generous and disinterested principles which animated the brave defenders of Limerick, appear in their attention to the interests of the nation in general. All narrow, partial, views were set aside ; they despised toil, danger, and death itself, when the object was to secure the blessings of civil and religious freedom."—*Ferrar's History of Limerick*.

* London Gazette, October 8, 1691.

† Dalrymple's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 543.



